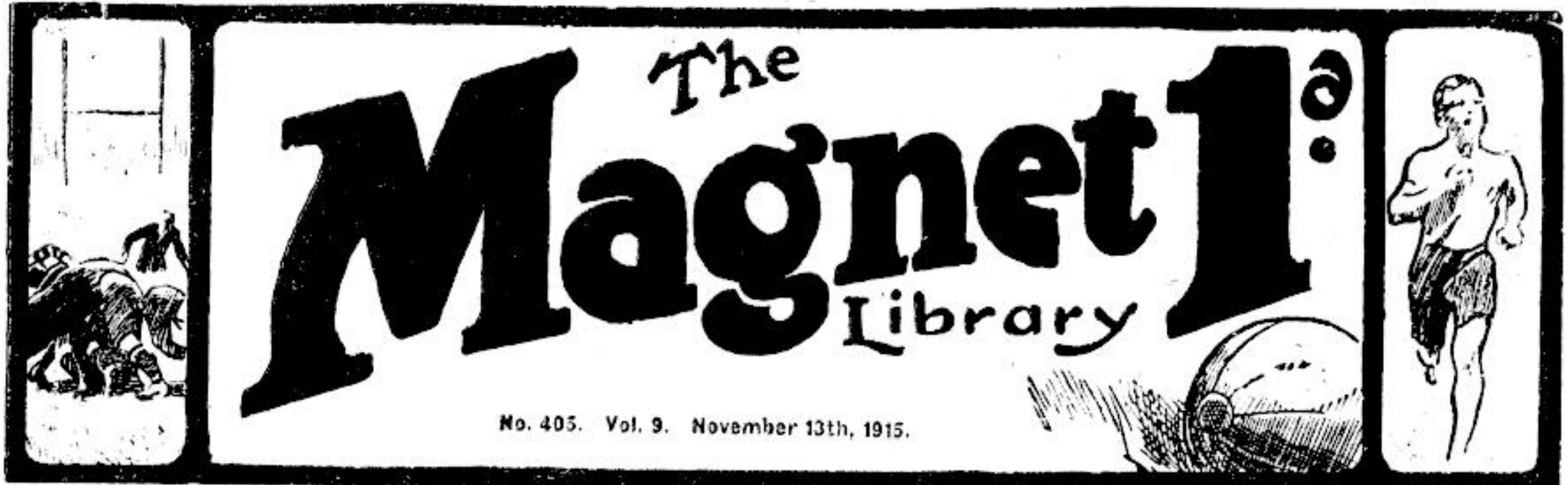


# THE REMOVE ELEVEN ON TOUR!

A Magnificent New, Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.



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PLAY THE CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.**

*(A Stirring Scene in the Grand Complete School Tale contained in this number)*

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# THE REMOVE ELEVEN ON TOUR!

A New, Long, Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.  
at Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



Skinner stealthily turned the handle of the door and entered the bed-room. The moon shone through the window on a sleeping figure. The stertorous breathing of Mr. Prout showed that he was not only asleep, but sleeping soundly. (See Chapter 5.)

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Tidings of Great Joy!

WHICH the 'Ead wants to see Master Wharton!" Trotter, the page-boy at Greyfriars, poked his head in at the door of No. 1 Study in the Remove passage, and uttered the words with as much solemnity as a magistrate demanding the appearance of the next prisoner.

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Harry, who, with the rest of

that select band known as the Famous Five, was busily engaged upon the Christmas Number of "The Greyfriars Herald." "This is rotten! What's the chopper coming down for now, when I want to get this giddy editorial finished?"

"Dunno!" growled Johnny Bull. "Ask me another! The heart knoweth its own bitterness. Loder's reported you, p'r'aps; or Sir Hilton Popper's on the warpath again. Better go and face the music, old son."



Wharton nodded, and blotted his page.

"Good luck!" said Bob Cherry. "Keep a stiff upper lip."

Such precautions, however, were quite unnecessary, for Dr. Locke wore quite a benignant smile as Harry Wharton entered his study. He greeted the junior cordially.

"Sit down, my boy!" he said kindly. "I have some very good news to impart to you."

"Yes, sir?" said Wharton, looking up inquiringly.

"A letter is just to hand," said the Head, "from the secretary of the Soldiers' Christmas Comforts Fund. The gentleman is a personal friend of mine, and, indeed, an old boy of this institution. He suggests that Greyfriars should assist the fund, and provide suitable Christmas presents for those who, having answered their country's call, are now braving the inferno of the trenches."

"You can rely on us to help in any way possible, sir."

"I know I can, Wharton, and that is why I have sent for you. I have just been having a chat with Wingate and Mr. Quelch, and we have hit upon a very good plan whereby we may raise twenty or thirty pounds."

Dr. Locke paused, and Wharton sat still in silent wonder.

"Wingate suggested to me," the Head went on, "that as the boys of your Form excel so much at football you might undertake a tour of the Southern Counties, and enter upon a series of engagements with other teams. A fee of sixpence could be levied for admission to the matches, and in this way quite a useful sum of money might be raised."

"I should say so, sir!" said Harry, with enthusiasm. "What a ripping wheeze—ahem!—great idea!"

"I spoke to Mr. Quelch as to the advisability of letting you off lessons for a fortnight, and he assures me that the Form-work has attained such a high standard of late that I should be perfectly justified in letting you go."

"Good old Quelch!" murmured Wharton under his breath.

"You will, therefore, be given a few days in which to draw up your plan of campaign, and to make all arrangements. You may take half a dozen reserve players with you, in case they are needed, and will travel in the charge of Wingate. Your railway expenses will be defrayed from the sum which is amassed in gate-money, as also will the other expenses incurred by the tour. I think that is all."

"Oh, how great, sir!" exclaimed Wharton, almost delirious with joy. "The fellows will be mad with delight when I tell them. It was jolly good of Mr. Quelch to speak up for us like that."

"You deserved it, doubtless," smiled the Head. "I wish you all success in your enterprise."

And he gave the Removeite his hand.

Harry Wharton's head was almost hitting the sky as he came out into the Close. He had entered the Head's study expecting to be called over the coals for some misdemeanour, and to be licked, lined, or gated. Instead of which he had received news which made him as happy as any sandboy.

He rushed breathlessly into No. 1 Study, and whisking Bob Cherry up out of his chair proceeded to waltz him round the room.

Bob was not a dancer. He had never learned how to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," and as a result the furniture and other things came in for a good deal of damage.

"Yaroo!" roared Nugent suddenly, as Bob Cherry's hand swept out on a mission of destruction, sending ink-pot and papers flying. "You burbling chump! You drivelling dunderhead! My comic poem—"

"My article on 'How to Bake Chestnuts!'" hooted Johnny Bull. "It's ruined!"

"Likewise my 'Lamentful Ode to an Expiring Duck!'" murmured Hurree Singh, shaking his dusky head sorrowfully.

Bang! Biff! Thud!

The waltzers waltzed, and the furniture disported itself in all directions. The clock went whirling from the mantelpiece, and the coal-scuttle emptied itself on to the study carpet. The bookcase swayed perilously forward,

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and righted itself just in time; and all was consternation and confusion.

Wharton desisted at last. He sank into the armchair and pumped in breath. Bob Cherry collapsed in a heap on the floor and did likewise.

But for the heavy sound of gasping, there was silence in the study. It was as the calm which precedes the storm. Then Bob Cherry, having recovered himself to a certain extent, struggled to his feet and rushed at Wharton.

"Now explain yourself!" he roared, seizing his chum by the collar and shaking him furiously. "Are you potty, or mentally deficient, or what?"

"That's right!" yelled Nugent. "Let's bump the life out of the silly idiot! Now, then! All hands on deck!"

"Pax!" gasped Wharton. "It—it's all right, you chaps! Let me explain!"

And before Nugent's dire threat could be put into effect the captain of the Remove acquainted the others with the nature of the Head's summons.

Then they understood. Bruised and sore as he was with much jostling and bumping, Bob Cherry felt that he could freely forgive his exuberant chum. He could have borne almost anything with the knowledge that a fortnight's holiday was to follow.

"This is great!" murmured Bob. "Simply divine! Come to my bosom and weep!"

"What a score for the Remove!" chuckled Nugent. "We're always in the picture whenever there's anything like this on the board. They know where to look for talent, and no mistake."

"The Remove's the very nursery of football," said Bob Cherry. "We live footer, and dream footer, and play footer every day. They couldn't have made a better selection."

"We were probably pickfully chosen at the suggestion of the esteemed Wingate," said Hurree Singh.

"Quite likely," assented Wharton. "Old Wingate's a brick of the first water!"

"What teams are we going to run up against?" asked Johnny Bull, who had been thinking profoundly for some moments. "Can't confine ourselves to school matches, you know. We shouldn't get good enough gates."

"I don't know so much," said Wharton. "Why, the fellows would cotton on to the scheme like one o'clock! Take St. Jim's, for instance. The chaps would willingly pay a tanner of their pocket-money to witness an extra-special game; and that'd be five quid at least, as there are at least two hundred fellows. We certainly ought to pay the Saints a visit, at any rate. Then there's Rookwood—Jimmy Silver & Co., you know. We could wipe up the ground with them, and get a few pounds for our pains. Who else could we play?"

"I know!" said Bob Cherry, seized with a sudden inspiration. "Ben Adams—you've heard of him, I suppose?—is bringing his famous boxing-booth to Courtfield next week. Young Tom Belcher will be there, of course. He's the star boxer of 'em all, and thoroughly true blue. Wonder if they could rake together some sort of an eleven to give us a match?"

"That's not a bad wheeze," said Wharton thoughtfully. "I'll write to Adams about it to-night."

"Then there's a military lot over at Wapshot who we could arrange a fixture with," said Johnny Bull. "The Bantams, I believe they call 'em. They'd give us a good game."

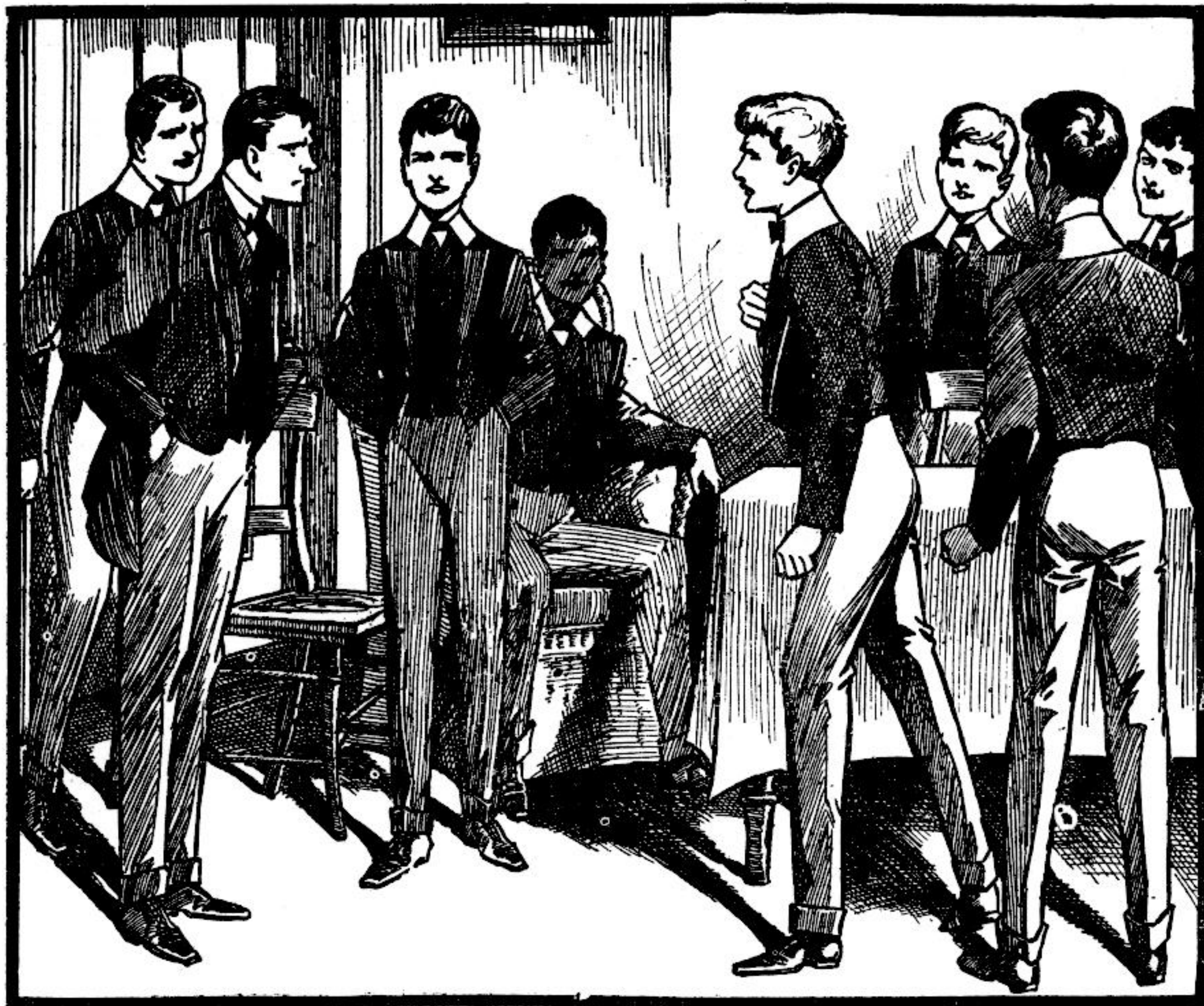
"And a good licking!" snorted Nugent. "D'you imagine we're up to the weight of Army teams, ass?"

"They're only youngsters," replied Johnny Bull. "I don't see any reason why we shouldn't approach them."

"Might just as well approach Swindon or Blackburn Rovers!" sniffed Nugent. "Look here, we want to be successful in this giddy campaign, and come out with flying colours. We sha'n't do that if we're going to play the hottest teams we can find."

"Well, don't let's come to blows over it," said Wharton. "I'm inclined to agree with Johnny. It'll do us no harm to get licked by one or two big teams, especially if we put up a game fight. I'll tell you what.





Bob Cherry, ever ready to avenge an insult directed against his chum from Lancashire, sprang forward with clenched fists and blazing eyes. "Take those words back!" he shouted. "Take them back, or I'll wipe up the floor with you!" (See Chapter 2.)

Let's go to London and play an eleven selected from the L.C.C. schools."

"Rather!"

"The playfulness against the esteemed County Council schools shall be terrific!"

"That would draw a good crowd," said Wharton excitedly. "Then we might possibly play against one of the big public schools—Claremont, for instance."

"That'll make six teams," said Bob Cherry. "Might as well try and get one or two more. Why not a county eleven—one from Kent, one from Sussex, and so forth?" Wharton nodded.

"That's good, if it can be arranged," he said. "We must have twelve fixtures altogether; that's one match a day. How ripping!"

"Better draw up the team," suggested Nugent, "while your uncles pile in with the 'Herald.' Leave your old editorial for a time. It's generally the driest part of the rag, and—"

"Why, you blessed imbecile!" roared Wharton.

"Pax!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Let me pour paraffin on the troubled waters. Life's too short to quarrel."

And the juniors, with the exception of Harry Wharton, turned their attention to the Christmas number once more. The industrious scratching of many pens was the only sound heard in No. 1 Study. Four

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fellows were immersed in literary cares, and one—the captain of the Remove—was engaged in penning the names of the eleven fellows who were shortly to take the football world by storm.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Ructions in the Remove!

LATER on that evening the following announcement appeared on the notice-board in the Hall, in the familiar "fist" of Harry Wharton:

#### "THE REMOVE TEAM ON TOUR!"

"A series of matches is being arranged with various schools and institutions, the proceeds of same to go to the Soldiers' Christmas Comfort Fund.

"The following eleven has been chosen for the occasion:

"Goal, Bulstrode; backs, Bull and Brown; half-backs, Cherry, Peter Todd, and Linley; forwards, Hurree Singh, Nugent, Wharton, Penfold, and Vernon-Smith.

"Reserves: Field, Desmond, Russell, Morgan, Newland, and Ogilvy.

"We confidently anticipate good games and good gates.

"(Signed) HARRY WHARTON, Captain."

NEXT  
MONDAY—

"THE CONJURER'S CAPTURE!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.



"Waal, I swow!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee junior. "This beats the band—some! I kinder calculate Wharton's forgotten my existence!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm not even a reserve," continued Fishy, in disgust. "I guess my footballing talent's wasted in this hyer sleepy hole. Over there they'd dole out praise where praise was due."

By "over there" Fish meant the great United States, where, according to himself, he had been a veritable giant of sport. He had proved himself a Trumper at cricket, a Fleming at football, a Burgess at swimming, and the equal of Freddie Welsh as a fighting-man. But there was a touch of American journalism about Fishy's arrogant statements, for he had proved an inglorious failure at Greyfriars in every sphere of sport.

"Dry up, Fishy!" exclaimed Skinner. "We're fed-up with your blessed swank. 'It's the really decent players, like me, who feel this insult keenest.'"

"And me!" roared Bolsover major. "Are we never going to put our foot down on rank, rotten favouritism? Is Wharton always going to ride the high horse, and pick out his personal friends for all privileges? Because, if so, we might just as well clear out of Greyfriars. This is supposed to be a free country, and yet we're slaves—slaves to Wharton's tyranny! Fancy shoving in Bull and Brown as backs, when there's a player like me knocking about! It's the last straw!"

"And Bulstrode in goal!" hooted Hazeldene. "It's been proved over and over again that I'm the only goalie in the Remove who's really FT. Isn't it about time we made a firm stand for our rights?"

"Rather!" said Skinner passionately. "Let's go and put it to the cads straight. I notice they've slunk away directly this announcement is put up. They're afraid to stay and face the consequences of their action. Kim on! Follow your leader!"

Quite a number of fellows made tracks for No. 1 Study, for feeling ran very high in the Remove. The malcontents lost sight of the fact that Wharton was only in a position to select seventeen fellows for the tour. That he had exercised the best possible judgment was a circumstance to which Skinner & Co. discreetly closed their eyes.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" boomed Bob Cherry's dulcet voice, as a sharp rap sounded on the door of the study. "Come in, fathead!"

The procession streamed into the study, where the Famous Five were seated round the fire, in which a number of chestnuts spurted and crackled right merrily.

"What's the rumpus?" asked Harry Wharton, raising a flushed face from the grate. "My hat! The whole giddy family seems to have turned out in force!"

"The fact is," said Skinner, coming to the point with deadly directness, "we think you're a howling cad, Wharton!"

"Flattery, thy name is Skinner!" chuckled Nugent. "Don't use such flowery expressions, Skinney, old chap. You're not in a duke's drawing-room!"

"You seem to have run away with the idea," pursued the cad of the Remove, warming to his subject, "that you can trot off on a comfortable tour, and leave all the decent fellows behind to sweat in the Form-room, under Quelchy's gimlet eye. I'm afraid you're going to have a rude awakening. We want fair play!"

"Do you mean to tell me that you think you're entitled to a place in the team?" asked Wharton.

"That's it."

"Well, I'm sorry I can't see eye to eye with you. Matter of fact, I wouldn't be found dead in an eleven where you were playing," said Harry, with delightful candour.

"Oh, come off!" bellowed Bolsover. "We're not here to bandy words with you. We want fair play, and we mean to get it. You know jolly well there ain't a better junior back in the school than me, and yet you go and shove in freaks like Brown and Bull."

"If you call me a freak," roared Johnny Bull, "I'll make shavings of you!"

And there was an expression on the sturdy junior's face at which Bolsover instinctively recoiled.

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"You're not a bad player, Bolsover," said Harry Wharton. "I'm the first to admit that. But Johnny Bull and Tom Brown are a trifle better, and they've got a perfect understanding with each other on the field, whereas you are always trying to create discord. As for Skinner, he's hopeless. Hopscotch may be his mark, or marbles, but he's no footballer."

"What about me?" exclaimed Hazeldene.

"I'd have brought you in as a reserve if you could be depended upon," said Harry, his face clouding. "You're quite good on your day. But fag-smoking is not an attribute to good goalkeeping, so you can keep off the grass!"

Hazeldene frowned darkly.

"I'll make you sit up for this!" he said viciously. "This blessed favouritism's got to stop."

"Hear, hear!" came in a mighty roar from the members of the deputation.

"Shall we eject them neckfully?" asked Hurree Singh. "They cheekfully insult us to our esteemed faces."

"Half a jiffy," said Wharton. "We'll give them a fair hearing. I suppose all of you think you're hard done by?"

"That's it," said Trevor. "Play the man for once, Wharton, and do the decent thing. You know that there's nobody up to my weight at outside-right."

"Bar the Bounder!" said Bob Cherry. "It strikes me that you're suffering from swelled head, Trevor, old son. Blessed is he who bloweth his own trumpet—I don't think!"

"Then there's me," said Stott.

"You!" said Nugent, with a curl of the lip. "This isn't a team for prize funks! Better apply somewhere else!"

