

"THE SCHOOLBOY FORM-MASTER!"

Exciting School Yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars—inside.

The **MAGNET** 2^D





THE SCHOOLBOY FORM-MASTER!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Remove Rehearsal!

"METHINKS—"
"Shut up, Bunter!"
"Oh, really, Wibley!"
"Methinks—,"

"Shut up!" yelled Wibley.

William Wibley, of the Remove, looked rather excited. Most of the other fellows in the Rag were grinning.

It was not uncommon for Wibley to get a little excited on an occasion like this. It was a rehearsal of the Remove Dramatic Society.

Wibley was president of that society. He was stage-manager. He was the star actor. He had many duties to perform, and he took them all seriously. He had a numerous cast, and he had to round them up for rehearsals; not always an easy task. He had to deal with fellows who hadn't learned their lines; fellows who had forgotten the lines they had learned; fellows who talked football at rehearsal and missed their cues; even fellows who thoughtlessly sought to turn a rehearsal into a "rag."

The play selected this time was "Julius Cæsar," rather an ambitious effort for a junior dramatic society. But William Wibley was nothing if not ambitious. He was going to show Greyfriars how Shakespeare ought to be done; especially those asses, the Fifth Form Stage Club, who thought they could act.

Plenty of fellows in the cast were dissatisfied with the parts allotted them by William Wibley. There had been a general run on Brutus; but Brutus, of course, was reserved for Wibley himself. Billy Bunter was the most dissatisfied. Having claimed successively the parts of Brutus, Cæsar, Cassius, Mark Antony, and other leading characters, in vain, Bunter had had to content himself with

the part of First Citizen—a part utterly unworthy of his distinguished presence and great histrionic powers.

Still, Bunter was prepared to make the most of that small part. In fact, he was prepared to make too much of it. It seemed to be Bunter's idea that the First Citizen had to butt in all the time, whereas, as a matter of fact, the First Citizen, and the other citizens, were hardly in the picture at all.

"Methinks—!" hooted Bunter defiantly.

"Chuck it!" roared Wibley. "You don't come in yet, you fat ass! Wait for your cue!"

"Look here, how long have I got to wait?" demanded Bunter. "I don't see hanging about while you and Wharton do all the talking."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" exclaimed the exasperated Wibley. "You silly asses, you're Roman citizens now, not a mob of fatheaded schoolboys! Can't you keep serious?"

"Order, you men!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Shut up, Bunter!"

"Now then, Wharton!" snapped Wibley. "You've missed your cue! Can't you stop jawing to Smithy and attend to business?"

"I was only speaking about the Highcliffe match—"

"Blow the Highcliffe match!" roared Wibley. "You're not a fatheaded footballer now, you ass; you're an actor, or an apology for an actor. Get on with the washing."

"Right-ho, old bean!" answered the captain of the Remove; and he dismissed the Highcliffe match—momentarily, at least—from his mind, and remembered that he was Marcus Antonius.

"On the bawl!" said Bob Cherry encouragingly.

"Shut up, Cherry!"

"Look here, Wib—"

"Silence! How long have we got to wait for you, Wharton?"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter."

"Beast!"

Harry Wharton got going. There was more or less silence in the Rag as he proceeded with Mark Antony's celebrated oration:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to raise him—"

Wibley shrieked.
"Praise him, you idiot! Not raise him, you fathead! Praise him, you potty piffler! Praise him!"

"Oh, my mistake! Sorry!"

"Get on with it, dummy!"

No doubt football matters were still running in the mind of the captain of the Remove, rather to the detriment of his part. He resumed:

"I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

"The evil that men do lives after them,"

"The goods are oft interred with their bones—"

Yell from Wibley.
"Singular, you chump! Singular, you fathead! Oh, my hat!"

"Eh? What's singular?" demanded Wharton. "I don't see anything singular about that."

"Singular, not plural, you benighted bandersnatch! The good—not the goods! Good! Good! Good!"

"Thanks!" said Wharton. "I'm glad you think it good, anyhow."

"Ass! Fathead! It's rotten! You say good—not goods. Good! Can't you read, fathead! The good is oft interred with their bones, dummy!"

"Oh, I see!"

Wharton resumed:

"The good is oft interred with their bones;

'So let it be with Cæsar.'

Harry Wharton paused; not, like Brutus, for a reply, but because he had forgotten what came next. Bunter was ready to fill the breach:

"Methinks there is much reason in his sayings—"

"Shut up Bunter!" yelled Wibley.

"Look here, don't I come in yet?" demanded Bunter.

"No, you ass! No, you fathead! No, you freak! No, you frabjous, foolzing, foolting, flabby fathead!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wibley was getting quite eloquent.

"Silence!" hooted Wibley. "Get on, Wharton! 'The noble Brutus,' fathead—"

"Does that come next?"
"Yes, you ass! Get on with it!"

"The noble Brutus, fathead—!"

Wibley howled.

"Not fathead, fathead! Shakespeare doesn't say 'fathead,' fathead! I said 'fathead,' fathead!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look at your script, you ass, if you've got a memory like a sieve, you chump! Get on with it!" raved Wibley.

Wharton got on with it after a glance at his scribbled part:

"The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was per-
nicious—"

Wharton paused again. The look on Wibley's face was really alarming.
"Ambitious!" yelled Wibley. "Oh, my hat!"

"Oh! It's a bit smudged in my copy! All serene!" And the captain of the remove restarted:

"Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a beastly
fault—"

Grievous!" howled Wibley.
"Right-ho, old bean!"

"If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered
it."

"Methinks—" came
from Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"I say, you fellows, I think it's time I had a look in. I say— Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, as a cushion whizzed across the Rag from Wibley's exasperated hand, and caught him under his fat chin.
"Yow-wow! Oooooo!"

Bump!

The First Citizen sat down.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, shut up, you fat freak!" hooted Wibley. "Wharton, pull yourself together. Don't stand mumbling like a sack of coke—"

"Ow! Ow!" came from Bunter as he struggled to his feet. "Wow!"

"Somebody kick that fat idiot! Now, Wharton, keep your eye on me, and I'll show you how it ought to go!" hooted Wibley. "Listen."

"Any old thing," said Wharton resignedly.

Wibley, taking over the part of Mark Antony, proceeded to show how it ought to be done.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to—
"Yaroooooop!"

Wibley had not intended to render it like that. But at that moment Bunter, having fielded the cushion, returned it to the sender—with terrific force. It caught Wibley on the nose, and the manager of the Remove Dramatic Society gave a fearful yell as he spun over backwards.

"Yaroooooop!"

"Goal!" yelled Smithy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whoop! Oh, my hat! What—who—oh crumbs! I'll slay him—I—I'll slaughter him—I—I'll burst him—I—I—I'll—" Wibley scrambled to his feet

with an absolutely blood-thirsty expression on his face. He made a wild rush at Bunter.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

Bunter made a wild rush for the door.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hook it, Bunter!"

"Burst him, Wib!"

Bunter made a wild rush at the door, before Wibley reached Bunter. He tore it open, and fled for his fat life. After him rushed the infuriated Wibley. The Rag rooked with laughter as they vanished—both going strong.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry glanced from the window.
"Wib's gone," he said. "What about a whack at footer—there's time before it gets dark."

"Good egg!"

"Come on!"

Five minutes later William Wibley returned to the Rag, having left a yelling Bunter repeating of his sins in a Remove study. He came back to an empty bag. The Remove Dramatic Society had departed; and Wibley, after staring round the deserted room, snorted, and departed also. The rehearsal was over!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The High Hand!

"CREEK!" said Coker of the Fifth.

Coker frowned as he spoke. The great Coker was going out with Potter and Greene, when he paused to look at the notice board.

FREAK!

A "five-foot" terror puts the Fifth through their paces and knocks some of the "swank" out of them! But the worst blow falls when the Fifth discover that "Mr. Moon" is a

FRAUD!

Coker was always interested in the games-notices. He lived in hope—the vain hope—of some day seeing the name of H. J. Coker down for a match. But it was not a games-notice that he was looking at now. It was a paper pinned up, and signed by W. Wibley, announcing the date of a performance by the Remove Dramatic Society.

"Look at that!" said Coker, indicating the R. D. S. notice with a stern forefinger.

"What about it?" yawned Potter

"Silly young asses!" said Greene.

"Still, what about it?"

"It's cheek!" said Coker darkly.

"The Fifth Form Stage Club are going to give 'Julius Caesar' when I've made my arrangements, and when I can get the fellows to rehearse, and when I've put down the silly, carping, captious opposition I've been meeting with, and when—"

"Lot of whens!" murmured Potter. And Greene grinned.

Horace Coker snorted. Coker was the prime mover in the Fifth Form Stage Club. He had founded it. Backed up by the financial resources of his generous Aunt Judy, he had stood all its expenses. In these circumstances it was only natural that Coker should desire to shine as an actor-manager, and should in fact insist upon doing so. Coker knew that he could act, and knew that he could manage; but somehow he had never been able to convince the Fifth of these things. Fifth Form

men did not "enthuse." Most of them, indeed, declared that the Stage Club could never be a success till Coker left himself out of it—a step that the great Horace was naturally unwilling to take. Getting the fellows to act, getting them to rehearse under Coker's direction, had proved difficult.

"If the Fifth would stop carping and sneering, and so on, and back me up—" he said.

"If!" murmured Potter.

"As we're going on at present," said Coker, "it looks as if our play will never come off."

"It does," agreed Greene, winking at Potter, with the eye that was farthest from Horace Coker.

"All the same, I'm not having these fags butting in, and making the whole thing ridiculous," said Coker, frowning. "I can't allow that."

"You can't?" ejaculated Potter.

"I can't," said Coker firmly.

"But—but the young asses can do as they like, you know," murmured Potter. "There's no rule against Remove fags playing the goat."

"They can't do as they like when I'm around," said Coker with emphasis. "I refuse to allow it. I've selected 'Julius Caesar' for the Fifth Form Stage Club to give this term, and I can't have the whole bizney made to look absurd by a mob of ragging fags. Nothing of the kind."

And Coker jerked Wibley's notice down from the board and crumpled it in his hand.

"I—I say, that's rather steep, you know," murmured Greene. "A man ain't supposed to meddle with the papers on the board."

"Don't be an ass, Greene."

"Those blessed fags will kick up a row," said Potter.

"Come on," said Coker of the Fifth, and he marched out of the House, the R. D. S. notice still crumpled in his hand. "I'll hand this to Wharton, and explain that it won't do. I dare say he will understand when I tell him. If he's cheeky I'll cuff him. Come on."

Potter and Greene followed on. Coker was going to the tuckshop to lay in supplies for tea. It was not a moment when his friends desired to desert him. But they hoped that they would not fall in with the heroes of the Remove. Horace Coker was born to hunt for trouble, as the sparks fly upward; but his comrades had no yearning whatever to be mixed up in a shindy with the Remove. When Coker woke up a hornets' nest he was welcome to keep the hornets all to himself.

"Hallo, there they are!" said Coker. Coker was pleased, if his comrades were not, to sight the Famous Five of the Remove in the quad.

Harry Wharton & Co. had been punting a footer about in the keen winter air. Now they were heading for the House, and tea, with ruddy faces and cheerful looks. Coker of the Fifth changed his direction and bore down on them. Potter and Greene, at the same moment, changed their direction also—and bore away on the opposite tack. Coker glanced round.

"Potter! Green! This way!" he called out.

The two Fifth Form men seemed deaf. They only accelerated. Coker was going to have the hornets' nest all to himself.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry as Coker planted himself in the way of the five Removites. "Want anything, Coker?"

"Just a word," said Coker gruffly. "Two if you like," said Harry Wharton.

"Or three," said Frank Nugent generously.

"Well, cut it short!" said Johnny Bull. "We're going to tea, you know!"

"Look here——" growled Coker. "The lookfulness is terrific, my esteemed and absurd Coker!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Some of you young asses put this silly paper on the board!" said Coker, holding up the crumpled notice.

The Famous Five stared at it. The cheery smiles departed from their faces, and wrath gathered there.

"You cheeky chump!" roared Bob Cherry. "Mean to say you've taken down our notice from the board?"

"Don't interrupt me, Cherry!" "You cheeky fathead——" exclaimed Wharton angrily.

"Don't talk, Wharton. Listen to me! I've fixed on 'Julius Caesar' for the Fifth Form Stage Club—I can't let you have that play. In fact, I can't let you touch Shakespeare at all. It makes the whole thing ridiculous!" explained Coker. "Wash it out, see?"

"W-w-wash it out?" ejaculated Wharton angrily.

"Yes, that's it." "And why?" roared Johnny Bull.

"Because I tell you to." "Bib-bib-because you tell us to?" babbled Bob Cherry. "And who the thump are you?"

plenty of water and plenty of mud. It came in very handy for Coker.

Five pairs of hands rolled Coker over into the puddle. He flopped into it with a mighty splash.

"Grooooooogh!" came from Coker, in muffled accents. His face was in the puddle, and as his mouth was wide open, a considerable quantity of the puddle was in Coker's mouth. He spluttered and spluttered and gurgled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him some more!"

"Mop him up!"

"Grooogh! Hoooch! Woooooch! Gug-gug-ug-ug-gug!"

The next few minutes were like an awful nightmare to Coker. He was rolled and splashed and dabbled in that puddle, till almost all the water had soaked into him, and nearly all the mud was plastered over him. From a distance, Potter and Greene looked on, hoping—charitably—that Coker liked the hornets' nest he had woke up. Judging by the awful sounds that proceeded from Coker, however, he did not like it at all.

Wet and muddy and breathless, Coker was left wallowing in what was left of the puddle. Harry Wharton picked up the crumpled paper, and the Famous Five walked on to the House—leaving Coker to wallow.

The R. D. S. notice, carefully smoothed out, was pinned on the board again. Then the Famous Five went up to the Remove passage to tea. Coker, they hoped, would not meddle with that Remove notice again. If he did,

man, was more important than Coker merely as Coker. The Fifth were a senior Form—only less important than the Sixth; indeed, in their own opinion, not less important than the Sixth. Blundell, the captain of the Form, was a First Eleven man, a double Colour, a tremendous Blood—greater, by far, in the general estimation, than a good many Sixth Form men.

Blundell was, in the main, a good-natured fellow; but he was not unconscious of his own importance. It irked Blundell to see a Fifth Form man treated with outrageous disrespect by a mob of fags—not even Shell fellows, or Fourth, but insignificant Removites, or Lower Fourth. When Fags of the Lower Fourth ventured to lift a finger against Fifth Form men, Blundell could not help feeling that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark, so to speak.

He shook his head seriously.

"Quelch isn't severe enough with his Form," said Blundell. "The Removs are the cheekiest fags at Greyfriars."

"No doubt about that!" said Hilton.

"The prefects don't keep them in order," said Blundell. "Wingate is altogether too easy-going. And I don't think a lot of any of the other prefects."

Again there was a general assent. Nobody in the Fifth Form thought very much of the prefects, who all belonged to the Sixth.

"There's a limit!" went on Blundell.

"Those fags don't seem to see it!" remarked Price.

BUMPER ENLARGED CHRISTMAS NUMBER NEXT WEEK, BOYS!

"Don't be cheeky, Cherry!"

"You frabjous ass——"

"That's enough!" Coker waved a lofty hand. "You'd better remember that you can't cheek the Fifth! Now shut up, and remember that your silly play is off. Don't put another notice on the board. That's all."

Coker turned away, having, as he hoped, made the thing clear to the Removites. Coker never could get it out of his head that he spoke as one having authority, and that when he said, "do this!" it was up to lesser mortals to do it. Turning away, he threw the crumpled paper on the ground. The matter was, Coker supposed, at an end.

But this was quite an unfounded supposition on Coker's part. The matter was far from being at an end.

The Famous Five exchanged a glance. Then, as if moved by the same spring, they jumped at Horace Coker.

Bump!

"Whooop!"

Coker, suddenly up-ended, descended upon the quadrangle with a terrific concussion. He roared.

"Rag him!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Bump him!"

"Roll him over!"

"Oh! Ow! Yooop!" roared Coker, truggling frantically. "I'll smash you! Oh! I'll pulverise you! Ooooooh! Whooop!"

"There's a puddle here——!"

"Roll him over!"

"Hurrah!"

Recent rain had left a puddle, with

they were prepared to deal with him once more.

For the present, at least, Coker was not thinking of it. He was sitting in the remains of the puddle, trying to get his second wind.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Matter of Prestige!

GEORGE BLUNDELL, the captain of the Fifth Form, looked from the window of the games-study, and frowned. In the dusk that was falling on the old quadrangle of Greyfriars, a rather peculiar-looking figure was visible, limping towards the House. It was Coker of the Fifth, though it was rather difficult to recognise Coker, who was clothed with mud as with a garment. Coker looked as if he had been having the time of his life, and the captain of the Fifth frowned as he watched him.

"This sort of thing won't do!" said Blundell.

"It's getting rather thick!" remarked Bland of the Fifth. "Coker's an ass—a prize ass; but, dash it all——"

"I'd like to know what Greyfriars is coming to, when a Fifth Form man is handled like this by a mob of fags!" said Price.

"It won't do!" said Blundell decisively. "The fags are getting altogether out of hand."

There was a general murmur of assent from the Fifth Form men in the games-study.

Of Coker—as Coker—they thought little. But Coker, as a Fifth Form

"They can be made to see it!" returned the captain of the Fifth, frowning. "The fact is, it's about time they had a lesson."

"A jolly good thrashing all round," suggested Tomlinson.

"We can't let this sort of thing go on," said Blundell. "It lowers the Fifth."

There was general agreement. That the Removs were cheeky fags, that a licking all round would do them a lot of good, was common knowledge in the Fifth.

"I dare say Coker asked for what he's got, though," remarked Smith major.

The remark was received in chilling silence. Evidently that point of view was unpopular in the games-study.

"He often does, you know!" persisted Smith.

"That's neither here nor there!" said Blundell coldly. "Coker's a born ass, as we all know. I never could make out why they shoved him into the Fifth at all. But we've got the Form to consider. I don't know what Greyfriars will think of the Fifth when they see a Fifth Form man ducked in a puddle by a mob of Lower Fourth kids."

"Of course, they ought to be made an example of!" said Smith major hastily, anxious to retrieve his mistake. "Let's go and mop them up."

"I think they'd better be called to order!" said Blundell. His tone was dignified, as became a Blood and a Colour man.

"Did I say mop them up?" murmured Smith. "I—I meant call them to order, of course."

Blundell looked thoughtful.

"If we're going to rag the Remove," went on Smith major, "there's no time like the present, while our Form master's away."

Chilling silence again. Again the unfortunate Smith had put his foot in it.

"What difference does that make?" asked Blundell, breaking an icy silence with an icy voice.

"Oh, none, of course!" mumbled Smith major.

"I—I only thought—" "You're rather an ass, Smith! We're not going to rag the Remove, as you call it. We're going to make them see that hands mustn't be laid on a Fifth Form man. That's rather different, and it would be exactly the same if Prout were here, or if the new master had come."

"Oh! Yes! Rather!" said Smith major hastily.

Nevertheless, although Smith major had been promptly and properly sat upon, his remark was well founded. If the Fifth were going to make an example of the Remove, it was just as well to do it while they were temporarily—without a master, who might not have seen eye to eye with them in the matter.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Greyfriars Fifth, was away from the school. He was expected to stay away a fortnight, at least.

A temporary master—a Mr. Moon—was coming to take his place for that period. Mr. Moon had not, however, yet arrived. He was not expected for a day or two.

In the meantime, the Fifth were without a Form master. Their time-table had been rearranged to meet the exigencies of the case, and they got on quite well without Mr. Prout, and were not particularly anxious for the arrival of Mr. Moon.

"I think," said Blundell, "that we'd better take the matter in hand. There's no doubt that the Lower Fourth are getting above themselves."

"No doubt at all," said Fitzgerald. Potter and Greene came into the games-study. They were grinning. Coker was downstairs, busy with a wash—which he sorely needed.

"Seen Coker?" grinned Potter. "Sight for gods and men and little fishes, what?"

"Queer, ain't it, how Coker keeps on asking for it, when he always gets what he asks for?" remarked Greene.

"That's all very well!" said Blundell, stiffly.

Potter and Greene looked surprised. They could see that the fellows in the games-study had been watching from the window, and they had expected to find merriment there. Instead of which, the captain of the Fifth was looking as serious as an owl; and all the other Fifth Form men more or less serious.

"What's up?" asked Potter.

"This sort of thing has gone too far!" said Blundell. "When it comes to a Fifth Form man being ragged and ducked in open quad, it's time the Form put its foot down, I think."



George Blundell looked from the window and frowned down upon the muddy figure of Horace Coker limping across the quadrangle!

"Oh! Ah! Yes! Cheeky little cads!" said Potter, quick to trim his sails to this unexpected breeze. "Quite!"

"Oh, yes, rather!" said Greene. "Altogether too thick, you know. I—I was just saying to Potter as we came in."

Blundell glanced round.

"No time like the present!" he said, and he walked out of the games-study. And every man there followed him at once.

