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No. 2.
Edited by Harry Wharton & Co of St. Mary I. Greyfriars School.

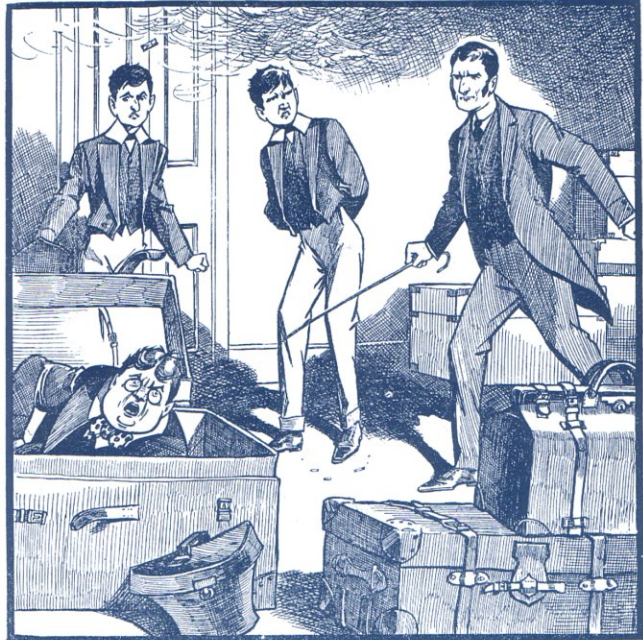
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No. 467. Vol. 9. November 27th, 1915.



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

By FRANK RICHARDS.



The fat fraulein smiled an expansive smile as a crowd of juniors raised their caps. "Good-afternoon, ma'am! Have you called to see Mr. Queich?" "Ja wohl, it is Mr. Queich tat I gum to see." "Bravo!" chortled Snoop. (See Chapter 9.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Caught in the Act!

MR. Queich sniffed.
 It was a prolonged and emphatic sniff.
 He sniffed, not once, but twice, thrice, and
 even four times. It seemed as if he could not
 believe the evidence of his nose.

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Then he ejaculated:
 "Bless my soul!"

Mr. Queich, the master of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, had come upstairs, and he had paused on the landing outside the top box-room. It was a very unfrequented spot, and a master did not come that way once in a whole term.

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November 27th, 1915.

It was for that reason that Skinner & Co., the bold blades of the Remove, chose the top box-room for their favourite resort.

In the box-room Skinner & Co. were going strong. Skinner and Snoop and Stott and Billy Bunter were seated on empty boxes, smoking cigarettes, and keeping up, with some effort, an appearance of enjoying it. 'The atmosphere of the box-room was quite hazy with smoke.'

Outside the room the Remove-master was sniffing. The growl of a lion outside would hardly have alarmed the bold blades more than their Form-master's sniff, if they had heard it. But they did not hear it.

Billy Bunter, who was indulging in a cigarette after a copious meal of jam-tarts and ginger-pop, was beginning to feel queer. His complexion was assuming extraordinary hues, rivaling the rainbow in all its glory. Skinner and Snoop and Stott were passing pleasant remarks to him on the subject. Skinner asked him whether he would like some cod-liver oil; Snoop inquired whether his taste lay in the direction of rich bacon fat. At those heartless questions Billy Bunter felt his inward trouble increase. His own remarks were confined to "Grooh!" and "Ooo-er!"

The alarming sniff outside the door passed unheard and unheeded. Mr. Quelch's brow assumed an aspect of thunder. The scent of tobacco from the box-room was quite perceptible, and the Remove-master, who did not know Skinner & Co. so well as their Form-fellows knew them, was astounded.

"Smoking!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "Someone is smoking!"

Having recovered from his astonishment, Mr. Quelch strode across the landing to the box-room door, and grasped the handle and turned it, striding on as he did so, his intention being to hurl the door open and appear before the delinquents in dramatic majesty.

Unfortunately for his intention, the door was locked on the inside. It did not move.

The result was that Mr. Quelch fairly crashed on the door, and his somewhat prominent, thin nose came into violent contact with it.

"Yarook!"

That wild yell rang through the box-room and down the stairs as Mr. Quelch staggered back from the shock, clapping his injured nose with both hands.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear! My nose! Oh, my nose!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "Oh! Ah! Ow! Yah! Woooo!"

There was a sound of the hasty moving of feet in the box-room. The smokers had heard their Form-master's voice, and they jumped up, almost frozen with terror.

"Quelch!" panted Skinner.

"Caught!" stuttered Snoop.

"Nailed!" gasped Stott.

"Grooooh!" said Billy Bunter. "Woooooh! I feel s-s-sick!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Mr. Quelch was hammering at the door with one hand, and holding his nose with the other. Seldom, or never, had the master of the Remove been so angry.

"Open this door at once!" he shouted. "How dare you lock the door! How dare you, I say! Open the door!" Skinner's knees knocked together.

"Open the d-d-door, Snoopey!" he stuttered.

"You open it!" gasped Snoop.

"K-k-keep him out!" mumbled Stott.

Bang! Bang!

Billy Bunter dived into a big empty trunk, and drew the lid down over himself. There was just room for Billy Bunter's fat person in the big trunk, but it creaked as he squeezed himself in.

"I—I say, you fellows, don't you give me away!" whispered Bunter.

Bang! Bang!

"Will you unlock this door?" shouted Mr. Quelch.

Skinner & Co. stared at one another in dire terror, but it was impossible to disregard their Form-master. Mr. Quelch was not likely to go away and give them a chance to bolt.

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Snoop backed behind the box in the corner. Stott scuttled into a cupboard in another corner, and shut the door after him.

"Let him in, Skinner," he said, in a shrill whisper. "Keep us dark, old chap. You brought us here, you know."

Harold Skinner snorted angrily. He had not the slightest desire to bear the brunt of the Form-master's anger, while his comrades remained in hiding.

Bang! Bang!

"Will you admit me?" roared Mr. Quelch. "Do not think I shall go away. Unless you open the door immediately, I shall call in Gosling to force the lock! Cherry!"

Mr. Quelch shouted to a junior in the lower passage. Bob Cherry came to the stairs in surprise.

"Yes, sir. Anything wrong, sir?"

"Tell Gosling to come here immediately, with his tools."

Skinner heard the order given, and quaked. He hastily crossed to the door of the box-room and unlocked it. There was no chance of escape, and he realised that the less trouble he gave Mr. Quelch the better.

The door opened. Mr. Quelch gave a start.

"Ah! Cherry, you need not fetch Gosling."

"Very well, sir."

Mr. Quelch strode into the box-room. His face was almost crimson with anger, and his nose was quite crimson from the shock it had received.

"Ah, it is you, Skinner!" he thundered.

"Yes, sir," said Skinner meekly.

Mr. Quelch glanced at the cigarette-ends on the floor, and the burnt matches and the ash. He fixed a terrifying look upon Skinner's sickly face.

"You have been smoking, Skinner?"

"Smoking, sir!" exclaimed Skinner. "Oh, no, sir! I never smoke, sir! I'm afraid it would make me sick."

"What! The air is still quite thick with smoke!"

"So it was when I came in, sir," said Skinner, with a sinking heart, but a glib tongue. "Some reckless fellows have been smoking here, sir. I—I came in and found the box-room just as it is, sir, a few minutes ago."

Mr. Quelch's steely eyes seemed to penetrate Skinner like a pair of gimlets.

"If that is the case, Skinner, why did you lock the door?"

"I—I saw you coming, sir, and—and I feared you might misjudge me, so—so I locked the door," said Skinner. "I—I hoped you would pass on, sir. I realise that appearances are against me."

"Appearances are certainly against you, Skinner. Why did you not open the door at once when I ordered you to do so?"

"I—I was so startled, sir. I—I was scared, sir. I was afraid you were angry, and—and appearances being against me—"

"You are speaking falsely, Skinner!"

"Oh, sir!"

"You have been indulging in a disgusting orgy of smoking sufficient to impair your health very seriously—"

"If—if you please, sir," murmured Skinner, "you can see that a lot of fellows have been smoking here, and I—I am alone, sir. They scuttled out when they heard me coming, sir. That's how it was."

Mr. Quelch's expression changed a little. He glanced round the box-room, but there was no sign to be seen of Skinner's comrades. Had he misjudged the junior, after all? Skinner's story was a little steep, certainly, but it was possibly true. Mr. Quelch was very angry, but he did not desire to be unjust.

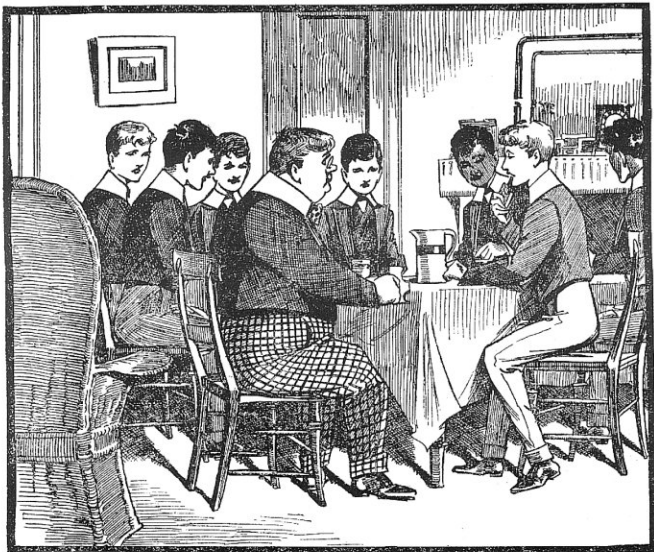
As he paused there came a weird sound from a big trunk close at hand:

"Grooooh! Gurgie! Gurgie! Grooooh!"

Billy Bunter was in difficulties. He had held out heroically, but the jam-tarts and the ginger-pop, stirred by the cigarettes, were on fighting terms within him, and he had had to give in at last.

"Gerrooh! Grooooh! Groooop!"

Skinner gritted his teeth. Mr. Quelch spun round to the big trunk, and threw back the lid.



Bab Cherry brought out an ancient half of a loaf and a jug of water, and sliced up the bread and handed it round on plates. Bunter's face was a study. "I-I say, I thought—I-I mean, is that all you've got for tea?" he stuttered. (See Chapter 3.)

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Painful Example!

"BUNTER!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Grooogh!"

"What are you doing there, Bunter?"

"Gurrigg!"

Billy Bunter crouched in the big trunk, the picture of misery. His fat face was the colour of paste, and his round eyes looked hollow behind his glasses. He was breathing stertorously.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the Form-master. "You have made yourself ill, you foolish, reckless boy. Get out of that trunk at once!"

"Yooooogh!"

"Do you hear me, Bunter?"

"Ooo-er!" said the unhappy Owl of the Remove.

"Skinner, help Bunter out of that trunk at once!"

"Ye-ce-s, sir," mumbled Skinner.

Skinner would have preferred to have bumped the lid down on Bunter, and lock it. But for the Owl's unfortunate paroxysms of misery, he might have escaped from the scrape. Bunter had given the show away with a vengeance.

He grasped the Owl of the Remove, and dragged at him not with gentle hands. Bunter was so tightly jammed in the trunk that he did not come out easily; but Skinner had a good grip upon his collar and one ear, and he

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put all his beef into it. There was a succession of yells from the unfortunate Bunter.

"Yaroo! Help! Leggo my ear! Oh, you beast! Stoppit! Yarooop!"

"Skinner——"

"It's all right, sir, he's coming," panted Skinner.

He came out of the trunk like a cork from a bottle. He flung his arms wildly round Skinner, and they came to the floor with a crash.

"Oh!" roared Skinner.

"Whoooop!" spluttered Bunter.

Mr. Quelch was about to speak, when he heard a stealthy footstep behind him. He swung round, and Snoop, who was stealing to the door on tiptoe, halted, transfixed.

"Remain where you are, Snoop!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Ye-es, sir!" stuttered Snoop.

"I will now see whether any other young rascals are concealed here!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. He peered among the boxes, and threw open the door of the cupboard. Then he smiled grimly.

"You may come out of that cupboard, Stott."

Stott, crimson, crawled out of the cupboard.

"So that is all!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "There are four of you. Skinner, you stated that you came here

alone. You are convicted of a falsehood, Skinner. All of you have been smoking."

"Nunno, sir!" stammered Bunter. "Not me, sir."

"You should say 'Not I,' Bunter."

"Yes, sir—not you, either, sir. I know you don't smoke, sir."

"Don't misunderstand me, Bunter! You said 'Not me'."

"Oh, no, sir! I said 'Not me.' I wasn't speaking of you, sir."

"You are an incorrigibly stupid boy, Bunter!" exclaimed the exasperated Form-master.

"T-t-thank you, sir."

"You will all follow me," said Mr. Quelch. "I shall make an example of you. You, I believe, are the ringleader, Skinner. Your punishment will be especially severe. Follow me!"

The Form-master strode out, and the wretched blades of the Remove followed him. Down the stairs Mr. Quelch swept, with rustling gown, the quartette sneaking after him and along the Remove passage. Most of the Remove fellows were there, attracted by the news that Quelch was on the war-path. They grinned at the sight of the bold blades, who did not look very bold now. Billy Bunter was bent almost double, struggling with his internal spasms.

"Wharton!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"Kindly call the Remove together in the Form-room, to witness the administration of punishment."

"Oh! Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch swept on, with his doleful following. Wharton, the captain of the Remove, proceeded to call the Form together.

The Remove fellows assembled in their Form-room. Some of them were looking a little nervous, especially Bolsover major and Fisher T. Fish, who sometimes shared in Skinner's escapades. They congratulated themselves, however, upon not having joined the little party in the box-room on that occasion.

Skinner and Stott and Snoop and Bunter stood in a dismal group before the assembled Form. Mr. Quelch had taken up his stoutest cane. His brow was thunderous.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "I have discovered these four members of my Form breaking one of the strictest rules of the school. Young as you are, you are old enough to know that smoking is extremely deleterious to the health of a growing lad. For that reason it is forbidden. I find that this pernicious habit has gained ground in my Form. I am determined to stamp it out. Whether other boys present are guilty of the same absurd practice I am not aware; but, if so, I trust that the punishment of these culprits will be a warning to them. Skinner, hold out your hand!"

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

Skinner almost doubled up. He had never known before that his Form-master was so athletic. Skinner had meant to take his punishment with grim endurance, and show his Form fellows how he could face the music, as a bold blade should. But those terrific cuts were too much for him, and his yells rang through the Form-room.

"Now, Stott!"

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

Stott's voice was added to Skinner's. The Form-room fairly echoed.

"Don't make that ridiculous noise!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "Now, Snoop!"

"Oh, dear!" groaned Snoop.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

Snoop nearly curled up.

"Bunter!"

"Grooogh!"

"Do you hear me, Bunter? Hold out your hand!"

"Gerrrrrrge!"

"Bunter! Why, you—you revolting boy, you are quite ill! Do not dare to be ill in the Form-room, Bunter! Go at once! Do you hear me? Go!"

Billy Bunter crawled out of the Form-room, gurgling. He was not even glad to escape the punishment. He had no room for gladness of any kind at that terrible moment. He disappeared gurgling.

MR. QUELCH HAD DOWN HIS CANE.

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"Skinner, you will take five hundred lines, in addition, for speaking falsely when I questioned you. You will stay in to-morrow afternoon to write them out. Boys, you may go!"

The Form-master rustled out.

"Well, my hat!" said Bob Cherry, with a whistle. "Talk about a lion in his wrath! Did you ever see Quelch so wrathy?"

"Never," grinned Nugent. "Or hardly ever."

"The esteemed Quelch's wrathfulness was terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The lickfulness was also great. How was the feebleness, my esteemed smoky Skinner?"

"Ow-wow!" moaned Skinner.

"Serve you jolly well right," said Johnny Bull.

"You've been warned often enough that you'd get bowled out some day."

"Yow-wow-ow!"

"Oh, dear!" moaned Snoop. "You silly idiot, Skinner! Catch me coming to your rotten smoking parties again! Oh, scissors! My hands!"

"Oh, the beast! Didn't he lay it on!" mumbled Stott. "It's all Skinner's fault, and that idiot Bunter's! Oh, dear!"

Skinner ground his teeth.

"I'll get even with him somehow!" he mumbled. "You hear me? I'll make Quelch sit up for this somehow!"

"Going to lick him?" grinned Squiff.

"Ha, lia, ha!"

The Remove fellows crowded out, leaving Skinner & Co. moaning over their injuries. Skinner rubbed his hands and gritted his teeth. Snoop and Stott rubbed theirs, and moaned.

"We'll make him sit up for it!" said Skinner.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" groaned Snoop, and he limped out of the Form-room in the last stage of misery.

"Stott, old man, we'll put our heads together over this—"

"We jolly well won't!" growled Stott. "I'm fed up with you, Skinner!" And he followed Snoop.

Harold Skinner was left alone, rubbing his hands, groaning, and thinking over schemes of vengeance.

It was an unhappy ending to the merry little party in the box-room; but perhaps as happy as it deserved.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Feeding Bunter!

"TEA-TIME!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

The Famous Five were busy in No. 1 Study. Squiff and Rake were also there. The seven juniors were busy upon the forthcoming number of the "Greyfriars Herald," the celebrated junior paper, which, according to the Remove, knocked the Sixth Form magazine into a cocked hat.

For a long time there had been no sound, save the scratching of pens, and voices mumbling over rhymes and well-turned sentences.

"Tea-time!" repeated Bob, as the editors and sub-editors of the "Herald" did not seem to hear. Bob Cherry had a healthy appetite, and he never needed telling when a meal-time came round.

"Hold on," said Squiff. "I'm just finishing a ripping poem about Bunter—"

"Finish it after tea, my infant."

"I'm doing my story about St. Jim's," said Wharton.

"Lots of time for that after tea."

"Look here—" began Rake.

"Bow-wow! Clear the table, for goodness' sake. I'll help you."

"Let my manuscripts alone, fathead!" roared Rake.

"My dear chap, your manuscripts will be safe enough on the floor. Nobody's likely to bone them. I'll stick the inkpot on them to keep them from blowing away."

"You silly ass," shrieked Rake. "You're upsetting the ink over my poem."

"My hat, so I am!" said Bob. "Never mind, there's plenty more ink. Ink's cheap, anyway."

The indignant Rake gathered up his precious manuscripts, with a basilisk-like glare at the humorous Bob.

The rest of the authors and poets hastily cleared their papers off the table. Bob Cherry laid the cloth.

"I'm as hungry as a hunter!" he remarked. "Lucky there's a good feed. Hallo hallo, hallo! Come in!"

There was a knock at the door, and Billy Bunter came in. He blinked at the chums of the Remove through his big glasses. He was still looking a little pale.

"I say, you fellows——"

Harry Wharton pointed to the door.

"Buzz off!" he said, tersely.

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"No smoky rotters allowed in a respectable study," said the captain of the Remove. "You contaminate the atmosphere, Bunter. Travel!"

"I say, Harry, old chap——"

"Don't 'Harry, old chap' me, you fat boulder."

"Bob, old man——"

"You cheeky porpoise——"

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, desperately, "you might encourage a chap when he's doing the right thing."

"The which?"

"The right thing," said Bunter. "I—I've thought about it, and I'm done with Skinner. I've chucked it up. You fellows have often given me a lot of good advice about it——"

"We have," said Wharton, suspiciously. "But you've never taken it. What are you getting at, you fat spooner?"

"Oh, really, you know, I—I've made up my mind," said Bunter. "I'm going to take your advice. I say, that beast Toddy has kicked me out of the study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I told him I'd repented, and he said I could go and repent in the passage——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at. I call it brutal. I've come to you fellows. I'm going to take your advice. I'm going to try to model my conduct on yours, Wharton."

"Eh!"

"I'm going to try to play the game, and be a ripping chap like you, Bob."