"And where do I come in?" piped Snoop.

"Nowhere!" growled Johnny Bull. "I'll tell you where you go out, though! Either by the door or the window! Take your choice!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I'm your man, Wharton," said Fisher T. Fish. "No team's complete without a Yankee, I calculate."

"Go hon!" grinned Nugent. "I thought Yankees were too proud to kick?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess——"

"Bow-wow!" said Bob Cherry. "This isn't a guessing competition. I think it's about time we put the kybosh on this choice selection of cads, Harry!"

"You're welcome to try it on!" said Bolsover, clenching his big fists. "We're jolly well fed-up with you! What with sticking a low-down factory bounder in the eleven, and putting in a blessed Jew as reserve, it's about the limit!"

The speaker referred to Mark Linley and Monty Newland—two of the best. Bob Cherry, ever ready to avenge an insult directed against his chum from Lancashire, sprang forward, with clenched fists and blazing eyes.

"Take those words back!" he shouted. "Take them back, or I'll wipe up the floor with you!"

For answer Bolsover lowered his head, and butted like a bull towards the indignant Bob. The latter stepped aside, and dealt his burly antagonist a swinging blow on the side of the head.

That was the signal for a general attack to take place. Bolsover's cronies crowded into the study, save Snoop and Stott and one or two more of the chicken-hearted ones, and the next moment a battle royal was in progress.

But the Famous Five had right on their side. They lined up grimly to meet the onslaught, and gradually the invaders were driven back.

Bob Cherry, his blood fairly up, was fighting like a tiger. His left and right crashed in quick succession into Bolsover's face, and the bully of the Remove, who had never learned the art of taking blows quietly, retreated to the door, yelling at the top of his lungs.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton was subjecting Skinner to a thorough "pasting." He planted a straight drive on his antagonist's somewhat prominent nose, and followed it up with some telling body blows which made the unfortunate Skinner stagger. Then, just as the battle was at its height, and the claret began to flow freely



on all sides, an interruption came about in the person of Wingate of the Sixth.

The captain of Greyfriars was a fellow of few words. He waded into the turbulent throng, and laid about them right lustily with the ash-plant he was carrying.

"Ow-ow-ow!"

Wild yelps of pain arose from all sides as the blows descended on arms and legs. Then there was a wild stampede for the door on the part of Bolsover & Co., and in a very short space of time they had made themselves scarce, leaving Harry Wharton & Co. virtually masters of the situation.

"Let there be no more noise to-night," said Wingate, with a grim look on his rugged face, "or I shall come down very heavy. You kids had better put on your best behaviour if you want me to take you on that tour."

"Right you are, Wingate!" said Bob Cherry, caressing his shoulder ruefully. "That was only a little tiff with some unspeakable cads. We'll be as good as gold, won't we, you fellows?"

And the "fellows" responded, with great heartiness and unanimity:

"Rather!"

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### A Reckless Resolve!

FOOTER practice was the order of the day at Greyfriars. Everywhere—on Little Side, in the Close, or even in such sacred precincts as the Sixth-Form corridor—the thud of the football made itself heard. And Harry Wharton & Co. weren't the only people who got into training, either. Fellows who were popularly supposed to know no more about football than the celebrated Man in the Moon now embraced every available opportunity of chasing the bounding leather.

"Football—football everywhere"—seemed to be the rule, and the craze penetrated even to the Form-room. When asked to name the person who signed the Magna Charta, Squiff replied, "Steve Bloomer," and was rewarded with a hundred lines for his pains. Then Bob Cherry was asked why Charles the First was beheaded, and great was the surprise of his Form-fellows and the indignation of Mr. Quelch when Bob answered: "Because he muffed a penalty." The result of this strange deviation of history was a sharp rap on the knuckles for Bob Cherry from the irate master's pointer.

The day was Wednesday, on which there was always a half-holiday for the Friars. Little Side was crowded after dinner. The chief match was "Probables" versus "Possibles," the former being Harry Wharton's tabulated eleven, and the latter the six reserves, with five fairly good players thrown in.

On another pitch an extraordinary scene was in progress. Skinner and Bolsover were hard at it, in company with all the discontented fellows in the Remove. Hazeldene was in goal, and the others plied him with shots. Fisher T. Fish was present, and Wung Lung, to say nothing of Billy Bunter, who from time immemorial had considered himself a first-class player, arguing that personal jealousy was always responsible for keeping him out of the recognised eleven.

Bolsover had demurred at first on seeing such hopeless freaks turn out, but Skinner had reassured him.

"I want to see how these chaps shape," he said. "We must get together an eleven that'll knock Wharton's in the shade abso-giddy-lutely!"

"But what's the good?" said Bolsover dolefully. "We can't do anything."

"Can't we, though? Listen, and I will a tale unfold. The first match of the series is with Rookwood. It's a long way away, and Jimmy Silver & Co. won't twig if a strange team is sent over to play 'em. They'll think it's in the natural order of things."

"But what—" gasped Skinner.

Skinner chuckled.

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NEXT  
MONDAY—

"THE CONJURER'S CAPTURE!"

EVERY  
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ONE  
PENNY.

"We're going to forestall Wharton & Co.," he explained. "Somehow or other we must get 'em out of the way, and go over to Rookwood ourselves."

"Mum-mum-my hat!"

"Then, if we lick the Rookwooders to a frazzle, Greyfriars will be so delighted that we shall be asked to carry on with the tour, instead of Wharton's tinpot team. Twig?"

Bolsover could not speak for some moments. The utter daring of Skinner's scheme had temporarily deprived him of breath.

"What a stunt!" he exclaimed at length. "If only we can work it, it'll be a feather in our cap for evermore!"

"Let's pile in with the practice, then. Later on I'll think out a scheme for stopping the real eleven from going to Rookwood."

"B-but hasn't it occurred to you," said Bolsover, "that we shall be cutting lessons? It'll be Monday morning, and Quelch will expect us in the Form-room."

"Blow Quelch!" said Skinner recklessly. "We mustn't be afraid of making a plunge, as we're playing for high stakes. But, of course, if you've no stomach for the bizney I'll cry off."

"Count me in," said the bully of the Remove. "It'll probably mean lines and lickings all round, but if you're not funky of the consequences I'm jolly sure I'm not."

"Spoken like a man!" said Skinner. "Now, then, on the ball!"

And the precious pair of rascals resumed their shots at goal.

As the afternoon progressed Bolsover could not help thinking that Skinner's plot was a very good one, despite its drawbacks. A rival eleven had been formed not many weeks before, when Skinner was at the head of the anti-Church campaign. A match had been played against Ponsonby & Co. of Highcliffe on a Sunday afternoon, and, although the game had been summarily interrupted by

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Bob Cherry, the Greyfriars team had shown up quite well. Indeed, but for the presence of Bunter and Fish and Wun Lung, they would have worked wonders. Bolsover grimly reflected that he would do without such impossible players on this occasion.

Sunday footer was a thing of the past now. Skinner had given up such an unsavoury programme, and become decent for a time, but only for a time. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots, neither could Harold Skinner be expected to change his bold, bad ways for any lengthy period. He was a black sheep, was Skinner, and would probably remain so until the end of the chapter, in spite of certain splashes at reform.

Although most of Skinner's cronies were but poor footballers, and Skinner himself was not a star player, yet there was a certain amount of talent lurking among the anti-Wharton contingent. Bolsover had plenty of weight, and was really quite a useful back. He showed up well, as did Trevor and Treluce and Dick Rake. The latter was a very decent fellow, as a rule, but he, too, was getting "fed-up" with Wharton's alleged high-handedness, and had decided to throw in his lot with the new eleven.

The practice proceeded merrily, despite the fact that Billy Bunter persisted in charging his comrades off the ball. When it was all over, Skinner expressed himself as being highly satisfied.

"We ought to be able to lick Rookwood into a cocked hat," he declared. "Hazel's topping in goal, and you're a host in yourself, Bolsover, old man."

"But I still don't see how you can kidnap a whole giddy eleven," said Bolsover, in perplexity—"especially chaps like Wharton and Cherry! They're not likely to take it lying down, you know."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Skinner airily. "You leave it all to your uncle. I'm just the chap for forming

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deep, dark plots. Let me get off now, and put in an hour's hard thinking. Then we'll call a meeting to-night—leaving out chatterboxes like Bunter, of course—and I'll propound my plans."

"Good egg!"

Skinner hurried off, to carry out the first stage of his caddish designs. A few moments later the match on Little Side ended, and the players swarmed off the pitch. The "Probables"—Harry Wharton & Co.—had beaten the "Possibles" by five goals to one, so that there could be no doubt as to the high standard of excellence attained by the recognised Remove eleven.

"We ought to have a joyday at Rookwood on Monday," said Bob Cherry. "If every chap touches this afternoon's form, there's no reason why we shouldn't get into double figures."

"Pride goeth before the esteemed fall," said Hurree Singh, shaking his dusky head gravely, "and chickens should not be countfully reckoned before the hatchfulness!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who says tea?" asked Harry Wharton, a contented look on his ruddy face.

"Tea!" responded the rest of the Famous Five together.

And the footballers, happy in the knowledge that a fortnight of freedom lay before them, proceeded joyfully to No. 1 Study.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Playing It Low!

"GENTLEMEN—"

"Hear, hear!"

"On the ball!"

"We are met together on this suspicious occasion—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"To discuss the ways and means of foiling Wharton's eleven, and going over to Rookwood on Monday ourselves."

Harold Skinner, mounted on a form in the Rag, was making an earnest speech to his satellites. He had taken the preliminary precaution of seeing that the room was deserted, for any of Harry Wharton's followers would certainly have raised Cain on hearing such a disloyal oration.

There were a dozen fellows present altogether, and they represented the worst type of Removite. The ungainly Bolsover and the crafty, toadying Snoop were just the sort of rank outsiders to enlist under Skinner's banner. Billy Bunter had applied for admission to the Rag, only to find the door slammed in his fat face.

There were a few juniors present with some pretensions to decency, notably Dick Rake, and these were there not with ulterior motives but because they naturally felt annoyed at being left out of the tour, and were glad of the opportunity of becoming members of a deputy team.

"Getting eleven fellows out of the way is not so easy as it might sound," said Skinner. "It's been done before, and chaps like Wharton have a nasty knack of turning up at the eleventh hour. The kidnapping dodge is too risky. I know a trick worth two of that."

"Good old Skinney!"

"Get it off your chest, old man!"

"I suggest that we play some big practical joke, gentlemen—on one of the masters, for choice. Old Prout's a good target for that sort of thing. He'd suit our purpose admirably. We must make the thing pretty serious, and contrive to shift the blame on to Wharton and his priggish pals. How's that?"

"Out!" grinned Bolsover. "Sounds all right, Skinney, if you can think out a good way of working the wheeze."

"Half a jiffy!" interposed Dick Rake. "Do you mean to say you're going to arrange for Wharton & Co. to be accused of something they never did, Skinner?"

"That's the ticket!"

"And it's going to get them into a frightful row?"

"Of course. Quelchy and the Head will come down very heavy, and forbid them to go on the tour. That's where we shall come into the limelight."

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Rake regarded the speaker curiously for a moment. Then he spoke out, straight from the shoulder.

"I refuse to be a party to any shady tricks of that kind," he said bluntly. "I'd cut off my right hand sooner than get a place in the tour by means of foul play."

Skinner almost fell off the form in astonishment.

"You—you can't be sane!" he exclaimed.

"I'm as sane as you are. I relish the idea of getting into a reserve eleven, but when it comes to getting the other fellows at a disadvantage by stooping so low, I wash my hands of it."

"Shame!"

"Traitor!"

"Kick him out!"

The audience was growing very restive, not to say angry.

"What's that?" asked Rake, with a gleam in his eyes. "Kick me out? I'd like to see anybody have a try! They'd get as good as they gave!"

"Look here, Rake, old chap," said Skinner, compromisingly, "don't go back on your pals, you know."

"Pals!" echoed Rake scornfully. "You're no pal of mine, Skinner, and never will be!"

"Then why the dickens did you join hands with us in this campaign?"

"Because I thought it was going to be above-board. I can see now that I was a fool to think so. I might have known that you wouldn't play the game. That sort of thing's foreign to chaps of your stamp."

Skinner frowned. Dearly would he have liked to have the dissenter hurled neck and crop from the Rag. But it wouldn't do. Rake knew what was afoot, and a word to Wharton would send the whole rascally scheme crashing to the ground.

"I think you ought to stand shoulder to shoulder with us, now you've started," said Skinner.

"You think wrong, then!" retorted Rake. "I'd rather be in no team at all than get into one by blackguardly plotting."

And he moved to the door.

Bolsover and others would have intercepted him, but, at a warning look from Skinner, they reluctantly kept their distance.

"You won't tell Wharton what's under way?" asked the cad of the Remove anxiously.

"No. I'm not going to play the sneak. You ought to know me well enough for that. You can go ahead with your rotten designing, and be hanged! But I shall keep neutral."

And Dick Rake went, slamming the door of the Rag after him with terrific violence.

A fat figure in the corridor was just in time to jump back from the door, at which he had been listening. Fortunately, Rake, in his royal rage, did not notice the presence of the eavesdropper, but stamped on his way.

"So much for that funk!" sneered Skinner. "Now we can get on with the washing. But if any other fellow hasn't got the gumption to see this thing through let him say so now. Then we shall know where we are."

But no one seemed anxious to follow in the footsteps of Dick Rake.

"We're with you, Skinney, through thick and thin," said Trevor.

"Good! Well, this is my idea. I happen to know where there's a good store of fireworks—squibs, jumping-crackers, and so forth. We'll set 'em alight in Prout's bed-room, and give him several sorts of a fit. Then we'll leave some things belonging to Wharton & Co. in his room, and, of course, he'll think they're the chaps who assaulted him. There will be a frightful row. Quelchy or the Head will be informed, and it's ten to one the tour will be cancelled, as a punishment. Then we—the good little boys who had nothing whatever to do with the outrage—will ask permission to take the place of the first eleven."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Guess that's some stunt!" drawled Fisher T. Fish.

"It'll work like a charm, I calculate."

"Those in favour show their hands," said Skinner.

A forest of hands shot up. Every fellow present held



up both. There could be no doubt as to the popularity of Skinner's scheme.

"That's settled, then," said the orator, stepping down from his perch. "It won't be necessary for all of us to take a hand. Bolsover, Snoop, Stott, Trevor, and myself—that's five. We'll turn out about midnight, and get the fireworks from the store-room. I know that's where they are, for I saw Gosling carrying 'em in the other day. If we're careful, everything ought to work out a treat."

"Hear, hear!"

"The five fellows I've named are quite good enough for the expedition," said Skinner. "I'll lay awake, and rouse the others at twelve. Mum's the word, mind!"

And the meeting, having carefully laid their plans for the night, broke up. Simultaneously, a portly junior, who had been bending down in the corridor without to apply his ear to the keyhole, scuttled quickly away, chuckling to himself the while.

Bunter had heard every word which had been spoken at the meeting!

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### At Dead of Night!

"YOU fellows awake?"

Harold Skinner sat up in bed and peered through the gloom of the Remove dormitory.

Twelve had just boomed out solemnly from the old clock tower, and, in accordance with contract, four other fellows should have been awake to respond to Skinner's call. But they weren't. The warm sheets and blankets had invited drowsiness, and the creaking of the elms in the old Close on that chilly November night made them feel devoutly thankful that they could court the charms of Morpheus.

But for Skinner's vigilance, the whole scheme might have fallen through. But the cad of the Remove, realising how much was at stake, had propped himself up on the pillows, and resolutely refused to close his eyes. Ten o'clock had struck, then eleven, and at last, after what seemed an endless period of weary waiting, it was midnight.

"You fellows awake?" repeated Skinner.

Silence, save for the measured, monotonous snore of Billy Bunter.

Skinner stole softly from his bed, and put on his gym slippers. He was already dressed in other respects. Then, making a tour of the dormitory, he roused Bolsover, Trevor, Snoop, and Stott in turn.

"Groo!" grumbled Bolsover, turning out. "It's beastly cold!"

"Never mind. Things will be a bit warm soon, when we get to work on old Prout."

"Dud-dud-don't you think we might put it off till another night?" suggested Snoop, his teeth chattering.

"No, I don't!" said Skinner promptly. "Buck up, Snoop, and don't be a funk! Chickenheartedness won't enable us to get over and wipe up Rookwood. Kim on!"

The five midnight marauders made ready for their expedition. They crept noiselessly from the dormitory and groped their way down the stairs.

The store-room was reached without mishap. Then Skinner lit a bicycle-lamp, in the light of which the juniors tied on their masks, and hauled forth the fireworks.

"Now for the dreadful deed!" said Trevor. "Lead on, Macduff!"

And the young rascals, each armed with a choice selection of explosives, made their way to the Fifth-Form master's sleeping quarters.

Skinner applied his ear cautiously to the door of Mr. Prout's room, and listened. There was a sound of deep breathing within. Obviously, the occupant of the room was asleep.

"All serene!" murmured Skinner. "Are you ready, you chaps?"

"Ready, ay, ready!" grinned Trevor.

"Come on, then!"

Skinner stealthily turned the handle of the door and entered the bed-room. The moon shone through the window on a sleeping figure. The stertorous breathing of Mr. Prout showed that he was not only asleep, but sleeping soundly.

Then the conspirators, with subdued chuckles, got to

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work. They ranged fireworks all round the bed. There were all sorts and all kinds—golden rains, starlights, Roman candles, and a local brand known as Friardale Flashers; but squibs and jumping crackers were in the ascendant.

At Skinner's signal, the juniors struck matches, and applied them to the fireworks. Then they drew quickly back into the doorway, and awaited developments.

For a moment there was silence. Then a most ear-splitting noise broke the stillness of the night. Fireworks fizzled and spurted and cracked in all directions. The moon had disappeared behind the clouds, but the room was lit up with a lurid flare. Mr. Prout's slumber may have been very deep and profound, but such a noise as was going on would have awakened the celebrated Seven Sleepers.

The Form-master started up in bed, and blinked in the strange and striking maze of lights. Then he gave vent to a roar of pained surprise, as Bolsover snatched up a couple of crackers from the floor, and hurled them upon Mr. Prout's bed.

"Who—what——" gasped the terrified victim. "Bless my soul! Another Zeppelin raid, I do believe! Those infernal Huns—Wow!"

One of the jumping crackers alighted on Mr. Prout's flabby cheek, and stayed there just long enough to inflict a painful burn. Then it cracked merrily on its course, amid the stifled laughter of the juniors in the doorway.

Mr. Prout leapt from his bed, and immediately gave another infuriated roar. He had trodden upon a little nest of squibs, and the agony to his feet was acute. He danced about in his pyjamas like a wild savage, and ever and anon an anguished yell proclaimed that he had alighted on a Friardale Flasher, or some other deadly contrivance.

"Yow-ow-ow!" shrieked the luckless Form-master. "Dear me! I am severely burnt! Yaroo!"

Then, turning suddenly, Mr. Prout caught sight of the five conspirators in the doorway. His face lit up with an almost demoniacal expression.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "So I am the victim of a practical joke! You impertinent young rascals! Give me your names at once, that I may communicate them to Dr. Locke in the morning!"

There was a guffaw from the fellows addressed. They were not likely to go out of their way to get a good flogging.

But the irate master of the Fifth did not relish the idea of losing his prey. He leapt forward, and a belated Chinese cracker fairly let itself go, and hindered Mr. Prout's progress. Skinner had wisely taken the key from inside the room, and he locked the door on the outside. Mr. Prout was a prisoner in his own bed-room!

"Better hop it—quick!" exclaimed Bolsover, between spasmodic gurgles of laughter. "Somebody's bound to have heard the rumpus."

And the five rascals scuttled away through the gloom to their own quarters.

Loud though the sound of the explosion had been, it had not penetrated to the Remove dormitory, where all was dark and still. Skinner & Co. tumbled breathlessly into bed, having taken care to undress. Skinner collected the masks, and, moving softly in the darkness, placed them under the respective pillows of the Famous Five.

Then the loud and insistent clanging of a bell sounded forth on the night air.

Clang, clang! Clang-a-lang-a-lang!

"What the merry dooce!" murmured Skinner, starting in his bed.

At the same moment other Removites woke out of their slumber.

"Warrer marrer?" came in drowsy tones from Bob Cherry.

"It's the fire-alarm!" said Harry Wharton. "Turn out—sharp!"

"Good heavens!"

Skinner and his cronies were pale with apprehension. What had happened?

It was not difficult to guess. One of the fireworks, more dangerous than the rest, had set fire to Mr. Prout's bed-

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clothes. The thought made the wretched practical jokers shudder.

"Come on!" urged Wharton. "Let's see what it's all about!"

A dozen Removites flung on dressing-gowns over their pyjamas, and hurried from the dormitory. Wingate met them on the stairs, and his face was grave.

"Mr. Prout's room is on fire," he said tersely. "Go and lend a hand with the hose, you kids!"