Some of them were grinning joyously. Great men as the Fifth were, seniors and all that, some had not lost a youthful taste for a "rag"—and were, in fact, not quite so old and dignified as they fancied themselves. Winter evenings were long; and a rag on a junior Form would pass half an hour quite pleasantly. Possibly even the great Blundell was thinking of killing time, as well as vindicating the prestige of the Fifth. Still, there was no doubt that the prestige of the Fifth was a most important matter.

Down a passage and across a landing marched the Fifth Form men; and at the end of the Remove passage, they came on a fat junior, who blinked at them in surprise through a pair of big spectacles.

"I say, you fellows, what do you want here?" ejaculated Bunter.

Potter playfully took the Owl of the Remove by the collar, and sat him down with a heavy bump.

A roar rang the length of the Remove passage.

"Yaroooooh!"

Three or four Remove men, who were talking in the passage, stared at the invaders in surprise and wrath. Herbert Vernon-Smith came towards them.

"What the thump are you up to?" he demanded. "Wha. the—oh, my hat! Leggo! Whoop! Rescue, Remove!"

The Bounder, swept off his feet by a couple of the Fifth, was deposited in a sprawling, yelling heap across Bunter.

There was another yell from Bunter as Smithy landed on him.

Skinner and Snoop darted away into their study; but Tom Redwing ran to help the Bounder. Fitzgerald pitched him across Smithy and Bunter.

Leaving the three juniors sprawling and spluttering, Blundell & Co. marched on to No. 1 Study, and the captain of the Fifth jammed his foot against the door, with an impact that sent it crashing open. There was a startled exclamation within the study.

"What the merry thump—"

"My hat!"

"The Fifth! Look out! What—" Blundell and his merry men marched in—six or seven of them. The rest, grinning, grouped round the doorway.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Rough on the Remove!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. jumped up.

All the Famous Five were in Study No. 1, when they were sitting down to tea, when Blundell & Co. happened.

Such a visit from the Fifth was extremely unusual; and the chums of the Remove did not need telling that it was a hostile one. They were very quick on their feet, and they drew together behind the study table. Harry Wharton caught up the teapot, which was, fortunately, full of new-made tea, and steaming.

"What's this game?" demanded Wharton.

"Put down that teapot!" said Blundell.

"Rats!"

"We've come here—"

"We can see you've come!" said Harry. "We're waiting for you to go! Shut the door after you."

"Take your face away!" suggested

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,190.

Bob Cherry. "They're used to it in the Fifth; but it worries us!"

There was a chuckle from some of the Fifth at the door. Blundell stared round at them and the chuckle died away instantly, owl-like gravity descending upon Blundell's followers. Bundell, after that one look, transferred his attention to the juniors again. His brows were knitted. His original intention had been to administer some mild chastisement; just enough to teach these cheeky juniors not to get above themselves. But now Blundell was getting angry. Previously, the Removeites had only cheeked Coker. Now they were cheeking Blundell. That was more serious.

"We've come here——" he repeated, in a louder voice.

"We've had that!" remarked Nugent. "We've come here——" roared Blundell.

"My hat! He's a giddy parrot!" said Johnny Bull.

"The parrotfulness is terrific." "We've come here to teach you cheeky young scoundrels a lesson you've wanted for a long time!" hooted Blundell.

"You mean you're larking now that your Form master's away?" asked Harry Wharton. "Is that it?"

"While the jolly old cat's away, the naughty little mice will play!" said Bob Cherry. "Bad boy!"

"Naughty!" said Nugent, shaking his head.

Blundell was crimson. This sort of thing, from the Lower Fourth, was not to be tolerated for a moment.

"You're going to have a licking all round for laying hands on a Fifth Form man!" he said, breathing hard.

"Oh, chuck it!" said Harry. "Coker asked for it! He tore down a Remove notice from the board——"

"I don't care what he did!" snapped Blundell. "You kids have got to be taught to respect a senior Form. Put down that teapot, Wharton!" Blundell eyed the teapot rather uneasily. The steam that issued from the spout showed that it would be neither grateful nor comforting at close quarters.

"It's ready for you, old bean," said the captain of the Remove, coolly.

"Get out of the study, sharp!" "What?" roared Blundell.

"Get out! Deaf?" asked Wharton. "By Jove!" said Bland of the Fifth.

"It's about time that these cheeky young sweeps were brought to their senses. It's about time that——"

"About time that your Form master came back to keep you duffers in order," said Nugent. "Look here, get out!"

"Collar them!" roared Blundell.

Half a dozen big Fifth Form men came round the study table. The Famous Five stood shoulder to shoulder. They were famous fighting men; but they had, of course, no chance in a scrap with big and hefty seniors. But they were ready to fight to a finish.

"Rescue, Remove!" yelled Bob Cherry, at the top of his powerful voice.

There was an answering yell from the passage. News of the invasion had spread, and Remove men were pouring out of the studies. Two or three, such as Skinner and Snoop, and Fisher T. Fish, prudently remained where they were; but nearly all the Remove rushed out. Already the group of Fifth Form men at the study door were engaged in keeping them off.

That, unluckily for the Remove heroes, was not difficult. Big hefty seniors made light work of juniors.

In Study No. 1, half a dozen hefty men advanced on the Famous Five. Harry Wharton swung up the steaming teapot.

"Hands off! Or——" "Yarooooop!" yelled Bland of the Fifth, as a steaming jet of tea came over him. "Ow! Wow!"

"Yarooooop!" raved Fitzgerald, as he got the next jet.

Crash! The teapot went to the floor and was broken into a score of pieces. Harry Wharton found himself struggling with Blundell.

"Back up Remove!" yelled Bob Cherry.

Bob drove his fist into Potter's face, and Potter, Fifth Form man as he was, went to the floor under that terrific drive, yelling. The next instant, Bob's left caught Greene under the chin, and he joined Potter on the carpet. Then Bob was swung off his feet in the grasp of Fitzgerald. Johnny Bull and Nugent and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, resisting desperately, were collared on all sides. Harry Wharton, in the grasp of the mighty Blundell, put up the fight of his life.

But the struggle, plucky and desperate as it was, was in vain. Weight was on the side of the Fifth; and in a few minutes the Famous Five were gasping helplessly in the grip of the seniors.

"My hat!" gasped Blundell, blinking an eye into which Wharton's fist had jammed. "My hat! The cheeky little beggars! Putting up a fight—by Jove!"

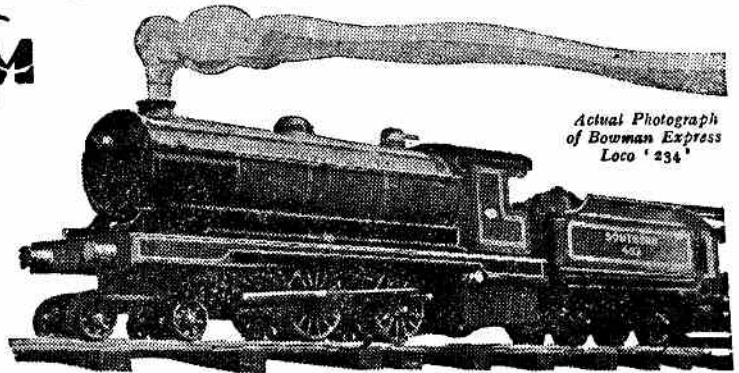
"Rescue, Remove!" yelled Bob.

There was struggling in the passage, bumping and yelling. The Fifth Form men at the door were keeping the Removeites off. And in Study No. 1, the Famous Five were getting the time of their lives.

Their cheek, in venturing to resist, seemed to have an exasperating effect on the Fifth. Blundell had had a jolt in the eye—Blundell the great! Potter and Greene had been knocked down.

(Continued on next page.)

**ONLY STEAM
COULD
GIVE
SUCH
POWER**



Actual Photograph
of Bowman Express
Loco '234'

This Bowman passenger-express measures only 1 ft. 8 ins. long, yet it develops amazing traction power. It hauls six feet of heavy rolling stock for one-and-a-half miles to each re-filling.

Like all Bowman Steam Locomotives it is a sound and sturdy engineering job—built of solid steel and massive turned brass, and is guaranteed to develop twice the power of any model at the price.

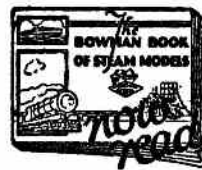
It's British, it's strong and it's safe. It is a model of splendid appearance—yet it costs no more than a foreign clockwork toy. It is the finest present any model engineer could have!

BRITISH AND GUARANTEED

Bowman Steam Loco 234: A real express steam engine which pulls a 10-ft. train for one and a half miles! Power and size equal to usual £6 models. Weight of engine 5 lb. "O" Gauge. . . . Price Tender 7/6 extra. Tank models 25/- and 21/-

30/-

(Postage 1/-)



Here is a book that tells you almost everything about model steam engines—their design, adjustments under all conditions, together with notes

on almost every running problem likely to crop up. It also gives full details of all the famous super-value Bowman productions—double-power stationary engines, patent speedboats, steam locos, the special patent Track and Rolling Stock, etc., etc. It is a book no model enthusiast should be without

SEND 3d. IN STAMPS
FOR YOUR COPY NOW!

Of all Halfords branches and good shops everywhere.

BOWMAN STEAM MODELS

BOWMAN MODELS (DEPT. 623), DEREHAM, NORFOLK

Fitzgerald and Bland had been drenched with steaming tea. It was only too clear—from the point of view of the Fifth—that these cheeky fags were in want of a severe lesson. A severe lesson they proceeded to administer.

Harry Wharton & Co. still resisted. They were not the men to give in, even with the odds heavily against them. But their resistance was of no avail. Blundell had brought a cane with him. Blundell, not being a prefect, or in the Sixth, had no right whatever to a cane. He assumed the right for the nonce. Harry Wharton was the first to get the benefit of it. Bland and Hilton held him down across a chair, while Blundell gave him six with the cane—just like a prefect! Then, one after another, the rest of the Co. went through the same.

After which, they were pitched into a corner of the study, in a breathless heap, and the table was up-ended over them; tea-things and provender coming down on them in a shower. Potter opened the bookcase and heaved out the books; Greene added the fender and fire-irons; Fitzgerald cleared the study cupboard of its contents and pitched the lot on the struggling, gasping heap in the corner. Breathless gasps and gurgles and groans came from the heap.

Blundell glanced round the dismantled study.

"I fancy that will do!" he remarked. "If this lesson doesn't do them any good, we'll give them another later. Come on!"

And the Fifth Form men, chuckling, crowded out of the study. In the passage, a number of Removites were engaged in conflict with the seniors there without much luck. Blundell & Co. joined in, and the hapless Removites were fairly rolled over by a charge of the big seniors. Some of them sprawled breathlessly in the passage; some fled into the studies; some up the box-room stairs.

Blundell laughed. "I think that will do!" he said. And the Fifth, laughing heartily, trooped away, and returned to the games-study. They felt, and said, that the Remove had had a much-needed lesson; and that this would probably last them for the rest of the term. In the games-study there was chuckling and chortling; in the Remove passage, there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The prestige of the Fifth had been vindicated; Blundell & Co., like Caesar of old, had come, and seen, and conquered. The Remove were done with—at least, so Blundell & Co. supposed.

But as a matter of fact the Remove were not done with yet!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Wrathy!

"H crumbs!"
"Oh crikey!"
"I say, you fellows—Ow, ow, ow!"
"Oh, scissors! My nose! Oh!"
"Oh! Owl! Wow! Whooooo! Wow!"

There were sounds of woe in the Remove passage—sounds of woe and sounds of wrath. The Fifth Form men had come and gone; and they had left havoc behind them. In Study No. 1 the Famous Five staggered up, and looked round on a wrecked study—feeling as wrecked themselves. They gasped and spluttered and mumbled; and in the passage outside there was more gasping and spluttering and mumbling.

"My hat!" groaned Bob Cherry. "Tb's is the giddy limit!"

"It is the terrific and ridiculous limit!" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"The rotters!" gasped Nugent. "The beastly blighters!" groaned Johnny Bull.

"We'll jolly well make them sit up for this, somehow!" gurgled Wharton.

"I say, you fellows—"
"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

"I've been knocked over!" howled Bunter. "I'm hurt! I'm damaged! I'm not going to stand it! Look here, I'm going to Quelch about it!"

"Shut up, you fat ass!"
"Dash it all, it's too jolly thick!"

exclaimed Tom Brown. "We can't let the Fifth get away with this sort of thing."

"Ow! Look at my nose!" groaned Bolsover major. "Oh dear!"

"Look at my eye!" moaned Squiff. "The awful rotters!"

"Beastly bullies! Ow!"
"Let's go after them!" shouted the Bounder furiously. "Let's go after the

Form man had looked in, he had even dodged under the table. And the Fifth Form man had rooted him out and banged his head on the table—for nothing; absolutely nothing. Skinner was raging.

"You're not going to Quelch!" snapped Wharton. "We've had a rough time, and we'll get our own back somehow; but the Remove doesn't sneak."

"That's all very well—"
"Oh shut up, Skinner!" said Bob Cherry. "Suppose you sneaked to Quelch, and dragged the masters into the row. Well, it would come out that we ducked Coker of the Fifth in a puddle, and that would be called starting it."

"I didn't duck Coker, did I?" yelled Skinner. "If you silly chumps like to rag a Fifth Form man, I'm not going to have my head banged."

"Oh rats! There's nothing in it to damage anyhow," said Bob.

"You cheeky rotter! I'm going to Quelch."

Skinner made a step towards the staircase. The Bounder caught him by the shoulder and spun him back.

"Chuck that!" he snapped.

And Skinner gave it up. All the Remove were feeling damaged and enraged; but there was no question of dragging the masters into a Form row. Besides, there was no doubt that the Famous Five had started the trouble by ragging a Fifth Form man. True, Coker had taken down a Remove notice from the board; but it was very unlikely that the school authorities would have regarded that as a sufficient reason for swamping a senior with mud.

"The Remove can keep it's end up, on it's own!" said Harry. "We'll make the Fifth sit up for this."

"And how?" jeered Skinner.

"Oh, go and eat coke." The captain of the Remove was not prepared to answer that question, yet.

"I'll tell you what!" exclaimed Wibley. Wibley was in a breathless and gasping state; but his eyes gleamed, apparently under the influence of a bright idea. "I can tell you how to take those rotters down."

"What's the big idea?" grunted Bob. Bob was busy caressing a damaged nose.

"Giving a first-class performance of 'Julius Caesar,'" said Wibley. "It will make the Fifth feel small, you know, as their rotten Stage Club can't act for toffee! You see—"

"You silly ass!" howled Johnny Bull.

"Look here—"
"You frumptions chump!"

"I think it's a jolly good idea—"
"You would!" said Bob Cherry witheringly. "Take it away and bury it, you frabious ass!"

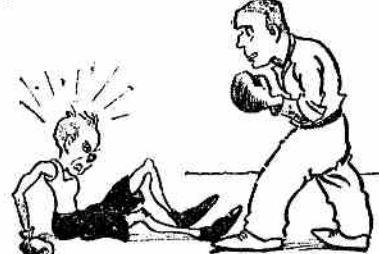
"But I think—"
"No you don't! You can't! Shut up!"

William Wibley snorted, and shut up. Evidently his idea did not appeal to the Removites. Making the Fifth feel small by outclassing them in artistic efforts was rather too tame for the Remove. They wanted something much more drastic than that. Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, would have appealed to them more.

The Famous Five had suffered most severely, though Skinner and Bunter uttered the loudest complaints. They were feeling decidedly used-up; and the study was a wreck. Having attended to their own damages as well as they could, they proceeded to set the study to rights.

All along the Remove passage there was wrath and excitement. Seldom had there been such a raid in the history of the Remove; and some fellows loudly blamed the Famous Five for having

One of this week's DANDY POCKET KNIVES goes to: H. Evans, of 72, New Bank Street, Longsight, Manchester, who sent in the following amusing storyette:



PLENTY OF VARIETIES!
Boxing Pupil (after being floored): "I say, is it necessary for me to be knocked down like this?"
Boxing Instructor: "Oh, no, sir! Stand up and I'll show you a dozen other ways!"
Have YOU sent in a joke yet?

rotters, and tackle them in the games-study."

"Rats!"
"Rot!"

"Chuck it, Smyth!"
"Don't be a silly ass!"

There was a plentiful lack of enthusiasm. Vernon-Smith was reckless enough to carry out his own suggestion; but the Remove, as a whole, had had enough of scrapping with the Fifth. Even the Famous Five were not anxious to renew the combat, at present. The fact was, that a junior Form like the Lower Fourth simply had no chance against a crowd of big seniors; and the tussle was much too unequal. Following the Fifth home would only have made bad worse.

"Are we going to stand this?" roared the Bounder. Smyth had put up as hefty a fight as any man there; and he had suffered accordingly.

"We're not!" said Harry Wharton. "But it's no good biting off more than we can chew."

"Look here, Bunter's right!" hooted Skinner. "I'm going to Quelch about it."

Skinner was feeling fearfully injured. He had dodged into his study to keep out of the conflict; and when a Fifth

"woke up the Fifth." Mighty men like Blundell & Co. could not be raided in retaliation; but it was frightfully exasperating to think of sitting down quietly under such an injury and insult.

Harry Wharton & Co. sat down, at last to a rather dismal tea in Study No. 1. That meal was going on when the door opened and the Bounder looked in with a grim and angry face. "You call yourself captain of the Form, Wharton?" he snapped.

Wharton looked at him. "I am captain of the Form," he answered quietly. "What are you driving at, Smithy?"

"This!" snapped Smithy. "If you're captain of the Form, you've got to get back on those Fifth Form cads! Otherwise, you'll jolly well get sacked, and we'll get another Form captain who can do things."

And the Bounder slammed the door before Wharton could reply.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders. The door opened again a few minutes later. Bolsover major, Hazeldene, Wibley, Russell, Skinner, and several more Removites looked in.

"Oh! Here you are, having tea just as if nothing had happened!" sneered Bolsover major.

"Lot they care for the Remove being let down!" said Skinner.

"What do you want?" snapped Wharton.

"We've got something to tell you!" bawled Bolsover. "If you don't jolly well get a move on, and pay those cads out for ragging us like this, we're going to have a new election, and get a new Form captain."

"Go and eat coke!" Wharton's own temper, just then, was not at its best; and he was in no mood to be ragged.

"We mean it!" bawled Bolsover major. "Smithy would do it somehow!

Smithy's my man! We'll give you a chance; but—"

"Oh dry up!"

"Well, look out for the sack!" said Skinner.

"Shut the door after you."

The door slammed.

The Famous Five looked at one another, rather grimly and wryly. They had always been the acknowledged leaders of the Form. But their leadership seemed to be in danger now. If they did not succeed in avenging that insult to the Remove, it was obvious that the Form would look for new leaders.

"After all, it's up to us!" said Bob Cherry. "We've got to get back on the Fifth somehow, Harry."

"It will want thinking out," grunted the captain of the Remove. "It's no good making out that we can handle a senior Form in a scrap—we can't."

"There are more esteemed ways of terminating a career of an honourable cat, than by the chokefulness with cream!" suggested Hurree Singh.

"We've got to think of a way!" said Harry. "Anyhow, you can bank on it that the Fifth are not getting away with this without being made to feel jolly sorry for themselves."

"Hear, hear!"

The door opened again, and a fat face and a pair of large spectacles glimmered in. Billy Bunter pointed a fat and accusing forefinger at the Famous Five.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Clear off, fathead!"

"You're sacked!" hooted Bunter.

"What?"

"Call yourself captain of the Form—and letting the Fifth come here and rag us, and knock a chap over and tread on him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" roared Bunter, glaring wrath through his big spectacles.

"But, so far as I'm concerned, you're sacked. I'm jolly well going to get the fellows to hold a new election, and I'm going to put up for Form captain!"

"Ha ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five. Billy Bunter had succeeded in furnishing a little comic relief, of which the chums of the Remove were sorely in need.

"Yah! Cackle away!" snorted Bunter. "I mean it! What good are you, I'd like to know? All I've got to say is—Yarocoooh!"

A whizzing loaf caught Bunter on the spot where he had recently packed away an ample tea. There was a spluttering yell from the Owl of the Remove, and he disappeared into the passage.

Bob Cherry kicked the door shut, and after that the Famous Five were allowed to finish their tea in peace. But up and down the Remove passage there was deep wrath and discontent; and there was no doubt that, if the Famous Five did not succeed in getting back on the Fifth, the star of that famous Co. would be very seriously on the wane.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Hop it!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
"Blundell!"
"Good!"

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances of satisfaction.

It was the following afternoon, a half-holiday at Greyfriars. The Famous Five were strolling in Friardale Lane, at some little distance from the school, when George Blundell, the captain of the Fifth, hove in sight.

Blundell was alone, and was apparently going to the village. He sighted the five Removites from a distance, and they saw him smile. No doubt the sight of them recalled to Blundell's mind the rag of the previous afternoon, which, he hoped, had put the cheeky Removites in their proper place, once for all.

