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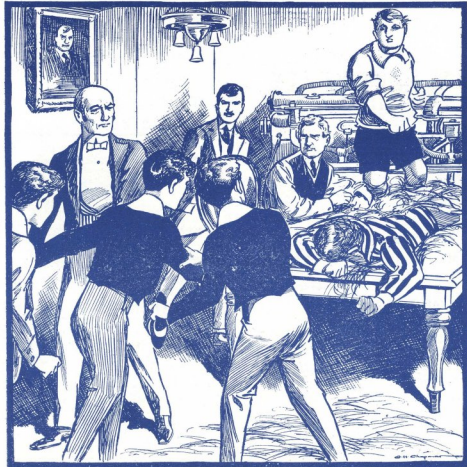
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THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Very Mysterious!

"SHUT the door, Bob!" Harry Wharton uttered that remark as he entered Study No. 1 in the Remove Form passage at Greyfriars. He was followed by Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, and behind the Indian junior came Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull.

With Bob Cherry, the champion fighting man of the Remove, they made up the select Co. known throughout the school as the Famous Five.

Bob Cherry softly closed the door, and Harry Wharton turned up the gas. Afternoon lessons were over at Greyfriars, and those juniors who were in the happy state they called "in funds," went to their respective studies to tea. The less fortunate ones adjourned to the hall, where quite a good, if not luxurious, meal was provided for them.

The Famous Five happened to be in funds, thanks to the generosity of Harry's uncle, Colonel Wharton, and supplies were already laid in. Harry Wharton & Co. were under the impression that they were the only juniors who were aware of that fact, but they were quite mistaken.

There was a junior who knew everything that went on in the Remove Form, and quite a lot of what went on outside the Remove Form. That one junior was William George Bunter, the fattest junior in the school, and perhaps the best known. It is not always fame which makes a name. Notoriety achieves that much, and Billy Bunter had certainly achieved much notoriety since his arrival at the famous old school.

"Lay the giddy tabcloth, Bob," said Frank Nugent, as he went to the cupboard. "Jolly glad we laid in supplies before we went into classes this afternoon. Brrrr! It's jolly cold outside! Can't you get a little flame out of that fire, Inky?"

"The flamefulness of the esteemed and ludicrous fire is conspicuous by its absencefulness," murmured Hurree

Singh. "I will tryfully induce it to burn brightly."

And the Indian junior took up the poker and stirred up the fire. Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton spread a cloth, which had once been white, across the study table, and Frank Nugent emptied the cupboard of its many good things.

By the time the table was laid, and Inky had succeeded in getting the fire to burn properly, it was nearly half-past four. And on the stroke of the clock there sounded a tap on the door.

"Come in, fathed!" sang out Bob Cherry.

The door opened, to reveal the presence of William George Bunter. The Owl of the Remove stood in the doorway for one second to allow his eyes to feast upon the well-laid table.

"I say, you fellows—" he began.

"Scat!" interrupted Bob Cherry. "Nothing doing, my fat tulip!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!" said Billy Bunter indignantly. "I wasn't speaking to you!"

"No; and I don't want you to speak to me!" snorted Bob Cherry. "My hat, Billy! You've got the biggest nose in all Greyfriars! How on earth did you smell out this feed?"

"I didn't smell it out!" said Billy Bunter. "There was nothing to smell out. There might have been had you bought veal-and-ham-pies, or steak-pies, or something like that. But you didn't, so—"

"How do you know we didn't buy any steak-pies, Billy?" asked Harry Wharton curiously.

"Ahem! You see—" began Billy cautiously.

He brose off, and sidled into the study and closed the door.

"Buzz off!" roared Bob Cherry. "Wharton, you chump, what on earth do you want to encourage the fat ass to come in for?"

"I didn't!" growled Wharton. "But since you're in, Billy, what do you want?"

"Ahem! I came to see if you could spare—"

"I knew it!" hooted Bob Cherry. "There's nothing to spare, Billy, so-buzz off!"

"The buzz off-fulness should be terrific, my worthy Bunter!" parred Hurree Singh.

"I—I—I say, Wharton!" said Billy plaintively. "I'm too late for tea in the Hall, you know. I'm sure you're too decent a fellow to want another chap to go hungry. You're not like Nugent, or Cherry, or Bull, or—"

"What! My hat! You cheeky ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "If you're not on the other side of that door within two seconds, Bunter, I'll buff you all the way down to the Hall!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I—I—I say, Nugent, what's that for?"

Billy broke off as he observed Frank Nugent fingering an inkpot. Billy had seen that selfsame inkpot fingered before. And that fingering had been generally followed by a quantity of ink being cast in his direction.

Ink on one's face or hands necessitated washing. And washing meant soap and water. Billy Bunter had no use for either. Hence his alarm.

He dodged behind Harry Wharton with a speed amazing in one of such bulk.

"Keep that beast off, Wharton!" he howled.

"One! Two—" chanted Nugent softly.

"Ow! Beast!"

William George Bunter did not wait for three to be called. He made a dive for the door, and flung it open, and Nugent replaced the inkpot on his desk.

Billy turned when he reached the passage, and glared at the grinning juniors through his spectacles.

"Of all the mean, stinky beasts, commend me to this study!" he hooted. "Yah! I hope the pies are all bad!"

"We haven't got any pies, sweet one!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Good-bye, Bluebell!"

"And—and the eggs bad!"

"Good!"

"And the toast hard!"

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There was a grin on Nugent minor's face as he raised the ink stand until it was level with Bob Cherry's face, and tilted it in his direction. "This is for you—unless you stop being an ass!" he said coolly. (See Chapter 5.)

"Ripping!"
"Rats! Beasts!"

And Billy Bunter slammed the door with a concussion that must have been heard throughout Greyfriars, and made his way disconsolately but swiftly towards the dining-hall. He was already late for tea, for he had planned to drop in on Study No. 1 just as the Famous Five were starting on their feed.

But Billy's plans had gone wrong. Certainly he had no cause to think they would go right. He had seldom received a welcome in Study No. 1, or any other study in the Rénové.

Bunter's good wishes towards the state of the provender for tea did not upset the appetites of the Famous Five, and within five minutes of the departure of the disappointed Owl, they were tucking in as if they expected a hundred Bunters to put in an appearance and snatch their tea from them.

"Jolly good eggs, these!" said Bob Cherry, helping himself to a fourth. "Pass the toast, Franky!"

"A hard piece!" asked Nugent, with a grin.

"Any old piece!" said Bob Cherry, chuckling. "Nothing like laying in a good foundation when one's got plots to plot!"

"Shush, you ass!"
Four juniors said that in unison.
"Eh?" granted Bob Cherry. "What's the shushing for?"

"Careful!" said Harry Wharton. "Don't say anything about a meeting, you ass! Bunter might be listening!"

Bob Cherry grunted again, and went on with his tea. And the subject of a meeting was not mentioned until the meal was finished, and the crockery put away.

Then the five juniors drew their chairs towards the fire, and leaned towards each other. Harry Wharton was just going to speak when Bob Cherry jumped up, darted to the door, and flung it open.

The passage was empty, and there was no sign of anybody or anything. Bob resumed satisfied, and closed the door.

"Thought Bunter might be listening,"

he said, in a half disappointed tone of voice. "Can't be too careful, you know!"

"Nobody will hear us if we whisper!" said Johnny Bull mysteriously.

"The quietness of our esteemed voices shall be terrific!" said Hurree Singh gently. "And the needfulness to get to business is great, my worthy chums!"

It was all very mysterious. It was not often that the Famous Five sat in a little group to speak in whispers. Had Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth, or Coker & Co. of the Fifth, seen them at that moment, they might have jumped to the conclusion that Harry Wharton & Co. were planning a raid upon their quarters, or a jape.

No listener outside the study door could have heard a word that passed between the juniors. Their voices never rose above a whisper, and although they laughed at times, they laughed softly.

Whatever they were discussing was appealing to them greatly. Before twenty minutes had passed, it was only with difficulty that they stifled their merriment. But by the time they pushed their chairs back from the then fiercely burning fire, there were very serious expressions upon their faces.

"Well, keep it dark, chaps," said Harry Wharton finally. "We mustn't let the other chaps know anything about it. Let it be a surprise."

"What-ho!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "Come on. We'll go down to the Common-room. Might find something to do, or somebody to rag, to pass away the weary hours before bed."

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled as they followed their chum out of the study. They knew what Bob Cherry meant by that remark.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

More Mystery!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
It was with that cheery ejaculation that Bob Cherry flung open the door of the Common-room. There were several

juniors already there, and they did not seem pleased when Bob allowed a cold draught to drift in through the open doorway.

"Shut that door, you ass!" shouted Harold Skinner.

Skinner, the cad of the Remove, probably had the least reason to shout at Bob Cherry, for he occupied the greater part of the fire-hearth. That little fact made no difference to Harold Skinner. He was always up against the Famous Five.

"Did you speak, Skinner?" asked Bob politely.

"You heard what I said!" snapped Skinner. "Shut the blessed door! You're letting the cold in!"

"The cold?" echoed Bob, as if it surprised him.

"No. The fierce sun of the heat—I mean heat of the sun!" hooted Skinner sarcastically.

"Who left the door open?" howled Bulstrode in his most bullying tones.

George Bulstrode was seldom polite. His fighting powers and heavy build gave Bulstrode the opinion that it was waste of breath to be polite.

"Please, I did," said Bob Cherry meekly.

"Then shut the blessed thing!" grumbled Bulstrode.

"I'm going to," answered the cheerful Bob. "Would you like to have the gloves on, Skinner? Just to cheer the others up, you know?"

Skinner did not reply. He did not like the sight of boxing-gloves, let alone feeling his fists in them. He liked less still feeling somebody else's fist encased in a glove. He passed Bob's question over without so much as glancing round.

Harry Wharton looked on, with Nugent and Hurree Singh and Johnny Bull by his side, grinning. Bob Cherry turned his attention from Skinner to Bulstrode.

"Like a mill, Bulstrode?" he called out. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the giddy plot, you bouncers?"

Bulstrode was in the far corner of the room, and with him, in solemn conclave, were Bolsover, Snoop, and Stott. They started as Bob called to them.

"Mind your own business!" growled Bulstrode. "Come up to the study, you chaps. We can talk there, without silly fatheads interrupting us every five minutes."

And the four juniors rose from their seats and left the Common-room.

When they had closed the door behind them, with a slam that rivalled the slam Billy Bunter had subjected the door of Study No. 1 to a short time before, Bob Cherry turned to his comrades with a mystified expression on his face.

"What's the merry game?" he asked. "Is that a conundrum?" asked Nugent, with a sniff. "How do we know?"

"Bulstrode & Co. don't often pint plots unless somebody's going to get it in the neck," said Bob Cherry grimly. "There's something up! I suppose they're not going—"

"Oh, no!" said Harry Wharton hastily. "Impossible!" said Johnny Bull.

"Not at all!" put in Frank Nugent quickly.

Inky contented himself by shaking his head in a very emphatic manner, and Bob Cherry gave a sigh of relief.

"That's all right, then!" he said. "But I say, you chaps, this is getting tame! Shall we raid Temple, Dabney & Co.?"

"Not time," said Harry Wharton. "We've prep to do, you know."

"Blow prep!" snorted Bob Cherry. "Hang pre— Hallo, young shaver! What are you doing in respectable quarters?"

He broke off to address that remark to a diminutive junior, who cautiously opened the door of the Common-room, and poked his head round the corner. It was Dicky Nugent, Frank's minor in the Second Form.

"You don't think I've come to this casual ward unless I want something special, do you?" asked Dicky, with a cheeky grin.

"A thick ear—a special, fat, thick ear!" asked Bob gently.

"Pax, young Cherry! I say, Franky," said Dicky hastily, "got any tin?"

"Eh? Tin!" repeated Nugent. "You had a remittance from mother this morning, you young ass!"

Dicky coloured.

"Ahem! That—that's not quite enough," he said lamely. "You see, I want—I want another five bob!"

"Another five bob?"

"Four and twopence-halfpenny is the exact sum I want," said Dicky, as if knocking off the odd three halfpence made all the difference in the world.

"Hand it over, old son!"

"What on earth do you want the money for?" demanded Nugent major.

"Ahem! I'd rather not say," murmured Dicky.

"Then you won't get it, Dicky," said Frank firmly. "I'm not going to encourage you to waste money in tuck. It's not good for kids!"

"Kids! My hat!" howled Dicky indignantly. "I'll jolly well—"

For a moment he looked as if he was going to commit assault and battery upon the person of his major. But he calmed down as suddenly as he had flared up.

"It's not for tuck, Franky," he said. "Then why do you want the money?" asked Nugent major.

"I'd rather not say," said Dicky easily. "You see, it's secret. I told Gatty and Myers I'd try to raise four and twopence-halfpenny from you, as they're short this week. Come on, old son, be a sport!"

"I haven't got five bob, to tell you the truth!" said Frank. "But I dare say I could—"

"Haven't got it!" howled Dicky indignantly. "Here you've been wasting my precious time— Oh, you fathead, you dummy, you Remove ass! Yah! Go and eat coke!"

