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(See Announcement on page 17.)

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THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



LORD MAULEVERER SURPRISES HIS CHUMS!

(An Amazing Incident from the Long Complete Story inside.)

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT.

Address your letters to: The Editor, "The Magnet Library," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

"MARK LINLEY'S TRIAL!"

By Frank Richards.

Our next story, entitled as above, will be found to be of the kind that particularly appeals to you. In it we find Mark Linley, the poor scholarship boy of the Remove, badly up against it. Skinner and Leder take the opportunity to get a little of their own back, and Mark Linley, as if he had not trials enough, is sacked from the school.

However, there comes a time when Leder, the bullying end of the Sixth Form

at Greyfriars, is very glad of the help of even so poor a chap as Mark, and Mr. Frank Richards has excelled himself in relating a splendid story of a splendid fellow.

PAGE SEVENTEEN.

Great interest will no doubt be aroused by the announcement on page seventeen of this issue. If you have not seen it, turn to it right away, and you will understand better what I have to write about.

The postcards which I am offering are really very nice indeed. They are specially-drawn portraits of your favourite characters, and the postcards are ready to be put in an album or posted to a friend. So far I have had printed the portraits of only twelve of the chums of Greyfriars, but it depends entirely upon the energies of readers whether we have printed portraits of every popular character.

In the meantime, let me point out that you have only to fill in and complete four coupons to entitle you to the set of twelve

postcard portraits. The coupon will appear again next week, so you have another opportunity of securing the finest portrait-gallery of the chums of Greyfriars that has been printed.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

Harry Wharton announces the publication of a great BARRING-OUT NUMBER of the "Greyfriars Herald." It will appear in the centre of next week's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY.

Correspondence.

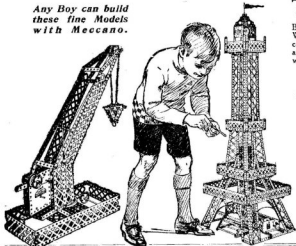
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A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., and Lord Mauleverer at Greyfriars.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Seidlitz-Powders!

"YAW-AW-AW!"
Sir James Vivian, the schoolboy baronet, sat in Study No. 12 in the Remove passage at Greyfriars and yawned. It had been an exceptionally tiring day, and Vivian, who had not long returned from the football-ground, was tired and hungry. An inviting tea was ready laid on the study table, and Jimmy Vivian only awaited the arrival of his study-mate, Lord Mauleverer, the laziest boy in the school, before he waded into the good things spread before him.

"I suppose the blessed ass has dozed off somewhere," he thought. "Anyhow, I wish he would buck up; I'm hungry!"
Tap!

"Come in!" sang out Jimmy, in response to the knock on the study door. The door opened, and Trotter, the school page, wearing a grin of the variety that "won't come off," poked his head inside the room.

"Master Vivian?" he asked.
"No; my name is Bunter!" replied Vivian sarcastically. "Why? What do you want?"

Trotter advanced into the study holding a small parcel in his rather grimy hand.

"Which this is for you, sir!" he said.
"Right-ho, Trotter! Thanks!"
Trotter, still grinning, departed. There was nothing funny for him to grin about; but he was a youth who usually felt pleased with the world, and that was his way of showing it.

When the door had closed Vivian examined the postmark on the parcel.
"It's! From South America," he muttered. "I wonder who it's from!"

The junior opened the parcel and examined the contents. There were two small cardboard boxes about the size of those used for wax tapers, which Vivian regarded curiously for a while, and then opened. The first box contained half a dozen small blue paper packets, full of a white powder. Vivian opened the other

box, and found that that also contained a number of similar packets. There was nothing written on them to indicate what they were, and for a moment the junior was puzzled.

"My hat!" he muttered after a pause. "They're Seidlitz-powders! I wonder what the stunt is in sending me Seidlitz powders from South America!"

The junior had no reason for thinking the powders were that valuable medicine at all, beyond the fact that they looked like it. And that fact to Vivian, who was tired, was enough.

A moment later his glance fell across an envelope which had hitherto escaped his attention. He ripped it open, and perused its contents with a look of mild surprise.

It was addressed from the Grand Plaza Hotel, Hermosa, South America, and read:

"My Dear Jimmy.—By the time you receive this I will be on my way to England again. I have enclosed two boxes, which I want you to keep for me until I visit you at Greyfriars and collect them. They are of no value to anybody, but myself and some of my colleagues, but there is just a chance that I may be robbed on my way over. That is why I have sent them to you.
"Well, you little rascal, all the best until we meet again.

"Yours affectionately,
"(Signed) FRANCIS VIVIAN."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Jimmy Vivian, staring at the letter. "Old Uncle Francis again! I wonder what his blessed game is? And who he thinks wants to rob him of this stuff? Well, I'm blessed!"

Vivian's Uncle Francis—Sir Francis Vivian, to give him his full title—was a well-known physician, and the last time his nephew had heard of him was over two years ago.

"Well, I'm blessed!" repeated Vivian. "Nunky always was a funny old jesser! However, there's no harm in minding

his merry old powders for him. Some new fad of his, I suppose."

And, stifling another yawn, Sir James Vivian rose from his chair and carelessly placed the two boxes on a top shelf in the study cupboard. A few minutes later he had completely forgotten them.

Jimmy Vivian looked at the clock and turned to the tea-table. There was still no sign of the schoolboy earl, so, like a sensible lad, Vivian decided to wade in, and not to wait any longer for him.

He gave a faint grunt of satisfaction as he reached for the choice middle cut of salmon garnished with appetising waters of fresh-cut cucumber. He felt very pleased with the world at that moment.

But down the Remove passage—in Study No. 1, to be precise—was to be witnessed a far different scene.

Five juniors with mournful faces stood, with their hands in their pockets, gazing into the study cupboard. But their cupboard, like that of Old Mother Hubbard's when that excellent lady went to seek sustenance for her canine friend, was bare!

The mournful-looking juniors—Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Bell, and Horres, James, Ram Singh, known to everybody as the Famous Five—continued to stare at the cupboard as though they could not believe their eyes. When they had left the study earlier in the afternoon the cupboard had been stored with good things from Mrs. Mumble's, Sardines, doughnuts, cream-buns, oranges, and bottles of ginger-pop had been there in abundance. Now they had returned, tired and hungry, to find somebody had been to the cupboard before them. Not a crumb from all that tempting array remained.

"This is the limit!" burst out Wharton.
"The limitfulness is terrific!"
"It's that beast Bunter!"
"Scooped the lot!"
"Not a crumb left!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly. "And it's too late for tea in Hall!"



Mauily gripped the handle of the jug and tilted the contents over Bob Cherry's head. The water seemed to descend in a solid mass. "Yow-ooooow!" roared Bob. "Ha, ha! Show a leg!" shouted the schoolboy earl. (See Chapter 2.)

"I'll slaughter the fat ass when I find him!" snorted Frank Nugent.

"That won't provide the tea, anyhow!" grunted Johnny Bull. "The point is—what are we going to do, you chaps?"

The Famous Five regarded each other sorrowfully, and put their hands in their trousers-pockets. That action did not seem to afford them much satisfaction; perhaps it was because the vanished feed had already cost them nearly all the cash they had.

"I'll go and borrow ten bob off Mauily," said Harry Wharton, brightening. "He's always rolling in the beastly stuff!"

"Good egg!"

And, leaving his hungry chums in a more cheerful frame of mind, the captain of the Remove went to seek Herbert Mauleverer.

Harry reached Study No. 12, and tapped at the door.

There was no reply.

"I expect the blessed slacker is asleep!" thought Wharton, and he pushed the door open.

The remains of the tea were still on the table, but Jimmy Vivian had gone. Mauleverer was reclining on the couch, but not in his usual graceful manner.

"I say, Mauily—" began Harry.

"Ow! Begad!"

"What's up, Mauily?"

"Ow! Begad! It's my liver, dear boy!"

"Oh, I thought you were dying, you ass!" exclaimed Wharton unkindly. "Will you lend me ten bob?"

"Yes, certainly, old man!" said Mauily, and he took a ten-bob note from his pocket-book.

Harry Wharton looked curiously at the noble Removeite. His face was pale, and he looked really ill. Wharton would not have taken much notice of Mauleverer's complaint in the ordinary way; Mauleverer was certainly the laziest fellow he had ever met; everything was too much for him; even talking to anyone—and the Remove captain was at first inclined to think that

Mauleverer's liver trouble was a little scheme to get rid of him as quickly as possible, so that the schoolboy earl could continue his gentle slumber on the couch.

"Ow! Begad!"

Wharton looked alarmed.

"Why don't you get up and see if there's any medicine about?" demanded Wharton.

"Too tired, dear boy!"

Wharton laughed good-humouredly, and stepped across to the study cupboard. He opened the door and searched about inside for some time, and then withdrew his hand holding a blue cardboard box.

"Here's a Sciditz-powder. You'll be all right after this," he said.

Wharton mixed one of the powders up, and gave it to Mauleverer; then, placing the box back where he had found it, he returned to his chums in Study No. 1.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry, in a stentorian voice. "Where have you been all this blessed time? We're starving!"

"I'm waitfully famished for the honourable tea!" added the Nabob of Bhanipur, in the quaint English taught him by the best native teachers of India.

Wharton laughed, and explained to his chums about Mauleverer's liver trouble.

"He wants some exercise, that's the trouble with him!" grunted Johnny Bull.

Frank Nugent was despatched to the tuckshop to spend the ten shillings, leaving the remainder of the chums to discuss Mauleverer and his liver.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Remove is Startled!

SNORE!

The big clock in the school tower had just tolled the hour of five, and the juniors of the Remove were still sleeping the sleep of the just—all except one.

The exception was Herbert Mauleverer. The schoolboy earl sat up in bed and rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

"Begad!" he muttered. "It's jolly early!"

Mauleverer jumped silently out of bed and dressed. Never before in the history of Greyfriars had Mauleverer been known to wake before the clang of the rising-bell—for that matter, he seldom woke when it had ceased to ring, unless some obliging junior pulled the clothes off his bed. There were many boys in the Remove who, though not obliging in the ordinary sense of the word, were obliging in this particular respect.

"Begad!" murmured Mauleverer again. "Gone five, and not a soul awake!"

His eyes travelled to Bob Cherry's washstand, and he grinned. Cherry had often used the contents of the water-jug in waking Mauleverer; but this time, Mauleverer intended to put his knowledge of the power of cold water as a galvaniser of soporific youths to use. He gripped the jug in his right hand, and held it aloft, dead over Bob's head. Using his left hand to assist him in tilting the vessel, he suddenly shot the entire contents out, on to the bed.

Oooooooooosh!

The water seemed to descend in a solid mass; and landed with considerable force on the mat.

"Oh! Yaroooooooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Show a leg!"

"Ow! Oooooo!" gasped Cherry, sitting up in his soaking bed.

"Show a leg!" shouted Mauleverer, by way of encouragement.

Bob did not need any encouragement, however; he was now thoroughly awake.

"You beast, Bull!" he roared. "I'll blessed well—"

His voice trailed off into a whisper; he looked at Mauleverer, who was still holding the empty jug in his hand, and gasped.

The cold water was one of the reasons he gasped, but the spectacle of Mauleverer standing fully dressed, with the jug, was the principal.

"Mauily!" he gasped faintly. "I thought it was Bull or some other ass—"

"Who's an ass?" roared Johnny Bull, thoroughly awaking at the mention of his name. "I'll— Ha, ha, ha!"

Bull looked at Cherry and roared.

"Grogg! It's c-c-cold!" stutered Bob, jumping out of his wet bed.

All the Remove were awake now; the noise Bob Cherry had made when the deluge of water had descended on him would have awakened the Seven Sleepers themselves, had they been there. The juniors looked at Bob Cherry, and then at Mauleverer with the water-jug, in much the same way that a rabbit is supposed to gaze at a beast-constrictor.

The spectacle had almost numbed their brains. It had certainly robbed them of speech for several moments.

"W-u-what the—" began Wharton.

"W-who the—"

"Why the—"

These, and many similar attempts at exclamations came from all parts of the dorm.

Bob Cherry, almost equally stupefied, stood with chattering teeth, rubbing himself down with a rough towel.

The power of speech seemed to return to all the Removeites at once.

"Oh, my only sainted aunt!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mauily!"

