

"THE VENGEANCE OF WOO FING!"

A Long Complete Tale of an Amazing
Chinese Mystery at Greyfriars . . .

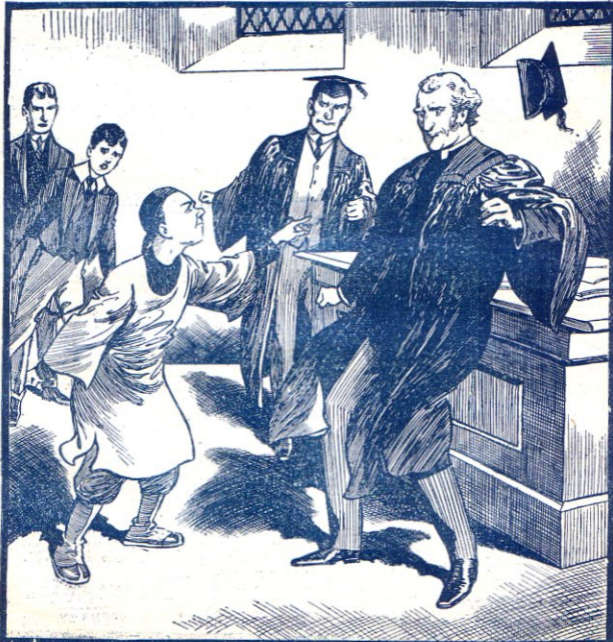
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No. 694. Vol. XVIII.

May 28th, 1921.



WUN LUNG ACCUSES DR. LOCKE OF THEFT!

(A Dramatic Moment in the Grand School Story inside.)

The Editor's Chat



Address all your letters to:
The Editor, "The Magnet Library,"
The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.
I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

"WUN LUNG'S FEUD!"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand, long, complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove Form at Greyfriars. In this story we find that Loder, the bullying prefect of the Sixth, makes an enemy of Wun Lung by reason of his persistent cruelty to little Hop III of the Second Form. The result is that Loder has a very warm time at the hands of the cunning Chinese juniors, and Loder is not at all sorry when

"WUN LUNG'S FEUD!"

is brought to an end, for more than once he finds his very life in jeopardy!

All my chums who like a fine school story with plenty of fun and adventure in it, will be well advised to order their copy of THE MAGNET LIBRARY in advance.

SPECIAL NUMBER OF THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."

Our next issue will also contain a special number of the Remove Form's weekly. It deals with friendship; and Dick Penfold contributes an amazingly clever parody on the old song, "Friend O' Mine." There are also articles, stories, witty paragraphs on the subject, and altogether we may honestly sum up our next issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" in one word—splendid!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I want to give my chums plenty of notice in regard to a new serial story which is to start in our companion paper, the "Boys' Herald," next week. It is a magnificent yarn, written by that popular author, Stanton Hope, and relates the triumphs and trials of a youngster, promoted to midshipman from the lower deck, in the gun-room of a big, modern battleship. The story is entitled

"THE LAD FROM THE LOWER DECK!"

and is, of course, a naval yarn. My chums will be sorry if they miss even one instalment of this splendid story, so just place an order with your newsgator for next week's "Boys' Herald."

Miscellaneous.

A Special Request.

Will Miss Beatrice Storey, of Poplar, communicate with B. Griffiths, 10, Nisbet Street, Homerton, E. 9?

Correspondence.

Miss Dora Berland, 28, Yalford Street, Whitechapel, E.1., would like to correspond with MAGNET readers.

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C. T. Cilwa, 64, Worcester Street, Wolverhampton, wishes to exchange stamps, price catalogues, and papers with readers overseas.

Miss Phyllis Nunn, 55, Coventry Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire, would like to correspond with readers.

W. H. Barnes, 112, Gower Street, St. John's, Newfoundland, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 18-20.

Edward Anthony, Nakus's, British Columbia, Canada, wishes to correspond with Boy Scouts anywhere.

C. Muirhead, 426, Maryland Street, Winnipeg, Canada, wishes to exchange stamps with readers anywhere.

Leonard Clifford, Chequers Restaurant, Marshall Street, Holbeck, Leeds, would like correspondence with readers anywhere.

R. Walsb, 105, Clopton Street, Hulme, Manchester, wishes to communicate with Harry Marsh, of Faversham (or late of Faversham).

G. Leslie Whomsley, Esq., Fern Dene, Black Hill Drive, Carlton, near Nottingham, would like to correspond with readers, ages 16-18.

Miss Marie Maddern, 2, Kia-ora Villas, Barwis Hill, Penzance, wishes to correspond with readers in America or Australia, ages 15-18; liking for games and sports of all sorts essential.

Robert Brown, Comber Road, Ballybenn, Dundonald, co. Down, Ireland, wishes to correspond with readers in Australia and South America.

Michael J. Foley, 82A, Mullin Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, wishes to hear from readers who are stamp collectors.

R. H. Colbett, 31, Onslow Road, Sheffield, wishes to hear from readers in Africa interested in stamps, or from any reader anywhere keen on motor-boat building. All letters answered.

L. H. Martin, 74, Pershore Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, wishes to correspond with readers interested in photography. Ages 14-17.

F. W. Cottam, 51, Julian Street, Grimsby, Lincs, wishes to correspond with readers in the United States, Chicago, and New York, specially.

Wilfred Nuttall, 22, Westbourne Park Crescent, Harrow Road, Paddington, W. 2, wishes to correspond with readers overseas, ages 15 and over.

Trumpeter H. Dent, 83rd Battery, R.F.A., R.A. Barracks, Ipswich, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, 17-18.

Miss Lily Williams, 7, Hardwicke Road, Reigate, Surrey, wishes to correspond with readers.

W. Spivak, 437, Burrows Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, wishes to correspond with readers interested in roller-skating.

Cyril Owen, 3, Kingsland Crescent, Barry Dock, Glam, South Wales, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-15.

D. J. Thomas, 3, Afan Terrace, Cwmavon, near Port Talbot, South Wales, wishes to correspond with readers overseas, or anywhere, ages 14-15.

Miss Marie F. Haylock, 2, Simrose Court Mansions, High Street, Wandsworth, London, S.W. 18, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 15-16.

E. Rice, 9, Princes Street, West Hobart, Tasmania, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers.

R. Bentley, 4, Haydn Avenue, Moss Side, Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-15, in Canada or Egypt.

Miss E. Macdonald, Cliffo Mount, 704, Bolton Road, Bradford, Yorks, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 17-20 or over, interested in music. All letters answered.

Miss D. Flight, Wenvoe Street, Devonport West, Tasmania, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-16.

Boxing.

F. E. Rosenberg, 9, Earlsfield Road, Wandsworth, S.W. 18, is entering for a boxing competition. Will any readers, ages 14-15, meet him for a little sparring practice, just for the love of the game?

Sports Club.

P. Clayton, 209, Burdett Road, London, E. 3, wishes to join a sports club in his district, ages of members, 14-16.

Your Editor.

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The Vengeance of Woo Fing!



A Magnificent Long Complete School Story of Harry Wharton & Co., the Chums of Greyfriars. - - By FRANK RICHARDS.

WOO FING.

HARRY WHARTON.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Rescue and a Threat!

"I'll go!"

It was Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, who made that remark. There was an immediate chorus of voices.

"Good for you, Wharton!"

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" added Bob Cherry, the fighting-man of the Remove.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly about him. Hostile expressions greeted him on every side. Evidently the Removeites did not want to hear what Billy Bunter, the fattest junior at Greyfriars, had to say.

"But I'll go down to Friardale to post the letter," said Bunter hurriedly.

"All I ask is something to—"

"Rats!" snorted Harry Wharton. "If we gave you the letter to take down to Friardale, Billy, and then gave you something to spend at Uncle Clegg's, the letter would never be posted at all!"

"Hear, hear!" assented a score of voices.

"The hear-fulness is terrific!" purred Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

It was an important meeting which had just finished at the Common-room. Cricket was in full swing, and there was a match to be played between Greyfriars Remove and Tom Merry's eleven from St. Jim's. Needless to say, there were plenty of offers to Harry Wharton. Fellows who fancied themselves as bowlers, and who found that Harry had already completed the list of bowlers for his eleven, suddenly developed ideas that batting was their forte.

Billy Bunter had offered to play wicket-keeper. As Bob Cherry remarked, that was a little too hard on the St. Jim's fellows, inasmuch as Billy Bunter would occupy so much room at the back of the wicket only very wide balls could possibly pass him. Billy's answer to that had been an indignant snort.

But now that the eleven juniors had been selected, it only remained for somebody to go down to Friardale to post a letter to Tom Merry, informing him that the Remove would be glad to see the St. Jim's juniors in the course of a few days.

Harry Wharton, as captain of the Remove and skipper of the cricket eleven, could easily have persuaded somebody to take the letter to catch the late post. Billy Bunter, indeed, had offered to take it. But Billy was thinking that Harry Wharton might provide the wherewithal to buy sufficient luck to keep up his "delicate constitution." Unfortunately for Billy Bunter, Harry Wharton knew what would follow his offer to post the letter.

"No, I'll take the letter myself," said Harry Wharton. "It's a jolly nice evening, and I'll enjoy a ride. I'd better get a late pass from Wingate, all the same."

And Harry Wharton left the Common-room, and made his way to Wingate's study. Wingate was the captain of the school, head prefect, and a jolly good fellow. He granted Wharton a late pass without asking any questions. He knew Wharton, and knew that he could be trusted.

The Remove captain got out his bicycle, and rode to Friardale in the growing dusk of the spring evening. He posted the letter, called in at Uncle Clegg's for an ice-cream-beer, leisurely at a bun, and then mounted his machine again and set his face towards Greyfriars.

But before Harry Wharton had traversed half the distance, he realised the necessity of lighting his lamps. P. C. Tozer, the constable of the village, was dead nuts on riding without lights, and Wharton had no desire to get into trouble over that score.

Once the lamps were lighted, Harry Wharton set off at a greater speed. But again he was forced to pull up.

From out of the darkness came a shrill cry—a cry that brought Harry Wharton's teeth together with a snap. It was a cry for help, and the tones told him that it was a lady in distress.

"Help! Help! Oh, help!"

The junior jumped off his machine, gave it a push into the hedge, and dashed towards the spot from whence the cry had come. In the darkness he made out the shadowy forms of two struggling persons. One was that of a man, whilst the other was evidently that of a young lady.

Wharton did not waste any time. He did not stop to order the man to let go of the lady. He dashed in, his fist flew out straight from the shoulder, caught the man flush on the point of the chin, and sent him reeling back.

There was a slight light from the new moon, and by its aid Wharton saw that the man was not a villager—he was a Chinaman. And the close-set eyes gleamed in the darkness—gleamed with a bitter hatred that sent a shudder through the junior's body.

"You—you rotter!" said Harry Wharton angrily. "Come on, if you want some more!"

The Chinaman came on. Wharton felt a sinewy hand at the back of his neck, and felt the fingers close like a vice. He gathered his fists and shot them both in an upward direction. They stopped, and he winced with the pain, for he again caught the Chinaman's chin with a jar that bruised his knuckles.

This time the Chinaman did more than stagger. He fell flat on his back with a crash; but he did not speak.

Harry Wharton heard a sound that resembled the hiss of a snake as the Chinaman rose to his feet, holding his aching jaw.

"You—you rotten heathen!" said Wharton, between his teeth.

Again came that horrible hiss, and the lady, who since the junior's arrival, had stood on one side, gasped in terror.

"Let him alone!" she begged.

"Let him go; he's a horrible Chinaman!"

"I've a jolly good mind to lift him blue instead of yellow!" growled Harry Wharton. "Get off, you cur! If you're here in ten seconds I'll shout for Tozer!"

Whether the Chinaman knew whom Wharton meant by Tozer was not known. But, with his hands still holding his chin, he crept like a cat towards the junior, who waited with fists drawn back.

"I remember!" said the Chinaman, his voice vibrating with concentrated anger. "I remember! You are of the school. You shall remember, too! Beware of the vengeance of Woo Fing!"

And, like a shadow, the Chinaman disappeared, leaving Harry Wharton alone with the lady.

"I—I'm awfully grateful—" she began.

"Then don't say anything more!" begged Wharton, uncomfortably. "Do you live in the village?"

"Yes," the girl—for she was little more than a girl—answered. "I'm staying with my uncle—Mr. Clegg."

Harry Wharton chuckled.

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"I think he's everybody's uncle!" he said. "We all call him Uncle Clegg at Greyfriars!"

The girl laughed a little tremulously. She was evidently upset by her adventure.

"My name is Clegg, too. I hope you won't call me 'Aunt Clegg!'" she said. Harry Wharton laughed cheerily.

"Look here, Miss Clegg, I think I had better see you safely home, in case that beastly Chinese is hanging about."

"Thank you very much," said Miss Clegg. "That—that would be very kind of you."

On the way back to Friar-dale Harry Wharton found his machine in the hedge where he had thrown it, and he wheeled it along as he walked beside Miss Clegg. He told her his name, and begged her not to say anything about the rescue to her uncle, as it would be sure to upset him. Miss Clegg thought that the real reason behind the request was that Harry Wharton did not want any thanks. She liked him all the more for that, and said so.

Wharton was rather sensitive to compliments from a pretty young lady. He blushed, and thanked his lucky stars that it was dark, and she couldn't see the blush.

They parted at the tuckshop, and Harry Wharton mounted his bicycle and rode quickly back to Greyfriars.

Frank Nugent, the best-natured fellow at Greyfriars, and who shared a study with Harry Wharton, was in Study No. 1 when the junior entered, and with Nugent were Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh.

"The timefulness taken by the post-fellow of the esteemed and ludicrous challenge is terrific, my worthy chum!" observed Hurree Singh.

"Perhaps he's been courting!" said Bob Cherry seriously.

"Oh, rats!" snorted Harry, flinging his cap on the table. "Anything left in the cupboard for supper, Franky?"

"Yes," said Nugent.

"Good!" said Harry Wharton. "Get the plates and things, you fellows! Look alive! I'm hungry!"

Wharton was taking a tablecloth from a cabinet as he spoke, and Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh took it from him and spread it on the table. Plates and cutlery were produced and laid upon the table on top of the cloth.

"Produce the grub, Franky!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "We'll hope for a remittance to-morrow, so that we can buy some stuff for tea."

"Sit down, then," said Nugent. "I'll bring the grub."

Four hungry juniors sat at the table, and Nugent turned to the cupboard. A moment later he put the "grub" before the four hungry juniors. And the four hungry juniors stared, gazed, and turned upon Nugent as one man.

