

IT STANDS THE TEST—IT'S STILL THE BEST!

No. 714, Vol. XX.

Week ending Oct. 15th, 1921.

The Magnet ¹/₂

Library

THIS WEEK'S STORY:
"SKINNER'S REVENGE!"



ORDERED OFF THE FIELD!

(A Dramatic Incident from the Long Complete School Tale inside).

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Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

Mr. Frank Richards has sent us one of the funniest stories ever written, and it will appear in our next issue. He has called the story

"BUNTER'S VERY LATEST!"

and I can assure you that you are in for a good time next Monday. Billy, for some weeks, has been rather quiet. He wakes up very suddenly, and gets into his head another of those marvellous schemes for securing the sympathy—not to mention the grub—of his Form mates. Harry Wharton & Co. are all victims—even the master of the Remove, Mr. Quetch, is made to suffer. In the end, however, the juniors and masters have to admit that

"BUNTER'S VERY LATEST!"

by far surpasses all that he has done in the past.

THE FOOTBALL YOU WANTED!

You wanted a football, I dare say, when the season commenced. Perhaps you are still wanting it, but have not the "ready" to purchase it.

Then have a shot at "Poplets," the simple competition now appearing in our famous week-end companion paper, the "Popular." Full particulars will be found in the paper; but I will add this much. If you fail to win a football you can win money prizes. There is no entrance fee for "Poplets," and you have only to send in a Poplet.

In addition to the competition, there is some remarkably fine reading matter. There is a story of Harry Wharton & Co., another of Jimmy Silver & Co., "Billy Hunter's Weekly," and Sidney Drew's finest serial.

Get a copy of the "Popular" to-day, and be glad that I mentioned it in these columns.

NOTICES.

Correspondence.

Cecil F. Hudson, 50, Wilton Road, Beakhill-on-Sea, Sussex, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 13-15. Overseas preferred; sports and postcards.

C. Reginald Muff, No. 3, A Block, Middleton Sanatorium, Ilkley, Yorks, an Army man, laid up for months, asks

readers if they can let him have a few MAGNETS to ease off the agonising hours of his illness.

Edward A. Dyason, 1, York Road, Green Point, Cape Town, South Africa, wishes to correspond with MAGNET readers, ages 14-18, in London and the United States.

Arnold Whitehead, 633, Ashton New Road, Clayton, Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, on stamps, chemistry, photography, and amateur magazines.

James A. Lamont, P.O. Box 155, Queenstown, Cape Colony, South Africa, would like to correspond with readers anywhere, interested in stamps.

F. V. Hanken, 141, South Circular Road, Dolphin's Barn, Dublin, Ireland, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 18-22, in New Zealand, the Far East, and South America, on general topics.

J. W. Hunter, 120, Cromerone Street, Meadows, Nottingham, wants members for the Star Correspondence Club.

John Tuoh, Avoca, Murray Street, Vasco, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers interested in stamps and postcards.

Eric Stuart, Riverside Junior Club, 6, Beauchamp Street, Cardiff, wishes to hear from readers who will be willing to contribute to his forthcoming magazine.

Football.

Waltonian Sports Club, A. J. Slow, Sec., 127, Rannoch Road, Fulham Palace Road, S.W., requires home and away football matches; 5 miles Shepherd's Bush; average age 15-16.

Your Editor.

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FLORENT FISSORE.

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SKINNER'S REVENGE!

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER

Trouble for Mr. Lascelles

THUD!

"Owi Yaroooooh!"
Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior at Greyfriars School came crashing to the ground.

Most of the Removites at Greyfriars were improving the shining hour with a little footer practice match. The game had been progressing for some half an hour when Tom Brown's shouts echoed over the field, and the game came to a sudden stop.

The New Zealand junior lay writhing on the ground, and it was obvious that he was rather badly hurt.

The Famous Five—composed of Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and, last but not least, Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the Indian junior—ran over to where Brown sprawled on the turf.

"What's up?"
"How did it happen?"
"Hurt badly?"

Solicitous enquiries came from all sides. Harry Wharton bent down, and helped his New Zealand chum into a sitting posture.

Tom Brown seemed dazed for a moment, and looked round hazily. This soon passed off, however, and his glance came to rest on Harold Skinner, more commonly known as the cad of the Remove.

Tom Brown glared at him.
"You rotter, Skinner!" he exclaimed.
"You did that on purpose!"

"I saw you do it, too, you cad!"
This last came from Bulstrode, who ran up at this moment.

"Rats!" exclaimed Skinner. "Of course I didn't mean to trip you, Brown. It was an accident!"
"Cad, Skinner!"

Harold Skinner was usually conspicuous by his absence on the playing-fields at Greyfriars, but this particular afternoon he had been literally forced to play. Harry Wharton, the captain, wanted a practice-match, and with a few of the players he had had to use "press-gang" methods to get them to play.

He had forced Skinner into turning out in this manner, and the cad of the Remove was in a bad temper. To his mind the time could have been much more profitably spent in smoking cigarettes and playing cards in a locked study with his two cronies, Stolt and Snoop.

And Skinner in a bad temper was dangerous!

The cad of the Remove had determined

to show Harry Wharton that it did not do to make him play football, and his method of settling about this was caddish in the extreme.

So far that afternoon he had successfully tripped three of the players!

Bulstrode and Johnny Bull had not been badly hurt, and had not suspected foul play.

It seemed, however, that the New Zealander was hurt, and that he did suspect Skinner.

"You utter outsider!" growled Bulstrode. "I've been watching you, Skinner. I wondered how both Johnny Bull and myself managed to trip over your boot, and I actually saw you put your foot out to trip Brown!"

"I—I didn't, I tell you!" snapped back Skinner. "It was an accident. Brown should be more careful!"

Harry Wharton glanced at the cad of the Remove grimly.

"You know I can't play the rotten game," went on Skinner. "I tell you it was an accident!"

"Rats!"

Just then Mr. Lascelles, the maths master at Greyfriars, came hurrying up.

Mr. Lascelles always took an interest in junior sports, and had been watching the practice-game intently. He had not failed to notice the run of "accidents" that had occurred to players in the cad of the Remove's vicinity, and had at last come to the same conclusion as Bulstrode and Brown.

Harold Skinner had been deliberately tripping the players, and now he was caught at his caddish game!

"Skinner!" snapped the maths master. "What does this mean? You deliberately tripped Brown—I saw you! I have been watching you for some time, and your display of hoodlumism has disgusted me! Get off the field, sir, this minute!"

"But, sir, I—I— It really wasn't my fault! I—"

"Boy, get off at once! Do you hear me?" thundered Mr. Lascelles. "Get off this minute, and come to my study after calling-over this evening! Get off at once!"

"Cad!"

"Rotter!"

"Buzz off, Skinner!"

The juniors were as angry and indignant as their master at this very latest dirty action on the part of the cad of the Remove.

Skinner hesitated for a moment. Then, shrugging his shoulders impudently, he turned on his heel, and walked slowly

off the field in the direction of the School House.

The Famous Five had succeeded in getting Brown on to his feet, and, with the aid of Bulstrode and Johnny Bull, the young New Zealander limped off towards the school sanatorium.

After some moments of indignant conversation among the Removites the game recommenced, and with Skinner sent off the field, and Tom Brown, Johnny Bull, and Bulstrode away at the "sanny," the incident was temporarily forgotten by the juniors, whose full attention was once more given to the greatest of all winter sports—football.

It was not till just past five o'clock that the game came to an end, and the juniors trooped off the field towards the School House.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Frank Nugent walked off with Mr. Lascelles as far as the entrance to their House. There they left him, making their way to Study No. 1 in the Remove passage for a belated tea, the maths master going off to his own quarters on the same quest.

As Mr. Lascelles entered his study he noticed a letter propped up against an ornament on the mantelpiece. This fact in itself was nothing extraordinary. It was the handwriting on the envelope that made the master quickly snatch the letter up and tear open the envelope.

It contained a single sheet of paper, and as Mr. Lascelles read it his brows slowly contracted in an anxious frown.

The letter was from his brother in London, telling him that he was seriously ill, and asking him if he could possibly lend the invalid twenty pounds for medical expenses.

The master's expression became extremely grave as he realized that, however much he wanted to help his brother, it was an impossibility for him to do so.

The masters at Greyfriars enjoyed only a limited income; enough to cover the ordinary necessities, but which left none for emergencies such as the present.

Mr. Lascelles knew, of course, that, if he approached Dr. Locke, and explained matters to him, the headmaster would certainly advance him some part of his next term's salary.

Mr. Lascelles did not want to do this, however, and he began to pace the room, all thoughts of tea forgotten, in an attempt to think out some possible way of obtaining the sum of money necessary to help the invalid.

He had been walking up and down for some time, when a thought struck him.

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The money-lender beamed at Mr. Lascelles. He said, "Vat is it that I can do for you?" he realised the little Jew knew his name. to raise a sum of money!"

"Goot-evening, Mr. Lascelles," The maths master gave a start as "I—I—I—that is to say, I want (See Chapter I.)

and an expression of relief came into his face.

He had a solution to the problem. He would pawn something—his gold watch!

Mr. Lascelles was the owner of a very handsome gold watch, which had been presented to him during his University days. It was the envy of all the other masters at Greyfriars, and his most cherished possession.

No sooner had this idea entered his mind than he determined to act upon it, and, snatching up his hat, he made his way out of the room and out of the house.

As he went through the school gates and out into the shady lane that led down to the village of Courtfield, Mr. Lascelles reflected grimly that his course of action was probably unprecedented in the annals of all Greyfriars. For a master to pawn his belongings was unheard of. He realised also that it would not do for his action to become known to Dr. Locke, the headmaster of Greyfriars.

With this thought, he unconsciously quickened his step, and it was not long before he entered the village High Street.

He made his way to the small jewellery and pawnbroking establishment of Mr. Lazarus, and, pushing open the shop door, entered hastily—almost furtively.

Mr. Lazarus possessed, among other things, a long nose, a queer accent, and none too good a reputation. He was busily engaged with an account-book when the door of his shop opened, to admit the Greyfriars master, and it was some seconds before he looked up. When his gaze came to rest on his customer's face he gave a start of surprise. Never to his recollection had he been honoured with the business of a Greyfriars master before. Some of the "dark horses" of the Fifth, and even the Sixth Forms were at times his visitors—but a master, never!

He knew his visitor's name, however; Mr. Lazarus made it his business to know people.

He beamed greedily at Mr. Lascelles. "Goot-evening, Mr. Lascelles!" he said. "Vat is it that I can do for you?"

The maths master gave a start as he realised the little Jew knew his name.

"I—I—I—that is to say, I want to raise a sum of money, and I—"

Mr. Lascelles had no knowledge whatever of the procedure of pawning, and was quite at a loss to know what to say next.

"Ah!" put in the Jew. "Quite so."

He saw how matters stood with his customer, and mentally registered the fact that he could possibly trade upon the master's ignorance to any extent he wished.

"Vat is it that you haf for me? Your vatch, eh?"

"Eh—quite so—my watch—yes! You see, Mr.—er—Lazarus, I have a brother who—"

"I quite understand," interrupted the little man behind the counter, who did not care whether Mr. Lascelles had a brother or not, but whose one idea was to get down to business. "May I see him, please?"

"See who—my brother?"

"Ha, ha! Very goot—a goot choke, I tink! No; I mean ze vatch! May I look at him?"

"Certainly!" responded Mr. Lascelles, and he reluctantly handed his timepiece over the counter.

Mr. Lazarus's eyes lit up as he saw that here was a very valuable watch indeed. He put a watchmaker's glass in his eye, opened the back, and gazed at the "works" for a moment.

"How much do you want for him?" he asked.

"Well," replied Mr. Lascelles, "my brother did say twenty pounds—"

Mr. Lazarus looked at the watch again. "Very well," he said. "I will lend you twenty pounds on him."

He went to a cash-till, and took out

twenty one-pound-notes, and put them on the counter, while he took from a drawer a little green ticket, on which he inscribed his customer's name, address, the article pawned, and the amount lent.

Carefully blotting this, he handed it and the twenty pounds over to Mr. Lascelles.

The master grabbed the money up, and placed it in a pocket-wallet, slipping the pawn-ticket into a compartment of the pocket-book by itself.

With a last, longing look at his watch lying on Mr. Lazarus's counter, he left the shop and set off on the journey back to Greyfriars.

On arriving back in his study, he threw off his hat, and immediately sat down at his desk in one corner of the room and wrote a letter to his brother, enclosing the Treasury notes.

This done, he pulled out the pawn-ticket. Mr. Lascelles had never seen one, let alone owned one, before, and he was quite interested in his examination of it.

Then a knock sounded outside the door.

"Come in!" called Mr. Lascelles.

The door opened, and Harold Skinner entered.

"You said you wanted to see me after calling-over, sir," he said.

Mr. Lascelles got up from his desk, and, putting the pawn-ticket down on the table in the centre of the room, strode over to the scowling cad of the Remove.

Skinner idly noticed the master throw the pawn-ticket on the table, and his eyes rested on it for a moment.

His amazement knew no bounds, however, as he read its inscription, in Mr. Lazarus's writing:

"I. Lascelles. Gold watch. Advanced £20."

It was not the first time the junior had seen a pawn-ticket from Mr. Lazarus's establishment; in fact, he had possessed them himself at various times. Then an idea flashed across his mind. If only he could obtain that pawn-ticket!