"Why, you cheeky little scamp—"
Slam!

Once again the door had closed, leaving the Famous Five to look at one another in surprise. Dicky was generally most frank—too frank sometimes—and he would have told his major for what he wanted the money had it not been for some very secret purpose.

And a few minutes before, Bulstrode & Co. had left the Common-room so that they could talk in private and seclusion.

"What's the giddy game, I wonder?" asked Harry Wharton.

"I say, you chaps, have you seen Mark Linley?"

It was Dick Russell who flung open the Common-room door to make that remark.

"Sorry, old scout—" began Wharton.

"All right—thanks! We shall have to start without him," said Russell. And he closed the door and ran down the corridor.

A moment later the door opened again, and Alonzo Todd, more often than not

referred to as the Duffer of Greyfriars, looked in.

"Pardon me, my dear fellows," he said politely, "but have you seen cousin Peter since tea?"

"No."

"Dear me! He particularly told me I was to give him the postal-order. Uncle Benjamin sent me before prep," said Alonzo distressfully. "I should not like to appear unfeeling towards Peter's plans. Thank you very much, my dear fellows! I will find him."

And the gentle Alonzo closed the door very quietly, and almost crept down the corridor.

When the door had closed again Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another, and frowned.

"There's a giddy plot!" said Bob Cherry grimly. "And we're being left out in the cold, my sons!"

"I wonder what all— Hallo, Micky!"

Nugent broke off as Micky Desmond looked quickly into the Common-room, and glanced round.

"Sure, and ut's Ogilvy I'm looking for!" he said. "He's not here!"

And, with that, Micky slammed the door, and a moment later he could be heard running down the corridor.

"I've given it up!" growled Johnny Bull. "We've come here, Bob, to have a rag! Seems to me it's us that's being ragged!"

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry shortly. "I'm fed up with standing by this blessed door! Come on up to the study, you fellows! There's as much chance of getting fun out of this place to-night as there is of getting loans back from Billy Bunter!"

And the Famous Five disconsolately walked away to their study without satisfying their desire for a little rag to pass away the time.

When Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars and head prefect, came round to see the juniors off to bed, Harry Wharton & Co. were, for once, quite prepared to go. The long evening with nothing to do had bored them almost to tears.

But when they reached the dormitory, it was to find quite a number of juniors already there, although they were at least five minutes earlier than usual.

And the juniors were not undressing. They stood in little groups, whispering. Apparently, William George Bunter was the only one who was not included in a group, for he stood by his bed, looking round with indignant eyes.

"I say, Smithy!" he called out.

"Hallo!" said Vernon-Smith coolly.

"What's the trouble, Billy?"

"Ahem! I was wondering if I could help you with the cooking, Smithy, old fellow," said Bunter almost affectionately.

"I'm a dab at cooking, you know!"

"Cooking!" repeated Vernon-Smith in amazement. "Cooking! Cooking what?"

"I suppose you're arranging a feed?" said Bunter in surprise.

"A feed? My hat!"

Vernon-Smith looked at Mauleverer, the only peer at Greyfriars, and at Piet Delarey, the South African junior. He did not speak, but something in his expression, or something that appealed to them in Billy Bunter's remark, sent them into roars of laughter.

"Cooking!" gurgled Delarey. "My hat, what a shenanigan!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" snorted Billy Bunter.

"Keep your blessed feed! You needn't ask me to come and do the cooking for you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Vernon-Smith and his companions.

"Chuck it, kids!" broke in Wingate.

"Time you were in bed!"

He stood waiting, with his finger on the switch of the electric light, whilst the juniors undressed and tumbled into bed.

And it was not until the lights were turned out, and Wingate had departed, that Bob Cherry leaned over in his bed to whisper to Harry Wharton, who was in the next bed.

"Mighty funny happenings to-night, Harry!" he whispered. "Think they've tumbled!"

"Not on your life!" whispered back



Harry Wharton & Co. had just finished their prep when the door was suddenly flung open and almost as quickly shut again. Bang! Bang! Zllip! Someone had thrown a jumping cracker into the study. The cracker jumped across the table and burst right over Hurroo Singh's arm. (See Chapter 6.)

Harry Wharton. "They won't think of that in a month of Sundays!"

"Hope not, at any rate!" growled Bob Cherry. "Good-night, Harry!"

"Good-night, old son!"

And in five minutes the only sounds to be heard in the dormitory was the steady breathing of the sleeping juniors and the heavy snore which came from Billy Bunter.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Mr. Quelch's Offer!

"My hat! What's up with Quelch?"

Bob Cherry uttered that remark in tones of great surprise. The Remove were in class, and Mr. Herbert Quelch, their Form-master, came into the Form-room in his usual quick way. But there was a difference in Mr. Quelch that morning.

As a rule, Mr. Quelch bustled into the Form-room with flowing gown and stately, gimlet-like eyes that literally swept round the Form to see if there were any absentees. That look was generally sufficient to bring to an end the hum of conversation which invariably broke out as soon as classes assembled.

But this morning Mr. Quelch positively beamed with good-nature. He nodded kindly to his pupils, and even forgot to step upon the desk with his pointer before addressing them.

"Good-morning, my boys!" he said kindly.

"He's finished the giddy 'History'!" said Nugent, in tones of great wonder.

For as many years that the juniors could remember their Form-master had been engaged upon a colossal "History of Greyfriars." The completion of that great work, in Nugent's opinion, could be the only reason for this sudden, beaming good-nature Mr. Quelch was displaying.

The boys replied to their master's greeting with alacrity. A good-tempered Mr. Quelch meant an easy morning, and there were few juniors who did not like

the prospect of being without those gimlet-like eyes fixed upon them for two or three hours.

"I have something of a surprise for you, this morning!" went on Mr. Quelch, with a beaming smile. "I have always, I hope, encouraged you to show ingenuity of thought—"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Billy Bunter. "Please be silent, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch gently.

The Form gasped with surprise. Mr. Quelch was possessed of the great gift of patience, but that patience was taxed to the utmost by William George Bunter. Any other morning, Bunter would have been told to "Be silent!" in tones of anger that could only be likened to the bark of a dog.

To be gently requested to be silent! No wonder the Remove gasped. Mr. Quelch, however, seemed quite unaware of the small sensation he was creating.

"I am going to organise a competition amongst you," he went on. "No doubt you are aware we are approaching the anniversary of a most famous event in history. I refer to the discovery of a man whose one desire was to blow the then House of Commons to the skies!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton & Co.

"Oh dear! That's torn it!" said Mickey Desmond, in a stage-whisper.

"Blow!" grunted Bolsover major.

"The—duffer!" blurted out Peter Todd.

Mr. Quelch was amazed. He had heard one or two of the remarks, but, fortunately for Bolsover and Peter Todd, the worthy Form-master had not heard their remarks. He might have objected to the use of such a slang term as "blow" in a class-room, or to being referred to as a "duffer."

"Dear me! You seem surprised, my boys!" said Mr. Quelch, in amazement. "I trust you have heard of Fawkes—generally known amongst boys as Guy Fawkes?"

"Y-y-yes, sir!" stammered Harry Wharton, as no one else spoke.

"Ah! You are also aware, then, that the fifth of November is still celebrated in this country by the display of fireworks, and the burning of effigies—'guys.' I believe they are called," resumed Mr. Quelch, his beaming smile returning as he warmed to his subject. "Now, as I have said, I want to encourage ingenuity on every occasion. I am therefore going to offer a prize—"

"A prize!" echoed the Remove, as with one voice.

"Yes. A prize will be awarded for what, in my opinion, is the best effigy, to be burned in the quadrangle of Greyfriars on the night of the fifth of November," said Mr. Quelch. "Boys may split up into groups, if they so desire, and can share the prize. For that to be made easier, I am making the prize five pounds, which, I hope, will be expended judiciously upon fireworks, which can be let off for the benefit of all who care to watch."

Versen-Smith looked at Harry Wharton, and grinned sheepishly. Bolsover glanced in the same direction, and he, too, grinned sheepishly. Peter Todd made a grimace as he looked at Nugent; but the grimace died away, leaving a smile upon Peter's lips.

It became quite evident to a large number of juniors that the mysterious plotting of the previous night was a mystery no longer. Harry Wharton & Co. realised that their whispered consultation in Study No. 1 might be looked upon as a waste of time. Peter Todd mentally anathematised himself for going to so much trouble in getting Uncle Benjamin's postal-order from Alonzo, who might have sent it to his pet charity, the Society for Supplying Socks for Savages.

Everyone, it seemed, except Billy Bunter, had thought of the approach of Guy Fawkes' Day. And everyone had possessed the same idea—to score off the other fellows by being the only one to have a guy to burn.

Mr. Quelch's generous offer knocked that on the head. He had unwittingly disclosed a secret which several groups of juniors fondly believed to be theirs alone.

It was not surprising, therefore, that William George Bunter was the first to recover from his amazement.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "I call that a ripping suggestion, sir, with one point excepted."

"Indeed, Bunter?" said Mr. Quelch. "I shall be most happy to amend my suggestion, if you can improve upon it." "Certainly I can, sir!" said Billy Bunter firmly. "You have offered a prize of five pounds, sir, for the best guy—"

"The guy must be built, Billy—you can't claim the prize!" said Bob Cherry, in a stage-whisper.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—" began Billy Bunter indignantly.

"Pray proceed, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch tartly.

"I was saying, sir, when that beast Cherry—shem!—I mean, when Cherry interrupted me, sir, if you made the prize a food, sir, I am sure you would—would get much better buying—I mean, much more clever guys, sir! The—the intuition would be greater, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Do you mean incentive, by any chance, Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"I dunno—I mean, yes, sir!" said Bunter. "Don't you think that is a ripping suggestion, sir?"

"I do not, Bunter. It savours too



The door of the study was quietly opened, and simultaneously six cushions whizzed through the air. There came a startled gasp from the newcomer as he collapsed under a heap of cushions. "Wharton! Cherry! How dare you throw cushions at your Form-master?" It was Mr. Quelch! (See Chapter 6.)

much of greed, for one thing. Another thing is that I desire the prize to be spent on fireworks, so that juniors who fail may really receive some consolation for their failure."

"Oh!"

"All the same, I do not see why the whole amount need be spent on the fireworks. I merely suggest that it should."

"Oh, good, sir! Then I can—"

Billy Bunter broke off, his little eyes gleaming behind his spectacles. In Billy Bunter's opinion, the prize was as good as won. It was undoubtedly a fact that, if Billy Bunter did succeed in winning Mr. Quelch's prize, precious few pence would be spent on fireworks!

"We will now proceed with lessons, please!" said Mr. Quelch, with a sudden return to his short, curt manner.

The hubbub of conversation died away as quickly as it had started, but if there was a little less attention paid to the work in the class-room that morning, Mr. Quelch quite understood why. It was not to be wondered at that the juniors' thoughts wandered to guys and prizes.

In fact, had Mr. Quelch taken the trouble to walk round the class-room when the juniors were busily scratching away with their pens, he might have seen the outline of more than one guy.

Billy Bunter had not made the slightest attempt to write his lesson. His paper was decorated with thin lines that were supposed to represent a drawing. Every time Billy saw anybody watching him he quickly covered his paper with his blotting-paper.

He need not have worried. Nobody would have recognised or made head or tail of the scrawling lines on his paper. If they were supposed to be his plans for a guy, only William George Bunter would be able to follow them sufficiently to build a guy from them!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Getting to Work!

"I SAY, Dick!"

Harry Wharton & Co. called out the name as soon as classes were dismissed, and Dick Penfold, to whom the remark was addressed, stopped in the passage.

"Hallo!" he said genially.

"Come with us," said Harry Wharton, taking Penfold's arm. "We want to talk to you."

"Something to do with the 'Herald'?" asked Dick, as they made their way to Study No. 1.

Harry Wharton was the editor of the "Greynians Herald," and Dick Penfold, a gifted poet, was often called upon to write verse for the paper. But Harry Wharton & Co. did not want Dick to write poetry for them on this occasion.

"Will you join us in making a guy for the competition?" asked Wharton, as soon as the door of the study had been closed.

Dick Penfold hesitated.

"I was wondering if Trevor, Trelice, and Monty Newland would be wanting me," he murmured. "You see, they are my study-mates, and I expect most of the guys will be built by fellows in groups coming from each study."

"There's three of them," said Bob Cherry.

"And five of you," said Dick, with a smile.

"And we are not all in the same study," put in Frank Nugent.

Wharton and Nugent shared Study No. 1, but Bob Cherry and Harroo Singh shared Study No. 15 with Mark



One of the villagers broke away from the grasp of the junior who held him and made a dash for the nearest guy. In a moment his foot had swung out, and the guy crashed down on his side. "My hat! Go for the rotter!" yelled Wibley. (See Chapter 6.)

Linley, the scholarship junior from Lancashire. Johnny Bull's study was occupied more by Fisher Tarleton Fish, the American junior, and S. Q. I. Field, the Australian, than by Johnny himself, and was numbered 14 in the Remove passage.

