

"THE PLOT AGAINST THE SCHOOL!"

Splendid Long Complete Story of School, Sport, and Adventure.



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FOR NEXT MONDAY.

There will be another splendid, long, complete school story of the chums of Greyfriars next Monday, entitled:

"THE STOLEN GUY!"

By Frank Richards.

This story deals with a competition in guy-making for a prize which Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, offers. Harry Wharton & Co., to get away from prying eyes, build their guy at Dick Penfold's cottage in the village, and a very fine guy they make, too.

However, when they are about to burn it, it is snatched from them, and they have to go a long way before they at last succeed in getting back

"THE STOLEN GUY!"

and burning it in the quadrangle at Greyfriars.

This is a splendid story, my chums, and one that is certain to appeal to you. Order your copy now, and you'll avoid disappointment.

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Harry Wharton & Co. have turned out a special Guy Fawkes Number of their

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THE "POPULAR."

Once again I have pleasure in announcing that this week's issue of our weekend companion paper, the "POPULAR" is a budget of grand stories of school life and adventure.

There is a complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, another complete school story from the pen of Mr. Owen Conquest, and the finest serial of the year, "The Invisible Raider," written by Mr. Sidney Drew.

You have a splendid opportunity of winning a football or a money prize by thinking out a sentence and writing it on a postcard. For full particulars as to that, you must see "POPLETS" in the "Popular."

It is not too late to enter for the competition in last week's issue, for the "Popular" was only on sale on Friday. Ask your newsgiver if he has a copy left. If he has not, order this week's copy now!

Correspondence.

James Johnston, 9, Voelas Street, Princes Park, Liverpool, would like to hear from magazine (amateur) editors, club presidents, etc., concerning his magazine, the "Advertiser."

A. Watson, junr., Melrose, Gamrie, Banff, Scotland, wishes to correspond with readers on the subject of the Companion Papers.

Jose Diego Sorana, 14, Marina Arcade, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, would like to correspond with readers in U.S.A., Mexicans preferred, ages 14-15.

Gordon A. Baird, Lyon Street, Frankton Junction, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

J. Holford, 69, Rutland Street, Holmes, Rotherham, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-15, interested in photography and other matters.

C. Dunkley, 5, Pakefield Street, Lowestoft, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 15-19.

Malcolm Burton, 44, Beulah Road, Norwood, South Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 15-17.

Miss Vera Knight, 37, McKenzie Street, Leichardt, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with girl readers, ages 14-16.

William Taylor, 43, Anderson Street, Geelong, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 16-18, especially those living in Australia and South Africa.

Glen Cutting, Maude Street, Geelong, Victoria, Australia, wishes to hear from readers, ages 16-18, in South Africa and Australia.

Your Editor.

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A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., and Dick Russell at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Stranger Within the Gates!

"**R**USSELL! Dick Russell!" The stentorian voice of Bob Cherry boomed along the Remove passage at Greyfriars. Bob was accompanied by Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the other members of the Famous Five.

The juniors were all dressed up; they had been somewhere to go. They had been invited to tea at Cliff House by their girl chums, and the invitation had been extended to Dick Russell of the Remove.

"Russell!" thundered Bob Cherry, fortissimo. "Where's the silly duffer got to?"

The door of Study No. 3 opened, and Dick Russell looked out into the passage. Russell's face—he had rather a handsome face—was paler than usual. He looked depressed and dispirited.

"Oh, there you are!" said Bob Cherry. "I've been shouting till I nearly broke a blood-vessel! Are you ready?"

Russell shook his head. "You fellows must excuse me," he said quietly. "I'm not coming."

"Oh, that's all rot!" chimed in Harry Wharton. "You've been specially invited, and you can't let the girls down."

"I—I know it's bad form, and all that," stammered Russell. "But I simply can't come!"

"Then you'd better write a note to the girls and explain matters."

"I will." The Famous Five went on their way, and Dick Russell turned back into his study. Donald Ogilvy, his friend and study-mate, was within.

Ogilvy glanced curiously at his chum. "What's come over you lately, Dick?" he asked. "You don't seem yourself. You're mooning about like a fellow who's been given a month to live. Why aren't you going over to Cliff House? I should have thought you would have jumped at the invitation."

Russell was silent.

"If you're in trouble of any sort you

needn't be afraid to get it off your chest," said Ogilvy encouragingly. "We've been pals long enough now to understand each other, and to have no secrets from each other. Now, tell me frankly why aren't you going out this afternoon?"

Russell laughed. It was what the novelists would call a mirthless laugh. "Haven't you got any eyes?" he said. "A couple of the beggars," said Ogilvy. "But what—"

"Then you can surely see why I can't go over to Cliff House this afternoon? Look at me—look at the state of my togs! Pretty fine tramp I should look beside Wharton and the others!"

For the first time, Ogilvy became aware of the fact that his chum's Etons were distinctly shabby.

The Greyfriars fellows—with one or two exceptions—were not in the habit of criticising each other's clothing.

If a fellow's jacket was shabby it often escaped notice, excepting on Sunday, when shabby clothing would at once have attracted attention because of the smart appearance of the majority of fellows.

"Now you come to mention the fact, your togs do look a bit dowdy," said Ogilvy. "But I shouldn't have noticed it if you hadn't drawn my attention to it. Anyway, what does it matter? You would change into your Sunday best to go over to Cliff House."

Russell laughed bitterly. "This is my Sunday best," he said. "In future I must wear these same togs every day of the week."

Ogilvy gasped. "But you—you've got a Sunday suit and—"

"Speak in the past tense, please," said Russell. "I had a Sunday suit. I parted with it yesterday."

"Parted with it. How? What do you mean?"

"I sold it," said Russell. "I sold it to a second-hand dealer in Courtfield."

"My only aunt!" said Ogilvy, in astonishment. "Now I know why you went out of gates yesterday afternoon with a parcel under your arm. But why on

earth should you want to do such a thing?"

"It was necessary," said Russell wearily. "I haven't told you my troubles—I didn't want to bother you with them—but now that you've asked me to get them off my chest I'm taking you at your word. I'm in a bad way financially. I've been broke for the last fortnight."

Ogilvy crossed over to where Russell was sitting, and laid his hand on his chum's shoulder.

"Why the dickens didn't you tell me this before?" he exclaimed. "I'd gladly have helped you—you know that!"

"Yes, I know, Don," said Russell. And there was no harshness in his voice now. "But I'm not going to be a sponger. My people have been hard hit—they can't allow me any pocket-money. I'm only hanging on at Greyfriars by a thread—and a jolly slender thread at that! But I'm not going to begin borrowing money."

"Why not?" demanded Ogilvy. "I haven't a great deal of the ready myself, but what little I have got is yours for the asking."

"It's good of you to say that, Don. But I don't believe in borrowing from a pal. Pals are often lost that way. You know what old Shakespeare said: 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be—for loan oft loses both itself and friend.' He knew what he was talking about.

And, anyway, I've raised enough cash on my suit to tide me over for a few days. After that— But don't let's talk about it. There's no sense in making you miserable."

"Well, if you won't let me make you a loan," said Ogilvy, "you must, at least, let me stand you a jolly good tea. You didn't touch your dinner in Hall, and you ate precious little brekker. In fact, you've been off your feed for days. You'll find yourself in the sanny if you don't look out. I'll nip off to the tuck-shop and get in supplies."

"Look here, Don—"

Dick Russell stoked up the fire, and

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Ogilvy was pouring out the tea when the study door opened, and a tall, striking-looking man came into the room. "Good-afternoon!" said the newcomer pleasantly. "Hope you don't mind my barging in like this, but I'm an Old Boy of Greyfriars!" (See Chapter 1.)

put the kettle on to boil. Then he sat down again, with his hands plunged deeply into his pockets, and his feet resting on the fender.

His heart was heavy; his purse was correspondingly light.

Russell had known something of poverty, but he had never been quite so hopelessly up against it as on this occasion.

There seemed to be no way out—no rift in the clouds—no daylight anywhere.

Russell's people had fallen on bad times, and it was more than probable that the junior would have to leave Greyfriars in consequence.

Already the cads of the Remove had started sneering at him.

The majority of the fellows had been blind to his shabbiness. But Skinner and Stott and Bolsover major had openly taunted him with it.

What was worse Billy Bunter, the Paul Pry of the Remove, had discovered that Russell had sold his Sunday suit. And the fat junior was already beginning to chatter.

Russell's position was fast becoming unbearable.

In every walk of life there are people who regard poverty as a crime—who measure an individual by the extent of his purse. And, unhappily, there were a few fellows at Greyfriars who took this contemptible point of view.

Russell was down on his luck—therefore, Russell was an outsider. That was their line of reasoning, and they never paused to consider the cruelty and falsity of such logic.

Small wonder that Dick Russell, as he sat staring vacantly into the fire, was well-nigh in despair.

Indeed, but for the loyal and unwavering friendship of Donald Ogilvy, Russell would have taken the desperate step of running away from school.

It was horrible being without money. He could not pay his way. Not that he wanted cash to spend in selfish pleasures, such as stuffing at the tuckshop and visiting theatres. He wanted it for sheer

necessities, for Greyfriars did not provide everything. There were clothes to be bought; there were football and other subscriptions to be paid.

Russell was pondering on these things when Ogilvy returned, laden with good things, like a juvenile Santa Claus. There were hot rolls and cakes and sardines, also a pot of strawberry jam and a honeycomb.

"Here we are!" said Ogilvy cheerfully. "These're enough grub here to relieve a starving garrison! Make the tea, Richard, while I lay the table."

The two chums got busy.

"You'll feel ever so much better after a good feed," said Ogilvy. "One always does. Haven't you ever noticed the difference in a fellow before and after a meal? Before, he's grumpy and irritable; after, he's merry and bright. Dick, old son, that dial of yours will be beaming like a full moon when you've demolished this tuck!"

"Afraid not," said Russell, with a wan smile. "Hallo! Somebody at the door. Come in!"

It was not a junior who entered. It was a man—a tall, striking-looking man, well-dressed, and well-groomed, and on the right side of thirty. He smiled at Russell and Ogilvy as he came in; but there was a firmness about his mouth and a steely expression in his eyes which gave evidence of courage and determination.

Not the sort of man to stand any nonsense, was the impression he gave the two juniors.

"Good-afternoon!" said the newcomer pleasantly. "Hope you don't mind my barging in on you like this. The fact is, I'm an Old Boy of Greyfriars—Jack Vernon is my name. I've come down to spend a week at the old place, as the Head's guest. Dr. Locke didn't expect me so soon, and I happen to be ravenous after a long journey. Wonder if I might join you at tea? I'll return the compliment at the first opportunity."

Ogilvy jumped to his feet, and placed a chair for the visitor.

"You're quite welcome, sir!" he said.

"Yes, rather!" said Russell, brightening up.

"It isn't every day that we get an Old Boy dropping in to tea. Perhaps you'll spin us some yarns about old times, sir, after tea!"

"With pleasure!" said Jack Vernon. The Old Boy's gaze rested keenly on Dick Russell. And he gave a perceptible start.

"What is your name?" he asked quickly.

"Dick Russell, sir!"

The Old Boy nodded.

"Hope you don't think it rude of me to keep firing questions at you," he said, "but where is your home?"

"In Hampshire," said Russell. "At Southsea, to be exact."

Jack Vernon gave another start. He was obviously impressed by what Russell had told him, but he endeavoured to appear unconcerned. He turned to Ogilvy, and began to question the Scottish junior; but it was obvious that Ogilvy's replies did not interest him.

Dick Russell poured out the tea, and Ogilvy passed the hot rolls.

"Pile in, sir!" he said.

"Thanks!" said Jack Vernon. "You can cut out the 'sir,' if you don't mind. We're going to be friends, I hope."

The Old Boy fell to with a good appetite. He appeared to have lost none of his affection for study feeds, though a dozen years must have elapsed since he was at Greyfriars.

Jack Vernon said nothing during the meal. He was too intent on the business in hand.

But when tea was over, and Ogilvy had cleared the table, a couple of logs were thrown on to the fire, and the trio drew up their chairs towards the glowing hearth.

"Now," said Jack Vernon, "having discussed tea, we will proceed to discuss other matters. I'll just get my pipe going, and then we'll have a good old jaw about Greyfriars, past and present."

The Old Boy lighted his briar, and Russell and Ogilvy waited eagerly for him to launch into an account of the adventures of his school days.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Information Wanted!

JACK VERNON seemed in no hurry to describe his experiences.

He seemed to be all out to gain information instead of to give it.

All sorts of questions were rained upon Russell and Ogilvy. They answered them unguardedly. It did not occur to them for one moment that the Old Boy had any ulterior motive in putting the questions. They did not even realize that he was "pumping" them.

"You're in the Remove, I take it?" said Jack Vernon.

"That's so," said Ogilvy. "Were you ever in the Remove, Mr. Vernon?"

The Old Boy nodded.

"There were some wealthy fellows in the Form when I was a member of it," he said. "There was Lord Kinross and the Honourable Jack Mainwaring. Between them they could have bought up Greyfriars, lock, stock, and barrel. Simply swimming in money, they were. I suppose you haven't any wealthy fellows here now?"