"Like me?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"And—and to be universally respected like you, Bull." Johnny Bull snorted.

"And—and to become popular like you, Rake."

Rake sniffed.

"And—and to be a nice chap like you, Nugent——"

"Look here," roared Wharton, "what's the little game? What are you laddling out soft sawder for, you fat boulder?"

"I—I mean it, you know. I'm going to take this study as a model. I have refused to go to tea with Skinner."

"Has he asked you?" grinned Nugent.

"Ahem! I decline to know him, now. I'm going to pal with you fellows, instead."

"Are you? By Jove!"

"Yes, really. You've often given me good advice, you know. Now you might encourage a fellow when he's repentant and means to go quite straight."

"Well, my only hat!" said Bob Cherry, in astonishment.

Billy Bunter's fawning flattery astounded the Co. Bunter was not tactful in administering flattery; or perhaps he believed that fellows like it, like pineapple, in chunks.

"I mean it," said Bunter. "I'm in deadly earnest. I've seen the error of my ways."

"Great pip!"

"And, instead of having tea with Skinner, I'm going to have tea with you fellows," added Bunter.

"Oh!"

The juniors understood at last. The Owl of the Remove had spotted a feed, and he intended to be present at it, and to take the lion's share of the good things, as usual. That was the cause of his sudden repentance, and of the "soft sawder" he had administered so liberally.

"Well," said Nugent, with a deep breath, "of all the cheek——"

"Oh, really, Franky——"

"Don't call me 'Franky,' you fat rotter!" yelled Nugent.

"Ahem! Can I do any cooking for you, you chaps?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 407.

EVERY
MONDAY

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

You know I'm a dab at cooking, and as I'm staying to tea——"

"You're not staying to tea, you toad!" roared Wharton. "Help him out with your boot, Bob. You've got the biggest boot."

"Oh, really, Harry——"

"Hold on!" said Bob Cherry, with unaccustomed seriousness. "If Bunter has repented, it's up to us to welcome the reformed prodigal. It's merely a coincidence that Bunter's repentance comes just at tea-time, of course."

"Why, you ass——"

"Bunter wants to pal with this study, and follow our shining example," said Bob. "Bunter is willing to share our frugal fare, and pass by scornfully the festive board in Skinner's study. Bunter must be encouraged. Sit down, Bunter."

"Look here——"

"Shush! Sit down, dear boy."

Billy Bunter smirked and sat down. The juniors glared at Bob Cherry. But for a lurking suspicion that he was only pulling Bunter's leg, they would probably have bumped him on the floor of the study.

"You fellows ready for tea?" asked Bob.

"Yes," growled the juniors.

"You ready, Bunter?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Good! We may as well begin."

Bob opened the cupboard, his chums watching him in silence. He brought out an ancient half of a loaf and a jug of water. Tea-cups were set on the table, and Bob sliced up the bread and handed it round on plates. The juniors, beginning to tumble to Bob's little game, took their stale slices and munched them with a great appearance of cheerfulness.

Bunter's face was a study.

"I—I say, I thought—I—I mean, is that all you've got for tea?" he stuttered.

"There's more to follow," said Bob.

"Oh! All right."

"Finish your bread first. We don't have any waste in this study—not in war-time. Think of the Tommies in the trenches," said Bob, severely. "They don't have nice bread like this, with nice clean water to wash it down."

"Groooh!"

Billy Bunter struggled through his slab of dry bread. Bob Cherry took up the knife.

"More?" he asked.

"Nunno."

"Have as much as you want, Bunter. Nothing mean about this study."

"I—I've had enough," mumbled Bunter. "What's next?"

"Here you are."

Bob Cherry took an onion from the cupboard, and proceeded to cut it into slices. Billy Bunter watched him as if mesmerised.

"I—I say, is—is that all?" he ejaculated.

"I hope you're not going to complain of the fare in this study, Bunter. I don't know what kind of manners you use in No. 7, but we expect politeness from a visitor."

"I—I—I——"

"Will you have some more onion?"

"Nunno."

"Then we'll get on to the next course," said Bob.

Billy Bunter brightened up a little. His little round eyes fairly gleamed through his spectacles as he watched Bob at the cupboard. Bob produced a small piece of cheese on a dish. That piece of cheese had evidently seen better days. Bob placed it on the table with a flourish.

"There you are!" he said. "That's the lot. That's a jolly good cheese, Bunter. Rather small for its age, perhaps, but high-class—very high indeed. Help yourself."

"Do you think I'm going to eat your scraps of waxy old cheese?" yelled Bunter, rising to his feet. "Go and eat coke. If that's your rotten feed, you can keep your rotten feed to yourself. I'm off!"

"But you haven't had any cheese——"

"Rats!" Bunter rolled to the door, and jerked it open. "You mean rotters! If that's the kind of feed you offer a fellow, you won't see me in this study again in a hurry. I can tell you that."

"Hold on, Bunt!" exclaimed Bob anxiously. "Don't go back to the fleshpots of Egypt. Don't wander off to the primrose path of dalliance. Remember you're going to give up your wicked ways and pal with us."

Slam!

William George Bunter was gone.

"What a short-lived friendship!" sighed Bob Cherry. "It seems that Bunt is not going to model himself on this study, after all."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob pitched that whiffy fragment of cheese into the grate.

"Now we'll have tea," he remarked cheerfully.

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

And an ample spread was soon arrayed upon the festive board, and the chums of the Remove proceeded to do full justice to it, without the assistance of William George Bunter.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Looking for a Catpaw!

"KIPPS, old man!" Skinner spoke in such friendly, and, indeed, affectionate, tones that Kipps of the Remove looked at him rather suspiciously. It was the day after the adventure in the box-room. Skinner had recovered from the licking, but he was still feeling as ratty as ever on the subject, and thirsting for vengeance. And he had the happy prospect of occupying that afternoon, a half-holiday, in writing out five hundred lines.

"What's the little game?" asked Kipps.

Skinner looked pained.

It was really hard that he couldn't be friendly to a chap without that chap immediately suspecting that he had an axe to grind.

"You're a jolly clever conjurer, Kippy!" said Skinner.

"I—I've always admired the way you play conjuring tricks. Some of the fellows get their rag out about it, but I've always thought it was doddie clever!"

"Thanks!" said Kipps. "The fact is, I'm rather short of tin. I could manage a tanner, if that's any good."

"You fathead! I'm not asking you to lend me money."

"Not!" said Kipps, in surprise.

"No, you ass!"

"Then what are you buttering me for?"

"Ahem! I was thinking, Kippy, old man, that you could give that beast Quelch a high old time, if you liked, with your awfully clever conjuring tricks. You could put beetles down his back without his knowing it."

"I could," said Kipps, with a nod.

"That would make him sit up," said Skinner eagerly.

"You know how the beast skinned me yesterday, don't you?"

"And I know it served you jolly well right!" said Kipps.

"Ahem! Now, suppose you put beetles down his back somehow—and ants in his gown—"

"Something wrong with your supposer if you suppose that!" yawned Kipps. "Look me in the eye, Skinner."

"Eh! What's the matter with your eye?"

"Nothing. There's no green in it," explained Kipps.

Skinner grunted, and walked away, leaving Kipps grinning. Skinner was looking for a catpaw, but evidently there was "nothing doing" so far as the schoolboy conjurer was concerned. Fisher T. Fish was sunning himself in the quadrangle, and Skinner joined him, with an agreeable smile.

"I've got a ripping idea, Fishy," he remarked. "That beast Quelch ought to be made to sit up, don't you think so?"

"Yep."

"What price filling his slippers with treacle, and putting red ink under the lining in his Sunday topper, Fishy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You think it's a good idea, Fishy?"

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Fisher T. Fish roared.

"A!" he replied. "I guess it's topping! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Some clever chap could sneak into his room and do it," said Skinner. "I'll watch for him, and give a signal when he's at a safe distance, you know. You're the very chap, Fishy! You're awfully cute!"

Fisher T. Fish's merriment suddenly died away.

"I guess I'm cute," he agreed drily—"too jolly cute to pull your chestnuts out of the fire, Skinner. I calculate I'll hold your hat while you go for Quelch, but I ain't going for him myself. Not worth a cent, sir."

"Look here, Fishy, old chap—"

"Oh, come off!" said Fisher T. Fish. And he walked away, whistling, leaving Skinner biting his lip.

Skinner frowned. He was simply full of good ideas that afternoon, if he could only have found some fellow to take the risk of carrying them out for him. He joined Billy Bunter, who was regarding the window of the tuck-shop with a longing eye. The fat junior blinked at him hopefully.

"I say, Skinner, my postal-order hasn't come."

"Not really!" said Skinner. "Time it did, when you've been expecting it for a couple of terms. Don't you think Quelch ought to be made to sit up, Bunt?"

"Yes, rather! He's a beast!"

"You're an awfully clever ventriloquist, Bunter!"

"What-ho!" said Bunter.

"You could play a ventriloquial trick on Quelch as easy as rolling off a form. Suppose you make the Head's voice come from somewhere, and call him names? That would make him jump!"

"And he'd make me jump, too, if he found me out!" said Bunter. "I'm fed-up with Quelch. I decline to take any notice of him. But I'll tell you what I'll do, Skinner."

"Well?" said Skinner.

"If you'll lend me a bob now, I'll let you have two bob out of my postal-order when it comes. I say, Skinner, don't walk off while I'm talking to you! Beast!"

Skinner proceeded to look for Snoop and Stott. He found them in their study. There was a fragrance of cigarette smoke in the air.

"I've got a ripping idea for squaring up with Quelch," announced Skinner.

"Go and boil it!" said Snoop.

"What price dropping a bag of soot on his head from an upper window?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You think it's a good idea?" asked Skinner eagerly.

"Ripping! We'll watch you do it!" grinned Stott.

"Ahem! I was thinking—"

"We'll help you get the bag ready, and watch you from a distance," said Snoop heartily. "It's a topping wheeze!"

Skinner snorted and quitted the study. Really, catpaws seemed to be at a premium. Skinner, somewhat disconsolate at this time, looked into No. 7 Study. Peter Todd was putting on his football boots there, and his gentle Cousin Alonzo was seated by the window, reading the latest report from the mission at the Gooby-Booby Islands.

"Hallo! Ain't you detained?" said Todd, as Skinner came in.

"Yes; I've got to go to the Form-room soon," said Skinner. "Five hundred rotten lines! Isn't Quelch a beast, Toddy?"

"Well, you asked for it, you know."

"My dear Skinner," said the gentle Alonzo, looking up from his pamphlet, "your conduct yesterday was extremely reprehensible. My Uncle Benjamin would have been shocked, not to say disgusted. I should be sincerely delighted, my dear Skinner, if you would reflect upon the error of your ways."

"For goodness' sake, ring off!" said Skinner irritably. "I didn't come here for one of your second-hand sermons. Toddy, old man, you've got a great turn for practical jokes. I've often roared over them."

"Yes; I remember you roared when I put a pinch of powder in your cigarette, and it went off under your nose!" said Peter.

Skinner smiled a sickly smile.

"Of course, I can always take a joke," he said. "I say, Toddy, I've got some fireworks left over from November 5th. What a stunning joke it would be to stick them into Quelch's desk, with a fuse to light when he opened the lid. You could fix that up quite easily. You're an awfully clever chap!"

"Rather too clever to jape Quelch like that," said Peter calmly. "Inquire next door."

Alonzo Todd laid down his pamphlet, and regarded Skinner with a shocked and serious expression.

"My dear Skinner," he said, "if my Uncle Benjamin should have heard that exceedingly disrespectful and reprehensible proposition, I fear to think what he would have thought of it. I must point out—"

But Skinner had departed, slamming the door after him.

The humorist of the Remove went downstairs in a very irritated frame of mind. All his first-rate wheezes were going to waste—all for want of a cat-paw. It really looked as if Skinner's injuries would have to go unavenged, unless Skinner was prepared to take the risk himself. Skinner did not like taking risks.

Harry Wharton & Co. were chatting in the doorway. They were going down to footer practice, and waiting for Toddy and Rake to join them. Skinner came up to the group, feeling that the Famous Five were his last resource.

"You fellows game for a really good jape?" he asked. "Certainly—after the footer," said Bob Cherry. "What is it—another little joke on Coker?"

"Nunno—not Coker this time! It's Quelch!"

"Oh, rats!"

"You know how he treated me yesterday—"

"Serve you right," said Johnny Bull.

"What did the esteemed smoky Skinner expect?" said Harree Singh. "The honourable Quelch only did his painful duty."

"Isn't he a beast?" said Skinner warmly. "I've thought of a thumping good jape! What about putting a cord across his doorway to-night? He would catch his hoofs in it and come a fearful cropper—"

"Let us catch you doing it!" said Harry Wharton.

"You won't catch Skinner doing it!" grinned Nugent.

"He wants Quelch to catch us doing it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—" began Skinner.

"Cave!" murmured Squiff.

Skinner ceased just in time. Mr. Quelch was coming down the passage from his study. He had a sealed envelope in his hand.

"Cherry!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Will you oblige me, Cherry, by cycling down to Friardale, and taking this advertisement to the office of the local paper?" said Mr. Quelch. "It is too late to send it by post for the current number."

Bob Cherry's face fell ever so little. He wanted to go down to the footer. But the request of a Form-master amounted to a command.

"Certainly, sir!" said Bob, as cheerfully as he could.

"Thank you very much, Cherry!"

Mr. Quelch handed the envelope to Bob, and returned to his study. Peter Todd and Rake joined the juniors.

"Ready," said Todd. "Come on!"

The juniors went down the School House steps; Skinner followed them with a peculiar gleam in his eyes.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Slight Alteration!

"W H E R E F O R E that worried brow, Robert?"

asked Peter Todd.

Bob Cherry grunted.

"I've got to buzz down to the 'Gazette' office with this blessed advertisement for Quelch! The footer will have to go."

"Get another chap to take it."

"Well, Quelch asked me—"

"I suppose he won't mind if another chap takes it," said Wharton. "Bunter could do it—he's only mooching about. Here, Bunter!"

The captain of the Remove clapped William George on the shoulder.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 407.

NO. 2 "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," 1⁰0.

EVERY
MONDAY

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"Yow!" said Bunter.

"Will you buzz down to Friardale—"

"After the way you treated me in the study yesterday, Wharton, I'm surprised at your asking favours of me! I decline to have anything to do with you," said Billy Bunter loftily.

"You fat slacker—"

Bunter sniffed, and rolled away. He wasn't in the least inclined to exert himself by going down to Friardale to oblige anybody.

"I'll take it if you like," said Skinner.

"Good man!" said Bob gratefully. "But you're detained, though."

"That's all right—I can do it pretty quick on a bike and get back," said Skinner. "I needn't go into the Form-room till two."

"Thanks, awfully!" said Bob; and he passed Mr. Quelch's envelope to Skinner, and with a brightened countenance walked down to the football ground with his chums.

Skinner looked after them with a grin.

Bob Cherry supposed that Skinner would go for his bike at once. Skinner did nothing of the sort. He slipped back into the School House and hurried up to his study.

Vernon-Smith, his study-mate, was with the footballers, and Skinner had the study to himself. He locked the door, lighted the spirit-stove, and jammed the kettle on it. In a few minutes steam was pouring from the spout of the kettle, and Skinner held the envelope over the vapour.

The flap opened easily in another minute.

With perfect coolness, Skinner drew the enclosure from the envelope. The humorist of the Remove was not troubled by any scruples upon such matters. Skinner was blessed with a much-enduring conscience.

He unfolded the letter, and read it. It ran:

"Please insert the enclosed advertisement in this week's 'Gazette.' I enclose stamps.—Yours truly,
"HENRY QUELCH."

The enclosed advertisement was typewritten. It was as follows:

"WANTED.—A temporary stableman to replace man enlisting. No one suitable for the Army need apply! Apply personally to Henry Quelch, School House, Greyfriars."

Skinner grinned.

He had guessed that it was something of the sort, as he was aware that one of the Head's employees had decided at last to go into khaki.

Skinner was thinking.

The idea had come into his head at once to make some alteration in Mr. Quelch's advertisement in order to jape the Remove-master.

Exactly what alteration he should make was what he was thinking out now.

He took up an old copy of the "Friardale Gazette," and glanced over the advertisement columns.

"Lemme see!" murmured Skinner. "Suppose I make him advertise for housemaids—that would be a giddy surprise for him when they came. Or for second-hand clothes! Ha, ha, ha!" Skinner chuckled gleefully at that idea. "Hallo! What's this?"

Skinner's eye fell upon the heading of one of the advertisement columns.

"OUR MATRIMONIAL COLUMN!"

Skinner burst into a roar.

He had noticed that column before in the local paper—a "feature" imitated by the enterprising publisher from certain London papers. There were always half-a-dozen advertisements under that heading—young, beautiful, and rich ladies who wanted to meet their affinity, and young, handsome, and wealthy bachelors who were looking for a life-partner through the medium of a matrimonial column.

Skinner looked down those precious advertisements and yelled.

OUT TO-DAY! BETTER THAN NO. 1.

"Oh, my hat! What a surprise for Quelch! Ha, ha, ha!"

He sat down at the table, and with a pen and a sheet of impud paper proceeded to draw up an advertisement couched in similar terms to those appearing in the paper. When he was satisfied with it, he slipped it into his pocket and quitted the study. It was high time for him to be in the Form-room—he knew that Mr. Quelch was going out that afternoon, and would probably glance into the Form-room before he went, to see that he was doing his detention task.

Skinner sat down at his desk in the Remove-room and began to write. About half an hour later Mr. Quelch, with his coat on, looked in.

"Ah, I see you are at work, Skinner!"

"Yes, sir," said Skinner meekly.

"You will remain here until you have written out five hundred lines, Skinner."

"Very well, sir."

Mr. Quelch departed.

Skinner bounded to the window and watched the quadrangle. In a few minutes he saw the Form-master walking across to the gates.

The coast was clear.

Skinner hurried out of the Form-room and to Mr. Quelch's study. On the typing-desk stood Mr. Quelch's typewriter with the cover on. Skinner took another look from the window to make quite sure. Mr. Quelch had disappeared. Then he whisked off the cover of the typewriter and sat down to the machine.

Click, click, click went the typewriter merrily.

Skinner had copied out his new advertisement in a few minutes. When it was finished, he drew it from the machine and read it over, grinning. It was an advertisement which would have surprised Mr. Quelch if he had seen it. For it ran:

"Lonely Form-master in a public school desires to meet a kindred soul. Good salary and prospects; pleasing personal appearance; affectionate disposition. Acquaintance with a view to marriage. Personal interview essential; no letters. Brunette preferred, not over forty-five years of age. No objection to a widow. Advertiser can receive visit from prospective fiancée—strict privacy—any Wednesday or Saturday afternoon.—Henry Quelch, School House, Greysfriars."

If Henry Quelch, Master of Arts, had seen that typewritten paper, it would certainly have caused his few remaining hairs to stand on end.

Skinner replaced the cover on the typewriter, and hurried back to his own study. There he folded up the new advertisement in Mr. Quelch's letter. Ordinary advertisements in the "Friardale Gazette" cost sixpence for an insertion. Matrimonial advertisements were priced at a shilling. Skinner was therefore under the necessity of enclosing six additional stamps. This was a drawback to his scheme; Skinner did not like parting with money. But he felt that it was well worth it. Sixpence could not possibly have been better expended.

The advertisement, with twelve stamps, was duly folded up in the letter and sealed in the envelope. Skinner was very careful to leave no trace of the opening of the envelope.

He had no doubt that somebody would be surprised in the office of the "Friardale Gazette" at the receipt of that advertisement, with Mr. Quelch's name plainly stated in it. Matrimonial advertisers generally used a pseudonym. But there was Mr. Quelch's letter in Mr. Quelch's own hand, which was well known at the "Gazette" office.

The publisher of the local paper might be surprised, but he could have no doubts.