Harold Skinner had spent the last hour or so in thinking out some scheme whereby he could revenge himself on the maths master for sending him off the field that afternoon.

The pawn-ticket presented, to his mind, an excellent opportunity.

"Skinner," said Mr. Lascelles, "you were guilty of most outrageous conduct on the football-field this afternoon, and it was my unpleasant duty to send you off. There is no doubt whatever that you deliberately tripped up Brown, causing him great injury. I hope you realise how well you merit the punishment I am about to mete out to you."

"Yes, sir," answered Skinner. He could even find it in him to be respectful to the master now that he saw an opportunity for revenge.

Mr. Lascelles stepped over to the far corner of his study to a cupboard let into the wall.

Directly the master's back was turned, Skinner advanced to the table, snatched up the pawn-ticket, and coolly slipped it into his pocket!

When the maths master turned towards the cad of the Remove again he held in his hand a cane which he had taken from the cupboard.

"Hold out your hand, Skinner!" he rapped.

Skinner did so.
Swish, swish, swish!
The cad descended three times on the junior's hand.
"Yow! Ow! Yarooooo! Stoppit!"
"Now the other one!" snapped Mr. Lascelles.

The painful business was repeated, and the hapless cad of the Remove was literally doubled up with agony.

Mr. Lascelles was a sportsman, and as such was disgusted at Skinner's display on the football-field, and consequently he did not "spare the rod."

"And you may go, Skinner," he said. "Now try in future to behave yourself like a gentleman!"

Skinner quitted the study hastily, but a gleam of triumph spread over his face as he put his hand in his pocket and encountered the pawn-ticket he had stolen from the math's master.

The master's secret was not likely to be very safe with the cad of the Remove.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Wharton Misses His Watch!

"DONE!" "Finished!"
"Here endeth the first lesson!"

These exclamations came from Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull respectively.

Harry Wharton, their leader, was the only occupant of Study No. 1 who remained quiet. He was studiously reading through a long announcement he had just written, and he did not even look up as his chums announced with one accord that prep for that day was over.

These four members of the Famous Five of the Remove had, for the last half-hour, been busily engaged in their prep, and now they were free to do as they liked until bed-time.

"Wake up, Harry!" yelled Bob Cherry in the junior captain's ear.

"Your preparation should be finished by now, my boy!" Johnny Bull imitated Mr. Quelch's voice as he said this.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Harry Wharton glared at his chums in unspeakable wrath.

"Shurrup!" he yelled, and again turned to his announcement.

Bob Cherry, to emphasise the cessation of work for the day, threw a large Latin dictionary down on the study table, at which Wharton was still working.

Crash!
"Oh, you—you burbling chump! Look at that!"

"That" was a large blot from the junior captain's pen, caused by the concussion of the dictionary and the table.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Look at this giddy blot, you ass, Bob!" went on Wharton. "I shall have to write the whole thing out again now."

"Oh, buck up about it! Can't stay up all night while you write out giddy announcements!" grinned Frank Nugent.

"What are you announcing?" asked Johnny Bull. "Study feed, cricket match, or what?"

"What, most likely," grinned Bob Cherry.

"No, don't be an ass!" replied the leader of the Famous Five. "I've lost my watch, and I'm just announcing the fact to the world at large. Listen to this!"

"Oh, all serene!"

"NOTICE!
"Lost either in bath-rooms, dormitory, or cricket-field, silver half-bunter watch.
"Anyone returning same to Harry Wharton, Study No. 1, Remove passage, Greyfriars School, will be
"HANDSOMELY REWARDED."

"H'm! 'Handsomely rewarded' sounds all right. But where's the reward coming from?" grinned Nugent.

"Oh, I'll find that all right!" replied the junior captain. "Now, if you'll just behave yourselves like human beings for a few minutes while I copy out this notice I'll—"

"Behave ourselves like human beings! I like that. Why, you cheeky ass, I'll show—"

"Shurrup!"

Harry Wharton proceeded to copy out his notice on a clean sheet of paper, and when it was finished went down the passage, and affixed it to the notice-board.

Harry Wharton was the possessor of quite a valuable watch. It had been given to him by his uncle on his first day at Greyfriars, and Harry was consequently very proud of it. Of course, it had been lost before, but had always turned up again, as Nugent put it, "like a bad penny."

When Wharton re-entered Study No. 1 he found the rest of the Co. gathered round the window, indulging in the pleasant pastime of checking Coker, the Fifth Form motorist.

"Come and listen to old Coker now!" said Johnny Bull to Wharton.

Coker was the proud possessor of a motor-cycle. Coker's motor-cycle was of the "temperamental" variety, and at the moment was living up to its temperament.

Coker was saying extremely uncomplimentary things to it and about the man who'd sold it to him, and his temper was none of the best. He was hot and greasy, and the crowd of fags standing round and making rude remarks about

the Fifth-Form and his mount did nothing to lessen Coker's temper.

The Famous Five crowded round their study window, and continued their wordy bombardment. This pleasant pastime was brought suddenly to a close as the study door opened and Harold Skinner entered.

The cad of the Remove was looking rather apprehensive.

Snoop, one of his pals in Study No. 11, had informed him that he was being eagerly sought for by Brown, who had started that he had a "pressing engagement" with Harold Skinner.

So far Skinner had managed to keep out of the New Zealand junior's way.

Realising, however, that sooner or later he would be bound to meet Brown he decided to explain the incident of the footer-feld away as an accident to the Famous Five, and so gain their protection against Tom Brown's anticipated revenge. At least, that was Skinner's object in calling on the occupants of Study No. 1.

"I say, you chaps," he began rather nervously. "About this afternoon. All an accident, you know."

"Oh, quite!" said Nugent, with heavy sarcasm.

"No end!" said Bob Cherry, as he and Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull detached themselves from their rather precarious positions about the window-ledge, and turned to face their visitor.

"I knew you fellows would see it in the right light," went on the cad of the Remove, with a sigh of relief. "Now, I want you to put matters right with Brown. You see, he believes it was not an accident—"

"He does!"

This remark came from the doorway, and Skinner turned round to face the New Zealander himself.

Tom Brown's right leg was swathed in bandages, for it was rather seriously bruised, and its owner was not in any too good a temper.

Like all the other fellows who had



Mr. Lascelles stepped over to the cupboard where he kept a supply of cans. Directly the master's back was turned Skinner advanced to the table and snatched up the pawn-ticket and coolly slipped it into his pocket. (See Chapter I.)

witnessed the scene, he knew it had been no accident.

Tom Brown limped into the room.

"Oh, I say!" Skinner was rather taken aback at Brown's appearance, and a rather greenish tinge spread over his unpleasant features as he realised that he could now look forward to trouble in some form or another.

"Look here, you fellows!" said Harry Wharton. "We all know that Skinner's tripping Browney this afternoon was no accident, and I think you will agree with me when I suggest a little punishment would not be out of place."

"Hear, hear!"

"Good! Go for the rotter!" Johnny Bull was feeling extremely warlike.

"Rag him!"

"How about a Form licking?" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Just the thing!"

"Form licking!"

"Not a bad idea, Bob," said Harry Wharton. "What do you others say? Shall this rotter's"—he pointed contemptuously at Harold Skinner, who was slowly turning white with sheer fright at the suggestion—"punishment be a Form licking or not?"

"Hear, hear!"

"All agreed!"

"Carried nem con!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Everybody being agreed, then," went on Wharton. "I propose a trial by jury and general Remove meeting in the Rag, to be followed with a Form licking."

"Collar him!"

"Down to the Rag!"

"Rather!"

Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull each seized an arm of the unfortunate Skinner and dragged him into the passage. The

cad of the Remove was too frightened to make much of a protest against his sentence, and, after a few vain struggles, he gave himself up, scowling at his captors—a fact that worried them not at all.

There was quite a crowd of Remove fellows in the Rag when the party arrived and they exhibited much curiosity.

"What's the row?"

"What are you doing with Skinner?" growled Stott.

Stott was one of Skinner's friends, but he didn't believe in "stepping where angels feared to tread" in an attempt to rescue the cad of the Remove.

"And what's he done intirely?" shouted Micky Desmond, in a vain attempt to make himself heard.

Harry Wharton mounted a desk, and attempted to quieten the crowd of grinning juniors.

"Gentlemen—"

"Hear, hear!"

"This meeting has been arranged—"

"Let her rip!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove cheered the speaker, without attempting to listen to what he had to say.

"Gentlemen," resumed Wharton, shouting at the top of his voice, "I've arranged this meeting for a most important purpose—"

"Hear, hear!"

"That of trying one, Harold Skinner, by grand jury for assaulting Thomas Brown, of New Zealand—"

"Serve him jolly well right!" growled Snoop.

"Order, order!"

"Shut up, Snoop!"

"Throw him out!"

"Order!"

"Gentlemen of the Remove," went on Harry Wharton, when a semblance of quiet had been obtained, "you all—or most of you, anyway—witnessed Skinner's rotten conduct on the field this afternoon. You can also see for yourselves the result to Brown's leg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Browney!"

"Fetch some crutches!"

"Skinner declares the incident was an accident, and I want you fellows to let me have your opinions on the matter. If it was an accident, all well and good; but if not"—Harry Wharton's eyes gleamed dangerously—"I suggest that a Form licking would be the correct punishment. Hands up, those who think it was an accident."

Two hands appeared above the crowd. They belonged to Snoop and Stott respectively.

"Now, hands up, those who believe that it was a rotten, beastly trick, and that Skinner should receive the benefit of a Form licking."

Instantly hands shot up from all directions. It was quite obvious that the majority of the Remove believed that it had been another of Harold Skinner's rotten little tricks. They also believed that the "benefit of a Form licking," as their captain had put it, would suit the case.

Harold Skinner all this time had remained held firmly in the grasp of Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull. It was quite plain that he was in a mortal funk of the consequences of this meeting of Wharton's, and he once more began struggling to get free.

"Gentlemen," went on Wharton, "having all agreed with the verdict, we will now commence the punishment."

Wharton walked over to the corner and picked up a five-bat.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Form Licking!

THE RE was no hope for the cad of the Remove.

He could see that. The whole Remove—except, perhaps, his two cronies, Snoop and Stott, were indignant at his dirty trick of the afternoon, and they meant business. The juniors of Greyfriars School were nearly all keen sportsmen, and to witness conduct such as Skinner's had been made their blood boil.

And so there was no hope for Skinner in the matter of this Form licking.

Harry Wharton eyed the cad of the Remove contemptuously.

"Would you rather apologise first or last?" he asked.

"I'll never apologise, hang you!" growled Skinner.

"That settles it. Gentlemen of the Remove, you know the rules governing a Form licking—every member of the Form gives the prisoner one welt with this five-bat. As captain of the Form, I give the first one."

Wharton raised the bat.

"Let me alone! Don't you dare to touch me with that!" howled Skinner.

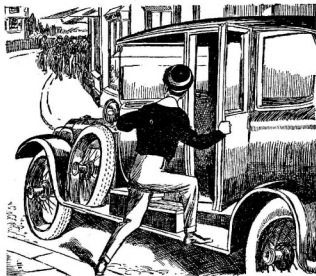
"Rats!"

"Get on with the business!" growled Johnny Bull. "It'll soon be dorny time."

"Hear, hear!"

Wharton advanced upon the hapless cad of the Remove.

The five-bat came lashing down and Skinner howled. He struggled fiercely to get free, but Bob Cherry, and Johnny



Just as Skinner was leaving the pawnbroker's shop he espied the Famous Five coming down the High Street. A car was standing drawn up outside a grocer's shop next door, and as Harry Wharton & Co. turned the corner Skinner darted to the car's side, opened one of the doors, and slipped into the tonneau. (See

Chapter 4.)

"BUNTER'S VERY LATEST!"

NEXT MONDAY! THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 71A.

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS. 11 By FRANK RICHARDS.

Bull were more than a match for him, and all his efforts were in vain.

Harry Wharton handed the bat to Nugent.

Whack!

"Yaroooooh! Oh!"

Frank Nugent handed the bat to Bulstrode. Bulstrode carefully measured his distance, and again the bat came lashing down upon the cad of the Remove. Again Skinner howled.

The bat passed from hand to hand, and each of the juniors present took his turn with it, each lash eliciting a howl of pain and rage from Skinner.

"If you apologise to Brown now, Skinner," said Harry Wharton, when a dozen lashes had been administered, "we'll let you off the rest."

"Never!" yelled Skinner.

"Go ahead then," said Wharton. Certainly Harold Skinner was exhibiting more than the usual amount of pluck expected from him.

The licking recommenced.

Whack!

Whack!

Whack!

Again and again the fives bat came lashing down, and the lashes were not light ones by any means.

"Hold on!" gasped Skinner at last. "I'll give in! Cluck it!"

"Well, now we'll have the apology, Skinner," said Harry Wharton.

Skinner turned to where Tom Brown was standing. Naturally the New Zealand junior was taking no part in the present proceeding, and in fact, the good-hearted junior had not liked the idea at all. But as Wharton explained, in answer to his protests, Skinner's conduct was a disgrace to the form, and so had to be punished by the form. A sound piece of schoolboy logic, and as a result Tom Brown had said nothing more.

"I apologise," growled Skinner. He was too hurt and humiliated to make any further resistance.

"That's all right, Skinner," replied Tom Brown.

"Now let me go," said Skinner.

"Certainly. I hope also that we shan't have to do this again, Skinner," said Wharton gravely. "Let him go chaps," he added, turning to Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull.