Ogilvy laughed.

"There are two fellows here who are rolling in shekels," he replied. "There's Vernon-Smith, the son of a giddy millionaire—"

"Yes?"

"And there's Mauly—Lord Maulverer, you know. He's so rich that he can afford to light his fire with fivers."

A gleam came into Jack Vernon's eyes—a gleam which Russell and Ogilvy failed to notice.

"Have they got studies of their own, these two fellows?" inquired the Old Boy.

"No," said Russell. "Smithy shares No. 4 with Tom Redwing, and Mauly's in No. 12 with Delaney and Vivian."

Jack Vernon produced a pencil, and jotted something down on his cuff.

Russell and Ogilvy saw the pencil, but they did not see the notes being made. The Old Boy merely seemed to be idly toying with the pencil.

"There are several more wealthy fellows in the Remove," volunteered Ogilvy. "There's Archie Howell, whose pater made a pile of money not so long ago. And Johnny Bull's pretty flush, too."

"You mean to say that these fellows carry large sums about with them?"

"Smithy and Mauly do, anyway. They both get princely allowances."

"I see."
"It must be jolly nice to be as rich as a giddy Croesus," said Dick Russell, with a sigh. "Wish I was!"

"You're not very well off!" said Jack Vernon sympathetically.

"Well off!" Russell's tone became bitter. "I'm as poor as a church mouse!"

"Well, it's honest of you to admit the fact, anyway. Most kids—and men, for that matter—who are poor generally try to hide the fact. They talk success and act success, and puff out their chests as if they're wallowing in money, whereas in reality they haven't a bean."

"I don't see the use of pretending," said Russell. "And, after all, poverty's no crime, though there are plenty of people who seem to think it is!"

"I've no right to ask these questions, I know," said Jack Vernon. "But I happen to be interested. Your pater—how did he come to be poor?"

Russell clenched his hands. For a moment his eyes blazed.

"My pater was robbed!" he exclaimed. "My hat!" said Ogilvy in amazement. "First time I knew that, Dick!"

"I didn't tell you, Don," said Russell, "because it's not a thing I can talk about without losing my wool."

"We'll drop the subject, if you like," said Jack Vernon.

"No. I might as well give you the details, now that I've started. About a fortnight ago my pater's house was broken into, and all his bonds and notes were stolen from his safe."

"But surely he kept his money in the bank?" exclaimed Jack Vernon.

"Only part of it. He found it more convenient to keep the bulk of his money on his own premises. And his safe was rifled—absolutely cleaned out. What was more, all his plate and jewellery were stolen."

"That's jolly hard luck," said Jack Vernon. "But you can take consolation from the fact that your pater will soon make good again."

Russell shook his head.

"The contents of that safe represented years and years of hard work," he said. "My pater was no slacker. He didn't make his money like some people manage to do—without working for it. He sweated and slaved to get me a public school education. And now—" Russell's voice nearly broke—"he's got to start all over again. And it will mean a terrific strain. My pater's not getting younger."

NEXT
MONDAY!

"THE STOLEN GUY!"

"Let's change the subject," said Ogilvy uneasily.

"We'll talk about the school," said the Old Boy. "I suppose there haven't been many alterations in recent years? No new dormitories added, or anything like that?"

"No," said Ogilvy. "Look here! We'll show you round, if you like."

"Excellent!"
Russell and Ogilvy rose to their feet, and escorted the Old Boy round the winding corridors, pointing out the various studies and their occupants, not forgetting the masters' studies.

The tour was a thorough one. Jack Vernon insisted upon it. He seemed to take a vast interest in his surroundings, which was perfectly natural for, after all, had he not worked and played in these same class-rooms and corridors?

The Old Boy was not satisfied with exploring the school buildings. He wanted to see the crypt and the playing-fields, and the outbuildings. And as he explored them he kept his companions busy answering questions. He might have been a detective, so keen was his desire to know every detail, to miss nothing, however trivial and apparently unimportant.

"Thanks ever so much for showing me round!" he said, as the trio went back to the study. "There have been a few changes since I was here. But it's all very interesting, immensely interesting!"

"Will you spend the evening with us, Mr. Vernon?" asked Ogilvy eagerly.

"Afraid I can't do that. I'm having dinner with the Head at seven-thirty. But I've another hour to kill. I think I should like to smoke and read."

"Our study's at your disposal," said Russell.

"Thanks, awfully! I noticed a volume in your bookcase. It took my fancy. The 'Holiday Annual.' I think it's called. It contains stories about Greyfriars, I believe!"

"That's so," said Russell. "There are some St. Jim's yarns, too."

"The one about Talbot and the cracksmen is a real corker!" said Ogilvy. "You ought to read it, Mr. Vernon."

"I will," said the Old Boy.

For nearly an hour he remained seated in the armchair with the 'Holiday Annual' resting on his knee.

He glanced through the St. Jim's story, skipping the earlier chapters, but betraying keen interest when he came to the chapter which described the attempted burglary at the school.

There was something in the volume, however, which interested Jack Vernon even more than the story of Talbot's adventures. It was something on an earlier page, and the Old Boy studied it intently for some time.

Meanwhile, Ogilvy improved the shining hour by writing an article for the 'Greyfriars Herald.'

As for Dick Russell, he sat in front of the fire, into which he gazed with moody contemplation.

At length Jack Vernon rose to his feet. He tossed the 'Holiday Annual' into a chair, and turned towards the door.

"I must be getting along now," he said. "Thanks so much for showing me round and entertaining me! I'm here for a week, so I shall be seeing plenty more of you. Au revoir!"
"Au revoir, Mr. Vernon!"

When the Old Boy had gone, Russell and Ogilvy exchanged glances.

"Rather a wash-out!" said Ogilvy. "I thought he was going to spin us some exciting yarns about his school-days."

"Same here!" said Russell. "But he's a better questioner than anything else. He fired questions at us the whole time. I thought he was never going to stop."
"You don't seem to care for him, Dick."

"Oh, he's all right! And yet I can't help feeling a bit suspicious."

Ogilvy gave a start.

"Suspicious! Why?"

"Well, to begin with, he didn't seem to know so much about the school as you'd expect an Old Boy to know. Everything seemed new to him. It was as if he was visiting the place for the first time. And it's jolly queer that a fellow who spent five or six years at Greyfriars should want to know so much about the



After a beautiful bout of passing Faulkner managed to net the ball. The St. Jim's goalie was beaten all ends up. "Goal!" "We're on top!" sang out Bob Cherry. "Two to one for the Friars!" (See Chapter 3.)

place—the situation of the studies and so forth.

Ogilvy stared at his chum in astonishment.

"Look here, Dick! You're letting your imagination run riot!" he said. "You can't deny that Vernon is a decent sort."

"Oh, he's decent enough! But there's something about him that I can't quite fathom, that's all."

Ogilvy shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded with his "Greyfriars Herald" article.

Dick Russell, by way of killing time, picked up the "Holiday Annual," and listlessly turned over the pages.

Presently he gave a start. "Hallo!" he ejaculated. "This is jolly queer!"

"What is it?" asked Ogilvy, looking up. "There's a page missing from this 'Annual'."

"Eh!" "It's been torn out, and quite recently, too! Page 20 is the one that's disappeared."

Ogilvy sprang to his feet. "That's my plan of Greyfriars!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly! And Vernon has taken it!"

For a moment there was a dazed silence.

"What could he have wanted with my plan of the school?" said Ogilvy, at length.

"Goodness knows! He's bagged it, anyway. And he didn't ask our permission. He must have torn it out when we weren't looking. Which is jolly suspicious, to say the least of it."

"Are you sure it was Vernon who tore the page out?"

"Certain! I was looking at the 'Annual' myself early in the afternoon, and the plan of Greyfriars was there then."

"Well, as you say, this is jolly queer," said Ogilvy. "What are we going to do about it?"

"I don't see that we can do anything, except his low, and keep our eyes open. I'm not suggesting that we should spy on Vernon. I hate that sort of thing. But we can at least be on our guard."

For the rest of the evening the two chums were very thoughtful.

There was some mystery in connection with the man called Jack Vernon. That was certain.

If he had wanted a plan of Greyfriars, why couldn't he have obtained it in a straightforward manner, instead of by underhand methods?

Why, also, had he asked such a volume of questions concerning the school and the fellows?

These were riddles which time alone would solve.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Vernon Fills the Breach!

VERNON'S manly bearing, and his cheery demeanour, speedily endeared him to the Greyfriars fellows.

Harry Wharton & Co., who chatted with the Old Boy just before bed-time, came to the unanimous conclusion that he was a rattling good sort.

Wingate of the Sixth saw lights out in the various dormitories, and Jack Vernon accompanied him. He took a lively interest in the proceedings, and in each dormitory he made a happy little speech to the fellows, concluding with a cordial "Good-night!"

"You're looking rather worried, Wingate," remarked the Old Boy, as he went downstairs with the captain of Greyfriars. "Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"I'm in a tight corner," said Wingate. "We're playing St. Jim's to-morrow,

and Hammersley can't turn out. He's one of our best men. And if we want to lick St. Jim we can't afford to have a weak link anywhere."

Jack Vernon looked thoughtful. "What is Hammersley's position on the field?" he asked.

"Right-back."

"And you can't find a substitute?"

"Nobody that's up to Hammersley's weight," said Wingate lugubriously.

"May I fill the bill?"

"You, Mr. Vernon?"

"Certainly! I'm a man of few attainments, but one of the few happens to be football. In my day I played at right-back for Chelsea Amateurs."

"My hat!" said Wingate. "I don't recollect your name."

"That's because I didn't play under the name of Vernon. You've heard of Roy Masters, I take it?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Well, that's my footballing name."

Wingate's despondency vanished at once. He realised that Jack Vernon would not only be able to fill Hammersley's place, but he would fill it with distinction.

"This solves the problem," said the captain of Greyfriars. "If you'll turn out for us, Mr. Vernon, I shall be awfully grateful."

"That's a go," said the Old Boy. "I'll put in some practice to-morrow morning. Haven't kicked a football for some time. But it won't take me long to get into my stride."

Next day there was a joyful surprise for Greyfriars.

With Hammersley absent, everybody anticipated that the defence would be shaky and unreliable. But they were soon disillusioned.

Jack Vernon proved a tower of strength for Greyfriars. His tackling was fearless; his kicking was tremendous, but never aimless. He always managed to place the ball at the feet of one of the Greyfriars halves or forwards.

St. Jim's had brought a fine side over. But their forwards could not get going. Every time they tried to launch an attack, the tall figure of Jack Vernon loomed up to intercept them.

The Old Boy's play was delightful to watch. Never once did he get flustered. When the Greyfriars goal was threatened he was coolness itself. He always nipped in at just the right moment, and saved the situation.

Meanwhile, the Greyfriars forwards were not idle. Well led by Wingate, they made numerous raids on the St. Jim's goal, and just before half-time Gwynne scored with a low, swift shot which crashed into a corner of the net.

"Goal!"

"First blood to the Friars!"

"Keep it up, you fellows!"

A further run by Gwynne spelt danger for St. Jim's. But before the tall Sixth-Former could get in his shot, the whistle sounded for the interval.

There was only a brief respite, and the two teams were at it again. Kildare of St. Jim's rallied his men, and they forced the pace. Twice in succession Jack Vernon put in a thrilling tackle, and took the ball from the very toes of the opposing forwards.

But even Vernon, whose defensive tactics were rock-like, was beaten at last.

Kildare went clean through the Greyfriars defence, and fired in a great shot, which Walker, in goal, tried to deflect over the crossbar, but in vain. The ball entered the net, and the Saints had drawn level.

The St. Jim's forwards were attacking.

A splendid tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



Bobover lost his balance, and in falling pulled Russell over with him. The couple rolled over on the floor in the passage, pommelling each other unmercifully. The noise of the fight brought Mr. Quelch upon the scene. "Boys, what is the meaning of this?" he thundered. (See Chapter 4.)

Walker of Greyfriars had pushed out a hot shot from Kildare, and had fallen in doing so. Whilst he was lying on the grass another shot was fired in, and a goal seemed certain.

Jack Vernon, however, dashed into the goal-mouth, and headed the ball out from under the bar. It was a splendid piece of individualism, accomplished just in the nick of time. And the spectators roared their approval.

St. Jim's came again, but were beaten back. And then the Greyfriars forwards took up the running.

A beautiful bout of passing between Wingate, Gwynne, and Faulkner ended in the last-named netting at close range.

The St. Jim's goalie was beaten all ends up, and the ball reposed in the back of the net.

"Goal!"

"Hurrah!"

"We're on top now!" sang out Bob Cherry jubilantly. "Two to one for the Friars!"

From that moment until the end of the game the Saints set up a desperate attack. They must have scored at least three goals but for the sterling work of Jack Vernon in the Greyfriars defence.

The Old Boy's energy seemed inexhaustible. He was always in the right place at the right moment—ever in the thick of the fray, now heading the ball clear, now putting in a terrific volley.