"Are you dreaming?"

Mauily grinned at his chums.

"Begad, Cherry! There's too much slacking in this Form!" he said. "What

you want is a little more exercise, dear boys."

"Great Scott!"
 "So I'm going to take you fellows out for a little walk before brekker—"
 "You're going to do whatta, Mauly?" asked Nugent feebly.

"Getting deaf, Nugent?" asked Maulvever pleasantly. "I said I am going to take your pal Cherry out for a stroll before brekker; a little trot for five miles or so will do him a world of good. And look here!" added Maulvever generously. "You can come as well, Nugent—and you, Wharton."

"Thanks for nothing!"
 "No trouble, you know, dear boys," went on Maulvever innocently. "I consider it's up to somebody to stop slacking in the Remove. Personally, I never could stand slacking, begad!"

"Go hon!"
 "Not really!"
 "Come on, you fellows; I'm waiting!" said Mauly, turning impatiently. "If you don't buck up there won't be time for that walk before brekker!"

The Famous Five regarded him with puzzled brows, and then looked at each other.

"All right; if you want to take us for a walk you shall!" snorted Wharton. But the captain of the Remove was extremely puzzled, nevertheless. Maulvever was appearing in a role they would never have suspected. It was extraordinary; and none of the juniors knew what to make of it.

They finished dressing, and followed him down to the Close like five boys in a trance.

"This beats the band!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Never mind, chaps; we'll walk him off his feet and teach him a lesson!"

The strange conduct of Maulvever had spread all over the school; and a wondering crowd of seniors and juniors had collected in the Close soon after Wharton & Co. had gone down, to witness with their own eyes Maulvever, who had always been easily the laziest fellow in the school, take voluntary exercise and "brighten that blessed slacker Cherry up," as he expressed it.

"What's this about Maulvever pulling Cherry out of bed for a walk?" asked Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, entering the Close with North of the Sixth.

"My hat! Look!"
 The two Sixth-Formers stared.

Maulvever, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, was stepping it out like a professional walker the other side of the Close. He was followed by the Famous Five. The pace he was setting was pretty stiff, and it was obvious that the chums of Study No. 1 had all their work cut out to keep up with him.

"Come on, you slackers!" shouted Maulvever over his shoulder.

Puff, puff, puff!
 "Stick it, Cherry!" roared the crowd delightedly.

"Oh, my aunt! This is great!"
 The five juniors, led by Maulvever, had already been round the Close several times. They were among the best walkers in the Lower School at Greyfriars, but the pace Maulvever was setting was terrific.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!
 "Come on, Cherry!" called Maulvever, who was now several paces in front of the Famous Five again.

Cherry grunted. He was feeling too fatigued to speak.

"Oh dear!" gasped Wharton, as the

party went round for the seventh time. "How much longer is the chump going to keep this up!"

The five juniors were panting and perspiring; but Maulvever, curiously enough, seemed as fresh as ever.

"Beaten by Mauly!" gasped Johnny Bull. "We'll never hear the last of this! Oh, my hat!"

And the Famous Five, feeling that everything should have an end—even gentle exercise before brekker—dropped out when they reached the School House again.

Unconsciously that his followers had left him, Maulvever continued to speed at a great pace round the Close.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd, and Maulvever, looking round, found he was the only one left of the little walking-party.

"Begad!" he roared. "Where have those lazy slackers got to? Cherry, Wharton—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Wharton & Co., looking fagged and puzzled, had gone in to breakfast, dazedly discussing the strange behaviour of Lord Herbert Maulvever.

Many curious eyes followed Maulvever as he went in later, and great was the speculation as to what his little stant was.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Maulvever's Latest Wreck!

NEARLY finished, Franky? Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, asked that question in Study No. 1 an hour after tea.

"On the last lap now, Harry!" The two chums were finishing their preparation for the next day's lessons. It was not a job they found congenial, and they were glad it was nearly over.

"Well, that's that!"
 Crash!
 The two juniors jumped to their feet in

alarm as the study door was suddenly flung open with considerable violence.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared a familiar voice. "You chaps heard the latest?"

Bob Cherry, the fighting man of the Remove, burst into the room like a tornado, collided with the table, and sent the papers and inkstand, which the two juniors had been using, into the corner of the room.

"You burbling jabberwock!"
 "You frabjous chump!"

Wharton and Nugent, with furious faces, surveyed the wreck of their hour's work. The ink-bottle in the stand had been recently filled, and the contents had shot out, smothering the prep papers, so that on several pages not a vestige of writing remained visible.

"Sorry!" gasped Cherry. "You chaps heard the news?"

"Blow the news!"
 "Look at our prep!"

Bob Cherry looked, but apparently he did not find it very interesting. He turned to the two chums again, his face flushed with excitement.

"It's Mauly—he began.
 "Look at our papers!" roared Wharton and Nugent, in unison.

Bob Cherry snorted.
 "All right!" he grunted at last. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to do them again. I'll give you a hand."

The wrath of the inmates of Study No. 1 abated somewhat, and they turned to Cherry to listen to his news.

"What is it, anyway?" asked Wharton. Bob Cherry emitted a low chuckle. "You'll never guess!" he said. "It's Mauly again!"

Wharton and Nugent both became interested at the mention of the schoolboy carl. His strange conduct was still fresh in their minds.

"What's he up to this time?"
 "He's started a 'jerks' class," said Bob. "Swedish drill, you know," he added, by way of explanation. "And he says he hopes the whole Form are going to turn up and join."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"



Bob Cherry burst into Study No. 1 like a tornado, collided with the table, and sent the papers and ink-stand which the two juniors had been using into the corner of the room. "You burbling jabberwock! Look at our work!" said Harry Wharton. "Blow your work, come and have a look at Mauly's latest!" said Bob. (See Chapter 3.)

"What, hasn't he had enough exercise yet?"

"Come and see!" replied Bob Cherry. And taking his two doubting chums by the arm, he marched them out to the notice-board in the Remove passage, where a crowd had already collected to gaze at the notice pinned there by Lord Herbert Maulveverer.

The notice, written in the well-known hand of the aristocratic Removevic, read:

"Gentlemen of the Remove.—For some time past there has been a considerable amount of slacking in the Form, which is having a detrimental effect on the health of the members. To counteract this, a physical drill class has been started under my instruction.

"All members of the Form are eligible to join, and it is hoped that every Removevic will hand in his name to me in Study No. 12, and avail himself of this unique opportunity of benefiting his health, and at the same time setting an example to every other Form in the school.

"The class will start as soon as there are sufficient members.

"(Signed) HERBERT MAULVEVERER,
"(Principal Instructor)."

"Well, that takes the blessed bun!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What on earth's the matter with the prize chump?" demanded Dick Rake. "I didn't think Manly had enough energy to die, much less go in for 'jerks'."

"He must be doing it for a wager!"

"It's a jolly big wager that would make Manly work!" interjected Vernon-Smith, the one-time Bounder of Greyfriars.

"Well, I shall be jolly surprised for one if Manly gets any pupils!" said Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "Hallo, here's Marky! Seen this, Marky!"

Mark Linley, the Lancashire lad, who had just joined the party, nodded.

"Manly asked me if I would join before he put the notice up," he said. "And I told him he would be in luck's way if he got anybody in the class at all."

"I'll bet my Sunday topper he gets a dot on the boko instead!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then you'd lose it," replied Linley.

"As a matter of fact he's got a class going already. And, what's more, they're all hard at it this very moment."

"By Jove!"

"Where are they?"

"Who are they?"

Mark laughed.

"I don't know any more than that," he said. "But I'm going along to the gym to see. You chaps coming?"

"What-ho!"

Wharton & Co., led by Mark Linley, left the Remove passage, and made their way to the gym. They were followed by a good many more of the Juniors, who were anxious to see Maulveverer's physical jerks class at work.

Many other fellows from all Forms appeared to have the gym for their destination as well as Wharton & Co.

There was no doubt that Maulveverer was causing a sensation in the school by his mysterious and sudden burst of energy.

The theory that he was doing it for a wager did not find many supporters. It was well known that a wager was far too much for the slacker of the Remove.

The Juniors knew that there must be some other explanation, but what it was they could not guess.

As the chums of the Remove neared the doors of the gym they heard a sound of shouting and occasional blasts on a bagle, resembling a country fair. From the babel the thin nasal voice of Fisher

T. Fish, the self-styled business man of the Remove, rose predominant.

"Roll up—roll up! I guess this is the greatest show on earth—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get down, Fishy!"

"I guess this is a sight for gods and little fishes!"

"Go it!"

"Admission only one penny! Roll up—roll up!"

Fisher T. Fish, mounted on an up-turned soap-box, was flourishing a bagle in one hand, and exhorting the crowd of canvases to part with their pennies for the "best show in the land." A sheet of canvases stuck on the wall behind him depicted, in lurid colours, a squad of boys performing all sorts of impossible gymnastic tricks. In his other hand Fish held a long pointer, with which he tapped the canvases from time to time, to emphasize his words. Percy Bolsover, with a haversack slung from his shoulder, stood behind him, gathering a rich harvest of coppers into the treasury.

"Jever get left!" bawled Fish. "No, sreee! Then come along, my lucky lads! Roll up—roll up!"

"What's the Yankee pirate doing on that box?" snorted Bob Cherry indignantly. "I'll bet Maulveverer knows nothing about this!"

Bob was right. Maulveverer was certainly not aware that a charge was being made to the Juniors who wanted to watch him putting his jerks class through their paces. Had he known, there is no doubt that the noble Removevic would have objected to being turned into a poppy show. But the astute Fish never missed a chance of coaxing cash from the pockets of his schoolfellows into his own. Maulveverer's class was an excellent draw—Fish admitted that he could not have thought of a more attractive scheme—and he was making hay while the sun shone.

But a cloud in the person of Bob Cherry had appeared on the horizon.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the game, Fishy? Is this a blessed circus?"

"Nope. I guess—"

"Get down!"

"I guess—"

"Are we going to pay this thieving brigand a penny to walk into the gym, you fellows?" demanded Bob of his chums.

"No!"

"Down with him!"

Fish and Bolsover looked alarmed. There were plenty of fellows in the gym, but there were still a good many to come. Judging by the way they were still arriving, it looked as though all Greyfriars would be there soon.

"I guess you jays can have a complimentary ticket!" shouted Fish, by way of making the peace, and at the same time assuring the plunder of the other fellows as they came up.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

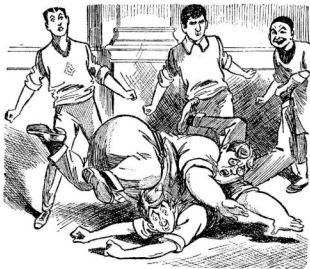
Quite a crowd had gathered outside the gym by now, and had it not been for Bob Cherry they would have paid their pennies, and thought nothing of it. But now it was dawning on them that they were being exploited by the astute American.

Consequently they were very wrathful, and their voices were soon added to Bob Cherry's, shouting to Fish to "get down!"

But Fisher T. Fish was not going to let such a golden opportunity slip without putting up some sort of a fight. He commenced to argue instead. That proved his undoing.

"I guess—" he began.

"Get down!"



Billy Bunter slipped on the piece of orange peel, clutched the leg of the nearest boy—who happened to be Alonzo Todd—and the two rolled over in a heap, shouting and struggling. (See Chapter 4.)

"I guess—" "Charge!" cried Bob Cherry. And the Famous Five advanced on the business man of the Remove as one man—or boy.

"Hurrah!" "Down with the profiteer!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

The remainder of the crowd rushed to join in, and in less time than it takes Billy Bunter to think of a lie, Fish and Bolsover found themselves gripped by many hands, and hauled away from their place of business, and bumped on the ground.

"Ow! Yeroooh!" The crowd of juniors, gurgling with delight at the discomfiture of the two Removeites, turned and streamed into the gym.

A crowd of fellows were already there, and they looked up in surprise at the party streaming in. Evidently the noise of the conflict had not been noticed inside the gymnasium, where everybody was intent on the performance of the physical jerks class, under the command of Lord Herbert Maulvever.

Dicky Nugent, and his two grimy chums, Gatty and Myers of the Second Form, were prominent among the members of the Lower School. The walls were lined with boys, and included fellows from the Upper Fourth, the Fifth, and a sprinkling from the lordly Sixth.

