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OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.,  
OF GREYFRIARS!

SPLENDID NEW FOOTBALL AND  
DETECTIVE SERIAL, AND SPECIAL  
HUMOROUS SUPPLEMENT!

No. 824. Vol. XXIV. Week ending November 24th, 1923.

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

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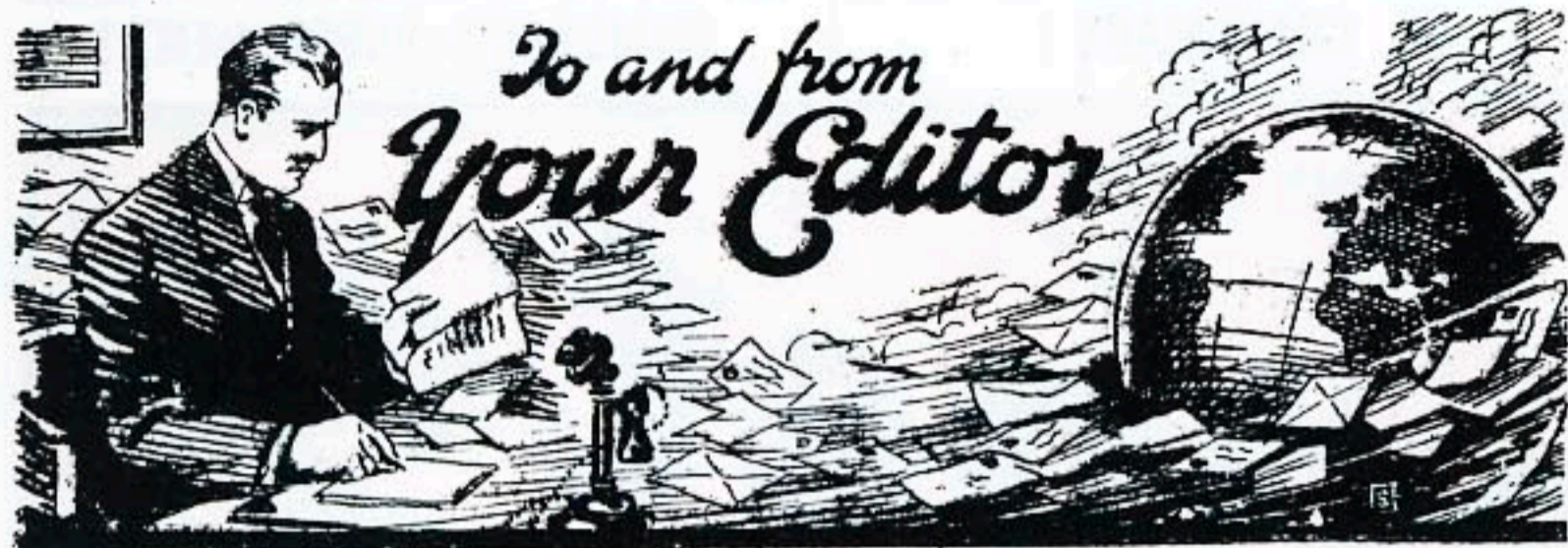
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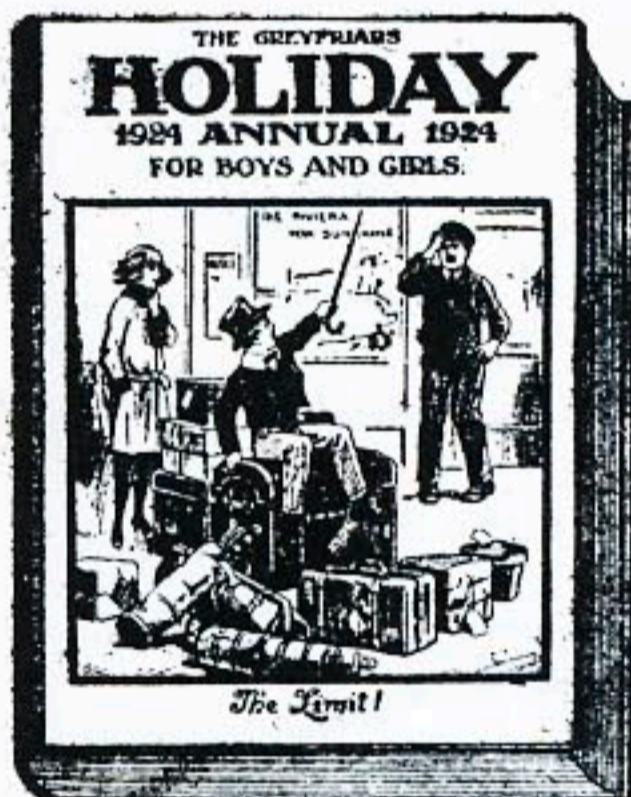
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### THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

It is specially worth noting that those people who have so far omitted, for one cause or another, to secure a copy of this year's issue of the splendid book so closely linked up with the Companion Papers, have still a chance to repair the omission. In all its bright and right-down useful career as a prime cheerer-up



has never put forward a better programme than this time. The book remains the best on the market, and with a real appeal to all. Companion Paper readers know it, and love it, but the "Holiday Annual" has no hard-and-fast limitations. It fascinates the young and those who are getting on in years, since it is instinct with the merry spirit of youth, while the oldsters esteem it for just this very reason. The "Holiday Annual" can bring the sunshine into the dullest hour, and turn a loose end into a period of real profit and unending pleasure. Make sure of a copy before it is too late. There is no time to be lost. Even the best meaning publisher in the world cannot supply a book after his office has been stripped of every copy.

### THE COMPETITION!

Here again I am devoting a section of my strictly limited space to a reminder. Fellows often miss the point, and the train, and the best item on the menu through dropping in late, but they ought to be precious careful they do not lose their place in the grand opportunity offered by our Footballers' Names Competition. There is still time—not much, but just enough—and back numbers, with the opening sets of puzzle-pictures, may still be obtained.

### "THE COKER CHALLENGE CUP!"

A superb footer story of Greyfriars for next Monday! It is rollicking, principally for the reason that Horace Coker is on the scene. Coker is a fellow who gets that fixed look in his eye. You can see he is not listening really to anything some kind friend is saying to him; he is thinking about his own mighty stunts. This Coker Cup is the cause of some terrific incidents at Greyfriars. You can hardly credit the fact that the big men of the Sixth find themselves pitted against the cheery little minnow of the Second! You feel the thing is impossible, but it is so. See next week's grand yarn. It will make you sit up and take notice. It shows the Sixth doing the same. There are brisk developments. I am not going into these, not that a few words could give you more than the slightest impression of a story which is crammed full of the real goods, for we have Jimmy Carfax, a nephew of the master of the Fifth, on the stage. Jimmy, by force of circumstances, gives Greyfriars the pleasure of his company for a short spell. But during that time he makes the fur fly with a vengeance, to the sorrow and discomfort of the estimable Mr. Prout.

The burly Coker figures prominently throughout, and actually is of use to his side in the keen struggle for the Coker Challenge Cup. The "hefty" Fifth-Former might err on the side of modesty, but his heart is in the right place. And the cup—you'll see where that finally comes to rest next Monday.



Don't miss this week's "Young Britain," out on Thursday, Nov. 22nd. It's No. 1 of a new series, and is packed with real tip-top, strong, healthy yarns for MANLY boys. You'll enjoy every line!

### "A MARKED MAN!"

There is a magnificent instalment of our great serial in next Monday's MAGNET. The story swings along in record style, and you will follow the adventures of Jim Blakeney and Ronald Swiveller with tremendous interest. There is no need for me to offer any sketch of what is to come, but I would suggest that you keep your eye on Ronald, and watch his frightfully easy descent into crime. From the moment he has vowed he will get even with Jim Blakeney the race becomes the swift one to ruin. We see a particularly uninviting hanger-on of the Turf suggesting things to him, and Ronald has to listen. What the shady person suggests you will see next Monday.

### "STUDY NUMBER!"

Nothing like threshing out a vexed question. For one thing the healthy process knocks the dust out of the problem. The Greyfriars Supplement for Monday is found acting the part of a bold pioneer amidst a humpy lot of preconceived notions and rank prejudices. If you allow prejudices to grow up they become wooden, and the result is simply disastrous. Now, for instance, should fags have studies? If they did, would not those studies be scenes of wild disorder? How can a fag keep a study clean? These weighty questions come on to the carpet in the new issue of the MAGNET. They are handled with masterly dexterity. If feelings are hurt it cannot be helped. Anyway, the new supplement is a winning number of the smart little weekly edited by the reliable skipper of the Remove.

### A MODEL OF GREYFRIARS!

Congratulations to F. Cook, 24, Greenfield Road, Harborne, Birmingham, on his success in making a model of Greyfriars. He has sent me a photograph of the result. The model takes up the best part of a fair-sized table, and includes all the best known features of the famous school, including the tuck-shop, the woodshed, the Common-room, Gosling's lodge, etc.

### A BRAINY SUGGESTION!

It will be readily admitted that a Hull reader's notion is aptly described as above. But the trouble is it would not work. The correspondent has captured a topping wheeze for variety, the same as the Walrus did when he wished to talk of many things, of ships and shoes and sealing-wax, and cabbages and kings. The idea is that Harry Wharton & Co. should plunge into the giddy vortex of the business world, and have adventures out of school. For that matter, the Famous Five do get plenty of experiences far away from Greyfriars, as witness their Cornish perils. But to adopt the hint sent to me from Hull City would be tantamount to the break-up of Greyfriars—that is to say, a final break-up, not merely a cheery dispersal for the holidays. It would not do. A thousand times over it would not do. But as the Hullite says the stories now appearing make him laugh, why worry?

# Your Editor.

The opportunity of a lifetime! Seen pages 14 and 15?

The fascinating sport of gliding has caught the whole of Greyfriars in its grip. Even Billy Bunter, Horace Coker, and the lordly members of the Upper Fourth essay to "take the air" in gliders of their own design and construction. The result, in many instances, is laughable in the extreme. Now, chums, you "take the air" too, and share in the adventures of the Greyfriars "Birdmen."



A Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, introducing the fascinating art of gliding as practised by your popular favourites. By FRANK RICHARDS.

#### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

##### The Attack from the Air!

"I SAY, you fellows——"  
"Buzz off, Bunter!"  
That was the unanimous greeting the Famous Five of the Remove gave William George Bunter when that fatuous youth met them on the steps one Wednesday afternoon.

It was fine, crisp November weather, and Harry Wharton & Co. were going out for a cycle spin.

The plump form of Billy Bunter planted itself in their way, and they had to halt. They glared at the Owl of the Remove.

"Roll away, barrel!"

"Oh, really, you fellows," expostulated Bunter peevishly, "I'm coming with you——"

"Rats!" snapped Johnny Bull. "We're not showing off the freaks of Greyfriars this afternoon, Bunter. Sheer off!"

"Absquatulate, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry.

"Look here, if you're going out to a feed, I'm coming!" said Billy Bunter, blinking furiously through his spectacles. "I know you chaps are going over to Cliff House for tea——"

"Go hon!" grinned Frank Nugent. "Funny how Bunter noses out these things, isn't it?"

"Ah, I know what I know!" said Billy Bunter, with a fat smirk. "I also happen to know that Marjorie Hazeldene would be disappointed no end if I didn't turn up with you. She's rather sweet on me, and——"

"So you'd like to turn up, Bunter?" said Harry Wharton, a hard look coming into his eyes.

"Yes, rather!" said the Owl of the Remove eagerly.

"Right-ho!" said Wharton. "Bunter wants to turn up, chaps! Grab him!"

The Famous Five made a concerted rush at Billy Bunter. They grasped him roughly and whirled him down the steps.

Bunter roared.  
"Yaroooogh! Yah! Wow-wow! Help! Stoppit! Wharrer you doing, you—wowp—rotters?"

"We're going to turn you up, Bunter!" grinned Bob Cherry. "One—two—three—over with him!"  
"Yaroooooooop!"

Billy Bunter was turned up, roaring and his fat little legs kicked wildly in the air.

The Famous Five carried Billy Bunter in that position over to a large heap of sand that stood by the woodshed. They held him over it and then let him drop.

Bunter went head-first into the sand, and his features disappeared with a muffled, gurgling yell.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

The Famous Five left Bunter squirming in the sand, and walked over to the bicycle-shed laughing.

Peter Todd, Dick Russell, Squiff, and the Bounder were there, taking out their machines.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Going for a spin—what?"

"We're off to Courtfield Heath to see the final of the National Gliding Championship," said Vernon-Smith. "Gliding is a new sport, and it should be jolly interesting to see who wins the cup."

"Just where we're off to," said Harry Wharton. "We're awfully keen on gliding—it's the coming craze, I believe. We'll all go together."

"Rather!"

"I say, you fellows!"

It was Billy Bunter again.

His face was red and flushed, and he had sand in his hair and all over his clothes.

"I say, you fellows, I'm coming to see the gliding contest!" shrilled the Owl of the Remove. "You'll be having tea afterwards at the old windmill—what? I'll come. Temple of the Upper Fourth asked me to go with him, but I'd rather go with you fellows, of course."

"Bunter, old chap, we wouldn't think of doing Temple out of the pleasure of your company!" said Bob Cherry solemnly. "Thanks awfully for your manganimous offer, but we think Temple has first claim on you."

"Ahem! Look here, you chaps, I——"

"First come, first served, you know, Bunter!" grinned Frank Nugent. "Temple would be bound to be waxy if we took you with us."

"Oh, blow Temple!" snorted Billy Bunter. "I hope I'm patriotic enough to prefer my own Form-fellows to those Upper Fourth bounders. Don't worry. I'll come with you chaps."

Billy Bunter wheeled out a bicycle. It wasn't his own—in fact, it was a very small bicycle. The Removites recognised it as the machine Wun Lung, the little Chinese junior of the Remove, had purchased a few weeks ago.

Billy Bunter mounted the machine with some difficulty, and pedalled it away. His gigantic bulk looked so funny on the tiny bicycle that the Removites standing round roared with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Go it, Bunter!"

"What's the odds that the bike collapses before it reaches the gates?" inquired the Bounder, with a grin.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Wun Lung!" said Bob Cherry.

Wun Lung came running up, with a large box-kite hoisted on his shoulder. The little Celestial was an expert at making kites, and had turned out some splendid ones from time to time.

"Buntee, stopee!" he cried in alarm. "You pinchee my bicycel, you lotter! Comee back! Me wantee my bikee!"

Billy Bunter, like Balaam's ass, heeded not. He steered a wobbly course for the gates. He was very top-heavy on Wun Lung's bicycle, and several times he narrowly missed crashing over.

"Me wantee takee my kite on Heath to fly!" shouted Wun Lung, dashing in.

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pursuit of the fat Removite. "Comee back, Buntee, you vellee bad lotter!"

He caught up with Bunter, but dodged to avoid him as Bunter lurched sideways. By a miraculous effort Bunter maintained his balance, but headed immediately afterwards for one of the elm-trees that grew in the Close.

Crash!

"Yaroooogh!"

The machine ran full tilt into the tree-trunk, and the front wheel buckled under the impact. Billy Bunter went over the handlebars in an ungraceful somersault, and landed on the cold, hard, unsympathetic ground with a terrific jolt.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the other Removites, running up.

"My bikee!" wailed Wun Lung, dropping his kite. "Bunttee smashee my bikee! Oh dear!"

Wun Lung regarded his broken machine in deep dismay.

Billy Bunter rose from the ground, gasping and moaning dismally.

"Yow-ow-ow! I'm hurt! Groogh! I say, you fellows, my back's broken, my—wovp!—shoulder is dislocated, and my spine—yerrugh!—is fractured in three places! Ow-wow-wow! Yah! Kcepimoff!"

Bunter saw Wun Lung making a rush at him with his bicycle-pump raised ready to strike. The Owl of the Remove did not tarry, but took to his heels and fled. Considering that Bunter had a broken back, and a dislocated shoulder, and a splintered spine, his display of activity was miraculous, to say the least of it!

"Never mind, Wun Lung," said Bob Cherry kindly, when the Chinese junior returned to his damaged machine, "we'll repair it for you to-morrow. You can come on the back of my jigger. We're going to the Heath, too, to watch the gliding contest."

"Handsome Bob Chelly velly kind to poor Chinee!" murmured Wun Lung. "Mo showee you my lundelful kitee. Me make it patent some day. it dropee bombs!"

"Great pip!"

Wun Lung picked up his kite and got it flying. Harry Wharton & Co. noticed that two strings depended from it, one being kept slack than the other.

When the kite was soaring well over their heads, Wun Lung pulled the slack string.

Bang! Bang!

Two crashes like the exploding of fireworks sounded, and Harry Wharton & Co. jumped.

"Yow-ow! Which silly ass chucked crackers between my legs?" roared Bob Cherry.

Wun Lung's almond visage creased into a wide grin.

"No one chuckee—my kitee dropee!" he chuckled. "Kitee is loaded with slap-bang crackers. When I pullee string, crackers drop to ground. Watchee!"

Again Wun Lung pulled the string, and Harry Wharton & Co. saw two small objects drop from the kite. Those objects, when they struck the ground, exploded with loud reports.

"My word!" said Harry Wharton, drawing a deep breath. "What a fine wheeze! You're a cute little bird, Wun Lung. Bring that blessed kite on the Heath, and we'll have some fun. Let's fetch our bikes, chaps!"

Harry Wharton & Co. went over to the cycle-shed.

A burly figure was crossing the Close. It was Loder of the Sixth, the unpopular

prefect. He glared at Harry Wharton & Co., and then, looking upwards, glared at Wun Lung's kite.

"Here, Wun Lung, you're not allowed to fly kites on the school premises!" he rapped harshly. "Pull the thing down, or—Ow-wow!"

Crash! Bang!

Gerald Loder gave a wild leap into the air as those two loud detonations sounded behind him. He turned, and then two more explosions burst forth between his legs.

"Yowp!" yelled Loder, blinking round him. "Someone is throwing fireworks at me! I—Oh, there's Bunter, skulking in the trees!"

Loder caught sight of Billy Bunter, who was still hiding from the vengeance of Wun Lung. Loder strode over to the elm-trees, and Billy Bunter, scenting trouble, scuttled away.

"Stop, Bunter!" shouted Loder. "I'll flay you alive, you cheeky little rat!"

Billy Bunter did not stop. He did not quite know what Loder was after him for, but he did know that the prefect was a bully, and often made trouble on the slightest pretext.

Dashing through the elm-trees he ran suddenly into Wun Lung.

"Me catchee you now, Bunttee, you vellee bad lotter!"

"Yaroooop! Leggo! Loder's after me!" roared Billy Bunter, struggling. "Hands off, Wun Lung!"

He wrenched himself free from Wun Lung and scuttled away.

The Chinese junior let him go, and as Bunter disappeared Wun Lung emitted a soft chuckle.

A few minutes later the melodious voice of William George Bunter was heard raised in accents of sorrow.

Loder's grip had descended upon him, and he was caught!

"Now, you little rotter!" grated Loder. "I'll teach you to chuck fireworks at me! I'll—"

"Oooooogh! Leggo! I didn't throw fireworks at you, Loder!" howled Bunter. "Yaroooop!"

"You were the only one near, and you were skulking in the trees!" hissed the prefect. "I'll soon see whether it was you!"

He held Billy Bunter by his left ear, and dived into the fat Removite's jacket-pocket with his free hand. Loder gave a sudden exclamation, and brought forth a handful of small paper bombs known among schoolboys as "slap-bangs."

"I thought so!" he grated. "These are the things you threw at me, Bunter! Now deny it!"

The eyes of Billy Bunter almost started from his head as he blinked at those slap-bangs. He was bewildered and dumbfounded.

"I—I—I didn't have those in my pocket, Loder! I—I— Yaroooop! Leggo my ear! Yah! Wovp! Rescue, Remove!"

Loder wrenched at Bunter's ear and dragged him along.

Harry Wharton & Co., wheeling the bicycles along, had seen what had happened. They could not understand the presence of those slap-bangs in Bunter's pocket. They knew, of course, that Billy Bunter was quite innocent of the charge Loder laid against him. The slap-bangs that had so startled the prefect had come from Wun Lung's kite.

"This way!" hissed Loder, as he whirled Bunter along. "I'll teach you to throw those things at a prefect!"

"Yooooooogh!"

The prefect and the fat Removite disappeared indoors.

Harry Wharton & Co. went over to Wun Lung.

"Did you palm off those slap-bangs on Bunter?" demanded Bob Cherry.

Wun Lung winked.

"Me putee them in Bunttee's pocket," he chuckled softly. "Bunttee vellee bad lotter—he smash my bikee. Me no wantee tlobel with Lodee, either. Lodee lotten bully, and he would smash my kitee. So me palmee off slap-bangs on Bunttee, and he get it in the neckee. See?"

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned.

"You cunning little heathen!" said Frank Nugent. "I'm blessed if you aren't as artful as a wagon-load of monkeys! Pack up your kite, if you're coming on the Heath with us."

Wun Lung packed up his kite, and squatted on the carrier of Bob Cherry's machine.

And as the Removites pedalled out of the gates of Greyfriars a fat, forlorn figure crawled out of the Hall door into the quadrangle. Billy Bunter had his fat hands tucked tight beneath his armpits, and the moans and gasps he emitted were heartrending to listen to.

Loder had not spared the rod, and the Owl of the Remove felt that life was really not worth living!

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Bagging Their Rivals!

"THEY'RE going it!" said Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton & Co. arrived on Courtfield Heath, where a large crowd was gathered. At the top of the hill near by were a number of small flying-machines. The final of the National Gliding Championship was in progress. Three gliders were in flight, and were performing splendidly.

Harry Wharton & Co. found a vantage-point at the bottom of the hill, and dismounted. Leaning against their bicycles, they watched the progress of the gliding competition.

"My word, that little white glider is keeping up well!" said Bob Cherry. "It's wonderful, isn't it, to think that it's possible to fly and steer a course in a machine that isn't fitted with an engine? I wonder how long he's been up?"

"Over three hours and a half, sir," said a man standing by, hearing Bob's comment. "That's Captain Arnold Malcolm, M.C., the famous flying 'Acc.' He designed and built that white glider himself, and he looks like winning the cup, too!"

"My hat, it's ripping!" said Harry Wharton, who was watching the gliders' progress with keen enjoyment. "The other two are good. Look how they glide about, and rise and fall, just like birds!"

"Rather!"

There was a good sprinkling of Greyfriars fellows among the crowd.

Coker, Potter, and Greene of the Fifth were there, and so were Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth, and a horde of fags under the leadership of Dicky Nugent of the Second.

Wun Lung watched the gliders with great interest.

His little almond eyes gleamed with admiration at the way in which the small craft were handled as the pilots sent them coursing on the air currents, and swooped high and low above the heads of the spectators.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob

**"The Coker Challenge Cup!"—next week's ripping story—**

Cherry suddenly. "There's one in difficulties!"

One of the gliders headed straight for a tree, and there was a shout as the plane crashed and fell on to the hillside. The pilot was not hurt, and he climbed out of his damaged machine with a rueful grimace.

"It now rests between the white glider and the other as to which will win the cup," said Harry Wharton. "They're both going splendidly, aren't they?"