The moment his two captors released him, Skinner rushed for the Rag door. He realised inwardly that he had got off lightly, all things considered, and he evidently thought that the juniors might reconsider their decision to let him go after all.

"Well, that's one job done," said Harry Wharton.

"And a pretty rotten job, too," put in Bob Cherry.

"Yes, but he deserved it, you know," said Bulstrode.

"Oh, rather!"

All the juniors were agreed upon that point. They would not have carried out the licking if they had not been certain. They didn't stand for anything approaching bullying; but this was a different matter.

The Famous Five and Tom Brown trooped off to their respective studies. In a few minutes Loder of the Sixth would be round ordering them off to bed.

Harold Skinner dashed up the stairs after leaving the Rag and made for the lavatory. He was in a sorry state through his struggling and bumping, and he did not want to be very closely questioned by any master or prefect as to how he came by his condition.

Gaining a bath-room, he slammed and locked the door, fearing pursuit.

NEXT MONDAY!

"BUNTER'S VERY LATEST!"



The man took Skinner by the collar and dragged him from the tonneau out on to the road. He then lifted a large size in boots and planted his foot behind the cad of the Remove, and started Skinner on his homeward journey.

(See Chapter 4.)

He flung off his Eton jacket and waistcoat and rolled back his sleeves.

In a moment he was busily engaged, with the help of soap and plenty of water, in removing as much as possible of the grime from the Common-room floor from his face—he had landed face down.

Of course the soap and water would not heal his damaged nose nor his sore limbs, but they would not attract more than the ordinary amount of notice.

Skinner grabbed blindly for a towel and began drying his face, when his eyes lighted upon a shining object in the far corner of the shelf in front of him. It was a watch.

It was not an unknown thing for a junior to leave his watch in the bath-room, but on the other hand, it was not an everyday occurrence.

Skinner hastily finished operations with the towel and slipped on his clothes.

Then he picked up the watch and examined it.

It was quite a handsome watch for a junior to possess, a silver half-hunter.

As Skinner was intent in examining it for possible marks of its ownership a thundering rap came on the door, and Loder's unpleasant voice announced the fact that if the occupant of the bath-room was not in bed in his dormitory in exactly three minutes the said occupant would be made to smart.

Skinner slipped the watch into his pocket, and, unlocking the door, made his way to his study.

Arrived there he took the watch from his jacket, and, placing it in a corner of the cupboard, locked the door and quit the study.

Nothing was said as the cad of the Remove entered the dormitory and made his way to his bed.

Skinner had had his punishment, and

that was an end to the matter in the juniors' minds.

Most of the Removees were in bed, and some five minutes after Loder had been round to see "lights out" the dormitory presented an extremely peaceful appearance, its occupants being fast asleep after the exertions of the day—though quite an ordinary day, however, in the life of a public school-boy.

Even the hapless cad of the Remove was at peace with the world—till rising bell next day.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

"No Peace for the Wicked!"

"LETTER for you, Skinney," said Snoop, one of the cad of the Remove's study-mates, entering Study No. 11.

It was after morning lessons the next day, and Harold Skinner was, or had been till this moment, the sole occupant of Study No. 11 in the Remove passage at Greyfriars.

Skinner was bent on having a few minutes examination of the watch he had found in the bath-room on the previous night.

He had been about to take it from the corner of the study cupboard where he had hidden it, when Snoop entered holding a letter in his hand.

"All right, let's have it!" growled Skinner in reply. Harold Skinner was in none of the best of tempers that morning. He had not completely recovered from the results of his form licking on the previous evening. He was never polite, and now he was positively rude.

Snoop glared at him.

"You might jolly well be polite and thank a chap for bringing your mouldy

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 714.

letter, anyhow," he snapped. And with that remark and another glare at the junior sprawled out at his ease in the only chair the study boasted, he went out, slamming the door behind him.

Skinner got up from the armchair and reached out for the letter on the table, where Snoop had flung it.

As he caught sight of the writing on the envelope his face blanched. Skinner knew that writing well—only too well, in fact. The message was from Mr. Cobb, the proprietor of the Cross Keys public-house, in the village. Skinner had, from time to time, visited this gentleman at his abode and played snooty games of poker with him and his cronies. Skinner rather fancied himself as a "goer" and a "gay dog," but he had been forced to give this up some months back when he had left the public-house late one evening owing its proprietor some five pounds' "debt of honour."

Skinner could not possibly find five shillings, let alone five pounds, until the beginning of next term, and Mr. Cobb was becoming rather pressing in his demands for a settlement.

After a moment's hesitation the cad of the Remove opened the letter and, his face going a nice shade of green, perused its contents, written in the uneducated hand of the publican.

It was to the effect that if Mr. Cobb didn't receive the five pounds owing on or before the coming Saturday the aforementioned Mr. Cobb would reluctantly have to interview Dr. Locke, with a view to an enforced payment of the little debt.

Skinner read it through twice, and slipped it into his pocket.

He threw himself into the armchair once more, and gave himself furiously to think.

It was not till some twenty minutes later that the cad of the Remove jumped up from his seat and crossed the study hastily to the cupboard. He flung open the door and took out the silver watch he had found the previous evening, the examination of which he had been about when Snoop had entered with the letter bearing the ill-tidings.

Skinner took the watch from its hiding-place and crossed over to the window.

From outside came the sounds of the thud of a football being kicked about by some ten or twelve juniors.

Skinner had no ears for these sounds of peaceful enjoyment and fun. His whole attention was centred upon the watch in his hand.

The watch was of silver, and of the half-hunter pattern. It was obviously a valuable timepiece, and the cad of the Remove's eyes lit up as he realised this.

For to Skinner this watch meant his only possible salvation from the hands of the publican. A visit to Mr. Lazarus' establishment, and then a furtive call in at the Cross Keys with the money and all would be well—at least, that is how it appeared to Harold Skinner.

Skinner slipped the watch into his pocket and took up his cap from the table.

He then went out of the study and down the Remove passage. At the entrance to the house he ran into Harry Wharton & Co., who were coming in from their cricket practice.

The Famous Five were talking—and the subject of their conversation was their captain's missing watch.

Harry Wharton had had no reply to the notice he had pinned on the notice-board in the passage, and he was be-

ginning to think that his timepiece was irretrievably lost this time.

"Most mysterious," said Bob Cherry, after Wharton had recounted the details for the thirtieth time.

"Oh, it'll turn up all right," said Frank Nugent reassuringly.

"Rather!" said Johnny Bull. "You know what an ass—er—chump Wharton is, and it's quite possible that the blessed ticker is in his pocket at this moment."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Skinner heard these few remarks as he hurried past the five juniors, and he experienced a sudden desire to draw the watch he had found from his pocket and ask the Captain of the Remove whether it belonged to him.

But the next instant this good resolve was gone.

The whole way down the shady lane to Courtfield, Skinner experienced unpleasant thoughts as to what he really ought to do with the watch. He reasoned the whole affair out again and again in his mind. He had found a watch—a silver, half-hunter watch. Wharton had lost a timepiece of similar description; but, Skinner argued, in a

THE "POPULAR"



See Special Announcement on Page 2.

rather one-sided manner, there were many watches of this description in use, and the one he had found in the bathroom might not, of course, be Wharton's. Anyhow, as he had found it, he had a perfect right to it. People shouldn't be so careless with their possessions. Of course, he was doing no wrong in pawning the watch. Besides this, the result would probably save him from expulsion—it would come to that if Mr. Cobb made his threatened call on the headmaster.

These thoughts occupied Skinner's mind until he reached the village of Courtfield.

Skinner pushed open the door of Mr. Lazarus' pawnbroking establishment and entered.

For the second time in two days the little Jew behind the counter looked up into the face of a resident of Greyfriars School.

"Gont-morning, Master Skinner!" he beamed. "Vat is it that I can do for you?"

Harold Skinner pulled the watch from his pocket, and passed it across the counter hurriedly.

"I want you to—er—lend me five pounds on this!" he said.

Skinner did not believe in beating about the bush—he had pawned things at Mr. Lazarus' before, and he had come

to believe in the "straight from the shoulder" method of business.

Mr. Lazarus took the watch, and after a brief examination passed five one-pound notes across his counter, along with a ticket made out to "Master H. Skinner, Greyfriars School." The little Jew saw at a glance that this would not be a bad deal from his point of view, and therefore no time was lost in bargaining.

Skinner grabbed up the notes and put them into his pocket-book, slipping the ticket into his jacket pocket.

He was just about to leave the shop when he espied the Famous Five coming down the High Street. Skinner certainly did not want to be seen leaving Mr. Lazarus' shop by the Greyfriars' juniors, and he hastily looked about for a suitable hiding-place until the juniors had passed.

A car was standing drawn up outside the grocer's shop next to Mr. Lazarus'.

The Famous Five were rapidly approaching!

Skinner darted to the empty car's side, opened one of the doors, and slipped into the tonneau. The cad of the Remove crouched on the floor, just in time to hear the voices of Harry Wharton & Co. right opposite where he had been standing in doubt only a brief moment ago.

As the Remove's voices died away in the distance, Skinner prepared to quit his hiding-place. He rose from the floor—but quickly dropped down on all-fours again.

For the chauffeur was coming out of the grocer's, and he climbed in and took his seat at the wheel. The cad of the Remove had an idea of jumping out and running for it, but at that moment the ringing of the self-starter and resultant starting of the engine dispelled this.

The chauffeur slipped in his clutch, and dropped into first speed. The car began to glide into the centre of the road, and soon gained speed. After a few minutes, with the car in top, they covered the ground towards Greyfriars School at a fine speed.

Skinner decided to say nothing until the school gates were reached. When these came in sight he would make his presence known to the driver, and ask him to drop him there.

This would serve the purpose of getting back to the school in plenty of time to prepare for dinner.

Soon the gates came in sight.

The cad of the Remove rose from the floor, and, gaining his feet, leaned over and touched the chauffeur on the shoulder.

The man, thinking either that this was a hold-up by armed men, or that it was the effects of the abnormal heat, gave a violent start. The car swerved dangerously for a minute, while the chauffeur turned in his seat and gazed into Skinner's face. The scene appeared rather to amuse Skinner, and he grinned.

At last the man at the wheel recovered his senses. He soon had the car at a standstill by the side of the lane.

"What the—"

"It's quite all right," began Skinner.

"Oh, it's all right, is it!" queried the chauffeur, now completely at his ease, as he realised that he had nothing worse than a schoolboy of fifteen to face.

"Yes," replied the cad of the Remove, still grinning.

"Oh, that's all right, then?" growled the chauffeur. "I'm glad it amuses you, my young buck! Wanted a ride in a motor-car, I suppose?"

(Continued on page 13.)

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 42.

Week Ending Oct. 15th, 1921.



Assisted by BOB CHERRY (Fighting Editor),
VERNON-SMITH (Sports Editor), MARK
LINLEY, TOM BROWN, and FRANK NUGENT.

Address all letters to HARRY WHARTON,
c/o The Magnet Library, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

THE WORLD OF FASHION!

By Frank Nugent.

Sammy Hunter is said to have sported an Eton collar—absolutely spotless—last Sunday. Had his greedy major been hanging around the collar would have been an "eaten" one.

It is reported that Lord Mauleverer, although single, has far too many "ties."

In his craze for economy, Donald Ogilvy is wearing an Anti-Waste-coat.

Our special reporter informs us that he saw my misior Dicky trying spats in the fags' Common-room. Surely the talented scribe means "sprats"?

Horace Coker has recently purchased some new motor-cycling overalls. We often see him wearing them when he overhauls his machine.

Mr. Prout has taken to wearing a soft collar. At the risk of being considered cheeky, we venture to state that this isn't the only thing that's "soft" about Mr. Prout.

Hurree Singh says that when the cold weather comes he intends getting himself a fur coat. But we always thought that Inky was an Indian, not a "Persian"!

We little knew that Alonzo Todd was a fighting-man, until we discovered that he's always giving the Fiji Islanders "socks."

A vicious bulldog buried its fangs in Temple's trousers the other day. We now understand why Temple said his bags were "ripping"!

Supplement 4.]

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

It was my original intention to get Lord Mauleverer to edit this number, since his lordship is an authority on jackets, waistcoats, "sacks," and stacking.

Mauly, however, has already edited one issue of "The Greyfriars Herald"—at the point of the revolver, so to speak—for a couple of fellows had to mount guard over him, and see that he did the job thoroughly.

Mauly declares that he wouldn't go through the ordeal again for anything.

"Bump me in the lost-room, rend me in the Rag, slay me in the study, but don't ever ask me to edit 'The Greyfriars Herald' again!" said Mauly, when I called on him. "My frail and delicate constitution won't stand it, begad! I've been through the mill once, an' I wouldn't go through it again—soo for all the wealth of the Indies!"

"But if I got out a Special Fashions Number, you'd contribute to it?" I queried.

"Well, I don't mind stretchin' a point, an' doin' that; but I'm not goin' to edit the dashed thing. I'd rather work a treadmill!"

Mauly was quite adamant on this point, so there was nothing for it but for me to edit this issue myself.

I'm not a fashion expert, but several of my contributors claim to be, and their articles will bring many broad grins to the already cheerful countenances of my chums. Personally, I am no believer in fashions. At least, I don't worship them, like some fellows do. I've always maintained that it isn't the clothes that matter. It's the fellow inside them. Of course, I don't like to see a chap going about like a tramp who's been sleeping under a hedge during a blizzard. But so long as a fellow is clean and tidy I care not how shabby his togs may be.