Harry Wharton & Co. needed no second bidding. They dashed downstairs into the Close, where Temple & Co. of the Fourth were already engaged in affixing the hose to the hydrant.

Looking up, the juniors could see clouds of smoke pouring from the window of Mr. Prout's bed-room.

"Better buck up with the buckets of water!" muttered Nugent. "There's enough chaps here to manage the hose."

The Removites fell in with this suggestion, and in a twinkling they had seized and filled several buckets, and hastened upstairs again.

A startling sight met their gaze. Wingate and Courtney and several more Sixth-Formers had been hurling themselves on the locked door of the bed-room, Skinner having taken the key with him.

As Harry Wharton & Co. arrived, the door gave way with a crash. There was a sudden hush, for it was feared that Mr. Prout had been overcome by the fumes; but the gloomy premonitions of the fellows outside were dispelled when the Form-master, apparently unhurt to any great extent, came staggering from the burning room.

"Save me!" he gasped, flinging himself into Wingate's arms. "I am well-nigh suffocated!"

Like the three famous seers of old, Mr. Prout had been imprisoned in a burning fiery furnace; but, unlike the celebrated Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, he had not come through unscathed. He was scorched in several places.

Instantly Harry Wharton & Co. got to work with pails of water. They hurled the contents on to the blazing bedclothes, and simultaneously a powerful jet of water, impelled by the hose down in the Close, came seething in at the window.

Many more fellows and several masters came on the scene while the amateur firemen were busy. Gradually the fire was got under way, and in ten minutes all danger was past, Temple & Co. having worked like Trojans in the Close.

"Now, boys!" said Mr. Quelch, who had been the only master to retain his presence of mind in the emergency. "You will go back to your beds at once! The fire has been successfully extinguished, and there is no call for further alarm. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir!"

And the fellows retired once more to their dormitories. "Dear me!" panted Mr. Prout. "I am undone! The terrors of the past half-hour have reduced me to a living wreck!"

"You had better occupy my room for the remainder of the night," said Mr. Quelch graciously. "I can rest in the armchair."

"That is very good of you, my dear Quelch," said the master of the Fifth gratefully.

Mr. Quelch led his colleague away, and on reaching his room, bade him partake of a powerful stimulant. Mr. Prout revived in record time, and his terror seemed to change to violence as he recounted in his mind the dramatic details of his nocturnal adventure.

"How do you account for the conflagration, Prout?" asked Mr. Quelch. "Were you indiscreet enough to be reading by candle-light at the time the bedclothes were set on fire?"

"Indeed I was not!" said Mr. Prout tartly. "I have been the victim, Quelch, of a most dastardly and despicable outrage. That the perpetrators of such outrage were boys in your Form I have not the slightest doubt!"

Mr. Quelch elevated his eyebrows.

"You astonish me!" he exclaimed. "Pray relate what happened, and I will leave no stone unturned to see that the culprits are brought to book."

Mr. Prout took up the poker, and stirred the dying embers in the grate viciously.

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"The floor of my room," he said, "was bestrewn with fireworks of a particularly dangerous nature. These were ignited whilst I was asleep by five masked juniors."

"And you have no idea of their identity?"

"None, save that they were boys of such a height and build as would be found in the Remove."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"Their offence must be brought home to them," he said, in measured tones of determination. "But for the prompt action of a few boys, a serious fire, resulting, perhaps, in loss of life, would have ensued. If you will excuse me for a few moments, Prout, I will go to your room and ascertain if there is any clue as to the identity of the culprits, though I expect they have been careful to cover up their tracks."

The Remove-master quitted the room, and was absent only a little while. When he returned, there was a triumphant gleam in his gimlet eyes—a gleam which boded ill for somebody. In his hand were a handkerchief and a gym. slipper.

"Have you had any success?" asked Mr. Prout.

"Decidedly so! I discovered these articles on the floor of your bed-room. The handkerchief is stamped with the initials 'F. N.,' and therefore belongs to Nugent of my Form. The slipper is of Oriental pattern, and is the property of Hurree Singh."

Mr. Prout's eyes lit up with a fiendish smile of satisfaction.

"That is good!" he exclaimed. "Very good! You are a worthy disciple of Sherlock Holmes, Quelch."

"Did you say there were five juniors?" asked the Remove-master.

"Yes."

"Then there can be little doubt as to their identity. I do not think I err in naming them as Wharton, Nugent, Cherry, Bull and Singh. And now you may go to bed, Prout. I will hold an inquiry concerning this disgraceful affair in the morning."

And Mr. Prout, happy in the knowledge that justice was at hand, made his way to his colleague's bed-room.

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## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### The In-Famous Five!

THE rising-bell clanged out on the keen morning air, and Wingate of the Sixth came into the Remove dormitory. There was an unusually serious look on his rugged face.

"Wharton, Nugent, Cherry, Bull and Singh are to go to Mr. Quelch's study when dressed," he announced. Then he gave a start as he caught sight of something protruding from beneath Bob Cherry's pillow.

"You're not an anarchist, by any chance, Cherry?" he asked.

"Nunno!" stammered Bob, in bewilderment.

"Then why do you secrete a mask underneath your pillow?"

The junior wrenched up his pillow, and there, sure enough, was a black mask, which Bob at once remembered in connection with the Remove Amateur Dramatic Society.

"I'll trouble you to hand it over!" said Wingate grimly. "And while we are about it, it would be wise for any other juniors who have masks beneath their pillows to give them up."

Skinner, who slept in the next bed to Johnny Bull, swept the latter's pillow aside, and gave vent to a sudden exclamation.

"Here's another of 'em!" he shouted.

"And another!" roared Bolsover major, raising the pillow upon which Hurree Singh's dusky head had reposed.

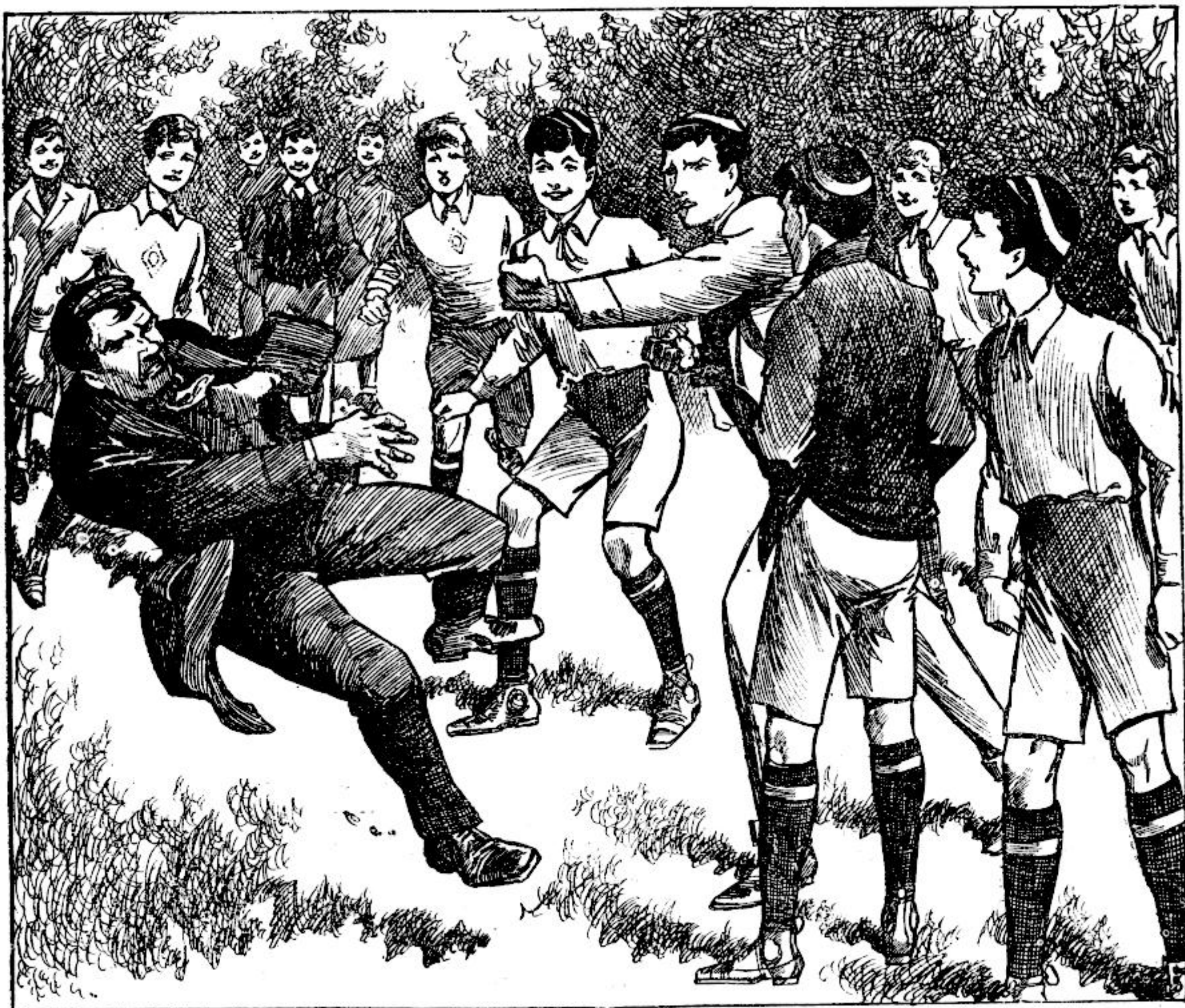
"Indeed!" said Wingate. "We seem to be making discoveries this morning. I suppose you haven't a mask beneath your pillow, Wharton?"

"Yes!" said Harry, in dismay. "I couldn't for the life of me tell you how it came there, though!"

"Nor I!" added Nugent. "I've got one in my bed. Some ass has been walking in his sleep, I suppose."

"You had better repeat your theory to Mr. Quelch," said Wingate, with heavy sarcasm. "No doubt he will





Wingate's blow caught the man fairly and squarely beneath his chin, and, big and burly though he was, he completely lost his balance, and went to the ground in an undignified heap. "Hurrah! Well hit, sir!" came in a roar from the onlookers. (See Chapter 10.)

consider it rather thin. Tumble into your things, the five of you, and come with me!"

In a dazed sort of way the Famous Five washed and dressed themselves, and then accompanied the captain of Greyfriars to the Form-master's study. Both Mr. Quelch and Mr. Prout were present.

"Ah!" said the master of the Remove, in a grinding voice. "I demand an explanation from you boys of your conduct last night. What have you there, Wingate?"

"Five masks, sir, which were found in the possession of these juniors."

Mr. Prout darted forward with a sharp cry.

"They are the same!" he exclaimed. "The same as were worn by those boys who assaulted me in the night! I do not think we need look for further proof."

"You may go, Wingate," said Mr. Quelch. "Leave these things with me."

"Very good, sir."

And the Sixth Former withdrew.

"Wharton," went on the Remove-master gravely, "I call upon you, as head boy of my Form, for a full explanation of what took place in the night."

"I—I don't understand you, sir," said Harry. "Are you referring to the fire?"

"I am!"

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"In that case, I can tell you very little, sir, except that we were aroused by the clanging of the alarm-bell. We at once made our way down to the Close, but finding that somebody was already at work with the hose, we decided to carry buckets of water upstairs instead."

"I am already aware of these facts. Indeed, I was present while you were extinguishing the flames. But you did not advance right into Mr. Prout's bed-room?"

"No, sir."

"Then explain how these articles came to be found by the dressing-table!"

Mr. Quelch flourished the accusing slipper and handkerchief. Their owners gaped at them in dismay, as did the other members of the Famous Five.

"It beats me altogether, sir," said Wharton, passing a hand over his forehead in a dazed sort of way.

"You admit that this is your slipper, Singh?"

"The answer, honoured sahib, is in the affirmative. But I fail to understandfully gather how it passed vanishfully from my possession."

"And this is your handkerchief, Nugent?"

"Yes, sir. But I—I can't for the world understand how it came to be in Mr. Prout's bed-room!"

"Wretched boy!" rumbled Mr. Prout, stepping forward. "Do not seek to bandy words! Such conduct will be quite futile. Even an innocent babe could divine what



had happened. You, sir, and your rascally confederates came into my room shortly after midnight, armed to the hilt—to the hilt, I say—with fireworks, hoping to make a pyrotechnic display at my expense! As a safeguard against detection you wore the masks which were found in the dormitory this morning, and brought here. Oh, yes! It was all very cleverly planned—very cleverly planned indeed—but these articles, which you dropped, doubtless, in the excitement of the moment, have brought about your undoing. And now"—Mr. Prout licked his lips with an unholy relish—now you must take the consequences!"

Nugent staggered back as if he had been struck with a lash. He could hardly credit the evidence of his ears.

"It's all false!" he stammered at length. "I've handled no fireworks for months, and neither has anyone else here. There is a ghastly mistake somewhere, sir."

"Do you deny," interposed Mr. Quelch icily, "that you played this practical joke on Mr. Prout?"

"Most certainly, sir!"

"You hear him?" shouted Mr. Prout angrily. "You hear his shameful and infamous falsehoods, Mr. Quelch? These boys are incorrigible. Even in the face of this convincing proof of their guilt they are endeavouring to brazen the matter out!"

"Not one of us had a hand in the affair, on my honour!" said Wharton, in ringing tones.

"It is of no use, Wharton, to plead innocence," said Mr. Quelch. "You are only storing up a severer punishment for yourself and your comrades in crime!"

Wharton bit his lip, and was silent.

"Is it suggested, sir," said Johnny Bull, "that we caused the fire?"

"Yes."

"Then why should we have put ourselves out to get the flames under control? We should naturally have bolted back to bed at once."

"On the contrary," chimed in Mr. Prout, "your quenching of the flames was merely to throw the authorities off the track. You fondly hoped that other boys would be made to bear the blame of the catastrophe."

"Nothing of the kind!" shouted Johnny Bull, his wrath rising.

"Silence, sir! Do you dare to add insult to injury? Nothing can save you now from condign punishment. Mr. Quelch, I will leave this matter in your hands, since these juniors are members of your Form."

"Very well," said the Remove-master. "You may rest assured that they shall be made to pay a heavy penalty for their treatment of you, Mr. Prout."

The master of the Fifth grunted, and with a glare at the Famous Five rustled from the room.

Harry Wharton would have carried on with his protest, but he saw the hopelessness of it all. Mr. Prout believed them guilty, and, what was more, there was abundant proof to that effect. The slipper, the handkerchief, the masks, all seemed to collaborate and point an accusing finger at the juniors. They could not be explained away, and the sequel loomed grim and ominous.

"You will go now," said Mr. Quelch. "Such is the nature of your misdoing that I must be given time to decide upon your punishment. Go! The very study is contaminated by your presence!"

With throbbing heads and dragging footsteps, Harry Wharton & Co. groped their way to the door. They were accused, convicted, of a grave wrong of which every one of them was innocent! What would be the issue? Who had been responsible for landing them into such depths of degradation and disgrace? These and a thousand other questions they asked themselves as they walked heavily along the corridor.

So staggering was the blow which had descended upon

them that they were almost bereft of hope. It was not surprising that Mr. Quelch should have sent for them that morning. The Famous Five had imagined that they would be congratulated for their share in extinguishing the fire; instead of which they had been called up to answer a charge which was almost unprecedented in the history of Greyfriars!

How was it all going to end?

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Knows!

**M**ORNING lessons dragged out their slow length, and when the time for dismissal arrived Mr. Quelch addressed the class.

"My boys," he began, "a very regrettable incident took place during last night, in which five members of this Form showed up in a very bad light."

There was a stir among the rows of attentive juniors.

"The boys in question," Mr. Quelch went on, "played a very foolish and dangerous practical joke upon Mr. Prout, resulting, as you know, in a rather serious fire. Happily, the flames were subdued, or the culprits may have had the loss of human lives on their hands. The juniors in question are Wharton, Nugent, Cherry, Bull, and Singh—five boys in whom I have been wont to place the highest trust. Worse than this, they have stubbornly refused to confess to their wrongdoing. Before lessons began this morning I laid the whole wretched affair before Dr. Locke, and he has instructed me concerning the punishment of the culprits. The football tour which has recently been arranged is now cancelled!"

"Oh!"

There were expressions of dismay on nearly every face. The seventeen fellows directly concerned had been looking forward with more than usual excitement and eagerness to the great tour, in which they had hoped to win plenty of honour and glory for the Remove. And now it was "off"!

"I am sorry," said the Form-master, "that the many must be made to suffer for the sins of the few. It is, however, unavoidable. In addition to the abandonment of the tour, the five boys concerned in this outrage will write a thousand lines. That is all. The class will now dismiss!"

With glum faces the Removites filed out of the Form-room. The hearts of Skinner & Co. rejoiced with an exceeding joy, but the rascals of the Remove were careful not to betray their feelings on the surface. They looked as disconsolate as the rest until they were out of the awe-inspiring presence of Mr. Quelch.

The Famous Five were adjudged innocent by most of the fellows, but even this knowledge failed to console them. They went off to No. 1 Study with a dejected air. Like Rachel of old, they mourned, and would not be comforted.

"The tour's off!" groaned Bob Cherry, dumping himself into the solitary armchair. "Here's a pretty go, and no mistake!"

"Blessed if I can quite realise it all yet!" said Wharton. "What rotters could have played that joke on old Prout?"

"Give it up," said Nugent. "There's plenty of chaps who are cads enough to do it, but it's impossible to bring it home to them. We're in a cleft stick, and I don't quite see a way out."

"We must grinfully bear the situation," observed Hurree Singh, "although the grinfulness is hard."

"I really haven't the heart to write to all the footer secretaries and people crying the fixtures off," said Wharton. "I'll hang on for a bit, I think, in the hope that the clouds will roll by. They say that Right always wins in the end."

But it was a forlorn hope, and for once in a way the chums of the Remove were thoroughly miserable.

Dick Rake was another junior who felt the situation keenly. Turning things over in his mind, he could not help thinking that it was "up to" him to acquaint the Head or Mr. Quelch with Skinner's statements at the meeting. But he had faithfully promised not to play

# ANSWERS

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the sneak. Then, again, Skinner & Co. might not be the guilty parties. Rake had heard a practical joke on Mr. Prout suggested, but he had not known what form it was going to take. All things considered, the junior felt that he had better keep his own counsel, though it went against the grain to do so, and made him very uneasy.

Harold Skinner, who had successfully engineered the whole wretched business, was feeling very elated as he took a solitary stroll in the Close before dinner. The wheeze had worked in a way which exceeded his wildest expectations, and there was every chance now of his being able to put in a strong claim to take on the tour in Wharton's place, and emerge triumphant.

Billy Bunter rolled up to the cad of the Remove, with a curious expression upon his fat face.

"So you worked the giddy oracle, Skinney—hey?" he chuckled. "The chopper has come down on Wharton and his set, and so far as we're concerned everything in the garden is lovely!"

"That's so," said Skinner amiably. He was inwardly startled to think that Bunter knew exactly what had happened, and deemed it advisable to keep on good terms with the fat junior, lest he should expose the whole scheme, with disastrous results to the precious plotters.

Billy Bunter linked his arm affectionately in Skinner's, and waddled along by his side. The cad of the Remove would dearly have loved to implant a lusty kick on his fat person at that moment, especially as several grinning juniors were looking on from a distance, but he restrained himself with an effort.

"Look here, Skinney, old chap," said Bunter, changing the subject with alarming suddenness, "I've been disappointed about a postal-order!"

"You always are!" said Skinner sharply.

"Ahem! This—this is an exceptional circumstance," explained Bunter. My pater was hit very hard by the Budget, and he's not been able to send any remittances for some weeks. He's got his financial affairs straight again now, and I shall get a fat postal-order from him in a few days."

"They'll be jolly long days, I'm thinking!" said Skinner.

"Oh, really, you know! Of course there might be postal delays, but that's nothing to do with me, is it? It must be laid at the door of the Government."

"Look here," said Skinner, between his teeth, "what do you want?"

Bunter smiled.

"An advance of, say, five bob on my postal-order."

"Can't you tap some other chap for it?"

The Owl of the Remove shook his head.

"They're all such doubting Thomases," he explained. "They refuse to place any faith in my statements. But I know you're a generous fellow, Skinney, old chum. Can I rely on you to do the handsome?"

Skinner gave a growl. He did not see the fun of making Bunter advance payments on a mythical postal-order. And Bunter's appetite would never be whetted sufficiently. Like Oliver Twist, he would ask for more.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Skinner recklessly. "I'm not the Charity Organisation Society!"

Billy Bunter's little round eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

"So that's the tune, is it?" he said disagreeably. "You won't turn up trumps when a pal's stony? Very well. I know what to do. A word to Quelch about last night's firework display, and——"

Skinner disengaged his arm from that of Bunter, and swung round upon the fat junior in alarm.

"You mean to say you'd sneak?" he muttered.

"Not at all," replied Bunter loftily. "I shouldn't call that sort of thing sneaking. I should regard it in the light of a painful duty."