"You—you japing dummy!" howled Bob Cherry.

"The chumpfulness of the esteemed Nugent is terrific!" said Hurree Singh. "You—you spoofer!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Is that the grub?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"Yes. You asked me if there was any grub in the cupboard, and I said 'Yes,'" said Nugent solemnly. "So there is—or was. One little biscuit, all on its own!"

"You silly ass!"

"Did you ask me how much grub there was?" broke in Nugent. "Did I ask the chaps to get the crockery out, and the knives, and the tablecloth? Carve the giddy-biscuit, Bob!"

Bob Cherry did not carve the biscuit. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 694.

Neither did he attempt to carve it. He snatched it from his plate and flung it at the playful Nugent.

Frank dodged it, and chuckled. "You giggling dummy!" growled Johnny Bull. "Thought we were in for a spread!"

"The same herefulness is terrific!" grunted Hurree Singh.

"We're out of funds, my tulips!" laughed Harry Wharton. "I only asked because I didn't know if anything had turned up. But I think Franky ought to be bumped for pulling our legs."

"What-ho!" assented the four hungry juniors.

"Here, hold on!" shouted Nugent. "We're going to!" snorted Bob Cherry. "Collar him, you chaps!"

Frank Nugent was collared, and the juniors held on to him, even as he had requested. They bumped him, and it appeared to Nugent at the moment that four of the Famous Five lacked a sense of humour.

Wingate came along as he was getting to his feet.

"What's this—trouble in the family?" asked Wingate.

"Oh, no, Wingate!" said Bob Cherry. "Just—just a little friendly—friendly little—"

"Playfulness!" Hurree Singh put in. "Exactly!" said Bob Cherry.

Wingate grinned.

"Well, cut off to bed, kids!" he said. "You ought to have been in the dormitory five minutes ago."

"Right-ho, Wingate," said Bob Cherry. "I say, as we haven't time to finish our supper, perhaps you'd take it with you, Wingate?"

Wingate stared. It was rather unusual for a junior in the Remove to offer the captain of Greyfriars supper.

But he understood when he saw Bob Cherry pick up the solitary biscuit. He looked from it to Nugent, and laughed.

"Cut off, you cheeky ass!" he said. And the juniors cut off.

In his bed, when the lights had been turned out, Harry Wharton thought again of the rescue and the threat. It occurred to him that if Woo Fing came to Greyfriars to carry out his threat—whatever he intended to do—there would be a very warm welcome for Woo Fing.

It never occurred to Wharton that the vengeance of Woo Fing might be effected outside Greyfriars. Had the thought entered his mind, it is possible Harry Wharton would not have slept quite so soundly as he did. As it was, he dismissed the matter from his mind altogether, and certainly never mentioned the incident to his chums.

He turned over on his side, pulled the bedclothes about his shoulders, and went to sleep, blissfully unconscious of the trouble that was to be his.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Outfitter's Loss!

HARRY WHARTON rose before the bell had changed the time for rising the next morning, and quickly dressed himself. Then he proceeded to the beds occupied by the other juniors who made up the Famous Five, and roused them.

"Wharrer narrer?" demanded Nugent sleepily.

"Come on, my son," said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "It's a gorgeous morning, and we're going down to the nets for a whack before breakfast!"

"Right-ho! I'm on!" said Bob Cherry, as he leapt out of bed. "Hi! Come on, the eleven!"

Bob Cherry was always an early riser. He did not lie in bed for an hour, and think that it was getting near time to rise. When he awoke he got up. That was all very well in his way, but when Bob Cherry got up he had a playful way of getting everybody else up.

This was no different from any other morning, although Bob had himself been roused by Harry Wharton.

"Shurrup!" shouted Harold Skinner, the cad of the Remove. "Can't you let a fellow have the sleep allotted him?"

"You'll get something else allotted you if you don't jolly soon rise!" said Bob Cherry dully. "I called out for that select crowd; you don't belong to that select crowd."

"Rats!" growled Skinner, under his breath.

He had not intended Bob Cherry to hear. But the fighting-man of the Remove had remarkably good hearing. He caught what Skinner said, and, going to his washstand, took up a sponge and soaked it with water.

Skinner eyed him in alarm.

"Here—!" he began.

"Getting up, my pippin?" asked Bob Cherry sweetly.

Skinner did not stop to answer that question; he got up. The rest of the cricket team was already moving. And Skinner, although not a member of the team, looked round at his cronies, Snoop and Stott, to find them grinning.

"If I've got to get up, I'll jolly well have the whole giddy Remove up!" said Skinner, between his teeth.

"You'd better not come near me, Skinner!" said Billy Bunter warmly.

"If you do, I'll—!"

"Well, you'll what?" demanded Skinner, flourishing a sponge.

"I'll—nothing, Skinner, old fellow," said Billy Bunter hastily. "Of course, I know you're only joking. You wouldn't follow Bob Cherry's dangerous practice of squeezing a sponge down a fellow's back; he might catch a frightful cold. Of course, Cherry doesn't understand that!"

"No; but I understand this," said Bob Cherry. "I've studied the question carefully, Billy, and find it's the best way to get a fellow up!"

And to show that he understood, Bob Cherry grabbed the mattress of Billy Bunter's bed, gave a mighty heave, and shot the Owl of the Remove to the floor.

"Ow! Yow!" roared Billy Bunter. "You've broken my glasses, you beast! Yow! My backbone's broken!"

"Cold water is good for sprains!" said Skinner.

And he squeezed the sponge over the fat junior. Billy Bunter's back mended very quickly. He jumped to his feet, howling.

"Oh, you beast, Skinner! I've a good mind to give you a jolly good hiding, only—only exercise doesn't agree with me before brekker," said Bunter.

"Come on, you fellows!" laughed Harry Wharton. "It's time we got down. The bell will be going shortly."

The trouble with Skinner and Bunter had awakened the whole of the Remove, and, with a few exceptions, the juniors turned out and dressed.

Harry Wharton & Co., Mark Jinxley, Vernon-Smith, the one-time Bouncer of Greyfriars, and Bulstrode, went to their respective studies, and took up their bats, some stumps, and a ball, and hurried down to the nets.

In five minutes they were bowling, batting, or chasing the leather. Harry Wharton watched his men with a critical eye, ready with advice should it be required, and still more ready to encourage. Just as he himself was taking up his



"You hadn't the money to pay for your bat, yet you've money in your pocket," said the outfitter. Harry Wharton grew cold all over and followed the outfitter's gaze to his waistcoat pocket. Sticking out were several new pound notes. He took them out. "M-my hat!" he stammered. "They're not mine! I don't know anything about them!" (See Chapter 3.)

position in the nets. Drake and Rodney, the juniors who had come to Greyfriars from St. Winifred's, and who shared Study No. 3 in the Remove passage with Ogilvy and Dick Russell, came running across. Wharton gave them a cheery nod.

"Glad to see you chaps turn out early," he said. "Send a ball along, Rodney!"

"What-ho!" said Rodney. He caught a ball which Bob Cherry slung to him, went to the bowling-stump, took a short run, and sent down the ball. Click! Harry Wharton stopped it only just in time.

"Good one, that!" he said encouragingly. "Send 'em down like that in the St. Jim's match, and we'll jolly well wipe the ground with Tom Merry and his crowd!"

Rodney sent down another ball, but it was not quite so straight as the previous one, and Wharton lashed out at it.

Click! Ball and bat met. Harry Wharton had meant to send that ball to the boundary, so to speak. But the ball did not go nearly so far as that. Instead, there was a sound of splintering wood—a creak—and Harry Wharton was staring dully at the handle of the bat, the only part that remained in his hand.

The rest of the bat was on the ground six yards away. He stared from the handle to the piece on the ground, and groaned.

"Oh, my only sainted aunt!" he gasped. "Oh, Jemima!"

"That's rotten luck!" said Rodney, running and picking up the smashed bat. "I'm awfully sorry, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton grinned ruefully.

"Can't be helped!" he said. "Wasn't your fault, old man! But—but it's rotten luck, just as we've got a decent match coming along. I'll have to wire

my guardian for cash to buy another! Oh, rotten!"

"The rottenfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh softly. "The buyfulness of the esteemed new bat must be done fully accomplished at once, too, or you will have to play with a strange bat in the match."

Harry Wharton nodded. The bat was an old favourite of his, and he had put up many a good score with it. But he had evidently had his last "whack" with it.

He had no heart to take part in the practice after that calamity. He stood by and watched the others, with gloomy face, and hands thrust deep in his pockets.

Just before the time for breakfast, he hurried to Gosling's lodge, to catch the postman as he came in. He had just a shilling to pay for a wire to his guardian for cash to buy a new bat.

He gave the postman the message to send off to Friardale, and then went into breakfast.

The expected wire had not arrived by tea-time, and Harry Wharton began to think that his guardian had left home for a holiday. He had not heard that such was likely to occur, but it was not impossible.

The evening post, however, settled the question. There was a hurriedly-written letter from his guardian, which informed Wharton that he was going out of town for a few days. He couldn't give an address because he did not know where he would be stopping.

Wharton read the letter, frowned, and tossed it across to Frank Nugent, who was reading a book on the side of the table.

"That's rotten luck, Harry, old man!" he said, when he read it. "But I shouldn't worry about that. Go down to

the outfitter's, he knows you well enough to trust you with a bat, especially if you show him that letter."

Wharton brightened up considerably. The outfitter certainly had cause to know him, for he bought practically all the juniors' sports gear from that gentleman's shop.

"I never thought of that, Franky," he admitted. "I'll run down at once. I've got time before locking-up time."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry entered the study at that moment, and behind him came Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, Johnny Bull, and Vernon-Smith.

"Wherefore the smile, Harry?" asked Johnny Bull. "Got the wire?"

"No," said Wharton, and explained his intention to get a bat from the outfitter's, and pay for it when his uncle returned.

The juniors nodded their agreement with the plan, and Harry Wharton hurried off.

When he arrived at the outfitter's, it was to find that he was not the only Remove junior out to purchase a bat. Harold Skinner was there, an unpleasant sneer on his lips.

"My hat!" said Harry Wharton. "Surely you're not taking up cricket!" Skinner sneered still more.

"Doing it for Loder," he growled. "Got to wait for his bat to be oiled."

"Oh," exclaimed Wharton, and grinned. "Thought it a bit funny you should be waking up!"

The outfitter came out of his back parlour at that moment, and smiled genially at the Remove captain.

"Good-evening, Master Wharton," he said. "Master Loder's bat will be a few minutes yet; I've time to serve you. What can I do for you?"

Skinner sat down in the only chair the shop possessed. His feeling towards the bully of the Sixth would not bear description at that moment.

Wharton, somewhat reluctantly, explained his reason for visiting the shop. Skinner looked up in surprise when he heard Wharton asking for credit, and grinned the most unpleasant grin he was capable of. Evidently he was not the only junior who was occasionally hard up.

The outfitter smiled and nodded, when Wharton had finished speaking.

"Of course, I understand, Master Wharton," he said. "I'll find you a bat with pleasure."

At that moment a heavily-bearded man entered the shop, curly demanded some fishing-tackle, and slung a pound note on the counter to pay for his purchase. The outfitter looked at Wharton, who nodded, and the stranger was served.

The outfitter had to go to his till to change the note with which the bearded man paid for the tackle, and, as he opened the drawer Wharton noticed that there were several pound notes already there.

"Here!" said the man suddenly. "These hooks are two small. Give me some larger ones."

The outfitter left his till, and again sought the drawer for the tackle.

"We shall be all the blessed night here!" growled Skinner. "I wish Loder would come after his own giddy bat!"

Wharton turned to him, and smiled. "Cheer up, my son, you've got a late pass, haven't you?"

"Yes, but— Hang it, mind your own business!" growled Skinner.

He could not very well explain that he wanted to get to Greyfriars to have a little "flutter" with the cards in his study. Wharton might have had something to say on the subject had he known.

The hooks were obtained, the stranger was satisfied, and went out of the shop.

Five minutes later, Harry Wharton expressed himself satisfied with a bat he had chosen. The outfitter had taken the opportunity to fetch Loder's bat and wrap it up for Skinner, who laid a ten-shilling note on the counter to pay for it.

"I'll just give Master Skinner his change, sir, and then I'll wrap up your bat for you," said the outfitter.

The next moment a gasp of amazement broke from him. He had opened the drawer of the till, and there was not a single note in it!

"Goodness gracious me!" gasped the outfitter. "I've been robbed! Robbed of twenty pounds!"

"Robbed?" exclaimed Wharton and Skinner together.

And they stared dully at the empty till.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Accused!

ROBBED!"

Harry Wharton repeated the word again. He had not moved from the counter whilst the stranger was in the shop, and certainly Skinner had not been near the till. Had the stranger managed to rob the till? It seemed impossible. There had not been time!

"Twenty pounds!" said the outfitter grimly. "Goodness gracious me! I wonder if that man—"

"Quite likely!" interposed Skinner. "Although I must say he must have been mighty quick about it."

"Perhaps you'd like to search us before we go back to Greyfriars?" suggested Harry Wharton, after a glance at his watch. "That will clear us; and I have to get back."

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The outfitter looked doubtful. He did not wish to offend Harry Wharton, who had so much to say about the sports gear for the Lower School of Greyfriars. But—

"Perhaps that would be as well, sir," he said, at last. "Satisfy everybody, then?"

Skinner flushed.

"I'm jolly well not going to be searched as if I were a common thief!" he said hotly.

"Look here, Skinner," said Wharton. "Can't you see that it is the best thing to do?"

Skinner growled, and muttered something under his breath, which Wharton did not hear.

"I've got to get back," said Wharton hurriedly. "I'm willing to be searched."

"I—I—I don't think it necessary, sir," said the outfitter. "That bearded man must—"

He broke off and stared at a pocket of Harry Wharton's waistcoat. His jaw set hard, and his eyes became positively steely as he looked up at Wharton.

"Did you say you hadn't any money to pay for the bat, Master Wharton?" he asked very quietly.

"Oh, my bat! Have I got to explain all that again?" asked Wharton, in dismay. "I shall be late for call-over—"

"You hadn't the money to pay for your bat, sir, yet you've money in your pocket!" said the outfitter.

"What?"

Harry Wharton grew cold all over, and followed the outfitter's gaze to his waistcoat-pocket. Sticking out were several pieces of paper. He took them out. They were pound-notes!

"M-m-m-my hat!" stammered Wharton.

"Jumping rattlesnakes!" gasped Skinner, his eyes almost bulging from his head.

"Are they yours, sir?" asked the outfitter.

