

Billy Bunter and Harry Wharton & Co.  
in Another Sensational School Adventure.

**"THE BOGUS BEAK!"**

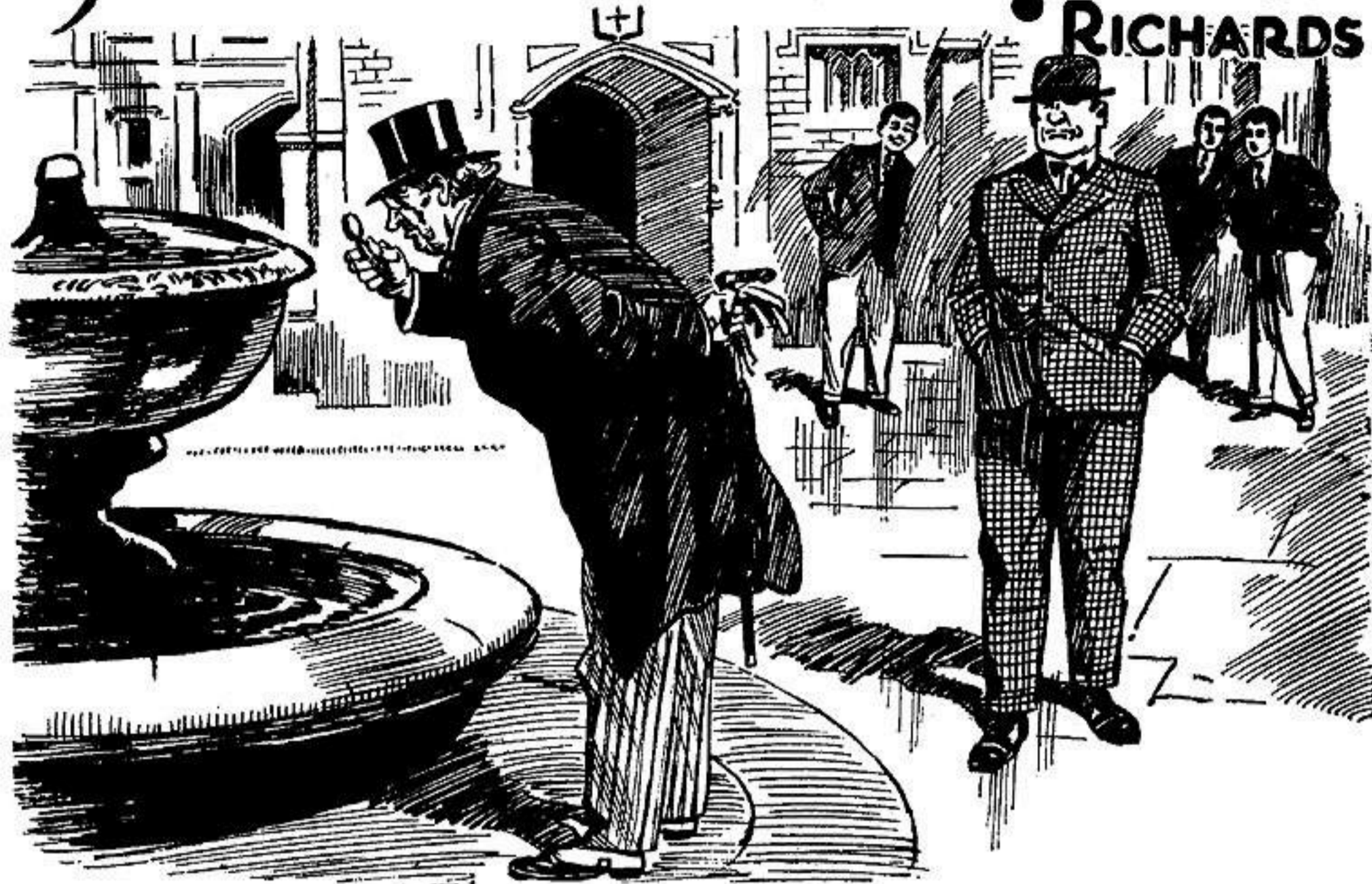
# The Magnet <sup>2<sup>D</sup></sup>



**A SHOCK for  
the SHAM MASTER!**

# The BOGUS BEAK!

By  
**FRANK RICHARDS**



—Featuring **HARRY WHARTON & CO.,** the Cheery Chums of **GREYFRIARS.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Caught Bending!

**S** EARCH me!" murmured Putnam van Duck.

The American junior stared into his study—Study No. 1 in the Remove.

It was after prep, and the Remove studies were deserted. Most of the Removites were gathered in the Rag, downstairs.

Putnam had come up to the study for a "Holiday Annual." But he forgot that entrancing volume now.

As his study-mates, Wharton and Nugent, were in the Rag, he naturally expected to find the study dark and vacant. Instead of which, the light was on, and someone was in the study.

That someone was in the study cupboard. He was, in fact, half in it, reaching to the shelf at the back.

Putnam had a view chiefly of an extensive pair of trousers.

He stared at those trousers.

There were plenty of fellows who could not be recognised merely by a back view! But in this case, there was no doubt on the question of identity. Those extensive trousers could only have enclosed the ample proportions of Billy Bunter.

Putnam van Duck stepped into the study.

"Urrrgh!" came a grunt from the fat junior reaching deep into the cupboard.

Putnam grinned.

Billy Bunter was a tall fellow sideways. But he was not long in the reach. He seemed to have difficulty in getting at that back shelf. His feet

were off the floor as he reached deeper in and reached for the pot of jam on that shelf.

"Urrgh! Beasts!" grunted Bunter. "Packing things out of a fellow's reach—just as if they fancied that a fellow might be after them! Suspicious beasts!"

Billy Bunter was busy—too busy to blink round through his big spectacles. He had not heard the American junior arrive. And Putnam made no sound.

While Bunter, grunting stertorously, reached for the jam, Putnam reached for a cricket stump.

Stump in hand, he stepped towards the fat junior, still making no sound. Up went his right hand, with the stump in it.

It came down suddenly, and it came down hard, landing with a terrific whop on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars School, just as Bunter captured the jam.

Whack!

"Yooo-hooooop!" came a startled roar from Billy Bunter. "Ow! Who—what—yarooooop!"

The fat little legs kicked frantically in the air.

Whack!

"Yow-wooop!" yelled Bunter as the stump landed a second time. "Ow! Beast! Stoppit! I ain't after your jam! Yow-ow-ow!"

The fat Owl of the Remove rolled out of the cupboard, roaring. He sat down on the carpet with a bump that almost shook Study No. 1. After him rolled the jam-jar, cracking as it landed on the floor.

Putnam van Duck grinned down at him.

"Get up and have another, you pesky piecan!" he said.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Beast! Ow!"

"I guess you was after that jam, and I'll say you sure can have it now, Fat Jack!" remarked Putnam.

He picked up the cracked jar. Jam was streaming from it. Billy Bunter squirmed hurriedly away.

"Keep off, you beast!" he roared. "I don't want the jam! I wasn't after the jam! Don't you mop that jam over me, you beast! Oh crikey! Oooooogh!"

Jam from the broken jar streamed over a fat face, as Billy Bunter squirmed. Some of it went into his mouth, where Billy Bunter intended all of it to go. But some went into his nose, and his ears, and his hair, and plastered on his spectacles. That was not what Bunter had intended at all! Taken like that, even strawberry jam, of the best quality, was not nice.

"Oh crikey! Ow! Beast! Stoppit! I'm all sticky!" yelled Bunter. "I'll jolly well punch your nose! Oooooogh! Grrroooogh!"

The fat junior scrambled wildly to his feet and bounded for the door. Jam dripped from him as he bounded.

"Hold on!" called out Putnam. "There's some marmalade in the cupboard. You can have that, too, you fat piecan!"

"Urrrgh!"

Billy Bunter did not stop for the marmalade! The jam was enough for him. He bounded out of Study No. 1 into the Remove passage and tore along to the stairs. He dabbed and clawed frantically at the jam as he went.

Putnam, grinning, threw the jam-jar into the waste-paper basket, picked up

the "Holiday Annual," and followed him from the study.

Billy Bunter, on the Remove landing, blinked round at him, with a jammy blink. Bunter's vision was limited, especially with jam on his spectacles. "Keep off, you beast!" he roared. "Keep that marmalade away from me, you beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Putnam. It was a "Holiday Annual" in his hand, but to the Owl of the Remove it was a jar of marmalade, to be added to the jam!

Bunter was feeling sticky enough already! As Putnam arrived on the landing, Bunter bolted down the stairs.

If Bunter had stopped to think, he would have realised that he was in too jammy a state to show up in public. But Bunter did not stop to think. He flew!

Putnam, chuckling, followed. He was done with the grub-raider of the Remove, but he had to go back to the Rag with the book he had come to fetch.

Billy Bunter blinked back from the middle of the landing.

"Beast!" he gasped.

And he flew down the lower stairs.

In the lighted hall below, a dozen pairs of eyes, at least, turned on Billy Bunter's jammy face. Among them was a pair of very keen eyes, often likened by the Removites to gimlets—those of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

Quelch was talking to Prout, the master of the Fifth. Both of them stared at the jammy Owl.

Prout gave a sniff, which implied that this sort of thing was to be expected in Quelch's Form. Quelch, with a brow of thunder, strode towards the jammy, fat junior.

"Bunter!" he thundered.

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

"You—you—you disgusting boy!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in withering accents. "I have spoken to you many times, Bunter, on the subject of your gluttony, and your slovenliness—"

"I—I—I never—" stuttered Bunter.

"Now, you dare to let me see you in this—this revolting state!" hooted Mr. Quelch. "You have been eating jam—I should say devouring it—in enormous quantities. Your face is smothered with it—"

"I—I haven't—"

"You are reeking with jam!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "You are positively smothered with jam! You are in a disgusting and revolting state, Bunter!"

"I—I—I—"

"Go to your dormitory at once, and wash yourself clean! Go immediately! I will not allow you to appear in public in that revolting state! You are a disgrace to your Form, Bunter! Go and wash yourself!"

"I—I—I—" gurgled Bunter.

"Go!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh crikey!"

Bunter went!

He passed Putnam van Duck on the stairs, and gave him a jammy, sticky, and infuriated blink.

"Beast!" he hissed.

Putnam chortled, and Billy Bunter trailed away to the Remove dormitory to wash off the jam.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Loder Is Late!

**W**HAT'S the time?" "Twenty-past nine, fat-head!"

"Sure that clock's right?" demanded Billy Bunter.

"Ass!"

That was not a polite answer, to a

fellow who wanted to know the time. But as it happened, Billy Bunter had asked the time three or four times over, in the last ten minutes. For some mysterious reason the fat Owl of the Remove was very anxious about the time.

Most of the Remove fellows were in the Rag. Harry Wharton & Co. were gathered in a cheery group round Van Duck's "Holiday Annual," which was open on the table. The Famous Five were reading a story therein, together, and incessant interruptions from Billy Bunter were not required.

Billy Bunter was taking his ease in an armchair. His fat face had a newly washed appearance—unusually clean at so late an hour. Generally Bunter grew grubbier and grubbier towards bed-time.

But washing off the jam had given the fat Owl a newly swept and garnished aspect. He was still sticky about the hair and the ears, but most of the jam was gone.

Sitting in the armchair, Bunter blinked continually at the clock. But he was too far from it to see the time with his limited range of vision. There was no reason why Bunter should not get up and step towards the clock, and blink at it at close range—except that he was lazy! But that was a very strong reason. It was easier to ask other fellows the time.

"I say, you fellows," Bunter began

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**So far, Poker Pike has put "paid" to all Chick Chew's stunts to capture Putnam van Duck, son of a Chicago millionaire. But Kidnapper No. 1 of the United States is a stickler with a professional pride to study. It's success or the "stone jug" with him, and he decides to make a supreme effort!**

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again, after two or three minutes, "I say, that ass Loder's late!"

It was up to Loder of the Sixth, that evening, to see lights-out for the Remove in their dormitory. Loder was not a very dutiful prefect, and was often unpunctual. But as bed-time for the Lower Fourth was nine-thirty, Loder of the Sixth was not due yet.

A dozen fellows glanced round at Bunter. Juniors were not, as a rule, keen on dorm. Hardly a fellow would have objected to staying up a little later than usual. Even Bunter was not usually keen on going to bed, though, once there, he was never willing to get out again.

"Loder's not late!" said Bob Cherry. "It's more than five minutes yet. What's the hurry, fatty?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Bunter. "I say, my watch says half-past."

"Your watch is like its owner—it can't keep to the truth!" remarked Frank Nugent.

"Yah!"

"Shut up, Bunter!" said Johnny Bull. "We're reading—or trying to read!"

Bunter was silent for about a minute.

"I believe that clock's slow!" he said, after that brief pause. "I say, Mauly, what's the right time?"

"Goodness knows!" answered Lord Mauleverer.

"Haven't you got your watch?"

"Yaas."

"Isn't it right?"

"Yaas."

"Then why can't you tell the right time by it, you fathead?" demanded Bunter.

"Because I'm not lookin' at it, old fat bean," yawned his lazy lordship, who was seated in an armchair, with his noble head resting on his hands clasped behind the noble head. When it came to laziness, Mauly was quite a good second to Bunter.

"Well, look at it, ass!" yapped Bunter.

"You look at it!" suggested Mauleverer.

"Yah!"

If Mauly was too lazy to stir, so was Bunter.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Cheese it!"

"What's the time, Smithy?"

"Time for you to shut up!" answered the Bounder.

"That slacking ass, Loder, is late!" said Bunter peevishly. "Prefects oughtn't to be late! Somebody ought to go and call him!"

"If you're sleepy, you fat ass, go to sleep in that chair, and dry up!" suggested Peter Todd.

"Oh, I'm not sleepy!"

"Then what do you want to get to dorm for, ass?"

"Eh! Oh, nothing!"

"What's biting the fat guy?" asked Putnam van Duck, staring at the fat Owl of the Remove. "Have you parked a packet of tuck in the dorm, Bunter?"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter gave the American junior a withering glare through his big spectacles. It was more than half an hour since the cricket stump had smitten his tight trousers, at the cupboard in Study No. 1. But Bunter was still feeling painful twinges.

The Famous Five finished the "Holiday Annual," and Bob Cherry closed that volume with a bang. They strolled across to the window, which stood open, to let in the balmy summer air.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, there's jolly old Poker!" grinned Bob.

In the dusky quadrangle, a figure in a bowler hat loomed up. It was Poker Pike, the gunman from Chicago. His hickory face and bowler hat glimmered at the open window, and his keen slits of eyes searched the room within.

"Say, you O.K., you Putnam van Duck?" he called out.

"O.K., you bonehead!" answered the American junior. "Walk your chinks, you gink! You figure that Chick Chew has come down a chimney after me?"

"I wouldn't put it past him!" answered Poker stolidly.

And the juniors chuckled. Since Putnam van Duck had been at Greyfriars, several attempts had been made by Chick Chew, star kidnapper of the United States, to "cinch" him. But only the watchful gunman fancied that even the enterprising Chick would dream of venturing into the school after the millionaire's son.

"We haven't seen him about, Mr. Pike!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Mebbe you've seen him, without being wise to it!" retorted Poker Pike. "I'll say that guy Chick can make himself up like a pesky actor, and I sure wouldn't be s'prised if he horned in as a gasman or an insurance collector."

Bob Cherry chortled.

"There was a man came to mend a window in our dorm yesterday," he said. "Think that was Chick Chew?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mebbe, and mebbe not!" grunted Poker.

And the bowler-hatted gunman dis-

appeared into the shadows of the quad, leaving the juniors laughing.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"But I say, what's the time?"

"Blow the time!"

"Well, look here, we oughtn't to be late for bed!" said Bunter. "Early to bed, early to rise, you know! Loder ought to be called! Lazy rotter, you know, slack as they make 'em; he's never on time!"

"What is that fat ass blithering about?" asked Bob Cherry. "If you've got tuck in the dorm, Bunter——"

"Oh, no! I haven't been up to the dorm!" said Bunter. "Quelch didn't tell me to go there and wash off the jam that beast Van Duck plastered over me, and I never went. Besides, I only went there to wash. If you think I've done anything to pay that beast out, you're jolly well mistaken!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I say, you fellows, one of you cut off to the Sixth, and tell Loder he's late."

"What has that fat duffer been up to in the dorm?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Eh! Nothing!" said Bunter. "I haven't been to the dorm—we're not allowed to, as you know. And I never did anything while I was there. So far as I know, Van Duck's bed hasn't been ragged."

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

They understood now why the fat Owl was so anxious to get to the dormitory. Evidently he had planned a deadly vengeance for the jam.

"You pesky piecan!" exclaimed Van Duck. "If you've been japing with my bed——"

"Nothing of the kind! How could I, when I haven't been to the dorm?" demanded Bunter. "If there's any soot in your bed, I know nothing about it. I never went to the dorm, and I only washed while I was there——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up cackling!" exclaimed Bunter. "Look here, that slacking ass, Loder, is late——"

"Quiet!" hissed Bob, as Loder of the Sixth appeared in the doorway of the Rag. "Shut up!"

But Billy Bunter did not see Loder, and he did not shut up.

"I think it's jolly disgraceful for a prefect to slack like this!" he said warmly. "Loder always was a rotten slacker! I wonder the Head keeps him on as a prefect! He jolly well wouldn't if he knew what he was like. I dare say he's smoking in his study this blessed minute, with Carne and Walker. That's the sort of rank outsider Loder is——"

Billy Bunter stopped. He did not see Loder at the door, but the horrified silence of the Remove warned him something was amiss.

The juniors gazed at Gerald Loder. The expression on Loder's face was really extraordinary as he listened to Bunter's opinion of him.

Seldom did a Sixth Form prefect get such an unsolicited testimonial.

Loder strode in.

"I say, you fellows, what's the matter?" asked Bunter.

"Bunter!" roared Loder.

Then Billy Bunter knew what was the matter!

"Oh lor'!" he gasped.

Bunter had been too lazy to get out of the armchair to look at the clock. But he forgot that he was lazy now. He fairly bounded out of it.

"I—I say, Loder, I—I wasn't saying

anything," he said. "I never knew you were listening at the door——"

If Billy Bunter hoped that that would improve matters, he was disappointed. Loder of the Sixth had his ashplant under his arm. He slipped it down into his hand and flourished it.

"Bend over that chair, Bunter!" he roared.

"Oh crikey! I—I say, Loder, I—I wouldn't have called you a rank outsider if I'd known you were listening!"

"Bend over!" bawled Loder.

"Oh jiminy!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Now get off to your dormitory, you young sweeps!" growled Loder, tucking his ashplant under his arm.

And the Remove marched off to their dormitory, Billy Bunter bringing up the rear, and looking as if he was trying to shut himself up like a pocket-knife as he went.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Soot for Somebody!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. were grinning when they arrived in the Remove dormitory.

Billy Bunter, who had his own weird and wonderful ways of keeping a secret, did not seem to be aware that he had given away his deep and deadly scheme of vengeance on Van Duck. But all the juniors looked at Putnam's bed as they came in.

At first glance, there was nothing amiss with it. At the second, traces of sprinkled soot could be seen. It was easy to guess that more was hidden inside.

Putnam turned back the bedclothes and looked. Then there was a ripple of laughter.

A large shovelful of soot had been deposited in the middle of the bed. The sheets were black with it.

"Great jumping toads!" ejaculated Van Duck.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I can't turn into that bed!" said the American junior. "That pesky, pie-faced piecan——"

"Bunter, you howling ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I say, I don't know anything about it!" exclaimed Bunter, in a hurry, as the American junior turned a grim look on him. "I haven't the faintest idea how that soot got there! I certainly never got it from the box-room. So far as I know, there isn't any soot in the old box-room chimney."

"There's less than there was, anyhow!" chuckled Bob.

"You pesky gink!" hooted Van Duck.

"Oh, really, Van Duck——"

"Think I'm going to turn into that bed after you've banked it up with soot, you fat piecan?"

"I didn't!" howled Bunter. "I told you in the Rag that if there was any soot in your bed, I knew nothing about it. All the fellows heard me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder of the Sixth looked in at the door. He was chatting in the passage with Walker, but the merriment in the dormitory drew his attention.

"Now, then, stop that row!" called out the bully of the Sixth. "Turn in! Do you hear? I'm not waiting long!"

From the doorway Loder, fortunately, could not see the sooty bed. No one wanted to draw the prefect's attention to it.

"I say, you fellows, don't you make out I did that!" gasped Bunter, as Loder turned away again. "There'll be a row about it, you know!"

"The rowfulness will probably be

terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You blithering ass!" said Frank Nugent. "Mrs. Kebble will want to know who made those bedclothes sooty to-morrow!"

"Well, I know nothing about it!" said Bunter. "I wasn't in the dormitory at all when I came up here to wash——"

"Oh crikey!"

"And if that beast pitches into a fellow with a cricket stump, he can jolly well take what's coming to him!" said Bunter. "Not that I know anything about it, of course."

Grinning, the fat Owl of the Remove prepared to turn in.

Some of the fellows expected Van Duck to show signs of wrath. It was certain that whoever slept in that bed was going to have a rather sooty and uncomfortable time. But the American junior did not seem to be unduly worried or wrathful.

He was taking that fatheaded jape with unexpected indifference. His indifference, however, was explained when he was ready for bed.

He did not approach his own bed. He went to Bunter's.

Billy Bunter's eyes almost bulged through his spectacles as he saw the American junior turn into that bed.

"I—I say, you fathead, that's my bed!" he squeaked.

"Mine for to-night, I guess!" drawled Van Duck.

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

It was really a very simple way out of the difficulty for Van Duck. But it had evidently never entered the fat Owl's fat and fatuous head that this would be the outcome of his activity with the soot.

The expression on Billy Bunter's fat face was worth more than a guinea a box as he glared at Van Duck.

"Why, you—you cheeky beast!" he gasped. "Think you're going to have my bed?"

"I guess you can have mine!"

"It's all sooty!" howled Bunter.

"Waal, if you don't like soot, what did you bank it in the bed for? You figure that I like it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you beast! You gerrout of my bed!" gasped Bunter. "I say, you fellows, you turn that cheeky beast out of my bed!"

"Turn the soot out of Van Duck's first!" chuckled Harry Wharton.

"How can I, you silly ass? Look here, you Yankee beast, if you don't get out of my bed, I'll jolly well pull you out!"

"Get on with the pulling!" grinned Van Duck. "I guess you'll have to pull a whole lot, and then some, and a few over!"

"Loder'll make you get out, you beast! He knows that ain't your bed!"

"O.K.! If you want to tell Loder that you've banked soot in a bed, go ahead! I ain't stopping you!"

"Oh, you beast!" gasped Bunter.

Four from Loder's ashplant in the Rag were enough for Bunter. He did not want to draw Loder's attention to himself any more.