"Now," murmured Skinner, "who's going to take this blessed advertisement to the office? I can't, that's a cert. I've got to be able to prove an alibi. It's got to be quite clear that I was detained in the Form-room at the time this advertisement was taken down to the 'Gazette' office. There's Alonzo, he's an obliging idiot, he'll go."

Skinner hurried along the Remove passage to No. 7 Study.

Alonzo was still deep in the perusal of that interesting THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 407.

NO. 2 "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," 1D., OUT-TO-DAY! BETTER THAN NO. 1.

report of the Mission at the Gooby-Booby Islands. The good Alonzo was deeply touched to read that, in spite of the war, the Gooby-Booby Islanders were still being regularly supplied with tracts and trousers.

"Lonzo, old man," said Skinner, "awfully busy!"

"I am deeply interested, my dear Skinner," said Alonzo. "Would you care to listen to some particulars of the noble work of Mr. Phumiphace in the Gooby-Booby Islands? I should be delighted to read to you some—"

"I'd like it no end," said Skinner regretfully, "but I'm detained this afternoon, Alonzo. I've got to buzz into the Form-room. Five hundred lines, you know."

"I'm sincerely sorry, Skinner; but if this punishment should lead you to reflect upon the error of your ways—"

"That's just what it's done," said Skinner blandly. "The fact is, Todd, I've offered to take this note down to Friardale, Mr. Quelch asked Bob Cherry to take it, but Bob wanted to go down to the footer, so I offered to take it for him."

"That was generous of you, Skinner."

"My aim," said Skinner seriously, "is to be generous. But as I'm detained, Todd, I have asked myself this question—am I justified in breaking detention, even to oblige a dear schoolfellow?"

Skinner blinked at Alonzo Todd with owl-like gravity. Alonzo shook his head.

"My dear Skinner, I am very glad to see that your conscience is so very tender," he said. "This is somewhat of a surprise to me, Skinner, as I have hitherto regarded you as decidedly unscrupulous. You do not mind my saying so?"

"Nunno! Not at all!"

"In fact, I have looked upon you as a very selfish and unscrupulous boy," said Alonzo. "I am glad to see this change in you, Skinner. You do not deserve the scorn with which you are generally regarded."

"You silly owl!"

"Eh?"

"I—I mean," said Skinner, controlling his temper, "I mean you are quite right, Alonzo. But what am I to do? This advertisement of Quelch's has got to go down to the 'Gazette' office before four o'clock. It's three now. I'm detained, and I cannot bear the thought of being disobedient. Yet it would be selfish to call Bob away from the footer. Tell me what to do, Alonzo."

Alonzo rose to his feet, and laid down his entrancing pamphlet.

"My dear Skinner, the difficulty is easily solved. I will take the advertisement to the 'Gazette' office for you."

The simple Alonzo did not dream for a moment that this was the point that Skinner wanted to arrive at. Alonzo was never suspicious.

"Will you really, Alonzo?" asked Skinner gratefully.

"Yes, really, my dear Skinner. I shall be very pleased."

"I feel that it would be selfish of me to give you the trouble," said Skinner solemnly.

"Not at all, Skinner. Pray give it to me."

"You'll be quite sure to hand it to Mr. Hink at the 'Gazette' office?"

"Rely upon me, Skinner."

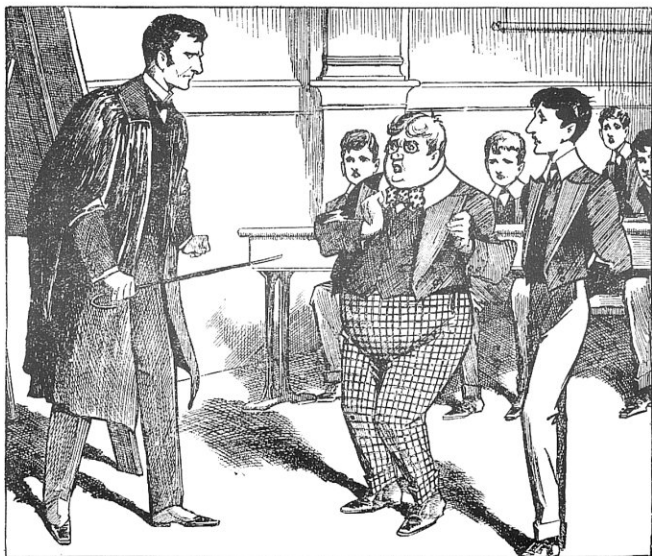
"You're an awfully good chap, Lonzo."

"Not at all. My uncle Benjamin has always instructed me to be obliging to my dear schoolfellows," said Alonzo, beaming. "I am very happy to be able to do you a little service in this way."

"Thanks awfully!"

Alonzo smiled gently, and put the letter into his pocket. Skinner watched him out of the gates. Then he returned to the Form-room to grind out lines. And from the way Harold Skinner grinned and chuckled over his lines, an unformed observer might have supposed that P. Virgilus Maro was a very humorous writer indeed.

ANSWERS



"What did Skinner say to you, Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch. "Only—only a line from a song, sir," stammered Bunter. "He wasn't referring to you, sir. Of course, we all know you don't want to marry a wealthy widow, sir." Mr. Quelch almost jumped off the floor. "Bunter!" he shouted. (See Chapter 7.)

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

ASTOUNDING!

BOB CHERRY clapped Skinner genially on the shoulder when he came in after the footer. Skinner's detention was over, and he was ornamenting the doorway with his hands in his pockets.

"You landed that letter all right at the 'Gazette' office, Skinner?" asked Bob.

"I couldn't go," explained Skinner. "I'd forgotten I was detained when I offered. So Alonzo offered to take it. It's all right."

Bob Cherry looked a little worried.

"Lonzy's such a blessed ass!" he said. "I hope he's got it to the office all right. You're a fathead, Skinner! You told me you could take it, and get back in time for your detention."

"Did I? Well I made a mistake, then. But Todd's taken it all right. I asked him when he came in."

"Oh, all right!" grunted Bob.

Bob hurried up to No. 7 Study at once. He was a little uneasy about the note to the "Friardale Gazette." If it had not been delivered in time, the advertisement could not appear that week, and that would mean a reprimand from Mr. Quelch. It was not only the reprimand Bob cared about, but he did not want the Form-master to think he had been disobeying. It occurred

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to him—a little late—that he would have done better not to trust so very unreliable a person as Harold Skinner.

Peter and Alonzo and Tom Dutton and Billy Bunter were all in the study, starting tea. Peter waved his hand to a chair.

"Squat down," he said. "Heaps of sardines."

"Bow-wow!" said Bob. "I haven't come to tea. Did you get that letter all right to the 'Gazette' man, Leroy?"

"Yes, my dear Cherry."

"Sure?" asked Bob.

"Quite sure. I offered to take it as Skinner was detained. I handed it to Mr. Hink at a quarter to four precisely," said Alonzo. Alonzo was always very precise; he had learned that from his celebrated Uncle Benjamin. "Mr. Hink seemed very much surprised and amused."

Bob stared.

"What was he surprised and amused about? Your face?"

"My dear Cherry, I cannot help regarding that as a personal remark. He seemed surprised when he read the letter, and amused. I really do not know why, unless it was something in the advertisement."

"Blessed if I see why," said Bob, puzzled. "Quelch can't be starting funny advertisements in his old age." A sudden suspicion struck Bob. "I say, Lonzy, the

envelope was sealed when Skinner gave it to you, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

"It hadn't been opened?"

"Oh, no! I am sure of that. Besides, I do not think that Skinner would be capable of the meanness——"

"Oh, how-wow!"

Bob left the study, relieved in his mind. He could not see why the publisher of the "Friardale Gazette" should have been surprised and amused by Mr. Quelch's advertisement. For a moment he had suspected that Skinner had played some trick with the letter. He knew Skinner.

But Alonzo Todd's assurance relieved his mind. If the envelope hadn't been opened all was evidently serene. Bob Cherry went in to his tea, and forgot all about it.

That evening it might have been observed—and, as a matter of fact, was observed—that Harold Skinner was in high feather.

He would grin at apparently nothing, and burst into little chuckles in a spasmodic way, as if moved by inward thoughts of great merriment.

"What the dickens is it you find so funny, Skinner?" Tom Brown asked him at last, in the common-room.

"Your features, dear boy," said Skinner. And he strolled away, chuckling.

"Some rotten jape on, I suppose," said Harry Wharton. "Perhaps Skinny has found a catspaw at last, and he's going for Quelch."

But there was no "going for Quelch" that evening, at least. Skinner was in a state of suppressed merriment when the Removites went to their dormitory, that was all. But if he had a secret he kept it. Skinner could be as close as an oyster when prudence dictated. And pleased as he was with his stunning jape, prudence counselled him very strongly to keep a still tongue. Even to Stott and Snoop he did not breathe a word.

He was very cheery in class the next morning. He seemed, indeed, to have an inexhaustible source of satisfaction within. Mr. Quelch spoke to Bob Cherry as the Removites were dismissed.

"You took my letter to the 'Gazette' office yesterday, Cherry?"

Bob coloured a little.

"Todd took it for me, sir. It got there in good time."

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch, with a nod.

Bob Cherry followed the rest of the Removite out.

"Almost wish I'd taken that blessed thing myself now," he remarked. "It's all the same if Toddy took it, of course. But——"

"Well, if it got there in time, that's all right," said Wharton. "Nothing to worry about. Quelch wasn't ratty."

"Looks as if a fellow wasn't obliging," said Bob. "Quelch never will understand that footer is rather important, I suppose."

"Lonzy's such an ass," remarked Nugent. "But it's all right. You can get a copy of the local rag to-morrow, and see if Quelch's advertisement is there."

"I will!" said Bob.

The next day was Friday, and the "Friardale Gazette" was on sale in the morning. After morning lessons Bob Cherry wheeled out his bike, and cycled away to the village before dinner. Bob was a rapid rider, and it did not take him long to get to the village newsagent's and back on his machine.

Harry Wharton & Co. met him as he came back.

Bob had his machine in one hand, wheeling it in, and the "Friardale Gazette" in the other. He was walking like a fellow in a dream. On his rugged face was an expression of astonishment that was really extraordinary.

His chums stared at him.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" asked Wharton. "Have you seen a giddy ghost? Have the Huns landed? What the dickens——"

"My hat!" mumbled Bob.

"Isn't Quelch's advertisement in the paper, after all?" asked Johnny Bull.

Bob Cherry gasped.

"Yes, my word! Yes; it's there! It puts the lid on! Oh, crumbs!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 407.

"What's wrong?"

"I thought I was dreaming!" gasped Bob. "It's there! Oh, my hat! Quelch must be off his rocker!"

"What the thunder——"

Squiff jerked the paper away and opened it. The "Friardale Gazette," like most local papers, consisted largely of advertisements. The Australian junior ran his eyes down the advertisement columns.

"I can't see Quelch's name here," he said. "It's not in the 'Wanted's.'"

"'Tain't there!" gasped Bob. "I looked there first, but it wasn't there. Then I looked right through the paper, and found it."

"Where?" asked Squiff.

"In the—oh, crumbs—in the—— Ha, ha, ha!"

"In the what?" yelled the juniors, surprised and curious.

"In the 'Matrimonial Column'!" gasped Bob, getting it out at last.

There was a shout of astonishment.

"In the what?"

"In the which?"

"The 'Matrimonial Column'!"

"Rats!"

"It's there!" panted Bob. "Quelch must be rocky! What would the Head say, I wonder? I thought I was dreaming when I saw it. Todd says Mr. Hink was surprised and amused. No giddy wonder! I understand that now. Read it—only read it! Oh, dear!"

The juniors gathered eagerly round the paper. Squiff found the advertisement at last. Half a dozen juniors read it out with ejaculations of amazement. It simply took their breath away. There it was, under the heading of "Our Matrimonial Column," in black and white, plain to every eye. It was incredible, but it was true.

"A LONELY FORM-MASTER in a public school desires to meet a kindred soul. Good salary and prospects; pleasing personal appearance; affectionate disposition. Acquaintance with a view to marriage."

"Oh, scissors!" shrieked Squiff at that point.

"Go on!" gasped Bob.

Squiff read out the advertisement in a sort of chant:

"Personal interview essential. No letters."

"Then they'll be coming here!" howled Nugent.

"Here!" gasped Johnny Bull. "Oh, crikey!"

"Go on, Squiff!"

"Brunette preferred, not over forty-five years of age. No objection to a widow. Advertiser can receive visit from prospective fiancée—strict privacy—any Wednesday or Saturday afternoon.—Henry Quelch, School House, Greyfriars."

That was all, but it was enough. The Removites looked at one another in blank wonder, almost dazed.

"He must be petty!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"The pottiness must be simply terrific. The esteemed kindred souls will be coming alongfully to-morrow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wonder if there'll be any takers?" gurgled Squiff. "Does Quelch strike you chaps as a fellow of pleasing personal appearance?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And affectionate disposition!" shrieked Peter Todd. "He's never shown it towards you, anyway."

"Well, we ain't widows!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Inky's a brunette!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Have you ever noticed Quelch's affectionate disposition, Jampot?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My esteemed Cherry——"

"Strict privacy!" chuckled Nugent. "I suppose Quelch don't know that we read the advertisements in the local paper!"

"He must be off his rocker," said Harry Wharton, in wonder. "I'd never have believed Quelch could do such a thing. It's undignified."

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove."

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Thus Squiff, who had read Tennyson.
"But it isn't spring," roared Bob Cherry: "it's winter! And Quelch isn't a young man; he's a jolly middle-aged one."

"P'raps it catches 'em in the winter when they're old," suggested Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"For goodness' sake, let's keep this dark!" said Harry Wharton. "The blessed school will be cackling over it! Quelch ought to know better! We don't want the Fourth chipping us about our Form-master."

"Hear, hear!" said the Co.
The "Friar's Gazette" was promptly consigned to the flames. The Co. were quite willing to preserve their Form-master from the ridicule which that extraordinary advertisement would certainly have brought upon him.

But it booted not, as the poets say.
For that afternoon Harold Skinner brought in another copy of the paper. Skinner, according to his own statement, was interested in an advertisement concerning white rabbits. Quite by chance he had cast his glance down the "Matrimonial Column," and came upon Mr. Quelch's little paragraph. Skinner was too generous to keep it to himself; he proceeded to share it with all the Lower School at Greyfriars, and the Lower School simply howled over it.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Great Expectations!

MR. QUELCH was puzzled on Saturday morning. There was something "up" with his class. What it was he could not exactly tell. But certainly the Lower Fourth was in an unusual mood.

He found the juniors looking at him, sometimes in a queer sort of way. He saw smiles on various faces constantly recurring.

He was puzzled, and he grew a little angry.
When Billy Bunter suddenly indulged in a fat chuckle towards the end of morning lessons, the irritated Form-master pounced upon him.

"Bunter!"
Bunter ceased to chuckle at once. Funny as the matrimonial advertisement was, and a source of great merriment, it was not funny at all to face Mr. Quelch's coldly-gleaming eye.

Skinner was heard murmuring, sotto voce, an improvement upon a song from Gilbert and Sullivan. "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, Will you Marry Me?" Skinner's version, referring to Mr. Quelch, was "Tell Me, Wealthy Widow, Will you Marry Me?" Bunter had chuckled incautiously. Mr. Quelch's eye fixed him like a gimlet.

"Stand up, Bunter!"
Billy Bunter stood up in dismay. Skinner looked quite unconscious. All the other fellows looked grave at once. If the Remove-master had guessed that they had seen his matrimonial advertisement, and were amused by it, there would have been vials of wrath poured upon their devoted heads. They felt that.

"Bunter, will you kindly acquaint me with the subject of your unseemly and untimely merriment?"

"Certainly, sir! I—I meanersay—"

"You were laughing, Bunter."

"Oh, no, sir!"

"I heard you, Bunter."

"I—I—I was coughing, sir," explained Bunter. "I've caught a slight cold, and—I couldn't help coughing. I'm sorry, sir."

"Come here, Bunter!"

"Oh, lor!" groaned Bunter, as he came out before the class.

Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes sternly upon the Owl of the Remove.

"I observe," said Mr. Quelch, in a rumbling voice, "that my class seems to have lost its usual sense of discipline this morning. It is, perhaps, what I believe you call a 'rag.' Bunter, tell me at once what you were laughing at?"

"I—I—" Bunter blinked round helplessly, and caught a threatening glare from Skinner. "I—I was laughing at Skinner, sir."

"Indeed! And why were you laughing at Skinner?"

"Because—because—"

"Well?"

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY, ONE PENNY.

"Because he's got such a funny face, sir," said Bunter feebly.

Skinner scowled, and some of the Removites grinned. Mr. Quelch's brow became thunderous.

"Don't utter ridiculous and palpable falsehoods, Bunter!"

"Oh, certainly not, sir! I—I never do, sir! I—I'm unpopular sometimes because I'm so truthful, sir!"

"There is some absurd joke in progress in the Form-room, I can see that," said Mr. Quelch. "The Form-room is not a place for absurd jests. Bunter, explain to me at once!"

"Certainly, sir! I—I wasn't really laughing at all."

"For the last time, Bunter—" said Mr. Quelch, taking up his cane.

"Oa, dear! It was Skinner, sir!"

"Come here, Skinner!"

Harold Skinner reluctantly joined Bunter before the class. Mr. Quelch fixed him with a basilisk eye.

"You are the cause of this unseemly merriment in class, Skinner!"

"Not at all, sir!" said Skinner. "I don't know anything about it!"

"What were you saying to Bunter?"

"Nothing, sir!"

"Oh, really—" murmured Bunter.

"What did Skinner say to you, Bunter?"

"Only—only a line from a song, sir!" stammered Bunter. "He wasn't referring to you, sir. Of course, we all know you don't want to marry a wealthy widow, sir!"

Mr. Quelch almost jumped off the floor.

"BUNTER!" he shouted.

Bunter jumped, too!

"I—I meanersay—" he stammered.

"So you were making impertinent jests concerning your Form-master?" said Mr. Quelch thunderously.

"Not at all, sir," said Skinner. "I shouldn't think of doing such a thing, sir! I should regard it as impertinent."

"I have very often found you guilty of impertinence, Skinner. I am determined to get to the bottom of this matter! Tell me Skinner's exact words, Bunter!"

"I—I've got to, you see, Skinner," mumbled Bunter.

"Do you hear me, Bunter?"

"Ye-es, sir," Skinner said—ahem!—"Tell me, wealthy widow, will you marry me?" stammered Bunter.

"There was a chuckle from the juniors. It was frozen at once by the glare Mr. Quelch swept round the class.

"To whom was Skinner referring in that ridiculous remark, Bunter?"

"Nobody at all, sir. It was just—just a remark."

"He must have been referring to someone, Bunter. You have hinted that he was referring to me."

"Not in the least, sir. I—I think perhaps he was referring to—to—to Gosling, sir!" mumbled Bunter.

"The porter, sir. Now I think of it, I'm sure he was referring to Gosling, sir. Weren't you, Skinner?"

Skinner glared at him and did not speak.

"Hold out your hand, Bunter!"

"Oh, lor!"

Swish!

"Yooop."

"If you make those ridiculous noises, Bunter, I shall cane you severely! Go back to your place! Skinner, you must learn that your Form-master is an object of respect, and not a butt for jokes in bad taste! Hold out your hand!"

Swish! Swish!

"Go back to your place! If there is any more unseemly disorder in this class this morning, the whole Form will be detained for the afternoon!"

The threat was more than enough to reduce the Remove to owl-like solemnity. Detention that afternoon would have been an irreparable disaster. It was not for the juniors were thinking of, either. But that afternoon was Saturday afternoon. They were keen to see whether there were any answers to Mr. Quelch's

matrimonial advertisement. If any fair ladies or wealthy widows came along to interview Mr. Quelch with a "view to marriage," his dutiful Form wanted to be on the spot to see them arrive.