"Rather!" Temple, Dabney & Co. smiled patronisingly on the Removites.

"You Remove kids enjoying the fun?" asked Cecil Reginald Temple. "Bless your little hearts! You find this more interesting than marbles, I suppose."

"Why, you cheeky ass!" roared Bob Cherry wrathfully.

"Hush!" said the captain of the Upper Fourth chidingly. "You Remove fags mustn't use such naughty expressions. Remember where you are!"

"Why, I—I'll give you a thick ear, Temple!" exclaimed Bob.

"I'll dot you on the boko!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Captain Malcolm wins!" came a sudden roar from the crowd.

The rival juniors forgot their differences and turned to see what the excitement was about.

The white glider was still riding merrily high in the air over the hill-top, but its competitor had had to descend, after being in flight for over two and a half hours.

Cheers were raised for the pilot of the white glider. He was not out to break a record for gliding, so, after giving a splendid exhibition of manoeuvring on his glider, he descended and made a graceful landing.

Captain Malcolm was immediately surrounded by friends and spectators who congratulated him warmly.

"Jolly good!" said Bob Cherry breezily. "Gliding's the thing! I think I shall have to make a glider and take flights off the lab roof at Greyfriars."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better keep to sliding down the banisters, and leapfrog," put in Temple, with a grin. "That's more the mark of you Remove fags. Besides, it's safer."

Harry Wharton & Co. glared.

Considerable rivalry existed between the juniors of the Remove and the Upper Fourth. Temple & Co. persisted in regarding the Removites as inferior beings to themselves, although there was not much difference in the ages of the boys of the two Forms. And, in the innumerable rags that took place between the Upper Fourth and the Remove, it had to be admitted that usually Harry Wharton & Co. came off best!

"Mind yourselves, you cheeky idiots," growled Johnny Bull, "or we'll mop up the Heath with you!"

"The mop-upfulness of the cheeky and ludicrous asses will be truly terrific!" said Hurree Singh in his weird English.

Temple, Dabney & Co. laughed derisively, and, mounting their bicycles, rode off.

The Famous Five detached themselves from the others and pedalled away, too.

"I say, you chaps, I've got an idea!" said Bob Cherry, with a sudden



Billy Bunter was turned up, roaring. In that position the Famous Five carried him over to a large heap of sand. They held him over it and then let him drop. Bunter went head-first into the sand, with a gurgling yell. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co. (See Chapter 1.)

chuckle. "It's against those Upper Fourth microbes. We'll use old Wun Lung's kite and give 'em a fright!"

Bob outlined his scheme, and his chums chuckled.

They rode over to where Wun Lung, surrounded by an admiring crowd, was flying his wonderful kite. Harry Wharton & Co. soon persuaded him to pull it down and accompany them.

Temple, Dabney, & Co. took the narrow lane that led from the Heath to Friardale. Harry Wharton & Co., with Wun Lung and his kite on Bob's carrier, rode round the Heath and reached the farther end of that lane by means of a short cut.

Wun Lung got his kite flying over the lane, and the Removites lay in waiting.

Soon Temple, Dabney & Co., rode round the bend.

They were chatting together, blissfully ignorant of their rivals who were in ambush at the side of the lane.

"There's no need for us to call in at Uncle Clegg's for tea, chaps," Temple was saying. "I've laid in a good stock of grub in the study, and—Ow-wow! What was that?"

A sudden loud explosion sounded behind Temple's back wheel, causing him almost to jump out of his saddle.

Bang, bang, bang!

The "slap-bangs," dropping from Wun Lung's kite overhead, took the

Upper Fourth-Formers completely by surprise and cast confusion in their ranks.

Fry, indeed, was so taken aback by the mysterious explosions that he wobbled perilously and grabbed Temple for support.

"Look out, you chump!" roared Temple. "You'll have me over in a minute, and—Yaroooooogh!"

Both machines lurched sideways, swayed, and then went over, pitching their riders into a bed of stinging nettles at the side of the road.

"Ooooooogh! Wow!" wailed Fry.

"Ow-wow-wow-wow!" moaned Temple.

Dabney and the other two made desperate attempts to avoid the fallen bicycles, but Dabney wasn't quick enough, and he drove his machine hard on to them. He performed a graceful high-dive over the handlebars, and, clearing the stinging-nettles, pitched headlong into the ditch beyond.

Splash!

"Yerrrugh! Gug! Gug!"

The other two Fourth-Formers had to dismount. They received the shock of their lives when they found themselves assailed by the Famous Five who, yelling with laughter, dashed out of ambush and fell upon them.

"Got you, my beauties!" chuckled

Bob Cherry, leaving the two Fourth-Formers in charge of Inky and Frank Nugent and going over to the bed of stinging-nettles with Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull. "You didn't expect that little lot, Temple, did you? This is the outcome of our air attack—we're getting rather hot on aeronautics lately, you see! Do you find it cosy down there in those nettles?"

"Yow-wow-wow!" moaned Temple. "I'm stung! Oooop! I'm hurt! You little rotters—"

"Out with them!" said Harry Wharton.

"Mind the nettles!" grinned Johnny Bull.

They yanked Temple and Fry out of the stinging nettles.

Those two youths were piteous to behold. Their faces and hands had been stung in several places. Temple's nose was already swelling at the spot where it had come into contact with a nettle.

"Gerrrrugh! Yow! Gemme out!" came a gasping gurgle from the ditch.

It was Dabney! His head and shoulders, festooned with weeds and mud and slime, protruded out of the ditch.

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled, and making Temple and Fry prisoners by means of binding their hands and feet with some cord they had in their pockets, they went over to the brink of the ditch and grasped the luckless Dabney.

They treated him very gingerly as they pulled him out, for Dabney was really in a very parlous state. He reeked of noisome ditch-water. His moans and gasps and gurgles were weird and wonderful in the extreme.

"Now we've got the whole giddy bunch of chumps!" grinned Bob Cherry. "My word! Look at old Temple's boko—it's developed quite an art shade in scarlet, and it's swelling like an air-balloon! That was where you got stung, wasn't it, Temple, dear boy? Keep your distance, Dab, there's a good chap; the effluvium is rather highly pronounced. Now, kids, to put the rest of the plot into execution!"

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled.

Bob and Johnny Bull grasped the Upper Fourth-Formers' bicycles.

Working with two spanners apiece they quickly removed the front wheel of each machine.

Temple & Co. glared helplessly at them.

"Wh-what the dickens!" gasped Temple. "What's the idea, you young rotters!"

He wrenched at the cord that bound his wrists and feet, but could not get free.

Bob Cherry and Johnny ran off over the fields.

Anyone watching them might have seen them approach a number of scarecrows that were standing in those fields and remove the clothing.

Bob Cherry then raided some rope from a barn, and he and Johnny returned to the road, laden with scarecrows' clothing and a quantity of useful rope.

Temple, Dabney, & Co.'s eyes opened wide with wonder.

"You—you're not going to dress us up in those awful togs?" gasped Temple.

"We are—we is!" grinned Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Try this topper on, old sport—there! It's rather large, isn't it? Lucky your nose is swollen—the brim of the hat just rests on the

bump and prevents it dropping over your beautiful visage!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

Temple was held by Johnny Bull and Nugent, while Bob untied his hands and helped him into a voluminous and very ragged bob-tailed coat. When the coat was on Temple, Bob retied that luckless youth's hands behind him.

Temple looked very funny in that ancient topper and bob-tailed coat, but when Bob Cherry, by dint of much struggling, got him into an old pair of trousers, the effect was ludicrous in the extreme.

The Famous Five yelled.

"Fry next!" grinned Bob.

Fry struggled, but his struggles were of no avail.

A little billycock hat was fastened on his head by means of twine from Wun Lung's kite, and the rest of his attire consisted of a ragged waistcoat of glaring hue, a dilapidated frock coat with a fragmentary tail that fitted him, to use Bob Cherry's own expression, "like the paper on the wall," a pair of patched corduroy trousers, and huge hob-nailed boots that had seen much better days.

Dabney was allowed to remain in his mud-covered state, but the other two were arrayed in the remainder of the scarecrows' clothing.

By the time Bob Cherry had finished with the Upper Fourth-Formers, those youths were sights to see and wonder at!

The Famous Five and Wun Lung gazed at them, and were fairly doubled up with laughter.

"You—you rotters!" howled Temple, blinking at his tormentors underneath the rim of his battered topper. "Let us go! You dare not send us home like this!"

"Daren't we!" grinned Harry Wharton. "You'll soon see about that, Temple, old scout. You're taking your bikes with you, too. Hitch them up, kids!"

"What-ho!"

The bicycles, minus their front wheels, were dragged up.

Each of the Upper Fourth-Formers had a bicycle tied behind him, so that as he walked he trailed it with him.

Temple, Dabney & Co.'s hands were tied behind them to the handlebars of the machines they had in tow. They were roped together so that they walked abreast of each other in the road. The spare wheels were tied to the saddles of the machines.

The Upper Fourth-Formers struggled desperately to get free, but their frantic efforts were unavailing.

Harry Wharton & Co. yelled with laughter.

The luckless Upper Fourth-Formers glared at them homicidally.

They were unable to give utterance to their thoughts, but their looks spoke volumes!

"Now then, quick march!" rapped Bob Cherry. "I reckon the chaps at Greyfriars will be tickled to death when you arrive! Get a move on! No slacking!"

"I won't go!" hooted Temple wrathfully. "We can't appear in public like this, and— Yow-wow-wow! Stoppit! Yah!"

Prod! Prod! Prod!

The Upper Fourth-Formers yelled and staggered onward up the lane, dragging their bicycles behind them, and the Famous Five and Wun Lung rocked with merriment as they watched them go.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### A Great Surprise!

GREAT was the excitement at Friardale when that weird procession passed through.

Temple, Dabney & Co. were kept going by their relentless rivals. Howls of laughter greeted them on all sides.

"Squad, right turn!" bawled Bob Cherry, as the village green was reached. "Up the Friardale Lane and on to Greyfriars! Quick march!"

Prod! Prod!

"Yow-wow-wow!"

The procession wended its way along the Friardale Lane, leaving the villagers in hysterics.

Temple hurled lurid threats at the Removites, but they did not seem to take the slightest effect on those cheery youths.

They passed the cross-roads, and were well on their way to Greyfriars when a sound in the road behind caused Harry Wharton & Co. to turn.

Honk! Honk! Honk!

The insistent hooting of a motor-car horn broke on their ears, and next minute a large, handsome Daimler swooped round the bend.

"Squad, keep in to the left!" rapped Bob Cherry. "I say, Harry— Why, what's up?"

Harry Wharton was standing in the road, his gaze rooted on the occupants of the car behind.

"My only hat!" ejaculated the Remove captain.

His chums followed the direction of his gaze, and then they, too, stopped short and gave vent to gasps.

The car slowed down and a broad-built, handsome military man stood up and looked at the Removites.

"Uncle!" gasped Harry Wharton faintly.

Colonel Wharton—for it was he—motioned to the Air Force officer who was driving the car, and the Daimler stopped.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the grizzled old colonel, looking from Temple, Dabney & Co. to Harry Wharton and his chums. "What the dickens does this mean? I was on my way to Greyfriars to see you, Harry."

"I—er—we—er—ahem! This is a pleasant surprise, uncle!" stammered Harry Wharton. "We didn't expect to see you! You didn't write to say you were coming. How—how are you?"

Colonel Wharton's hard lips betrayed the trace of a smile as he got down out of the car and shook hands with Harry and his chums.

He beckoned his friend out of the car, and the Removites looked astonished when they saw him.

"Why, it's Captain Arnold Malcolm, who won the Glider Cup this afternoon!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Yes; Captain Malcolm is a great personal friend of mine," said Colonel Wharton. "I brought him along with me, feeling sure that you lads would like to meet him."

"Yes, rather, sir!" said the Removites in chorus.

Captain Malcolm, a stalwart, handsome young officer, shook hands heartily with the heroes of the Remove.

"Jolly pleased to meet you, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "We've been over to the Heath, and watched your flight in the white glider. It was ripping! We—we're just on our way back to Greyfriars."

Colonel Wharton looked hard at the

## The Second Form v. the mighty men of the Sixth—

wriggling youths in the scarecrows' costume.

"Who are these boys, Harry, and what does this mean?" he asked.

The Removites turned a deep red.

"You—you see, uncle—" stammered Harry Wharton.

"They belong to Greyfriars, I presume?" asked the colonel.

"Ye-es, uncle. We—we're taking them—ahem!—that is to say, we—"

"Just a little harmless rag, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

"Quite—ahem!—friendly, you know!" gasped Frank Nugent.

"The friendliness is terrific, most esteemed and honoured sir!" murmured Hurree Singh.

The colonel's eyes twinkled as he looked at the luckless Upper Fourth-Formers. Captain Malcolm was smiling broadly.

"I had been giving Captain Malcolm an account of life at Greyfriars when I was a boy there some years ago," said Colonel Wharton. "I told him of the rags and pranks the juniors used to get up to, but assured him that such lawlessness was a thing of the past at Greyfriars now. It seems that I was wrong."

"Ahem!"

"These unfortunate boys," went on the colonel, turning to Temple, Dabney & Co., "belong to the Upper Fourth, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," said Bob Cherry. "A set of awful bounders, you know. Mind, there's nothing actually wrong with 'em, but they get frightfully cheeky and swelled-headed at times, and have to be kept in their place."

"Yes, rather, sir!" said Nugent. "They think they can ride the high horse over the Remove, you know, and we have to give them an occasional—ahem!—gentle reminder that they can't stand up to us."

The colonel and Captain Malcolm both chuckled.

"It seems that you lads do your reminding a trifle—er—drastically," said Colonel Wharton. "Well, boys, Captain Malcolm and I are paying you a visit, and we shall expect to see you at Greyfriars soon."

"You're coming to tea, sir?" asked Harry eagerly.

"I was going to suggest tea in the study," smiled the colonel.

"Good egg!"

"We'll have tea ready for you, sir, by the time you're back from seeing the Head," said Bob Cherry.

Colonel Wharton and Captain Malcolm smiled and got back into the car.

The Daimler drove on towards Greyfriars, and Harry Wharton & Co. drew deep breaths.

"Well, fancy my giddy uncle turning up!" exclaimed Harry. "I had no idea he was on the Heath."

"And he's brought along Captain Malcolm, the flying ace, to see us!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"They caught us properly, and no error!" grinned Frank Nugent. "But I think they enjoyed the rag. How are you feeling, Temple, old scout?"

"You—you—you—" spluttered Cecil Reginald Temple.

"I say, kids, we've got to stand our visitors a tea!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "How's the money-market? I've got one-and-fourpence."

"I'm worth ninepence ha'penny," remarked Bob Cherry.

"My pater hasn't turned up trumps yet this week," said Frank Nugent ruefully. "I'm stony-broke."



Gerald Loder gave a wild leap in the air as two loud detonations sounded behind him. "Yowp!" he yelled.  
(See Chapter 1.)

ROUGH ON LODER!

"I also am hard-upfully on the rocks until to-morrow, my worthy chums," said Hurree Singh.

Johnny Bull turned out his pockets, and the magnificent sum of threepence and a French halfpenny with a hole in it came to light.

"H'm!" said Harry Wharton, rubbing his nose thoughtfully. "Two-and-fourpence ha'penny won't get us much of a feed. Let me see, I think I recollect hearing old Temple say something about his having laid in a supply of tuck. Is that so, Temple?"

Temple glared at his rival from underneath the brim of the ancient topper he was wearing.

"You leave my tuck alone!" he hissed. "If you dare touch my grub, you cheeky little scamps—"

"We dare anything in wartime!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "A state of war exists between the Remove and the Upper Fourth, and therefore we are justified in commandeering any supplies. I think we'll dump this giddy crew in the barn, kids, and carry on to Greyfriars."

"What-ho!"

There was a disused barn standing on a field near by, and into this the Famous Five drove their hapless captives.

Temple, Dabney & Co. were beside themselves with wrath and dismay.

They yelled and fought and struggled desperately, and in the end Harry Wharton & Co. had to gag them.

They left them roped together in the barn, uttering weird noises from behind their gags. The Upper Fourth-Formers' looks were Hunnish.

"There! I think you'll be safe until after tea!" chuckled Harry Wharton. "Now we must love you and leave you, dear boys! Good-bye, Bluebell!"

"Gerrroogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five and Wun Lung left the barn, and rode on swiftly to Greyfriars.

The colonel's car was standing outside the Head's private house.

The heroes of the Remove went into the School House, and made their way to the Upper Fourth Form passage. They opened Temple's study door and entered.

The cupboard door was locked, but Bob Cherry got to work with a screw-driver, and soon removed the lock. A fine assortment of tuck was displayed to view inside the cupboard.

The Removites' eyes glistened.

"My word, this is prime! How jolly thoughtful of old Temple to have laid in such a ripping lot of tommy!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Here are two cricket-bags; there's enough tuck to fill 'em!"

"Rather!"

The Famous Five filled the bags with tuck, and bore them away, leaving Temple's cupboard door open—minus the lock. They hurried back to the Remove passage, Nugent and Johnny Bull carrying the raided provender between them. Squiff met them in the passage.

"Your uncle and Captain Malcolm are here," he said. "What are you doing for tea?"

"We're doing Temple!" grinned Bob Cherry. "This is Temple's tuck; at least, it was! It's ours now, by right of conquest. Coming in, old chap?"

"Like a bird!" said Squiff promptly.

—provides an exciting footer match! Who wins?

And the Co. marched into Study No. 1, where Colonel Wharton and Captain Arnold Malcolm, M.C., were awaiting them.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### Topping News!

"WE won't be two jiffies getting tea, unco!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "Sit down, and make yourselves at home. Mind how you sit in the armchair—it's got one leg broken."

The colonel and the captain sat down and watched with kindly smiles the preparation of tea.

The Famous Five and Squiff soon had an appetising spread ready.

Bob Cherry turned out ham and eggs in great style, and Nugent fried nice brown chips as to the manner born.

The feed was a pronounced success, and the company did it full justice.

Captain Malcolm proved himself to be a man after the boys' own hearts. He kept the Removites thrilled with yarns of air-fighting during the Great War, and engrossed their attention when he spoke of the new branch of aviation—gliding.

"Gliding must be great sport!" said Harry Wharton enthusiastically. "It's quite safe, too, isn't it?"

"Yes; provided undue risks are not taken," replied Captain Malcolm. "I think the study of gliding is one that should be encouraged amongst the youth of our land. The science is as yet in its infancy, and, when it is developed, it will be very important and useful. As a matter of fact, I came here this afternoon to put forward a rather interesting proposition."

"Rather!" chuckled Colonel Wharton. "I think it's a proposition that will meet with the hearty approval of you lads. We have already spoken to Dr. Locke on the subject, and he approves."

"What is it, sir?" asked the Removites eagerly.

"Just this—a gliding competition for Greyfriars!" smiled Colonel Wharton. "Great Scott!"

Captain Malcolm regarded the juniors with twinkling eyes.

"I'm sure you lads would be keen to compete in a glider contest," he said. "It is a most fascinating and instructive art. The colonel and I are collaborating, and are offering three prizes for the three best gliding attempts made by boys of Greyfriars."

"The competition will be open to boys of all Forms. An individual boy can enter a glider of his own, or a number of boys can get together and construct a glider between them, and enter it for the contest. The first prize will be twenty pounds, the second ten pounds, and the third prize five pounds. The contest will take place in three weeks' time, on Friar-dale Heath, where the National Gliding Championship was held to-day. How does that proposition appeal to you, my lads?"

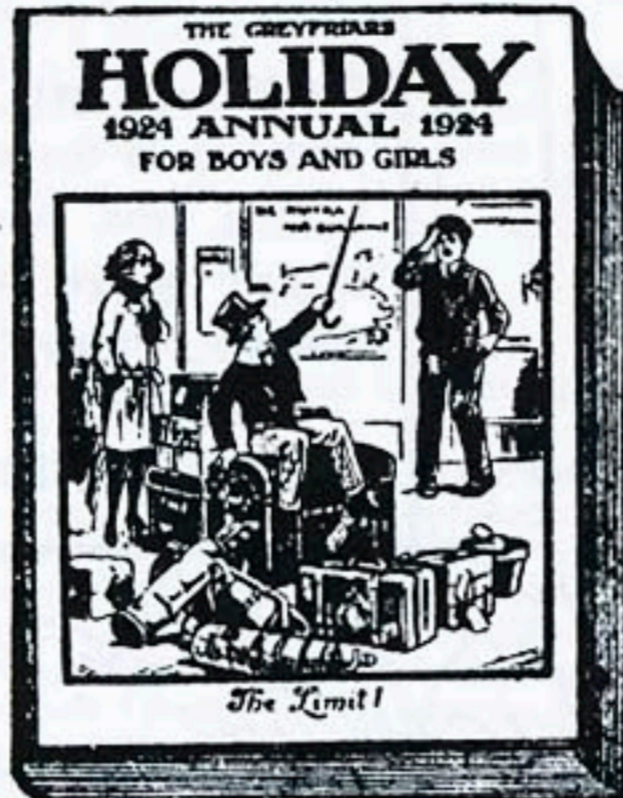
Harry Wharton & Co. drew deep breaths.

"My word!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, his eyes dancing with delight. "A gliding competition for Greyfriars! How ripping!"

"Top-hole!" said Bob Cherry enthusiastically. "Harry, old son, we vote your uncle and Captain Malcolm a couple of real, gilt-edged bricks!"

"Rather!"

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Colonel Wharton smiled broadly. "I knew you lads would welcome the idea," he said. "And I am sure the rest of Greyfriars will enter into it with equal enthusiasm. I shall watch the development of the contest with great interest."

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled in delight.

After tea Colonel Wharton and Captain Malcolm made their departure. The Famous Five and a number of their chums gave them a hearty send-off at the gates.

And, just as the colonel's car disappeared down the road, a number of weird figures came in sight.

They were Temple, Dabney & Co. Having managed to get out of the barn, they had wended their weary footsteps back to Greyfriars, dragging the bicycles with them. They had discarded the ridiculous attire the Removites had put on them, but they looked hot and dishevelled and furious.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here we are again, dear boys!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Thanks for the tuck, Temple! It was grand! We couldn't have selected it better ourselves!"

"You—you little rotters!" gurgled Temple. "Then you've had our tuck?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Trust little us!" Temple & Co. ground their teeth with rage. If looks had the power to kill, Harry Wharton & Co. would have collapsed instantly, and perished on the spot.

But the looks the Fourth-Formers gave them made no impression at all. Temple, Dabney & Co. crawled away, followed by the triumphant laughter of their rivals.

When the Famous Five entered the School House again, they saw a crowd gathered round the notice-board. They halted, and looked at the notice with great interest. It ran:

#### "NOTICE!

By arrangement with Colonel Wharton and Captain Arnold Malcolm, M.C., a gliding competition will be held at

Greyfriars, the contest being open to boys of all Forms.

All possible facilities for constructing gliders will be given to intending competitors. Tests will take place under the supervision of a responsible prefect.

Machines must be of the competitors' own designs and manufacture, and no outside help will be allowed. Boys must not take unnecessary risks while testing their machines in flight.