Blundell came swinging on, big, muscular, quite magnificent. Being a First Eleven man, and therefore an acknowledged Blood, Blundell walked down the middle of the road. It was "side for any lesser mortal to do so—at least, when there were genuine Bloods about. Blundell was rather a good-looking fellow, and as a rule good-tempered and good-natured; and on the whole the juniors rather liked him. But just at present, Blundell was the enemy—the victorious enemy who had to be taught that he couldn't handle the Remove like a fag Form.

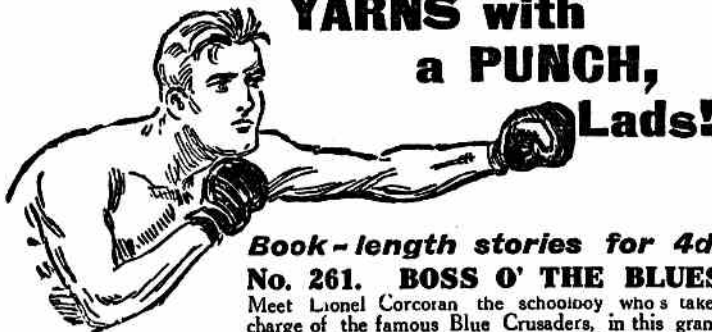
"We've got him!" said Bob Cherry. "The gotfulness is terrific."

Harry Wharton nodded. The same thought had leaped into five minds at once. The prestige of the Remove had been sadly impaired, and it had to be restored to its pristine brightness. There was only one way to tackle a senior Form—and that was in detail. And here was the captain of the Fifth, walking straight into the hands of the avengers.

"He's pretty hefty," said Frank Nugent, eyeing the big senior as he came swinging on. "But there's five of us."

"We can handle him!" said Johnny Bull.

"We're jolly well going to try," said Harry, "and we're going to tie his paws tie up one of his legs, and set him hopping. If the Fifth don't sing smaller, when they see their glorious



Book-length stories for 4d.

No. 261. BOSS O' THE BLUES

Meet Lionel Corcoran the schoolboy who's taken charge of the famous Blue Crusaders, in this grand yarn of football and adventure. It's a winner!

No. 262. KLONDIKE BOUND

A ripping tale of the great Yukon gold rush, with two plucky youngsters facing fearful hardship and peril on the treasure trail.

No. 263. RIVALS OF THE RAMPANT

There's £2,000 waiting for Clem Smith and he can get Jack Gilbert kicked out of the Navy. Does he do it? Read this rousing yarn—and see!

No. 264. BIRDS OF BATTLE

Jack Lee's only a boy, but he's the most fearless and daring pilot on the Western front. He'll keep you thrilled all through this smashing story of the Great War.

BOYS' FRIEND Library

On Sale at all Newsagents - - 4d. each

Harry Wharton swung up the steaming teapot as the hefty Fifth-Formers advanced. "Hands off! Or—" "Yooop!" yelled Bland, as a steaming jet of tea swooped over him. "Ow! Wow!"



captain hopping back to Greyfriars on one leg—

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five stood in a row across the road, as Blundell came up. He had either to walk into them, or halt. He halted.

"What's this game, you young ragamuffins?" he asked good-temperedly.

"Jolly glad to meet you, Blundell!" said Bob.

"The gladfulness is terrific."

"We're going to give you something like what you gave us yesterday—and that's too!" explained Harry Wharton.

Blundell stared at them. Then he burst into a roar of laughter. The idea of Lower Fourth fellows ragging him seemed to strike Blundell as entertaining.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blundell. "You silly little asses!"

"Go for him!"

Blundell stepped back

"Don't play the goat!" he warned.

"You'll get hurt! You—Ah! Oh! Take that, then! Ow! Ooooooh!"

Five determined juniors sprang at the captain of the Fifth like tigers. Smack, smack! came Blundell's powerful hands, and Nugent reeled to the right, Johnny Bull to the left. They yelled as they went to earth. But even as they went, the other three members of the Co. gripped Blundell and bore him backwards.

"Crash!"

The great man of the Fifth, much to his astonishment, went to the ground with three juniors clinging to him like cats and sprawling over him.

"Why, I—I—I—" gasped Blundell.

"Back up!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Pile on him!"

"Squash him!"

"Go it!"

Blundell—all his good-temper gone now—struggled furiously. He intended

to get up and thrash those five cheeky juniors within an inch of their lives as of course they fully deserved for laying hands on so tremendous a Blood as George Blundell.

This intention, however, Blundell did not carry out. He found that he could not get up. His arms were grabbed and held; a knee was planted on his chest; his hair was gripped, his legs recklessly trampled upon. Instead of getting up, Blundell wriggled and struggled and roared.

"Got him!" gasped Bob.

"You young sweeps!" shrieked Blundell. "Gerroff! My hat! You're making me all muddy! I'll—I'll—I'll—Ooooooooh!" He broke off in a suffocated gurgle as Bob Cherry playfully jammed a handful of mud into his wide-open mouth. "Ooooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooogh! Gug-gug-ug!" gurgled Blundell.

"We've got the rotter—"

"Sit on him!"

"Bang his head if he don't keep quiet."

Blundell was far from keeping quiet. He made a tremendous effort to throw off his assailants; feeling like Gulliver attacked by the Lilliputians. But the Lilliputians were too much for Gulliver this time.

Bang! bang! bang!

Bob Cherry, with a businesslike grip on both Blundell's ears, banged his head on the hard, unsympathetic road. The hapless Blundell roared like a bull.

"Yaroooh! Oh! Ow! Leave off! Whooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shove him in the ditch!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Good egg!"

"You—you dare—" panted Blundell.

"Roll him over!"

Blundell, in spite of his strenuous resistance, was rolled over towards the deep-flowing ditch at the side of the lane. His head went over the edge, and he stared in horrified apprehension at flowing muddy water.

"Ow! Leggo! Leave off!" he gasped. His face was only an inch from the water and he struggled frantically. But he struggled in vain.

"Now then," said Harry. "Are you sorry for raiding the Remove yesterday, Blundell?"

"No!" roared Blundell.

"Are you going to beg pardon?"

"No!" raved Blundell.

"Dip his head in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Splash!

"Grooooo—hoooo—hoooh!" Blundell's head dipped deep and he wriggled spasmodically. "Ooooooooh!"

His face came out of the water again, wet and muddy, his hair dripping, his collar soaked. He spluttered and gurgled and gasped.

"Ow! You young villains! Grooogh! Leggo!"

"Begging pardon yet?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"No!" yelled Blundell.

"Give him another!"

Splash!

Blundell's head went in deeper this time, his shoulders following. He was jerked out streaming.

"Oh! Ow! Grooogh! Gug-gug-ug! Ooooooh!" spluttered the captain of the Fifth. "Whooooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll let you off the apology, old bean; we don't want to drown you," said Harry. Now hold him while I fix him. I've got a whipcord in my pocket."

"If—if you dare—" gasped Blundell.

"If—if— Ooooooh!" He ceased to speak as a tuft of grass was jammed into his mouth.

Four pairs of hands held Blundell like a vice while Harry Wharton got to work with the whipcord. Blundell's hands, dragged behind him, were tied tightly at the wrists. Then his left leg was

bent up at the knee, and tied in that position.

"Now you can let him go!" chuckled Wharton. "Help him up."

Blundell, crimson, dripping, spluttering with mud and fury, was lifted on one leg. The juniors let go and Blundell had to hop to keep from falling over. His face was fairly convulsed with fury.

"Now you can hop back to Greyfriars!" chortled Bob.

"The hopfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed and ludicrous Blundell," chuckled Hurree Singh.

"Let me loose!" gurgled Blundell, "You ain't safe loose!" said Bob, shaking his head. "Besides, think how you'll amuse the natives when you hop in on one leg."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hop it, Blundell!"

"Get going!"

Blundell, crimson with rage and humiliation, stood where he was like a stork on one leg. Nothing, he felt, would induce him to return to Greyfriars in that ridiculous condition. Captain of the Fifth, a First Eleven man, a great and glorious Blood—hopping into the school on one leg—with a muddy face! It was unthinkable.

"Want a start?" asked Bob. "We'll start you, old thing! Now then, you men, all kick together."

"Go it!"

"Yarooooogh!" roared the hapless Fifth Form man as the juniors kicked. He hopped away from the lunging boots.

"Good! He's going!"

"Help him along!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, by Jove! Oh, my hat! Leave off! Yaroooooh! Wooooooh!"

Blundell hopped frantically. There

was no arguing with five lunging boots, that smote, and smote hard. Blundell hopped and howled.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the merry Removites.

Honk! Honk! Honk!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, a car's coming!"

"Hop it, Blundell."

Blundell hopped frantically to the side of the road. From the direction of Greyfriars a big saloon car came tearing. Harry Wharton & Co. stood aside to let it pass.

But it did not pass. There was a jamming of brakes, a roar of voices, and the car halted. And as the door was flung open and the passengers swarmed out into the road there was a gasp of dismay from the Removites.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Sauce for the Gander!

HORACE COKER was the first to jump out of the halted car. After him jumped Potter and Greene; after them Fitzgerald and Bland and Tomlinson of the Fifth. It was simply cruel luck for the Removites. It was not uncommon for Coker of the Fifth to "stand" his friends a spin in a car on a half-holiday. They had started from the school to motor over the downs and wind up for tea at Greyfriars after a long run. They had come quite unexpectedly on the scene in Friar-dale Lane five minutes after starting. But at sight of the Captain of the Fifth in the hands of the Removites—an astonishing and infuriating sight to Fifth Form eyes—Coker & Co. forgot all about the afternoon's programme. Coker howled to the chauffeur to stop; and as the car stopped the crowd of Fifth-Formers poured out to the rescue.

They did not waste time in words. They rushed on the heroes of the Remove and fairly swept them up.

There were six of the Fifth Form in the party; odds, as well as size and weight, were on their side. Harry Wharton & Co. simply did not have a look-in. They put up their hands—they resisted manfully, but they were overwhelmed and overpowered.

In about a minute, five Removites lay in the muddy lane, each with a Fifth Form man holding him down. The chauffeur sat at his wheel staring on curiously. He grinned as he looked at Blundell. Blundell, conscious of that grin, conscious of the ridiculous figure he cut, even in the eyes of the rescuers, howled to be released. His chum, Bland, ran to help him and dragged at the knotted whipcord.

Horace Coker chortled.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Coker. "I say, did you let those fags tie you up like this Blundell?"

"Do you think I tied myself, you fool?" roared Blundell.

"Who are you calling a fool, I'd like to know?" demanded Coker indignantly. "I fancy you must be more than a bit of a fool, to let a set of fags handle you like this!"

"Shut up, you ass!"

Blundell, no doubt, felt grateful for his rescue. At least, he felt relieved. But he was not in a mood to be polite or patient. Indeed, it was a bitter drop in his humiliating cup that he owed his rescue to a born idiot like Coker of the Fifth.

"Did—did you say shut up?" gasped the indignant Coker.

"Yes—shut your silly head!" snapped Blundell.

"Why, you—you—you—" stuttered

(Continued on next page.)

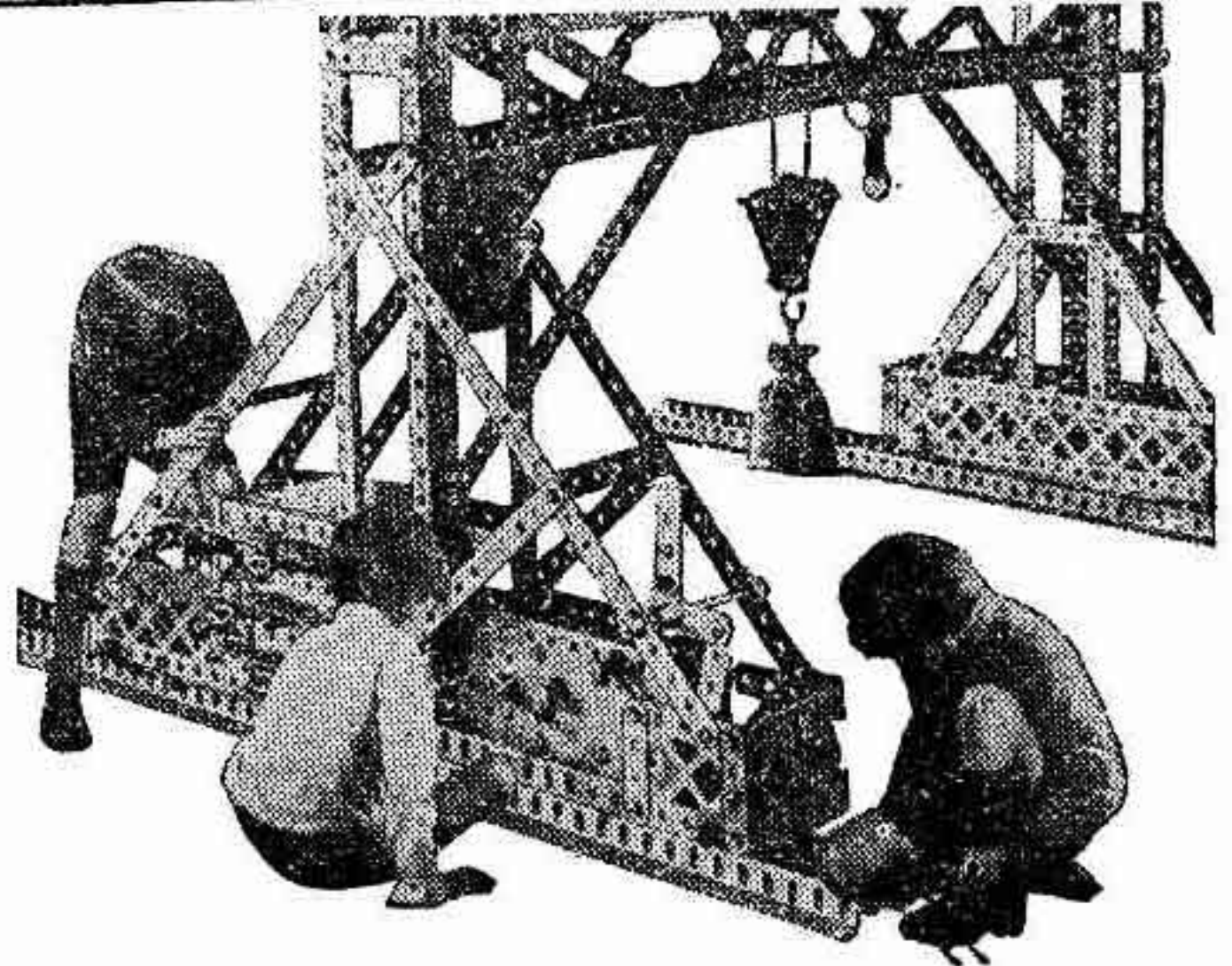
YOU CAN BUILD

628

WORKING MODELS WITH A No. 2 MECCANO OUTFIT

Who can hope to have as many toys as a Meccano boy? He is a real engineer—his playroom is an engineering workshop. When he wants a truck, a crane, a bridge, a motor-car, or a locomotive he builds one with the Strips, Pulley Wheels, Girders and other parts contained in his Meccano Outfit. He can build any model he wants—there is no limit to the possibilities of Meccano.

Meccano is real engineering in miniature—all the parts are miniatures of the corresponding parts in engineering practice. They are all standardised and interchangeable and can be used again and again to make hundreds of different working models. Make sure you get Meccano this year! You will find it most exciting and the most thrilling hobby in the world.



There are
Meccano Outfits
at all prices
from
2/- to 450/-

FREE TO BOYS

The New Meccano Book.

Write for this thrilling Book. We will send you a copy, post free, in return for the names and addresses of three of your chums.

The book is brimful of illustrations showing the splendid engineering models that can be made with Meccano. All the Meccano Outfits are fully described, and many other interesting details of this wonderful hobby are given.

MECCANO

MECCANO LTD., (DEPT. 35) OLD SWAN, LIVERPOOL.

Coker. "You—you—I find you being ragged by fags, and I—I—get you out of it, and—and you tell me to shut up! I've a jolly good mind to leave you as you were, by Jove!"

"Cheese it, old man!" murmured Potter soothingly.

"Shut up, Potter!"

"Keep your wool on!" muttered Greene.

"Shut up, Greene!"

Apparently Coker could, himself, tell fellows to shut up; but he was not to be told to shut up personally. That was Horace Coker all over.

"Bother this cord," said Bertram Bland. "Those cheeky fags have made a job of it! I can't get these blessed knots undone!"

"Haven't you got a pocket-knife?" hooted Blundell.

"Oh! Yes. All right."

"Cut it then, you fool! Have a little sense!"

"Draw it mild, old man—"

"Idiot! Get on with it!" roared Blundell.

Blundell had certainly been glad that Coker & Co. had come along. But he was in terror lest more Greyfriars fellows should appear in the offing and behold him in his present ridiculous plight.

Bland stared at him for a moment and breathed rather hard. But he realised that Blundell was wildly excited, and he had more tact than Coker. He allowed Blundell's wild and whirling words to pass unheeded; opened his pocket-knife and began to saw at the whipcord.

Meanwhile Harry Wharton & Co., wriggling uncomfortably, were in the grasp of the other Fifth Form men—held by the enemy.

They exchanged grim and gloomy looks. What was going to happen to them when Blundell was released they did not know; but they did not need telling that it was going to be something very disagreeable. The look on George Blundell's face was enough to warn them of that.

Really, the luck of the Famous Five seemed to be out. Had their jape on Blundell "come off," had the captain of the Fifth hopped into the school on one leg, helped by junior boots applied to his trousers, streaming with mud and spluttering with rage, the Remove would have been avenged. Greyfriars would have rocked with laughter; Blundell would have been a figure of fun; from the Sixth to the Second he would have been laughed at. It had been a really gorgeous programme. Only—it had not come off! There was a slip between the cup and the lip.

And now the tables were turned! The whipcord, sawed through by Bland, fell away from Blundell, and he was free. While the operation was going on he was glaring at the Removites. Now he stopped towards them.

"You young scoundrels!" he gasped.

"Rats!" retorted Bob Cherry, wriggling uncomfortably in the hefty grasp of Terence Fitzgerald.

"What?" roared Blundell. "Still cheeky, what?"

"The cheekfulness is terrific, my esteemed and fatheaded Blundell!" gasped the Nabob of Bhanipur. "Go and eat absurd coke!"

"Give 'em a jolly good licking all round, what?" asked Tomlinson. "That's what they want! One licking doesn't do them any good. They want another."

"That's right," said Coker. "Lick the cheeky young sweeps! A short way with fags is the best."

"You can leave this to me," growled Blundell. "Those little brutes are

going to have a lesson. Get hold of something to tie them with—neckties, hankies, any old thing. They were going to make mo hop. I'll make them hop, by Jove!"

There was a chuckle from the Fifth Form men. They seemed rather to like the idea of making the punishment fit the crime, so to speak.

"Stand 'em up in a row!" snapped Blundell.

Harry Wharton & Co. were jerked to their feet. Gripping hands held them powerless, and they were packed in a close row.

Then Potter, under Blundell's direction—the captain of the Fifth being too lofty to do the thing himself—proceeded

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Coker. "If you kids know how funny you look—Ha, ha, ha!"

Blundell kicked again, and Frank Nugent yelped dismally.

"Get going!" he grinned. Blundell could grin now.

"You silly ass!" gasped Harry Wharton. "How can we get going like this? You frabjous fathead—"

"You thought I could get going, with one leg tied!" grinned Blundell. "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander! Can't you start?"

"No, you fathead! No, you chump! No, you dummy— Yaroooooh!" roared Wharton, as Blundell's heavy foot landed.

GREYFRIARS CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 21.

This week our Greyfriars rhymester's prolific pen writes of Paul Pontifex Prout, the Fifth Form master, whose temporary absence from Greyfriars gives rise to the Remove's biggest jape over their rivals of the Fifth.



This letter, my dear Cousin Flor-
ence,
I fear me, is long overdue;
'Tis not that I view with
abhorrence
The duty of writing to you.
But I have been hounded and harassed
By duties less pleasant to me;
I'm worried and sorely embarrassed,
And sometimes I feel "all at sea."

Although I am proud of the pupils
Entrusted to my tender care,
One boy is devoid of all scruples.
He drives me to daily despair!
To Coker I make this allusion
(I've mentioned this booby before)
He causes no end of confusion,
And sets all the class in a roar!

He told me that Oliver Cromwell
Took part in the recent Great War;
Had Coker exploded a bomb—well,
He couldn't have startled me more!
He told me the Isles of the Andaman
Were just off the coast around here;
So now you can quite understand a man
Fast losing his temper, my dear!

I welcome your kind invitation
To come to the Highlands and shoot;
I'm sure to enjoy the Vacation,
For that is my fav'rite pursuit.
I hope to discharge many cartridges,
And capture full many a brace
Of pheasants and pigeons and partridges
At your most delightful old place!

And what of your hares and your
rabbits?
Please tell me if they are quite tame;
Of obliging and generous habits,
And will they sit still while I aim?
If so, I shall slay them in dozens,
And there will be more than enough
To feed our vast army of cousins
(But I never sit down and stuff!).