Skinner and Bunter did not feel inclined to chuckle any more, and the rest of the Remove manfully repressed their inclinations in that direction.

Morning lessons finished in a thundery atmosphere.

The Remove were dismissed at last, and they filed out, leaving their Form-master still with a frown upon his brow. Mr. Quelch was still puzzled. He was a confirmed old bachelor, owing to a disappointment in love in the far-away days of his youth. That the juniors should have ventured to make unseemly jests on his account in connection with wealthy widows was more than enough to rouse his ire.

Skinner rubbed his hands in the passage, but he was grinning. He expected the first fruits of the matrimonial advertisement to be gathered that afternoon.

"Quelch won't be seen at his best if they come along this afternoon," he remarked. "They won't believe that he's got an affectionate disposition if he looks like that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"For goodness' sake don't let him hear you!" said Rake. "He can't know that we should see the advertisement. He must have been off his rocker when he put it in."

"We're jolly well going to see the fiancées if they come," said Balcover major. "I'm going to be on the scene, for one."

"Same here!"

"What-ho!"

"Better keep off the grass," said Wharton uneasily. "It isn't quite right to make fun of Quelch, even if he has put his foot in it."

"Oh, rats!"

"He's asked for it," said Micky Desmond. "Sure, we're not going to miss the fun. I wonder what the ladies will be like? Anybody got a camera?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors could not help chuckling at the idea of a bevy of ladies of uncertain age coming along to interview Mr. Quelch "with a view to marriage." Most of them made up their minds to give up any other engagements for the afternoon and remain on the watch. It was, as Skinner said, too good a thing to be missed.

After dinner, Harry Wharton & Co went down to footer practice. But the footer field was almost deserted. There was a greater attraction.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Kindred Soul!

THAT something unusual was "on" could have been seen by the most casual observer as the afternoon wore on. Round the doorway of the School House juniors were lounging in groups. They were in groups on the steps in the quad, in the doorway, and in the passage. Others were at the windows. Some were at the gates. Not only the Remove, but the Third and the Fourth and the Shell were also represented. In one numerous group Tubbs & Co. of the Third were whispering and chuckling. Temple, Dalney & Co. of the Fourth were chuckling and whispering in another crowd, and Hobson & Co. of the Shell occupied the doorway in force, and were also whispering and grinning. Wingate of the Sixth, coming out with a football under his arm, paused to glance round him.

"Hallo! What's on?" he asked.

"On?" repeated Skinner vaguely.

"Yes? What are all you young rascals crowded round here for? Is anybody special coming?" asked the captain of Greyfriars, puzzled.

"Well, you never know," said Skinner. "No harm in chatting on the steps, is there, Wingate?"

"I suppose not," said Wingate. "You can clear off, all the same!"

Wingate's word was law, and the juniors obediently cleared off; but when the Greyfriars captain had gone The Magnet Library.—No. 407.

down to Big Side they returned. The crowd increased, in fact, rather than diminished.

"What a sell if nobody comes!" said Peter Todd.

Skinner shook his head.

"Bound to be somebody," he said. "You see, this is an extra special chance for somebody. A Form-master with good salary and prospects isn't picked up every day, especially one with an affectionate disposition."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quelch ought to have tea ready for 'em in the study," said Rake. "He isn't making any special preparations, that I can see. What is he doing, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter came down the passage, grinning.

"Typing," he said. "Clicking away at his blessed old typewriter! He doesn't seem to be expecting visitors."

"But he said Saturday and Wednesday afternoons in his advertisement," said Snoop. "Some of them will come to-day—it's the early bird that catches the worm, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Some of the juniors tiptoed past Mr. Quelch's door. They could hear the click of the typewriter in the study. Mr. Quelch was at his literary work, and certainly did not seem to be thinking of visitors with a view to marriage. The juniors were kindly thinking of them for him.

When three o'clock sounded from the clock-tower there was some impatience among the waiting juniors. They felt that it was high time somebody arrived. Surely there would be some answers at once to that enticing advertisement. The single ladies who advertised for life-partners in the "Friarade Gazette" would surely not let such a chance pass. Certainly it must have been rare that such a prize was offered—gentlemen who advertised themselves in the matrimonial market did not usually occupy such a position as Mr. Quelch's. When a Form-master, with good salary and prospects, and an affectionate disposition was on offer, there ought to have been a rush for him.

Skinner watched the fellows in the gateway. Suddenly Whaley, of the Remove, was seen to wave his hand. It was a signal.

"Somebody's coming!" ejaculated Skinner.

He sped down to the gates.

A cab had arrived, and it turned into the gateway. It was the station hack from Friarade. Inside it sat a lady, deeply veiled.

The crowd of fellows in the gateway took off their caps very respectfully as they crowded back to allow the cab to pass. Skinner dashed back to the house, in great excitement.

"It's Number One!" he announced.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How do you know, Skinner?"

"Well, it's a feminine gender," said Skinner. "But I'll jolly soon find out. Wait till she's here."

The hack came slowly up the drive, and stopped before the steps of the School House. Skinner, in the politest possible way, rushed to open the door.

"Thank you, little boy," said a voice from within.

The occupant of the cab stepped out. From all quarters a hundred pairs of eyes were glued upon her. The lady was of somewhat angular form. She wore a large hat, with a mass of fluffy curls under it. The curls, if genuine, might have belonged to a "flapper" of seventeen. Possibly they were not genuine, for certainly that angular lady was more than seventeen. In spite of the thickness of the veil, a set of angular features could be discerned. And as some of the juniors recognised these features, there was a murmur from lip to lip.

"It's Miss Tuff!"

Miss Tuff was the milliner of Friarade. Generations of Greyfriars fellows had come and gone, while Miss Tuff remained a fixture at Friarade. Indeed, some of the fellows averred that Miss Tuff had been there at the time of the foundation of the school.

"Shall I ring the bell for you, ma'am?" said Skinner, politely. "Or I will show you in to the Head, if you wish."

"I have not called to see the Head, little boy."

"No, ma'am? If it's Mrs. Locke, you go to the other door—"

"I have called to see Mr. Quelch."
"That's our Form-master," said Skinner. "May I have the honour of showing you in, ma'am? This way, ma'am!"

The delighted Skinner showed in Miss Tuff. He knocked at Mr. Quelch's door, and the clicking of the typewriter ceased.

"Come in!" came Mr. Quelch's voice, somewhat irritably.

Skinner threw open the door.

"A lady to see you, sir," he announced.

And Miss Tuff tripped into the study. Skinner drew the door shut, but cunningly left it an inch ajar. Skinner had had ulterior motives in saving Trotter the trouble of showing in the visitor. He hoped that Mr. Quelch would not observe that the door remained ajar. Skinner was interested in the proceedings in the study.

Mr. Quelch, as a matter of fact, was too surprised to think anything about the door. He rose to his feet, and looked fixedly at his visitor. The Remove-master did not often receive lady visitors. Miss Tuff was blushing under her veil. It was a trying moment.

"Good-afternoon, madam," said Mr. Quelch, manfully concealing his annoyance at the interruption of his literary work. "To what do I owe the honour—"

"Mr. Quelch!" murmured Miss Tuff.

"That is my name, madam."

"You do not know me?"

"I am afraid I must confess that I do not, madam."

"I have often seen you," confessed Miss Tuff, shyly.

"Many times you have passed my window in Friardale High Street."

"Indeed!" said the puzzled Form-master. "I presume that I have passed many windows in Friardale High Street, on various occasions. I do not quite see—"

"I am Miss Tuff."

"I think I have seen that name somewhere," said Mr. Quelch, in wonder. "Ah, yes! Is it not the milliner?"

"Yes!"

"Then you have been shown into the wrong part of the house, madam. Mrs. Locke occupies the head's house. I will show you—"

"I have called to see you."

"To see me, madam?"

"Certainly!"

"I really cannot understand why. I assure you, madam, that I have no use for the services of a milliner. You must surely be aware that my own hats are supplied by a hatter."

"Mr. Quelch?"

"Madam, if you wish to see Mrs. Locke—"

"I do not wish to see Mrs. Locke," said Miss Tuff, with a slight tone of asperity. "My business is with you, naturally."

"Naturally!" repeated Mr. Quelch.

"Certainly! And you have not even asked me to sit down!"

"Pray take a seat, madam," said the surprised Form-master, handing Miss Tuff a chair. "I really cannot see what business you can have with me. I never make any purchases of millinery. I am unmarried."

"If you were not unmarried, I should scarcely have called upon you," said Miss Tuff. "My call refers to your advertisement in the Friardale Gazette."

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Quelch had—or believed he had—advertised for a temporary stableman in the "Friardale Gazette." He was, naturally, quite unaware of the change effected in his advertisement by the humorist of the Remove. He was astounded.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, seeing light, as it were. "You wish to recommend someone for the post?"

"In a way, yes," said Miss Tuff, blushing. She pushed back her veil, and to the Form-master's surprise and horror, gave him a very sweet glance. "Mr. Quelch, I am not a brunette—"

"N-n-not a brunette!" stammered Mr. Quelch.

"No. As you see."

"I—I certainly observe that you are not a brunette, madam," gasped Mr. Quelch. "But—but may I ask how that concerns me?"

"I understand that you prefer a brunette."

"Bless my soul!"

"But in other respects," said Miss Tuff, "I do not think you will find any fault. I am not yet forty-five."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 407.

"Madam, it is a matter of complete indifference to me whether you are forty-five or not!"

"You do not care for such things? I am thirty-nine," confessed Miss Tuff.

If Mr. Quelch had not been completely indifferent to Miss Tuff's age, he might have been surprised at that statement. Certainly if Miss Tuff was thirty-nine she must have been thirty-nine for a good many years.

"Madam—"

"You seek?" said Miss Tuff, "a kindred soul. Mr. Quelch, you have found one. Many times I have watched you pass my window, and—dare I confess it?—my heart has gone out to you."

Mr. Quelch stood petrified.

"Never—never should I have dreamed of making such a confession, but for your expressed wish to meet a kindred soul. Mr. Quelch—Henry—shall I call you Henry?"

"Henry!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Henry!" said Miss Tuff softly. "Sweet name! Call me Euphemia, Henry."

Mr. Quelch jumped.

"Madam!" he almost shouted, "I refuse—I distinctly refuse to call you anything of the sort. I decline to be addressed as Henry. Pray understand that, madam."

"Sir!"

"Unless you have been drinking, madam, I can only conclude that you are not in your right senses!"

Miss Tuff rose to her feet. She was no longer looking sweet. She was looking decidedly sour.

"Mr. Quelch! Sir! Man! How dare you!" she exclaimed. "After bringing me here as you have done—"

"I!"

"Yes, you!" shrieked Miss Tuff. "Do you dare to tell me, you unfeeling man, that your desire to meet a kindred soul was simply an infamous joke, and that you were not serious?"

"I—I—I—"

"I came here," said Miss Tuff, "with a heart overflowing with emotion. Now, sir, I despise you. I regard you, sir, as dirt beneath my feet. If you asked me, sir, on your bended knees to marry you, I should refuse you with scorn."

"Marry me?" yelled Mr. Quelch. "I am not likely to ask you to do anything of the sort, you ridiculous old woman."

"What!"

Biff!

Miss Tuff had been disappointed. But insult added to injury was more than she could stand. She made one stride at Mr. Quelch, and smote him. The astounded Remove-master staggered back, and sat in his chair with a bump. His eyes were almost starting from his head.

Miss Tuff gave him a glance of withering scorn, and flounced out of the study. Mr. Quelch rubbed his reddened face.

"Good heavens!" he gasped. "A madwoman! A dangerous lunatic at large! The police are to blame for this. That dreadful woman ought to be under control. Goodness gracious!"

Then Mr. Quelch started to his feet. From the passage came a sound that was unmistakable—it was a howl of laughter.

The Form-master bounded to the door.

He was just in time to see an army of feet disappearing in various directions. He turned back into his study, crimson with rage and mortification. Evidently a number of persons were aware of that extraordinary interview; the matter would become the joke of the term.

Mr. Quelch breathed hard. He was not in a mood now to return to his literary work. He paced the study in great agitation. Why the woman had come there was a mystery to him. Mr. Quelch was a somewhat stately gentleman, but not an Adonis; it was hard to believe that Miss Tuff had fallen violently in love with him through seeing him pass her window in Friardale High Street, and had been driven to visit him and make that coy confession simply by the influence of his "beaux yeux." He could only conclude that she was insane. A visit from a lunatic was very disturbing, and Mr. Quelch felt very disturbed indeed.

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢.

EDITED BY THE CHUMS OF THE REMOVE FORM.



FRANK NUGENT,
Art Editor.



H. VERNON SMITH,
Sports Editor.



HARRY WHARTON,
Editor.



BOB CHERRY,
Fighting Editor.



MARK LINLEY,
Sub-Editor.

BUY NO. 2 OUT TO-DAY. YOU WILL LIKE IT.

He heard the sound of wheels in the quadrangle, and looked from his window. The cab was going, and Miss Tuff was going in it. Mr. Quelch breathed a deep sigh of thankfulness as the vehicle disappeared out of the gates.

"Thank goodness she is gone!" he gasped. "Oh, dear! Bless my soul! What an experience—what an extraordinary experience! The dreadful person actually smacked my face! Good heavens!" He rubbed his face. "Oh, dear, dear, dear! What a very extraordinary experience!"

Then Mr. Quelch frowned darkly. In the quadrangle he could see a number of juniors, and each of these juniors was doubled up, as if suffering from internal convulsions. Mr. Quelch was strongly inclined to sally forth with his stoutest cane, and give those hilarious young gentlemen good reason to become serious instead of merry. But he felt that it would not do—he could not cane half the school. It was better to let the matter drop, and let it be forgotten as soon as possible. He turned from the window with a worried brow.

THE 9th CHAPTER. A Very Flattering Offer!

Harry Wharton & Co. came away from the footerground, ruddy and cheery. Outside the School House they found an army of fellows in various stages of convulsions.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Skinner, Brownie, Toddy, what the merry dickens—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "What's happened?"

"Number One's been—" shrieked Snop. "Miss Tuff, the milliner—she's interviewed Quelch, and biffed him on the chivvy because he wasn't taking any."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, it was a scream!" chortled Billy Bunter. "We heard it all in the passage. He, he, he! You should have heard the whack when she biffed him—like a cracker going off. He, he, he!"

"Oh, it's too good!" moaned Skinner, rocking with mirth. "I never thought it would be quite like his. Oh, my ribs!"

"But it's jolly queer, all the same," said Tom Brown. "Quelch ought to have been expecting answers to his advertisement; but Tuff took him quite by surprise, it seems."

"Seemed to be knocked into a cocked hat," said Bol-overer major. "I don't quite understand it. I wonder if old Hink put Quelch's name to the wrong advertisement?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Must be something of that sort," said Rake. "Quelch certainly was taken by surprise. He wasn't expecting anything of that kind."

Bob Cherry cast a sudden suspicious look at Skinner.

"Skinner, you funny boulder—"

"Hallo!" said Skinner coolly.

"Did you play any larks with that note to the 'Gazette' office? I was an ass to trust it in your hands at all."

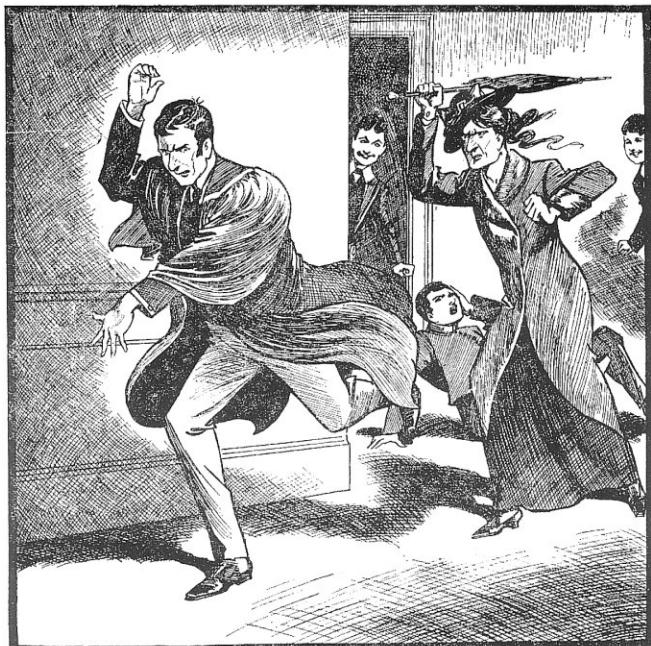
"I?" said Skinner. "Better ask Alonzo. I handed it to him at—at once. If there was any trick on Quelch's letter to the 'Gazette' office, you'd better ask Alonzo about it."

"There must have been some trick," said Harry Wharton. "If Quelch was advertising like that, he'd be expecting some callers."

"The Rebels of the Remove!" By FRANK RICHARDS. NEXT MONDAY.



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Mr. Quelch, his face pale, his eyes starting, his gowd streaming behind him, was sprinting down the passage like a champion of the cinder-path. After him came the terrible Mrs. Boxer, swiping with the avenging umbrella. Whack! Whack! Whack! (See Chapter 11.)

"Well, he jolly well wasn't!" chuckled Billy Bunter. "Miss Tuff took him quite by surprise."
"And there'll be more to come," said Skinner, rubbing his hands. "There'll be more than one taker for a lonely Form-master, of pleasing personal appearance and affectionate disposition."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Hyar comes Number Two, I guess!" yelled Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, crumbs!"
Every eye was turned upon the gates. A feminine form had entered—a very fat and unwieldy form—with a round, fat face, and a little round hat over it—looking like a pudding-basin inverted over a pudding, as Skinner remarked. There was a howl as the new-comer was recognised.

"Fraulein Blum!"
"A giddy German this time!" chortled Skinner. "Let's hope she's for Quelch. Let's ask her."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 407.

A crowd of juniors approached Miss Blum as she came up the drive, saluting her with exaggerated respect. Fraulein Blum was well known in Friardale. She had once been a German governess, and had been established in Friardale as a dress-maker long before the war. Like a wise woman, she preferred not to return to her beloved Fatherland: like many Germans, she was content to love her dear Fatherland from a distance. War-bread would not have agreed with Miss Blum, who had a German appetite, and found in this hospitable island the means of satisfying it.

The fat fraulein smiled an expansive smile as a crowd of juniors raised their caps.

"Good-afternoon, ma'am!"

"Goot-afternoon, tear poys!" said Miss Blum graciously.

"Have you called to see Mr. Quelch, ma'am?"

"Ja wohl, it is Mr. Quelch tat I gum to see."

"Bravo!" chortled Snoop.

"This way, ma'am," said Skinner. "I think Mr. Quelch is expecting you, ma'am. He's got his best gown on, and he's brushed his hair."

Skinner led the way triumphantly, and the juniors followed. A sort of procession accompanied Miss Blum to the door of the School House. Mr. Quelch, in his study, heard the sound of merry voices, and glanced from his window. He started as he saw Miss Blum. Surely—surely it could not be another lady visitor for him! He turned cold at the thought.

But a tramp of feet came along the passage, and there was a knock at his door.

"Come in!" said Mr. Quelch faintly.

"Lady to see you, sir!" announced Skinner, throwing open the door.

Miss Blum rolled in.

Skinner drew the door shut, leaving it slightly ajar as before. Outside, the juniors gathered with bated breath.

There was a pretty general conviction by this time that some trick had been played with Mr. Quelch's advertisement, and that he had not intended to advertise "with a view to marriage" at all. But that, from the point of view of the juniors, only made the matter more interesting and funny. The general opinion was that Skinner had "wangled" the advertisement somehow, though Skinner stoutly denied it, and referred the fellows to Alonzo for explanation.

Snoop cheerfully assured Skinner that he would get the licking of his life presently. Meanwhile, the juniors were prepared to enjoy Mr. Quelch's extraordinary predicament.