The first prize will be awarded to the competitor whose machine makes the longest sustained flight from the top of the hill on Courtfield Heath, Colonel Wharton and Captain Malcolm acting as timekeepers and judges. The first prize is £20, the second prize £10, and the third prize £5.

This contest has been inaugurated to stimulate the interest of the boys of this school in the important and progressive science of gliding.

The actual date of the contest will be announced later; meanwhile, it is hoped that as many boys as possible will avail themselves of this opportunity and give the competition their full support.

(Signed) H. H. LOCKE,  
Headmaster."

"I say, you chaps, this is ripping!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "A gliding competition is just the thing! Gliders are easy and cheap to make—"

"But not to fly, old son!" grinned Harry Wharton. "There's more in gliding than meets the eye! None of us profess to know much about it, but we can swot up the subject. There'll be some fun and excitement, or I'm a Dutchman!"

"Ha, ha! Rather!" A heavy footstep sounded behind, and Coker of the Fifth came up.

He blinked at the notice, and the eyes of the mighty Horace gleamed.

"My hat! A gliding competition!" he exclaimed. "I'm going in for that, by Jove! The twenty quid is as good as mine!"

"Oh dear!" said Bob Cherry in mock concern. "If Coker enters into the gliding contest, we're done! Nobody else will stand an earthly!"

"No fear!" said Nugent and Squiff solemnly.

Coker gave the Removites a kind, magnanimous look.

"That's so," he said. "You Removite kids won't have a look in—not for the first prize, at any rate. But don't get discouraged just because I'm entering. There are the second and third prizes for you to try for, you know."

"Yes, that's some consolation," said Bob Cherry. "How good of you to point it out, Coker! We can, at least, try for the other prizes—that is, if Coker won't object to our using the same air as himself."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Coker gave the Removites a scornful look and strode away.

In his mind's eye Horace Coker already saw himself romping off with the first prize. He rather fancied himself as an aeronaut.

Coker had just come in from a spin on his motor-cycle. His chums, Potter and Greene, were anxiously awaiting him in the study. They were relying on him for their tea. They had laid the table nicely and looked to Coker for the rest.

"Hallo, you chaps!" said Coker. "Clear the table!" gasped Potter.

"Clear the table!" gasped Potter. "Why, we haven't had our tea yet! We—"

Who "bags" the Coker Challenge Cup? See next week's yarn—



"It's past teatime!" snapped Coker. "Why haven't you had tea, you fat-heads?"

"Well, we—er—we've been waiting for you, old man," said Potter lamely. "We wouldn't have tea without you, you know."

"We wouldn't think of such a thing," said Greene in his smoothest manner.

"Well, I'm not having any tea to-day," said Coker decisively. "I'm too busy to think about tea. I want that table to get out my designs."

"Your—your designs!" gasped Potter.

"Yes; I'm designing a glider that will startle the world!" said Coker impatiently. "I shall enter it for the competition and show the chaps at this school what I can do!"

"My hat!" gurgled Greene. "So you—you're going in for glider designing, Coker! You must be off your nut!"

"Eh?"

"What about our tea, old chap?" asked Potter, glaring at Greene. "As a matter of fact—ahem—we're broke!"

"And we thought you'd be standing tea to-day, Coker," said Greene.

"Well, I'm not!" snapped Coker. "Off with those things. I want to get on with my designs!"

"But our tea—"

"Blow your tea!" snorted Coker. "You should have had tea in Hall, or caddged a tea off Blundell or Fitzgerald, if you couldn't afford to stand a tea yourselves. I've got more important things to think about than tea! You chaps can clear out; you'll only bother me."

Potter and Greene exchanged glances. They looked at Coker as though they would have liked to eat him.

Coker set about clearing the table himself. It was evident that there would be no tea in the study that day!

"Well, of all the blithering asses!" exclaimed Potter in exasperation.

"What!"

"Going to design a glider!" snorted Greene contemptuously. "Why, you couldn't design a kid's scooter, you blithering fathead! You—"

"My hat! I'll punch your nose, you cheeky rotter!" roared Coker, pushing back his cuffs and advancing truculently on his study-mates. "I'm not standing any insolence from chaps in my own study! I'll—I'll—"

Potter and Greene did not wait to ascertain what Coker would do. They felt that it would be wise to leave, so they went—rather hastily—and slammed the study door behind them.

Coker gave an emphatic snort and returned to the table.

And there, with masses of paper, compasses, pencils, rulers, and set-squares, Horace Coker remained all the evening, absorbed in the all-important task of designing a glider that was going to startle the world!

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### Hard at Work!

"I SAY, you fellows, I'm entering for the contest!"

Billy Bunter made that announcement, blinking into Study No. 1 in the Remove passage next day.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at the fat junior in astonishment.

"You're entering for the contest!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Which contest, Bunter—a grub-shifting affair?"

"No, you ass—"

"Perhaps he means a contest for fat people, or a whopper-telling competition, or that he's entering for a prize for petty larceny!" suggested Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Nugent, you beast!" expostulated the Owl of the Remove indignantly. "I mean that I'm going in for the gliding competition—"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. burst into shrieks of merriment.

Bob Cherry collapsed in Johnny Bull's arms and wept salt tears on his breast.

"Hold me up, somebody!" gurgled Nugent. "Bunter going in for the gliding competition—ha, ha, ha! That's too rich! Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter gave his hilarious Form-fellows a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"Really, you beasts, I can't see anything to cackle at!" he exclaimed. "I know you're jealous of my prospects of winning the first prize—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Leave off, Bunter, I shall crack my ribs if I laugh any more!" howled Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, I haven't come here to be laughed at!" roared Billy Bunter wrathfully. "I suppose if I care to make a glider and enter it for the competition I can, can't I?"

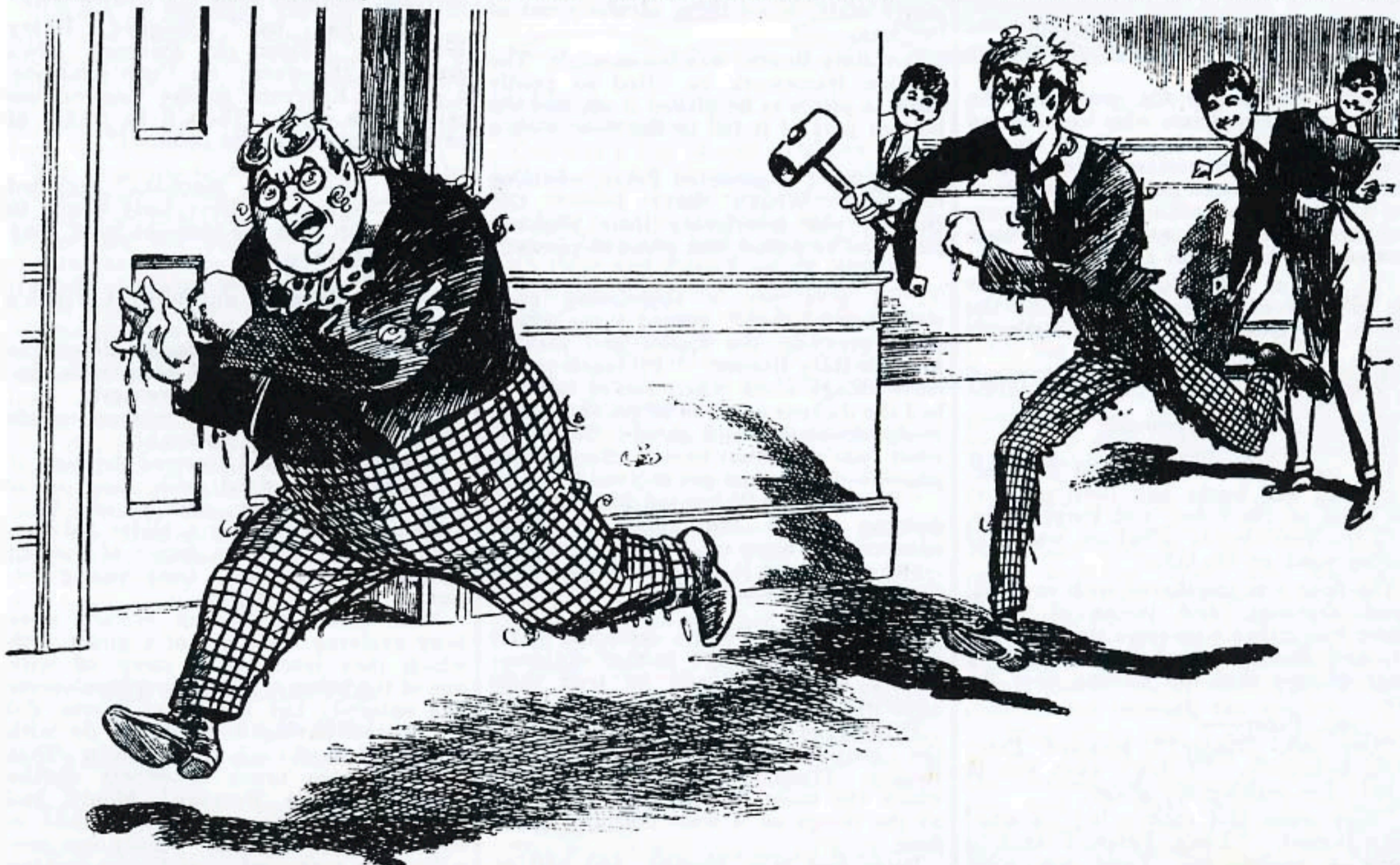
"Yes, you can, Bunter, certainly!" gasped Harry Wharton. "But you stand as much chance of making a show as a hippopotamus! Pigs will never fly, and neither will you, Bunter!"

"Oh, won't I!" snorted Billy Bunter. "We shall see what we shall see! Anyway, I'm going to make a glider. I've got out all my plans, and all I need now is a little ready cash—"

"Same old tale!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Hasn't that postal order turned up yet?"

"No," said Billy Bunter. "I was expecting a remittance from one of my titled relations, but it must have got delayed in the post."

"I reckon it's taken root in the post



"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Is that you, Peter?" "Ha, ha, ha!" Peter Todd glared at the Removites and raced after Billy Bunter, mallet in hand. "Stop!" yelled Peter. But Billy Bunter was running for his life. (See Chapter 5.)

—and be prepared for something extra good in the way of treats!

by now, Bunt, chuckled Nugent. "When it does roll up it will have grown a beard and side whiskers!"

"Oh, rats!" growled Billy Bunter. "Look here, you chaps, if you will advance me some money until my postal order arrives I can be getting on with building my glider—"

"Nothing doing!" said Harry Wharton promptly. "If we gave you money, Bunter, you'd go straight over to the tuckshop and blue it. The glider tale is only an excuse to cadge our dubs. But we're not nibbling."

"No fear!" "I tell you I seriously mean to enter the glider contest!" roared Billy Bunter wrathfully. "I mean to romp off with the twenty quid—"

"Bosh! Try next door, Bunter!" said Johnny Bull.

"I want some money—"  
"Sing it nicely to us, Bunter, and we'll give you a penny!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Billy Bunter glared wrathfully at the Famous Five.

"Then you chaps refuse to assist me financially?" he spluttered. "You won't advance me a few mouldy bob?"

"Not a Continental red cent, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton.

"Beasts! You're jealous, that what you are!" roared Billy Bunter, retreating to the door. "You want to hamper me in building my glider because you're afraid I shall put your glider in the shade!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Jealousy—that's what it is!" howled Bunter furiously. "Mean, petty jealousy! Yes, you can laugh, but I'll do you yet! Yah! Jealous beasts! Wait, that's all! Beasts! Yah!"

With that Billy Bunter withdrew, and he gave the door a terrific slam as he went.

William George Bunter looked very disconsolate as he rolled down the Remove passage.

Harry Wharton & Co. were not the only ones at Greyfriars who had refused to advance Billy Bunter a small loan to enable him to proceed with building a glider. He had been going the rounds of the Lower School, asking many fellows, and everywhere his request had been treated with merriment and high glee.

The idea of Billy Bunter entering for the glider contest seemed to strike the fellows at Greyfriars as being distinctly funny.

Bunter could not see anything funny in it, however.

He felt greatly aggrieved.

He rolled into Study No. 7. The room was in a state of disorder. Furniture and books had been piled at the sides of the room, and Peter Todd, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, was busy sawing wood on the table.

The floor was smothered with sawdust, wood shavings, and pieces of wood. There was rather a noisome stench in the air, and Bunter traced the odour to a large gluepot that was sizzling over the fire.

"I say, Peter—"  
"Get out, Bunter!" snapped Peter Todd brusquely. "I don't want you in here! I'm making my glider."

"Fine state this room's in!" snorted Billy Bunter. "I say, Peter, I want to make a glider, too. Lend me some money to buy the material—"

"Rats!" "Then gimme some wood and nails and things—"

"I'll give you a length of wood—across your fat carcass, Bunter, if you don't sheer off!" said Peter irritably. "I've just chased out Alonzo because he would interrupt, and I said I'd brain the next chap who hindered me. Hop it!"

"Oh, really, Peter, I've a right to be in my own study!" said Bunter peevishly. "I'll sit here and watch you make your glider. As a matter of fact, I shall want to know how to start making one myself. I seriously mean to enter the contest, you know."

Peter gave a snort and went on sawing. Billy Bunter settled himself in the armchair and blinked at Peter as that youth proceeded with the making of his glider.

Bunter found it quite uninteresting, however, especially as he could not understand what his study-mate was doing.

"Look here, Peter, I'm hungry," he said, rising at length from the armchair. "I suppose you'd stand me a few tarts if I helped you?"

"I'll stand you a thick ear!" snorted Peter. "Don't bother!"

"There's the remains of a rabbit-pie in the cupboard. I'm going to have that."

"You can't get to the cupboard, Bunter!" rapped Peter Todd sharply. "I've got a lot of my glider parts stacked up in front of it. They're just freshly glued and can't be shifted."

"But I want that rabbit-pie!" roared Billy Bunter. "I suppose I've a right to go to my own study cupboard?"

"No, you haven't—not when there are things in the way!" said Peter. "Keep away from there, Bunter, or I'll biff you with this mallet!"

The Owl of the Remove gave a growl, but when Peter's back was turned he stealthily crept over to the cupboard and, grasping some of Peter's freshly-glued glider parts, lifted them carefully out of the way.

But Billy Bunter was too careful. The wooden framework he lifted so gently came to pieces as he picked it up, and the bottom part of it fell to the floor with a crash.

"My hat!" ejaculated Peter, wheeling round. "What's that? I— Oh, Bunter, you interfering little blighter, you—you've pulled that plane to pieces!"

"Really, Peter, I—"

"I'll give you a thundering good wallop for that!" roared Peter wrathfully, grasping the mallet and making towards Billy Bunter. "I'll teach you to leave things alone when you're told! I had the dickens of a job to get that plane nicely dovetailed and glued! Now look what you've done to it! You—you—you— Oh, let me get at you!"

"Yaroooooogh!" howled Billy Bunter, dodging round the study as Peter advanced. "Keep off! I didn't mean to—yow-ow—break it, Peter! Ooooooogh! Gerraway! Woooooop!"

Crash!  
Some more of Peter's cherished glider parts fell over as Billy Bunter cannoned blindly into them, and he trod them underfoot as he passed.

Peter gave a roar like a Hottentot on the warpath and fairly jumped at Bunter. There was a wild scramble, in which the table was knocked over, and all the things on it went crashing to the floor.

Peter had been glueing, and had removed the gluepot from the hob to the table.

The glue swooped out of the pot as it toppled off the table, and the hot, sticky

mass surged all over the struggling juniors on the floor.

"Yarooooop!"

"Gerrugh! Yah! Wow-wow-wow!"

Smothered with glue, Peter Todd and Billy Bunter rolled all over the floor, and as they did so they gathered a liberal coating of sawdust and wood shavings. These clung lovingly to the glue, and soon Peter Todd and Billy Bunter were in a frightful state.

Bunter managed to wrench himself free at last. He jumped up and tore for the door. He dragged it open just as Peter sprang up with a roar, and the Owl of the Remove hurled himself through into the passage.

"Come back!" howled Peter, diving after him with the mallet. "I'll slaughter you for this, Bunter! Come back!"

But William George Bunter had no desire to be slaughtered. He did not obey Peter's command to come back. Instead, he flew for his life down the Remove passage, howling at the top of his voice.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry's cheery voice from the door of Study No. 1. "What's the rumpus? I— My giddy aunt! Is that you, Peter? Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter's head was smothered with glue and wood-shavings and sawdust. His face and clothing were in a similar state. He glared at the Famous Five as he passed.

"Bunter's messed up my glider!" he hissed sulphurously. "I'll annihilate the little rotter when I catch him! Bunter! Stop!"

But Billy Bunter was half-way down the stairs.

The Removites roared as Peter, brandishing the mallet, tore down after him, and disappeared along the back corridor, shouting after the elusive Owl.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Harry Wharton. "Poor old Bunter! He's always in the wars! So Peter's making a glider. Everyone in the Remove has caught the craze. There'll be plenty of entrants for the glider contest!"

"Rather!" "The more the merrier!" grinned Frank Nugent. "Everybody seems to be taken up with the idea—at least, they hope to be taken up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Co. laughed dutifully at Frank's little joke.

There could be no doubt about the enthusiasm the boys of Greyfriars displayed towards the glider contest.

All along the Remove passage sounds of hammering could be heard.

Vernon-Smith had received delivery of a quantity of wood, silk, and other necessaries that day, and he and Tom Redwing were making a glider between them. They had high hopes of putting up a good show at the forthcoming contest.

Next door, Kipps and Hillary were busy evolving the plans of a glider with which they intended to romp off with one of the prizes. Even Lord Mauleverer had entered; but Mauly, of course, did not intend having anything to do with the actual hard-work of the affair. That would be too much to expect of the Slacker of the Remove! Mauly had enlisted the services of Dick Penfold in constructing the glider. Mauly was providing the cash, and Penfold was making the glider in the little workshop at the back of his father's shop in Friardale.

Wun Lung had stated his intention of entering a glider for the contest, and

**Don't forget your copy of the "Holiday Annual"—now on sale!**

everybody was interested to see what sort of a "jigger" the Chinese junior would turn out. Wun Lung was an expert at kite designing, so that great things were expected of him.

The Famous Five were collaborating with brains and funds, and had commandeered the woodshed for the manufacture of their glider. They had already decided on its name, although the glider as yet had not gone beyond the drawing stage. The chums of the Remove were calling their glider the Famous 5 Flyer.

Temple, Dabney & Co., smarting under the indignities they had suffered at the hands of the Removites, had challenged the Famous Five, and were making a glider between them which they confidently expected would eclipse all others.

The Upper Fourth-Formers had set their minds upon winning the first prize, and thus make the Removites sing small.

Horace Coker went ahead briskly with his glider. Life in his study became unbearable to Potter and Greene, so they left Coker to it.

Coker snorted when Mr. Prout reprimanded him for coming into the Form-room with traces of glue on his clothes and face. To the lofty mind of Coker, nothing in the world was so important as the glider he was making. Everything else paled into insignificance before it. And when Mr. Prout caught him making designs under his desk instead of attending to the Latin lesson, and caned him—actually caned him!—Horace Coker could only feel sorrow for the pagan indifference of his Form-master.

But he consoled himself with the thought that the time was not far distant when he would show Mr. Prout what a genius he was, and then all Greyfriars—nay, the whole world—would do homage to the mighty Coker, and hail him as one worthy of a place with Edison and Marconi.

Hobson of the Shell set his brains to work and modestly stated his intention of carrying off the first prize with a glider he was making. Blundell, Smith major, and Greene of the Fifth also entered, and there were numerous entries from the Third and Second Forms.

The Friardale timber merchant and the ironmongery stores did a roaring trade during the days that followed, and no longer did the passages at Greyfriars resound to the care-free laughter of boys, the biff of boxing-gloves, and the strains of tin whistles, banjos and other musical instruments the juniors possessed. Hammering, sawing, and chopping became the order of the day—and night. The boys of Greyfriars took seriously to the glider competition. The gliders gradually developed under the more or less skilful hands of their youthful designers. A few gave promise of being weird and fearful contraptions, but for the most part the amateur-built gliders, in their rough state, looked useful enough.

Whether they would fly, of course, was quite another matter.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

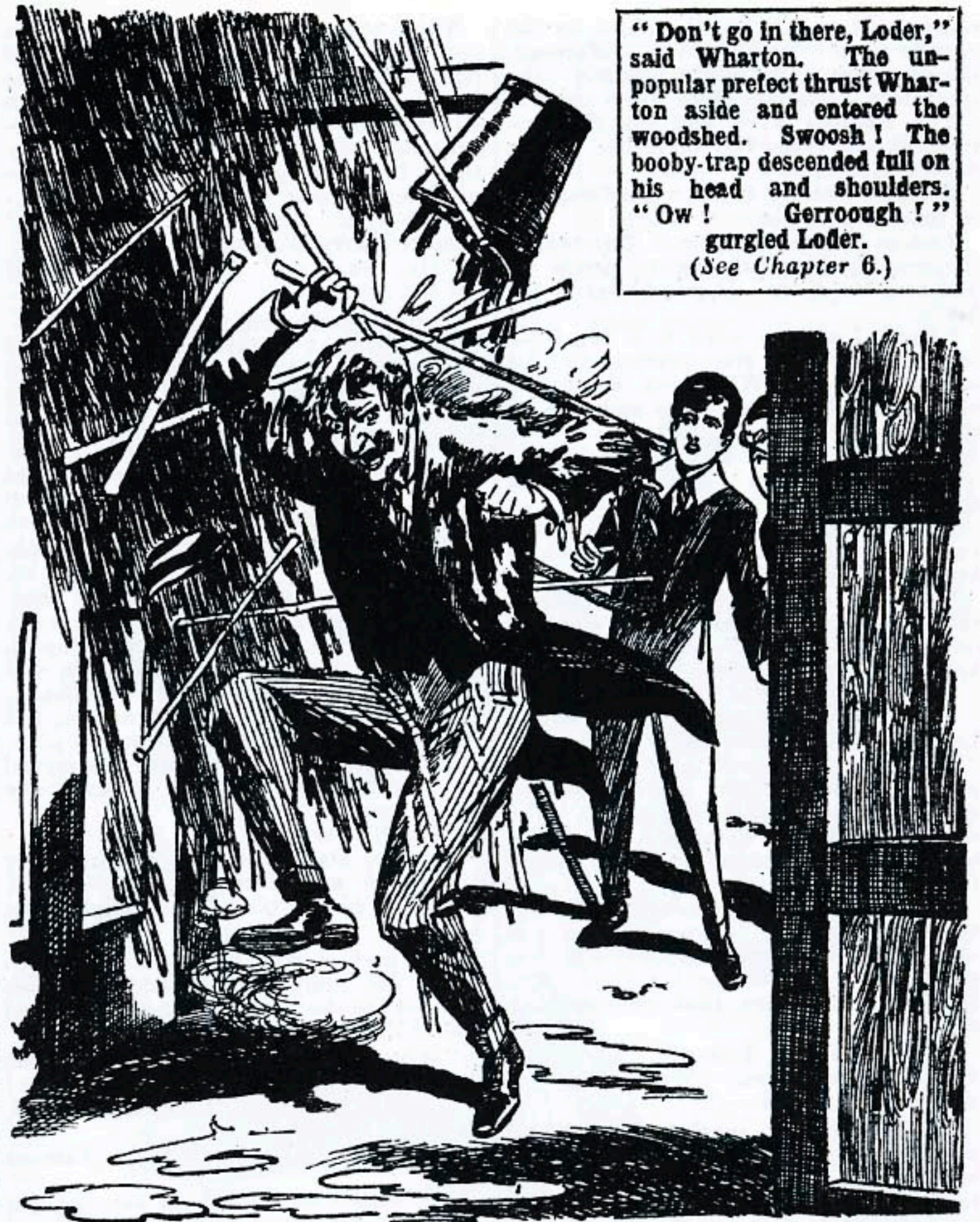
#### Not According to Plan!