"Mine—mine? Oh, no, they're not mine!" stammered Harry Wharton. "I—I don't know anything about them."

Skinner sneered, and the outfitter became more stern than ever.

"I've lost some money. I see it in your pocket, Master Wharton," said the latter grimly. "Ahem! The position, I think, is fairly obvious!"

"Own up to it, you silly ass!" whispered Skinner. "You'll get off lighter!"

Snack!

Harry Wharton's fist shot out, and Skinner measured his length on the floor of the shop.

"You cur!" said Wharton, between his teeth. "Do you mean that I'm a thief?"

"Yow-wow!" howled Skinner. "Looks like it, don't it?"

"Gentlemen—please!" snapped the outfitter.

"I'll break every bone in his body if he calls me a thief!" said Harry Wharton fiercely. "I don't know anything about the beastly money, I tell you. All the chaps know that I hadn't a bean!"

"Yow! That explains—" began Skinner.

But he stopped when he saw the light in Wharton's eyes. The skipper of the Remove looked positively dangerous at that moment.

"Look here," said Wharton, turning to the outfitter. "Do you think I pinched your rotten notes?"

"What am I to think, sir?" asked the outfitter uncomfortably. "You came here without any money. You—I—perhaps that stranger put it there?"

"Rats," said Skinner-curtly. "The Johnny was never near Wharton!"

"I know he wasn't!" snapped Harry

Wharton. "Besides, I had my back to him most of the time."

The Removee did not seem to see that he was incriminating himself by taking the blame off the stranger.

"Well, I think the best thing to do is to hand over the money and get back to Greyfriars," said the outfitter. "I'll—I'll have to see Dr. Locke about it in the morning."

"Do—do you still think that I took the notes?" demanded Wharton.

The outfitter shrugged his shoulders.

"The headmaster at Greyfriars must settle that, sir," he said slowly.

"Then keep your rotten bat! I'm through with this shop!" said Harry fiercely, and he threw the new cricket-bat on to the counter with a crash that startled the outfitter. "See the Head—and hand over!"

Harry Wharton's temper had got out of control. There was a time when such control was never possessed, but that time was a long way off. Certainly, Skinner had never seen Harry Wharton so angry in all his career at Greyfriars as he was at that moment.

The Removee's face was livid with anger, even his lips showing white under the pressure of his teeth. He slung the notes on the counter beside the bat, and strode from the shop.

He mounted his bicycle and rode off to Greyfriars as if he had the whole Police Force of Great Britain at his heels. Dimly it occurred to him that he was in for dire trouble. Skinner, he reflected, would see that the Removee knew about the scene in the outfitter's shop. There was no love lost between the sturdy skipper of the Removee and the biggest sneak and cad at Greyfriars.

But the ride served to calm him down a little before he entered his study, where he had to settle the same four juniors as he had left there.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry cheerfully. "You've been the dickens of a time!"

Harry Wharton flung himself into a chair without replying, and the others could see that his brows were contracted in an angry frown.

"Trouble on the road?" asked Nugent sympathetically.

"Trouble?" echoed Wharton, and laughed mirthlessly.

"Haven't killed anybody, I hope?" said Bob Cherry.

"Or run over Tozer's pet corn?" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Or lustfully dropped a tanner and found the ludicrous bobfulness?" asked Hurree Singh.

Harry Wharton waved his hand impatiently.

"Shut up rotting, there's good chaps!" he said, with unusual bitterness. "I went to the outfitter's—"

"Yes, we know that," said Bob calmly. "What happened afterwards?"

"It wasn't afterwards, it's then!" snapped Wharton. "It was there it happened."

"That explains everything," murmured Johnny Bull.

"What do you mean by 'it' happened?" asked Nugent, who seemed to realise better than the others that their leader was very seriously troubled.

"Why, the outfitter chap missed some money. You fellows know I hadn't any when I left here?" said Wharton, keeping his anger down as best he could.

"Yes, did he refuse you credit?" asked Bob warmly.

He noticed for the first time that Harry Wharton had entered the study without a bat.

"No; but he saw twenty pound-notes in my waistcoat-pocket," went on Harry Wharton. "Twenty pounds, mark you, when I hadn't got twenty pence!"



"So it was you who called Wharton a thief, was it?" flashed back Vernon-Smith, and, without stopping to think, he snatched up a bowl of hot soup from the table and tossed it over Billy Bunter's head. "Ow! Yow!" cried the Owl of the Remove. "I'm drowned! I'm scalded to death! You—you beast!" (See Chapter 7.)

"Phew!"
The juniors whistled in their surprise. Had Harry Wharton told them that he had carried Dr. Locke to the wood-shed and locked him in, the juniors could not have been more surprised.

"My only Sunday topper!" said Bob Cherry.

"My hat!" gasped Frank Nugent.

"Explained my giddy grandmother!" growled Harry Wharton.

"How the merry dickens could I explain, when I don't know anything about the beasty notes? That end Skinner was there—"

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"I suggested we should turn out our pockets, in fact," resumed Harry Wharton. "Then that slabsided, cackling sneak Skinner told me to own up, and— and I lost my temper and knocked him down!"

"Serve him jolly well right!" snorted Bob Cherry.

"It was whilst the outfitter was deciding whether to search me or not that he spotted the notes," said Wharton. "Now you know as much about it as I do, and as much as the whole of Greyfriars will know ten minutes after Skinner gets back."

The juniors were silent. Only too well they knew that Skinner would spread the story on his arrival at the school.

"Was there anybody else in the shop?" asked Nugent, after a pause.

"A fisherman chap came in and bought some hooks and tackle," said Wharton. "But he was never near me, and Skinner was well away from the till. So it wasn't Skinner who pinched the cash."

Again there was silence between the juniors. They thought and realised the extremely nasty position in which Wharton was placed. They could not blame

the outfitter for accusing Harry Wharton of the theft. The money had been found—or, perhaps, seen—in Wharton's pocket.

"What's going to happen now?" asked Johnny Bull.

"The outfitter is coming to see Dr. Locke to-morrow morning," said Harry Wharton.

At that moment the study door was flung violently open, and Vernon-Smith came in. The newcomer's face was flushed, and there was a furious expression about him that startled the juniors.

"It isn't true, Wharton?" he demanded.

"It is," said Wharton calmly.

"Then Skinner—I've just punched his silly fat head for him!" said Vernon-Smith angrily. "The lying little toad said that you had pinched twenty quid from the outfitter!"

"He lied!" said Bob Cherry angrily. "Wharton—Wharton just found the cash in his pocket!"

The hard-headed and practical Bouncer smiled—a twisted smile, half sympathy, half derision.

"Wharton will want something more solid than that to clear himself, it all that Skinner said is true," he said. "Of course, I believe Wharton every time."

"Thanks!" said Harry simply. "But if Wharton didn't pinch the money, how the dickens did it get in his pocket?" demanded Vernon-Smith.

That was a question half the Remove were asking themselves that night. Many a glance was cast in Wharton's direction, but only Billy Bunter ventured to speak to the junior captain.

Bob Cherry promptly dealt with the fat junior of the Remove, and, others observing, realised the truth of the proverb which tells us that a still tongue shows a wise head.

But there was little sleep for Harry Wharton that night—little for any of the Famous Five, for that matter. Wharton was mentally picturing himself in the Head's study, explaining—or endeavouring to explain—the case.

And as night drew on Harry Wharton realised that his position was indeed a terrible one. He fell asleep at last—a heavy sleep of exhaustion, from which he awoke with a headache that made him wish to keep his eyes closed for many minutes after the rising-bell had clanged forth.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Another Alarm!

"B'GAD!"
It was Lord Mauleverer, the champion slacker of the Remove, who made that remark. It was not the remark which attracted the attention of the rest of the juniors as they were dressing themselves. It was the tone in which Mauleverer spoke.

"B'gad!"
"What's the matter with you, Mauly?" asked Bulstrode.

"N-nothing, b'gad!" said Mauleverer. "It's all right, dear boy!"

But the schoolboy ear wore a very worried frown for the rest of the morning. He was asked once or twice the reason for that frown. The answer was always the same—nothing was the matter.

But the Remove knew that there was something radically wrong with Mauly. He was too easy-going a chap to worry over nothing. Not that Mauly was looking very worried—he seemed more anxious than worried. Some of the juniors put it down to the fact that Wharton was in trouble, for a real

friendship existed between the slacker of the Remove and the energetic skipper.

But they were all wrong, as was proved at breakfast-time.

Percy Bolsover, the bully of the Remove, turned to Mauleverer just as they were finishing breakfast.

"What's the time, Mauly?" he asked. "Have I got time to go down to the gages before classes?"

"Yaas; plenty, dear boy!" said Mauly.

"Well, what's the giddy time, anyway?" asked Bolsover.

"About half-past eight, Bolsover, dear boy!" said Mauly; and he rose from his chair.

But Bolsover reached over the table and pushed him back into his seat again.

"Where's the twenty-five guinea ticker, Mauly?" he asked. "I want to know the time."

"I told you, Bolsover. And don't push me about!" said Mauly. "You make me tired."

"I'll punch you about in a minute!" said Bolsover, darkly. "Have you pawned the giddy ticker, or what?"

"Numno. Not at all."

"Well, where is it?"

"Blest if I know, dear boy!" said Mauly desperately. "I've—I've mislaid it for the moment."

Bolsover, and several other juniors who heard that remark, stared.

"Mislaid a twenty-five guinea ticker!" ejaculated Bolsover. "Don't talk out of the back of your neck!"

"I can't, dear boy!" said Mauly innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I believe he's pawned the watch!" said Skinner. "Lords are awfully hard up just now, I believe."

"Rats!" said Mauleverer curtly. "I've plenty of money!"

"Then where's the watch?" demanded Bolsover again.

"It's none of your business, Bolsover!" said Piet Delarey sharply. He shared a study with Lord Mauleverer, the most sumptuous study in the school, No. 12 in the Remove passage.

And Delarey objected to his study-mate being bullied.

"Have you really mislaid your ticker, Mauly?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yaas, dear boy. It will turn up, though," said Mauleverer.

Besides being the richest fellow at Greyfriars, Mauleverer was undoubtedly the most careless. Literally, he had money to burn, and fivers were always disappearing from Mauleverer's pockets, to turn up later on to show that he had used them as bookmarks, or for some similar purpose.

"Perhaps it's been pinched!" suggested Skinner from the doorway.

Instantly there was silence in the breakfast-room—a silence that could be felt. Harry Wharton whitened to the lips, and Bob Cherry turned furiously and dashed out of the room to find Skinner.

There came back to the minds of the juniors the affair in the outfitter's at Friarale the night before. Harry Wharton was to see the Head about that during the morning. Had the watch followed the notes—into Wharton's pocket?

Unbidden in many cases, readily accepted in others, the question flew to the minds of everybody in the Remove.

"B'gad!" said Mauleverer hastily. "I didn't say anything, dear boy! Wharton, I trust you don't think I believe—"

Harry Wharton smiled slightly.

"You needn't say anything, old chap," he said in a low voice.

But as if to give the juniors a lesson in not suspecting anybody until the proof was forthcoming, Wingate entered the breakfast-room at that moment, bearing the missing gold ticker in his hand.

"Ah, Mauleverer!" he said. "Sorry I couldn't return this last night. You'd gone to bed by the time I'd thought of it. Next time I want a stop-watch, perhaps you'll be good enough to lend it to me."

"B'gad!" gasped Mauleverer.

"The forgetful chump!" growled Bulstrode. "Mauly, you dummy—"

Wingate looked round. He could see that there was something wrong. He glanced curiously from the watch, now in Mauleverer's hand, to Wharton's white face, and understood.

"If you see any silly asses being thinking that this watch was stolen?" he demanded wrathfully.

Nobody answered that question.

"If you have, you're a set of young idiots!" went on Wingate. "As for you, Mauleverer, you ought to be taken about on a chain, with a steel collar round your neck! Silly young ass!"

Wharton shot a grateful glance at the sturdy captain. Evidently George Wingate had not listened too much to the story of the theft at the outfitter's shop.

Wingate strode out of the breakfast-room, and was followed by a crowd of Removites, who did not want Harry Wharton to observe their embarrassed expression. Mauleverer strode languidly in the rear, until Johnny Bull swung him round.

"Ow! Don't put me all in a flutter, Bull!" gasped Mauleverer.

"Mauly, you're a dummy!" said Johnny Bull wrathfully.

"Yaas, dear boy; but—"

"And a careless chump!" added Frank Nugent. "Bump him, you fellows!"

"I say, you fellows—"

Mauleverer broke off. He had to, to yell "Ow!" not once, but many times.

And when the wrathful juniors had finished with him he felt more like a scarecrow than anything else.

"That'll teach you to be more careful, you ass!" said Johnny Bull. "Didn't you see that—that half the fellows thought Wharton had pinched your watch?"

"Ow! Yaas—ow!" gasped Mauleverer.

"But they're silly asses, dear boys. Only asses would think anythin' of the sort! Ow!"

And Mauleverer walked painfully out of the breakfast-room, to proceed to the dormitory to change his collar and make himself presentable.

Harry Wharton had not given a hand in bumping Mauleverer. He felt his position too keenly for that. But he agreed that Mauly deserved a bumping.

The slacker's carelessness in not remembering that he had lent Wingate his watch, so that the skipper could time Xmas ovas in hundred yards, had all but caused Wharton to be suspected of stealing that watch, besides the money in the outfitter's shop.

Mauly certainly deserved a bumping, He got it, at any rate. But whether Mauly thought he ought to have been bumped is a different question.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Not a False Alarm!

"WHARTON!"

Harry Wharton stopped as he was making his way to the class-room. It was Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form master, who called his name. Wharton turned round and faced Mr. Quelch. The ordeal was about to commence.

"Yes, sir," said Wharton, in a low voice.

Mr. Quelch coughed, and looked somewhat nervously at the frank, straightforward face of his pupil.

"Ahem! There has been a visitor this morning, Wharton," said the master uncomfortably. "He told me a story which I find hard to believe—in fact, I told him bluntly that he had made a great mistake."

"You were correct, sir," said Harry Wharton firmly. "I did not touch the man's money—until he—told me about it, that is, sir."

Mr. Quelch nodded kindly.

"Thank you!" he said. "I believe you. I have always found you a most trustworthy boy."

"Thank you, sir!" said Harry Wharton; and, somehow or other, the burden he was carrying seemed lighter for the kindly-spoken words from the master.

"I don't know how the matter is going to be settled, sir, but I assure you once again that I know nothing whatever about the theft!"