I'm getting my rifle in readiness,
And soon I shall add to my fame
By shooting with such skill and steady-
ness

That Scotland will lose all her game!
This scree I must now be completing;
The post is about to go out;
Accept my most cordial greeting:

Yours ever,
PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT.

to tie right legs to left legs—using handkerchiefs, neckties, fragments of whipcord, bits of string, anything that came to hand.

In a few minutes the Famous Five were tied in a row, leg to leg. Then their hands were drawn behind them and the wrists secured. The Fifth Form men were roaring with laughter now; but the humorous side of the matter was quite lost on the hapless Co.

Blundell surveyed them grimly. Potter, as a finishing touch, rammed their caps down the backs of their necks, and ruffled their hair till it almost stood on end.

"Now get off!" said Blundell, and as a hint that it was time to start he lifted his foot and let it out—forcibly.

"Yaroooh!" yelled Johnny Bull, on whom the kick landed.

Blundell let his foot out again, and there was a roar from Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the seniors.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob. "Let's get off! Ooooooooh!" Blundell seemed to think he was kicking for goal "Ow! Stoppit!"

"Whoop!" yelled Hurreo Jamsot Ram Singh, as he received the next. "Ow! The startfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed chums! Wow!"

"Oh crikey! Ow!"
"Yooooooop!"

There was nothing else for it. The Fifth Form men, thoroughly enjoying the joke now, joined in, and many feet helped the hapless Removites to start. They started—hopping along clumsily and frantically in a yelling row. It was not easy for a row of fellows, tied leg to leg, to get going. But they managed it. Boot-leather was a powerful persuader. Coker wiped his eyes.

"Oh dear! Oh crumbs! Kick 'em, you men! Ha, ha, ha! This will be a

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,190.

lesson to them about checking the Upper School! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh dear!"

"Ow! Wow! Oh crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fifth-Formers.

Plunging and staggering, hopping and stumbling, the unhappy juniors dragged up the lane towards the school. They were glad, at least, to get out of the reach of kicking. Roars of laughter followed them from the hilarious Fifth-Formers.

Then Coker & Co. packed themselves into the car again, and went on their way still laughing. Blundell turned into the wood, to get a wash at the pond before he showed himself in public again. He needed one.

And Harry Wharton & Co., in the lowest possible spirits, lurched along the lane, feeling that japes on the Fifth were a delusion and a snare, and that life really was hardly worth living.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Hard Cheese!

"H A, ha, ha!"

The Bounder of Greyfriars fairly yelled.

He came along the lane with Tom Redwing, and at the sight of the Famous Five, he shrieked. Redwing stared and grinned.

Harry Wharton & Co., once safe from the enemy, had come to a halt. They could not release themselves; that was impossible. But they felt a natural shrinking from entering the school in this ridiculous state. It would have been all very well for Blundell; for themselves it was altogether too unpleasant. They hoped that some Remove men would be coming along; and that hope was soon fulfilled. Plenty of Remove men were likely to come along on a half-holiday; and Vernon-Smith and Redwing were the first.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Smithy. "You cackling ass!" gasped Bob Cherry. "What is there funny in this? Get us loose, you feathard!"

"Who did this?" gasped the Bounder. "Highcliffe chaps?"

"No—those Fifth Form rotters!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Smithy.

"You've been hunting trouble with the Fifth again? And you let them do this? Ha, ha, ha!"

"How could we help it?" demanded Wharton wrathfully. "We bagged Blundell and set him hopping—and then a crowd of them came up and jumped on us! Think we can handle six of the Fifth?"

"*You can't handle the Fifth at all!" jeered the Bounder. "You can't handle anybody or anything! You're no good! All you can do is to get the Form disgraced and then make fools of yourselves! Time you took a back seat and let better men give the Form a lead."

"Oh, cheese it, Smithy, old man!" said Redwing. "Let's get them loose!"

"Let's do nothing of the sort!" answered the Bounder. "They've asked for this—now let them enjoy it."

"The enjoyfulness is not terrific, my esteemed Smithy!" gasped Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh.

"Let us loose, you rotter!" bawled Johnny Bull.

"Shan't!" said the Bounder coolly. "And Redwing shan't, either! You jolly well deserve it for letting the Form down."

"Look here——" began Redwing.

"Hands off, Reddy!" said Vernon-Smith. "You shan't let them loose—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,190.

not without a scrap to begin with. They deserve every bit of it, and now they can wallow in it."

"Hallo!" Skinner and Snoop and Hazeldene came up at a trot. "What's this game? What—Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let us loose?" shrieked Nugent.

"Hands off!" said the Bounder. "They've been tackling the Fifth again—and this is how they do it! Let them alone!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. fairly glared at the yelling Removeites. They had taken it for granted that they would be released as soon as any members of their own Form showed up on the scene. But evidently they had taken a little too much for granted.

"Will you untie us, some of you?" almost hissed the captain of the Remove.

"I jolly well won't!" said Skinner.

"No fear!"

"You can jolly well go through it!" said Hazeldene, chuckling. "It's exactly what you deserve. You make out that you're the big noise in the Remove—no other leaders need apply. And you let the Form down!"

"I say, you fellows! He, he, he!" Billy Bunter was the next to arrive.

"I say—He, he, he! I say, you look a funny lot, you men! He, he, he!"

"Cut us loose, Bunter!" gasped Wharton.

"I'll kick you if you touch them, Bunter!" warned the Bounder.

"He, he, he! The fact is, Wharton, I'm jolly well not going to let you loose. You're too funny as you are."

"You fat frump!"

"I say, you fellows, you're jolly unpopular now, you know!" grinned Bunter. "You've let the Form down!"

"Oh crikey!" groaned Bob Cherry. "Here come a lot more! Oh dear!"

Temple, Dabney, & Co., of the Fourth, came sauntering along the lane. They added themselves to the little crowd round the hapless quintette, roaring with laughter. It was in vain to appeal to them for help. They only roared. With crimson, furious faces, the Famous Five wriggled in a stumbling row, surrounded by laughing juniors.

More and more fellows came along. The crowd was thickening round the dismal five, all yelling. Bolsover major came up, and Micky Desmond, and Russell and Ogilvy and William Wibley. But they only howled with laughter, instead of rendering help.

"You—you—you rotters!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You—you blighters! Oh, you worms! I'll jolly well lick the lot of you!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" bawled Bolsover major. "You can't keep our end up against the Fifth! You've let the Form down!"

"March them into the school like that!" suggested Skinner. "Let all Greyfriars see 'em looking the fools they are!"

"Hear, hear!"

"You rotters!" gasped Wharton.

"The rotterfulness is terrific!"

"Here comes my minor!" gasped Nugent. "I say, Dicky—Dicky!"

Nugent minor, of the Second Form, came along with Gatty and Myers.

They burst into a yell of laughter at the sight of the stumbling five.

"Lend us a hand, you young rotter!" shouted Frank wrathfully.

"Well, you do look a crew!" chuckled Dicky Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hands off, you fag!" exclaimed the

Bounder; and he shoved Nugent minor unceremoniously back.

"My hat! I'll lick you for this, Smithy!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Wingate!" gasped Bob.

Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, came in sight, walking with Gwynne.

The two Sixth Form men stopped, and stared at the Famous Five in blank amazement.

"What on earth's this game?" asked Wingate.

"I—I say, Wingate, let us loose, will you?" groaned Bob. "We—we're rather fed-up with this."

"The fed-upfulness is preposterous."

Wingate laughed.

"Who did this?" he demanded.

"Oh! Some—some jokers!" stammered Wharton. Wingate, as head prefect, held an official position, so he could not be told too much. The Famous Five did not want the prefects dragged into their row with the Fifth.

"Some of you kids let them loose!" said Wingate, laughing. "Why haven't you done it already? Now, then!"

Nugent minor opened his pocket-knife, and began. In the presence of the captain of the school the Bounder could not intervene. He laughed jeeringly, and walked on his way with Redwing.

The other fellows hung round, laughing and chortling. It was rather a long operation to set the prisoners free—Potter had secured them very carefully—but it was done at last; and then Wingate and Gwynne, laughing, walked on. The Famous Five glared at the crowd of hilarious juniors round them.

"You cackling chumps!" snorted Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows! He, he, he!"

With wrathful faces, the Famous Five tramped on towards the school. A roar of mocking laughter followed them. They were glad enough to get in at the school gates and hide their blushes.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry ruefully. "Our stock's low in the market, you men! If we can't get level with the Fifth after this, we may as well retire from business."

There was no doubt that the stock of the famous Co. was, so to speak, at a discount. When the fellows came into tea there was laughter up and down the Remove passage. Jeers greeted the Famous Five when they appeared in the passage. The tension was rather relieved by a terrific scrap between Bob Cherry and the Bounder—which left Smithy in anything but a hilarious mood. But that added, if anything, to the unpopularity of the once popular leaders of the Form. Licking a Remove man might be satisfactory to the wrathful five; but it did not help to restore the faded prestige of the Form.

"The fact is," said Bob Cherry, over a rather dismal tea in Study No. 1, "the fellows are more or less right, you men."

"Rats!" grunted Nugent.

"I mean it," said Bob. "We're the leaders of the Form—Wharton's captain, and we're his giddy henchmen. It's up to us to put the Fifth in their place, and show them that they can't bullyrag the Remove! The men expect it of us—and if we can't deliver the goods we can't expect to be popular."

There was a glum silence in the study. As a matter of fact, Bob had hit the nail on the head. Leaders were

expected to lead and show results; and it could not be denied that the Famous Five had failed. Peter Todd dropped into the study after tea, and his remarks did not add to the cheerfulness there.

"Sorry for you men!" said Toddy. "But the Form aren't standing it any longer. You've got till Saturday to get back on the Fifth; if you can't do it, you're going! We elect a new captain of the Remove on Saturday afternoon, Wharton—and I fancy it will be Smithy! Sorry, and all that—but you seem to be no good—and that's that!"

"Oh, get out!" growled Wharton.

Peter Todd got out. William Wibley looked into the study a few minutes later. The Famous Five glared at him.

"Well, what have you got to say?" demanded Wharton.

"Eh? Only that there's a rehearsal this evening."

"A—a w h a t ?" howled the juniors.

They were thinking of anything but amateur theatricals in the present parlous state of affairs.

"A rehearsal—"

"Blow the rehearsal," roared Johnny Bull, "and blow you, you silly ass!"

"Eh! We've got to rehearse 'Julius Cæsar'—"
To William Wibley the proceedings of the Remove Dramatic Society were everything; a feud with the Fifth was quite small beer in comparison. It was safe to say that William Wibley was the only man in the Remove who held that opinion.

"Bother 'Julius Cæsar'!" snapped Nugent.

"Look here—"

"Oh, buzz off, you ass!"

"But the rehearsal—"

"Get out!" yelled the exasperated Five.

"The rehearsal—"

With one accord the Famous Five hurled themselves on the too-enthusiastic manager of the Remove Dramatic Society, and barged him into the passage. There was a bump and a roar. The door slammed on William Wibley.

And the chums of the Remove were left to put their heads together to lay plans to restore the lost prestige of the Remove—which was the only way of recovering their own prestige in the Form—untroubled, at least, by William Wibley and Shakespearian rehearsals.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Big Idea!

BOB CHERRY chuckled. He chuckled suddenly, without thought—and at rather an unpropitious moment. For the Remove were in class in third lesson, and Mr. Quelch, their respected Form master, was expounding ancient Roman history to them.

It was no time for chuckling.

"Gooooo-hooooo-hoooooh!" gasped Blundell, as his face came out of the water. "Begging pardon for raiding the Remove passage yesterday?" asked Wharton.



Nobody else in the Remove felt disposed to chuckle. Some fellows were suppressing yawns—some suppressing groans—some on the back forms were venturing to doze—all were anxious for dismissal. Roman history did not entertain the Remove very much. And every eye was turned on Bob as he burst into that irrepressible chuckle.

Among the eyes turned on him were the gimlet-eyes of Henry Samuel Quelch, his Form master.

"Cherry!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bob.

Whatever secret thought it was that had caused Bob to chuckle, he was grave enough now. The expression on Mr. Quelch's face was calculated to evoke anything but merriment.

"You are amused, apparently, by what I have just told you concerning the Carthaginian War!" said Mr. Quelch, in his driest and most sarcastic tone.

"Oh! No, sir!" stammered Bob.

As a matter of fact, Bob had not even heard the valuable information Mr. Quelch had been imparting. Neither the First nor the Second Punic War interested Robert Cherry just then. He was interested in a far more recent war—that between the Remove and the Fifth Form at Greyfriars.

"I think you laughed, Cherry!"

"D-d-did I, sir?"

"You did! As the military operations of Hannibal were not the cause, may I inquire what was the cause of your unseemly and untimely merriment?" Mr. Quelch was grimly sarcastic.

"I—I—I was thinking—of—of something, sir—"
stuttered the unfortunate Bob.

"Not in connection with the lesson, I presume?"

"Nunno, sir!"

"I commend your frankness, Cherry. I must, however, impress upon your

mind that during class it is necessary to take some little interest in the lesson—or at least to pay some outward attention." Quelch was more sarcastic than ever. "You will take two hundred lines, Cherry!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bob.

Roman history went on its weary way; Bob Cherry remaining as serious as an owl till it ended. At the same time there was a gleam in Bob's blue eyes which would have betrayed, to a close observer, that he was thinking of something much more entertaining than the ancient campaigns of even so great a general as Hannibal.

Dismissed at last, the Remove streamed out of the Form-room. In the passage, free from the gimlet eye of Quelch, Bob Cherry permitted a cheery grin to overspread his countenance.

It was Saturday, and third lesson was the last for the day, the afternoon being a half-holiday. According to the rumours rife in the Remove, that afternoon spelled trouble for the captain of the Form. So far, the Famous Five had had no luck in "getting back" on the Fifth. It was not, in point of fact, an easy task. Giving the "kybosh" to a senior Form like the Fifth was a thing much easier discussed than done.

"What's the jolly old joke?" asked Johnny Bull, as Bob joined his chums in the corridor, his face beaming.

"I've got it!" answered Bob.

"You've got two hundred lines from Quelch—"

"Oh, blow the lines," said Bob. "I've got the idea! The wheeze! The big idea! The loud noise! The plan of campaign! See!"

"Cough it up," said Harry Wharton.

"Where's Wib? We want Wib."

"What the thump's Wib got to do with it? Wib's no good in a rag."

(Continued on page 16.)



(Continued from page 13.)

"That depends on the rag," answered Bob. "In the rag I'm thinking of, Wib is the goods. We can't handle it without him."

"Oh, rot!"

"Give a man a chance!" urged Bob. "I tell you, I've got a gilt-edged, cork-lined idea—the topper of the term! Let's get hold of Wib, and I'll tell you! I tell you we're going to make the Fifth sit up and cringe."

"How's that?"

"We're going to make them squirm!" said Bob impressively. "We're going to make them look the fools they are, to all Greyfriars! We're going to give them the time of their jolly old lives! We're going to make them tired! We're going to make them—"

"For goodness' sake, what's the stunt?" demanded Wharton.

"Let's get Wib, and I'll tell you."

William Wibley had vanished immediately after class was dismissed. The Famous Five found him in his study. He was sorting over costumes, grease-paints, and such things. William Wibley lived, and moved, and had his being in amateur theatricals. He did not conceal his opinion that football was a very small beer in comparison, and that he would have been prouder of a good play given by the Remove Dramatic Society than of the biggest victory won by the Remove Eleven. That, in the opinion of most of the Remove, was carrying the thing to the edge of insanity. All, or nearly all, of Wibley's spare time was given to his theatrical stunts—and a good deal of time that ought to have been devoted to prep.

He glared with an unwelcoming glare at the Famous Five as they came into his study. He was feeling sore.

The performance of "Julius Cæsar" had been indefinitely postponed. Nobody in the Remove—except Wibley—was bothering about amateur theatricals now. They were thinking of the feud with the Fifth; which seemed to Wibley a good deal like fiddling while Rome was burning.

"Don't come in," he said by way of greeting, and he snorted when the chums of the Remove came in all the same.

"We want you, Wib!" announced Bob.

Wibley thawed a little.

"You're ready for a rehearsal this afternoon?" he asked.

"Oh, my hat! No!"

Snort from William Wibley.

"Then what the thump do you want? Don't waste a man's time. Look here, if we can't get the play going I shall jolly well cut it out altogether."

"All right, old man."

Wibley glared. His dire threat, evidently, produced no effect.

"But we want you—"

"Football?" jeered Wibley. "Go and eat coke."

"Nunno! Shut the door, Frankie—we've got to keep this dark," said Bob.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,190.

"Now then, Wibley, you're a bit of an ass at most things—"

"Eh?"

"But there's one thing you can do," said Bob. "You can act! Not that there's much in acting—"

"Isn't there?" bawled Wibley.

"Well, no! But such as it is, you can do it!"

"You silly owl!"

"Now, look here, Wib—"

"You silly fathead!"

"Listen to a chap!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "I've got a ripping wheeze to—"

"Go and bury it."

"To make the Fifth sit up—"

"Bless the Fifth! I've no time for your kid rags."

"Shut up!" roared Bob. "Can't you listen instead of wagging your silly chin? Look here, when we gave a play last term you made up as a schoolmaster."

"What about it?" grunted Wib.

"Nobody would have known you—you looked the part to the life! If the Head had seen you, he'd have fancied you were another old ass like himself."

Wibley became more amicable.

"If you want me to do some of my impersonations, I don't mind," he answered. "What's the idea—an entertainment in the Rag?"

"Nunno! Look here! You've got all the things, left over in the property-box, and you can make up as a schoolmaster, or anything else. You can make yourself look fifty, and—"

"Of course I can," interrupted Wibley impatiently. "Haven't I done it a dozen times? But what—"

"Yes, what?" asked Harry Wharton. "You're a jolly long time coming the point, Bob."

"Silly duffers keep on interrupting me. Look here, Mr. Moon hasn't come yet," said Bob.

The juniors stared at Bob. This sudden change of subject astonished them.

"What about Moon?" asked Nugent.

"Lots!" chuckled Bob.

"Who's Moon?" asked Wibley.

"Haven't you heard, fathead? Why don't you get your silly nose out of your theatrical stunts sometimes, and notice what's going on round you?" snapped Bob. "Moon is the man who's coming to take Prout's place while he's away. I suppose you know that the Master of the Fifth is away from Greyfriars, and that a new man is coming to take his place for two or three weeks?"

"I don't care two straws—"

"Shut up, and listen. Moon hasn't come yet," said Bob. "He's expected any day but he hasn't arrived. Well, my idea is that he's going to arrive this afternoon—and that you're going to be him."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Moon's a stranger here," said Bob. "He's never been to Greyfriars. Nobody knows what he looks like—only, of course, he'll be some old frump, more or less like Prout. Well, why shouldn't you make up, like you did in the play last term, as a schoolmaster—"

"Oh!"

"And come here as Moon—"

"My hat!"

"And take the Fifth—"

"T-t-take the Fifth!" stuttered Wibley.

"And rag them bald-headed—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"You silly ass!" roared Johnny Bull. "Wibley couldn't do it; and he wouldn't have the nerve to do it if he could!"

Wibley glared at Johnny Bull. If he had any doubts himself, Johnny's remark would have banished them.

"You cheeky fathead!" he said. "I could do it on my head!"

"But—" gasped Wharton.

"As for nerve, I'd have nerve enough to call on the Head, as Mr. Moon, and I'll bet old Locke wouldn't tumble, either!" declared Wibley disdainfully.

"But—" ejaculated Nugent.

"It's a jolly good idea!" said Wibley. Probably William Wibley would have regarded any idea as jolly good which gave him the principal part to play, right in the spotlight. "Blessed if I know how Cherry came to think of it—with a brain like his! It's simply top-hole."

"But could you do it?" exclaimed Wharton.

Wibley only sniffed in reply to that. There was no doubt, in his own mind, at least, that he could do it.

"Wib can do it!" declared Bob Cherry. "He could do it on his head. We can take all the things out to the wood, and Wib can make-up there, and come on to the school in a taxi."

"Oh, my hat!"

"And the Head will be away this afternoon, which will be all to the good. This is his day for toasting at the vicarage."

"That cuts no ice," said Wibley. "I'd face the Head himself, and defy him to tumble. I tell you, when I make-up, I make-up!"

"And just think if Wib gets away with it!" breathed Bob Cherry. "A Remove man taking the Fifth as their Form master! Ordering them into their Form-room on a half-holiday! Giving them lines! Caning them—"

"Oh crikey!"

"Fancy Blundell bending over—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter.

The possibilities of that stunt—if it came off—were positively dazzling.

"Won't it make the Fifth sing small?" demanded Bob. "Won't it make them want to jump into a hole and pull it in after them to hide their blushes—when it comes out that they've been schoolmastered by a Remove man?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Topping!" shouted Wibley. "Spiffing!" Wibley was all enthusiasm now. "Why the Fifth will be cackled to death."