Skinner stared at the Owl of the Remove speechlessly. If Bunter sneaked, the consequences would be terrible, and any amount of slaughtering afterwards would not

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undo the mischief. The fat junior had his hand in the hollow of his hand.

"Hang you!" he muttered fiercely.

"Oh, really, Skinney, if you use ill-bred expressions of that description, I shall refuse to remain in your company a moment longer! I shall, in fact, go straight to Mr. Quelch——"

"You worm!"

"Hand over five bob at once, then!" said Bunter.

"Oh, you fat blackmailer!" exclaimed Skinner, diving his hand into his trouser-pocket and bringing to light two half-crowns. "You'll end your days in Pentonville, as sure as fate!"

Skinner handed over the money to Billy Bunter, though it was a grievous wrench for him to have to do so. The cad of the Remove never liked parting with money. In his case it was worse than having teeth extracted by a particularly ferocious dentist.

"There you are!" he said, clinking the coins into Bunter's fat palm. "Keep your mouth shut about this bizney, and don't worry me any more!"

"Thanks, old chap!" said Bunter, his mouth watering in anticipation of the fine feed which five whole shillings would procure at Mrs. Mumble's. "I knew you'd play up. Care to come and have a ginger-pop at my expense?"

"You—you——" stuttered Skinner. "Oh, go to Jericho!"

And Bunter went—not to Jericho, but to the school tuckshop. He was soon gorging away at record speed.

Cream-buns and tarts and doughnuts disappeared into his capacious inner regions, and in a very short space of time every penny of Skinner's "loan" was expended.

With a satisfied sigh, Billy Bunter slipped off the stool, and waddled, rather than walked, into the Close. For the next few days, at any rate, he would be able to blackmail Harold Skinner to his heart's content. And that prospect was a

very pleasing one to William George Bunter.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### The Day of Reckoning!

MONDAY came at length, and Skinner & Co. were in high feather. It was Skinner's intention to approach the Head after morning chapel, and ask if a reserve eleven could carry out the projected football tour.

He found Dr. Locke in quite a reasonable frame of mind.

"I see no reason why you should not go," said the Head thoughtfully, "since you were in no way connected with that disgraceful affair the other night. But let me see the names of the eleven before setting out on the tour. Any friends of Wharton's will be at once prohibited."

"Very good, sir!"

Skinner could hardly believe his great good fortune. He had succeeded up to the hilt, and had turned the tables completely upon his old enemy, Harry Wharton.

There was now no need to "cut" lessons, as he had formerly contemplated. He had the full permission of Dr. Locke to choose an eleven from the ranks of the Remove, and go off on a fortnight's tour under the care of Wingate.

Shortly before the time for morning lessons to commence, the following triumphant announcement appeared on the notice-board in place of Wharton's, which had been torn down:

### "THE REMOVE TEAM ON TOUR!"

"An entirely new eleven, streets better than the old one, has been appointed to carry out the fortnight's tour



previously planned. The first match of the series is against Rookwood, at 2 p.m. to-day, when the following team will take the field:

"Goal—Hazeldene; Backs—Bolsover and Stott; Half-backs—Snoop, Carlton, and Treluce; Forwards—Trevor, Fish, Skinner, Leigh, and Vane.

"We confidently expect, not only to raise a large sum of money for the Soldiers' Christmas Comforts Fund, but to give a much better display than the original eleven would have done.

"(Signed), HAROLD SKINNER,  
"Captain and Managing Director."

"My only summer chapeau!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as he read Skinner's insolent announcement. "This beats me altogether! What can Greyfriars be coming to? Carry me home to die, somebody!"

"How the dickens did Skinner get permission to run the giddy tour?" asked Johnny Bull. "Surely it must be a jape!"

"It's grim reality," said Nugent glumly. "Skinner & Co. have gone up to the dorm to change, and Wingate's waiting for 'em. They're taking a nice train journey into Hampshire, and we've got to go in and mug up lessons."

"Rotten!"

"The esteemed world seems to be down upsidefully!" groaned Hurree Singh dejectedly.

A fat junior stampeded up to the notice-board at that moment, and scanned the names of the new eleven with a gleam in his little round eyes. Billy Bunter had only just finished his breakfast, and there were smears of marmalade about his fat cheeks. He gave a roar as he finished his perusal of Skinner's announcement.

"The rotter!" he shouted, brandishing his fists. "Oh, the cads!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath, porpoise! What's the row?"

"I'm left out!" said Bunter furiously. "Skinner's put himself in as centre-forward, and I can't see my name anywhere!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Although down in the dumps, the Famous Five could not help laughing. It seemed incredible that the fat, unwieldy Owl of the Remove should pride himself on being a clever centre-forward; but Bunter's conceit was so colossal that no one would have been surprised had he announced that he was about to lick the Germans single-handed.

"It's a howling shame!" hooted Bunter. "They're trying to leave me out of the tour. But they jolly well won't succeed—not if I know it!"

And Billy Bunter whisked out of the Hall, and rushed into the Close.

Several of the footballers were there, waiting for their comrades, who were changing. Wingate, carrying a portmanteau in his hand, stood a short distance away chatting with Courtney of the Sixth.

Bunter sought out Harold Skinner at once. The cad of the Remove looked uneasy. He had hoped to shake the dust of Greyfriars from his feet before Bunter discovered that he had been left out. But Skinner's luck was out, for once.

"What do you want?" he hissed, as Bunter caught him by the arm.

"What about my place in the team?" howled Bunter. "You thought you were going to leave me out in the cold—what? Well, I've been too quick for you. I'm a smart chap, I am, and you'll find it's very hard to pull the wool over my eyes!"

"Cut off!" muttered Skinner fiercely. He was in a torment lest Wingate, attracted by Bunter's loud voice, should come striding forward to make an inquiry.

"Oh, really, Skinney! I want my place in the team. It doesn't really matter if you can't put me centre-forward. I'm one of those chaps who dominates the game whatever position on the field he plays in. I stand out from the common herd, you know."

"Will you sheer off?" said Skinner desperately. "Here you are. Take this half-crown; it's all I can spare. You've nearly cleaned me out during the last few days with your rotten blackmailing."

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But Bunter refused to listen to the voice of the charmer. A half-crown was not of much use to him just then. What Bunter wanted was a place in the tour, not only for the purpose of bragging that he was a great footballer, but to consume the many fine feeds which would be held at different places en route.

"I won't touch your filthy lucre!" he said, with great dignity. "I hope I'm above that sort of thing! Look here! For the last time, will you let me come with the eleven?"

"No!" said Skinner, in desperation.

"Then I'm off to tell Wingate everything."

"Come back! Come back, you fat duffer!" shrieked Skinner, in an agony.

"What in thunder is the matter?" asked Wingate, eyeing the two juniors curiously. "Leave Bunter alone at once, Skinner!"

With face pale, Skinner drew back the arm with which he had been about to detain Bunter.

"Now, then, what's the trouble?" asked the captain of Greyfriars sternly.

"I feel it my duty," said Bunter piously, "to acquaint you with something which you ought to know, Wingate."

"Go ahead!"

"It wasn't Wharton & Co. who let off those fireworks in old Prout's room the other night," explained Bunter.

"What!"

"It was Skinner and the other fellows in his eleven."

Wingate grasped the Owl of the Remove by the collar.

"Don't tell me any fairy-tales," he said severely, "or things will go hard with you!"

"It's the truth," squealed Bunter—"the solemn truth!"

"Well, it's comforting to know that you've departed from your usual custom for once," said Wingate. "Tell me exactly what has taken place."

Skinner gave Bunter a mute glance of appeal such as might have melted a heart of stone. But it had no effect whatever upon the Owl of the Remove.

"It was Skinner's idea," explained Bunter. "He had a meeting the other night, and arranged that several of them should pay Prout a visit with plenty of fireworks. They were to wear masks to avoid being spotted, and were to leave something belonging to Wharton & Co. in the room, so that when an inquiry was held in the morning the blame would fall upon Wharton and his chums."

"Great Scott!" gasped Wingate, in amazement. "How ever did you know all this? Were you at the meeting?"

"I stopped outside the door of the Rag for a minute——"

"To tie your bootlace?" suggested Wingate.

"That's it; and I couldn't help hearing what Skinner said. He's got such a penetrating voice, you know."

"And how came the masks to be found beneath the pillows of Wharton and his friends?"

"Oh, that was all part of Skinney's dodge, you bet. It wasn't a bad move, either, considering it took you and Quelchy in, Wingate."

"Dry up!" said the Greyfriars skipper tersely. "Skinner!"

"Ye-e-es, Wingate?" faltered the wretched Skinner.

"Is Bunter's story correct?"

"It's a pack of lies from beginning to end!"

"Why, Skinner, you rotter——" began Bunter wrathfully.

"Silence, Bunter! Do you admit that you held a meeting in the junior common-room the other evening, Skinner?"

"Yes," said the cad of the Remove sullenly.

"For what purpose?"

"To—ahem!—to discuss the next number of the 'Greyfriars Herald.'"

Wingate looked hard at the junior, and then summoned Fisher T. Fish, whose lean frame was garbed in weird and wonderful football togs.

"Fish," said Wingate, "I understand there was a meeting of Remove fellows in the junior common-room the other night. What was it all about?"

"Waal, we wanted to put the kybosh on Wharton & Co—some!" said Fish guilelessly. "I guess we con-



gregated to see if any merchant had a decent stunt in his cabeza."

"His what?" stuttered Wingate.

"Cabeza—head, in your fifth-rate language!"

"I see. You wanted to think out a dodge for coming on this tour, instead of Wharton?"

"I guess that hits it."

"You rotter, Fish!" snarled Skinner. "You've been and let the cat out of the bag now! Oh, you prize idiot!"

The American junior looked alarmed. In his triumphant conceit at having scored off Harry Wharton & Co., he had forgotten to whom he was speaking. The fat was in the fire now with a vengeance.

"I have heard enough," said Wingate, "to more than suspect that things of a particularly shady nature have been going on. Every junior here will come with me to Mr. Quelch."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"It's all U P!" groaned Bolsover major. "My hat! I'll make that fat cad Bunter sit up for this!"

Several fellows who were loitering in the corridor looked on in astonishment as the strange procession wended its way to Mr. Quelch's study. It was obvious from the dismayed faces of Skinner & Co. that something was seriously amiss.

Bunter accompanied the party, and Wingate rapped sharply on the door of the study and entered.

Mr. Quelch had donned his gown, and was about to proceed to the Form-room to conduct morning lessons. He stopped short in surprise at the sudden invasion of his study.

"Wingate, what—what does this mean? Have these boys come to bid me good-bye before starting on their tour? If so, they must do it quickly. I have very little time to lose."

"I don't think they'll go on any tour, sir," said Wingate, "unless it's to the Head's study. Bunter, repeat your story to Mr. Quelch!"

Billy Bunter did so as piously as possible. He wanted to make it appear that he had been against the whole thing from the outset. He did not spare Skinner & Co. in the least, and when he concluded his narration the Form-master's brow was as black as thunder.

"Skinner," he rumbled, "you are an unprincipled blackguard! Through you five innocent boys have been grievously wronged! I trust you do not presume to deny your offence?"

The wretched Skinner was incapable of speech. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

"Ah! Your silence is quite sufficient evidence of your guilt! Bunter, why did you not acquaint Wingate or myself with these facts before?"

"I—I—it slipped my memory, sir," stammered Bunter. Skinner suddenly found his voice.

"He's been blackmailing me!" he hooted. "I've paid out over a quid so that he should keep his mouth shut."

"Is that so, Bunter?"

"Nunno, sir! Skinner imagines these things, sir."

"The matter can soon be proved," said Mr. Quelch grimly. "I am aware that your father has not been in a position to send you any money recently, Bunter. I will go and question Mrs. Mumble, and should it transpire that you have been spending money to the value of a sovereign or more in her shop, I shall know that Skinner's statement is correct."

"Oh, lor'!" groaned Bunter. "Skinner, you rotter, what did you want to give me away for?"

"One good turn deserves another!" muttered Skinner savagely.

"Enough!" said Mr. Quelch majestically. "You will all come with me to Dr. Locke. I do not suppose he will take a lenient view of your offence."

Mr. Quelch was right. The Head's wrath, when he was acquainted with the whole sorry business, was equal to that of Jove of old.

"I shall not cane you, Skinner," he said.

"Oh, good!" murmured Skinner, under his breath.

"But shall administer a public birching in Big Hall."

"Groo!"

Five minutes later the whole of Greyfriars was assembled to witness the scene. It was no ordinary flogging which Skinner received. The Head laid it on until his arm ached, and the cad of the Remove felt

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when it was all over that life was scarcely worth living.

The rest of the conspirators received a severe caning, including Bunter, whose howls awakened the echoes. Then the Head called for Harry Wharton.

The captain of the Remove stepped up to the dais.

"I have inadvertently done you a grave wrong, my boy," said the Head, "and am sincerely sorry for the inconvenience and suffering you and your friends have been caused. You will, of course, take up the tour which I cancelled in a moment of misapprehension, and I wish you every possible success."

"Hurrah!"

The cheering in Big Hall was deafening. Most of the fellows had believed the Famous Five to be innocent of the charge laid against them, and that belief was fully justified now. At the eleventh hour the true facts had been revealed, and now, as Bob Cherry eloquently expressed it, "everything in the garden was lovely."

As for Skinner & Co., they had no recourse but to hide their diminished heads. Their wretched plot, just when it bade fair to succeed, had come tumbling about their ears, and their knavish tricks had been thoroughly and completely frustrated.

Henceforward the football tour would proceed without a hitch.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### The Routing of Rookwood!

"CLEARED!"

"Oh, how ripping!"

The Famous Five were in the seventh heaven of delight, and no wonder. The magnificent football tour, which they had imagined was, for them, irretrievably lost, was theirs again now, and they meant to make it a huge success.

"Are you all here, kids?" asked Wingate cheerfully.

"The all-herefulness is terrific!"

Wingate scanned the crowd of juniors in the Close, and counted seventeen.

"That's all right," he said. "We've missed the train the team was originally travelling by, but there's another in half an hour. Come on!"

Very pleasant indeed was the journey to Coombe, which was the station for Rookwood. The footballers changed at Courtfield Junction, and then all was plain sailing. Wharton felt very glad that he had not written to Jimmy Silver to cry off the fixture. The Rookwooders would be expecting them now, and would not be disappointed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, as the train rumbled into the little Hampshire station. "There's a guard of honour waiting for us, by Jove!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. of the Classical Side at Rookwood and Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Moderns were lined up on the platform. They gave a hearty cheer as the Greyfriars fellows stepped from the train.

"Glad to see you chaps again!" said Wharton, shaking hands all round.

"Same here," said Jimmy Silver. "We mean to give you a hot reception!"

Wharton grinned. Jimmy Silver usually said something like that before a match. Afterwards it was another story.

"Sorry we're late," said Nugent. "We've had some excitement at Greyfriars this morning, and couldn't come away by the train we wanted to."

"That's all right, my pippin! Hop into the brake!"

There were a couple of brakes in waiting outside the station. The Greyfriars juniors clambered into one, and the Rookwooders into the other. The drivers cracked their whips, and the vehicles rattled along the country road towards Rookwood.

Everything boded well for a good game. The air was crisp and keen, the players fit and fresh, and the ground was in perfect condition. Moreover, there was no other match on at Rookwood that afternoon. This was fortunate, as there was likely to be a much bigger "gate."

A charge of sixpence was levied for admission to the pavilion, and a couple of Classical juniors were very busy taking the money. Wingate was to referee the contest,

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"THE CONJURER'S CAPTURE!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry  
Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.



and after a few moments the rival teams ran out on to the field.

There was a roar from the onlookers:

"Play up, Rookwood!"

"Put it across them, Greyfriars!" yelled the half-dozen loyal reserves who had come over with Harry Wharton & Co.

Wingate blew his whistle for the teams to line up. Wharton spun a coin, and Jimmy Silver guessed correctly. He elected to kick with the wind.

The opening exchanges were swift and keen. Rookwood were seen to best advantage at first, and things looked dangerous for the Friars defence when Lovell and Newcome raced the ball down between them, and were left with only Bulstrode to beat.

But Bulstrode when in form wanted, a good deal of beating, and he was in form to-day. He met the incoming leather with his fist, and it flew out again, to alight at the ready feet of Tom Brown.

The New Zealander sent the ball soaring away up the field, and Bob Cherry, in the half-back-line, gained possession. He essayed a beautiful pass to the wing, and Vernon-Smith, who had the fleetness of a hare, sped hot-foot towards the Rookwood citadel. Tommy Cook, at back, rushed in to meet his man, and succeeded in partially stopping the ball with his leg, whence it glanced off and rolled over the line.

"Corner!" rose the cry.

The Bounder of Greyfriars excelled at many things, and corner-kicking was one. Making due allowance for the wind which was blowing, he lobbed the ball on to the waiting head of Peter Todd. Peter gave a short, sharp jerk, and the next moment the leather was seen to be reposing in the net.

"Goal!"

"Hurrah for us!" said Bob Cherry joyfully. "Keep it up, Friars!"

After that Harry Wharton & Co. had by far the best of the game, despite the fact that they were battling against a stiff breeze. Time and again they took the ball into their opponents' territory, but the Rookwood goal seemed to bear a charmed life, for no one scored. Half-time arrived at length, and the Friars trooped into the dressing-room, feeling well satisfied with their solitary goal's lead.

After the resumption it was not difficult to see how the game would go. Greyfriars had the wind in their favour now, and, apart from that, their combination was infinitely superior to that of the Rookwooders. A perfect understanding prevailed among the members of the half-back line, and the halves are usually the axle on which the rest of the team revolves; but the Rookwood trio were ragged, to say the least of it, and, accordingly, the visiting forwards made merry.

Harry Wharton met a magnificent pass from Hurree Singh ten minutes

after the game had restarted, and banged the ball home before the astonished goalkeeper could say fiddlesticks.

"Two up!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Pile up the munitions!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked decidedly blue. They were putting up a very poor show on their native heath, so to speak, and the knowledge was not comforting. Two hundred fellows had paid sixpence apiece to see them wipe up the ground with Greyfriars; but the situation seemed to be on the other foot "bootfully," as Hurree Singh expressed it.

The Rookwooders fell back to defend their goal. As an attacking force they were a dead letter, and their sole object now was to keep the score down. To let the Greyfriars' forwards run amok and score goals unlimited would never do at all. Jimmy Silver & Co. would be chaffed about it until they were grey-headed.

But the dashing, virile forward line of Greyfriars were not to be denied. They came on again and again, and their opponents' goal was often in jeopardy. A quarter of an hour from the end Dick Penfold wound up a clever run by driving the leather home with terrific force.

"One, two, three!" yelled the crowd sarcastically.

"You're not playin' marbles, young Silver!" drawled Adolphus Smythe, the prim, arrogant dandy of Rookwood.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver flushed uncomfortably. He was really playing his hardest, and Smythe's ill-humoured sarcasm was quite uncalled for. The fact of the matter was that Harry Wharton & Co. were in such spanking form that they could have squashed many a cleverer side than Rookwood that afternoon.

Just before Wingate sounded the final whistle goal number four was registered, from the foot of Frank Nugent. Vernon-Smith had secured the opening, and Nugent, ever a sure shot, had made no mistake.

"Four to nil!" chirruped Bob Cherry. "Well, we've made a start, anyway."

"Rather!"

The players trooped from the field, and Bulkeley, the Rookwood captain, met them with the information that a crowd of 205 had paid for admission to the match, thus making the gate-money £5 2s. 6d.

"That's great!" said Harry Wharton, his face radiant. "If you ask me anything about it, my sons, this tour's going to be the greatest success of the season!"

"Methinks there would have been a slightly different ending if Skinner & Co. had played!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're above our weight—to-day, at any rate," said Jimmy Silver. "To-morrow you'll find yourselves up against sterner stuff."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Wharton, in surprise. "We're playing Hampshire to-morrow at Southsea."

## The Greyfriars Conjurer!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT MONDAY.



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Just before the end of that great game Frank Nugent scored with a scorching shot, thus driving the last nail into the coffin of the military team. "Goal!" (See Chapter 11.)

"I know that, old scout."

"Then how can we be up against you?"

"Because," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully, "Lovell, Newcome, and I are playing for Hampshire."

The Greyfriars juniors were amazed. On the morrow they were to meet eleven boys of Hampshire, and had imagined that at the Garrison Ground, Southsea, where the match was to be played, they would be strangers in a strange land, not knowing a soul, and, lo! Jimmy Silver and his two chums on the Classical Side were to play for Hampshire.

"That's jolly good news!" said Wharton, when he had mastered his astonishment. "We can travel down to-night together—what?"

"That's it, and stay at the same hotel," said Jimmy Silver. "And, mark you this, Hampshire have got a rattling good side out for the occasion. I'm not saying it because three of our chaps happen to be playing; but I've seen the others at practice, and they're the real goods."