But in every case, their attention was riveted on the tableau in the middle of the floor.

Seven juniors, with their sleeves rolled up, and their braces tied round their waists, stood in two ranks, with their hands on their hips, and their feet placed well apart. They were Skinner, the cad of the Remove, and his two pals, Stott and Snoop, Wan Lung, the Chinese, Alonzo Todd, the duffer of Greyfriars, Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, and his mirror, Sammy, of the Second Form. In front of them, attired in all the glory of a white sweater and a pair of flannels, stood Maulvever.

The schoolboy itself appeared to be enjoying himself immensely; but the same could certainly not be said for the others. They looked hot and tired, as though they had been taking violent exercise—as indeed they had!

Each one of the class was a celebrity in his own way, but they were not the type of youths one would have expected to have shown the slightest interest in physical "jerks."

Wharton & Co. gazed at the strange scene, and gasped with astonishment.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Maulvever's Class!

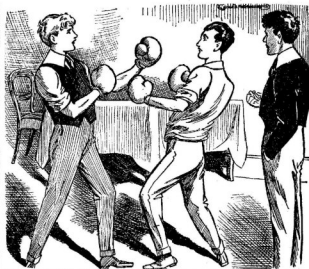
"SQUAD—shun!" Seven pairs of heels clicked together simultaneously.

"On the hands—down!" There was a sound of scuffling and grunting from the class, as the seven boys dropped on to their hands with their legs extended behind them, and slowly lowered their bodies to the ground.

"Steady—steady!" The voice was that of Maulvever. His class were going through what he called "Exercise two, B."

"I say, Mauly—" "Stop talking, Bunter!" snapped Maulvever.

"Really, Maulvever—"



The two juniors were soon at it hammer and tongs. The preliminary tap on Maulvever's chin seemed to draw him out. He landed Cherry several sharp blows on the face and body, much to the astonishment of the burly Removeite.

(See Chapter 5.)

"Silence!" roared Maulvever, in a voice that would have done credit to a pro-war Army instructor.

Bunter relapsed into silence. "On the command one," shouted the noble instructor, "the class will spring smartly to their feet, in the position of hips firm! On the command two—stand at ease! In that clear, sea anybody?"

The class answered with a grunt. "Sounds to me like a puzzle!"

broathed Frank Nugent. Maulvever did a preliminary cough before shouting the order.

"Squad—one!" The class, who were still resting on their hands, sprang to their feet with a shuffle—all except Billy Bunter.

At the same moment Bunter was about to obey the order, a piece of orange-peel, deftly sent skating across the floor by Dicky Nugent, found a resting-place under the toe of his right foot. The Owl of the Remove slipped, let off a howl like a dying pig, clutched the legs of the nearest boy to him, who happened to be Alonzo Todd, and the two rolled over in a heap, shouting and struggling.

"Ow! Yeroooh! I'm hurt!" "My dear Bunter, my Uncle Benjamin—"

The audience roared. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've lost my leg—I mean, cracked my heart in six places!" groaned Bunter. "And—nd—swallowed my teeth—I mean, lost my sight! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Bunter! Todd!" roared the instructor. "What are you doing? Fall in! Come on—jump to it!"

"Listen to Mauly telling them to jump to it!" gurgled Wharton. "Fancy Mauly knowing what it means! Oh, my hat!"

Bunter and Todd, assisted by Maulvever's foot, fell in the two ranks again, and the instruction went on.

"Hopping on alternate legs—come-mence!" Hop, hop, hop! "Pick them up!" bawled Mauly. "One—two—three—faster!" Hop, hop, hop!

"Go it!" roared the crowd encouragingly. "Pick them up! Higher, higher, higher!"

The seven juniors, moving in rhythm, resembled a lot of marionettes. Perpiration was pouring down their faces in great beads, and they were breathing heavily.

Hop, hop, hop! "Pick 'em up—pick 'em up!" roared Maulvever every few minutes. "Put some ginger in it!" Grunt, puff, grunt! "Squad—halt!"

The class dropped their hands limply to their sides and gasped. The exercise of hopping on alternate legs, was funny from the spectators' point of view, but not so to the performers. They looked as though they would collapse any moment.

"You blithering idiots, bogad!" roared Maulvever, regarding his class of Swedish drill enthusiasts with compassion. "You lazy lot of slackers! What's the good of doing it that way, bogad?"

Mauly rolled up his sleeves, and looked grimly at his class. "Shun!" he roared.

The physical "jerks" class jumped to their feet in great alarm, and fell into their places in the two ranks.

"Quick march!" was the next order; and the class moved off across the floor of the gym.

"Knees raise! Double!"

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"Hopping on alternate legs—come-mence!" Hop, hop, hop!

"Pick them up!" bawled Mauly. "One—two—three—faster!" Hop, hop, hop!

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"Knees raise! Double!"

The class broke into quick time, raising their knees to a horizontal position, strongly resembling the goose-step.

The strange procession circled round the gym several times in this manner; it was evident that this exercise was far more fatiguing than any of the previous ones. Before they had been at it more than five minutes, the class was puffing and blowing. Maulvever, however, who was doing the step by the side of them, still showed no signs of fatigue.

"Knees drop—double!" he roared, and the class broke into an ordinary run.

"Follow me!" shouted Maulvever, placing himself in front of the class and setting the pace.

Round and round they went, their speed increasing slightly each journey, until at last they were moving at a pace which almost equalled a sprint on the cinder-track.

"On the hall!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on; put some beef in it!" advised Maulvever.

"My hat, go it!" roared the crowd.

"Run them off their feet, Mauly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co., who had been puzzled observers of the whole affair, turned to Mark Linley.

"What are the silly asses keeping on for, if they don't want to?" asked Wharton, looking puzzled.

"I expect they're afraid of being turned out of the class if they drop out," suggested Johnny Bell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The windfulness is terrific!"

"Mauly won't get any more recruits if this is how he treats them."

"What beats me," added Bob Cherry, "is how he managed to get the crew he has got. My hat! What a packet they are!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Smuthy!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith pushed his way through the crowd and joined the chums.

"What do you make of this, Smuthy?" asked Wharton. "What on earth are those fellows dashing about with Maulvever for, when it's obvious they would prefer to scrag him!"

Vernon-Smith, the son of the millionaire cotton king, was a hard-headed youth, and things which were obvious to him were often obscure to the chums.

"That's easy!" he replied, grinning. "You don't suppose that fat toad Bunter, his little shadow Sammy, and Skinner, have joined because they like it, or wish to improve their health, do you?"

"Nunno! I suppose not," admitted Harry.

"What's the wheeze, then?"

"Cash!" replied Vernon-Smith laconically.

"What?"

"Cash I said; Mauly's paying them to do it, that's about it."

"My hat! Fancy our not thinking of that before!" murmured Nugent. "Of course, that's the explanation all right."

"Where?"

"Well, I'm blessed! Do you know how much it is, Smuthy?"

"I don't know for certain," replied the Bounder. "But I believe he's promised them a couple of quid each after the show."

"Oh, I see! That's why they are afraid to fall out, then; they think they won't get the money if they upset Mauly."

"Exactly!"

"Well, that beats the blessed band! They're earning it, anyhow!"

"I say, Harry—" Nugent was cut short by a shout from Skinner.

"Chuck it, Mauly; I tell you, I'm dropping—"

"My dear fellow, I am greatly exhausted—"

Wharton & Co. turned their attention to the floor of the gym again. Maulvever's class was still running round and round. Their pace was a lot slower, however; in fact, it was almost a crawl.

Bunter's eyes were closed, and he was staggering about like a ship in a storm, and holding on to the back of Altona Todd, who was pulling him round. Maulvever was pushing from the rear.

The crowd were convulsed with merriment, but many of them were wondering why the class was sticking it out.

"Why don't you drop out, Skinner?" inquired Coker, the next time Skinner passed him on his journey round the gym.

"Never say die!" replied Skinner.

"A Snoop never gives in," added his precious pal.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker & Co. "A Snoop never gives in! My hat! That's good!"

But this particular Snoop looked as though he was going to fall down instead.

"What are they doing it for?" asked several of the crowd.

"Mauly must have mesmerised them," suggested Greene.

The news that Mauly was rewarding his class with two pounds each after the performance soon passed round the gym.

Maulvever had no idea of the value of money, as most of the fellows knew, but nobody thought he would, or could, be as enough to part with fourteen pounds—twice as much money as many of the juniors received for a term's pocket-money—for the fun of instructing them in physical drill.

What Maulvever's idea was, was a puzzle; but as the fellows looked at Maulvever, they were even more puzzled.

In spite of the terrific amount of running about he had done all the evening, he appeared as fresh as paint.

"Class, halt!" shouted Maulvever, at last.

There was really no need for him to give the order, because if he had waited another five minutes or so, they would have baled from sheer exhaustion.

"Dis-miss!"

The seven juniors staggered to the wall and mopped their brows with their pocket-handkerchiefs as they dressed.

The crowd gave three cheers, and filed out of the gym, discussing with many chuckles Maulvever's latest wheeze.

The tireless and apparently unimpaired energy of the schoolboy ear formed not the least part of the discussion.

And at ten that evening the mysterious change of Maulvever from the laziest boy in the school to a super-energetic machine, was the one great and all-absorbing topic.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Noble Art!

"THERE'S a letter for you, Wharton!"

Peter Todd made that remark as he met Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry in the Remove passage the next day.

"Oh, right-ho, thanks!" said Harry. The two chums made their way along to the rack, and Wharton took down his letter and opened it. It contained a remittance of three pounds.

"Oh, good!" said Harry. "Come along to Mauly's study with me, Bob. I'll pay him that ten bob I borrowed for tea the other day."

"Right-ho!"

As Wharton and Cherry neared Study No. 12 they heard a sound of heavy blows, not unlike a carpet-beater at work.

Wharton tapped at the door, but received no reply. The banging, however, sounded more distinct.

"Push the door open and go in, old son," said Bob.

Wharton turned the handle, opened the door, and stepped inside the room.

"Biff!"

"Ow! Groogh! Ow!"

A second later, to the surprise of Bob Cherry, who was standing behind him, he came hurtling back through the door, and the two went spinning into the passage.

There was a sound of laughter from within the study.

"Oh, sorry, begad! Ha, ha, ha!"

The thuds, sounding much louder now the door was open, still continued to come from the study.

Wharton and Cherry rose to their feet with red, angry faces.

Wharton's nose was already swelling, and he was in a dusty state.

"What was it, Harry?" asked Bob, rubbing the back of his head, where it had come into contact with the ground.

"You-ow-wow!" groaned Harry, still rubbing his nose. "I think it must have been a thunderbolt biffed me on top of the boko. Wow! Something hit me!"

The latest remark was superfluous. It was obvious to the most observant person that something had hit the captain of the Remove—and to judge by the flow of claret, that something must have hit him pretty hard.

"Try again, Harry," said Bob. "You know the tale about Bruce and the merry old spider!"

Wharton also knew about the man who once bitten was twice shy in consequence.

He approached the door again, and peered cautiously inside.

"Biff, thud, biff, thud!"

"My hat!" gasped Wharton, staring.

"My giddy aunt! Come and see the show, Bob!"

Biff, thud, biff, biff!

Bob, standing behind his chum, peered over his shoulder.

A truly extraordinary spectacle met his gaze.

The usually elegant study was turned literally upside down. The luxurious couch was standing on end in a corner, the carpet was rolled up and placed under the table, and the table was shifted from its usual place to the far corner of the room, opposite where the couch stood.

But that was not what drew the gasps of astonishment from the two Removites.

Standing in the middle of the room, attired in the now almost historical

(Continued on page 13.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PAGE 2:

"MARK LINLEY'S TRIAL!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

BY FRANK RICHARDS.

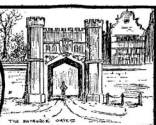
NEXT MONDAY!

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The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 46.

Week Ending Nov. 12th, 1921.



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

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

FOOTBALL QUERIES!

The Editor replies to some of his numerous correspondents.

"Imp" (Stratford).—"Isn't it about time you gave up the captaincy of the Remove footer team, Wharton, to somebody who would handle the job better?"—And isn't it about time, "Imp," that they stopped you from being so "imp-ertinent?"

Mabel E. (Chislewick).—"What is Billy Bunter's usual position on the field?"—He's usually "left outside," dear lady!