Mr. Quelch was not prepared to enjoy it. Far from that. As the fat German lady rolled in, Mr. Quelch rose to his feet, perplexed and nervous. Surely, surely it could not be another visitor like Miss Tuff! Surely not! But Mr. Quelch had not yet recovered from Miss Tuff, and he was in a state of nerves.

"Good-morning—I mean good-afternoon!" he said. "Pray what—"

"Beloved Mr. Quelch!" said Miss Blum.

"What?"

"Mein beloved!"

"Good heavens!"

Mr. Quelch staggered back and sank limply into his chair, staring at the fraulein's expansive face, as if mesmerised by its rolls of fat.

It was another of them! That was evident! Had all the unmarried ladies of uncertain age in Friardale gone suddenly mad that afternoon?

Miss Blum screwed up her plump face into a loving, caressing smile. There was no shyness about Miss Blum. She took the German view of marriage, and looked upon it with a business-like eye. Matrimonial advertising is an everyday affair in the Fatherland—quite the ordinary thing; perhaps being a variety of the high "kultur" of which the Huns are so proud. Miss Blum did not see anything out of the common in the Greyfriars Form-master advertising for a helpmate. She had done the same thing many times herself; although owing to want of appreciation, she still remained Miss Blum.

The good lady was quite prepared to take the Form-master to her plump arms, and comfort him during the remainder of his journey through this vale of tears. And she did not see any reason for being backward in saying so.

Mr. Quelch sat paralysed, quite unnerved by the fraulein's sweet smiles. Indeed, her sweet smiles seemed to him like the hideous grins of an ogre.

Finding that her smiles were all in vain, Miss Blum came to the point. She thought that Mr. Quelch was shy. One of her own countrymen would not have shown such shyness. A gallant German would simply have been interested in ascertaining the figure of her bank account, and the rest would have been plane sailing.

"I have gum," said Miss Blum, in a wheedling voice. "I read him in der baper, and I say 'I love him!' Mein Heinrich!"

"Madam!" moaned Mr. Quelch.

"Beloved!"

"Woman!"

"Ich be a not brunette," said Miss Blum regretfully. "But Chermans are blonde. I am Cherman, dough! I speaks English like yun native, and you neffer noties wiz me any difference. Wiz mein Heinrich I shall always der English speak. Wenn de soldiers of mein Kaiser gum here, I shall say, 'Heinrich ist mein lieber Mann,' and dey vill not punn down to house."

"I am dreaming!" said Mr. Quelch, with conviction. "Unless the whole world has gone suddenly mad, I am dreaming!"

"Heinrich—I calls you Heinrich," said the fraulein, with a sweet look, which to the unhappy Form-master seemed like a horrible leer. "You shall call me Gretchen. Is it tat you love me, Heinrich?"

"I shall wake up soon, I trust!" murmured Mr. Quelch dazedly.

"Ve vill be ferry happy," said Miss Blum. "Mein loving heart he jumps out to you! All mein life I tink that I marry an Englander. For your sake, Heinrich, I neffer sees again my beloved Chermany. Gum to me, Heinrich!"

To Mr. Quelch's horror, the fraulein advanced upon him.

It seemed too terrible to be true, but it was evident she was going to kiss him.

Terror gave the Form-master strength.

He leaped to his feet, and sprang round the table.

"Woman!" he gasped.

"Heinrich!"

"What—what—what does this mean? Go! Relieve me of your presence!" panted Mr. Quelch! Go! For goodness' sake, go!"


"Ach! Vat is all tat?" said Miss Blum, in wonder. "Is it tat I gum too late? Dere has been anodder? Is it tat you are alretty engaged?"

"Engaged! Certainly not!"

"Denn all is goot?" said the fraulein, brightening up again. "Heinrich, I love you!"

"I—I—you—ah—"

"In de punk," said Miss Blum, "I have tree hundred pound."



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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 407.

NO. 2 "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," 1D., OUT TO-DAY! BETTER THAN NO. 1.

This was a clincher. Three hundred pounds in the bank would have settled the matter if Mr. Quelch had been a German. Unfortunately for the fraulein, he was not a German. She waited for him to fall into her arms. He did nothing of the sort. The unfortunate gentleman looked more like falling in a fit.

"Three hundred pounds," murmured Miss Blum softly. "Good heavens!"

"Gum to me, mein Heinrich!"

"Woman, will you leave me in peace!" shouted Mr. Quelch. "Are you intoxicated? Are you mad?"

"Vat?"

"I command you to leave my study!"

"You do not love me?"

"Love you? I must be dreaming! Certainly not! I should regard anything of the sort as highly improper!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Is it because I am not brunette?" said Miss Blum anxiously. "If it is that, I think tat I change der complexion, isn't it? Mit a goot face-vash I become chumst vat you vant. A Cherman woman is a goot frau, and always she do vat please her lieber Mann."

"Will you go?"

"You wish tat I go?"

"Yes! Yes! YES!"

The fraulein's pale-blue eyes glittered. She was getting angry.

"Is that your Englisher manners?" she demanded. "A Cherman could be bolite about it. If he was not satisfied with as much money as I have, he would say, 'Thank you,' at least. And I have free hundred pound, Heinrich!"—Miss Blum hesitated a moment, and then went on—"also I have mein house, vich is worth two hundred pound."

"Bless my soul!"

"And—und mit mein business I make good money, Heinrich."

"Madam, I beg you to leave me."

"Vat denn? If you not vant me, who is it you vant, and vat?"

"I—I do not want anyone, or anything!" groaned Mr. Quelch. "I desire only to be left in peace."

"You do not wish to marry mit you?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Denn why you ask tat a kindred soul she come?"

"I—I—I—"

"Vy you say you are lonely, and mit an affectionate disposition also?"

"I am dreaming, I think. Madam, you speak in riddles. Will you have the great goodness to leave this house?"

"I goes!" exclaimed Miss Blum indignantly. "I despise you!"

"For mercy's sake, go!"

"It is tat you trifle mit mein lofing heart!" shrieked Miss Blum. "You have vat you tink a goos choke, isn't it? Villain!"

Mr. Quelch threw open the door.

"Madam, once more—"

"I goes! But I tell you vat I tink. I tink tat you are rascal. You trifles mit lofing hearts. Vicked old man!"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, coming along the passage. "Is anything the matter? Why—what—Bless my soul!"

"Monster!" shrieked Miss Blum.

Mr. Quelch tore his hair.

"Woman, will you go? Mr. Prout, will you—will you endeavour to persuade this demented lady to—to depart?"

"You calls me names, isn't it?" shrieked the fraulein. "Vicked old man! I not marries you if you shall be der last man left alive in dis island. I hopes tat ven to Chermans guns here dey hang you!"

"What—what?" gasped Mr. Prout, gazing blankly at Mr. Quelch. "What—what is the cause—"

Miss Blum snook a fat fist at the Remove master, and rolled away, snorting with indignation. From the direction of the quad came a yell of merriment. It made Mr. Quelch's ears tingle as he heard it. Mr. Prout was regarding him with consternation.

"Mr. Quelch!" he stammered. "Surely—surely this scene would have been better enacted in some other spot!"

"I cannot understand it in the least!" groaned Mr. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 407.

EVERY
MONDAY

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ONE
PENNY.

Quelch. "The dreadful woman seems to suppose that she has some claim upon me."

"She spoke of trifling with her heart," said Mr. Prout drily.

"I have never done anything of the kind. I have never even spoken to the woman; I barely know her by sight."

"Yet she called upon you."

"Yes: it is most extraordinary!"

"Most extraordinary!" agreed Mr. Prout, very drily indeed.

"Mr. Prout, it is possible that you suppose—that you suspect that I—I—I am capable of—of—of entering into love-affairs in my position, at my age?"

"My dear Quelch, I suppose nothing," said Mr. Prout, with accentuated dryness. "I only agree most heartily to your remark that it is extremely extraordinary." And Mr. Prout went back to his study.

Mr. Quelch limped into his room, and fell rather than sat into his chair. His brain was in a whirl. Was it possible that, all unknowingly, he possessed a dangerously fascinating personality, which produced this amazing effect upon the hearts of single ladies? It really seemed so. The idea was flattering, but it was most alarming. Mr. Quelch wondered dazedly whether there would be any more.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Number Three!

THE Removies were wondering, too.

The afternoon had been a great success so far. Skinner was in high feather. He felt that Mr. Quelch was paying severely for that severe licking administered to the bold blades of the box-room. Skinner would have been delighted to see a whole army of single ladies marching upon Mr. Quelch's study.

It was tea-time, but nobody thought of tea. There was one burning question—were there going to be any more? Twice had Mr. Quelch refused the hand and heart so kindly offered to him. Would he have another chance of becoming a Benedict? The juniors sincerely hoped that he would.

Even Billy Bunter had not gone in to tea. He comforted himself with toffee, as he waited and watched with the rest.

Quite a little army had gathered round the gates. Some fellows, in their eagerness, had gone down the road to scout—some towards Friar-ale, and some towards Courtfield. The latter came dashing back to the gates, all of a sudden, with the news that a taxi-cab was buzzing up from Courtfield. There was a lady in the taxi-cab, and that was enough for the juniors.

"It's another for Quelch, by gad!" said Temple of the Fourth.

There was a buzz of excitement. The taxi came in sight of the gates. A crowd of eyes watched eagerly; there would have been deep disappointment if the vehicle had passed on. But it did not pass on. It slowed down, and turned in at the gates. As it glided up the drive the juniors had a good view of a lady with a square chin, and hair pulled tightly back under a shapeless hat. They knew that face; it was a face not easily forgotten.

"Mrs. Boxer!" gasped Wharton.

Skinner almost doubled up.

"The giddy Suffragette! Oh, crikey!"

"The Suffragette!" howled Johnny Bull. "But she wouldn't come for Quelch."

"Wouldn't she?" cried Skinner. "Bet you nine-pence to fourpence!"

There was a rush after the taxi-cab, as it ground up the gravel drive to the School House. If Mrs. Boxer had come to see Quelch it fairly put the lid on, as the juniors gleefully remarked.

For Mrs. Boxer was a terror.

In the days of Suffragette activity before the war Mrs. Boxer had been eminent. She was a widowed lady, the late lamented Boxer, according to some ill-natured

whispers, having been talked to death. It was Mrs. Boxer who, in the wild old days of the "wild women," had invaded the town-hall, scratched the mayor, and bitten a policeman. She had gone gloriously to prison, she had adopted the hunger strike, she had covered herself with renown. The war had put a sudden end to Mrs. Boxer's Suffrage activities; she had buried the hatchet, to be dug up again when more peaceful times came round. But her chin was as square as ever, and the general opinion of the juniors was that if she had come to Quelch, Quelch would have to toe the line.

As Skinner humorously put it, Mrs. Boxer would not become Mrs. Quelch—Mr. Quelch would become Mr. Boxer.

The taxi stopped, and Mrs. Boxer stepped out, planting her large feet firmly on the steps. Up came Skinner with an ingratiating smile.

"Please, ma'am, do you want to see Mr. Quelch? Yarroooh!" roared Skinner.

It was unfortunate for Skinner that Mrs. Boxer had a good memory for faces. She recognised the humorist of the Remove as a fellow who had once used an ink-squirt with great execution at a Suffrage meeting. Vengeance had been delayed, but Mrs. Boxer never let an opportunity pass.

A large and heavy hand smote the humorous Skinner, without a word of warning, and he sat down with a fearful yell.

There was another yell from the juniors, of irrepressible merriment.

"Got it, ma'am!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Give him beans!"

Mrs. Boxer cast a disdainful glance around, and swept up the steps. She rang the bell loudly.

Skinner scrambled up and rubbed his ear.

"Oh, my hat! What a list!" he mumbled.

Trotter came to answer the bell. He looked a little nervously at Mrs. Boxer. That powerful dame inspired terror with her glance.

"Kindly show me in to Mr. Quelch."

"What name, please?" stammered the page.

"Mrs. Boxer. Mr. Quelch is doubtless expecting me."

"Please come this way, mum!"

With a grenadier tread, Mrs. Boxer followed Trotter. Skinner rubbed his burning ear hard, but he chuckled.

"Didn't I say she was for Quelch?" he grinned. "Poor old Quelch! He'll never get out of this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't suppose she'll let him say no if he wants to," said Snoop. "I say, what is the Remove going to send Quelch for a wedding-present?"

There was a general chuckle.

"Fancy having that Gorgon here, looking after us!" said Bol-sover major, with a whistle. "Poor old Quelch! Poor Henry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch had heard the taxi-cab. He had heard Mrs. Boxer's booming voice asking for him. He was fairly quaking in his study. Evidently his fatal beauty had been his undoing again.

"Mrs. Boxer, sir!" announced Trotter.

Mr. Quelch dragged himself to his feet. He nourished a wild hope that Mrs. Boxer had only called for a subscription. Mr. Quelch would willingly have handed her quite a handsome cheque as a subscription to anything, for any purpose whatever. Mrs. Boxer was interested in all sorts of "movements," and it was possible that that was all she wanted. Mrs. Boxer was very clever at collecting subscriptions. She could extract a cheque by the very squariness of her chin. And Mr. Quelch remembered having seen in the local paper that Mrs. Boxer was the head of a movement for the Compulsory Vaccination of Horses and Dogs. Every movement that Mrs. Boxer was connected with was compulsory in one way or another. The good lady was never happy unless she was trying to force somebody to do something or other against his inclinations.

The firm tread of Mrs. Boxer resounded in the study. The eye that had quelled hostile policeman at Suffrage meetings was fixed upon the master of the Remove.

"G-good-afternoon, madam!" mumbled Mr. Quelch.

Mrs. Boxer nodded, and looked round for a chair. She sat down heavily without waiting for the formality of an invitation to do so. Mrs. Boxer had freed herself from such slavish observances.

"I have called with reference to your advertisement in the local paper, Mr. Quelch," she said.

The form-master breathed a sigh of relief. It was not his "beaux yeux" this time, then.

"Thank you very much, madam," he said gratefully. His supposition was that Mrs. Boxer wished to recommend a stableman. "You are acquainted with someone suitable for the post."

"The post?" said Mrs. Boxer. "That is a very peculiar way of expressing it. However, let that pass. I am certainly acquainted with someone suitable. It appears that you prefer a brunette?"

Mr. Quelch quailed. It was beginning again.

"Madam—"

"In a gentleman of your years," said Mrs. Boxer, "I expect more balance of mind. In choosing a partner for life, I regard it as essential to be indifferent to considerations of mere beauty. The late Mr. Boxer had no regard whatever for considerations of that kind."

Looking at Mrs. Boxer, it was quite easy to believe that statement.

"I should say that a man of your years and position would rather seek a woman of ripe years, intelligence, and experience," said Mrs. Boxer.

"I—I have no doubt that I should do so, madam, if I—I were thinking of changing my state," stammered poor Mr. Quelch. "But—but—"

"You have stated that you have no objection to a widow—"

"I have?"

"Certainly. I am a widow!"

"I—I am aware of that, madam. But—but how does it concern me?"

"It concerns you very nearly, I think," said Mrs.



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Boxer, with asperity. "If I were not a widow I should hardly have made this call."

Mr. Quelch pressed his hand to his burning brow. It looked as if another declaration of love was coming. From the bottom of his heart Mr. Quelch wished that he had not been born so fascinating.

"I am a plain woman," pursued Mrs. Boxer. That statement seemed to Mr. Quelch perfectly superfluous. But Mrs. Boxer went on to explain. "I believe in speaking plainly. I am disposed to accept your offer."

"My—my offer!" said Mr. Quelch dazedly.

"I take this as an offer," Mrs. Boxer tapped the "Friarale Gazette," a copy of which was in her hand. "True, it is not addressed to me particularly, but as I fulfil every reasonable requirement, I have no doubt that we shall come to a satisfactory arrangement."

"I—I do not understand—"

"The matter is plain enough, Mr. Quelch. I may say that when I lost my dear Percy Edward I had no thought of taking another partner, and I was too busy with the campaign for Votes for Women to give such trivial matters a thought. But I have since reflected. The position of a weak woman, alone and unprotected, is hard."

How much protection Mrs. Boxer needed was a puzzle. Certainly she was a match physically for the biggest man in the county.

"But we must come to a clear understanding before there is any question of an engagement," said Mrs. Boxer.

The Form-master jumped as if electrified.

"An engagement!" he gasped.

"Undoubtedly. A short engagement, if you like, but an engagement. I could not consent to an immediate marriage."

"An—an immediate— Bless my soul!"

"I have many irons in the fire," explained Mrs. Boxer. "Before I should have time for marriage I must see my new movement well established on its feet, and the vaccination of dogs and horses begun throughout the kingdom. But, as I said, there must be a clear understanding before there is question even of an engagement. Do you believe in votes for women?"

"Madam—"

"A plain question requires a plain answer, Mr. Quelch. Will you kindly say yes or no?"

"Yes, madam," said Mr. Quelch feebly. "I believe that, under certain circumstances, it would be only just and expedient to confer the suffrage upon the female sex."

"Very satisfactory, so far," said Mrs. Boxer, with a nod. "That, of course, is not all. Do you hold the old-fashioned and absurd belief that a wife should be obedient to her husband?"

"Really, madam—"

"Please reply directly."

"I—I do not see any use in this discussion, and, indeed, I have no time; the fact is, I am busy this afternoon."

"The matter must be settled, sir. Will you kindly give me a direct answer to my question?"

Mrs. Boxer's chin looked squarer than ever. The Form-master suppressed a groan, and answered:

"Madam, I believe that such matters should be left to the discretion of the parties concerned."

"Huh!" said Mrs. Boxer. "You believe that a man is entitled to give an order to a woman?"

"I hardly think that any well-bred man would do so, madam. But, really—"

"Very well; I am satisfied. I am a plain woman; I believe in perfect candour. You understand clearly that I intend to live my own life, to develop my own personality, and to retain absolute freedom of thought and action. Our house—"

"Our house!" stammered Mr. Quelch.

"Our house will be as much mine as yours. I shall ask my own friends to it, and, indeed, shall use it largely for meetings of an advanced character. On the other hand, I shall not interfere with your personal liberty. You shall be free to pursue your own profession, so long as it does not incommode me in any way. I think I have made my meaning clear."

"But—but—"

Having made her meaning clear, Mrs. Boxer descended to smile.

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"We may take the matter as settled," she said.

"Settled!" stammered Mr. Quelch.

"Yes. You may kiss me, Henry!"

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER. Mrs. Boxer Means Business!

"KISS you!" stammered Mr. Quelch, hardly believing his ears. "Madam—Mrs. Boxer—are you sane?"

"Sir!"

Mr. Quelch rose in great agitation.

"Madam, I am astounded, shocked, amazed! I regard your conduct as immodest in the extreme! I cannot say less. Do I look like a man, madam, to allow himself such odious familiarities? I have not the slightest desire to kiss you! I refuse to do so under any circumstances whatever!"

Mrs. Boxer also rose. Her eyes were glittering with the light that had struck terror to many a constabular heart.

"Let us understand one another, Mr. Quelch," she said icily. "Am I to conclude that you reject my offer?"

"If you have come here, madam, to make me an offer, you may understand that I reject it totally and absolutely!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, with great energy. "I have not the slightest intention of marrying; but if I had, I should certainly not select a person who came to me in this bold and unwomanly manner!"

"What!"

"You will oblige me, madam, by retiring at once!" Mr. Quelch rang the bell violently. "Trotter, show this lady out!"

Mrs. Boxer did not move.

"If what you have stated is correct, Mr. Quelch, what am I to understand by your advertisement in the 'Friarale Gazette'?" she demanded. "Is it nothing more or less than an unseemly jest on your part?"

"My advertisement in the 'Friarale Gazette,' madam, does not concern you. The fact that I have advertised for a temporary stableman—"

"I am not referring to any advertisement of that description, as you know very well. I refer to your advertisement in the 'Matrimonial Column.'"