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Wharton nodded. He realised to the full that the county eleven would put up a good game. Indeed, had all the Rookwooders been up to the weight of Silver, Lovell, and Newcome, the match just played would have had quite a different result. The three Classical fellows had been playing to-day among indifferent footballers; to-morrow they would be members of a vastly superior combination. But, in spite of this knowledge, Harry Wharton & Co. enjoyed a warm bath and a hearty meal, and faced the future with stout hearts and indomitable courage.

#### THE TENTH CHAPTER. Hampshire Heroes!

"SUNNY Southsea!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, as the Removites took their bags from the rack and stepped out on the platform at Fratton Station.

"Groo! Don't see anything sunny about it!" growled



Johnny Bull, peering through the gloom at his companions. "Everything seems dead and alive!"

"Well, you can hardly expect a flood of sunshine to be turned on to order at nine o'clock in the evening!" laughed Harry Wharton.

"Is everybody here?" asked Wingate. "Twenty, there should be."

"All serene!" said Jimmy Silver.

Wingate handed the tickets to the collector, and the tourists stepped out into the semi-gloom of Goldsmith Avenue.

"What's the next move?" asked Nugent. "Shall we go and see the sights of Portsmouth?"

Wharton smiled grimly.

"Not at this time of night!" he said. "That'll do to-morrow. We've got all the morning to ourselves. I suppose the harbour won't disappear in the night, or anything like that?"

"Don't be funny, ass!"

"I think Harry's right," said Bob Cherry. "We want all the sleep we can get. Hallo! Here's the antiquated tram!"

The party boarded the car, and in half an hour arrived at their destination—the Queen's Hotel. It was a magnificent structure, facing the wide expanse of common, across which came a refreshing breeze from the sea.

The Famous Five shared a spacious bed-room, and by ten o'clock were sleeping the sleep of healthy youth.

They were early astir, for the long stretch of sea-front, and the bouncing, turbid waves, called them forth for a morning stroll. While Wingate, Jimmy Silver, and the rest of the fellows were still snoring, the Famous Five slipped on their things and strode across the common to the promenade.

"Southsea's not a bad place," observed Johnny Bull critically. "I've seen a few better, and lots worse."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Wharton excitedly. "Blessed if there aren't fellows bathing, and in November! This beats the band!"

"There are lots of chaps who have a dip every morning in the year," said Nugent. "They get hardened to it, like those johnnies who go every morning for a swim in the Serpentine. It may suit their tastes, but it wouldn't suit mine. Too jolly cold! Groo!"

The juniors tramped on for a mile or so, when they reached Eastney Barracks. Then they retraced their footsteps, and arrived at the hotel to find their comrades seated before a steaming breakfast.

When the meal was over, a visit was paid to the famous old harbour and many other places of interest. With much relish, Dick Russell, who was Southsea born and bred, recounted how the Duke of Buckingham had been assassinated in the historic house in the High Street; and the old Victoria Pier, where Charles the First, of immortal memory, had once landed, also came in for a good deal of comment.

While the morning was yet at an early stage, the party boarded a steamer bound for Ryde, and explored the Isle of Wight in the limited time at their disposal. Some delay was occasioned by the papers they had to sign to comply with Government regulations, but altogether the expedition proved very enjoyable. A light lunch was partaken of at the hotel, and then it was time for the great match to commence.

Harry Wharton & Co. experienced a feeling of stage-fright on reaching the famous Garrison Ground, close to Cambridge Barracks. The crowd was enormous, for the match had been boomed throughout the town by means of posters. Almost a thousand people had paid for admission, and many others—mainly small youths, who were unable to raise the wind—were perched upon the iron railings which skirted the ground.

The Hampshire team, with the exception of Jimmy Silver and his two chums, were already at practice, in their red jerseys and white knickers. Harry Wharton & Co. were already garbed in their footer togs, and it was only necessary for them to take off their coats and macks.

A young naval officer had promised to referee, but was summoned to the dockyard just before the game was due to commence, and Wingate generously volunteered to

take his place. It was rather an ordeal for the captain of Greyfriars, who was a big, strapping fellow, and many who did not know him as a public school boy might have wondered why he was not in khaki. But Wingate's conscience was clear, and he turned a deaf ear to the few cries of "Slacker!" which certain ignorant youths on the touch-line threw out.

Harry Wharton shook hands with the Hampshire captain, a fresh-faced, cheery-looking youngster named Kennedy, and tossed for choice of ends. He won, but there was very little advantage in so doing, as the wind had dropped, and the weather was clear and calm.

Wharton wisely elected to kick towards the sea. The faces of the Greyfriars fellows would thus be turned from the main section of the crowd, and they would not betray the nervousness they undoubtedly felt.

Pheep! went the whistle, and the next moment the two teams were hard at it, passing and feinting with a cleverness which showed that it was going to be a scientific game, and not a mere rough-and-tumble.

The Hampshire eleven showed up well, despite the fact that they were unused to playing in each other's company. Jimmy Silver and Lovell and Newcome fitted into the forward line splendidly, and it seemed as if they had been in the habit of playing with the Hampshire eleven all their lives.

From end to end the ball travelled fast, and the play was wonderfully keen. The two elevens seemed to realise that, since such a huge number of people had paid out sixpences to watch the game, it was "up to" them to put forward their very best endeavours.

Both goals had very narrow escapes, and the custodians on each side were superb. Bulstrode was certainly touching the top of his form, and a slim, fair-haired youth, named McKenna, was repeatedly in the limelight with many remarkable saves for Hampshire.

Play had been in progress about twenty minutes when the Greyfriars halves, combining cleverly together, took the ball down the field. Then Mark Linley sent Vernon-Smith away, and the Bounder, although he was up against two of the very best junior backs in the county, never once faltered. He centred at the critical moment, but the ball was travelling at rather too great a speed, and Harry Wharton just missed it. However, it sped right across to Hurree Singh, who fastened upon it eagerly, and crashed it past McKenna in hurricane fashion.

"Goal!"

"First blood to us!" exclaimed Bob Cherry excitedly. "Ye gods! This is the sort of game I like! It makes one feel young again!"

"You talk like a giddy octogenarian!" grinned Wharton. "Anybody would think you were as old as Methuselah!"

Bob laughed, and plunged into the fray once more.

The Hampshire eleven, undaunted by their reverse, kept up a heavy and sustained pressure; but the Greyfriars defence was founded as upon a rock. Johnny Bull and Tom Brown played heroically, and time and again their energetic tackling saved the situation.

Shortly before the interval, however, Kennedy burst through on his own, and sent in a shot which Bulstrode, not being a contortionist or an indiarubber man, was quite powerless to save.

Half-time arrived with the score 1—1.

"Not so bad," murmured Frank Nugent, as he sucked a lemon. "The crowd seems pretty well satisfied, and that's the main thing. Hallo! What's up with old Wingate?"

"Old Wingate" was engaged in remonstrating with a burly, thick-set navy on the touch-line. The juniors walked over to the scene, and were just in time to hear the fellow exclaim:

"You'd look well in khaki, you would, a fine, upstandin' feller like you! Why don't yer 'list?"

"For good and sufficient reasons," replied Wingate tersely. "You seem to have constituted yourself president of the Society for Minding Other People's Business. Wouldn't it be as well if you were to attend to your own?"

"I don't want none o' yer lip!" said the man darkly.



"Wot I ses is, why ain't yer wiv the Colours? Kitchener wants coves like you!"

"How about yourself?" retorted Wingate. "Far be it from me to presume to show a man where his duty lies; but you seem quite eligible for the Army."

The navy scowled.

"I've got the missus and a kid to keep!" he said.

"So have many others who are now in Flanders and Gallipoli!"

"Besides, I'm nigh on forty years of age."

"Then what did you do in Afghanistan and the Boer War?"

"Eh?"

"You heard what I said. Have you served your country in the past, in her time of need?"

"I can't say as I 'ave."

"Then keep your mouth closed, my man, and before you observe the mote in another's eye, search out the beam in your own."

"Well spoken!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Look 'ere!" roared the burly labourer, turning to Wingate. "Are you askin' for a dot on the boko?"

"You will keep your paws off me, or take the consequences!" said the captain of Greyfriars, his wrath rising.

"Ho! So that's your imperent tone, is it? Well, take that one!"

The fellow launched out clumsily with his fist, and Wingate, stepping swiftly aside, easily dodged the blow. Then, although not an aggressive sort of fellow as a rule, he strode forward, and shot out his left. The blow caught the man fairly and squarely beneath his chin, and, big and burly though he was, he completely lost his balance, and went to the ground in an undignified heap.

"Hurrah!"

"Well hit, sir!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were not the only people who applauded Wingate's action. The crowd were with him to a man, and voiced their approval with great heartiness.

The navy was on his feet again in an instant, and Wingate stood ready for him; but a zealous special constable, who had heard the whole of the discussion, and who knew Wingate to be a public school boy, gripped the man by the collar and hustled him off the field, despite his loud-mouthed protests.

"Quite an exciting interval!" chuckled Tom Brown. "Now for the second half!"

Wingate was smiling now. Whenever anything occurred to upset his equilibrium, the genial captain of Greyfriars was never long in recovering himself. The present case was no exception.

Play after the resumption ruled as keen as ever. Hampshire were slightly the better side, but their forwards always came up against a rock-like defence. Bulstrode was, indeed, a rod in pickle for Greyfriars. He never made a single blunder, or goals would most assuredly have come profusely from the feet of Kennedy & Co.

At the other end Wharton shot just wide, and Penfold headed over the bar. Then play was transferred to the Greyfriars territory once more, and Jimmy Silver all but scored.

The crowd felt that they were having their money's worth, for few such ding-dong struggles were witnessed on the Garrison Ground, even when Army teams of high repute were playing.

Bulstrode came out of his goal to meet a combined rush of the Hampshire forwards, and, in diving for the ball, he sustained an unfortunate injury to his knee, which rendered him hors de combat. He was assisted to a spot behind the goal, and tended by an old trainer who was among the crowd. But it was evident that he could not go on.

It was a bitter blow to Greyfriars, who could only just hold their own with the team intact. Bulstrode's absence was bound to make a tremendous difference.

Tom Brown took the goalie's place, and the Hampshire forwards literally bombarded him with all sorts and conditions of shots. But this was not the New Zealander's first experience in goal, and he brought off a number of capital saves.

Five minutes from the close, however—just as Harry Wharton & Co. were beginning to congratulate themselves that they had made a draw of it—Jimmy Silver and Newcome were responsible for a fine bout of passing,

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which culminated in the Rookwood leader scoring a grand goal.

"All over, bar shouting!" said Nugent dully.

Wharton turned almost fiercely upon his chum.

"We're not giving in," he said grimly, "till the final whistle! Come on, you chaps! One last desperate spurt!"

Inch by inch the Greyfriars forwards took the ball down the field. They were fighting against time, and, incidentally, against a fierce gust of wind which had risen from the sea. But they stuck to their guns doggedly, and at last, after what seemed an eternity, they were within shooting distance. Then Wharton, who was in possession, passed to Penfold, and Pen essayed a low drive which would have caught any other goalie but McKenna napping. The Hampshire fellow, however, dived swiftly down at the crucial moment, and gathered up the ball.

Out on to the field of play came the leather once more, and Wingate's lips were on the whistle. Wharton saw this, and, summoning up all the strength remaining to him, sent in a magnificent shot, which caused McKenna to roll over and over in a frantic yet futile endeavour to save.

"Goal!"

"Well played, Wharton!" roared the Greyfriars fellows.

And then the whistle blew, and the two teams left the field, to the accompaniment of a mighty roar from the crowd. A great and splendidly-contested match had ended in a draw of two goals each.

"What a game!" chirruped Jimmy Silver, clapping Wharton on the back. "It put yesterday's little tussle right in the shade! My word, you chaps know a goal-post from a maiden over!"

"I should think we did!" said Bob Cherry. "We have been brought up on football from the time we wore short trousers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suppose you don't happen to be playing for the Bantam Regiment to-morrow?" grinned Wharton. "You're such a chap for surprises, you know!"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"We've done our whack," he said. "Now we must sink away into oblivion. Lucky chaps, you are, I must say! Fancy being free from lessons for a fortnight! It makes one's mouth water!"

George Wingate came up just then, with a radiant smile on his face.

"The receipts for this match," he said, "amount to twenty pounds eighteen shillings. There was an attendance of eight hundred and thirty-six."

"Oh, good!"

"We shall raise sufficient to supply socks and mittens to the whole of the Allies!" said Bob Cherry. "That's what Fishy would call 'some' figure! Over twenty quid, by Jove!"

The next move was to see Jimmy Silver & Co. off from Portsmouth Town Station. They had to depart early. Then the tourists went to the celebrated Casina Cafe in the Osborne Road for tea, whence they proceeded to the hotel to pay their bill; and then it was time for them to take train to Courtfield, at which town they were to meet the Bantam team from Wapshot on the morrow.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### The Battle with the Bantams!

"HERE we are again!"

Bob Cherry made that remark as, strolling through the streets of Courtfield early on the following afternoon, he spotted Wibley and Rake and Kipps, and a host of other Removites.

The greetings exchanged between the two parties were of a very cordial character.

"Done anything to write home about?" asked Wibley.

"Rather! Licked Rookwood by four to nil."

"My hat!"

"And drew with Hampshire 2-2."

"Good biz!"

"And in half an hour," said Nugent, glancing at his

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watch, "we commence to wipe up the ground with the Bantams."

"Who?"

"What?"

"Which?"

"The Bantam Regiment from Wapshot Camp. We're playing 'em on the Courtfield Recreation Ground. I suppose you're coming?"

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Rake. "We knew there was a big match on—everybody's coming over to see it, in fact—but we didn't know it was you. We thought two Army teams were up against each other. Oh, what luck!"

And Dick Rake capered wildly on the pavement from sheer delight.

"Come on!" said Harry Wharton. "We haven't over-much time, you chaps."

The party proceeded to the recreation ground, outside which, on the hoardings, the great match was announced. Already the stand was filling rapidly, mainly with gentlemen in khaki, who were admitted free.

Dick Rake and his companions secured very good seats in the foreground, but the late-comers would have considerable difficulty in finding room to sit down, save the prefects, for whom a certain row in the stand was reserved.

The Remove eleven trooped merrily into the dressing-room, and were soon changing into their footer togs. So far, the team had been kept intact, for Bulstrode had fully recovered from the injury he sustained the day before.

Private Jimmy Travers, who skippered the Bantams, extended a cheery greeting to the Friars.

"Come to take your gruel—what?" he said, with a grin.

"Rather the reverse," smiled Wharton.

"Well, you've got a colossal nerve, I must say, to challenge Kitchener's chaps to a footer match! D'you know that we've got an eleven fit to play teams like the Crystal Palace?"

"I hope so," said Harry. "Our victory will be all the more praiseworthy then."

"Hum! Are you aware that we've got pros playin' for us—chaps who've made their mark in the reserve section of big League teams?"

"Let 'em all come!" answered Wharton readily. "We're game to take our chance. We can't very well come up against a hotter side than we met yesterday."

Jimmy Travers looked grim.

"Well, we sha'n't spare you!" he said. "We mean to cram on all the goals we can, young feller-me-lad! Serves you right for bein' so presumptuous. You'll find you've bitten off more'n you can chew this journey! Hi, corporal!"

A fat, genial-looking man of about five-and-twenty responded to Jimmy's call.

"Why—what?" he gasped, with a glance at Harry Wharton & Co.. "Where's the team we're supposed to be playin'?"

"Here!"

Corporal Smudge looked again.

"Don't see anythink of 'em," he observed. "Don't you go a-pullin' of my leg, Private Travers!"

"I ain't," said Jimmy, with a grin. "These are the kids. Let me interdooce you!"

"Them!" murmured the corporal faintly. "Them's the team, did you, say? Oh, corks! We ain't goin' to play a kindergarten, are we?"

"I thought meself that the first eleven was comin' over," said Private Travers. "'Stead of that, they've sent us these young children!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared Corporal Smudge. "This 'ere takes the cake, beats the band, and prances off with the whole blessed box o' tricks! I never thought I should live to laugh so much in all me life! Ho, ho, ho!"

And the corpulent corporal collapsed on to one of the seats, and guffawed until two large tears began to disport themselves on his flabby cheeks.

"You can laugh!" said Bob Cherry, who felt a little nettled at the reception the Greyfriars eleven had been given. "You'll change your tune presently, Mr. Corporal!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" came in a hysterical roar from Corporal Smudge. The rest of the Bantams arrived on the scene

at that moment, and, learning what was afoot, shrieked with laughter also.

"It won't be necessary for us to send the whole team out, Jimmy," said one of them to Travers. "'Arf a dozen'll be quite enough. We'll 'ave a goalie, a back, two 'arves, and two forwards. How's that?"

"You'll find yourselves licked to a frazzle, I might tell you, if you try on any games of that sort!" said Wingate. "These kids may be a bit short of stature, but they make up for their lack of inches by playing a rattling good game. I should advise you not to look upon the match as a foregone conclusion."

The Bantams laughed knowingly, and Jimmy Travers summoned them into action. They ran out on to the field with the ball at their feet, and the crowd—quite a colossal one by this time—accorded them a rousing cheer.

Then, a few minutes later, Harry Wharton led his warriors into battle, and there were yells of laughter from the military section of the spectators. How absurd, they thought, for a team of mere schoolboys, and juniors at that, to challenge a regimental eleven! Against the Bantams, small men though the latter were, the Friars were little more than Lilliputians.

But there were others in that vast crowd who knew their sterling worth—namely, the fellows who had journeyed over from Greyfriars to witness the encounter. A cheer went up from two hundred youthful throats as Harry Wharton spun a sixpence into the air.

Jimmy Travers won the toss, and the Bantams kicked off with the wind in their favour. It was seen at the outset that their bark was worse than their bite, for their combination was scrappy and their science almost at a discount. But perhaps Jimmy Travers & Co. imagined that they had a walk-over, and did not mean to unduly exert themselves.

Play was confined to mid-field for the first quarter of an hour, and then the right wing of the Bantams broke away. The outside-right took the ball down the field with long, sweeping strides, and a grin of anticipation on his tanned face. But the surprise of his life was in store for him. Johnny Bull, cool as a cucumber, stood ready for his opponent, and, deftly shooting out his left foot at the critical moment, robbed him of the ball with an ease and unconcern which evoked roars of laughter from the Greyfriars fellows in the stand. Then Johnny booted clear with wonderful precision.

"My eye!" murmured the winger of the Bantams. "My eye! Tricked, and by a blessed schoolboy!"

But there was another and a greater surprise to follow. Bob Cherry fastened on to the ball like a fox-terrier, and, although a half-back, took it right through on its own, and shot. The fat, ungainly Corporal Smudge, who held the fort for the Bantams, was beaten to the wide. He certainly made a desperate effort to save the situation, but in vain. The leather crashed fairly and squarely into the net.

A sudden hush fell upon the spectators, who, for the most part, had never expected anything like this. They had settled down comfortably to witness what they thought would be a farce—to see Greyfriars routed, annihilated, and exterminated by goals unlimited. Yet a Greyfriars fellow had drawn first blood for his side!

But the silence which prevailed was of short duration. A tremendous cheer arose, and Bob Cherry's name was on everybody's lips. The Bantams played up desperately after this. They felt their reverse keenly, and went all out for the equaliser. But the time flew by on light wings, and that equaliser never came. Greyfriars led by one to nil at half-time.

Harry Wharton gave Bob Cherry a sounding slap on the back as the players came off for the interval. Bob's goal had placed the Friars in a very good position indeed. The Bantams would have to pierce their opponents' net twice, at least, to ensure the sweets of victory.

"This is great!" said Nugent. "Serve those Tommies right for their colossal swank. They don't mean anything, of course; they're decent fellows enough. But it was a bit riling to be called a kindergarten."

"They're no great shakes at footer," said Johnny Bull.



"It's been as simple as A B C to check their rushes, and Bulstrode's having a holiday in goal. If I'm anything in the nature of a prophet, Greyfriars is going to romp home this journey. Jimmy Travers will find he's woke up the wrong passenger."

"What-ho!"

After the interval the Friars came out on to the field once more in their blue jerseys and white knickers, smiling, serene, and confident. The Bantams appeared shortly afterwards, and although, as British Tommies, they were supposed to be wearing smiles that wouldn't come off, they were doing nothing of the kind now. Their expressions were very grim and businesslike.

Harry Wharton & Co. were quick to get to work. Their wonderful and unquenchable optimism carried them far. Vernon-Smith, on the wing, was enjoying himself immensely. The Bouncer loved the limelight, and he was pleased as Punch when the crowd applauded his magnificent runs. After a time he managed to stave off all opposition, and sent across a delightful pass to Harry Wharton. The captain of the Remove snapped it up, and astonished the worthy Corporal Smudge by sending in a lightning drive, which the unfortunate goalie could scarcely see, let alone save.

"Two up!" chanted Bob Cherry. "How d'ye like it, corporal? Why don't you go into hysterics, old sport, like you did in the dressing-room? Ho, ho, ho! Fancy meeting a blessed kindergarten!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Half a dozen men were going to be sufficient to wipe up the ground with us!" continued the irrepressible Bob. "Why field eleven?"