"If it comes off—" gasped Nugent.

"It will come off!" said Wibley.

"How do you know that?"

"Because I shall be doing it!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"It's a go!" said Wibley decidedly. "And I can tell you that when I hop into Greyfriars as Mr. Moon, you fellows will think I'm the real Moon yourselves."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, if the Fifth think you're Moon, that will be near enough," he said. "It will be the jape of the term—if it comes off!"

"No 'if' about it!" said Wibley. "It will come off! And if I don't give the Fifth the time of their lives, you can use my head for a football. It's a go! Let's sort out the things."

And a "go" it was!

After dinner that day, the Famous Five and William Wibley walked out of gates, all of them carrying little bundles. Bob Cherry walked down to the village to telephone for a taxi, which was to pick up "Mr. Moon" in Friardale Lane. The other fellows disappeared into the wood with Wibley.

In a secluded glade, with a looking-glass stuck on a tree, William Wibley proceeded with his transformation act. Four juniors, in the humble part of "dressers," lent their aid. And that solitary glade in Friardale Wood echoed with merry chuckles.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Coker Meets His New Form-Master!

THAT fool Blundell!" said Coker of the Fifth. Potter and Greene smiled.

It was a fine, clear afternoon—exactly the afternoon for football. The Fifth were booked for a Form match with the Sixth, and Blundell, of course, had been very careful in the selection of his team. Had he been careless, however, he would hardly have been careless enough to include Horace Coker in it.

Coker, of course, was feeling sore. He was all the more sore because his comrades were in the Eleven, and so Coker was going to be left on his lonely own for the half-holiday. And Potter and Greene, as Coker had often explained to them, were just "duds"—not in the same street with Coker, when it came to playing soccer. This was, in a way, true. Certainly Potter and Greene would have felt insulted had anybody hinted that they were in the same street with Coker in football matters.

"The dummy!" said Coker.

Potter and Greene ceased to smile as Coker glared at them suspiciously. After all, old Coker was going to stand tea after the match. He couldn't play football, but he had his uses.

"I think," said Coker, with emphasis, "that Blundell, having left the best man in the Fifth out of the team, you fellows might stand out as a protest."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Potter.

"We want to beat the Sixth, you know," hinted Greene.

"That's all right," said Coker. "You'll help by standing out. I've told you before that you're no good at soccer."

"Look here, Coker—"

"Well, what about cutting footer and coming out?" asked Coker. "The fact is, I expect it of you, as my friends."

Apparently Horace Coker was expecting a little too much.

"Coming!" called out George Potter, in response to an imaginary call, and he cut off towards the House. Greene followed him.

"Look here—" bawled Coker.

Potter and Greene vanished into the House. Coker knit his rugged brow, snorted, and swung away towards the gates. He was feeling sore at that ass, Blundell, leaving him out of the footer, and sorer at this base desertion of his friends. He found a little comfort in cuffing Billy Bunter, who was hanging about the gateway. Bunter yelled, and Coker strode out of the gates, and headed for Friardale, all on his own.

A taxi came buzzing from the direction of the village, and Coker glanced at it carelessly.

The gentleman seated in the taxi glanced at Coker. Then he spoke to the driver, and the car halted.

The passenger leaned from the window and beckoned to Coker.

Coker stared at him.

He saw a little gentleman with a straggling, grey moustache, a rather leathery-looking countenance, big, horn-rimmed spectacles, and grizzled hair showing under a very shiny silk hat. So far as Coker knew, he had never seen the man before, and he wondered at the cheek of a perfect stranger in beckoning to him. However, he stopped.

"Excuse me!" The little gentleman spoke in a sharp, staccato voice, as if he were wrapping out the words. "Is that Greyfriars School yonder?"

"That's it," answered Coker.

"Thank you! Are you a Greyfriars boy?"

"Yes," granted Coker.

"Kindly stop!" snapped the man in the horn-rimmed glasses, as Coker would have passed on his way. "I judge by your age and your size that you are probably in my Form at Greyfriars."

Coker started.

"Oh, my hat! Are you Mr. Moon, sir?" he asked, infusing a little respect into his manner.

"I am expected, I presume?" snapped the horn-rimmed gentleman. "Answer my question. Are you in the Fifth Form?"

"Yes, sir!" answered Coker.

"Name!"

"Coker, sir!"

"Coker? Did you say Coker or Croker?"

"Coker, sir," answered the Fifth Form man, breathing rather hard.

"Very good! You are Coker of the Fifth Form. And what do you mean, Coker, by showing yourself in public dressed in so slovenly a manner?"

(Continued on next page.)

Do the Home Jobs Yourself and Save Money!

You can do your own household repairs, decorating, shoe making. Make your own wireless set, etc., if you follow the instructions in

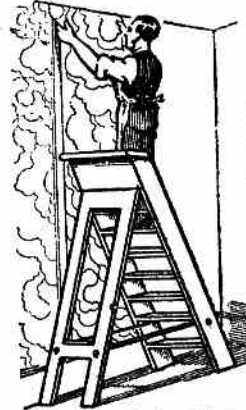
The Amateur Mechanic

It teaches you how



You can make and mend boots and shoes from the clear instructions.

This book tells, with the aid of thousands of working drawings, how to do hundreds of money-saving, money-earning jobs. Anyone can start at once with the help of this book, for everything is made so simple and so clear. It costs you only 1d. stamp to send the coupon below and get all particulars of our very easy terms, so easy that the books pay for themselves long before the last payment is due.



Save pounds by doing your own paperhanging, painting, and house repairs.

"The Amateur Mechanic" Shows How To:

Decorate a House throughout—Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Paper, Stain. Make and Repair Boots and Shoes—very full instructions and pictures on this. Upholster and Repair Beds, Sofas, etc. Make Wicker Chairs or a Baby Carriage. Make Summer Houses, Fowl Houses, Sheds. Repair Clocks and Watches. Do Bricklaying. Make Children's Toys and Models. Do Bookbinding and Leather Work, and Hundreds of Other Money-saving, Money-earning Jobs.

FREE

Send Coupon below for Free Booklet giving all particulars of this book and our VERY EASY TERMS.

TO THE WAVERLEY BOOK CO., LTD. (M.E. Dept.)
96 & 97, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Please send without charge or obligation your Free Illustrated Booklet, containing particulars of "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC," also information as to your offer to send the Complete Work for a nominal first payment, the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments, beginning thirty days after delivery of Work.

Name.....
(Send this form in open envelope, under 1d. postage.)

Address.....

M.M. 1930.

THE SCHOOLBOY FORM MASTER!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Wha-a-at?"

"Your collar is crumpled, your necktie is awry, your trousers need brushing. Are you taking advantage of the absence of your Form master to make this slovenly appearance, Coker?"

Coker stared at him. It was true that Horace Coker was rather careless in the matter of dress, his powerful mind being far above such trifles. Once or twice Mr. Prout had called him to order on that very subject. But Coker did not like it, and he liked it still less from a new master who had not even set foot in the school than he liked it from Prout.

"Answer me, Coker!" snapped Mr. Moon.

"I—I—my name's Coker, sir," grunted the Fifth Form man. "Coker, not Coker!"

"Quite so. Am I to understand that Mr. Prout allowed his boys to slouch—yes, slouch—about in public, dressed in a slovenly manner? Or are you taking advantage of his absence, sir?" snapped Mr. Moon.

Coker coloured.

"I—I—" he began uncertainly.

"Don't stammer, sir!" snapped Mr. Moon. He threw open the door of the taxi. "Step in!"

"Wha-a-t?"

"I shall take you back to the school with me. I desire you to understand, and all the boys in the Fifth Form to understand, that you have to deal with a master who will stand no nonsense. I shall take you with me to the headmaster, sir!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Coker.

"What? What?"

"The—the Head's out to-day, sir, stammered Coker, "and—and—"

"It is immaterial. Step into the taxi at once!"

Mr. Moon made room for Coker to enter, and Coker, with feelings too deep for words, stepped into the taxi.

"It—it's a half-holiday to-day, sir!" he mumbled.

"That makes no difference. Be silent!"

"But, sir—"

"I have told you to be silent!" barked Mr. Moon. "Take a hundred lines of Virgil, Coker!"

"Oh crikey!"

"Silence!" barked Mr. Moon. "Drive on, please!"

The taxi buzzed on towards Greyfriars.

Coker sat in it, simply blinking at Mr. Moon. He, like most of the Fifth, had wondered what the new Form master would be like. They had wondered whether he would be an improvement on Prout or the reverse. Obviously, from Coker's past experience, he was going to be the reverse.

There was not much of him compared with Prout. Prout was stout and portly. This new man was small—not, indeed, so tall as any fellow in the Fifth Form. But there was more bite in him than in Prout. Prout, on the whole, had been genial and easy-going. He over-did the dignity, and he was called "Old Pompous" in his Form. But he was genial. Geniality seemed to have been entirely left out of the composition of the new man. He seemed to be all vinegar.

Coker, as the taxi rolled on to the school, found himself hoping that Prout's absence would not be unduly prolonged. He had often had trouble with Prout. But he foresaw much more trouble with this vinegary little beast.

Gosling touched his hat as the taxi rolled in at the gates. Mr. Moon blinked at him through the horn-rimmed glasses and stopped the taxi.

"Here, my man!" he barked.

"Yessir!"

"You are the school porter, I presume. What—what?"

"Yessir."

"No doubt I am expected—Mr. Moon, master of the Fifth Form. What?"

The snappy little gentleman rapped out the words like bullets

"Yessir! Oh, yessir!"

"My luggage has not arrived," snapped Mr. Moon. "There has been some delay on the railway. What is your name?"

"Gosling, sir."

"Well, Gosling, if my luggage does not arrive within the next few hours it must be inquired after. Do you understand?"

"Yessir. But—"

"That will do. Boy!" Mr. Moon suddenly turned the glare of his horn-rimmed glasses on Billy Bunter, who was still hanging about the gateway, and who had turned his spectacles curiously on the man in the taxi. "Boy!"

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Bunter, jumping as he was so suddenly addressed.

"You are staring rudely!" snapped Mr. Moon. "You are a junior, I presume? What Form are you in?"

"Remove, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"If you were in the Fifth I should care you for your bad manners. What is your name?"

"B-b-bunter, sir."

"Well, Bunter, behave yourself. Take off your cap, sir, when you are addressed by a master!"

"Oh, yes, sir! I—I didn't know you were a master, sir!" stammered Bunter. "I—I—say, sir—"

"That will do! Drive on to the House."

The taxi rolled on up the drive. Billy Bunter blinked after it.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

And the Owl of the Remove rolled away to spread the news that the new master of the Fifth had arrived, and that he was a regular Tartar.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Moon Arrives at Greyfriars!

MR. QUELCH stood in the doorway of the House. Under his eyes the little horn-rimmed, silk-batted gentleman dismissed the taxi and ascended the steps, snapping out an order to Coker to follow him. Quelch regarded the newcomer with some interest. He guessed, of course, that this must be Mr. Moon, the new Form master. Nobody else was expected at Greyfriars, and a Fifth-Former was coming in with him. As the headmaster was absent, Quelch felt that it was up to somebody to give the new man a greeting, and he was prepared to be polite and friendly. A new member of the staff was always greeted with friendly geniality, being picked to pieces afterwards in private.

"Mr. Moon, I presume?" asked the Remove master, as the little gentleman came in with quick, jerky steps. Like many little gentlemen, Mr. Moon seemed to be full of energy and virility, and to have rather a desire to give an impression that he was bigger than he really was.

"Yes, sir," rapped the new master. "Are you the Head?"

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"No, sir. Dr. Locke is unfortunately, absent at the moment. But in the meantime—"

"Absent!" snapped Mr. Moon. "I certainly expected to see Dr. Locke, sir. He is absent?"

"For a few hours only," explained the Remove master. "I think he must have expected you by a later train."

Mr. Moon gave a grunt.

"My name is Quelch, sir! I am master of the Remove here—"

"Indeed!"

"In Dr. Locke's absence I welcome

A Budget of Ripping School Yarns

You will revel in the budget of ripping school yarns and thrilling adventure stories of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL. Each tale will hold you enthralled. Here you can meet all the jolly schoolboy characters of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood Schools whose merry pranks cannot fail to entertain. There are lots of other interesting features too, including pithy poems, puzzles, and eight beautiful plates.



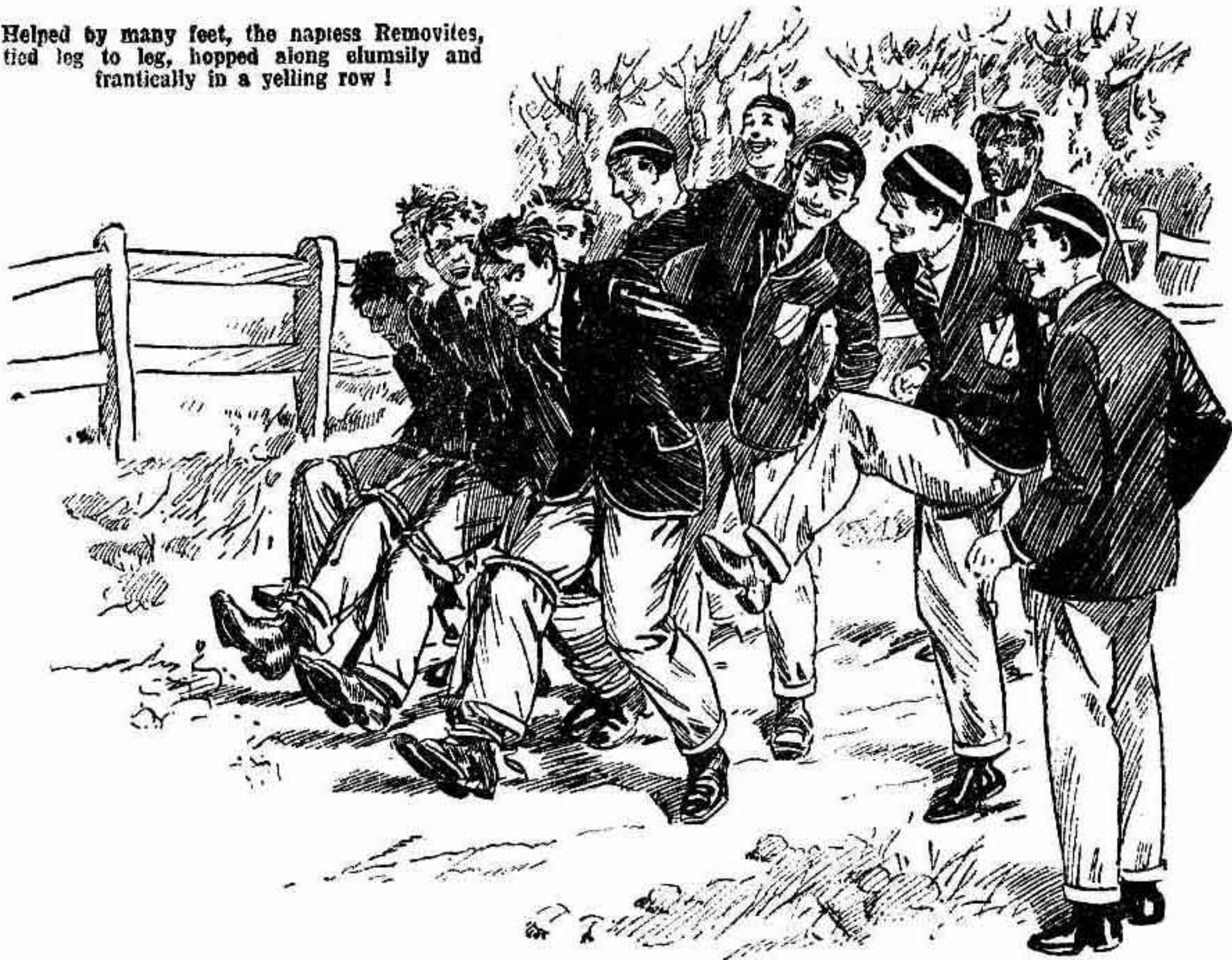
This jolly book contains stories about Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars.

HOLIDAY ANNUAL

At all Newsagents and Booksellers 6/- net.

You Will Also Enjoy The POPULAR BOOK OF BOYS' STORIES—Now on Sale 2/6
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,190.

Helped by many feet, the napless Removites, tied leg to leg, hopped along clumsily and frantically in a yelling row!



you to Greyfriars, Mr. Moon," said the Remove master genially, and he extended a hand.

Mr. Moon barely touched it.

"Very good, sir; but I certainly expected to see Dr. Locke. Naturally, I—h'm!—desire to see the headmaster as soon as possible. However, it cannot, I suppose, be helped."

"It certainly cannot be helped, Mr. Moon," answered the Remove master dryly. He was not very favourably impressed with this new man, who seemed to think that the Head ought to have put off an engagement to be present when he arrived. "However—"

"May I go now, sir?" asked Coker, in a suppressed voice.

Mr. Moon glanced round at him.

"No!" he snapped.

"But, sir—"

"Silence!"

Coker suppressed his feelings, and was silent. Quelch glanced rather curiously at the Fifth-Former. Quelch was a rather severe disciplinarian himself; but it struck him that Moon was beginning rather early.

"Some of the staff are in Common-room now, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "No doubt you would like to be introduced to your future colleagues—"

"At the moment, no!" barked Mr. Moon. "But if you will be kind enough to show me to my study, Mr. Squelch, I—"

"Quelch, sir!"

"Did you not say your name was Squelch?"

"I did not, sir!" said the Remove master stiffly. "My name is Quelch."

"Quelch or Squelch, it makes little difference. A very odd name, sir—very odd indeed! What?"

Quelch breathed hard and deep.

"Really, Mr. Moon—"

He hardly knew what to say, but he considered that he had seen enough of this new man, whose manners he disliked extremely. He was anxious to get away, all his geniality having vanished; and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Moon, for reasons of his own, was also desirous of cutting short his interview with the master of the Form to which William Wibley belonged.

"Well, take me to my study!" snapped Mr. Moon.

"Wha-a-t?"

Mr. Quelch could hardly believe his ears. He had told this man that he was a Form master; yet the fellow was speaking to him as to a servant.

"Are you deaf, sir?" barked Mr. Moon.

Mr. Quelch coloured with indignation.

"I am not deaf, sir! And I feel bound to say—"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Moon irritably. "I need not trouble you, Mr. Squelch. This boy can take me to my study, as he is in my Form. Coker, take me to my study, and do not stand gaping there!"

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Coker.

He tramped on, and Mr. Moon whisked after him. Mr. Quelch stared blankly after the new master of the Fifth.

"Upon my word!" he ejaculated.

And Mr. Quelch walked away to the Common-room, to tell the other members of the staff that Mr. Moon had arrived, and that Mr. Moon's manners were very singular—very singular indeed—for a gentleman occupying the position of Form master in a Public School.

Coker led the new master to Mr.

Prout's study. Mr. Moon whisked into the room and laid his silk hat on the table. The removal of his hat had displayed a bald scalp, surrounded by grizzled hair. Coker told himself that the old blighter was sixty, at least.

"Is this Mr. Prout's study?" snapped Mr. Moon.

"Yes, sir!"

"There is no fire! It is a cold day. A fire should have been lighted. It would really look as if I were not expected to-day. The headmaster absent, and no fire lighted in my study! Upon my word!"

Coker could only stare. Evidently Mr. Moon regarded himself as a very important person; and, after all, he was only a temporary master. Just one of those johnnies supplied by the agency to fill the place of Prout while he was away. Coker told himself that the little blighter had plenty of neck.

"It is very annoying that my luggage has not come," snapped Mr. Moon, glaring at Coker as if it were Coker's fault. "And no fire—no fire in the study—upon my word! Light a fire, Coker!"

"Eh?"

"Are you deaf, as well as Squelch? Light a fire!" barked Mr. Moon.

Coker stared at him dazedly. Did the little brute fancy that Fifth Form men fagged for a master as the Third fagged for the Sixth?

"I—I'll ring for a maid, sir!" stammered Coker.

"You will do nothing of the kind. You will light the fire!" barked Mr. Moon. "Make yourself useful. What? There is coal in the scuttle—"

"There—there isn't any wood, sir. How—"

"Use your head!" snapped Mr. Moon. Coker jumped. For a moment he thought that Moon was actually making a joke.

"Thank!" snapped the new master. "Find something. Don't stand there gaping! You seem to be a very stupid boy, Coker!"

"I—I—I—"

"I have told you before not to stutter, Coker. If you stutter while talking to me I shall cane you. I shall cane you, anyway, if that fire is not burning in five minutes."

"Oh crumbs!" gurgled Coker. He went forth dazedly from the study in search of firewood. Mr. Moon sat down in Prout's armchair.

Now that he was alone he grinned. But his face composed itself into severe gravity at once as there came a tap at the study door.

"Come in!" barked Mr. Moon. It was Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth, who entered. Capper was rather curious to see the new man who had upset Quelch.

"Ah, excuse me, sir!" said Mr. Capper brightly. "Hearing that you had arrived—"

"Quite so," interrupted Mr. Moon. "You may bring me a cup of tea."