"The—the—the what?"

"This advertisement, sir!" said Mrs. Boxer, thrusting the paper under the Form-master's nose. "If this advertisement, sir, was inserted from a motive of hilarity, utterly unbecoming to a man of your years, you will have to reckon with the woman whose tenderest feelings have been ruthlessly outraged! It will not be the first time, sir," thundered Mrs. Boxer, "that I have personally chastised the insolence of your sex!"

Mr. Quelch did not reply.

He couldn't.

His eyes were fixed upon the advertisement.

"Lonely Form-master—kindred soul!" Mr. Quelch mumbled, like a man in a dream. "Good heavens! Good salary and prospects; affectionate disposition! Bless my soul! Brunetto preferred! Goodness gracious! Personal interview; no letters! In the name of all that is horrible, how came this astounding advertisement to be inserted with my name?"

Mr. Quelch sank limply into his chair.

He understood.

The cause of all the awful happenings of that afternoon was clear to him at last.

It was not his fascinating personality; it was not his fatal beauty. It was this atrocious advertisement which had been inserted in the "Matrimonial Column" of the "Friarale Gazette," with his name and address attached. He felt quite faint.

Mrs. Boxer was regarding him with the eye of a basilisk. Never had the good lady looked so much like a Gorgon.

Trotter stood helplessly in the doorway, waiting to show Mrs. Boxer out. Mrs. Boxer showed not the slightest sign of going out. Instead of that, she had taken a businesslike grip upon her umbrella.

"Well?" said Mrs. Boxer.

"Madam, I—I am astounded! I—I am amazed, distressed! There has been a mistake! This is the first I have seen of this—this dreadful advertisement! I certainly did not insert it!"

"Nonsense!"

"Madam, some mistake has been made in the newspaper office," said Mr. Quelch, in great agitation. "Can you suppose for one moment that a man in my position would be guilty of so undignified a proceeding? Madam—"

"Your miserable subterfuges, sir, do not deceive me for one moment! Either this is a joke on your part, in the worst of taste—"

"Madam—"

"Or else you desire to put a slight upon me, after causing me to visit you by means of this advertisement!"

"Madam, I give you my word that I—"

"Do not perjure yourself, sir! And—"

"If you doubt my word, Mrs. Boxer, I can only say—"

"Don't raise your voice in addressing me, Mr. Quelch! I am a weak woman, but I am not to be bullied!"

"I—I had no intention—"

"Do not prevaricate! Weak woman as I am, I have chastised the insolence of other men, and I am prepared to chastise yours! You may not be aware, sir, that during the last Suffrage meeting in Courtfield it required three policemen to remove me from the town-hall, and that one of them is still in hospital!"

"Bless my soul!"

"I offer you," said Mrs. Boxer, "a last opportunity of acting in a manly and straightforward way, Henry! Say the word, and all shall be forgiven!"

"Madam, if you will not retire, I can only do so myself!" said Mr. Quelch, making for the door.

He jumped back as Mrs. Boxer strode in his way.

"Unmanly ruffian!"

"Good heavens!"

"Insulting knave!"

"Bless my soul!"

"Bully!"

"Oh, dear!"

"But this insult shall not pass unavenged!" shouted Mrs. Boxer. "Ruffian! Dastardly insulter! Take that!"

"That" was a swipe with the umbrella, which would certainly have floored the unfortunate Form-master if he had not dodged round the table in the nick of time. To his horror, Mrs. Boxer pursued him, still swiping with the umbrella. Miss Tuff and Fraulein Blum added together had been nothing to this. With a gasp of horror, Mr. Quelch fled for the door.

Swipe!

The umbrella caught him across the shoulders as he dodged out of the doorway. Trotter went reeling from a back-hander from Mrs. Boxer's powerful hand, and the good dame rushed after Mr. Quelch. Vengeance was not satisfied yet.

There was a roar in the passage.

"She's after him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This way, sir! We'll stop her!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Rescue!" shouted Wharton.

Mr. Quelch, his face pale, his eyes starting, his gown streaming behind him, was sprinting down the passage like a champion of the cinder-path. After him came the terrible Mrs. Boxer, swiping with the avenging umbrella.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Help!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Help! Police! The woman is mad! Good heavens! Wharton, Cherry, Field, please try to— Yarooop!"

Gallantly the juniors rushed to the rescue. They stemmed the rush of Mrs. Boxer, and their Form-master fled wildly into Mr. Prout's study and slammed the door. The Fifth Form-Master jumped up, dropping his pipe.

"Mr. Quelch—"

The hunted and harried gentleman turned the key in the lock.

"Excuse me, Mr. Prout—"

"What, in mercy's name—"

"A maniac—a dangerous maniac!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"A dreadful masculine woman, Mr. Prout, has come and

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made me—it is almost too shocking—an offer of marriage!"

"Quelch, if this is another of your very extraordinary love-affairs—"

"Mr. Prout, how dare you! I have no love-affairs!" shrieked the unhappy Remove-master. "Do I look like a Don Juan, sir?"

"You certainly do not," said Mr. Prout drily, "but your actions—"

"Some infamous person has inserted a dreadful matrimonial advertisement in my name—"

"Without your authority?" said Mr. Prout, with a sceptical smile.

"Certainly without my authority! I— Good heavens! The dreadful woman is here!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Mrs. Boxer had only been delayed for a minute by the devoted juniors. She had knocked them right and left. They were at a disadvantage; they could not very well hit Mrs. Boxer. But that good dame had no hesitation about hitting them. She simply knocked them to right and left like skittles, and arrived like an avenging fury at Mr. Prout's door.

Bang! Bang! Thump!

"Unmanly ruffian, come forth!"

"Tut-tut-telephones for the police, my dear Prout!"

Thump! Bang!

"Wretched trider—base and cowardly Lothario—come forth!" boomed Mrs. Boxer.

"Oh, dear!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Then the heavy footsteps of Mrs. Boxer receded down the passage. Even Mrs. Boxer was not equal to knocking down a strong oaken door. Mr. Quelch sank down in Mr. Prout's armchair and moaned.

"Is she really going? Watch from the window, my dear Prout! Good heavens. What an afternoon! Is she—is she going?"

"A masculine-looking female is crossing the quadrangle, Quelch."

Mr. Quelch bounded to the window. Mrs. Boxer was striding towards the gates. The taxi was waiting there. With unpeepable relief, Mr. Quelch saw his terrible visitor step into the taxi, and disappear.

"Gone!" he murmured. "Bless my soul! What—on, what an afternoon!"

Mr. Quelch unlocked the door, and limped out of the study. Mr. Prout was left shrugging his shoulders.

"She's gone, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"Thank you for—intervening on my behalf, my boys! What is the matter with your nose, Cherry?"

Bob Cherry caressed his nose.

"Punched, sir."

"And—and your eye, Wharton?"

"Punched, sir."

"And your—your face, Field?"

"Punched, sir."

"Goodness gracious! What a dreadful woman!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "I—I am much obliged to you, my dear boys, and I am sorry you are hurt. Trotter?"

"Yessir!"

"Dear me! Your ear, Trotter—"

"That there female, sir!" groaned Trotter. "Which she caught me aoner, sir, right on the ear—"

"I am sorry, Trotter! Pray accept this half-crown. Trotter, if any ladies—ahem!—should call to see me to-day, remember that I am engaged—I—I mean that I am very busy, and can see no one. Under any circumstances whatever, Trotter, you are not to admit any woman to see me."

"Yessir!"

Mr. Quelch tottered away to his bed-room and locked himself in. He was in need of repose. And he did not feel safe in his study, in spite of his instructions to Trotter. And in his bed-room the persecuted gentleman fairly quaked when a cab drove up. But Trotter was faithful; and the cab drove away again—and another cab after it. Then at last the callers ceased from troubling, and the unhappy master of the Remove was at rest.

THE juniors felt quite weak after that afternoon's entertainment. The funniest cinema had been nothing to it. But Hunree Jamset Ram Singh sagely remarked that when the esteemed Quelch had recovered himself a little, the rowfulness would be terrific.

There wasn't much doubt on that point. Skinner, though he had covered up his tracks so carefully, was feeling uneasy. If his little trick with the advertisement should be discovered, it meant a very serious "rowfulness."

That evening Mr. Quelch was not seen again. He was very much in need of repose. Sunday was a day of much-needed rest to the harried Form-master. On Monday, the Removees were not surprised to hear that they were to be taken by Mr. Capper on Wednesday, as Mr. Quelch would be absent that day. Evidently the Remove-master was in terror of visits from objectionable females on Wednesday afternoon. On Monday, after lessons, Mr. Quelch went down to Friardale, and the juniors, who saw him go, guessed quite easily that he was going to interview Mr. Hink, of the "Friardale Gazette."

"Hink will have a bad ten minutes, if he made a mistake with that advertisement," Harry Wharton remarked.

The Removees were looking for Mr. Quelch when he came back. The Remove-master came in from Friardale with a heightened colour and a glitter in his eyes. He beckoned to Bob Cherry to follow him to his study.

"Cherry, last Wednesday I gave you a letter to take to the 'Friardale Gazette' office," he said. "That letter contained a typewritten advertisement, concerning a temporary stableman required here. Before the letter reached Mr. Hink that enclosure was removed, and another inserted—a typed paper, containing a ridiculous advertisement of which I knew nothing."

"Oh, sir!" said Bob.

"As that ridiculous advertisement was accompanied by a letter in my handwriting, which he knew well, Mr. Hink had no doubts about it," said Mr. Quelch. "It was an infamous practical joke, perpetrated by someone who must have opened the letter I entrusted to you, Cherry."

Bob Cherry coloured under the penetrating glance of the Form-master.

"I am sorry I did not take it, sir," he said. "But I thought it would be just as good if another fellow took it in time."

"That is quite correct, Cherry. You did not open it?"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Then it must have been opened by the person you entrusted it to. Mr. Hink told me that the letter was brought to him by Todd."

"That is so, sir. I gave it to Skinner—"

"Skinner!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir. Skinner offered to take it, but he gave it to Alonzo to take, as he was detained, so he told me."

"Fetch both Skinner and Todd here, Cherry."

Bob Cherry obediently left the study, and returned with Alonzo Todd and Harold Skinner. Todd looked surprised, and Skinner quite calm and collected. Skinner felt that he required all his nerve now.

"Todd, you took a letter to Mr. Hink's office on Wednesday?"

"Yes, sir," said Alonzo. "I handed it to Mr. Hink himself."

"Did you open that letter?"

"Mr. Quelch!"

"Answer my question, Todd!"

"If I should be capable of such a thing, sir, I should never venture to look my Uncle Benjamin in the face again," said Alonzo.

"Very well, Skinner!"

"Yes, sir," said Skinner, with a sinking heart.

"It appears that you offered Cherry to take the letter for him. Did you open it while it was in your hands?"

"I hope I should never be guilty of such dishonourable conduct, sir," said Skinner calmly.

"I hope not, Skinner; but you have not impressed me as a boy with a keen sense of honour. One of you three boys opened the letter, and substituted a ridiculous advertisement for the one enclosed by me. My suspicions rest on you, Skinner."

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"Is that quite fair, sir?" asked Skinner. "The letter was in my hands for a very short time—a few minutes—and Todd offered to take it. Perhaps Todd let someone else get hold of it. We all know he is a duffer, sir."

"My dear Skinner—"

"Was the letter out of your hands, Todd, after Skinner gave it to you?"

"No, sir. I took it directly to Mr. Hink's office."

There was a long pause.

One of the three juniors before him, almost undoubtedly, had opened the letter, taken out the advertisement, and substituted another, which had brought so much worry and disturbance upon the unfortunate advertiser.

But which?

It was hard to look at Bob Cherry's honest, rugged face and doubt his word. It was hard to believe that the simple Alonzo had played such an astonishing trick. But Skinner's peculiar humorous proclivities were well known, and his untruthfulness equally familiar. Yet to fasten upon Skinner without proof would scarcely be just. There was a possibility, at least, that he was innocent.

The three juniors waited. Skinner was feeling quite confident now. Like the schoolmaster in the story, Mr. Quelch was "a beast, but a just beast." He could not punish a fellow on mere suspicion.

"You deny any knowledge of the matter, Skinner?" he said at last.

"Absolutely, sir," said Skinner, without flinching.

The look of disgust that came involuntarily over Bob Cherry's face did not escape Mr. Quelch.

"Very well," he said quietly. "I will not punish you without proof, Skinner. The matter rests here. If you have told me a deliberate falsehood, I leave you to your conscience. You may go."

The three juniors went. In the passage Skinner chuckled. He did not mind being left to his conscience—not at all. Skinner's conscience was a most accommodating one, and could stand almost anything.

"Well?" said a dozen voices, as the juniors came down the passage.

Bob Cherry snorted.

"It was Skinner, but he lied like a Prussian, and he's let off."

"Wasn't it a jolly good jape?" grinned Skinner. "Didn't old Quelch have the time of his life—what?"

"It was a good jape, and Quelch had the time of his life," agreed Harry Wharton. "But opening a man's letters is caddish, and telling lies is caddish, and we don't like liars in the Remove. As Quelch has given Skinner the benefit of the doubt, and let him off, I suggest that the Remove jolly well rage him for telling lies."

"Hear, hear!"

"Here, hold on!" said Skinner. "Why, you rotters—yah—leggo—"

Bump! Bump! Bump! Bump!

"Yaroooh! Help! Yoooooop!"

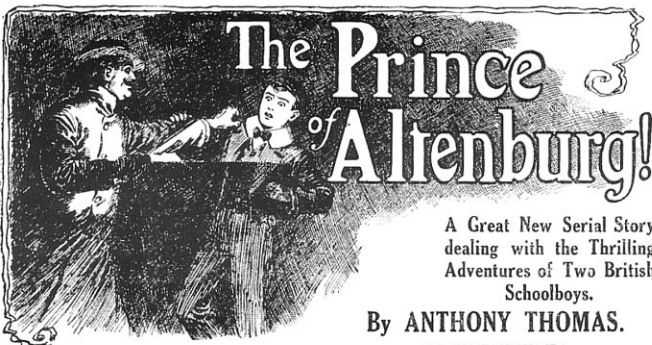
Mr. Quelch opened his study door and looked out. Skinner, struggling wildly, was being bumped on the floor with terrific vim. On any other occasion Mr. Quelch would certainly have sailed down the passage with a cane. On this occasion he closed his study door again, without a word.

Skinner crawled away to his study, feeling as if life was not worth living.

On the following Wednesday there were several callers for Mr. Quelch. But the Remove-master was absent for the day; he had fled before the enemy. The enemy had to retire discomfited. But for some time afterwards a certain nervousness was observable about Mr. Quelch on Wednesdays and Saturdays. But, as Bob Cherry remarked, the Remove-master was very lucky—he had had a narrow escape of becoming Mr. Boxer.

THE END.

(Do not miss "THE REBELS OF THE REMOVE," next week's grand story of the chums of Greyfriars, 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. Chatwood. 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 Chatsworth 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.

The unexpected arrival of a British Force causes the baron to make a hurried flight.

Disguised as an old woman, he escapes with his captive in a farmer's market-cart.

Dorwent Hood and Teddy Burke are scouring the neighbourhood in search of Darrell in a motor-car.

The car breaks down, and while Hood and the chauffeur are attending to it Burke wanders off down the road. Seeing a cart coming towards him, he recognises Darrell therein, and rushes back to Hood with the news.

They then prepare to effect Darrell's rescue.
(Now read the conclusion of the story.)

The Last Fight.

As they stepped into the roadway the three saw a curious sight.

On the front of the cart one man was standing, and in his hand he held a firearm, poised ready to fire. At the back stood Darrell, almost like a statue, while right by him was Zelling. He had hastily thrown off the sun-bonnet and the blouse and skirt, and appeared now in his own clothes. And the pistol in his hand was pressed against Darrell's temple.

Dorwent Hood understood the meaning of that. If he dared attack Zelling or his party, young Darrell would pay the penalty.

He turned to the driver of the car, and, as the wagon came nearer, took out his own revolver, and threw it to him.

"Take that!" he called. "I'm safer without it for the moment. Keep it ready for me, though."

Then he held out his hands towards those in the cart, indicating that they had nothing to fear from him.

"How are you, baron?" he called. "We seem fated to meet. Are you practising for waxworks or what?"

"Don't come too near!" Zelling warned him.

"Right! How far do you like me to keep away for THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 407.

conversational purposes?" Hood asked, still walking about two yards away from the slow-moving wagon.

Zelling made no reply, and Hood turned for a moment as the sound of hoofs came to him.

Behind him, a hundred yards or more away, came three men on horseback, galloping furiously.

The sound attracted the baron, and he also looked back, wondering what the trio were after. As he recognised their uniform he guessed what had happened.

Sergeant Ruffe's troopers had spent a whole day in searching for the missing prisoners, and had returned to the farm to report their non-success.

Inquiries which the officer in command had made showed that the cart which had left Schlang's Farm for Windhoek had never entered the town, but had turned westward.

Some suspicion of what had actually occurred entered the mind of the officer. The possibility that there might be more in the case than he had at first suspected induced him to send the troopers off again, after a brief rest, charged with the task of overtaking the cart, and bringing its three passengers back as prisoners. For more than three days the troopers had scoured the country, but not until this morning had they got on the track of their quarry.

As Baron Zelling turned to gaze at the three horsemen, the hand which gripped the revolver was lowered a little. And Jack Darrell knew it.

Throughout the past few days Zelling had played with Jack until at last the youngster came to the point when he realised that his prospects of getting away alive were very small.

Just for an instant when Teddy Burke appeared so unexpectedly on the scene a wild hope entered Darrell's heart. It was dashed almost immediately, for Zelling promptly used him as his own safeguard.

But the moment the revolver was lowered Jack realised that for an instant the baron's attention had been attracted from him, and he acted immediately.

Once before he had hesitated—and lost. To-day he made no such mistake.

His hand was on the side of the wagon, and he had vaulted over to the ground in less time than it takes to record his manoeuvre.

Zelling swung back at once, but it was too late. Darrell had dodged for a moment under the cart itself, safe from the baron for a time, until he decided his next move.

The horsemen were close upon them, and Zelling called out an order to the man who was driving. The horses quickened their pace, but it was obviously futile to attempt to race the troopers.

But now Darrell had rushed across to where Teddy Burke was standing. It was scarcely the time for greetings, for both were too intent upon the drama before them.

Dorwent Hood had also stepped to the side of the road, but made some effort to keep pace with the cart.

"Halt!"

The leader of the troopers rapped out the command, but the cart did not stop. Standing in the back of the cart, Zelling took deliberate aim, and fired at the leading horseman.

His companion on the front of the cart, taking it as a signal, also fired.

To Darrell and Burke the next ten seconds were simply a wild jumble. It was as though a thrilling cinematograph film had gone suddenly mad, and was racing before their eyes.

Half a dozen shots rang out in quick succession; a horse and its rider fell to earth, while the other two dashed wildly forward. For a moment a puff of thin white smoke seemed to envelop Zelling, and again there was the cracking of rifles.

When the smoke went the cart had come to a standstill, and two of the troopers were with it. The driver was standing up, and his hands were raised, a signal, it seemed, of complete surrender.

The third trooper was struggling from the ground, where his horse lay motionless. As he ran forward to rejoin his companions Derwent Hood joined him, and they reached the cart together.

"Come on, Jack," Burke called. "Let's go to them! The shooting's over now."

They ran forward, and found Derwent Hood and one of the troopers slowly lifting a form into the cart.

It was Zelling, and as Hood turned he read the question in the eyes of the two boys.

He nodded.

"Yes; it's the end. He put up a fight at the last. Lost his head a little, I fear, otherwise— He was a clever man, was Baron Zelling, and his country, at all events, has lost a good servant."