The Remove turned in, chuckling, leaving Billy Bunter blinking in dismay at the sooty bed. Pulling Van Duck out was rather too large an order for the fat Owl. But getting into a bed smothered with soot was horribly unpleasant. Billy Bunter was not fearfully particular on the subject of cleanliness, but even Bunter jibbed at a sooty bed.

"I say, you fellows——" he squeaked, in dismay.

"Jolly old Shakespeare says, 'tis

sport to see the engineer hoist by his own petard!" remarked Peter Todd.

"Blow Shakespeare! I say, I shall get all sooty if I get into that bed!" wailed Bunter.

"You'll have to wash in the morning, that's a cert!" said Bob Cherry. "Awful hard lines, old bean! You've had your wash for the term, haven't you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder put in his head again, and reached the switch by the doorway to turn off the light.

"I—I say, Loder, I—I'm not in bed yet!" stuttered Bunter.

"Get in in the dark, then!" snapped Loder.

A more dutiful prefect might have

A pale glimmer from the high windows of the dormitory faintly revealed the fat figure in striped pyjamas.

"Oh lor'!" said Bunter.

There was a chuckle from the rows of beds. Billy Bunter's predicament, of his own making, seemed to entertain the Remove.

"I say, Wharton, you're head boy—you make that beast Van Duck get out of my bed!" howled Bunter. "You know jolly well Quelch wouldn't let a fellow bag another fellow's bed!"

"Think Quelch would let a fellow put soot in another fellow's bed?" inquired the head boy of the Remove.

"Beast! Look here, you Yankee rotter, I'll jolly well have you out of

He sat on the edge of the empty bed, rubbed his nose, and grunted.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up!" said Bolsover major. "We want to go to sleep, if you don't!"

"But I do!" wailed Bunter. "But I can't go to bed in a heap of soot."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you beasts are only going to cackle——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh lor'!"

There was no help for it! Bunter had to go to bed in that sooty bed, or else sit up all night! Grunting with wrath, the fat junior groped at the bed, rolling up the heap of soot in the sheets, taking them off and depositing them under the bed. A great deal of the soot was



Up went Putnam van Duck's right hand with the cricket stump in it. It came down suddenly, and it came down hard, landing with a terrific whop on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars. Whack! "Yow-woop!" yelled Bunter. "I ain't after your jam! Yow-ow-ow!"

noticed that one of the juniors was in the wrong bed. At the foot of each bed in the Remove dormitory was a box with the owner's name plainly inscribed thereon. So the name of W. G. Bunter was on the box at the foot of the bed now occupied by Putnam van Duck, and the name of P. van Duck was on the box at the foot of the empty bed at which Billy Bunter was blinking in dismal dismay.

But Loder, who was anxious to get back to his study to resume an important discussion on the subject of "gee-gees" with Walker and Carne and Price of the Fifth, noticed nothing, and would not have cared, anyhow. He had given the Lower Fourth time to turn in, and now he was going.

He switched off the light.

The dormitory door closed, and Loder walked away with Walker. Bunter was left standing in the dark

that bed if you don't gerrout!" hooted Bunter.

"Wade in!" chuckled Van Duck.

Billy Bunter rolled to the annexed bed. He was getting desperate. He groped for Van Duck to pull him out.

A finger and thumb fastened on a fat little nose.

There was a sound of squeaking and squealing in the Remove dormitory. Then Bunter's voice was heard in muffled tones:

"Wurrgh! Led do by dose, you beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pull away!" said Van Duck. "I guess I can pull a few, too."

"Oooooooooooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter got his nose away. He immediately departed with it to a safe distance. He had had enough of pulling Van Duck out of his bed.

spilled over the blankets, but that could not be helped.

Bunter slid his fat figure into sooty blankets and laid his fat head on a sprinkled pillow. He grunted and snorted in an atmosphere of soot. For once Bunter's hefty snore did not awaken the echoes of the Remove dormitory a minute after his head touched the pillow. Almost for the first time in history Billy Bunter was the last man in the Remove to go to sleep.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Easy Work for Chick!

"DARK!" murmured Chick Chew. "You said it!" agreed Bud Parker in a cautious whisper. "Suits us fine!"

"I guess I'd like to see whether that

guy Poker is around!" muttered Bud, staring round him uneasily through his horn-rimmed glasses.

"I'll say that the less we see of that galoot the more I like it!" said Chick. "He sure won't see us to-night, unless he's a doggoned cat."

It was a fine summer night—but very dark. The two gangsters could hardly see one another in the shadowed quadrangle of Greyfriars.

At midnight the school was deep in silence and slumber. The last light had long been extinguished. The only sound that broke the stillness was the faint murmur of the wind from the sea in the branches of the old Greyfriars elms.

Standing by a little window—that of the lobby at the end of the Sixth Form passage—Chick Chew and Bud Parker watched and listened. They had entered the precincts of the school easily enough, by way of the old Cloisters. The deep darkness favoured them if watchful eyes were abroad. They stood silent in black shadow.

But for the presence of Poker Pike at Greyfriars the kidnapping of the Chicago millionaire's son would have been simply "pie" to an experienced kidnapper like Chick. But the gunman guardian had, so far, put "paid" to all Chick Chew's enterprises in that direction.

Mr. Vanderdecken van Duck, in far-off Chicago, had known what he was about when he hired a gunman to keep watch over his son at school in the old country.

But Chick was a determined guy. He admitted that that astute move on the part of the millionaire made his task more difficult. But he was not going to be left. Half a million dollars was the figure fixed for Putnam's ransom if the

gangsters succeeded in "cinching" him. But that was not all. It was a matter of professional pride, too. Kidnapper No. 1 of the United States was not going to register his first defeat!

"O.K.!" murmured Chick. "I guess that guy Poker is fast asleep in his lectie bunk, and snoring."

"Sez you!" murmured Bud.

The horn-rimmed man was doubtful and uneasy. He had been pessimistic ever since the activities of the kidnapers had been transferred to the old-fashioned side of the Atlantic. Bud Parker would willingly have thrown down the enterprise and beaten it for Chicago, where a gangster had little to fear from "cops," and could buy his way out of the "can" if he found himself in that abode.

"Aw, park it!" growled Chick. "You figure that that guy Poker sits up all night with his optics propped open? Can it! I guess we got an easy run! That guy is located at the porter's lodge, and I'll say that suits me fine. He ain't nowhere around this shebang!"

Bud stared uneasily into the shadows.

Chick got busy with the lobby window.

That window was secured inside. But no window fastenings offered much difficulty to Chick. Chick had dabbled in all sorts of things before he found his true vocation as star kidnapper of the United States. Cracking cribs was an old game to Chick. No doubt the schoolmaster guys fancied that the House was safely secured from midnight intruders. Such an idea made Chick smile. The lobby window was open in a few minutes.

Chick was fat and bulky, but he was extremely active. He was through the

window almost in a twinkling. He leaned out to whisper to Bud.

"You stick around and wait, Bud! I guess I'll be through in two shakes of a cat's tail."

Bud refrained from replying "Sez you!" But it was clear that he had his doubts and was in incessant dread of seeing a hickory face and a bowler hat loom up in the shadows.

"Ain't we got it all cut and dried?" whispered Chick. "Ain't I given the shebang the once-over and located that young gink in his dormitory? Did I heave a rock at a winder of that room three days ago and crack out a pane, or did I not?"

"You said it!" agreed Bud.

"Did I fix it with the builder's man to hand me his job of mending that winder, or did I not?" further inquired Chick.

"I'll say you did!" admitted Bud.

"Did I horn in here as a winder-mender, and nobody the wiser, or did I not?" pursued Chick. "Did I spot young Putnam's bed in his dormitory, or did I not? Was his name wrote fair and plain on the box along of his bed, or was it not? Do I know where to lay my finger on that gilt-edged young geck, or do I not, Bud Parker? I'm asking you."

"Yep!" admitted Bud.

There had been rather a "row" a few days ago over the cracking of a window in the Remove dormitory by a stone hurled by an unknown hand.

But nobody, certainly, guessed for a moment that the hand had been the fat hand of Chick Chew.

Neither, certainly, had anyone the remotest suspicion that the man who had come—or had been supposed to come—from the builder's at Courtfield was the star kidnapper of the United States in one of his many disguises.

By that astute device Chick had learned what he wanted to know—the exact location of Putnam van Duck's bed in the House.

With that knowledge clear in his astute mind, the rest was pie to Chick, if only the watchful gunman could be eluded.

"Waal, then," grunted Chick, "you want to believe that we're getting by with it this time, you Dismal Jimmy! You stick around till I hand you that young guy from this here winder."

"You got the chloroform pad?" whispered Bud.

Chick grinned, with a gleam of expensive American dentistry in the gloom.

"You figure I've left it at home on the grand planner?" he retorted. "You stick around and don't ask fool questions."

Chick disappeared in the darkness within, leaving his horn-rimmed side-kicker to "stick around."

With a stealthy lightness amazing in so bulky a gangster, Chick threaded his way silently through a sleeping House.

His peculiar profession had given Chick an almost cat-like faculty of getting about in the dark without a sound and without a false step. Only once had he been able to give the interior of the House the "once-over"—when he had come there as a glazier to mend the dormitory window! But once was enough for Chick; all that he needed to know was clearly mapped in his keen and retentive mind.

The door of the Remove dormitory opened silently under Chick's stealthy hand.

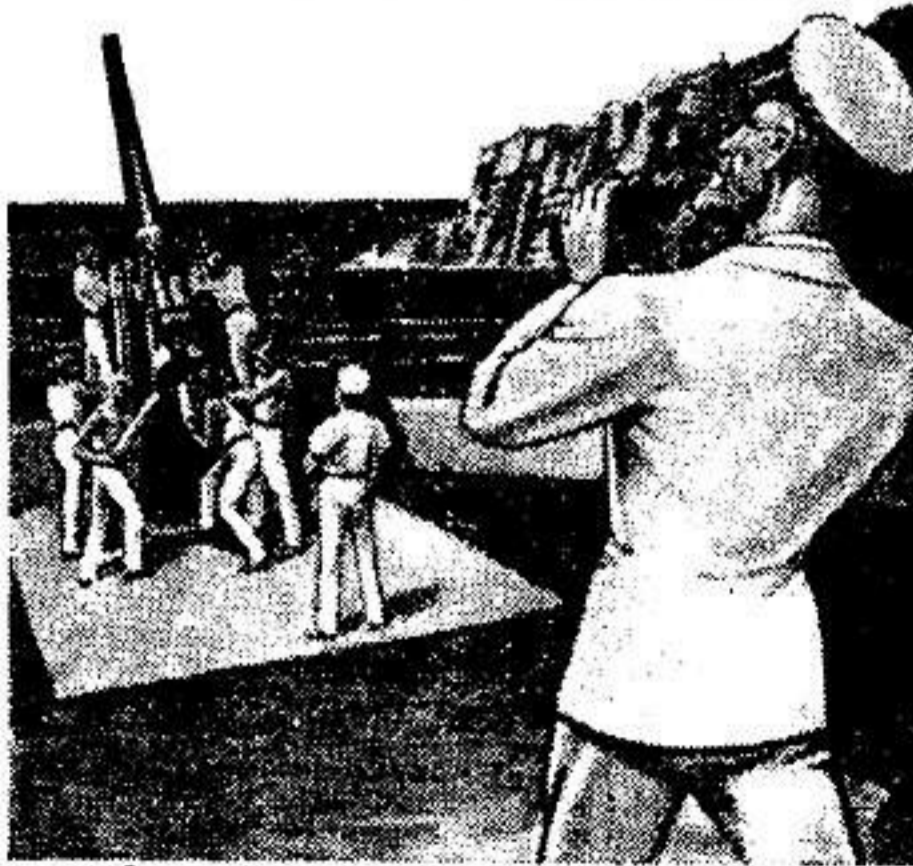
All was densely dark within.

Only the palest of glimmers came from the high windows. The beds were merely darker shadows in darkness.

But Chick knew his way.

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# BOYS' FRIEND

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Noiselessly he stepped towards Putnam van Duck's bed.

In a dormitory occupied by about thirty boys it was likely enough that one might wake at any moment, if only to turn his head on the pillow. Chick could not venture to turn on the faintest glimmer of light, even for a moment. One startled voice would have given the alarm and knocked all his plans into a cocked hat.

Chick had a length of lead-piping at hand in the gangster style. He would have had no hesitation in using it. But in the present circumstances it was useless.

On the occasion when he had "cinched" Putnam at Wharton Lodge the American boy had had a room to himself. Then it had been easy.

In a school dormitory the matter was quite different. Chick was an active man in handling a length of lead-piping, but thirty heads were rather too many for the most active gangster to tap.

One shout would alarm the House—and once the alarm was given, Poker Pike would be very rapidly on the scene with his six-gun. All depended on carrying the enterprise through without an alarm.

Silently Chick stopped at the foot of Putnam's bed.

If any eye had opened, it would not have spotted him in the deep darkness. And he made no sound.

He knew which was Putnam's bed. There was no doubt on that point. He had made a special note of that.

But careful caution was second nature to Chick. He stooped over the box at the foot of the bed. He dared not show the faintest glimmer from a flash-lamp, lest an eye should open at an unfortunate moment. But he strove to read the name on the box.

Knowing what to expect to see there, he was able to make out enough to satisfy him that there was no mistake.

It was undoubtedly Putnam van Duck's box. It was, therefore, undoubtedly Putnam van Duck's bed.

Equally undoubtedly, the occupant of that bed was fast asleep—for a deep snore was proceeding from him.

Chick stopped soundlessly along the bed. He could not see the sleeper's face, except the palest glimmer. But the snore was an easy guide.

There was a faint, sickly smell as the chloroform pad approached the sleeping face. And Billy Bunter glided from deep into deeper sleep—from which he was not likely to waken for many hours!

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## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### The Wrong Pig by the Ear!

"YOU got him?" breathed Bud Parker.

He stared in at the lobby window through his horn-rimmed glasses. Within, a shadow loomed up from the dark.

It was Chick Chew.

The fat gangster was breathing hard. Carried like a sack across his shoulder was a still figure wrapped in blankets.

"I should smile!" answered Chick.

"Wake snakes!" breathed the horn-rimmed man. "You got away with the goods this trip!"

"Sure thing!"

Chick rested his burden in the window. The chloroformed junior was rolled in the blankets from his bed. From one end of the roll of blankets the crown of his head showed; from the other end protruded his feet and a limpse of striped pyjamas.

The fat gangster panted.

"I'll say they've fed him a few since he's been located in this here shebang!" he gasped. "I'll tell a man, I'd never have figured that he weighed half as much! Nor a quarter! They sure have fed him up like he was a prize turkey, judging by his doggoned weight."

"Say, you got the right guy?" Bud was uneasy and anxious. Failure after failure had damped his enthusiasm and his confidence in his leader.

Chick gave an angry grunt.

"You pesky bonehead, you figure that I moseyed around picking up a guy promiscus?" he demanded. "I got this baby out of Putnam van Duck's bed. You want to know whether some other guy was snoozing in his bed, and him out of it? Don't you waste your breath on fool talk, Bud Parker!"

"O.K.," murmured Bud. "If you got him dead to rights, the sooner we hit space the better for our health. I sure don't feel any too easy in my mind about that guy Poker."

"Poker nothing!" grunted Chick. "Take a holt on this guy, and get him off'n my hands."

Bud Parker took the bundle in the blankets, and fairly staggered under the weight as he received it.

Bud was not nearly so hefty as the fat gangster. And the weight of his prize had astonished Chick and made him pant for breath. Bud staggered under it, and almost collapsed.

He swayed, and lowered the blanketed bundle to the ground. It bumped there rather suddenly.

"Search me!" gasped Bud. "They sure have fed him up to the back of his neck, and then some! I'll tell a man, he's some weight!"

Chick clambered out of the window.

He wiped a spot of perspiration from his fat brow. Bud Parker panted for breath. Still and silent at their feet lay the figure rolled in blankets.

Bud, as he panted, listened anxiously. There was no sound of alarm. If Poker Pike was on the alert, he was nowhere near at hand.

Only too well the gangsters knew that Poker "moseyed" around at all hours of the night, on the watch for possible intruders. But if the gunman was on watch that night, the thick cloak of darkness favoured the kidnapers. Wherever Poker Pike was, he had not spotted them.

"Get to it!" muttered Chick.

He stooped, and took one end of the blanketed bundle. Bud Parker lifted the other.

Carrying the unconscious junior between them, they trod softly away.

Chick's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. At last, at long last, he had got away with the goods! Bud shared his satisfaction—but he also shared the weight of the kidnapped junior, and he found, like Cain of old, his burden almost more than he could bear!

"I'll say he weighs some!" he breathed stertorously. "I guess it's got me beat, Chick, that young guy putting on all this weight."

"He's sure fattened a lot!" said Chick. "I guess they feed 'em well at this here school, and a few over."

Bud opened his lips—and closed them again. It did not seem possible that Chick had made a mistake. Who but Putnam van Duck could have been sleeping in Putnam van Duck's bed?

What Van Duck weighed Bud did not know, but on his looks he would have expected the American junior to weigh less than half of this terrific weight. He could not help feeling a lingering doubt.

Chick Chew took the weight without undue exertion, but the weedy Bud almost crumpled under it.

"I guess I'll be mighty glad when we get him to the car!" he breathed. "I'll tell a man, this is making me tired."

"Aw, can it, and get on!" grunted Chick.

Bud canned it, and they got on. They passed silently into the black shadow of the old Cloisters.

There Bud lowered his end of the fat prize. Chick, not unwilling to take a brief rest, hefty as he was, followed his example.

"Say," murmured Bud, "it's sure safe here to turn on a glim—"

"What'll you want with turning on a glim?" grunted Chick.

"I guess it won't cost us anything to give him the once-over—"

"Aw, park it!"

"I'm telling you, Chick Chew, I don't get on to that guy Van Duck being so doggoned heavy!" panted Bud. "Looking at the young guy, who'd figure he weighed like he was a prize ox? Mebbe—"

Chick glared at him.

"Mebbe I'm a bonehead, and got the wrong pig by the ear!" he snarled. "And mebbe you know more about the kidnapping game than I do, Bud Parker! And mebbe you figure that some other guy was snoozing in Van Duck's bed! Say, you park your chin-wag, and don't talk foolish!"

"I guess I'd like to give that young guy the once-over!" urged Bud. "It sure has got me guessing, him being so goldarned heavy. He never looked it when I seen him."

Snort, from Chick.

"I guess a glim wouldn't be seen here," he growled. "Give him the once-over, doggone you, and then quit chewing the rag!"

Bud gave a cautious stare round through his horn-rimmed glasses. The old cloisters were dark and silent. The blanketed figure had been laid down behind one of the old stone pillars. It was safe to turn on a brief light.

The man in the horn-rimmed glasses bent over the sleeper and pulled the rolled blanket down to reveal the face. Then he jerked a flash-lamp from his pocket and turned the beam on the sleeper's face.

"Satisfied now?" grunted Chick.

"Search me!" gasped Bud, staring at the fat face revealed by the flash-lamp. "That ain't Van Duck!"

"Pack it up, you pesky stiff!" snapped Chick. "I guess—" But the next moment he broke off, his fat jaw agape, as he stared at the face of the sleeper in the gleam of the flash-lamp.

He stared at it in stupefaction.

It was not the face of Putnam van Duck! It was a face the gangsters had seen before—the face of William George Bunter! The prize had been hooked out of Putnam van Duck's bed in the Remove dormitory! But, only too clearly, it was not Putnam van Duck!

For a long moment Chick stood stupefied. That startling discovery bereft him of speech.

"You hit the wrong bed!" hissed Bud.

"I did not!" gasped Chick. "I'm telling you, Bud Parker, I hit the right bed! I'm shouting out to you, Bud Parker, that I hit Putnam van Duck's bed and got that guy out of it. They must have changed beds, and it ain't no use asking me why. It's got me beat!"

But Parker snarled.

"You got the wrong guy, you Chick! And if I hadn't made you stop and give him the once-over here, you'd have got him to the car. That fat gink, that's no use to nobody! I'll tell a man! You doped him once in mistake for Van Duck—now you've done hooked him out of bed in mistake for that young guy! You sure do seem to have a hunch for cinching that fat geck, Chick Chew!"

"How'd I know they changed beds?"

"How'd you know anything?" hissed Bud. "I guess the sooner you throw down kidnapping, and buy a candy store, the better! Mebbe you could sell candy without mistaking it for chewing-gum!"

Chick glared at his follower, and clenched a fat fist.

"If you're honing to have them arc-lights of yours pushed back through your cabela—" he snarled.

"Aw, can it!" sneered Bud. "What we going to do with this lard-faced boob? What's the use of him?"

"He ain't no more use than you are, Bud Parker! I guess I'm going back for the guy I want!" hissed Chick. "Turn that doggoned light off, you bonehead! You figure that we want publicity, and you playing at being an illuminated advertisement on Broadway?"

Bud, in his anger and dismay at finding Billy Bunter in the place of the millionaire's son, had forgotten the flashlamp in his hand.

He shut off the light.

"Now leave that fat gink there, and come back!" snarled Chick. "I guess—"

"Lissen!" breathed Bud.

"Aw, can it, you scared rabbit! I'm telling you—"

"Lissen!" hissed Bud.

There was a sound in the silence—a stealthy footfall. Bud's uneasy ears had caught it first—but Chick heard it now. Suddenly, from the darkness, came the blaze of a light—bright as a searchlight, backed by impenetrable darkness.

But the gangsters did not need telling who was behind that sudden glare of light. And they did not need telling that there was a gun in his other hand!

Chick forgot his idea of returning to make another attempt. He bolted along the shadowy Cloisters. After him scampered Bud.

"Stick 'em up, you 'uns!" came the deep roar of Poker Pike.

They ran hard.

Bang!

The six-gun roared, the bullet whistling among the stone pillars. The glare of light followed the gangsters, picking them up as they ran.

Poker, it was clear, was up and on the watch that night! Had the prisoner been Van Duck, no doubt the gangsters would have got him away before Poker established contact.

But that error in the dark dormitory had spoiled everything, from the kidnapers' point of view. In that startling and dismaying discovery, that they had the wrong pig by the ear, they had forgotten caution for a few moments.

Perhaps Poker had had a glimpse of Bud's flashlamp—perhaps he had caught a sound of angry voices. Anyhow, there he was!

There he was—picking up the gangsters as they fled, with the powerful light of the electric torch, following fast on their fleeing footsteps, and loosing off his six-gun as he followed!

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Bang, bang, bang!

Chick Chew swung himself over the wall, and dropped, a breathless heap, into the lane outside the Cloisters. As he dropped, he heard a frantic yell and a fall on the inner side of the wall.

"I got it!" came Bud's howling voice. "I sure got it in the laig!" And another wild yell followed.

Chick bounded up.

He was on the safe side of the wall. Bud was on the unsafe side, with a bullet in his leg. Bud was a gone coon—but Chick was not the man to throw away his more valuable self on account of a lame duck who had been so injudicious as to stop a bullet! Chick Chew bounded away in the darkness, and did not stop running till he reached the car where Tug waited at the wheel. But Parker was in no state for running.

