

"PENFOLD CUTS LOOSE!"

A Splendid, New, Long, Complete Story of the Greyfriars Chums.

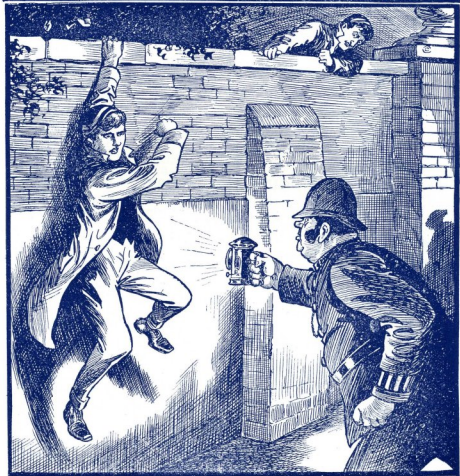


No. 720. Vol. XX.

Week Ending Nov. 26th, 1921.

The Magnet ¹/₂ Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."

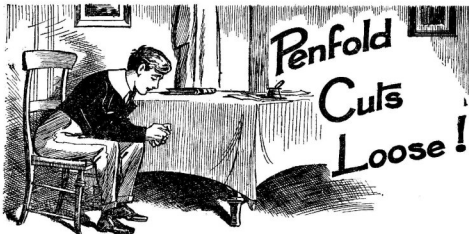


INTO THE ARMS OF THE LAW!

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

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.





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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Trouble for Penfold.

"I SAY, Pen, old man!"

Dick Penfold, reclining in a chair in Study No. 8, looked up to see the fat face of William George Bunter, the Owl of the Remove Form of Greyfriars School peering round the door at him.

"Hallo, Billy! What do you want?" As he spoke Penfold slipped some copper coins he held in his hand back into his trousers' pocket. Then he leaned back and watched the porpoise slide into the room.

"I—I say, Pen, you seem to be pretty flush."

The coins had not escaped Bunter's notice, and his greedy eyes glistened behind his little round spectacles.

Dick Penfold gave a rather hollow laugh.

"Pretty flush!" he echoed. "On sevenpence-ha'penny? If that's your idea of a chap being flush, it's not mine."

Billy Bunter bit the corner of an envelope he held in his hand and regarded Penfold suspiciously.

"Are you sure that is all you have?" he asked. "I'd have sworn there was a tanner among those coppers. If so, and you like to lend me a bob, I'll pay you back on Saturday. My aunt's written to say she's sending me a postal order."

"Yes, but she told you that last week, according to what you said then."

"Yes, but—"

"And the week before—"

"I know, but it's different—"

"Well, it doesn't matter, anyway," said Penfold with a yawn. "If I'd got a bob I wouldn't lend it to you; but I haven't. Sevenpence-ha'penny is all the cash I've got in the world, and I was wondering how the thump I'm going to make that last over the next fortnight."

Bunter regarded his Form-mate with a pitying look.

"Of course, I know you're only a scholarship kid," he murmured, "and as poor as a church mouse, but—"

He stopped short and stepped back in alarm as Dick Penfold sprang to his feet with flushed face and flashing eyes.

"You fat rotter!" cried the poet of the Remove. "I'll spifficate you! I may be poor, but I don't want to be reminded of the fact by an overfed toad like you."

"K-k-keep your wool on, old top," said Bunter, edging towards the door. "No offence meant. You can't help being a beastly pauper, you know, Yarough!"

The Owl's last unattractive remark, uttered in a piercing yell, was due to a slipper aimed by the outraged Penfold hitting him on his fat little nose.

"Now beat it, you fat worm!" growled Penfold; "before you get something else to go on with."

"Y-you beast!" spluttered Billy Bunter. "That's the sort of gratitude you show to a chap who comes here especially to do you a favour, is it?"

"Is that your idea of a favour—trying to borrow money from a fellow?" asked Penfold caustically. "If so, you've got a jolly queer idea of what a favour is."

"But I didn't come here to borrow money," protested the Owl in an injured tone. "I trudged all the way from the quad to bring you this letter."

He extended the envelope he held in his hand, and, after a moment's hesitation, the other took it from him.

"Where did you get this from?" asked Penfold.

"I met a village kid in the quad, and he asked me where he could find you," explained Bunter. "When I found it was a letter that he wanted to give you, I kindly offered to deliver it myself. Jolly unselfish, really, 'cause I saw Stott raving for the tuck-shop, and I dare say I've missed a food. But don't you think you'd better open the letter? It might be important—a remittance or something."

Penfold turned the envelope over in his hand, and recognised the handwriting of his father, who was a humble cobbler in the little village of Finsdale,

near the school. As he ripped the envelope open Billy Bunter leaned forward slightly, his eyes gleaming through his spectacles with ill-concealed curiosity. Penfold at once slipped the missive in his breast pocket and took his former seat in the arm-chair.

"Thanks, awfully, for bringing the letter, Billy," he murmured calmly. "But don't you think you'd better buzz off now? It's nearing time for afternoon school, you know."

Billy Bunter gave a grunt. He was not a bit anxious to depart for the Form-room, but he was very concerned to know what was in the letter to Dick Penfold. However, it was obvious that Penfold had no intention of perusing the missive while Bunter was in the study.

Then the Owl lighted upon another way of improving the shing hour.

"I say, Pen, old man," he murmured affectionately. "I know you're jolly grateful to me for bringing that letter to you. Of course, there are not many chaps who would go out of their way to do a kindness for a beastly scholar-ship'er, I mean, for a fellow like you. I'm not the sort of chap to make a song about it, either, but—"

"Oh, dry up, Billy, there's a good chap," said Penfold wearily. "Go and play marbles till afternoon school if you've nothing better to do."

"Look here, Pen," said Bunter with dignity. "I'm the last chap in the world to remind another fellow when I render him a service, but I'm a believer in the old proverb: 'One good turn deserves another.' I've done you a good turn at great personal inconvenience when I might have been scoffing buns in Mrs. Mimbale's tuck-shop. Now I think it's only fair you should return the compliment."

"I tell you I've got no money to lend you, you silly chump!" cried Penfold. "I suppose, though, you think I ought to hand you over that last sevenpence-ha'penny of mine?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 720.



Maintaining his firm grip, Tom North pushed the enraged junior in front of him clear of the spectators. Then he released Penfold and pointed towards the school. "Leave the field, Penfold!" he ordered. "You're a disgrace to your team!" (See Chapter 4.)

Bunter drew himself up and waved a plump paw contemptuously.

"I want no monetary reward," he said with feeling. "I was just thinking, though, that you and your pater, who sent the letter—"

"So you carefully examined the handwriting on the envelope?" said Penfold.

"I couldn't help noticing," replied Bunter. "I could recognise your pater's spelling and spidery handwriting a mile off. But, as I was saying, I was just thinking that maybe you and your guv'nor might like to do me a little service in return."

"Well, what do you want?" snapped Penfold. "Get it off your chest and then beat it."

Billy Bunter stood on one leg and exposed the sole of one of his hefty boots.

"You see that," he said, placing a fat finger on a hole in the leather. "This pair of boots wants re-sooling. Maybe your pater might like to do 'em for me. If you told him that I did you a good turn, I don't suppose he'd charge me anything."

For a moment the Owl's cool cheek took the other's breath away. Then Penfold arose as righteous indignation, and wrath took possession of him. Placing his hands on his hips he glared at the fat junior as though inspecting some new species of insect.

"Well, of all the cool, thumpin' cheek," he snorted. "Perhaps you'd like a new pair of boots, you fat worm?"

The porpoise of the Remove quite failed to read the danger signs in Penfold's attitude and tone.

"Certainly, old chap!" answered Billy Bunter sprightly. "That is, of course, if it would be too much trouble for your

pater to mend this pair. But do you think your guv'nor would give 'em to me?"

"No, I don't suppose he would, come to think of it," returned Penfold, "so I will!"

And, grasping his fat Form-mate by the arm, he swung him round and planted each of his boots in turn hard against Bunter's retuned anatomy.

"You-wow! You!" howled Bunter, grasping the back of his striped trousers with both hands.

Thump! Thump!

Again Penfold repeated the dose, and the Owl went rolling into the passage outside the study, his pained yells resounding through the building.

"There!" panted Dick Penfold.

"How do you like those boots, you overfed porpoise? Nice, strong, useful pair of gravel-crushers, aren't they? Now fade away, or you'll feel 'em again!"

Bunter picked himself up, and keeping his back to the opposite wall of the passage, sidled swiftly out of range.

Not until he reached the head of the stairs did he dare to retort. Then his tongue gave voice to his injured feelings.

"Yah, you scholarship cat!" he howled. "Go home and tie up parcels for your old man, the common old coddler!"

And, before Penfold could take more than a couple of quick steps in his direction, the porpoise of the Remove disappeared hastily down the stairs.

Looking flushed and feeling somewhat humiliated, Dick Penfold returned to Study No. 9 and closed the door. Sinking into his chair he took the envelope

Bunter had brought him from his breast-pocket, and drew out the letter it contained. The missive was from his father, the shoemaker in Friarade, and it read:

"My dear Dick.—You will be sorry to hear that my cough has been much worse lately. Dr. Pillsbury called in to see me yesterday, and he said that what I need is a long sea-voyage to set me up again. But, as I told him, he might just as well order me to go for a trip to the moon for all the chance I have of getting away from Friarade. Try to come home on Sunday, and we will go for a walk together if it is fine. I am afraid it will not be much fun for you mooning about with an old invalid, but there are certain things I want to talk to you about, in case anything should happen to me. I am sorry to have to write this bad news, but we must bravely face the unpleasant things of life.

"Good-bye until Sunday.

"Your affectionate "Dad."

Dick Penfold replaced the missive in the envelope, and pushed the letter back into his jacket pocket. Then he sat with head bowed and hands clasped in front of him, thinking. And the thoughts that occupied his mind were very far from being pleasant ones.

Reading between the lines of the pathetic letter he had received, the boy was certain that Dr. Pillsbury had told his father that, unless the old man gave up his occupation, he could not live long. Several times of late, when Dick had been visiting the little cottage that he called his home, he had been worried by the increasing cough of his father. It had cut him to the quick to see the old man bending over his work in the shop, knowing that the cramped position was one of the exciting causes of the trouble that had attacked the old man's lungs.

For some time Dick Penfold remained sitting motionless in his chair, a suspicious moisture in his eyes.

So immersed was he in the worrying thoughts that assailed him that he quite failed to hear the bell announce the time for afternoon school.

Suddenly he stood bolt upright and brought one clenched hand with a thump into the palm against the other.

"What thumping bad luck!" he muttered almost savagely. "If only I had the money to send father away for a long rest! But we've hardly a bean in the family!"

Then he came to himself with a start, realising that it must be time for afternoon school. He glanced at his watch, and saw that he was already seven minutes late, and, with a low whistle of consternation, he hurried down to the Remove Form-room.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

His Unlucky Day!

THE juniors of the Remove were already in their places and scratching away, more or less industriously in their exercise-books. Mr. Quetch, M.A., was sitting at his desk, his eyes glued on some papers before him. With bated breath Dick Penfold glided noiselessly to his desk beside Anthony Trevoce, one of his study-mates.

The tardy junior had almost reached his seat when a loud bang resounded

through the room. It was caused by Harold Skinner, the cad of the Remove, knocking a book from his desk on to the floor.

Skinner was that type of boy who, although he committed innumerable misdeeds himself, could not bear to see a schoolmate escaping the result of misdoing or negligence. Therefore, Skinner had knocked the book on the floor to attract the Form-master's attention. In this he was successful, for Mr. Quelch looked up with a frown. At once his eyes alighted upon Dick Penfold, who was just taking his seat.

"So you announce your tardy arrival in class by making as much noise as possible, Penfold?" said Mr. Quelch sarcastically.

As a low titter broke from Billy Hunter, Penfold swung round, his face burning.

"I—I didn't make the noise, sir!" he stammered. "I—I—"

There is no need to invent an excuse, Penfold!" broke in Mr. Quelch. "I will take your word that you were not responsible for the loud bang I heard. Why were you not in the Form-room punctually this afternoon?" he asked.

Dick Penfold dropped his eyes from the steady gaze of the Form-master. Standing there with the stares of the whole Remove directed at him as well, he found himself tongue-tied. Not for worlds would he mention the real cause of his lateness—the worry occasioned by the receipt of the bad news from his ailing father. And Dick Penfold was too straightforward a lad to make up a yarn such as Skinner or Stott would have done in like circumstances.