"Very good," said the master. "You may proceed to the Form-room, Wharton."

The captain of the Remove was the last junior to take his place in the Form-room.

Mr. Quelch came in a moment later, and the juniors wondered if any word had passed between them. Needless to say, neither Harry Wharton nor Mr. Quelch enlightened them on that point.

The day passed quietly for Harry Wharton. He did not feel like cricket. He wanted to be alone—to think of what might have really occurred in the outfitter's shop. The bearded man's face appeared before him. But he was sure the bearded man had not been near him.

Skinner could not have placed the money in his pocket—that was even more certain than that the bearded man could have had anything to do with the business.

Skinner had been before him all the time. The end of the Remove had not bided from his seat in the shop whilst Harry Wharton's bat was being found. It was a complete mystery. Once Harry Wharton found himself wondering if, in a moment of mental aberration, he had taken the money. But he laughed the idea away. That was impossible!

Yet, how had the money got into his pocket?

Harry Wharton would have given a term's pocket-money for the answer to that riddle!

The captain of the Remove was very tired when he went to bed that night. He was not physically tired, but he was mentally fatigued with the efforts to solve the riddle of the theft. And as soon as he laid his head upon the pillows he went straight off to sleep.

The cricket seemed to have made everybody tired. Nobody saw Skinner and Snoop leave their beds, quietly dress, and tiptoe out of the dormitory.

Billy Bunter's snore reverberated through the dormitory, but that was the only sound which could be heard. And once the door had been softly closed behind the two breakers of bounds, there was silence utter and complete in the dormitory.

It was nearly two hours later that Harold Skinner and his crony came back. They had got into the school the same way in which they had left—by the window on the stairs which led into the Close.

The two cads did not speak as they undressed and got back to bed. A light would have told the juniors that Skinner was in a bad temper. Snoop was smiling happily. But then Snoop had won money playing cards at the Cross

(Continued on page 9.)

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 22
Week Ending May 28th, 1921.



THE SCHOOL BUILDING



Harry Wharton
Editor



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CAMP ORDERS!

Issued by Dr. Locke.

(Some persons with a perverted sense of humour—possibly Skinner of the Remove—has erased the word "not" wherever it occurred in the following orders.—Ed.)

- Boys must remain in bed after the reveille has sounded.
- Boys must be late for meals, or it will entirely disorganise the kitchen staff.
- Scenes of rowdiness, such as tent-wrecking, pillow-fighting, and so forth, must take place.
- Any boy caught smoking, either in the camp itself or beyond the bounds of same, will be given another chance.
- Boys must bathe out of their depth unless a prefect is present.
- Boys are allowed to leave the camp in the evening without special permission.
- Talking, shouting, and "skylarking" in the tents after lights out is permissible.
- If these rules are adhered to, the special privilege of being under canvas will be continued.
- Boys to obtain cakes, ginger-beer, etc., from the refreshment-marquee without paying for them immediately. (This would suit Billy Hunter down to the ground.—Ed.)
- Boys are expected to abuse this concession which the Governors have conferred upon them in allowing them to camp out for a week.
- If in any cases of misbehaviour are reported to me, I shall be very angry with the prefect concerned.
- Boys are allowed in the large marquee used for the kitchen. If any boy is discovered there he will be let off lightly.

(Signed) H. H. LOCKE,
Headmaster.

EDITORIAL.

By Harry Wharton.

For one week—one glorious summer week—the school is under canvas.

One of the governors of Greyfriars suggested the scheme. Hats off to the old gent, whoever he was. You can bet your Sunday topper that it wasn't Sir Hilton Popper! (Sorry to burst into rhyme like this, but I've just been reading one of Dick Penfold's periphrastics, and it's got up into my head.)

We have only just arrived at the spacious camp near Pegg Bay. All is chaos and confusion, and it will be a long time before we can sort ourselves out.

The members of the editorial staff of the "Greyfriars Herald" have contrived to get a tent to themselves. This is a stroke of luck, for if we were scattered about the camp I should have a rare job to collect all the contributions for this issue.

My pals are squinting all around me, in Oriental fashion, scribbling away industriously.

Only one member of the staff is unemployed, and that's Mauly. The lazy beggar is reclining at full length on the tent-boards, with a handkerchief spread over his aristocratic face in order to keep the mosquitoes away. In all the camp there's not a slacker slacker than Mauly!

We are to have lessons in the open air every morning, but in the afternoon we shall be free to do as we like, and boating, balling, cricket, and fishing will be the order of the day.

Goodness knows how Billy Hunter will fare with his precious "Weekly" now that he is in camp. When we arrived he asked Mr. Quetch if he might take over one of the masters' marquees, for use as an editorial sanctum. The right honourable gent replied in the negative, as the parliamentary reporters say.

I suppose Billy will worry through somehow, but the fellows who share his tent aren't likely to give him much peace. He wants to get out a special camping number, but I've warned him that if he does anything of the sort I'll have him put in the stocks for scribbling!

Hallo! There's a giddy earthquake happening! Johnny Bell has fallen backwards against the tent-pole, and uprooted it. And the whole box of tricks is coming down on our heads.

Cheerio, dear readers! Excuse this abrupt ending.

CAMP JOTTINGS!

By Jack Drake.

Hurrah for the joys of camping! Sunshine and mirth and jollity prevail on every side, and everybody's happy. Even Loder of the Sixth, who tripped up over a tent-peg and went sprawling, causing me to go into convulsions, forgot to award me a thousand lines. Verily, life is sweet!

But it's not all ginger-beer and skittles being in camp. This sort of life has its penalties as well as its pleasures. Here am I, "cribbed, cabled, and confined," as Shakespeare says, in the same tent as Billy Hunter, Alonso Todd, Tom Dutton, Stan Lung, and Fisher T. Fish. What a priceless collection! A prize poisoner, a born duffer, a deaf mute, a heathen Chinee, and a chin-wagging Yankee! Have pity on me, gentle reader!

Of course, Billy Hunter ought to have a tent all to himself. He nearly fills this one, and the rest of us are jammed together like sardines. It's awful! And when bedtime comes, and he starts snoring like he does in the Remove dormitory, I'm certain he'll bring the giddy tent down!

The masters are specially favoured. They've got splendidly-equipped marquees, and are waited on hand and foot by the servants, who, of course, have come to camp with us. I feel rather sorry for poor old Prout, though. Judging by the following placard, which is pinned outside his marquee, he is a prisoner:

"This merry marquee contains old Prout: He soon got in, but he won't get out. For I've made all the ropes secure and tight, And Prout's a prisoner for the night!"

I expect, though, that some passer-by who respects civility to animals will liberate him.

We are bound to have some glorious japes before the week is out. Coker & Co. of the Fifth occupy the next row of tents to ours, and we mean to have them out of it in the middle of the night. And then there are the Sixth boundaries and the Upper Fourth to deal with. When the Remove's on the war-path things are going to be lively.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 694.

CAMP CRICKET!

Wharton's Huge Score
against St. Jim's.

(Special Report by our Sports Editor,
H. VERNON-SMITH.)

MATCHES with St. Jim's—or the "Saints," as they are familiarly called—are always popular; and when Tom Merry brought his eleven over to our camp by the sea, there was tremendous excitement.

I can imagine certain cynical readers saying: "Of course, Greyfriars won—as usual! They always do when Smithy writes a cricket article!"

Well, as a matter of fact, Greyfriars didn't win! But they made a very bold bid for victory at a time when things seemed hopeless; and Wharton's forceful batting brought us within five runs of our opponents' total score.

It was a great game, and although heavily in arrears at the end of the first innings, the Friars put up a game fight in the second.

Patty Wynn's bowling was deadly. He captured a big bag of wickets; and Harree Singh and Jack Drake shared the bowling honours for Greyfriars.

By glancing at the scores, which are given below, the reader will see what an exciting finish it was.

ST. JIM'S.

1st INNINGS.

T. Merry b. Drake	14
R. Talbot run out	32
J. Blake b. Singh	9
G. Figgins c. Cherry b. Drake	2
R. H. Redfern c. & b. Drake	15
H. Noble b. Singh	6
A. D'Arcy b. Singh	3
S. Clive c. Drake b. Singh	0
G. Kerr b. Drake	9
D. Wynn run out	11
R. Brooke not out	13
Extras	9
	123

2nd INNINGS.

T. Merry c. Nugent b. Drake	11
R. Talbot c. & b. Singh	7
J. Blake l.b.w. b. Drake	4
G. Figgins stp. Bulstrode b. Drake	0
R. H. Redfern run out	8
H. Noble c. Wharton b. Singh	10
A. D'Arcy hit wkt. b. Drake	12
S. Clive stp. Bulstrode b. Drake	8
G. Kerr l.b.w. b. Singh	1
D. Wynn c. Cherry b. Singh	0
R. Brooke not out	5
Extras	3
	69

GREYFRIARS.

1st INNINGS.

H. Wharton l.b.w. b. Wynn	4
R. Cherry stp. Kerr b. Wynn	2
J. Drake b. Noble	0
H. Vernon-Smith b. Wynn	6
F. Nugent c. D'Arcy b. Wynn	8
J. Bull b. Wynn	5
P. Todd c. Clive b. Noble	0
T. Redwing not out	10
H. Singh b. Noble	0
S. Q. I. Field c. & b. Wynn	4
G. Bulstrode c. Wynn b. Noble	2
Extras	4
	45

2nd INNINGS.

H. Wharton not out	70
R. Cherry b. Noble	15
J. Drake c. & b. Wynn	7
H. Vernon-Smith run out	6
F. Nugent b. Wynn	1
(Continued in col. 2.)	

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 694.



HIS APPEAL FOR RECRUITS.

To the Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Wharton, I wish it to be publicly made known that I propose to form a troop of Boy Scouts, in order to keep certain young rascals out of mischief whilst they are in camp.

My troop will be divided into various patrols, as follows:

- The Walrus Patrol.
- The Ape Patrol.
- The Hippopotamus Patrol.
- The Pig Patrol.

The Walrus Patrol will be composed solely of masters and members of the domestic staff, who possess moustaches. The Ape Patrol will include good-looking boys like Blundell. The Hippopotamus Patrol is for boys like Coker, who are rather clumsy on their feet. And the Pig Patrol will be made up of boys of the Bunter type.

All boys desirous of enrolling in my troop should report to me at Marquee No. 2.

Loyal scouts should bring with them (if possible) the following equipment:

- Coat, Great, One
- Can. Billy, One.
- Sack, Haver, One.
- Knit. Clasp, One.
- 1 Fork.
- 1 Spoon.
- 1 Tin Whistle.
- 1 Mug (not of the facial variety, but a drinking vessel).

Loyal scouts will then be allotted to their respective patrols, and operations will commence as soon as possible.

It is hoped that recruits will come forward in large numbers. Scouting is a delightful pastime for the young—far superior to cricket and other senseless games of ball.

In addition to the usual tuition, a special course of rifle-shooting will be given, under my personal supervision.

"Boys of Greyfriars, don't delay!
Give your name in right away!"

I am,
Yours expectantly,
PAUL PROUT.

(Our own advice on this subject may be summarised as follows:

"Boys of Greyfriars, keep away!
When Prout shoots, he shoots to slay!"
—Ed.)

CAMP CRICKET!

(Continued from Co. 1.)

J. Bull c. & b. Noble	3
P. Todd l.b.w. b. Wynn	3
T. Redwing b. Wynn	2
H. Singh run out	9
S. Q. I. Field b. Wynn	14
G. Bulstrode b. Wynn	7
Extras	5
	142

Heartly congrats to Tom Merry & Co. on their victory. When we visit St. Jim's in a few weeks' time, we hope to turn the tables!

A CAMPING SONG!

(With apologies to the author
of "Thora.")

By Dick Penfold.

I stand in a land of noses,
They are all upturned in bed—
For in Wharton's tent they are sleeping,
I can twig each curly head.
Nightingales in the branches,
Mars in the tragic skies;
But I only hear Cherry snoring,
And he does not heed my cries.

Come, come, come to me, snorer!
Come once again with me.
The Fifth we will amite
This very night,
We'll have such a stunning spree!
We'll put them to flight
In a pillow-fight
If you'll only come with me!

I stand again by the tent-flap,
But in silence and in shame.
For Cherry refuses to hear me,
Though I bellow and boom his name,
'Tis a tale that is truer and older
Than any the Bunters tell:
He loves pillow-fighting too little,
He loves his snug bed too well!

Speak, speak, speak to me, snorer!
Speak once again, and be
With me this night
In a pillow-fight,
We'll have such a stunning spree!
"CHERRY!" Once more!
Speak to me!" Snore!
The pillow-fight isn't to be!

BOB CHERRY'S EXPLANATION.

It's all very well for Dick Penfold to let off steam like this.

Nobody is fonder of a pillow-fight than I; but it was quite impossible for me to get up on this occasion. I hadn't slept a giddy wink for three nights in succession.

Last night we raided the tents occupied by the Upper Fourth; the night before that we raided the Shell; and the night before that we were kept awake all night owing to that chump Morgan, in the next tent, playing "The Men of Harlech" on his mouth-organ!

And after three sleepless nights, Dick Penfold expects us to go and slay the Fifth!

"Which it ain't reasonable, young gens," as Gosling would say. And "got I see is this 'ere"—if Penfold comes round to-morrow night, bellowing my name at the top of his lungs, there will be a dead poet found in the tent-lines next morning!

LOOK OUT FOR:

"FRIEND O' MINE!"

Another version of a
Modern song by

By Dick Penfold.



A Short Story of Greyfriars Camp. By TOM DUTTON.

(I think you will agree, when you've read this yarn of Dutton's, that it isn't a comedy at all. It's a tragedy—for Billy Bunter, at any rate!—Ed.)

"REVENGE!"
If Billy Bunter had been taking the part of the villain in a melodrama he could not have uttered the word more berecely.

Barkness had descended over the Greyfriars camp.

It was ten o'clock, and the fellows were all in their tents, and the masters in their marquees.

Save for a faint hum of voices from the Remove tents, all was silent.

No. 7 tent in the Remove lines was occupied by Jack Drake, Billy Bunter, Wun Lung, Fisher T. Fish, Alonzo Todd, and yours truly. It was rather a tight squeeze, for Bunter wanted half the tent to himself.

With the exception of Billy, we were all reclining at full length in our sleeping-bags. As for Bunter, he was sitting up, and yawning to us in a very excited manner. His arms were waving to and fro like a windmill in a gale.

"'Bvenge!" he repeated. "That's what I'm after! I mean to make that beast Loder sit up!"

Jack Drake chuckled.