Corporal Smudge grunted as he tossed out the leather.

"There's time enough yet for things to 'appen!" he hinted darkly.

"I agree with you," grinned Bob. "You might get into double figures, for instance, same as we're going to do!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The play ruled fast and furious after this, for the soldiers in the crowd were getting sarcastic, and the Bantams came in for quite a lot of chaffing. Jimmy Travers led a fierce attack upon the Greyfriars citadel, and after a strenuous bombardment Bulstrode was beaten by Jimmy, who was really not a bad player. Thus the Greyfriars margin was reduced.

But the Bantams had shot their bolt. So stubborn was the defence of that grand trio—Bulstrode, Bull, and Brown—that, try as they might, the soldiers could not bring about the equaliser.

And the Friars had not finished yet. They were still smarting a little from the good-natured chipping of Corporal Smudge and Jimmy Travers, and meant to show the Bantams what football really was. Just before the finish Frank Nugent scored with a scorching shot, thus driving the last nail into the coffin of the military team.

"Goal!"

The crowd—especially the Greyfriars section of it—waxed hilarious. It was glorious to witness such a stirring tussle, and to know that the cocksure Bantams had sustained a licking.

There was no further scoring. The whistle went, and the teams sprinted off the field amid a hurricane bout of cheering from the Friars.

In the dressing-room Jimmy Travers approached Harry Wharton and held out his hand.

"Put it there, kid!" he said solemnly. "I take back all the things I said agen your team. If this is a junior eleven, I shouldn't care to meet Greyfriars' first! My eye! You put it across us proper!"

"We're having a pretty good tour," said Harry. "I'm glad we licked you. It will be a good advertisement for us in future matches. One of these times we'll give you an opportunity of getting your own back."

Private Travers nodded.

"To tell the truth," he said, lowering his voice, "our chaps 'ave 'ardly 'ad any practice, and there ain't no pros in the team. It was jest our little joke. We

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thought we could walk round you, as you was a team of school kids. Now we've found out our mistake. My eye! Won't the regiment chip us about this? We shall never hear the end of it!"

"Cheer up, old son!" said Bob Cherry boisterously. "You didn't put up such a bad show. Our defence was in full trim; that's the long and short of it."

"Well, you're real sports, I must say!" said Jimmy Travers. He shook hands with the eleven all round, and then with Wingate, and retired to his own quarters—a sadder and a wiser man.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER

### From Strength to Strength!

THE Remove eleven on tour proceeded merrily. They entertained junior teams representative of Sussex, Kent, and Surrey. The tussle with the first named was played at Hove, and after a thrilling game the Friars emerged triumphant by one goal to nil.

The Kentish team was visited at Bromley, and once again Harry Wharton & Co. triumphed; though it must be admitted that the boys of Kent would have drawn or even won the match, had not their best half-back been crocked at an early stage of the game.

The match with Surrey was a series of thrills. It was played on the recreation-ground at Godalming, and although at half-time the Friars led 2—0, the county team underwent a complete regeneration, and made a draw of it at the finish.

On the following Monday Harry Wharton rested the hard-working half-back line, and brought in Desmond, Morgan, and Ogilvy, of the reserves. In the forward line Monty Newland displaced Hurree Singh.

Despite these drastic changes, the Friars XI, which met at Middlesex at Enfield overcame after a gruelling game. The score was two all at half-time,

and Newland signalled his inclusion by scoring the winning goal a few minutes from the finish.

The last match with a county eleven was against Essex, at Leyton. Here again Harry Wharton & Co. triumphed to the tune of 3—1, but the plucky lads of the eastern county were foemen worthy of their steel. Indeed, every single county team whom Greyfriars contested had played a great game, reflecting the highest credit on the sportsmen who had donned their jerseys and knickers in order to entertain the boys from the famous school.

One of the greatest successes of the tour was the match with Claremont School. The latter fielded a very strong side, and had the surprise of their lives when Harry Wharton & Co. came, saw, and conquered by the adequate margin of 4 goals to 2.

Three more matches remained for decision. Ben Adams, the proprietor of the boxing-booth, had been able to fix up arrangements for Thursday afternoon; on the Friday the Friars were to meet a representative eleven of the London County Council Schools at Stamford Bridge, Chelsea; and the concluding match of the tour was to be fought out at Greyfriars, with those old and time-honoured rivals of Harry Wharton & Co.—the stalwarts of St. Jim's.

The attendances at the county matches had been excellent, and the receipts reached an astonishing figure. Indeed, Wingate's daily telegrams to Dr. Locke to describe how the tourists were getting on were of a most optimistic nature, and the good doctor gaped when he perused them, and passed them on to Mr. Quelch. He had predicted, in an early conversation with Harry Wharton, that perhaps twenty or thirty pounds might be raised. And the sum already collected by the Remove eleven amounted to considerably over a hundred pounds!

Courtfield Recreation Ground was again the scene of an

13

## OUT NEXT MONDAY!



See Page 22 of This Issue.

NEXT  
MONDAY—

"THE CONJURER'S CAPTURE!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.



encounter on Thursday afternoon, and the Removites regarded the fact in the light of a good omen. It was at Courtfield that they had spilled the blood of the Bantams, so to speak; and they fondly hoped to trounce the somewhat peculiar team which Ben Adams had placed in the field.

The famous trainer himself was taking no part in the game. In his own words, he was too much of an "old boy" to think of plunging about on the football-field. But good, honest Ben was an ardent follower of the great winter game, and made a special point of turning up to witness the tussle.

There were more spectators on this occasion than there had been at the Bantam match, for the fame of the Friars had spread like wildfire through the little country town. Not only that, but the well-known exponents of ring-craft—white men and coloured men, serious and gay, as their natures ordered—were a huge draw. Then, again, the weather had been bitterly cold of late, and the public had awakened to the fact that it was their bounden duty to assist in such a splendid cause as that of supplying a little warmth to the cold, bleak trenches in Flanders and the Gallipoli Peninsula.

The inexhaustible Wingate again played the part of referee, and a tremendous ovation greeted both teams as they lined up for the fray. Most of the boxers had little knowledge of football, but they had put in some hard practice during the last few days, and their superior height and weight were likely to stand them in good stead. They had an ideal centre-forward in little Tom Belcher, the boxing marvel, and altogether a good game was promised.

There was certainly no lack of thrills at the commencement. Tom Belcher wormed his way through the Greyfriars defence like a wizard, and in spite of valiant efforts to stop him, he sent in a great shot, which crashed past Bulstrode with such velocity that it almost broke the net.

"Berry good, Massah Tom Belcher, sah!" exclaimed Sam Walcott, one of the coloured boxers. "Dat was a knock-out blow, right on de mark, sah!"

Tom Belcher smiled as Bulstrode fished out the leather and sent it whirling up to the half-way line.

Then the Friars rallied. They carried the war into the enemy's country, as it were, and after every forward had taken a hand, or rather a boot, in some sparkling work, Vernon-Smith scored with a high, rising shot.

"Good for us, Smithy!" exclaimed Wharton: "You're a rod in pickle for us on this tour, old man!"

The Bouncer smiled gratefully. Time was when the door of approach to the Remove eleven had been closed to him. Those were the days when he had been a blade, a dog, and a goer; but now he had taken to the path of virtue, and was not a little surprised at the great benefits which a fellow gained from going straight and playing the game as it should be played.

The ball was set in motion once more, and the boxers warmed to their work. A couple of corners fell to them, but nothing materialised; and then the outside-right, a big, bustling fellow, shouldered Johnny Bull off the ball and easily beat Bulstrode.

"This is where goals are as plentiful as mushrooms!" observed Bob Cherry. "Three in ten minutes, by Jove! It'll be like a cricket score presently."

Bob himself had the honour of netting the next goal. Greyfriars were awarded a free-kick, and Bob was chosen to take it. The ball travelled swiftly along the ground, became entangled somehow in the left-back's legs, and shot off at a tangent into the net.

"Two all!" said Peter Todd. "Keep it up, Friars! Every time they get past old Bulstrode we'll jolly well give 'em our revenge!"

The ding-dong struggle went merrily on, and it was the Friars' turn to go ahead. Dick Penfold, whose play throughout the tour had been of a most consistent character, netted with a lightning drive.

"Bravo!" came in a roar from the crowd. "Pile 'em on!"

But there was a lull in the scoring at last. The Friars held tenaciously to their lead, and played mainly on the defensive. Close on the interval, however, Tom Belcher, prancing round Johnny Bull until the latter became quite

bewildered and confused, took the ball deftly round him and drove it past Bulstrode, the score at half-time being 3—3.

The local brass band let out weird noises during the interval, and a dilapidated-looking gentleman whose trousers were frayed at the bottom, and whose bowler-hat looked as if it had been rescued from a dust-bin, trundled round with hot baked chestnuts.

The second half started off in spirited fashion. A hefty, coal-black negro, who had by this time fully mastered the rudiments of football, broke through the Greyfriars defence and scored.

"This is getting more like a cricket-match than ever," said Bob Cherry. "Better dig up a scorer from somewhere. We shall lose count soon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The reason for such tall scoring was easily explained. Both attacking forces were supremely brilliant, whereas the defence on each side was weak. In the case of Greyfriars this was not surprising. Bulstrode, Bull, and Brown had played some sterling games of late; and at last the reaction had set in, and they were a trifle off-colour, and uncertain in their tackling.

But Harry Wharton and his fellow-forwards were in fine fettle. Time and again they bombarded their opponents' citadel, and their reward soon came to them right handsomely. Harry Wharton netted twice in quick succession, and the Friars thus led by 5 goals to 4.

That lead was maintained admirably, for the boxers began to tire. They were muscular fellows, all of them, but gruelling games of football exposed their weak points. A quarter of an hour from the end, Mark Linley was fairly hero-worshipped by the crowd on account of a grand goal which he obtained from quite a long way out. It was a hurricane shot, and crashed into the top corner of the net before the astonished goalie could realise what was happening.

"Six up!" said Harry Wharton joyously. "Let's make it seven, while we are about it!"

The ball was set in motion once more, and this time it was Vernon-Smith's turn to score. The Bouncer went right through on his own, and cut through the opposing defence like a knife through butter. He wound up with a low, lightning drive, which gave the net a good shaking-up.

"Good man, Smithy!" exclaimed Wharton. "The game's ours now!"

It was. Greyfriars were leading 7—4, and it was beyond human power for the boxers to make up the leeway in the few minutes remaining for play. They were plucky fellows, and played up well, although in their hearts they knew the inevitable.

Just before the final whistle Tom Belcher minimised the defeat of his side by adding another goal; and then the players came off the field, merry and contented, while the spectators cheered them to the echo.

"Anybody who hoped to see a goalless draw must have been badly disappointed," chuckled Nugent. "My hat! Twelve goals in one match, and seven for us! It's the sort of thing one doesn't see in a blue moon!"

"Those fellows played well," said Bob Cherry musingly. "That chap Belcher's a little marvel! I say, I'd give anything to have the gloves on with him in a friendly bout. Think it might be arranged, Harry?"

"Possibly, but not on this tour," said Wharton, with emphasis. "We're playing the L.C.C. Schools to-morrow, and we don't want a battered wreck floundering about in the half-back line. Later on, when all the matches are over, you might give Tom Belcher a challenge—in fact, it strikes me as being a rattling good idea—but you're not doing it to-night, old son. We've got to catch the 7.20 train up to town, so, in any case, it would be impossible."

"Right you are!" said Bob Cherry. "We'll see if something can be fixed up after the tour. And now for tea. I'm jolly well famished!"

And the Removites, taking an affectionate farewell of Ben Adams and his merry men, put on their coats and disappeared in the direction of Uncle Clegg's famous bun-shop in Courtfield.



**P**ROBABLY no match of the series excited so much interest and comment as that with a representative eleven of the London County Council Schools. It was to be played at Stamford Bridge, and all the scholars connected with the game, both as players and spectators, had been granted a half-holiday for the occasion. Consequently, the crowd was enormous. The L.C.C. had never done battle with a public school like Greyfriars before, and all were keen to know how they would fare.

There were many distinguished personalities seated in the stand. Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch had travelled up together from Friardale, and other gentlemen whose walk in life was to teach the young idea had collected for the occasion. It was quite a family gathering.

As the day was Friday, the Chelsea team had no match, and its directors had willingly consented to the use of the ground for patriotic purposes. The pitch was in perfect condition, and the prospects of a rousing game were very rosy.

The Friars took the field first. They felt almost lost as they sprinted into the arena, and gazed up at the vast sea of faces with which they were surrounded. They had fielded four reserves, Squiff partnering Johnny Bull at back, Morgan displacing Peter Todd in the half-back line, and Dick Russell and Monty Newland coming in for Penfold and Hurree Singh respectively.

But it would be folly to suppose that the team was weakened by these changes. On the contrary, it was improved, for the fellows who stood down were stale, and the new-comers, on the other hand, were filled with tremendous enthusiasm, and were footballers every inch.

The Friars had a very good reception, but it paled into insignificance before that which was accorded the London lads. The latter were fine specimens of the British schoolboy. Looking into the future, one could confidently predict for them brilliant careers, both in civilian and Service life. The modern system of teaching and training had worked wonders in instilling sound minds into sound bodies, and the L.C.C. lads were worthy of the highest admiration. They worked hard and played hard, thus helping to confound those pessimistic praters who aver that the coming generation will be a shadow of its former race.

When the cheering had subsided, the referee—a Chelsea player of high repute—sounded a shrill blast on his whistle. Harry Wharton gripped the rival captain by the hand, and expressed the hope that it would be a good game. Then the coin was spun, Greyfriars winning the toss.

From the outset it was seen that this was to be a Spartan tussle. The Londoners were shorter in stature than the Friars, taken as a whole, but their knowledge of football was unlimited, and they held their own with easy assurance.

Bulstrode had the busiest afternoon of his life, and Johnny Bull and Squiff seemed to be repelling attacks all the time, for the L.C.C. had an outside-left who was the last word in speed and sure shooting. He wanted watching, did this fellow, whose name was Weston, and the Greyfriars backs had all their work cut out to do it. The winger was as elusive as an eel. Like a certain Swindon "star," he seemed, to the onlookers, to be merely roaming aimlessly about the field; but, all of a sudden, when there was anything doing, one would invariably find him in the thickest of the fray.

The Londoners were the better-balanced side in the opening half, but, strangely enough, the only goal came from the foot of a Greyfriars fellow. Harry Wharton & Co. had made but few incursions into their opponents' territory, and their isolated attacks had been easily repelled; but just before the whistle blew for the interval they made another and more determined raid, and Dick Russell scored with a swift ground shot which passed between the goalie's legs.

An additional collection was made at half-time for the benefit of those brave fellows who were undergoing another severe winter campaign in the trenches, and then the two teams made their appearance once more, to the accompaniment of deafening cheers.

The game proceeded somewhat quietly. The players

had exerted themselves to the utmost in the first half, and now they were pausing to gain their second wind, for every man jack of them realised what a stern struggle it was to be ere the final whistle wrote "Finis" to the match.

Then of a sudden the L.C.C. seemed to become electrified. They sprang into life, and their activities caused the crowd to marvel. Pipes and cigars were allowed to go out, and everyone gazed at the game with eyes transfixed.

Weston gained possession, and put in a magnificent run. His pace was truly astonishing, and held the spectators spellbound. At the right moment he sent across a delightful pass, and the centre-forward deserved to be hanged, drawn, and quartered if he failed to make use of such a great opening.

But he did not fail. He fastened on to the ball, with a smile, and drove it in hard and true. Bulstrode, who never knew when he was beaten, tried hard to avert the catastrophe, but in vain. His hand missed the ball by inches, and it travelled into the net with lightning speed.

Had the Londoners kept up their terrific pressure, they would soon have built up a score which the Friars could never have passed. But the L.C.C.'s spirited dash was merely a flash in the pan. It simmered down by degrees, and then Greyfriars came very much in the limelight.

The halves, of whom Morgan was a conspicuous figure, surged towards their opponents' goal. Their course was by no means unhampered, for the gallant lads of the metropolis seemed, like Boyle Roche's bird, to be in two places at one and the same time; but persistence and perseverance bring their own reward, and at last Mark Linley was able to send Nugent away.

What followed occupied seconds only. Without pausing to make up his mind, Frank Nugent shot, and shot hard. Fortunately, it was in the right direction, too. The backs rushed in to meet him, one on either side, and, in challenging Nugent, had marred the goalkeeper's vision. Accordingly, when the air had cleared a little, the ball was seen to be reposing safely in the net.

"Oh, Franky," exclaimed Wharton, beside himself with joy, "you're ripping! That goal was about the best of the tour!"

"There's nothing like a first-timer," smiled Nugent, flushing with pleasure as cheer upon cheer rang out from the stand. "It's really the only thing to do against a hot team like this."

Wharton nodded. He felt hugely delighted, and as pleased as if the goal had been registered from his own foot.

A good deal of mid-field play followed, and many fellows on both sides covered themselves with glory. Then a melee arose near the half-way line, not unlike a scrimmage in a Rugby match. When the little group of combatants broke away the Friars were dismayed to see Mark Linley lying prostrate. The referee blew his whistle instantly, and play was suspended.

"Marky, old man, what's the matter?" asked Bob Cherry, kneeling down beside his chum.

"It's my arm," explained the Lancashire lad, with a faint smile. "Somebody cannoned into me, and I fell. My arm seemed to curl up under me. It's nothing to worry about. It's not broken or anything like that. I'm going on."

A trainer came running on to the playing-pitch, and examined the injury.

"That'll soon mend," he said reassuringly; "but you can't play on."

"I must!" muttered Mark.

"Don't do anything so foolish! Do you want your arm to get broken? Come, now! It's no good your sticking here with a hurt like that. You'll be little more than a passenger."

There was no recourse but for Mark Linley to obey. After all, it was of no use for him to remain on the field, for he would be a hindrance rather than a help to his side.

"Rough luck, old chap!" said Bob Cherry sympathetically.

The absence of the left-half made a great deal of

(Continued on page 23.)



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a most amusing rhyme running throughout the paper; also a number of illustrative sketches by the Remove's leading artists.

**ALL FOR ONE HALFPENNY!!!**

**RALLY ROUND, EVERYBODY!**

Now that the glad news has been imparted in detail to my chums, I confidently expect them to put forward their very best endeavours to secure for "The Greyfriars Herald" a royal and permanent success.

For nearly ten years now my thousands of friends have backed me up in every single undertaking, and I owe them a debt which I can never repay. But if it be true that the more one asks the more will he receive, then I need have no fears for this latest and best venture of all. I want every Magnetite, every Gemite, every Popite, every Friendite, and every boy and girl who has admired Harry Wharton and his famous chums in the past, to give "The Greyfriars Herald" such a splendid leg-up that it will soar far above every other halfpenny paper yet published.

I will not speak of the tremendous disappointment it will cause me if the "Herald" fails to get the necessary support. The blow would be a terrible one, and would hit me very hard indeed.

All together, then, readers, and see that on Monday next you perform the best day's work of your lives!

**YOUR EDITOR.**



# The Remove Eleven on Tour.

(Continued from page 21.)

difference. It gave the right wing of the L.C.C. free scope for their operations.

Five minutes after Mark Linley's reluctant departure the outside-right of the London team broke through. Johnny Bull and Squiff came up to meet him at the same time. There was a misunderstanding between the two backs, and the winger manœuvred his way past them and scored.

Two goals each, and ten minutes to go. Could the Greyfriars defence possibly hold out?

The two surviving halves fell back a little, so that when the Londoners came again they were met by an almost impenetrable barrier. They repeatedly attempted to rush through, and just as repeatedly were checked by the Friars.

Minute after minute passed, and still no addition was made to the score. It was a terribly anxious time for Bulstrode, but relief came at last. The whistle shrilled out, and once again Greyfriars had played a drawn game.

"We just saved our bacon!" panted Frank Nugent. "My word! Those last few minutes were a nightmare!"

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Close of Play!

**W**HAT a tremendous ovation awaited the Removites on their return to the old school! Their doings had been followed with intensest feelings of pride by the Friars, and everybody turned out in force to meet them at Friardale Station. Such a demonstration was unique in the annals of the old school.

Mark Linley was in no pain from his injury, nevertheless he was deemed unfit to turn out against St. Jim's. Apart from that unfortunate circumstance, Greyfriars fielded a full team.

It was a game likely to be long remembered in the history of both schools. Fought out under fierce conditions, and marked all the way through with fine courage and splendid determination, it worthily upheld the highest traditions of sport.

In the first minute Talbot netted for St. Jim's. Then Wharton, after a great run by Vernon-Smith, put on the equaliser. Following this, Jack Blake put the Saints ahead, and at half-time they led by two goals to one.

The second half was a series of thrills. The Bounder of Greyfriars was the central figure, for he accomplished the coveted "hat-trick," quite a unique experience for a winger. Tom Merry netted twice for St. Jim's, but one of the goals was ruled off-side; and a wonderful match ended in a 4-3 victory for the Friars.