Yet there are some fellows to whom clothes are the be-all and the end-all of existence. Take Temple of the Upper Fourth. He lives in an atmosphere of fancy waistcoats and beautifully pressed trousers. Take Mauly. His one thought—when he doesn't happen to be asleep—is of apparel. I expect one of these days they will be running a clothing establishment in Bond Street.

I will now leave this issue in your hands, serene in the knowledge that it is of the same standard as the preceding ones, which have been enjoyed by girls and boys all the world over.

HARRY WHARTON.

THE SONG OF THE SPATS!

By Dick Penfold.

With figure weary and worn,

With feet like lumps of lead,

A "nut" crawled in at the Greyfriars gates;

He'd been badly bumped, he said,

His collar was rumpled and torn,

His eyes they gleamed like cat's

In a voice that was feeble and forlorn

He sang the song of the spats!

His coat was splashed with mud,

His "bags" were ripped and rent,

The "topper" adorning his noble nut
Showed signs of many a dent.

For the raggers of Highcliff School

Hud used his togs as mats.

And still, in a sad, despairing voice,

He sang the song of the spats!

For the spats he dearly loved

Had vanished from mortal ken.

They lay in a ditch—he couldn't say
which,

Or how it happened, or when.

He could only wail and whine

In a dozen sharps and flats.

"They're lost for ever, and gone before,

My perfectly priceless spats!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 714.

FOOTBALL FASHIONS!

By Billy Bunter.

HARRY WHARTON says he won't let me contribute any further articles to the "Greyfriars Herald" unless my spelling shows a marked improvement.

Personally, I never knew there was anything the matter with my spelling. But Wharton declares there is, and he says that his opinion is endorsed by the Editor of the *Kompanion Papers*.

This being the case, I shall have to mind my p's and q's. I won't guarantee to spell every word correctly—even the best authors make slips sometimes—but I will do my best to conform to Wharton's wishes, and to the wishes of the gentleman who presides over this group of papers.

My own private opinion is that Wharton is wrong, and that the Editor of the *Kompanion papers* is wrong also. I dare not state my private opinion in these columns—(You've already stated it, an.—Ed.)—but the fact remains that my spelling has always been perfect, and it is the critics that don't know how to spell.

But why should I waste valuable space on this trivial subject? I set out to write an article on football fashions, but I have drifted from the point, as the fellow said when he was washed out to sea in a rowing-boats.

As all the world knows, I am a great authority on football, and an equally great authority on fashions. It is therefore quite fitting that I should be selected to write on this toppick. (What you don't know about footer and fashions, my dear Bunt, would fill the whole of the "Holiday Annual"—Ed.)

Some fellows will tell you that fashions don't matter, so far as football is concerned. They would cheerfully play in a frock-hat and a top-coat—I mean, a frock-coat and a top-hat—or they wouldn't mind wearing a suit of male.

This is all wrong, of course. The proper attire for the football-field is a jersey and a pair of shorts. (Quite right, old fruit!—Ed.)

The referee should be given the power to turn anybody off the field who doesn't comply with the dress regulations.

You can't have fellows playing footer in Etons. (No, it's a Harrowing suggestion!—Ed.) And you can't have a chap keeping goal in his Sunday best.

Now, having agreed that jerseys and shorts are "de rigueur," as the French say, we come to the question: What sort of jerseys? What sort of shorts—I mean, what sort of shorts? All good sports should wear the right sort of shorts in sports. I trust I make myself clear. (Clear as mud!—Ed.)

A plain white jersey is invidious. A black jersey will fill the specked tators with gloom. A blue jersey is N.G.; likewise a red one. What you really want is a combination of colours. (What has the letter "C" done that you should ignore it in this way, Billy?—Ed.)

Personally, I always wear a jersey kom-

posed of the following colours: Purple, pall blue, dark blue, pink, green, white, orange, lemon, banana, scrape-fruit, vermilion, maize, yellow, and scarlet.

A jersey of this sort always has such a dazzling effect that it scares the members of the opposing team. Every time they see you coming they turn on their heels.

The shorts, on the other hand—(We generally wear them on our legs!—Ed.)—should be perfectly plain. I think I have made myself pretty plain; it isn't good form to wear coloured shorts; they should be quite white. ("Quite white, too!" as D'Arcy would say.—Ed.)

Now we come to the question of boots. Some fellows are never particular about what sort of footwear they wear for football. I once saw a fellow play in dancing-pumps. Another chap wore hobnailed boots. Yet another fellow turned up befoozled. (He must have had four legs, at any rate!—Ed.)

The proper boots to wear for football are football-boots, just as the proper boots for cricket are cricket-boots, and the proper boots for fishing are fishing-boots, and the proper boots for war are war-boots. (We shouldn't like to play in marble-boots ourselves. Somebody might get hurt!—Ed.)

Of course, football-boots cost a lot of money. I realise that. But I've got half-a-dozen pairs going cheap. I borrowed them last winter from various studies, and the owners have never missed them.

If you would like a really smart pair of footer-boots, I can arrange to let you have them at a quid a pair. (If I catch you selling anybody else's boots, you fat pirate, you'll get it where the chicken got the chopper!—Ed.)

I hope, dear readers that you will read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest all these tips. (The boot-tips, do you mean? Have mercy on our digestion!—Ed.)

There are special fashions for the football-field, just as there are special fashions for the hall-room and the seaside and the West End. And these football fashions should be studied. (So should the football-boots!—Ed.) I have ordered a new jersey from the Channel Islands, and when I appear on the football-field next Saturday I am bound to make a big sensation. (By putting the ball through your own team's goal!—Ed.)

I wish I could have a photo of myself taken in my wonderful new jersey, and send a copy of it—the photo, not the jersey—to every reader of the "Greyfriars Herald" and of my famous "Weekly." But I'm afraid I can't do this, as the fellow said when Queequey set a particularly difficult sum on the blackboard.

I expect this article of mine has opened your eyes a bit—what? You imagined that Manly was the only fellow who knew anything about fashions. But you don't know your Uncle Bill! I am a fellow of many parts, as the traitor said after he had been drawn and quartered.

Next week I shall have pleasure in contributing a further article on this highly-important subject!

(Oh, no, you won't, my fat idler! We've had about enough Bunter to last us a lifetime!—Ed.)

SPECIAL
WINTER SPORTS
NUMBER
NEXT MONDAY!

—H.W.

PREHISTORIC FASHIONS!

By Tom Brown.

(Our jovial contributor imagines that the Greyfriars fellows were living in the days of the Ancient Britons, and he criticises their apparel, etc., in the following feature. Another of Browney's weird and wonderful flights of imagination.—Ed.)

I saw Skinner of the Remove this morning in his new suit of goat-skins. I always did say that Skinner was a giddy goat!

I also saw Harry Wharton in his attire of deerskin. As he only paid the sum of two flints for it, I consider that the deerskin was a very cheap skin!

Horace Coker has furnished his cave with a strip of Coker-nut matting. He has also smothered his chivvy with wampato, so that no one will recognise him as the original Tarzan!

Bolsover major, having recently slain a dragon, has exhibited its scales outside his cave. Bolsover evidently believes in throwing his "weight" about!

In future, Sixth-Formers only will be permitted to grow face-fangs. Members of other Forms must shave daily with a sharp piece of flint. By the way, Bob Cherry had an exciting tussle with a wild boar the other morning. It was killed in the long run, but Bob had a "close shave"!

It is the custom in the Remove to adorn the hair with feathers. If anybody cares to apply to Sidney Snop, he will be pleased to show the white feather!

Anyone requiring stout cudgels, wherewith to smite their foes hip and thigh, should apply to Fisher T. Fish, manufacturer of clubs and spades. Address: Ye Olds Cave, Grimby. Telegrams: "Fish, Grimby."

Top-hats, skilfully carved out of the bows of trees, may be obtained from Messrs. Anno, Donini & Co. (Hatters by appointment to the Druids).

Running-shorts, made of the finest sack-kath, are also on sale at the premises of the above mentioned firm.

[Supplement II.]



By LORD MAULEVERER.

WITH my fashion is a passion. I confess I am rather a stickler, but not so far as dress is concerned.

You won't find a more immaculately dressed fellow within a twenty-mile radius of Greyfriars. I'm not exaggerating; it's a fact.

I always like to keep abreast of the latest fashions—to know what is being worn in town, and what isn't. If a thing goes out of fashion, I scrap it. If a new fashion arrives—and new ones crop up at the rate of half-a-dozen a week—I always jump at it. My worst enemy can't accuse me of being improperly dressed.

And now I will plunge into an account of the terrible experiences which befell me one day last week.

My uncle, Sir Berkeley Mountjoy, had obtained permission for me to roam up and down and see him, I was to return to Greyfriars by the last train on that same day.

Before setting out on my trip to town I spent several hours in the Remove dormitory, changing into my very best togs, for my uncle is a stickler for dress.

I selected a pair of striped trousers, beautifully pressed, and I chose a canary coloured waistcoat. My tie was a sort of Union Jack on a small scale; my collar was of the stand-up variety; my shoes were of patent leather, and they shone—well, the sunshine of the Riviera is nothing compared with the shine on those shoes!

My spats were of silk, and my "topper" was beautifully glossy.

"Perfection!" murmured, as I surveyed myself in the mirror. "Beau Brummel himself couldn't improve on my present appearance!"

Gathering up my kid gloves and silver-mounted cane, I set out for the station, taking great care not to step into the puddles of water which I encountered at intervals.

I caught my train all right at Friarale, and when it stopped at Courtfield Junction I leaned out of the window and purchased a copy of my favourite paper, "Male Fashions."

I turned over the leaves casually, and then stopped short, with a gasp of dismay, as my eye fell upon the following paragraph:

"THE PASSING OF THE 'TOPPER'

"Our fashion expert reports that the topper has a swiftly going out of vogue. Its doom is sealed. A few 'toppers' may still be seen in the vicinity of the Houses of Parliament and the Law Courts; but the number is growing less and less. The Homburg hat and the bowler are coming into their own.

"In the best circles it is now considered bad form to wear a topper, except on special occasions."

"Oh crumbs!" I ejaculated. "Jolly lucky I spotted this paragraph, or I should have taken before me a topper, and that would have been an unpardonable offence! I'll shy this topper out of the window, and buy a Homburg as soon as the train stops at Borchester."

Hearing the officious topper out of the carriage window, I settled down again in my corner seat, and continued to turn over the pages of "Male Fashions."

It wasn't long before I received another knock-out blow.

The following paragraph greeted my startled gaze:

"GOOD-BYE TO THE STAND-UP COLLAR!"

"The stand-up collar seems likely to share the same fate as the 'topper.' It is not nearly so much in evidence as at the time last year. We fear that its days are numbered."

"The other day we observed Sir Archibald Poppe, the well-known authority on masculine attire, taking his constitutional in Hyde Park. We remarked that he was wearing a soft silk collar. Those who pride themselves on keeping abreast of the fashions are rapidly following Sir Archibald's example."

Horror of horrors! The stand-up collar was now out of fashion, and I was wearing one! "I must shed this beastly thing the moment I get to Borchester!" I exclaimed.

Feeling rather weary, I lay back and took forty winks. I was roused by guttural shouts of "Borchester!"

Leaping to my feet, a hopped out of the carriage and made my way to the nearest hatter's. Here I purchased a stunning Homburg. It fitted me like a charm, and it only cost two guineas—a mere bagatelle!

I then proceeded to the hosiery establishment in the same street, and equipped myself with a soft silk collar. It was much more comfortable than a stand-up one, and I was glad of the change.

Having made my purchases, I returned to Borchester Station, and waited nearly an hour for the next train to town.

As soon as I had taken my seat in a first-class carriage—a non-smoker, of course, my name not being Skinner—I bought a midday paper.

When the train was well on the move, I came across the following startling paragraph in the fashionable column:

"CANARY COLOURED WAISTCOATS TO GO. GAUDY NECKTIES TABOO!"

"The canary-coloured waistcoat, hitherto so popular among the elite, will soon be a thing of the past. It is being replaced by waistcoats of orange colour, with dark green borders. It is now considered *infra dig.* for a gentleman to patrol the West End in a waistcoat of canary hue."



The crowd surged past me like a gigantic wave, and I found myself rolling in the gutter.

"A crusade has just been launched against bright and gaudy neckties. Regimental and military neckties still be permitted, of course; but apart from those all ties should be plain blue or plain black. It will be regarded as an outrage against the fashions for any of our young men to affect gaudy neckties in future."

I gave a deep and hollow groan, which reverberated through the carriage. This was indeed the limit!

First my headgear had been all wrong, then my collar; and now I had made the tragic discovery that my waistcoat and necktie were all wrong, also!

The train happened to be a non-stop from Borchester to London, so I could not alight at any intermediate station. I was obliged to possess my soul in patience until we drew up at Charing Cross.

On reaching my destination, I made my way with all speed to a cloakng establishment in the Strand. Here I managed to procure an orange-coloured waistcoat, with a dark green border. I told the salesman he could take my old waistcoat home and feed it to his puppies.

At the same shop I bought a necktie of sober black. And by this time my appearance had undergone an almost complete transformation.

On going into the Strand I bought a later edition of the paper, and turned to the fashions column, fearful lest a further shock should be in store for me.

My worst fears were confirmed. I made the ghastly discovery that patent leather shoes were no longer in favour with the nobility and gentry. Brown suede shoes were to take their place.