"Going to drag him out of his tent by the scruff of his neck, and force him to fight?" he inquired.

"Don't be a funny ass, Drake!"

"Certainly not! I know you dislike competition, Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Loder's a beastly bullying bolshy!" declared Billy Bunter, in shrill tones. "He's brought his asphalt down to camp with him, and he gave me half a dozen cuts with it, just because I was having a look round the refreshment marquee. I didn't know the beastly place was out of bounds!"

"Guess it's a jolly good job Loder hoofed you out of it," said Fish. "If you had stayed inside long, there'd have been no bracker for the school in the morning!"

"Oh, really, Fishy?—I was only sampling one or two things. Loder had no right to lam me, and I'm going to make him sit up for it!"

"How?" I asked.

Billy Bunter did not answer the question immediately. He appeared to be wrapped in thought.

"I know!" he exclaimed at length. "I've got a brain-wave. Near the camp entrance there's a store-tent, containing all sorts of lumber and stuff. Among other things, there's a tin of red paint there and a bag of feathers."

Jack Drake gave a gasp.

"You don't mean to say you're going to transform Loder into a giddy Red Indian?" he ejaculated.

"Exactly!"

"You—you're going to paint Loder's chivvy while he's asleep, and stick feathers in his hair?" he ejaculated.

"Right on, Jack wicket!"

"But supposing Loder wakes up?"

"Oh, he won't do that," said Bunter confidently. "I shan't make a row."

"But you can't splash paint over a fellow's chivvy without rousing him," said Drake.

"I shan't splash it, ass! I shall lay it on with graceful strokes."

"So will the Head, when he wields the birch in the morning!" chuckled Drake.

"Bill, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter's intentions struck us as not only risky, but downright dangerous. I confess that I shouldn't have the nerve to creep into a prefect's tent in the night, and daub red paint over his chivvy. And I don't think even Jack Drake would have undertaken such a task.

We told Bunter that he was simply asking for trouble. But he paid no heed to our warnings. He was furious with Loder for having licked him, and he meant to get his own back on the unpopular prefect.

The fat junior rose to his feet, and dressed rapidly in the darkness.

"I shall be back within half an hour, you fellows," he said, loosening the tent-flap.

"I doubt it," said Fish. "I sorter calculate that you'll spend the rest of the night in the punishment-tent!"

"Rats!"

Billy Bunter let himself out with some difficulty, and the next moment he stood bareheaded in the open.

It was a dark, moonless night. The sea of white tents which surrounded Billy Bunter seemed like ghostly sentinels.

For a moment the fat junior hesitated. It seemed very weird and uncanny out in the darkness.

But he could not go back without having accomplished his object. If he did so, he would be the laughing-stock of the tent.

Serving his courage to the sticking-point, Billy Bunter groped his way towards the store-tent.



Serving up his courage to the sticking-point, Billy Bunter groped his way towards the store-tent.

Progress was slow and difficult, and more than once the Owl of the Remove tripped over a tent-peg or a guy-rope, and went sprawling.

Eventually, however, he reached his destination.

Bunter had an electric-torch in his pocket. He had no dare to use it, the Remove tripped over the camp, lest the light should be seen by one of the masters. Once inside the store-tent, however, he switched it on.

The tent was full of various requisites belonging to Gosling, the porter. Billy Bunter soon discovered the tin of red paint and the bag of feathers. He gathered them up and crept out of the tent.

Now came the difficult task of finding Loder's tent. But Bunter's eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness by this time, and he soon found himself in the Sixth Form lines.

"Lemme see, Loder's tent is the third from the end," he muttered. "Here's the first. That's Wingate's. Here's the second. That's my own. And here's the third! Now for it!"

Once again Bunter's courage seemed to ooze out of his finger-tips. But he dared not retreat now. He had boasted that he would get even with Loder, and he could not go back to his tent until he had accomplished his mission.

Very cautiously he proceeded to open the tent-flap. Peering within, he could dimly discern a slumbering figure. Sounds of deep breathing came to his ears.

"Good! He's fast asleep," reflected Bunter.

And he wriggled through the aperture, nearly upsetting the paint as he did so.

Now came the most difficult task of all. If the sleeper awoke there would be short shrift for the nocturnal raider.

Billy Bunter dropped on to his knees beside the slumbering figure. He wished he could switch on his electric-torch, but it would have been too risky.

"I shall have to do without it," he reflected.

Owing to the intense darkness he was unable to distinguish Loder's features.

Very gingerly he removed the brush from the paint-tin, and gave it a shake. Then he commenced operations.

More than once during the proceedings the sleeper stirred restlessly, and Billy Bunter could plainly hear the beating of his own heart.

What if Loder were to wake?

But the victim slept on, and Bunter completed his task without mishap.

About a dozen feathers were stuck in the victim's hair, and Billy Bunter would have given anything to have been able to see the effect of his handiwork. But he dared not switch on the light.

His task accomplished, the fat junior gathered up what remained of the paint and feathers, and stole softly out of the tent.

Five minutes later he was back in his own quarters.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo!" murmured Drake drowsily. "Have you worked the oracle, Bunter?"

"Yes."

"My lint! You've painted Loder's chivvy!"

And he slept right through it. Wait till you see him in the morning. He'll look like a blessed Red Indian!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you're waking, call me early, call me early," Bunter heard.

For a wouldn't miss this stunning sight for fifty quid a year!"

murmured Drake. "Good-night, all!"

"Ill wake you all serene!" chuckled Bunter. "Good-night."

But it wasn't Bunter who woke us. It was a loud peal of laughter which came to our ears. It was no ordinary peal of laughter. It was as if about fifty fellows had suddenly gone into hysterics.

We rushed to the tent-flap and glanced out.

Prancing to and fro, like a cat on hot bricks, was Quetchy, our respected Form-master. His countenance was of a brilliant red, and a number of feathers were poking out of his hair, giving him a most grotesque appearance.

Billy Bunter's complexion turned a sickly yellow.

"Oh crumbs!" he ejaculated. "I—I've made a mistake!"

He had! He had been unaware of the fact that Mr. Quetchy had arranged overnight to exchange quarters with Loder of the Sixth. But such had been the case.

My story is ended now. Bunter's trick came to light after a long cross-examination, and Billy suffered dearly for it.

GOOD SOUND TIPS! DON'T MISS THEM!



How to Spend a Cheap Holiday!



A Useful Article for Readers of the "Greyfriars Herald."

By TOM BROWN.

THERE has been a lot of correspondence in the newspapers lately on the subject of holidays.

Thousands of people can't afford to stay at expensive seaside hotels this summer, and they want to know how they may obtain a cheap holiday.

I, Tom Brown, the oracle of the Greyfriars Remove, will tell them.

The editor of the "Greyfriars Herald," realising the world-wide popularity of my previous articles on various topics, has specially selected me for this task.

"The cheapest form of holiday," says a writer in the "Daily Reflection," "is the cycling holiday. I myself have ridden from John o' Groats to Land's End at a cost of one-and-threepence. The shilling was for a night's lodging, and the odd threepence for refreshments on the way."

Of course, this sounds a jolly cheap way of spending a holiday, but in reality it's nothing of the sort. In fact, it's frightfully expensive in the long run.

The writer doesn't say anything about punctured tyres, collisions on the road, involving the payment of heavy damages, and all that sort of thing.

Now, if I were to try to cycle from John o' Groats to Land's End, I should smash up at least half a dozen bikes in the process. You can't get a good second-hand bike for less than thirty bob these days, so that would mean an expenditure of nine quid.

A cheap holiday? No jolly rear!

Another writer in the "Daily Reflection" declares that for a really cheap holiday you can't beat a walking tour.

Now, this is sheer, unadulterated tommy-rot. Walking tours are anything but cheap. I went on one myself once—hooped it from Greyfriars, in Kent, to Rookwood, in Hampshire.

The walk lasted three days, and this was my bill of expenses:

	£	s.	d.	
To Refreshments at various stopping-places en route	...	1	15	0
To 3 nights' lodging
To 2 pairs of new boots (wore 'em out at the rate of one pair per day)	...	3	15	0
To Embrocation, surgical dressings, stretcher-bearer's fee, etc. (I was knocked down by a motor-bike in the course of my walk)	...	1	5	0
To Fines inflicted by magistrates for walking through private parks and property	...	2	10	0
Total	£10	0	0	

A pretty expensive holiday—what!

Other writers, equally asinine, have suggested fishing holidays, and golfing holidays, and boating holidays.

None of these things are cheap. "Oh, contrair!" as the French say. If you want to fish, you've got to pay for fishing rights. It's generally about twenty quid a yard. And if you're caught lifting trout out of a river without a permit, it means a fine of fifty quid or six months in a suitable place of detention.

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If you want to play golf, you've got greens-fee, hire of clubs, "tip" for caddy, and all these sort of expenses, to say nothing of replacing all the lost balls. And you'll lose, on an average, fifty pence day.

As for a boating holiday—why, it's going to run you into quids and quids. The cost of hiring boats has gone up at all watering-places. They charge you about three bob an hour. So you can guess what's going to happen if you hire a boat for a fortnight or three weeks!

No, gentle reader, don't allow yourself to be influenced by these writers in the "Daily Reflection." They are talking out of the rear portion of their necks. Their "cheap" holidays would make you bankrupt within twenty-four hours!

How, then, can you spend a cheap holiday? you will ask.

By taking my advice, and camping-out.

It won't cost you a single penny if you go the right way to work.

First of all, you must collect a couple of blankets, a haversack, a billy-can, a folding-tent, a sleeping-suit, a knife, fork, and spoon, a trouser-press, a razor (if over sixteen), a cake of soap, a towel, a toothbrush, a change of togs, a pair of boots, a tin of blacking, a fathing-costume, a jack-knife, and an air-gun.

"But all this paraphernalia will run me into quids and quids," you will exclaim.

Not at all. I'm not suggesting that you should buy this outfit. Borrow it, my friend—borrow it!

Having placed all these items into your haversack (perhaps a pantechnicon would be more appropriate), they will set out on foot to your destination, which should be a shady meadow, with a brook babbling close by. The brook is all-important, because you will need it for washing, cooking, and drinking purposes.

When you have pitched your tent, you will begin to wonder how you are going to get your grub.

Perfectly simple, dear boy. Take your air-gun, and go in search of a rabbit. This you can kill, bake, fry, roast, or stew. Vegetables may be obtained from the nearest turnip-field.

After a few days you will probably begin to get fed-up with rabbit for brekker, dinner, tea, and supper; and you can ring the changes by potting a pheasant or a partridge. You must not do this on a hot and stuffy day, however, because game-shooting is forbidden in the "close" season.

If only I had more space at my disposal I would go into further details. But I think I have said enough to show that it won't cost you a penny to camp out. And it's a jolly healthy life, too. You'll go back to your home, or school, in the case may be, tanned by the sun—and probably "tanned" by an irate farmer!

If these valuable hints of mine were sent to the "Daily Reflection" I should probably receive six guineas for them. But I will remain loyal to the "Greyfriars Herald," and my readers, and will give you these "tips" free, gratis, and for nothing.

(Your generosity, Brownie, is only exceeded by your personal beauty, which is not apparent to the naked eye!—Ed.)

CAMP POLICE COURT!

Mr. Justice Wharton
has a Field Day!

(By our Special Representative.)

A MIDNIGHT MARAUDER!

At the Camp Quarter Sessions on Wednesday (held in the store-tent), a podgy youth named William George Bunter was charged with breaking and entering.

Magistrate: "What did he break, and whose premises did he enter?"

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., for the prosecution, said that prisoner was discovered in the refreshment-marquee in the middle of the night. He had evidently broken into the place for the purpose of committing a felony.

Magistrate: "Six strokes with the tent-pole!"

Prisoner (excitedly): "I haven't been properly tried yet, you rotter! The case hasn't gone to the jury!"

Magistrate: "The fact that you are an Owl does not give you the right to hoot at me! Be silent! Constable Bull! kindly enrry out the sentence!"

P.-e. Bull obeyed with alacrity, and when the castigation was over, the prisoner was rolled away to the sick-tent.

A MAD MOTOR-CYCLIST!

A burly lout named Horace Coker was charged with riding his motor-cycle through the camp to the common danger.

Magistrate: "Ah! This is a very bad case. I understand that you wrecked a tent?"

Prisoner: "Not with any evil intent, your worship!" (Laughter.)

Magistrate: "You are a dangerous imbecile, and I shall take away your licence!"

Prisoner: "Oh crumbs! Then I ain't be able to ride my motor-bike any more!"

Magistrate: "Of course you will, chimp!"

Prisoner: "But you—you said just now that you'd take away my licence!"

Magistrate: "Ass! I was referring to your dog-licence!" (Loud laughter.)

Prisoner was also fined fourpence, and ordered to pay the costs (three-halfpence).

FIVE FOOLISH FAGS!

Richard Nugent, Samuel Tuckless Bunter, George Alfred Gatty, George Tubb, and Herbert Bolsover, were arraigned before his worship, on a charge of stealing out of the camp.

Magistrate: "In that case, it is not within my province to punish them. Had they stolen anything inside the camp, it would be different."

Mr. Richard Russell, K.C.: "Your worship doesn't understand. The charge against these young rascals is not one of theft."

Magistrate: "But it is! The charge-sheet expressly states that they stole—out of camp."

Mr. Russell: "Your worship is very dense this morning. I noticed that you poured a ginger-pop down your parched and worshipful throat just now, and followed it up with an ice-cream soda. This is what comes of mixing the drinks!" (Laughter.) The prisoners are charged with breaking out of camp in the night."

Magistrate: "Then the wording of the charge is incorrect, and I cannot convict. You are discharged, you snivelling imps!"

A sudden gust of wind blew the prisoners out of the dock.

"The Vengeance of Woo Fing!"

(Continued from page 8.)

Keep, and Harold Skinner had lost money at the same shady game.

Billy Bunter, usually the last to rise, was up before Skinner and Snoop the next morning.

"I say, Bob Cherry!" he called out. "Hallo, hallo; hallo!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Whyfore this thushness, Billy?"

"I think it time Skinner and Snoop got up!" said Billy Bunter warmly. "I don't believe in this slacking! The glorious sunshine, you know—"

"I know jolly well you saw me getting a sponge ready!" said Bob Cherry. "Otherwise my fat tulip, you'd have still been in bed yourself!"

"Oh, ha, ha, ha!" said Bob Cherry. "Oh, really, Cherry! I didn't see you at all. Anyhow, you've no right to make use of my sponge—"

"How do you know that it was your sponge if you didn't see me?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ahem! That was a mere figure of speech—" began Bunter.