There was a tremendous banquet held that evening to celebrate the success of the tour, and Tom Merry & Co. remained to share in the general revelry.

There were many speeches, but the most important was that made by Dr. Locke, who proceeded to read out the following highly interesting details:

Opponents.	Score.	Attendance.	Receipts.
			£ s. d.
Rookwood ... ..	4-0 ...	205 ...	5 2 6
Hampshire ... ..	2-2 ...	836 ...	20 18 0
Bantam Regiment ...	3-1 ...	2,639 ...	12 13 6
(Soldiers admitted free.)			
Sussex ... ..	1-0 ...	672 ...	16 16 0
Kent ... ..	2-0 ...	530 ...	13 5 0
Surrey ... ..	2-2 ...	901 ...	22 10 6
Essex ... ..	3-1 ...	456 ...	11 8 0
Middlesex ... ..	3-2 ...	820 ...	20 10 0
Claremont ... ..	4-2 ...	200 ...	5 0 0
Ben Adams' XI. ...	7-5 ...	3,630 ...	17 6 6
(Soldiers admitted free.)			
L.C.C. Schools ...	2-2 ...	3,732 ...	93 6 0
St. Jim's ... ..	4-3 ...	270 ...	6 15 0
Total ... ..			245 11 0
Less travelling and other expenses			35 11 0
Total profits of tour ... ..			£210 0 0

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NEXT  
MONDAY—

"THE CONJURER'S CAPTURE!"

EVERY  
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The "Magnet"  
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ONE  
PENNY.

"From the particulars I have just read," said Dr. Locke, "it will be seen that our boys did not lose a single match."

"Hurrah!"

"They scored thirty-seven goals against twenty netted by their opponents. The successful marksmen were as follows: Wharton, eight; Nugent, seven; Vernon-Smith, six; Penfold, four; Singh, three; Cherry, three; Linley, two; Russell, two; Newland, one; and Todd, one."

"Bravo!"

"And we are able to give no less a sum than £210 for the benefit of British soldiers," continued the Head. "I think such a result reflects the greatest credit on all concerned. Wingate, you are to be heartily congratulated upon conducting such a highly successful undertaking. You also, Wharton, have proved yourself to be an ideal football captain, a splendid sportsman, and a born leader of boys."

"Three cheers for Wharton!" shouted somebody; and the old rafters rang again and again with loud and prolonged cheering.

Even Skinner & Co. were forgiven in that hour of triumph. Billy Bunter made a slashing onslaught upon the many good things which adorned the festive board; while the members of the victorious team felt that they had deserved well of their country.

The revelry and rejoicing were kept up until a very late hour, and then the great gathering, tired but tremendously cheerful, trooped up to bed.

And the greatest happiness of all prevailed in the Remove dormitory, where Harry Wharton & Co. were made to recount in detail the many and varied experiences which befell the Remove Eleven on Tour.

THE END.

(Do not miss "THE CONJURER'S CAPTURE!" next week's grand story of the chums of Greyfriars, by FRANK RICHARDS.



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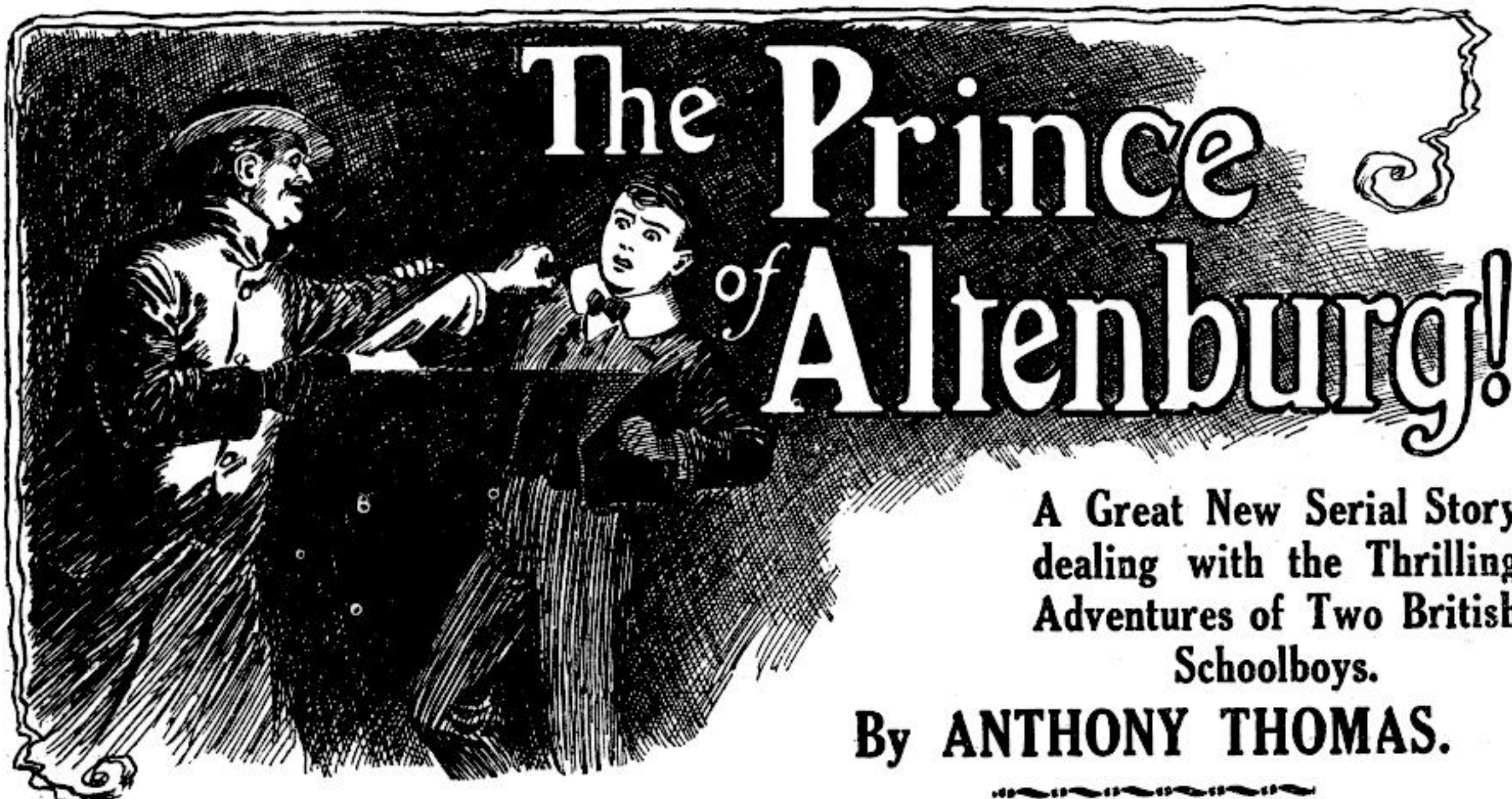
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A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.





A Great New Serial Story  
dealing with the Thrilling  
Adventures of Two British  
Schoolboys.

By ANTHONY THOMAS.

#### THE FIRST INSTALMENTS.

Two boys of St. Dunstan's School, JACK DARRELL and TEDDY BURKE, fall into the hands of LEWIS MACKAY.

Mackay, under the impression that Jack Darrell is the Prince of Altenburg, kidnaps both him and his chum Burke.

The chums eventually find themselves on the Kielberg, a German cruiser, under the care of BARON ZELLING.

DERWENT HOOD, chief of the British Counter-Espionage Department, goes in search of the Kielberg on H.M.S. Chatswood. The German cruiser, being hard pressed, seeks refuge up the River Kunene, on the West Coast of Africa, where she runs aground.

Accompanied by two members of the Chatswood's crew named Dexter and Walters, Hood proceeds up the river in a motor-launch. They succeed in rescuing the two boys; but, owing to the vigilance of their German pursuers, are forced to go into hiding.

Darrell again falls into Baron Zelling's hands, and is taken to a village in German South-West Africa.

During a quarrel between the baron and the governor of the colony a messenger bursts into the room, exclaiming:

"The British! The British Force is here! Men are coming now!"

(Now go on with the story.)

#### Burke's Awkward Moment!

Walters was pleased with himself. It was not often he had a chance of showing what he could do entirely on his own, and the opportunity Midshipman Dexter had given him was entirely to his liking.

"I've got the whole plan in my mind," he told Teddy Burke as they went down to where the launch still lay. "First of all, though, we'll get the boat in order."

Burke was not nearly so happy; his thoughts dwelt the whole time on Jack Darrell.

If Jack had been with them, the prospect of making this fresh start to get back to the Chatswood would have filled him with joy. But now—he did not want to get away from all their difficulties if it meant leaving his chum behind and still in Zelling's hands.

Nevertheless, Teddy did his best to help Walters in the task before them. There was no hope of getting the engine in order, and the sailor's chief idea was to make the boat look decent.

The day passed quickly; they made several journeys up to the camp again, and brought back with them what few stores they had left.

Just before it got dark Walters explained the crowning part of his scheme. They needed something in the way of oars, for the one small boathook the launch possessed would be of little practical use in making progress.

"So I'm going to borrow a pair from the Kielberg," he told Burke. "You bring the gun along, and cover my retreat if it's necessary. But I don't think it will be."

He stripped by the launch, then waded along until he

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came to the river. Burke had posted himself here, and saw Walters swimming slowly and quietly across until the darkness swallowed him up.

There had been little excitement on the river that day, and save for the glow from the trees which told of the Kielberg's lights there was practically no sign of their existence.

Teddy waited patiently for some sound which should tell him either of Walters' safe return or that he needed help.

But for twenty minutes he waited. It seemed several hours to him. The curious sounds which came from the wood, and the noise of the creatures which moved near him, brought the same eerie feeling he had had when they lay waiting for the attack.

At last came a sound different from the others. There was a gentle splashing of the water at his feet, and, peering ahead, he could see a patch of white in the darkness.

He whistled softly, and a few moments later Walters was calling a cheery "Right-ho! Safe and sound! And got all we want! Help me carry 'em along, Mr. Burke!"

He stood up in the water and raised a great oar for Teddy to handle.

"There's another one here," he said pleasantly. "If you can take that along, I'll follow up the stream."

Teddy struggled with his burden back to the launch.

"How did you manage it?" he asked, when at last Walters had put them in the position which pleased him, and was sorting out his clothes in the darkness.

"Easily," the sailor answered. "I swam across, keeping my eyes open for danger all the time. But there was no sign of anybody, and all I had to do was to climb into one of the boats and help myself to a couple of oars. It was not a very difficult job to swim back and push them before me. And here we are—all ready to begin the return journey!"

They went up the hill once more to report the present state of affairs.

Both Dexter and Hood were delighted with what had been accomplished.

"What about getting a start to-night?" Dexter asked. "If we only get down as far as the bend, we can easily find a hiding-place there; and we should be in a better position than here."

"I agree," Hood said. "I'm afraid these chaps will have to help us both down to the launch, though."

"You'll be able to travel in comfort, Mr. Hood," Walters said. "I'm a bit of an expert in ambulance work, and I think we'll manage you all right."

As a result, he quickly fixed up a rough-and-ready stretcher, made from the two straight branches out of the shelter and a couple of coats. In this way both Hood and Dexter were eventually conveyed to the launch without putting foot to the ground.

And presently they were moving slowly and cautiously down the waterway towards the river. Walters stood at the

NO. 1 "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," PRICE ½D. OUT NEXT MONDAY!





"Hut! Who's there?" The abruptness of the command startled the driver. He jammed on the brakes sharply, and the car came to a standstill. Zelling, leaning over to the driver, hissed out a command to him to go at full speed. (See page 28.)

stern of the boat, and using one oar almost as a punt-pole gradually manoeuvred along.

In the same way they progressed down the river until within about twenty yards of the bend. It was here that they met with their first disappointment.

There was quite a glare of light on the opposite side, and in it they could see figures moving about; while on the side on which they were travelling they could faintly discern other men either on guard or busy with defensive works of some kind.

"We'll stick here for a time," Dexter decided; and Walters jumped ashore to make the boat safe.

All through the night they waited patiently for an opportunity to go ahead; but it was too risky. There was nothing to do but stick where they were until a more favourable chance came.

For four days and nights they remained in the same place. Teddy Burke's stock of patience was well-nigh exhausted; after the excitement of the few days immediately preceding these, this dull waiting and watching reached the limit of monotony.

But Midshipman Dexter had both patience and wisdom. Far better, he argued, to wait until everything was safe than to spoil all by being over-impulsive. There was little sense in throwing themselves against fifty men or more.

On the fifth night he decided that the time had come. There had been a gradual lessening of activity all day, and when darkness came there was no light thrown on the scene as there had been before.

"We'll risk it," Dexter said. "Very carefully, Walters!" There was little need for the last warning. The sailor moved the boat almost without a sound.

For the five minutes it took them to pass and get clear of the bend there was not a word spoken. They sat and

watched the banks for the slightest movement, but none came. In its way, it was a dramatic five minutes, and the four of them, each in their different ways, felt it.

Dexter was the first to speak and break the long silence.

"I think we're really free from that crowd at last," he said quietly. "We'll get a mile or two further down, and then I think we might rest."

There was no good purpose to be served in trying to go very far in the darkness, and the risks they ran made the midshipman's suggestion the wisest course.

Nor did they make much progress during the following day. They had oars, but the boat was not fitted with rowlocks, and Walters was anxious to improvise some.

"And we've either got to replenish the larder in some way or other," Dexter told them, "or the next meal will be aboard the Chatswood. There's about half-a-dozen biscuits left, and that's all. Quite a lot of tea, though."

"Why not try and get some birds of some kind?" Hood suggested. "I have the strongest possible objections to going on a starvation diet if it can be avoided. I propose we have a hunting expedition in the morning."

"Right!" Dexter cried. "And I think both of us might try our legs again. I believe we're both out of the invalid class now."

They spent another night in the boat, but by this time even Teddy Burke had grown accustomed to his hard couch. And in the morning the four of them went ashore—Hood and Dexter still hobbling, it is true, but without any serious difficulty.

Teddy Burke wandered away on his own. He was not very happy these days, and the adventure so far as he was concerned seemed likely to have a miserable ending.

He sat down presently, trying to think over all that Derwent Hood had told him during the past few days. In

NEXT  
MONDAY—

"THE CONJURER'S CAPTURE!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry  
Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.



that was the only ray of hope which Teddy had, for Hood had assured him that he dare not go back until he had Darrell safe and sound and was sure that Zelling had no important papers.

Well, Burke would not go back, either. He would implore Hood to let him go with him to this place, Windhoek, of which he talked. Better, far better, to go through all the risks and difficulties again than return at last, safe and sound, to St. Dunstan's without Darrell.

In any case, there would be a row with the Head. He wouldn't understand all they had gone through, even if they both got back safely. Old Margie was such a stick-in-the-mud that he probably wouldn't believe a word that Burke told him.

A shot rang out and disturbed his thoughts. Hood and Dexter had got to work. Another—and the leaves near Burke moved slightly, and he heard the sound of voices.

They were unfamiliar to him, he thought, and he rose cautiously to try and discover who it was. Apparently it was someone who wanted to spy on them, for they were hiding carefully behind a great tree.

"Burke! Burke!" Dexter's voice rang out quite near, but behind him.

"Hallo!" Teddy forgot all caution for a moment, and answered the call.

"Did you see the bird drop?" Dexter called. "Scout round, young fellow! It was a beauty!"

Burke went forward, and in the same instant the man behind the trees stepped out and confronted him.

For one moment Teddy, with his usual instinct, which had been developed of late, squared his shoulders and clenched his fists, ready for any attack.

Then he just stared in utter amazement, barely able to believe his own eyes.

The two men were smiling at him. One of them he had never seen before, but the other, despite his unusual dress and the absence of the cap and gown, was the Head of St. Dunstan's.

"Well, Burke," Dr. Margards said pleasantly, "why are you not in school? Did you get special leave?"

It was a joke on the part of the Head, and the short, jolly-looking man with him laughed uproariously at it. But Teddy Burke simply gasped. Nothing that had happened to him so far astounded him so much as this.

"I—I'm very sorry, sir!" he managed to stammer out at last. "But of course, you see, I didn't mean to come so far."

He could think of nothing else to say, and was rather hurt that both Dr. Margards and his companion regarded it as a joke. The short man, in fact, almost had a fit.

"That's good! Ah—aha!" he laughed. "You young rascal! Playing truant—eh? Making me get up early in the morning to take you back to school! What is the country coming to?"

"This is Lord Bassington," the Head explained to Burke, and that simply increased Teddy's wonder. "We decided to come and find you. Darrell is here, too, I hope?"

It was an unpleasant moment for Burke. He had never for one single instant dared to face the thought of telling the Head that Darrell was missing, and now it was forced upon him.

"He—Darrell is not with us, sir," he managed to say at last. "Baron Zelling took him off a week or so ago. They've gone to a place called Windhoek, Mr. Hood says."

### Back to the Moonbeam.

For a short time neither the Head nor Lord Bassington spoke.

Both of them had been overjoyed when they saw Burke, and imagined that the end of their search had come. But Burke's brief information that Darrell was not with them, but was still in the hands of this German baron who was at the root of the whole trouble, came almost as a shock.

"I am very sorry to hear—" Dr. Margards began, when someone burst through the bushes and interrupted him.

"Now then, Burke—Hallo! I beg your pardon, but—This is rather surprising, isn't it?"

Midshipman Dexter stared at Dr. Margards, and then at Lord Bassington. The spectacle of two middle-aged English gentlemen in beautifully-cut yachting attire was something he scarcely expected to meet in this part of the globe.

"You're Mr. Dexter?" Lord Bassington asked. "Captain Brewis mentioned your name. We've come out to chase two youngsters who are absent from school without leave."

He explained who they were, and the meaning of their appearance here. Up to a point it amused Dexter.

"We'll drag our boat up to yours," the midshipman said, "and if you like to ask us to come to breakfast or lunch, we'll be able to tell you everything. There won't be any return invitation, because we've only got about a couple of biscuits for four of us."

"My dear fellow!" Lord Bassington was aghast at the

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very thought of it. "Are you really short of food? Come along at once!"

"I'll call Hood," Dexter said. "And I've no doubt our man Walters would put aside his shyness and come, too!"

So it came about that in a very short time Walters and Kirk had arranged a picnic meal from the store of the pinnace. A first-rate breakfast it was, and the launch-party did full justice to it.

Over the meal full explanations were made by both parties.

"I'm sorry about Darrell," Dr. Margards said presently. "Burke tells me you have some hope of getting to him. Is that correct?"

Derwent Hood smiled a little as he caught Teddy Burke's eye.

"I've told Burke that I don't go back to London until Darrell is with me," he answered decisively. "And Burke assured me that he wouldn't dare to meet you again unless Darrell was there to support him. So by hook or by crook we are still determined to follow in his trail. You are still keen on coming, Burke?"

"Yes!" Burke answered promptly, and turned to Dr. Margards. "After all that has happened, sir, you'll let me try and find Darrell with Mr. Hood?"

"Good lad!" cried Lord Bassington. But the Head seemed to be doubtful.

"Look here!" said Hood quickly. "You are not in a great hurry to get back to England, Lord Bassington? Why not run us down to Walfisch Bay after we have handed in our report to the Chatswood? We can find out there exactly what is happening at Windhoek and make our plans there."

"I'm quite agreeable," Lord Bassington answered.

"Supposing we get back to your yacht, and then to the Chatswood?" Dexter put in. "You can talk over the plans then."

His suggestion was carried, and half an hour later the steam pinnace was panting along down the river, with the launch towing behind her.

The heat of the day demanded but a very short halt this time. They were anxious to get back to the Moonbeam that night if possible.

It was long after dark when their purpose was accomplished, but Lord Bassington was glad to find when they did reach the yacht that she had been moved off the sandbank and turned towards the mouth of the river.

"We can't move until the morning," Lord Bassington decided. "But we should see the Chatswood some time to-morrow, and meantime we can have a pleasant night discussing all we might do."

Teddy Burke discovered during the next few hours that Dr. Margards was really quite a decent sort. When he grasped all that the Head had done for Darrell and himself Teddy began to feel a trifle miserable.

He decided to confess all that the Head had not yet heard.

"It was all my fault, sir," he explained. "I told the yarn about Darrell being the Prince of Altenburg. That is, I didn't actually say he was, but I let Mr. Stone guess."

"Mr. Stone?" the Head asked. "What has he to do with this?"

"Listen to this yarn," Derwent Hood whispered to Lord Bassington. "It is really quite good, and if it hadn't been so serious, it would have been amusing."

Burke was explaining exactly how he and Darrell had been caught in the field by the farmer, and the ruse he had hit upon to get out of the difficulty.

When he had told the full story, and Derwent Hood had completed it by connecting Mackay with one of Zelling's hirelings, Dr. Margards turned to Lord Bassington.

"Whose fault do you think it is," he asked. "Mine or Burke's?"