"Dash it all!" I muttered. "Everything seems to be going' wrong to-day. It must be the thirteenth of the month."

I went into the nearest bootstall's for a pair of suede shoes. He told me there had been a great run on his stocks. Everybody, he said, was buying brown suede shoes. It was mankind's latest hobby.

"Where can I get a pair, begad?" I inquired.

"The only people I can suggest are Messrs. Tyle, Fittie & Co. of Tottenham," said the bootstaller.

"Tottenham!" I echoed. "Where's that?"

"North London, sir. A taxi will get you there in half an hour."

Accordingly, I chartered a taxicab, and was whirled away through the busy thoroughfares.

On reaching the premises of Messrs. Tyle, Fittie & Co., who were bootmakers by Royal Appointment, having supplied assiduously to the King of Lapland, I found that they were able to supply me with a pair of brown suede shoes.

My outfit was now complete. I had no further cause to worry. I was dressed in strict accordance with all the latest fashions. I was immaculate, and before I could realize what was happening I found myself rolling in the gutter.

"I'll get the taxi-driver to take me to my uncle's place in Park Lane," I reflected, "and then all my troubles will be over."

When I emerged into the street, however, I had the shock of my life.

A crowd of very worklike young men came charging down the street, uttering shouts of wrath and fury. They bore down upon me like an avalanche, and before I could realize what was happening I found myself rolling in the gutter.

Before I could sort myself out I had been used as a doormat by at least a dozen people.

The crowd surged past me like a gigantic wave, and when at last I was able to stagger to my feet I looked a sorry specimen.

My coat was rumpled and torn. My brand-new Homburg hat was being dribbled along the pavement by the angry crowd; my collar was like a limp rag, and my necktie had somehow entwined itself round my left ear.

"Rough luck, sir!" said the taxi-driver, coming forward to support me. "You just 'appened to step into the thick of it."

"Great Scott!" I gasped. "Has the world gone mad? Who were all those people?"

"Football crowd, sir," explained the taxi-driver. "They've just been to White 'Art Lane to see the Spurs—"

"Well!"

"All the Spurs lost!"

"Oh!"

That explained everything, of course.

I crawled into the taxi, and was driven to my uncle's place.

The butler wanted to kick me down the steps, under the impression that I was a tramp. But I managed to explain matters, and was admitted to the house, where I obtained a much-needed wash and brush up.

When I joined my uncle at the dinner-table an hour later, I was as immaculate as a gandy ever!



Impertinent Interviews

By our Special Representative.

CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE.

"READY for action?" inquired the editor, as I trotted into his sanctum, with a notebook in my hand and a Koloboor behind my ear.

"Yes, rather," I responded.

"Then you can go along and interview Cecil Reginald Temple, the nuttiest of the Nuts."

"Will he bite?" I asked cautiously.

"Oh, no; he's quite harmless."

"But he lives in the Upper Fourth quarters. And that's alien soil. I once knew a member of the Remove Form who ventured thither, and he was never seen again. Whether Dabney dabbed him, or Fry fried him, I know not. But he never came back."

"Don't be an ass!" growled the editor. "You'll be perfectly safe. You don't suppose I'm going to send a couple of battler-cruisers to escort you, do you?"

I made no further argument. The editor isn't a fellow with whom you can argue with impunity. He's liable to lose his wool, and then you leave his sanctum with your nose swollen double, or with a cauliflower ear.

Nerving myself against all emergencies, I made my way to the study which was inhabited by Temple of the Upper Fourth.

Cecil Reginald's study is sumptuously furnished. It contains, among other things, a wardrobe with a full-length mirror.

Before this mirror I found the captain of the Upper Fourth, surveying himself intently from top to toe.

The editor's description of Temple—"the nuttiest of the Nuts"—was fully borne out on this occasion.

Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like Cecil Reginald Temple was at that moment. The celebrated Beau Brummel would have looked like a tattered down-at-heel tramp by comparison.

I should like to describe to you exactly how Temple looked, but my descriptive powers are too feeble. Anyway, I'll have a shot.

To begin with, he wore a sports coat of the "pepper-and-salt" variety. No common or garden sports coat, mark you. It must have cost his wearer at least twelve-and-sixpence!

The sports coat was unbuttoned, in order that the public might have a good view of the vest underneath. It was not a plain white vest, but was simply smothered with borders and designs and ornamentations.

Joseph's coat of many colours would have looked an anemic sort of garment by comparison with that vest.

Temple's trousers were spotless, and beautifully pressed. He wore brown brogue shoes, and his socks were of rainbow hue.

Not a spot nor a speck could be seen on Cecil Reginald Temple's apparel. He was immaculate.

"Ahem!"

I gave a cough to announce my presence. Temple spun round from the mirror.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"I would fain have an interview with the nuttiest of the Nuts and the foppiest of the fops!" I said.

"Don't you call me a fop, you cheeky young cub, or you'll go out of this study on your neck!"

"Fax!" I said nothing. "By the way, Temple, would you mind telling me where you got that sports coat? Was it Savile Row, or Bond Street?"

"Neither, you ass! I got it in Courfield!"

"At the sixpence-ha'penny bazaar?"

"Look here, I gave twenty-five bob for this coat!"

"Who ever would have thought it?"

"And you wouldn't find another pair of trousers like this within a radius of fifty miles!"

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"I quite believe you. Those bags are unique."

"As for this vest, it was originally made for the Duke of Piccadilly, but it wasn't a perfect fit."

"It would give anybody a perfect fit, anyway!" I retorted.

"Look here—"

"Which pawnshop supplied you with those socks?"

Temple gave a snort.

"I didn't get them from a pawnshop, you chump! I bought them at Smart & Swankley's, in Courfield. They were six-and-six. Why are you looking at me in that reproachful way?"

I sighed.

"It makes me feel sad," I said, "to see a fellow like you living solely for clothes. All you seem to think about is dress. Morning, noon, and night you occupy your mind—if any—with the latest fashions. You're not at all an athletic sort of chap—"

"What?" roared Temple.

"You're a fop and a dandy, and nothing more."

"I'll prove to you that I'm as good an athlete as anybody!" exclaimed Temple, now thoroughly roused.



I found the captain of the Upper Fourth surveying himself intently from top to toe before a long mirror.

"Very well," I said. "Then kindly jump out of this window into the Close. It's a drop of eight feet."

Temple laughed scornfully.

"You think I couldn't do a simple thing like that?" he said. "Just watch me!"

Forgetful of his spottled attire, Temple clambered through the open window, and stood erect on the outer sill. Then he jumped.

In his excitement he failed to notice the existence of a deep puddle of muddy water lying immediately beneath his window. He landed on all fours in the puddle, and the water splashed him from head to foot.

To make matters worse, a muddy football, kicked by Bob Cherry, caught Temple full in the face as he was in the act of picking himself up.

BI!

"Ooooooosh!"

Temple spluttered and gasped, and shook himself like a drenched terrier. His appearance, which a moment before had been spotless, was now appalling. His garments were splattered with mud and soot.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That roar of laughter, coming from the fellows who had witnessed Temple's jump, infuriated the captain of the Upper Fourth. He rushed back to his study with the fixed intention of giving me a warm time.

But when he got to his destination he shared the fate of Old Mother Hubbard.

The special representative of the "Greyfriars Herald" was not on view!

OUR EXCHANGE AND MART!

[The charge for advertisements in this column is a tanner a time. Remittances must accompany the advertisement, otherwise the latter will be consigned to the W.P.B. without hesitation!—Ed.]

FANCY WAISTCOAT FOR SALE. Suitable also for use as a football jersey. Red, white, and blue on front; stars and stripes on back. Going for a mere song.—Apply, C. R. Temple, Upper Fourth.

A DOZEN TOPPERS GOING BEGGING! Most of 'em have been sat on at various times, and they resemble concertinas. If you are fond of music, apply at once for one of the perfectly priceless toppers. I call them "priceless," because I'm giving them away for nix!—Lord Maulevezer, Remove Passage.

WATERPROOF COAT FOR SALE. Spilt at the seams, and punctured in about twenty places, otherwise in perfect condition. Will sell same for a bob, or will exchange for a few white mice.—PETER TODD, Remove Passage.

SOCKS! SOCKS!! SOCKS!!! They've got lovely clocks worked on them, so that they will also serve the purpose of wrist-watches! Guess you can't resist this princely offer. A dollar a pair is all I ask. Same sort of socks selling at seven-and-six in Courfield.—Apply at once to Fisher T. Fish, Remove Passage.

PAIR OF SNOW-SHOES FOR SALE! Don't wait till the first snowstorm comes upon us. Buy them now! Will accept five bob, or nearest offer. Absolute bargain.—JAMES HOBSON, Shell Passage.

WONDERFUL STAND-UP COLLARS! Stand up and bid for them at the forthcoming auction sale in the Remove!—Further particulars may be obtained from the auctioneers, Messrs. Russell, Hake, & Redwing, The Auction Mart, Junior Common-room.

GENTLEMAN offers lovely lounge suit for half-a-guinea. Absolutely spotless, except where the contents of a pair of whitewash descended upon it.—Apply Gerald Loder, Sixth Form.

A PEAR OF REAL KID GLOVES FOR SALE! No kid about this offer! It's perfectly genuine. I only want ½ a crown for the pair. Don't all speak at once!—Dicky Nugent, Second Form.

CRICKET SHIRTS stored throughout the winter! Guaranteed to be kept free from moths or rust.—Apply, The Greyfriars Cold Storage Company, F. T. Fish, Proprietor.

SMART PAIR OF SEA-BOOTS FOR SALE! Waste in and buy them! Going at half-a-dollar.—Tom Redwing, Remove Passage.

BATHING COSTUME FOR SALE. No use to owner, as he will have grown out of it by next summer. Will sell for a tanner, or exchange for a light snack at the tuckshop.—W. G. Bunter, Remove Passage.

[Supplement to.

"Skinner's Revenge!"

(Continued from page 8.)

In this remark Skinner thought he saw a way out of his difficulty in explaining away his presence in the tonneau.

"That's right. Hit the nail on the head first time. I wanted a ride. Never been in one before, you know!"

"Oh, well, you shall have your ride, young man! Ha, ha, ha! Yes. You shall have your ride!" And, saying this, the chauffeur started off up the lane again. The car quickly gained speed, and in a moment was within two hundred yards of the school gates.

Skinner rose from the seat at the back, and again touched the man on the shoulder.

This time the chauffeur did not start; in fact, he took no notice at all. He moved to the left down a by-road, and increased his speed.

"I—I say, I want to get out!" stammered Skinner.

No answer.

"Here—hang you!—I belong to that school. I want to get out here! Stop, you idiot! I shall be late for dinner."

Still no answer from the man at the wheel. He simply increased his speed once more, until the car was going along at quite a dangerous pace.

Skinner soon tired of his efforts to stop the man, and sank back on the seat in the back of the car.

His thoughts at once flew to kidnapping. He remembered reading how people had been kidnapped in this manner and held to ransom. But a few minutes' reflection made him abandon this idea as he realised that the man had not known of his presence when he started off.

Still.

Skinner's reflections were cut short by a sudden decrease in the car's speed, and finally its stopping shortly by the roadside. There was not a soul in sight, and Skinner began to think of all the unpleasant things that might happen to him at the hands of the burly chauffeur. To Skinner's mind the man seemed to grow every minute, until he finally resembled a giant of a fellow, capable of moving a house with one hand.

The chauffeur got out. The subsequent proceedings were extremely short—if not sweet.

The man took Skinner by one ear and dragged him from the tonneau out on to the road.

He then lifted a large size in boots, and planted his foot behind the ead of the Remove, and Skinner started on his homeward journey at a pace rivaling that of the car.

The chauffeur grinned, resumed his place at the wheel, and was soon lost in a cloud of dust.

Skinner wended his weary way homewards.

He realised that he had a good four-mile walk in front of him, and that the chances were that he would miss afternoon school. The latter event, in less painful circumstances, would have appealed to him greatly, but, with a fairly hot sun pouring down on his neck, the pains resultant from the chauffeur's large boot, and the prospect of a few hundred lines as a reward for being late in, soon made the world a gloomy place in Harold Skinner's estimation.

On he plodded.

NEXT MONDAY!

"BUNTER'S VERY LATEST!"

Even the thought that in his pocket were five one-pound Treasury notes, with which to pay off Mr. Cobb, of the Cross Keys, did not completely dispel the gloomy thoughts that crowded into the mind of the cad of the Remove.

The same qualms of conscience were at work as before regarding the watch he had just pawned, and Skinner began to realise that there is a whole heap of truth in the proverb about there "being no peace for the wicked."

Skinner had walked some two miles of the four, when he came up with a lay-wagon making for Friardale. He hailed the driver.

"I say, will you give me a lift to Greyfriars?" he shouted.

The carman was very old and very deaf, and besides these minor defects he had a nose too great a liking for public schoolboys, who were liable at times to hold papercases over his fields, frighten his chickens, and do other minor damage.

He glared at Skinner without replying.

"You going to Friardale?" again shouted Skinner.

"Wot?" politely inquired the driver, pulling in his horses.

"You going anywhere near Greyfriars School?" asked Skinner.

"Yus," replied the man, in his polished English.

"Well, will you give me a lift?"

"Wot's adrift?" asked the carman, looking to see if any of the four wheels of his wagon were really lying in the roadway.

"I didn't say adrift. I asked you to give me a ride!" snapped Skinner, who was hot, dusty, and bad-tempered.