"Eh?"

"A cup of tea!"

Capper blinked.

"You—you do not seem to—understand, Mr. Moon," he gasped. "I—I am Mr. Capper, a Form master here—"

"What? What? Are you not a manservant?"

"A—a—a—manservant!" Capper crimsoned. "Sir! Mr. Moon—what—er—"

"My mistake, sir!" said Mr. Moon. "Being a stranger here, I can only judge by appearances, to begin with, but—"

"Sir! I—I—you—you—" Capper choked.

Almost gurgling with indignation, Mr. Capper walked out of the study, closing the door after him with unnecessary vim.

Mr. Moon, the remarkable new master of the Fifth, grinned again. He grinned in peace till Coker came back with the firewood.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Rough on the Fifth!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Harry Wharton & Co. smiled. They had walked back from Friardale Wood, and as they entered the House Billy Bunter bore down on them. Bunter, evidently, had news, and the chums of the Remove wondered whether it was in connection with the master of the Fifth.

"I—I say!" gasped Bunter. "Moon—you've heard of Moon—"

"Yes, rather!" agreed Nugent. "In fact, I've seen the moon. Several times."

"Oh, really, Nugent! I don't mean that moon, you ass. I mean Mr. Moon—"

"Who's missed a moon?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Mister Moon!" howled Bunter. "The new man—the new Form master. The man who's taking old Prout's place—the master of the Fifth!"

"Oh! Come to think of it, I've heard him mentioned," said Bob. "You men have heard the name, haven't you?"

"I think so," said Harry Wharton gravely.

"I seem to have heard it mentioned,"

said Johnny Bull. "Well, what about the man, Bunter?"

"He's come!"

"Has he?" yawned Bob Cherry. "Well, that may be interesting to the Fifth. How do they like him?"

"He, he, he!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What are you going off like an alarm-clock for?"

"That new man!" gasped Bunter. "He's a corker! He's a terror! He's a real coughdrop. He jolly well snapped my head off the minute he came. I say, he brought Coker of the Fifth in with him. He's stopped his half-holiday. Coker looks like a demon—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"He's made Coker light his fire!"

"Phew!"

"He's upset Quelch!"

"Great pip! Did he face Quelch?" exclaimed Bob.

"Face him? Why shouldn't he?"

"Eh! Ah! Yes! Of course—no reason why he shouldn't. But did he?"

"Yes, rather! Snapped at him—bit his head off. He seems frightfully snappish! Barks at a man. But that isn't all!"

A DANDY LEATHER POCKET WALLET

is awarded for every Greyfriars Limerick published in the MAGNET. One of this week's handsome prizes goes to: A. W. Horst, of Chiltern View, Mandeville Road, Aylesbury, Bucks, who submitted the following clever limerick:

There's an ill-tempered prefect named Loder,
Whose pet fancy's a whisky and soda;
He often makes bets
And smokes cigarettes,
Then sats cachous to banish the odour!

Make up a Greyfriars Limerick to-day and send it along.

"What else is there?" asked Harry Wharton. The Famous Five were quite interested in the new Fifth Form master.

They had, perhaps, had a few lingering doubts when they walked back to Greyfriars. But those doubts were banished now. Evidently the new Form master had passed muster. And as they were half an hour behind the new master's taxi they were very interested to know what "Mr. Moon" had been up to.

"He's stopped the half-holiday for the Fifth!" gasped Bunter. "He hasn't been in the school half an hour, and he's jumped on the Fifth like—like a tiger! I say, you can hear them here from the changing-room, if you listen! They were going to change for the match with the Sixth, you know! They're raging."

"Oh, the ass!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Is he butting into football? He ought not to stop a football match."

Harry Wharton chuckled.

"It's only a Form match!" he said.

"He would have sense enough not to butt in if it were a school match. A Form match doesn't matter."

"That's so," agreed Bob. "But—"

"Blundell's raving!" chortled Bunter. "I say, you fellows, come along to the changing-room! Half the fellows are there! I say, Blundell can

be heard all over the place! He swears he won't stay in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He'll have to if his Form master orders him!" chortled Nugent.

"Yes, rather!" chirruped Bunter.

"But he says he won't! Blundell thinks that a Blood can do anything he likes! He, he, he! He's jolly well caught a Tartar in that new man! He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton & Co. headed for the changing-room at once. Evidently the new master of the Fifth had lost no time in getting to work.

Round the doorway of the changing-room, the place where footballers of all Forms were wont to congregate, there was a crowd. Removites, Fourth-Formers, Shell men, fags of the Third and Second had gathered there. The news had spread that the new master of the Fifth, barely established in the House, had dropped on his Form like a ton of bricks, and all Greyfriars was intensely keen on the subject.

From the crowded changing-room came a buzz, or rather a roar, of voices. Blundell's was the loudest.

"The man's mad! Mad as a batter! Butting into games before he's hardly set foot in the House! The man's mad!"

"It's the limit!" said Potter.

"Look here, Wingate ought to interfere," said Greens.

"That's right!" declared Fitzgerald.

"As Head of the Games, it's up to Wingate!"

Wingate of the Sixth was looking perplexed and worried. The Sixth Form footballers were there, all ready to change for the game; but changing had ceased when that astounding order was received from the new Form master. The Sixth, of course, were not under his authority; but it was not much use for the Sixth to change for footer if the opposing team was to be kept off the ground.

"I can't make it out!" said Wingate. "It's extraordinary for the man to chip in like this! Amazing! Did he give any reason?"

"What did he say, Coker?" asked several voices.

Coker of the Fifth, apparently, had brought that message from Mr. Moon to the enraged and exasperated men in the changing-room.

"I've told you," said Coker. "He said that the whole Form are to assemble in the Form-room immediately."

"Didn't you tell him we were playing football?" bawled Blundell.

"Of course I did!"

"And what did he say?" hooted Tomlinson.

"He said it was immaterial. That was his word! Immaterial! If I were playing in this match," said Coker emphatically, "I'd jolly well play, and let him rip! That's what I'd do."

"If you were playing it wouldn't be football, and it wouldn't matter!" snorted Blundell.

"Look here, Blundell!" bawled Coker.

"Shut up! We can't stand this, you men!" exclaimed Blundell excitedly.

"You will have to explain to the man that it won't do, Wingate! Speak to him as Head of the Games!"

"Well, I'll see what I can do!" said the captain of Greyfriars; and he left the changing-room, pushed through the buzzing crowd outside, and headed for Masters' Studies.

The changing-room was left in an angry buzz, like a disturbed bee-hive.

Harry Wharton & Co. smiled at one another.

"Oh! You fellows are here!" said Vernon-Smith, glancing at them. "You seen the new Moon? Queer little blighter in specs—rather fat, but not a bit taller than a Remove man. Voice like a barking dog. Seen him?"

"We've had a glimpse of him!" said Bob. "He seems to be a bit of a terror, from what we hear."

"Won't do for Greyfriars, I fancy," said the Bounder. "Butting into games like this—who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By the way, this has rather interrupted what we had on this afternoon," said the Bounder. "You haven't got back on the Fifth yet. I can jolly well tell you that the Form means business—and that if you can't handle the Fifth, Wharton, we shall get another Form-captain who can. I can tell you—"

"The Fifth are going to have a high old time this afternoon!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Looks like it, with their jolly old new master!" agreed the Bounder. "But you've got nothing to do with that."

"Havent we?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Eh? I don't see—"

The Bounder stared at them, puzzled.

"Lots of things you don't see, Smithy!" answered Frank Nugent.

"The lotfulness is terrific!"

"What the thump?" exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

"Wait and see!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Wingate! He doesn't look as if he's had much luck!"

All eyes were turned on Wingate of

the Sixth as he came back to the changing-room. His face was grim.

He passed through the crowd into the room; and Blundell and the rest of the Fifth turned to him eagerly.

"Well?" asked Blundell.

"He won't listen to a word!" said the Greyfriars captain. "Cut me short—snapped like a giddy terrier! He says that if the Fifth are not in their Form-room, ready to have their names called, in five minutes, he will cane every boy in the Form."

There was a yell.

"What?"

"That's what he said!" answered Wingate, shrugging his shoulders hopelessly. "If the Head were in I'd suggest an appeal to him—the man's hopeless. But Dr. Locke won't be back yet. You'd better do as Moon says."

"Doesn't he know that the Fifth aren't caned?" roared Blundell.

"Blessed if I think he knows anything," said Wingate. "But the long and the short of it is that he's your Form master, and I don't see that you can do anything but toe the line."

"We're playing football!" bawled Blundell.

"The cheeky little swipe!" said Coker. "Why, I could pick him up in one hand and chuck him across his study. I could—"

"Go and do it, Coker!" called out Hobson of the Shell.

"If I were captain of the Fifth—" said Coker.

"Well, you're not!" hooted Blundell.

"Shut up, Coker! Look here, you men, are we going to stand this?"

"Faith, it's hard cheese!" said Gwynne of the Sixth. "But I don't see what else you can do. The man's a beak."

"The fact is, he's instructed me, as a

prefect, to see that you men go to the Form room," said Wingate. "I—I don't see how I can refuse. After all, he's a master and I'm a prefect. I'm afraid there's nothing else doing."

Blundell was red with rage. Every face in the Fifth was furious. The thing was unprecedented—unheard-of. No doubt a new Form master desired to make the acquaintance of his Form. But to order them into the Form-room when they were changing for football on a half-holiday was simply unthinkable. The only explanation seemed to be that the man was mad; or else he was utterly unacquainted with the manners and customs of a school like Greyfriars.

But, as Wingate had said, there seemed to be nothing else doing. Slowly, but inevitably, the Fifth Form made up their minds to what could not be helped; and with furious faces they left the changing-room, made their way through a breathless and excited crowd, and repaired to their Form-room.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

"Bend Over!"

MR. MOON was standing at Prout's desk in the Fifth Form room. He had a Form list in his hand; and as the infuriated seniors marched in, he blinked at them through his big, horn-rimmed glasses. This was the first that most of the Fifth had seen of him, and they stared at him with inimical eyes. As Coker had said, he looked as if one of the hefty seniors could have picked him up and tossed him across the room. He was smaller than Twigg, the master of the Second, who was quite a small

(Continued on next page.)



Here's a steam-propelled speedboat that will win you races—a real patent Bowman boat that will cruise for two miles on a single filling!

It's a fine boat to look at—streamlined and beautifully enamelled. It's a fine boat to own—strong, sturdy, speedy. The steam-unit is guaranteed double-powered. The wind-cutting spray hood and polished aluminium wind-shield add to its speed and reliability. It's a real British engineering job—and a splendid present for a British boy.

BRITISH AND GUARANTEED

A beautifully finished wooden hull of extra light design. Length 28 ins. Beam 5 ins. Bowman double-power, twin-cylinder engine of 1/2 in. stroke. Two Automatic drip feed lubricators. Safety spirit lamp. Other models from 1/7.6.

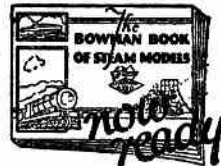
42/-
(Postage 1/-)

Of all Halfords and Hobbies branches and good shops everywhere.

BOWMAN STEAM MODELS

BOWMAN MODELS (DEPT. 627), DEREHAM, NORFOLK

Here's a book that tells you almost everything about model steam engines—their design, adjustments under all conditions, together with notes on almost every running problem likely to crop up. It also gives full details of all the famous super value Bowman productions—double-power stationary engines, patent speedboats, steam locos, the patent track and rolling stock, and new working models, etc. It's a book no model enthusiast should be without.



SEND 3d. IN STAMPS FOR YOUR COPY NOW!

gentleman. But what he lacked in quantity, he made up in quality.

"Tab, your places!" he barked. In furious silence, the seniors took their places. Coker ventured on a snort, to show how independent he was. "Silence!" barked Mr. Moon. "I am about to call over the names! Silence!"

He proceeded to bark out the names from the Form list, and the Fifth answered savagely in turn. All the Form were present with the exception of two or three fellows who had gone out before Mr. Moon arrived. But all the footballers were there, and most of the others.

"Three absent!" snapped Mr. Moon. "They will be punished."

"It's a half-holiday, sir!" said Blundell, breathing hard. "Fellows have a right to go out if they like on a half-holiday."

"Don't argue with me, Blundell!" "I'm not arguing, sir, but—"

"Silence." Blundell suppressed his feelings with difficulty. Mr. Moon blinked at the Form severely.

"I have reason to believe," he barked, "that this Form has got very much out of hand since the late master left. This Form appears to me to be in an unruly and rebellious state. I shall not allow this! I shall enforce discipline! What? What? You tell me that it is a half-holiday to-day, Blundell."

"Yes, sir! And—"

"The half-holiday is cancelled! I am extremely dissatisfied with this Form. I sent you orders to assemble immediately in the Form-room. You did not do so. I desire to hear no excuses." Mr. Moon seemed to strut like a fierce little turkey-cock. "No excuses, please! Silence! Every boy present will take two hundred lines. Sit down and write them out, in my presence, and under my eye."

"But, sir—" gasped Potter. "Look here—" roared Coker. "Silence! Another word, and I shall use my cane!" barked Mr. Moon. "Look here, sir—" It was Coker again.

"You persist in disobedience, Coker!" Mr. Moon picked up a cane from Prout's desk, and came towards the Form. "Step out here!"

Coker stepped out before the Form. The big and hefty Horace almost towered over the little Form master.

Mr. Moon pointed to a chair with his cane.

"Bend over that chair, Coker!" "What-a-at?"

"Bend over that chair!" Coker glared at him.

"The Fifth are not caned, sir!" said Blundell, hastily.

"If you speak again, Blundell, I shall cane you also. Coker, if you do not bend over that chair instantly, I shall report you to your headmaster on his return, and demand your expulsion from the school. I will have obedience in this Form, sir."

Coker stood like a sturdy oak, defiant. He was not going to be caned by this little beast, not if he knew it.

"Will you bend over, Coker?" barked Mr. Moon.

"I'm not going to be caned!" said Coker.

There was a breathless hush in the Fifth Form room. Every man in the Form was yearning to take the "little blighter" by the neck and twist that neck for him. No man in the Fifth, however, was thinking of doing it. The consequences of handling a Form master were too dire. And though it was a tradition in the Fifth Form room that the Fifth were not caned, probably only Coker was reckless enough to refuse to obey a master's order to "bend over."

"You refuse?" barked Mr. Moon. "I refuse to be caned!" hooted Coker. "Oh crumbs!" murmured Potter.

Mr. Moon blinked at Coker. Then he stepped to the door and threw it wide open.

Perhaps it was by chance that the Famous Five of the Remove were in the Form-room passage. Perhaps it was not by chance. Anyhow, there they were.

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped and addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

NEWSPAPERS for you this week, chums—bagfuls of it! And, of course, it refers to next week's specially enlarged Christmas Number, which, you can take it from me, is the finest value in boy's papers that you can find anywhere. There are more pages in it, and they are crammed full with good things—just the kind of things you expect to find in a Christmas Number.

First of all, Frank Richards has excelled himself! Next week's story, which is entitled:

"BILLY BUNTER'S CHRISTMAS!"

is the first of a dashed fine series of holiday yarns which relate the adventures of the Famous Five during their vacation. As usual, William George Bunter refuses to be left out of the good times, and the result is distinctly humorous—from the reader's point of view. What the chums of Greyfriars think about it I will leave you to learn when you get next week's issue into your hands!

You'll find an alteration—and an improvement, if that is possible—in the "Greyfriars Herald," which appears in a new and novel form, while our topping serial, and our popular shorter features will appear as usual and will be bang up to date with their topical allusions. Don't miss next week's issue, chums, whatever you do, or you'll go around asking someone to kick you!

I HAVEN'T much space at my disposal this week, for there are so many good things on other pages, that I have been crowded off my usual page. However, there are one or two letters from readers which I must find space to answer.

A reader who signs himself "A Keen Magnetite" sends me a letter and tells me that he has been an ardent reader of our paper for the past twelve years. That's the kind of thing I like to hear, and I hope he will go on reading it for the next twelve years—and longer! He makes a suggestion which, by the time this answer appears in my chat, he will find has already been carried out. But I want to tell him that I am always glad to receive suggestions from my readers—yes, and even criticism! It is only by knowing exactly what my readers prefer that I can keep the MAGNET up to scratch.

So don't be afraid to write to me, whether it is bouquets or brickbats you want to throw!

FROM Ottawa, in Canada, comes a letter from Irvine Borts, who asks if I can tell him something about

THE FIRST SUBMARINE.

Submarines are said to have been invented about the year 1578, and one was tried out on the Thames early in THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,190.

the seventeenth century, and another one at Plymouth in 1774. Most of the first attempts to construct submarines, however, met with failure, and it was not until 1865 that a submarine war vessel was built, and carried a crew of three or four men. It could remain submerged for six hours. From that time onwards all the European powers experimented with submarines, but it was not until the Great War that submarines, as we know them now, came into regular use.

This reader has two other questions to ask me. The first is: "Who wrote the Greyfriars stories before Mr. Richards?" No one! Frank Richards has been writing these stories ever since the MAGNET first appeared, and as we are now at No. 1,190, you can tell how many years he has been bringing delight to readers of all ages!

My chum's last question is: "What is the cause of most motor accidents?" This can be simply answered in the sentence: "Want of road sense." Properly handled, there should be no motor accidents; but, unfortunately, the human element is not infallible, and a temporary lapse on the part of one person may lead to a serious accident involving many others. So when you take out a driving licence take care that you cultivate that illusive quality known as "road sense."

FROM J. E., of Southampton, comes a letter which asks me ABOUT HOME MOVIES.

J. B. wants to know if it is possible for him to take his own films and develop them for use in his own home. Certainly. There are any number of home cine-cameras and projectors on the market nowadays, and all one has to do is to load the camera, point it at the objects to be photographed—and press the button! The cameras work with a clockwork motor, and there are firms who specialise in the development of the film, which are direct positives, and as soon as they are developed are ready for showing in the home.

Colour cine-photography is already possible for the amateur, and inventors are now working to find out a cheap method of adapting home cinemas for "talkies." Before long it will be possible for us all to have our own coloured talking films by our fireside, and it may surprise my Southampton reader to know that there are already a large number of amateur film-producing societies in existence.

I wonder if any of my readers belong to such societies? If so I will be pleased to hear from them, and to pass on any interesting information which they may have to impart for the benefit of other readers.

Well, I've come to the end of my space, so I am afraid I must "pipe down."

Cheerio!

YOUR EDITOR.

"Wharton! Your name is Wharton, I think?"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry, almost wondering whether this fierce-looking little gentleman could really be Wibley of the Remove.

"I require assistance in this Form-room! Will you render me assistance?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Come on, then."

The Famous Five obediently entered the Fifth Form-room. The Fifth stared at them, wondering what was coming. Mr. Moon pointed to Coker with his cane.

"This boy, Coker, refuses to be caned at my order! Take him and hold him down over this chair!"

"Certainly, sir!"

Coker fairly jumped. There was a deep murmur in the Fifth. Had Mr. Moon called in the aid of Sixth Form prefects to enforce his just authority, it would not, perhaps, have been surprising. But to call in the aid of juniors of the Lower Fourth was absolutely amazing.

Harry Wharton & Co. advanced on Coker.

"Hands off!" roared Coker, red with rage. "You lay a finger on me, you little beasts, and—and—yaroooh! Oh, my hat! Whooop!"

The chums of the Remove not only laid a finger on Coker; they laid five pairs of hands.

Coker struggled furiously; but the Famous Five were too many for him. He was up-ended in great style and came down on the Form-room floor with a crash. Then, in spite of a strenuous resistance, he was dragged to the chair, and placed across it in a correct attitude for punishment.

Mr. Moon flourished the cane.

Whack!

It came down across Coker with a crack like a pistol shot. The yell that emanated from Coker woke most of the echoes of Greyfriars.

Whack! whack! whack!

Coker struggled frantically. He was absolutely regardless of consequences now; he was not going to be held down by Removites and caned by this little blighter if he could help it. Unfortunately, he couldn't help it. The Famous Five held him in a grasp of iron; and the cane rose and fell.

Dust rose in clouds from Horace Coker's trousers, and fiendish yells from Horace Coker.

"Yaroooh! Help! Rescue! Lend me a hand! Potter! Greene! Whooop!"

Potter and Greene sat with stony faces. So did the rest of the Fifth. Rescuing Coker meant handling a Form master, and getting expelled from the school. That was not good enough for the Fifth.

"There!" said Mr. Moon, having delivered the sixth whack. "No doubt that will be a lesson to you, Coker! Release him!"

Coker was released. He struggled off the chair, gasping, panting, crimson.

"Go to your place, Coker!"

For a moment, Coker seemed about to rush at the grinning juniors, and seek vengeance. But perhaps six of the best had taken a little of the vim out of Coker. He staggered to his place instead.



Coker made a wild leap for the brake and was promptly collared by the roaring Removites, who pulled his ears, ruffled his hair, squeezed an orange down his neck, and then let him drop!