"I guess," remarked Poker Pike, as he stared down at the horn-rimmed man, in the glare of the electric torch. "I guess I got you, Bud Parker! Surest thing you know! I guess you want to be glad that we ain't in Chicago now, Bud, or you'd sure have cinched that pill in a place where you live. But they're powerful pertickler in this hyer country about shooting up a guy and making it last sickness for him! You want to be pleased that I let you have it in the laig, Bud!"

Bud groaned. No doubt he had reason to be pleased. But he did not look pleased, and he did not feel pleased. His wound was nothing to make a song—or a dance about—only sufficient to stop his flight and hand him over to the grip of the Greyfriars gunman. But Bud's game was up—Chick Chew was hitting the open spaces, no doubt to try again; but Bud Parker was through with kidnapping for some years to come!

From the day they had transferred their activities to the old-fashioned side of the Atlantic Bud had been pessimistic. He had felt that England was no country for a gangster. And he had been right! Chick had overruled his objections—but he had been right! A country in which a guy could not buy his way out of the "can," was no country for gangstering!

And the hapless Bud, in the lowest of spirits, realised that he was booked now for a "can" from which there was no exit to be bought—he had to come before a judge who could not be bribed and a jury who were not for sale—and the dismal prospect made Bud feel like a two-cent remnant!

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### An Alarm in the Night!

"**T**HAT geck Poker!" exclaimed Putnam van Duck.

Every fellow in the school was awake.

The roar of Poker Pike's six-gun rang and echoed far and wide. It was followed by the flashing of lights and the banging of doors.

The Remove fellows sat up in bed and listened.

The echo of the firing in the quad died away; but there were many sounds from downstairs, hurrying feet and a buzz of voices.

"The jolly old kidnapers!" remarked Bob Cherry. "Poker wouldn't be blazing away for fun at this time of night!"

There was a patter of rapid feet in the dormitory passage.

The door was flung open, and the

light flashed on. Mr. Quelch, in dressing-gown and slippers, hurried in.

He made straight for Van Duck's bed.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, as he saw that the bed was empty. "Then it is not a false alarm—the boy is gone!"

"Great pip!" gasped Bob, as he stared at the empty bed.

"Bunter's gone!" gasped Wharton.

Until the light was switched on, the juniors had had no idea that anyone was missing from the dormitory. Now all eyes turned on the empty bed.

"Wharton!" rapped out Mr. Quelch. "Van Duck appears to be missing. Have you any knowledge—"

"He's here, sir."

"What?"

"O.K., sir!" said Van Duck.

The Remove master spun round towards him, his eyes bulging in astonishment at the sight of the American junior sitting up in Bunter's bed.

"Oh!" he gasped. "I feared—I am glad to see that you are safe, Van Duck. But what does this mean? Why are you not in your own bed?"

"I guess I changed beds with Bunter, sir."

"What? You should have done nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "You are very well aware that no such change is permitted! Why—"

"Some guy had been spilling soot in my bed, sir, and—and—"

"This is extraordinary!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, with a glance at the empty bed. "Certainly, it appears to be sooty! Some foolish boy— But never mind that now. You caused me a moment of very painful alarm, Van Duck—seeing your bed empty, I feared that you had fallen into the hands of a kidnapper!"

"Sorry, sir—"

"But where is Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch. "If you have changed beds, why is not Bunter in your bed, as you are in his? Bunter!"

Mr. Quelch stared round the dormitory. But there was no sign of the fat Owl of the Remove.

"Where is Bunter?" he rapped.

"I—I—I'm afraid that—that—" stammered Wharton. "Bunter was in Van Duck's bed, sir, when we went to sleep, and—and if the kidnapper has been here—"

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

Bunter evidently was not in the dormitory. It was not difficult to guess that, occupying Van Duck's bed, he had been taken for Van Duck in the dark. That was, indeed, the only way of accounting for his absence.

Mr. Quelch hurried from the dormitory.

There was a buzz of voices from the excited juniors. Most of them turned out of bed, and gathered in a crowd at the doorway.

"I guess they got him!" muttered Van Duck. "I guess they been here, and they got that fat gink in the dark—"

"He was in your bed," said Nugent. "But how the thump would they know which was your bed, Van Duck? If they turned on a light, they would see that it wasn't you in the bed."

"Waal, they didn't see that it wasn't me, so I reckon they knew which was my bed," said Putnam. "I'll say Chick Chew has been around taking notes, some time or other. He knew which bed to hit. But I reckon that even Chick never guessed that a guy had changed beds."





The man in the horn-rimmed glasses jerked a flash-lamp from his pocket, and turned the beam on the sleeper's face. "Satisfied now?" grunted Chick. "Search me!" gasped Bud, staring at the fat face revealed. "That ain't Van Duck! You got the wrong guy, you Chick!"

"Hardly," said Harry Wharton. "If you'd been in your own bed—"

"I guess it would have been a cinch."

"But Bunter—" said Bob.

"They got no use for Bunter," said Van Duck. "As soon as they find they ain't got the right packet, I guess they'll drop it."

The juniors waited anxiously. Billy Bunter's fatuous jape on the American junior's bed had had an utterly unexpected result. It looked as if it had saved Van Duck from the clutches of the kidnapers, and caused the fat Owl to fall into those clutches.

Meanwhile, Mr. Quelch had hurried down the stairs. The great door of the House stood wide open, and light streamed out into the dark quadrangle.

Masters and prefects were up, half-dressed, staring out into the quad. The voice of Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, was booming.

"Absurd! An absurd alarm! I have been awakened by a sound of firing! Absurd, ridiculous!"

"A boy from the Remove dormitory is missing, Mr. Prout," said the Remove master. "Something has happened—"

"That gunman," said Mr. Wiggins. "Such a disturbance is really—really—really—"

"Here he comes, sir!" said Wingate of the Sixth.

A bowler-hatted figure loomed up in the light from the doorway. Every eye was fixed on it.

Poker Pike came up the steps, carrying what looked like a roll of blankets on his hefty shoulder.

He walked in and deposited the

bundle on the floor, at the feet of the Remove master.

"Yourn, I reckon," he remarked.

"Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

He stared at the fat, unconscious face that looked from the roll of blankets.

"Chloroform, I reckon," said Poker tersely. "I guess it's got me beat how Chick picked up that fat gink, instead of the guy he was after; but I reckon he did. Say, where's that Putnam van Duck?"

"He is safe in his dormitory!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "I have just seen him and spoken to him."

"O.K.!" said Poker.

He lounged out of the House again into the dark quadrangle.

Billy Bunter was picked up by some of the masters, and carried up the stairs to his dormitory. There was a buzz among the Removites as Quelch, Prout, and Capper were seen coming up the corridor, breathing hard under the weight of the unconscious Owl.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter!"

"Thank goodness he's safe!"

The crowd of excited juniors surged back from the doorway as Bunter was carried in. The fat junior was placed in his own bed. It was clear that he was under the influence of chloroform; its faint, sickly odour was still clinging about him. It was likely to be some time before he returned to consciousness.

"You boys will return to bed," said Mr. Quelch severely.

The juniors went back to bed—though not to sleep. Mr. Quelch went down to his study to ring up the school doctor at Friardale.

He had finished his call, and was

putting up the receiver, when there was a trampling of feet, and a buzz of voices in the passage. A bowler-hatted head looked into the study.

"Mebbe you'll ring up the cops?" suggested Poker Pike.

"The—the what?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"The bulls," explained Mr. Pike.

"I—I fail to understand. I am about to ring up the police station."

"You got it," assented Mr. Pike.

"You put them wise that I got a bird for them."

"A—a—a bird?"

"Surest thing you know."

Poker Pike turned back from the doorway, leaving Mr. Quelch staring.

Then he reappeared, helping in a man in horn-rimmed glasses, who limped on one leg. Mr. Quelch stared blankly at Bud Parker.

"Who—who—who is this?" he stuttered.

"Chick's side-kicker," explained Poker briefly. "I guess I got him in the laig when he was hitting the horizon."

"Doggone you!" groaned Bud.

"Pack it up!" said Poker. "I guess you come out at the little end of the horn this trip, Bud. But you ain't got no kick coming."

"Is—is—is that one of the—the kidnapers?" stuttered Mr. Quelch.

"You said it."

"Bless my soul! And—and—"

"I guess I handed him a pill," said Poker. "But he ain't damaged a whole lot. Jest spilled some juice. Mebbe you'll let him stick here till the cops come along & tote him to the 'can.'"

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He deposited the groaning Bud in Mr. Quelch's armchair.

"Bless my soul!" repeated the Remove master dazedly.

He rang up the police station at Courtfield. Half an hour later, Inspector Grimes arrived in a car. And in another half-hour Bud's dismal forebodings were realised, and he was safe in a "can," from which there was no escape.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Ginger-beer for Poker!

"**H**E, he, he!"  
"Shut up, you fat ass!"  
"Looks like an owl, doesn't he, in those barnacles?" grinned Billy Bunter.

Whereat the other fellows grinned. The white-haired old gentleman who was pottering about in the quadrangle certainly had rather an owlish look, with a large pair of glasses perched on his nose. But that remark from the Owl of the Remove made the juniors smile.

It was several days since the excitement of the gangsters' visit to the school.

Bud Parker, safe in what he called the "can," was awaiting trial. Chick Chew, in parts unknown, was doubtless laying plans for another attempt on the Chicago millionaire's son at Greyfriars.

Dr. Locke hoped that his failure, and the capture of his associate, would discourage Chick, and cause him to give up his enterprise, and retire to the safety of his own country. Mr. Quelch shared that hope, and considered it probable.

Nothing, at all events, had been seen or heard of the gangsters since that eventful night.

But Poker Pike, keeping "tabs" on the heir to the Van Duck-millions, was as watchful and wary as ever. And Putnam did not believe for a moment that he was "through" with Kidnapper No. 1 of the United States.

Coming out of class in the summer afternoon, a good many fellows glanced at the old gentleman, whose white hair showed under his shining silk hat. He was peering through his glasses at an ancient date cut on the granite basin of the fountain. Some of the fellows smiled as he took out a magnifying-glass to give it a closer scrutiny. He was a stout, pink-complexioned old gentleman.

It was not uncommon for some old gentleman of archaeological tendencies to visit the school, and potter about its antiquities. Greyfriars fellows regarded such old sportsmen with toleration.

"I say, you fellows, that gunman's got an eye on him!" remarked Billy Bunter, with another chuckle.

Poker Pike strolled over from the porter's lodge. His keen slits of eyes searched the harmless-looking old gentleman as he passed him.

Harry Wharton & Co. could not help grinning as the Greyfriars gunman came up to them. Poker was a wary guy, and they could see that he wanted

to know about that stout, venerable-looking archaeologist.

"That silly ass thinks everybody who comes to the school is after Van Duck," grinned Billy Bunter. "I've seen him squinting into the grocer's cart at the tradesmen's gate."

And the juniors chuckled.  
"Say, who's that old guy?" asked Poker, jerking his thumb towards the old gentleman at the fountain.

"Some giddy archaeologist!" replied Harry Wharton. "He blew in this afternoon."

"You wise to him?"  
"Eh! I've never seen him before, if that's what you mean."

"You figure that he's one of Chick's side-kickers, you bonehead?" grunted Putnam van Duck.

"I guess Chick uses all sorts to play his game," answered Poker. "Mebbe that old guy's on the level, and mebbe he ain't. I'll say I'm keeping tabs on you, Putnam van Duck, while he's around."

"Aw, can it!" said Putnam. "You sure make me tired, Poker!"

"I say, you fellows, I know who he is," said Billy Bunter. "I heard him speaking to the Head in his study."

"Of course Bunter knows," grunted Johnny Bull. "He always will, so long as they make keyholes in the doors."

"Beast! I happened to be under the Head's study window, and it was open," said Bunter. "So I couldn't help hearing what they said. You see, the window was wide open, and I had stopped to tie my shoe-lace—"

"Lucky for you the Head didn't spot you listening under his window!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I wasn't listening!" hooted Bunter. "I hope I'm not the fellow to listen. I couldn't help hearing what they said when I had stopped just under the window to pick up my handkerchief."

"As well as to tie your shoe-lace?" asked Bob.

"I mean, to tie my shoe-lace! Well, while I was picking up my shoe-lace—I mean, tying my handkerchief—that is, while I was tying my shoe-lace, I heard them jaw. He's Professor Belknap, and belongs to the Archaeological Association, and he said that being in the neighbourhood, he took the liberty of calling—"

"I suppose the Head knows him!" said Harry.

"He jolly well doesn't," said Bunter. "because he said that he was pleased to make his acquaintance, and had heard of him."

"You heard a jolly lot, while you were tying that shoe-lace!" said Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Beast! And the Head said—"

"Kick him!"  
"Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, just in time. Poker Pike lounged away, but he did not go very far. Evidently he was going to keep a special eye on Putnam, while the stranger was within the gates. Even a white-haired member of the Archaeological Association was not above suspicion, in the wary eyes of the Greyfriars gunman.

Mr. Prout came out of the House and glanced round him. He stopped to speak as he passed the group of Removees.

"Wharton!"  
"Yes, sir!" answered Harry.

"I understand that Professor Belknap, of the

Archæological Association, is here," said the Fifth Form master. "Have you seen him? Can you tell me where he is?"

"Over there by the fountain, sir."

"Thank you, Wharton."

And the portly Prout rolled away to the fountain in the quad, no doubt to place his stores of knowledge at the disposal of the learned professor.

"That old bean will be sorry he called when Prout starts wagging his chin," remarked Bob Cherry. "What about ginger-pop?"

"Good egg!"  
The chums of the Remove walked across to the school shop. After them walked Poker Pike.

Putnam van Duck gave a snort. Putnam acknowledged freely that the Greyfriars gunman was necessary to his safety. More than once already, the watchful Poker had saved him from the wiles of Chick Chew. But he could not help feeling that Poker overdid the watchfulness, and "treading on his tail" within the school walls was rather too much of a good thing.

"Beat it, you bonehead!" he snapped, turning at the door of the tuckshop. "You big stiff, you figure that that old white-whiskered guy is going to snap me up and tote me off in his silk topper?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mebbe, and mebbe not!" answered Poker stolidly. "I guess I ain't losing sight of you, you Putnam van Duck."

"Vamoose, I'm telling you!"

"Forget it!" said Poker.

And the gunman followed the juniors into the school shop. A good many fellows were there, and there was a general grin at the sight of the gunman.

"Here comes the kid and his nurse!" said Skinner.

"Shut up, Skinner!" said Bob Cherry, as the American junior reddened.

Poker did not mind. He was quite indifferent to Skinner's little jokes, and the grinning faces of the other fellows. He was there to keep tabs on Putnam, and nothing else mattered to the dutiful Poker. But it was not surprising that Putnam was fed-up occasionally, with tabs being kept on him to such an extent.

The gunman stood like a graven image, while the juniors ordered ginger-pop.

Putnam, as he took a bottle of that refreshing liquid, gave him a glare.

"Say, you guy, you want to take a walk!" he snapped.

"Forget it!" answered Poker.

"You beating it?" demanded Van Duck.

"Not so's you'd notice it."

Putnam's eyes gleamed over the ginger-beer bottle. The cork was removed suddenly.

Fizzzzzzz!  
Squish!  
Splash!

"Yurrrroooooop!" roared Poker, as the sudden stream caught him in his hickory face. "Say, what the thunder—gurrerrggh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gurrerrggh! I guess—oooch!" spluttered Poker. "You peaky young piccan—urrerrggh!"

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

Poker staggered back, dabbing wildly at streaming ginger-beer. There was a howl of laughter in the tuckshop.

"Urrgh! You young gink, I guess I'll beat you up a few!" spluttered Poker.

"I'll sure lam you, you Putnam van Duck! I guess—"

Poker was interrupted. There was a sudden roar of voices from the quad—

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He stopped to speak as he passed the group of Removees.

"Wharton!"  
"Yes, sir!" answered Harry.

"I understand that Professor Belknap, of the

excited voices shouting from a dozen directions.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's up?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. He rushed to the door, and the other fellows rushed after him. Putnam van Duck rushed with the rest, and Poker, dabbling streaming ginger-beer from his hickory features, for once failed to "keep tabs."

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Some Surprise!

"LIKE this!" said Coker. "For goodness' sake," said Potter of the Fifth, "mind what you're doing with that cricket ball."

"For the love of Mike—" urged Greene.

"If you fellows will shut up!" said Horace Coker, "I'll show you the trick of it! I'm not going to bowl, you silly asses! Think I'm ass enough to chuck cricket balls about in the middle of the quad?"

Potter and Greene dodged away from Coker.

Their opinion, it appeared, was that Coker of the Fifth was ass enough for that, or for anything else!

Certainly, they seemed very anxious not to stand in front of the great Horace while he was brandishing that cricket ball.

"What are you jumping about like kangaroos for?" demanded Coker angrily. "I'm simply going to show you the trick of it. I shan't let the ball leave my hand! Think I want to break windows, or knock that old sportsman's hat off, or bung Prout in the eye?"

"Well, mind you don't!" said Potter.

Potter and Greene were uneasy. They had cause to be uneasy. Even in the cricket field, nobody liked to be near Horace Coker when he had the ball in his hand. Unexpected things happened when Coker of the Fifth handled a cricket ball—unexpected, at least, by Coker. In such circumstances, only the wicket was safe.

Handling it in the quad was still more dangerous. Fellows were not allowed to buzz cricket balls about in the quad.

True, Coker was not going to carry his demonstration to the actual length of bowling! But his friends, knowing their Coker, were uneasy, and were likely to remain uneasy so long as Coker handled what—in his hands—was not merely a cricket ball, but a deadly weapon.

There were a lot of people about in the summer sunshine, after class. Dozens of fellows of all Forms were in the quad. A crowd of Remove juniors had just gone into the tuckshop, but the quad was well populated.

Quelch and Capper were walking by Masters' windows. By the fountain in the middle of the quad, Mr. Prout stood in conversation with the white-haired old gentleman, who, according to Bunter, had introduced himself to the Head as Professor Belknap, of the Archaeological Association. Wingate and some of the Sixth were grouped in one spot—other fellows spotted about. If that ball left Coker's hand, with Coker's beef behind it, it was fairly clear that somebody was going to get damaged.

Any fellow, of course, could have demonstrated a bowling trick without letting the ball go. But with Coker, you never could tell. Potter and Greene, at all events, preferred to act on the maxim of safety first!

They hopped away from Coker, giving

him plenty of sea-room. That action caused Horace to snort with annoyance.

"Watch me!" he snapped.

"We're watching!" called back Potter. They preferred safe-distance watching—still, they watched. It was only prudent to watch Coker when he was brandishing a deadly projectile.

"You get it like this," said Coker. "Your finger on the seam—see?"

"Oh! Yes!" said Greene. "I say, be careful."

"Don't be an ass, Greene!"

"Well, look here—" said Potter.

"Don't jaw, Potter!" said Coker. "Just watch! Like this!"

Coker's powerful arm swept.

As a bowler Coker of the Fifth might with luck have hit the side of a house, provided that it was quite a large house and Coker not very far off from it. But Coker's own idea was that he could bowl. A large-hearted fellow like Coker, in possession of valuable knowledge, naturally desired to impart some of the same to his less-gifted friends. Lack of enthusiasm on their part did not discourage Coker.

"Like this," repeated Coker.

Perhaps that tricky way of getting his finger on the seam prevented Coker from getting a very secure grip on the ball; or perhaps Coker was, as usual, simply a clumsy ass.

Anyhow, the ball flew. Coker did not intend it to leave his hand; but a cricket ball never heeded Coker's intentions—in Coker's grip it seemed to have a will of its own.

Whiz! went the ball.

"Oh!" gasped Coker.

He seemed surprised.

Potter and Greene were not surprised, they were only alarmed; they had quite expected something of the sort. They could only hope that if Coker hurled that deadly missile across a crowded quadrangle it would fail to find a billet—as a bullet is said always to do.

But there was no such good fortune; there were too many billets about for that whizzing ball to fail to find one.

Crash!

Yell!

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Coker.

"You've done it now!" stuttered Potter.

Coker had!

He had done it brown!

For a split second after that ball so unexpectedly left Coker's hand it was a painful problem who would stop it; then it was stopped as it crashed on the side of a venerable-looking head.

It missed Prout by a foot and banged on the head of the archaeological gentleman with whom he stood in conversation at the fountain.

The crash and the frantic yell were followed by a heavy fall. Coker of the Fifth, if he lacked other qualities, had plenty of beef. There was lots and lots of beef behind that cricket ball. It banged on the white-haired head like a blacksmith's hammer.

The shining silk hat flew off and floated in the fountain; its wearer rolled at Prout's feet.

Prout gazed at him transfixed.

There was a roar all over the quad. Fellows rushed up on all sides; they shouted and stared.

Coker stood rooted, overwhelmed. He had not intended to do this, but he had done it—only too evidently he had done it.

"G-g-g-goodness gracious!" gasped Prout.

The Fifth Form master jumped to the fallen man; he dropped on his knees by his side; he raised a dizzy head in his hands.

Then he gave what could only be described as a squeal of amazement; for

as he raised the half-stunned head of the archaeological gentleman the venerable mop of white hair came off in his hands.

It revealed a close-cropped dark head.

Prout, on one knee with a white wig in his hand, remained a fixed figure of astonishment.

"What—what—what—" stuttered Prout.

"Ooooooh!" gasped the sprawling man. "Oh! Great snakes! Ow!"

"What the thump—" gasped Wingate of the Sixth.

"I say, you fellows, it's a wig!" yelled Billy Bunter.

"Who—"

"What—"

Professor Belknap—if that was his name, which was very doubtful—raised himself dizzily on an elbow and blinked round him; his glasses had fallen off, but he did not seem to need them.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Oh! Ooooooh!"

"What—" gurgled Prout.

"Seize him!" Mr. Quelch came hurrying up.

Prout was not quick on the uptake, but the Remove master was. A man in the school in disguise was enough to tell Quelch how the matter stood.

"An impostor! Detain him!"

The loss of his venerable white hair had strangely changed the visitor's looks. The close-cropped dark head was that of a man at least twenty years younger than he had appeared to be. An old gentleman with a bald head might have worn a wig for very good reasons, but a younger man with a good crop of natural hair could only have one reason for doing so. It was clear to Quelch and to others that the man was not Professor Belknap, of the Archaeological Association, at all, but one of the kidnapping gang.

That he was a much younger man than he looked was proved when Mr. Quelch reached him and grasped at him.

Dizzy as he was from the crash of the cricket ball on his head, he dealt promptly and effectively with the Remove master.

A fist that seemed to Mr. Quelch like a lump of iron lashed out, and Henry Samuel Quelch went over backwards, almost heels over head.

He crashed on his back and lay gasping.

The disguised man scrambled up.