"Who's putting on side?" asked the carman indignantly. "I don't want any of your cheek, young rip! You 'op it afore I jump down with my whip!"

Skinner saw that it was hopeless to argue. He was determined to make his way back to Greyfriars on the vehicle in front of him. To this end he pulled a half-crown from his pocket, and handed it to the man, jumping up among the hay as he did so.

"Thankee kindly, young gent!" said the man, carefully squinting at the coin to see if it were genuine. Being reassured that it was, he put it carefully inside his cap and whipped up his horses. Maybe the little comedy he had just enacted brought him quite a few half-crowns.

Some two hours later a dusty and dishevelled figure entered the Remove classroom, where Mr. Quelch was holding forth on the beauties of the Latin tongue.

He stopped short, and glanced sternly at the cad of the Remove, as Skinner made his way to his desk.

"Skinner!" he snapped.

"Yes, sir."

"You are late, boy!"

"Yes, sir," answered Skinner to this rather obvious remark on the part of his Form-master.

"Why are you late?" snapped Mr. Quelch.

Skinner did not know.

"Skinner, you may take a hundred lines of Virgil for being late in the Form-room and missing dinner," said Mr. Quelch; and with that he turned to the rest of the grinning Removites.

The grins very quickly faded away, and Mr. Quelch once more started on the attractions of the Latin tongue.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**Looking for Skinner!**

"PHEW!"

"You wouldn't dare!"

These exclamations of opinion emanated from Stott and Snoop, as they listened to a plan unfolded by their leader and crony, Harold Skinner.

It was after lessons that afternoon; and the three cads of the Remove at Greyfriars were gathered in Study No. 11.

Harold Skinner had just told them of his plan of vengeance on Mr. Lascelles, the maths master, for sending him off the field the previous day.

In brief, Skinner intended to give back the paw-ticket he had taken from the maths master's study, in front of the whole class!

"That'll make him sit up!" grinned Skinner.

"Bot—but you wouldn't dare do it," said Snoop.

"Why, he'll half-kill you, you ass!" snapped Stott.

"Not he," returned Skinner, still grinning.

Skinner liked making an impression on his two pals, and this, his latest scheme, was certainly fulfilling expectations.

"He'll take it like a lamb," he continued. "Can't do otherwise. When he sees that it's his own ticket that I'm holding out to him, he'll just gub hard and take it. In fact, he'll probably thank me for returning it to him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't think!"

"Well, we'll see," returned the cad of the Remove.

"Well, I'm glad it's your, and not me, that's doing this," said Stott.

"You haven't the pluck!" sneered Skinner.

"No, and I don't mind admitting it," returned Stott. "And I don't think you'll have, either, when it comes to the time to do the merry-confronting act."

"I tell you—Shush! What was that?"

"That" was a slight noise from the other side of the study door.

In two long strides the cad of the Remove had reached the door, and, with a wrench at the handle, he flung it open.

"Ow!"

A high-pitched loud squeal came from a junior who was leaning suspiciously close to the keyhole.

"Bunter—you! Eavesdropping again, I suppose, you rotter!" snarled Skinner.

"Oh, really, Skinner, I wasn't, you know! I just—"

"Bring the fat rotter in!" growled Snoop. "It's about time Bunter had a lesson."

"Yes, bring him along," added Stott, grinning at his pal's veiled threat.

"Oh, really, Snoopsey?" began the Owl of the Remove. "I really wasn't listening. I—"

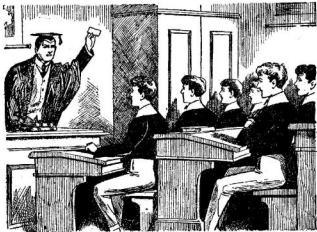
"Kim on!"

Skinner grasped the Owl of the Remove by the collar, dragged him roughly into the study, and slammed the door.

"Ow! Leggo, you beast!" yelled Bunter.

"Perhaps," returned Skinner. "Stott, just hand me a cricket-stump; you'll find an old one in the corner over there. We'll soon teach this fat rotter that it doesn't pay to listen outside our key-hole."

"Oh really, Skinner, I wasn't, really! I didn't hear you say you'd show up old Lascelles—I mean, I didn't hear anything at all. I—"



Mr. Lascelles glanced at the slip of cardboard in his hand. "This, my boys," he said, "is a pawn-ticket given by Mr. Lazarus to somebody who has evidently raised money on a silver half-hunter watch. The name on the ticket is— There was silence in the Form-room. The secret was now going to be made public. "The name is—Harold Skinner!" concluded Mr. Lascelles. (See Chapter 7.)

"Why, you fat rotter, you've just said you had!"

"No. I said I didn't hear anything at all about a pawn-ticket. I—"

Skinner dragged the Owl of the Remove further into the room, and bent him over the study-table.

"Owl! Leggo, you rotter! Aren't I telling you I— Owl! Yarooop!" Snoop brought the cricket-stump, lashing down on the hapless Bunter's fat form, and William George Bunter yelled with anguish.

"Ow! Yah! Rotters! Beasts! Yarooop!"

The Owl of the Remove writhed under the stump, and struggled madly to get free, but it was not until he had received some half-dozen cuts with the stump that Skinner let him go.

Bunter slipped to the floor, yelling.

"Owl! Oh! Yaroooooh! I'm dead—I mean, I'm dying!"

"Out you get; and just keep your mouth shut about what you've heard. Better forget it," said Skinner.

Bunter wasted no more time, but scrambled to his feet and made for the door.

It was not until he had gained the Close that he stopped running.

The Owl of the Remove, after a cautious look round for possible pursuit, dropped wearily on to a bench.

William George Bunter was hurt, but his eyes lit up as he spotted the Famous Five chatting over on the other side of the Close.

He got on to his feet again, and walked hurriedly towards them.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Here's the merry Falstaff!"

"Greetings, heavy-weight meringue-shifter of the world!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter's appearance was greeted thus by the Famous Five.

"Look here, you fellows, you're down on bullying. I've been terribly mauled—"

"Ahem!"

"You look it," said Bob Cherry.

"What by, man-eating tigers?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No; by Skinner and his two precious pals," said Bunter. "Really, you know, Wharton, you ought to stop it."

Harry Wharton looked thoughtful for a moment.

"What had you done to deserve it?" he asked.

"Why, quite by accident, I happened to overhear—"

"Tell me the old, old story!" chanted Johnny Bull.

"Were you eavesdropping, you fat rotter?" snapped Wharton contemptuously.

"Of course not, Wharton," returned Bunter indignantly. "As if I'd do such a thing. I simply heard Skinner say he'd got a pawnticket belonging to—"

"Shut up, you rotter!" snapped Bob Cherry.

"Do you think we want to know what you heard by listening at Study No. 11 keyhole?" growled Johnny Bull.

"Old Lascelles," continued Bunter. He was determined to tell somebody the startling news, and he thought the Famous Five a good audience.

"And that he's going to show him up before the class at maths to-morrow morning," he finished triumphantly.

"Lascelles with a pawnticket!" exclaimed Nugent in amazement.

"Pshaw!"

"I don't believe it!" snapped Wharton. "And any rate it's not our business."

"Hear, hear!"

"Oh, really, you fellows!" spluttered the Owl of the Remove. "I only told you because I think you ought to stop the rotter carrying out the business," he added, in a very righteous tone of voice.

"Well, there's something in that," agreed Wharton.

"How many other chaps have you told?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry, I haven't told anybody else. As if I would!"

"You would all right!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Better buzz off and forget all about it, Bunter," said Frank Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

"I will," agreed the Owl of the Remove. "Rely on me!"

The Famous Five turned towards the School House. It was tea-time, and, as Nugent said, "it was no good neglecting the inner man, even if Lascelles had popped his ticker." This remark, although hardly elegant, certainly contained a good amount of truth, and the idea of tea was accepted unanimously by the other members of the Co.

After preparation that evening a council of war was held in Study No. 1 to decide as to what was to be done in the "Skinner versus Lascelles bout," as Bob Cherry called the affair.

As Harry Wharton pointed out to his chums, it was not usually the practice of the study to seek on information received in the manner this had been gained. However, he thought that an exception would have to be made in this case. To this the Co. heartily agreed.

Most of the Removites were very fond of their maths master, chiefly because he was a thorough sportsman, and to think that he was held at the mercy of a cad like Harold Skinner made them most indignant and anxious. It was no business of theirs if a master had had to raise money at Mr. Lazarus' establishment in Courtfield, and they did not see why any fellow should take advantage of Mr. Lascelles' financial position to make him the laughing stock of the school.

After many suggestions it was decided that the only course of action was to have a few minutes' quiet talk with the cad of the Remove, and demand the return of the pawnticket, either via themselves or through the post anonymously.

"Of course," put in Bob Cherry, "if he won't give in we'll have to use force."

"Yes," agreed Harry Wharton grinsly.

"If Skinner doesn't do the proper thing we'll have to use force, and I'm fully expecting we shall have to."

"Well, we shall soon see," put in Johnny Bull. "It's nearly bed-time, and we shall then be able to have our interview."

But for once Bull was wrong.

When the four juniors gained the Remove dormitory Harold Skinner was missing!

Nor did he turn up when Loder came round to see "lights out."

The Sixth Form prefect made a note of it, and continued on his rounds.

It was very unusual for a junior to be openly missing from his dormitory at that time of night. Exits made after lights out were, of course, more frequent, and usually escaped notice.

But for a Removite not to put in an appearance at all at bed-time was simply courting trouble.

Most of the Remove just grinned knowingly, and prophesied trouble in large quantities for the cad of the Remove on the morrow.

But the Famous Five were anxious.

Could they have known that Skinner had been listening outside their study while their council of war was being held, and that the cad of the Remove had heard their decision to have a few words with him in the dormitory with a view to making him hand over the pawnticket, they might have realised that Skinner's absence was not merely due to a

midnight visit to the Cross Keys public-house, as some junior had suggested.

Harold Skinner was determined upon having his revenge on Mr. Lascelles, and he was willing to risk being found out of his dormitory all night in order to gain his ends.

And so the Remove gradually dropped off one by one into slumber, and still Skinner's bed remained unoccupied.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Skinner's Revenge!

CLANG!

The first note of the rising-bell at Greyfriars chimed out in the morning air.

It was a fine warm autumn morning, and the sun shone brightly through the windows of the Remove dormitory.

Harry Wharton opened his eyes, blinked, and sat up in bed.

On all sides of him his chums were still asleep. From Billy Bunter's bed on the other side of the room came loud snores. The Owl of the Remove wore a happy smile as he slept, a smile which seemed to suggest that Bunter was dreaming of his one ideal in life—food!

"Now then, you chaps, time to get up, you know!" said Harry Wharton. "Just hand me that sponge, will you, Franky!" he added to Nugent, who had just wakened. "It's time Johnny Bull was up."

Johnny Bull seemed to come to consciousness as if by magic at the mere mention of the word "sponge."

"You leave that sponge alone, Nugent!" he growled.

"Oh, you are awake, then!" grinned Harry Wharton. "Good!" he added, as he saw signs of returning consciousness coming from all the other beds down the whole length of the dormitory.

Just then he remembered that Skinner had been missing on the previous night. He glanced across at the cad of the Remove's bed. It was still empty, although it showed signs of having been slept in.

Evidently Harold Skinner, in his attempts to avoid the Famous Five, had entered the dormitory after they were asleep on the previous night, and had got up before they had awakened. Harry Wharton could not quite understand why Skinner was trying to avoid him, as, as far as he knew, Skinner was not aware that the Famous Five were searching for him.

In less than ten minutes the Removites had nearly all finished their morning ablutions, and were filing out of the dormitory and down the passage, making their way to the chapel for morning prayers.

As the Famous Five entered chapel they glanced about them, and their eyes came to rest on the object of their search the night previous—Harold Skinner.

The cad of the Remove was in his usual place, and, as he well knew, was perfectly safe for the moment from the attentions of the Famous Five.

Harry Wharton & Co. went to their places for prayers, and the service soon commenced.

Morning prayers at Greyfriars consisted of a simple service of some twenty minutes' duration.

As the Removites filed out of chapel the Famous Five looked anxiously around for the elusive Skinner, but he had apparently managed to get out in front of them. Harry Wharton was growing extremely anxious.

First lesson that morning was maths, and it was during that period, when the class would be taken by Mr. Lascelles, that Skinner would bring out the pawn-ticket.

Although the Famous Five searched everywhere for the cad of the Remove during the interval before breakfast, it was in vain, and they did not set eyes on Harold Skinner again until breakfast-time, in Hall.

He sat in his usual place, but, as was the case in chapel, the Removites were incapable of any action at all at the breakfast-table. It would have been sheer madness to have attempted anything in the way of an "interview" with the cad of the Remove under the eagle eye of Mr. Quelch, and they knew it.

It certainly seemed as though Harold Skinner would be successful in evading the Famous Five.

Nothing had been said about the cad of the Remove's absence from his dormitory on the previous night. In all probability Loder had omitted to mention the fact to Mr. Quelch, preferring to deal with the delinquent himself in his own bullying way.

There was no time to continue to track down the cad of the Remove before the finish of the morning meal and first lesson, and the Famous Five vowed they would content themselves by giving Harold Skinner a first-class ragging after morning lessons, if he carried out his plan.

The Remove had taken its place in the Form-room for first lesson on the stroke of nine that morning, and at one minute past Mr. Lascelles entered.

The maths master was looking worried. The juniors could see this, and, with the exception of Stott and Snoop, decided to be on their very best behaviour, as a sign of silent sympathy.