So it was not exactly necessary for each study to build a guy. It was certain that Harry Wharton & Co. would work together in this case, as they had worked together in a hundred others.

Dick Penfold hesitated no longer.

"I'll join you, though I'm blessed if I see why you want to make your party up to six," he said. "Five of you, winning the prize, meant a pound each."

"We want to build a guy at the back of your father's shop," said Wharton frankly.

"Oh!"

Dick nodded and smiled but if he thought that that was the sole reason why Harry Wharton & Co. had asked him to join their party, he did not say so. He would have been wrong, in any case, for the Famous Five had a real liking for Penfold.

"You see," added Johnny Bull quickly. "If we make up a guy in the woodshed, or in our study, Bunter, or somebody else, is bound to find out all about it."

"And our idea might be pinched, or enlarged upon," put in Nugent.

"I see," said Dick Penfold. "I'll ask the dad; but I don't suppose for one moment that he will object. We'll go down after lessons this afternoon. What are you going to make up as a guy?"

"Ah, that's where the gidly secret comes in!" said Wharton sagely. "As a matter of fact, we planned it all out last night, hoping that we should be the only chaps to have remembered Guy Fawkes' Day."

"Judging by the expressions on the faces of half the Remove fellows when Quelch announced his intention of awarding a prize for the best guy, half the fellows had planned to be the only ones to make a guy," said Dick, with

a grin. "Personally, I never thought of it."

The bell rang for dinner at that moment, and the chums went down to the Hall together. It was to be noticed that already the juniors had split up into groups, as had been suggested by the Remove Form-master, and were eagerly discussing their plans as they went into the Hall.

Balstrode was with Bolsover, Snoop, Stott, and Skinner. Billy Bunter was by himself, his puckered brows, and pencil and paper, telling its own tale. Billy Bunter meant to be on his own, for, in the event of winning the prize, he would not have to share it with anybody, and that meant five pounds for William George Bunter.

Mark Linley had gone in with Trevor and Trelice and Monty Newland, of Study No. 9. Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing, who shared Study No. 4, had gone in with Wun Lung, from Study No. 15. The occupants of Study No. 6, Micky Desmond, David Morgan, Dick Rake, and Wibley, formed a group of their own.

Dinner in the Hall was over in far quicker time than was usually the case, and even Billy Bunter did not stay behind to finish up the pudding. The Hall was cleared of the Remove in a very short time, all the juniors retiring to their studies to discuss their plans.

Afternoon lessons seemed to take longer-time than usual to get through, hours seeming to pass before the bell rang for dismissal. But it rang at last, and the juniors rushed away to their studies to continue their preparations for the building of the prize guy.

Harry Wharton & Co. and Dick Penfold had tea in Study No. 1, but they spoke only in whispers concerning their guy; and as soon as the meal was finished they turned down the gas, and put on their caps and coats.

As they left the study they observed several groups of juniors making their way out of the School House, and they did not need telling that the others were

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE SLACKER'S SPASM!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 717.

intending using the woodshed for building their guys. And the Famous Five, realising that that being so every group would know the plans of every group, smiled. Their guy, at least, would not be known until it was uncovered on Guy Fawkes' Day, for it would be built in the privacy of Mr. Penfold's back yard.

The cobbler made no objections whatever when Dick asked permission to use the yard. In fact, the worthy old gentleman gave them a free hand with any wood, tools, or straw that might be lying about.

The juniors thanked him, and passed out into the yard.

"Ah, I see you've got a small shed, Dick!" said Harry Wharton, with a chuckle of delight. "My hat! Just the very thing!"

The shed was a three-sided affair, with a tin roof over the top. It made an ideal place in which to build a guy. Beside the shed, neatly stacked, were a number of sacks, and beside the sacks was some straw.

Harry Wharton & Co. were at least luckier than the other juniors at Greyfriars, for they already had much of the material required for their guy. They needed wood, however, and this had to be bought from a shop in the village.

Once again Harry Wharton mentally blessed his uncle for sending along a remittance at that time. Funds helped considerably, for without them the juniors would have had to make the best of any old thing they could lay their hands on.

For over an hour the juniors worked away in comparative silence. Harry Wharton had assumed the leadership, and the others worked under his direction.

At the end of an hour, Mr. Penfold came from out of his cottage to see how they were getting along, and he smiled good-naturedly as he saw that his once tidy yard and shed was now a mass of straw, sawdust, bits of wood, and rag.

"There's no prize for making a mess, is there, Dick?" he asked his son good-humouredly.

"No, dad," answered Dick, with a smile. "But we'll clear it up when we're finished."

"Rather, sir!" said the Famous Five in unison.

"What do you think of it, dad?" asked Dick, as he stood back to survey their handiwork with admiring eyes.

Mr. Penfold smiled, and nodded.

"Pretty good, my boys," he said kindly. "Perhaps I can give you a better idea when it's a little nearer completion."

And the cobbler returned to his cottage, leaving the juniors to get on with their work.

For another hour they worked hard, and, leaving themselves only just sufficient time to get back to Greyfriars in time for call-over, they departed, with a word of thanks to the cobbler.

When they went up to the dormitory, many curious glances were cast in their directions. Their absence had been noted.

"Where have you guys been?" asked Micky Desmond.

"Out!" said Harry Wharton.

"Making guys?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Do you think we've been building a guy in the village square?" asked Bob Cherry evasively. "How have you chaps been getting along?"

There was no reply to that question. Nobody had anything to say about their

guys. But Billy Bunter quickly set the ball rolling again.

"He, he, he!" he chuckled.

"What's the matter with you, tubby?" asked Nugent.

"You can't keep it dark from me, you know!" chuckled Billy. "I know!"

"You know a fat lot!" said Johnny Bull derisively.

"I know jolly well what you've been up to!" chuckled Bunter. "You see, I am a chap with more than an average amount of brain—"

"Fat, you mean?" snorted Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Brain, I said," said Billy Bunter firmly. "I believe in the Sherlock Holmes way of conducting—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Deduction, I mean," said Bunter hastily. "When I see you chaps going out with Dick Penfold, who lives in the village, I put two and two together, and make four."

"That's the only mental arithmetic you could do!" snorted Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent!" began Billy indignantly; but he chuckled again, and added: "You've been building a guy in Dick Penfold's yard!"

"We haven't!" said Bob Cherry calmly.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Nugent. "Bob, how could you?"

Bob Cherry turned a wretched face towards his chums.

"Shurrup, you see!" he muttered.

"But it was too late. Vernon-Smith chuckled.

"Not Dick's yard, but his father's—eh?" he asked.

Bob Cherry did not reply, and the Famous Five and Dick Penfold turned to their undressing without another word. But it was obvious to the rest of the Remove that the Famous Five had been building their guy in the yard at the back of Dick Penfold's house in the village.

It was perhaps fortunate for the Famous Five that Wiggins came in at that moment to turn out the lights, for it brought to an end the conversation concerning guys and Dick Penfold's cottage.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Chased and Chaser!

"READY, Dick?"

Harry Wharton asked the question immediately after afternoon lessons the following day, and Dick Penfold nodded.

"Yes. Better get down early to-day, as I believe dad and mother are going out," he said.

Harry Wharton & Co. nodded, hurried to their studies for their coats and caps, and joined Dick at the gates a few minutes later. The evening was dark, and the air was sharp, without it being too cold, and the six juniors strode along at a brisk pace towards the village.

They found Mr. Penfold awaiting them in the yard, with a lamp in his hand all ready for them. They thanked him quickly, took off their coats, and set to work.

They would only have an hour that evening, for Mr. and Mrs. Penfold were going out, and Dick and his chums would have to return to Greyfriars to do their preparation.

In the hour they managed to get through quite a lot of the work, Harry Wharton having everything planned before he had left Greyfriars. And, under

their hands, the guy began to assume definite shape. The juniors were quite satisfied with their work at the end of the hour, and they were in high spirits as they left the cottage to return to Greyfriars.

"Getting on fine!" said Nugent, with a chuckle of satisfaction.

"Ripping!" said Bob Cherry enthusiastically. "I might tell you, my sons, our guy is going to take a lot of beating."

"Thanks to Dick!" said Harry Wharton.

"The rats!" said Dick Penfold warmly.

"The thankfulness is terrific, my esteemed Dick!" put in Hurroo Singh.

"Bosh!" said Dick Penfold, with a laugh. "I'm only too jolly glad to be able to join in!"

To which all the other juniors returned: "Piffle!"

"Look here, you asses——" returned Dick excitedly.

But he was interrupted. They were walking along the lane at a good pace, and their feet more or less clattered upon the hard surface of the road. But above the sound of their own feet came the swift patter of somebody running.

"Somebody in a hurry," observed Bob Cherry drily. "To the left of the road, you know, or we shall be qualifying for insurance benefits!"

They moved towards the side of the road, but even then they did not avoid the runner.

Out of the darkness a figure loomed up, the next moment Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton were sent spinning to the ground.

"Ow!" roared Bob.

"Yow! Yaroooh!" howled Wharton.

"You silly ass!" booted Bob Cherry wrathfully.

"You dummy!" yelled Harry Wharton, as he scrambled to his feet.

"You jolly well ought to be wearing headlights!" growled Johnny Bull, as he helped the angry Bob to his feet.

"Sorry, you fellows!" gasped the runner, panting for breath. "I say, will you help me?"

The juniors gathered round in the darkness, a running man and a request for help savoured of adventure.

"What's up?" demanded Johnny Bull, in his curt way.

"There's a man following me; he's after something he knows I am carrying in my pocket," said the man hurriedly.

"Hold him back for a bit, will you?"

"I suppose you've come by that something honestly, haven't you?" demanded Harry Wharton sharply.

"Don't be an ass!" snapped the stranger. "Can't you help a chap when you're asked?"

"Look here!" began Bob Cherry, who had not quite recovered his good humour after being bowled over. "It's all very well—"

"Oh, well, if you're going to talk like that," said the man resignedly, "I'll—"

He did not finish. There came the swift patter of running feet in the darkness, and another figure looked up dimly. The first man suddenly darted away, and disappeared in the darkness.

The other man came dashing up, pulling up with a gasp when he saw the juniors. They could see his face was white and tense in the darkness, and they stepped in front of him.

"Hold up, my pavin'!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "We want a word with you!"

"Ha-ha-ha! you seen a man come this way?" demanded the chaser breathlessly.

(Continued on page 12.)

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 45.

Week Ending Nov. 8th, 1921.



Assisted by BOB CHERRY (Fighting Editor),
VERNON-SMITH (Sports Editor), MARK
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.

FIREWORK SPARKS AND FLASHES!

By William Wibley.

Great scenes were witnessed at Greyfriars on Bonfire Night. The procession of torch-bearers was, however, unnecessary. Coker's nasal organ provided sufficient illumination!

Talking of Coker, the Fifth-Former had a narrow escape from being pitched into the bonfire. In the darkness, he was mistaken for one of the guys—quite a natural mistake, when you take Coker's comical appearance into account!

During the evening Skinner, Snoop, and Stolt, thinking themselves safe from detection owing to the masks they wore, strolled round the bonfire smoking cigarettes. The cigarettes were promptly put out—and so were the smokers!

Nugent minor stole a rocket—the property of the school authorities—and sent it up. Quickly arrived on the scene in time to see the stick come down. Then he took Nugent minor away to his study, and "the stick came down" again!

Bob Cherry had the effrontery to explode a jumping cracker behind the master of the Shield. Result—we beheld a jumping Hacker!

When the bonfire was first lighted, we joined hands and danced around it. Mr. Froot, looking on, was heard to say that he could see a number of "gay young sparks." Was he referring to those which came from the fire, or to the dancers?

Coker of the Fifth had the misfortune to get too near the fire, with the result that he was slightly burnt. Being a mad motorcyclist, however, Coker is quite used to "scorching"!

Ulaas Dame Ramour has been telling this again, Billy Bunter only just avoided being set alight in mistake for Skinner's guy, which was an absurd model of Billy as he might appear after a hunger-strike.

Supplement 4.]

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

"Remember, remember, the fifth of
November,

Gunpowder, treason, and plot.
I see so reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!"

So runs the ancient rhyme.

There is precious little chance of Guy Fawkes' Day being forgotten at Greyfriars.

In many places the enthusiasm for "the Fifth" is on the wane. In some quarters it has been suggested that Guy Fawkes' Day should be no longer kept up. But whatever may happen elsewhere, the Guy Fawkes' revels still go on at Greyfriars.

Fireworks, frolic, and fun! Biting bonfires, grotesque guys, and wonderful wheezes! All the inventors of stunts and jokes seem to reserve their best efforts for Guy Fawkes' Day. The fifth of November always brings a flood of exciting events in its train. It is one of the jolliest days of the year.

I need no prompting to produce a Special Guy Fawkes Number of the "Greyfriars Herald." I realised at the outset that such a number would be expected and looked for by the majority of my reader-chums. And I only hope that the issue will fulfil all their expectations.