For a few moments there was a silence over the Form-room, and then Mr. Quelch rapped his fingers impatiently on his desk.

"Apparently you have no good reason for your unpunctuality, Penfold," he said. "I am determined to stop this unwarranted slackness that occasionally manifests itself among certain members of the Remove. Take one hundred lines!"

Penfold opened his lips as though to make a protest, but he closed them again without saying anything. As Mr. Quelch turned to the essays he was examining, the unfortunate junior dropped into his seat and opened his exercise-book. The work, as he knew, was the completion of a description of the Wars of the Roses, from memory. The last hour of morning school had been occupied with the commencement of the task, and, before taking up his pen, the scholarship lad rapidly scanned the two pages he had filled already on the subject. But, when he came to continue the account, he found himself in a quandary. Whereas the subject had seemed easy before lunch, it now assumed formidable proportions.

For perhaps five minutes Dick Penfold sat chewing the end of his penholder, trying to collect his thoughts. Then he wrote fitfully for a few seconds. Twice he stopped for short intervals and re-started his task, but the machinery of his mind was thoroughly out of gear.

The fact of the matter was that the letter that nestled in his breast-pocket had exercised a deeper influence on his mind than Penfold would have acknowledged even to himself. Try as he might, he could not get his thoughts on to the subject of those far-away events in history that he had memorised so thoroughly a few short days before. Finally, he sat with his head bowed over

his desk, his pen in hand, staring vacantly at his exercise-book. Again he mentally saw his father, pale and worn with toil, stooping over the unending task of repairing worn boots and shoes in the stuffy little shop in Friar-dale. Again he heard the old man's dry, hacking cough.

How long Penfold remained sitting there, his brain wracked with his own family worry, the boy himself did not know. Probably he would have allowed his troubles to occupy his mind until the allotted time was up for the history task, but for a startling interruption.

"Penfold, bring your exercise-book to me, boy!"

Dick Penfold came out of his unpleasant day-dreams with a violent start to find the gimlet eyes of Mr. Quelch gazed upon him.

"Oh—er—I—I'm afraid, sir, I—"

"Bring your exercise-book to me, Penfold!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "For nearly five minutes I have been watching you sitting at your desk doing nothing! Have you completed your task?"

Penfold rose to his feet nervously.

"No, no, sir. I was just thinking—"

"Well, let me see what you've done, boy!"

Mr. Quelch stood up on the dais by the side of his desk and waited while Penfold picked up the exercise book and brought it out to him. There was a general raising of heads as the others in the class followed his progress to the front.

"Get on with your work, the rest of the Remove!" snapped the Form-master. "My patience is being severely tried this afternoon! I shall punish with the utmost rigour any further inattention!"

The scratching of pens which had

ceased when Penfold had been called out commenced again, though Hunter and one or two others could not resist the temptation of taking an occasional glance in the direction of the Form-master's desk.

Mr. Quelch accepted Penfold's exercise-book without a word, and closely examined it for some seconds.

"Where did you leave off this morning, boy?" he asked at last.

Dick Penfold indicated the bottom of the second page with a forefinger that trembled slightly.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch ominously. "So you have done ten lines and a half exactly, since you came into class this afternoon? You arrived late, and to make up for it, you have performed the wonderful feat of composing no less than ten and a half lines in half an hour. Truly a magnificent effort, Penfold, and one that merits many marks!"

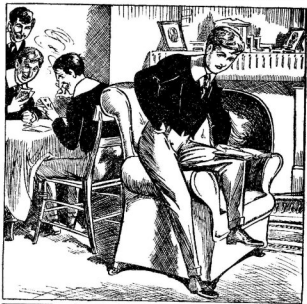
Mr. Quelch placed the exercise-book down on his desk, and reached for a long yellow case that he bent ominously between his hands.

By this time the scratching of nibs had ceased again, and all eyes were riveted upon the unfortunate Penfold, who stood, pale of face, before the irate figure of the Form-master.

"Those marks that you have merited, Penfold," said Mr. Quelch, "I shall now proceed to give you! Hold out your hand!"

Mr. Quelch raised the case in the air. Then he paused.

"On second thoughts, Penfold," he said, "you shall have the pleasure of writing out the composition to-night. Understood, you will also do your usual preparation. Return to your seat. We



Without a word, Penfold turned his back on Skinner & Co. as they settled themselves round the table, and seated himself on the arm of a chair. "Did I tell you about the last time I went down to Friar-dale and won fifty quid?" asked Skinner, winking at the rest of the Co. (See Chapter 6.)

NEXT
MONDAY!

"PENFOLD THE BLADE!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
BY FRANK RICHARDS.
THE MAUNTS LIBRARY.—No. 720

shall now turn to the subject of geography."

Dick Penfold retired to his place with his head bowed. In his harassed state of mind he would have preferred infinitely to have received a censing then and there. He foresaw, instead, an evening of toil, which would, in all probability, only merit more of the Form-master's wrath the next morning.

"Oh, hang it all!" he muttered, as he dropped into his seat.

Mr. Quelch swung round on his heel like a tee-to-tum.

"What did you say, Penfold?" he snapped.

Truly, it was Penfold's unlucky day. He arose again, though his eyes refused to meet the gimlet stare of Mr. Quelch.

"I only made a remark to myself, sir."

"What was it? I demand to know!" Dick Penfold said noisily.

Mr. Quelch then turned his attention to Trelace.

"What did Penfold say just now, Trelace?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir!" lied Trelace promptly.

"Write 'Tell the truth and shame the devil' one hundred times, Trelace! Bring me the lines first thing to-morrow morning!"

Mr. Quelch then fixed his attention on Bunter, who was wriggling in his seat just in front of the shoemaker's son.

"Bunter, did you hear what Penfold said?"

"Nunno, sir—that is, I didn't hear him say it at all—really, sir."

"You didn't hear him say what, Bunter?"

"N-nothing, sir. When he said 'Hang it!' I wasn't listening, sir—that is—"

The unfortunate Owl collapsed under the withering gaze of the Form-master.

"So, Penfold, you said 'Hang it!' did you?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Come to the front again, you impudent boy!"

Dick Penfold took the sad journey to the Form-master's desk for the second time that afternoon. On this occasion he received three slashing cuts with the cane on each hand.

When the cobbler's son returned to his seat, the seeds of revolt were firmly sown within his breast. Smarting in body and mind, he was reminded of that apt proverb: "It never rains, but it pours."

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Dick Penfold's Request.

WHAT the thump's been the matter with Dick Penfold lately!"

The question was asked by Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, as he sat in Study No. 1 with the other members of the Famous Five of Greyfriars School—Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh.

It was just after lunch on the Saturday following the events recorded in the previous chapters, and Harry Wharton & Co. were resting prior to the match against St. Jim's that was to be played at Greyfriars that afternoon.

"I can't make out what's up with Pen at all," said Bob Cherry, in answer to Wharton's question. "Of course, he was badly strafed by Mr. Quelch earlier in the week!"

"The strafefulness was terrific!" murmured the Indian junior. "Perhaps the esteemed Penfold was so hurtfully pained by the honourable teacher sabib that he has not forgotten it!"

NEXT MONDAY! "PENFOLD THE BLADE!"

"Tosh!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Pen's had a caning before now, and he hasn't brooded over it. He's not the sort of chap to bear a grudge against anyone for more than five minutes. There's something else wrong, mark my word!"

"I'm jolly sure you're right, too, Johnny," put in Frank Nugent. "Only yesterday I called in to see Pen in his study with the idea of cheering him up a bit. He was sitting at the table with his head in his hands, looking as if his pet canary had just died! I asked him what was wrong, but he said he preferred not to talk about it."

Harry Wharton looked up from his task of putting new laces into a pair of footer-boots.

"I've tried to be as decent to the chap as possible," he said, "for Pen has always been a jolly straight and good-natured fellow. But since he was caned by Mr. Quelch the other day, he's been a different Penfold altogether. My hat! He's tried my patience at times lately! When I asked him to turn out at footer practice on Wednesday, he tried to get out of it, and then I'm blessed if he didn't ignore the practice altogether!"

"Well, that's not like Pen," said Bob Cherry, "and I don't think that the trouble with Mr. Quelch accounts for the change in him. Maybe, he's hard-up."

"He always is!" replied Wharton. "That's nothing new for him—poor chap!"

"I mean more hard up than usual!" explained Cherry. "He could be in debt, for instance, and be worried about finding the dills to square matters."

"Well, I've never known Pen to get into debt yet," said Johnny Bull. "Still, it's a fact, there's something wrong with him."

He stopped as a knock sounded on the study door.

"Who's that?" called out Harry Wharton.

The door opened slightly, and Billy Bunter pushed his fat face into the study. His eyes roved over the occupants until they alighted on the Remove captain.

"I say, Wharton," he said, "is Penfold playing for the team this afternoon?"

"Of course he is! What prompted you to come here with that silly question?"

"Nothing; only I happened to be passing Study No. 3 when my shoelace became undone, and while I was stopping down—"

"With your honourable fat ear against the esteemed keyhole," put in Hurree Singh.

"Stow that, Bunter!" interposed Wharton. "We don't want to hear anything about what you heard. Clear out!"

Bunter hesitated; then, noticing that Johnny Bull had picked up a thick exercise-book, he disappeared quickly out of the study, and banged the door behind him.

"Same old Bunter, always minding other people's business," said Harry Wharton.

As the captain of the Remove was speaking there was a rap on the door; but it was so softly given that none of the juniors heard it. A moment later the door opened again, Johnny Bull poised the exercise-book in his hand, and let fly.

"Beat it, you worm!" he shouted.

A howl of surprise and anger proceeded from the direction of the door as Dick Penfold staggered back as the book caught him a sharp blow on the nose.

"Great pip! I'm sorry, Pen, old man!" cried Johnny Bull, springing to

his feet. "I thought it was that fat worm Bunter."

Dick Penfold shot an angry glance at his assailant. He had been feeling thoroughly out of sorts after a particularly trying week when everything had gone wrong. Therefore, the reception he received in Study No. 1 did not improve his temper.

"Why the dickens don't you be more careful, you silly goat!" he said irritably. "You'll be knocking someone's eye out one of these days. But I've called to see you, Wharton. I'd like you to find a substitute for me in the team this afternoon."

Wharton looked at the other keenly.

"May I ask why?" he said.

"Because I'm not feeling up to the scratch," responded Penfold. "I don't think I should do myself or the team justice."

Harry Wharton put down the footer boots and, rising to his feet, laid his hand affectionately on Penfold's shoulder.

"What's the matter, old chap?" he asked. "You look well enough."

Penfold shook the hand from his shoulder with a nervous movement of his body.

"I'm all right in health," he replied.

"It's not that. I—I just— Oh, hang it all! I don't want to play, so there's an end to it!"

Wharton's lips set into a firmer line.

"I hardly think that's the way to talk, old man," he said. "After all, you've a duty to the team. You've allowed your name to remain on the board all the week, and now, at the eleventh hour, you want me to find a substitute. Of course, if you'd been feeling ill it would have been a different matter, but you say you're quite fit. If you've got any mental worry the game will do you good. There's nothing like a stirring footer match for clearing away the cobwebs of the mind."

Dick Penfold hesitated. The illness of his father, plus the misfortunes that had befallen him in class during the week, had destroyed the keen, pleasurable interest he usually evinced in football and other healthful recreations. But, as Wharton had said, he owed a duty to the team. Against his own desire and his better judgment he gave way.

"All right," he muttered, "I'll turn out!"

The Famous Five gave signs of relief.

"That's the talk, Pen!" cried Bob Cherry. "You'll be as right as rain when you feel the lather at your toe!"

"St. Jim's are going to get the biggest drubbing they've had this season!" said Nugent.

"The drubfulness will be terrific!" added Hurree Singh confidently.

Refusing an invitation to eat an orange in the company of Harry Wharton & Co., the cobbler's son returned to his own study.

"There's nothing much the matter with Pen," said Wharton easily. "As Bob said, he'll be quite O.K. once he is on the field!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Out of Form!

WHEN the chavale that brought Tom Merry, D'Arcy Blake, and the other members of the St. Jim's junior football team arrived at Greyfriars, Harry Wharton and his men were waiting and ready to take the field.

After the usual greetings, the St. Jim's juniors changed into their football togs,

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

and, before a goodly crowd of spectators—mostly of the Lower School—Harry Wharton won the toss against Tom Merry, the rival skipper.