"SHUSH!" hissed Cecil Reginald Temple.

"Quietly does the trick!" muttered Fry.

"Oh, rather!" agreed Dabney.

It was Wednesday morning, and the Upper Fourth-Formers had left the dining-room early after dinner. They crept towards the woodshed in the



"Don't go in there, Loder," said Wharton. The unpopular prefect thrust Wharton aside and entered the woodshed. Swoosh! The booby-trap descended full on his head and shoulders. "Ow! Gerrough!" gurgled Loder. (See Chapter 6.)

quadrangle, carrying with them numerous articles.

One was a bag of soot; Dabney had it hoisted on his shoulder. Temple and Fry carried several pots of paint and brushes, a tin of tar and a can of whitewash. They also had a quantity of rope with them and a few bamboo poles.

Arriving at the woodshed, they peeped in. There was nobody inside. Harry Wharton & Co. had not yet arrived. The Removites' glider—the Famous 5 Flyer—was in there, and was practically completed.

Harry Wharton & Co. had devoted all their spare time and cash to their glider, and the result was a well-built, graceful-looking machine.

Several other fellows had finished their gliders, too, and, as it was Wednesday, and a half-holiday at Greyfriars, it had been decided to hold a test of the machines that afternoon.

"First of all," murmured Temple, as he crept into the woodshed, "we'll set about camouflaging the giddy Famous 5 Flyer. It will look rather natty done up like they used to do up the warships during the War, won't it? Dole out the paint, chaps, and don't spare it, because we've got plenty!"

"What-ho!"

The Fourth-Formers set to work with paint and brushes, and they daubed a multitude of colours all over the Famous 5 Flyer. Yellow, green, blue, purple, red, orange and heliotrope paint was

put on in long, glaring streaks. White-wash and tar completed the colour scheme. The pattern that Temple, Dabney & Co. painted on the outside of their rivals' glider was startling, to say the least of it. No professional war-time "camouflager" ever conceived such a hideous mass of daubs and streaks of colour!

"My hat!" said Temple, blinking at the result of their handiwork. "Jazzy isn't the word, is it? Won't those Remove kids have a shock when they come in and feast their peepers on this giddy lot! But we've got something else to fix up that will shock them first. What about the booby-trap?"

"Oh, rather!"

Temple, Dabney and Fry set about fixing up a booby-trap over the woodshed door with the soot, the bamboo poles, and the ropes. This was soon done. Having arranged the trap so that immediately the door was pushed open the soot and the remainder of the whitewash would drop headlong downward, the heroes of the Upper Fourth climbed out through the window.

"Well, that's that!" chuckled Temple, as the Fourth-Formers withdrew into the cover of the elm-trees. "We'll wait now and see what happens. Painting their gliders is just a harmless rag, of course. We haven't done the glider any damage—I was careful about that. It would be a rotten trick to tamper with the Remove kids' glider—not that it ever stands a hope of flying, of

Another long instalment of our ripping footer serial, boys!

course! If it will fly, the paint on the outside won't make much difference, except that it might dazzle the spectators. Hallo! Here they come!"

The Famous Five and Squiff came strolling up from the direction of the School House.

Temple, Dabney & Co. waited eagerly in their hiding-place

Just as Harry Wharton & Co. neared the woodshed a burly figure strode up and accosted them. It was Loder of the Sixth.

"Here, I want a word with you little sweeps!" grated the prefect in his surliest tones. "Who took down the blind in the lower box-room and tore off the canvas?"

"Ahem!" Harry Wharton & Co. looked awkward.

"Come on, out with it, you young sweeps!" grated Loder. "I want to know! Who pinched the blind?"

"We—we couldn't tell a lie, Loder," said Bob Cherry meekly. "We chopped down the blind. We did it with our hatchet—I mean, a jack-knife."

"You cheeky little sweeps!" "We wanted the canvas rather badly, Loder," explained Harry Wharton.

"The blind is never used from one year's end to another, and we needed the canvas to complete our glider. The shops were shut in Friardale, so we—we took the blind, intending to re-canvas it later."

"Well, of all the thundering cheek!" spluttered Loder. "I knew it was you unruly Remove rotters! I'll see that you get a good licking for this! And I'm going to have that canvas back again!"

"You can't, Loder!" exclaimed Wharton in alarm. "We've fixed it on our glider, and—"

"I don't care!" snarled the bullying prefect. "I'll have that canvas if I have to pull your rotten glider to pieces to do it!"

Loder strode away in the direction of the woodshed, and Harry Wharton & Co. uttered gasps of dismay.

They knew that if Loder once laid hands on their glider he would not treat it lightly. It was just like Loder to make trouble over a small matter. He would take a vindictive delight in damaging the Removites' glider.

"Don't you go in there, Loder!" shouted Wharton, springing forward. "We'll pull the canvas off ourselves! Don't touch our glider, or—"

"Out of my way!" snarled Loder.

He thrust the young Remove captain roughly aside, and, pushing open the woodshed door, he strode quickly in.

An instant later there was a terrific crash and a wild yell from Loder.

Swooooooosh!  
"Yarooooogh! Wagh! Yah! Gerr-roch!"

With that tumbling mass of soot descending on him like an avalanche, followed up by the whitewash and the bamboo poles, Loder was bowled over like a ninepin.

He lay on the floor of the woodshed amidst the soot and the whitewash, and he gave vent to gasping, choking gurgles.

Temple, Dabney & Co. blinked in dismay from their hiding-place.

"Oh, jeminy!" moaned Temple. "Loder's caught our booby-trap! That's done it!"

"Oh, rather!" gasped Dabney.

The Famous Five and Squiff crowded round the woodshed door and gazed down at Loder in amazement.

They saw the prefect wallowing in soot and whitewash. He was smothered from head to foot in it. His face was jet black, except where the whitewash streaked down it, giving him the appearance of a zebra. And as he lay there Loder gurgled and gasped in the weirdest manner imaginable.

"Wh-what the merry dickens—" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the rest of the Co.

Their astonishment gave way to mirth. The sight that Gerald Loder presented was really too funny. Fellows dashed up from far and near, and when they saw what had happened they, too, burst out into loud roars of laughter.

"Gerrugh! Yughooogh! Yar! Gug! Gug!" gurgled Loder, struggling up and gouging the soot and the whitewash from his eyes, and ears, and mouth. "Help! Yah! Oooooch!"

"My giddy aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, wiping tears from his eyes. "Somebody must have rigged up a booby-trap over the woodshed door, and Loder walked right into it! The booby-trap was intended for us, I expect, but the plot didn't work according to plan. In fact, the giddy booby-trap has served us a good turn—we can protect our glider now!"

"Hear, hear!" Temple, Dabney & Co., looking very crestfallen and dismayed, crawled out of their hiding-place and blinked at Loder.

The prefect was beside himself with rage. He jumped up, shedding clouds of soot as he did so, and he glared round like a wild hyena.

"Who did that?" he choked. "Who—gerroch!—put that soot up there? Yah! I'll have the little sweep flogged, and— Oooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the Famous Five.

"It wasn't us, Loder, so you can get that idea out of your head," said Harry Wharton. "We should have run into that trap if you hadn't barged into the woodshed first. It serves you jolly well right! You intended damaging our glider!"

"Yeroooooogh! There's going to be trouble over this! Grugh!"

Loder stamped away, looking a most hideous sight, and he left a long, long trail of soot and whitewash in his wake.

Everybody shrieked with laughter, with the exception of Temple, Dabney & Co.

The joke fell rather flat to them! Harry Wharton shot Temple a quick glance. He noted traces of soot on the Fourth Form leader's hands and clothing.

"So it was you, you boulder, who rigged up that giddy booby-trap?" he said, with a chuckle. "Well, we didn't get it, after all, did we? Thanks awfully, Temple, for the trouble you took—the trap saved our glider from being messed up. You deserve a putty medal!"

"Wait till you see your glider!" snapped Temple crossly. "You won't grin so much then, you cheeky Remove kids. We'll have the laugh on you there, anyway! Br-r-r-r-r!"

Temple & Co. strode away, not looking the least bit cheerful.

The Famous Five went into the woodshed and gazed at their glider in horrified amazement.

"Mum-my only hat!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"Wh-what the—" stuttered Frank Nugent.

"Our glider!" ejaculated Wharton in a faint voice.

"Look at it!" gasped Johnny Bull. Everybody crowded round and looked at it. Fresh peals of laughter burst forth.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Look at the colours!"

"Some camouflage, kids—what?" Harry Wharton & Co. looked at their glider like boys in a dream.

It hurt their eyes to look at it. They turned away and glared round wildly.

"Temple!" howled Bob Cherry. "Temple did this! Where is he? I'll spifficate him! I'll slaughter him! I'll—I'll—"

But Temple, Dabney & Co. were nowhere to be seen.

Like the Arabs in the poem they had silently stolen away.

And the Famous Five, gazing at their weirdly decorated glider, ground their teeth and uttered lurid threats upon the devoted heads of their enterprising rivals.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Hopes "Dashed Down!"

"I SAY, you fellows, you might—grooogh—give me a hand!"

Billy Bunter, puffing and blowing, met Harry Wharton & Co. in the quadrangle some time afterwards.

The Famous Five had locked up their glider, having abandoned all thoughts of flying it that afternoon.

Billy Bunter was dragging behind him a weird affair in wood and canvas. It looked like a crude box, not unlike a Tate sugar box, with two huge flaps protruding at each side. It had a tail, too, which had cords leading from it into the box.

The Removites stopped and looked at the contraption in astonishment.

"Great pip!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What is it, Bunter?"

"My glider!" said Billy Bunter proudly. "I designed and made it myself! I think I can confidently say that nothing quite like this has ever been seen before!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Harry Wharton & Co. yelled.

"Oh, really, you fellows!" said Billy Bunter, glowering. "I can't see anything to cackle at! My glider may look a bit rough, but this is only the test model, so to speak. If it flies I shall make a similar machine, but incorporating certain improvements, for the actual gliding contest."

"Well, carry me home to die, somebody!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Bunter old chap, you're too funny for words! What are you going to do with that thing now?"

"I'm going on a test flight!" said Billy Bunter. "If you chaps will help me drag it along and carry it to the veranda on the footer ground pavilion I'll—"

"So you're going to try to fly this from the pavilion veranda!" grinned Harry Wharton. "Come along, then, Bunter. We wouldn't miss it for worlds. Go and fetch a shovel, Squiff, to gather up the pieces!"

"Oh, really, Wharton, you can laugh, but—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Heave-ho, kids!"

Harry Wharton & Co. rushed Bunter's glider away to Little Side. A chortling crowd followed.

Billy Bunter was not a plucky youth, and the pavilion veranda was not very

"The schoolboys' Pickwick—Billy Bunter of Greyfriars."—

high off the ground. That was why the Owl had chosen it for his starting-off place. He was not taking too many risks!

The Removites yanked the glider up on the veranda, and Billy Bunter climbed into the box with some difficulty.

"Groooogh!" he gasped, taking hold of the cords that controlled the tail of his machine. "Careful, you chaps. Dud-don't shove me off too violently, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you ready, Bunter?"

"Ye-e-o-es!" gasped the Owl, blinking nervously downward.

"Shove, boys!"

The boys "shoved," and Bunter's glider went headlong off the veranda.

It did not go with birdlike grace—indeed, no sooner was it in the air than it lurched sideways.

"Yarroooogh!" howled Billy Bunter. "Help! I'm fif-f-falling!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Hold on, Bunter!"

Swooooop!

The glider did not remain long in the air.

It rolled over and then nose-dived towards the ground.

The chortling crowd scattered.

The gigantic bulk of Billy Bunter acted as a dead weight on the glider, and even if it had the propensity to fly, it could not have sustained the load.

The glider, with Billy Bunter wedged in the box, struck the football field nose-foremost.

Thud!

"Yow-woooogh! Yah! Help!"

Crash!

With a great rending noise Billy Bunter's glider came apart and resolved itself into a litter of broken wood and tattered canvas. And in the midst of the debris its fat designer and navigator lay sprawled on his back, raising the echoes with his bellowings.

"Yarooop! Help! Murder! Ow-wow-wow!" wailed Billy Bunter. "I'm killed! I'm mortally injured! Oooooop! Yowp! Ow-wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the spectators.

Harry Wharton & Co., sobbing with laughter, ran forward and picked up the Owl of the Remove. He was shaken badly, but was otherwise unhurt. The glider itself had suffered far worse!

"So much for your attempt at breaking glider records, Bunter!" grinned Harry Wharton. "Better give the remains to the matron for firewood!"

"Wow-wow-wow-wow!"

William George Bunter groped for his spectacles, jammed them on his little snub nose, and limped away.

Suddenly a roar burst forth from another direction, and, gazing up, the juniors saw a strange sight.

Floating clumsily in the air high above their heads was a large glider, and in it, with a look of grim determination on his rugged face, was no less a person than Horace Coker!

"Coker!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"He—he's got his glider to fly!" ejaculated Harry Wharton, half in unbelief. "Ye gods and little fishes!"

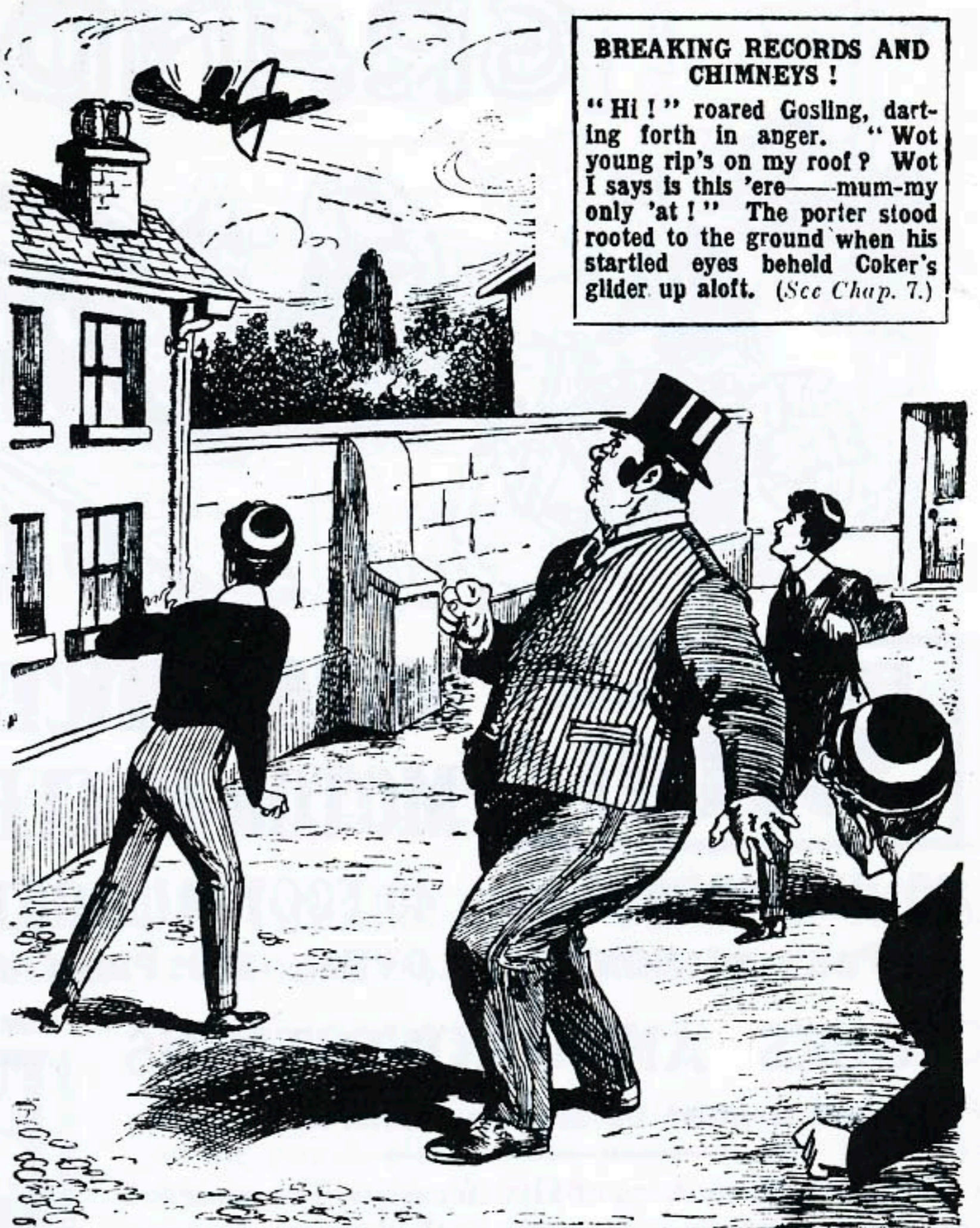
"Look out!" shrieked Ogilvy.

Coker seemed to be swooping down upon the amazed spectators, but more by good fortune than good management he kept it aloft.

"Good old Coker!"

Potter and Greene ran up, looking very excited.

"He'll break his neck!" gasped Potter. "However he managed to get his glider to fly beats me. It's a miracle



**BREAKING RECORDS AND CHIMNEYS!**

"Hi!" roared Gosling, darting forth in anger. "Wot young rip's on my roof? Wot I says is this 'ere—mum-my only 'at!" The porter stood rooted to the ground when his startled eyes beheld Coker's glider up aloft. (See Chap. 7.)

—that's what it is! We shoved him off from the top of the gym, and Tomlinson and Smith major and some of the others ran underneath with a goal net open, ready to catch him when he dropped!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Coker's going strong!" chuckled Bob Cherry, looking up. "My word, though, what a fluke! Mind your heads!"

Again Coker's glider swooped down, and everybody expected it to crash to earth. But once more the mighty Horace kept it going, and managed to ascend to a height of about thirty feet.

Cheers rang out as Coker gyrated merrily in the air on his glider.

He mounted still higher, and, flying over Gosling's lodge by the gates, his machine just grazed against a chimney-pot.

There was a crash, and the chimney-pot—which was in a bad state of repair—clattered noisily to the roof, dislodging several slates as it fell. Coker felt his machine give a sudden lurch at the impact, but he managed to right it in time.

"Hi!" roared Gosling, dashing forth in anger. "Wot young rip's on my roof? Wot I says is this 'ere—Mum-my honly 'at!"

Gosling stood rooted to the ground when his startled eyes beheld Coker's glider.

"Look out, Gossy!" roared Bob

Cherry. "He'll dent in your topper, as sure as eggs!"

"My heye!" gurgled Gosling.

He watched Coker like one in a dream. As for that youth, he came near to crashing several times, but by great good fortune the glider remained in the air, and he circled about the quadrangle, followed by a laughing, cheering crowd.

Mr. Prout appeared at the hall door, attracted by the commotion outside.

He blinked in amazement at the strange apparition that was floating in the air over Greyfriars! Mr. Prout was very short-sighted, and it did not dawn on him that the vision before him was a glider with Coker—the one and only Coker—aboard it.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Fifth Form master. "A strange bird has flown inland from the sea—an albatross, perhaps, or some rare monster of the heavens that is as yet unknown to man! Goodness gracious! What an enormous creature! No bird of such gigantic proportions has ever been heard of before. I must capture it, and give the world the benefit of this momentous discovery! I will fetch my Winchester, and shoot the monster!"

Mr. Prout dashed excitedly indoors and brought down his Winchester rifle—the one with which he had shot grizzlies on the Rockies in '89.

Standing at the top of the steps, Mr. Prout raised the rifle to his shoulder, and

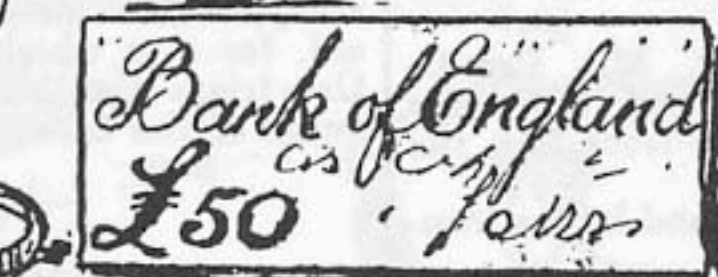
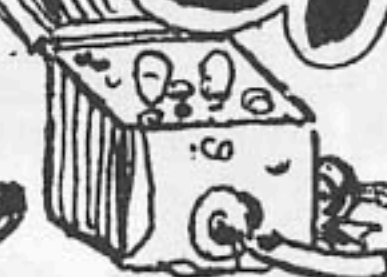
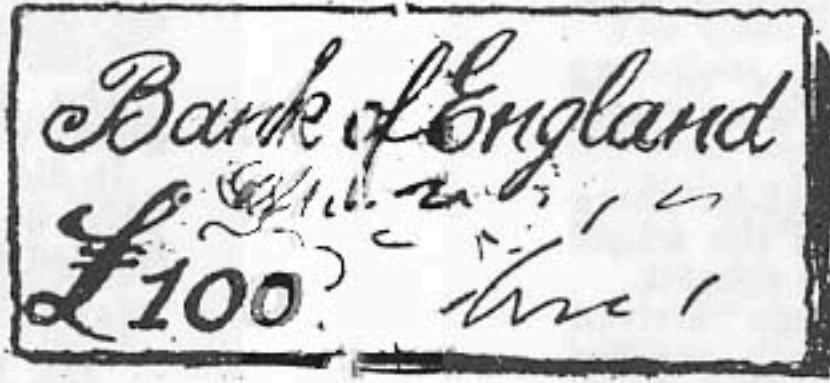
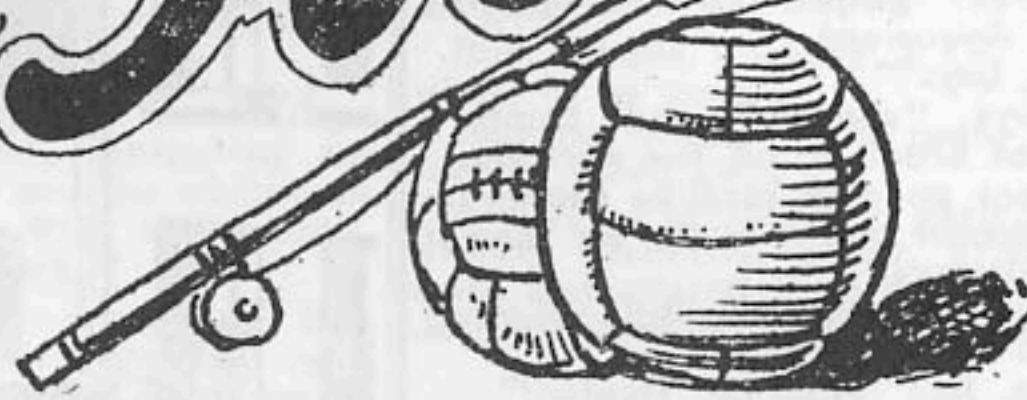
(Continued on page 16.)