I have been so flooded out with contributions from the Greyfriars fellows, that if I were to publish everything that was submitted, it would be all Supplement and no MAGNET LIBRARY.

Stories, articles, and verses on the subject of Guy Fawkes' Day keep pouring in as I write; but I fear that the majority of them will get no farther than the editorial waste-paper basket.

I have selected what I consider to be the best features; and the remainder (including Wau Leng's "Ode to a Chinese Cracker," and Horace Coker's "How I Spent Guy Fox Nite") will be held over for twelve months!

Billy Bunter bemoans the fact that I've cut the grass from under his feet. He says he wanted to get out a Special Guy Fawkes Number of his "Weekly," and that I've foisted him. But I can't help Bunter's troubles. The "Herald" shall have its special Guy Fawkes Number, though the skies fall!

HARRY WHARTON.

A BONFIRE BALLAD!

By Dick Penfold.

(The reader is advised to take a deep breath before tackling this tongue-twisting ditty!—Ed.)

See how the Greyfriars bonfire burns!

It's leaping and dancing,
With sparks gaily prancing,
And twisting and twirling,
And wheeling and whirling,
And ever ascending
In clouds never-ending,
And rising and lifting,
And changing and shifting,
And glowing and shimmering,
And shining and shimmering,
And smouldering and starting,
And dashing and darting,
And flying and bounding,
And crackling and sounding,
While shouts are resounding.

See how the Greyfriars bonfire burns!

Round it the fellows are leaping and laughing,

And chirping and chaffing,
And shouting and singing,
And dancing and springing,
And yelling and crying,
And whirling and flying,
And gasping and choking,
And jesting and joking,
And sliding and slipping,
And ragging and chipping,
And bellowing and bleating,
And never retreating,
And wheeling and whirling,
And twirling and curling,
And banging and howling,
And frisking and falling,
In din most appalling.

See how the Greyfriars bonfire burns!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY,--No. 717.



A New Game that can be played indoors.

By MONTY NEWLAND.

(This is an excellent where for testing the memory—almost equal to Peckham! The Famous Five indulged in the following conversation, and Monty Newland took it down in shorthand.—Ed.)

WHARTON: "When Billy Bunter went to the bonfire, he took with him an effigy of the Food Controller."

NUGENT: "When Billy Bunter went to the bonfire, he took with him an effigy of the Food Controller, and a tin of paraffin."

CHERRY: "When Billy Bunter went to the bonfire, he took with him an effigy of the Food Controller, a tin of paraffin, and a sack of shavings."

BULL: "When Billy Bunter went to the bonfire, he took with him an effigy of the Food Controller, a tin of paraffin, a sack of shavings, and a box of wax matches."

HURREE SINGH: "When the esteemed and ludicrous Bunter went to the bonfire, he tookfully carried with him an effigy of the Food Controller, some paraffin in the tinfulness, some shavings in the sackful ness, a box of matches of the waxful variety, and a skyful rocket."

WHARTON: "When Billy Bunter went to the bonfire, he took with him an effigy of the Food Controller, a tin of paraffin, a sack of shavings, a box of wax matches, a

skyrocket, and a bundle of Chinese crackers."

NUGENT: "When Billy Bunter went to the bonfire, he took with him an effigy of the Food Controller, a tin of paraffin, a sack of shavings, a box of wax matches, a skyrocket, a bundle of Chinese crackers, and a gas-mask."

CHERRY: "When Billy Bunter went to the bonfire, he took with him an effigy of the Food Controller, a tin of paraffin, a sack of shavings, a box of wax matches, a skyrocket, a bundle of Chinese crackers, a gas-mask, and a hosepipe."

BULL: "When Billy Bunter went to the bonfire, he took with him an effigy of the Food Controller, a tin of paraffin, a sack of shavings, a box of wax matches, a skyrocket, a bundle of Chinese crackers, a gas-mask, a hosepipe, and a fire-extinguisher."

HURREE SINGH: "When the esteemed and ludicrous Bunter went to the bonfire, he tookfully carried with him an effigy of the Food Controller, some paraffin in the tinfulness, some shavings in the sackful ness, a box of matches of the waxful variety, a skyful rocket, a bundle of Chinese crackers, a gasful mask, a hoseful pipe, a fireful extinguisher, and a copy of "Answers," which ineffectually protected him against fire."

My Bonfire Night Experience!

By LORD MAULEVERER.

I suppose you've all heard the celebrated nursery rhyme concerning old King Cole?

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
Who smoked in bed all night,
And now he's a 'gay old spark!'"

Well, on Bonfire Night I had a similar sort of experience. I wasn't smoking in bed. Like the oil-stove in my study, I'm a non-smoker.

What actually happened was this. I felt far too fogged to take part in the Fifth of November revels, and I decided to turn in early.

The other fellows called me a lazy slacker, and an unsocial beast, and a jellyfish, and all sorts of fancy names. But I didn't worry. I crawled up to the Remove dorm about seven p.m., and was soon sleeping the sleep of the just.

I was awakened from time to time by the rattling of the windows and the noise of the explosions which were taking place on the footer grounds. I could hear the hissing of skyrockets and the cracking of countless squibs.

"Thank goodness I'm well away from it all!" I murmured drowsily. "How those fellows can stay out all the night feelin' around with fireworks passes my comprehension!"

And then I turned over and settled down to sleep once more, serene in the knowledge that I was far away from the smoke and glare of the bonfire.

"Noshin' shall disturb my slumbers any more!" was my last reflection.

Half an hour later I awoke in flames. Terrible, but true!

THE MACNETT LIBRARY.—No. 717.

What do you think had happened, dear readers?

A rocket had come whizzing in through one of the open windows, and alighted on my head. The thing hadn't quite spent itself. It had smouldered for a short time, and then one of the sheets had burst into flames.

The rest of the bedclothes were affected in turn, and finally my pyjamas became scorched. This was what woke me.

It was a time for instant action.

Leaping out of my bed—which now resembled a burning fiery furnace—I wrenched the fire-extinguisher off the bracket on the wall, and brought it into action.

I soon got the fire under, but the bedclothes were reduced to charred rags.

I was then compelled to flee from the dorm, and leap into a cold bath in my pyjamas.

I soon got cool, but there were several nasty burns on my arms.

Instead of sympathizing with me in my extremity, the fellows roared with laughter when I came up to bed and heard what had happened.

I couldn't sleep in my own bed that night, for obvious reasons.

Wharton lent me a couple of blankets, and I spent the remainder of the night on the cold, hard floor.

"Guy Fawkes' Day should be abolished. That's my opinion. And the sending up of skyrockets should be regarded as a criminal offence!"

If only I knew the name of the madman who shot that rocket through the window of the Remove dorm, I'd rouse myself out of my usual lethargy, and punch him with great violence on his nasal appendage!

WHARTON: "Oh dear! How am I going to remember all this lot? Billy Bunter's getting quite top-heavy! Still, I'll do my best. When Billy Bunter went to the bonfire, he took with him an effigy of the Food Controller, a tin of paraffin, a sack of shavings—I mean, a shave of sack-mats—that is to say—"

NUGENT: "Oh, come off! You're hopelessly muddled, Harry. Let me have a sheet. When Billy Bunter went to the bonfire, he took with him an effigy of the Food Controller, a tin of paraffin, a sack of shavings, a batch of wax boxes—I mean, a box of wax batches— Oh, help, I give it up!"

CHERRY: "You fellows are getting fuddled. Now, listen to me. When Billy Bunter went to the bonfire, he took with him an effigy of the Food Controller, a tin of paraffin, a sack of shavings, a box of wax matches, a skyrocket, a cracker of Chinese buns—I mean, a bundle of Chinese crackers—Chinese crackers, I should say—a hose-mask, a gaspipe—"

BULL: "Ha, ha, ha! You're worse than the others, Bob! Give your feeble brain a rest, and listen to your Uncle Jehony! When Billy Bunter went to the bonfire, he took with him an effigy of the Food Controller, a tin of paraffin, a sack of shavings, a box of wax matches, a skyrocket, a bundle of Chinese crackers, a gas-mask, a hosepipe, a fire-extinguisher, a copy of "Answers," to fire him against insurance— Oh, watch it all! I've wronged someone. See what you can do, lanky!"

HURREE SINGH: "When the esteemed and ludicrous bonfire went to the Bunter, he tookfully carried with him the food of the Effigy Controller, some paraffin in the sackfulness, some shavings in the tinfulness, a box of wax matches, a bundle of gasful snooks and hoseful pipes and fireful extinguishers and—"

WHARTON: "Help! We can stand no more of this. The next fellow who suggests a game of verbal fireworks will be lynched, mobbed, and pulverized! Who says tea?"

ALL (in chorus): "TEA!"

MORE STUDY RAIDING.

The Old Firm of Bunter Brothers in Trouble.

William George Bunter was charged at the Greyfriars Police-court, last week, with purloining, abstracting, lifting, stealing, and scooping a current-cake, a sausage-roll, and a quantity of other foodstuffs, valued in all at one-and-twopence, from the study of the eminent barrister, Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C.

Samuel Bunter was also charged with loitering underneath the study window with a sack, in which he intended to smuggle the stolen articles.

Prisoner, in shrill tones that might almost have been heard in Friarfield, pleaded not guilty.

Magistrate (sarcastically): "Do you suspect that the cake walked, and the sausage rolled, and the rest of the stuff blew out of the window?"

Prisoner: "All I say is, I'm innocent—innocent as a babe!"

After Mr. Bunter's Cherry had given evidence of capture and arrest, Mr. Harold Skinner, C.A.D., appeared for the defence.

"I admit the guilt of the elder prisoner, your worship," said Mr. Skinner, "but I implore you to let him down lightly, as this is his first offence."

Magistrate (faintly): "Oh, my hat! His hundred and first, you mean?"

Mr. Skinner: "I consider he is a cut above the crime of a criminal class, and if you will blind him over—"

Magistrate: "That is precisely what I am going to do—and give him a round dozen with a cricket-stump!" (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Skinner: "This is sheer frightfulness! However, if you're determined to wallop the elder prisoner, it's no use my saying anything. But with regard to the younger prisoner, he is absolutely innocent."

Magistrate: "Tell that to the Marines! I am satisfied as to the guilt of the younger prisoner, and he also will receive a round dozen with a cricket-stump!"

The sentences were carried out with great gusto, the Public Executioner remarking that the crime of widdling the cricket-stump would develop his biceps.

[Supplement II.]



A Chapter of Accidents!

By TOM BROWN.

I RECENTLY wrote an article on the subject of inventors and inventions.

I said, in effect, "Blessed be the man who invented half-holidays; and confusion to the wretch who invented boxes and ladders!"

There was something omitted from that article. Here it is:

"Was unto the dangerous imbecile, the chop-headed chump, the long-haired fanatic who invented Guy Fawkes' Day!"

"This is a burning topic with me—very burning," as you will discover anon.

"When the fifth of November dawned I made up my mind that I would enjoy myself up to the hilt. I was infused with the spirit of the thing. I jumped for joy. I waved my arms wildly in the air. You can guess the sort of mood I was in. I said to myself: 'Begone, dull care! I will light the festive firework; I will carry the flaming torch; I will help to build up the jolly old bonfire! I will enjoy myself, yea, even to the full!'"

"You seem very bucked with life, Browney!" said Bob Cherry.

"Bucked?" I said. "That is a mild term! I could leap over the moon! Bonfire Day, like Christmas, comes but once a year. Let us kill the fatted calf, as I say would say. Let us eat, drink, and be Merry—I mean cherry!"

Bob laughed. "Care to join our torchlight procession this evening?" he asked.

"I'd love it!"

"We'll count you in, then. And you can help to build the bonfire, too, if you're good. There'll be any amount of guys, too!"

"Splendid!" I said. "And where can I buy some fireworks?"

"They're selling like hot cakes in Court-field," said Harry Wharton. "But the fireworks aren't up to much. They're thirty under proof, I think. Most of them just fizzle out when you put a match to them."

"That's no use to me!" I said. "I want some real, lively fellows of the whizz-bang variety!"

"In that case, you'd better go and see Alonso Todd," said Johnny Bull. "Leuzy's just had a packing-case full of fireworks sent to him by his Uncle Benjamin. He's now going to use them himself. He's nervous of them. He lighted a jumping-cracker, and it chased him all round the study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll go and see if Alonso's prepared to sell his stock to me," I said.

And I went forthwith to Study No. 7.

Alonso Todd was at home. He stood gazing doubtfully at a large packing-case which was crammed with fireworks.

"What's wrong, Leuzy?" I asked.

Alonso looked up.

"I don't like the look of these fireworks, my dear fellow," he said. "I am very fond of fireworks—when they keep themselves under proper control. But when they start leaping and spouting all over the place, I confess I feel somewhat startled, not to say alarmed! My Uncle Benjamin—"

"Bless his heart!"

"My Uncle Benjamin is very nice and kind, and in sending me these fireworks he was actuated by the highest motives of generosity. But," concluded Alonso, with a shake of the head, "they are dangerous toys for a youth to meddle with."