St. Jim's fielded their usual team: Tom Merry (captain), Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Jack Blake, Louthor, Figgins, Talbot, Kerr, Redfern, Wynn, Levison, and Noble; while the Remove team of Greyfriars lined up as follows:

Peter Hazeldene, goal; Brown, Johnny Bull, backs; Cherry, Peter Todd, Lisley, half-backs; Vernon-Smith, Penfold, Wharton, Nugent, Hurree Singh, forwards.

When Tom North, a Sixth Form prefect, who had agreed to referee, blew his whistle for the kick-off, St. Jim's set the ball in motion against a strong breeze. A run down the right wing was brought to naught by Johnny Bull, who sent the leather soaring back beyond the centre-line. Nugent beat Levison in the air, and the ball flew from the forward's head to the feet of Wharton.

The Remove captain took the leather in his stride, and, tripping the opposing centre-half, streaked towards the goal. Penfold made a valiant effort to shake off the balllessness that assailed him, and swept down the field with the rest of the Remove forward-line.

From the corner of his eye, Wharton saw Blake descending upon him. He waited until the St. Jim's man had almost put his foot to the sphere, and then tapped the ball along the ground for Penfold to take.

Dick, who was lying slightly behind his captain to avoid being off-side, put on a spurt, but slipped on the muddy ground. He recovered himself quickly, and reached the ball at about the same moment as Kerr, the St. Jim's left-back. The back got his boot to the leather first, but miskicked, and the ball spun from his foot towards his own goal.

"Shoot!"
"Bang it in!"

The advice was hurled in a loud chorus from the Greyfriars supporters, while the few spectators from the rival school held their breath at the danger that menaced their citadel.

But, as Nugent dashed in to notch the point, Fatty Wynn, the St. Jim's goalie, ran out, and, at imminent danger to himself, gathered the ball in his hands almost from the forward's foot. He had no time to kick for Harry Wharton was on him like a streak; but he managed to hurl the leather out towards the right touchline.

Hurree Singh smashed it in again, but the ball struck Blake's knee, and was deflected from the goal to the very foot of Dick Penfold.

"Shoot, man, shoot!"

The excitement among the Lower School supporters was at fever-heat.

Dick glanced up and saw the open goal in front of him. His boot swung back, and—crash!—the ball sailed by a foot outside the post!

The dismay of the Greyfriars team and their supporters was evinced by a chorus of groans. Then the voice of Percy Bunter, who was standing near the St. Jim's goal, rose loud and harsh:

"Yah! You old washerwoman!"

As the goalie prepared to take the kick Penfold walked slowly back, his heart filled with vexation. Had the shot been a couple of feet to the left, thereby scoring the goal, he would have been encouraged to pull himself together. Then the whole course of subsequent events might have been altered. As it was, Dick Penfold felt thoroughly



Penfold delivered a sizzling uppercut to the point, which lifted Bolsover clean off his feet and hurled him backwards to the floor. "He's out!" yelled Billy Bunter excitedly, dancing with delight. The bully was certainly out. (See Chapter 7.)

disheartened, and Bolsover's jeer rang in his mind.

Harry Wharton guessed what was in the lad's thoughts, and moved over towards him. "Hard luck, Pen, old man!" he cried cheerfully. "We'll put one through in a minute, never fear!"

Penfold shrugged his shoulders. "I told you I didn't feel up to the game this afternoon," he said miserably. "I'm out of form, and am only letting the team down."

"Nothing of the kind," said the Remove captain. "Anyone's likely to muff a shot on this slippery ground. But—look out!"

The ball came sailing from the toe of the St. Jim's goalie, and, despite the strong wind that was blowing against them, the rival school managed to hem the Greyfriars men in their own half for some minutes.

"Back up, the Remove!"

The Greyfriars team did attempt to back up, for each fellow realised only too well that unless they notched goals against their rivals during the first half, there was not much likelihood of their doing so when they had to face the wind. If they could score twice while the weather was in their favour, they could concentrate their attention during the second half in keeping out the St. Jim's forwards.

But time went on, and the badly wanted goals did not materialise. Chances were frittered away, and Penfold was the worst offender in this respect. Never in the memory of his fellow-members of the Remove team had he given such a deplorable exhibition of footer. There was no doubt whatever

that Penfold was very much out of form, and when he did exhibit a flash of his old self, had back-dogged his movements like a black shadow.

"Pull your socks up, you old muffer!" yelled Bolsover, after one of Dick's abortive efforts. "Why, Bunter minor could knock spots off you!"

Dick Penfold, who was close to the St. Jim's goal, awaiting a corner-kick to be taken by Vernon-Smith, turned savagely towards his tormentor.

"I'll knock your silly head off if you don't shut up, you frazzled chump!" he snapped.

"Yah! Try knocking the ball through the goal first!" retorted Bolsover.

"Who's an old muffer, you fellows?" And several voices close to the Remove bully replied in chorus:

"P—E—N—F—O—L—D—Penfold!"

Harry Wharton shot an angry glance at the little group of rowdies.

"Shut up, you rotters!" he ordered. "Give the fellow a chance!"

He had no time to say more, for just then the ball came sailing into the goalmouth from the boot of Vernon-Smith.

Leaping high into the air, the St. Jim's goalie punched clear, but the ball was sent in again by Peter Todd, the centre-half. A terrific melee in the goalmouth followed. For a few moments no opening to score presented itself, and then, for a second time, Dick Penfold found himself with what looked like a "sitter." He could have steadied the ball in the fraction of a second he had at his disposal, but in his nervousness and over-anxiety to score, he lashed out wildly.

The ball was spinning, and, instead of taking a path between the posts, it curled from the youngster's foot smash

into the unpleasant face of Percy Bolsover.

"Wood!" gasped Bolsover.

Dick Penfold stood aghast as paroxysm broke loose. He was not concerned about the plight of Bolsover, but he was very upset by this second glaring display of his lack of form.

On all sides from the spectators caustic shouts were ringing in his ears.

"Muffer!"

"Go home and keep rabbits!"

"Who can't play footer for tiffice? Why, Penfold!"

Percy Bolsover flicked a couple of blobs of mud from his eyes, and turned his mud-stained face towards the cause of his misfortune.

"You crazy lunatic!" he howled. "Go and get your rotten low-down pater to make you a pair of boots that'll kick straight!"

The reference to his ailing father was the last straw that broke down Penfold's control of himself. He forgot that he was wearing the colours of his team; he forgot that he had always prided himself upon his sportsmanship; he forgot everything save his own troubles and the insults that had been hurled at him.

As though in a red mist, he saw Bolsover's mud-stained face.

"You howling great cad!"

The words left Penfold's lips as he ran swiftly forward and dealt Bolsover a crashing blow on the mouth with his fist. Next moment the two were fighting hammer-and-tong.

Harry Wharton and the other footballers were astounded. Hitherto they had been more sorry than annoyed as far as Penfold was concerned. But now the scholarship lad had forfeited their sympathy.

"Stop the young idiot!" cried Wharton, darting forward.

The spectators roared round the combatants, hissing their movements, and Tom North, the referee, scattered the mob. The prefect grasped Penfold firmly by the elbows and dragged him away from Bolsover.

"Let go! Let me get at the beast!" howled the struggling Penfold, beside himself with rage.

Maintaining his firm grip, Tom North pushed the enraged junior in front of him clear of the spectators. Then he released Penfold and pointed towards the school.

"Leave the field, Penfold!" he ordered. "You're a disgrace to your team! If I catch you up to any more mischief to-day, I'll skin you alive!"

A sudden revulsion of feeling came over Dick Penfold. His anger dropped from him like a mantle, and a feeling of shame took its place. He half-opened his mouth to stammer an apology, but he glimpsed the dirty, sneering face of Percy Bolsover, and his heart hardened within him. Without a word, he swung round on his heel and made his way from the field, followed by the eyes of both teams and the throng of spectators.

Ordered off!

Never in his life before had Dick Penfold been told to leave the field for unsportsmanlike conduct, and the words of Tom North burned into his throbbing brain like fire. He felt he had forfeited the friendship of all the better fellows in the school owing to his conduct.

Gradually remorse gave way to a more callous feeling, and by the time he had bathed and changed, he had worked himself into a thoroughly devil-may-care frame of mind.

For some time he paced restlessly in his study. Then he settled down to read a copy of a popular monthly magazine.

He deliberately missed tea, feeling unequal to the task of meeting any of the other fellows. In consequence of this, and having no tuck of his own in the study, like some juniors better off than himself, he was forced to go hungry. Every now and then he gave an uneasy start as a burst of cheering reached his ears from the footer-field where the match against St. Jim's was being fought out.

Daylight had given place to dusk, and still Dick Penfold remained sitting in his study with his eyes glued on the magazine in front of him until suddenly a knock sounded on the door. Directly afterwards, the Famous Five, with Harry Wharton in the van, entered the room.

Penfold looked into the determined faces of his visitors, and let his magazine slip to the floor.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded brusquely.

Harry Wharton took a seat on the table, while Johnny Bull closed the study door.

"We want a serious talk with you, Pen," said the Remove captain. "Now, what's been wrong with you lately?"

"The scholarship boy rose from his seat and thrust his hands deep into his trousers-pockets.

"Mind your own business!" he said. "I'm not going to discuss my affairs with you!"

"I think it is my business," said Harry Wharton quietly. "As captain of the football-team, I demand an explanation of your rotten conduct on the field this afternoon. If you had played the game we should have won. As it was, St. Jim's licked us by three clear goals!"

Dick Penfold wilted in the face of this not altogether unexpected news. He was angry with himself, but he was also annoyed with Wharton.

"It was your own silly fault that the team lost to-day," he retorted. "I told you I didn't feel up to scratch. You should have jolly well played someone else!"

"So you've no better explanation of the poor show you put up, and of your unsportsmanlike loss of temper?" said Wharton.

"Oh, go and eat cake!"

Penfold tossed his back on the deputation, and began idly turning the leaves of a book on the mantelpiece.

For a few moments the Remove captain looked at the back of the scholarship boy in silence, while the other members of the Famous Five exchanged glances of disappointment.

"I'm sorry, Penfold," said Wharton, at length. "I reckon you've behaved jolly badly. You needn't worry about asking for a substitute for next Saturday's match. Consider your name scratched from the team!"

Penfold gave a slight start at these words, but he kept his head averted. Then Harry Wharton & Co. slowly trooped from the study.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Skinner's Opportunity!

"EGAD! Wharton and Penfold must have had a thumping row. They aren't on speaking terms now."

That remark was made by Harold Skinner to his friend and study-mate,

William Stott, as on Sunday they sat in Study No. 11 together.

"I don't wonder," said Stott with a sneer. "I never saw such a rotten exhibition of footer as Penfold gave yesterday. He's got himself out of favour with most of the chaps—not forgetting Bolsover."

"Well, now's our chance to get even with Penfold."

"How?"

"I'll think things over," replied Skinner. "Now that Penfold's fallen out with the Wharton gang we must make it our duty to see that they don't make it up again. By that means we shall keep Penfold out of the footer eleven, and Wharton's team will doubtless receive a few more jolly good drubbings. Then we'll suggest to the other chaps that a new captain should be appointed and some radical changes be made in the team. Maybe you and I will get our chance of turning out for the Remove. Why, even you could play better than that scholarship cad did yesterday."

William Stott gave a snort. "It was not much of a compliment that Skinner had handed him, and he had a rather high opinion of his own powers with the leather.

"I can jolly well play better than you, too," he growled. "Still, if you can think of anything to widen the breach between Penfold and Wharton, I'm your man."

"Good egg!" said Harold Skinner.

"Now let's go out for a few turns round the quad before tea. Come on."

The precious pair obtained their caps and left the school building. In the quad they found several other fellows, who, like themselves, had come out for a short constitutional before tea. Linking arms, they strolled round for a few minutes chatting together. Presently Skinner's hand gripped Stott's wrist.

"Hallo, here's Penfold coming in the school gates now!" he muttered. "Let's follow him. If he goes to his study I'll set in motion the first part of a little plan that's just come to me."

Little dreaming that he was being shadowed, Dick Penfold went to Study No. 9, fully engrossed in his own sad thoughts. He had been to his humble home in Friarale, and, as his father had not felt equal to the task of undertaking a walk, he had spent the afternoon sitting in the dingy little parlour talking to the old man.