"Thank you, my boys!" said Mr. Moon. "I shall be obliged if you will remain here—I may need further assistance."

"Certainly, sir!" said Bob Cherry, cheerfully.

"The certainfulness is terrific," grinned Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

And the Famous Five remained. The Fifth, with savage faces, sat down to write lines. There was silence in the Form-room save for the scratching of pens. In at the open doorway glimmered a fat face and a pair of spectacles. The yells of Coker had been heard far and wide.

"May I shut the door, sir?" asked Blundell, in a suppressed voice.

"You may not, Blundell!" barked Mr. Moon.

"If that Remove kid is to stare in at us—"

"That Remove boy may do as he pleases, Blundell! In fact, I have no objection to other Forms seeing that discipline is now being established in this Form. Bunter—is your name Bunter?"

"Yes, sir!" giggled Billy Bunter.

"Very good! Remain where you are. you will be able to report to others that this disorderly Form is now being reduced to obedience and discipline."

The Fifth-Formers exchanged furious looks.

Not only had this little brute, Moon, cancelled a half-holiday and a football match; he seemed actually to want to humiliate them in the eyes of a fag Form. The feelings of the Fifth could hardly have been expressed in words.

Billy Bunter grinned in at the dismal

Form, sitting scowling and scribbling lines. He was soon joined by others. Perhaps the Famous Five had passed the word along; at all events, most members of the Remove seemed to have a desire to pass their half-holiday in the Fifth Form doorway. That doorway was soon swarming.

Mr. Moon did not seem to heed the gathering crowd.

It was rather odd that, being so strict a disciplinarian in dealing with his own Form, he should be indifferent to the presence of a grinning, chuckling crowd of juniors swarming in the Form-room doorway. But so it was!

"I say, you fellows! Don't the Fifth look sick!" giggled Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Even then Mr. Moon paid no heed; though the Fifth glared at the doorway with deadly glares.

"Blundell!"

"Sir!"

"Collect the papers, and place them on my desk."

"Very well, sir."

The captain of the Fifth went along the forms, gathering the papers. They were piled on the Form master's desk.

Mr. Moon proceeded to blink at them. The Fifth watched him impatiently. They hoped that now their lines were written, they were to be dismissed. Never was a hope so ill-founded.

"Disgraceful!" barked Mr. Moon. "Slovenly! If this is how you write in the Fifth Form, you had better take some instructions from small boys in the Second! Scandalous!"

The Fifth heard him in savage silence.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,190.

They had not, perhaps, taken much care with those lines; but really they were not so bad as all that.

"Blundell!"

"Yes, sir!" said Blundell, between his teeth.

"You are head boy of this Form, I believe?"

"I am, sir!"

"Then you should be ashamed of this slovenly work, Blundell. As you are head boy, I shall cane you as an example to the rest."

"Wha-a-t?"

"Bend over that chair!"

Blundell stood as if rooted to the floor. He gazed at this little brute of a new Form master with unbelieving eyes. It was scarcely credible that he, George Blundell, captain of the Fifth, a Blood of the Bloods, was ordered to "bend over" like a fag. It had been astonishing enough, in the case of Coker! But Blundell—

"Wha-a-t?" stammered Blundell.

"Obey me! I will have obedience in this Form! I am going to cane you, Blundell! Bend over!"

"Oh crumbs!" articulated Blundell.

"Do you hear me, sir?" barked Mr. Moon. "Obey me, sir—instantly! Bend over that chair!"

"Shall we bend him over, sir?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Certainly, if he does not obey me at once. You hear me, Blundell?"

Blundell struggled with his feelings. He was tempted to throw all restraints aside, call on his friends to back him up, and barge Mr. Moon and the juniors out of the Form-room in a heap. Many of the Fifth looked as if they would have backed him. But—Prudence restrained him. Barging over a Form master spelled the "sack."

White with rage, but disdainful to be held down by fags like Coker, Blundell of the Fifth bent over the chair. Mr. Moon flourished the cane.

Whack, whack, whack!

The Fifth looked on, almost frozen with horror. From the doorway, a crowd of juniors stared in, yelling with laughter.

"Go it!"

"Give him jip!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Blundell disdained to utter a sound. But he wriggled under the strokes of the cane. Outside, the crowd was thickening; the Form-room passage

fairly swarmed now. Fellows of all Forms were there, as well as Removites; even two or three of the Sixth. A master's cap was seen over the crowd; Mr. Capper, for a moment, stared into the Fifth Form room in amazement.

Mr. Moon seemed unconscious of the crowd at the doorway. The Fifth were only too keenly conscious of it: Perhaps Mr. Moon liked an audience. The Fifth certainly did not. The cane whacked on the hapless Blundell. Rather to his surprise, it did not whack very hard. But it whacked.

"Now go to your place!" barked Mr. Moon. "Write out your lines over again. If they are not written satisfactorily this time, I shall detain the whole Form until calling-over."

Blundell almost staggered to his place. Thicker and thicker grew the crowd in the passage, almost scrapping for front places. The Famous Five had front seats, as it were, inside the Fifth Form room. The doorway was crammed; the passage swarmed. There was an incessant sound of chuckling and chortling. Why Mr. Moon was allowing this, some of the Removites knew; but most of the crowd were quite in the dark. The opinion was growing that the new master of the Fifth must really be a little cracked. Cracked or not, he was providing the lower Forms of Greyfriars with a priceless entertainment.

Wearily, the Fifth Form men ground through their lines, with black and furious faces. Once more Blundell collected the papers, and placed them on the Form master's desk. This time the seniors had been more careful—much more careful. But it booted not, as a poet would say.

Mr. Moon barked disapproval. "Scandalous!" he exclaimed. "Bad work—slovenly work—upon my word, in all my career as a schoolmaster, I have never seen such a Form! Not in all my career as a schoolmaster."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came irresistibly from the Famous Five. They, at least, knew exactly how long Mr. Moon's career as a schoolmaster had been.

"I am ashamed of this Form!" barked Mr. Moon, blinking angrily at the sullen and savage Fifth through his horn-rimmed glasses. "In all my career, I have never seen such a stupid Form—such an asinine Form—such a Form of hopeless, irreclaimable duds and dunce. The whole Form is detained (till calling-over! The whole Form will write out Livy until the bell rings."

The Fifth breathed hard and deep.

"I shall leave you to it!" barked Mr. Moon. "Let there be no idleness! Let there be no slacking! I shall leave you to it—but if I hear a sound from this Form-room, I shall return—and I shall cane the whole Form! Bear that in mind!"

Mr. Moon whisked to the door. The grinning crowd opened to let him pass. The Fifth were left to themselves; and Titus' Livy.

Blundell, pale with rage, crossed to the door and

slammed it in the grinning faces. Outside, there were roars of laughter. Inside, the Fifth Form transcribed Livy—and the remarks they made were not loud but deep.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Done to the Wide!

"H A, ha, ha!"

"What price the Fifth?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove passage rang with merriment. The door of Wibley's study was open, and fellows crowded round that door and in the study.

After leaving the Fifth Form room—leaving the hapless Fifth to detention and Livy—Mr. Moon had quietly gone up to the Remove quarters. In Common-room, all the staff were breathlessly discussing the strange proceedings of Mr. Moon, and wondering what the Head would say when he heard. But certainly no member of the staff guessed how Mr. Moon was now engaged.

He was engaged in stripping off the garb of Mr. Moon, which he wore outside the garments of Wibley of the Remove. He was engaged in removing grease-paint from his face, moustache, and spectacles, and artificial lines and wrinkles. He was engaged, in a word, in dismissing Mr. Moon from existence, and resuming his identity as William Wibley.

The Removites roared and yelled. Some of them had been let into the secret before; all of them were in the secret now. And the knowledge that a Remove man had played Form master in the Fifth, caned the captain of the Form, and left the whole lot of them to detention, fairly took the Remove by storm. They roared and howled.

In those very moments, while Wibley was dropping Mr. Moon, and taking up Wibley again, the Fifth were grinding out endless lines, shut up in their Form-room. It was really irresistible.

"What price the Fifth now?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Wib!"

"I say, you fellows, it was really Wibley all the time!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "I say, if the Fifth knew—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's the joke of the term!" gasped the Bounder, wiping away his tears. "But whose idea was it?"

"Mine!" said Bob Cherry modestly. "A poor thing, but mine own! I was thinking it out in Form this morning—and I had to laugh. I couldn't tell Quelch what I was laughing at—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I knew Wib could do it—and he's done it! And we've done the Fifth! The Fifth will have to sing small after this!"

"The singfulness of the esteemed Fifth will be terrifically infinitesimal!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here comes Quelch—"

"Oh!"

The roars of laughter in the Remove passage died away. All eyes were turned on the rather angular figure of the Remove master, as he came from the stairs. Wibley's door was hastily shut. He had not yet finished removing all traces of Mr. Moon.

Mr. Quelch glanced at the juniors in the passage with a severe eye. He had heard the roars of laughter, and doubtless guessed that some "rag" was on. He was not likely to guess what the rag was.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

STRONG ENOUGH TO STAND ON!

—for, like real railway lines, Bowman Patent Track is built of solid steel set in weather-proofed wood sleepers. Yet, strong as it is, Bowman Track costs no more than fragile tin-plate lines. You can get straights and curves at any good shop—and very shortly Bowman Patent Points will be available, too!

SEND 3d. IN STAMPS FOR THE BOWMAN BOOK

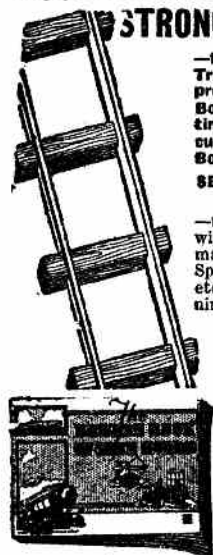
—it is a book no model engineer should be without. Besides telling you all about Bowman Steam Locomotives, Stationary Engines, Patent Speedboats, Rolling Stock, Working Models, etc., it contains valuable hints on the running of all steam models. Send for your copy now.

BOWMAN STEEL TRACK

Straights, per foot 4d. Curves, per foot 4½d.
(Sold in 2-ft. lengths and "O" gauge only.)

BOWMAN POINTS IN PRODUCTION.

BOWMAN MODELS (DEPT. 639), DEREHAM, NORFOLK.



For a moment the heart of the captain of the Remove misgave him. If Quelch had tumbled—

"Wharton! Have you seen Mr. Moon—I mean, the—the person who calls himself Mr. Moon?"

"Yes, sir, we've all seen him. You—you mean the new master of the Fifth, sir?" stammered Wharton.

"I mean the person who came here and represented himself as the new master of the Fifth Form," said Mr. Quelch. "Is he here?"

"Here, sir?" ejaculated Wharton. "I am told that he was seen to come up the Remove staircase some time ago," said Mr. Quelch. "I have been inquiring—and from several sources I have learned that he was seen to come in this direction."

"Indeed, sir!"

"A most extraordinary thing has happened," said Mr. Quelch, doubtless feeling that some explanation was due. "The Head has now returned; and Mr. Moon has come with him. I mean the genuine Mr. Moon. It appears that after leaving the vicarage Dr. Locke called at the station in his car, to bring Mr. Moon on to the school. Mr. Moon has now arrived. It follows, therefore, that the man who came here this afternoon was some impostor."

"An—an—an impostor, sir?"

"Evidently," said Mr. Quelch. "He certainly was not Mr. Moon. Wharton, you and the rest of the Remove will kindly search this part of the house. If you find the man, call me at once, and, in the meantime, detain him."

"Oh, o-certainly, sir!"

Mr. Quelch hurried away. The Removees looked at one another. "My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "If Wib had kept it up half an hour longer—"

"Phew!"

"A miss is as good as a mile!" chuckled the Bounder.

"All clear now, anyhow," said Harry. "Let's search for Mr. Moon. If you find Mr. Moon, you men, mind you don't forget to collar him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton opened Wibley's door and looked in. William Wibley turned a grinning face to him.

"You heard?" asked Harry.

"Every word," answered Wibley cheerfully. "I shall be finished in a minute, and I'll come and help you hunt for Mr. Moon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove men crowded downstairs. Wibley went with them—once more Wib of the Remove, and not bearing the faintest resemblance to the "impostor" who had handled the Fifth.

The juniors found the House in a buzz of excitement. Search was going on everywhere for the mysterious Mr. Moon. Most eager of all in the search were the Fifth Form men—now released from detention. The juniors heard Blundell's furious voice as they came down.

"An impostor—some awful swindler! Not Moon at all—not a schoolmaster at all! Some frightful spoofer! If we'd known—"

"If we'd only known—" gasped Potter.

"I'd have smashed him!" roared Coker of the Fifth. "I'd jolly well have smashed him into little pieces! I'd have strewn him all over the Form-room! I'll smash him yet! He's in the House somewhere!"

"What on earth can his game have been?" exclaimed Wingate of the Sixth. "He doesn't appear to have stolen anything, or anything of that sort. It seems to have been simply a hoax."

"I'll give him hoax when I get hold

of him!" roared Coker. "He gave me six—six on the bags—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where is he?" roared Coker. "Here, you Remove kids, have you seen anything of that scoundrel Moon? Six or seven fellows saw him on the Remove staircase. Have you found him?"

"He seems to have disappeared, Coker," answered Bob Cherry, as gravely as he could. "I saw him on the Remove staircase myself. After that he seems to have just vanished."

"The vanishfulness was terrific."

"He can't have got out of the House without being seen!" argued Wibley cheerfully. "I fancy he's not far away."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's the genuine goods!" murmured Bob Cherry. Dr. Locke came along from his study, with a portly gentleman in gold-rimmed glasses walking by his side.

This was Mr. Moon—the genuine goods, as Bob expressed it. Mr. Moon, the genuine, had an amazed expression on his face. He had been utterly astounded, on arriving at Greyfriars, to find that he had been preceded by another Moon—a spurious Moon—some mysterious impostor who had raised Cane in the Fifth, and then vanished as mysteriously as he had come.

"Extraordinary!" Mr. Moon was saying to the Head. "Most extraordinary! Who, sir, can the man have been?"

"I—I am quite amazed and perplexed!" said Dr. Locke. He looked it. "I cannot account for it, Mr. Moon. I am wholly befogged. Unless the man is some wandering lunatic, the whole thing is unaccountable."

"Unheard of!" said Mr. Moon. "From what I hear, the miserable impostor passed himself off on my Form as their new master—he appears to have caned some of them, given them all lines and detentions. Most extraordinary!"

"Mr. Quelch! Has anything been seen—"

"No, sir!" answered Mr. Quelch. "The man seems to have vanished—absolutely vanished. Yet how he can have escaped from the school unseen is a mystery."

"He was seen going upstairs," said Mr. Capper. "I certainly saw him, with my own eyes. Perhaps these Remove boys—"

"Wharton!" The Head called to the captain of the Remove.

"He's not in the Remove studies, sir," said Wharton. "We—we've looked in all the studies—and the box-room, sir. He's not there."

"He's certainly not there, sir!" said Wibley. "I know he was in the Remove passage half an hour ago—"

"Did you see him there, Wibley?" exclaimed the Head.

"I saw his reflection in the glass in my study, sir!" answered Wibley, with owl-like gravity—an answer that almost made his Form-fellows yell, in spite of the august presence in which they stood.

"Bless my soul! Then he must certainly have passed along the Remove passage!" said the Head.

"That appears to be certain, sir!" said Mr. Quelch. "But—"

"He's not there now, sir!" said Harry Wharton.

"Let the search be continued," said the Head. "The man must be found if he is still within the precincts of Greyfriars. Whether he is some designing criminal, or a wandering lunatic, or merely an absurd practical joker—"

The Head passed on with Mr. Moon. The search continued—it continued for quite a long time. Nothing was dis-

covered of "Mr. Moon"—not a trace of him. Nobody, of course, thought of looking in the property-box belonging to the Remove Dramatic Society in Wibley's study. Traces of "Mr. Moon"—plenty of them—could have been found in that box.

After most of the other fellows were tired of the vain search and the prefects had given it up, many of the Fifth kept on headed by Blundell. The captain of the Fifth was wildly eager to get hold of "Mr. Moon"; he would have given a term's pocket-money and all his prospective Christmas tips to lay hands on the amazing impostor who had caned him before the Form.

But even Blundell had to give it up at last.

At long last it was obvious that "Mr. Moon" was no longer in the House—though even then it was not suspected that he was no longer in existence!

He had simply vanished! Apparently he had vanished into thin air. At all events, he had vanished; and Greyfriars saw him no more.

For days afterwards the mysterious "Mr. Moon" was almost the sole topic at Greyfriars. The real Mr. Moon got on very well with the Fifth; they found him quite nice after the spurious "Mr. Moon." But generally speaking, the Fifth did not find things nice for the short remainder of that term. All Greyfriars knew that it must have been a practical joke on the Fifth—that the Fifth Form had had their legs pulled—and the whole school rocked with laughter over it. A practical joker—identity unknown—had caned the captain of the Fifth, had caned Coker of the Fifth, had bull-ragged the whole Form, given them lines and detentions—and they had taken it all as meekly as lambs! The Fifth boiled with rage; and the rest of the school laughed.

It leaked out at last!

The japers fully intended the Fifth to know who had spoofed them and "done" them. But the term was near its end; the Christmas holidays were at hand; and they sagely left it till the school was about to break-up, before they let it leak out. For if the story reached the Head it was certain that there would be a tremendous row—and it was safer to keep it dark till Greyfriars dispersed for Christmas to the four corners of the kingdom.

Then it came out.

On the last day of term all Greyfriars knew. "Mr. Moon" had been a Remove man rigged up as a school-master—it was a Remove man who had caned Blundell and ragged the Fifth! Blundell & Co. fairly gasped when they heard it.

They understood much now that had puzzled them before. They understood why "Mr. Moon" had had Remove fellows on the scene when he was ragging the Fifth. They saw it all! And they raged more furiously than ever—while the rest of the school laughed more loudly than ever.

The Fifth had been done—done to the wide! The prestige of the Remove was fully restored. But not till the last moment did the infuriated Fifth know who "Mr. Moon" had actually been. That was on the day when break-up came; and a brake was packed with Remove men about to start for the station. Among them were the Famous Five and Wibley. Blundell and his friends eyed the merry Removees with grim eyes as they packed themselves into their brake, promising those cheery

(Continued on page 28.)

UP, THE ROVERS!

By JOHN BREARLEY.



"Hurrah! Go it, Skinny!" cried the spectators, as Tim Osborne trotted out with the Rovers.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS BRIEFLY RETOLD.

James Brennan, owner of the Railton Rovers F.C., decides to spend three thousand pounds to secure a new centre-forward. The deal does not materialise, however, for Brennan is robbed of his savings by means of a forged cheque, and then fatally injured by some unknown assailant. Further disasters follow, until Jimmy Brennan, the dead owner's son, is forced to sell his house for five thousand pounds in order to carry on. To add to Jimmy's misfortune, Thomas, the Rovers' only centre-forward, is ordered off the field for striking an opponent. Determined, without rousing suspicion, to find out who is at the back of the plot to wreck the Rovers, Scotland Yard convinces that Tim Osborne, late of the Canadian Secret Service, should take Thomas' place. On his way home from the Yard, Jimmy is kidnapped, but saved from a horrible death by the timely intervention of his new ally, Tim Osborne. His brain in a whirl, Jimmy is lying in bed trying hard to straighten things out, when the door of his room quietly opens.

(Now read on.)

The Real Osborne!

FOR a long silent minute Jimmy stared in blank, inquiring surprise, wondering who the visitor was. Then, as frequently happens in cases of partial concussion, the numbed portion of his brain sprang suddenly into life once more. The newcomer's attitude made a picture that was vaguely familiar. Like a keen wind sweeping a mist away memory came in with a rush.

"Why, your name's Osborne, isn't it?" Jimmy burst out impulsively. "Our new forward from—"

The slim lad grinned pleasantly at that, and, closing the door behind him, crossed over to shake hands with a tight grip.

"So you remember me at last!" he smiled. "That's good. How're you feeling, old chap?"

But Jimmy was still trying to thresh things out.

"You—you're the detec—"

At the other's quick gesture he broke off short. Things were coming back quickly now, and with a painful grin of apology Jimmy went off on another tack.

"Haven't I seen you in Railton before?" he asked.

Tim Osborne pulled up a chair. "You nearly knocked me flying once outside the George Hotel, just after your stand was fired!" he said, breaking into the little shy smile Jimmy remembered now. The strange visitor spoke in a soft, faint drawl, and his wide, placid eyes beamed at the invalid mildly. "I'm glad you're looking better. Feel like talking?"

"You bet I do!" answered Jimmy promptly. "There's a few things I want to know, too. You really are the det—the chap who's been sent down to play for the Rovers?"

The other nodded.

"I am." He darted a mischievous glance at Jimmy, and smiled again. "Well, go on. Say what you're thinking!" he grinned.