"Praps you'd like to dispose of them?" I suggested.

"Yes, yes, you like to buy them, my dear Brown!" said Alonso caprially.

I nodded.

"Then I will take ten shillings for the lot. There is at least two pounds' worth of fireworks in the case, but I have no wish to proffer. You can take the fireworks away, and pay me the ten shillings when convenient."

"This suited me down to the ground—especially as I didn't happen to have ten bob on me at the moment.

Supplement iii.

I carted the packing-case away in triumph to my own study. I was strongly tempted to let off some of the fireworks there and then, but I realised that such a course would be detrimental to the windows and the glass panels of the bookcase.

I possessed my soul in patience until six o'clock that evening, when the fun began.

With my pockets bulging with fireworks, I joined Harry Wharton & Co. in the Close.

"Hallo, Browney!" said Johnny Bull. "You look sort of top-heavy. What have you got in your pockets?"

"Fireworks," I answered. "Scores of the beggars! Catherine-wheels in my trousers-pocket, squibs in my coat, and a couple of sky-rockets tucked under my waistcoat!"

Bob Cherry handed me a flaming torch.

"Take this," he said, "and mind how you go!"

There were over a dozen torch-bearers, and I was deputised to lead the procession. The pungent odour of tar and tallow was wafted to my nostrils.

"Move off in column of fours!" sang out Harry Wharton, who comes of a military family.



A couple of fellows seized the hose-pipe and turned it on my burning clothes.

We moved off, not in column of fours, but in single file. Our destination was the football-ground, where all the revelry was to take place.

I was soon in trouble.

The wind was blowing in the direction in which we were marching. Bob Cherry was just behind me, and the flare from his torch began to singe my back hair.

I uttered a loud yell of anguish.

"Hold your torch higher, Bob, you idiot! You'll burn me hair!"

"Sorry!" said Bob, with a chuckle. "How's this?"

He raised the lighted torch aloft, and as he did so several drops of molten tallow descended on my devoted head.

"Yaroooh!" I roared. "Cherry, you clumsy ass, you've nearly set my napper on fire!"

"Forward, the fire-brigade!" chuckled Neput.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

By the time we reached the football-ground I was in a terrible state.

There were still a few hairs left on the back of my head—not many. You could have counted them on the fingers of one hand. They had been scorched out of existence by the flare from Bob Cherry's torch.

As for the hair on the top of my head, it was matted with tallow and grease.

My torch, too, had burnt low. The flame was close to my hands, and I felt as if I was carrying a red-hot poker.

I was beginning to feel uncomfortably warm.

Talk about November! It was more like July and August rolled into one!

My hands and face were being slowly roasted, and my toes began to feel like hot mustard puddings!

It was this that led to the next calamity. One of the squibs in my coat-pocket caught alight, and the next moment there was a sizzling and a crackling.

Sizz-z-z-z! Bang, bang, bang!

As I had carried a pocketful of high explosives, the result could not well have been worse.

"Help!" I roared, dancing to and fro in anguish and alarm. "Turn the hose on—quick!"

Fortunately, as a wise precaution, a hose-pipe had been brought down to the ground. A couple of fellows seized it, and the next moment I was bowled over by a terrific jet of water. My rescuers seemed to take it for granted that I preferred death by drowning to being burned alive!

"Gug-gug-gug!" I spluttered. "Give over, you dangerous imbeciles, or I shall be swamped to the skin!"

As it was, all the fireworks in my pockets became damp and useless. The only things which successfully withstood that torrent of water were the sky-rockets.

I picked myself up, shaking myself like a drenched tiger.

"I'll squeeze some enjoyment out of Bonfire Night somehow!" I muttered grimly. "The fireworks have gone West, but I've still got the rockets. I'll send one of them up now."

Dragging the rocket clear of my drenched garments, I stuck it viciously into the ground, and borrowed a match from Johnny Bull.

"What are you going to do?" asked Johnny.

"Behold!" I said, applying the lighted match to the rocket.

A minute passed—two minutes. And nothing happened.

"It's a dud," said Johnny Bull. "Or else you've stuck the stick too far in the ground, and the thing won't rise."

I bent down to examine the rocket, and to see if I could get to the root of the trouble.

At the same instant there was a fierce, hissing sound, a bang, and a blinding flash.

A shower of sparks spurted quite close to my face.

The rocket went up, and I went down!

I was endeavouring to stagger to my feet, when the stick of the rocket came whizzing down, and caught me a violent blow on the head.

With a roaring in my ears, and stars and comets dancing before my eyes, I went down once more for the count.

And that's all I remember of Bonfire Night at Greyfriars!

When I awoke to I found myself in the sunny, with my face swathed in bandages. And it is in the sunny that this narrative is being written.

Talk not to me of Guy Fawkes' Day! Prate not to me of the joys of the fifth!

It is not fitting, perhaps, to speak ill of one who is not here to defend himself. But there is one person whose name is rotten to my fighting instincts, and converts me into a barbarous savage.

I refer, dear readers, to Guido Fawkes. He's responsible for the whole sorry business. And I should send him a bill for damages—if only I knew where to send it!

THE END.

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"THE STOLEN GUY!"

(Continued from page 8.)

"We might have and we might not have seen him," said Johnny Bull.

"Let me get at him!" panted the newcomer, his voice rising in his anger. "Let me get at him!"

"Not so fast!" said Harry Wharton quietly.

The six juniors stepped in front of the man as he started to rush away, and Dick Penfold was the unfortunate junior who got in the way. In a moment he was bowled over, and had not Bob Cherry flung out his hand and grasped the stranger by the arm, he would have got away.

"Whoa! Collar him, you chaps!" said Bob hastily.

The five juniors collared him, and Dick got up from the ground, gasping for breath.

"Hold him, you chaps!" he panted.

"He's potty!"

"I'm not!" howled the stranger. "Oh, you fools! He's getting away whilst you're holding me back! He's robbed me, you asses, and I—I—"

With a sudden fierce movement he swept off the restraining hands, and dashed away into the darkness.

"After him!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Collar him!"

"Steady, Bob!" cried Harry Wharton warningly. "He might be right, you know!"

"But the other chap said—" began Bob warily.

"Never mind what he said!" interrupted Harry Wharton. "Perhaps we should have collared the first man, and let him until the other chap came up!"

Bob Cherry hesitated. Harry Wharton was right. Although the chased man had begged them to hold back the other man, he might have done so purely with the idea of getting away.

"He said the other chap was after something he'd got in his pocket," said Bob.

"Yes; and that something might have been stolen property!" said Frank Nugent quietly. "Harry's right! We ought to have held them both back, and then decided which one to let go!"

"Anyhow, they're both away, and it's time we got back to Greyfriars!" said Dick Penfold practically.

"The timeliness is truly terrific, my worthy chums!" said Hurree Singh grimly. "The firstful man might be the rottenful robber, whilst the chaseful person might be the unlucky owner of the stolen goodsfulness. Neither affectfully concerns our worthy selves."

And, settling the example, Dick and Inky walked on towards Greyfriars.

The other juniors followed them after a second's hesitation. The incident had given them food for thought. One man was being chased by another, whom he declared was after something he'd got in his pocket. Now that they came to think of it calmly, the juniors saw that that "something" might be anything. They heartily wished they had detained chased and chaser with a view to inquiries.

But, as they had both got away, and, apparently, the chase was still being continued, the juniors wisely decided that they could do nothing by talking about it.

But although they did not talk about the incident on the way back to Greyfriars, they thought a lot about it. They

had the schoolboy's natural love for the mysterious, and for adventure, and they wondered how the chase would end.

When they reached Study No. 1 in the Remove passage, it was to find it already occupied. Dicky Nugent, Gatty, and Myers, the youthful leaders of the Second Form at Greyfriars, were there, and, judging by their positions, they had made themselves comfortable.

Dicky was sitting half in and half out of the biggest armchair, a plate of cakes upon his knees. Gatty and Myers were seated at the table, a plate having but a few crumbs upon it testifying to what had occupied their attention prior to the arrival of the owners of the study.

"Well, I'm blessed!" gasped Harry Wharton. "You cheeky young villains!"

"Come for a licking, I suppose" said Frank Nugent wrathfully. "Dicky, you've got the cheek of the whole school rolled—"

"Pax, you fellows!" said Dicky Nugent calmly. "You must excuse our having made ourselves at home. But you've kept us waiting a frightful long time, you know!"

"What!" gasped the Co. "You ought to know better—really!" weny on Dicky coolly. "Here have we been waiting nearly half an hour—"

"And jolly well tucking into our grub!" snorted Johnny Bull, as he closed the door. "Collar them, you fellows!"

The Famous Five made a movement towards the three fags, and they jumped hastily to their feet, and ran to the far side of the table. Dick Penfold stood by the door, laughing. It was no business of his, Study No. 1 not being his study.

"We'll hump the little beggars until they won't know whether they're on their heads or their feet!" roared Bob Cherry, as he dashed round the table.

Gatty and Myers ran round for safety, but Dicky Nugent did not move his feet. But he snatched up an ink-well, and, with a swift twist of his fingers, opened the lid.

There was a cheeky grin on his face as he raised the ink-well until it was level with Bob Cherry's face, and tilted in that direction.

Bob hesitated, and the others hesitated.

"Wh-wh-what are you going to do

with that ink, young Nugent!" demanded the infuriated Bob.

"Nothing, unless you insist on being an ass!" retorted Dicky calmly. "You Remove chaps have got no end of bounce—"

"Look here—"

Bob Cherry made another move forward, and Dicky's arm moved back with the obvious intention of getting in a bigger sweep with the ink.

"Don't chuck that ink, you young idiot!" roared Wharton. "It'll go over the carpet!"

"Blow the carpet!" said Dicky Nugent calmly.

"Look here—"

"Don't be silly asses!" said Dicky, and Gatty and Myers chuckled as they looked in admiration at their leader. "We came here to see you, and you weren't here. If we had to be kept waiting, I suppose you didn't expect us to twiddle our thumbs, did you?"

"What about our grub?" howled Frank Nugent.

"It wasn't bad, although I must say we expected better from you Remove chaps!" said Dicky calmly. "A few mouldy cakes, and a few stinky biscuits. However, that's not what we came for." "You seem to have got it," growled Bob Cherry, with a watchful eye on the ink-well.

He was waiting his chance to rush the youthful fags. But Dicky was not giving them any chances. He kept the ink well out of their reach, and the Removites had no desire to see their carpet splattered with ink any more than it was already. Not only that, but they themselves stood a good chance of getting some of that ink on its way to the carpet.

Dicky was master of the situation, and they knew it.

"What did you want then, Dicky?" asked Nugent major, choking back his wrath.

"Four and tenpence-halfpenny," replied Dicky calmly. "You chaps have got a chance of winning a prize, and we're wanting some more cash for a box of mixed fireworks. There are catharine-wheels, cannons, squibs, and crackers in that box, not to mention—"

"Blackmail!" hooted Frank Nugent. "You're thinking of getting money out of us under threats of buzzing that ink—"

"Not thinking of getting it, Franky," interposed Dicky calmly. "We're going to get it! There's some red ink behind you, Gatty!"

"Good!" said Gatty, grinning. And he turned and secured the red ink which Dicky had spotted on the shelf at the back of his chum.

With two lots of ink—one red and the other black, Dicky felt secure. The Removites could only look on with faces dark with righteous wrath.

"Four and tenpence-halfpenny, Franky!" asked Dicky coolly.

Nugent major choked.

"You—you—you—" he began.

"Shell out, and look nice!" suggested Dicky. "You'll have to in the end."

Nugent looked at Wharton helplessly. Harry Wharton grinned sheepishly, and even the wrathful Bob smiled. There was something ludicrous in being held up by a cheeky fag in the Second in their own study!

"Lend me four and tenpence-halfpenny, Harry, please," said Nugent snarling blandly.

The four and tenpence-halfpenny was duly laid out on the table, and Dicky, with a smile of triumph, snatched it up.

"Now you—move towards the door, By FRANK RICHARDS.



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BOYS' HERALD

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Myers," said Dicky, with a chuckle. "I'm sure these chaps don't want to stay, and I'm sure we don't want to stay. It might—ahem!—lead to serious trouble."

"It might!" snorted Bob Cherry. Myers moved to the door, Dick Penfold moving so that he could get it open. Then Gatty and Dicky Nugent walked round the table, keeping as far away from the juniors as they could. When they got to the door, Dicky turned.

"We've got plenty of ink in the Second, thanks!" he said sweetly. "We'll leave this outside on the mat!"

The next moment the door was closed, and the swift pattering of feet told the incensed Remonives that the fags had departed. Bob Cherry opened the door, and brought in the two ink-wells without a word, and replaced them on the cabinet.

"If I had a young brother like that, Frank Nugent," said Harry Wharton, "I'd boil him in oil!"

Nugent major did not reply. He grinned. Bob Cherry only snorted. His feelings were too deep for words.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Raiders!