It quickly became apparent that his father did not expect to live long, for his conversation was chiefly upon the morbid-sounding topic of the disposal of his few worldly possessions after his demise. Dick had tried to buck the invalid up with an optimism that he had not felt; but the old man believed with the doctor that only a long sea voyage could benefit him. But far from acquiring the money to undertake a voyage, the cobler was having a hard time to make ends meet at home. His ill-health prevented him from doing even his normal amount of work, and rates were beginning to get in arrears.

Thus, after his Sunday visit home, Dick returned to Greyfriars School in a more depressed and hopeless state of mind than ever. Herbert Trevor and Anthony Treluce, with whom he shared the study, had gone over to Courtfield, and therefore he had the place to himself.

"My hat!" he groaned to himself for the fifth time. "If only I had some money!"

(Continued on page 13.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"PENFOLD THE BLADE!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS. 11

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 720.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2!

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 48.

Week Ending Nov. 26th, 1921.



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

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

WINTER SPORTS RESULTS!

By H. Vernon-Smith.

A series of Winter Sports took place at Greyfriars on Saturday. There were numerous events, and some very exciting results.

In a roller-skating race of one mile Bob Cherry came in an easy first. Going at rock-less and breakneck speed, Bob made the pace at the outset, and, although Wharton and Peter Todd tried hard to overhaul him, they had to acknowledge defeat. There was also a prize for the most graceful skater. This was won by Lord Manleyver, who was compelled to compete against his will.

A football match was played between Greyfriars First and the fags of the Second. The First Eleven players, with the exception of the goalie, were blindfolded. Thus handicapped, it was not surprising that Wingate & Co. offered a stout resistance, but their snow fort was captured within half an hour of the commencement of hostilities.

An organized snow-fight between the Remove and the Upper Fourth resulted in a decisive victory for the former. Temple & Co. offered a stout resistance, but their snow fort was captured within half an hour of the commencement of hostilities.

A hockey match between the Greyfriars Remove and Coalfield County Council School was won by the latter, who scored twelve goals to the Remove's ten. The Remove have not seriously taken up hockey as a sport, so the reverse was not altogether surprising.

A five mile running race over the frozen fields was won in splendid style by Mark Linley. The lad from Lancashire made all the running, and finished up fifty yards ahead of Frank Nugent, who ran a plucky race, and came in second.

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

Winter is with us again. In fact, it is not a far cry to Christmas.

As I glance from the window of the editorial sanctum—Study No. 1, in the Remove passage—I see every evidence of the fact that winter has arrived.

The leafless branches of the old elms are crusted with snow. There is snow on the roof of Gostling's lodge, and on the roof of the tackshop. There is snow, white and crisp and sparkling, in the ground.

A snow-fight is in progress between the babies of the Second and the infants of the Third. Nugent minor, with his smaller fluttering in the breeze, is staggering across the Close, carrying a snowball half as big as himself! The air is full of shrieks of defiance and yells of triumph. And ever and anon comes the thud of snowballs as they crash into the chests of their victims.

It's an animated scene. It makes the blood race through your veins to watch it.

When I have finished peering this brief chat I, too, shall be among the snow-fighters, for the Remove have challenged the Upper Fourth to a battle royal. Forts will be constructed at each end of the Close, and if we don't capture and destroy the Fourth-Formers' fort, then I'm no good as a leader!

Personally, I love winter, with its footer and its skating and its snow-fights, and I have no doubt that my love of winter is shared by thousands of my readers.

A special number dealing with winter jobs therefore needs no apology. Such a number has been in my mind for a long time, and here it is. I fancy you will vote it one of the best we have had.

Our Christmas Number will soon be on the tangle. That it will be an extra special number goes without saying. There are many new features in preparation—features which will make the "Greyfriars Herald" even more eagerly sought after than in the past.

I must now buck up and finish. The stentorian voice of Bob Cherry blurs me from the Close. The battle with the Upper Fourth is about to commence. It won't last long, I'm thinking. And you needn't ask which army will prove victorious.

HARRY WHARTON.

THE SNOWFIGHT!

By Dick Penfold.

(After "The Charge of the Light Brigade!")

Shake a leg! Shake a leg!
Shake a leg! Onward!
Into the waste of snow
Tramped the half-hundred!
Forward the White Brigade!
Eager and unafraid,
Into the waste of snow
Tramped the half-hundred!

Forward the White Brigade!
Onward, the fort to raid!
If he should think us weak,
Temple has blundered.
Forward, my merry men!
Tackle them in their den!
On through the snow and slush
Marched the half-hundred!

Snowballs to right of them!
Snowballs to left of them!
Snowballs behind them
Volleyed and thundered!
Stormed at with many a yell,
Swiftly they sped and well,
Up to their rivals' fort
Dashed the half-hundred!

When shall their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
Routing an army, while
All the school wondered!
Honour the charge they made,
Honour the White Brigade,
Gallant and undismayed—
Noble half-hundred!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 720.



Impertinent Interviews

By our Special Representative.

This Week: LORD MAULEVERER.

TO the scroll of the world's heroes should be added the name of the special representative of the "Greyfriars Herald."

I speak with becoming modesty. I do not make a false claim.

Three times in the course of a single afternoon I rescued a fellow-being from drowning. Pretty good going—what?

I have not been recommended for any medals, diplomas, or Government grants. My chest ought really to be smothered with medals. The work of my duty ought to be heralded with diplomas; and if I received a thousand pounds from the Government, and another thousand from the Royal Life Saving Society, it would be so more than I deserved.

"Was Wednesday afternoon—a half-holiday—when the editor summoned me to his presence.

"I want you to interview Lord Mauleverer," he said.

"All serene, O King! Where shall I find his lordship? Cursed up like a dormouse on his front of the Commode-room fire?"

The editor grinned.

"For once in a way, Mauly isn't slacking," he said. "He's gone to Friarale Lake, skating."

"My hat!"

"Mauly rather fancys himself as a skater," said the editor. "He can make figure-eight, and do all sorts of tricks on the ice. He's a jolly graceful skater, too!"

"And you want me to interview him?"

"With the utmost despatch!" said the editor briskly.

"But it won't be any use my jumping Mauly for information concerning himself. The readers of the 'Greyfriars Herald' know all that there is to be known about Mauly. They know that he's stuffed with shakels, and that he's the champion staker in the Borough. They know that he lights his study fire with fivers, and that when he rans short of paper pellets in the Form-room, during lessons, he screws up ten-penny notes and chucks them about indiscriminately. We can't tell our readers anything about the fellow that they don't know already."

"That's true. All the same, you must interview him. He's next on the list, and I will take no excuse."

So off I went to Friarale Lake, taking my skates with me. It was a cold, crisp afternoon—ideal for skating.

The majority of the fellows, however, were playing footer on Little Side. On reaching the frozen lake, I found that Mauly had it all to himself.

I reached the scene just in time to prevent a tragedy.

Lord Mauleverer was skimming gracefully across the ice. Presently he came in sight of a board marked "Danger," and he gave it a wide berth, and made his way towards another board, which bore the inscription:

"PERFECTLY SAFE TO SKATE HERE!"

Kvents proved, however, that it was anything but safe.

When Mauly got to within a couple of yards of the board, the ice cracked exultantly beneath him.

There was a shattering, shivering sound, and a yawning hole appeared in the ice.

Into this chasm pitched Lord Mauleverer, head foremost.

A few lubbies rose to the surface of the water, and then Mauly's head bubbled up.

"Help!" he cried desperately.

I did not hesitate a second.

Already I had adjusted my skates, and now I sped hot-foot across the ice.

When I reached the scene of the calamity, I stopped on all fours, so as to distribute my weight evenly upon the ice. Then I crawled

towards the jagged edge, grasped Mauly's arms, and by a superhuman effort hauled him up on to the sound ice.

His lordship lay foundering like a fish out of water.

"Groz! Thought it was all up that time, he said. He muttered, "The chap who stuck that notice up, sayin' it's perfectly safe to skate here, ought to be scapled!"

"I agree with you, Mauly," I said. "If the ice is supposed to be safe at this part, I shouldn't care to skate near that board where it says 'Danger!'"

"You'd probably find it was as safe as houses," said Mauly. "I'll go across an' investigate."

He rose to his feet, and as he did so, the ice gave way again, and he was precipitated into the water.

For the second time I went to the rescue, dragging my schoolfellow with great difficulty from the icy waters.

Mauly turned his streaming face towards me.

"I owe you a terrific debt of gratitude," he panted. "That's the second time you've freed me out of the water. The ice is awfully thin round about here. You'll be doing the hat trick in a jiffy!"

Mauly's prophecy was fulfilled.

A moment later, in his haste to get away from that danger-spot, he slipped, and fell heavily.

This time he didn't go clean through the hole he made, but he got stuck half-way.

Once again I did the needful, and my own life was in peril as I hauled Mauly on to the sound ice.



Lying full length, I had great difficulty in pulling Mauly out of the icy waters of the lake.

His lordship was in a terrible state by this time. His clothes were drenched, his hair was matted, and his collar resembled a linen rag.

"That's the third time you've given a thrillin' exhibition of life-savin' dear boy," he said. "I don't think I'll do any more swimmin'. You mightn't be so lucky next time."

Fortunately, there were no further mishaps. We proceeded to the spot where the "Danger" post loomed up, and found that the ice in that vicinity was solid and sound.

"This is jolly queer!" I exclaimed. "Where it says 'Danger' it's safe, and where it's supposed to be safe there's danger. But here comes old Huggins, the chap in charge of the lake. We'll see if he can throw any light on the subject."

Huggins, a yokel of advanced years, came along the bank to greet us.

"Good-mornin', young gentles!" he said. "I seed you fall through the ice, your lordship, an' I must apologise."

"What an earth for!" gasped Mauly.

"Well, you see, I'm in charge of this 'ere lake, an' it's my duty to look after them signal-posts. Which there was a strong pole in the night, an' it blew em down. I stuck

'em up again this mornin', but me not bein' able to read, not havin' had no education, I must have mixed the two boards up, an' put the 'Danger' one where the other ought to have been."

"Oh."

"My hat!"

We understood everything now.

The rustic, in his ignorance, had transposed the two boards. The "Danger" sign had been placed near the sound ice, and the "Safety" sign near the treacherous ice.

"You—you silly cuckoo!" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer. "If you couldn't read, one notice from the other, why didn't you ask some-body?"

Huggins shook his head sadly.

"Which there wasn't nobody to axe, your lordship. I 'ad to use me own judgment."

"Do you realise that I've had three narrow escapes from drownin'?" said Mauly. "This fellow here managed to fish me out on each occasion, so I won't make a fuss about it. But if I had been drownin', I should have gone for you bald-headed, Huggins!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" I roared. "Mauly, you see, how could you have gone for him bald-headed if you'd been drownin'?"

Mauly shook himself like a drenched terrier.

"Well, I'm still alive an' kickin', an' that's the axin' thing," he said. "You'd better stop those signal-posts, Huggins, before there are any fatalities."

"Cer'ly, your lordship!"

Huggins proceeded to rectify his error, and Mauly and I walked back to Greyfriars, his lordship leaving a muddy trail behind him.

"Well, dear boy, it's been a most excitin' afternoon," said the rustic. "But for your pluck an' promptness, an' all the rest of it, I should have been food for fishes. You saved my life—not once, but three times, an' I consider that I ought to make you some stittin' reward."

So saying, his lordship produced from his wallet a bundle of crisp fivers.

"Name your sum!" he said.

"Put your money in your pocket," I replied.

"It was not for the greed of gold—or Fishers that I perform these rescue stunts. Never let it be said that I acted from mercenary motives. I am only too pleased to think, Mauly, that you are still in the land of the living."

"An' you won't take a reward?"

"Not a cent!"

"Well, you must at least come along an' have tea with me in my study," said his lordship. "Just wait till I've put on some dry tops, and I'll stand you the finest spread you've ever had in your natural!"

Mauly kept his word. And as I sat at the place of honour at his lordship's table, and devoured the festive kipper, I told myself that I had indeed deserved well of my country!

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Our readers are advised to accept the foregoing narrative with considerable reserve. From what we know of our special representative, he is hardly the sort of person who goes about dragging people from watery graves. He seems to have let his imagination run riot, for when we questioned Lord Mauleverer on the subject, his lordship denied all knowledge of the affair. We must warn our special representative that if he persists in such fables and fabrications, he will get it where the chicken got the chopper—in the neck.—H. W.)