The Saints began to despair of scoring. It was, as Kildare remarked afterwards, like trying to batter down a brick wall.

It was, as events turned out, a fine stroke of luck for Greyfriars that Hammersley had been unable to play.

Good man though Hammersley was, he would never have been able to cope with that force and sustained attack.

Time and again the St. Jim's forwards were almost through, only to be held up by Jack Vernon. He did the work of three men, never slackening for an instant until the final whistle sounded.

St. Jim's had had three-parts of the play, and yet Greyfriars had triumphed by two goals to one. And Jack Vernon was the hero of the match.

"Let's carry him off!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

The spectators moved in a solid mass towards Jack Vernon as he came off. There were scenes of rousing enthusiasm.

Half a dozen juniors, armed with mouth-organs, rendered "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The tune was not recognised, owing to the fact that another half-dozen were rendering "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" at the same time.

Above all the din, Harry Wharton's voice rose loud and clear.

"Collar him! Shoulder high, you fellows!"

Jack Vernon saw what was coming. For a moment he paused, and a smile flickered on his lips. Then he turned suddenly, and sped away like a deer.

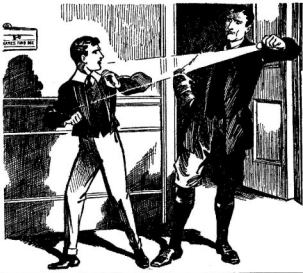
"After him!" roared Johnny Bull. "He's trying to dodge the giddy ovation!"

The Greyfriars fellows sped away at Jack Vernon's heels like a pack of wolves. But the Old Boy was fleet of foot—so good a runner as he was a footballer.

Gradually the distance between him and his pursuers increased, until finally the lithe, athletic figure of Jack Vernon was swallowed up in the building.

Bob Cherry, the foremost of the pursuers, paused, pumping in breath.

"He's given us the slip this time,"



Dick Russell spun round with a guilty start. An electric torch flashed out in the darkness. "Don't be alarmed," said a familiar voice, "it's only me!" The speaker was Jack Vernon, the Old Boy. Dick was caught—caught in the act of rifling the Games Fund box. (See Chapter 5.)

panted Bob. "But we'll nail him later on, and give him a demonstration."

"What price a torchlight procession through the Close this evening?" suggested Frank Nugent.

"Good whizz!"

Jack Vernon managed to conceal himself from his enthusiastic admirers for a couple of hours. He went over to the Head's house to bath and change and have dinner. But when he emerged in the darkness he found half the school waiting for him.

"Here he is!"

"Here's the piddy match-winner!"

"He won't dodge us this time!"

The Old Boy was surrounded and swung off his feet.

Mouth-organs and cornets and improvised instruments of combs and tissue-paper blended together in a terrible discord.

The torch-bearers—there were a dozen in all—led the procession and there were scenes of the wildest enthusiasm.

A Greyfriars victory always caused excitement. But this was no ordinary victory, and therefore the excitement was more intense than usual.

The Head threw up his window and looked out. He made no attempt to check the demonstration. He was smiling.

"Vernon is a fine fellow—a fine fellow!" he murmured. "He is a credit to the school, and he deserves to stand well with the boys of the present generation."

The kindly old Head uttered the words sincerely enough. Like everybody else, he had jumped to the conclusion that Jack Vernon was a splendid sportsman, and straight as a die.

But Dr. Locke was shortly to have cause to alter his opinion!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Hour of Temptation I

THE days slipped by, and Jack Vernon became more and more popular with the Greyfriars fellows. His personality and his prowess on the playing-fields appealed to them strongly.

Harry Wharton & Co. were particularly attracted by him, and he was frequently invited to Study No. 1.

Russell and Ogilvy saw a good deal of him, too, and they enjoyed his company.

These were dark days for Dick Russell. But for the Old Boy's cheering presence and words of kindly encouragement he felt he would have gone under.

As it was, the financial situation was acute. Russell's small store of money was exhausted, and he was "broke to the wide."

Other fellows frequently got into that state. But then they were always sure of getting an allowance from home to set things right.

Russell, on the other hand, could not expect a penny from his people. His father, since the dastardly robbery, was finding life a bitter struggle.

By the afternoon post on Saturday Russell received the following letter:

"My Dear Richard,—It is with reluctance that I write to you on such a painful subject. But you would have to know the facts sooner or later, so there is no object in concealing them.

"This affair—the robbery, I mean—has hit me very hard indeed. So much so, that unless a miracle happens I fear I shall have to withdraw you from the school, as I shall not be in a position to pay your term fees.

"Your mother is nearly heartbroken. For economy's sake we are moving into

a smaller house. Our servants have already been discharged.

"This is a time of bitter crisis for us all. But I know, my boy, that if the worst comes, and it is found necessary for you to leave Greyfriars, you will face the situation manfully.—Ever your affectionate,
FATHER."

Few fellows could have read such a letter and kept a stiff upper-lip. Dick Russell was knocked all of a heap. He saw nothing ahead of him but distress and misery.

Russell had been playing footer when his father's letter arrived. He did not go on with the game. With a heavy heart and a heavy tread, he proceeded to his study and threw himself into the armchair in order to review the situation.

He wanted money badly. His clothes were shabby and soiled—not nearly so shabby and soiled as he imagined they were. But he was becoming hyper-sensitive.

There were still some unpaid subscriptions to various school funds. How was he going to pay them?

"I could borrow the money," he muttered. "But what's the use? I shouldn't be able to pay it back. Ogilvy would lend me a little. Mauly would lend me a lot; but I should never be able to square up again with either of them."

There was a tap on the door of the study, and the bespectacled face of Billy Bunter peered in.

"I say, Russell, old chap—"

"Get out!" growled Russell.

"Oh, really, you know! I'm expecting a postal-order from a titled relation of mine. It was sent off to-day; but as there's no Sunday post in these days—a beastly shame, but the British public sits down tamely under it—the letter won't arrive till Monday. If you could advance me five bob in the meantime—"

Russell turned a grim face towards the fat junior.

"I'm in as tight a corner as you've ever been in in your life," said Russell. "We both want cash. But whereas you merely want it for the purpose of stuffing at the tuckshop, I want it for necessities."

"You mean to say you're absolutely on the rocks?"

"What's the use of denying it?" Billy Bunter glanced sneeringly at his schoolfellow.

"So you're a mouldy pauper—eh?" he said. "Well, I might have guessed that, from the state of your togs!"

With the remark stung Russell to the quick. He sprang to his feet; and the expression on his face caused the Owl of the Remove to dart through the doorway.

But before he could bolt along the passage, Russell was upon him. He gripped Billy Bunter by the collar, and then planted a number of well-aimed kicks behind Bunter's plump person.

The victim's yells of anguish echoed along the passage.

"You-ow-ow! Chuck it, you beast! I'm not a blessed football! Help! Rescue, Remove! Drag this pauper off, somebody!"

A door opened near at hand, and Bolsover major looked out.

Although a bully himself, it suited Bolsover to pose as a champion of the oppressed.

"Leave Bunter alone!" he exclaimed. "What are you booting him along the passage for, Russell?"

"He needs a lesson!" growled Dick. "He called me a pauper, and sneered at the state of my togs!"

"Yarcoooh! Dragimoff, Bolsover!" wailed Billy Bunter.

Bolsover stepped forward. He seized Dick Russell by the shoulder, and swung him back.

"Bunter's quite right," he said. "You look worse than a giddy tramp! I suppose you've got the brokers in at home, or something of that sort? Pater's had to pawn the grand piano—what!"

Russell released Billy Bunter, and spun round upon Bolsover. His hands were clenched, his eyes blazing.

"You cad!" Russell's voice was low and fierce. "I'll make you take back those words."

Without another word Dick Russell shot out his left, straight from the shoulder, and the bully of the Remove went reeling against the wall of the passage.

The next moment the two juniors were fighting like tigers.

Dick Russell pounded the bully's ribs until Bolsover was gasping like a pair of very old bellows.

Presently Bolsover lost his balance, and in falling he dragged Russell down with him.

The couple rolled over and over on the floor of the passage, still pommelling each other unmercifully.

"Go it, Bolsy!" said Billy Bunter. "Wipe up the floor with the poverty-stricken cad!"

How the affair might have ended it was impossible to say. The combatants were damaging each other to such an extent that one of them at least would have been a case for the sanny, had not Mr. Quelch come on the scene at that moment.

"Boys! Depraved young hooligans! How dare you!" panted the master of the Remove. "Get up! Get up at once!"

The two juniors rose sheepishly to their feet.

Russell's lip was bleeding. Bolsover's nose was inflamed and swollen.

"How did this disgraceful disturbance arise?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

Billy Bunter supplied the information. "Russell was bullying me, sir," he said, "and Bolsover chipped in."

"Is that correct Russell?"

"It's correct that I was kicking Bunter along the passage, sir. And I'd do it again if he called me what he called me just now."

"What did he call you?"

Russell was silent.

"I will not press for details," said Mr. Quelch. "It seems to me that you and Bolsover are equally to blame. You will each take five hundred lines. And let there be no repetition of this conduct!"

Mr. Quelch strode away with rustling gown.

Dick Russell, without even a glance at Bolsover and Bunter, went back to his study.

His heart was heavy; his thoughts were black and bitter.

He ought to have treated the sneers of Bolsover major and Billy Bunter for what they were worth. He ought to have known that the really decent fellows in the Form didn't despise him because he happened to be poor. But he was more sensitive than most fellows, and the term "pauper" rankled.

Ogilvy joined his chum in the evening, but he was powerless to cheer him up.

Like Rachel of old, Russell refused to be comforted.

Even when Jack Vernon dropped in for a game of chess, Russell remained gloomy and silent. He was driven to the wall. He could see no way out of his tight corner.

The next day was Sunday.

Dick Russell felt the situation more keenly than ever.

Most of the fellows were immaculately dressed. Even Billy Bunter was made up like a portly edition of Beau Brummel.

Dick Penfold, the cobbler's son, looked like a Bond Street swell by comparison with Russell. The latter had to encounter many taunts during the morning from fellows of Bolsover major's kidney. He was acutely conscious of his shabbiness. He was painfully aware that the soles and heels of his shoes had worn thin.

For the whole of the Sunday afternoon he remained in the study.

He was trying to think of a way out of his difficulties. He had definitely discarded the idea of borrowing money. And he could not bring himself to beg.

That left only one course.

Stealing!

The sinister word crept into Dick Russell's mind, and, try as he would, he could not banish it.

He was no thief.

Honour had always come before everything with Dick Russell. Honesty had been the cardinal point.

In normal circumstances he would have shuddered at the bare idea of taking money which did not belong to him.

But these were not normal circumstances. And Russell was not in a normal frame of mind. He was worried to distraction. He was desperate. Money had to be raised. He could see only one way of raising it.

As he reclined in the armchair, alone with his thoughts, the voice of the tempter spoke to him:

"You can't go on like this. You're in a tight corner—you're driven to the wall, and there's only one way out. Stealing? Don't call it stealing. You can take some money from the Games Fund box, and replace it when you can."

Dick Russell remembered that the Games Fund was in a flourishing condition.

Most of the subscriptions had been collected, and there were several pounds in the box which was nailed to the wall of the Remove passage.

Moreover, the money was lying idle.

It was not wanted. The football gear had already been purchased, and the cash in the box was sheer surplus.

Again the voice of the tempter spoke to Dick Russell:

"Take it, you fool—take it! It's your only chance. The money won't be missed, and your pater's position will soon better itself and you'll be able to top the money back. Do you call that stealing? It's nothing of the sort. It's embracing a splendid opportunity, that's all."

Dick Russell sprang to his feet, and paced to and fro.

His face was deathly pale. His feet were so tightly clenched that the knuckles stood out sharp and white.

He was in the throes of a powerful temptation. And now he began to battle with it—to try to conquer and crush and overcome it.

(Continued on page 13.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 44.
Week Ending Oct. 29th, 1921.



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

Harry Wharton
Editor

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

RECENT INVENTIONS!

By Peter Todd.

W. G. Bunter has invented a new variation of the "sailor's knot," in order to prevent his bootlaces from coming untied!

Dick Bake has invented some purple ink. It is utterly useless for writing purposes, but is an ideal preparation for squirting through a keyhole into the ear of an eavesdropper. W. G. B., take warning!

The brainy and industrious Wibley has invented a car. No need to go into details here. See what our special representative says about it on another page.

Lord Manglever has actually bestirred himself to the extent of inventing a new form of topper, which will never get soiled or lose its lustre. We have not had the pleasure of seeing the invention, but we understand it's a "topper"!

Even Billy Bunter is included in the ranks of Remove inventors, quite apart from the "sailor's knot" device mentioned above. He tells a story of a postal-order which he is expecting. But we are getting rather fed-up with these sort of "inventions"!

Loder of the Sixth has invented a device for making the box-room window open noiselessly at night. If the invention is discovered, there will be an awful "row" about it!

Skinner informs us that he has invented a novel form of firework for the "Fifth." But we expect it will "blaze out"!