He was a stout man, but evidently extremely active. There was a lump on his head where the cricket ball had smitten, and his brain must have been spinning from the shock, but he leaped away with the activity of a kangaroo.

"Collar him!"

"Kidnapper!"

"He's downed Quelch!"

"Bag him!"

It was a roar of voices all over the quad. It brought Harry Wharton & Co. helter-skelter from the tuckshop.

Putnam van Duck gave a yell as he saw the stout figure, hatless, streaking for the gates.

"Chick!"

"What?" gasped Harry Wharton.

"That old bean—"

"Chick Chew!" shrieked Putnam.

"After him!" roared Bob Cherry.

Five or six fellows, nearer to the spot, sprang at Chick as he ran. His powerful arm swept round; Wingate of the Sixth reeled in one direction, Gwynno in another. Blundell of the Fifth jumped in his way, and spun over like a ninepin. With a yelling mob at his heels, the disguised gangster ran like a deer for the gateway.

"Secure him!" Prout was booming.

"Secure the scoundrel! In disguise—a palpable disguise! An impostor! Secure him!"

But it was not so easy to secure Chick. Gosling appeared in the gateway—and jumped promptly aside as the desperate man came speeding at him. Chick flew out into the road.

"Poker!" yelled Putnam.

But Poker Pike was mopping streaming ginger-beer from his hickory face.

Running like a deer, the gangster disappeared out of the gateway. A shouting mob poured out after him—and crowded back as a car driven at a reckless speed roared down the road. The hatless man leaped on the running board as it reached him, and the car vanished in the distance in a cloud of dust. Chick Chew was gone!

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Hard Lines on Quelch!

"**P**oor old Quelch!"  
"Quelch is hurt!"  
"I say, you fellows, old Quelch is knocked out!"

A crowd gathered round the Remove master.

Mr. Wiggins and Mr. Capper raised him from the ground. Dr. Locke was seen hurrying down from the House. Greyfriars buzzed and rang with excitement from end to end. Prout stood with the white wig still in his hand. Potter of the Fifth captured the silk hat that floated in the granite basin of the fountain.

Chick Chew was already far away, and he had left those relics behind him. Poker Pike, still dabbing ginger-beer, looked at them grimly. Coker of the Fifth blinked at them. Coker had little dreamed what was going to be the result of his demonstration of that trick of bowling to Potter and Greene.

"What—what has happened?" The Head came up. "Mr. Quelch— Bless my soul! He appears to be unconscious!"

"Poor old Quelch!" breathed Bob Cherry.

Chick had hit the Remove master only once—but Chick was a hard hitter. Quelch hardly knew what had happened to him. It might have been the kick of a mule. He was half-stunned; and he sagged, a helpless weight, in the supporting arms of Wiggins and Capper.

"Who threw that ball?" Prout was booming as the Head came up. "It was most fortunate—most fortunate! I was completely deceived by that wretched impostor! But who—"

"I did, sir," stammered Coker. "I—I—"

"What—what—" exclaimed the Head. "Who—who—"

"An impostor, sir!" boomed Prout. "A rascal, sir, in disguise! Evidently, sir, one of the kidnapping gang, and certainly not Professor Belknap at all!"

"Bless my soul!"

"I'll say it was Chick!" grunted Poker Pike. "It was sure Chick! I guess he was here after that Putnam van Duck."

"But—but—" gasped the Head. He had not had the remotest doubt of Professor Belknap's bonafides, when that archaeological gentleman had introduced himself.

"Surest thing you know!" grunted Poker. "And I'll mention that if I'd been around he wouldn't have vamoosed the ranch so easy! You pesky young piccan, you Putnam van Duck—"

"A boy of my Form, sir, exposed

him!" boomed Prout. "This boy, 'sir—Coker of my Form, sir—knocked him over, sir, with a cricket ball. How Coker discovered that he was an impostor, sir, I do not yet know; but undoubtedly, sir, Coker acted with great presence of mind—a boy of my Form, sir."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Coker.

Horace Coker realised that this matter was not going to turn out so badly, after all!

Had the archaeological gentleman been genuine, certainly Horace would have been booked for very serious trouble, for nearly braining him with a cricket-ball. It was rather fortunate for Coker, if not for Quelch, that that archaeological gentleman had proved to be Chick Chew in one of his many disguises.

"Bless my soul!" said the Head.

"A boy of my Form, sir!" boomed Prout, evidently greatly pleased by the fact that it was a Fifth Form man who had revealed the trickery of the impostor, by displaying such presence of mind. "This boy, sir, Coker— But for this boy Coker, sir, the cheat would not have been discovered—the wretch would have been here carrying out his dastardly plans—"

"Please bring Mr. Quelch into the House!" said the Head. "My dear Quelch—"

"I—I can walk, sir!" panted the Remove master. Quelch hated fuss, and had no desire whatever to figure as a lame duck.

"My dear Quelch—" said Wiggins.

"My dear fellow—" said Capper.

They assisted Quelch to the House. In point of fact, Quelch found that he needed assistance. A sympathetic crowd followed—Prout still booming.

"A boy of my Form—remarkable presence of mind—very remarkable indeed—a boy of my Form!"

"Good old Coker!" said Bob Cherry. "But how the thump did Coker know that he was a jolly old gangster? He didn't look it."

"The howfulness is terrific."

"How did you know, Coker?" a dozen fellows demanded, as Mr. Quelch was taken into the House.

Coker gasped.

"I—I didn't!"

"You didn't!" howled Bob.

"Nunno! It was an accident!"

"Oh crikey!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better not tell Prout that!" chuckled Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wonderful presence of mind to weigh in with an accident!" chortled the Bounder. "Were you chucking that cricket ball at Prout, Coker?"

"No, you young ass! I was showing Potter and Greene a bowling trick, and it slipped from my hand somehow—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Everybody was concerned about Mr. Quelch; but Coker's explanation furnished a little comic relief!

When the juniors went in to tea, it was rumoured that Quelch had been taken into "sanny" and the school doctor telephoned for. Billy Bunter rolled into Study No. 1 with news, while the Famous Five were at tea there with Putnam van Duck.

"I say, you fellows, Quelch has got the K.O.," announced Bunter. "This may mean a day off to-morrow. I say, I'll have some of that cake! I say, I wonder if we shall get a holiday. Just like the Head to fix us up with extra French if Quelch can't take us! You know these schoolmasters! Still, I'd

rather have Mossop than Quelch, so that's all right, really."

"You fat villain!" said Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, I hear that old Prout has let Coker off some lines! He, he, he! First time he's ever been pleased with Coker. Bet you Coker won't tell him it was an accident and Prout might have got it himself! He, he, he!"

"Poor old Quelch!" said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, yes, sorry for old Quelch!" assented Bunter. "But if we get off Latin to-morrow, it won't be so bad! There's a silver lining to every cloud, you know. I say, I'll have some of those doughnuts. Quelch is going to have a pair of black eyes! I saw him going into sanny. Fancy Quelch with black eyes! He, he, he! I say, Van Duck, Quelch will be fed up with having you here. I say, you fellows, do you think Quelch will turn up in the Form-room with his eyes blacked? Bit undignified, what? We may get out of Latin for a week or more!"

"Kick him!" said Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of Study No. 1, to carry further the glorious news of the possibility of getting out of Latin for a week or more!

"Poor old Quelch!" said Putnam van Duck. "I'll say it's fierce for him! I reckon I wish Poker had been on the spot with his gun, when that bonehead Coker knocked Chick over. If he'd got Chick, I guess the kidnapping game would be up and I'd have a chance of seeing Chicago again."

"Tired of Greyfriars?" asked Bob, with a grin.

"Nope! But I guess popper wants me home," said Van Duck. "But the United States ain't no place for me so long as Chick's on the warpath! He ain't got me here, but he'd sure cinch me fast enough on the other side of the pond. It wouldn't be any use if the cops got him—Chick is rich enough to buy himself out of the 'can.'"

"Nobody in England is rich enough to do that!" chuckled Bob.

"You said it!" agreed Van Duck. "I guess Pop is wise to that! If they get Chick on this side of the pond Chick will be parked safe, and the popper can have me home. I'm telling you, the popper knew what he was about, when he sent me here. But they ain't got Chick yet—though I reckon that Poker would have got him, if I hadn't been fooling around with that pesky ginger-beer."

After tea, the juniors went down to get news of Quelch. They learned that he was in "sanny," and that the school doctor had attended him. It was rumoured that he was booked for the school hospital for some time. No doubt Mr. Quelch was suffering from severe shock; and still more probably, he was unwilling to show up in public with blackened eyes. Anyhow, the Remove had lost their Form-master for the present.

And that they had lost him for some time to come was clear, when it was learned that the Head had telephoned to Leggett & Teggors for a temporary master to take his place.

Which Billy Bunter declared was just like a schoolmaster! Bunter declared that if they were going to have a new beak in the place of the old beak, Quelch might just as well not be ill at all! But as the Head omitted to ask Billy Bunter's advice in the matter, a temporary master for the Remove was due to arrive at an early date.



Poker Pike drew back a few paces, and launched himself at the door. A hefty shoulder, with all the gunman's beef behind it, drove on the oak, with a terrific crash. "Oh crikey!" gasped Bob Cherry, as the door flew open. Saloman, in a dressing-gown, was standing in the middle of the room, his eyes blinking behind his glasses.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Missing Mr. Saloman!

"SALOMAN!"

"That's the name!"

"I say, you fellows, is he a Jew?" asked Billy Bunter.

"Shut up, fathead!" growled Bob Cherry.

It was a couple of days later; and the news had spread that the temporary master of the Remove was arriving that afternoon. The firm of Leggett & Teggars supplied temporary masters, or any sort of masters, at short notice; and Mr. Saloman—whatever Mr. Saloman might be—had been duly supplied by that well-known scholastic agency. Some of the Removites were discussing the matter, and wondering what the temporary "beak" would be like. As Monty Newland of the Remove was in the group, and Monty was of the ancient race of Israel, Billy Bunter's question was not in the best of manners.

"Oh, really, Cherry! It sounds rather like a Jew!" said Bunter. "If he is, I dare say Newland will get on with him, what? He, he, he! I don't think much—"

"Why say much?" asked Newland. "You mean you don't think at all."

"The muchfulness is not terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I was going to say I don't think much—"

"First time I've ever heard Bunter tell the truth!" remarked Frank Nugent.

"I was going to say I don't think much—"

"Tell us something we don't know!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Will you let a fellow speak?"

howled Bunter. "I don't think much of Jews! Look at Newland, f'rinstance! Stingy! Only yesterday, I asked him to cash a postal order for me, and he said he would cash it as soon as he saw it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Speaking of postal orders," went on Bunter, "I told you fellows I was expecting one, I think. If you'd like to let me have the five bob, Van Duck—"

"Guess again!"

"I suppose Americans are as stingy as Jews," said Bunter. "You'll let me have that five bob, won't you, Wharton?"

"No!"

"If you're going to be as stingy as Van Duck and Newland—"

"Just!" agreed Wharton.

"I say, Bob, old chap—"

"No good old-chapping me!" said Bob Cherry sadly. "I haven't got five bob."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nugent, old fellow—"

"No good old-fellowing me!" grinned Nugent. "I haven't, either."

"I say, Johnny—"

"Go and eat coke!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I say, Monty, old bean—"

"If you call me Monty, I'll kick you, Bunter!" said Newland.

"Beast!"

Evidently Billy Bunter's celebrated postal order was not going to be cashed till it arrived. And that distant date was no use to Bunter.

"What about walking down to the station?" asked Harry Wharton. "I

hear that Saloman is coming by the four-thirty."

"Catch me walking miles to meet a Jew!" grunted Billy Bunter.

"Nobody asked you, sir, she said!" sang Bob Cherry. "Let's! It will show the Saloman-bird what nice chaps we are, and how we love our kind teachers, which always does a beak good."

"Rot!" said Bunter.

But it did not seem rot to the Famous Five. A walk across the green common in the June sunshine was pleasant enough; and they were rather interested to see the new beak, who was to take Mr. Quelch's place in the Remove Form-room for a week or more.

As they were going to have at least a week of him, such a polite attention on his arrival might make a good impression, which might prove useful when they came to deal with him in the Form-room. And as they had nothing special to do till tea-time, the chums of the Remove decided on the walk.

As the Famous Five and Van Duck went down to the gates, a bowler-hatted figure rose from the bench by Gosling's lodge.

"Moseying out?" asked Poker Pike.

"Yep!" answered Bob Cherry gravely. "Surest thing you know, old-timer."

And the juniors grinned as they walked out—the Greyfriars gunman walking after them.

Van Duck made a grimace. Mr. Saloman might be pleased at being met at the station by members of the Form he was to take at Greyfriars. But he was likely to be more surprised than pleased

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(Continued from page 13.)

at the sight of a Chicago gunman in attendance.

Still, Chick Chew's latest stunt, in entering the school in disguise, made it clearer than ever that Poker's watchful care was a stern necessity; and nobody raised objections. Not that objections would have had any effect on the stolid Poker.

It was quite a pleasant walk across Courtfield Common, and the party of juniors arrived at the station in good time for the train.

Taking platform tickets, they went on the platform to wait for the train to come in from Lantham Junction. Poker Pike followed them on the platform. Perhaps he figured that Chick Chew might be hanging about the station, ready to whisk the millionaire's son off in an express train! Poker wouldn't have put it past him!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here she comes!" said Bob Cherry, as the express from Lantham came steaming down the line.

The train stopped in the station; doors flew open, and passengers alighted. The juniors watched them as they got out, trying to pick out Mr. Saloman.

It was known that he was to arrive by that train, so there could be no doubt that he was among the passengers. But, if so, it was not easy to pick him out.

There were only eight passengers alighting from the train. Three of them were of the gentle sex. Of the other five, one was Mr. Pilkins, the estate agent; another was Dick Trumper, of Courtfield School; one was a stout farmer, one was a commercial traveller, and one was a florid gentleman who looked like an auctioneer.

"Is that the mercantile?" asked Bob doubtfully.

"Doesn't look the part!" remarked Harry Wharton.

"Well, these temporary masters are all sorts of odds and ends," said Bob. "It can't be one of the others; we'd better ask him."

And Bob stepped towards the man who looked like an auctioneer, raised his hat very politely, and asked:

"Mr. Saloman, sir?"

"Eh? No! Get out!" said the florid gentleman. And he walked on.

"Floored!" said Bob. "He hasn't come!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Missed the connection at Lantham, I suppose," he said. "He will come along in the next train—that's an hour."

"Blow the next train!" grunted Bob.

"We've had our walk for nothing."

"And we shan't be able to show him what nice fellows we are, and how we love our kind teachers!" grinned Nugent.

"What about tea at the bunshop, and coming round for the next train?" asked Harry. "That will fit in all right."

"I guess that's O.K.," said Van Duck.

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And the party having agreed that it was O.K., there was an adjournment to the bunshop in the High Street for tea—shadowed by the watchful Poker.

Tea filled in the interval nicely till the next train from Lantham was due. Then, still under Poker's watchful eye, the juniors returned to the station to see the five-thirty from Lantham come in.

This time they had no doubt of spotting their man. But again there was a surprise and a disappointment. Only three passengers alighted at Courtfield—and not one of them could possibly be imagined to be a schoolmaster. The chums of the Remove watched them pass down the platform—a young lady typist from Chunkley's, a horsy-looking man chewing a straw, and Sir Hilton Popper, of Popper's Court! Certainly Mr. Saloman was not one of the three!

"Well, my only hat!" said Bob, in disgust. "Has the fozzling ass missed another train or what?"

"Must be a chump!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"There's another train in another hour!" said Nugent, with a grin.

"Oh, rats!"

Nobody was disposed to wait for the six-thirty. The Greyfriars fellows left the station, and walked back to the school. Either the temporary master was a man with a genius for losing trains, or else something had happened to delay his arrival.

Billy Bunter met the juniors as they came into the House. His fat face was wreathed with grins.

"I say, you fellows, did you go to the station?" he inquired.

"Yes, ass!"

"How did you miss him, then?"

"He never came."

"He, he, he!"

"Anything to cackle at in that?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Well, you must be silly asses!" grinned Bunter. "He must have walked out under your noses! He, he, he!"

"You giggling gorgon, he never came!"

"He jolly well did!" chuckled Bunter. "He's with the Head now!"

"He's here?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, in astonishment.

"He, he, he! Yes, rather! I've seen him—he's a Jew all right!" said Bunter.

"Too jolly stingy for a taxi-fare! He, he, he! He walked from the station."

"You blithering ass!" hooted Bob.

"He never came!"

"Well, he's with the Head now, whether he did or not!" chortled Bunter.

"I heard him say to Prout, after he came in, that being such a fine day, he had walked from the station. You fellows must have been as blind as owls."

The juniors stared at Bunter. They were utterly astonished to hear that the new master had arrived during their absence. They were absolutely certain that he had not arrived at Courtfield by the four-thirty, at all events.

"Is that fat ass gammoning?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Here, Smithy!" called out Bob Cherry. "Has the new beak blown in?"

"Yes, an hour ago," answered the Bounder. "I believe he's with the Head."

"What's he like?"

"Fat old codger, with a boko!" grinned Smithy. "Looks a good-tempered old bean—we shall have an easier time with him than with Quelch, I fancy."

"Well, my hat!"

It was quite a puzzle to the chums of the Remove. A "fat old codger with a boko" could hardly have passed un-

noticed under six pairs of eyes. Yet he must have done so, if he had walked from Courtfield to the school. Still, they knew that he hadn't, and couldn't have. So it really was a puzzle.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### A Little Mysterious!

MR. SALOMAN was seen at calling over.

He was in Hall, with the other masters, when the school gathered for call-over; and most of the Remove eyed him with interest—especially the Famous Five and Putnam van Duck.

He looked, as the Bounder had said, a good-tempered old bean. He was a stout gentleman of uncertain age, with a dark, and rather shiny complexion, and—undoubtedly—a "boko." Judging by his features, at all events, Mr. Saloman had a strong dash of the Oriental in him. He wore glasses, and a beard; and his nose, was, to say the least, prominent.

Certainly he was not a man to have passed unnoticed when six fellows were waiting and watching for him.

"So that's the sportsman!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"That chap never came by train to Courtfield!" said Johnny Bull. "We couldn't possibly have missed him."

"Bunter says he walked from the station—"

"Bunter's an ass!"

"Oh, really, Bull! I heard him say to Prout—"

"Rats!"

"Old Prout barged in to jaw—he always does, you know. He said that Saloman had been expected earlier, and the old bean said he had walked from the station because it was such a fine day—"

"Rot!"

"Blessed if I make it out!" said Harry Wharton.

After calling-over the Removites, in the Rag, discussed their new "beak." There was general agreement that, on his looks, they were likely to have an easier time with him than with Quelch. Which was quite a consolation for the temporary loss of their Form-master.

Harry Wharton, as head boy of the Remove, rather expected to be sent for by the new master. As the summons did not come, he decided to call on Mr. Saloman, when time for prep drew near. He was in point of fact rather interested to learn how the new beak had blown in, without being seen by six fellows who had waited for him at the station.

He tapped at the door of Mr. Quelch's study, now occupied by the temporary beak.

"Come in!" came a rather high-pitched and wheezy voice.

The head boy of the Remove entered.

Mr. Saloman was seated in Mr. Quelch's armchair, by the window. He was looking out into the quad, red in the sunset.

At a distance a howler-hatted figure was lounging by the elms, and Mr. Saloman seemed interested in that figure.

His profile was to the junior, as he entered, and Wharton could not help being struck by the ample curve of his nose. There was no doubt that Mr. Saloman was blessed with a good allowance of "boko."

He glanced round at the captain of the Remove. His eyes were very keen, behind the large glasses he wore, and it seemed to Wharton, for a moment, that there was a glint of recognition in them.

But that could scarcely be possible, as the temporary master from Leggett & Teggers was a stranger at Greyfriars, and Wharton, assuredly, had never met anyone named Saloman before.

"What is it?" asked the new master. There was quite an agreeable smile on his fat, shiny face.

"I thought you might wish to see me, sir, as head boy of your Form," answered Harry.

"Oh, quite!" said Mr. Saloman. "Your name is Wharton, then? Your headmaster referred to you. I am glad to make your acquaintance, Wharton."

He rose from the armchair, and shook hands with his head boy, with a large, fat hand.

"I hope you had a pleasant journey down, sir!" said Harry, chiefly by way of politeness.

"Oh, quite, quite!" said Mr. Saloman. "We are getting beautiful weather."

"We expected you rather earlier, sir."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Saloman. "Yes, no doubt. But the fine weather tempted me to walk from the station, so I fear that I arrived a little late."

"You did not walk from Lantham, sir?" exclaimed Wharton, in surprise.

"Oh, no!" Mr. Saloman smiled, with a gleam of gold-stopped teeth. "I am quite a good walker, but such a distance would be too much for me. I walked from Courtfield."

Wharton stood dumb.

Why this man, a new master, employed for a week or two to take Quelch's place, supplied by the agency that always supplied Greyfriars on such occasions, should tell lies, was an utter mystery to him.

But he knew that the man was not speaking the truth. That was impossible. He stated that he had walked from Courtfield, and he could not have done so, as he had not arrived there.

Wharton was quite taken aback.

The new master, of course, knew nothing of the fact that a party of his Form had gone to the station to meet him. But for that circumstance, his statement would have passed muster without question. But as the matter stood, Wharton knew that it was not true.

The keen eyes behind the spectacles narrowed almost to pin-points, as the new master scanned Wharton. He could see that the junior was surprised, and it seemed to make him strangely alert.

"A very pleasant walk," said Mr. Saloman. "The scenery about here is very fine. I quite enjoyed my walk across the common."

"But—but you did not come by the four-thirty, after all, did you, sir?" stammered the captain of the Remove, quite bewildered.

"Certainly; that was my train!" answered Mr. Saloman, raising his eyebrows, which were very thick and bushy. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh! I—I thought—" stammered Harry.

He hardly knew what to say. The man was lying—why, he could not begin to guess.

He had not come by train to Courtfield, and had not walked across the common; yet he stated that he had. He must have come by some other route, and why he should make a secret of it, at the expense of telling lies, was a mystery. But the head boy of the Remove could not, at all events, tell his new beak that he knew that he was not speaking the truth.

"I—I thought—" He floundered. "I—I thought you might like to discuss Form matters, sir, with your head boy, as you will be taking the Remove in the morning."

"Quite so!" said Mr. Saloman. "But I am a little fatigued from my journey,

Wharton, and I think I will defer that till to-morrow."

"Very well, sir!"

Wharton left the study, still bewildered. Mr. Saloman watched the door close on him, and then his gaze returned to the bowler-hatted figure by the elms across the quad.

So long as the Greyfriars gunman remained in sight, Mr. Saloman sat there watching him—and he allowed his glasses to slip down his ample nose, and watched the gunman without their aid. The new master of the Remove seemed to be keenly interested in the Greyfriars gunman, and did not seem to need the assistance of the big glasses he wore to scrutinise Poker Pike.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter the Bold!