A PHENOMENAL OFFER OF OVER EIGHT HUNDRED MAGNIFICENT PRIZES!

# GRAND NEW COMPETITION!



## Footballers' Names!



**First Prize,  
£100**

**30 MAGNIFICENT "JAMES"  
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**10 Two-Valve  
Wireless Sets**

**100 SPLENDID "JAMES"  
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**Second Prize,  
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**20 GRAMOPHONES. 40 FOOTBALL OUTFITS** (Boots, Stockings, Shorts, and Shirt).  
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### RULES AND CONDITIONS *which must be strictly adhered to.*

- 1.—The First Prize of £100 in cash will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct, or most nearly correct, solution of all eight sets of the pictures according to the Editor's official solution.
- 2.—The Second Prize of £50, and the others in the splendid variety of prizes will be awarded in order of merit.
- 3.—All the prizes will be awarded. If two or more competitors tie, however, the prize or prizes, or their value, will be divided, and the Editor reserves full rights in this respect.
- 4.—No solutions may be sent in until all the sets of the pictures and the necessary coupon have been published. Full directions will then be given.
- 5.—The names under the pictures must be written IN INK.



- 6.—Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.
- 7.—Entry to this competition is on the full understanding that the Editor's decision is final and legally binding throughout.

SET No. 6. TWO MORE SETS TO COME!

31	32	33
34	35	36

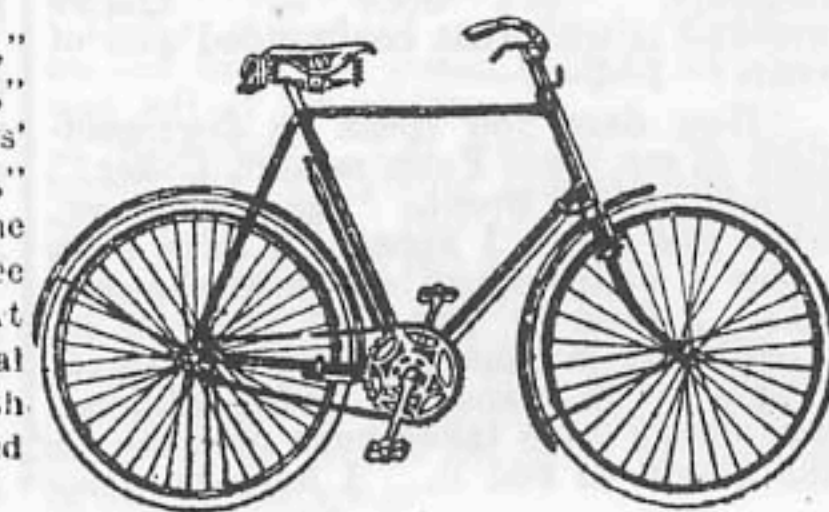
**ALL YOU HAVE TO DO**  
is to write IN INK in the allotted space under each of the puzzle-pictures the name of the footballer which you think the picture represents. Surely a simple enough task—only six names to discover each week!

In all there will be EIGHT SETS OF PICTURES, so keep your solutions until the other sets appear.

**DO NOT SEND YOUR ENTRIES YET.**

Back numbers of the MAGNET, in which the five previous sets of puzzle-pictures are to be found, can be obtained on application to the "Back Numbers Dept.," Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. For each single number required twopence in stamps should be forwarded, also one penny stamp to cover postage. The postal rate for additional copies is an extra halfpenny per copy.

Readers of the "Champion," "Boys' Realm," "Union Jack," "Boys' Friend," "Pluck," "Boys' Cinema," "Young Britain," "Gem," "The Popular," "The Rocket," and "Nelson Lee Library" are also taking part in the Contest, so that additional attempts may be made with the pictures from these allied journals.



**WIRE IN, CHUMS, AND PUT YOUR SKILL TO THE TEST—NOTHING REALLY DIFFICULT ABOUT THIS SET!**

### THE GREYFRIARS GLIDING COMPETITION!

(Continued from page 13.)

took aim at the monstrous apparition in the air.

Harry Wharton saw him, and gave an alarmed shout.

"Look out, Coker! Prout takes you for a bird! He's going to pot at you!"

"Oh, jeminy!" gasped Coker, who had now descended to within twenty feet of the ground. "The mad idiot! Stop him, or—"

Bang, bang! Mr. Prout was losing no time.

Coker gave a howl, and his glider wobbled perilously.

Fortunately for Coker, Mr. Prout's aim was not accurate, and the shots went harmlessly over the trees into the cloisters.

But Coker was scared, and he lost control of his glider.

The machine lurched dizzily in the air, performed a graceful somersault, and then hurtled down, making straight for the fountain in the Close.

Crash! Splash!

"Yerrroooogh!" howled Coker, as he dropped headlong into the trough of the fountain, which was full of water.

"Help! Geroooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the spectators, crowding round the fallen glider, which was now, like Billy Bunter's ill-fated machine, a heap of garish ruin!

Mr. Prout dashed up, carrying his still smoking Winchester.

"How was that for marksmanship, my lads?" he puffed excitedly. "I had the monster down with my first two shots! Where is the bird? Let me gaze at this strange denizen of the skies!"

"There it is, sir!" sobbed Bob Cherry, thrusting Mr. Prout forward, and pointing at Coker, whose head and shoulders had just appeared out of the water.

"Gaze at it and weep! There's the monster! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Coker!" ejaculated Mr. Prout.

"Bless my soul!"

"Yooogh-ooogh! Groogh!" gurgled Horace Coker.

"You—you mad idiot, sir! You—you—"

"Coker!"

Mr. Prout stood rooted to the spot, gasping with utter amazement.

He blinked first at Coker, and then at the jumbled ruins of that youth's glider.

It gradually dawned on Mr. Prout that he had made a horrible mistake!

"Gug-goodness gracious!" he ejaculated. "Then, Coker, it was you! You were skylarking in a flying machine!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the crowd.

"I was testing my glider!" howled Coker, crawling out of the fountain, dripping wet.

"You might have killed me, sir, with that beastly rifle of yours! Groooo-hoogh! You're dangerous! You ought not to be allowed to keep it!"

"Coker!" gurgled Mr. Prout.

"Look at my glider!" hooted Coker furiously. "It's done in! You've wrecked it with that confounded gun of yours! I—I—I—"

"How dare you speak so disrespectfully to me, your Form master, Coker!" thundered Mr. Prout.

"Be careful, sir, what you say! I appear to have been under a slight—ahem!—misapprehension when I fired at you, but there is no occasion for insolence, Coker! The quadrangle is no place for flying gliders; you should have taken your machine on the Heath to test it. I have no sym-

pathy for you, Coker. You will please remove the remains of this—this contraption of yours!"

Mr. Prout tucked his famous Winchester under his arm, and stalked away, his face very red.

Coker gazed after him with feelings that were inexpressible.

The others, however, looked at Coker and at the wreck of his glider, and they gave expression to their feelings by loud, long shouts of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker, breathing hard through his nose, and muttering all manner of sulphurous things under his breath, gathered up the remains of his glider and stamped away with them.

And while, in the solitude of his own study, Coker mourned, like Rachael of old, for that which was lost, the rest of Greyfriars chortled over the affair, and voted it the funniest event of the term.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### The Contest Begins!

THE amateur aeronauts of Greyfriars were very busy that afternoon on Friardale Heath, testing their gliders. Wingate of the Sixth was in charge of the trials, and he and his fellow-prefects saw that the boys did not take undue risks.

A goodly number of the gliders refused to glide at all, and crashed to earth as soon as they were let off, much to the dismay of their pilots and the amusement of the spectators.

On the other hand, the trials brought to light a number of well-designed and competent little craft. Notable amongst these was Wun Lung's glider, which was a weird-looking affair, and seemed to be a cross between a kite and an aeroplane. But it flew beautifully, and evoked many shouts of admiration from those who saw it.

The majority of the intending competitors returned to Greyfriars well satisfied, and eager for the forthcoming event.

The Famous Five had to devote a good deal of time scraping off the "camouflage" that Temple, Dabney & Co. had so kindly daubed on their glider. This delayed practice somewhat, but when all was ready they took the Famous 5 Flyer out one evening, and, with Harry Wharton in the pilot's seat, they set it going from the roof of the chemistry lab.

It flew one wing heavy at first, but after various wires had been tightened and tuned, the Famous 5 Flyer took the air like a bird, and far exceeded Harry Wharton & Co.'s expectations.

"She goes rippingly, doesn't she?" said Bob Cherry, in Study No. 1, after the flyer had been carefully put away in the woodshed. "Kids, I can see ourselves romping off with that giddy twenty quid yet!"

"I hope so!" said Harry Wharton, with a smile. "We'll give the others a run for their money, anyhow! Hallo, here comes uncle!"

Colonel Wharton was crossing the Close. He went in to see Dr. Locke, and then paid the chums of Study No. 1 a visit.

"All serene, uncle?" asked Harry

Wharton. "Have you come to announce the date of the contest?"

"Yes, my lad," said the colonel, smiling. "The contest will take place on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock sharp."

"Good egg!"

The rest of Greyfriars heard the news with equal satisfaction.

The contest was looked forward to eagerly by one and all.

The intending competitors spent all their leisure moments in putting last-minute improvements to their machines.

Saturday afternoon dawned at length. It was warm and sunny, with just enough wind to make conditions ideal for gliding.

The road from Greyfriars to the Heath was soon thronged with Greyfriars juniors and seniors.

Each competitor took his glider along with him, and practically all the school had turned out to watch the contest. Coker, Potter, and Greene arrived at the hill on the Heath with another glider—Coker's latest. He called it the Cokerplane, and said that it was a great improvement on his last and ill-fated glider.

Wun Lung, and Hop Hi, his minor in the second, carried the former's glider between them, and Dicky Nugent & Co. of the Second followed, with a weird contraption of the enterprising Dicky's own design.

Behind them came Hoskins of the Shell, with his machine, and Tubb & Co. of the Third, also with a glider that, to use Squiff's description of it, "looked like a Heath Robinson affair." Last of all came Harry Wharton & Co., with their Famous 5 Flyer.

The gliders assembled on the top of the hill.

Colonel Wharton and Captain Malcolm arrived soon afterwards, and were accorded a hearty cheer by all the Greyfriars fellows.

Temple, Dabney & Co.'s entry was an imposing-looking machine that had flown some distance in a trial earlier in the week. They were expecting great things of their glider.

"We will start off the entries in threes to begin with," said Colonel Wharton, who was stationed at the top of the hill. "The competitors will draw lots for their order of starting."

The field-telephone was fixed up from the top of the hill to the bottom, for the purpose of recording the length of each glider's flight from the time of taking the air to landing again.

Lots were drawn, and the first three to "take off" were announced to be Coker and Blundell of the Fifth, and Skinner of the Remove.

Coker "took off" first, and loud roars of laughter arose when it was seen that his glider was fitted with flapping wings. It plunged off the hill and into the air with a rush, Coker working the "wings" with gusto. He did not drop, as everybody expected, but soared high above the heads of the spectators.

Blundell's glider soared off the hill gracefully, and made a nice flight in the lower air currents that eddied round the hill.

Skinner's luck was out from the first, for no sooner did he launch into the air on his glider than the whole machine turned turtle and went bowling down the hill into the midst of a crowd of spectators, knocking several of them over like ninepins.

Roars of wrath and of laughter arose,

# ANSWERS

EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2s

The schoolboys of the century—Harry Wharton & Co.—

and Captain Malcolm smilingly signalled to Temple to "take off."

Temple, Dabney & Co. rushed their glider to the starting-point, and Temple climbed in.

Colonel Wharton gave the signal, and Fry, Dabney, and several other Fourth-Formers pushed the glider off the hill.

It swerved perilously as it went into space, but righted itself, and flew away in grand style, amid cheers from the onlookers.

Horace Coker found some difficulty in managing his Cokerplane. He worked like a Trojan at the wings, and flapped them furiously when he found himself drifting sideways from the ground.

The Cokerplane performed some weird evolutions in the air before it finally became entangled with the top of a tall tree and stuck there.

"Yah! Help!" roared Coker. "I'm fixed! Rescue!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the spectators.

"Coker's up a tree!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Going to build a nest up there, dear boy?"

"Wowp! Gemme down!" gasped Coker, swinging dizzily on one of the upper branches. "Yaroooogh! I'm f-f-f-falling!"

The ruins of Coker's second glider hung on the branches all around, and the spectacle was so funny that the onlookers roared with laughter.

At length a ladder was fetched, and Horace Coker scrambled down from the tree.

"Groooo-hooogh! I biffed my blessed nose on the beastly tree-trunk!" he moaned. "No more gliding for me! Yow-wow! I'm fed up with it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're next, Harry!" called Colonel Wharton from the hilltop. "And I think Bulstrode might as well get off, too."

The Famous 5 Flyer was taken up, and Harry Wharton clambered into the "cockpit."

Bulstrode got off the hill first, and made an easy but cautious flight.

The crowd below watched the competitors with fascinated interest. Wharton was sailing high above their heads in the lap of a gentle breeze and handling his machine with rare judgment.

"Hallo! Bulstrode's coming down!"

A score of voices rang out over the Heath as Bulstrode, after a flight of five minutes, was seen to be in difficulties. One wing of his machine appeared to be heavier than its companion, and Bulstrode had all his work cut out to make a safe landing. He skimmed the ground, however, with a few inches of clearance, and brought his plane to a standstill.

But Bulstrode's luck was dead out; for no sooner had he clambered out of the cockpit than a terrific gust of wind caught up the tail of his machine and turned it turtle fashion.

"Oh, my hat!"

Bulstrode rushed forward to right the glider, and a dozen Greyfriars fellows ran to assist him. But Bulstrode's plane had done all its flying for that day. One wing had slightly buckled, and it would take a few hours before it could be repaired.

"Hard luck, Bulstrode!" said Bob Cherry. "Jolly good flight, though!"

"Rather!" agreed Nugent. "Hallo! Wun Lung's up!"

The juniors turned and gazed heavenward. The Chinese junior's peculiar-looking glider had taken the air like a bird, and was climbing rapidly. In its wake rose Dick Penfold's creation, the



The Cokerplane performed some weird evolutions in the air before it finally became entangled with the top of a tall tree, and stuck there. "Yah!" roared Coker. "I'm fixed! Rescue!" (See Chapter 8.)

scholarship junior keeping his glider well under control.

"This is where the excitement starts!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "I say, isn't it ripping!"

"The rippingsfulness of the giddy flightfulness is truly terrific!" purred Inky in his weird and wonderful English.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Well Won!

PENFOLD and Wun Lung made splendid flights, circling round the Heath after each other, but never venturing too high above the ground.

Colonel Wharton dispatched off three more gliders—Peter Todd, Vernon-Smith, and Dicky Nugent of the Second.

Nugent minor's glider, though crude in design, performed really well for about sixty seconds. But its flight, unfortunately, was short lived. Dicky Nugent was manœuvring over the pond

on the Heath at an altitude of about ten feet, when all of a sudden the spectators heard a shout from above, and, looking up, they saw that the bottom of Nugent minor's glider had fallen out!

Dicky, with nothing to support him, fell clean out of the glider and took a header into the pond, amidst roars of laughter from the onlookers.

Splash!  
"Yaroooogh!"

The glider, now quite uncontrolled, gyrated wildly for some minutes, and then fell into the pond also.

Dicky scrambled out, and, standing on the bank, he gazed ruefully at what was left of his glider.

"Grooogh! I'm c-c-cold!" he stammered. "I told young Paget those nails wouldn't hold! But I let him have his own way—the ass! Br-r-r!"

Dicky squeaked away. Meanwhile, Peter Todd had come to grief on top of the hill, and Vernon-Smith, after a splendid flight, had to land, owing to the snapping of a strut in one of his wings.

—created by the prince of authors—FRANK RICHARDS!



Tubb of the Third then went off. His glider made a bee-line for the nearest tree, crashed into it, and fell. Thus another competitor was put out of the running! Hoskins of the Shell and Kippe of the Remove then tried their luck. Hoskins remained in the air for exactly five minutes; whilst Kippe had an awkward time, for his glider showed a strong inclination to fly upside-down!

Kippe struggles to balance his craft soon upset the machine's equilibrium, and Kippe was duly caught in the large net which a party of seniors had fashioned for the purpose of catching any unfortunate competitors who looked like damaging themselves.

Blundell, Harry Wharton, Temple, Wun Lung, and Penfold were still going strong.

Their gliders flew with grace and ease, and did not display the least likelihood of coming down yet.

The last three gliders were despatched from the hill. These were flown by Fitzgerald of the Fifth, and Morgan and Dick Russell of the Remove respectively.

Fitzgerald's machine showed its air-worthiness from the start by skimming away on the currents like a graceful bird. His machine was well designed and built, and it was apparent that the Fifth-Former knew how to handle it.

Bad luck overtook Fitzgerald, however, after an eight-minutes' flight, and he was forced to descend.

Morgan and Russell had by then both landed in the net, after plucky attempts to keep going.

The contest now rested between the five gliders still remaining in the air—Blundell's machine, which had been flying twenty-five minutes, and Temple's, Wharton's, Penfold's, and Wun Lung's.

A cry of disappointment arose from the Fifth-Formers in the crowd when Blundell, in manoeuvring to avoid a tree, upset the stability of his glider and came to earth.

"Blundell's time is exactly thirty minutes," said Captain Malcolm. "He has done splendidly! Temple comes next; he has been up for twenty-eight minutes."

"And down he comes!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

Temple was down at last, after a splendid exhibition of his glider's prowess. The Fourth-Formers in the crowd gave him a cheer.

The Famous 5 Flyer was still making good progress. Wharton had now been up for twenty-five minutes, and he did not appear to be in a hurry to come down.

Penfold manoeuvred his glider skilfully, displaying complete mastery and understanding of the machine he had built for Lord Mauleverer.

As for Wun Lung, his glider soon became the centre of attraction.

A stronger breeze blew up from the sea, and Wun Lung's kite-like contrivance was carried up to a height that made the onlookers gasp.

"My hat! Wun Lung's gone higher than the rules of the contest permit!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "The silly little chump; he's getting too reckless!"

Colonel Wharton and Captain Malcolm were watching the Chinese junior with anxious eyes.

"Wun Lung is in difficulties," said Captain Malcolm quietly. "He appears to have lost control of his machine. The glider, which is constructed more on the lines of a kite, has been caught in a strong air current, and is being carried higher every minute."

"Good heavens!"

The truth of the captain's words soon became apparent.

Wun Lung's glider was at the mercy of the wind! At the height it had now attained the machine was uncontrollable, and every minute saw it carried higher up and farther away.

The crowd on the Heath watched the machine in silent, tense anxiety.

It gradually got smaller and smaller as it drifted across the Heath.

"What will happen now?" muttered Bob Cherry between his set lips. "Poor old Wun Lung is trapped! He may be taken out to sea, or—"

The junior shuddered and looked haggardly upward at the fast receding glider.

Suddenly a cry arose.

"Penfold's going after him!"

Dick Penfold had turned his glider and set its nose in the direction that Wun Lung's machine had taken.

Harry Wharton was also making strenuous efforts to get round, but he was behind the hill, and the cross-currents hampered him.

But Penfold, to the admiration of the onlookers, kept his machine straight, and he mounted higher in the air.

"By gad!" muttered Captain Malcolm. "That lad has got some pluck! He's handling his machine with consummate skill, too! If only the glider will stand up to the strain of the wind, I think Penfold will succeed in reaching Wun Lung!"

Penfold's glider took a swift, straight course after Wun Lung's machine. Pen could not hope to rescue his Form fellow—that was out of the question; but he felt that he could yell some advice to Wun Lung and so avert a catastrophe if possible.

Soon afterwards Harry Wharton got round the hill. He set his teeth and mounted high, and flew after Penfold.

The eyes of the onlookers on the Heath were strained on the three gliders, and hearts beat fast with tense anxiety.

Penfold reached Wun Lung at last, and circled above him.

Captain Malcolm watched him anxiously. Pen, as a matter of fact, was shouting instructions to Wun Lung, who was crouched on the seat of his glider, terrified and helpless.

The little Chinese junior plucked up courage when he saw Penfold near him and Harry Wharton fast approaching. He heard and followed Pen's instructions, and his glider responded.

They were now flying over the large disused chalk quarries at the other side of the Heath. A fall might mean a terrible death on those jagged, threatening masses of rock deep below.

Wun Lung's glider was now descending, more or less under control.

But the buffeting of the wind, however, began to tell upon the frail structure, and just as the glider was nearing the ground it lurched, rolled in the air, and then pitched headlong out of sight down the gaping mouth of one of the quarries.

The running crowd on the Heath gave shouts of dismay and alarm.

"Wun Lung's crashed down the quarries!" muttered Bob Cherry, white to the lips. "Oh, good heavens! I—I hope he's not injured or— Good old Pen! He's descending!"

Penfold planed down skilfully and made a perfect landing.

Harry Wharton flew up then.

He leaned down from his machine and looked fearfully into the quarry. Then

he drew a deep, deep breath of thankfulness and relief.

Wun Lung was clinging to a projecting ledge of rock halfway down the quarry. His situation was one of terrible peril, but as yet he was safe.

Penfold clambered out of his machine and, with jaws set grimly, began to climb down the jagged, treacherous sides of the quarry towards where his little Form fellow was hanging.

"Oh, bravo, Pen!" cried Harry Wharton. "Keep going, old chap! I'll land and get a rope from the windmill!"

Dick Penfold stuck grimly to his perilous task and climbed gradually lower down the quarry.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton flew to the windmill and descended. He obtained a rope and dashed back to the quarry with it.

He gave a shout of relief as he looked down.

Penfold had reached the ledge and was supporting Wun Lung.

He had arrived only just in the nick of time, for the little Chinese had hurt his arm in falling, and his strength was failing him.

He was clinging to Penfold and whimpering with fear.

"Hold on, Pen!" cried the Remove captain. "I'm coming down!"

Wharton clambered down the quarry side until he reached a wide ledge. Then he flung down the rope to Penfold.

Penfold caught it and slipped a strong noose round Wun Lung's waist.

At that moment there was a stamping of feet above, and Bob Cherry, Nugent, Inky, Squiff, Johnny Bull, and a number of Greyfriars fellows appeared.

"Bravo, kids, they're safe!" yelled Bob Cherry delightedly. "Hang on there! We're coming!"

The Removites scrambled down and gave a hand in hauling up Wun Lung. When the Chinese junior had been safely brought to the top the rope was untied and flung down again to Penfold.

The plucky lad below caught it, slipped it round him, and was pulled up by his Form fellows.

"Pen, you were splendid—just splendid!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Had it not been for you Wun Lung might have been—"

"And had it not been for you, Wharton, both Wun Lung and I might have been at the bottom of the quarry now!" interrupted Penfold quietly. "That rock I was standing on was gradually giving way, although I didn't let Wun Lung know it. It wouldn't have supported our weight much longer."