SPECIAL AMUSEMENT
NUMBER!

NEXT WEEK.

Order your copies
of the "Magnet
Library" well in
advance.



By WILLIAM WIBLEY.

"I SAY, you fellows—"
The door of Study No. 1 opened slightly, and a fat face appeared in the aperture.

The members of the editorial staff of the "Greyfriars Herald" were hard at work, amid mountains of manuscripts and oceans of ink. It was Press day, and every fellow had to pull his weight, so that the paper could be published in time.

Consequently, no one breeded Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, I've got a glorious chance of proving what a hero I am!"

Silence, save for the swift scratching of six pens.

Billy Bunter blinked wrathfully at the industrious journalists.

"I wish you fellows would sit up and take notice when I'm speaking to you!" he said petulantly. "I was saying that I've got a glorious chance of proving what a hero I am. I suppose you've read in the newspapers about Sir Frost-Bytten, the great explorer? He's just off on a trip to the North Pole, and he wants one more fellow to complete his crew. Being an old Boy of Greyfriars, he's going to select the fellow from this school."

Bunter had at last succeeded in commanding attention.

The juniors looked up from their labours.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What fairy-tale is this, porpoise?"
"Oh, really, Cherry! It isn't a fairy-tale! It's a fact. I heard the Head discussing it with Quicly, only a few minutes ago. Sir Frost-Bytten comes to Greyfriars to-morrow to select somebody for the trip. And that somebody will be me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors could not contain their merriment.

The idea of the fat and flabby Bunter taking part in a Polar expedition struck them as being decidedly comical.

Sir Frost-Bytten wanted a very different type of youth from William George Bunter. He wanted a hardy and companionable youth, who was schooled to hardship and privation. Moreover, he wanted a fellow who would be able to make himself useful in the course of the voyage. The only way in which Bunter would make himself useful would be to lighten the ship's cargo by sacking repeated visits on the provisions.

Billy Bunter bestowed another wrathful blink upon the six juniors.

"It's all very well for you fellows to chuckle!" he said. "You'll laugh on the other side of your chivvies to-morrow, when you find that Sir Frost-Bytten's choice falls upon me."

"Well, you'd certainly come in useful as a tub," said Johnny Bull thoughtfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter ignored that remark.
"I'm so certain that I shall be chosen," he said, "that I've promised to pack my traps this evening in readiness."

"Ass!" said Harry Wharton. "If this is true what you tell us about Sir Frost-Bytten coming down here to select a fellow, do you seriously imagine for one moment that he'll pick you? You'd be absolutely useless on an Arctic voyage. You complain of the cold at Greyfriars. Goodness knows how you'd fare as the Polar regions!"

"I shall enjoy it," said Bunter. "It will be a wonderful experience, and I shall write a book about it when I get back."

"Seems to take it for granted that he's going," said Nugent.

"Of course I'm going! Sir Frost-Bytten wants a fellow of my strength, so he'll have to come to the Remove for him. And the only really plucky and adventurous fellow in the Remove is me!"

"Bunt off now, Bunter!"

Supplement iii.]

"We're busy!"

"Oh, really! I refuse to buzz off—"

But Billy Bunter had no choice in the matter. A cushion, deftly aimed by Bob Cherry, smote him in the middle, and bore him out into the passage, where he alighted with a bump and a yell.

That evening, in the Remove dormitory, Bunter could talk of nothing else but the Polar expedition. He was fully convinced, in his own mind, that Sir Frost-Bytten's choice would fall upon him.

"It's been the dream of my life to go to the North Pole," said Bunter. "Other fellows wouldn't be able to stand the cold. They'd be crying for their warm fires and cosy studios. When the ship bashed into an iceberg, they'd whine and whimper, instead of behaving like heroes."

"Joking apart," said Vernon-Smith, "I wonder who will be selected for this stunt?"

"Give it up!" said Wharton. "There will be plenty of fellows ready and willing to go, anyway."

Next day there was tremendous excitement in the Remove.

The atmosphere was tense with expectation.

Sir Frost-Bytten arrived at the school, and after luncheon with the Head, he asked that all the boys of fourteen might be assembled together, in order that he could examine them, question them, and take his choice.



A crowd of juniors saw Tom Redwing into the hack. "Good-bye, old chap," said Bob Cherry. "Keep your chest well wrapped up!"

There was a smirk of anticipation on Billy Bunter's face as he lined up with the rest.

The fellows were disappointed in the famous explorer. They had expected Sir Frost-Bytten to be a strapping, stalwart man, with a fighting jaw like Heutly's, and a most commanding presence. Instead of which, he was a dapper, diminutive man, with a weak face and an enormous pair of spectacles. He was very short-sighted, and his manner was very grave and serious.

"Looks as if he was attending his own funeral!" muttered Johnny Bull.

"Yes, rather!"

"Shut! He's coming this way!"

Sir Frost-Bytten, accompanied by the Head, moved along the line of juniors. He questioned each one in turn, and in certain cases he made a note of the replies he received. He seemed to be especially interested in Vernon-Smith, Bob Cherry, and Tom Redwing, the author's son.

But his choice did not fall upon either of these.

To the blank amazement of the Head, and of the whole company, the great explorer selected Billy Bunter!

"This is the boy for me," he said, tapping Bunter in the chest with a bony forefinger.

"Are you willing to accompany our expedition, my lad?"

"Yes, rather, sir!" said Billy Bunter, fairly expounding with pride.

The explorer nodded.

"It is only fair to point out to you, before you definitely decide to come, that we shall encounter grave perils on sea and ice—"

"Oh!"

"Many members of our crew will perish owing to the intense cold—"

Billy Bunter shivered.

"Few will survive the awful conditions. Our food supplies will be exhausted by the time we reach the Pole—"

"Ow!"

"And starvation will stare us in the face. We may also have to encounter ferocious bears, packs of wolves ravelling for human prey—"

"Yaroooooh!"

"And all sorts of strange and slimy monsters of the sea—man-eating monsters, which will devour us without hesitation, should opportunity arise—"

Billy Bunter turned pale.

"Ahem! I—I— On second thoughts, sir, I'd rather not come!" he faltered. "If you were going to the Equator, sir, I'd come like a shot, but my constitution won't stand the cold. Of course, it will break my heart to come—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter.

Sir Frost-Bytten smiled a wintry smile. "I thought you would think better of it, my boy," he said. "Of course, I was merely saying all those things to test you."

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter.

"I wanted to see whether you were of the stuff of which heroes are made. I find you are not. I shall therefore have to amend my choice."

After a great deal of deliberation, Sir Frost-Bytten decided upon Tom Redwing. And few of the fellows quarrelled with his choice.

Redwing was a fellow who had spent a great deal of time at sea, and he was well fitted to accompany the exploration party. He would be absent from Greyfriars, Sir Frost-Bytten explained to the Head, for a few months. And the conviction of his people would have to be obtained.

There was no difficulty about that.

Tom Redwing left the school next day, and he was given a tremendous send-off.

"Good luck, Redwing!"

"Bring us back some mementoes!"

"And mind you don't suffer from cold feet!" added Bob Cherry.

"Ja, ha, ha!"

Tom Redwing went off with a happy smile. Before he was out of sight he waved a farewell to his many well-wishers at Greyfriars.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, "fancy old Frost-Bytten selecting a fellow like Redwing in preference to me! They want a hero on this stunt—not a weakling! They want somebody who's not afraid of whales and bears and sheets of ice, and famine and starvation—"

"In that case," said Johnny Bull, in his blunt way, "they don't want Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fat junior rolled away in high dudgeon.

About a week later a letter was received from Tom Redwing to say that Sir Frost-Bytten's ship was well under way, and that he—Redwing—was having the time of his life.

And everybody was pleased—with the solitary exception of William George Bunter!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 720.

WINTER WARNINGS!

By Alonzo Todd.

NOW that winter is here, my dear fellows, you must take care of your constitutions.

A slight act of carelessness or thoughtlessness on your part may result in your catching a severe chill, and spending several dreary weeks in the sanatorium.

When I look around me, and see how recklessly some of you are in the matter of wrapping yourselves up—or, rather, omitting to do so!—shudder!

My Uncle Benjamin has always impressed upon me the urgent necessity of keeping my chest well protected during the winter months.

The reason why I appear less slim than usual is that I wear three vests—all wool—and two flannel shirts. I also have a woolen waistcoat, a jacket, and a stout overcoat.

It is only with difficulty that I manage to walk, being weighed down with such encumbrances. But I have the supreme satisfaction of warding off the attacks of the influenza germ and the pneumonia microbe.

As an additional precaution against coughs, colds, and chills, I drink a pint of ammoniated quinine morning and evening. There is nothing like it. Influenza, pneumonia, muscular rheumatism, and chronic pleurisy are kept at a safe distance.

To see some of you fellows going about unattended—braving the perils of winter with reckless abandon—fills me with horror. Only the other day I watched Balstrode keeping goal for the Remove. What did he have on? A pair of shorts and a thin sweater. He was idle in goal, for the opposing forwards were never attacking. The east wind froze him to the marrow. His nose was red, his cheeks were blue. He looked like a person who was serving a period of penal servitude in a refrigerator. If I had not insisted on giving him a stiff dose of quinine after the match, the probabilities are that he would have perished of ague.

Yesterday I had occasion to go into the editorial sanctum of the Greyfriars Herald. I composed an Ode to a Dandy Longlegs" in two hundred and forty-eight stanzas, and I wanted Wharton to publish it by itself in a special number. (There would have been no space for anything else.)

I found Wharton at work with his coat off. There was no fire in the grate, and the window was wide open.

Such a state of affairs might be all right in July, but November—

The only conclusion I could come to was that Wharton was insane.

"Good gracious!" I gasped. "Wharton, my dear fellow, you can't go on like this! You will die!"

"I know I shall—some day!" he replied, with a smile.

"Why have you got your coat off?"

"So that I'm in a position to eject any unwelcome contributors!" said Wharton, with a grim glance at me.

"Let me bring you a dose of quinine!" I urged.

"Don't you dare! I don't want to be poisoned!"

"Poisoned! Why, quinine is the most beneficial medicine! Its tonic powers are of the highest. It is stimulating, invigorating, exhilarating, and refreshing!"

"Travel!"

"I cannot leave you like this," I said, in deep distress. "You will catch your death of cold, my dear fellow!"

"Kata!"

"Go to bed immediately, and let me bring you up a hot-water bottle!" I pleaded.

For answer, Wharton caught up a cushion, and hurled it at me with deadly accuracy.

I left the editorial sanctum in a great hurry.

On waking up next morning I did not expect to find Wharton alive. But he was.

"All alive and kicking!" as Bob Cherry expressed it.

It was a miracle. I quite expected our Editor to have at least a feverish cold and a temperature of 104 degrees.

Faith, my dear friends—pause and consider the terrible risks you are running in going about insufficiently clad!

You must protect yourselves without delay against the big blasts of winter.

Send at once to Chumley's Stores, Court-aid, for the following supplies:

- Six woolen vests.
- Six flannel shirts.
- Two woolen waistcoats.
- Two all-wool sleeping-suits.
- Six hot-water bottles.
- Six woolen mufflers.
- Two chill-proof blankets.
- One gallon of ammoniated quinine.
- Six pairs of woolen gloves.
- Six pairs of woolen socks.
- Six pairs of woolen mittens.
- Two fur-lined overcoats.
- A complete set of hot-water pipes.
- A powerful heating-stove.

These things won't cost you a penny more than twenty-five pounds, and it will be money well spent.



Wharton caught up a cushion, and hurled it at me with deadly accuracy. I left the editorial sanctum in a great hurry.

Think of the doctors' bills it will save!

You will be able to go right through the winter without contracting a single cold.

Do not take the slightest risk. Keep your little chests well wrapped up. Follow the wise precept of my Uncle Benjamin: "Prevention is better than cure." Likewise, "A cold in the head is worth two on the chest"—although, as a matter of fact, you will be able to dispense with both if you follow out my instructions.

It is not often that I get an opportunity of writing an article for the "Greyfriars Herald," but when I do you will find it well worth while to lay my words to heart.

As soon as I can raise sufficient money I intend to buy a fur coat—not for myself, but for Balstrode to wear when next he keeps goal for the Remove!

I also propose to buy Billy Bunter a pair of warm gloves for his poor chapped and chilblained hands.

Bunter tells me he would rather I treated him to a feed at the tuckshop.