"HALLO, boys!" Mr. Penfold, the village cobbler of Friardale, greeted the six juniors as they arrived on the evening of the next day, to put the finishing touches to their guy.

"Hallo, dad!" said Dick cheerfully. "We shall finish to-night, for we must get the guy up to Greyfriars before the morning. And as we can't get out again, we shall have to borrow the handcart and wheel it up to Greyfriars to-night."

Mr. Penfold nodded, and hesitated. Dick noted the hesitation, and frowned thoughtfully.

"You've got news, dad!" he said. "Well, I have, and I haven't, if you understand what I mean," said the cobbler. "After you boys had gone last night, Dick, your mother and I went out. But we hadn't got very far, when Mrs. Penfold got a nasty headache, so we decided to come back."

"My hat! I hope she's all right now! Where is she?" asked Dick anxiously.

"She is quite all right now," said Mr. Penfold reassuringly. "She's in the village somewhere. However, I was going to tell you. We left the door on the latch as usual when we got in, and I was sitting down reading. Your mother was sitting in the corner knitting. All of a sudden the door was flung open, and a man dashed in. Before I could get up he had looked wildly round, seen the door leading to the yard, opened it, and dashed out."

"My hat!" exclaimed the juniors.

"Then, not a minute later, another man dashed in!" resumed Mr. Penfold.

"Have you seen him?" he yelled out. "I was just going to demand the meaning of all the fuss, when he, too, spotted the door, which the first man had left open. He dashed through it, and I heard them scrambling over the fence at the back. Funny, wasn't it?"

"Funny!" echoed Bob Cherry. "I should say it was dashed rude of them!"

"Great pip!" exclaimed Harry Wharton indignantly.

"What's the trouble now?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"You remember the two men last night?" began Wharton.

The others remembered, and interrupted with startled ejaculations of

surprise. In a few words Dick explained to his father the incident of the chased and the chaser as they were on their way back to Greyfriars the night before.

Mr. Penfold shrugged his shoulders when his son had finished, and handed them the lantern.

"Well, well, it doesn't matter," he said. "The guy is all right. I had a look at it this morning, and although it looks as if one of the men bumped into it, you can soon put that right, my boys. Get on with it, for you haven't much time. I'll get the truck out."

And the good-hearted cobbler, with a nod and smile, ushered the juniors into the yard.

The Famous Five and Dick Penfold discussed the mystery of the two men as they worked hard at their guy, but they could not think of any reason to excuse the two men for bursting into the cottage in so unseemly a manner.

"If you ask me, you chaps," said Bob Cherry slyly. "I should say that the first man pinched something belonging to the second man, and the other chap chased him here. To get away, the thief dashed through the cottage, hoping to get away in the back in the darkness without being seen. But the other chap spotted him, and went after him."

"That's about it," agreed Harry Wharton. "Dashed cheek, all the same!"

Within half an hour the juniors had completed their guy, and they got it out into the road without any mishap, although it wobbled dangerously once or twice. Mr. Penfold assisted them to get it on to the truck, and in a few minutes the six cheerful juniors were pushing the truck and its load to Greyfriars.

"Rather rotten if we were to run up against Dick Trumper & Co.!" observed Bob Cherry. "They might cause a little dust-up!"

Dick Trumper was the leader of the village boys, and quite a good fellow at that. There were often rows between the village boys and the Greyfriars juniors, but it was only good-natured rivalry, and really helped, as Bob Cherry would put it, to make life worth living.

Their presence at that moment, however, was not by any means desired. The juniors had gone to a lot of trouble to build that guy, and if Dick Trumper & Co. were to turn up suddenly, damage might be done before it could be explained for what the guy had been built.

Dick Trumper & Co. were apparently busy elsewhere, and the guy was taken to Greyfriars without mishap. The juniors wheeled their truck into the quadrangle, to see that many other guys had been placed there during their short absence from the school.

Every guy was covered with something. A sheet covered one, giving it a ghostly appearance in the darkness. A blanket covered another, and it was only Harry Wharton's quick turn on the shaft of the truck which saved the guy from being run over.

"The site and a place first!" said Bob Cherry, as he pulled the truck to a halt. "No good bumping our way all over the show!"

He disappeared in the darkness, and the others heard him calling to them a minute later. Wheeling the truck in that direction, they jerked to a halt, and carefully lifted the guy from the truck.

Five minutes later the guy had been covered with a waterproof tarpaulin, kindly supplied with the truck, and the latter had been taken to the woodshed for the night.

Then the six juniors, very satisfied

with themselves, went into the School House and to prep. Dock Penfold took his books into Study No. 1 for the purpose, his own study-mates being engrossed in the all-important matter of the prize-winning guy.

Beyond the fact that their guy was undoubtedly the biggest guy in the quadrangle, Harry Wharton & Co. knew nothing concerning the other guys. They could tell the size of the other guys by the shapeless masses under the coverings.

The six juniors worked away at their prep, all thoughts of guys, Guy Fawkes, and fireworks driven out of their heads by the demands of Virgil.

But others, who had finished their preparation some time before, had not forgotten the fireworks.

Harry Wharton was just blotting his paper when the door was suddenly flung open, and almost as quickly banged shut again.

"What the——" began Bob Cherry.

Bang, bang! Ziiiiip! Bang!

Somebody had thrown a cracker into the study, and, considering the short time the door had been open, the cracker had been thrown with remarkable skill and accuracy.

A dancing cracker on the table, under the noses of the juniors who were writing, was only too likely to cause a disturbance. The cracker jumped across the table, and burst with a resounding crack right over Hurree Singh's arm.

"Ow! Yow!"

"Look out!" shrieked Nugent. "It's—— Yow!"

"The silly dummy!" roared Bob Cherry. "I'll—— Yaroooh!"

With a last expiring bang the cracker leapt towards Bob Cherry, and that junior darted out of harm's way.

There was a pungent smell of gunpowder in the study when, at last, there was silence, and the juniors looked at each other dolefully, hardly knowing whether to grin or to growl.

The door was opened again, and a squib was thrown, to burst in the air with a terrific noise, and the thrower departed, roaring with laughter.

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "The chaps seem to think this is the best place in which to commence fireworks operations!"

"We'll be ready for the next one!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "Grab a cushion, you fellows!"

The fellows grabbed a cushion each, and they waited in silence for the door to be opened. There came the sound of footsteps a moment later, creeping, as it seemed, along the corridor.

"Watch out!" murmured Johnny Bull indignantly.

"The watchfulness is terrific, my worthy chums!" purred Herree Singh, as he raised his cushion in his hand.

The door was opened quietly, and simultaneously six cushions whizzed through the air.

There came a startled gasp from the direction of the door, and the newcomer collapsed under a heap of cushions.

"That's your little lot, you dummy!" chortled Bob Cherry. "We're not all asses, you know!"

And Bob Cherry turned to his chums with a triumphant gleam in his eyes.

"The next dummy gets an inkpot!" he said grimly. "And the one after that—— What are you looking at me like that for, Wharton? If you think an inkpot is not good enough for a dummy who——"

"Wharton, Cherry, Nugent!" Cherry swung round, gasping for

TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

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breath, as the well-known, acid tones of Mr. Quelch broke in. The Form-master was dragging himself to his feet, throwing the cushions to right and left as he did so.

"Oh, crumba! Was it you, sir, that threw the crackers—I mean—"

"Boy, how dare you insinuate that I am absurd enough to throw crackers into a study!" roared Mr. Quelch. "I came here to tell you that I would not have crackers let off in the studies! And I—your Form-master—am bowled over by cushions propelled deliberately by my own pupils! I never heard of such insolence!"

"We—we—we didn't know it was you, sir!" stammered Harry Wharton.

"I hardly expected that you did, Wharton!" said Mr. Quelch drily. "I won't have crackers let off in the studies, and I simply cannot see why cushions should be thrown at all and sundry who may come here to see you!"

"Ahem!" "You see, sir—"

"It's like this, sir—"

"Honoured sahib—"

"Silence!"

Something in the distressed faces of his pupils awakened Mr. Quelch to the fact that the incident had, perhaps, been an accident.

"Am I to understand, Wharton, that somebody threw crackers into this study?" he demanded.

"Ahem!"

"I see that I am correct, Wharton. In the circumstances, we will say nothing more about it. But another time make certain who opens the door before you cast cushions in his direction!"

And the irate Form-master swept out of the study, stepping over the cushions as he went, and walking almost silently in his slippers feet.

Harry Wharton & Co. gathered up the cushions, and replaced them in their

positions without a word, but Harry took no further chances of further fireworks, but locked the door of the study.

After that, although the door-handle was tried on more than one occasion, they were left in peace. And it was not until they had to go to bed that they opened the study door.

In the dormitory many chuckles greeted them. The way in which they had bowled over the Form-master and left him to go to his feet without their aid had got round, and the juniors found therein much to amuse them.

Wingate put a stop to the chatter by turning out the lights.

"No fireworks in the dormitory, mind," he said warningly, "or I'll come up here with a cane, and there'll be fireworks of a different nature!"

And the skipper went out of the dormitory, closing the door.

For a few minutes there was a hubbub of conversation, but it gradually went down, until only Billy Bunter's snore and the steady breathing of the Removites could be heard.

Early the next morning there was a rush to the windows to see how fared the weather. The quadrangle, as it happened, was perfectly dry, and there evidently had not been any rain during the night, and many sighs of relief went up from the juniors.

But in the quadrangle was a number of shapeless masses. Not a straw could be seen outside the coverings, and although many of the juniors knew almost exactly what was underneath the majority of the covers, no one knew what was underneath the black tarpaulin.

That guy was the biggest of the lot. There could be no doubt about that. And no one needed telling that that guy was the one which had been built in the yard behind the cobler's shop by the Famous Five and Dick Penfold.

"I say, Wharton, you've got a pretty big guy there!" said Vernon-Smith, with a curious look at the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, yes, not so bad!" said Wharton evasively.

"A pound to a penny it's Billy Bunter!" said Skinner.

"Mind you don't lose your money!" said Bob Cherry curly.

"There you are; they don't deny it!" said Skinner triumphantly.

"We're not going to take the trouble. Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bob Cherry broke off, and many eyes followed the direction in which he was looking.

At the gates of Greyfriars, clearly discernible from the window of the dormitory, was a small crowd of boys. Even at that distance Bob Cherry recognised Dick Trumper, who was talking in excited tones and still more excited gesticulations to Gosling, the school porter.

"Trouble!" said Bob laconically.

"Who's coming down?"

Quite a number of juniors followed him out of the dormitory, down the stairs, across the quadrangle, and to the gates. Harry Wharton, Nugent, Bull, Hurree Singh, Billy Bunter, Vernon-Smith, and Mark Linley were almost immediately behind the fighting man of the Remove, and close behind them came Dick Penfold, Trevor, Truluce, Maulverer, and Dick Rake.

They reached the gates just as Dick Trumper had grown tired of talking to Gosling.

"What I says is this 'ere—" Gosling was saying.

"And what I says is this 'ere," mimicked Dick Trumper. "Them young rips what's in your school have done in our guys, and we're going to do in their guys!"

"Hold on, Dick!" roared Bob Cherry.

Dick Trumper, if he heard, heeded not. With a whoop like that of an Indian on the warpath, he dashed past Gosling, and rushed at the Greyfriars juniors. Close behind Dick Trumper pelted his faithful followers, and in a moment there was in progress a terrific battle.

Dick Trumper picked out Bob Cherry and Walter Grahame sought out Wharton. The others went straight for the nearest disengaged junior.

There came a succession of loud bumps as juniors and villagers, locked in almost an affectionate embrace, fell to the ground.

"Ow!"

"Yow!"

"Groough!"

"Trumper, you ass! Groough!"

After the first few cries there was no calling out. Every boy wanted his breath. Other juniors came rushing on to the scene, but, seeing that every villager had found an antagonist, they kept in the background to see fair play.

Dick Trumper was a hefty fellow of about fifteen years of age, strong as a lion, but in taking on Bob Cherry he had taken on the greatest fighter in the Remove. Bob Cherry was the junior champion athlete, and it was not long before Dick Trumper was discovering the fact.

Bob had him on the ground, and he was uppermost. Dick glared up at the cheerful, determined face, and struggled anew. Wharton and Wickers, struggling grimly and silently, rolled into them and Bob was sent spinning off his rival's chest.



Billy Bunter led the way to where his guy was propped up. Quite a crowd followed in the rear of Mr. Quelch and the fat junior. There was a roar of laughter when they saw the guy. "Bless my soul, is that your guy?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Yes, sir, quite the best of the bunch! Can I have the prize now?" asked Bunter. (See Chapter 7.)

"Go it, Remove!" yelled the juniors.

"Sock into 'em!" roared Montgomery defiantly.

"Learn 'em!" shrieked Hayward.

"Ow! Yow! Gerroff me chest!"
Vernon-Smith was astride the speaker, and the one-time Bounder of Greyfriars was a tough nut-to crack. He had conquered his man, and only waited for a sign of surrender to get up and tackle some of the others.