G. F. K. (Manchester).—"Enthusiast" (Brighton), and others.—The fellow who heads the list of Remove goal-scorers to date is Vernon-Smith.

S. Levi (Poplar).—"I am only 9 years old, but I gutter football team that wood neck yours into fits!"—Send 'em along, dear boy, send 'em along! We want a little practice, and will promise not to put up more than twenty goals against you!

"Inquirer" (Bradford).—"Has Skinner ever had a hand in a match?"—No; but he's often had a match in his hand—when he lights a cigarette, for instance!

H. R. P. (Harristown).—"Whom do you consider to be the best junior goalie in the four schools—Greyfriars, St. Jim's, Highcliffe, and Rookwood?"—Fatty Wynn. Bulstrode is pretty good, but he never wins the praise that Fatty Wynn!

"Cynic" (Blackpool).—"Why is it that every time a football match is described in the *Messenger* the Greyfriars Remove always wins?"—Merit, my son, merit!

Reggie D. (Dulwich).—"Will Coker of the Fifth ever make a name for himself at football?"—Yes—as the biggest clown that ever adorned the game!

"Half-back" (Brixton).—"The team I belong to is in a bad way financially, and I mean to put some money in the funds. In this way I shall lift up my club."—As the savage said when he spotted the missionary:

(A large number of queries are unavoidably held over.)

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

It is not so very long ago that Billy Bunter gave to the world what purported to be a Special Football Number of his "Weekly."

Billy Bunter, however, knows little or nothing about the great winter game. His Special Football Number, to put it bluntly, was a "wash-out." It was enjoyed by thousands of girls and boys, I admit, but that was solely on account of the amusement it afforded. Nobody who wanted useful hints on football, or who wanted to read a decent account of a match, would turn to "Billy Bunter's Weekly" for it.

At the time that Billy produced his football number I remarked in this column that later in the season we should have a Special Football Number of the "Greyfriars Herald."

Football enthusiasts—and their name is legion—will all agree that this number differs from Billy Bunter's as much as chalk differs from cheese, or jam-tarts from slices of bully-bread.

Bunter will no doubt say that I have "erred" from the pages of his precious "Weekly"; but, thank goodness, the members of my editorial staff are footballers to a man, and have no need to get any information (secretly or otherwise) from such a burbling chump as Billy Bunter. Billy's footballing hints and articles are the last word!

Here we have our special number, packed with football topics.

Vernon-Smith has a big finger in the pie this week, by being our sports editor. Smith's knowledge of footer resembles Sam Weller's knowledge of London, being both extensive and peculiar; and I am sure that his features will make a great hit.

Tom Brown is to the fore again with one of his perfectly priceless articles. If Browney continues to cultivate his sense of humour he will become a Mark Twain or an Artemus Ward one of these days.

The football season is now well advanced, and the Greyfriars Remove has a splendid record. There is no slacking. Every member of the team is putting his back into the task of making it a successful season. It is a pleasure to be the skipper of such an enthusiastic side.

Here's luck to my chums in their forthcoming tussles on the football ground!

A FOOTBALL DITTY!

(With illustrations by Mr. Quelch's typewriter.)

By Dick Penfold.

The Greyfriars players take the field,
Resolved to fight, and not to yield.
Spectators' shouts boom out like
thunder;

Our gallant team lines up as under—

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I I I I I

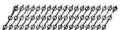
"Play up, you fellows! On the ball!"
Thus gaily rings the clarion call.
Spectators don't care if it snows.
They stand like this, in two long rows—

Then Wingate (referee) appears,
Amid a hurricane of cheers.
He does not frown or blush at all,
But places on the ground the ball—

O

The game begins; the shots rain in;
But Bulstrode stops them with a grin.
Mark how the shouts excited roll
As he defends the home team's goal—

Alas! The game is soon stopped short,
The weather puts an end to sport.
Each player hurriedly retreats,
For see! The rain comes down in sheets—





Friars versus Saints!

A Graphic Account of a Thrilling Tussie.

By H. VERNON-SMITH.

(Our Sports Editor.)

AT Greyfriars, in cold, crisp weather, before three hundred spectators, this match, which is the tit-bit of the season, took place on Saturday last.

The Greyfriars Remove were below strength. Johnny Bull was in the sunny, suffering from a chill, and Peter Todd, crooked in the match with Highlife, had not yet recovered from his injury. Desmond came into the team for Bell, and Redwing for Todd.

St. Jim's brought over their strongest eleven, and the teams lined up as under:

GREYFRIARS.

Goal: Bulstrode. Backs: Brown, Desmond, Half-Backs: Cherry, Redwing, Lisley. Forwards: Vernon-Smith, Penfold, Wharton, Nugent, Hurree Singh.

ST. JIM'S.

Goal: Wynn. Backs: Figgins, Kerr. Half-Backs: Nolle, Redfern, Cive. Forwards: Levison, Talbot, Mery, Blake, D'Arcy.

Mr. Lascelles acted as referee.

Tom Merry won the toss, and decided to take advantage of the strong wind which prevailed.

The opening was sensational.

Blake and D'Arcy raced away for St. Jim's; and Desmond, who appeared to be suffering from stage-fright, badly mis-kicked, leaving Blake with an open goal. Bulstrode made a frantic attempt to save, but Blake whipped the ball past him into the net, and the Saints were one up.

After this early reverse, the Remove played desperately.

Desmond atoned for his previous blunder by cleverly rubbing Merry of the ball, and putting it almost to the length of the field. Wharton pounced upon it, and fired in a terrific shot, which Patsy Wynn saved on his hands and knees.

The Remove continued to attack, but Figgins and Kerr defended finely. On one occasion, with Wynn out of his goal, Figgins headed away a shot from under the crossbar. The next moment Hurree Singh was charged with such vigour by Kerr that he went reeling into the crowd. The charge was a perfectly fair one, however, and the game continued at a corking pace.

Wharton was accidentally injured in a scrimmage, and had to retire from the field for a time. His absence disorganised the Remove front line, and St. Jim's took the game in hand, and began to press heavily.

A high, swerving shot from D'Arcy completely baffled Bulstrode, and the ball entered the top corner of the net.

The Saints were playing bang on top of their form, and were not to be denied. They came again; and Redfern, from twenty yards out, sent in a terrific shot. Bulstrode was un-sighted, and the ball was in the net before he could grasp the situation.

The visitors were now three goals up, and a deep gloom hung over the spectators.

On Wharton's return to the field, however, the Remove forwards got going, and Penfold, in a melée in front of goal, charged both Wynn and the ball into the net.

Immediately afterwards the whistle rang out for half-time, with the score:

St. Jim's	—	—	—	—	3
Greyfriars	—	—	—	—	1

St. Jim's, not content with their big lead, pressed heavily on the resumption.

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Tom Merry sent in a great shot, which Bulstrode deflected round the post for a corner. Levison took the kick, and placed the ball on to the head of Talbot, whose smart header was punched clear by Bulstrode. The Greyfriars goalie rendered yeoman service hereabouts, and his saves were loudly applauded.

In diving to take the ball off Merry's toe, Bulstrode was injured, but played on.

St. Jim's attacked incessantly for a quarter of an hour, and then Tom Brown relieved the situation with a mighty kick.

The Greyfriars forwards, for the first time during the match, revealed their true form, and the St. Jim's defence was given a grueling time.

Wharton shot inches wide, and Nugent headed just over the crossbar.

Then Cherry dashed up from the half-way line, gained possession of the ball, and threading his way through all opposition, beat Wynn all ends up with a scorching shot.

The Remove were now only one goal in arrears, and they strove desperately to add to their score. Wynn kept them at bay, however, and from a sudden breakaway on the St. Jim's left flank, Levison put his side further ahead with a wonderful shot.



Hurree Singh was charged with such vigour by Kerr that he went reeling into the crowd.

The goal was applauded to the echo, Levison having at one time been a member of the Greyfriars Remove.

With only a few minutes remaining for play, Greyfriars seemed in a hopeless position. But they kept pegging away, and five minutes from the close Wharton acted from a glorious pass by Hurree Singh.

Urged on by the shouts and cheers of their supporters, Greyfriars kept up the pressure, and after Wharton had hit the crossbar, Nugent darted across and steered the ball through a forest of legs into the net.

The goal came just in time to save the match.

As soon as Patsy Wynn had gathered the ball out of the net the referee blew the final whistle, and a magnificent game ended with the score:

Greyfriars	—	—	—	—	4
St. Jim's	—	—	—	—	4

The visitors were afterwards entertained to tea in the Junior Commem-room, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy rendered a tender solo. There were no survivors!

Can English Boys Play Football?

By TOM BROWN.

Of course they can!
But I know a fellow who says they can't.

His name is Donald Ogilvy.
Now, I like Ogilvy. He's Scotch, of course, but he can't help that. It is his misfortune, not his fault.

I'd never throw stones at a fellow just because he happened to be born north of the Tweed. That's not my way. But when that same fellow gets up on his hind legs, as Ogilvy did the other day, and solemnly asserts that Scottish boys can play football, and English boys can't, then I feel that the time is ripe for me to cross swords with him.

"If you want to see real football," says Ogilvy, "go to Glasgow! If you want to see skill and science and sharp-shooting, go to Edinburgh, or Dundee, or Ayr! They play football in Scotland! What you indulge in here is merely a cheap apology for football!"

Ogilvy can thank his lucky stars that I am slow to anger. Were I of a warlike disposition, the blood of all the Browns would surge through my veins, and my clenched fist would have come into close and painful contact with Master Ogilvy's nasal organ.

But I must be peaceable. I must be dignified. Instead of replying to Ogilvy's remark by shooting out my left, I must do so in the select columns of the "Greyfriars Herald."

I am ready and willing to admit that Scottish boys can play football. They can probably play as well as English boys. But to say that the latter can't play at all is sheer, unadulterated slander.

Take the Remove team.

Even our rivals of St. Jim's and Highcliffe and Rookwood admit that, as a football team, we are in the front rank.

Yet there are no Scots in the team—nary a one! The eleven is not composed of fellows named George MacBulstrode, Tom MacBrown, Johnny MacBall, Bob MacCherry, Peter MacTodd, Mark MacLisley, Vernon MacSmith, Dick MacPenfold, Harry MacWharton, Frank MacNugent, and Hurree Jamset Ram MacSingh.

There is an Indian in the team, and there is a New Zealander—my humble and unworthy self. But we do not depend upon the "Land o' Cakes" for any of our footballing successes.

No, Master Ogilvy. Your remarks come in the category of tommy-rot. You have spoken scurrilously of the English footballer, and I will have none of it! You may pen a defence as long as the River Tweed, or an apology that would stretch from Glasgow High Street to the benighted, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond; but it will leave me cold.

The English footballer is as clean and keen, as skilful and scientific, as the players in any other land. He can play the game as it should be played; and to hurl verbal brickbats at him is neither fair nor just.

Next week, I suppose, we shall have Morgan bobbing up to say that the only people who can play footer are the Welsh. Micky Desmond will also lift up his voice, and declare that no real football is played out of Ireland.

But, in spite of everything, I stoutly maintain the answer to the question at the head of this column is in the affirmative!

[Supplement 4.]



Hazeldene's Last Chance!

By MARK LINLEY.

THE Remove eleven has no regular goals.

Sometimes the choice falls upon Bulstrode, sometimes upon Hazeldene.

Bulstrode is a good man. Hazeldene is brilliant and indifferent by turns. You can never rely on him. When he is at his best it gives you a pleasure to watch him. When at his worst it gives you a pain.

That is why, in my own opinion, it is always safer to play Bulstrode. He may not rise to such heights of brilliance as Hazeldene sometimes does; but he never lets his side down. He keeps himself fit, and in the pink of condition. Hazeldene doesn't.

It's no use having a slacker in the team. One weak link in the armour often means a lost match.

Harry Wharton realised this, and he talked the matter over with his clumsiness in Study No. 1.

"The last time Hazel played he let us down badly," said the captain of the Remove. "It was a couple of weeks ago on the ground, and we lost a game which we should otherwise have won hands down. That sort of thing isn't good enough."

"No jolly fear!" said Bob Cherry. "If I were in the, Harry, I should chuck Hazeldene out of the team for good. I don't like to be hard on a fellow, but if he can't keep himself fit it's his own funeral."