The naval man they found was hit, but not seriously wounded. He sat up as Derwent Hood approached.

"You have won, Mr. Hood," he said slowly. "But only just have you managed it. The luck has played into your hands at the last."

Hood nodded, then turned to Darrell and Burke.

"Run back to the car, and get that chap to make ready," he advised them. "I will join you presently."

They left him then, grasping the fact that Hood wanted to be alone for a time.

For the Secret Service man, however much he disliked it, had to make certain that no papers were in the cart or in the possession of his old enemies. All that he required he discovered quickly.

To the troopers he explained what his part in the drama had been.

"You'll not be coming back with us, sir?" the leader asked.

"No," Hood answered decisively. "I want to get back to England now just as quickly as I can. You won't need my services at all."

"You can take the whole business to us," they assured him. "We will leave the cart and everything back to Windhoek at once."

"Good!"

Hood turned, and just for a moment gazed at the still form lying in the cart.

Perhaps this was the better end. For in Britain Baron Zelling was wanted, only to meet the same fate that he had found on soil that but a few hours ago had been German and had now passed to Britain. There was something strangely fitting in the place where Baron Zelling had made his last fight.

The troopers were ready to leave, and Hood stayed until, having turned the wagon, they moved off slowly in the direction of Windhoek. He returned their farewell salute, and stood watching them for a time as they wound slowly along the road, a trooper cantering on either side of the wagon.

Then he, too, moved away, and joined Darrell and Burke. It was well perhaps that the youngsters had much to tell each other, for on the long journey back to Sandfontein Derwent Hood had much to think over, and was in no mood for talking.

EVERY
MONDAY

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

Back to Britain.

The car brought them safely into Sandfontein early the following morning, and it was not long before they had discovered Lord Bassington and Dr. Margards, who were still making diligent inquiry for every detail that might be useful.

"My dear boy!" Dr. Margards almost embraced Jack Darrell when he saw him. "Are you well? None the worse for your terrible experiences?"

"I'm really very fit, sir," Jack answered, amazed at the emotion the Head showed. He had been considerably surprised when Burke told him that Dr. Margards had come from England on their account alone.

"Young rascal!" Lord Bassington cried. "I hope this will be a lesson to you not to play truant again! I never did things of this sort when I was a lad. Never!"

He laughed cheerfully at his own humour, and the infection spread to them all. Even Derwent Hood, who had been strangely quiet and matter-of-fact, seemed to change suddenly as the sense of laughter touched him.

"And now, sir," he said briskly to Lord Bassington, "what about England, home and beauty?"

"I think that is the next move," Bassington agreed. "We don't owe anything here, and we've no farewells to make. So we'll just go aboard right now, up-anchor, and away!"

And that afternoon the Moonbeam bade farewell to Walfish Bay, and steamed away to the north.

Of the voyage home little need be written. To Jack and Teddy it was in the nature of a joy-ride. They were together again, and as though to put an added brightness to that there was nothing to fear at the other end.

"Who would have guessed that old Margie was such a sport?" Teddy Burke asked as they sat on the deck one day. "I haven't really grasped it all yet. Just imagine the old chap coming all this way, prepared to take every risk, for the sake of you—and me!"

"He is a brack!" Jack Darrell returned. "Last night he was telling me that in the absence of my pater he felt responsible for me. And he said he was very glad to know from Mr. Hood that through it all we'd played out parts decently. Sort of made me feel a bit of a hero!"

"I know," Burke nodded. "He's been jolly decent to me all through. I told him about my trick on old Stone, and he didn't get annoyed or angry one bit. By Jove! But I guess I'll stick up for old Margie at St. Dunstan's when we get there. And we'll both be back there soon!"

"Hurrah!" Darrell laughed. "But I'll tell you one thing I would like to know. I've been thinking about it ever since I came on board."

"What's that?" Burke asked quickly.

"Whether there is a real Prince of Altenburg, and if there is, just where he is, and what he's like. After all, I've been the prince all the time we've been away from St. Dunstan's, and old Zelling reckoned he knew him, and that I was the same chap. It's a queer business altogether, but I would like to see the real, genuine prince just for five minutes."

"So would I," agreed Burke doubtfully. "But I don't suppose we ever shall."

"I'll ask Mr. Hood about it," Darrell went on. "He knows all about these things, and he might be able to arrange it—or tell us something more about him, at all events."

Shortly afterwards Derwent Hood came strolling along the deck.

"Well, youngsters," he said cheerfully. "Planning a fresh idea? What's it to be this time? The King of Bulgaria, or a Prince of the Hotentots?"

"No, Mr. Hood," Jack Darrell answered. "We haven't fixed it up yet. What we are wondering about really is the genuine Prince of Altenburg. We want to have a glimpse of him some time, if it's possible."

Hood laughed.

"We shall have to see if it can't be fixed up," he said. "I don't know, of course, but we'll see when we get back to London."

He was as good as his word. The day came at last when the shores of Britain came into view. The two boys were almost sorry when they said good-bye at last to the Moonbeam, for the days they had spent on her had been easily the jolliest and most comfortable of their journey.

In London they were the guests of Lord Bassington until Dr. Margards had acquainted their people with the good news. Derwent Hood lost no time in going to his chief to report his return and all that had occurred. He promised to return to the others when everything was through.

As he went into the street he bought an early edition of an evening paper—the first he had seen for many a week.

Glancing down the columns, he came across the following item:



XMAS



CATALOGUE FREE.—Write for it and free the Big Bargains in Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Novelties, Pocket Lamps, Toys, Xmas Cards, etc. See these Real Gold Shell Rings, No. B145 Dress, B146 Hat, B147 Buckle, B196 Lady's Signet, B221 Gold Signet. All 1s each, post free. For nine out of ten in given card, a given amount of money, or write for Blue Card and Catalogue free.—Falm's Presents House, Dept. 33H, 15, N. Hastings.





THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 407.

NO. 2 "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," 1/2D. OUT TO-DAY! BETTER THAN NO. 1.

"It is now possible to announce definitely that the notorious German pirate, the Kielberg, has been utterly demolished. The cruiser Chatswood (commander Captain Brewis) tracked the German boat down to its hiding-place on a West African river, the name of which is not given.

"It would appear, however, that considerable difficulties attended the final attack, but it was eventually carried out successfully, and most of the officers and crew were made prisoners, and have already been brought to this country.

"The full story of what actually occurred will be awaited with interest. At present considerable mystery shrouds the very bald report issued by the Admiralty, and it is to be hoped—"

Derwent Hood had little interest in the paper's criticisms. It was enough for him that the Kielberg had been "utterly demolished." And Grenville Dexter would doubtless be having a few days' leave if the Chatswood had come back. It would be good to meet the midshipman again.

He called at his own rooms and chose a fresh suit, then hastened to Whitehall.

When, an hour later, he came out, there was a pleasant smile on his face, and a little touch of jauntiness in his manner.

The big career was still before him. And the events connected with the Prince of Altenburg had been but another step in the direction he desired.

His next place of call was at Scotland Yard, as he had learned that the assistant-commissioner, Captain Cobbold, could tell him all he wished to know about the real prince.

He was shown into Captain Cobbold's office at once. To his surprise, he found Dr. Margards there.

"Good!" Hood cried. "And I'm certain Lord Bassington would come. I don't think we can gather in anyone else, but I think it will be a merry party."

The Curtain Falls.

"His Highness the Prince of Altenburg!" announced the manservant. "And Mr. Hartford!"

A tall, good-looking man, accompanied by a boy, entered the big drawing-room at Lord Bassington's house. Lord Bassington himself went forward to meet them.

The assistant-commissioner had been successful in arranging the meeting, and the prince and his tutor called to pay their visit the next morning. Derwent Hood had arranged to come round about the same time.

"Glad to meet you!" Lord Bassington cried. "You know the whole story by now, I expect? I thought so. This is the youngster who has been playing the part of prince. Um! They're not unlike, are they, Margards?"

The prince and Jack Darrell certainly did bear a fairly strong resemblance to each other. But Jack was taller, and had a better colour, and—well, to Teddy Burke it seemed absurd that they had ever been considered alike.

"You have done us an excellent turn," Mr. Hartford laughed, as he shook hands with the two boys. "From all we can hear, Germany has been expecting you every day. And all the time the prince was quite safe here in London."

The prince himself shook hands rather shyly, and when he spoke, the difference between the real and the make-believe ruler of Altenburg was made clearer than ever.

Derwent Hood came in just then, and he had much to tell both the prince and his tutor, whom he had already met.

STARTS NEXT MONDAY THE RUBIES OF SHEBA

The First Instalment of a Great New Adventure Story

By **EDWIN WOOTON.**

ORDER YOUR COPY IN ADVANCE.

"I promised to let Captain Cobbold know the result of our trip," the Head of St. Dunstan's explained. "And now I am inquiring about the real prince, who appears to have been quite safe in this country all the time, and he has never been at any school, but in charge of a private tutor."

"I knew," Hood answered. "But I don't know where he is living now. I wonder, Cobbold, if we could have him for five minutes? The two youngsters are very keen on meeting him. Is it possible?"

"Where could they see you?" asked Cobbold. "Lord Bassington's house," Hood answered, and gave the address.

"Then I'll try and fix up a meeting and let you know," the assistant-commissioner answered. "Can't promise, of course."

"I quite understand," Hood said, and he and Dr. Margards took their leave shortly after that.

Hood had one more inquiry to make, and that was at an office not far from his own. They undertook to deliver a message he handed to them in extra-rapid time.

The message was addressed to Grenville Dexter.

"If all goes well," Hood said, as they walked back to Lord Bassington's house, "we should have quite a jolly meeting in a day or two. I promised Dexter a dinner when we were next in town, though at the time there didn't seem much prospect of either of us ever seeing dear old London again. And if you've no objection, Dr. Margards, I'd like to take those youngsters along, too. Perhaps you would come with them?" It would be a fitting conclusion to a fairly stirring time.

"I'd be delighted!" Dr. Margards answered.

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"It was a near thing once or twice for young Darrell," he told them. "But, on the whole, I fancy Burke got the worst of it. They were never under any delusions about him, and knew him all along for what he is—a real specimen of the British schoolboy. Tell them about the night on the Kielberg, youngster. It was a real adventure, wasn't it?"

"They fell to talking again of all that had happened to them during the past months. The prince said little; only listened in wonder to their stories. But at last he turned to Jack Darrell impulsively.

"I wish they had captured the real prince," he said quickly. "I—I never have any adventures or sport."

"What's that?" Mr. Hartford, who had been talking for some time to Dr. Margards, turned to his charge suddenly.

"Are you wanting to run away now?"

"No, only—the prince hesitated.

"I know, old chap." His tutor spoke to him as a friend. "I can guess how you feel. We've been kept tied up pretty much just lately, but, as I told you, I think we can be a little less secret now. How about going with these fellows to St. Dunstan's?"

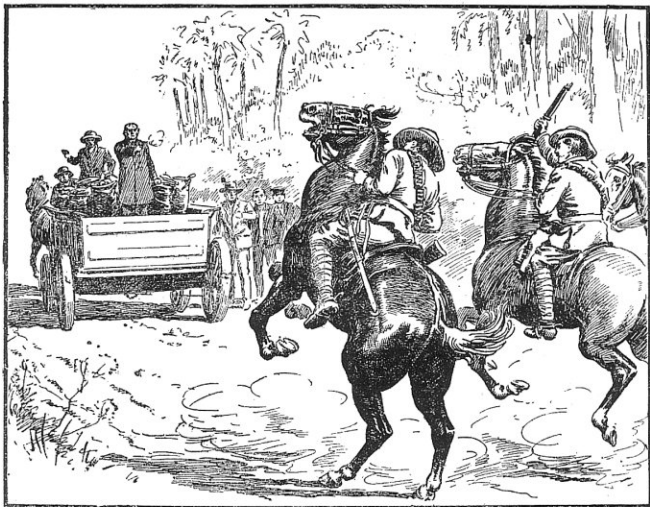
The prince jumped to his feet.

"Is that true? Am I going to a real British school at last?"

"I think so," Mr. Hartford answered. "And St. Dunstan's, I imagine, will be the best place of all. Dr. Margards will look after you, and these two boys—oh, I suppose they'll find you the adventures!"

"I hope not," laughed the Head. "For the future I'm trusting in Burke to lead a quiet life, and for Darrell to keep him company. And I am sure they will do all in their power to make the prince's life at the school a happy one."

NO. 2 "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," 3D., OUT TO-DAY! BETTER THAN NO. 1.



"Halt!" The leader of the troopers snapped out the command, but the car did not stop. Standing at the back of the cart, Zelling took a deliberate aim and fired at the leading horseman. His companion in front of the car, taking it as a signal, also fired. (See page 22.)

"We will, sir," Darrell assured him. "But what shall we call you?"

"An excellent point," Mr. Hartford said. "As a matter of fact, we don't want it made public that he is the prince, and I think he will go under the name of Michael Hartford. You understand? The secret is in your keeping."

"We'll remember that," Burke assured him. "Come along, Hartford, and we'll fix up a few things between us now."

Mr. Hartford laughed at the easy way in which Burke had taken to the new name. As the three boys moved away together, Hood called out to them.

"Dexter is coming to London to-night," he said. "I've just had a telegram."

"Dexter?" Darrell asked. "Is he? Shall we be able to see him?"

"Of course," Hood answered. "That's why he's coming." Then he turned to Mr. Hartford.

"I wonder if you could join us in this very gentle celebration of our safe return?" he asked. "It would be rather pleasant to have all the boys together."

Mr. Hartford thought for a moment. "Is it to-night?" he asked.

Derwent Hood nodded.

"At six-thirty," he answered. "Lord Bassington and Dr. Margards are coming."

"I think we could join you," Mr. Hartford said.

Never was there a pleasanter meeting than Derwent Hood's dinner-party. Midshipman Dexter, in all the glory of a new uniform, turned up promptly to time, and the whole story of what had happened to Darrell was retold for his benefit.

He himself would say little of the Kielberg, except the brief facts already published in the papers.

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"It's a long story," he pleaded, "and, anyway, for a time, it is quite secret. I'll tell you all about it later on. But that chap Von Bohn is back in England again, and I don't think he's sorry. Fighting isn't in his line really."

"I should think not," Teddy Burke retorted. "I'd have licked him easily on the Kielberg if they'd given us another five minutes."

"Did you fight him?" asked the real prince. "I've never had a fight."

He spoke regretfully, and Jack Darrell laughed.

"You'll have a chance of learning at St. Dunstan's," he answered. "Especially if you keep near Teddy Burke."

"Shut up!" Burke told him. "Listen! Lord Bassington is going to make a speech or something."

The peer heard him, and turned to him quickly.

"No, I'm no good at speeches," he retorted. "But I'm going to propose a toast. 'The Prince of Altenburg—the one who was, and the one who is! Both of them!'"

"And good luck to them both—and to young Burke, too, at St. Dunstan's!" added Derwent Hood as he raised his glass.

"We'll be jolly glad to get back there," Teddy Burke murmured.

And Dr. Margards smiled, wondering perhaps how long Burke's new-found goodness would rest upon him, or what new adventure would tempt him in the end.

But for the moment it was sufficient that they were safe and sound. And to-morrow—St. Dunstan's again.

THE END.

(The first long instalment of a splendid new serial story, entitled THE RUBIES OF SHEBA, next Monday. Order your copy early.)

NO. 2 "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," ½D., OUT TO-DAY! BETTER THAN NO. 1.

STUPENDOUS FOOTBALL MATCH

ELEVEN MAGNETITES versus ELEVEN GEMITES.

The following report of a great football match which was contested between eleven readers of the "Magnet" Library and eleven readers of the "Gem" Library, cannot fail to interest all my chums. The match was played on October 9th, and the Editor selected the teams from his vast army of readers in the London district.

The following boys took the field:—

"MAGNET" ELEVEN:

Goal, P. Williams (Catford); backs, W. B. Browne (Chelsea) and F. Stewart (Manor Park); half-backs, S. L. Mason (Funchley), B. Shelley (Brixton), and R. Tracey (Newwood); forwards, H. A. Walker (Hammer-smith), D. Noble (Camden Town), J. Wilde (City), C. R. Melville and A. P. Melville (Belgravia).

"GEM" ELEVEN:

Goal, G. Cook (Bermondsey); backs, F. Scott (Waterloo) and F. E. Davis (Islington); half-backs, H. Sherwood (Forest Gate), P. O'Connor (Fulham), and F. H. Ray (Wandsworth); forwards, C. Crisp (Shepherd's Bush), K. B. Hunt (Adelphi), R. Dangerfield (Lewisham), T. Hood (Waltham), and S. H. Lonsdale (West Kensington).

Referee: The Editor.

Linesmen: The Sub-Editor and Gerald Harcourt, Esq.

WHITES versus GREENS!

The weather was ideal, but the match being more or less of a private nature, not more than two hundred and thirty spectators were present. Wilde, who captained the "Magnet" side, won the toss, and elected to kick in the direction of the slight breeze which blew over the ground. The Magnetites were garbed solely in white, and the Gemites in green-and-white striped jerseys and dark knickers.

GOALS—AND MANY OF 'EM!

There was a lack of thrills at the commencement. The whites went away, and a magnificent pass from Walker on the wing saw WILDE score with a spanking first-time shot, which left the "Gem" goalkeeper gaping. Cries of "Well played, Wharton!" arose, and one could not help contrasting Jimmy Wilde with the hero of Mr. Richards' stories. In form and features he was the very double of Harry Wharton.

The Gemites swiftly rallied, and a great raid on their opponents' goal produced a corner. From the resultant kick, HUNT headed a grand goal.

Play was brisk and keen, each eleven realising that they were upholding the honour of their favourite paper. In spite of the sound defence put up by Browne and Stewart, the Gemites continually bombarded Williams with shots, and, although the custodian played finely, he was beaten at length by DANGERFIELD at a short distance.

The equaliser was not long in coming, and a marked improvement began to show itself in the play of the Magnetites. Shelley sent Wilde away, and, after clever combination, in which every forward took part, C. R. MELVILLE netted with a lightning drive.

A NEAR THING.

Play continued at a rapid and exciting rate up to the interval. Just before half-time, Dangerfield netted again for the Gemites, but the referee ruled the point off-side, and it was disallowed. Half-time arrived with the score:—

MAGNET	2
GEM	2

WILLIAMS THE WIZARD!

On the resumption, the Gemites attacked strongly, but found a great stumbling-block in Williams, who brought off a number of brilliant saves in truly marvellous fashion. For twenty minutes the terrific bombardment

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 901.

was maintained, and it seemed quite on the cards that the Magnetites' colours would be lowered. Hood hit the cross-bar, and Crisp, who was presented with an open goal, ballooned the ball high over the net. Shortly afterwards, Dangerfield fastened on to the sphere, and sent in a scorching shot, which Williams fisted out in the nick of time.

A "MAGNET" REVIVAL.

At length play was transferred to the other end, and the Magnetites made far better use of their opportunities than did their opponents. Wilde missed by inches, and then the brothers Melville were responsible for a sparkling run. The leather was sent out to Walker on the other wing, who shot hard for goal. Davis handled in the penalty area, and MASON was entrusted with the kick. His fast, low shot deceived Cook entirely, and the ball crashed into the net.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Some delay was occasioned shortly afterwards by an injury to Shelley, who came a terrific cropper in attempting to rob an opposing forward of the ball. Although in a dazed and bruised condition, the "Magnet" centre-half persisted in playing on, and the game was resumed. A few minutes later, however, Walker's knee, which had been none too sound from the outset, gave way, and he was reluctantly compelled to retire from the game. Then Shelley, in staving off another fierce attack, was hurt again, and rendered hors de combat.

GEMITES PENETRATE THE LOOPHOLE.

The Magnetites were sorely handicapped by the loss of their best half-back and finest winger, and it was not surprising that, soon afterwards, HOOD should score for the "Gem." Only five minutes now remained for play.