But he was interrupted. There came a startled cry from the end of the dormitory, where Sidney James Snoop was sitting up in bed, feeling in his coat-pocket.

"My hat, I've been robbed!" he shouted furiously. "Some blessed thief has—"

"Hold on!" said Vernon-Smith curtly. "We had something of the kind happen yesterday morning, when that ass Mavly lost his giddy watch. Have a look in your other pockets. Snoop, before you hurl accusations about the place!"

The Removites agreed—some with nods and some with loud voices.

They watched Snoop as he went quickly through one pocket after another of his coat and trousers and waistcoat.

"Fifteen pounds!" he shrieked suddenly.

"Fifteen grandmothers!" snorted Bob Cherry. "You've never had fifteen pounds in your life!"

"Or fifteen grandmothers!" added Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's no laughing matter! I'm going to the Head!" said Snoop, springing out of bed and slipping into his clothes. "I'm blessed if I'm going to be robbed of fifteen quids!"

"Rats! Chuck it, you silly ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "Where did you get fifteen quids from?"

Snoop hesitated. It would have been unwise to tell the Removites that the greater part of that fifteen pounds represented his winnings of the night before at the Cross Keys. Skinner could have told them he had liked, but Skinner held his tongue.

"It was—a remittance to—to buy a new bicycle!" said Snoop slowly. "Here, Skinny, you saw me open the letter, didn't you?"

Skinner looked daggers at his crony. He could not do otherwise than back up Snoop, for the simple reason that did the truth come out, Skinner would have to acknowledge that some of that fifteen pounds belonged to him.

"Yes!" he lied curtly.

Vernon-Smith gave an unbelieving snort.

"I'd as soon take Bunter's word as yours, Skinner!" he said.

"Oh, really, Smithy—" began Billy Bunter indignantly.

"Shut up, Billy!" said Bob Cherry sharply. "Look here, Snoop, are you

telling us the truth about those fifteen quids?"

"Of course I am!" almost howled Snoop. "And I'm going to the Head right away!"

Bob Cherry shrugged his shoulders, and went on with his dressing.

But many curious glances were cast towards Harry Wharton, who had taken no part in the discussion. The junior captain's face was white and tense, and, although he appeared not to notice that so many juniors were looking at him, everybody could see that he was greatly perturbed.

Whilst the accusation of the theft at the outfitter's was hanging over his head, Harry Wharton felt that anything that went wrong would be laid at his door. It was rather a morbid way of looking at things, but that was how Harry Wharton felt.

Snoop, although last up, was the first to leave the dormitory, and all doubts as to the genuineness of those fifteen "quids" disappeared. Snoop would not have dared to spring a story of such a big loss on the Head unless he had really lost the money.

The end of the Remove was at breakfast when the others went down. His face was white with anger, and he looked at Harry Wharton much as if he would have liked to eat him—a look which Harry Wharton bore with a smile.

But that meal was undoubtedly the most silent meal which had been consumed since Arthur Courtney, of the Sixth, had been lying, mortally injured, in his bed after the fateful air-raid three years before. There was a feeling in the air that something was wrong—radically wrong. And as might have been expected in schoolboys to whom life was one great round of fun, that feeling was depressing.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Clouds Become Darker!

IT was just before morning classes that Harry Wharton was summoned to the Head's study.

Trotter, the Greyfriars page, brought the message.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Harry!" said Frank Nugent, as his chum was moving to leave the study. "Everything will come out all right!"

"I hope so!" said Wharton, with an uneasy laugh.

Dr. Locke was in his study, and Harry Wharton was not surprised to see that the kindly old gentleman's face was strained and distressed.

"Ah, Wharton," he said quickly, "the outfitter is coming here this morning, apparently to accuse you of—er—stealing twenty pounds in notes from his till."

"It is not true, sir!" said Harry Wharton, in a low voice.

"I hope so—indeed, I hope so!" murmured the Head, more as if to himself than in answer to Harry Wharton.

"But—but the facts as related to me by Mr. Quelch are extraordinarily black. And then there is Snoop's—"

"It is difficult to imagine Snoop with fifteen pounds, sir," said Harry Wharton. "He will find it—"

"It has been found already, Wharton," said the Head sharply. "At my orders, Wingate and North searched the Remove dormitory. They had not to look far. Under a mattress they found the fifteen pounds which Snoop complains of losing."

"Good, sir!" said Harry Wharton heartily.

The Head stared at Wharton—a stare which sent a cold shiver down the junior's back.

"Good!" repeated the Head. "It is indeed good—for Snoop! But it is hardly good for the thief!"

"Then there was a thief, sir?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, greatly surprised.

"There is a thief, Wharton!" said Dr. Locke coldly. "You know very well that the money was stolen—"

"I, sir?" ejaculated Wharton, in amazement.

"Don't fence with me!" said Dr. Locke angrily. "The money was found under your mattress, Wharton, in four different envelopes—"

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton.

He staggered back a pace. He could not help it. He had expected to be accused of the theft of the money at the outfitter's; but fifteen pounds—Snoop's fifteen pounds—under his mattress, in four different envelopes! He had not expected that!

"Coming on top of the outfitter's accusation, Wharton," resumed the Head, more angrily than the junior had ever known him to be before, "I consider this last outrage convincing proof! You are a thief, you misguided boy!"

"I'm not!" said Harry Wharton, white to the lips, and bitterly angry.

"Sir, I have listened to you in amazement; but I'm not a thief, sir—"

"Silence, boy!" said Dr. Locke, as calmly as he could. "You will not improve your position by being impertinent and displaying loss of temper! How dare you answer me—"

"I'll answer anybody who calls me a thief!" said Harry Wharton fiercely.

The junior was not himself. The two nights which had passed since the scene in the outfitter's shop—the two scenes in connection with Snoop and Maulverer—the long hours of forgoing—all told against the junior now that he wanted all his strength to face the charges.

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Dr. Locke. "Wharton, how—how dare you speak to me like that?"

Wharton calmed himself down by a superhuman effort.

"I'm sorry, sir; but I can't help it!" he said. "First, I'm accused of taking twenty pounds out of a shop-till; now I'm accused of stealing fifteen pounds from one of the fellows in my own Form! It's too thick!"

Dr. Locke breathed hard.

"Wharton," he said icily, "you will adjourn to your study and wait there. I will send for you when the outfitter comes. Go!"

Harry Wharton went without a word. He kept his head high as he walked down the corridor to his study. But once there, behind the closed door, the junior flung himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

The clouds had become darker. His was being enveloped in a cloud of mystery. He had hoped the return of the Head would have swept the clouds away. But they were thickening about him; there was no light, no ray of hope.

Banknotes had been found in his pockets. Banknotes had been found under his mattress. How otherwise could the Head—the fellows at Greyfriars—think that that he had taken those notes?

The summons to the Head's study was a long time coming, but Trotter appeared at last.

"The 'Ead wants you, sir," said Trotter.

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Harry Wharton smiled slightly. Trotter appeared to be quite worried. "All right, my son," the junior said. "Anybody would think you're going to a funeral!"

"When the 'Ead sends for Master Wingate, Mr. Quelch, and a junior, sir, not to mention a stranger from the village being in the 'Ead's study," said Trotter, "that generally means trouble for the junior, sir. I opes I'm wrong!"

"You're not, old son," said Harry Wharton. "I'm the chicken that's getting the chopper in the giddy neck!"

And he hurried away to the Head's study, leaving Trotter to shake his head mournfully and go about his work. He could not know that Harry Wharton's banter was forced—that the junior's nerves were all "on edge."

As Trotter had intimated, Wingate, looking very flustered, and Mr. Quelch, looking grim and uncomfortable, were there beside the outfitter in the Head's study.

"Wharton," said the Head at once, "I have discussed the matter with the outfitter, and he is positive that you had the money—"

"He is right, sir," interposed Harry Wharton. "I certainly had the money. But I did not put it there in my pocket."

"Then how did it come to be there?" demanded the Head.

"I don't know, sir."

"Who was in the shop?"

"Skinner, sir. He could not have put the money in my pocket, for he was never near enough to me to do it. Another—the only other—customer was a boarded man who bought fishing-tackle. He— I had my back turned to him the whole time, sir."

Wingate frowned, and Mr. Quelch coughed. Dr. Locke looked in amazement at the junior. The outfitter just smiled—a sarcastic smile which Wharton longed to remove by the simple expedient of using his fist upon it. But that, in the presence of the Head, was impossible.

"You are aware that you are committing yourself, Wharton?" said the Head.

"It is the truth, sir," said Harry simply.

"Frankly, I find it hard to believe you, Wharton."

"Nevertheless, sir, what I have said is true," said Harry, lowering his voice. "The whole affair is a mystery to me."

Dr. Locke turned, with a shrug of his shoulders, to the outfitter.

"You have no wish to prosecute, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, no, sir, not at all," said the shopman quickly. "I thought it my duty to report the matter to you, sir, in case—"

"I understand perfectly," said the Head. "You may rest assured that I shall deal firmly with this junior."

The outfitter nodded, looked quickly at Wingate—who turned his head away—and at Mr. Quelch, and left the study. There was silence for a few minutes.

"In view of the evidence given by the outfitter, and supplemented as it is by the finding of the notes under your mattress, Wharton," said the Head at last, "I cannot do otherwise than believe that, for some reason best known to yourself, you stole the moneys, I—"

"I did not, sir!" flashed Harry Wharton.

"You will be expelled from the school to-morrow after breakfast, Wharton," went on Dr. Locke, unheeding. "Mr. Quelch, you will be good enough to see that Wharton packs his bag—no; I leave that to you, Wingate."

Harry Wharton paled.

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"My record here, sir; is that nothing to you?" he asked, with an effort. "Can't you take my word for it?"

"Do you expect me to?" asked the Head icily. "I admit I am astonished—how have happened. But, to my mind, the evidence is clear. It is because I think you will suffer humiliation enough that I am not going to flog you before the whole of Greyfriars, Wharton?"

"I suppose I ought to thank you for that, sir," said Harry Wharton, between his teeth. He turned to Wingate fiercely. "Do you think I sneaked the money, Wingate?"

"Ahem!" coughed Wingate. "Ahem! I— I must say I'm surprised—doubtful that—"

"Silence, Wharton," snapped the Head. "Do not dare to ask Wingate questions of that nature in my presence. Leave this study instantly, and get your box packed! You may go, too, Wingate."

The Greyfriars captain nodded, and left the study with the junior. Wingate spoke to Harry Wharton for the first time since they had left the Head.

"Did you take the cash, kid?" he asked quietly.

"I did not, Wingate," answered Harry Wharton simply. "Honour bright, I did not touch the money—neither Snoop's money nor the outfitter's!"

"Then—then you've nearly a day in which to solve the mystery, kid," said Wingate. "If I happen to turn my back, will you promise not to do a guy, or— or anything silly?"

Harry Wharton nodded. "That's honour bright, too!" he said. "Although, as I do not know where to start solving the mystery, I can't very well hope that twenty-four hours will find everything all serene. But—but you're one of the best, Wingate—the best!"

"Pack up, and shut up!" growled Wingate.

And he hurried from the dormitory, leaving Harry Wharton alone.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Friends—and Enemies!

"A LL sereno now, Harry?"

Frank Nugent asked that question of Harry Wharton in eager tones as he came into Study No. 1 after morning lessons. Bob Cherry, Hurrell Jamset, Ram Singh, Johnny Bull, Vernon-Smith, and Mark Linley followed him in and shut the door.

Harry Wharton shook his head. "No," he said. "I'm going to-morrow."

The juniors gasped.

"Going?" echoed Nugent.

"G-g-going," stammered Bob Cherry. "My only Aunt Jane!"

The juniors stared at their leader as if they could hardly believe their ears. Harry Wharton going! It was impossible!

Vernon-Smith, the one-time Bouncer of Greyfriars, and probably the most hard-headed junior in the Remove, was the first to gain his composure.

"The outfitter has proved his case, Wharton?" he said sharply.

"To the satisfaction of the Head," said Harry Wharton. "That's not all. The fifteen pounds Snoop is supposed—that Snoop lost, was found under my mattress this morning when the dormitory was searched."

"Great pip!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You haven't walked off with the school clock, have you?"

Harry Wharton smiled ironically. "Shouldn't be surprised if they brought that up against me soon," he said bitterly.

"The rotfulness of the esteemed position is terrific!" snarled Hurrell Singh. "Obviously, the sneakfulness of the ludicrous money was not perpetually carried out by your worthy self."

"Thank you!" said Harry Wharton, and again that ironical smile twisted at his lips. "But I wonder how many chaps will think the same?"

"All the decent ones!" said Johnny Bull sturdily.

"Perhaps," said Vernon-Smith cynically. "The proof is against you, Wharton. The facts are as black as pitch and hard as rocks. If you didn't pinch the money, who the dickens planted it on you, and under your mattress?"

"Perhaps Snoop—" began Mark Linley thoughtfully.

"Rats!" snapped the Bouncer. "Snoop couldn't have the courage to do a thing like that. It might have meant his cross-examination by the Head, and he wouldn't have the nerve to face that."

Bob Cherry nodded. "Smithy's right," he said. "Of course, we don't believe you did it, Harry, my son. But—but who did?"

"I'd give a term's pocket-money to know!" said Harry Wharton hotly. "He's a rotter, whoever he was!"

There was silence in the study for a few minutes. The juniors refused to believe Harry Wharton capable of stealing. But they could not deny that the facts, the proofs, were damning. It was their faith which kept them on Wharton's side, and they could hardly blame the other juniors if they, knowing Harry Wharton less than they did themselves, took Dr. Locke's point of view, and accepted the proofs of Harry Wharton's guilt.

That there were many juniors who did believe that Harry had taken the money was proved when the Famous Five went down to dinner. Black looks met them on every side.

"Thief!"

It was only whispered, but Harry Wharton heard it, and his face went as white as the tablecloths on the dinner-tables. His hands clenched until the nails showed white under the pressure.

"Who said that?" he demanded, as calmly as he could.

"Sit down, Wharton," said Vernon-Smith, with a sneer. "The chap who said that is not likely to own up. He's too big a cur—"

"Oh, really, Smithy—" began Billy Bunter.

"So it was you who spoke!" flashed back Vernon-Smith; and, without stopping to think, he snatched up a basin of soup and tossed it over the Owl of the Remove.

That soup was hot, and hot soup is not very pleasant when it is thrown all over one's head. Billy Bunter did what any other junior would have done—he howled.