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent. "Hazeldene's had plenty of chances, and he hasn't made the best of them. If he had, he'd be the Remove's regular goal-keeper by now."

Johnny Bull spoke with more force and directness than the others.

"Give Hazeldene the order of the boot!" he growled.

Harry Wharton hesitated. He wanted to be perfectly fair to Hazeldene. There were possibilities in the fellow. He was not all bad.

"I think," said Wharton slowly, "we will give Hazel one more chance to make good. On Saturday we play Rockwood on their ground. I'll give Hazel a place in the team."

"And we shall be looked to a frazzle!" quipped Bob Cherry.

"In that case, Hazel goes out of the team on his neck, and never returns to it again!" was Wharton's grim rejoinder.

"All serene!" said Nugent. "But mind you give the fellow plenty to understand that this is absolutely his last chance."

"I will!" said Wharton. "I'll send for him now!"

Hazeldene arrived in the study shortly afterwards, and he received a very straight talking to.

Hazy Wharton did not mince his words. He told Hazel, straight from the shoulder, that if he let the side down on Saturday he would never be asked to keep goal again.

It is difficult to know how much Hazel fully realised what a slacker he had been. He had come to regard himself as a "ferr" for the Remove team, except when Bulstrode happened to be playing. But he was now bluntly informed that if he failed to give satisfaction against Rockwood, Kippo would become Bulstrode's understudy in his place. This meant that Hazel would be permanently barred from the eleven.

Hazeldene pulled himself together.

This was his last chance. No more excuses would be made for him. If he didn't keep a good goal on Saturday his services would be no longer required.

And what would Marjorie—his sister—say? She would denounce him as a slacker; and he would be deeply hurt.

For her sake Hazel resolved to make the most of this last chance. He found himself looking forward eagerly to the match with Rockwood.

But much happened between then and the day of the match.

Johnny Bull's uncle sent a letter, saying he would visit his nephew at Greyfriars on Saturday afternoon—the worst possible time he could have chosen.

Tom Brown obtained his sickle at practice, and was put on the injured list.

Bull and Brown are the regular Remove backs. They play a safe, strong game. Between them exists a perfect understanding. If one should make a mistake, the other covers it up.

The two reserve backs chosen were Morgan and Micky Desmond. Both are good players, and they are not in the same street as Johnny Bull and Tom Brown.

"I'm not a giddy pessimist," said Bob Cherry, when the team started off on Saturday afternoon, "but methinks we shall be hopelessly beaten. The defence is grey."

"Very grey!" agreed Peter Todd.

"You've got a goal-keeper who only plays well when he thinks he will, and a couple of backs who are little more than raw novices."

Morgan and Desmond became wrathful.

"If you call me a raw novice, look you, I shall buff you on the back!" said Morgan.

"Faith, an' if ye had that I'm a novice, I'll buff both your eyes, entirely!" said Micky Desmond.

"Go away!" said Harry Wharton. "We don't want any more players on the injured list."

"I say," said Nugent, glancing from the carriage window, "it's snowing like the dickens!"



Hazeldene dived for the ball with almost incredible swiftness, and stopped it short in the nick of time.

"So it is. Settling, too," said Vernon Smith. "The ground will be in a fearful state. We ought to have brought snowshoes instead of footer boots."

The carriage windows were lashed by the driving snow, the meadows and fields became carpeted with white. Winter weather had set in all too soon.

When the Remove eleven arrived at Rockwood, they found Jimmy Silver & Co. awaiting them, smiling and full of confidence.

"We've brought over a weak eleven," explained Wharton.

"And we're at full strength," said Jimmy Silver, "so you can look forward to a terrific kicking."

"It'll be more like a snowdrift than a footer match," said Level, of Rockwood.

"Still, we can play footer under any conditions, and we shall send you fellows back to Greyfriars with your tails—if any—between your legs."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the fast-falling snow the rival teams lined up for the cossacker. Hazeldene, looking between his grim and resolute, took up his position in the goalmouth.

He knew that he was in for a gruffing time. With Bull and Brown in front of him, he would have been well protected. With Morgan and Desmond at back, much of the defective work would fall upon his own shoulders.

Rockwood started off at a rare pace. They adapted themselves to the strange conditions almost at once. Their forwards, well led by Jimmy Silver, made the bandway.

Hazeldene stood wide and watching. He didn't have to wait long.

Jimmy Silver came dashing on with the ball at his toes.

Micky Desmond, with Irish impetuosity, rushed forward to tackle the Rockwood fellow.

A slight smile came over Jimmy Silver's face as he swerved to one side, easily eluding Desmond.

"Shoot, Jimmy!" roared the crowd.

And Jimmy Silver shot.

It was a fast, ground shot—probably the most difficult sort of shot a goalie is ever called upon to save.

Bob Cherry groaned as the ball went zzzzzing in.

"It's a goal!" he muttered.

And Wharton nodded gloomily.

But they were too premature.

Hazeldene dived for the ball with almost incredible swiftness, and he stopped it short in the nick of time.

The Rockwood forwards rushed in upon him, but before they could get to close quarters Hazel gathered the ball in his arms.

Then, rising to his feet, he gave the leather a lusty kick which transferred it to the other half of the field.

"Saved, sir!"

"Well cleared!"

Just as the ranks of Tuxary could scarce forbear to cheer when Horaines kept the bridge of old, so the ranks of Rockwood could not repress their admiration for Hazel's smart work.

But that clearance was only a beginning. From that time onwards, Hazel was subjected to a terrific bombardment.

Tight shots, low shots, dragging shots, and curling shots—every sort of shot that the brain of a clever forward could conceive—came Hazeldene's way. He dealt with them all.

There was only one word to describe his exhibition—marvelous.

It was not easy work. A blinding snowstorm was in progress. The flakes got into Hazel's eyes. Moreover, he found it difficult to keep his feet in the slush.

Often he was on the ground, with opponents surging round him like fire round a honey-pot. But he always contrived to push the ball out of the danger-zone.

It seemed inevitable that sooner or later Hazeldene would be beaten. But he kept his goal intact until half-time, when the score sheet was blank.

"Hazel's playing like a Trojan!" exclaimed Bob Todd. "I take back all the unkind things I said about him. He's a giddy marvel!"

Bob had no reason to change his view in the second half.

If Hazel had done well in the first stage of the game, he simply excelled himself in the second. He was like a pauther—ever on the alert, ever fitting out shots.

When the second half had been in progress ten minutes, he was asked on the shoulder whether he would like to take back all the unkind things I said about him. He was a giddy marvel!

Yet he stuck to his post. And he had the supreme satisfaction of being unbeaten at the full.

Rockwood had not managed to score. Neither had Greyfriars, for that matter. But to draw away from home, with a weak team, was as meritorious as a victory.

Hazeldene came in for a tremendous ovation at the end of the game.

He had had his chance, and he had taken full advantage of it. He was made quite a fuss of, as befits the hero of a match. And it didn't seem fancy that his future George Bulstrode will have to look to his laurels.

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NOT by DICK PENFOLD, but by MARK LINLEY,
for a change!

A is for AUTUMN, when football appears,
The game whose arrival we greet with
loud cheers.

B is for BUNTER, who thinks he can
play,
And would, every week—if he had his
own way!

C is for CHERRY, in glory enthroned;
Although he's a Cherry, he never gets
"stoned"!

D is for DUTTON, who sprawls on the
grass,
Too deaf to take heed when a fellow yells
"Pass!"

E's for the ENERGY, practised by all,
When charging opponents, or booting
the ball.

F is for FIELD, from far-off Australia,
At footer he's great, and is never a
failure.

G is for GREYFRIARS, the school so
select;
All youngsters would like to be here, I
expect!

H is for HOLIDAYS, given to sports,
When we fly to and fro in our football-
ing shorts.

I is for INKY—the great Hurree Singh,
Who wins loud applause as he speeds
down the wing.

J's for the JOKES that from mouth to
mouth flit,
When Bunter turns out in a jersey that's
split!

K's for the KICKS that arrive on our
shins,
And stifle our laughter and banish our
grins.

L is for LINLEY, who's writing these
rhymes—
Let's hope he will never be bumped for
his crimes!

M is for MORGAN—he's Welsh alto-
gether,
And sings "Men of Harlech" whilst
chasing the leather!

N is for NUGENT, the popular Frank,
Who among the Remove's finest for-
wards must rank.

O is for OGHLY—Scotch, dinna ken,
Who tackles his games with the zeal of
ten men.

P is for PENFOLD, the popular poet—
At footer he's great, and opponents well
know it!

Q is for QUELCHY, who gives us de-
tention,
And other discomforts too painful to
mention!

R is for RUSSELL—long life to you,
Dick!
At footer you're nimble and clever and
quiek.

S is for SKINNER, who smokes on the
aly—
A "stunt" that will hinder his growth
by-and-by!

T is for TODDY, a footballer fine—
As a "shooting star" Toddy will not
cease to "shine"!

U is for UMPIRE—I'm wrong, but, you
see,
I can't start with "U" the word
"referee"!

V's VERNON-SMITH, he's a host in
himself,
A player who'll never be left on the
shelf!

W is WHARTON, our skipper so
famous—
His methods will never upset us or
shame us!
(Spare our editorial blushes,
Marky!—Ed.)

X is for XENOPHON, a writer we
swot,
When lessons are present, and footer is
not!

Y is the YANKEE named Fisher T.
Fish,
To play for the Form is his oft-expressed
wish.

Z is for ZEBRA, whose stripes aren't so
clear
As those which on Bunter's broad jersey
appear!

HOW TO GET GOALS!

By H. Vernon-Smith.

I can imagine a lot of fellows scoffing when they read the title of this article, and saying to themselves: "What does Smyth know about goal-scoring? Is he setting himself up to be a sort of Steve Bloomer, or a Harold Fleming?"

No, I am not. But, although I am only a kid, as years go, I've a wealth of footballing experience behind me.

I haven't played at outside-right for the Greyfriars Remove in match after match without picking up some valuable information. I don't pretend to be a wonderful footballer. I make mistakes, like everybody else. But I profess to know a little, at any rate, concerning the difficult art of goal-scoring.

For it is a difficult art. There can be no gainsaying that. Goals don't come of their own accord. They have to be played for and worked for. And, in this respect, brainwork is almost as valuable as footwork, if not more so.

The greatest stumbling-block to goal-scoring is selfishness.

What a common sight it is to see a fellow—and a brilliant player at that—try to do everything on his own, and refuse to part with the ball! He works his way through a lot of opposition, only to be robbed of the ball at the finish.

Whereas, had he passed it to one of his colleagues, a goal would have been certain.

Unselfishness, so far as goal-scoring is concerned, is the cardinal point.

Where a forward plays unselfishly, all things are possible. But if he tries to make it a one-man show, and ignores those who are waiting for his passes, he is bound to court disaster. Such a fellow should be excluded from every reputable team.

Individualism is all very well—up to a point. But it is good collective play that gets goals and wins matches. Co-operation and perfect understanding between all the forwards! Where these things are present, all is well. Where they are absent—well, the team might as well give up football, and turn its attention to hopscotch.

I have ranked unselfishness as the chief factor towards goal-scoring. But it is not the only factor, by a long way. Perfect ball control is a vital point. One must know how to give and receive passes, otherwise there can be nothing but disorganisation and disaster.

Speed is another factor—often, however an overrated one.

It is a fine thing to race along the touchline with the speed of a hare, and with the plaudits of the crowd dinning in one's ears. But, unless accuracy in shooting and passing is combined with speed, then speed alone is futile. To gallop down the field like a two-year-old, and then to finish up with an ill-judged shot or a weak pass, is love's labour lost.

The art of shooting is one that is only perfected by practice, and plenty of it.

Wharton has the Remove team in the field every day, and woe-betide the slacker who fails to turn up! You can't practice shooting at goal too much or too often. The more you do, the more you are able to do. The harder you practice, the better you will show up in the real matches.

The hints given in this article are necessarily brief and incomplete.

Articles on how to do this and how to do that, are apt to bore a good many people. That is why I am contenting myself with a short article.

Here's luck to all my footballing chums, and if they are forwards, may they get goals galore!

HEARD IN THE FORM-ROOM!

Mr. Quelch (angrily): "Bunter! How dare you suck a lemon in class!"

Bunter: "It's time for the mid-morning break, sir, isn't it?"