Alas! When will my plump study-mate cultivate a soul that rises above eating and drinking?

Winter Pastimes for the Young!

By TOM BROWN.

When the winter evenings draw in the Greyfriars fellows amuse themselves in divers ways.

By this I do not mean to imply that they put on the costumes of deep-sea divers, and disport themselves in the bed of the ocean. I mean that they have numerous and varied ways of enjoying themselves.

Perhaps the most popular is a game called draughts. It is so called because when you sit down to a game in your opponent's study, there is a draught from the window and another draught from the door.

You have a board marked off in squares—something like Billy Bunter's bags—and there are white things and black things, which you and your opponent move alternately. You keep on doing this until one of you happens to lose his temper; at which stage the whole box of tricks goes flying.

The game itself is not breathlessly exciting, but as it usually terminates in a free fight, there is plenty of excitement before the evening is over.

There is a pastime called blow football. I should certainly say "Blow football!" if the real game were played in such an idiotic manner. On the study table you have a miniature set of players, a miniature ball, and miniature goalposts. You stand at one end of the table and blow through a tube. Your opponent stands at the other end, and does ditto. Presumably, the one who gets out of breath first is the winner.

For a really thrilling pastime, commend me to noughts and crosses. You get a slate, and proceed to cover it with hieroglyphics—good word that!—until your stamp of pencil is worn down to nothing. The fellow who succeeds in using up his slate-pencil first is adjudged the winner—at least, I think so. I have personally witnessed some heroic and deathless tussles at noughts and crosses, and, to my mind, it beats Soccer, Rigger, and hockey by its fifts.

There is also a Berce and dangerous game known as dominoes. It can only be played by a fellow with a sound constitution and a wide knowledge of mental arithmetic. It is useless to attempt to play until you have memorised all the numbers from one to ten.

I don't quite know how a victory at dominoes is obtained. Like draughts, it generally finishes up with a free fight. If you see a fellow going about with his head bandaged and his arm in a sling and a pair of crutches to support his mether limbs, you may safely conclude that he has been playing dominoes!

In the limited space at my disposal I have only been able to touch upon a few of the pastimes indulged in on winter evenings. There are others. There is ludo, and halma, and snakes-and-ladders. All of them are intensely absorbing and exciting. All of them call forth the keenest energies of the players.

It is not on the playing fields of Eton that the battles of England are won. It is on the Common-room table at Greyfriars!

(NOTE.—Our contributor treats his subject humorously, but it is only fair to say that these winter evening pastimes help to beguile many an hour which would otherwise be deadly dull.—Ed.)

(Supplement to,

"Penfold Cuts Loose!"

(Continued from page 8.)

And that was the crux of the whole problem—the total lack of money in the Penfold family.

There were several very well-to-do jockeys at Greystriars with whom Dick had been on friendly terms, and in his despair he might have sought out one of these and endeavored to raise a loan. But now he felt like Ibsen's of old, with every man's hand turned against him.

Sitting there as twilight grew on, he racked his fevered brain in an effort to devise some way of getting sufficient money to send his father away. He might resign from Greystriars and seek a post in some business, but, as he realized only too well, he would have to commence on a "low" salary. It might be months, even years, before he could save enough for the purpose he had in view. The need was too urgent for that.

Just then he heard footsteps coming down the studies passage, and presently a voice which sounded like Wharton's came to his ears.

"Oh, that cad Penfold has gone to Friarale," it said. "Forget him—the outsider! I'm jolly glad, Bob, we chucked him out of the team for his beastly conduct. But what could you expect from the son of a cobbler!"

The listening boy felt himself turn hot all over. So that was what Wharton was saying about him behind his back—for not a doubt entered his mind but that the captain of the Remove had made the remark to Bob Cherry.

Penfold hesitated, undecided what to do, and then, with a sudden resolution, he dashed to the study door, flung it open, and peered into the passage-way. There was not a soul in sight!

"The beasts have gone downstairs!" he muttered to himself. "and I'm jolly glad to see 'em! I'll show Wharton & Co. that I can do without their rotten friendship!"

Turning back into his study and closing the door behind him, he flung himself into a chair and again gave himself over to his own tortuous musings.

But at the foot of the stairs two breathless, grinning juniors stopped and looked at each other triumphantly. They were Harold Skinner and William Stott. "My aunt, Skinny," said the latter, "you're as good as Wibley as a giddy mimic! If I hadn't been with you I'd have thought it was Wharton speaking myself!"

"Yes, I think my voice sounded pretty near to the real thing," said the gratified Skinner. "Anyway, I bet the little 'un was good enough to deceive our young friend Penfold!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.**Sowing the Tares!**

IN the Form-room on the following day Penfold handed up bad work and gave wrong answers to questions with an unconcerned way that won him no little admiration from a certain section of the Remove.

Billy Bunter almost forgave the scholarship boy for the sufferings he had experienced at the latter's hands—or, rather, feet—when finally Penfold accepted six of the best from Mr. Quelch on each hand, with a beaming smile. The smile still remained fixed on the

boy's features after the dose had been repeated with interest. Then the Form-master tossed his cane aside in despair.

"Really, I can't think what has come over you lately, Penfold," said he. "You won a scholarship by your brilliant work in the past; now you exhibit in your tasks an imbecility that almost out-Bunters Bunter!"

The Oaf from his seat frowned heavily, while Skinner, Belovher, Stott, Snoop, and two or three others gave vent to amused titters.

"If you have quite finished caning me, sir," said Penfold, "may I be allowed to resume my seat?"

The Remove gazed in utter amazement. For Penfold, of all fellows, to defy the Form-master in this brazen manner was the queerest happening of all. Mr. Quelch himself positively gaped.

"You—you impudent boy!" he panted. "You may go to your seat, but I shall seriously consider bringing your case to the notice of Dr. Locke."

"Thank you, sir."

Even an interview with the headmaster had now no terrors for the boy in his state of mind. He resumed his place in class with his head held high in the air and the fixed smile still upon his lips. In reality, however, Penfold felt nearer crying than laughing from the sheer physical pain of the canings he had received, but out of bravado he maintained his unconcerned attitude.

Every one in the Remove wondered more and more what had come over their Form-mate. Some even attempted to pump Penfold himself, but they met with scant encouragement.

"Leave him alone, you chaps; he'll be all right again in a few days," was the advice given by Harry Wharton and followed by most of the juniors.

But Penfold showed no sign of improvement. He cut most of his old chums dead, including the Famous Five, and kept to himself during leisure hours. None was more eager to learn the cause of Penfold's change of character than Harold Skinner, but his friendly advances met with just as chilly a reception as those of others had done. On Tuesday evening, however, the cad of the Remove happened to meet Treluce while on his way to the Common-room, and from the latter he learned something that set his distorted mind thinking deeply.

"I say, Treluce," he said, "what's up with Penfold? You're his stable companion, so I guess he's told you all his troubles."

"He hasn't confided in me, old top," Treluce assured him. "But you can bet your boots that money troubles are at the bottom of everything."

Harold Skinner opened his eyes wide. "Money troubles!" he exclaimed.

"What makes you think that? Of course, I know the bouncer's hard up and all that sort of thing, but he's been practically stoney since he came to Greystriars, so he ought to be used to it by now."

"I know," said Treluce, "but I was lying awake in the dormitory last night with a touch of toothache, and I noticed Penfold tossing about restlessly. He mumbled something, too, about wishing he had a couple of hundred quids."

"My hat, that's interesting!" murmured Skinner. "Perhaps the young rotter has been getting into the hands of bookies."

"I don't think it's likely," said Treluce. "I should have known before

if Penfold had ever had flutters on the goos. But don't tell anyone what I have told you. Pen knew I was awake last night, and if it got round about his being in financial straits he might get ratty with me."

"Right-ho, old top! Trust me!"

And, with a smile on his thin face, Harold Skinner promptly went back to his room, and related to William Stott and Sidney James Snoop, his study-mates, what Treluce had told him.

"Tell you what, you chaps," he said at the end of the recital, "let's go and call on Penfold. I think I see the way of getting him to chum up with us. If you're ready, come with me."

He led the way down the Remove passage.

As Skinner had guessed, Dick Penfold was alone in his study. The scholarship boy had become such had company that Trevor and Treluce had begun to leave him severely to himself.

"Hallo! What the dickens do you want here?"

Penfold had just completed his preparation, and was closing his exercise-book when Skinner and the others marched in. His face revealed the surprise he felt at the visit of the trio.

"Hope you won't take offence, Pen," said Skinner, with a friendly smile; "but we thought you might like a little game of cards to cheer you up."

"Well you jolly well thought wrong!" growled Penfold. "You can buzz off as soon as you like."

"Oh, thanks!" murmured the cad, as he helped himself to a seat. "We should like to buzz off a bit later on. But I wonder if you'd mind us having a few hands of nap in here, seeing you don't want to play yourself?"

"My hat, you've enough cool cheek to sink a ship!" exclaimed Penfold. "Go and play your rotten game of cards in your own den!"

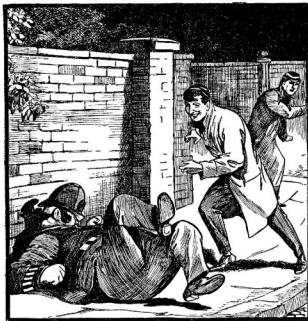
"Well, the fact of the matter is," said Skinner confidentially, "that I've reason to believe that Tom North—the beast who pushed you off the footer-field the other day—is going to pay our study a visit to-night. Some rotter has been squealing just because we've been having an occasional little game of nap there. We shan't interrupt you, old chap, if you want to read or anything, and we'll beat it as soon as you give the word."

There was a friendliness in the tone of Skinner that came as music to the ear of Penfold, who was beginning to feel lonely. He felt that he had been deserted by all his old comrades, and had begun to consider authority as Harold Skinner himself. So, instead of refusing the request at once as Snoop and Stott expected he would, he hesitated uncertainly. He liked Tom North, in spite of the unfortunate incident of the previous Saturday; but he thought it would be fun to help duddle the prefect. Moreover, it would be interesting to watch Skinner, Snoop, and Stott playing nap, for he had done his prep, and did not feel in the mood for reading.

"All right," he agreed. "You can use this table for your game until bedtime—I don't care a rap!"

"Thanks muchly, old top!"

Trying to conceal the glowing smile that curved his lips, Harold Skinner drew the pack of playing cards from his pocket, and told Stott to draw up three chairs. Snoop drew out a cigarette and



Tozer stooped down to grasp Penfold as the junior slipped under him, and as he did so Skinner gave him a push which sent him head-first against the school wall, jamming his helmet clean over his fat face. "Run for it!" panted Skinner. (See Chapter 9.)

lit it. Dick Penfold settled himself on the arm of an easy-chair with an open book, which he had no intention of reading.

"We'll play for the usual penny points, I suppose?" said Skinner to his cronies. "Good! Deal the cards, Snoop, old man."

Skinner sat with his back towards Penfold, but he knew instinctively that the latter was watching the play and listening to every word of the conversation that accompanied it.

"Did I tell you, Snoop, old sport, about the last time I went on the razzle down in Friarsdale?" murmured the end of the Remove, as he shuffled the pack for a fresh deal. "No! But you know I went down to that place over the tobacconist's the other night. Well, I picked up over fifty quids."

"Won it?" cried Snoop incredulously. Skinner gave a sly wink and lowered his voice a trifle, as though he were anxious that Penfold should not hear; but he took good care not to lower it too much.

"Yes, I won it," he said. "There's money for jam to be picked up at that place in Friarsdale for any chap who plays cards or roulette with his brain. I never met such a soft johnnie in my life as the fellow who's running that gaming outfit there. Last week a rustic, who lives somewhere over on the other side of the village, won over two hundred quids. The beauty of it was that this yokel only went in to have a flutter with ten bob in his pocket—and borrowed money at that!"

Following Skinner's lead, Stott and Snoop also related in loud whispers other equally fictitious incidents of big sums of money being won at the local gambling tables.

For some time the trio played on, and then they heartily thanked Penfold for his kindness in letting them use his study and took their departure.

Arriving back in their own room, they chuckled hugely at what they considered was an excellent joke.

"I think we've sown the seeds on fertile soil, my merry men!" said Skinner. "I'd bet all Lombard Street to a China orange that we shall see some fruit from our efforts before long."