Mr. Lascelles glanced round the room. As he did so his eye came to rest on one empty place in the Form-room—Skinner's.

"Do you know where Skinner is,

Wharton?" he asked the captain of the Remove.

"No, sir," answered Harry.

"Does anybody know where Skinner is?"

Mr. Lascelles glanced at the whole class as he asked this question.

The juniors did not know, and, for the most part, did not care, although that fact, of course, they wisely kept to themselves.

After a moment's hesitation Mr. Lascelles opened his text-book, and the Remove settled itself down to a solid hour's guiding in the intricacies of mathematics.

Mr. Lascelles always made it a point to give most of his attention to the more ignorant members of his class and to this end he proceeded to endeavour to enlighten the Owl of the Remove on the subject of percentages. Bunter was always a trying proposition to any master, and this morning he seemed to be even simpler than ever.

Mr. Lascelles, however, was nothing if not patient.

"Now, Bunter," he proceeded, "I should like to know what you make the answer to No. 4 in your text-book."

Bunter looked utterly bewildered. He also would have liked to have known what to make the answer. He glanced helplessly from the text-book in front of him to Mr. Lascelles.

"Question 4, sir," he asked, after a long pause, and thinking it was time he said something.

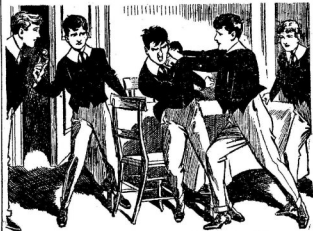
"Yes, Question 4, Bunter," answered Mr. Lascelles patiently.

"You see what it says," he went on. "If 'A' possesses three thousand two hundred and two—"

At that moment the Form-room door opened, and Harold Skinner entered. He was apparently out of breath.

"Sorry—sorry I'm late, sir!" he said, as he hastily made his way to his desk.

"Skinner, what does this mean?" thundered Mr. Lascelles. "Boy, do you realise that you are twelve minutes late!"



Bob Cherry reached over the table for the ink-pot and handed it to Harry Wharton. "Hold him down!" said the captain of the Remove, as Skinner began to struggle wildly. "Ow! I don't touch me with that ink, Wharton!" yelled Skinner. "I'll tell you everything!" (See Chapter 8)

NEXT
MONDAY!

"BUNTER'S VERY LATEST!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 714.

"Yes, sir," answered Skinner. "Where have you been?" asked Mr. Lascelles. "Why are you late?"

"Oh, sir, I—that is to say, I—"

Skinner could not think of any reasonable excuse. As a matter of fact he had borrowed one of the juniors' bikes, and had made a hasty trip down to the Cross Keys on a little matter of business. He had had to "scorch" back, and he returned minus the sum of five pounds, which now reposed in the pocket of Mr. Cobb, the local publican, bookmaker, etc.

"Enough!" thundered the maths master. "It is no good making up an excuse, boy! You will take two hundred lines, and stay in this afternoon and write them out!"

"Yes, sir."

Skinner was rather annoyed that Mr. Lascelles had stipulated that he should do them that afternoon, as he had arranged a little card-party with several other of the "sportsmen" of the Remove. However, he contented himself with the thought that presently—as soon as he liked, in fact—he would be able to have his revenge on the maths master.

In his pocket reposed the pawn-ticket belonging to Mr. Lascelles. No doubt the maths master was worried at having mislaid the ticket. Skinner would give it him back. But in giving it back, he was determined that the whole of the Remove should learn that their maths master had raised money on his watch at the local pawnbroker's!

The Famous Five glanced at the cad of the Remove when the lesson had proceeded once more, and in the junior captain's eye was a look that should have warned Skinner that it would not be wise to carry out his plan of revenge.

Harold Skinner, however, was bent on showing up the maths master "for what he was"—and in Harold Skinner's opinion Mr. Lascelles was all that was bad. Skinner even began to feel that he was doing right in showing up such a "bad character" before the whole class. The cad of the Remove felt quite righteous, and conveniently forgot his own many discrepancies.

He noticed that Mr. Lascelles was worried and absent-minded that morning, and guessed the cause.

In fact, the maths master had only realised that morning that the pawn-ticket was missing. He had searched everywhere, but had not been able to find the pawn-ticket anywhere among his belongings.

He had come to the conclusion that he had dropped it somewhere, and he was extremely anxious lest it should be found by one of the juniors, and the matter become known to Dr. Look.

The maths master found it difficult to keep his attention on his beloved mathematics that morning, and his temper was none of the best.

He little dreamed as he gave the cad of the Remove a severe lecture—and another two hundred lines—for neglecting his preparation, that the object of his wrath possessed the cause of his own worry and absent-mindedness.

"Skinner," concluded Mr. Lascelles, "you are the most troublesome boy in the class! I sometimes have to think that you do not even try!"

Skinner looked sheepish.

The cad of the Remove glanced at the clock over the Form-room door. It wanted but ten minutes to the end of the first lesson. If he were to have his revenge it was now or never!

Skinner rose to his feet.

"If you please, sir," he said, "may I ask you if—"

"Sit down, Skinner!" snapped the maths master. "You have wasted enough time this morning already. If you have anything to say you may come to my study after morning lessons!"

"But, sir—"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Lascelles. "Sit down, boy, and don't interrupt me again!"

The maths master turned towards Dick Russell, and prepared to enlighten him regarding the subject of vulgar fractions. Skinner remained standing.

"Sir," he began. "I have something important to ask you."

Mr. Lascelles turned towards the cad of the Remove. He was annoyed at being again interrupted, and mentally vowed that if Skinner's question was not important that he would "revert to violence," as he termed using the cane.

"Well, what is it, Skinner?" he snapped.

Harold Skinner glanced maliciously at the Famous Five, and, putting his hand

"Silence, silence!" thundered Mr. Lascelles to the noisy Removites.

He glanced at the pawn-ticket, and, when a semblance of quiet had been obtained, turned to the cad of the Remove again.

"Skinner, where did you get this—this pawn-ticket?" he asked, and his voice was curiously calm.

"Oh—or—I found it in the—or—Close, sir!" stammered Skinner. "Found it this morning," he went on, "in the Close."

"What makes you think that it is mine, then?" queried the maths master. And the Removites were amazed that their master was taking the matter so calmly.

"Well, sir, of course I didn't like to think it was yours," went on Skinner. "But as it has your name on, and as your watch is missing, I—"

"Skinner, are you deliberately trying to insult me?" thundered the master.

"Oh, no, sir!" answered the cad of the Remove. "But as I say, as it has your name on, and says that—you evidently popped—that is, pawned—your watch for twenty pounds, I naturally thought that it must be yours."

"Very, intelligent of you, I'm sure," Skinner, replied Mr. Lascelles. "And I thank you for bringing this to my notice."

The Remove gasped.

Skinner only smiled. Mr. Lascelles was afraid of him, that was the only explanation.

"Oh, not at all, sir!" he grinned.

"Pleasure, I'm sure!"

"You know, Skinner, it's very wrong of people to—or—pawn their belongings, don't you think?"

"Yes, sir," answered Harold Skinner promptly.

The Famous Five simply gasped in amazement. Here was Mr. Lascelles thinking no end of the cad of the Remove for returning his pawn-ticket in front of the whole class, and now he was lecturing him on the rights and wrongs of pawning!

Wonders would never cease.

As for Skinner, the reception of the pawn-ticket had surpassed his most optimistic expectations.

"Really, Skinner, I am thankful that you have brought this disgraceful state of affairs to my notice," said Mr. Lascelles. "Tell me again—how did you know this pawn-ticket belonged to me?"

"Well, sir," said Skinner. "It was really very simple—"

"I don't see it!" snapped Mr. Lascelles. "Pray continue with your very interesting conversation."

The maths master's tone had suddenly grown very stern, and the look he gave the cad of the Remove made the latter quake inwardly. Had something gone wrong with his plan? No; it must be all right!

"Oh, yes, sir! It was easy. You see, as the ticket has your name written on it—"

"My name, Skinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"I can't see it," replied the master, closely examining the slip of cardboard in his hand.

"Can't see it, sir?" gasped Skinner, in amazement.

"No. Perhaps you will have the goodness to decipher the rather bad handwriting on this—ah!—ticket, my boy."

"Certainly, sir," answered Skinner.

"He would now, once and for all, establish Mr. Lascelles as a thoroughly bad character."

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GIRLS' CINEMA

Out on Tuesday, October 11th.

into his pocket, he brought out a small slip of cardboard.

"I only wanted to ask you if this belonged to you, sir," he said, holding out the slip of cardboard to the maths master.

"A—a—pawn-ticket!" gasped Mr. Lascelles, taking the pasteboard with a trembling hand.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER, Skinner's Mistake!

"PHEW!"

"A giddy pawn-ticket!"

"Skinner, you rotter!"

Many and various exclamations came from the Removites as they saw that the object Skinner held in his hand was a pawn-ticket.

The Famous Five had been hoping as the time went on that Harold Skinner would not carry out his caddish plan of revenge.

Now they were simply furious.

"You cad, Skinner!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"You rotter!"

The cad of the Remove took the ticket from the master in a very self-assured manner, and glanced at it, preparatory to reading out the inscription he knew almost by heart.

"It has on it— Oh!"

"Yes, yes; go on, my boy!" snapped Mr. Lascelles.

"Oh— er— there's some mistake!" stammered the cad of the Remove.

"Mistake! Surely not!" said Mr. Lascelles. "Kindly read out what is written on that pawn-ticket, Skinner."

The master's manner was now very forbidding, and Harold Skinner heartily wished that the floor would open up and swallow him.

"I—I would rather not, sir," he stammered, and he made as if to return the pawn-ticket to his pocket.

All this while the Removes had been looking on in amazement. Those that had known nothing about the matter were amazed at the whole thing, and those few who had expected Skinner's "showing-up" were now amazed at the utterly unexpected turn events had taken.

"Give me that pawn-ticket, Skinner!" rapped out Mr. Lascelles.

"I—I—" The hapless Skinner gazed helplessly from the slip of cardboard in his hand to the maths master.

"Give it me, boy!" thundered Mr. Lascelles.

After a moment's pause Harold Skinner handed the ticket to the master.

Mr. Lascelles took the slip of green cardboard and turned to the class.

The maths master was in a very difficult position. He determined to do, however, what he considered to be his duty.

"Boys," he said, "I am very thankful that Skinner has brought this to my notice. Pawning articles is not the conduct expected of any member of Greyfriars, and the penalty is rightly a heavy one."

The Remove were bewildered.

Mr. Lascelles' conscience was not very easy as he said this, but still he went on:

"I will now read the inscription on this—ah—pawn-ticket to you, so that you will see how your Form-fellow has benefited by his attempt to insult a master, who, I hope, has never been anything but tolerant towards him."

"Hear, hear!"

"Go it, sir!"

"Three cheers for Mr. Las—"

The maths master smiled, and held up his hand for silence.

"Boys," he said, "I very much appreciate the way in which you look upon this attempt to insult your master before his Form."

"Hear, hear!"

Mr. Lascelles' conscience would not remain quiet; but in the pawn-ticket in his hand he perceived his duty—an unpleasant duty, under the circumstances, and one known only to himself. But the maths master determined at all costs to carry out that duty.

"Boys," he began, "I—"

"Hooray!"

Most of the Remove did not know what they were cheering for, except that Skinner had attempted to play some cad-dish trick on a master they all admired and respected, and that somehow the plot had failed.

Mr. Lascelles glanced at the slip of cardboard in his hand.

"This, my boys," he said, "is a pawn-ticket given by Mr. Lazarus of Court-field to somebody who has evidently

raised money on a silver, half-hunter watch. The name on the ticket is—"

Absolute silence reigned in the Form-room. The secret was now going to be made public.

The cad of the Remove had turned very pale.

"The name inscribed on this—ah—pawn-ticket is—" Harold Skinner, Greyfriars School," concluded Mr. Lascelles.

The cad of the Remove had handed the master the pawn-ticket he had received when he had pawned Wharton's silver watch.

He had kept the two tickets together in his pocket, and the one now reposing there was that belonging to Mr. Lascelles.

His plan of vengeance on the maths master had failed.

The Remove were utterly taken aback. For the most part they yet did not understand the whole state of affairs, but they could see that some-

and took no heed of the juniors' exclamations of contempt. His thoughts were entirely taken up with his coming interview with the headmaster.

Just as the proposal to rag the cad of the Remove was taking the rag the cad of the juniors' minds, Mr. Quelch entered to take his Form for second lesson, and after many hundreds of lines had been given to the more noisy of the indignant Removes, the Form settled down to a long French lesson.

Perhaps the most inattentive juniors during that French lesson were the Famous Five.

Whilst Mr. Lascelles had been reading out the inscription on the pawn-ticket, a thought had struck their leader.

The ticket had been made out for a silver, half-hunter watch. Now, it was quite a well-known fact that Skinner did not possess a watch; and, besides this, Harry Wharton had lost a watch of similar description some two days ago. Of course, there might not be any connection between the two facts, but—

Harry Wharton had told his four chums of his suspicion, and the Famous Five decided that it would be well worth testing.

Even if Skinner had found the watch in all innocence, and had had no idea as to its ownership, he had had no right to pawn it.

Harry Wharton & Co. would have their "interview" with the cad of the Remove after lessons that morning, after all, and it would be upon a more serious subject than that they had wanted to discuss with him on the previous night.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Reckoning!