"Yow! Ow! I'm drowned—I mean, scalded to death!" he roared. "You—you beast!"

Billy Bunter often howled, and little notice was taken of him; but this time he had something to howl for.

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Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form-master, who sat at the head of the table, gasped in surprise.

"Vernon-Smith!" he stuttered. "How—how dare you?"

"The fat pig shouldn't cast a slur on a decent fellow, sir!" said Vernon-Smith angrily.

"Sit down this instant!" snapped the Form-master. "That was a most cruel thing to do, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You will come to my study immediately after dinner; and I shall cane you severely!"

"Yow-ow! And I'm hoping you get it hot, you rotter!" howled Billy Bunter, snatching frantically with a serviette to get some of the soup out of his hair.

"Silence, Bunter! Sit down, and get on with your dinner!" snapped Mr. Quelch grimly.

Billy Bunter did not speak again. He set about his dinner, only stopping every few minutes to glare at Vernon-Smith's contemptuous, angry expression as the Boarder ate his meal in silence.

There was not another word said on the subject of the theft until after Mr. Quelch had gone. Then there broke out a perfect babble of conversation.

"Who did it, Wharton?" shouted Bulstrode.

"I don't know; but, since you will all know within a few hours, I'm telling you now that I'm expelled—leaving tomorrow!" said Harry Wharton, and, with white face and gleaming eyes, he stood up and faced the Removites. "This is not a giddy meeting, but amongst you all I have a few friends, and—"

"Hear, hear!" yelled Micky Desmond. "What-ho!" shouted Archie Howell and Dennis Carr together.

"Then I hope you'll keep your eyes open and do your utmost to clear my name," went on Harry Wharton, in a low, earnest tone. "Some utter rotter has—"

"Vernon-Smith!"

It was Mr. Quelch who interrupted Harry Wharton. He stood in the doorway of the dining-hall, stern and forbidding.

"Yes, sir?" said the Boarder quietly. "I told you to come to my study!" said the Form-master, and turned away without a word.

Vernon-Smith made a grimace.

"S'pose I shall have to go!" he said. "Well, it won't be the first time I've been licked—nor the last!"

And the hard, cynical, yet kind-hearted junior who had earned his punishment defending his chum's good name, walked calmly away in the wake of the master.

Immediately he had gone, the voices blared forth again. Groups of juniors gathered together, some openly saying that Harry Wharton must have taken the money, others expressing doubts.

"Look here, Wharton!" said Percy Bolsover. "You say you didn't take the money. We'll admit the facts are rotten. Personally, I believe you. But if you didn't take the money, it stands to reason you have an enemy in the school!"

"I dare say I have a good many, Bolsover!" said Harry Wharton quietly.

Bolsover grunted. He was a bully of the first water; but at times he had showed that under his surly, overbearing manner he possessed a heart which could warm towards anybody in trouble. Perhaps his experiences with his minor had brought that fact to light more than anything else.

"Then we've got to find the enemy!" said Bolsover shortly. "Skinner was in the shop; he told us all about it. Who else was there?"

"Only a stranger, to whom I had my

back turned," said Harry Wharton. "He couldn't have done the trick."

"At any rate, a stranger couldn't have sneaked Snoop's fifteen quids, and put them under the mattress!" sneered Skinner.

Harry Wharton & Co. turned as one man towards Skinner.

"How did you know that the fifteen pounds had been found under Wharton's mattress?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Answer that!" growled Frank Nugent.

Skinner's lips turned into a sneer again.

"Bunter heard Wingate speaking to North," he said. "He told me!"

Harry Wharton groaned. In that instant, when Skinner had given away his knowledge of the matter of Snoop's money, he had hoped that the cad of the Remove had unwittingly betrayed himself. But his explanation was accepted without question.

Billy Bunter had spread the news of the second damning set of proofs against Harry Wharton. That accounted for their being no surprised exclamations from the juniors in the dining-hall.

"Then perhaps you've got an enemy outside the school?" suggested Archie Howell.

Harry Wharton started. Back to his mind came the scene in Friar-dale Lane—the fight with Woo Fing, the Chinaman, and the yellow man's threat.

"There was a chap—a Chinese!" he said quickly. "But—but I haven't seen him since!"

"Since what, as?" asked Bob Cherry impatiently.

Harry Wharton, flushing, told the juniors how he had met Woo Fing, and

the Chinaman's subsequent threat to be avenged.

The juniors began to take more interest in the affair. Was it possible that this was part of the vengeance of Woo Fing?

Skinner's sneering voice broke the silence following Wharton's explanation. "And this Chinaman, I suppose, found his way to the dormitory, picked out fifteen pounds from Snoop's pocket, and placed them under your mattress!" he said to Harry Wharton. "He must know something, that yellow chap!"

Harry Wharton's heart sank again. Skinner was right. The Chinaman could not be responsible; besides, nothing had been seen of him since the fight in Friar-dale Lane.

The ringing of the bell for afternoon classes broke up the meeting, and there was nothing more put forward, for or against, Harry Wharton. The fact remained, however. The junior captain was to be expelled on the morrow, and long before the juniors had entered slumberland that night, it was generally accepted that Harry Wharton's career at Greyfriars was over and done with.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Making History!

CLANG! Clang! Clang! The booming of the school bell for general assembly in the Big Hall came as no surprise to the Greyfriars fellows the next morning. Everybody had expected it to ring out at nine o'clock. For there was to be one of the most painful scenes a schoolboy can witness—the expulsion of a school-mate.



At the sound of Wun Lung's voice the Chinaman swung round and started to his feet. As the juniors watched they saw the blood race from Woo Fing's face. He cringed and almost sank to his knees whilst Wun Lung spoke to him. The expression of anger and bitter hatred on the face of the Chinese junior brought a gasp of horror to Harry Wharton's throat. (See Chapter 9.)

Harry Wharton had friends and enemies. Friends were greatly in the majority, but it seemed to Harry Wharton, as he stood at the end of the hall, by Wingate's side, that his enemies' faces were leering at him from every part of the great room.

He stiffened ever so slightly as the Head, followed by Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, entered the Hall, and walked quickly on to the dais in the centre.

"Hold your head high, kid!" whispered Wingate, and he nudged Harry Wharton to move on to the platform. Where he stood, facing the whole of the pupils and masters at Greyfriars.

"My boys," said the Head, his kind old face working with emotion. "It is my painful duty this morning to publicly expel a junior from Greyfriars. He stands before you, a proven thief!"

Harry Wharton's white lips moved as though to form words, but Wingate's tight grip on his arm tightened.

"Steady, kid!" whispered the captain anxiously. "Soon be over!"

Dimly, Harry Wharton became conscious that the Head was speaking again. He swallowed hard, listened to the words which burned into his very soul—burned him in a shame he knew was not his. He could have cried out in his agony of thought.

Briefly the story was told. The outfitter's money—Snoop's money—and no evidence for the defence. It was the junior's fine career—hitherto unblemished career at the school which made him—the Head—refrain from flogging the deprived boy before them all.

In the ranks of the Remove, four of the Famous Five gulped for breath, and strove manfully to restrain the tears which welled into their eyes. Harry—chum of terms and terms—the chum who shared their fun, their dangers, their ups and downs, was being branded a criminal before everybody at Greyfriars.

And he was innocent! They knew he was innocent! But they couldn't prove it.

"Doctel Locke!"

It was a thin, piping voice which broke the eerie silence which followed the Head's last words. The Removites gasped.

"Wun Lung! You utter as!" whispered Bulstrode. "You'll get—"

"Doctel Locke!"

"Who—who is that daring to speak—" began the Head, in thunderous tones.

"Me likee—talkee you, sil!" said Wun Lung, his little almond eyes looking steadily in front of him. "Me no talkee here."

"Silence—" roared Mr. Quelch.

"Me talkee you upee there, sil," went on Wun Lung, in the same expressionless tone. "Me have bad tale this morn'ing—no heallee answe's this muchee distance away."

The whole of Greyfriars seemed to be looking at the little Chinese junior of the Remove, Wun Lung, his face as expressionless as the face of a marble statue, stood looking at everybody and nobody.

"Fetch that—that misguided junior here, Wingate!" gasped Dr. Locke. "Wharton may go!"

"Whalton wantee to heel me, sil," said Wun Lung, and he ran quickly forward.

The fellows watched him, fascinated, and silent. In every mind was the wondering question—what would Dr. Locke do in the face of such flagrant disregard of discipline!

Tensely they watched as Wun Lung moved towards the Head, hesitate a fraction of a second to make a most humble

bow before the gowned and majestic figure, and then step aside.

"What—what does this insane behaviour mean, Wun Lung?" demanded the Head, in fierce tones, which sent a shiver down the backs of half the assembled school.

"Me no wantee Hally Whalton goee way, sil," said Wun Lung calmly. "Me tellee you he no talkee bad man's money."

The Head gasped. The whole of the fellows and masters gasped. Wun Lung was making history at Greyfriars that morning. Never before had a junior tackled the revered and awe-inspiring headmaster of Greyfriars in so barefaced a manner.

"How—how dare you!" stuttered the Head. "Wingate, fetch the birch! I'll give this junior a lesson!"

"Me no wantee lesson, sil," said Wun Lung calmly. "Me gettee Hally Whalton out of trouble by practical demonstration, sil."

"What on earth are you talking about?" demanded Dr. Locke. And he felt not a little concerned for the Chinese junior's mental state.

The fellows hung on to every word. It appeared to any number of them that they were watching a drama—a drama in which the Head was playing second lead to Wun Lung. No more dramatic scene could be staged, that was certain.

"If Hally Whalton takee money, you vellee much talkee my watch, sil," said Wun Lung calmly.

"You—your watch?" stammered the Head. "Look here, Wun Lung, you had better get over to the san—"

"You have my watch, sil, in your waistcoat-pocket!" said Wun Lung calmly. "You no puttee there, therefore you pinchee it!"

"P-p-p-pinchee it!" stuttered the Head dazedly. "Mr. Quelch, pray—pray assist me to unravel this extraordinary junior's mysterious behaviour!"

But it was not Mr. Quelch who reached the Chinese junior first. Harry Wharton stepped forward and seized his little chum's arm in a frantic grip.

"What's the game, you silly young ass!" he demanded, in a stage whisper that could be heard all over the great hall. "You'll get sacked!"

"Me no savvy," said Wun Lung calmly. "Doctel Locke gottee my watch!"

Almost instinctively the Head's fingers sought his waistcoat-pockets. There was nothing in the left-hand pocket, but the fingers in his right-hand pocket stopped moving suddenly.

Then, amidst a silence that was positively painful, the fingers came slowly from the pocket, and they held—a little silvery watch, the face of which bore Chinese signs in the place of numerals for hours.

For one full, tense minute the Head stood gaping at the watch in his fingers. Then he staggered to a chair—a massive, carved wooden chair which stood at the centre back of the platform, and sat down.

"Wun Lung," he said, striving hard to maintain his dignity. "I give you precisely two minutes to explain this—this—what this means!"

Harry Wharton pinched the junior's arm.

"You no feelee me put the watee in your pocket, sil," said Wun Lung calmly.

"Hally Whalton no feelee money put in his pocket. If he tiefee because the money foundee there, you tiefee 'oos my wateelee found in your pocket!"

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Quelch. Wun Lung might have been speaking to Bob Cherry in his study for all the difference it made to him at that moment. There was no fear in the

Chinese's eyes or face, only a calm, inscrutable expression which defied description.

The fellows could only stare and gasp. In the hearts of the Removites there was raging a wild excitement. Wun Lung was making history, and he was a member of the Remove Form.

They watched the Head whilst he spoke in an undertone to Mr. Quelch, Mr. Prout, the Fifth Form master, and Mr. Capper and Mr. Haeker. They nodded vigorously as the Head's lips closed. And the Head turned to the fellows, calm and dignified, and very solemn.

"My boys," he said, "there seems to be something in Wun Lung's extraordinary behaviour—some motive which, when thrashed out, might shed a different light on the painful proceedings of this morning. In fairness to Wharton, the matter will be thrashed out before you all."

A cheer rang out at that. It was just like Dr. Locke—kind-hearted, and ever-ready to believe the best of everybody. But the cheering voices were quickly subdued as the masters moved round the Big Hall.

"Now, Wun Lung," resumed Dr. Locke. "You will be good enough to tell me how that watch got into my pocket."

"I puttee him thole, sil," answered Wun Lung calmly.

"Why?"

"Me showee how easy for practical conjugal puttee watee likee walee he likee, sil."

"And you think that Wharton—that somebody placed the money in Wharton's pocket exactly as you have placed the watch in mine—without his knowledge?"

"Yes, sil."

"What makes you think that?"

"He makee bad enemy of Chinaman, sil. He tellee boys in Dining Hall that he rescued a lady fion-bad Chinaman in Friardale Lane. Woo Fing he promise vengeance. He gettee it, too!"

"My hat!"

A voice, easily recognisable as belonging to Bob Cherry, blurted out that exclamation.

"Wharton!" said the Head.

"Yes, sir!"

"Relate as briefly as possible all the circumstances of the affray to which Wun Lung has referred."

"Before—before the whole school, sir!" stuttered Harry Wharton, in alarm. He had no wish to figure as a hero just then.

"You are anxious to clear your name, I suppose?" asked the Head, not unkindly. "Modesty is all very well, but this is very serious, Wharton. You spoke, I bring to mind, of a stranger in the shop who bought fishing-tackle!"

Thus aided, and his heart beating wildly, Harry Wharton related for the second time the incident in Friardale Lane. When he had finished there was again a slight cheer from the fellows, but everybody was far too anxious to let the drama proceed to interrupt.

"That would possibly account for the money being found in Wharton's pocket," conceded the Head. "But why didn't you tell me, instead of causing this scene to be enacted in the Big Hall, Wun Lung?"

"Me tinkee you no believee me, sil," explained Wun Lung calmly. "So me takee bull by the legs and make demonstration how simple for conjugal to place money's in Hally Whalton's pocket, sil."

"Your motive is commendable," said Dr. Locke kindly. "Now we come to the second charge. What have you to say to that?"

And then, for the first time, the wooden expression changed on Wun

Lung's face. He looked furtively from the Head to Harry Wharton, from Wharton to George Wingate, and from Wingate to the ranks of the Remove.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Cleared!

"ME no savvy!"
Wun Lung said that in frightened tones. Every fellow and master at Greyfriars was hanging on to every word he spoke. Everybody was waiting eagerly for what was to follow.

All the Remove knew that when Wun Lung did not want to answer a question he always replied that he did not "savvy." And all the Remove knew that it would take more than a little to make the Chinese answer the Head's question.