Mr. Quelch: "Yes, but—"

Bunter: "Well, I always suck a lemon at half-time!"

Mr. Capper: "Tell me, Temple—why are certain criminals sentenced to imprisonment in the First Division?"

Temple: "I suppose they're too good for the Southern League, sir!"

(Supplement to

"THE SLACKER'S SPASM!"

(Continued from page 8.)

sweater and plimsoles, stood Herbert Maulvever. A punch-ball was suspended from the ceiling to the floor, and on this Maulvever was raining a volley of heavy blows.

Biff, thud, biff, thud!
 "Oh, my only hat!"
 "Great Scott!"
 Biff, thud, biff, thud!
 "What's the game, Mauly?"
 "Training, begad. Biff! There's been too much—biff!—slacking in this—biff!—Form, begad—thud!—and I'm going to—biff!—wake some of the blessed—thud!—chaps up a bit, begad."
 Biff, thud!

And Maulvever continued to punch away at the ball for dear life.
 "Oh, carry me home to die!" gasped Bob Cherry. "What the thump will he get up to next?"

"Don't you feel tired, Mauly?" asked Harry curiously.
 "Not a bit, begad; feel like a two-year-old."

"You look like it, too!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Biff, thud, biff, thud!
 And Maulvever continued to punch the ball as though he owed it a personal grudge.

"Nothing like boxing, begad, Cherry; jolly noble art, what?"
 Harry and Bob seated themselves on the table out of the way, and stared at the aristocratic Removite, with open mouths.

Biff!
 Maulvever dealt the punchball another mighty swipe, and faced the two chums, with a grinning face.
 "How's that, dear chaps?" he asked.
 "You're a giddy Dempsey, and no mistake!" murmured Bob Cherry feebly.
 "Yaas; that's what I think. Would you care for a round or two, either of you?"

"Eh?"
 "What!"
 "Just a little spar, begad!"
 "Are you inviting me to have the gloves on with you?" asked Bob Cherry, the fighting man of the Removite, fanning himself with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Certainly, dear boy!"
 "Oh, my hat! Don't be an ass, Mauly. You won't last five minutes."
 "Try me!"

"Go ahead, Bob," advised Harry Wharton in a faint voice. "Wake me up if I'm dreaming. Mauly as a boxer! By Jove!"

"Right-ho, Mauly!" exclaimed Bob, rising. "I'll see what I can do for you!"
 "Or if you can do for him!" added Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Bob packed up a pair of gloves from a corner of the study, and Wharton adjusted them for him.
 The punchball was taken down to make more room, and the two juniors—one broad and burly, and the other slim and frail-looking—faced each other.

Bob doubted whether Maulvever had ever had the gloves on before in his life. He certainly had never shone, or even glimmered, as a fighting man in the Removite, for simple reason that it had always been too much for him.

But for some unaccountable reason, he seemed to be bursting with energy the past day or two, and was endeavoring in vain to work some of it off.

"Time!" sang out Wharton, who was acting as referee and second to both combatants.

The two juniors advanced on each other. Cherry opened with a feint with his right, and caught Maulvever on the chin with his left.

Biff!
 Bang!

The two juniors were soon at it hammer and tongs. The preliminary tap on Maulvever's chin seemed to draw him out. He landed Cherry several sharp blows on the face and body, much to the astonishment of the burly Removite, who thought—and not without good reason—that the mill was going to be a walk-over for him.

Dang, biff, smack, thud!
 Round and round the two went, and blows were given and taken with lightning-like rapidity.

Wallop!
 "Whoop!"
 Biff!

The last two blows landed on Cherry's nose one after the other with considerable force. There was a spurt of claret, and Maulvever, following up his advantage, landed a heavy blow in the region of the solar plexus.

"Time!" called Wharton; and the first round closed with first blood to Maulvever.

"My hat!" gasped Bob, stopping his nose. "Who taught you to hit like that, Mauly?"

"Comes natural, begad!" replied Maulvever.

Wharton was as much surprised as was Bob Cherry. This was not what they had expected.

Bob had an idea that it was a flash in the pan, so to speak; but, nevertheless, he determined to be more watchful in the second round.

"Time!"

The combatants advanced on each other again, kicking up a frightful noise on the bare floor of the study as they went round and round. There was not a great deal of room for ringcraft, and it was obvious that if there had been, it would not have been of much use to Maulvever, who seemed to be scoring on his ability to hit hard and take punishment.

Biff, wallop, bang!
 "Hi! Keep away, you asses!" roared Wharton, as the two edged too near the table in the corner.

The noise in the study could be heard along the Removite passage, and already it had attracted the attention of a number of juniors who were on their way to investigate the cause.

"Get out!" roared Wharton, as the door suddenly swung open, disclosing a crowd outside.

Biff, bang, thud!
 But Wharton might just as well have ordered the tide to stop, as to attempt to keep the crowd away from the door.
 "My only Aunt Jane!" ejaculated Dennis Carr. "Look at this, you chaps!"

Smack!
 "Go it, Cherry!"
 "Go it, Mauly!"

Wharton grinned, and turned his attention to the fight again.

"Faith, and it's Mauly, the darlint, who's had the ginger, intirely!" grinned Micky Desmond, gazing at the schoolboy earl, whose arms were working like the sails of an electric windmill.

Bang, biff, thud!
 Bob Cherry was puffing and blowing like a grampus; but Maulvever's wonderful energy seemed still to be unimpaired.
 Bob was certainly getting the best of

the fight from the scientific point of view, but his own powerful blows did not appear to make the slightest difference to his adversary. On the other hand, Maulvever was employing a kind of whirling tactic, which puzzled Bob, and brought him a succession of nasty, painful blows.

"Time!" called Wharton; and the two fighters dropped their hands.

"My hat! I think I'll chuck it, after that!" granted Bob.
 The crowd of Removites in the doorway regarded Maulvever with a curiosity which they made no attempt to conceal. He was, apart from being marked a bit, still as fresh as paint.

Bob Cherry dropped on to the table by the side of Wharton.

"What on earth has come over Mauly all of a sudden?" he asked. "He put up a jolly good scrap, anyhow."

Bob turned to Maulvever, who stood near the mantelpiece.
 "Are you really going in for boxing?" he asked, at length.

Maulvever nodded.
 "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll coach you up a bit. Dashed if I can understand you! But if you go on at this rate, you'll make a jolly good boxer in time."

"I will be jolly pleased, begad!" replied Maulvever. And the crowd in the doorway, realising that the fun was over, slowly dispersed to the Common-room, chukking over the latest extraordinary stunt of the schoolboy earl.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
A Lesson for Loder!

"SEEN Skinner?" asked Lord Heribot Maulvever of Harry Wharton & Co., as they stood talking on the steps of the School House soon after tea a day or so later.

"No! Haven't you looked in the Common-room?"

"Yes—"
 "And in his study?"
 "Yes—"
 "And in the box-room?"
 "Yes, begad—"

"Then he must be in the woodshed smoking farthing chokers!" said Wharton with conviction.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Maulvever thanked Wharton, and strolled away across the Close to the woodshed. It was a fine evening, and most of the juniors were out in the open air; but it was quite likely that in spite of the splendid evening Skinner, the cad of the Removite, would be hidden away somewhere, indulging in what Mr. Quessell, the Removite Form-master, described as the "perniciious habit of smoking, so injurious to youth."

Maulvever was within a hundred yards or so of the woodshed when he stopped short.

"Ow-wow-ow!"
 The Removite dandy listened, with contracted brows.

"Ow-wow-oo-ooer!"
 Maulvever looked around him; but there was nobody in sight who could have made that noise.

"It sounds to me like some fog in pain!" thought the junior.
 Maulvever hurried towards the woodshed, where it now seemed to him the sound had come from. He reached his destination and opened the door; but the place was quite empty, and there were no signs of anyone having been there recently.

"Woe! Leggo, you rotter! You'll break my arm! Woe!"

NEXT MONDAY!

"MARK LINLEY'S TRIAL!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.
 THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 718.



Cherry reached for a decanter of water from Mr. Quetch's desk and dashed the contents over the face of the unconscious Mauly, and a moment later the latter opened his eyes and blinked at his chums. "That's better, b'gad—I—I feel rather queer!" (See Chapter 8.)

This time the voices of two people were quite audible. They came from the side of the shed farthest from the school.

Maulveverer closed the door with a bang, and ran quickly round, as another loder groan smote his ears.

"Stop that!" he shouted sharply.

Loder, the bullying prefect of the Sixth, with a face red with anger and exertion, had Dicky Nugent in his grasp, with one of his arms screwed behind his back. Every few minutes he gave a jerk which brought the cry of agony from the fag which had first attracted the attention of the Removite.

Loder turned to the junior with a furious face.

"Clear off, you cheeky young cub!" he roared.

"Stop that bullying!" replied Maulveverer, not in the least daunted by the threatening look of the senior.

Loder released Dicky's arm, but retained a grip of his collar.

"You hulking bully! Let me alone!" howled the Second-Former.

Loder's reply was a smack on the ear which sounded like a pistol-shot.

The watching Removite waited for no more. The blood of all the Maulveverers was roused, and like a shot from a catapult he flung himself at the Sixth-Former, hitting out with a force and ferocity which would have caused the envy of any prizefighter.

Loder let go of Dicky Nugent suddenly, and clapped his hand to his nose. Maulveverer's fist had been in close contact with it a moment before, and it was painful.

"You cheeky beast!" he roared, backing away. "I'll brain you!"

"Brain me, then, b'gad!" invited Maulveverer, throwing himself into the fighting attitude recently taught him by Bob Cherry.

"I will, too, confound you!" grated the prefect; and, with a rush like the celebrated mad bull of Toledo, he lashed himself at the Removite. But when he got there Maulveverer had gone. In a manner the Sixth-Former could not understand the junior had got behind

him. He turned his head to see where he had gone; but as he did so a blow, which seemed to Loder like a nine-point-five, caught him squarely on the point of the jaw.

Crash!

Loder sat on the ground with more force than was necessary, and gazed long and earnestly at constellations never witnessed by astronomers.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dicky Nugent delightedly.

Loder got up at last, and made another rush at the Removite. Maulveverer slipped on a loose stone, and before he could regain his balance Loder had closed in on him, and in his blind fury gripped him by the throat in a manner which prevented the junior from hitting out.

The two went down with a crash; but, as luck would have it, Loder remained on top, his fingers still round his adversary's throat.

"Let him go! You'll choke him, you beast!" roared Dicky Nugent. But the prefect took no heed.

Dicky looked around in alarm; but nobody was in sight. Glancing at Loder and Maulveverer again, he dashed off in great alarm, under the impression that Maulveverer was being murdered.

Bump!

In his haste, Dicky had crashed into five juniors, walking arm-in-arm near the School House.

"Where are you coming to, you cheeky ass?"

"The cheekfulness of the esteemed ass is terrific!"

"Oh, it's you, Dicky!" ejaculated Frank Nugent, recognising his minor.

"What on earth's the matter?"

The Famous Five stared at the Second-Former, waiting for his reply. It was evident he was labouring under some great emotion.

"It's Loder," he gasped. "He's murdering Maulveverer!"

"What do you mean?" said Wharton, taking him by the shoulder.

"I tell you he's murdering him—choking him!" reiterated the fag.

"Where are they?" demanded Johnny Bull tersely.

Nugent minor told them, and the Famous Five, followed by the fag, dashed off to the rescue.

A number of other juniors, seeing the group running, guessed something was wrong, and a few moments later half the Lower-School were running towards the woodshed.

The chums of the Removite soon arrived on the scene of the conflict; but, to their surprise, instead of finding the mangled remains of their Form-fellow lying on the ground, they found him with his coat off, going for the Sixth-Former in a manner truly remarkable for one who was being murdered.

A moment after Dicky Nugent had dashed off to obtain assistance, Maulveverer had wriggled free, and the two had been scarping ever since.

Loder turned a wrathful eye on the chums, but most of his attention was taken up in keeping out of Maulveverer's way.

"Leave them alone!" shouted Bob, as Wharton was about to interfere. "I think Mauly will be able to take care of himself!"

Quite a crowd of juniors had collected now to watch the unusual spectacle of a fight between a Removite and a Sixth-Former. The combatants were badly matched. Loder was nearly twice as big as his opponent, yet, in spite of this, Maulveverer seemed to be having it all his own way.