Fisher T. Fish declares that he has invented a stout for the painless extraction of teeth. He is still working on it. It is a "drawn-out" business, and nobody will "extract" much satisfaction from it!

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

Perhaps the greatest schoolboy inventor known to fame is Bernard Glyn, of St. Jim's.

Glyn has invented all sorts of weird and wonderful things in his time. When he grows up, he will no doubt rank among the great inventive geniuses of the world.

St. Jim's is not the only school, however, where inventions flourish. Here at Greyfriars we have several fellows of an inventive turn of mind. There is Oliver Kipps and William Wibley and Billy Bunter—though I may add that the only things Bunter invents are excuses and tall stories!

We live in an age of invention. Every new stunt—every fresh device—is hailed with enthusiasm.

It sometimes happens that, when inventing a new kind of explosive, the inventor "goes up," both in the estimation of mankind and into the clouds. The man who invented dynamite did not live to see the fruition of his labours. The man who invented fireworks now walks about without eyebrows!

There is a price to be paid for dabbling in these things, but I think most inventors are willing to pay it.

Boys and girls have never failed to be fascinated by stories of inventions; and more than one reader has written asking me to publish a Special Invention Number of the "Greyfriars Herald."

It is always a pleasure to me to fall in with my readers' wishes, and the Special Invention Number is now in your hands.

It is not a far cry to Guy Fawkes' Day, and I am arranging to publish a special number, dealing exclusively with the Fifth of November. It will be crammed with fine features—the work of the amateur journalists of the Remove. Look out for it, and tell all your chums to do likewise.

I have other treats in store for you all, but space does not permit me to enlarge upon them here.

When you have read this supplement, snatch it, and hand it to a non-reading friend. He won't be a non-reader long!

Cheerio, everybody!

HARRY WHARTON.

The Inventor's Workshop!

A Vivid Pen-Picture,

By Dick Penfold.

Shavings strewn upon the floor,
Likewise screws and nuts galore,
Chisels, cutters, and trails
(Picked up cheap at auction sales),
Planes and compasses and prongs,
Tweezers, testing-tubes, and tongs,
Hacksaws, fretsaws, copper wire—
All a madman could desire!

Lumps of lead and bits of brass
Scattered by the harebrained ass!
In this chaos Wibley stands,
Gauge and gimlet in his hands,
Working on a new invention

(What it is I dare not mention).
When the thing is quite complete,
Wibley says, "twill work a treat."
"It will stagger all the school.
They'll agree that I'm no fool.
Stephenson who made the 'loco';
Fry, the man who founded cocoa;
Edison, Marconi, and
All inventors in the land,

Will not win the praise and fame
That will hover round my name!
'William Wibley,' folk will say,
'Was a giant in his day.
He it was who made the car
That convey us up to Mars.

Also he devised, I wager,
Moving stairs to Urva Major!"
Yes, my name will live for ever,
(Anyway, that's my endeavour)."
"Wib," said I, "you'll never be
Such a famous man as me.
Draw it mild, you fearful crammer!"
Up rose Wibley. "Where's my
hammer?"

Look Out for a SPECIAL GUY FAWKES NUMBER Next Week!

AN INVENTIVE GENIUS!

By Billy Bunter.

I ALLODD, of course, to myself.

These are inventors and inventors. But nobody can hold a candle to me in this line. I stand supreme.

Oliver Kromwell, Napoleon Bonapart—all the great inventors of history—pass into insignificance by comparison with yours truly. Of course, the word "invention" covers a wide field. You can invent anything, from a collar-stud to a flying-masheen.

My own speciality is stories. I can invent stories better than any other living person. None of the romantic authors have half my imagination.

There was once a man who was rescued from the river by Vernon-Smith. I invented the yarn that it was I who saved his life. Of course, it all came out afterwards, and I felt pretty soar.

On another occasion, my cuzzen Wally scored a century in a cricket match. I invented a story to the effect that it was me who made the century. For a time, I was brisewee. And then 'again felt soar!

My most famous invention, beyond a shaddo of doubt, was the story of the postal-order.

Not even in my wildest moments of optimism have I ever hoped to receive a postal-order. You see, my tilted relations are so wealthy that they only deal in checks. But I set the yarn going that I was egg-specting a postal-order, and everybody believed it—at first. They've tumbled to the wheeze now, and every time I mention the word "postal-order" I'm nearly torn lim from lim! (By the way, Tom Dutton tells me that one should spell "lim" with a "b," but he's talking out of his hat. Why, you might as well spell "toffee" with a "k.") I am very keen on inventions—not all of them, though.

The fellow who invented soap and water deserves to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

The fellow who invented lines and lickings deserves a similiar fate!

But the fellow who invented grobb! Ah! I've often thought that the man who invented doe-nuts, mince-pies, cream-buns, and other luxuries ought to be knighted and given the O.B.E. He rendered a great service to humanity. I don't know what we should have done without him.

As for the man who invented nice joocy jam-tarts—why, if I had my own way he should be King of England!

I have also got a warm place in my heart for the merchant who invented half-holidays.

Any invention which brings pleasure, and reduces pain and suffering, is a great thing, a noble thing.

Unhappily, all inventions are not like that. The man who invented dynamite deserved a good "blowing-up." The person—I presume he was a skoolboy—who invented bumping, deserved to be bumped until he hadn't a breath in his body.

But the people who invented such things as toffee and karamels and ginger-pop and ice-cream—their names ought to be handed down to posterity.

Coming back to myself—I never talk much about myself, as you will have noticed—I am already at work on several new inventions.

I am going to invent a yarn to the effect that my paier has just made a big haul on the Stock Exchange. I shall say that he bought fifteen thousand bulis, and swooped them for twenty thousand bears, and made nearly a million pounds in the process. Everybody will believe me, of course—with the exception of those who don't.

How popular I shall be among my fellows! I shall be spoken of as the son of a millionaire, and people will lend me large sums of moneys on the strength of my egg-spectations.

(If you dare to invent a yarn of this sort, my fat friend, you'll be punched, pommelled, and publicly pulverised!—Ed.)

Another invention I have in mind—and a really clever invention, too—is connected with baths.

When my invention is complete, fellows will be able to take their baths in tabloid form. They won't be compelled to use soap, water, scrubbing-brushes, and other hateful things. They'll just swab a Hunter Bath Tabloid—and they'll become clean from top to toe! (By the way, this invention is copyright. If I catch anybody trying to pinch the idea, there will be trouble!)

I've also got another wheeze stored in my kranium. I mean to invent a sort of ear-trumpit—an instrument which will enable one to hear everything that's being said within a radius of a mile.

Think how ripping this will be!

Fancy being able to hear everything the Head says in his study, and everything that Quichy says in his! Every time a holiday is planned I shall know all about it. Every time that a fellow is to be a public flogging in Big Hall I shall know all about that, too. (Yes, you'll know all about it all right—especially if you happen to be the victim!—Ed.)

My ear-trumpit is bound to be a great success. None of my inventions are failures—barring, of course, the invention of the postal-order, which served its purpose for a time, but has now been played out. (Glad you realise the fact, Bunt!—Ed.)

I have several other inventions in mind, but they are not for the crowd. They are secrets which are locked in my own breast. Not even my miser Sammy knows anything about them. Nobody will ever know, until why, I shall make my fortune! (Afraid you will have to wait till you are as old as Methusalem before that happens, Bunt!—Ed.)

I think I have now said enuff on the subject of inventions, so will lay down my pen, rather, say indelible pencil—and make way for somebody else.

(We have heard of people being "plagued with their own inventions." This will be the fate of our fat contributor!—Ed.)

My Worst Enemy!

By TOM BROWN.

I won't mince my words. I will tell you straight out who he is.

My worst enemy is a person who invented booby-traps!

I should like to have just five minutes with the gentleman in question. By the end of that period he would resemble a punctured tyre—a deflated balloon. I should tell him; I should punch him (there's no difference between the two; still, I should do both); I should jump on him; I should sit on him! I should pound him to a jelly.

That man—or it may have been a boy—has caused untold misery to mankind. He has broken up happy homes; he has shattered friendships; he is responsible for at least fifty per cent. of the world's woes. Oh, if I only had him here!

The booby-trap is the most diabolical invention that the mind of man could conceive. If you ever walked into one, gentle reader, you will appreciate my remarks.

Just imagine a concoction of soot, tar, treacle, paste, red ink, black ink, white-wash, leathers, glue, gum, and paraffin oil! Groo! Doesn't it make you shudder?

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 716.

When all these ingredients are mixed together, and placed in a large paper bag, which is poised on the top of a door, then I trouble for the next person who opens that door. An avalanche will descend upon his head. The soot, tar, treacle, etc., etc., will disport itself all over his hitherto spotless Etona. It will find its way into his ears, eyes, and mouth, and he will be obliged to spend the next couple of hours stewing in a hot bath. Even after this interval has elapsed, he will be lucky if he has got rid of all the traces.

I speak with a full heart. For have not I—Thomas Brown—recently been the victim of one of these hideous and hateful stunts?

I could hear Bob Cherry's voice hailing me from the interior of Study No. 15. I hastened to that apartment, and walked right into the trap!

Words cannot describe the state I was in! Such a sticky, smeary, messy state. Ugh!

It happened hours ago, but I haven't got over the effects yet. I am still suffering from shock. I ought really to spend a fortnight in the sunny, to get over it.

I don't blame Cherry; it wasn't his fault. It was the fault of the individual who first inflicted booby-traps on a long-suffering public. That person has much to answer for. If only he were here now, I should hug him—not with joy and affection, but with the hug of a revenous grizzly bear who encounters a plump explorer. He would never survive that hug. His ribs would crack and

yield like so much match-wood. And he wouldn't be in a fit condition to conceit any more booby-traps!

I'm not a malicious sort of chap. Feelings of revenge are never harboured in the breast of Thomas Brown. But whenever I think of the merchant who invented booby-traps it seems to set a hammer beating in my brain. I am not normal. I am not sane. My whole being hungers to get the diabolical wretch within my grasp.

Oh, help! I've still got the taste of treacle and soot in my mouth. It's awful!

Never mind. Guy Fawkes' Day is at hand. I shall make an effigy of the base creature who invented booby-traps, and burn it at the stake! It will bring balm to my wounded feelings; it will bring comfort to my lacerated soul.

(Poor old Browney! He's got it badly this week.—Ed.)

THE "5th" at GREYFRIARS!

□ □ □ □

DON'T FORGET!—

A SPECIAL . . .
GUY FAWKES No.!Next week, full of Grand Stories
and Articles. H. W.



Fishy's Latest!

By S. Q. I. FIELD.

"IMPOSSIBLE!" said Bob Cherry. "But it's a fact," said Harry Wharton.

Bob shook his head. "I simply can't believe it," he said. "Fishy's the last fellow in the world to invite anybody to tea in his study. He's as mean as they make 'em."

"Here's the invitation, in black and white," said Wharton, handing a half-sheet of notepaper to his chum.

Bob looked, and beheld, and believed. On the half-sheet of notepaper appeared the following invitation:

"Fisher T. Fish requests the honour of the company of H. Wharton, K. Cherry, F. Nugent, J. Bull, and Hurree Singh to a study tea. Early doors, 3.55 p.m. Kettle boils, 4 p.m.

N.B.—It will not be necessary for the above-named guests to bring their own mugs with them."

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Frank Nugent. "Fishy's turned into a giddy philanthropist all of a sudden. I believe this is the first time on record that he's invited anybody to tea."

"I can't understand it," said Johnny Bull. "As far as I know, there's no grub in the study."

Wharton glanced at his watch.

"Five to four," he remarked. "Let's be getting along."

The Famous Five wended their way to Fishy's study.

They found the Yankee junior awaiting them.

The table was covered with a snowy-white tablecloth, and the kettle was on the fire.

These were the only indications of a meal. There was no food visible; there were no plates or knives.

"Thanks for your invitation, Fishy," said Wharton, dropping into a chair. "Buck up and lay the table, there's a good chap. We're ravenous!"

"Guess there isn't much laying to be done," said Fish. "Six cups and saucers and spoons, that's all we want. You'll find 'em in the cupboard, Bull. Make yourself generally useful."

Johnny Bull gave a snort.

"Here, what's the little game?" he demanded.

"If you've invited us here just to drink a cup of lukewarm water—an apology for tea—there will be no tea!" said Bob Cherry.

"I guess—"

"Where is the esteemed grubfulness?" asked Hurree Singh.

"In my pocket."

"What?"

The juniors stared at Fishy's pockets, but they were not averse bulging than usual. There was nothing to suggest that they were crammed with back.

"The grub's in my waistcoat-pocket, to be precise," said Fish. "Here we are!"

So saying, the Yankee junior produced a small glass bottle, in which were a number of tablets.

"What the thump—" began Harry Wharton.

"This is a new stunt," explained Fish. "Saves no end of time and trouble. You take your grub in tablet form—see?"

The juniors didn't see at all. They gazed at Fisher T. Fish as if they would eat him.