Colonel Wharton, Captain Malcolm and a crowd of fellows came up panting. There was a simultaneous gasp of relief when they saw that Wun Lung and Penfold were safe.

The colonel shook Penfold and Harry warmly by the hand.

"You two lads have shown amazing pluck and resource!" he said. "I cannot say how thankful I am that the contest hasn't ended in tragedy."

"Oh, that's all right, uncle!" laughed Harry Wharton cheerfully. "It was thrilling while it lasted, but it's all over now. And so is the gliding competition. What's the result?"

"You win the first prize, my lad!" smiled Captain Malcolm. "Your actual flying time was several minutes ahead of Blundell's."

The crowd gave a loud cheer for the Remove captain. Temple & Co.'s voices rang out as loud as anybody's. The Fourth-Formers were sportsmen, and

(Continued on page 26.)

Special Christmas Bumper Number in preparation, boys!

**THE GREYFRIARS HERALD**

Supplement No. 150. HARRY WHARTON EDITOR Week ending November 24th, 1923.



## Should New Boys Be Pampered?

An Interesting Discussion in which several prominent personages have taken part.

## EDITORIAL!



**BOB CHERRY:**

Certainly not! It's all wrong to pamper a new kid. It spoils him utterly. I'm not suggesting that one should be brutal to a newcomer. He should be treated with common courtesy, but to wrap him up in flannel and mollycoddle him is a big mistake. No decent new kid wants to be slobbered over.

**ALONZO TODD:**

A new boy should be treated with gentleness, kindness, and warm affection. He should be met at the station, and taken to the nearest restaurant and treated to a good feed. After which, he should be conveyed to Greyfriars by taxicab. When he arrives at the school everybody should minister to his wants. If he complains of a cold in the head after his long journey someone should fly round to the matron for some quinine. If he shows symptoms of homesickness he should be soothed and comforted. In fact, everything should be done to make him feel thoroughly at home in his new surroundings. My Uncle Benjamin would, I feel sure, heartily agree with my remarks.

**BOLSOVER MAJOR:**

A new kid should be put in his place the moment he arrives. If he fails to respect his superiors he should be punched with great violence on the nose. Personally, I've precious little patience with new kids, and my motto is, "Wallop the brats!"

**MR. QUELCH:**

The pampering of new boys is wholly unnecessary. Many of them have already been spoilt by their mothers, and pampering only has the effect of making them worse. At the same time, I entirely disapprove of new boys being ill-treated. I once saw Bolsover major indulging in a bout of fisticuffs with a

new boy only half his size, and I was compelled to address Bolsover very forcibly—with my cane!

**DICKY NUGENT:**

I consider a new kid should be treated with curtesy and respect. I've been a new kid myself, and I know how lonely the poor little begger feels. Everyboddy gets on to him, asking him queschuns and making his life a mizzery. I have been thinking of forming a New Boys' Proteckshun Sossiety. Gatty says here-ere and Myers says that's not ½ a bad idear dicky old top.

**WILLIAM GOSLING:**

Wot I says is this 'ere. Noo boys is pampered an' petted a jolly sight too much, that's wot I says. Furthermore an' moreover, all noo boys oughter be drowned at birth. They're a dratted noosance! I'm sick an' tired of carryin' their luggage up to the school. Boxes an' trunks an' portmanters—they haunts me in my dreams of a night. I seems to see dozens of them all around me, floatin' in the air. Noo boys wouldn't be so bad if they always gave the 'ard-workin' porter a good fat tip. But as a rule they forks out tuppence, an' gives it to me with an air, as much as to say, "Base menial, accept this gratooity!" Noo boys is pests, jest like wapeses an' flies, an' they oughter be treated as such. Pampered, indeed? I'll pamper 'em, the young warmints!

**DICK PENFOLD:**

The only new kid I care to pamper is he who arrives with a big, fat hamper. And then I pamper and pet him no end, and swear that I am his lifelong friend.

**GET YOUR COPY of the "HOLIDAY ANNUAL" NOW!**

**"F**IVE hundred faces, and all so strange!"

That is the opening line of a famous song of Harrow School, and it gives us a glimpse of a new boy's feelings on entering a big public school for the first time.

As a rule, a newcomer feels like a fish out of water. He is a stranger in a strange land. He begins to feel rather scared and decidedly homesick.

Of course, there are exceptions. Some fellows can readily adapt themselves to the new conditions. They drop into their places quite naturally, and don't feel a bit strange or shy. Such fellows are to be envied. I know that when I first came to Greyfriars it seemed a fearful ordeal.

New boys arrive in all sorts of strange ways. The majority turn up on the station hack, but some come in cars or taxis. During the War a new boy arrived by aeroplane whilst a cricket-match was in progress.

At Rookwood a certain new boy turned up on the back of an elephant, and there is a famous instance of a fellow who arrived in state in a wheelbarrow.

A special number dealing with new boys will not come amiss.

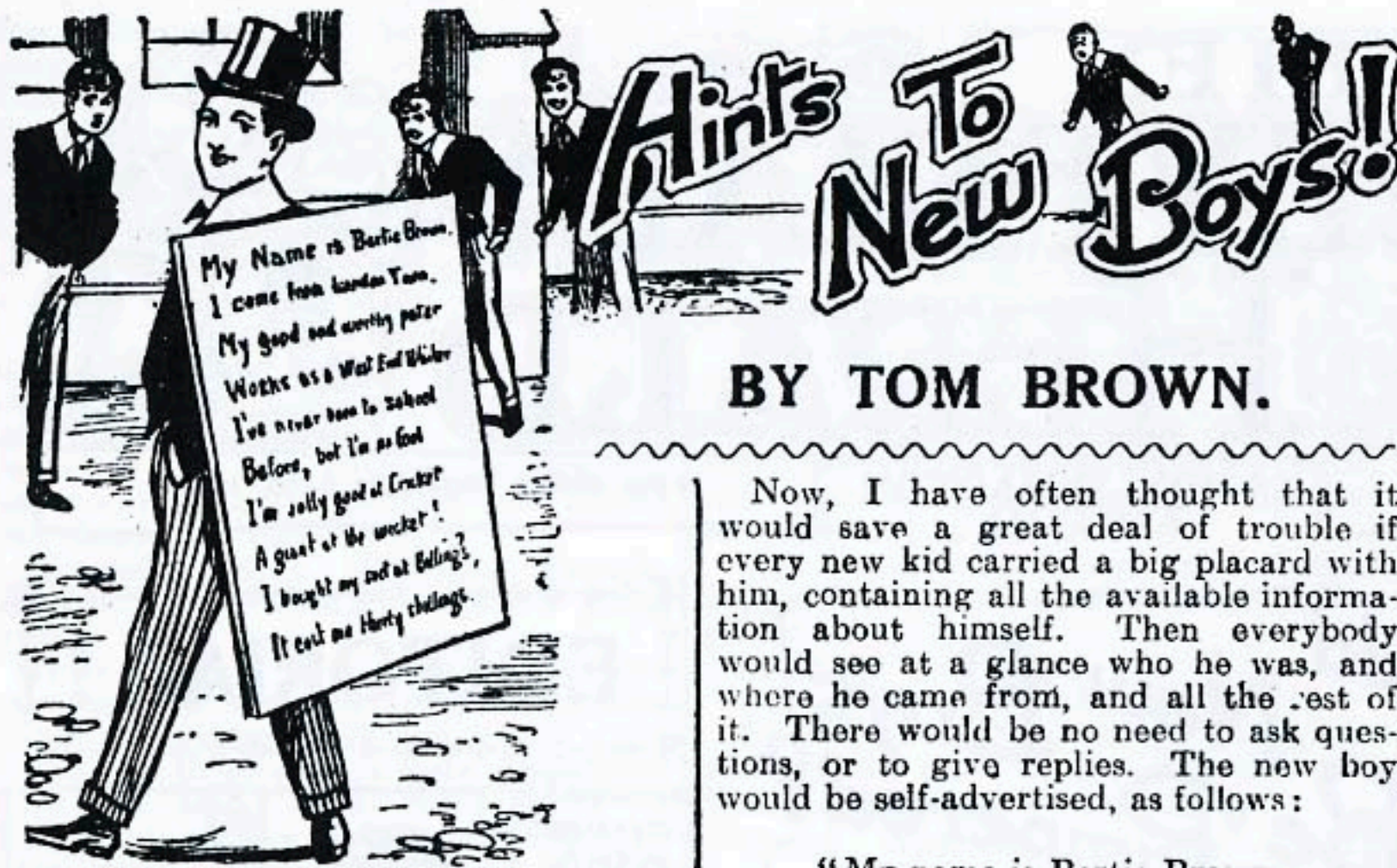
Owing to limitations of space we cannot say all we would like to say on this subject. It would be quite easy to fill a whole issue of the MAGNET with descriptions of new boys and their quaint and amusing ways. However, I think you will agree that in two pages we have compressed as much fun and merriment as is humanly possible.

Among our contributors are Tom Brown, Dick Penfold, and the one-and-only William George Bunter.

Now that the long winter evenings are in prospect we shall have more time to devote to our journalistic work, so you may look out for some sparkling special numbers in the near future.

HARRY WHARTON.

**"Should Fags Have Studies?" See next week's supplement!**



BY TOM BROWN.

Now, I have often thought that it would save a great deal of trouble if every new kid carried a big placard with him, containing all the available information about himself. Then everybody would see at a glance who he was, and where he came from, and all the rest of it. There would be no need to ask questions, or to give replies. The new boy would be self-advertised, as follows:

"My name is Bertie Brown  
I come from London town.  
My good and worthy pater  
Works as a West End Waiter.  
I've never been to school  
Before, but I'm no fool.  
I'm jolly good at cricket,  
A giant at the wicket!  
I bought my suit at Billing's  
It cost me thirty shillings."

You would thus be given all the available information in a nutshell, and a great deal of time and breath would be saved.

Here's another hint for new boys. Don't come to school with the fixed intention of wiping up the floor with the official bully. You may succeed; but the

chances are that the bully will do the "wiping up" part of the business! No doubt you have often read stories in which the plucky new boy smashes the bully to a pulp; but you can take it from me that this seldom happens in real life. If you are wise, you will give the school bully a wide berth. Of course, if he attacks you, you must stand up for yourself; but don't be the aggressor.

Now for a further hint. In your first spasm of homesickness don't write a long and mournful letter to your people, imploring them to take you back home again.

I once heard of a new kid who penned the following epistle to his mater:

"Dear Mater,—This school is a prison and I can't stick it, so will you please come and fetch me on the next train, with love and good wishes, I'm just about fed up!—Your affectionate

"WILLIE."

This sort of thing is awfully feeble. It shows that a fellow has no backbone.

School life is always strange at first; but the homesickness will soon wear off, and the new boy will become attuned to his surroundings, and begin to make friends and enjoy himself.

One more hint before I finish. Be cheerful and keep smiling! A smiling face attracts; a gloomy dial repels. How can you expect your schoolfellows to give you a cordial reception if you turn up with a face as long as a fiddle? If you show yourself bright and amiable, others will be the same to you.

I hope you will take my hints to heart and profit by them. I'm not talking out of the back of my neck. I've been a new kid myself, and I know the policy that pays!

ONE of the biggest ordeals a new boy has to face is the bombardment of questions which greets him on his arrival. No sooner does he set foot inside the school gates than a chorus of this sort falls upon his ears:

- "What's your name, kid?"
  - "Where d'you come from?"
  - "What's your pater?"
  - "Ever been to school before?"
  - "Can you play footer, cricket, hockey, hopscotch, marbles, ludo, and snakes-and-ladders?"
  - "At which pawnshop did you get that suit?"
- And so on, and so forth, ad lib, ad infinitum.

## NEW BOYS PLEASE NOTE!

By BILLY BUNTER.

ONE of these days you might enter Greyfriars School as a new boy. Who nose? The web of our destiny is a wide one, and we never know what may happen to us.

And so, in case you should ever come to Greyfriars in the capassity of a new boy, I am going to give you a few tips.

You must first of all clearly understand that I'm the most important and infleuntial fellow in the Greyfriars Remove. Harry Wharton happens to be kaptin of the Form, but he's merely a figger-head. I'm the one who matters.

When you arrive at the school, therefore, you should ask to see Bunter majer. You will find me a very charming chap, and I'll take you under my wing right away, and protect you from the school boollies.

If it should happen that I am on the rox—in other words, stony—I shall egg-spect you to do the decent thing, and fork out a few bob to tide me over until my postle-order comes. Only under these conditions will I prommis to give you my protection.

If you have any littery ability I shall be able to find you a job straight away, on the staff of my wonderful "Weekly." Of corse, you will have to start at the bottom wrung of the ladder. I sha'n't make you a sub-editor straight off. You will first of all have to do such

meenial jobs as scrubbing out the editorial sanktum, filling the editor's ink-pot, and so on. The sallery commences at twopence a week, and rises to a tanner a week, and you will have the advantage of getting a good jernalistick training.

You will probably bring a hamper of tuck to Greyfriars when you come. In this case, the correct thing to do is to go halves with me.

Whatever you do, don't pal up with Harry Wharton and his set. They won't be any help to you. If you want to acheeve all your ambitions, and get a plaice in the footer eleven, and become a brilliant jernalist, and all the rest of it, put yourself in the hands of W. G. B.

If you lend me five bob on your arrival I'll be your pal for a whole term. And if you lend me a quid I'll be your guide, fillosopher, and friend for the whole of your school career.

Could anything be fairer than that? (And if you advance Billy Bunter a "fiver," he'll be your pal for life.—Ed.)

You'll Find It  
... on ...  
Pages 14 & 15.

One long laugh—next Monday's "Study" Supplement!

## THE NEW BOY'S LETTER!

By Dick Penfold.

Dear mater, I arrived to-day  
Upon the station hack;  
Some chaps who met me on the way  
Stood me a stunning snack.

One chap was Wharton, one was Bull,  
And one was Robert Cherry;  
The nicest fellows in the school,  
They made me feel quite merry.

I had late dinner with the Head,  
A meal of several courses;  
And now I feel I've over-fed,  
And bitter my remorse is.

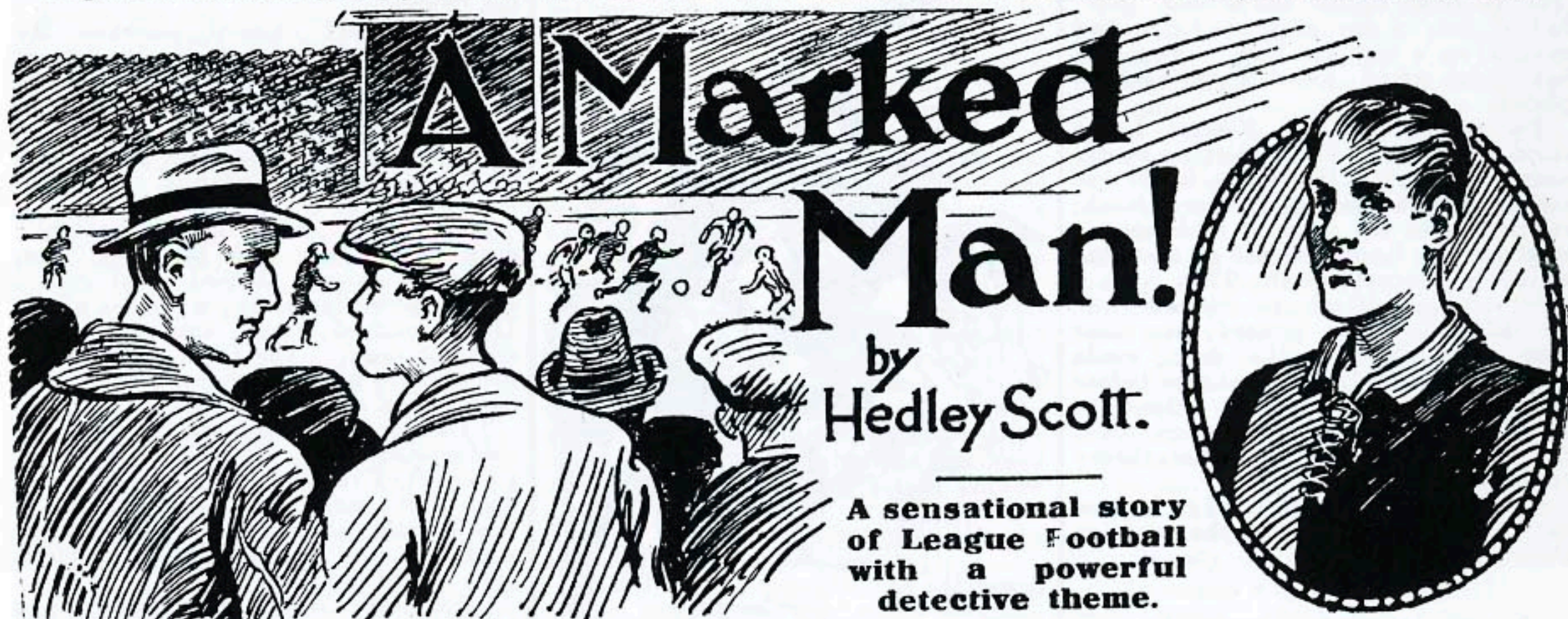
The Head is quite a pal of mine,  
I call him "Locke, old chap."  
You would have laughed to see us dine—  
He didn't mind a scrap.

I've got a ripping study here,  
The finest room I've sat in;  
And here, each night, I'll persevere  
With French and Greek and Latin.

I hope you're feeling quite O.K.,  
And do not miss me badly;  
It's hard, I know, but don't give way,  
Or take your pleasures sadly.

For Christmas-time will soon be here,  
It brings a grand Vacation;  
And then I'll come and join you, dear—  
Please meet me at the station.

Jim Blakeney finds a friend indeed in Ferrers Locke, the world-famous scientific investigator. With such a powerful ally at his back the young footballer no longer fears the shadow of evil that threatens to cloud his bright future.



### In Good Hands!

"JIM BLAKENEY!"

Ferrers Locke, case-hardened though he was to surprises of all kinds, could scarcely stifle the cry of amazement that rose to his lips. But his astonishment, however, was momentary. He was essentially a man of action.

"Quick, Jack, the brandy flask!" he jerked out.

Jack Drake deposited the electric-torch on the ground and turned on his heel. A few moments later he had returned with the flask. He found his chief using respiratory measures to restore Jim Blakeney to consciousness.

"Good lad!"

Locke took the flask, and, pillowing the head of the unconscious youth in his arm, forced some of the potent spirit between his lips. It had an almost instantaneous effect. For a moment the eyelids flickered, the muscles of the face contorted as the raw spirit did its work, and then Jim Blakeney's eyes opened.

He passed a damaged hand before his face and shrank back.

"Where—where am I?" he gasped weakly. "What's—"

"You're with friends, sonny," said Locke gently. "Take things easy for a bit."

"Hadn't we better shift him to the car, guv'nor?" suggested Drake.

"Just what I was going to propose, my lad," said Locke approvingly. "Give a hand."

Between them Locke and Drake gently carried the injured footballer to the great car. Wrapped in two thick rugs, Blakeney's teeth ceased to chatter, and his senses returned.

"You'll catch your death of cold, guv'nor!" suddenly exclaimed Drake, noting for the first time that his beloved chief was dripping water at every step, and that he was inclined to shiver with the cold.

Locke made a gesture of impatience.

"Don't bother about me, my lad!" he said sharply. "Our first concern is this poor fellow. He's been badly knocked about."

It was typical of the great detective that his thoughts were first for the young man he had rescued from the river.

"You stay with him in the back seat," continued Locke, "and we'll be in town in less than fifteen minutes. We

can't waste time running all over Middleham finding out where he lives. Use the flask again, Jack, if you think it necessary."

"Right-ho, guv'nor!"

Locke pulled about him the heavy driving-coat, and settled himself at the wheel. The great Hawk engine began to purr its rhythmic note, the gears slid in noiselessly, and the car bounded forward.

Under different circumstances Drake would have enjoyed that swift run to town, but his mind was fully occupied with Jim Blakeney, who periodically nodded into unconsciousness and as quickly awoke. But by the time Ferrers Locke had swung the car into Baker Street the young footballer had fully recovered consciousness, and was gazing about him with interest.

In answer to Locke's ring on the bell the pigtailed head of Sing-Sing, the sleuth's devoted Chinese servant,

### HOW THE STORY OPENS.

JIM BLAKENEY, the eighteen-years-old centre-forward of the Middleham Rangers. MORNINGTON HARDACRE, the managing director of the club.

RONALD SWIVELLER, his nephew. FERRERS LOCKE, the world-famous detective.

JACK DRAKE, his youthful assistant. "TIGER" SLEEK, a notorious criminal who has thus far escaped the attentions of the police.

Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake are present at the Rangers v. Manton City match. The former's presence at the ground is the outcome of the theft of Lady Branston's pearl necklace, which the sleuth has traced to Tiger Sleet. The latter, who, Locke has discovered, is the uncle of Blakeney, is also present. The sleuth gets into conversation with his quarry, and gives him the opportunity of stealing his gold watch. Sleet swallows the bait, and "lifts" the detective's watch. In the subsequent chase, however, he manages to give Locke the slip.

After the footer match Jim Blakeney strolls home by way of the towing-path. He is suddenly confronted by six members of the Tiger's gang. He is asked whether or no he will consent to assist the Tiger in his scheme to rob Mornington Hardacre, and the plucky youth gives a definite answer in the negative. He is attacked by the gang, and finally thrown into the river, unconscious.

Locke and Drake are returning to London by car when they hear a cry for help proceeding from the river. Locke dives to the rescue, and eventually brings to land an inanimate figure. Drake darts back in amazement as the light from his torch reveals the battered features of Jim Blakeney.

(Now read on.)

appeared. His usually stolid face expressed its surprise at his chief's bedraggled appearance, but he made no comment.

"Sing-Sing," said the detective, with a smile, "we've brought home a visitor. I shall want you to look after him. Savvy?"

"Me savvy, Mistle Locke," came the reply.

The Chinese moved forward silently and swiftly. Gently but firmly the sleuth and Sing-Sing assisted Jim Blakeney into the house, despite his repeated assurances that he was able to walk without help.

"I'm all right now," he said faintly. "I can manage. I can—"

His words trailed off into an unintelligible murmur, and he would have fallen but for the supporting arms around him. Drake watched the trio disappear into the house; then he drove the Hawk round to the garage.

When he returned some five minutes later he found Jim Blakeney, his head bandaged, between the sheets in the spare-room. A fire burned in the grate, whilst Sing-Sing bustled about preparing some steaming hot beverage of his own concoction. When it had simmered to his liking the Chinese crossed to the bedside.

"Drink it!" commanded Locke. "It will do you a world of good. Now, don't begin to talk," he added, with a smile, as Jim Blakeney opened his lips to speak. "You lie quiet for a bit. You can do all the talking in the morning. In case it will ease your mind, you're in London—Baker Street, and my name's Locke."

"The detective!"

The words framed themselves on the lips of Jim Blakeney, and he started violently, a circumstance which neither Locke nor Jack Drake failed to observe. The detective, however, said nothing. He watched the young footballer drink the stuff Sing-Sing had prepared, and then motioned to Drake to leave the room.