"Can you throw any light on the second charge against Wharton?" said the Head.

Again Wun Lung glanced round. "Me no savvy!" he murmured uncomfortably.

"Come, Wun Lung, it is useless for you to tell me you do not understand," said the Head. "What do you know about the second charge?"

Wun Lung was silent for a moment. Then he looked up at the Head.

"Velly kind headmaster give poor Wun Lung half-day to find culprit?" he murmured.

"Will you answer my question?" thundered the Head.

Again that hesitating glance. "Me no savvy!"

The Head sighed. The Remove groaned. If Wun Lung knew anything about Snoop's fifteen pounds, they considered it up to the junior to explain. But they realised that Wun Lung would "no savvy" until he got what he wanted—half a day to find the culprit.

"And do you think you can find the culprit in half a day, Wun Lung?" said the Head quietly.

"Velly sure—if Bob Chelly, Bulstrode, Bolsover, Wharton, and Wingate help me," replied Wun Lung calmly.

The Head breathed hard. "Very well," he said, at last. "I give you half a day to find the culprit. The

boys mentioned may go with you, and I'm glad Wingate will be there to keep an eye on you. You may go at once!"

The juniors whose names had been mentioned, and Wingate, filed out of the Hall and followed Wun Lung down to the gates. There the Chinese stopped.

"Now, you young ass!" said Wingate grimly. "Nobody admires your juggling tricks more than I do. But you've jolly well got to savvy now! Understand!"

Wun Lung grinned—a childishly happy, innocent grin.

"Me savvy now," he said calmly.

"You fellows keep secret!"

"Yes," said the others together.

"Then me tellee you what I tinkce," went on Wun Lung. "Me tinkce one—

perhaps two—of the Remove bleake bounds the night Snoop's money takee. Woo Fing watchee them with money. He followee them to Greyfriars, silent as cat, takee money, searchee for Hally Wharton, and puts money under mattress. Velly quick, silent man, Woo Fing. We indee him, and bumpes him velly hard. That's why I say Bulstrode, Bolsover, Bob Chelly, and Wingate—big fellows for cunning Chinese. Savvy?"

"You—your deep little hounder!" gasped Wingate.

"He's right!" By gum, he's right!" said Bob Cherry ecstatically. "Wun Lung, you heathen ass, if—if you're right, I'll get up the biggest feed in the memory of Greyfriars!"

"What-ho!" said Bolsover and Bulstrode.

Wingate grinned, and clapped his hand over Harry Wharton's shoulder.

"Cheer up, kid!" he said. "This is a little bit trying for you, I know, but I shouldn't be surprised if we find Wun Lung's right! Come on, you kids!"

"Where?" asked Bob Cherry cheekily.

"Why, to the pubs, of course!" said Wingate shortly. "That's where you'll find the man, if there's one to be found!"

There was one to be found, and he happened to be at the Cross Keys, which was out of bounds to Greyfriars fellows. But they never thought of bounds at that moment.

They walked straight into the place, and stopped dead. For sitting at the table, half asleep, was a Chinaman. It was Woo Fing!

"Now, then, you rotter—" began Harry Wharton; but his voice was drowned in a torrent of strange words which broke from Wun Lung.

At the sound of the voice Woo Fing started. When he realised that he was being spoken to in Chinese he sat upright in his chair and looked up.

As the juniors watched they saw the blood race from Woo Fing's face. His eyes, almost starting from his head, expressed the fear of the hunted animal. And, changing to look at Wun Lung, Harry Wharton saw there an expression which brought a gasp of horror to his throat.

East was meeting East. Wun Lung, as everybody at Greyfriars knew, was a very important personage in his own country. Some idea of that importance was given the five fellows at the Cross Keys that morning.

There was obviously no light in Woo Fing. He cringed, and almost sank to his knees, whilst Wun Lung spoke to him, furey and bitter hatred almost rendering the junior's face unrecognisable.

But it, and the words, had a greater effect on Woo Fing than would have a dozen sticks. He stood up, his head sunk on his breast, in abject terror and homage.

"Me tellee him to follow us: he comee mighty muchee quick!" said Wun Lung, suddenly falling back to his broken English.

And he strode out of the house, and took the road to Greyfriars. But Bulstrode, Bob Cherry, and Bolsover were taking no chances. They walked behind Woo Fing, so that the Chinaman was in between two parties.

Never before had Wun Lung come so prominently forward as a leader. Even Wingate did not question the Chinese junior. Perhaps that was because Wingate knew something of the power of the aristocracy in China.

The juniors in the rear spoke to each other in low tones on the way back to the school. Wingate and Wharton kept up a lively conversation on matters relating to cricket and summer sports. For Wharton's heart was light. The burden of a great shame was being lifted.

Wun Lung did not speak. He walked in dignified silence to the Head's study, tapped on the door, and walked in.

"The culprit have comee, sil," he said humbly.

And he turned to Woo Fing, and uttered a short, sharp sentence in his own language. Woo Fing moved into the study, removed his cap, and stood before the Head's desk.

"I am Woo Fing, sir," he said slowly, and speaking fairly good English. "I met and was made angry by the boy with the curly hair which is dark. I placed the money from the outfitter's in his pocket, knowing it would be found. Such is my revenge."

"Well!" said the Head, as the man paused.

Wun Lung spoke sharply again, and Woo Fing's lips tightened for a moment. Then he went on.

"Two of your boys came out one night, and I, seeing that they had money, followed them. They led me to their sleeping room, and I took the money from the pockets of he who had the most money. That I placed under the mattress of this boy who foiled me. That was also my vengeance. It would have succeeded, but—"

Wun Lung broke into a torrent of words nobody save Woo Fing could understand. And the Head experienced

(Continued on page 16.)

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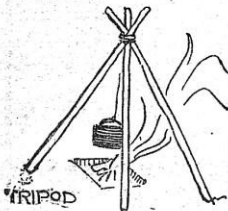


Another Splendid Article on Camping Out. By AN OLD HAND.

ON COOKING "GRUB."

CAMP cooking depends a good deal upon the ancient art of fire-making. Therefore, the old-hand camper knows how to light a fire in the open and how to cook on it.

First of all, he gathers wood and tinder. The tinder is for kindling, and the best things to use are small strips of birch-bark, dry bracken, dry, dead leaves, larch twigs, and dry pine-bark.



Before you light your camp fire always cut out a square of sod, and take it up and lay it carefully aside, so that when you strike camp you can replace it neatly, and no one can tell that you have ever had a fire there at all. This is most important, as farmers and landowners do not like people to come and light fires on their meadows, which burn the grass and leave an untidy scar.

So cut a square of sod not larger than twelve inches square and lift it.

Now place your tinder on the centre of this square of earth, and build up a pyramid of small dry twigs over it. Have a bundle of larger twigs near by, and, lastly, one or two big chunks or logs.

Next strike a match, and light your fire by setting the match to the tinder under the pyramid of twigs.

The old hand lights his fire with one match. To use more than one match is considered rather a disgrace amongst wood-craftsmen.

Now let the flame get a good hold on the small twigs, and then feed with slightly larger twigs till your fire is going strong. When you have got plenty of red-hot sticks and a good flame dancing you can lay on a log.

Always remember to

Make a Small Fire.

It is only the raw camper and the picnic-party that make big fires. The old hand never makes a fire larger than one foot square, and he never burns the grass.

Now for cooking your "grub."

Fix up a tripod of green ash sticks or a

notched lean-over (see sketches) on which to hang your cooking-pot.

Get out your plate—if you go in for a plate it should be a tin one—or use the frying-pan of your mess-tin as a plate. You will want your knife, fork, and spoon handy.

Here are some useful hints on cooking in camp:

When boiling water do not jam on the lid of the mess-tin too tight; if you do, the steam in the pot will burst the pot, or, at any rate, push the lid off, and boil over and put out your fire.

No need to take the lid off when you want to know whether it is boiling or not. Place the end of a stick or the blade of a knife on the lid, and if it is boiling you will feel it trembling.

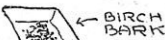
HUNTER'S STEW.—Chop up meat into small chunks. Wash and chop up vegetables—potatoes, onions, carrots, etc.—and put them into your pot. Add water or soup till half full. Mix some flour, salt, and pepper, and rub your meat well in it, and put into the pot. The potatoes take the longest to cook. When they are done—try them with your fork—the whole stew is ready.

BOILED POTATOES.—Do not peel potatoes until ready to cook, as the skins keep out the dirt. Also—if you like them—they are very good boiled in their skins. Place in pot with water to cover them and boil till done, when they will fall away from the fork as you prod them.

BAKED POTATOES.—Bury potatoes—in their jackets—in a bed of white wood ashes for about twenty minutes.



LIFT THE TURF



← BIRCH BARK



HOW TO LAY A PYRAMID OF TWIGS

A CAMP FIRE

BOILED RICE.—Half a cupful of rice to a mess-tin full of water. Wash rice well in cold water and drain off. Add to it boiling salted water, and let it boil hard—with no lid on—from twelve to twenty minutes, adding more water as it boils away. Taste, and when done drain off water and set over coals to dry.

Baked beans (in tins) make a very good camp dish, and one easy to prepare. Place

mess-tin full of water on the fire, and when boiling put in the tin as it is. Let it boil for fifteen minutes. Now remove the tin, and open it with tin-opener. The baked beans will be piping hot.

Cocoa-milk powder is excellent, and does away with having to fetch milk.

Chocolate (plain) is a very good camp food, and the old hand may often be found making his meal of bread and chocolate.

Dried raisins, chocolate, and bread are all that a man needs—if he can get a drink of water.

So the old hand packs up a chunk of thick plain chocolate and a packet of raisins when he sets out.

Soup squares are good things to carry, and do not take up much room.

If you can get eggs you can make a great many different dishes. You can have fried eggs, boiled eggs, scrambled eggs, omelette, etc.



The Notched Stick Pot Rest.

Most people eat too much meat. The old-hand camper does not go in for much meat.

Moreover, three meals a day are generally quite sufficient in camp.

Take a little time and trouble over preparing your meals, and you will enjoy them.

Some people imagine that you have got to "rough it" in camp. But the old hand knows how to look after himself, and he doesn't "rough it"; he knows how to make himself comfortable out of doors. You are bound to make some mistakes the first time or two. That does not matter. The thing is—never make a mistake twice.

In cooking your food you will find that you have paper bags and tins and peelings lying about. Clear them up at once.

Bury all papers and peelings, and bury all this in a little pit. Don't throw them away, and so make the place unsightly and unclean. Flies settle on all that sort of rubbish, and make the camp unhealthy. So do remember to burn and bury all such things as papers, peelings, and tins or bottles.

Always make a point of washing up your mess-tin and cleaning up your fireplace after every meal. Don't leave it.

Don't "drop in" for a meal at some tin or cottage—that is not camping. The art of camping consists of being able to fend for yourself. If you cannot, you are no camper. Moreover, it is much more fun to be able to do your own work and look after yourself without relying upon other people.

Good plain food is better than all the fancy stuff. Don't live on jam and bread just because you are too lazy to cook properly. I shall tell you some more about camp food later on.

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"The Vengeance of Woo Fing!"

(Continued from page 13.)

the same amazement as had the juniors and Wingate when they witnessed the terror which little Wan Lung could bring to the big Chinaman.

"Me tellee him goe back to China, si?" asked Wan Lung calmly, lapsing with a startling suddenness into his broken English.

"I think the police had better look after him!" said the Head grimly.

"Velly good, si!" said Wan Lung. "But if I tellee him go back, he go back quicke to China. Him belong to my diet."

This was all the juniors ever got out of Wan Lung concerning the power he held over Woo Fing. He never told them that one word to the head of his house, and a half-score of servants would have run to earth he who had dared to offend the illustrious Wan Lung, even though they should have to cover the whole world to do it.

Woo Fing, however, went to prison for quite a long time, the Head insisted upon that. He realised, doubtless, how near he had been to doing a great wrong to Harry Wharton, and he was less merciful than his custom.

Wan Lung had a day of triumph. There were no afternoon lessons. Dr. Locke called together the school, and publicly execrated Harry Wharton from all blame in the affair. In fact, he made out Harry to be a hero in no small way, and loud were the cheers which rang out at the second assembly of Greyfriars School that day.

Woo Fing's story of two boys whom he had followed—one of whom had a large sum of money in his possession—had opened up the mystery surrounding the question as to how Harry Wharton had been found. Under the Head's close cross-examination, the two ends were

forced to admit they had been out of bounds, but managed to keep secret the fact that they had been to the "Cross Keys, otherwise they would have been expelled.

"Breaking bounds is bad enough," said Dr. Locke, in very ominous tones, when the Removites had admitted their offence. "But to display a large sum of money at night-time is fairly inviting trouble.—I wonder the Chinaman did not attack you and rob you. However, he apparently used you to secure vengeance against an upright and honest junior. I shall flog you before the whole school!"

"Ow!" gasped Skinner.

"Oh crumfs!" muttered Snoop.

The trouble with Snoop was that he was weak, and easily led. Had he possessed a stronger will, he would never have been an associate of Skinner's.

Wingate departed to the Head's study for the birch, and then and there the

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Head administered the floggings! The howls of the juniors rang through the great hall, but nobody had any sympathy for them.

When his arm ached, and he could wield the birch no more, the Head flung it aside with a gesture of disgust. "The kind-hearted old gentleman never liked such occasions as this."

"Go away, you misguided boys!" he remembered that the next time you break bounds there will be serious trouble. Let this serve as a warning. Go!" he said sternly.

Skinner and Snoop crawled away, the tears running down their faces, and feeling much as if they had been in the midst of an earthquake.

"The matter is now settled," said Dr. Locke, when the door had closed behind the ends of the Removite. "I trust every person here clearly understands that not one shadow of doubt or suspicion rests upon Harry Wharton. Dismiss!"

Gladly the fellows poured out of the hall, and Wharton was collared and carried shoulder high to the Common-room.

There were two juniors who did not take part in the celebrations which wound up the triumph of Wan Lung. They were Snoop and Skinner.

Perhaps their having been flogged before the whole school for breaking bounds had something to do with their absence. Perhaps there was not a fellow in the Remove who would have tolerated them at that moment of goodwill.

Anyhow, for the second time within a few weeks, Snoop and Skinner deeply regretted having stepped off the right path for but a few hours. They certainly had cause to remember how Woo Fing's vengeance had nearly ruined Harry Wharton's whole career, and mentally vowed that should they ever break bounds again, they would take jolly good care that nobody followed them back to Greyfriars!

THE END.

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