"THIS is the dormitory, sir!" said Loder of the Sixth.

"Very good!" said Mr. Saloman.

The Remove were in their dorm, and had expected Loder to see lights out for them that night. The fat figure, large glasses, and beaky nose of the new master loomed in the doorway, however. The new master of the Remove had come up to see his Form go to "roost."

Loder was by no means displeased. As a prefect, he had duties to perform; but he was never keen on them.

"If you would care to see lights out for your Form, sir—" he suggested.

"Quite so!" said Mr. Saloman.

"Please leave it to me."

"Certainly, sir."

And Loder willingly departed, leaving it to Mr. Saloman.

The stout gentleman blinked benevolently at the juniors, through his big glasses. Harry Wharton avoided meeting his glance.

Wharton hardly knew what to make of the new man. But he could not help having his own opinion of a man who told untruths, whatever might be his motive, or lack of motive, for doing so.

The man seemed good-tempered enough, and quite agreeable in his manners; but a man who told untruths was untruthful, and the captain of the Remove did not like that kind of man. He hoped that he would have very little to do with the temporary beak who had taken Quelch's place.

When the new master was about to switch off the light, there came a squeak from Billy Bunter.

"I say, sir! The door has to be locked."

"What is that?" exclaimed Mr. Saloman.

"The door's locked every night now, sir!" squeaked Bunter. "Ever since that kidnapper came in after Van Duck, sir."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Saloman. "The headmaster mentioned to me that there was a boy in my Form who had been threatened by kidnappers. Which boy is it?"

"Little me, sir!" answered Van Duck. The new master blinked at him.

"Are you Van Duck?" he asked. "I think that was the name Dr. Locke mentioned."

"Sure!"

"The kidnapper got in here one night, sir!" said Bob Cherry. "Ever since then the door has been kept locked at night."

"A very prudent precaution," said Mr. Saloman. "I shall certainly lock the door, and take away the key. Good-night, my boys!"

"Good-night, sir!"

The stout gentleman trod heavily out

of the dormitory, shut the door, and locked it on the outside. The juniors heard the key withdrawn, and the heavy tread die away down the passage.

Then there was a creaking and rumpling, as a fat junior turned out of bed. Billy Bunter turned on a flash-lamp, and by its illumination, carried a couple of chairs to the door.

He piled one on top of the other, just inside the door.

The door could not now be opened without knocking over the upper chair—with a crash that certainly would have awakened every fellow in the dormitory—except perhaps Bunter himself.

Billy Bunter did not like turning out of bed, and did not like exerting himself. But he had done both, regularly, every night since Chick Chew had dabbed the chloroform pad over his sleeping face. The Owl of the Remove was taking no more risks, if he could help it.

"At it again, you fat ass?" yawned the Bounder, from his bed.

"I'm not jolly well going to be snaffled by that kidnapping beast again!" grunted Bunter. "I say, you fellows, you turn out, if you hear him."

"He won't snaffle you any more, you fat duffer!" said Peter Todd. "He was after Van Duck, and only got you because you were in his bed. He made a mistake in the dark."

"He jolly well isn't going to make another, if I can stop him!" said Bunter.

"We ought to have bolts on the door, really. I thought of asking Quelch! I think I'll ask that man Saloman to-morrow—he's a Jew, but he looks good-tempered—much better-tempered than old Quelch."

Billy Bunter rolled back to bed.

"Fathead!" said Bob Cherry. "It's all right with the door locked—even if the blighter comes again, which isn't likely."

"He got in by the fastened window that night!" retorted Bunter. "A locked door wouldn't stop him."

"Well, that's so!" admitted Bob.

"Safety first, you know!" said Bunter. "It wouldn't matter if he got one of you fellows; but he might get me again, and—I mean, of course, I'm only taking all this trouble for you fellows' safety. I'm not afraid, so far as that goes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cackle!" snorted Bunter. "I fancy you'd cackle on the other side of your mouths, though, if you heard that chair crash over in the middle of the night, and knew that he was coming. You'd call me fast enough, to protect you!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob. "I can see you doing it, if we did!"

"You'll see it all right, if he comes!" said Bunter. "Last time he caught me napping! If I'd been awake I'd have handled him all right! Well, I shall be awake next time, and you'll see."

"We shall see you dive under the bed-clothes, you mean!"

"No, you won't!" roared Bunter. "You'll see me jump and tackle the brute, while you're all sticking in bed shivering with funk!"

Bob Cherry, grinning in the dark, sat up in bed.

"Hark!" he exclaimed dramatically. "Did you hear a footprint—I mean, a footstep?"

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I say, you fellows, pip-pip-pip—perhaps it's only Saloman coming back. Or Loder! I—I say—I—I can't hear anybody!"

"That's easily explained," said Bob cheerfully. "You see, there isn't anybody. At least, I can't hear anybody!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! Trying to pull a fellow's leg!" snorted Bunter. "I jolly well knew you were fooling. You can't frighten me!"

"Bunter the Bold!" chuckled Bob. "Can you fellows see him plunging into the fray—or can you see him popping under his bed?"

"The popfulness would be terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter. "Wait and see! I fancy I'm the only chap here who would have the pluck to tackle him, and chance it!"

"What a fertile fancy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you'll see, if he comes here again!" sneered Bunter. "You can cackle now, but you'll howl to me for help if he comes, so yah!"

Bob Cherry stepped quietly out of bed. In the darkness he tiptoed towards the door. Half a dozen fellows glimpsed him, in the gloom; but not the Owl of the Remove. Billy Bunter had no idea that anyone was out of bed.

Suddenly, in the silence of the dormitory, came a crash.

It came from the door. It was caused, obviously, by the upper chair tumbling off the one it was piled on. There were startled exclamations from many beds, and a howl of terror from Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, he's come!" howled Bunter. "I say, call Quelch—I mean, the Head—the prefects—the police! Yaroooh!"

"Play up, Bunter!" yelled Bob. "Tackle him!"

"Protect us, Bunter!" gasped Frank Nugent.

"Collar him, Bunter!"

"Bag him, Bunter!"

"Quick, Bunter—oh, quick!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove did not leap from his bed to tackle the intruder. He plunged wildly under the bedclothes, dragging sheets and blankets over his terrified head. From under the pile came a series of terrified squeaks.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's all right, you fat ass!" roared Bob. "Nobody's here—"

"Yaroooh! Help! Fire! Murder! Help!" came in muffled squeaks from under Bunter's bedclothes.

"You silly ass, shut up!"

"Help!"

"There's nobody!" shrieked Bob.

"Fire! Kidnappers! Murder! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You blithering idiot, I knocked the chair over!" howled Bob. "Do you want to bring the whole House here?"

"Yaroooh! Help! Yoop!"

Bob Cherry grabbed at the protecting bedclothes, and dragged them off the Owl of the Remove. Two fat little legs in striped pyjamas kicked up, in frantic terror.

"Yaroooh! Keep off! It ain't me—I mean, I ain't Van Duck! He's in the bed next to Wharton! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the whole dormitory.

"You frabjous frump!" gasped Bob. "Will you shut up? You'll have the prefects up here if you kick up that row. Don't I keep on telling you that I knocked the chair over, to pull your silly leg?"

"Oh! Beast!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I jolly well knew you did! That—that's why I didn't turn out!" gasped the fat Owl.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you fellows think I was frightened—"

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"The thoughtfulness is terrific, my esteemed, funky Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry, chuckling, went back to bed. Bunter sat up.

"I say, you beast, if you knocked that chair over, go and stick it up again!" he yapped.

"Rats!"

"Beast!"

Bunter rolled out of bed once more, and piled up the chair at the door. Then he scrambled into bed, and gathered up bedclothes. And in a few minutes more his deep snore was rumbling through the dormitory. After which a practical joke would have been a sheer waste of energy, for a dozen falling chairs would hardly have awakened Billy Bunter, when he was once safe in the embrace of Morpheus.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### In the Dead of Night!

**C**RASH!

Harry Wharton started suddenly out of slumber.

So did a dozen other fellows in the Remove dormitory.

It was past midnight. Every fellow at Greyfriars was fast asleep. There was no sound in the Remove dormitory, save the regular breathing of many sleepers, and the steady snore of Billy Bunter—till the crash came! It came suddenly and loudly in the silence.

Wharton sprang up in bed.

In the dim glimmer from the high windows he could see little or nothing. But he knew that the door—left locked by Mr. Saloman—had opened from outside, and that the chair so cautiously piled up by Billy Bunter had crashed over.

It was not a practical joke this time—no fellow was out of bed playing pranks after midnight. Wharton, with a thrill at his heart, knew what it was—what it could only be! It was the kidnapper!

Billy Bunter's snore continued uninterrupted. But every other fellow in the dormitory started out of slumber. The crash of the chair on the old oak planks was more than enough to awaken the Remove.

"Search me!" came a gasp from Van Duck's bed.

"It's him!" panted Bob Cherry, breathlessly and ungrammatically.

"Turn out!" yelled the Bounder.

"Back up, you fellows!" shouted the captain of the Remove. He leaped from his bed, grasping a pillow for a weapon.

A dozen fellows were jumping out. Nothing could be seen, but they knew that the door was open. A sound came to their ears—the sound of swiftly retreating feet in the passage.

Whoever had come to the door had been even more startled than the juniors by the crashing chair. And he had realised at once that, with a crowd of schoolboys awakened, his game was up before it started. Prompt retreat was the kidnapper's cue, and he was retreating promptly.

Harry Wharton dashed across to the door and switched on the light. The dormitory was instantly flooded with illumination.

He ran into the passage.

The fleeting footsteps were dying away down the long corridor, in the direction of the landing at the end.

Wharton flashed on the passage light. Then, staring down the corridor, he had a glimpse of a vanishing figure—a bulky man, dressed in black. The fugitive turned his head to glance back as he ran out of the passage on the land-

ing, and the captain of the Remove saw, for a flashing instant, the face of Chick Chew.

"Follow on!" shouted Harry.

He raced down the passage in pursuit.

After him came the Co., helter-skelter, with Smithy and Redwing, Peter Todd and Squiff, Lord Mauleverer and Tom Brown, and a dozen more of the Remove at their heels.

They did the passage as if it was the cinder-path.

Wharton groped for the switch, and turned on the landing light.

"There he is!" roared Bob Cherry.

The bulky figure was vanishing across the landing, into the corridor that led to Masters' quarters.

"After him!" panted Harry. "We've got him now!"

He led the rush across the landing.

So swift had been the pursuit that the bulky man had not had time to escape unseen. But for that glimpse of him the juniors would have taken it for granted that he had fled downstairs to escape from the House.

They were utterly surprised to see him dodge into the passage that led only to Masters' bed-rooms. In that direction there was no escape, except by clambering out of a high window. It looked as if Chick Chew, in his haste and hurry, had made an error of judgment.

All was dark in the passage when the juniors ran into it, but a light was swiftly switched on, illuminating it from end to end.

Even as the light came, a door was heard to close. Frank Nugent gave a startled gasp.

"He's dodged into Quelch's room."

"We've got him!"

"Keep your eyes peeled," panted Van Duck. "If Chick's cornered, you want to watch out for his gun."

"Bother his gun!" said Bob. "Come on! He may damage old Saloman—that old bean couldn't tackle him! He's got Quelch's room now."

The juniors tore down the passage, to the door of Mr. Quelch's bed-room, now the quarters of the temporary master. Wharton turned the door-handle, but the door was locked on the inside.

He knocked hastily.

"Mr. Saloman! Mr. Saloman! Wake up, sir!"

There was no answer from within. But other doors along the passage were opening, and startled voices were heard. Mr. Prout, in flowing dressing-gown, came out of his room, his eyes almost bulging from his plump face at the sight of the excited mob of Removites.

"What—what does this mean?" thundered Prout, purple with wrath. "This—this riot, in the middle of the night—this—this—"

"The kidnapper, sir!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"What? What? Nonsense!"

"Chick Chew, sir—I saw him!" panted the captain of the Remove. "He's dodged into Mr. Quelch's room—I mean Mr. Saloman's—and looked the door after him! He's there now."

"G-g-goodness gracious!" gasped Prout. "Wait—wait till I get a weapon of some sort! I have a golf club in my room! Wait!"

The Fifth Form master rushed back to his room. A loud bump, and a louder exclamation, floated back. Prout's feet, apparently, had become entangled in his flowing dressing-gown.

Mr. Capper, Mr. Wiggins, and Mr. Hacker were out of their rooms now. Prout came charging back, with a hefty-looking driver in his grasp.

"Now, stand back!" boomed Prout.



As the Fifth Form master was flourishing the golf-club in warlike way, everybody stood back. Nobody wanted to be brained by the warlike Prout. Mr. Prout was given plenty of room as he barged along to the locked door. He banged on it with the club.

"Mr. Saloman!" he boomed. "Are you awake?"

This time there was a reply.

"Dear me!" came the wheezy voice of Mr. Saloman. "What ever is the matter? Is the house on fire?"

"No! No! A miscreant—a kidnapping miscreant—has taken refuge in your room! Pray open the door at once!"

"Goodness gracious!"

"Please open the door!" boomed Prout.

"Certainly! At once—at once! I do not think that there is anyone in my room, however—"

"We saw him dodge in, sir!" called out Harry Wharton.

"Goodness gracious! Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, sir. Is the window open?"

"The window! Yes, the window certainly appears to be open! That is very singular, as I left it shut—"

"He's getting away!" roared Bob Cherry. "Climbing down the ivy! For goodness' sake, open this door, sir!"

A gleam under the door showed that Mr. Saloman had turned on the light. He could be heard moving in the room. But the door did not open. Prout pounded again with the golf club.

"Mr. Saloman—kindly make haste!" he boomed.

"Certainly—certainly! But I cannot find the key. The key appears to be gone from the door—and the door is locked! I will endeavour to find the key—"

"Fat lot of use, when he's bolted by the window!" grunted Vernon-Smith. "Let's get down, and call that jolly old gunman! We may get him in the quad."

"No one is in the room," came Mr. Saloman's wheezy voice. "I have looked in every corner, but the window, certainly is open—"

"Come on, you men!"

"Boys!" boomed Mr. Prout.

But nobody heeded Prout. There was a scampering rush down the stairs, of a mob of fellows in pyjamas. After them lumbered Prout, golf-club in hand; and after Prout followed Wiggins, Capper, and Hacker—and in the rear came Monsieur Charpentier, uttering a series of startled squeaks. Downstairs, Sixth Form men were turning out, at the alarm, and a crowd of the Fifth and Fourth had turned out of their dormitories, shouting to know what was on. The great door of the House was flung wide open, and an excited crowd of fellows rushed into the quad under the summer stars.

**THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.**

**The Vanishing Trick!**

"SEARCH me!" ejaculated Poker Pike.

He stood staring up at the ivy-clad old stone wall, his slits of eyes very keen, under the rim of his bowler hat. His gun was in his hand, ready for use, if he had spotted the escaping man. But there was no sign of a clambering figure on the thick old ivy—no sign of any stranger within the gates.

Round the gunman clustered a crowd of fellows, half-dressed, wildly excited. A dozen hands pointed to the ivy-clad wall under the window of the room occupied by Mr. Saloman.

Poker Pike, quick to take the alarm, had turned up at once when the crowd came rushing out of the House. Very quickly he learned of what had happened within. But not quickly enough, it seemed, to intercept the escape of the kidnapper, for nothing was to be seen of Chick Chew.

That the man was Chick, Harry Wharton was positive, and Poker had no doubt of it. But what had become of him?

Poker wrinkled his brows grimly under his bowler hat as he stared up the wall, thick with ancient ivy. That thick old ivy offered good handhold to a daring climber—and Chick had plenty of nerve. None of the juniors doubted that he had passed through Mr. Salo-

man's room, locking the door after him, and escaping by the window. But the swiftness with which he had done it was amazing. They had fully expected, when they reached the quad, to find him still clambering down. Minutes had been wasted at Mr Saloman's door; but surely it was more than a matter of minutes for a bulky man like Chick to clamber down sixty feet of ivy—feeling his way, groping for tendrils strong enough to sustain his heavy weight!

Yet he was gone.

Fellows were scattering over the quad, looking for him. But there could be little doubt that, if he had climbed clear, he had escaped from the school.

"Beats me!" muttered Poker. "I

(Continued on next page.)

**GREYFRIARS INTERVIEWS**

"It's not always the clothes that make the man . . . it's what is under his hat!" says our long-haired poet. And I think you will agree with him when you read the following clever verses written around

**CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE.**

the Aristocratic Captain of the Upper Fourth.

(1)

Attend, all ye who list to hear!  
Your humble now presents  
To loyal readers, far and near,  
The best of ornaments,  
Bow down with reverence!  
And tremble, grovel, shake with fear  
In case he takes offence!

(2)

To east and west and south and north  
His name be blazoned far!  
Yea, Temple of the Upper Fourth!  
Hail, Temple, Cecil R. I  
He shineth like a star!  
A thousand voices volley forth  
His praises! Har, har, har!

(3)

Oh, glossy, glossy are the hats  
That sit upon his head!  
Of virgin whiteness are the spats  
That dignify his tread.  
His garments are well bred!  
His voice is silent, too; but that's  
When he's asleep in bed.

(4)

One sound is certain to rejoice  
Our Temple all day long,  
And that's the sound of Temple's  
voice,  
Which charms him, going strong,  
Just like a siren's song.  
In Temple's view, his tones are  
choice;  
That view, of course, is wrong.



(5)

His study-mates are now resigned  
To hear his jawbone wag,  
Although at times they feel inclined  
To fit him with a gag.  
Perhaps it's too much gag,  
Or possibly they do not find  
It pays to start a rag.

(6)

For Temple's uncle's very rich,  
And that's the reason why,  
Though Fry's and Dabney's fingers itch  
To dot their leader's eye,  
They're careful not to try!  
He often gets a tenner, which  
Appeals to Dab and Fry!

(7)

I sought this youthful autoerat  
And soon encountered him  
Out in the open, where he sat  
Upon the fountain's rim,  
So elegant and slim.  
As I approached, he murmured:  
"Seat!"  
His tones were bored, but grim.

(8)

"Removite fags I bar!" he drawled.  
"Oh, rather!" Dabney cried.  
"What kind of object are you called  
At Whipsnade?" I replied.  
That wounded Temple's pride.  
"Oh, kick him, somebody!" he  
bawled.  
Upon the fountain's side.



(9)

I jumped and started to retreat,  
But Fry, and Dab as well,  
Lunged out with hard and heavy  
feet.  
They hurt me, I can tell!  
I reeled, and as I fell  
I knocked old Temple from his seat!  
He vanished with a yell.



(10)

When I sat up again, I found  
We four were now we three!  
We all were lying on the ground,  
But Temple, where was he?  
Ask of the waves that rolled around  
The marble statuary!

(11)

A drenched and dripping object rose,  
A wet and woeful mess!  
With water pouring from its nose,  
It cried in dire distress.  
It scared me, I confess.  
What was the object? Goodness knows!  
Perhaps you'd like to guess!

guess it beats me to a frazzle! Chick is spry—I'll say he's sure spry! But I reckon he never vamoosed by that winder! Nope!"

"He sure did, Poker!" exclaimed Putnam van Duck. "I'm telling you, we was on his heels to Saloman's room, and we saw him dodge in."

"Mebbe!" said Poker. "If you did, he's sure still there! I'm telling you, he never hit that ivy."

The gunman turned on a powerful torch and scanned the ivy on the wall with a keen and scrutinising eye.

"He must have, Poker!" said Harry Wharton.

"I'll mention that Chick ain't no feather-weight!" grunted Poker. "Mebbe that ivy would hold him, but I guess it would show signs. There ain't a ornery piece pulled out of place."

"Might have dropped the last bit!" said Bob.

"Mebbe," grunted Poker—"and mebbe not!"

Every eye was fixed on the ivied wall, and Poker played the light over it. So far as the glare of the torch extended, no sign of disturbance in the ivy could be noted. Which was very singular if it had supported the weight of a bulky man like Chick Chew in a desperately hurried clamber.

"Might have got away over the roofs!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Mebbe!" said Poker briefly.

"Anyhow, he certainly was in Saloman's room!" said Frank Nugent. "And he locked the door after him. He never got out by the door."

"I guess I'm going to give that room the once-over," said Poker grimly. "Some of you guys watch that winder and let out a howl if he makes a break."

Evidently the Greyfriars gunman did not believe that Chick had escaped by that window. It seemed absurd to the juniors, for obviously Mr. Saloman, now that he had turned his light on, must know whether anyone was in the room with him. But Poker was an obstinate guy. He tramped away—with the intention of giving the new master's room the once-over.

"Boys," came Prout's boom, "go back at once! Go into the House immedi-

ately! Al! but the Sixth Form prefects—at once!"

The juniors, in the excitement of the moment, might have passed Prout's boom unheeded; but they were keen to follow Poker Pike, and they trooped after him into the House. That he would discover the gangster within the House they did not believe, but it was clear that Poker believed that Chick was still within.

Poker Pike tramped up the stairs, followed by a buzzing crowd. He tramped along the upper passage that led to Mr. Quelch's old room. The door was still locked; it did not open when he jerked at the handle. He banged on the panels with the butt of his six-gun.

"Say, you open up!" he hooted.

"Goodness gracious!" came Mr. Saloman's wheezy voice. "Who is that?"

"It's Poker Pike, Mr. Saloman," called back Harry Wharton. "He wants to search the room."

"Dear me! I cannot find the key—I fear that the miscreant must have taken it with him—I cannot unlock the door."

"Ten to one he's taken it after locking the door!" remarked Nugent. "Of course, he must have got away by the window."

"Sez you!" grunted Poker.

"Think he went up the chimney?" grinned the Bounder.

Poker Pike made no reply to that. He gave another bang on the door with the butt of his revolver.

"You opening up?" he roared.

"Impossible! I am sorry—I cannot unlock the door!"

"I guess I'm getting through, bo!"

Poker drew back a few paces, and launched himself at the door. A hefty shoulder, with all Poker's beef behind it, drove on the oak with a terrific crash. It was quite a strong door, but it was not built to withstand the crash of a human battering-ram.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob, as the door flew open.

Poker Pike, gun in hand, stepped in. Mr. Saloman, in a dressing-gown, was standing in the middle of the room, his eyes blinking behind his glasses. Poker gave a keen, searching look at the shiny

face, the big, aquiline nose, the beard, the spectacles, taking in all details of Mr. Saloman at that single searching glance.

Then he proceeded to search the room. The Remove fellows, clustered at the door, watched him. Mr. Saloman watched him also, blinking owlishly through his spectacles.

Nobody expected Poker to discover a gangster hidden in the room. And he did not make any discovery.

Having given the room the once-over, he gave Mr. Saloman another keen, searching stare.

"You never saw that guy?" he asked.