And Dick Penfold, on his way to the dormitory that night, pondered over the conversation he had heard. He knew nothing about gambling nor gambling-dens, and he had no reason for disbelieving that huge sums were sometimes picked up for next to nothing, for he had read such stories in the papers. Skinner's fairy tale of this man who had won over two hundred pounds by means of the borrowed ten bob particularly stuck in his mind. A new and inviting possibility opened up before the harassed lad. Why shouldn't he also have a flutter, and try to pick up a wash of money? What a godsend two hundred pounds would be to him and his father!

Two hundred pounds! Dick Penfold fell asleep that night to dream of successful flutters, and of himself in possession of "money to burn!"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Meeting with Bolsover!

WHAT Harold Skinner lacked in pluck, honesty, and genuine cleverness, and the other virtues, was amply made up for in his queer mental composition by a large overdose of cunning.

By cunning Skinner had tried to undermine Penfold's moral sense, and by cunning, on the following morning, he further managed to ingratiate himself with the scholarship lad.

Dick Penfold had no particular desire to make friends with Skinner & Co., but he chatted with them before morning school and during the short interval before lunch. Again he met them in the Common-room later. Little did he dream, however, that these apparently casual meetings were parts of a carefully-laid plot against him.

In making up to Penfold, the end of the Remove had two distinct objects in view. Firstly, he was anxious to break down the barrier of reserve which had always existed between himself and the cobbler's son. Secondly, he wanted it to appear to the Lower School as though a strong friendship was ripening.

Harold Skinner was successful in both these objects. With the germ of a new idea for getting money sown in his thoughts, Dick Penfold now listened only too willingly to the blandishments of the end. Meanwhile, Wharton & Co. and other of Penfold's former friends looked on in dismay and wonderment.

"I'm going to have a serious heart-to-heart talk with Pen," said Harry Wharton. "This is getting a bit too thick."

The rest of the Famous Five who had also repaired to Study No. 1 after lunch shook their heads dubiously.

"You'll only get choked off for your pains, old top," said Johnny Bull. "Follow your own advice and give him a wide berth for a few days."

"But things are coming to a head," said Wharton. "It's the outside limit when a decent chap like Penfold starts getting thick with a rotter of Skinner's type. I'm going to try to persuade the young idiot to stop playing the fool and pull himself together. Come with me, Bob! We'll look into Pen's study."

Nugent, Bull, and the Nabob of Bhamspur watched in silence their two chums prepare to go on their errand. When Wharton and Cherry were passing out of the study door, however, Johnny Bull voiced his opinion.

"You'll only get a sea in your ear!" he said.

"The seafulness in the esteemed ear will be terrific!" murmured Harroo Singh. "But don't let us stolidly prevent you from doing your honourable duty, my worthy chums."

With these dismal comments ringing in their ears, Wharton and Bob made their way to Study No. 9. A knock bringing no response, they entered, to find the place deserted.

"I expect he's gone to the gym," said Bob.

"We'll go along there a bit later," said the captain of the Remove. "It's too wet for footer practice, so we might just as well spend the half-holiday in the gym ourselves."

They returned to Study No. 1 and sat chatting with Bull, Nugent, and Harroo Singh for a time, until Wharton suggested they should change and repair to the gymnasium.

As it happened Bob's guess as to the whereabouts of the scholarship boy was a

good one. But it is doubtful whether Penfold himself would have gone to the gym that afternoon but for the persuasion of Harold Skinner. The cad of the Remove happened to know that Percy Bolsover had gone there, and his malicious mind suggested that there might be some fun in store if Bolsover and Penfold could be brought face to face in the gym.

"Let's go and limber ourselves up on the parallel bars," suggested Skinner. "It's a wet afternoon, and not fit for going out. Perhaps, though, you'd sooner have a few hands at nap with Stott and Snoop and myself!"

Dick remained peering listlessly out of the rain-splashed window of the Common-room to which he and several other juniors had repaired after lunch.

"No, I won't play cards, thanks!" he said. "Perhaps a turn in the gym, though, would lull me up a bit."

He turned from the window, and Skinner led the way from the Common-room, winking slyly at his cronies, Stott and Snoop, as he did so.

In the gymnasium Percy Bolsover, goaded by Billy Bunter, Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, and one or two others, had been holding forth upon what he intended to do to Penfold when he got "half a chance," for fighting with him on the football field.

Therefore, when Dick Penfold calmly strolled into the room in the company of Skinner & Co., broad smiles of anticipation appeared on the faces of the assembled juniors, with the exception of Bolsover himself. At the sight of the scholarship lad Bolsover's jaw dropped. He had not expected Penfold to show up among the fellows in the gym that afternoon.

"Billy Bunter nudged the bully in the ribs.

"I say, old man," said the Owl, in a piercing whisper, "now's your chance to pulverise Pen! You badly want to, you know."

"Gr-r-r-h! Leave the young beast to me," snarled Bolsover. "and mind your own thumpin' biny! I'll deal with him in my own time."

But Fisher T. Fish, not to be done out of a sporting titbit, hailed the scholarship lad in that musical, nasal accent peculiar to his race.

"Say, Pen," he called out. "here's a galoot who's going to knock the stuffing out of you! I guess you'd better come over here right now and be pulverised!"

Dick looked angrily in the direction of Fisher, Bolsover, and Bunter, while his three companions smiled broadly.

"Did you want to see me, Bolsover?" demanded Penfold.

Percy Bolsover pulled himself together with an effort. A number of other juniors in the gym had become interested in the meeting of the two, and the bully did not wish to lose prestige.

"Yes, I did, you low-down young cad!" he said. "I've been looking for a favourable opportunity of meeting you since Saturday. I'm going to slaughter you for that affair on the footer field!"

"All right! Wade in!"

Dick Penfold calmly took off his coat, slung it across the parallel bars, and waited for Bolsover to commence the fray.

But Percy Bolsover showed a marked hesitation to begin the "slaughtering" he had threatened. He removed his coat, but instead of starting the fight he turned to the American junior.

"Got a set of boxing-gloves, Fishy," he said; "they're in that box over

there. Twelve-ounce ones will do. I don't want to risk a charge of manslaughter."

Dick Penfold smiled contemptuously. "Well, I'll risk being slaughtered!" he said. "You needn't get the gloves for my benefit, Fishy."

Fisher T. Fish turned back from his errand.

"Gee!" he said. "An Amurrican couldn't have spoken fairer than that! Now then, Bolsover, you galoot, set about him!"

"There you are, Bolsover!" cried Billy Bunter delightedly. "Pen won't complain if you slaughter him!"

"Stow your cackle, you fat toad!" snapped Bolsover angrily.

"Wade in, you big coward!" cried Dick Penfold impatiently. "I'm getting cold standing about here with my coat off!"

Thus goaded, Percy Bolsover rushed at his smaller rival, his fists whirling like the sails of a windmill. His one thought now was to deliver a knock-out with the swiftest despatch possible.

With the agility of a cat Penfold side-stepped the other's fierce onslaught. Then he hooked his right to Bolsover's ear, sending the bully sprawling.

"Oh, bravo, Penfold!"

Billy Bunter, sitting astride a vaulting-horse, shouted out that encouragement.

Bolsover heard the shout from the fat junior, whom he had considered one of his own supporters, and his brow grew black with anger. As he staggered to his feet he aimed a vicious blow at Bunter's waistcoat, and knocked the unfortunate porpoise head over heels from his precarious perch.

"Yoop!" howled Bunter. "Oo-er!"

Yah, you great coward, Bolsover! Hit someone your own size!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish and several other laughing juniors helped the fat boy to his feet, and then turned their attention again to the combatants.

In endeavouring to come to close quarters Bolsover had received a sharp right and left to the face from his smaller rival. The pain from these blows stung him to a perfect frenzy. For some moments he fought like a fury, but, try as he might, he could not put across the knock-out punch.

Bodily hammered about the body, Dick Penfold fought back with bitter resolution. Once he tried an uppercut, but missed the bully's chin by a fraction of an inch. The blow caught Bolsover at the end of his nose, and "tapped his claret."

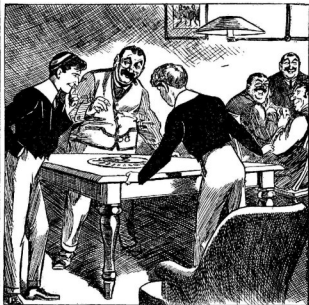
Then the end came with dramatic suddenness. Raising his arms to ward off the severe punishment his face was receiving, Bolsover exposed the front of his body. At once Penfold seized his opportunity. He jabbed the bully just above the belt with his left, and Bolsover doubled up like a penknife, his head coming down towards his antagonist.

Immediately, the scholarship boy delivered a sizzling upper-cut to the point, which lifted the bully clean off his feet, and hurled him backwards to the floor.

"He's out!"

"Billy Bunter yelled excitedly, and danced a few delirious steps in a manner not unlike a hippopotamus attempting a jazz.

Fisher T. Fish, Peter Todd, and two or three others went to the assistance of the



The little wheel was set in motion, and Penfold watched it whirl round eagerly. He started betting in a modest fashion, and to his delight he found himself winning hand-over-fist. (See Chapter 9.)

bully, who remained lying on his back vacantly gazing about him.

"Wassermatter!" gasped Bolsover at length.

"I guess and calculate you met with a slight accident!" murmured the American junior. "You knocked your chin against some galoot's fat!"

Helped by his Form-mates, Percy Bolsover staggered from the gymnasium. All the fight had been knocked out of him, and he only longed to get his aching head beneath the cold-water tap.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Up Against Cherry!

IT had been a grumbling scrap, and Dick Penfold lounged against the parallel-bars for a few minutes, regaining his breath. The hypocrites, Skinner, Stott, and Snoop, took the opportunity of congratulating him on his splendid showing. The other juniors returned to the various athletic exercises on the rope-ladders, trapezes, and horizontal bars.

Suddenly Penfold looked up as he heard his name called in a voice that sounded like Wharton's. The captain of the Remove, accompanied by Bob Cherry, had just entered the gymnasium.

"We'd like to have a few words with you, Pen."

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry remained standing near the door. It was obvious that they did not wish to have the audience of Harold Skinner & Co. for what they had to say.

"Don't go!" Skinner advised Penfold. "Let 'em come to you if they've got anything to cackle about!"

But there was a solemn look on the faces of the two members of the Famous Five that gave the scholarship boy some inward misgiving. Ever in Penfold's mind was the affliction of his father, and he half feared that the pair might have brought him bad news. Taking no heed of Skinner's advice he strode across to them.

"Well?"

Harry Wharton looked the other full in the face, his eyes transparently honest and sympathetic.

"Look here, Pen, old man," he said, "we don't want to bust in on your affairs, but we've been feeling jolly worried about you lately. We used to be good chums, and Bob and I still want you to regard us as your pals. If there is anything—"

"Have you anything else to talk about?" cut in Penfold slyly.

For a moment Harry Wharton was taken aback by this blunt question.

"Er—yes—hang it all, I have—" he burst out. "I hate to see a decent chap like you going to the dogs without lifting a finger to save him from himself!"

"Meaning by that, that I happen to be hobnobbing with Skinner and his set instead of with you and your precious cronies?" jeered Penfold. "But what can you expect from a cobbler's son? These were your own words, you know, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton opened his eyes to their fullest extent.

"M-my words!" he gulped. "What the thump d'you mean? I shouldn't make such a caddish remark!"

"Not to my face, perhaps," said Penfold; "but you didn't mind saying it behind my back to Bob Cherry. I happened, however, to be in my study on Sunday afternoon, and heard you. Your words were that you were jolly glad you'd chucked me out of the footer

team, and then you made that rotten sneer about my being a cobbler's son!"

Wharton and Cherry gazed at their Form-mate in utter astonishment.

"Harry never made those remarks!" averred Bob Cherry. "You were dreaming!"

"You're a thumping liar!" retorted Penfold. "I heard him address the remarks to you yourself as you were walking, together along the Remove passage."

"Here, I say, this is the outside giddy limit!" exclaimed the indignant Bob. "I'm hanged if I'm going to stand being talked to like that by a young rotter such as you've become!"

"Keep your wool on!" said Penfold calmly. "That display of righteous indignation doesn't bluff me! Of course, you'd stick up for Wharton, and in doing so you make yourself out as big a cad as he is himself!"

Bob Cherry fairly spluttered with rage. He had joined the captain of the Remove in an attempt to bring the backsliding Penfold to his senses, but now he mentally washed his hands of that god-natured mission.