"Good-night, Jim!" called Locke, as he stepped to the door, his hand upon the electric light switch. "Sleep well, and remember you're in good hands."

Blakeney's eyes opened wide at the mention of his Christian name, and he smiled.

There was a peaceful expression upon his face when, two hours later, Locke tiptoed into the spare-room, and gazed

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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 824.

at the sleeping figure. For Jim Blakeney had decided upon his course of action. The kindness behind the strong, intellectual face of the great detective had opened up a way for him, a way that before he would never have contemplated.

For a few moments Ferrers Locke stood gazing down at the sleeping youth, deep in thought. His active brain was conjuring up a vision of "Tiger" Sleek, reputed to be the uncle of Middleham's most popular footballer, and all that that sinister individual meant. Then, with a muttered ejaculation to himself, the world-famous sleuth crossed the room and, softly shutting the door, made tracks for his study. A final pipe before he turned in for the night helped to complete a theory he had formed. On the morrow he would put that theory to the test.

But quite a lot was destined to happen before morning broke to set the detective theorising again.

### "Tiger" Sleek is Annoyed!

**A**ND I tell yer it was Ferrers Locke!"

The speaker, an evil-looking ruffian, drummed his empty glass upon the table and glared round at his associates.

By the flickering light of a swinging oil-lamp six of the lowest specimens of humanity one could meet in a day's march were revealed in confab together. The most talkative member of the company was the redoubtable Bill Stubbins.

The six scoundrels had returned to their secret haunt 2in Middleham to drown the prickings of their consciences over the attempted murder of Jim Blakeney, and to stifle the fear that had suddenly seized hold of them. For they had witnessed from behind the cover of a hedge near the river-bank the arrival of the great Hawk car; had seen the lithe form of Ferrers Locke cleave the waters; had seen Jim Blakeney brought safely to land; and, finally, had witnessed the car drive off in the direction of London, carrying the young footballer with it. And now—

Ferrers Locke!

The name of the world-famous detective rang unpleasantly in their ears. That he of all people should intervene at the critical moment and, moreover, take back to London the very man who knew their inner history like an open book, was alarming in the extreme.

But the man who had dived to the rescue of Blakeney was Ferrers Locke all right. The gang were positive on that point. Besides, there was the great white car—the Hawk. Already the splendid automobile had become the talk of the town, and Locke's name, as owner, had been coupled with it.

A flying visit to the Middleham Central Hotel by one of the six rascals had elicited the fact that the great detective had paid his bill and gone.

Bill Stubbins drained another glass and muttered a string of lurid imprecations.

"Ferrers Locke!" he rasped. "Burn 'im! Something's got to be done, and done mighty quick, too, afore that cub Jim gets a-talking. Lor', I wish the Chief 'ud arrive."

Even as he spoke there came a sharp knock at the door. The six occupants of the room started violently, and their hands went to their hip-pockets. Bill Stubbins broke the tension.

"Why," he guffawed, "we're losin'

### AN ACCIDENT?



The inside-left and the centre-forward crashed into each other, and Swiveller's elbow sawed into Blakeney's ribs. "Shame!" The cry was taken up all over the ground. (See page 26.)

our nerve, boys. It's only the Chief, I'll wager."

With a swaggering stride Stubbins crossed to the door and slid away a small panel that concealed a grille. As he did so a pair of steely grey eyes gleamed through the aperture, and a rasping, though educated voice, shrilled out:

"Open, comrades!"

The voice reassured the men in the room. They laughed in a constrained manner and returned to their glasses.

"The Chief!"

Bill Stubbins opened the door. A tall, burly, well-dressed figure strode into the apartment. With a penetrating glance he took in the occupants of the room and seated himself at the table.

"Well?" he queried, pushing back his obscuring hat and revealing a brutal, bloated countenance. "What ails you all? By your looks it would appear as if the cops had settled on your tails!"

The men wilted beneath that searching gaze. Bill Stubbins fidgeted nervously with his cap.

"It's like this, Chief—" he began.

The Chief swung round and faced him. "Speak up, Stubbins! Have you dealt with my—er—our Jim?"

"Yes!" answered Stubbins, a certain amount of confidence creeping into his usually cringing tones at the mention of the young footballer. "We laid into 'im good and proper—"

"Ah! Then he wouldn't agree to help us, eh?" suddenly interrupted the Chief, a terrible frown marring still more his naturally ugly features. "The cub! I hope you taught him a lesson, Stubbins, although now I look closely at you all he appears to have given you a run for your money. Was he fractious?"

"Fractious, did yer say?" growled Stubbins, reminiscently fingering his jaw. "I just think he was. We—"

"We what?" rapped the Chief impatiently. "What did you do to him?"

"We walloped him, Chief," said

Stubbins slowly, an evil gleam in his crafty eyes; "and finally chucked him in the river—"

"You what?" almost shrieked the Chief, rising to his feet, his six feet of bone and muscle making even the stalwart Stubbins appear small by comparison. "You what?"

"Chucked him in the river to cool him off," said Stubbins defiantly. "Didn't we, boys?"

The "boys," who had so willingly dealt with young Jim Blakeney, now, strangely enough, showed great reluctance to admitting their part in the affair. They confined their answers to indifferent nods. The Chief noting their sheepishness glared at them savagely, and then turned again to Stubbins.

"You fools!" roared the Chief. "You confounded fools! He's no use to me as a corpse! I've spent pounds and pounds upon Jim; made him a gentleman, so that I could use him at the proper time. And now you big dunderheaded idiots have ruined my plans!"

"He swore 'ow as he'd never be a party to the scheme you've planned in connection with Mornington Hardacre!" growled Stubbins half defiantly. "And he meant it. We could see that. Acting on your own instructions, gov'nor, we 'andled 'im and chucked him in the river—"

"Fools! Fools!" bellowed the Chief. "I never meant you to go so far as that. I—I know I said throw him in the river—that's because I was annoyed at his petty scruples—but I didn't mean it; never thought Jim would stick to those confounded twinges of conscience that always took him. Where is he now?"

The question was rapped out with uncontrolled rage behind it.

"He was rescued from the river," replied Stubbins slowly. "Far better 'ad he remained at the bottom!"

"What the deuce are you talking about? Who rescued him?"

"Ferrers Locke!"

"What!" The Chief halted in his perambulation of the room as though he had been struck. "What? Ferrers Locke?"

There was no need to seek a verbal answer. The expressions on the faces of the six toughs was enough. The Chief glowered at them for a moment, his great hands clenching and unclenching themselves spasmodically in his ungovernable fury. Then he darted towards Bill Stubbins. With one hand he gripped the burly fellow by the collar of his coat and dragged him towards the table. Then his massive fist swung upward. In its downward flight it crashed into the terrified face of Bill Stubbins, and the ruffian pitched to the floor.

"Take that, you fool!" roared the Chief, in a frenzy. "Take that as a reward for placing halters round our necks! Ferrers Locke! Great heavens, we're doomed!"

He stood over the prostrate figure of Stubbins, and eyed the shrinking crew before him.

"I must act! Act quickly, do you hear? Where is Ferrers Locke now?"

One of the men volunteered the information that Locke's car had last been seen speeding in the direction of London. With an oath the Chief swung round on his heel, and strode out of the room.

Five minutes later saw him chartering a taxicab to Baker Street, the driver taking no pains to conceal the astonishment he felt at being requested to travel a distance of ten miles. The princely fare promised him, however, speedily stifled any objection he might otherwise

What about trying your skill in our grand Footballers'—

have given voice to. The car started, and was soon clear of the town.

Inside the cab sat the terrible Chief, his brow gloomy and vengeful. Twice in that day had Ferrers Locke crossed his path. That same afternoon he had cleverly—as he had thought then—lifted a gold watch from a too talkative football enthusiast in the Middleham grandstand, and had narrowly escaped being caught in the subsequent chase.

A glance at the gold watch at a favourable moment had given him the shock of his life. For upon opening it, the Tiger had discovered the name of the celebrated detective engraved upon the inner casing, and a few appropriate words in testimony of a great service rendered to a well-known member of the aristocracy.

And there was only one Ferrers Locke. The Tiger, as he sat meditating in the cab, knew that full well. Up to this point in his chequered career, however, Sleek had never crossed swords with the scientific investigator—a circumstance for which he was very grateful, for he held great respect for the powers of Ferrers Locke. And now—

Tiger Sleek ground his teeth at the thought. He had enjoyed an unbroken run of good fortune, and had escaped the dock on more occasions than it is possible to enumerate. His plans were always laid with such skill and cunning that the police were baffled to place the guilt on the right party. At impersonations the Tiger was a master-hand; no detail was ever absent from any role he undertook to perform. His knowledge of foreign languages had been put to the severest tests on many a shady expedition, but the Tiger had repeatedly passed muster.

Thus it had come about that same afternoon Locke had confronted in the man who had “lifted” his watch a typical Cockney footer enthusiast, although the sleuth had known from a private source of information that the man was none other than Tiger Sleek.

The scene of the afternoon was reacted before the mental vision of the Tiger as he moodily leaned back in the cab. He clenched his big fists until the knuckles showed white under the strain.

And now his nephew—Jim Blakeney—was in the house of the very man he most feared and hated in the world, perhaps even now telling Locke the colossal scoop he, the Tiger, had planned to bring off with the aid of Middleham's most popular footballer. Sleek ground his teeth at the thought, and swore viciously. He would stop the young cub's chattering mouth, if he had to—

The taxi drew to a standstill with a grinding of brakes, and the driver turned his head.

“Here you are, sir—Baker Street!”

The Tiger swung open the door of the cab and alighted. Paying the driver his promised fare, and a good tip into the bargain—for Sleek in his worst moments was ever generous in his appreciation of a good service—he strode briskly along the well-known thoroughfare until he came to the detective's address. A small brass plate told him that he had made no mistake.

Crossing to the other side of the road, he stared up at the plain Victorian building. The hour was late, and he noted with relief that not a single light showed in the window-spaces of Ferrers Locke's quarters—sure indication that everyone had retired.

With a sharp look to either side, the Tiger recrossed the road, and stood for a moment outside the house, gazing upward. A drain-pipe ran from the top of

the building to the basement, and it was this significant fact that Sleek observed without undue loss of time. Next he noted that the first-floor balcony ended three feet away from the drain-pipe—a sporting chance of an exit should he be surprised in the task that lay before him.

Another sharp glance up and down the street, and the Tiger had darted to the massive doorway. In a flash his bunch of skeleton-keys came into play. Luck it seemed was with him, for inside three minutes the lock gave to his delicate manipulation.

With a care born of long practice at his nefarious trade, the Tiger gently pushed open the door, and as gently closed it behind him. Not a sound, save his own steady breathing, broke the silence. With a grim chuckle, he donned a heavy crepe mask. Next he brought into his hand a fully-loaded automatic and a pocket-torch. Thus prepared, he crept forward silently, his keen ears on the alert for any suspicious sound.

“Easier than I thought,” he muttered, as he negotiated the wide staircase. “Jim, my young bantam, I wonder if you'll be pleased to see me!”

### A Surprise Visit!

**B**OOM! With the simultaneous chiming of the clocks in the neighbourhood of Marylebone, Jim Blakeney sat up in bed with a start. Some other noise, some peculiar inward sense, warned him of the presence of a stranger in his

room. He listened intently, his pulse quickening under the suspense.

The door of the room slowly opened, and a shadowy figure appeared upon the threshold. Jim watched it with a fascinated gaze. There came to his ears the sound of steady breathing as the figure turned in his direction and softly approached him.

“Who's there?” asked Jim, in a voice that seemed unnaturally strained and hoarse.

Something very like a muffled oath escaped the shadowy figure at the sound of Blakeney's voice. A beam of white light struck across the darkness of the room, full in the face of the young footballer. He shrank back, momentarily blinded by the steady glare, and a grim chuckle smote his ears.

“What a stroke of luck, Jim!”

The cool, incisive tones of the Tiger brought an exclamation of dismay to Blakeney's lips. He gripped the counterpane fiercely and peered forward.

“No reason why we should talk in the dark, sonny,” came the voice again. “I'll switch on the lights.”

The Tiger suited the action to the word, and pocketed his electric torch.

In the flood of light Jim Blakeney saw before him the masked figure of his uncle.

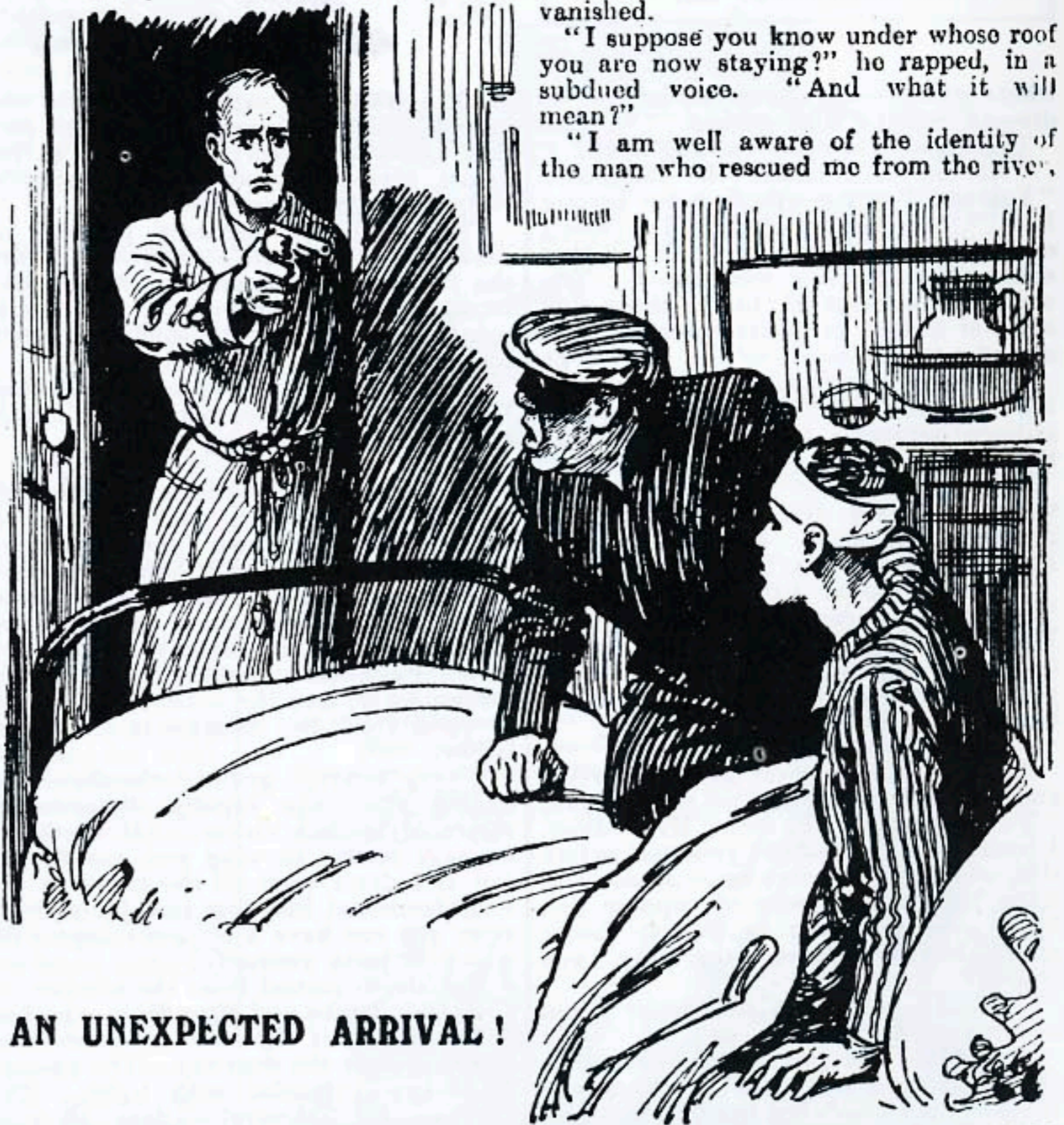
“What do you want with me?” he asked, with some apprehension.

“Just called for a quiet chat, Jim,” said the other easily. “May I sit down? Ah, thanks!”

The Tiger seated himself on the edge of Jim's bed, and his pleasant manner vanished.

“I suppose you know under whose roof you are now staying?” he rapped, in a subdued voice. “And what it will mean?”

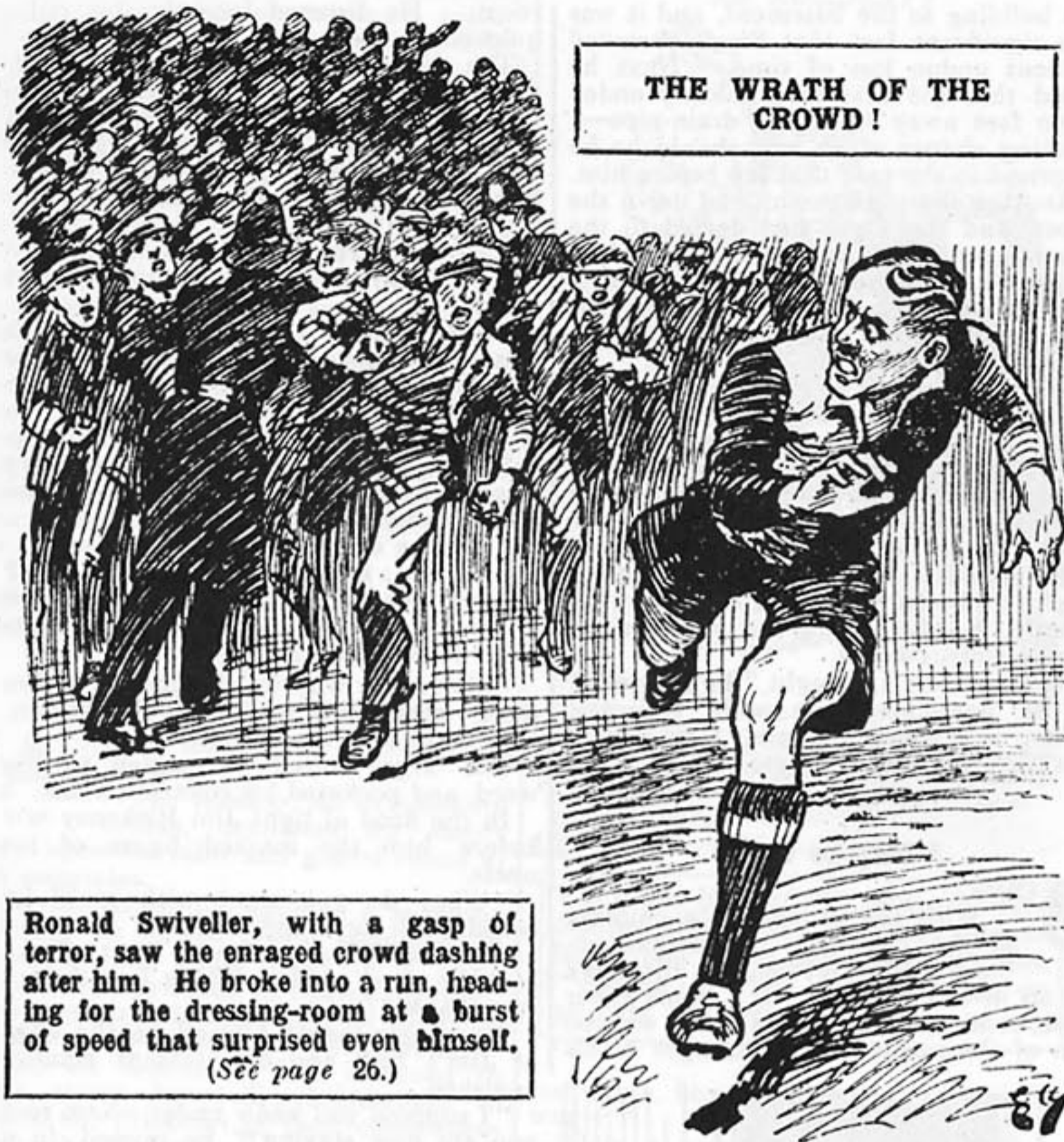
“I am well aware of the identity of the man who rescued me from the river,”



**AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL!**

“I suppose you have already spoken to Locke about Hardacre's Wireless Ray, you traitor?” hissed the Tiger. “No, he hasn't—on that point I can assure you!” Both Jim Blakeney and Tiger Sleek started violently as the sharp tones fell upon their ears. The door swung open and Ferrers Locke, revolver in hand, appeared on the threshold. (See page 24.)

—Names Competition? Nearly £3,000 in prizes!



Ronald Swiveller, with a gasp of terror, saw the enraged crowd dashing after him. He broke into a run, heading for the dressing-room at a burst of speed that surprised even himself. (See page 26.)

where your rascally gang had left me to drown!" retorted Jim sharply.

The Tiger held up a warning hand. "Not so loud, sonny," he cautioned. "You see, I've not exactly been invited here. Now, listen, Jim. You won't cross me, will you? You won't tell that confounded detective my plans? You won't be fool enough to let those silly ideas of honour of yours come between us and a million quid—"

The words tumbled out in one unending stream, and the speaker's eyes glittered strangely through the holes in the mask.

"I'm finished with you and your vile trade!" retorted Jim hotly. "I told Stubbins the same, and I mean it. Finished, do you hear?"

"I hear!" muttered the Tiger savagely. "So this is how you repay me! You, who I picked out of the gutter, educated, clothed, and fed, and made you what you are—you would wash your hands of me, eh?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Jim defiantly.

"Bah!" Sleek's eyes gleamed evilly, and his teeth came together with a snap. "You ungrateful cub, Jim! By Heaven, I wish you had breathed your last before that meddling detective came across you, burn him! I suppose—I suppose you have already spoken to Ferrers Locke about Hardacre—about the Ray, you traitor?"

"No; he hasn't—on that point I can assure you, Mr. Tiger Sleek!"

Both Sleek and Jim started violently as the sharp tones fell upon their ears, and before either recovered from his astonishment the door swung open, and Ferrers Locke, revolver in hand, stepped into the room. A grim smile played about the corners of the detective's lips as he covered the bulky form of the Tiger.

For a moment there was dead silence. The Tiger was the first to break it.

With a muttered oath, he dragged out his automatic, and, regardless of the fact that Locke's weapon was pointed at his breast, blazed away at the single electric bulb suspended from the ceiling.

The room was instantly plunged in darkness. The sleuth's revolver spat fire the fraction of a second too late. But its sudden flash, lighting up the apartment, was sufficient to show the burly form of the Tiger at the window.

Locke darted forward, but ere he had taken two paces the room reverberated to the sound of breaking glass.

Crash!

The Tiger had forced his way through the broken window, and was feverishly climbing down the rain-pipe, which he had noticed before he had entered the house. Locke was just in time to see Sleek make a successful effort to reach the balcony on the first floor. Followed a muffled sound as of a falling body, and the masked figure had dropped from the balcony to the street below.

"Very smart!" grunted the detective, gazing after the rapidly disappearing figure of his late visitor. "It would be an easy matter to wing you, my friend, but as I don't want all the police in the neighbourhood hanging round my doorstep, you can have a bit more rope with which to hang yourself."