"No! No!" gasped the new master of the Remove. "I was quite surprised—astonished—alarmed—when I was told—"

"I guess you would be!" agreed Poker, and he turned and tramped out of the room. "Here, you Putnam van Duck, you beat it back to bed. I guess I'm sittin' on the foot of that bed till sun-up."

"You figure that Chick's still around?" grinned Putnam.

"I guess he ain't as fur off as Chicago!" answered Poker Pike. "And I'll mention that I'm keeping tabs on you till morning, young Putnam! Surest thing you know."

And Poker did! When the excited Greyfriars fellows were got back to the dormitories at last Poker Pike installed himself in the Remove dormitory, and sat there on the foot of Putnam's bed, with his gun in his hand on his knee. He was still sitting there, like a graven image, when the last of the Removites dropped off to sleep.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Walking Into the Trap!

"UP early after a wild night!" remarked Bob Cherry, with a grin.

Mr. Saloman was walking in the quad when the Remove fellows came out in the morning. The plump figure in cap and gown caught their eyes at once.

Putnam van Duck chuckled. "I guess the old bird was surprised some last night," he remarked. "I'll say he never expected such a spot of excitement his first night here."

"Hardly!" said Harry Wharton. "Must have spoiled his beauty sleep."

"Just a few!" grinned Putnam.

Harry Wharton & Co. were the first down of the Remove, and there were few fellows to be seen out of the House. A gentleman of Mr. Saloman's ripe years might have been expected to put in a little extra sleep in the morning after the disturbance of the night. But it seemed that he was an early riser.

He came towards the juniors, and they capped him respectfully.

"A very extraordinary occurrence, my boys," said Mr. Saloman in his wheezy, high-pitched voice. "I was very, very much disturbed. A most extraordinary experience."

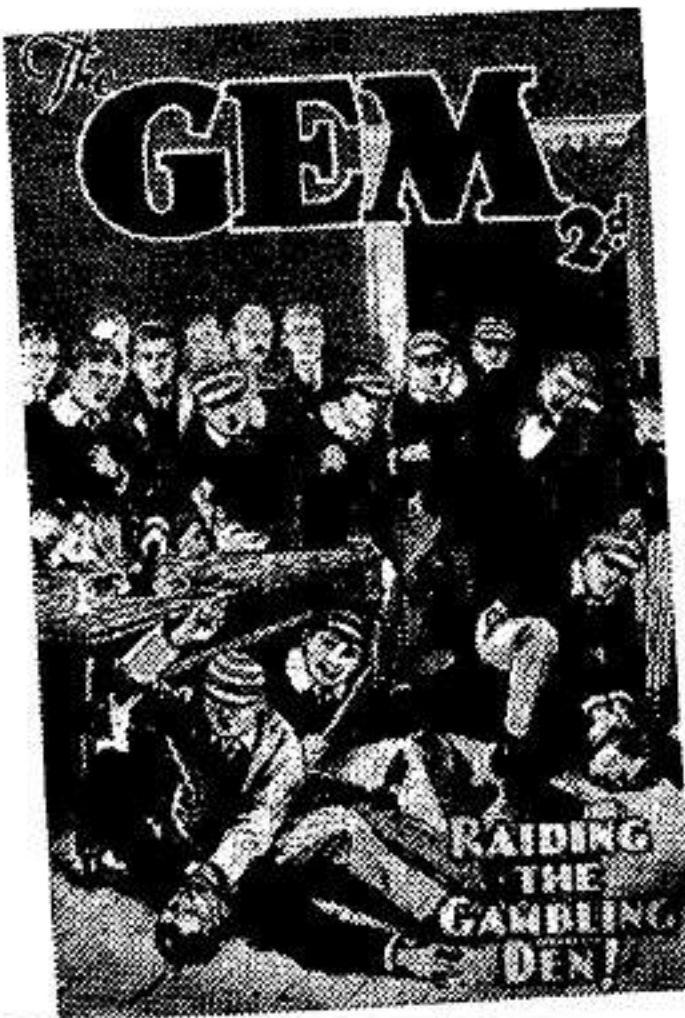
"Sorry we disturbed you, sir," said Harry, "but—"

"Oh, quite, quite! It was quite unavoidable, in the very peculiar circumstances," said Mr. Saloman. "But it was a very strange and startling experience for a man of my age. It is very singular that a boy here should be exposed to such perils—very singular indeed. Are you not very nervous, Van Duck?"

"Not a whole lot, sir!" answered Putnam.

"You Americans are very cool-headed, very self-possessed," said Mr.

## FOR THE HONOUR of St. JIM'S!



What was the attraction at the Old Manor House, a derelict ruin on Wayland Moor, near St. Jim's? Why did it become the night haunt of certain misguided St. Jim's fellows? For the sake of the old school, Tom Merry & Co. took a hand in the affair, and they were not a little drastic in dealing with a menace to the good name of St. Jim's.

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Saloman. "It is very fortunate, in the strange circumstances. While I am here, Van Duck, I shall make it a point to be very careful of you and to keep you under my own observation—though I understand that you are already watched over by that very, very peculiar man who forced a way into my room last night. A very singular person indeed."

The juniors smiled. They could understand that a temporary master, coming to a school to take up a temporary job, had been considerably surprised and disturbed by Poker Pike and his strenuous manners and customs.

"Poker wants getting used to, sir!" said Putnam. "But he's a dutiful guy, and he sure has kept me safe from Chick Chew."

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt! I did not, of course, expect anything of the kind here when I accepted the temporary post offered me by Leggett & Teggars," said Mr. Saloman. "It is very unusual—very unusual! Very surprising indeed! I should be glad to know more of this very peculiar matter, Van Duck, as you will be under my charge for some little time. Please walk with me for a few minutes, and tell me all the circumstances of your danger from this man Chook—"

"Chick, sir!" said Putnam.

"Yes, yes, quite so, quite so!"

Putnam made rather a grimace at the Famous Five. He did not want to be walked off for a "jaw" by the new Form-master.

But it was scarcely possible to hint as much to a Form-master, and the American junior walked away with the stout gentleman, and the Famous Five scampered off for a trot round the quad before brekker.

Walking in the quadrangle, Mr. Saloman, in his high-pitched voice, put a good many questions to the millionaire's son. Keeping the American junior in talk, he walked down the path that led to Masters' gate.

Putnam walked with him, answering his questions.

They arrived at the little gate to which only masters had keys. Rather to Putnam's surprise, Mr. Saloman produced a key and unlocked the gate.

"What a very beautiful morning!" he remarked. "I have not yet seen the river. I think we might walk as far as the river, Van Duck."

"Yes, sir, if you like," answered Putnam.

He followed the stout gentleman out of the gate, which Mr. Saloman closed after him.

He was a little surprised that the new master chose to take a walk abroad in cap and gown, but that was no business of his.

Mr. Saloman talked incessantly as they walked down to the bank of the Sark, keeping the American junior busy answering his questions.

"That's the bell for prayers, sir," said Putnam, as a distant clang came from the direction of the school.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Saloman. "Yes, yes! I am not yet fully acquainted with the routine here. Perhaps we had better turn back."

"Sure!"

"No, no!" added the new master. He smiled. "As your Form-master, Van Duck, I can excuse you. I am extremely interested in what you have been telling me, and it is necessary for me to know the circumstances. Let us walk on for a few minutes."

"Yes, sir!"

Putnam walked on along the river-bank with Mr. Saloman. He could not help being surprised. If the new master was beginning at Greyfriars by a dis-

regard of the rules of the school, he was not likely to give much satisfaction to Dr. Locke.

But it was not for a junior to argue the point with his Form-master. And Putnam had no objection to a walk by the river in the dewy freshness of the June morning. He walked on cheerfully.

A few minutes later Mr. Saloman looked at his watch.

"Perhaps we had better get back, Van Duck," he said. "I think this is a short cut back to the school."

He turned into a footpath under thick, leafy trees.

"Oh, no, sir!" said Putnam. "I know that path, sir. It doesn't lead towards Greyfriars; it leads through the woods towards Friardale, sir."

"I think you must be mistaken," said Mr. Saloman. "I am sure that it will lead us directly to the school. We shall sight the buildings in a few minutes."

Putnam grinned.

"The only building on that path, sir, is an old cottage, which is let to holiday folk in the summer. I've passed it more than once."

"I feel sure that you are mistaken, my boy. I have a very good sense of direction," said Mr. Saloman. "Let us ascertain, at all events."

"O.K.!" said Putnam.

He did not mind extending the walk, so far as that went. But he wondered what Poker Pike would have thought had the Greyfriars gunman been aware that he was walking out without Poker "keeping tabs" as usual.

So far as he knew, Poker had not seen him with Mr. Saloman that morning. Certainly, a fellow might have been supposed safe in the company of his Form-master. But Poker was not the man to take that view. Poker never regarded Putnam as safe unless his own eye was on him.

They walked by the deep, shady path through the wood. Mr. Saloman quickened his pace, as if in haste now to get back to the school.

But as the path led away from Greyfriars, every step took them farther and farther away from the school—deeper and deeper into the solitary wood.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Saloman at last. "I think you must have been right, my boy. We have missed the way."

"You said it, sir!" grinned Putnam.

Mr. Saloman stopped at a spot where a little gate stood in the hedge by the footpath. Beyond it was a long garden and a small cottage—the one to which Putnam had referred.

"Does anyone live here, my boy?" asked Mr. Saloman, blinking at the little building through his big glasses.

"I don't think so, sir," answered Van Duck. "I've heard it's let to somebody for week-ends, but I don't know."

"We may find someone of whom to ask our way, at all events," said Mr. Saloman, opening the little gate.

"I guess I know the way, sir," said Putnam. "We're more than a mile from Greyfriars now, but I guess I know every foot of it."

"Possibly, possibly," assented Mr. Saloman. "But I think it would be more prudent to inquire our way, as I am a complete stranger in this locality. Come with me, my boy."

Putnam followed him up the garden path, into the trellised porch at the cottage door. The new master of the Remove tapped at the door.

"Nobody there, sir," said Putnam.

"It appears not," said Mr. Saloman.

He turned the door-handle, and the door opened to his touch. It opened into the living-room of the cottage.

Putnam van Duck glanced in carelessly.

He saw a small, plainly furnished room, with a table, a few chairs, and a looking-glass on the wall. The room, and evidently the cottage, was unoccupied.

"Nobody at home, sir," said Putnam.

"Nope!" said Mr. Saloman, with so startling a change of voice and manner that Putnam van Duck jumped clear of the ground in his amazement. "Nope! But I reckon somebody's going to be at home mighty soon, and I'll say that you're the identical guy!"

And as Putnam fairly tottered in his amazement at hearing the voice of Chick Chew proceed from the bearded lips of Mr. Saloman, the new master of the Remove, he received a violent shove. It sent him spinning into the room, and Mr. Saloman, alias Chick Chew, followed him in and slammed the door.

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Foiled at the Finish!

**P**UTNAM VAN DUCK stumbled across the room, and fell with a bump. Amazed and bewildered, he scrambled up, to feel a grip of iron on his shoulder.

"Don't you bank on starting anything, bo!" came the rasping voice of the gangster. "I guess you get yours mighty quick if you do!"

"Carry me home to die!" gasped Putnam.

He struggled, but only for a moment. That powerful grip on his shoulder held him like a vice. And Chick Chew's left hand jerked from his pocket, under the gown, a short length of lead piping—the gangster's favourite weapon.

"You win, Chick!" said Putnam coolly.

The gangster grinned.

"You said it!" he agreed.

Putnam stared at him. Even now he knew that the man was Chick Chew, Kidnapper No. 1 of the United States, he could scarcely believe it. Not the remotest resemblance to Chick could be traced in Mr. Saloman—except in his stout build, which even the cunning gangster could not disguise.

The Semitic-looking face, with its beard and spectacles, was evidently a masterpiece of the art of make-up.

"You sitting this one out, Putnam?" asked Chick, with a flourish of the lead pipe.

"I should smile!" said Putnam.

"I'll say that's hoss-sense!" agreed Chick. "I ain't wanting to crack your cabeza, and you worth half a million dollars to me, if you sit it out quiet, big boy!"

"Quieter'n a lamb, s'long's you've got that lead pipe handy!" answered Van Duck.

The gangster grinned, and slipped his weapon back into his pocket. He led the kidnapped junior to the wall, where a coat hung. Throwing the coat aside, he revealed an iron staple in the wall, from which hung a length of rope.

Coolly, quickly, and methodically, he bound the junior's arms behind him with the rope.

Putnam, standing with his back to the wall, was secured to the staple, a helpless prisoner.

"I'll say that's a cinch!" remarked Chick complacently.

"You're shouting!" agreed Putnam, cool as an iceberg. "I'll tell a man, that ain't no dream, Chick."

The gangster, grinning, sat on a bench facing the kidnapped schoolboy. Evidently Chick was full of satisfaction at

his success, after so long a list of failures.

"If it wasn't for your toot, Chick, I guess I wouldn't believe it was you now," drawled Van Duck. "I reckon you figured on playing a game of this sort when you moseyed in as an archaeological professor. You had this shebang fixed up all ready if you got me going on a walk."

"You said it!" grinned Chick.

"But I'll say this has got me beat!" said Putnam. "Poker's a smart guy, but I guess he'd never jump to it that a master in the school was Chick Chew with a new set of features. The guys have been joking about that nose of yours, Chick. Where did you buy it?"

Chick chuckled.

"You got me guessing," went on Putnam. "How'd you work that riddle, Chick? How'd you fix up as a master to come to the school? What you done with the guy you've borrowed a name from?"

"I guess he's O.K.," said Chick Chew, "and I'll own up I figure that this was some stunt, and a few over! Your schoolmaster horned in that day I was calling as Professor Belknap, and I sure handed him a sockdolager that I reckoned would last him some time!"

"You sure did!" agreed Putnam. "He's laid up in sanny now."

"That was what I figured! And I sure figured, too, that, with a schoolmaster on the sick list, mebbe the king-pin of the outfit would want a guy in his place."

"I get you!" assented Putnam. "But how'd you know—"

"I guess there ain't much about your school, young Putnam van Duck, that I don't know!" grinned Chick Chew. "I sure did learn my lesson like I was a boy at school, and I'll mention that I got wise to the whole caboodle. Being wise to it that that school got masters, when wanted, from Leggett & Teggers, and figuring that mebbe the king-pin would want a noo man in place of the one I put to sleep, I sure concentrated on Leggett & Teggers. It was jest pic to my jackals to pick up the noos that a guy named Saloman was going to the school in a temporary post."

"I guess so," agreed Putnam, with a nod.

"That guy," went on Chick, "was watched for at Lantham Junction, and picked up there, with a tale that his headmaster had sent a car for him."

"Pie!" assented Putnam.

"Clam-pie!" grinned Chick. "He never smelled no mouse till he had a gat at his head in a nice lonely spot; and then he was in quite a hurry to agree to any remarks I made. I borrowed his outfit, and hit for Greyfriars. I was fixed up ready for the circus. I guess I don't look a lot like the real Saloman guy, but as nobody knew him at the school, that cut no ice. I guess I was satisfied s'long as I didn't look like Hannibal Chew."

"And you sure do not!" said Putnam.

"Not a lot, I allow! This here nose is more'n twice as big as my own, and I'll say it's dandy!" said Chick. "I guess I done with it now. But it sure has been useful, if it ain't pretty to look at!"

"So that's how Mr. Saloman come to miss the train for Courtfield!" said Putnam grimly. "I guess I was surprised some when I heard from Wharnton that our noo beak had told a heap of lies about that train!"

Chick gave another chuckle.

"I guess I had to lose Saloman's train, handling Saloman and seeing

him safe," he answered. "I hit for the school in a car, got out a mile from the shebang, and walked the rest. I allowed that I'd walked from Courtfield, and I guessed nobody was the wiser."

"There was a bunch of us that was the wiser!" retorted Putnam van Duck. "But I allow we never guessed why Mr. Saloman was telling lies about it. I sure never did dream of seeing you horn in as a schoolmaster, Chick."

"Nor yet that smart guy Poker!" grinned Chick. "Though I'll mention that I had my hand mighty near a gun when he horned into my room last night."

Putnam whistled.

It was clear to him now, of course, how the midnight intruder in the dormitory had escaped.

No wonder Chick had fled into Mr. Saloman's room—as he was, in point of fact, Mr. Saloman!

He had discarded his schoolmaster disguise, when he made his attempt on the Remove dormitory—baffled so unexpectedly by Billy Bunter's astute precautions!

But having escaped into his own room, the locked door had given him ample time to replace the disguise, long before Poker's hefty shoulder drove the door in.

"I'll say Poker's smart," went on Chick complacently. "But there's a smarter guy in the United States, and I'll mention that his name's Hannibal Chew. I'll say I got Poker guessing!"

Putnam made no reply to that. He was wondering.

Poker Pike had asserted that Chick had not escaped by way of Mr. Saloman's window. He had searched the room. And then he had seemed content to drop the matter, and to remain for the rest of the night watching over Van Duck in the Remove dormitory. And Putnam wondered whether, after all, the keen, wary gunman had some lurking suspicion of Mr. Saloman. It rather looked to Putnam as if Poker had.

Chick, evidently, did not suppose so for a moment. Chick's belief was that he had all Greyfriars fooled, including the Greyfriars gunman, and that he had won his game at last.

He looked at his watch and rose from the bench.

"I guess I'll leave you parked safe here, Putnam," he remarked. "They'll sure be hunting for you soon; but I reckon they won't be looking into this shebang. I got to get word to Tug that I got you, and get the auto around."

"You won't be here more'n an hour or two. Then I guess I got a safe place, fur enough away, to park you, till you can be packed safe on a gentleman's private yacht and put on the home-trail. Your popper will sure sit up a few when he gets a letter from you with a United States postmark, mentioning that I'm waiting for half a million dollars!"

"You ain't got by with it yet!" said Putnam.

"I'm banking on it!" drawled Chick. "If that guy Poker can horn in on my game again, I'll sure allow he's the best man! But I'm telling you that I've left Poker guessing."

Chick Chew turned to the looking-glass and began to remove his disguise.

Putnam watched his reflection in the glass as he removed the false nose, the beard, the eyebrows, the spectacles,

Slowly the genuine appearance of Chick Chew came to light.

Neither of them heard the door softly open.

But suddenly Chick gave a wild and violent start, and Putnam a gasp. In the looking-glass, beside the reflection of the gangster, appeared the mirrored, hickory face of a man in a bowler hat—with a levelled gun!

As if paralysed by that sudden and unexpected vision in the mirror, Chick stared at it, dumbfounded, tho' disguise he had just removed frozen in his fat hands.

"Stick 'em up!" came a quiet, metallic voice behind the gangster.

Putnam gave a breathless yell:

"Poker!"

Chick spun round.

Instinctively he reached for a gun.

But the levelled revolver looked him in the face with Poker Pike's icy eyes glittering over it, under the bowler hat.

"Stick 'em up, Chick!" said Poker evenly. "You get yours sudden, if you don't!"

And Chick realised it only too clearly! Slowly his hands went up over his head.

Red with rage, he stared at the Greyfriars gunman.

"Poker, old-timer!" panted Putnam. "You sure was keeping tabs!"

Poker nodded.

"Surest thing you know, big boy! I guess I suspicioned that guy a whole lot last night—and if a guy couldn't be sure enough to cinch him then, a guy could watch him like a guy was a cat looking arter a mouse!"

"Yep. I'll say I was not fast asleep when you started on a pascar with that hombre, and I sure did tread on your tail all the way—and, mebbe, it'll interest you, Chick, that I did not feel sure it was you till I heard your toot—and I been listening to you, outside that here door, while you been chewing the rag with young Putnam—and I ain't no objection to saying that you are an entertaining guy when you're chewing the rag! And if you got more to spill, I ain't objecting to wait while you cough it up!"

But Chick had no more to spill.

In silence, in utter rage and dismay, he glared at the Greyfriars gunman and his levelled gun—his hands above his head! It was borne in upon the mind of Hannibal Chew that his career as the star kidnapper of the United States had reached its end—for some years to come, at least! Kidnapper No. 1 was booked for the "can" from which there was no exit!

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Chick in the "Can"!

"WHERE'S Van Duck?"  
"Goodness knows!"  
"The wherefulness is terrific!"

A place at breakfast was vacant at the Remove table. Putnam van Duck did not turn up.

Neither was Mr. Saloman seen.

Only one sharp pair of eyes had observed them leave by Masters' gate—Poker's. Nobody else knew that they had left the school. Harry Wharnton & Co. were puzzled; but they could only conclude that Van Duck was showing the new master about the school. That he could be in any danger, in company with the new master of the Remove, crossed nobody's mind.

But when the fellows came out after



His hands tied behind his back, the muzzle of a six-gun prodding him in the rear, the prisoner was led through the school gateway. Up to the neck he was a master; above the neck he was quite a different person. Breathless with amazement, the chums of the Remove stared. "Chick Chew, the kidnapper!" gasped Harry Wharton.

breakfast, and Van Duck was looked for, and not found, the alarm began. Harry Wharton hurried to his Form-master's study, to see whether Mr. Saloman was there; but he found the study vacant. Neither the new master, nor the American junior, was to be seen anywhere.

"They can't have gone out!" said Harry, as he rejoined his friends in the quad. "Why should they? But where are they?"

"Echo answers where!" said Bob Cherry. "What the dickens is that man Saloman up to? He will be due in the Form-room soon."

"We left Van Duck with him!" said the captain of the Remove. "Blessed if I can make it out! Poker may know where Van Duck is—he generally does! Let's go and ask Poker."

The Famous Five went down to Gosling's lodge. But they learned from Gosling that Poker Pike was not there. Gosling had not seen him since that morning at all.

"Better go to the Head!" said Bob. "Something's happened to Van Duck, that's pretty clear. Can't tell Saloman, as he's not there! You'd better cut off to the Head, old bean."

"If Van Duck doesn't turn up for class—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob suddenly, his eyes fixed, with a startled stare, on three figures that arrived at the gateway.

One of them was Putnam van Duck. Another was Poker Pike. But the third was an amazing figure.

Up to the neck he was Mr. Saloman; the stout figure in a master's

gown. Above the neck he was quite a different person.

Beaky nose and beard and spectacles were gone. Only the shiny complexion remained of his disguise, and that did not prevent the Famous Five from recognising Chick Chew.

His hands were tied together behind him. Poker Pike, walking with him, prodded him with a muzzle of a six-gun when he lagged. Putnam van Duck was grinning. But Poker's hickory face was as serious as usual, and the gangster's was convulsed with fury.

Breathless with amazement, the chums of the Remove stared.

Fellows came scampering up on all sides. There was a roar of amazed voices as Poker Pike marched his prisoner in.

"Chick Chew!" gasped Harry.

"The esteemed and ridiculous Chick, and—"

"Saloman—"

"It's the new beak—"

"It's Chick Chew—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Great pip!"

"Chick's latest, you guys!" grinned Van Duck, as Poker Pike marched his prisoner on towards the House, through a staring, buzzing crowd. "Say, did any guy here tumble to it that Saloman was Chick in a noo outfit?"