A faint blush stained Jimmy's white cheeks. Osborne had read his thoughts shrewdly. He did not wish to be rude, but for the life of him he could not see this fragile youth standing the racket of fast League football, especially as a centre-forward, no matter how clever he was as a C.I.D. man. He had expected someone far burlier—more of the hefty policeman type. This fellow looked no older than himself, and seemed slimmer than ever in the clear light of day.

"Well—er—" he began, and stopped, covering his embarrassment by fiddling with his bandage. Of course, Detective-Inspector Daniels must know his own business best, and—Jimmy realised it with a start—this rather soft-looking chap was one who had killed a man only five days ago, shooting him down

as ruthlessly as one shot a mad dog. But—

Next moment he received a shock that altered his opinion at a stroke.

Happening to glance up quickly once more, a fleeting fear shot through him that his injured head was playing tricks again. For in place of the quiet lad he had seen a moment ago sat a lean-jawed young man, with a keen, clever face and eyes that were as hard and bright as agates.

The change was uncanny! It was as though Osborne had deliberately let fall a mask he had been wearing. Yet, even as Jimmy's own eyes widened in astonishment, the little, quaint smile broke out again, leaving his visitor's face as youthful and demure as before. His doubts were answered by a quiet drawl that yet had something firm as steel beneath it.

"Don't you worry about me, Jimmy. I'll get away with it as a pro, or I shouldn't have taken it on. Too risky. I strip a bit better than I look, and—er—I've played football before!"

He grinned as at a sudden thought. "Say, though, your fellows certainly did give me a razzing when I reported on Monday. But your trainer soon put that right. He's all there, that old boy. I could see he was O.K., and to tell you the truth, I've let him into the secret a bit. He played up well—told the local newspaper and the rest of the boys that you'd picked me up from an amateur club in London last Saturday on a friend's recommendation. They swallowed it—after a time!"

Jimmy chuckled teebly. He could just see old Bill tackling the situation in his masterful style.

"Did he try you out? As a footballer, I mean?"

"You bet—first thing and pretty hard!"

"And—"

"He said he was—satisfied!" Tim's eyes sparkled, and Jimmy sighed with relief. His misgivings had been vanishing steadily ever since that brief, revealing glimpse of the real Osborne, and if old Bill was satisfied with the newcomer as a footballer, too, that ended it. He held out his hand again.

"I'm glad!" he said simply. "And—thanks for Saturday night. You saved my life, didn't you?"

Osborne eyed him plaintively for a second before breaking into his little laugh.

"Oh, shucks! That was all my fault for missing you at Hallam Junction. Never done such a thing before in my life. But I could have sworn I saw someone else just like you go out of the exit. By the time I'd kicked myself twice, Harry Pullen and Fred Jacobs had nabbed you."

Jimmy bit his lip as a grim picture came back to his mind.

"You found who the men were, then? What happened to them?"

"Harry and Fred?" smiled Tim easily. "Oh, they're dead. Very. The Hallam police got 'em out of Blackholt quarry next day, but we're keeping that part quiet. Nice lads, weren't they?"

"No!" retorted Jimmy feelingly. Tim shrugged.

"Just ordinary racing thugs and motor thieves," he explained. "We know 'em of old. The funny thing is, though"—he continued slowly—"they've always fought shy of cold murder before; and someone must have paid 'em jolly well to risk it. Which shows what you're up against, my son!"

Jimmy set his teeth tight.

"And then you brought me home, I suppose?" he asked at length.

"No!" smiled Tim. "I took you to the Railton Police Station and faded away. Everyone thinks the Hallam police found you unconscious and brought you over. Don't forget!"

He flicked a glance at Jimmy's troubled face. Then his eyes wandered absently to the ceiling.

"And by the way," he said casually, "we found that decoy note in your pocket. Your uncle's raising Cain about it!"

Jimmy snorted at the news.

"So I should think!" he cried. "That's the second forgery in the case already—uncle's letter and dad's cheque. It's—"

He pulled himself up on the verge of an outburst, and Tim nodded.

"Ye-es!" he agreed in a curiously quiet drawl. "The second forgery—as you say."

Something strange in his voice made Jimmy look at him sharply. But before he could speak the same soft voice fired a question that took his breath away.

"An', talking about that forged cheque, Jimmy, what were your father's last words before he died?"

The mask had fallen from Tim Osborne's face again. A pair of narrowed eyes bored deeply into Jimmy's as if to read his innermost thoughts.

"I hate to pester you," said Tim, as a shade crossed Jimmy's face. "But I want his last words—exactly!"

"Why?"

"Because I do. Just an idea I've got. Can you remember?"

"Remember?" Jimmy's voice was bitter. "Well, first of all he gasped 'Your uncle—' and when I got back from the phone and said uncle was coming, he whispered something about 'the man—'"

"'Your uncle—the man!'" repeated Tim, and his voice was soft again.

"I see. And, of course, you thought—yes, I understand. Gee!"

A fierce grip, grinding into his arm, made him look up, to see Jimmy glaring at him wildly from the pillows.

"Tim! What are you driving at? You don't think dad meant my uncle was the man?" cried the youngster, so fiercely that Tim Osborne leapt to his feet and grabbed at a glass of water by the bedside.

With a firm hand Tim pushed the panting Jimmy back and waited till some of the horror had faded from the boy's staring eyes. Then he smiled in gentle derision.

"Why, you poor old chump, that smack on the head must have done more harm than I reckoned. I wasn't thinking that at all—honest. Now drink this and simmer down."

He forced the injured youngster to drink, and under his soothing smile Jimmy grew calmer.

"Sorry," he mumbled. "I—I thought that's what you were getting at. I'm sure dad only wanted Uncle Phil that night—that's why I rushed straight off to phone him. He's been a topper all through, you see."

"You're a fathead!" smiled Tim

quaintly. "And now I'm going to beat it. I shall be hanged for upsetting you if old Bill Nye comes in and—Gadzooks! He's come in!"

The door opened and the sturdy figure of the trainer stalked in. His expert eye sized up the situation in one swift glance at Jimmy's flushed cheeks, and he jerked his thumb significantly over his shoulder to Tim.

"Hop it!"

And, with a hearty handshake, and a cheery, comforting smile that lit up his whole face, Tim "hopped it."

The moment he had gone, Jimmy stared eagerly at the Rover's trainer.

"Bill! Osborne tells me that you've tried him out this week," he cried. "What's he like?"

The placid smile on Bill's weather-beaten face was good to see. He patted Jimmy's arm warmly.

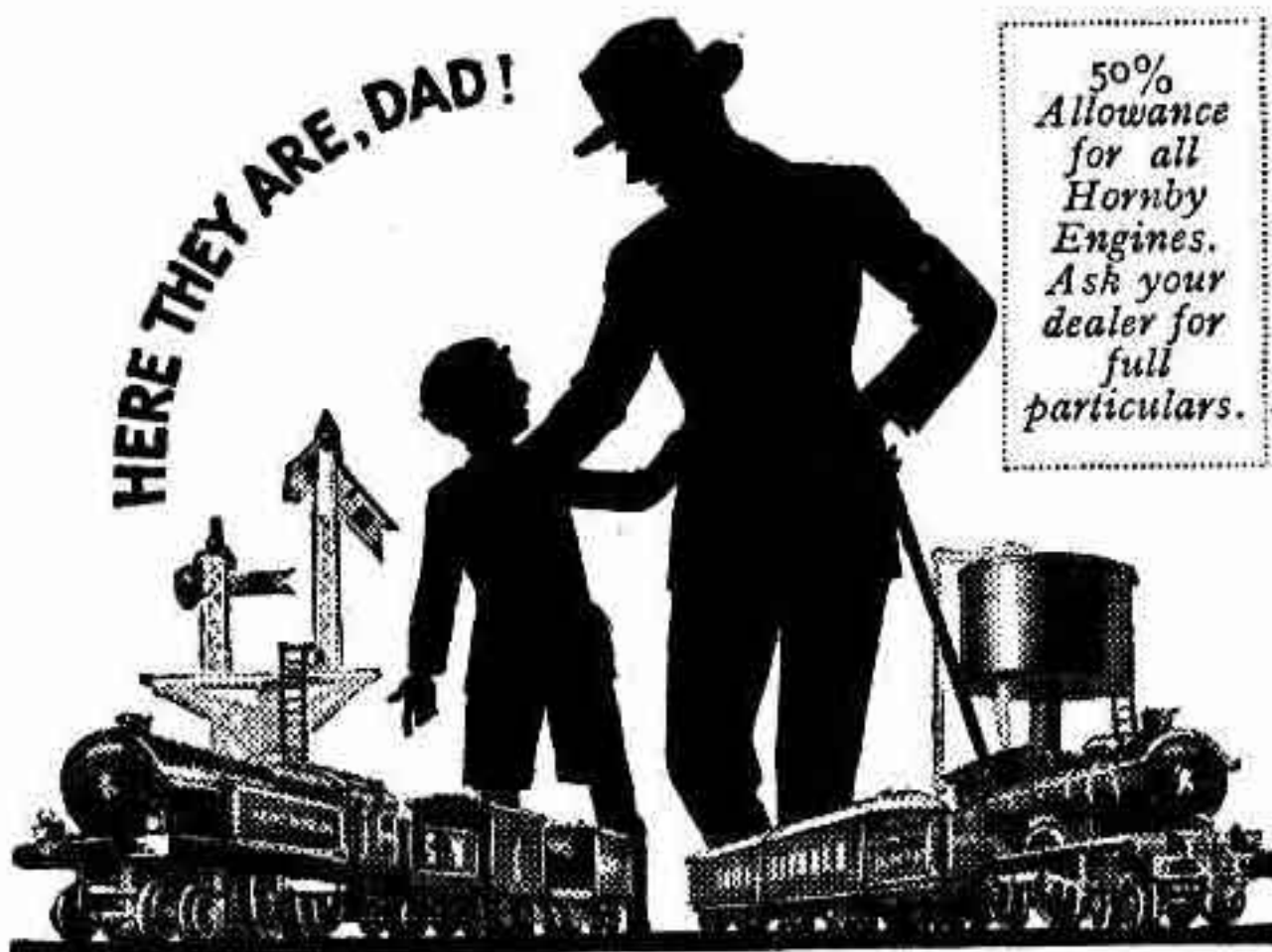
"The young scut seems to've upset ye a bit, boy," he rumbled. "But he'll be a tonic for ye—on Saturday. And when you're fit, Railton's going to see some football. Jimmy," he nodded impressively, "he's—It!"

Meanwhile, Tim Osborne, a very furnace of eagerness hidden behind his meek expression, was hurrying home to his lodgings in Railton as fast as he could go. In the little room he had rented in a quiet back street he locked the door and opened his suit case. Taking out two large and shiny photographs, he placed them on the table and put a notebook beside them.

Jimmy Brennan would have received another shock had he seen those photos. They were flashes of his father's study in the Firs, his old home; and only Jeff, the butler, and the police photographer who had snapped them, knew when they had been taken. Every

(Continued on next page.)

THIS IS HORNBY TRAIN WEEK!



50%
Allowance
for all
Hornby
Engines.
Ask your
dealer for
full
particulars.

The 1930 Hornby Locomotives give longer runs and pull heavier loads

Now is the time for every boy who is keen on model railways to see the Hornby Railway System. All this week the new Hornby Locomotives, Rolling Stock and Accessories are being shown in the shops. Take Dad with you and show him the fine range of Hornby Trains.

Hornby clockwork and electric trains are the best that you can buy. The Locomotives are built for heavy loads and long runs; the Rolling Stock is strong, smooth-running and durable; the Accessories are realistic and correct in proportion.

If you do not yet possess a Hornby Railway, now is the time to start—now, when Hornby Trains, famous for years as the best that money can buy, are better, stronger, and more powerful than ever before!

**Prices of Hornby Trains
from 5/- to 95/-**

HORNBY TRAINS

BRITISH AND GUARANTEED

THE 1930 HORNBY BOOK OF TRAINS

This splendid new edition contains full colour illustrations of all Hornby Trains, Rolling Stock and Accessories, in addition to a number of articles of absorbing interest to railway enthusiasts.

Get a copy from your dealer to-day, price 3d., or send 4½d. in stamps and the names and addresses of three chums direct to us for a copy, post free.

detail of the furniture, the great carved mantelpiece and the settee on which James Brennan had died, showed up plainly.

Tim crooned softly to himself as he sat down.

"A very good afternoon's work, I think, Timothy, me lad!" he chuckled contentedly. "Now let's reconstruct. Jimmy left his father sitting at this desk with his passbook and accounts. A man came in and downed him. Nothing missing afterwards—except the books and a cheque, said to be forged. House has been searched. No mention of secret hiding-place ever mentioned by Jimmy or the servants; so either there isn't one, or only Brennan know of it. H'm!

"Now Brennan's last words (Jimmy, you chump, why didn't you repeat 'em to the coroner exactly?) were 'your uncle,' and 'the man.' First, 'your uncle'—well, I can pass that up." He made a brief shorthand note. "And now 'the man.'"

Tim Osborne's keen glance, nothing shy about it now, swept over the photos, and he laughed in delight.

"By the great horn spoon, I guessed it! Timothy, old son, you're a great detective!" he told himself. "It was a blinkin' brainwave asking for those 'last words.' Jimmy, you poor old muggins, your dad wasn't trying to tell you about the man who'd killed him, then. What he was trying to say was 'the mantelpiece'!"

Leaping to his feet he strode about the room.

"I know it! I knew they didn't buy the Firs for nothing. There's something they want badly; and I'll bet a million dollars it's in that mantelpiece, an' they don't know it!"

His fist thudded gently on the table. "And the first chance I got, by gad, I'm going to get it myself!"

Railton's welcome to the new centre-forward on Saturday was warm but hilarious. When Tim Osborne, in the

midst of the other Rovers, trotted out for the match against Westhampton Town, keen eyes, anxious to see the unknown man who was taking Thomas' place, spotted him, and a jovial roar went up at once.

"Hurrah! Go it, skinny!"
"On the ball, walking-stick!"

In the temporary stand, Tony Brennan turned his handsome, laughing face to Jimmy, sitting beside him.

"My hat, old son, where did you find him? In a match factory?"

Jimmy, still in bandages, smiled grimly at his cousin.

"Wait and see if he strikes first, old thing. Bill and the other boys say he's good. That's enough for me!"

Nevertheless, he was inwardly trembling with natural anxiety as he bent forward to study his new recruit closely. What he saw made him nod to himself in silent satisfaction. As Tim had said, "he stripped better than he looked."

Seen against the burly figures of the other Rovers, he did make a slim, lanky figure. But Jimmy's experienced eye noted the suppleness of Tim's hard, wiry body, and the firmness of his long, clean-run legs. He had scarcely finished his examination when, to the tune of a startled shout from the crowd, Tim fastened on the practice ball, tapped it beautifully into position, and swerved it past Reynolds with a speed and precision that made the giant keeper grin.

Philip Brennan burst into a quiet laugh and clapped his nephew on the shoulder.

"That lad's no slouch, Jimmy. If he shoots like that in the match—"

The finish of his remark was cut off by the referee's whistle.

Harvey had lost the toss. Looking more boyish than ever, Tim lined up with the ball at his feet.

(Tim Osborne's going to prove a rod in pickle for Westhampton, so be sure you read next week's instalment of this great Soccer serial, chums!)

THE SCHOOLBOY FORM-MASTER!

(Continued from page 25.)

juniors all sorts of things next term—Bob Cherry's powerful voice hailed them.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Blundell old bean! What price the Fifth?"

Blundell glared. From the Remove brako came a sharp barking voice; a voice that Blundell & Co. remembered only too well.

"Bend over, Blundell!"

Blundell jumped. Coker gave a yell. "That's him! That's Moon's voice—that's—"

"Bend over, Blundell!" barked Wibley.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The brako rolled off, packed with roaring Removites. Blundell stared after it dumb with wrath. Horace Coker made a rush in pursuit. There was still time to give Wibley, and the other young scoundrels, what they deserved. At least, so Horace Coker thought. But it turned out to be only one of Coker's many mistakes. Coker made a wild leap on behind—and the cheery Removites seemed quite pleased to see him come. They collared Coker—they pulled his ears, they ruffled his hair, they squeezed an orange down his neck, and then they let him drop.

The brako rolled away leaving Coker on his back on the earth gasping. Bob Cherry waved him a farewell.

"Good-bye, Coker!"

"Groooooogh!"

"What price the Fifth!"

"Bend over, Blundell!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. had had the best of the feud with the Fifth. And in a merry crowd they started homeward for a merry Christmas.

THE END.

(Next week's **BUMPER CHRISTMAS NUMBER** of the MAGNET will contain, in addition to other fine features, "**BILLY BUNTER'S CHRISTMAS!**" the first of a splendid series of yarns featuring Harry Wharton & Co. on holiday. Make sure of your copy by **ORDERING IT NOW!**)

GROSE'S 8, New Bridge Street, LUDGATE CIRCUS London, E.C.4.

BILLIARDS AT HOME 1/3 per week

SIZE	DEPOSIT	4 monthly payments.	CASH
3 ft. 2 in. X 1 ft. 8 in.	8/-	5/-	19/-
3 ft. 9 in. X 2 ft.	10/-	6/6	26/-
4 ft. 4 in. X 2 ft. 3 in.	14/-	7/6	32/-
4 ft. 9 in. X 2 ft. 6 in.	20/-	10/-	42/-
5 ft. 4 in. X 2 ft. 10 in.	24/-	12/-	52/-

Complete with 2 Cues, 3 Compo. Balls, Marking Board, Spirit Level, Rules and Chalk. **COMPLETE LIST FREE.**

STAMPS—BARGAIN SETS. Write for full list.—25 Air Mail, 1/-; 5 Antigua, 6d.; 5 Bermuda, 6d.; 9 Nyassa Triangles, 1/-; 5 St. Lucia, 6d.—WINNEY (Dept. A), 11, Bramerton St., London, S.W.3.

DON'T BE BULLIED

Send Two Penny Stamps for some **SPLENDID LESSONS** in **JUJITSU** and Handsome Photo Plate of Jap Champions. The Wonderful Japanese Self-Defence without weapons. Take care of yourself under **ALL** circumstances; fear no man. You can have **MONSTER** Illustrated Portion for P.O. 3/9. **SEND NOW** to "**YAWARA**" (Dept. A.P.), 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Middlesex. Practical Tuition London School Daily.

INCREASED my own height to 6ft. 3 1/2 ins. 11 T.H., age 16 1/2, to 6ft. 1 T.F., age 21, from 5ft. 5 to 5ft. 10! **Ross System** is Genuine. Enrol and Watch Yourself Grow! Fee £2 2s. Particulars 1/4d. stamp.—P. ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough.

Great Free Stamp Competition!!

For Stamp Collectors and those about to start a collection.

—AP—N—WE—EN—R—CE—E—MA—

Can you, by adding the missing letters, solve the names of the countries given above? If you can, you should certainly enter for the Competition and receive one of the many generous prizes. Hundreds are offered! Send stamp for entry form and list of prizes to:—**JONES & WRIGHT** (Dept. No. 1), 82, Nulbrook St., London, S.E.15.

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, **UNION JACK SERIES**, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS FILMS AND ACCESSORIES. **PROJECTORS** all prices from 5/- to £10.

Film Spools, Rewinders, Lighting Sets, Screens, Sprockets, etc. **FILMS ALL LENGTHS & SUBJECTS.**

FORD'S (Dept. A.P.), 276/7, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Call or write. Illustrated lists free.



Sample Film 1/- and 2/6, post free.

HEIGHT INCREASED. Complete course 5/-. Clients gain 1 to 5 ins. Particulars, testimonials free.—**P. A. CLIVE**, Harrookouse, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.

"BOY KING" TRIANGULAR PKT. FREE! 110 different including world's youngest ruler. 2d. postage only. **LISBURN & TOWNSEND** (U.J.S.), LIVERPOOL.

MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—**T. W. HARRISON**, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

BE TALL Your Height increased in 14 days, or money back. Amazing Course, 5/-. Send **STAMP NOW** for Free Book:—**STEEBING SYSTEM**, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

ARROPLANE AND CATAPULT ELASTIC, 1/16th, 1/8th, 3/16th, and 1/4th inch thick square, price 1d., 1 1/2d., 3d., and 6d. per foot; post 2d. extra.—**GREENAWAY**, 5, New Inn Hall Street, OXFORD.

FREE POCKET MONEY

is easily earned with **THE "NEWFOOTY" GAME.** Greatest table football invention. **PLAYERS CHASE BALL AND ACCEPT PASSES LIKE FOOTBALLERS.** Full of real football thrills. Only 2/6 post free, with **COMMISSION ON SALES** to friends. **THE "NEWFOOTY" CO.**, 6, YORK ST., WALTON, LIVERPOOL. **22 PLAYERS, BALL AND GOALS WITH NETS.**

IDEAL XMAS GIFT! BUY NOW! GET ORDERS!

300 STAMPS FOR 6d. (Abroad 1/-), including Airpost, Barbados, Old India, Nigeria, New South Wales, Gold Coast, etc.—**W. A. WHITE**, Engine Lane, LYE, Stourbridge.