But the villagers suffered through the fault of one of their number. This one broke from the grasp of the junior who held him, and made a dash for the nearest guy. In a moment his boot had swung out, and the guy crashed down on its side.

"My hat! Go for 'em!" yelled Whibley.

"The rotter!" hooted Morgan. "Go for 'em! Kick 'em out!"

There was a rush from those juniors who had stood aside, and that put the finishing touches to the villagers' debacle. With the numbers increased against them, their slender chances of a victory over the Removites was gone.

In less than ten minutes every villager was a prisoner. Dick Trumper was panting and defiant in the grasp of Bob Cherry, and Piet Delarey, Graham, equally defiant but more distressed, was the prisoner of Wharton and Ogilvy.

"You rotters!" exclaimed Wharton hotly. "Dick Trumper, you jolly well ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Rotters yourselves!" hooted Dick Trumper. "Who smashed our guys?"

"What!"

"What guys?"

"Whose guys?"

"Which guys?"

The questions were hurled at Dick Trumper from all sides. Dick looked surprised, and glanced uneasily at his companions.

"The guys we built and stuck in the village green," he said at last. "They were ruded last night, and smashed to bits. Who did it, if you Greyfriars fellows didn't!"

"Smashed! Your guys!" repeated Harry Wharton. "Here, you chaps, this wants looking into! Bring the prisoners to the woodshed, and we'll try 'em!"

"Kim on, Dick Trumper!" said Bob Cherry; and he and Piet Delarey swung the prisoner along towards the woodshed.

In three minutes all the prisoners were within a square formed by the Removites just outside the woodshed, and Harry Wharton climbed on to a box.

The raiders looked on, silent, grim, and not a little anxious, and waited for him to speak.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Winning Guy!

"GENTLEMEN, chaps, and fellows!"

Harry Wharton glared round at the crowd of juniors as if they were all prisoners, and he was a real justice of the peace. For once there was no interruptions from the juniors. The accusations which Dick Trumper had cast at them were serious, and needed instant thrashing out.

"We are accused of smashing the guys built by the villagers and stuck up on the green," went on Harry Wharton. "I call that rotten mean of whoever did it!"

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

"Skinner!" shouted Wharton.

"Hallo!"

"I reckon you're about the kind of beast who would do a thing like that," said Harry Wharton pleasantly. "It's just the sort of thing you would do. Did you, or did you not, go out and rag the villagers' guys last night?"

"Look here, you rotter—" began Skinner indignantly.

"Biff him, somebody, if he can't answer the question quickly!" interposed Wharton tartly.

"Certainly!" said Vernon-Smith heartily.

"I didn't go out, hang you!" yelled Skinner.

"Sure!" demanded Wharton.

"Positive!" snarled Skinner.

Wharton looked round the crowd to see if there was anybody else whose reputation for caddishness would warrant the same question being asked. But there was no one quite so much a sneak and cad as Skinner, and Wharton turned back to Dick Trumper.

"There you are, Dick Trumper!" he said. "Have you any reason for supposing that it was a Greyfriars fellow or fellows who did the dirty on your guys?"

"N-n-no!" stammered Dick Trumper, somewhat taken aback. "But who did, we want to know!"

"You should ask, my son, instead of carering in the gates like a herd of mad bulls, and going for perfectly peaceful and nice fellows like ourselves!" said Wharton cheerfully. "You ought to be jolly well bumped for ever thinking that a Greyfriars chap would do a trick like that. Have we ever done anything like it to your knowledge?"

"N-n-no!" "Then why the merry dickens did you jump to the conclusion that we were guilty on this occasion?" Wharton wanted to know.

Dick Trumper scratched his head thoughtfully, and grinned sheepishly.

"Perhaps we were a bit hasty," he admitted slowly. "Only all the boys in the village had a go at the guys, and no one would have done 'em in. There's some blessed mystery about this that doesn't find an answer in my napper!"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"We quite appreciate your feelings, dear boys," he said cheerfully. "But we're going to return good for evil. Just you apologise for casting a slur on the honour of Greyfriars, and we'll invite you to our show to-night."

Dick Trumper's eyes gleamed. It would have gone much against the grain to apologise to the Greyfriars juniors on any other occasion. But Dick saw that he and his party were very much in the wrong, and he apologised handsomely.

"I'm downright sorry, you fellows," he said. "I did think it was a bit off of you to do it—"

"We didn't do it, you dummy!" shrieked Wharton.

"Well, as I thought at the time, if you like that better," said Dick Trumper, with a laugh. "Suppose we can go home to breakfast now?"

"You can, and you can turn up at seven to-night for the bust-up," said Harry Wharton cheerfully.

And the prisoners were escorted off

the premises, so to speak, and the juniors in to breakfast.

The exciting incidents of the morning were the subject of much controversy during the morning. Some declared that a Greyfriars fellow must have smashed up Trumper & Co.'s guys, which quite the majority preferred to look upon the smashing of the guys as being a great mystery not likely to be solved.

Morning and afternoon lessons crept along and passed. Prep was to be excused that night, it being understood that the juniors were to put in half an hour's extra work the next day, to make up for lost time.

It was fast growing dark when Mr. Quelch announced that he was ready to judge the guys, and award the prize of five pounds to the winners. Cheering, and excitedly discussing their chances, the juniors poured out into the quadrangle, and Mr. Quelch followed in the rear.

The juniors sought out their guys, and cut the strings which held on the coverings. In a very few minutes all the guys were disclosed to the public view, and simultaneously with the removal of the sheets went up roars of laughter.

Skinner & Co. had taken Billy Bunter as their model. The guy was possessed of a huge head, a hideous mask, immense arms and legs, but only a very thin body. Underneath was a placard, bearing in large, capital letters, the words: **BILLY BUNTER, AFTER A HUNGER STRIKE!**

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

"Absolutely life-like!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Bob Cherry?" said Billy Bunter indignantly. "You can be jolly sure that Mr. Quelch won't award the prize to that beast Skinner! There's nothing original in it!"

"What's your guy, then?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"A German soldier!" said Billy Bunter proudly. "I don't suppose anybody else has thought of such a stunning guy!"

"Why, you fat burglar, that's our guy!" howled Trevor.

"And it's ours, too!"

"We've got a German soldier!"

"My hat! And so have we!"

There was quite a chorus of disappointed shouts from various quarters of the quadrangle, and it became quite apparent that Mr. Quelch's task would be an easy one. More than half the juniors had thought of the stunning wheeze of having a German soldier as a guy!

"They've cribbed my idea!" hooted Billy Bunter wildly. "Beasts! You can't do anything unless you follow me! Yah! I'll tell old Quelch!"

"Tell him, then, Bunter!" came in a quiet voice from behind.

Billy Bunter, wildly disappointed that so many juniors had chosen a German soldier as the subject of their guys, swung round and faced the calm-faced master. All thought of the respect due to a master, or that he had been "caught" alluding to Mr. Quelch as "Old Quelch," went by the board.

"Just because I'm the most ingenious fellow in the Form, sir," howled the Owl of the Remove, "they've cribbed my idea. I'm sure nobody else could have thought of that stunning wheeze, sir! Oh dear!"

"You needs't excite yourself, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "The prize will be awarded to the best built

TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.
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ANSWERS
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NEXT MONDAY!

"THE SLACKER'S SPASM!"

A SPLENDID



Just as the smoke from the fires began to rise there was a sudden rush from the direction of the school gates. Harry Wharton & Co. were sent spinning in all directions, and before they realised what had happened they saw their guy being whisked away. (See Chapter 8.)

guy—not necessarily the most ingenious. Show me the guy!"

"Certainly, sir!" said Billy Bunter, with alacrity. "I'm quite sure you'll be fair, and agree that mine is the best, sir!"

"You need have no fear as to the fairness of my judgment, Bunter," commented Mr. Quelch drily.

Quite a crowd of juniors followed the Owl of the Remove, as he led the Remove master to his guy. And one glance at the guy was sufficient to cause a roar of laughter.

Even Mr. Quelch laughed loud and long.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the matter with him, Billy?" asked Bob Cherry, with tears of merriment streaming down his face. "Has he got shell-shock?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter's model of a German soldier was certainly very funny. Whether it was because he was short-sighted, or for any other reason, Billy had made a mistake.

The arms were where the legs should have been, and the ludicrous figure was standing on his hands, whilst boots dangled from where his arms ought to have been. The mask was on perfectly correctly, but had been ill-chosen, for the features were unmistakably those of an Eastern race.

Underneath was a placard bearing the words, "Germun Soljer."

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

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, rubbing his eyes. "Is—is that your guy, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir!" said Bunter proudly. "Quite the best, don't you think, sir?"

"Quite the funniest, Bunter," admitted

Mr. Quelch. "I cannot say you have built it very well—"

"Oh, really, sir—" began Billy Bunter, whose visions of five pounds' worth of tuck began to disappear.

"All the same, it is not without certain merit," resumed Mr. Quelch. "I shall give—"

"Oh, good, sir!" said Bunter. "Do—do I take the prize now, sir?"

"You do not, Bunter!"

"Oh!"

"You shall be awarded a smaller prize, however, for your guy has evidently created a good deal of amusement, which points to its being funny," said Mr. Quelch. "Here is your prize, Bunter!"

"Oh, thank you, sir!" beamed the fat junior, and his ready palm closed upon a coin.

Mr. Quelch walked away, passing several guys before he came to Harry Wharton's, and leaving Billy Bunter to stare almost dully at—half-a-crown!

"The—the unjust beast!" blustered Billy furiously. "I've a jolly good mind to chuck it at him!"

"Do!" said Skinner gently.

"On second thoughts, half-a-crown is better than nothing—more than you've got, anyhow, Skinner, your beast!" said Billy Bunter triumphantly.

And the fat junior tucked the half-crown into his pocket, and walked towards the group round Harry Wharton & Co.'s guy.

It was undoubtedly a splendid guy which Harry Wharton & Co. and Dick Penfold had built. Unlike every other one, it was of two figures. Both were dressed in football garb—one was standing up, the other falling, evidently having been tripped up. Beside them was a football—not a new one, needless to say. Underneath, neatly printed, was a placard: "The Foul!"

"That is indeed very good!" said Mr. Quelch, beaming. "That is quite the best I have seen so far! Unless there is something better, I think that will win the prize. To whom does it belong?"

Harry Wharton gave the Remove master the names of the juniors concerned, and Mr. Quelch nodded and passed on. "By this time it was nearly dark, and the juniors could scarcely see more than ten feet in front of them. In a few minutes Mr. Quelch returned.

There were no better guys than that labelled "The Foul!" and the prize of five pounds was handed over to Harry Wharton & Co. amidst terrific cheers.

"Now get your tea, boys," said Mr. Quelch, when at last there was some semblance of silence. "Guys will be lighted at seven sharp!"

"Hurrah!"

"Don't forget the fireworks, Wharton!"

"I won't!" laughed Harry.

The chums went up to the study to tea, and immediately he had finished a hurried meal, Harry Wharton went on his bicycle to the village to purchase a huge supply of fireworks, which would necessarily have to be sent up to Greyfriars.

And on his way back he called in at the cobbler's cottage to inform him of their triumph, and to leave behind a brand-new pouch and a good supply of tobacco as the cobbler's share of the prize.

Then Harry Wharton went, rejoicing, to the firework display!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Stolen Guy!

GUY, guy, guy!"

The cry went up in a roar as the merry juniors prepared to set the guys alight. Harry Wharton & Co.'s guy was that nearest to the gates, and Harry did not wait to put his machine away, but jumped off the machine and laid it against the gates.

The moment he had left it, a man drove up in a huge car, but the noise of the engine was drowned in the roar of a hundred voices in the quadrangle. Now that the judging of the guys was over, all the fags and half the Upper Fourth and Fifth had joined the juniors of the Remove in the quadrangle, eager to join in the fun of the evening.

"Ready, Harry!" roared Bob Cherry. "The fizers have come up, and we've distributed a large quantity amongst the chaps! Hi! Let 'em rip, you chaps!"

The signal was given that Harry Wharton had got back, and that the bonfires and guys could be burned. A hundred matches were struck, and applied to the guys. Smoke began to rise, but little flame could be seen for a few seconds.

In those few seconds much happened.

Harry Wharton & Co. were sent spinning in all directions, and before they realised what had happened they saw their guy being whisked away in the grasp of two figures.

"Collar them!" roared Bob Cherry, scrambling to his feet.

"Got you, you beast!" shouted Harry Wharton, groping in the darkness as the figures disappeared, and his fingers coming in contact with a human body.

In a moment he was borne to the ground, and the bump knocked half the breath from his body. But he struggled on.

"You rotter!" he gasped. "I—I—
—suppose it's Trumper!"

"Wharton!"
The fellow with whom he was struggling gasped out the name, and Harry Wharton let go his grasp as though his assailant had been red-hot.

"Bob Cherry!" he yelled. "You dummy! He's got away—"

"With our guy!" hooted Johnny Bull, who had only just got to his feet.