"No fear!" gasped Bob.

"He took me for a walk," grinned Putnam. "And I'll say it would have been a long trip if Poker hadn't horned in. I'm telling you, it's Chick for the 'can' this time."

"Oh, my hat!"

A buzzing swarm of fellows followed the captured gangster to the House.

Dr. Locke met the gunman and his prisoner as they entered, his eyes almost bulging from his majestic face.

"What—what—what—" stuttered the Head.

"Chick, sir," said Poker.

"Bless my soul! The—the—the kidnapper!"

"You said it, bo. I guess he horned in here calling himself Saloman. And I'll say he's got the real goods parked somewhere, and mebbe he'll mention where when he's packed in the 'can.'

"Mr. Saloman!" The Head almost fell down. "Bless my soul! I—I fail to understand. I—I—"

"Mebbo you're s'prised a few," admitted Poker. "But it's sure Chick, and I got him safe and sound. I guess I'll borrow a room to lock him in, while I get on the phone, big boy. The cops will sure be pleased to inter-voe Chick."

"Bless my soul!" said the Head feebly.

In the quad an excited swarm of fellows surrounded Putnam van Duck, eager to hear every detail of what had happened. Never had the bell for classes been so unwelcome at Greyfriars.

Chick Chew was gone when the fellows came out in break—safe in the official hands of Inspector Grimes at Courtfield. Chick was never likely to be seen at Greyfriars again, nor, indeed, to meet the public view at all, for a good many years to come. Too late Chick realised that he would have done well to heed the forebodings of his side-kicker, Bud Parker, and to

(Continued on page 28.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,478.

# CAPTAIN VENGEANCE!

By John Bredon.

## The Second Victim!

**R**ONALD WESTDALE, gunnery lieutenant of the pirate cruiser *Vengeance*, pushed the glazed peak of his cap back over his damp, curly brow, and lighted a cigarette.

"No signs of the Monster, as yet," he said, with a short, forced laugh, as he watched the cold white beam of the searchlight playing over the inky ripples and rugged, rocky arches of the subterranean lake on Inaccessible Island. "If it wasn't for the fact that French Louis is missing from the muster-roll, I should be inclined to put it all down to a bad dream."

"It's here, right enough." Roderick Drake, the pirates' prisoner, lay flat upon a jutting ledge of rock, shading his eyes from the bright, white glare. "Lurking in one of these unexplored sea caves, down under the surface. Unless it's got some secret outlet to the sea bed, and only comes to the island occasionally. That depth charge must have given it a jolt. But it's neither dead nor badly injured, or we should have seen some sign in the water."

Two days had elapsed since Von Eimar and the convict pirates from *Nemesis* Island had taken up their refuge in the secret harbour of Inaccessible Island, in their captured cruiser. They had not been twenty-four hours on the island before they learned that it contained some mysterious inhabitant besides themselves; a hideous, unknown sea monster that dwelt in the labyrinthine caves of the underground lake that branched off from the lagoon. Already one of the convicts had fallen a victim to its frightful tentacles, and been dragged to the coal-black depths, never to be seen again.

The pirates, under the direction of Von Eimar, had set up a small generating station in one of the dry caves to provide power for the searchlight that ever since had incessantly swept the cavern pool. A six-pounder quick-firing gun, too, had been mounted upon the rocky landing-stage by the channel that wound under serrated arches to the island lagoon, where the cruiser lay anchored.

Keen eyes constantly scanned the lake as heavily laden boats and rafts ferried to and fro, loaded with coal-sacks, drums of oil, and other stores that had been secreted in the caves by German agents in the days before the Great War.

"You should have seen it, Ron," continued Roy, examining the breech and sights of the quick-firer as he spoke. "I never saw anything like it in all my life. Half a dozen tentacles like steel hawsers, goggling eyes that gave you the creeps, all glowing like lamps. Believe me or not, I fired my rifle point-blank, and the bullet glanced off the monster's head like a pebble off a rock. Just as if it had been made of triple armour plating."

"You're right in that, sir—right as rain!" agreed Hilarity Hinton, the Cockney, as he glanced uneasily over the hovering cave shadows. "I saw'd it, I did! 'Orrible, it was! Fair frightened me!"

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"Well," snapped the man in the horn-rimmed spectacles, stepping from the doorway of the strange under-water craft and looking Roy Drake up and down, "who are you, boy, and what do you want? How did you get here?"

Westdale laughed, slapping the gun-breech with a brown hand.

"Well, whatever it is, chum, Barking Bully will soon put paid to its antics if it shows up again. If its head can stand up to one of these six-pounder shells, I give it best! Why—what—what's that?"

Westdale's sharp eyes had caught a ripple of disturbed water at the distant end of the cavern pool.

With a bound, Roy Drake leaped to his feet, and pivoted the searchlight full upon the low cave arch whence the swirling eddies came.

"That's it! The Monster!" cried the boy excitedly, as a short, cylindrical object, surrounded by waving and flexible tentacles, floated into the full white blaze of the searchlight. "Ahoy, there!" he shouted to the crew of a raft, who were rowing slowly towards the outlet that led to the lagoon. "Get ashore at once! Quickly! It's the Monster!"

The irregular, domed roof of the giant cavern reiterated his shouts in thunderous, booming echoes. They were redoubled by alarmed warnings from the armed guards stationed at various points on the rocks.

Ronald Westdale, eye upon the gun-sights of the quick-firer, thumb resting upon the firing-push, muttered under his

breath with vexation. The raft, with its human occupants, was directly in the line of fire, between him and the Monster.

One by one the four men of its crew jumped from the lashed logs into the water, struggling and splashing towards the rocky shore.

Still Westdale hesitated. The resultant explosion once his shell struck the sea beast spelt almost certain death for the swimming men.

Crack! Brrrang! Cra-a-ack! Crack! Crack!

The cavern echoes rolled and crashed as the sentries, kneeling on the rocky landing-stage, or higher up in the clefts and cavities, fired their rifles again and again. The shadows of the caves were lit by pulsating flashes like lightning. Bullets droned. Water sprayed and spurted all over the underground lake.

But Roy Drake, watching beside Westdale, as the latter fumed and growled, knew perfectly well that they were only wasting their ammunition. For one thing, the men were firing too wildly and hurriedly to take effective aim; and the only mark was those coiling, undulating tentacles, and the short, round object, like a bottle floating upright in the water, which he recognised for the spiky crest or protuberance

between the round, glowing eyes, which were invisible under the water.

Only a direct hit from one of the six-pounder shells could destroy the under-sea monster, with its hide like armoured steel.

Westdale still muttered and cursed impatiently. He could not fire a shot while those four men, convicts and criminals though they were, lay between him and his objective. One of the men, a strong swimmer, breasting the tide as it swirled towards the lagoon, had already reached the base of the rocks, and was hauling himself up. Two more were swimming steadily as the raft drifted away on the suction of the powerful current.

A loud, frenzied squeal came from the fourth and last, who splashed and kicked wildly as he clung to one of the wooden paddles.

Hilarity Hinton leaped to his feet, with horror delineated upon his usual cheerful countenance.

"By gum, it's old Lakowski! The Poleski! 'E can't swim—not a stroke! The Monster'll get him!"

"Can't swim!" gasped Roy Drake, staring across the troubled water.

The man, clinging to his paddle, was being rapidly drawn into the race of the tide as it swept through the cave portals. Behind him the Monster floated leisurely, closing in upon the man relentlessly.

"My hat! The poor devil! He hasn't a chance!"

Roy braced himself on his toes by the brink of the rock ledge, arms stretched, fingers meeting, as he poised for a dive.

"What are you doing, Roy, you fool?" roared Westdale, jumping up to check his impulse. "Stop, you young ass! You can't do anything! The Monster will get you as well!"

His warning fell upon deaf ears. Even as he spoke, Roy Drake projected lightly from the rocky edge, curving cleanly as he dived. With a splash he struck the surface of the pool, the waters muffling Westdale's cry of dismay and warning in his ears, as he swooped into the black depths.

Rising to the top, he swept aside the curtain of water that ran from his hair over his eyes, gazing around him eagerly. A few yards away floated Lakowski, the Polish convict, a little, wizened old man, with a bald head and cropped ears, his face distorted with terror.

"Steady!" cried Roy.

With a few rapid strokes, he diminished the distance between himself and the frightened man, who screamed and clutched frantically.

The boy glided away, avoiding the desperate, grabbing hands that would have drawn them both to the black depths. Then, watching his opportunity, he swam in and caught the man by the shoulders. Turning him over on his back, he seized him under the armpits and struck out with his legs for the shore.

Terror seemed at last to have numbed the Pole's faculties; he lay quiescent in Roy's arms.

They neared the low cliff, Roy dreading every moment to feel that crushing, appalling grip of the tentacles upon him.

"Quick, lad!"

Westdale and Hilarity Hinton lay flat upon the ledge, stretching out their hands to grasp the Pole's sagging, insensible form. Westdale was staring fixedly over Roy's head, and, though he said not a word, the boy knew that he was watching the Monster as it glided slowly and inexorably in their wake.

The dazed and drooping Pole was hauled like a sack of firewood out of the water, over the rugged brink to the ledge. Roy's fingers gripped at the glistening, corrugated sides of the rock.

Even as he did so he felt that cold, frightful, paralysing clutch upon his ankle.

His friends cried out with alarm and dismay.

With the sweat bursting out on his forehead, Roy Drake clawed desperately at the ineffectual handhold of the rock-side.

Westdale, his face transformed in a paroxysm of rage, blazed rapidly with his automatic at the coiling tentacles and at the huge, globular head, just visible under the surface. He might as well have fired at the bare rocks.

The Cockney, with that sublime self-sacrifice that comes to men at such moments, leaned precariously over the edge, holding out his hand, knowing full well that it only meant his own death if the boy grasped it.

The steel-like, inexorable grip on Roy's ankle dragged him down as in a vice. Scraped and bleeding, his fingers slipped, and slid from their hold upon the rough surface of the rock. His last cry of horror was strangled in his throat as his head vanished from sight, and slowly, remorselessly, he was drawn down into the black oblivion of the cavern lake, leaving his companions to stare and stare at the black ripples and eddies where he had disappeared, like men bereft of their senses.

### The Mystery Unfolded!

**D**IMLY conscious though he was that he was only prolonging his agony, Roy Drake fought hard to preserve that vital spark which we call life as he was drawn down rapidly through the black ocean depths.

His ears buzzed. An intolerable weight seemed to be pressing against his close-shut mouth, his closed eyes, and nostrils. His lungs swelled to the point of bursting. Then at last, after minutes which seemed measured out in hours, the grasp on his ankle suddenly released.

Upwards he shot to the surface. For a while he paddled about in a darkness, gratefully inhaling deep gulps of fresh, sweet air.

At once he knew that he must be in one of the innumerable sea-caverns that branched off from the lagoon of Inaccessible Island—the Monster's lair, no doubt. He had been drawn through an under-sea tunnel like a cork down a drain-pipe.

But where was the Monster? And why, if this was a cave connected by a submarine channel with the main cavern, was the air so fresh and sweet instead of being thick and foul, as it should have been in such a case?

By air-shafts piercing the cave roof, he answered his last question. And then, as he swam in circles, a bright, white, dazzling light suddenly blazed from above.

For one minute Roy was almost blinded; then, his eyes becoming at last accustomed to this unaccountable glare, he espied slabs and ledges of lava rock rising up from the inky water, surmounted by the mouths of caves and crevices in the rugged wall. Quite evidently, Inaccessible Island was riddled by these caves and underground lakes—a not surprising phenomenon, remembering that the island was the result of some bygone volcanic upheaval.

Swimming towards a flattish pile of rocks, Roy Drake hauled himself to the

top, and, wringing out his saturated clothing, stared around for the Monster.

There it was, climbing the rocks a short way distant.

Roy cried out hoarsely in his surprise.

Seen now by the penetrating light that illuminated the cavern, the Monster, with its spidery tentacles and huge, globular head, resembled a gigantic diving-suit.

Yes; diving-suit it was, though such a one as the boy had never seen before.

Twelve feet in height, bolted together with plates of polished steel, the tentacles were its arms, no doubt manipulated by mechanical devices from within. Its motive power was a tripod of hinged pillars that acted as legs. And what Roy had first taken to be a horned protuberance between the thick glass port-holes was, in reality, a periscope like that of a submarine.

At the same time, Roy realised that the bright electric light came from powerful arc-lamps fitted to the cave roof.

So paralysed was the lad by his unexpected discovery that he remained squatting on the slab of lava as sliding-doors glided open in the steel trunk to reveal its crew.

The occupants, two in number as they stepped from the doorway, looked as strange as their under-water craft. One was a burly, dwarfish Chinaman, slant-eyed, clad in overalls of blue canvas. The other was a lean, lanky man, with a straggly beard, blinking, watery eyes behind huge, horn-rimmed spectacles, and with a domed bald head that was fringed by long, grey locks falling to his narrow shoulders.

With a spring, Roy rose to his feet, looking to right and left for a chunk of rock that might serve him for a weapon, since these strangers would hardly be friendly. But he found nothing.

"Stop!" It was the man in horn-rimmed spectacles who barked out the word.

Seeing that escape was hopeless, Roy stood his ground and waited while the strangers approached.

Slowly the tall white man looked Roy up and down.

"Well," he snapped, speaking English with a strong foreign accent, "who are you, boy? What do you want? And how did you get here?"

### Professor Oskar Vorst.

**S**ILENTLY the Chinaman glided behind Roy, tensed and poised, hovering ready to spring.

"My name's Roderick Drake—called Roy for short—if you want to know," answered the boy brusquely. "As to how I got here, you should know better than I do. And if you want to know what I want, I'd ask nothing better than to dot you one on the nose for your dashed check. After that I'd like a bite to eat. I'm hungry."

"Ah, bah!" The man in the horn-rimmed spectacles clicked his teeth. "You are English, of course. That explains it. All the English are mad." Swinging round to the Chinese, he added: "Show him the way, Li."

With that he climbed a series of rude, natural steps up to one of the caves that overlooked the lake.

Watching Roy like a bulldog on the heels of an intruder, Li motioned the boy to follow.

Ducking his head under a rocky arch, Roy found himself in a roomy, irregular chamber hollowed out from the rock, lighted by an electric bulb

from the ceiling, and barely furnished with a plain, deal table, stools, chairs, chests, and trunks, and benches that were littered with phials, test tubes, and various scientific instruments, mostly unknown to him. Another rugged archway showed further caves beyond. Inaccessible Island was like a gigantic sponge.

"Ach! Feed him, Li!" grunted the white man, standing in the middle of the cave with arms folded on his pigeon breast. "The animal must be fed, I suppose, before it will bark. Eat, boy, eat; but do not take all day about it! Tell me the truth! Tell me how that warship came to this island to disturb my privacy, and my work!"

Roy sat on a stool as Li, the Chinaman, sorted out a change of clothing from a box. Then he tackled some bully beef and bread, while from a battered coffee-pot Li poured out some steaming brown liquid into a mug.

Between mouthfuls Roy told the strange, white man all that he knew—how Von Eimar had led the revolt of the convicts on Nemesis Island; seized the Varland cruiser, Zermac, and renamed her the Vengeance, and started out upon the amazing career of a modern pirate. Briefly Roy sketched out the story of the sinking of the Sylvia Bay, the battle with the Dutch aircraft, and the hiding of the Australian liner's bullion in the caves of Inaccessible Island. He was careful to add that he was only a prisoner aboard the pirate cruiser, though, for obvious reasons, he omitted to state that this was because his father was Morgan Drake, the hand and brain of the British Secret Service.

When he had finished, his bearded, spectacled captor let out a snort like that of an angry horse.

"A strange tale," he grunted—"very strange! As strange a one as ever I have heard in sixty years. Von Eimar—Nemesis Island—a pirate cruiser. Um! Von Eimar! Ha!" Excitedly he stalked about the little cave swinging his long, lean arms, and muttering excitedly to himself in German. "Von Eimar! I know that name! Years ago I met him in Berlin. What is he like—a squat, strongly built man; like a Prussian officer, with pale blue eyes? He smiles—ah, yes, a smile that you never forget—an ugly smile as though he plays with you. Is that your Von Eimar?"

"Von Eimar to a hair," said Roy Drake. "Do you know him, then?"

"I know him—yes. He was in the Secret Service, many years ago. He it was who questioned me when I discovered the secrets of Inaccessible Island."

Roy Drake pricked up his ears.

"You discovered the secrets of Inaccessible Island?" he echoed.

His interrogator lifted up his small, bald head, blinking through the thick lenses of his glasses.

"Ach, yes! I did. I am Professor Oskar Vorst, the cartographer. It was I who explored this island, years before the Great War. Von Eimar—that explains it. I had supposed that none besides myself knew of this hidden harbour on Inaccessible Island. But, if Von Eimar is the man who incited the convicts to rise and run away with this cruiser, as you say, then naturally he would make for this island as a refuge. Von Eimar is a man who forgets nothing."

Once more Professor Oskar Vorst, as

he named himself, resumed his nervous, uneasy pacing about the cave, his chin sunk on his breast as his lips worked convulsively.

"This is bad," he muttered to himself, over and over again—"very bad. All my plans it spoils—yes."

"But, I say, professor!" exclaimed Roy, after a few minutes, the professor still rambling about restlessly.

"Well?" Professor Oskar Vorst wheeled around and glanced at him irritably. "What is it? You are interrupting my thoughts, boy. What do you want? Don't sit there gaping!"

"It's just this," began Roy. "You say that the presence of the pirate cruiser spoils all your plans. Well, there is a way in which you can rid yourself of Von Eimar and all his pirates and convicts. Haven't you any communication with the outside world?"

"Well?" rapped the professor again. "Don't speak to me in riddles, boy. Well, what of it?"

Apparently the professor didn't see the obvious inference.

Roy explained further.

"I've told you that warships are out hunting for Von Eimar and his pirate cruiser. The search will be kept up for weeks. They won't trouble about Inaccessible Island, because everyone supposes that it is a barren rock, where nobody can approach—what with the currents and the sunken coral reefs. But you've a wireless installation, I suppose? Send out a radio message, and Von Eimar will find himself bottled up like a rat in a trap."

It cost Roy a pang as he said this. Even as he spoke, he realised that destruction for Von Eimar and his pirates must also mean destruction for Ronald Westdale and Hilarity Hinton, the Cockney. In the few, but exciting days that had elapsed since the mutiny on Nemesis Island, there had sprung up a warm attachment between the lad and these two. They were the only two friends that he had among the cutthroat, lawless crew of the Vengeance, and he owed them both a deep debt of gratitude.

All the same, Roy's duty was clear and unmistakable. At all costs, he must send out the message that would encompass the destruction of Von Eimar and his pirate crew before this enemy of all mankind could wreak such another atrocity as the sinking of the Sylvia Bay.

Ron Westdale and Hilarity Hinton must take their chance—he realised that. Such men as Von Eimar, Killer Moran, Dr. Nieuwe and Luis Ramiro, with their hang-dog followers, must be wiped ruthlessly out of existence.

But Roy was to discover that their downfall was not to be accomplished so easily as all that.

Slowly and deliberately the professor fixed him with a suspicious glare, and above the horn rims of his spectacles his shaggy brows contracted into a knitted scowl.

"What is this that you suggest, boy?" he grated angrily. "What treachery is behind this move of yours? You want me to help in the destruction of your pirate comrades?"

"Treachery? My—my pirate comrades?" Roy was frankly puzzled. "I've told you already—they are no friends or comrades of mine. I'm a

prisoner on the pirate cruiser—a hostage! Von Eimar is my enemy!"

"Ah, bah!" Contemptuously Oskar Vorst snapped his fingers. "Do you think that you can hoodwink me with so thin a tale? Do you take me for a fool—an idiot? A prisoner—a hostage!" he scoffed mockingly. "Of course, when Von Eimar and his pirates, are captured and brought to justice, they will all swear that they are prisoners and hostages, from the captain downwards. But do you think their judges will believe them? Of course not. As little as I believe you now, boy."

Indignantly Roy began to protest, but the professor silenced him with an impatient wave of his hand.

"And, moreover, even supposing that your absurd statement could be believed," Oskar Vorst went on, "and assuredly I do not credit it for one moment—what then? Do you suppose that I want battleships and aeroplanes battering this island to pieces with bombs and shells and high explosives, ruining all my carefully prepared plans and achievements? Do you imagine that I want all sorts of fools and scoundrels prowling round Inaccessible Island, to nose and pry into my secrets?"

Roy was puzzled.

"I'm sure I don't know," he said, after a pause. "What are you doing here? Have you found a gold-mine on Inaccessible Island? Or pearls—at the bottom of the lagoon," he added, in a flash of inspiration.

Fanatical rage blazed for a moment in the watery eyes behind those huge, thickly lensed spectacles. Then the professor jarred the silence with a jeering, contemptuous laugh, mimicking the boy's words.

"Pearls? Gold?" he echoed, sneering. "Of course! That is just the idea that would emanate from the speck that you call a brain! No appreciation, in this barbarous world, for the higher mysteries of science—nothing but a lust for gold, for pearls, for money, and yet more money! But why should I blame you? I see that you are a clod among clods. Come, I have wasted enough time as it is. Li!"

At the word, the Chinese servant pounced upon Roy with all the lithe, supple strength of a panther. The boy struggled furiously, the stool crashing over in the scuffle. But those yellow, muscular arms coiled round him and locked his limbs in a powerful, immovable wrestler's grip.

With Li's heavy knee pinned between his shoulder-blades, Roy felt a strap wound about his elbows, drawn close, and buckled tightly and firmly. Ropes were deftly looped around him, fastening wrists, knees, ankles, till he looked as if he were enmeshed in a hempen net.

Turning him upon his back, Li forced his jaws apart, and then jammed a piece of wood into his mouth, and lashed it so tightly that it seemed to Roy that his skin was being drawn from his skull.

"Take him away!" grunted the professor.

The Chinaman swung Roy on to his broad shoulder, and then stepped lightly from the living-cave into a rough-hewn passage that gaped between buttresses of lava.

Hanging head downwards, Roy found himself carried into a further cavity, a mere fissure or hollow in the passage-way.

With a grunt the Chinese dropped him unceremoniously on to the cracked and



uneven floor, leaving him alone with a dim and flickering hurricane-lamp for company, and his thoughts that were as dismal and foreboding as the shadows that hovered around.

At last, feeling almost crushed in those galling bonds that cut like knives into his skin, Roy gazed around in the shadow-filled cave.

Squirming, wriggling, he tried to saw through the stout-fibred ropes with a loose piece of sharp lava that he found pricking into his back. But the only result was to scar once more his already bruised and bleeding flesh, and at last he desisted in despair.

As he did so, a thought struck him. The lump of rock, slipping from his numbed fingers, tinkled faintly on to the floor. Slight as the sound was, it sent a series of echoes through the mazes underground.