BOOM! The last stroke of twelve died away as the clock in the old tower chimed the hour of twelve.

Mr. Quelch packed up his books, and signified by a nod of his head that the Remove were dismissed.

There was an immediate scramble for the Form-room door, as the juniors made their way out.

Harold Skinner, trembling inwardly, made his way to Mr. Lascelles' study. His thoughts were far from pleasant at that moment. Probably a sound caning and a lecture from the Head was the worst that awaited him, but that was certainly not calculated to make him bright and cheerful.

The Famous Five made their way to their study—No. 1 in the Remove passage—to discuss the matter.

"Look here, you chaps," said Wharton, seating himself on the study table. "I'm not going to say that I think Skinner's punched my watch; I won't say even say that he's pawned it. But—"

"But it looks remarkably like it," put in Bob Cherry, leaning over at a perilous angle in a chair.

"Sort of thing he would do!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Anyway," put in Frank Nugent, "Skinner deserves a ragging for being rotten to old Lascelles, and while we're giving him that we might get the truth about your watch out of him, Harry."

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, there's something in that," reflected Harry Wharton.

"Of course, we can't rag him too much; goodness knows he's been in the wars a lot lately. First a Form licking, and now an interview with the Head."

THE MAN WHO KNEW THE SECRET



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how, in attempting to disgrace their master, Skinner had let out the fact that he had himself pawned a silver watch.

Mr. Lascelles turned to the cad of the Remove, who was trembling with fright.

"Skinner," he said grimly, "for this attempt to disgrace me before these boys I will not punish you—I look upon it with contempt—but for the rest of the affair you will present yourself in my study, after morning lessons, and accompany me to Dr. Locke!"

With a glance at the clock, Mr. Lascelles pecked up his text-books and left the room. That never-to-be-forgotten first lesson was at an end.

"You rotter, Skinner!"

"You codd!"

"Rag him!"

"Bump him!"

As soon as they were left without a master the juniors let off some of their pent-up indignation, and the noise in the Remove Form-room was terrific.

Skinner was too frightened to say a word. He buried his head in his hands,

"Well, he deserves it!" said Johnny Bull. "If I had my way——"
"You'd beat him in oil, I suppose!" grinned Bob Cherry.
"Something like that," answered Johnny Bull.

"How about giving him to Inky to put to the torture a la Indian methods?" suggested Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"The torturefulness would be terrific!" grinned the Indian junior.

Just then the dinner-bell rang out, and the juniors had to abandon their discussion for the more important one of dinner.

As they took their places at table, their gaze fell upon the cad of the Remove.

Harold Skinner was looking like a frightened rabbit, and he appeared to have great difficulty in sitting still.

"Did it hurt, Skinner?" grinned Snoop, who was sitting next to the cad of the Remove.

"Shut up, you rotter, or I'll——"
"Silence!" rapped out Mr. Quelch; and after that Skinner was left alone, to eat his dinner with what enjoyment he could.

As the meal drew to a close, the Famous Five kept a watchful eye on Harold Skinner.

Skinner had lines to do that afternoon, and the Co. thought that it would be no difficult matter to find the cad of the Remove, even if he did escape their surveillance.

But they reckoned without the craftiness of Harold Skinner.

Skinner finished his sweets and stood up in his place.

Mr. Quelch's eagle eye was upon him at once.
"Well, Skinner?" he snapped.
"If you please, sir, I'm not feeling very well," said the cad of the Remove, looking as mournful as possible. "May I leave the table and get some fresh air?"

Mr. Quelch hesitated for a second. He knew Harold Skinner of old, and was usually up to the many dodges practised by that youth. However, he had heard of Skinner's punishment by Dr. Locke that morning, and his tone softened as he answered:

"Certainly, my boy. Get some fresh air, by all means. As it is a half holiday this afternoon, I should advise you to stay out for some time."

"Thank you, sir; but I have some lines to do for Mr. Lascelles." Skinner looked more mournful than ever—in fact, he looked positively as if all the world were against him and he was "down-trodden." The cad of the Remove hoped that Mr. Quelch would notice his sorrowful expression and give him permission to, at least, leave the lines over for that afternoon.

But he was unsuccessful in this.
"That is a pity, Skinner," said Mr. Quelch. "Of course, you must do your imposition. However, you may go out for a few minutes."

"Thank you, sir. May I go now?"
"Yes, my boy."
Skinner left his place at table and hastily left the room, smiling slightly at his strategy. Something told him that it would be better to avoid meeting Harry Wharton & Co., for a while at least.

Skinner made for Study No. 11 in the Remove passage, not, however, to do his imposition. His journey was made to collect some cigarettes and a pack of cards. He had decided that a little game of nap with Snoop and Stott that after-

noon would be a sure cure for his state of mind.
It would also serve the purpose of avoiding the Famous Five.

The cad of the Remove entered his study, intending to collect the cigarettes and cards and make a hasty exit before Harry Wharton & Co. should leave the dinner table.

But Fate was just as much against Harold Skinner that afternoon as it had been during the morning.

First of all, he could not find the cards. When he eventually did so he was in such a hurry that he dropped the pack and had to spend many valuable minutes picking them up again. Then he discovered that he had somehow broken a bootlace.

He proceeded to join the latter, and was just about to leave the study when the door opened and the Famous Five entered.

"There was no hope for the end of the Remove now!"

"Get out!" snapped Skinner, making a dive for the door.

Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull collared hold of him and brought him

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forcibly into the armchair and held him there, struggling.

"Shut the door, Bob!" said Harry Wharton.

"Right-ho!" Bob Cherry shut the door, and locked it on the inside.

"Now, Skinner," began Harry Wharton, "we want a little talk with you."

"Just a quiet talk!" put in Frank Nugent.

"The quietfulness will be terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Indian junior.

"Leggo!" yelled Skinner; and he recommenced to struggle wildly. But the grasp of the two juniors was too much for him, and at length he gave it up.

"Why can't you leave a chap alone, you rotters?" he snarled. "I haven't done anything to you, have I?"

"No, not to us, you rotter; but for what you said to old Lascelles this morning you ought to be——"

"Burnt alive, at least!" interrupted Bob Cherry seriously.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shurrup, Bob!" said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, all serene!"

"As I was saying," resumed Harry Wharton, "you tried to be a rotten cad to old Lascelles this morning, and as he didn't give you what you deserved we are going to—aren't we, you chaps?"

"We are!"

"We is!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Our dutyfulness is terrific!"

"Oh, shut up and get out!" snapped the cad of the Remove.

"We will—later on!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, to cut the cockle and come down to hard tacks," went on Wharton, "we have agreed that you deserve to be bumped—properly and thoroughly bumped—for being rotten to old Lascelles, and we've just called in to do it."

"Hear, hear!"

"Bump him!"

"You'd better not to do anything of the sort!" snarled the captive junior, from the depths of the armchair. "I'll fight any of you if you like. Five to one ain't fair!"

"Shurrup!"

"Now then, you chaps," said Harry Wharton, "the old-established custom of bumping will now commence. Heist him up!"

Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull lifted Skinner bodily up, and brought him into the centre of the study.

"Ow! Leggo, you rotters! Don't you dare drop me!"

"Now, on the word three!"

"Hear, hear!"

"One, two, three!"

Bump!

Skinner landed on the study floor with a crash that must have been heard all over Greyfriars.

"Yaroooop! Ow! Leggo! Beasts!"

"Give him two more!"

"Right-ho!"

Bump!

Bump!

"Yow! Shurrup! Yaroooop! I'm hurt! Leave me alone!"

Skinner was again lifted up, and this time placed in the armchair.
"Now you are going to apologise for being a rotten cad this morning to old Lascelles!" Harry Wharton said contemptuously.

"Sha'n't! Get out!" growled Skinner.

"Bump him again!"

"Yow! Leggo! Yes, I apologise, hang you!"

"Good."

"Now get out and leave me alone!"

"In a minute."

"Now we come to the second part of the business," said Wharton grimly.

"What do you want now?" snapped the cad of the Remove, glaring at the junior captain.

"Just a little heart-to-heart talk," said Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The heartfulness will be terrific, my esteemed chums!" said Inky.

"Oh, stop rotting, and leave me alone!" snarled Skinner.

"We want a little information from you, Skinner. If you answer just a few questions truthfully, if you can, we'll go with all the pleasure in the world."

"Only too thankful to go," said Bob Cherry.

"All right! What is it you want to know?" asked Skinner.

"Have you seen the notice-board

lately, Skinner?" asked Harry Wharton grimly.

"The—notice-board?" queried Skinner haltingly. He began to realise at last what had brought the captain of the Remove to Study No. 11.

"Yes, the notice-board," repeated Harry Wharton.

"No, I haven't. Why?" asked Skinner.

"Because, if you had, you would have seen a notice I put up there, announcing the fact that I'd lost my watch."

"Well, what's that got to do with me?" growled the cad of the Remove.

"That's just what we want to know," put in Bob Cherry.

"Serves you right!" growled Skinner. "Anyway, I don't see why you should think I know where you lost it."

"I don't think I said we thought you knew anything about it," answered Harry Wharton. "But I should like to know if you have found it and you are keeping it back, for a practical joke, for instance?"

"I haven't seen your rotten watch!" snapped Skinner. "If that's all you've come to talk about you'd better clear out and let me get on with my lines."

"As you were going to when we came in!" said Nugget.

"Yes."

"That's why you had a pack of cards in your hand, I suppose?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Skinner, where did you get a silver half-hunter watch to pawn?" asked Harry Wharton sternly.

The Remove captain was almost sure the cad of the Remove had pawned his watch, but he meant to make certain.

"I pawn a silver watch?" gasped Skinner, pretending that such an action was impossible to him.

"Yes, it was a watch of that description according to the pawn-ticket, if I remember rightly," answered Harry Wharton.

"Own up, Skinner!" put in Johnny Bull.

"Out with the truth, you rotter!" said Bob Cherry.

"If Skinner can tell the truth," put in Frank Nugget.

Skinner began to struggle furiously.

"Just hand me that inkpot, will you, Bob?" said Harry Wharton calmly.

"Don't you bring that beastly stuff near me!" yelled Skinner, in alarm.

"That's just what we are going to do," said Johnny Bull.

"Very near to you!" grinned Frank Nugget.

"The nearfulness will be terrific," murmured the Indian junior.

Bob Cherry reached over the table for the inkpot, and handed it to the leader of the Famous Five.

"Hold him down!" said Harry Wharton, as Skinner began to struggle wildly.

"Ow! Don't touch me with that ink. Wharton!" yelled Skinner. "I'll tell you anything you like."

The cad of the Remove had had enough trouble over his plan of revenge on Mr. Lascelles, and he saw that plainly the best thing to do would be to make a complete confession, and trust to the mercy of the Famous Five, although he himself inwardly realised how little he deserved any mercy from their hands.

"Now, what is it you want to know?" he growled.

"In the first place," said Harry Wharton, "where did you find the watch you pawned?"

"In the bath-room," replied Skinner.

"Do you think it might possibly be mine?" went on the junior captain.

"It might be, of course!" growled Skinner.

"Good enough!" said Wharton. "That means it is."

"A new experience for you, Harry," grinned Bob Cherry, "having your property at uncle's."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now let me go!" snapped Harold Skinner, and he commenced to struggle.

"Whim back!" exclaimed Wharton. "Just one thing more before we let you go, Skinner!"

"What's that?" asked the cad of the Remove.

"Mr. Lascelles' pawn-ticket; I know you've got it."

"I—I haven't got it. I had it, but I—er—lost it again," replied Harold Skinner.

The cad of the Remove would have liked to have kept that for future use, and he determined to make a bid for it.

"Inkpot again, please, Johnny!" said Wharton briefly to Johnny Bull, who had placed the instrument of torture on a chair near by.

Johnny Bull grinned and reached for the inkpot.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed the cad of the Remove. "I—er—found it again. Here you are, hang you!"

And, diving into his pocket, he brought forth a green slip of cardboard, which he handed to the junior captain.

The Famous Five simultaneously sighed a sigh of relief as the maths master's pawn-ticket left the keeping of the cad of the Remove.

Mr. Lascelles' secret would be safe enough now!

The next morning Mr. Lascelles received but one letter in the morning mail.

It was evidently in a disguised hand, written in capital letters, in fact. With a frown playing over his face Mr. Lascelles tore open the envelope, and a pawn-ticket fell to the floor.

The maths master stooped and picked it up. It was his pawn-ticket, the one and only one he ever possessed, and the one which had caused him endless worry and anxiety during the past few days.

Mr. Lascelles sought in vain for some clue as to the identity of the sender. No note was enclosed with the ticket, and the envelope bore the Courtfield post-mark.

Mr. Lascelles smiled and slipped the pawn-ticket into his letter-case.

That day Mr. Lazarus, the pawnbroker in Courtfield, had two visitors from Greyfriars.

One was Mr. Lascelles, who, having received the twenty pounds back from his invalid brother, had come to reclaim his gold watch, and the other was the junior captain of Greyfriars—Harry Wharton—who left the shop wearing once more his much-valued silver half-hunter which had gone through yet another experience—that of being pawned.

It so happened that the master and the junior met in the road which led back to the old school.

They quipped at each other, a smile of understanding; but not a word as to watches or pawn-tickets passed between them.

Both understood. And although it is far from forgotten, the story of the two pawn-tickets is very rarely, if ever, mentioned by the juniors of Greyfriars School.

THE END.

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