"The guyness of our esteemed guy is terrific!" purred Hurree Singh, unconsciously humorous.

The six juniors rushed towards the gates, but before they reached them they heard the roar of a powerful engine, a gear thrust in, and the whirl of wheels. Nobody else had seen or heard the incident. The attention of everybody was demanded by their immediate surroundings, and the dodging of dancing crackers and bursting squibs.

"After them!" shouted Bob Cherry, rushing down the road.

He came back in less than a minute. The chase was hopeless.

"Well, of all the giddy mysteries!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Our blessed guy stolen by people who run motor-cars! There's something behind all this!"

"The rathfulness is terrific!" observed Hurree Singh firmly. "I conscientiously associate the pinchfulness of the esteemed and ludicrous guy to work of the smashers of the esteemed and worthy Trumper's guys!"

"My hat!"

"You're right, Inky!"

"There's something in that, by gad!"
The juniors looked at one another in the darkness, hardly knowing what to say or do. The fact that the guy had been taken away in a car did not lend colour to the theory that Dick Trumper & Co. had stolen it. Then there was the fact of the villagers' guys having been smashed.

Harry Wharton & Co. wondered what on earth there could be connecting a harmless guy and a man with a motor-car?

"We're jolly well going to have our guy, if we search all night!" said Harry Wharton between his teeth. "Come on, you chaps!"

"Where are you going?" asked Nugent, in surprise.

"After the giddy thieves, you dummy!" said Wharton warmly.

"Oh! And where will they be?" asked Nugent sweetly.

"How the dickens do I know?" asked Wharton irritably. "I'm jolly well going to find out! The beggars can't be going very far!"

And the junior captain went off down the lane as fast as his legs could carry him. The others did not hesitate. Where Harry Wharton went they would go, too.

The juniors did not speak until they came to a sudden halt in the lane. Coming towards them, whistling and singing cheerily, was a party. They needed no telling that the party was Dick Trumper & Co., coming to the school for the fireworks and burning of the guys.

They came up to the Greyfriars juniors, and halted.

"Hallo, Wharton!" said Dick Trumper, peering through the darkness at the juniors. "I suppose you're there?"

"Seen our guy, Dick?" asked Wharton sharply.

"My eyes. Your guy?" exclaimed Trumper. "Has that gone, too?"

"Pinched under our blessed noses!" growled Johnny Bull. "Chap in a car!"

"My eyes! We saw a big car go through the village a few minutes ago!" said Trumper, in amazement. "Didn't we, chaps?"

"We did!" said the villagers, in a chorus of voices.

"Going fast?" asked Wharton.

"No. Sounded as if he were pulling her in," answered Trumper.

"Then you come with us, Dick, and the others fellows can go on," said Harry Wharton quickly. "We're going to find the meaning to all this mystery!"

"I'm with you!" said Trumper instantly. "Buzz, you fellows, up to the school!"

The fellows buzzed. Harry Wharton led the way again through the village at a rare speed, but once out into the country again they were forced to come to a standstill, for they had not the slightest hope of tracing a car in the country without even a light with which to search the road for wheel-marks.

It seemed as if there was to be no answer found to the mystery that night, after all.

"It ticks the blessed cake factory!" said Bob Cherry, between his teeth. "If I found the rotters, I'd break their blessed heads for them!"

"What a nice thing for them!" said Dick Trumper cheerfully.

"What are you cheerful about, any old how?" growled Johnny Bull.

"Let the fellers have the blessed guy!" said Dick contemptuously.

"Ain't you got enough guys up at the school?"

Harry Wharton stamped his foot impatiently.

"You don't understand, Dick!" he said quickly. "First of all, your guys are smashed up. Then our guy is pinched. Doesn't it strike you that there's something funny about it all?"

"Blessed if it do!" said Trumper instantly. "Somebody having a lark!"

"People don't drive up to a school in a motor-car, smuffle a guy, and bank with it!" said Bob Cherry. "That's not a lark, my son! That's downright robbery, for people with cars can afford to buy a guy, or build one themselves in their own gardens!"

Trumper hesitated.

"P'raps you're right," he said at last. "I haven't got much of a head for mysteries myself. What do you make of it all, at any rate?"

"That's what we don't know, but what we're dashed well going to find out," said Harry Wharton. "Where's the nearest house, Dick?"

"In the village," said Dick quickly.

"Oh, you ass! I mean this way!"

"Oh, that way! Lemme think a minute. There's the Hollies, which is owned by two maiden ladies. Then there's the Hermitage, what's owned by old Binks, the miser."

"Any more?"

Dick Trumper hesitated again, evidently in deep thought.

"There is a place across the fields yonder that they call Barvale," he said at last. "Blessed if I know who lives there. Young George, who's gone up to the school would be able to tell you, 'cos he's runner for the butcher who serves the house."

"George not being here, we can't ask him," said Nugent with heavy sarcasm. "Anything else, Dick?"

"Come to think of it, George did mention once that there was engines there, 'cos he heard 'em."

"A motor-car!" said Bob Cherry triumphantly. "They're the cause of all the trouble, Harry! Kim on!"

And without a word, the six juniors and Dick Trumper cut off the lane into the fields, and ploughed their way towards Barvale.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

An Unexpected Find.

ARE we going the right way, Dick?"

Bob Cherry asked the question of Dick Trumper after they had been walking for ten minutes, and still there was no sign of a house.

"We'll see the lights in a few seconds," said Trumper. "Follow me, me lads, and all will be well!"

Dick Trumper was evidently glad to find himself in the position of leading the Greyfriars fellows. He had never been in such a position before, and he was not likely to occupy that honoured position again.

They walked on in silence for another hundred yards, and breasted the top of a hill. Then below, they caught sight of lights in the windows of what looked to be a big house even from where they stood.

"That's the place where the enemy lies!" said Dick Trumper triumphantly.

"What are we going to do—said it!"

That part of the question had not yet occurred to the juniors, and they did not answer the question immediately. In fact, Dick had to repeat it before he got his answer.

"I suppose we shall have to go carefully," said Harry Wharton slowly. "You see, you chaps, if we rang the bell and demanded our guy, they might turn nasty and go for us. On the other hand, if they haven't got the guy, we should look a pretty set of dummies ourselves!"

"Exactly!" said Bob Cherry dolorously.

"I think we might have a look round the house first, and see if we can find any trace of the car," said Johnny Bull practically. "If there's no garage, we can safely say that the people who are in the house know nothing about our guy."

"Gee!" said Wharton. "You've hit the nail on the napper first whack, old son!"

"Then come on, and waste no more time jawing," said Dick Trumper caustically.

When the party arrived at the outskirts of the house, they found themselves in another lane, which evidently led into the main road to Friarade. That rather encouraged them, for it showed that a car would not be out of the way in such a place.

"Better find the main gates," said Johnny Bull. "Soon see if a car would go in."

Walking beside the high walls, they had no difficulty in finding the main gates, and those being of the large, swinging kind, protected a wide drive which led up to the house.

"Coming over, Harry?" asked Bob Cherry quickly.

"Like a shot!" said Harry Wharton, who was determined to get to the bottom of the mystery surrounding the stolen guy.

The gates were tried, and found to be locked; and to climb them was the work of an instant to such nimble fellows as the Renovites. Once over the gate, they moved quickly and silently up the drive.

Suddenly Bob Cherry pulled to a halt.

"A car!" he whispered.

NEXT MONDAY!

THE SLACKER'S SPASM!

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The others, peering through the darkness, could just make out the outlines of a huge car which was standing outside the main entrance to the big house.

"Stop here, and if I whistle softly, come up," said Harry Wharton quietly. "I'm going to have a look at that car!"

He was gone the next instant, and the juniors did not see or hear anything of him until, in answer to his soft whistle, they crept up to him.

Without a word, Wharton pointed to the tonneau of the car, upon which a small stream of light from one of the windows was showing.

The juniors looked, and drew in their breaths sharply. In the tonneau were several pieces of straw, and a large piece of cardboard. Harry Wharton had no need to tell them what was written upon the cardboard, for they could see quite distinctly the words "The Foul."

Harry Wharton, cautious no longer, stepped up to the front door and rang the bell. The other five juniors and Trumper crowded behind him, waiting.

The door was opened at last, and a man, evidently the butler, put in an appearance.

"We should like to see the owners, please!" said Harry Wharton quietly.

The man started, and looked quickly behind him.

"There's nobody at home!" he said deliberately. "The master is out, and so is his brother!"

"Daddy! sell fibs, you wicked old man!" said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "Gone out for their scooters, I suppose? Or with their hoops, perhaps?"

"They're not in!" snapped the butler, who probably didn't like his leg pulled, and he made as if to shut the door.

The movement decided Harry Wharton on his next course of action. He pushed his way into the hall without more ado, and the five juniors and Trumper followed, despite the protestations of the butler.

Harry Wharton had noticed the man glance at the first door on the left as they stood in that room, Wharton decided, there would be the answer to the mystery of the stolen guy, and in that room he meant to get.

He reached the door before the butler, and with a swift turn of the handle, he flung open the door.

A startling scene met the eyes of the juniors as they stood in the doorway.

On the table, which stood in the centre of the room, was their guy; but it was not in the same condition as it was when they had last seen it.

The falling figure had been ripped from the rest of the structure, and lay on the table, face downwards, with the back of the jersey ripped up. The straw with which the guy had been stuffed was scattered all over the room. The other figure had not been touched.

In the far corner of the room was a complicated-looking engine, standing upon two trestles and a board. On either side of the table, scanning a large sheet of paper marked with drawings, were two men—the men they had seen in the lane when returning to Greyfriars after working on their guy—the chased and the chaser!

"Well, my only aunt!" exclaimed the irrepressible Bob Cherry.

"What a nerve!" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton was grimly silent as the men swung round at the sound of their voices, startled.

"By Jove! The youngsters!" exclaimed one.

The other merely passed his hand across his forehead and smiled.

"Well," said Harry Wharton, advancing into the centre of the room, "I think this calls for some explanation!"

The men looked at the Greyfriars fellows without speaking and from them to Dick Trumper, who stood, with his hat in his hand, at the back of the little group.

"Sit down, you chaps!" said the younger man, as soon as the butler had gone. "It's up to us to tell you something after all this. If I remember correctly, we have met before."

"In the lane, when one of you was chasing the other," said Harry Wharton, as he sat down.

The other juniors and Trumper found a seat, and they waited for the explanations with no little curiosity.

"My name is Vane—Herbert Vane, and this gentleman," said the young man, indicating the other, "is my brother Pan. He is an inventor, and his latest invention is what you see over there—an aeroplane engine of an entirely new pattern. Unfortunately, he has been working a lot too hard, and it rather upset his nerve.

"He even began to think that I was trying to sell the rights of the engine to a foreign Power," resumed Herbert Vane. "I persuaded him to give up work for a time, and he agreed. But I found that he was coming down and working in the middle of the night. After a bit of a quarrel on the question of work and nerves, I took the plans away from him, vowing he should not work any more on the engine for some time. So I went out of the house, meaning to get back and hide the plans. But he ran after me, and had nearly caught me when I happened upon you. After that you held him up for a bit. However, he caught me up in the village, and I had to dash through a cottage—"

"My father's!" exclaimed Dick Penfold.

Herbert Vane looked surprised, but he made no comment.

"There I saw the guy and a chance of hiding the plans for a week or two, knowing that I should be able to convince my brother that they were perfectly safe. I forgot one thing. That the day, November the Fifth, was very near. When I thought of it, and went back for the plans, the guy had gone. I had seen a lot of guys on the green, and naturally thought my plans must have been there. I—"

"So you pinched our guys!" snorted Dick Trumper.

"I much regret I had no other course open to me," resumed Herbert Vane. "Then, of course, I thought of you boys. We couldn't come and take the plans from the guy without drawing attention to ourselves. Nobody knows our business, and nobody must know. What I have told you I trust you to keep to yourselves, for it is of national importance. You will boys?"

"Oh, rather!" said the Removites. "In the post, as a matter of fact, is a little present by way of consolation. I sincerely trust that you will accept it!"

The juniors looked uncomfortable. The Vane brothers were evidently very decent fellows, after all, or they would not have sent them "consolation" through the post.

"You can do one thing for us!" burst out Bob Cherry.

"And that is?" asked Herbert Vane. "You can drive us and our guy back to Greyfriars, like the wind," said Bob warmly. "We're missing all the giddy fun, you know!"

"And come with us, sir. It will do you both good to be boys again for one night!" said Harry Wharton heartily.

In ten minutes they were back at Greyfriars, after having had the quickest ride in their careers. The Vane brothers until the celebrations were over and the guys burned to the last straw and the last rag. Then they took their departure.

"Thank you, boys!" said Paul Vane heartily. "I think this has done no more good than a month's holiday! Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir, and everything's safe with us!" called out Harry Wharton.

The next moment the whirling engine had taken the car many yards away, and Harry Wharton & Co. went up to their dormitory tired, but supremely happy that their stolen guy had been burned to the tune of a hundred fireworks, after all!

THE END.

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