The sleuth turned from the window, to find Jack Drake and Sing-Sing, who had been awakened by the revolver-shots, blinking in at the doorway. The passage beyond was flooded with light. The Chinese, his inscrutable face showing nothing of the surprise he might have felt, softly padded forward.

"You wantee me, Mistle Locke?"

"No; not now. Sing-Sing," returned the detective cheerfully. "You'd better turn in again. Drake, get a fresh bulb for this pendant, will you?"

The boy swung round on his heel and darted away. He returned a few moments later with a fresh bulb, which Locke proceeded to fit into the undamaged socket. The light was switched on, and the detective faced Blakeney.

"Now, sonny, don't you think you had better explain a few things? I would like to be your friend."

There was a ringing note of truth in the latter remark that touched Jim Blakeney.

"Of course, I'll explain," he replied, with earnestness. "Heaven knows I need a friend, Mr. Locke! You startled me just now by calling our late visitor by name. As you know that much, perhaps my statement that I am his nephew will not surprise you? Ah, I see it doesn't! Now, listen, Mr. Locke. The Tiger brought me up from childhood, keeping me in ignorance of his real mode of life. I am an orphan, you see. Well, I was sent to a good school, and the Tiger fell in with every schoolboy whim and fancy that assailed me. I lacked nothing—a circumstance for which I became much attached to my uncle. Then came the bombshell. He confided in me one day to the extent of telling me his—his business, and all my castles came tumbling down. He made no bones about it; told me of the cribs he had cracked, of his rascally associates, and— and worse—"

Locke nodded sympathetically.

"Poor fellow!" he said kindly.

"Of course, the whole thing sickened me. But worse was to follow. He began to insinuate that I, having received a gentleman's education, should help him in his plans. He appealed to that affection I had been building up steadily for years, and—and I nearly caved in. I can see the Tiger's face now! He was so certain of having dragged me into his vile profession, that his very self-satisfaction brought a negative answer to my lips."

"When then?"

"Ah, Mr. Locke, I saw the real man! The vengeful, stick-at-nothing character that had been concealed from me for all those years. My refusal to adopt such a dishonest career turned him into a raving lunatic, for the time being. He cursed me, cajoled me, pleaded with me. But I was adamant. To all his entreaties I turned a deaf ear."

"The interview closed with my being stretched out unconscious upon the floor—a method to which the Tiger had frequent recourse when his subject was obstinate. I was kept under close confinement—almost starved. But I would not give in. Well, to cut a long story short, I escaped his clutches—for a short while—and tramped the streets. Then Fate cast me into the path of Mornington Hardacre. I was watching a trial match at the Middleham ground, when one of the players was crooked. Something prompted me to ask Mr. Hardacre for a game, and, to my unbounded surprise and delight, he consented."

"I think I know the sequel," put in Ferrers Locke. "You were approached by Hardacre, who offered you a place in the regular eleven. And you accepted."

"Exactly, Mr. Locke."

"And the Tiger—"

"He followed me about, and finally took up residence in Middleham. He visited me at my lodgings, and congratulated me upon my success. He asked me to forget certain proposals he had made. Being young, I foolishly thought the man was sorry; but I have since learned different. He was playing another game—"

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"Ah!" muttered Locke.

"It appears," continued Jim, "that Mornington Hardacre is an inventor of some repute. According to the Tiger, he has just perfected an apparatus which is called the Wireless Ray. It is a very wonderful invention if all that the Tiger claims about it be true. It is capable of being directed against aircraft at any time—day or night—and by fouling their magnetos forces them to land."

"My hat!" exclaimed Jack Drake. "An invention of that kind would be worth a fortune."

"It is," replied Blakeney quietly. "And that is why the Tiger is interested. Apparently, a foreign agent has offered my uncle a million pounds for the deliverance of the plans and specifications of this invention into his Government's hands."

"And that is where you come in, I suppose?" said Locke thoughtfully. "I think I can see the Tiger's little game. You are to endeavour to make a friend of Hardacre with the ultimate object of robbing him. A peculiar fate, indeed, that should cast you into the Middleham Rangers."

"That's it, Mr. Locke," said Blakeney admiringly. "You've hit on the whole scheme. I am expected to rob the man who has befriended me. But there's nothing doing. I'd sooner die first. And the Tiger's threats of imprisonment for me if I continue to be obstinate fail to shake me."

"Prison!" echoed Locke. "Has the Tiger some hold on you, then?"

"He fancies he has," said Jim. "You see, Mr. Locke, for years and years I knew nothing of the real history of my uncle. Unintentionally I have disposed of thousands of pounds' worth of stolen jewellery from time to time. During every vacation from school I was regularly despatched to the East End on 'urgent business,' the Tiger called it. Invariably I carried a locked attache-case, which I had merely to deliver to a certain person. The attache-case—I can see now—contained the proceeds of my uncle's depredations. My youth made me a safe messenger. Certain it was no policeman ever stopped me."

"I see," said Locke. "And the Tiger thinks he can put you away for that, does he?"

"He's positive on that point," returned Blakeney. "He swears that his agents can pull the strings sufficiently to place me under arrest without endangering their own necks."

"I quite believe they can. It's been done many a time, my lad," said Locke. "But how came you to be in the river?"

"I was attacked by the gang—there are six of them—and was asked for a definite answer," replied Jim.

"And you replied in the negative, I take it," smiled the sleuth. "Good lad!"

There was a world of praise in his tone, and Jim Blakeney felt happier in his mind than he had done for many a long day.

"Thanks to you, Mr. Locke," he said gratefully. "I'm still alive!"

"And will live long enough to see the Tiger placed in the dock, never fear," smiled the sleuth grimly. "I'm on his trail now."

Briefly the detective outlined the case of Lady Branton's pearl necklace, concluding with an account of the gold watch the Tiger had taken a fancy to.

Jim Blakeney's eyes opened wide.

"My word, sir, if the Tiger had known whose watch he had lifted he would have sooner cut off his hand than taken it. He has openly avowed his fear and respect of you."

"Well, he'll know whose watch it is," said Locke, "if he opens the casing. My name's engraved in it."

"Great Scott!"

"The watch," continued the detective, "will serve its purpose, after all. I shall have the Tiger arrested for stealing it, and shall be able to continue my investigations without hindrance. However, that is a minor detail in the light of what you have just told me. We must decide upon a course of action, Jim."

"What do you advise, Mr. Locke?"

"Stick to your job with the Rangers for the present," replied the sleuth. "I shall be near at hand to prevent any foul play. Between us I think we can foil this latest ambition of the Tiger's."

"I am awfully grateful to you, Mr. Locke," said Jim earnestly, "and will do as you suggest."

"Good! Now get off to sleep."

The young footballer sank back upon the pillows, and Ferrers Locke, with a kindly smile, bade him good-night.

**Swiveller Swears Revenge!**

**F**ERRERS LOCKE was early astir the following morning, and when Jack Drake and Jim Blakeney entered the breakfast-room they found the sleuth thoughtfully regarding a small parcel that lay beside his plate.

"Morning, gov'nor!" greeted Drake boisterously.

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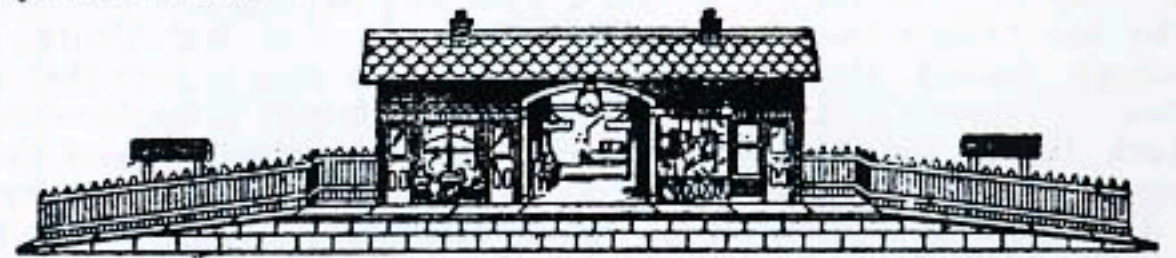
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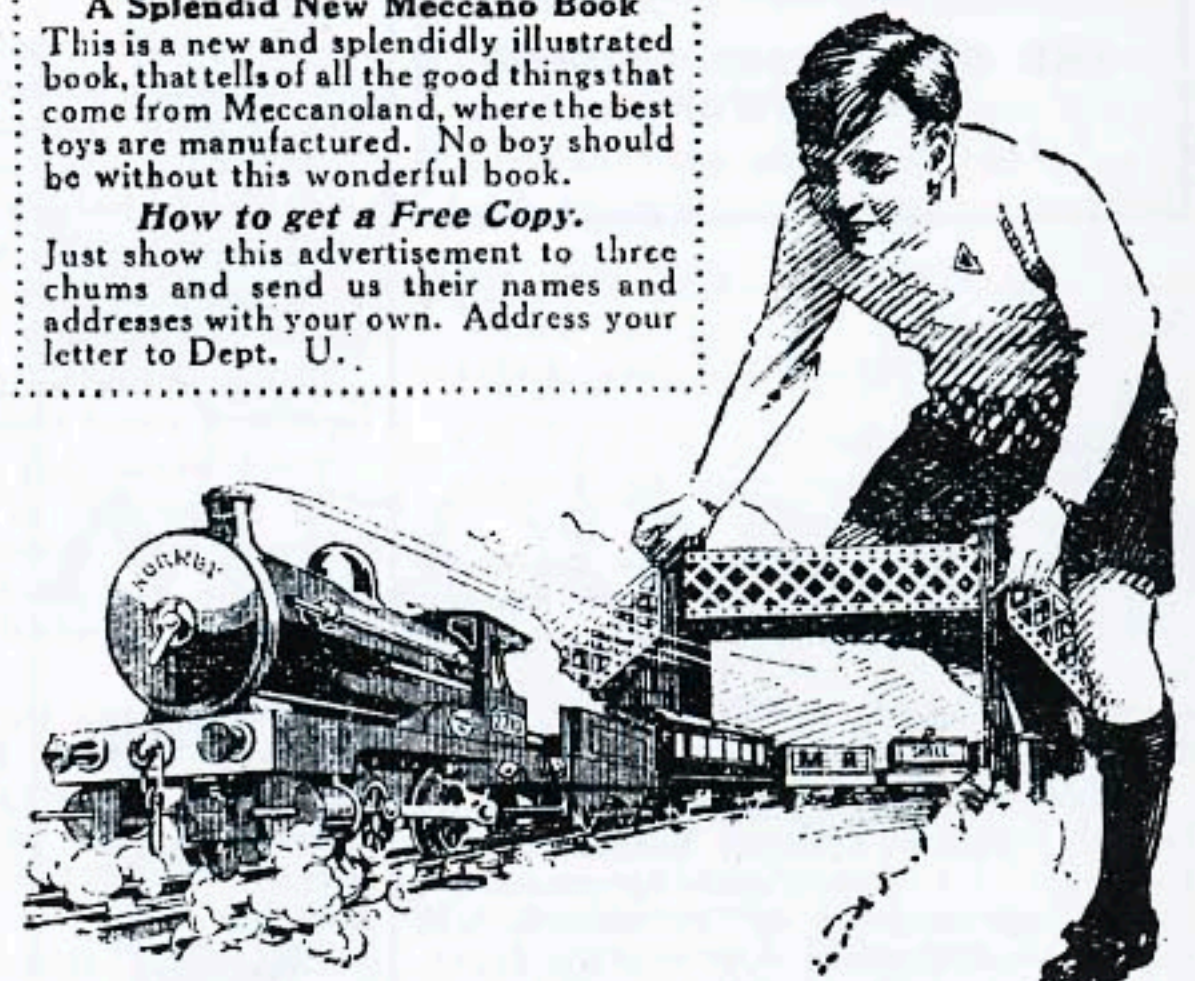


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The detective did not reply. He was examining the postmark on the parcel with a perplexed frown. Finally, he cut the string, and eventually brought to light from amidst a pile of shavings a gold watch.

It was his own!

Jack Drake gasped.

"The Tiger is cleverer than I imagined," muttered Locke at length. "He's returned my watch."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Drake. "He knows a thing or two."

"So it would appear, my lad. But his time will come."

The trio sat down to breakfast, and the meal passed in comparative silence. Jim Blakeney, although his face was still swollen, felt little the worse for his adventure of the previous evening.

"When are the Rangers playing again, Jim?" suddenly asked the sleuth.

"On Saturday," replied the footballer. "A return match with the Ashdale United."

"H'm! Think you'll be fit enough to play?"

"Rather! A few raw steaks on my chivvy and I shall be as right as rain!" grinned Jim. "Feel as fit as a fiddle this morning."

"Good! I shall be there to keep an eye on things, Jim," said Locke. "If you want me drop in at the Central Hotel. I shall be in disguise, of course. You'll ask for Colonel Challis. Savvy?"

Jim Blakeney nodded.

An hour later the young footballer was seated in the train for Middleham, turning over in his mind the events of the last twenty-four hours. But he no longer feared the Tiger. With the famous detective of Baker Street at his back, so to speak, Blakeney was prepared for any emergency.

Could he have foreseen the tangle that lay ahead of him, however, even Jim's stout heart might have quailed, for the Tiger was just as relentless in his purpose as Ferrers Locke.

It was to be a battle of wits, and the principals were well matched.

The spacious enclosure of the Middleham Rangers' Football Club was packed to overflowing three days later. The return match with the Ashdale United promised something extra keen in the way of sport, and the followers of the winter game in Middleham had rallied in

their thousands to see their champions do battle.

The name of Jim Blakeney was freely voiced by the multitude. He had already achieved a popularity far in excess of other members of the club.

"He's like a blessed streak of lightning!" declared one old wisacre to the crowd in his vicinity. "And as cute as you make 'em."

There was a general nodding of heads in the affirmative.

"Old Hardacre's nephew don't seem to take to 'im," remarked another.

"He's jealous, that's wot 'e is!"

"Hear, hear!"

It had been a noticeable fact that, since the advent of Jim Blakeney in the team, Ronald Swiveller—Mornington Hardacre's nephew—had openly shown his dislike of the new centre-forward. He had carried his dislike into the football field, with the result that the spectators had heckled him on account of his unsportsmanlike attitude.

Thus it came about in the match between the Rangers and the Ashdale United that Swiveller, failing to pass to his centre-forward when a certain goal was imminent, received the abuse of the crowd round the touchlines.

He scowled fiercely in the direction of Jim Blakeney and clenched his hands.

The opportunity of a further point was lost by the same tactics, and some of the rowdier members of the concourse started to boo the inside-left. Luckily the Rangers held the lead, a fine run and a brilliant shot on the part of Jim having put the home eleven "one up."

But the United were pressing now with a vigour that seemed certain to bear fruit. The forward line was combining excellently, and the halves were feeding their men at every opportunity. It was not surprising, therefore, that, ten minutes from time, the United equalised with a shot that beat the custodian all ends up.

"Come on, Rangers!"

"Let's 'ear from you, Jim!"

The supporters of the wearers of the black-and-gold jerseys yelled their encouragements until they were hoarse. A spirited run down the field saw the Rangers' forward line going strong. The ball was passing from man to man with clockwork regularity. And Jim Blakeney was displaying his powers of generalship to a marked degree. The

opposing halves were left standing, as it were, and the Rangers pressed on.

The ball came in from Spadger Jennings, the outside-left, in a graceful curve. Ronald Swiveller and Jim Blakeney leaped to breast it, although it was obvious to everyone present that Swiveller should have left it alone. The inside-left and the centre-forward crashed into each other, and Ronald Swiveller's elbow sawed into Jim's ribs.

"Shame!"

The cry was taken up all over the ground. The elbow incident had not been done cleverly enough. It was nothing more or less than a savage attempt to injure Blakeney.

"Kick him off!"

In the general indignation the majority of the spectators failed to observe that Jim Blakeney crashed to the ground, for the moment "winded." The referee stopped the game until he had recovered sufficiently, what time the abusive remarks of the crowd made Swiveller's ears tingle.

The game was restarted, but the danger was over, so far as the United were concerned. They kept back the Rangers until the final whistle blew, and walked off the pitch sharing equal honours with their opponents.

"That fool Swiveller chucked the game away!"

That was what the crowd said in effect. As the Rangers limped off the field several rowdy spirits surged forward with the intention of laying hands on the inside-left. Despite the police on duty, a score or so of spectators broke the barriers and raced towards the players.

Ronald Swiveller, with a gasp of terror, saw the enraged crowd after him, and broke into a run. He headed for the dressing-room at a burst of speed that surprised even himself. Once in the dressing-room, however, he paused to shake his fist at the crowd in general and Jim Blakeney in particular.

"By heavens I'll make them change their tune!" he hissed. "Jim Blakeney's the idol of the crowd now. But wait—wait!"

*(Don't miss next Monday's fine instalment, chums. Ronald Swiveller is beginning to reveal himself in a new light, and Jim Blakeney has to look to his laurels. What happens? Learn next week!)*

### THE GREYFRIARS GLIDING COMPETITION!

*(Continued from page 18.)*

they agreed that Wharton thoroughly deserved to win.

"Blundell comes next," said Captain Malcolm.

"Bravo, Blundell!"

"The third prize goes to Temple," proceeded the captain.

"Here, I say, I don't think I deserve that!" exclaimed Temple, coming forward. "Penfold would probably have beaten my time had he not descended of his own free will to rescue Wun Lung—"

"Penfold's flight has not been overlooked!" put in Colonel Wharton, with a smile. "I was about to announce that a special prize of ten pounds will be awarded Penfold for a magnificent, clever, and plucky flight."

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Pen!"

The announcement was greeted with loud, frantic cheers.

Penfold's win was easily the most popular of the day!

The scholarship boy's face was flushed with pleasure, and he stammered his thanks awkwardly.

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled in delight and voted Colonel Wharton a brick.

They knew that ten pounds would be most acceptable to Dick Penfold, whose parents were humble working folk in Friardale and could not afford to keep their son supplied with much pocket-money.

"Well, that's the finish of the gliding contest!" grinned Bob Cherry. "We've bagged the twenty quid! We'll order some tuck and have a regular slap-up spread at Greyfriars to celebrate the occasion!"

"Rather!" said Harry Wharton. "I was about to suggest that! We'll have

my uncle and Captain Malcolm in to tea, and we'll also invite the other prize-winners—Blundell, Pen, and Temple."

"Hear, hear!"

There were great festivities at Greyfriars that evening when the boys returned to school—some carrying gliders, and some the remnants of gliders.

Everybody was agreed that the gliding competition had been a great success. Tragedy might have resulted had it not been for the plucky conduct of Penfold and Harry Wharton. But as it was, everybody was satisfied, and all heartily agreed that nothing had provided more fun and thrills at the school than the Greyfriars Gliding Competition!

THE END.

*(Next Monday's ripping story of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled "The Coker Challenge Cup!"—a yarn that will carry you along in rousing style. Be sure and read it, or you will be missing something good.)*

**SOME QUEER SLEEPING QUARTERS!**

A special contribution by William George Bunter.

I AM one of those fellows with the happy knack of being able to sleep anywhere at any time.

Some chaps, who can only manage to go to sleep during the Head's sermons, would give anything to possess my gift.

I have known some queer resting-places. I have slept in a cattle-truck, in a rowing-boat in a ruff sea, underneath the seat in a railway-karridge—I had to get under the seat because I hadn't paid my fair!—and in the top of a tree.

I shall never forget the cattle-truck experience. There was no room for me in any of the karridges, so the guard put me in the cattle-truck and told me I could travel at the same rates that they charge for rolling-stock. I settled down to sleep on the floor of the truck, and when I woke up I found a fat pig laying on top of me. One fat pig on top of another, as that beast Bob Cherry put it!

It took me about five minnits to push the pig off, and the brute nearly sufferkated me!

Some of you may wonder how on earth I managed to sleep in a rowing-boat when the sea was ruff. The fact is; I was out fishing, and the sea was perfectly calm when I dozed off. But while I was asleep a fearful storm got up. (I wish it had gone to bed and stayed there, instead of getting up!) I had to pick up the oars and row to the shore like Billy-o, and to this day I can't think how I escaped a watery grave.

Many a time and oft I have slept under the seat in a railway-karridge. Bob Cherry says this is an obvious fib, because a fellow of my sighs would never be able to skweeze himself under the seat; but the fact remains that I've done it! I won't say I've done it successfully, because on every occasion the ticket-collector has heev'd me out of it and demanded my ticket.

I slept in the tree-tops one memmerable night during a heat-wave. I wanted to keep cool. But I can assure you that a tree-top duzzent make a very comfortable bed, and I shouldn't advise you to follow in my footsteps.

Sleeping in the Form-room during lessens is an old habbit of mine. And I once went to sleep while fielding in a kricket match. But the arrival of the ball on my noble napper jolly soon woke me up.

I can truthfully say that I have never been to sleep during a feed. After a feed, if you like, but never while it was in progress.

I have known some fellows drop off to sleep in the middle of a midnight feest. Whenever this happens I always rub my hands and mermer to myself:

"All the more grub for me!"

I have often thought it would be rather awkward if I was a steeplejack, working on a high tower. It would be fatal to "drop off" then!

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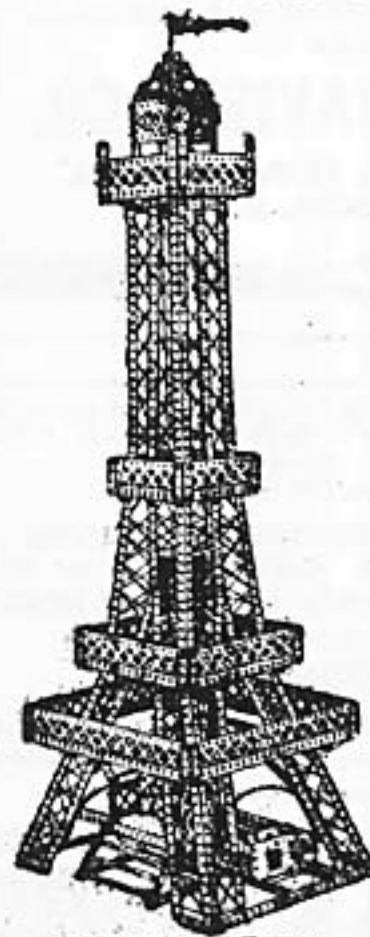
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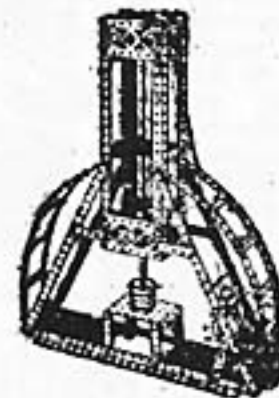
He could not buy them so he built them



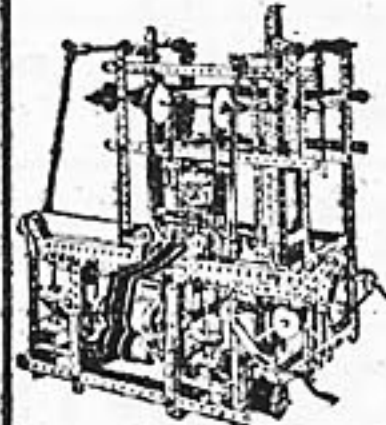
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