"I'll sorter calculate," said Fish, "that these tablets are all the rage in New York, where a business man has about five seconds to eat his lunch. In this tiny tablet—" the speaker took one of them between his thumb and

foefinger, and held it up for inspection—you will find fruit, vegetables, and concentrated essence of meat. The man who invented these tablets declares that one of them is equal to a dinner of duck and green peas. I guess he's right."

The Famous Five could only sit and blink.

Accustomed though they were to Fishy's little ways, they had little dreamed that he could be capable of such amazing audacity. He had invited them to tea in his study—and this was the tea!

Fisher T. Fish walked round the table, and solemnly distributed five of the tablets, one for each guest.

It did not seem to occur to Fishy that there was anything amiss—that he was asking for trouble.

It was not until Bob Cherry sprang to his feet and laid hold of a cane walking-stick that Fishy began to realise that "something was rotten in the State of Denmark."

"You—you—" spluttered Bob, in wrath. "You invite us here to a study spread, and you've got the cheek to dish up tablet teas! You can give your blessed tablets to the kitchen cat! We'll have none of 'em! Meanwhile, hoist him across the table, you fellows!"

Willing hands were laid upon Fisher T. Fish, and he was placed in a convenient posture to receive corporal punishment.

Whack, whack, whack!



Willing hands were laid upon Fishy, and he was thrown across the table. Then they got to work with the canes.

Whack! Whack!

The cane rose and fell, and the yells of the victims rose to shrill crescendo. Wharton and Bull, each finding cause, joined in the whacking coast.

They did not exert themselves to the full—which was extremely fortunate for Fish. Even so, however, their strokes were not in the nature of gentle taps. Fishy knew all about them.

"That'll teach you a lesson," growled Bob, as they desisted at length. "Next time you invite us to tea, you'll produce something more substantial than tablets—if you're wise!"

"Ow-ow-ow!" groaned Fishy, as he rolled off the table. "I guess this is black ingratitude! Yoo-coop!"

You would have thought that Fishy would have been cured of his tablet mania.

But no. He still maintained that meals in tablet form were highly nourishing and beneficial.

We noticed, however, that Fishy continued to eat the fare provided in Hall. He didn't touch aside his roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and take tablets instead.

Billy Bunter was offered one of the tablets. Needless to state, Bunter declined without thanks. He shuddered when Fishy told him that a year hence everybody would be taking meals in tablet form. The mere thought of having doughnuts, jam-tarts, and other courses in the form of capsules didn't appeal to Billy Bunter a bit.

Although Fishy was not yet cured of his tablet mania, the cure soon came.

On going into Hall for brekker one morning, we noticed that Mr. Quetch, who always sits at the head of the Remove table, had not yet arrived. His breakfast, however, was set ready in his place. It consisted of eggs and bacon, and toast and marmalade.

"I guess Quetchy won't be able to tackle a stodgy meal like that," said Fish. "He'll be getting dyspepsia and goodness knows what. I'll try one of my tablets on him."

"Fishy!" gasped Wharton, aghast. "You wouldn't dare—"

But Fisher T. Fish was already putting his plan into execution.

He removed Quetchy's brekker, and carted it away to the kitchen. Then he returned to the Hall, to find Quetchy installed in his place at the head of the table.

"Fish!" thundered the Remove-master.

"Yesir!"

"Am I to understand that you have had the temerity—the unparalleled audacity—to remove my breakfast?"

"I guess it wouldn't have done you any good, sir—"

"Boy!"

"I've got something hyper that will beat eggs and bacon into fits! Try one of these hyper tablets, sir."

So saying, the Yankee junior produced one of the tablets from his bottle, and placed it on the tablecloth in front of Quetchy.

"It's chock full of nutrient, sir," explained Fish. "The finest Californian fruit, the best home-grown vegetables, the—"

"Fish!"

Quetchy's voice resembled the detonation of a bomb. It caused Fishy to jump out of his shoes, almost.

"Y-e-es, sir!"

"Go and fetch me my breakfast instantly!" Fishy looked distressed.

"Won't you try the tablet, sir?"

"No, I will not!" roared Mr. Quetch. "Seldom in the course of my career have I been subjected to such impudence!"

"The finest concentrated essence of beef, sir—" began Fish.

"Boy! Go and bring back my breakfast immediately! And bring the meal is over, be good enough to wait upon me in my study!"

Fisher T. Fish left the Hall like one dazed. And he still wore a dazed look when he returned with Quetchy's brekker. He simply couldn't understand Quetchy's lack of appreciation. Instead of falling on his neck and thanking him for the tablet, Quetchy had cut up quite ruskily. Verily, reflected Fish, the ways of Form-masters passed all understanding!

It happened to be rather a cold morning. But there was one fellow, at least, who was speedily warmed up after brekker.

That fellow was Fisher T. Fish.

Quetchy gave the Yankee junior three stinging cuts on each hand, and consoled his tablet-describing them as "undesirable and pernicious compounds."

Fishy was cured at last of his tablet mania. And no further invitations to tablet teas were issued by the enterprising galeot from "over there!"

This
Week:

WILLIAM
WIBLEY.



Impertinent Interviews

By Our
Special
Representative.

(Our contributor has such an amusing story to tell this week that we are giving him a full page in which to tell the tale of his tribulations.—Ed.)

YOU'LL find him in the workshop," said the editor.

He was referring to William Wibley, who had lately become bitten by the invention craze, and who was working on some weird and wonderful contrivance, which, to quote Wibley's own words, was going to slagger humanity.

"Wibley won't want to be disturbed," I said dubiously.

"Can't help that," said my callous chief. "You've simply got to disturb him, or there won't be any interview for this week's issue. Not that the readers would break their hearts over his omission!" added the sarcastic beast.

"I'll go and see Wibley," I said, fumbling for my notebook. "But if he bites my head off, and administers a couple of black eyes and a swollen nasal organ, I shall see you for damages!"

"Travel!" growled the editor.

Accordingly, I travelled to the workshop, which is situated in the Close, I thumped loudly on the door.

"What right in!" sang out a cheery voice. I entered. There is no need to describe the scene that greeted my gaze. Jack Fenfold gives a very realistic description of it in this issue.

Suddenly to say that Wibley was there, in his shirt-sleeves, with "gadgets" to right of him, "gadgets" to left of him, "gadgets" in front of him, and "gadgets" behind him. "Busy, Wibley?" I inquired.

"Oh, no! Not at all!" was the sarcastic reply. "I'm up to my eyes in work, and I shall be slopping like a sigger till about midnight! But I'm not busy. Oh dear, no! Perish the thought!"

"Inventing something?" I asked.

"Of course not! I dropped in here for a quiet smoke and a game of cards!" said Wibley, still sarcastic. "Fool! Dots! If you've any eyes in your head, you can see that I'm at work on an invention! My only regret is that it's not a new invention for exterminating special representatives!"

"Those are hard words!" I said. "But I will suffer them in silence! Might I inquire the nature of your present invention?"

"Look at it!" said Wibley.

"I've been looking at it ever since I came in," I replied. "And I'm trying to puzzle out what it's supposed to be. Looks to me like a sort of sugar-box on wheels!"

"Clamp!" It's a car!"

"Thanks for the information!" I said. "That's the last thing in the world I should have guessed it was!"

"It won't be complete till to-morrow," explained Wibley. "It's got to have a pedal attachment fitted, and a steering-wheel."

"I see. What are you going to call it—a Wibley two-seater?"

"It will only seat one. You work it in just the same way as you'd work a tricycle."

"Look at that hard work going up the hills," I commented.

"Eats! She'll go up like a bird!" Wibley seemed jolly proud of his invention. Personally, I could see nothing to be proud of. Any one could get hold of a sugar-box and stick wheels on it.

"When shall you have it finished?" I inquired.

"I'm getting permission from Quelely to stay a little, and I shall have the thing finished this day, at midnight. To-morrow morning, before breaker, I shall go for a trial spin."

"I shall think of you," I said, "and offer up prayers for your safety. My private THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 716.

opinion is that you'll come back to Greyfriars in little pieces! Your remains, carefully packed in a match-box, will be forwarded to your sorrowing parents."

"Oh, rats!" growled Wibley. "Bux off now, and leave me to work in peace!"

I saw nothing more of the amateur inventor until the following day. He was looking very bucked with life.

"How does the car go?" I asked.

"Like a charm! Care to have a trip in her?"

I hesitated, and was lost.

"After all, it will be a novel experience," I thought.

And I suffered Wibley to lead me away to the workshop.

There was the car, complete with all accessories. It was as easy to ride as a box-tricycle. Wibley had fitted it with brakes. It also had front and rear lamps attached—rather a smart idea, I thought. There was a cushion on the seat, to make it comfortable.

"I'll just pop over as for as Highcliffe to see Frank Courtenay," I said.

Wibley nodded.

"You'll take great care of the bus, won't you?"



I hit the pig with a terrific crash, and I found myself hurtling through space to alight in a deep and stagnant ditch.

"I shan't exceed the speed limit," I answered ironically. "I shall limit the speed to two miles an hour. Don't suppose she'll be capable of doing more."

I pushed the "car"—flattering word!—out of the workshop and down to the school gates. Then I clambered in, waved my hand to Wibley, and was off.

Progress was good—up to a point.

Half-way to Highcliffe there is a steep hill to ascend. And here the trouble began.

I urged the contraption up the hill, working the pedals for all I was worth.

Slowly—ever so slowly—she climbed, and I was out of breath before she was half-way up. But I kept on doggedly determined to gain the summit, and have the satisfaction of sliding down the hill on the other side.

I was within a few yards of the top when suddenly the pedals began to revolve backwards.

I jammed on the brakes, but, naturally, they did not act. I should have been surprised if they had.

Backwards down the hill shot Wibley's car, and she gathered speed as she went.

I dared not turn my head, but clung grimly to the steering-wheel. As long as I could keep the vehicle on the road, I reflected, I should be all right. To crash into the hedge

on the one side, or the bank on the other would have been fatal.

I managed to keep to the road all right, but, unfortunately, there was an obstruction at the foot of the hill, in the shape of a prize pointer.

I am not referring to Billy Bunter. It was a pig of another sort—one of the grunting variety. A farmer was taking it to Courtfield market. Needless to state, it never reached its destination!

When a pig—or any other living thing, for that matter—gets in the way of a vehicle which is travelling backwards down a hill at express speed—something is bound to get hurt. It may be the pig, it may be the person in the vehicle. It may be both!

Crash!

There was a terrible squeal of anguish—it came from the pig, not from me—and then followed a most hurtling through space, to alight eventually in a deep and stagnant ditch.

I landed in the ditch with a splash, and was unharmed—but only for a moment!

The spite farmer, catching me landing, proceeded to belabour me with his stick.

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"Yarsoooh!"

"Take that, you young himp! I'll learn yer!"

And he proceeded to chastise me until shortness of breath compelled him to desist.

I crawled forth from the ditch, feeling decidedly more dead than alive.

"Is that pig of yours still a pig, or have I converted it into bacon?" I asked.

The spite farmer, catching me landing, proceeded to belabour me with his stick.

"You ain't killed it exactly," he said, "but I reckon the beast will have to go into dock for repairs. It was a prize animal, too!"

"Well, the beast should have got out of my way!" I said sullenly. "I scented my booter."

The farmer gave another snort, and tramped on his way, assisting the pig—which was rather shaky on its pins—to walk.

Would you believe it, dear readers? My troubles were not yet over.

When I looked round for Wibley's car I found one portion of it in the ditch, another part in the hedge, and various "spare parts" scattered about the roadway.

I was just beginning to collect up the debris into a respectable heap when Wibley came along.

He fell on me at once—not on my neck, as he should have done, in his relief at finding me still alive—but with his fist. He struck me once, and I gasped. He struck me a second time, and I roared. He struck me a third time, and I collapsed in a huddled heap in the roadway.

"Take that, you clumsy ass!" he shouted.

"My car—my perfectly priceless invention—is smashed to bits!"

"I can sympathise with it!" I groaned. "I feel just the same!"

Wibley stood glaring down at me in wrath.

"Next again shall I trust you with one of my inventions?" he exclaimed.

"And never again," I retorted, "shall I trust myself with any car, cart, carriage, cab, or other contraption which you, in a moment of madness, have decided to invent!"

So saying, I picked myself up and limped sadly and painfully back to Greyfriars.

In a certain comic opera, dear readers, we are informed that "the woe of a monarch is many."

Granted. But they are nothing—they pass into absolute insignificance—beside the woe of a special representative!

[Supplement to

"The Plot Against the School!"*(Continued from page 8.)*

Would he succeed, in this bitter hour of temptation? Or would the tempter prevail?

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**A Drama of the Night!**

DICK RUSSELL was in no condition to do battle with the tempter.

He was unstrung by recent events. He was not himself. His head was throbbing painfully. He could not seem to get a grip on himself.

What he ought to have done was to have pushed the temptation out of his mind before it could properly take root there. But how many fellows would have had sufficient determination to do that, in such a crisis?

Dick Russell hesitated. And he who hesitates is lost.

The tempter became more and more persuasive.