Bassington shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll tell you my own opinion privately some time," he answered. "But if you take it that both of you made a mistake—you in frightening the youngster by the fear of expulsion, and this young scamp by his artfulness—and then decide you've both had to pay pretty heavily for it, I think it could rest there. Anyway, young Burke couldn't possibly have foreseen this trouble. So forgive him this time, Margards."

"Of course!" the Head said. "You need not worry that anything more will be said of that incident, Burke. I shall be only too glad when I get you back to St. Dunstan's safely."

And that relieved Burke's mind considerably. It made something to tell Darrell, too, when at last they found him again.

He whispered this to Hood when at last they were retiring for the night.

"Quite right!" Hood nodded. "Only—we haven't got Darrell yet. Better not get too excited yet, because I've



no doubt Zelling will not be caught very easily. Still, we're going to make a fight for it."

And with that small consolation Burke had to rest content. They were all on deck early in the morning, and the Moonbeam began its short voyage to the mouth of the river as soon as possible.

They reached the open sea without mishap, but there was no sign of the Chatswood.

"I hope to goodness they haven't grown tired of waiting and wandered off," Dexter said, as he scanned the horizon rather anxiously.

But his anxiety was not of long duration. Towards evening the battleship was observed coming almost directly towards them. Soon after darkness set in the yacht was almost within hailing distance.

With that touch of obstinacy which was characteristic of him, Dexter refused to go over in the pinnace. Instead, he and Walters climbed down into the damaged motor-launch and rowed across with the Kielberg oars as their trophies. Dexter was in with his chief for some time, and when he came out there was a pleased look on his face.

Derwent Hood and Lord Bassington also came over to the Chatswood. The Secret Service man quickly explained his own position.

"It has been a success, I think, from your point of view," he told his friend Brewis. But I am still in almost the same position. We've got one youngster, but he isn't the important one. So I am going with Lord Bassington down to Walfisch Bay, from where we hope in some way to get into Windhoek, or find out where Zelling is."

"You've heard the news?" Captain Brewis asked quickly. "Botha has taken the whole of German South-West Africa, and Windhoek is occupied by our South African troops. You won't have much difficulty over the job now."

Hood almost cried aloud with joy.

"I never guessed they'd do it so quickly," he said. "Great Scott! Zelling will be a prisoner, and young Darrell's as safe as houses, unless—"

He broke off abruptly, and the joy went suddenly from his face.

"Unless what?" Both Bassington and the commander asked the question simultaneously.

"I was overlooking Zelling's capacity, as usual," Hood answered. "Even if he were in the place when the surrender took place, he'd find some way of getting out. My fault all along has been in giving Zelling credit for less cunning than he really possesses. If I may suggest it, Lord Bassington, the sooner we begin on the next stage, the more hope there will be."

"Right!" the peer answered. "We'll get back at once!"

Derwent Hood, however, spared just a few moments to hunt out Grenville Dexter, and bid him good-bye!

"And don't forget," he said, "that the dinner still holds good. You're bound to be back in London one day—and I hope we shall celebrate the complete success of both our ventures."

"I hope so, too!" laughed Dexter. "But we are really only at the beginning of the end, as it were. The stiffest bit is still before us."

"And I'm afraid I can only say the same," Hood answered. "Still, we shall stick to it! Good-bye, Dexter!"

"Good-bye, Hood!" the midshipman responded, as they gripped hands. "And remember me very kindly to young Darrell when you do come up with him. He's a plucky youngster!"

"And he'll probably have had full need of it this past week," Hood said. "Good-bye—and good luck!"

A few minutes later Dexter stood watching a little dark patch bobbing over the waves towards the brightly-lighted yacht.

He turned away at last, and as he went to his quarters there was a curious look in his eyes.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if that dinner ever will come off? It would be fine for all of us to meet again! But Hood is up against a stiff proposition in old Zelling!"

### A Sudden Halt!

"The British force is here!"

As the messenger repeated the words, everyone turned by common assent to watch for some sign from the governor.

Jack Darrell, who stood near him, saw him glance quickly and sharply at Zelling, who had not by any means overcome his passion yet.

Now the baron began to pace up and down as though to find some outlet for his anger. Darrell guessed that whatever the governor did, there would be another outburst from Zelling presently.

But the message which had been flung so unceremoniously among them brought a new hope to Jack. If only he could see even one trooper, and tell him his story, he would easily get free from Zelling.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 405.

NEXT  
MONDAY—

"THE CONJURER'S CAPTURE!"

EVERY  
MONDAY

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ONE  
PENNY.

There was a clatter of hoofs, and through the window Jack saw two men in uniform gallop up and spring from their saddles. A minute or two later they were ushered into the room, a servant-sentry announcing them with considerable dignity. All that Jack Darrell grasped, however, was that they came from General Botha, and desired to have a word with his Excellency the Governor.

The room was quickly cleared, and in the general excitement, Jack got outside with the rest of them. Slipping round to the window, he saw that Zelling was still arguing with the governor, while the two British soldiers, officers apparently, waited impatiently for the answer to the message they had brought.

At last the governor turned away and sat down at his writing-table. He wrote quickly for a few moments, sealed the letter, and handed it to one of the British officers. The latter saluted, turned sharply, and left the room.

Then the governor faced Zelling again. There were other men in the room, and he had no longer any fear of the baron, who had quietened down considerably in the last five minutes.

Jack had been thinking of his own position, and a sudden inspiration came to him. As the two officers came out, he ran towards them, and just as they were mounting their horses he called out.

"I say, I wish you could give me a lift," he begged. "Have you very far to go? I want to get away from here pretty quickly."

"Good heavens!" Both officers stared at Jack in wonder. "Where do you come from? Are you British?"

"Every bit of me!" Jack answered. "I've been kidnapped or stolen, and brought from England here by that chap Zelling. I'll tell you the whole yarn if you'll let me get up. I've had a rotten time, and I'd be glad to get among some Britishers again!"

"I don't know!" The first officer was puzzled, for their mission was an important and delicate one, and they had really no wish to add to their burdens. "But if you're British—all right! You'll not have a comfortable seat, but hop up! We'll take you, and then you can explain."

Jack had put his foot in the stirrup almost before the man had finished speaking. The officer mounted behind him and touched his horse.

They were off! A thrill of joy passed through Jack as he realised that he was getting away from Zelling almost under his very eyes.

But his joy was short-lived. There came a sudden shouting, and the officers reined up once more.

To Jack's utter disgust, Zelling himself came running up, accompanied by two of the governor's officers. They called on the Britishers to put the boy down.

"Don't!" begged Jack. "Take no notice of them! Do give me a chance!"

Baron Zelling was laying down the law in his own violent way, and, to Jack's sorrow, both his protectors paid the greatest attention.

"You must get down, youngster," the officer told him. "I'm sorry, but it would be a very serious matter for us if we disobeyed. But we shall be back shortly, and then you'll be all right! Stick it for another day or so!"

Very reluctantly Jack got down from the horse, realising that no argument would have any weight. He waved his hand to the two officers as they cantered away, and then turned to face Zelling.

Hitherto the baron had treated Jack fairly decently, and beyond a certain amount of sarcasm, Zelling had always been most polite and careful.

Now, apparently, he had grown tired of that method, and he had seized Jack and was forcing him along back to the house at a fairly rapid rate.

"You young fool!" he cried. "Haven't I had enough trouble to get you here, without beginning your tricks again? You are going to do as I tell you in future!"

"Am I?" Jack returned. "And what will the British forces have to say? I think it will be your turn to do what you are told, baron."

Beyond giving his arm an extra twist, Zelling made no answer. Into the house they went, and down one of the corridors, till they came to a room almost at the end.

They entered this, and Jack found that it was simply a very plainly-furnished bed-room. The two men, one of whom was the naval officer from the Kielberg, also came into the apartment and seated themselves on the bed.

There was a long discussion, and apparently there was some little difficulty in coming to an agreement. Darrell caught the names of places which he vaguely remembered hearing before, and he went over to the map which hung on the wall and examined it.



Swakopmund and Walfisch Bay recurred time after time, and Darrell carefully noted where they lay. It might be useful later on.

At last the three came to a definite decision. Zelling rose, and touched Jack on the shoulder.

"Prince," he said, in a more pleasant voice, "I hope you will settle your mind to the fact that we are going on another dangerous journey. I want to make it as comfortable as possible for you, and will do so if you will give me your word not to try any more of your childish tricks. Otherwise—"

He shrugged his shoulders, and Darrell knew what it meant. Unless he gave the required promise, this next journey would be an uncomfortable one for him.

For a time he made no answer, and Zelling grew impatient.

"Come, Prince!" he demanded. "I want your word that you do exactly as I tell you in the next forty-eight hours. Promise me that."

Jack looked him straight in the face, and shook his head decidedly.

"I shall make no promise," he answered. "You haven't treated me fairly, and I'm not going to start obeying your orders now."

"Very good," Zelling sneered, and turned abruptly to his two companions. He gave an order to the new man who had thrown in his lot with the baron.

Whatever the man's business in life was, he appeared to be well provided for an emergency of this kind. Almost before Jack grasped what was happening, he found that a handcuff had been slipped on his right wrist, while its fellow had been fastened on the man's left wrist.

"That will make it a little more difficult for you," Zelling remarked. "I am sorry, Prince, but you alone are to blame."

Jack said nothing, but the rest of that day was just about as miserable as it could be. He was dragged about by his companion, and every time they moved, the man gave his wrist a quick jerk which hurt most unpleasantly. The man apparently did not speak English, and all Jack's protests were wasted.

Just before darkness came, Zelling and his naval companion came hurriedly into the room, and once again Jack Darrell felt the unpleasant jerk as they hastened out.

They did not go to the front entrance, but went into a courtyard at the back, where a car was waiting for them. A few moments later they were all inside, and the car slowly moved off.

It ran very slowly and quietly, and even when it was dark no lamps were lighted. Nor did Zelling and his companions talk much. Instead, they peered into the darkness, as though afraid someone would call upon them to stop.

"Well, Prince," Zelling said to Jack at last, "I think we are clear once again. And now—I shall fulfil my promise to you, after all. We shall be safely in Germany in a few weeks' time. Then—"

They were running over a rough bridge at the time, and Jack fancied he saw a light, similar to those he had seen on a railway signal, a little way down on his right. And suddenly another voice broke in upon the baron's:

"Halt! Who's there?"

It was a command, and the abruptness of it startled the driver. He jammed his brakes on sharply, and the car came to a dead standstill.

Zelling sprang to his feet, and, leaning over to the driver, hissed out a command to him to go at full speed.

The car started forward again, and the report of a rifle rang out.

On the car went for twenty yards or so. A regular hail of bullets struck them, and there was a sound of a tyre exploding, followed by a crash of glass.

The car swerved, then came to a standstill with a terrific bang. Jack was flung forward, and his arm was almost jerked from its socket. The only consolation he had was that his companion, who was so firmly attached to him, would probably suffer as much.

The fall stunned him for a moment, and when he came round he could faintly discern three or four men, in some rough uniform, occupied in making Zelling, the naval man, and the driver all prisoners.

"There's two more of 'em here, Jack!" one of them called. "They're handcuffed already. Bring 'em along!"

They were marched under this armed escort to a little hut, in which two or three candles were burning on a table, at which sat another man.

"What is it?" the man at the table asked. "Who are they? What's the game, anyway?"

"Don't know, sergeant," was the answer. "But they wouldn't halt, so we just knocked their car about a bit. This chap pretends he's hurt, and he's going to have us all shot for this."

"This chap" was Baron Zelling, and he was looking a sorry wreck at present.

"Who are you? What's your business?" demanded the sergeant.

For a moment Zelling did not answer. He appeared to be struggling to restrain the anger that raged within him.

"I am on an important mission," he said at last, very slowly. "General Botha, who is now at Windhoek, desires it to be carried out at once. That is why we are motoring all night. You will pay dearly for this interference."

"I dare say," said the sergeant cheerfully. "Show us your pass, and then we'll talk."

The sergeant was looking at Jack, and now turned to him quickly.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Why are those things on?"

"I wish you would undo them," Jack answered cheerfully. "They're afraid I'm going to run away. My name's Darrell, and that man is Baron Zelling—a beastly German spy."

"Is he, by Jove!" the sergeant cried. "We've got a short way with spies round these parts."

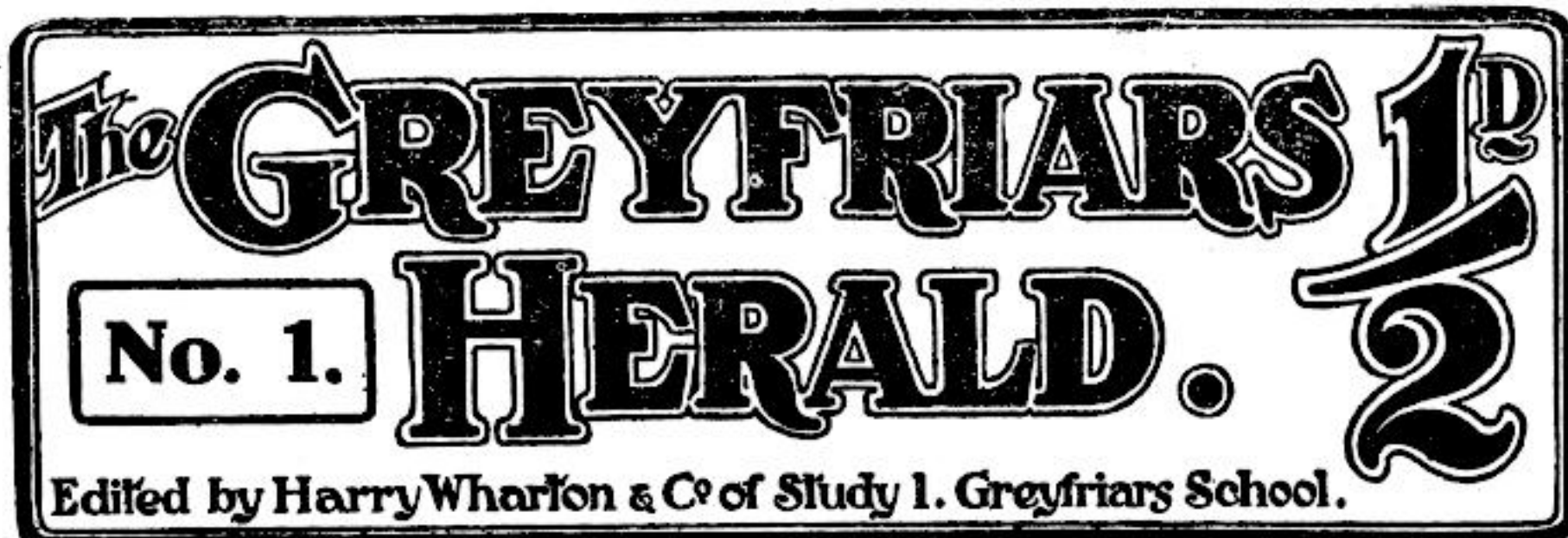
He rose, and stepped right up to the baron.

"Now then, sir, where's your pass?" he demanded sharply.

"Quick! We haven't much time to waste on jobs of this kind here!"

(Look out for next Monday's instalment of this exciting yarn. Order your "MAGNET" early!)

# No. 1 OUT NEXT MONDAY!



## YOU MUST ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY!



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For Next Monday:

## "THE CONJURER'S CAPTURE!"

By Frank Richards.

of London, and is obtainable from any bookseller in the country.

## ASTOUNDING!

The following letter demonstrates some coincidences which are indeed remarkable:

"Royal Garrison Artillery.

"Dear Editor,—It is an extraordinary fact, but my name happens to be Lawrence Lascelles. I am a lieutenant in the British Army, and have a sister who is crippled. In my company are two Wingates, a Lieutenant Courtney, several Private Greenes, a Corporal Nugent, and also a Sergeant Herbert Vernon-Smith. My chum, Eric Courtney, was the first to mention the matter to me. He asked if I had suddenly walked out of the 'Magnet.'

"We are home on short leave from the trenches, where your papers are at the zenith of popularity; and the men are eagerly awaiting the first number of 'The Greyfriars Herald.'

"With best wishes for your lasting success, yours loyally,

"LAWRENCE LASCELLES (2nd Lieutenant)."

## ANOTHER THREEPENNY BOOK BY FRANK RICHARDS.

### The Great Secret Unveiled at Last!

Many of my chums were, doubtless, successful in solving the jig-saw puzzle, part of which appeared in this paper a short time ago. The full solution was as follows:

THE GREAT SECRET! THERE IS GOING TO BE A "BOYS' FRIEND" THREEPENNY LIBRARY PUBLISHED ON DECEMBER 3RD. IT WILL BE ENTITLED "SCHOOL AND SPORT," AND WILL DEAL WITH THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY WHARTON & CO., TOM MERRY & CO., JIMMY SILVER & CO., GORDON GAY & CO., AND FRANK COURTENAY & CO. WRITTEN BY FRANK RICHARDS. A STUPENDOUS SENSATION!

When one recalls the marvellous popularity of the last threepenny-book story, "The Boy Without a Name," it seems superfluous to make an appeal to readers of the "Magnet" Library to purchase the forthcoming production. I feel absolutely confident in my own mind that

## "SCHOOL AND SPORT!"

By Frank Richards,

will sell out in record time.

"The Boy Without a Name" somewhat confined itself to Highcliffe. "School and Sport," on the other hand, will prominently feature all the famous Greyfriars characters, besides introducing the heroes of the other-celebrated schools in the neighbourhood.

Although it is somewhat early in the day to talk of such matters, I want all my chums to hold themselves in readiness, and pay Frank Richards the finest tribute he can possibly be paid by seeing that "School and Sport" is bought and read in every home in the kingdom!

## A BOOK WORTH READING.

The author of one of our recent serial stories, "Driven to Sea," has lately achieved distinction in another direction. The wonderful new book,

## "ON LAND AND SEA AT THE DARDANELLES!"

A splendid, complete story of adventure, by T. C. Bridges, which is on sale everywhere, is well worth the attention of all who are interested in the present crisis.

The book is published at half-a-crown, by Messrs. Collins,



## SOUTHSEA SPORTSMEN!

W. E. Rickman, of Southsea, is one of the staunchest readers the "Magnet" Library possesses. A month or two ago A. W. Smith, who is one of his rivals and chums, spoke harshly of this paper, because the Editor's photograph suddenly disappeared from the Chat page.

Apparently, Master Smith considered that I took it out through fear of being classed as a slacker.

However, I wrote to my chum, W. E. Rickman, explaining to him the real reason of the non-appearance of the photograph—a reason, by the way, over which I had no control—and he passed on my letter to his indignant rival, A. W. Smith. The latter accepted my explanation, and decided that his conduct had not been what it should be, for he penned the following letter to his friend:

"Railway View, Southsea.

"Dear W.,—I am writing to ask you if you will tender my humble apologies to the Editor of the 'Magnet' Library for my conduct on the subject of his enlistment. I did not think of his photo being taken away because of the reason stated; and also, I did not care what I said, so long as I ran down the book.

"But now I have finished with that escapade, and can only say how sorry I am for it. When you write to the Editor, please ask him to publish this apology in his Chat page, so that everyone who heard me revile the paper can see that I have changed for the better.

"The only way in which I can atone for the wrong I have done is to buy the companion papers, and advertise them as much as possible. This I will do, and try to be as faithful a Magnetite as you are.—Yours truly,

"A. W. SMITH (Fellow-Magnetite)."

I cheerfully accept Master Smith's apology. He was under a misapprehension about the photograph, and I admire him for making a clean breast of his folly. I have swarms of loyal readers in Southsea, and it is gratifying to know that all of them are true blue to the old paper. It was through the strenuous, whole-hearted endeavours of such boys as W. E. Rickman and A. W. Smith that the "Magnet" Library was built up; and with such energetic champions at my right hand I feel sure that this journal will become still more widely known than it is at present, and that its circulation will wax rather than wane with advancing years.

YOUR EDITOR.

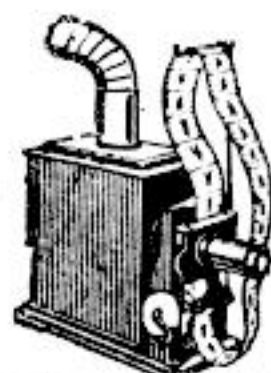
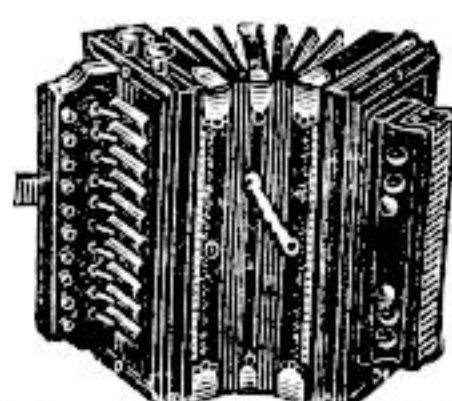


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