He was employing similar tactics to those employed on Bob Cherry in the study a few days before. But since then Bob had taken him in hand a bit, and had taught him many things about the noble art which were now standing the aristocratic junior in good stead.

"Go it, little 'un!" shouted Bulstrode.

"Give him socks!"

Maulveverer literally whirled round his opponent, getting in smashing blows every few minutes.

Any ordinary junior would have exhausted himself long ago with the terrific amount of running about; but the Removite went on, seeming to possess the strength of several men.

But Maulveverer caught Loder full in the left eye, and within a few minutes it assumed a purple colouring, and began to close up.

"Now the other one!"

"Good old Mauly!"

Thud!

Another well-aimed blow caught the prefect on his already swollen proboscis, and after that he cast all discretion to the four winds of heaven, and stormed about, blind with fury—and a black eye.

Maulveverer circled round the prefect rapidly several times, and then, with a blow that felt to Loder like a kick from a mule, he caught him on the chin again.

Flop!

Loder sat down violently, and held his aching jaw. With a swollen nose, and two eyes nearly closed, he presented a sorry figure.

"Ow, ha, ha!" gasped. "Wazza marrer?"

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

"Come on, b'gad!" shouted Maulveverer, dancing round his fallen foe like a dervish. "Get up, you great bully!"

The juniors howled. It was too funny. Loder looked anything but a bully at that moment.

As for Maulveverer, he was bruised here and there, where a few chance blows had caught him; but, apart from this, he still retained that tireless energy which was such a puzzle to the juniors.

who had always known him as a boy generally in a semi-soporific state. "Had enough?" asked Maulveverer, when Loder showed no signs of rising.

"You! No."
"Come on, then!"
"I—I mean, yes!" gasped the unhappy prefect, blinking round at the grinning faces.

"That will teach you not to be such a beastly bully, Loder!" said Harry Wharton.

"Lemon get up!" gasped Loder, ignoring their chuckles.

"Not before you apologise to young Nugent, begad!" replied Maulveverer.

"What?" almost screamed Loder, in a cracked voice.

"I said, not until you apologise to young Nugent for being such a bully."

"Oh, my hat!"

The juniors remained very silent, wondering whether Loder would submit to Mauly's request.

He did not answer for some minutes.

"Going to apologise?" asked Maulveverer again.

"Suppose I don't!" asked the prefect, holding his aching head with one hand, and covering one of his damaged optics with the other.

"Then I'll pay you again!"

Loder groaned. There was not a punch left in him, and, like all bullies, he was a miserable coward at heart.

The juniors waited expectantly. Not one of them expected that a lordly Sixth-Former—and a prefect at that—would ever apologise to a Second-Former.

Loder staggered to his feet, and leaned for support against the woodshed.

"I'm waiting," said Maulveverer, at length.

There was no hope for the bully of the Sixth. He was caught, like the Spanish hero of old, between the dragon and the lake of fire, so to speak.

"What do you want me to say?" he asked, blinking at his conqueror.

"Tell Nugent minor you're sorry for tweaking his arm!"

"I'm sorry, Nugent minor!" whispered Loder faintly, turning to the fog.

"Oh, that's all right!" said Dicky good-naturedly. "I give you my word not to let any of the Form jape you for a week!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd; but Dicky looked very serious.

"You brat needs't say anything about this affair!" said Loder sullenly.

"Try and speak civilly!" said Wharton angrily. "Not so much of the 'brats'!"

"Well, I don't want it blabbed all over the school that I've been fighting with a junior!" grunted the prefect.

"I sha'n't say anything about it, begad!" promised Maulveverer. "Not if you intend to let it drop where it is," he added.

Maulveverer stood an excellent chance of getting a flogging for striking a prefect, if it came to the knowledge of Dr. Locke; but it was hardly likely that Loder would admit he had been licked by a junior, and made to apologise to a Second-Former. As it was, he was wondering what sort of tale he could invent to account for his injuries.

"All right," he said at last. "Let's all forget it!"

And he stamped away to find a bathroom where he could remove some of the marks of the conflict from his badly-damaged person.

Loder had been taught a lesson he was not likely to forget in a hurry, and his teacher, Lord Herbert Maulveverer, with a few honourable marks of battle visible

on his face, but otherwise still fairly fresh, was shouldered away by the juniors, the physical wonder and hero of the hour.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Energetic Bunter!

"SEE the conquering hero comes!"

"What-ho, the giddy, tireless wonder!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As Maulveverer entered the junior Common-room, about an hour after the fight, he was instantly surrounded by a crowd of admiring juniors.

A fellow who could lick a Sixth-Former in a stand-up fight was not to be met with every day in the Remove; consequently, the juniors made much of him. For quite a long time Mauly remained talking to a crowd of wondering juniors.

Near the fireplace Billy Bunter sat, wearing a thoughtful expression; and when bedtime came he went up to the dorm with a self-satisfied smile on his little, puglike face.

Bunter chuckled to himself as he rolled into bed.

Wingate, the captain of the school, looked in to see lights out, and a few minutes later the Remove were fast asleep.

Early next morning Bunter awoke and sat up in bed. It wanted another half-hour to rising-bell, and the juniors were, for the most part, still asleep.

The Owl of the Remove rubbed the sleep from his eyes, and stared round the dorm.

Maulveverer was awake as well, and he stared in surprise at his fat Form-fellow. It was almost as unusual to find Bunter awake before rising-bell—or after, unless someone woke him—as had been the case with the schoolboy earl himself once.

"What's the matter, begad, Bunter?" he asked.

Bunter jumped out of bed, and stretched his fat arms.

"I feel jolly energetic this morning, Mauly," he said.

Maulveverer gasped.

"What are you going to do now?" The scheme of the school purpose was working out exactly as he had planned so far.

"Really, Mauly," he said, "I've been thinking things over, and it's occurred to me that there's too much slacking in this Form. You are the only fellow I really like, because you're not such a beastly slacker. We ought to be pals, Mauly," he concluded, with a fat smirk.

"Yaas, perhaps we ought, begad!" replied Maulveverer, regarding Bunter curiously.

"I'm going to follow your good example, I want to Bunter. And I'm going to see that these chaps do the same. As your best pal, Mauly, it's up to me to stand by you, you know."

"Oh!"

William George Bunter jumped into his trousers, and quickly dressed himself. He glanced over to where Bob Cherry was still peacefully slumbering, and chuckled.

The next moment he was advancing in his direction.

"Show a leg! Show a leg!" he shouted.

"Shurrup!" murmured a few sleepy voices. "Taint rising bell!"

"Show a leg!" roared Bunter again.

"Come on, Cherry, you blessed slacker, get up!"

No reply.

"Lemon see, what did Mauly do now?" muttered the fat junior to himself.

He reached out for the water jug, and with a few grunts held it aloft over Cherry's head.

The next moment he tipped the contents out over the sleeping form in bed.

Ooooooh!

"Yah!"

Bob Cherry awoke with a start and glared at Bunter.

The remainder of the Famous Five started up in bed, awakened by the noise, and stared, too.

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"What the thump—"

The juniors stared at Bunter dumb-founded.



Bunter stood blinking over Bob Cherry. "Come on, you blessed slacker," he said, "I'm going to take you for a walk before brekker. Disgraceful, I call it, to think that a great hulking fellow like you has to be hauled out of bed!" (See Chapter 7.)

Bunter stood and blinked at them through his big spectacles.

"What's the game?" roared Cherry at last.

"Come on, you blessed slacker!" exclaimed Bunter. "I'm going to take you for a walk before brekker. Disgraceful, I call it, to think that a great hulking fellow like you has to be hauled out of bed. It's setting a bad example to the Form, you know, Cherry!"

And in the approved Maulveverer style, Bunter wagged an admonishing finger at the five chums.

"Oh, my giddy aunt!" Bob Cherry leapt from the bed like a tiger.

"Biff!" His fist shot out like a piston-rod and caught the Owl of the Remove on the top of his little fat nose.

"Yerooook!"

"I'll teach you!" roared Bob. Something seemed to have gone wrong with his scheme. According to plan, the Famous Five should have regarded him in speechless amazement, and duly consented to have gone out for a walk in the Close before breakfast, like they did with Maulveverer.

But they did nothing of the sort. The fat Removeite tried to think of what else Maulveverer had said the morning he had startled the Remove.

"Come on, you fellows," said Bunter, at length, trying to look impatient. "I'm waiting; we shan't get out for that walk before brekker at this rate!"

"Don't you think so?"

"Real!" The juniors looked at Bunter and gasped; then, like one man, they rose and gripped him by the arms and legs.

"Leggo!" roared Bunter.

But the antics of William George Bunter were more than ordinary school-boys could be expected to stand.

"Bump him!" roared the captain of the Remove, and the Remove Form joined in—as many as could, at least—and proceeded to administer to the Owl of the Remove the biggest bumping it had ever been his misfortune to receive.

Bump, bump bump!

Bunter roared for mercy; but his cries only inspired the juniors to greater efforts. Finally, with nearly all the breath bunched out of his fat person, and aching in a hundred and one different places, the school corpse was left a panting and dishevelled heap on the floor, and the Remove went down to breakfast, chuckling.

During lessons that day Bunter wore a thoughtful expression.

His experience of the morning had in no way discouraged him. He was still just as determined to attempt to delude the juniors into the belief that he was a second Maulveverer. Had he been less obstinate, and less obstinate, he would have realised from the beginning that everybody knew he was spoofing. But he was not; hence the thoughtful look during lessons.

When Form was over, Bunter scuttled away to his study and busied himself with paper and pen.

Five minutes later, having finished what he was writing, he rolled out of the study to tea in Hall, stopping on the way to pin his literary efforts on the notice board in the Remove passage.

Wharton & Co., on their way down to the Little Side after tea, stopped to look at the crowd which had assembled around the board.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, pushing through the crowd.

"What's on the board?"

He glanced at the board and roared

"My hat, chaps, come and look at this!"

Wharton, Bull, Nugent, and Inky, coming up at that moment, stared and laughed. The cause of their merriment was a notice in the hand of William George Bunter, written with characteristic freedom of spelling. It read:

NOTICE.

To all it may concern,
A class for the instruction of physical exercises will shortly be commenced by William George Bunter. All are invited to join and take advantage of this unique opportunity of benefitting his health and at the same time setting a good example to the other Forms.

(Signed) William G. Bunter.

P.S.—Motto: Slackers are bard.

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"Where is Bunter?" asked Wharton, with a frown.

"He's gone to hire recruits," chuckled Harold Skinner. "And he's offering five bob a time to do an hour in his class!"

The Removeites stared.

"But where the thump has Bunter got money from?" demanded Mark Linley in surprise.

"It's not cash," explained Skinner, grinning. "But he's expecting a postal order, you see, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat, this is rich!"

The idea of Bunter trying to organise a "jerks" class was funny enough in itself, but to offer them payment when his postal order should eventually arrive, was the limit.

The juniors doubled themselves up and roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter's postal order, like his titled relatives, and Bunter Court, existed, as the juniors knew too well, only in the fertile imagination of the Owl of the Remove. But Bunter had spoofed them so long with the story of his expected postal order, that at last he really believed in it himself.

The Removeites turned away chuckling, and went down into the Close.

When they had gone, Bunter, who had been quietly standing at the other end of the passage listening to their remarks, rolled down to the board snorting.

"Beasts!" he muttered. "It's a lot of rotten personal jealousy. I believe Wharton put them up to it. Yah!"

And realising that the way of the energetic man is a bumpy one, he rolled away in deep disgust.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Breakdown!

THE extraordinary change that had come over the one-time slacker of the Remove and changed him from the laziest fellow in the school to the most energetic, and had caused him to perform all sorts of remarkable feats, as much to his own surprise as to that of anybody else, was the one topic at breakfast the following morning.

Once again Maulveverer had awakened the Remove before rising bell; and once more he had surprised them all by the terrific amount of exercise he had indulged in while they were dressing. It was still a nine days' wonder to the juniors, and was still full of novelty.

"I wonder what his next prank will be?" remarked Frank Nugent to Johnny

Bull, as the juniors filed out of the breakfast hall later on.

"Oh, I expect he'll harness himself to the Head's trap instead of the pony, and take him for a ride."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The juniors were almost past the stage where anything Maulveverer did could surprise them, but there was still the delightful uncertainty of what was to happen next.