What if this system of caves was a gigantic whispering-gallery, connecting to the main cavern where Von Eimar and his pirates were encamped?

It was a chance!  
Taking the piece of lava once more in his stiffened fingers, Roy Drake clinked it against a jutting knob of the wall, tapping out a message in Morse to those who, though he could hardly call them friends, were at least preferable as gaolers to the fanatical and merciless German scientist.

**Trapped!**

**A**N answer came swifter than Roy expected. But it was not of the kind which he had hoped for and half expected.

In his excitement the boy had forgotten that Oskar Vorst and the Chinaman were nearer, and therefore more likely to pick up his surreptitious message than Von Eimar and his pirates. Abruptly Roy ceased his tapping as he heard the soft pad of Li's feet along the rocky lava, striving unsuccessfully to conceal his "transmitter" beneath his body.

The Chinaman's yellow, calloused foot spurned him to one side, and then, with one of his expressive grunts, he jerked the tool away.

"So you try to communicate with your fellow-rascals, do you?" Oskar Vorst glared down upon him, with his pale, watery eyes blinking rapidly and angrily beneath his shaggy brows. "And you would have deceived me into

*(Continued on next page.)*



**COME INTO the OFFICE, BOYS - AND GIRLS!**

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

**F**ROM north, south, east and west, letters come pouring in from readers praising the good old MAGNET and Frank Richards' yarns of the chums of Greyfriars in particular. "If only the MAGNET could be published twice a week!" writes a Tottenham reader. I wonder if this particular chum is reading the rousing yarns dealing with the early adventures of Harry Wharton, now running in the GEM? If not, he's missing the treat of a lifetime!

**"THE MAKING OF HARRY WHARTON!"**

By Frank Richards,

is one of the star features in our grand school-story companion paper, and "Magnetites," one and all, are strongly advised to read it.

In last week's chat I mentioned that there were three islands for sale. Now John Adams writes to ask if it is true that there is

**A VOLCANO FOR SALE?**

Yes, John is quite right. The volcano of Mount Popocatepetl, in Mexico, has been up for sale for thirty-six years. It is the fifth highest mountain in North America, having a height of 17,540 feet. If any of my readers feel like buying it, they can have it for ten million dollars of Mexican money. That works out at somewhere near a million pounds in English money.

I don't think I'd like to pay a million pounds to live on top of a volcano, would you?

What was

**THE BIGGEST CIGAR IN THE WORLD?**

That's the question that comes from "Constant Reader," of Manchester. Ever seen a cigar that was eight and a half feet in length? I haven't—but one was made some time ago by a firm in Cuba. It would have cost you £500 to purchase

it! There was enough tobacco in that particular cigar to have provided an ordinary cigar smoker with three cigars a day for no less than ten years!

Do you know which is

**THE MOST VALUABLE STAMP IN THE WORLD?**

Arthur Higge, of Leicester, asks me to tell him. This is considered by philatelists to be the one cent magenta-coloured stamp issued in British Guiana in 1856. So far as is known, there is only one stamp of that issue now existing, and it has a rather interesting history. It was first bought for £140 by an Italian, who willed it to a Berlin museum. The Great War was in progress when the Italian collector died, and the stamp was in France with the rest of his collection. The French Government seized it as enemy property, and sold it by auction. It was bought by an American for £7,150. The purchaser is now dead, but his widow, who owns the stamp, recently refused an offer of £7,500 for it. The stamp is now insured for £9,600, and no offer less than £10,000 will be considered. "Some" price to pay for a stamp which was once sold for a halfpenny, what?

Many of my readers are interested in philately, so here are a few

**SHORTS ABOUT STAMPS**

which I have collected for their benefit:

Three of the Most Famous Stamp Collectors in the World were the late King George V, the former King Alfonso of Spain, and the present President Roosevelt of America. Roosevelt's collection is valued at £5,000.

A Large House in Exchange for a Postage Stamp was recently offered by a London collector—but the stamp had to be worth the value of the house!

A Complete Collection of the World's Stamp Issues would cost something like £600,000 to buy—assuming that other collectors were willing to sell their rarest specimens.

A Country which Existed on the Sale of Stamps to Collectors was the Government of Fiume, which had practically no other revenue except what it made from the sale of stamps.

The World's First Postage Stamp was the British "Penny Black," issued on May 6th, 1840. It is not so rare, however, as many other issues brought out some time later.

Here is an idea for those of my readers who get sudden "brain-waves." I have just been informed that a certain railway company has already paid out

**£800 FOR IDEAS!**

Just of late railway companies in this country have been trying out all sorts of new suggestions—and most of them have proved most beneficial both to the companies and their passengers. At first the railway companies offered prizes of from one to ten guineas for ideas that would lead to better railway services. So many valuable ideas were sent in that the maximum award has now been raised to thirty guineas. Most of the awards, of course, go to railway servants who get a "brain-wave" while they are at work, and suggest means whereby the company can improve its service, and, at the same time, make money. In fact, the railway company in question admits that the amount of money saved by the adoption of these ideas is many times more than the amount of the awards they have paid out.

When the ideas are considered by the Suggestions Committee, the names of the senders are not disclosed. So it frequently happens that a porter puts up a much more useful idea than even the district manager!

And now for next week's all-star programme. The piece-de-resistance is

**"BILLY BUNTER'S BURGLAR!"**

By Frank Richards.

This is truly a great yarn right from the word "go." Billy Bunter's career as a grub-hunter has often lauded him in trouble. But never has our tame porpoise been in such a predicament as he finds himself next week—stranded on an island with a burglar! What actually happens I'm not attempting to explain here. Frank Richards can do that much better next Saturday. It's a corking yarn, though, and that's enough to go on at present.

The only fault you'll find with our big thriller "Captain Vengeance!" is that there are not enough chapters. But I must leave space for the "Greyfriars Herald" supplement, another "Interview" by the Greyfriars Rhymester and my usual weekly chat.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,478.

supposing that you were a prisoner among them—eh? Ach! I am no fool, f. Oskar Vorst!" Deliberately he struck the boy across the face with his bony knuckles. "You want to join your friends, is that it, boy? Very well, you shall! Von Eimar and his crew of pirates shall see what is in store for them. Bring him along, Li!"

Ruthlessly, the Chinaman dragged Roy along at the heels of the lanky, stringy professor, hauling him along by his feet, with his back scraping and bumping over the rough, sharp lava, his tied hands unable to protect himself.

The lad's shirt was in ribbons, and his back cruelly bruised and gashed by the time they reached the shores of the cavern-pool.

Professor Oskar Vorst stood by the sliding doors of his gigantic mechanical diving-suit, his eyes blazing with a wild light.

Looking at him now, as he stood in the full glare of the electric roof-lamps, Roy realised that—as he already had begun to suspect—the professor was well over the wrong side of the borderline that separates mere eccentricity from real insanity.

"Bring him inside," barked Oskar Vorst.

The Chinaman, slashing with a big knife the ropes that bound Roy's legs, hustled the boy into the narrow, cylindrical trunk that formed the body of the diving-suit.

It was like the conning-tower of a submarine, only on smaller dimensions, with a periscope-mirror attached to the projecting pipe that the pirates had mistaken for the "monster's" crest, and with all its geared controls and appliances for manipulating the cunningly contrived "tentacles" as well as the motive power, there was just room for three, and no more. They were able to breathe by means of a suction-pipe connected to a tube of compressed air affixed to the back.

Roy was thrust up against the steel wall, his wrists still bound, and the professor glared at him with maniacal triumph as Li, seated on a kind of saddle, manipulated with his feet the treadles that operated the "legs," what was the contrivance waded through the black, lapping waters, and, submerging, made the undersea passage that connected the professor's refuge with the subterranean lake.

"You shall see something very interesting soon, I promise you!" Oskar Vorst cried exultingly, as the electric bulb overhead glared full upon the polished glass of the periscope mirror. "In a few seconds we will have passed through this underwater tunnel into the cavern where your villainous companions are. Only the tip of our periscope will show above water when we reach it.

"Let them use their searchlight and their poor little rifles and machine-guns! These plates are bullet-proof. Soon will you see more of your friends and fellow-pirates struggling in the grasp of our tentacles—and, this I promise you, I shall take no more prisoners to betray me!"

Stolidly, Li, the Chinaman, sat with his hands at the controls, as the professor, with a contemptuous crack of his finger-joints under Roy's nose, turned to rivet his gaze upon the periscope-mirror as they emerged from the under-sea passage.

Furiously the boy chewed upon the immovable gag that bridled his mouth. But he could not warn the half-mad professor of the knowledge that was seething and burning in his brain—of the quick-firing gun that Ronald Westdale and his gunners had mounted upon the landing-stage rocks, with its deadly muzzle trained upon the spot where the "monster" had last emerged.

The domed steel turret that was the head of Oskar Vorst's diving-machine might well be impervious to steel-cased bullets, as the professor had gloatingly boasted, but a quick firer was a very different matter. One well-planted six-pounder shell, and in one second they and the machine would be blasted into eternity.

Roy bit into the gag and chewed upon the hard wood, but it was useless, and he had to ease his aching jaws.

With bulging, staring eyes, he fixed his gaze upon the periscope-mirror, watching the black, wavy line as the periscope thrust above water, the bright blaze of the ever-hovering searchlight; and then the machine jolted unexpectedly, hurling them sideways in a floundering heap, and the pitchy water outside the thick glass windows churned furiously as the tentacles struggled and grappled above water.

"Mein Gott, we are trapped!" Recovering himself, Oskar Vorst stumbled towards the mirror, steadied it, and glared into its glossy surface with eyes of baffled hate. "Von Eimar—that cunning devil! I should have thought of this. They have fixed up a net, and we are caught—caught like rats in a trap!"

He ground his teeth in impotent fury, and clawed at his straggly beard till the blood ran, while Roy Drake, bound, gagged, and helpless, braced himself up against the round steel wall and waited, with starting eyes and tensed nerves, for the crashing explosion that would be the last thing he would know in this world!

(Von Eimar has had things all his own way so far. But what chance has he got against Oskar Vorst and his strange underwater machine? Don't miss a line of this all-thrilling story, chums!)

## THE BOGUS BEAK!

(Continued from page 23.)

beat it for the safe side of the Atlantic while the going was good.

"Glad and sorry," said Harry Wharton, in Study No. 1 a week or two later.

"Jest how I feel," agreed Putnam van Duck. "I sure do like this school a whole lot, and I'll say that I never struck a bunch I liked better than I like you guys. But the popper wants me home, now that Chick's in the 'can,' and it's safe for me in Chicago. And I guess I got to hit the steamer."

"Glad you're safe from the jolly old kidnapppers, and sorry to lose you," said Bob.

"Mebbe you'll hit Chicago some day, and I sure will enjoy showing you round the little old town," said Van Duck. "I guess I shan't forget this school, and you guys. And I'll say I think a whole lot of this little island where they keep a kidnapper safe in the 'can,' once they get a cinch on him."

The capture of Chick Chew was the end of the kidnapping enterprise. The other members of the gang, deprived of their great leader, were only too glad to "beat it," while the going was good—as Chick, too late, fervently wished that he himself had done. Mr. Saloman, the genuine gentleman of that name, was released from the quiet and secluded residence where he had been "parked," while the enterprising Chick was using his name and identity, with such disastrous results to Chick. But the temporary master of the Remove was gone, and Mr. Quelch back in his old place when the day came for Van Duck to depart.

Harry Wharton & Co., and plenty of other fellows, were sorry to lose their American chum—sorry, too, to see the last of Poker. But Putnam was booked for home, and with him went Poker Pike.

"We shall miss Van Duck," remarked Harry Wharton.

"Yes, rather!" said Nugent.

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"What rot!" said Bunter. "You've still got me," he added reproachfully.

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

The fact that they had still got Bunter did not seem to afford them any enormous amount of consolation. But the fat Owl had, at least supplied a little comic relief.

THE END.

(Now look out for "BILLY BUNTER'S BURGLAR!" another topping Greyfriars yarn by Frank Richards in next week's MAGNET. You'll rote it grand! Be sure to order your copy early!)



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**DOCTOR BIRCHEMALL  
AND THE GIPSIES!**  
A Side-Splitting Story of St. Sam's  
By **DICKY NUGENT**



*The*  
**GREYFRIARS HERALD**

No. 192.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

June 13th, 1936.



**TOM BROWN explains—  
WHAT WINGATE MEANT  
BY ENTOMOLOGY!**

Remove cricketers were agined a chap like Wingate going in for entomology. But there it was, anyway; Wingate Little Side to say he himself had said it, so couldn't keep his promise. The chaps could only hope coaching them. it was a passing fad and that Wingate would soon get it over.

They needn't have worried! Wingate came back within a couple of hours with the specimens he had set out to capture and, after handing over the said specimens to the tender mercies of Mr. Quelch, he duly trotted down to Little Side and coached the Remove for the rest of the afternoon. Wingate's spasm for entomology, it seemed, was completely at an end.

Incidentally, I ought to explain that by entomology Wingate didn't mean collecting insects of the usual kind. Oh dear, no! What had actually taken him out was a rumour that certain Remove chaps had planned a card party in the woods. And the "specimens" of "insects" he had brought back were Skinner and Snoop and Stott. That's what Wingate meant by entomology!

"The Head's a beast!" "Hear, hear!" Doctor Alfred Birchemall frowned. It was a hot summer's day, and the rovered and majestic headmaster of St. Sam's was taking his ease amongst the branches of a tree in Muggleton Woods. He had a bag of toffy in his lap into which he was dipping with grate relish.

In his enjoyment the Head had almost forgotten where he was. But the voices beneath him woko him up with a vengenz. Peering down cautiously through the leaves, he saw that several juniors belonging to St. Sam's were sawntering through the woods towards the skool. "Sawcy yung raskals!" said the Head to himself. "How dare they refer to me as a beast! I wonder what I've done to call fourth such disrespectful langwidge!"

As if in answer to that question, Bill Bright's voice came floating up to him. "It's just like Doctor Birchemall to go and detain Fearless on the very day were relying on him to play cricket!" said Bright. "Why couldn't the old fogey detain Tubby Barrell or someone else who didn't matter?" "Old fogey!" choked the Head. "And me only ninety-nine next birthday! Why, I'll slawter 'em! I'll—"

near the skool this morning gave me the idea," grinned the kaptein of the Fourth. "Breofly, the wheeze is this: we'll disguise ourselves as gipsies—" "Wha-a-at?" "Then wait for the Head when he comes back from his walk to Muggleton and kidnap him!" went on Jack Jolly, eggstedly. "We can easily lock him up somewhere for the afternoon, and once he's out of the way, Fearless can play cricket for us without the slitest risk of anyone interfering. Afterwards, of course, we can pretend to find the Head by accident. He'll never suspect that we were the real kidnapers all the time!"

"My hat! What a spiffing wheeze!" "It's a corker, old chap, and no mistake!" "Glad you like it!" chuckled Jack Jolly. "If you're all in favor, then, we'd better get bizzzy at once. Forchunitly, we've some gipsy costumes among the dramattick society's props. Let's hop back and fetch them. Then we can change in the woods and lie in wait for the Head!" "Right-ho, old fellow!" The juniors tramped off; and as their voices died away, Doctor Birchemall gave vent to his feelings in a long, gloating larf. "Ho, ho, ho! So, my bewties, you plan to lay hands on the sacred person of your headmaster, do you?" he muttered, leering, as he helped himself to another toffy. "What a shock you'll get when you find that my eagle eyes have pennytrated your disguises! Ho, ho, ho!"

Doctor Birchemall remained up the tree for nearly half an hour to give Jack Jolly & Co. time to change into their costumes and prepare their ambush. Then he lowered himself down to the ground and strolled at a lez-zurely pace along the footpath leading to St. Sam's. When he saw a number of pichtcheresque figgers taking cover behind some bushes and trees ahead of him, he nearly busted himself larfing. But, with a grate effort, he man-nidged to put an innersent eggs-

pression into his face, as he walked into the ambush. "Grab heem, brothers!" It was a horse shout from the bushes. Doctor Birchemall stopped and glanced towards them like a startled fawn. A moment later half-a-duzzen dark-skinned gipsies sprang into view and made a rush at him. The Head of St. Sam's pretended to be scared out of his life, though inwardly he was larfing fit to bust. "Spare me!" he cride. "Have mersy, kind friends!" "Seeze the dog, brothers!" wrapped up the leader of the gipsies. "Take heem to our camp an' there we weel hold heem to ransom!"

"Lumme! These lads can certainly act!" thought Doctor Birchemall to himself, as the gipsies seezed him. "As for their disguises, it is impossibil to see through them. But that duzzent matter much. They'll be all the more surprized when I call out their names and order them to let me go! Ha, ha, ha!" And the Head marched along in the midst of his swarthy captors, pretending to weep, whereas he was in reality shaking with larfter!

After marching for about five minnits, Doctor Birchemall decided that the joak

had gone far enuff. He came to a sudden stop and glared at the gipsy band. "Boys!" he roared. "How dare you?" "What you say, dog?" "How dare you attack your own headmaster like this!" stormed the Head. "You thought you'd hood-wink me, disguising yourselves! But your disguises are useless when you're dealing with a lynx-eyed person like me! Jolly! Merry! Bright! Stedfast! I reekernise all of you!" "Maledictos! The dog, he ees mad!" "So will you be, my pippin, when you feel my birch-rod dusting your trowsis!" grinned the Head. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Gipsies, indeed! Why, you're no more like real gipsies than I am myself! Fall in, you young welps!" Then Doctor Birchemall received a severer shock. For, instead of falling in, the gipsies seezed him more tightly than ever, and, to add to the Head's surprize, whipped out daggers and nives, which they started flurrishing in a most alarming fashun!

"To the camp with heem!" cride the gipsy leader. Doctor Birchemall gave a yell. "Yaroooooo! I'll birch you black and blue! Wait

till I get you back to the skool, you yung raskals, and I'll—"

"Nunno, Jolly, don't trubble; perhaps they've learned their lesson from this!" gasped the Head. "Let's return to St. Sam's, boys, and thanks awfully for what you've done!" "Don't mensh, sir!" grinned Jack Jolly. "It's a plezzure!" Doctor Birchemall's somewhat greenish eyes fell on a portmantoo the juniors were carrying, bearing the label "Fourth Form Dramattick Society," and he coffered.

"Ahem! I feel all the same that I should like to do something to commemorate this suspishus occasion," he said. "Perhaps the best way of doing it will be to cancel Fearless' detention this afternoon. You may tell Fearless, my boys, that he is free to play cricket this afternoon if he wishes!" "Honest injun, sir!" "Honner bright!" grinned the Head. "Hip, hip, hooray!" And Jack Jolly & Co. returned to St. Sam's, cheering. Frank Fearless duly turned out against St. Pete's that afternoon and helped the home team to gain a grate viktory against the visitors. And nobody ever had the slitest idea that Doctor Birchemall knew all about Jack Jolly's grate wheeze for kidnaping the Head.

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Which only went to show that even an old tirant like Doctor Birchemall had his good points! (Look out next week for the first instalment of Dicky Nugent's rib-tickling new serial, "DOCTOR BIRCHEMALL'S DUBBLE!")

**ALONZO TODD says—  
BUNTER SHOCKS—NAY,  
DISGUSTS ME!**

It has always been my earnest endeavour to help fellow creatures in distress. But I must confess that the juvenile known as Billy Bunter causes me at times to entertain serious doubts as to the wisdom of that aim!

The incident which occurred yesterday, is alas, typical! Whilst directing my pedal extremities towards Greyfriars, I caught up with Bunter and found him wheeling along the mangled remains of an article of vehioular locomotion, to wit, a bicycle. He appeared to be in a mood of despondency; but he brightened up at my approach. "I say, 'Lonzy, would you mind wheeling this jigger back to the bike-shed for me?" he asked. "I've had an accident with it."

"So I observe, my dear Bunter," I remarked. "I trust that you suffered no personal injury?" Bunter's response was to supply me with a list of supposed injuries of such imposing dimensions as to give me the melancholy impression that he could

not be adhering to the strict truth. Nevertheless, I agreed to assist him, and accordingly wheeled the damaged vehicle to the bike-shed. Alas! I had scarcely taken a dozen steps before that impetuous juvenile, Vernon-Smith, assaulted me with very great severity and deprived me of the custody of the bike. Now mark the sequel! When I informed Bunter about this extraordinary episode, he was affected not by sympathy but by risibility—in fact, he laughed quite immoderately. On inquiring the cause, I elicited from him the distressing facts that the damaged bicycle belonged to Vernon-Smith and that he had borrowed it without that juvenile's permission and handed it to me so that Vernon-Smith should assume that I was the person responsible! Truly, such behaviour can be described as nothing less than reprehensible. I must say that Bunter shocks—nay, disgusts me!



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**GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!**

Peter Todd's long legs served him in good stead when batting for the Remove against Rookwood. A terrific spurt and a dive at full length just got him to his crease to save him being run out—after which "Toddy" settled down and knocked up 40 before being caught. Toddy held—rightly—at "long leg"! Mark Linley, the lad from Lancashire, says the North offers everything to holidaymakers from Blackpool sands to the fens and caverns of North Derbyshire. Linley spent much of his last vac exploring the latter—and though he tackled some tough clumbs, "Marky" was not the chap to "cave" in!

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?**

Tom Dutton made his study-mates grin when he said he never believes a word he hears from Bunter. Dutton is rather hard of hearing, and rarely catches Bunter's mumble, whether it is the truth or not! But, in spite of his disability, Dutton's judgment is shrewd. He had "heard" aright about Bunter!

Scoring a brilliant century against St. Jim's, George Wingate enabled the Greyfriars First XI to win by three wickets. Kildare, of St. Jim's, hit up 65—but as Removites watching loyally said, there was no batsman to compare with Wingate. Getting his 114 not out, he looked set for "centuries"!

Billy Bunter was saying the summer holidays ought to be greatly extended, when Mr. Quelch overheard him. Quelch reminded Bunter that as he cannot learn as much as the other fellows in a term of the present length, he would be almost a complete idiot if it were any shorter! Bunter looked—and felt—"idiotic"!

Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith, the millionaire, anchored in Pegg Bay in his new steam yacht and entertained his son Herbert—"Smithy"—and the Famous Five over the week-end. The Removites had special permission, and enjoyed themselves to the full, swimming and sun-bathing. "Yacht"—ho!

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**RIVER MEN—  
BE REFINED!  
Pleads LORD MAULEVERER**

River manners are deplorable. I mean it, dear men! When I went punting with Wharton and some other sportsmen the other day, it stood out a mile! The shouting and singing and larking about that goes on is enough to give pain to any sportsman of the old school, so to speak. And the raucous arguments that ensue when boats bash into each other! And the way chappies sling tomatoes and what-not at chappies across the water! Really, it's enough to bring the bright blush of shame to the cheeks of a man who believes in good manners on the cheery old river. What I saw convinced me that it's time we had a code of the river as well as a code of the