THE WINNING GOAL!

For a brief period the Magnetites were fighting with their backs to the wall, stubbornly refusing to give way before the desperate rushes of their opponents. Then Browne secured, and booted the ball well up the field. It fell at the feet of Noble, who sprinted away in splendid fashion. He was challenged by an opposing back, but just managed to get the ball across to WILDE, who, in the last minute, won the match for his side by beating Cook with a stunning effort.

Final score:—

MAGNET	4
GEM	3

COMMENTS ON THE GAME.

It was a delightful game to watch, abounding in thrills, and marked by splendid sportsmanship. The Magnetites deserved their victory, if only on account of the spirited fight they put up in the second half against overwhelming odds. The losers also played sterling football, and but for erratic shooting would have piled on goals galore.

The outstanding players on the "Magnet" side were Shelley, Wilde, and Williams, and on the "Gem" side Dangerfield and O'Connor. For the "Magnet," Shelley was a tower of strength at centre-half until he was crooked, and Wilde is a footballer with a future. Williams, in goal, played heroically, and to him the Magnetites owed no small share of their success. O'Connor and Dangerfield both rendered yeoman service for the "Gem," whose backs, however, were a trifle uncertain in their tackling. Browne and Stewart played well together, and kicked a very good length, and Mason got through a lot of work in a quiet, methodical manner. Altogether, it was a splendidly fought-out game, and it is hoped that another tussle on similar lines can be arranged later in the season.

After the match, victors and vanquished were entertained to tea at the Editor's private house.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

(Continued from page iv of cover)

A. W. Phillips (Birmingham).—You are a brick to send all your "Magnets" to the Front when they are finished with. I'll guarantee that your kind action has gladdened the occupants of many a dug-out.

P. G. (Sutton).—I have made strenuous efforts to obtain badges for "Magnet" readers, but it is sheerly impossible, as the manufacturers are devoting all their time to making buttons, etc., for the War Office.

A. Y. Z. (London, N.E.).—Thank you for the splendid work you are doing for the "Magnet" Library. You are not the only reader who was once antagonistic towards the paper, but has now changed his attitude. Best wishes!

William R. (Ashford).—Many thanks for your letter. Greyfriars is situated almost on the coast.

F. McC. (Norwich).—More stories of Bunter's ventriloquism will appear shortly.

R. Mortimer (Glasgow).—Your clever caricature was most amusing. Hope you will do your best to spread the fame of the "Magnet" in Glasgow.

"A Loyal Reader" (Glasgow).—The answers to your questions are as follows: (1) The recognised Remove football eleven is: Goal, Bulstrode; backs, Bull and Brown; half-backs, Cherry, Peter Todd, and Linley; forwards, Hurree Singh, Nugent, Wharton, Penfold, and Vernon-Smith. (2) Temple, Dabney, Fry, Scott, and Fitzgerald play for the Fourth, and the rest of the players vary. (3) Harry Wharton's guardian is Colonel James Wharton. (4) Peter Todd is in No. 7 Study, and Bob Cherry in No. 13.

E. V. (Croydon).—Your poem shows considerable merit and ability, but its nature would hardly appeal to the majority of my readers.

39702 Trumpeter C. Youngs, 125th Heavy Battery, British Expeditionary Force, France, would be deeply grateful if any reader of the "Magnet" Library would send him a football.

"A Loyal Canadian Reader" (Montreal).—Fisher T. Fish is never intended to represent a typical American, so keep cool!

"Irish" (Toronto).—Glad to hear you enjoyed "The Sunday Crusaders." The Christian name of De Courcy is Rupert.

Alex. Jackson (Montreal).—You had better apply to the local authorities.

J. E. (near Grimsby).—I am afraid I have neither the time nor space to let you have a complete list of all the juniors in the Remove. You will find full particulars in the special four-page supplement which is to be published if we have a Christmas Double Number.

The following are to be congratulated on having solved the great threepenny book secret: C. Ranson (East Ham), "A Loyal Girl Reader" (Dublin), Ernest Wilcox (Birmingham), Edith F. Chorley (Peckham), "A Loyal Reader" (Abertillery), A. Jones (Birmingham), L. Layton (Holloway), F. Timson (Leicester), and Alfred Ford (Ilford).

Leonard H. Harper (Newport, Mon).—I was very pleased to hear from you again, and wish you the best of success in your enterprise.

E. J. P. (Battersea).—It is extremely doubtful if Johnny Bull is as good a boxer as Bolshevik.

"A Loyal Reader" (Pontypriid).—Hand your spare copies over the counter at the nearest post-office, with the intimation that they are to be distributed among the soldiers.

Kitty S. (Horne Hill).—Thank you for a very nice letter. Kitty S.! I hope you will long continue to enjoy the fine stories by Mr. Frank Richards.

"A High Praise" (Glossop).—I do not know where you can obtain the book you mention. The headmaster of Greyfriars is Ferrers Locke's uncle. I should say that the two finest footballers in the Remove were Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith.

"A New Reader" (Uxeter).—Billy Bunter turns the scale at something like twelve stone. Glad to hear your father approves of the "Magnet." He's a wise man!

Herbert R. (Johannesburg).—Thank you for your enthusiasm in backing up the "Greyfriars Herald."

Jack G. (Johannesburg).—No, sir; Harry Wharton shall never develop into an old man.

David Muir, jun. 50, South Clerk Street, Edinburgh, wishes to form a league for "Magnet" readers in his town. Intending members should write to Master Muir, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for his reply.

(For further replies to readers see pages iii, and iv, of cover.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 407.

NO. 2 "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," 1/2D. OUT TO-DAY! BETTER THAN NO. 1.

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.



Robert Cherry,
Fighting Editor.



Mark Linley,
Sub Editor.



Harry Wharton,
Editor.

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD.

1^D.
2

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at Greyfriars School.

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Frank Nugent,
Art Editor.



H. Vernon-Smith,
Sports Editor.

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MY READERS' PAGE



The Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums, at home or abroad, and is only too willing to give his best advice to them if they are in difficulty or in trouble. . . . Whom to write to: Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

OUT THIS WEDNESDAY!

**GREAT CHRISTMAS
DOUBLE NUMBER OF
THE "GEM" LIBRARY!**

**EDITORIAL CHAT.
By HARRY WHARTON:**

**AN ALPHABETICAL
RHYME,**
which runs throughout
the paper;

**"THE ROLLICKING REVELS OF BUBBLE AND
SQUEAK."**

By FRANK NUGENT;

"MEDWAY'S MARATHON!"
A Magnificent Complete Sports Story,
By BOB CHERRY;

"SKORNBED BY THE SKOOL!"
A Scramingly Funny Serial Story,
By DICKY NUGENT;

"THE PRIDE OF THE RING!"
An Enthralling Serial dealing with the Boxing-ring,
By MARK LINLEY;

"AN IDEAL FEED,"
As described by William George Hunter to
**THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD" SPECIAL
REPRESENTATIVE;**

"CATCHING FISH!"
A Most Amusing Short Story,
By GEORGE BULSTRODE;

A WEEKLY CARTOON,
Drawn by Johnny Bull;

"THE ADVENTURES OF HERLOCK SHOLMES,"
This week's story being entitled
"THE CASE OF THE BISCUIT-TIN!"
By PETER TODD;

"LETTERS, TO THE EDITOR,"
in which many celebrated individuals air their views;

"SHOTS AT GOAL!"
A Weekly Fervent Column, conducted
By H. FERNON-SMITH.

After perusing such an impressive list as this, can you resist going to your newsagent at once? The "Greyfriars Herald" only costs a halfpenny, and is already on the highest pinnacle of popularity, so buck up, or they will be sold out! And don't forget to write and tell your Editor at the earliest opportunity what you think of the grand stories and articles enumerated above.

CAN YOU GUESS?

Here are a few questions which will interest every reader of the "Magnet" Library:

- (1) Who is the new girl pupil who wakes things up at Cliff House?
- (2) Which school can boast the finest runners of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, Highcliffe, Rookwood, Courtfield County Council School, and Rylcombe Grammar School?
- (3) Which school wins the great boat-race?

(Continued on page 111 of cover.)

THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD," No. 2. Get a Copy at Once!

The second issue of that wonderful little journal controlled by Harry Wharton and his chums at Greyfriars is now on sale everywhere. It is even better than No. 1, which is saying a good deal. Foremost among the many fine features to be found in it are:

A GREAT TUCK-HAMPER COMPETITION,

which all should enter without delay:

Printed and Published by the Proprietors at The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, England. Agents for Australasia: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Wellington, N.Z.; for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd., Cape Town and Johannesburg. Subscription, 7s. per annum. Saturday, November 27th, 1915.

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CAN YOU GUESS? (continued).

- (4) And the shooting contest?
- (5) And the tug-of-war?
- (6) And the swimming events?
- (7) Which school plays like demons in the great Football Final, and succeeds in licking their biggest rivals?
- (8) Which of the following juniors proves himself to be the finest exponent of boxing in the Southern Counties—Tom Merry, Jimmy Silver, Harry Wharton, Peter Todd, Bob Cherry, Frank Courtenay, Dick Trumper, Reginald Talbot, George Figgins, or Dick Russell?
- (9) Who wins the Marathon Race after a terrible struggle?
- (10) Which school gains the magnificent silver cup, awarded by an Old Boy who gave his life for his country?

The answers to all these questions appear in

"SCHOOL AND SPORT!"

By Frank Richards.

The great new threepenny book story, on sale Friday, December 3rd, 1915.

THE BEST TONIC FOR THE BLUES.

The letter I am reproducing below came to me from a married lady living at Hull, and her remarks on the all-absorbing subject of the "Magnet" Library will be read with great interest.

"63, Estcourt Street,

"Newbridge Road, Hull.

"Dear Editor,—I feel very nervous at writing you this letter, but having read in the "Magnet" Library that you wish your readers to state their opinion of the suggested amalgamation of Harry Wharton & Co. with Tom Merry & Co. in the "Penny Popular," I thought I would pluck up courage and write and tell you that I think the idea is simply great. It will be something quite novel, and is bound to be highly appreciated by your vast number of loyal readers.

"I have often read with indignation the letters written by so many evilly disposed persons, especially at the time when you were taunted about the Army. I think that the work you are doing is as great as that done by the soldiers in the trenches, for I know that it has given many hours of ease

and pleasure to the said soldiers, and I can truthfully say that it has been a fine tonic to me. My husband being in the Army, I have had many anxious months, as he has been at the Front since September 6th, 1914, only having had one furlough of five days. He has been wounded twice, not sufficiently for him to be sent home, but enough to cause him a good deal of suffering. In the time of my deepest anxiety I have picked up one of the companion papers, and in the excitement of a jape or a raid I have recovered my spirits.

"Wishing you and all your papers every possible success, I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

MRS. S. H.

"P.S.—My brother, who is in the East Yorks, is also a loyal reader of the companion papers."

My correspondent and friend has my warmest thanks for her kind sympathy and good wishes. Such letters as hers bring a ray of sunshine into an editor's somewhat prosaic life, and I hope Mrs. S. H. may for many a long year to come rejoice in the papers she has come to love with all her heart.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

A Junior Football Team (average age 15) requires home and away matches within a seven-mile radius of Barking. Clubs requiring fixtures should apply to J. S. S., 35, St. Paul's Road, Barking, Essex.

Alan W. Green, 91, Roker Avenue, Sunderland, is desirous of forming a League for "Magnet" readers in his town.

William H. (Bristol).—Sorry to hear there are some slanders in your famous town. Wood 'em out, my lad! It's time the loyal readers made themselves felt, I'm thinking.

H. C. C. A. (Clapham Common).—Thanks for your loyal letter. The replies to your questions are as follows: (1) Bolsover minor is in the Third. (2) Yes, Micky Desmond will take a prominent part in future stories. (3) Trumper & Co. have not disappeared into oblivion; they will be introduced into the coming threepenny book story, "School and Sport," by Frank Richards. The rest of the information required will be found in the special four-page supplement of the "Gem" Double Number, out on Wednesday.

T. A. F. (Glarnorgan).—It is quite impossible for me to bring out a Tuesday paper—at present, at any rate. Perhaps after the war there will be dramatic developments. Best wishes.

(Continued on page iv of cover.)

REPLIES IN BRIEF (continued).

"A Staunch Chum" (Ipswich).—Very many thanks for your loyal letter.

"G. M. U. P. J. Reader."—I much appreciate the sportsmanlike tone of your letter and the way in which you have voiced your criticism. There is a lot to be said from your point of view. Ferrers Locke is the Head's nephew. Frank Nugent shines best in the direction you name. I am unable to answer your question concerning Tinker, Sexton Blake's assistant.

Ralph V. (Newfoundland).—I am sorry I cannot do as you suggest, as we are already overloaded with characters.

Albert G. W. (Dorchester).—I have now stopped lending boys money. On numerous occasions in the past I have been imposed upon, and my loans have neither been acknowledged nor returned. Under these circumstances, I have deemed it advisable not to give further financial assistance to readers who have got into trouble. The many must be made to suffer for the sins of the few.

J. A. (Durham).—There is no Correspondence Exchange in connection with the "Magnet" Library.

H. Hargreaves (Wakefield).—A good football eleven for the Remove would be: Bulstrode; Bull, Brown; Cherry, Peter Todd, Linley; Vernon-Smith, Nugent, Wharton, Penfold, and Hurree Singh. Cecil Pousonby & Co. play a prominent part in "School and Sport," the next great three-penny book story, by Frank Richards.

Marjorie N. (New Cross).—The characters you mention are each fifteen years of age. Please note that in our forthcoming Christmas Double Number a special four-page supplement will appear, setting out in detail the names, particulars, and ages of the various characters. Best wishes.

Arthur Dawson (Addiscombe).—Very many thanks for your letter and loyal promise of support in connection with the good old "Greyfriars Herald."

D. B. Whyte (Edinburgh).—The "Penny Popular" gets better and better every Friday, and when Harry Wharton makes his appearance in the paper I shall expect it to sell like hot cakes.

"Two Preston Upholders."—Very many thanks for your loyalty!

"The Moonraker" (near Manchester).—Dick Russell hails from Southsea, in Hampshire. I am unaware of the native towns of the other characters you mention.

A. E. K. (Aldershot).—Sorry, I am not an authority on rabbits, or I should be pleased to help you.

J. B. R. (Victoria).—Billy Bunter turns the scale at twelve stone. Lord Mauleverer's Christian name is Herbert. I see no reason why Magnetites should always be at loggerheads with Gemites. Both sets of readers should make it their business to pull together.

G. H. (Chipping Norton).—I was very pleased to hear from you and to learn of your excellent intentions to further the popularity of my papers.

W. E. Dixon, III. (Newhaven Avenue, Littlecoates, Great Grimsby, Lincs).—I am anxious to form a "Magnet" League in his district.

H. and F. Whittick (Liverpool).—The suit of clothes you mention would be useless to Billy Bunter. He would burst through them. I see nothing ridiculous in Wun Lung being allowed to wear his Oriental costume.

H. M. (Baintree).—See reply to H. Hargreaves printed above.

A. C. P. (Kensington).—I have pleasure in adhering to your request. Send along your manuscript as soon as you like.

N. Forfar (Plaistow).—I will bear your kind suggestion in mind.

"A Loyal Chum" (Stourport).—The pages of "The Greyfriars Herald" are nine inches by six and a half inches—a great improvement on the old size, you'll observe. There are twenty pages, brimful of the finest features ever conceived by human brain—and all for one modest halpenny! I hope you enjoyed Number One.

F. Staples (South Africa).—Sorry I have no more copies of A. C. Michael's war picture available for distribution.

Glady's C.—Send in your contributions to "The Greyfriars Herald," by all means. If they are good, they will go in; if not, they will come back to you with a polite letter.

S. Elton (Johannesburg).—Thanks for your loyal promise of support in connection with the "Greyfriars Herald." I confidently look to my Colonial chums to put their shoulders to the wheel and make the new venture an uproarious success.

"A Scottish Reader" (Perth).—I have so often pointed out the inadvisability of Harry Wharton & Co. growing up that I am almost tired of it. Most of my readers want the Greyfriars fellows to remain young, and an editor always has to study the majority—not one or two eccentric people who like to read of modern Methuselahs.

Mathew Deehan (Londonderry).—I was very pleased indeed to hear from you. Write again as often as you like, and don't forget to tell me what you think of the "Greyfriars Herald."

R. N. Brookes (Worsley).—Your letter is ridiculous from start to finish, and a maze of contradictory statements. The "drink" scenes in the "Magnet," when they do occur—which is only once in a decade nowadays—are employed in order to show the folly of pub-haunting. The very school tales you mention as paragons of excellence contain numerous references to drinking and cardplaying. "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's" has its public-house scenes and its strong drink, while the other book you name fairly reeks with it. Before abusing the "Magnet" in future, Master Brookes, make sure that your statements are founded on fact.

Will the following loyal readers please accept my best thanks for their communications, which pressure of space precludes me from answering in full:

"O. H. M. S." (Mediterranean Expeditionary Force).

Pearce, B., and Chums (Dulwich).

Private H. C. H. (Woodwich).

Parkin, A. (Liverpool).

Ron (Stockham Heath).

Rogers, J. (West Toronto).

Roberts (Manchester).

Round, George (Mile End).

Ruff, P. (near Arundel).

R. G. (Larkhall).

Shearer, C. (Dunblane).

Stewart, M. (Dunblane).

Strick, R. A. (Brighouse).

Shurn, Tom (Lewisham).

Smith, Private Leonard (France).

S. B. (Birmingham).

Spencer, Edith (Kautsford).

"Sandy" (Glasgow).

Samuels, S. E. (Richmond).

Sellman, T. D. (Reading).

"Sussex by the Sea" (Woking).

Smith, Edwin (Bolton).

Spencer, J. (Edinburgh).

Smith, W. (Birmingham).

Sherriff, Horace (Liskeard).

Smith, R. (Nuneaton).

Sherry, James (Camberwell Green).

"Two Permanent Readers of the 'Magnet'" (Hillesden).

"Two Wolverhampton Chums."

"The South African Terrible Three" (Johannesburg).

Trout, F. T. (Birmingham).

Taylor, F. (Birmingham).

Tobin, H. (King's Cross).

"The Terrible Three" (Doncaster).

"Two Loyal Chums" (Southampton).

"Twenty-One" (Hailsham).

"Ted" (Merthyr).

Taylor, John A. (North Adelaide).

"The Famous 5" (Manchester).

Thompson, William (Gatehead-on-Tyne).

"Two Loyal Readers" (Bridge-of-Allan).

"Two Canadian Magnetites" (Alberta).

Tomson, J. H. (Portadown).

Tinker, B. H. (Liverpool).

"The Terrible Two" (Grimsby).

Ullrich, H. (Rusholme).

Vignaux, Patricia (Shooters Hill).

"Valentine the Kaffir" (near Hailsham).

Wenhams, A.

Waterhouse, George (Skerton).

Weston, W. (Totley).

Watson, David D. (Rother).

Walsh, J. (Jersey).

Whittaker, Bombardier W. (Mediterranean Expeditionary Force).

Whan, David S. (Sisburn).

Woodrow, J. (Chatham).

White, A. L. (Clippenham).

Williams, Harold (Ilford).

Wheeler, John F. (Montreal, Canada).

Wasley, K. (E. Molesey).

W. W. and G. O. (Bristol).

Williams, Gunner F. L. (Hertford).

W. T. G. (London).

Waddell, E. J. (Corbridge-on-Tyne).

Percy Darby (Wigan).

"A Loyal Jewish Reader" (Brighton).

Bert F. Cooper (Stoke-on-Trent).

William Carlisle (Warrington).

John Scott (Denbath).

(There are some more
Replies in Brief in
Column One Page 27.)

Your Editor.