The bell went and the juniors trooped into the Form-room.

This morning, however, Maulveverer did not seem so sprightly as usual. His step had lost much of the spring the juniors had been accustomed to seeing the past few days, and he was a trifle pale.

This difference immediately attracted the attention of quite a number of Removeites.

"What's up with Mauly?" asked Mark Linley of Johnny Bull, in a whisper.

Bull looked at Maulveverer for some moments, and then shook his head.

"He does look a bit off colour," he replied. "Perhaps his breakfast has upset him!"

It was soon obvious to everybody that Maulveverer was, as Bob Cherry put it, "off his outs."

Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form-master, had noticed the change that had come over Maulveverer the past few days, and he had been puzzled, although he had said nothing to the junior about it.

Indeed, it had come as a pleasant surprise to Mr. Quelch to find Maulveverer paying attention to his lessons instead of doing off over his desk, as he had frequently done.

Maulveverer had had the unusual experience recently of being held up as a shining example to the other boys by the Form-master on several occasions when one of them had been questioned about the lesson and been discovered to know nothing of what had been said.

But this morning Mr. Quelch had already had cause to drop on Maulveverer several times for letting his attention wander.

Two or three times, unobserved by Mr. Quelch, Maulveverer had dropped his head on his desk in the way the juniors knew so well. He had pulled himself together was a start, however, before the gimlet eyes of the Form-master had dropped on him.

Many were the curious glances thrown in the direction of the school-boy earl by the rest of the Removeites, to the detriment of their work.

For a half-hour or so Maulveverer was the cynosure of all eyes in the Remove. It was more evident than ever that something was wrong with him.

Morning lessons ended, and the boys left the Form-room for dinner.

It was noticed throughout the meal that Maulveverer did no more than toy with his food. The past few days he had almost rivalled Billy Bunter in his capacity for eating.

The juniors went back to the Form-room for afternoon lessons, but Wharton and his friends were worried looks every time they glanced at their chum Maulveverer.

The lesson was English literature, a subject upon which Mr. Quelch was very keen.

"In what work is Mokanna, the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, mentioned?" he asked, turning to Maulveverer.

Maulveverer rose to his feet to reply, but no sound came from his open mouth. He stared at Mr. Quelch, and made a peculiar gasping noise instead.

"Well!" demanded the Form-master.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

who thought he had caught Mauleverer again.

"Gasp!
"Why don't you speak, boy?" demanded Mr. Quelch, growing angry. "Come out here at once!"

All eyes were turned on Mauleverer now, who had gone deathly pale. He left his desk and staggered out to the front of the Form, where he stood tottering for a moment, and then collapsed.

Crash!
The junior sank to the floor at the feet of the Form-master, breathing heavily.

Mr. Quelch bent over the junior, and raised him to a sitting position.

"Wharton, Cherry, Nugent," he called, "pray come and assist me to lift your Form-fellow!"

The three juniors, with worried faces, stepped out to the front, and lifted Mauleverer on to a chair.

Cherry reached out for the decanter of water on Mr. Quelch's desk, and poured some of the liquid into a tumbler. He dashed a little of it into the junior's face, and a moment later he opened his eyes and blinked at the chums.

Bob Cherry held the glass to his lips. And when Mauleverer had sipped a few drops, he opened his mouth and gasped. "That's better, b'gad! I—I feel rather queer!"

A relieved expression came over Mr. Quelch's face when Mauleverer spoke.

"You are sure you feel better, my boy?" he asked.

"Yaas!" gasped Mauleverer.

The Form-master turned to Johnny Bull and Inky, who were still in their places.

"Bull, and Singh, please come here and assist Wharton to carry Mauleverer to the dormitory!"

"Yes, sir!"

Between them the five juniors carried Mauleverer tenderly out of the Form-room to the dormitory, and laid him on his bed.

Meanwhile, Mr. Quelch wrote a note to the school doctor, and sent Mark Linley off to deliver it. The medical man was soon in attendance on Mauleverer, and the chums returned to the Form-room again.

After tea the chums went in a body to the doctor's to inquire about Mauleverer.

The medico, who guessed what the boys had come about, smiled as they entered, and this assured them somewhat.

"How is Mauleverer, sir?" asked Wharton.

The doctor explained in a few words that he was going on satisfactorily, but that he would be compelled to stay in bed for a few days, in order to thoroughly rest himself.

The following day Mauleverer was down in his study once more.

The luxurious couch was no longer standing on end in the corner, and there was no sign of anything in the study which could be associated with physical exertion in even its mildest form.

The couch was back in its old place, and reclining on it, in the same graceful manner as of old, was Lord Herbert Mauleverer.

An inviting spread was laid on the table, and a fragrant smell of China tea filled the study.

Mauleverer was holding a little reception to celebrate his recovery, to which his studymates, the Famous Five, and Mark Linley had been invited.

Tap!

"Come in!" sang out Mauleverer languidly, and in response to his invitation Harry Wharton & Co. entered.

The juniors looked at Mauleverer and grinned.

"Same old slacker!" murmured Wharton.

"What-ho!" echoed four voices.

"The slackfulness is terrific!"
And the juniors gathered round the well-laden table to fulfill the injunction of Mauleverer to "tuck in."

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Riddle Solved!

"PASS the tarts, Harry! Thanks!"
"I'll have some cake—"
"More tea, you chaps!"
The tea-party in study No. 12 was in full swing.

Tap!

"Come in!"
The grinning face of Trotter, the school page, appeared round the study door.

"Which I've got a telegram for Master Vivian," he announced.

Sir James Vivian took the buff missive, and Trotter departed.

"Excuse me, you chaps!" murmured Vivian, and he ripped open the envelope.

"Not bad news, dear boy?" asked Mauleverer.

(Continued on next page.)

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NEXT MONDAY! **"MARK LINLEY'S TRIAL!"** A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 718.

(Continued from previous page.)

"Nuno," said Jimmy. "It's from my uncle Francis; and according to this, he'll be in the school gates any minute. You'll have to excuse me if I leave you all now."

And Vivian rose to his feet to depart. "But if your uncle's arriving at the school, he'll be hungry, b'gad! You can't starve him, you know, dear boy!"

"Oh, we'll go to the tuckshop," said Vivian carelessly.

"Why not bring the old chap along to tea?" suggested Mauleverer. "There's enough to go round!"

Vivian looked relieved. He certainly shared Mauleverer's study, but he could hardly bring his uncle along to tea without an invitation.

"Right-ho! Thanks very much, Mauly, old man!" he said. "But it will be a tight squeeze," he added, looking round the crowded study as he departed.

About five minutes later Jimmy Vivian returned with his guest, Sir Francis Vivian, the famous physician.

"Pleased to meet you all, my boys!" said Sir Francis heartily.

"Same here, sir!" replied the juniors.

"By Jove, I'm hungry!" exclaimed Vivian's uncle, after a pause. "I only arrived in this country from South America last night, and, after travelling to London on the night train, and stopping there for a couple of hours to do some important work connected with an experiment I am working on, I caught another train, and came straight along here."

"I'm an old Greyfriars boy myself," he concluded.

"Oh, good, sir!"

Sir Francis—who was only thirty-five, but looked a lot older—displayed an appetite which would have turned Buster green with envy.

The juniors took to the bronzed and bearded man at once, and the party was in no way spoiled by his arrival.

The conversation turned to sports, and after a time to travel.

The juniors listened attentively to their visitor, who, during the course of his career, had travelled extensively.

He told them stories of South America that made their blood curdle, and not until he broke into a series of hoarse chuckles, did they realize that he was pulling their legs.

When the meal was over, Sir Francis insisted on being allowed to help clear some of the things away, and after that, the juniors made themselves as comfortable as they could, considering the crowded state of the study, and continued to listen to the strange tales of Vivian's uncle, until his stock began to show signs of drying up.

"Mauleverer's our invalid," explained Frank Nugent to Sir Francis, "and the doctor has ordered him to get as much rest as possible. Not that he needs much ordering!"

And Sir Francis joined in the laugh which followed Nugent's observation.

"Why, what's the matter with him?" he asked.

Mauleverer grinned, but made no reply. It was hardly to be expected that a chap was going to confess he was the laziest fellow in the school, so he turned to Wharton.

"You had better tell that part of it," he grinned.

And, without mincing words, Wharton described to Sir Francis with great gusto how at one time Mauleverer was the laziest fellow in the school, and how one day he changed.

The captain of the Remove touched

upon all the extraordinary exploits of the schoolboy earl, leading up eventually to the point where Mauleverer himself had started—the collapse in the Form-room, and his subsequent condition.

"And now look at him!" concluded Wharton. "The laziest beggar under the sun again!"

"Begad!" murmured Mauleverer. "A fellow can't help feeling a little fagged this weather!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Francis passed no comment, beyond expressing a wish that Mauleverer would soon be his old self again; but after a time it was obvious to Wharton & Co. that their visitor had taken more notice than they had first supposed.

"Well, now, Jimmy!" began Sir Francis. "You received my parcel from Hermosa safely, I suppose?"

Vivian nodded.

"I'm blest if I know what you wanted to send the beastly things to me for, though. However, I've got them in the cupboard if you want them."

"Well, I would like to see they are all in order," was the reply.

Vivian rose to his feet and stepped towards the cupboard. He opened the door and searched about inside for a few seconds, and pulled out a box, which he handed to his uncle, who unwrapped them, and examined their contents.

"Great Scott!"

The juniors looked up.

It was Vivian's uncle who made that remark.

He held one of the boxes open in his hand, and stared at his nephew.

"Have you interfered with any of these, Jimmy?" he asked.

Vivian shook his head.

"I forgot all about them until you reminded me of them just now!" he said.

"H'm! That's curious! There's one short!"

Vivian looked worried. It had dawned on him at last that, in carelessly putting them away in the study cupboard, where anybody could get at them, he had not taken proper care of them.

His uncle stared at the open box, which was short of one of the little flat packets, with a troubled expression.

"You haven't used any of these things for anything, have you, Mauly?" asked

Vivian, addressing the slacker of the Remove.

"No, b'gad! Certainly not!"

"My has!" interrupted Harry Wharton excitedly. "I know something about them, I think!"

All eyes were turned on the captain of the Remove.

"Do you remember that evening I came in to borrow ten bob off you, Mauly?"

"The night I felt seedy, dear boy?"

"That's right! Well, do you remember I gave you a Sciditt-powder to put you right?"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Sir Francis. "You mean you gave one of these powders to Mauleverer?"

"Exactly! I hope they're not dangerous. As I say, I thought they were!"

Sir Francis looked curiously at Mauleverer for a few moments; then, to the great surprise of the juniors, he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, bless my soul! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I'm dashed if I see anything to laugh at in a fellow taking Sciditt-powders!" began Jimmy Vivian.

But his uncle only went off into another paroxysm of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

He stopped at last, and looked gravely at the wondering juniors, and drew a metal case from his vest-pocket, and extracted a white tablet, which he handed to Mauleverer to take.

"That will put you right," he remarked. "And I think I may be excused for butting into another man's case, after all. I rather fancy I know more about what's wrong with you than the school doctor does!"

"You mean those powders were not Sciditt-powders at all?" suggested Wharton, beginning to see daylight.

"No!" replied Sir Francis, with another chuckle. "But, as it happens, they won't do your friend any harm, and when that tablet I have just given him takes effect, he will be restored to his normal state again—the same as he was before he took these powders."

"Oh, good!" gasped the Removites, greatly relieved.

"But if they are not Sciditt-powders," said Johnny Bull, "what the thump are they?"

"They are the cause of all the trouble," chuckled Sir Francis. "As a matter of fact, I suppose you boys have all heard of thyroid glands?"

The juniors nodded. Even now they were not quite sure of what was coming.

"Well," went on their visitor, "these powders are powdered glands—in other words, thyroid glands in powdered form."

The juniors looked amazed.

"My hat!"

Slowly the cause of Mauleverer's sudden burst of energy became apparent, and the whole study shook with merriment.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My giddy aunt!"

"This beats the band!"

"Speech!" shouted Bob Cherry, turning to Mauleverer; but the schoolboy earl was fast asleep.

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

And thus ended the mystery of the slacker's spasm!

THE END.

(Another splendid complete story next Monday. See page 2 for particulars.)

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