"Five pounds would get you another suit of clothes. You can't continue to go about in a shabby state—shunned and despised by all the school. Just a fiver—and you can put it back as soon as better times arrive for your pater."

That, in effect, was what the tempter said.

"I can't do it—I can't do it!" muttered the junior wildly.

Yet even as he spoke he knew that he could do it, and would do it.

How easy it would be—how ridiculously easy!

The box containing the money was locked, of course. And the key was in the treasurer's pocket.

The treasurer was Frank Nugent, and Nugent happened to be sleeping in the next bed to Russell.

It would be quite a simple operation to get up in the night, take the key from Nugent's pocket, slip downstairs, and rifle the Games Fund box.

"As easy as falling off a form!" said the voice of the tempter. "And nobody will know!"

Dick Russell passed a trembling hand across his throbbing brow. He found that beads of perspiration had gathered there. He looked at himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece, and saw that his face was ghastly.

He tried to pull himself together—tried to realise how dangerously near he was drifting to dishonesty.

But the tempter proved too strong for him. He could not face the future without money.

Russell continued to pace to and fro in the study. And presently he halted.

His mind was made up. He had decided to put his plan into operation.

Russell ate nothing that ten-time, and Ogilvy himself ate but little. His chum's gloomy spirits were becoming infectious.

The evening passed slowly.

Dick Russell went to chapel with the others, but the service—the familiar psalms and hymns, and the Head's sermon—were meaningless to him. He just sat and stared straight in front of him with unseeing eyes.

Bed-time came, and Russell undressed quietly, and was the first to turn in.

Wingate saw lights out, and there was the usual buzz of conversation after his departure.

The voices soon died away, and one by one the Removites dropped off to sleep. Dick Russell lay awake, waiting for the midnight chimes to sound from the old clock-tower.

Every hour that passed seemed a decade.

Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, half-past eleven, and, at last—midnight!

Clearly the chimes penetrated into the Remove dormitory.

Dick Russell stepped cautiously out of bed.

"You fellows awake!" he asked softly. "There was no response, save for the stertorous breathing of Bolsover major.

It was a moonless night. There was nothing to relieve the intense darkness in the dormitory.

Russell slipped on his clothes, and a pair of rubber-soled shoes, so that he would make no noise. Then he groped his way towards the foot of Frank Nugent's bed.

Nugent had carelessly thrown his trousers over the bedrail before retiring. Russell's hand came into contact with them, and he proceeded to explore the pockets.

Almost immediately his fingers closed over a small key.

It was the key of the Games Fund box.

Scarcely daring to breathe, Dick Russell tiptoed his way from the dormitory, clutching the key in his hand.

He could hardly see a yard in front of him. But he knew his way by instinct down the stairs and along the winding corridors.

It was very weird and uncanny in the darkness.

The great building was silent as a tomb. The masters had retired long since. The coast was clear.

And yet Russell felt horribly uncomfortable. He was appalled by what he was about to do.

In the Remove passage he paused. There was still time to turn back—to preserve his code of honour inviolate.

The still, small voice of conscience urged Russell to retract; but the more insistent promptings of the tempter urged him on.

"Don't hesitate! You are running a risk in being down here in the dead of night. Take the money, and get

clear! You may not have another chance."

Dick Russell passed his hand along the wall until it came in contact with the Games Fund box.

For a moment he paused, with his heart thumping against his ribs.

Then he inserted the key in the lock.

There was a click, and Russell was in the act of lifting the lid of the box, when he thought he heard a slight sound close at hand—the sound of a stealthy movement.

The junior spun round with a guilty start.

Even as he did so an electric torch flashed out through the darkest, and Russell stood blinking in the strong rays.

"Don't be alarmed," said a familiar voice. "It's only me."

The speaker was Jack Vernon.

Dick Russell tried to speak, but words failed him. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

He was caught—caught in the very act of rifling the Games Fund box!

Russell realised only too well what that meant.

Jack Vernon would doubtless consider it his duty to report the matter to the authorities. Disgrace and expulsion would swiftly follow.

"Would you mind telling me what the game is?" inquired the Old Boy.

"You don't need telling," said Russell, finding his voice at last. "You've seen for yourself. I'm a thief!" he added bitterly.

"Not yet," said Jack Vernon quietly.

"I was about to become one, anyway."

"That's a very different thing. You haven't actually stolen anything, so how can you be a thief? But don't let's hang about here. Come into your study, where we can talk without any fear of interruption. Lock that box first. And don't forget to return the key to the place where you got it from."

Russell locked the box and put the key in his pocket. Then, like a fellow in a dream, he followed Jack Vernon into the study.

"I'll pull down the blind, and then you can switch on the light," said the Old Boy.

Russell obeyed mechanically.

"I suppose you're going to give me away?" he muttered.

Jack Vernon laughed.

"There's something wrong with your supposer, then!"

"Don't joke about this," Russell said miserably. "I—I can't bear it!"

"My dear kid, I'm not joking. When I say I'm not going to give you away, I mean it."

Dick Russell drew a sobbing breath of relief.

"I think I've tumbled to the situation," said Jack Vernon. "You were desperately hard up—I knew that, of course—and you were wondering how you were going to get on in the future as regards obtaining the necessities of life—clothes, and so forth. You put aside the thought of borrowing money. You're not a beggar. And there was only one course open to you—namely, to appropriate the money. I don't like the word 'steal.'"

Russell nodded.

"You're quite right," he said. "I tried to fight against the temptation, but it was no use. I couldn't go about like this much longer—with shabby togs and worn-out boots. And there were several small debts I had to pay."

"You're not a beggar. And there was only one course open to you—namely, to appropriate the money. I don't like the word 'steal.'"

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IN THE GRIP OF WALDO



Thrilling Complete Tale in this week's

UNION JACK

2

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE STOLEN GUY!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 716.

The Old Boy looked steadily into the junior's eyes.

"Will you let me help you?" he said.

"I can't sponge—"

"Nobody's asking you to sponge. It will be a pleasure to me to help you. I want to do it—I insist upon doing it!"

Jack Vernon drew out his wallet and produced a rustling ten-pound note. He handed it to Russell.

The junior took the note in a bewildered way. Then he attempted to hand it back.

"I should never be able to repay you, so it's no use," he said wearily.

"Nonsense! Who's asking for repayment? If I can get you out of a hole, it's my duty to do so."

"Why your duty?"

Jack Vernon was silent.

"I am nothing to you," said Russell.

"I've no claim on your generosity."

"You are more to me than you think," was the quiet reply. "I could tell you things which would open your eyes wide. But they will have to keep."

"You insist upon my taking this money?"

"Most emphatically!"

Russell's eyes brimmed with tears. He was not accustomed to kindness of this sort.

But for the friendship of Donald Ogilvy, he had led rather a lonely life. He had been starved of affection, starved of many of the things that went to make life worth living. His experience of philanthropists and Good Samaritans had been very limited.

But here was a Good Samaritan indeed!

"I—I can't thank you enough!" muttered the junior, with a catch in his voice.

"I don't want thanks, and I don't want a fuss!" said Jack Vernon almost gruffly. "I repeat, it is my duty to help you. And if you need any further assistance, let me know. I am at your service."

Dick Russell transferred the banknote to his pocket.

"It was a jolly lucky thing for me that you happened to come along when you did," he said. "You've saved me from—well, rank dishonesty!"

"Cut it short!"

"Hope you won't think me rude for asking such a question," said Russell. "But how did you come to be in the Remove passage at this time of night?"

Jack Vernon eyed the junior keenly, searchingly. Then he laughed.

"Thereby hangs a tale," he said.

"But it's a tale that I can't relate to you, for very good reasons."

Russell gave a start.

There was a grimness in Jack Vernon's tone which almost frightened him. What was the mystery connected with this man? Was he a detective, or a spy, or—

What was Jack Vernon's motive in being abroad at such an hour?

"It's no business of mine," reflected Russell. "And, anyway, Mr. Vernon's been awfully good to me."

Then he added aloud:

"If ever the time comes when I can repay you for this—not in cash, perhaps, but in some other way—I shall jump at the chance," said Russell. "Good-night, Mr. Vernon, and a thousand thanks!"

"Good-night, kid!"

The light was switched off, and together they stepped out into the darkened corridor. Then the Old Boy

flashed on his electric torch, lighting the way for the junior.

Dick Russell got back to the dormitory without mishap.

It was with a heart full of gratitude that he dropped on to his knees and rendered thanks to the Giver of all good.

An hour before all had been darkness and despair.

Now, thanks to the timely intervention of Jack Vernon, Russell had sufficient money to tide him over for the rest of the term. It was as if a miracle had happened. It was as if Jack Vernon had been a divine agent. He had arrived on the scene at precisely the right moment, and his generous gift had solved most of Russell's difficulties.

Utterly worn out with nervous exhaustion, Dick Russell was asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow.

His mind was tranquil now, and his sleep, unlike his slumber of the past few nights, was not disturbed by unpleasant dreams.

The bitter ordeal was over.

Heaviness had endured for a night, but joy came in the morning!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

An Amazing Discovery!

DICK RUSSELL was a different fellow next day.

There was a marked change in him which brought joy to the heart of Donald Ogilvy. Russell was, in fact, his old self once more.

When afternoon lessons were over, Dick cycled over to Courtfield, and ordered a new suit of Etons. The tailor informed him that the suit would be ready in a few days, and Russell was relieved to think that he would not have to spend another Sunday in a shabby condition.

"You seem quite bucked with life, Dick!" said Ogilvy. "Yesterday you were absolutely down and out. To-day you're bubbling over with good spirits. Had better news from home?"

"No," said Russell, his face clouding a little. "It isn't that. I only wish it was. But my own troubles are over—for a time, anyway. Mr. Vernon came to the rescue."

"Good!"

"I'm nothing to him, and yet he helped me out of the tightest corner I've ever been in," said Russell. "And he'd help me again to-morrow, if the need arose. Vernon's a man in a thousand! By the way, I hear there's going to be a midnight feast to-night in the dorm. Bob Cherry was saying something about it."

"It's Johnny Bull's birthday," said Ogilvy. "Fellows don't have birthdays every day, and Johnny's going to celebrate his in style. There's a hefty tuck hamper being sent over from Chumley's, at Courtfield."

"Kipping!"

All the Removes were excited on the subject of the forthcoming feast.

Billy Bunter was simply living for it.

The fat junior actually deprived himself of tea and supper, so that he would be better able to do justice to the good things which would be spread out on the dormitory floor.

When Wingate arrived in the dormitory, to see lights out, the excitement was instantly suppressed. The juniors were as subdued as lambs.

They waited until Wingate's retreating footsteps had died away. Then there was a buzz of voices.

"Jolly lucky we didn't have the hamper up here," said Squiff, "or Wingate would have spotted it."

"Where is the hamper?" asked Monty Newland.

"It's underneath the stone steps leading down to the crypt," explained Harry Wharton. "That was the best hiding-place we could find. At midnight, somebody will have to go and fetch the grub."

"Grog! I don't envy the 'somebody'!" said Ogilvy. "The crypt gives me the shudders in the daytime. I don't think I could face it in the middle of the night."

"We'll draw lots to decide who shall fetch the hamper," said Bob Cherry. "Good wheeze!"

There was a buzz of excitement in the dormitory as over forty slips of paper were produced and placed into Lord Maulslover's "topper."

One of the slips was marked with a cross, and the fellow who had the misfortune to draw that slip would be required to descend into the crypt at dead of night. It was not an experience that appealed to many. Every fellow fervently hoped that the lot would fall upon anybody but himself.

One by one the juniors approached the hat, and drew out the slips of paper.

Many were the exclamations of relief on finding the slips blank.

Dick Russell was one of the last to approach the hat. Even as he dived his hand in he had an intuition that he would be the victim. And he was right!

All eyes were on Russell as he unfolded his slip.

"The lot's fallen on me," said Dick.

"Rough luck, Russell!" said Harry Wharton. "You needn't worry about fetching the hamper yet. Wait until twelve o'clock. And if you feel nervous and would like somebody to give you a hand—"

"Bats! I'm not nervous," said Russell. "You say the hamper's hidden under the stone stairway leading down to the crypt?"

"Yes."

"Then I sha'n't have to go actually into the vaults. Is the hamper heavy?"

"Fairly. But I think you'll be able to manage it."

"If any difficulty arises, send for Percy Hackenschmidt Bolsover!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dick Russell lay awake until the appointed time, chatting with his schoolfellows.

This was his second late night, and it was as much as he could do to keep his eyes open. But he managed it somehow.

"Boom!"

"That's the first stroke of midnight," said Harry Wharton. "Are you fit, Russell?"

Dick got out of bed with a yawn.

Other fellows tumbled out, also.

Candles were lighted up and down the dormitory, and preparations were made for the feast.

The dormitory fire was ignited, and the kettle put on to boil. It was a huge kettle—the property of Study No. 1—and it had been concealed under Nugent's bed.

"We'll have everything ready by the time you get back, Russell," said Harry Wharton. "Don't be longer than you can help—and keep your weather eye open. There may be masters on the prowl."

Dick Russell, having donned such

clothes as were necessary, left the dormitory.

He did not relish his midnight task. The darkness of the school building was bad enough. The impenetrable blackness of the crypt would be even worse.

"Why couldn't the silly asses have hidden the hamper in the bicycle-shed?" he muttered, as he groped his way down the dark staircase. "Fancy burying it in the bowels of the earth! Ugh!"

Russell set with no mishap on his way. He quitted the building by means of the box-room window, and crossed the darkened Close.

It was a weird night. The wind moaned and whistled through the branches of the old elms. Dark shadows lay to right and left of the junior as he walked. Strange sounds—almost like those of human voices—were audible in the night wind.

Dick Russell paused and shuddered. He wished that Ogilvy or somebody had volunteered to accompany him. It was very uncanny out here in the darkness.

But to turn back would be futile. He would only be branded as a funk by his Form-fellows.

So Russell pressed on through the darkness until he came to the large stone which marked the entrance to the crypt.

The junior dropped on to his hands and knees in order to remove the stone. It looked as if it had already been tampered with. As a rule, it completely covered the aperture. Now it only half covered it.

"Somebody's been down into the crypt, and not troubled to put the stone back properly," was Russell's reflection.

He pushed the great stone aside with an effort, and lowered himself through the opening.

Down the dark stairway he went, with his heart beating overtime. Hark! What was that?

It was uncommonly like the sound of voices. And they were close at hand! Instinct bade Russell go warily.

He made no sound as he descended the stone stairs.

On reaching the foot he halted. And then he realised that he was not alone in the crypt.

In the vault near by a conversation was going on between three or more men.

Dick Russell's first feeling was one of fear. But he soon mastered himself, and, crouching under the stairs, listened to what was being said.

"Your plans are now complete, captain!"

"Yes, Fletcher."

"There can be no hitch?"

"None! To-morrow night, my friends, we can proceed with the business in hand. This school will be ransacked, from cellar to turret, of everything that is of value!"

Dick Russell gave a violent start. He recognised that voice at once. It was the voice of Jack Vernon!

The junior's head seemed to swim round. It was as much as he could do to repress an ejaculation of astonishment.

What did these things portend? Why was this midnight meeting in progress in the crypt?

Surely Jack Vernon must be joking! Surely he did not contemplate a gigantic raid on Greyfriars School?

"I have been here only a few days," the voice went on, "but I have unearthed a veritable gold-mine of information. On my arrival I was shown round the school, and was able to discover the lay of the land. Then, to assist me still

further, I got hold of a detailed plan of the school. I have studied it intently, and I know every inch of the place."

"There are some wealthy kids here, I understand!" interposed another voice.

"Yes, Cunningham. Two of the kids in the Remove Form are simply swimming in money."

"And you know where you can put your hand on it?"

"Of course! I have not been idle."

"What about the strong-room, where the silver trophies and things are kept? Is the place accessible?"

"Yes. I calculate that the raid will occupy about an hour—not much more, at any rate. You three will arrive in the car at midnight. Shut off the engine, and extinguish the lights. Then come and join me in the school archway. We must convey the plunder to the car in sacks. We need not fear interruption or opposition. I have played my cards carefully. They look upon Jack Vernon as a fellow of lofty principles—a sort of novelette hero."

There was a loud laugh, which echoed eerily through the vaults.

"Not a soul suspects my identity," the leader of the gang went on. "Nobody connects me in any way with Captain Donovan. Much water has flowed under the bridges since we attempted to raid Storm Island. And both the police and the public think we have abandoned the looting profession for something less remunerative, but more honest."

Again there was a loud laugh.

Dick Russell, crouching under the stone staircase, wondered if it was not all a dream.

It seemed amazing, incredible, that Jack Vernon, the man who had come to his rescue at a time of bitter crisis, should in reality be Captain Donovan, the leader of a notorious gang of looters and plunderers.

But the fact remained that Greyfriars had been harbouring, and was still harbouring, a dangerous lawbreaker—a man who would stop at nothing.

Russell well remembered the attempted raid on Storm Island.

The sheer audacity of the thing had, in a way, appealed to him. And yet he was glad that the raid had fallen through—that it had been frustrated by Harry Wharton & Co.

Captain Donovan and his confederates had lain low for some time. And now, by means of a clever disguise, the captain was able to come to Greyfriars, undetected and unsuspected by the fellows who had thwarted him.

Posing as an Old Boy, he had won his way into the confidence of masters and boys alike.

And all the time he had been secretly planning an extensive raid on the school!

He had collected facts and data, information and plans, and he was now in a position to put his scheme into effect.

Russell's brain was in a whirl.

He scarcely knew how to act. He knew that it was his duty to warn the school authorities at the earliest opportunity.

Yet how could he expose, and bring about the arrest and imprisonment, of a man who had befriended him when all seemed lost?

Russell was torn between a desire to save the school and to save the man who had masqueraded as an Old Boy.

What should he do?

One course of action, at any rate, was clear. He could not remain where he was, for the meeting might break up at any moment, and his presence in the crypt be discovered.

The best plan, Russell reflected, was to convey the tuck hamper to the Remove dormitory, and to take no action that night.

In the morning he would see Captain Donovan, tell him what he had overheard, and try to dissuade him from his purpose.

It was a difficult task to carry the hamper up the steps without betraying his movements. But Russell accomplished it successfully, and, having regained the upper air, he replaced the stone half-way over the aperture, just as it had been on his arrival. Then, taking up the hamper, which he had rested on



Captain Donovan seated himself on the bench and waited for Russell to speak. Dick hesitated. "I've discovered who you are, Mr. Vernon," he said. "You are not Jack Vernon! You are Captain Donovan, the man who tried to rob Storm Island!" (See Chapter 7.)

the ground, he bore it away towards the building.

Five minutes later Dick Russell entered the Remove dormitory, staggering under his burden.

The midnight feast proved a great success.

There was an almost unlimited supply of eatables, and Johnny Bull's health was drunk in tea and in foaming ginger-pop.

Dick Russell said little, and ate less. He had much to occupy his mind.

Sleep did not visit his eyes that night. He lay awake, pondering over all that he had heard, and wondering how he could avert the catastrophe that threatened the school, and at the same time save Captain Donovan from exposure.

It was a difficult problem, and Russell was no nearer a solution of it when the dawn came stealing in at the high windows.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Captain Donovan Declines!

DICK RUSSELL arose next morning haggard and heavy-eyed. He dressed quickly, however, and was the first to leave the dormitory.

The junior descended into the Cloze, where he saw Captain Donovan, alias Jack Vernon, taking a stroll under the elms.

Looking at the man, it was difficult to realise that he was anything but what he represented himself to be. Well dressed and well groomed, with a tall, sprightly figure, he looked a highly respectable member of Society. Nobody would have associated him with such dishonourable pursuits as looting and plundering.

Dick Russell did not beat about the bush. He walked straight up to the man he sought.

"Good-morning!" said the man who called himself Jack Vernon.

Russell did not return the salutation. It was not a time for formalities.

"I want to speak to you," he said. "Not here, but somewhere where we can't be seen and heard."

Captain Donovan glanced curiously at the junior's pale, troubled face. But he asked no questions. Instead, he suffered Dick Russell to lead him away in the direction of the woodshed.

There was no fear of interruption here. Captain Donovan seated himself on the rough bench, and pulled out his pipe.

"Fie in!" he said.

For a moment Russell hesitated. He did not find it easy to say what he had to say. But the words came at length.

"I've discovered who you are, Mr. Vernon."

The captain paused in the act of lighting his pipe.

"What do you mean?" he said. "You know perfectly well who I am. What discoveries can you possibly have made?"

"Your name is not Vernon, and you are not an Old Boy," said Russell steadily.

"Then I shall be interested to know who I really am!" The speaker's tone was tinged with sarcasm.

"You are Captain Donovan!"

The words rang out fearlessly. The man to whom they were addressed gave a violent start. But he soon regained his composure.

"You can't deny it," said Russell.

"My dear kid, I'm not attempting to deny it."

"You admit that you've been sailing under false colours—that you're not an

Old Boy of Greyfriars, but the leader of a gang of looters and lawbreakers!"

"You put things rather bluntly," said the captain, with a smile. "But I admit what you say. How did you come to discover my identity?"

"Late last night," said Russell, "I went down to the crypt—"

"What?"

"There was a tuck-hammer there, and I had been sent to fetch it. I overheard the conversation of your gang. I know all your plans."

Captain Donovan sprang to his feet. He was fully roused at last.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed. "And what action have you taken? Tell me—quickly!"

"I have taken no action."

"Ah!"

The captain became calm again. He resumed his seat on the bench.

"And why have you sat tight and done nothing, my young friend?" he asked.

"Need you ask me?" said Russell.

"After the way you helped me when I was down, how could I give you away, even in such a serious matter as this?"

The captain's face softened.

"You are a good kid," he said. "I like you, 'pon my soul I do! I should like to have a heart-to-heart talk with you. There's plenty of time before breakfast. Tell me what you propose to do about this."

"I meant to see you at the first opportunity," said Russell, "to ask you to cancel your arrangements—to clear out, and leave Greyfriars alone."

"And if I refuse?"

"If you refuse, then I suppose I'm helpless. I couldn't bring myself to give you away. But, then, you won't refuse—can you refuse. Think what it means! How can you sack and plunder a place like this? Nobody here has done you any wrong. You've been decently received and decently treated. You can't rob people who have been kind to you!"

For a moment there was silence.

"And why not?" said the captain coolly.

"Why not?" Russell almost shouted the words. "Because it's downright dishonest—it's monstrous!"

"No more dishonest or monstrous than to steal money from the school funds," said Captain Donovan.

Russell flushed crimson.

"I was driven to it," he muttered.

"You know I was."

"Precisely! And I have been driven to this. Do you imagine that I plunged into the career of a looter without provocation? I chose it because there was no other course open to me. It was a choice between this business and slow starvation."

"Surely you could have got honest work—"

"Where? Tell me where! When I came back to this country, after serving with the British Forces abroad, I found that my pre-war job was taken. Not by an Englishman, of course. An Englishman is always the last person to be considered in his own country."

"That's all rot—"

"It isn't all rot!" The captain spoke with some heat. "Assume that there's a job going begging, and that two people apply for it. There would be more like two hundred after it, it's a matter of fact; but we'll call it two. One man is an Englishman, the other an alien. Say what you like, but nine times out of ten it is the alien who gets the job. The patriot—the man who has faithfully served his country—is shown the door."

"Did that happen in your case?" asked Russell.

"It did!"

"Then you could have emigrated."

"What? Why should I allow myself to be driven out of the country? Why should I slink away to some remote corner of the globe to work out my salvation? As an Englishman, I have a perfect right to remain in this 'land of hope and glory—mother of the free.' I often wonder whether the man who wrote those words was being sarcastic."

"I can't argue with you," said Russell.

"We see things from a different viewpoint altogether. Personally, I'd rather starve in the gutter than lead the life that you're leading now."

Captain Donovan smiled grimly.

"It is so easy to talk," he said.

"There's nothing more simple in the world than to moralise and utter pious platitudes. You would go hungry for a time, I have no doubt. But when the spectre of starvation loomed up, what would you do? You'd fight for your life. It's a perfectly natural impulse. If you couldn't get honest employment you'd take whatever turned up. Oh, I've seen it—I've seen it scores of times! I've knocked about the world; I've come into contact with humanity in all its phases, and I know what I'm talking about. When a man is down and out, and he has to choose between a life of lawlessness and a lingering death, he chooses the former. If he doesn't, then he's a fool!"

The speaker paused.

"Look here, Captain Donovan," said Russell, "I'm convinced, in spite of all that you said just now, that you could chuck this shady profession at once and get honest employment. I'm positive of it!"

The captain drew from his pocket a folded newspaper.

"Here is the 'Morning Post,' bearing to-day's date. He said: "It's advertisement columns are a tragedy in themselves. Just glance at them! The 'Situations Wanted' advertisements take up three columns. The 'Situations Vacant' advertisements—there are only half a dozen of them—all hopeless, from my point of view. 'Office-boy' wanted on the staff of a London day."

I'm rather too old for an office-boy, I think. And the salary mentioned wouldn't keep me in tobacco. Here's another. 'Lady stenographer' wanted. Not by any art or artifice could I turn myself into a lady stenographer!"

"But there are other jobs going—"

began Russell.

"I'm not prepared to start on a job-hunting expedition," said the captain.

"I should starve in the process. For myself, I care little. But I have thousands of people who are dependent upon me for their daily bread. I am not going to let them down. I'm going on with my looting and plundering. There are months to be fed—money must be made. And at present I see no other way of making it than by relieving wealthy people, and wealthy institutions such as this, of some of their superfluous wealth."

"You are going ahead with your plans for to-night?" said Russell miserably.

The captain nodded.

"I hope to get clear with the biggest haul I have yet made," he said.

"I don't believe in nibbling at things. When I loot, I loot on a wholesale scale. I have three men to help me, and I am confident that everything will go without a hitch."

"You don't seem afraid of me," said Russell.

"Afraid of you?" The captain laughed aloud. "Why should I be?"

"You seem to forget that I could give you away—"

"You could, certainly. But I know very well that you won't. Bless you, kid, I can read your thoughts and intentions as if they were an open book! You will say nothing to a soul concerning what you overheard last night. And when the school discovers to-morrow morning that there's been a raid, you will pretend to be as surprised as everybody! If I thought for one moment that you were going to betray me, I should immediately take measures to get you out of the way until the raid was over."

The captain rose to his feet and moved jauntily to the door.

Dick Russell followed with a heavy heart and a heavy tread.

He had done his best to dissuade Captain Donovan from carrying out his plans, and he had failed.

Within twenty-four hours the school would be plundered by the daring captain and his confederates.

And Russell, knowing everything of the plans, was tongue-tied!

He could not betray Captain Donovan. Impostor, thief, criminal though the man was, he had helped Russell in the junior's hour of need. In those circumstances, Russell felt sworn to silence.

He spent a wretched day, haunted by thoughts of what was to happen that night. His conduct in the Form-room was so strange that Mr. Quelch, thinking him to be ill, excused him from lessons.

Several times during the day he saw Captain Donovan. But no word passed between them.

And nobody, barring Dick Russell, entertained the slightest suspicion that the tall, athletic-looking man who was staying at the school as the Head's guest, was anything but that which he represented himself to be.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Night of the Raid!

THE afternoon merged into twilight, and twilight into dusk.

Night came, and Greyfriars went unsuspectingly to bed.

Wild-eyed and haggard, with his mind in a ferment, Russell of the Remove lay awake, staring into the shadows.

The hours passed slowly, as if on leaden wings.

Russell's schoolfellows slept placidly.

How he envied them—how he wished that he, too, could fall into a deep, untroubled sleep!

In a very short time now the raiders would be proceeding with their nefarious work.

Russell drew a deep sigh.

If only Captain Donovan had listened to reason! But, after all, it was not surprising that he had refused to be influenced by a mere junior. He was acting according to his lights, and nothing would turn him from his purpose.

Midnight!

Russell counted the chimes, until the last of them died away on the night air.

Then, ever so faintly, there came to his ears a familiar sound—the purring of an automobile.

The raiders had arrived!

Dick Russell sat up in bed. His heart was throbbing wildly. He felt that he could not remain there, in the dormitory, whilst the raid on the school was carried out.

"I'll go downstairs," he muttered, "and make a last appeal to Captain Donovan!"



Captain Donovan found himself in the strong grasp of the Sixth-Formers. "We saw you scuttle across the Close with the rest of the raiders," said Wingate. "Why did you come back in the car?" "Because there's a kid's life at stake!" answered Donovan quietly. (See Chapter 8.)

Having formed this resolve, the junior got out of bed and put on his clothes.

It was just possible that a final appeal would carry some weight. Russell was not very sanguine. At the same time, he could try.

Every now and again, whilst he was slipping on his clothes, he paused to listen.

All was silent now. The purring of the automobile had ceased.

Where were the raiders? Had they already entered the building? He must act at once. Delay might be fatal.

Satisfying himself that his schoolfellows were asleep, Russell hurried out of the dormitory.

This was the third night in succession that he had been robbed of his sleep—that he had found it necessary to go downstairs.

He must find Captain Donovan, and plead with him, with all the eloquence at his command. This dastardly thing must not happen. The school must be saved.

Fired with his resolve, Dick Russell descended the stairs, and made his way cautiously towards the box-room.

As he entered the room, there was a click, and the lower part of the window was raised.

The form of a man clambered through the aperture. A second form followed.

Dick Russell could not distinguish the faces of the men, but he concluded that Captain Donovan was one of them.

The junior halted in the doorway, straining his eyes into the darkness. Then he decided to make his presence known.

"I say!" he exclaimed. There was a muttered imprecation, and the next instant the powerful rays of an electric torch flooded the box-room.

Dick Russell found himself confronted by two men. Neither of them was Captain Donovan. They were, as a matter of fact, Fletcher and Handley, two of the members of the gang.

"A spy!" muttered the latter.

"I'll deal with him!" said Fletcher grimly.

And he sprang towards Dick Russell.

"Hold on!" panted the junior. "I'm not spying on you! I—"

Nothing descended with sickening force on Dick Russell's head. His senses swam.

His legs gave way under him. There was a roaring in his eyes, myriads of sparks danced before his eyes. Then he felt himself falling, falling through what seemed to be an infinity of space. After which, all was darkness and oblivion.

The two men callously turned away from Dick Russell's unconscious form, and went to carry out their allotted tasks.

It had been arranged that Captain Donovan and Cunningham should raid the strong-room, while Fletcher and Handley ransacked the studies. The men carried sacks in which to store the plunder.

The conditions favoured the cracksmen.

No sound, save that of their own stealthy movements, disturbed the silence of the night.

They went about their work quietly and methodically, picking the locks of desks, and clearing the studies of such articles as were of intrinsic value.

Only the studies belonging to the wealthier fellows were visited. The burglars had no time to waste on trifles.

Vernon-Smith's study was ransacked, and Lord Mauleverer's and Johnny Bull's.

Some of the Sixth and Fifth Form studies also came in for attention. And whilst Fletcher and Handley performed their task, Captain Donovan and Cunningham were busy in the strong-room.

The raid was in progress exactly an hour. Then, by special appointment, the four men met together in the Close.

The plunder was deposited, for the time being, under the archway.

"Everything all right?" inquired Captain Donovan in a low tone.

"Yes," said Fletcher. "We had

trouble at the start, though. Found a kid spry on us in the box-room." "You collared him?" said the captain quickly.

Fletcher chuckled softly. "It was necessary to give him a gentle tap on the head," he said.

Captain Donovan looked grim. He knew Fletcher's gentle taps. "You've left the kid in the box-room?" he said.

"Yes."

"I want to see him. I want to see who it is!"

"No time," interposed Handley. "We've hung about too long as it is. At any moment the alarm may be given."

Captain Donovan insisted, however, upon going to the box-room. The other members of the gang accompanied him. Switching on his electric torch, the captain bent over the unconscious form of Dick Russell. Then he gave a violent start.

"Good heavens! It's he! Fletcher, you mad fool, I believe you've killed him!"

"He's only stunned!" growled Fletcher sullenly.

Captain Donovan turned fiercely upon his confederate.

"How often have I told you never to resort to violence unless it was absolutely imperative!" he exclaimed. "The kid won't rally unless surgical and medical aid are obtained at once. I know enough about these matters to realise how near he is to death. I'm going to Courtfield at once in the car!"

"Captain! You must be mad!" said Cunningham. "Listen! The alarm has already been given! Can't you hear voices and movements overhead? Quick! We must get away!"

Cunningham sprang to the window. Fletcher and Handley followed.

On emerging into the Close they found, to their dismay, that people were already up and doing. A number of Sixth-Formers stood in a group, talking excitedly.

"No time to collect the loot!" panted

Handley. "We must make a bolt for it!"

The three men darted across the Close with the speed of hares.

A hue and cry followed them but they had a good start.

Close behind them came Captain Donovan; and the quartette hastily scrambled over the school wall.

"Into the car, quickly!" muttered the captain.

He started up the engine, and a moment later the car bounded forward.

Cunningham mopped his perspiring brow.

"A near thing!" he said. "They were after us like a pack of wolves!"

"We're well away now, though," said Fletcher. "But the raid's failed, confound it! We had to leave the loot behind!"

Captain Donovan was at the steering-wheel. He was extending the car to the utmost. It simply leapt along the lane.

"I can take you as far as Courtfield," he said. "Then you'd better make for the coast."

"But you, captain—" gasped Handley.

"I'm going back to that kid!"

"But you'll be collared!"

"I've counted the cost," said the captain quietly.

In vain his companions tried to turn him from his purpose. He set them down at Courtfield, then he proceeded to the houses of the doctor and surgeon, whom he knocked up.

Briefly he explained the situation as he drove the two men to Greifryers.

"The boy has had a heavy blow on the head," he said to the surgeon. "I'm afraid it will mean an immediate operation. If it's humanly possible to save him, do so."

"I will spare no effort," said the surgeon.

The car rushed on through the darkness, slowing up at length outside the gates of Greifryers.

Captain Donovan set the bell pealing, and Gosling, the porter, after what

seemed an interminable delay, came shuffling out of his lodge to unlock the gates.

There were scenes of great animation in the Close.

News of the raid had spread, and scores of fellows had risen and come downstairs.

Wingate, Grywne, and Faulkner, of the Sixth, were standing together in the archway. The captain of Greifryers uttered a sharp exclamation on catching sight of Captain Donovan.

"There he is! Collar him!"

The captain turned calmly to the two men who were with him.

"Go straight to the box-room," he counselled. "You will find the kid there, unless they've removed him to the sanatorium."

The doctor and the surgeon hurried away; and as soon as they were gone Captain Donovan found himself in the strong grasp of the three prefects.

"It's all right," he said. "I'm not going to offer any resistance."

"We saw you scuttle across the Close with the rest of the raiders," said Wingate. "Why have you come back?"

"Because there's a kid's life at stake."

"Was it you who attacked young Russell?"

"No, it wasn't. But I accept full responsibility for that, and for all that has happened to-night. You know who I am, of course!"

"We know you were concerned in the raid," said Grywne, "and that's all."

"I am Captain Donovan!"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Wingate. "The man who who tried to raid Storm Island!"

"We'd better yank him along to the Head's study," said Faulkner.

"No need to do any 'yanking,' as you call it," said the captain. "I'm quite submissive."

But the seniors were taking no risks. They marched their prisoner away to the Head's study, whom Captain Donovan made a clear and concise confession.

It was half an hour later when the surgeon put in an appearance in the Head's study. Captain Donovan eyed him eagerly.

"Will he live?"

"Thanks to you, yes," was the reply.

"Had you not summoned medical and surgical aid when you did, it would have been too late to do anything. As it is, I have performed the operation, and the patient, although not completely out of danger, is as comfortable as can be expected."

The Head listened to this conversation in amazement. Then he turned to Captain Donovan.

"It was you who summoned aid for Russell?" he asked.

The captain nodded.

"But surely that was a singular thing for you to do, in the circumstances? You knew that in doing so you would be captured."

"Dr. Locke, I may be a rogue and a criminal, but I am not entirely drained dry of human feeling. The boy is my nephew!"

"Bless my soul!"

"Only a few weeks ago I robbed his father—my elder brother. No wonder you look horrified. But I did it without knowing I should be ruining him and bringing him to abject poverty. I was under the impression that he had a large sum of money at the bank, as well as at his private house. I have since found that this was not so. And I intend to take the first opportunity of restoring the proceeds of the robbery. And now, sir,

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I suggest that you telephone for the police."

But the Head did nothing of the sort. In view of the fact that the man called Captain Donovan—his real name was Herbert Russell—had been instrumental in saving Dick Russell's life, Dr. Lockin felt that he could not hand him over to justice, especially as the loot had not been taken.

"If you will give me your assurance that you will abandon your profession once and for all, and take up honest employment—with which I will undertake to provide, you—I shall take no action in connection with the events of this night," said the Head.

The assurance was readily given. Captain Donovan stayed at the school that night, and next day he was offered—and he accepted—the post of private secretary to a friend of Dr. Lockin.

The gang, which had flourished under his leadership, was now dissolved, and henceforward he determined to acquit himself as an honourable member of society.

As for Dick Russell, a strong constitu-

tion pulled him through, though it was some time before he was able to resume his place in the Remove.

Dick's father was reimbursed for the losses he had sustained, and the spectre of poverty no longer hovered at his door. The whole affair was a fine day's wonder at Greyfriars. In fact, it will be a long, long time before the fellows cease to talk of "Jack Vernon," and of the amazing plot against the school.

Dick Russell's thoughts, when the truth of Captain Donovan's true name was revealed to him, can be better imagined than described. The fact that his uncle had been the leader of the gang which had attempted the great raid on Storm Island, and followed it up with an unsuccessful raid upon Greyfriars, was known to the Head, but not to the rest of the school.

Captain Russell's—as he must be called—atonement was very complete. He worked hard to regain the good name he once had, and in working hard he found wealth coming to him almost as quickly as he had obtained it by notorious methods.

And it must have been far more pleasant, for there was no longer the spectre of detection hovering over him. And when he sent along a crisp piece of paper, to the value of five pounds to his nephew in the Remove Form at Greyfriars, that happy junior had no compensation in accepting it, for he knew that it was honestly earned.

Even Donald Ogilvy does not know the true facts of the case, nor how it came about that Dick Russell's financial affairs suddenly took a turn for the better, especially as regards tips! All the school knew that Captain Donovan had robbed Dick's father, but none connected Captain Donovan with handsome tips.

THE END.

(There will be another splendid, long, complete school story of the rhums of Greyfriars next Friday, entitled "The Stolen Guy!" By Frank Richards. The supplement is a special "Guy Fawkes" Number, so readers will have quite an extra-special number of their favourite paper next week! Order your copy!)

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