"You—you howling young rotter!" he cried. "If you don't withdraw those words, I'll give you the biggest licking you've ever had in your life!"

"Let's leave the young ass, Bob!" whispered Wharton to his irate chum.

But Bob Cherry shook off the restraining hand that Wharton laid on his arm.

"Not until the young beast has apologised!" he cried fiercely.

"Well, you'll be here a jolly long time, then!" said Penfold. "I can believe the evidence of my own ears, and I think you're a couple of low-down rotters!"

Hardly had the words left Penfold's lips than Bob Cherry whipped his coat off, and sprang at his former friend.

A medley of shouts arose from the other juniors in the gymnasium, and Skinner & Co., Billy Bunter, Fisher T. Fish, and several more came dashing across to secure a good view of this froth affray.

With teeth set, Dick Penfold fought fiercely against his formidable rival. But even had he been in the best of condition, he could hardly have expected to secure a victory over Bob Cherry, who was the champion fighter of the Remove.



Six
Superb
Photo-Plates
of Famous Footballers

Big "head-and-shoulder" portraits of Charlie Buchan, Billy Meredith, "Fanny" Walden, F. Hanson, J. Blair, and Sam Chedzour. One free plate each week, for six weeks—the first, Charlie Buchan—being given this week inside every copy of

NELSON LEE

LIBRARY 2.

Out on Wednesday, Nov. 23rd.

And, still! feeling the effects of his grueling contest with Percy Bolsover, the scholarship lad soon found himself weakening. With a grim, bulldog courage he hammered away, exchanging blow for blow, until a right swing to his cheek sent him staggering to his knees. He rose at once, and came in again, only to meet a straight left that sent him full length to the floor.

Inwardly grinning with delight, Harold Skinner rushed to the assistance of the fallen lad.

"Yah!" yelled the cad over his shoulder to Bob Cherry. "That's just the sort of rotten game you would play—waiting till a chap was out of condition before challenging him to a fight! He's only just had a scrap with Bolsover!"

"What?" exclaimed Bob. "I didn't know anything about it!"

"Hub, a likely tale!" sneered Skinner.

From several of the other juniors Bob and Wharton learned the facts concerning Penfold's previous fray. As the scholarship-boy was helped to his feet, Bob stepped forward with hand outstretched.

"I'm sorry, Pen, old man!" he said simply. "You put up a gallant fight. I didn't know that—"

He stopped short, and his hand fell slowly to his side as Dick Penfold deliberately turned on his heel, and, without a word, moved out of the gym, supported by Harold Skinner and William Stott.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Trial Flutter!

THAT night, in the Remove dormitory, Dick Penfold gave the cut direct to Harry Wharton & Co.

Not one word, in fact, did he say to a soul as he swiftly disrobed and climbed into bed.

But, although Penfold showed such undue haste to get between the sheets, he made no attempt to go to sleep. Instead, after lights out, he lay back, with his hands under his head, thinking. Through his mind ran, in a discordant jumble, the events of the past few days, and, among other things, he thought of his sick father and bemoaned the poverty that kept the old man from the opportunity of regaining his health.

He heard the clock at the top of the old tower strike twelve, and then a faint shuffling near his bed attracted his attention. He rolled over on his side, and by the faint moonlight that shone in at the dormitory window he discerned Harold Skinner in the act of slipping on his clothes.

Dick Penfold sat bolt upright in bed.

"Skinner!"

At the hoarse whisper the cad of the Remove swung round. Then, seeing Penfold, he slipped quietly across to the other's bed.

"Where are you going, Skinny?"

"Sh-sh!" muttered Skinner. "I'm only going down to Friarsdale; I sha'n't be long."

Penfold gazed searchingly at the cad's lean face, which appeared white and ghostly in the dim light.

"You—you're going to have a flutter—eh?"

"That's the idea!" admitted Skinner. "Would you like to come?"

The scholarship boy gave a shrug of his shoulders.

"Not much use liking," he said; "I've got no brass."

"I'll lend you a quid if you like," said Skinner. "You can pay me back out of your winnings."

"But supposing I lose?"

Skinner chuckled softly.

"You won't lose if you're careful, old top," he said. "Anyway, I'll risk lending you the dibs if you like."

For a few moments Penfold remained thinking deeply. He remembered Skinner's enticing yarn of the yolk who won two hundred quids by means of a borrowed ten bob. Why shouldn't he—Penfold—also be lucky? Never in his life had he wanted money so badly, and here, at least, was a chance of making some. But if he lost, how would he be able to repay Skinner? He put the pertinent query out of his mind as a sudden resolution possessed him.

"I'll come," he said quietly. "Lend me ten bob, old chap—that'll be enough!"

He climbed out of bed and dressed himself, while Skinner also completed his preparations for the midnight escape. Both Stott and Snoop had refused the cad's invitation to visit Friardale, and Skinner was only too glad of company. He was quite prepared to lose his ten shillings to get Penfold "on the razzle."

Well experienced in the gentle art of bounds-breaking, the cad of the Remove had in his possession a coil of thin but strong rope for assisting him on such an occasion as the present one. He brought his rope from his box and fastened it to a steel radiator near the window. Then, opening the window, he dropped the other end of the rope out into the night.

"You go first, old man," he whispered to Penfold.

With his heart thumping against his ribs, Dick Penfold made the risky descent and waited against the wall for his companion. A few moments later Skinner

crept out of the dormitory, quietly lowered the window from his perch on the sill, and climbed down to the ground beside his fellow adventurer. They left the rope hanging against the ivy-covered wall, ready for use on their return. No one was likely to be on the prowl, and even if anyone did happen to pass that way, the rope could easily be overlooked against the dark background of creeper.

The night was clear and chill, and, pulling their overcoat collars over their chins, and their caps down on their foreheads, the two made swiftly for the outer wall of the school.

"Here's a good place to get over," said Harold Skinner. "There's a brick missing, and you can get a leg up in the hole."

He helped Penfold to scale the wall, and then Dick, sitting astride the top, gave Skinner a hand up. Neither of the juniors noticed that in the roadway below on the outer side of the wall was a dark and bulky, blue-clad figure.

That worthy officer, P. C. Tozer, had been stolidly patrolling the countryside, and he had come to a halt for the moment near the school to adjust the wick of his bullseye lantern. His somewhat unintelligent face lighted as the two juniors came into view, and he waited with open arms to receive the truants.

All unaware of what lay in store, Dick Penfold clung to the top of the wall with his hands and let himself down, while Skinner followed suit. Then, as Penfold let go his grip on the stone-work, Police-constable Tozer made a swift grab at him.

"Whoop!" gasped Penfold. "Look out!"

He struggled fiercely in the arms of

the policeman, keeping his face averted from the light of the bullseye lantern. Skinner had dropped from the wall before he had heard the warning cry, and it took him a moment or two to collect his senses. When he did arise, he saw Penfold wriggle like an eel between Tozer's legs. Tozer stooped down to grasp the slippery youngster again, and, as he did so, Skinner planted his boot behind the man in blue. With an agitated grunt, Tozer went flying headlong against the wall, his helmet jamming firmly over his eyes.

"Run for it!"

In response to Skinner's cry, Dick sprinted down the road, and, before the angry policeman could struggle out of his helmet, the two juniors had darted through a hedge into a field.

"My hat!" panted Dick; "we shall be in for it now. Old Tozer will rouse the school."

"Don't you believe it," returned Skinner. "The last time he knocked up old Gosling at the lodge by the school gates he got no thanks for it. I can tell you. No, Tozer won't take any action until to-morrow morning, and then he won't be able to recognise us."

Skinner's assurance helped to put Dick Penfold at his ease again, and by keeping slightly off the road, the two juniors reached Friardale without further mishap.

By an arrangement with a local tobacconist no better than himself, an ill-favoured rascal from Courtfield, known as Honkey Walker, had established a small gaming outfit over the shop. Each night in the little room certain foolish fellows met to have a flutter at cards or on the roulette table wheel that Walker had set up. On two or three previous

REGISTER TO-DAY!

(No. 3)

THREE POSTCARD-PORTRAITS IN EXCHANGE FOR THIS FORM!

To the Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY,

Dear Sir,—I have introduced THE MAGNET LIBRARY to the undermentioned three boys (or girls) and they have ordered THE MAGNET LIBRARY to be saved for them for the next six weeks by:

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Names and Addresses of the Three New Readers—

1.....

2.....

3.....

Send this form with Your Name and Address to the Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4, and you will receive in exchange Three Postcard-Portraits, which you may select from the following list. Mark with a cross the portraits you desire.

1.—HARRY WHARTON.

2.—FRANK NUGENT.

3.—BOB CHERRY.

4.—HURREE SINGH.

5.—MARK LINLEY.

6.—BILLY BUNTER.

7.—H. VERNON-SMITH.

8.—HORACE COKER.

9.—G. WINGATE.

10.—The late ARTHUR COURTNEY.

11.—LORD MAULEVERER.

12.—JOHNNY BULL.

Four of the above Forms entitle you to the whole Set of Twelve Portraits!

occasions Harold Skinner had paid a visit to Hookey's little parlour and, therefore, when he knocked at the door of the tobacconist's, he and Penfold were admitted with open arms, so to speak.

As the two boys were going up the rickety staircase behind Walker, Skinner thrust ten shillingworth of silver into Dick Penfold's hand.

"Thanks, old man," muttered the scholarship lad. "I hope to let you have it back when we leave."

There were only two or three others in the place when Penfold and Skinner entered the gambling den, and these were playing crabs together. Skinner, however, told Hookey Walker that Penfold, whom he did not introduce by name, was anxious to try a run at roulette. Accordingly the little wheel was set in motion, and, after Skinner had explained the stunt, Penfold began placing his money on the wheel.

The novice started in modest fashion by putting half a crown on the black. Black won, and Penfold, to his delight, found himself in the possession of an extra half-crown.

For some time the luck fluctuated, and then the numbers and colours that Penfold backed began to turn up with a perfectly astonishing regularity. The youngster's eyes shone with a lust that had never found a place in them before as he raked in his winnings. When at length Skinner insisted that they must return to the school he had quite a little pile of silver and one-pound notes in front of him. Hookey Walker accepted his losses with a philosophical calm, and cordially invited the two schoolboys to "come again."

The two bounds-breakers returned to the dormitory at Greyfriars in safety. There, after handing Skinner a ten-shilling note, Dick sat on the bed and, by the faint light, counted his winnings.

"Fifteen pounds!" he muttered. "My giddy aunt!"

"It would have been fifty if we could have stayed," observed Skinner. "I'm a trifle out of pocket myself, but I'll make up for it next time."

As a matter of fact, Skinner was grinding his teeth with envy. For all his experience he had never won such an amount, and he put down his companion's success to what is termed by gamblers "beginner's luck."

But while Skinner had serious doubts as to whether the evening had been a really successful one, Dick Penfold had none at all on the subject. For the first time for days he felt really happy, though this feeling was marred ever and anon by a faint twinge of conscience.

But under his pillow rested the fifteen pounds—more money than he had ever owned in his life before!

"My hat!" he murmured blissfully, as he pulled the blankets over his chin. "With a few more nights like this I shall have enough to send the dad away for a sea-voyage. It seems to me there's some sense in being a blade like Skinner after all!"

And, rolling over on his side, he fell soundly asleep, a happy smile hovering over the corners of his lips.

Penfold never gave a thought to what would happen if he were caught during one of his attempts to win money over the tobacconist's shop in Friaralee. Even had he done so, he might have considered that the chance of restoring health to his father was worth the risk.

Penfold had undoubtedly cut loose. It remained to be seen what would be the outcome of it all.

THE END.

(Another magnificent story of Penfold and the chums of the Remore next Monday, entitled "Penfold the Blade!" By Frank Richards. Order your copy now!)

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.

"PENFOLD THE BLADE"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand, long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. and the Greyfriars chums. Dick Penfold continues his reckless ways until he becomes as big a "blade" as Skinner & Co. However, Dick Penfold does not find the way of a blade easy, and he has many uneasy moments he would not have had had he kept his head in the crisis through which he was passing.

You must not, on any account, miss reading this magnificent story, which will appear in next Monday's issue of the "Magnet Library."

There will be another special supplement next week—AN AMUSEMENT NUMBER—and I can assure you that it is one of the best the Famous Five have turned out.

Have you got your set of Greyfriars Postcard Portraits yet? If not, turn to page 17, and set about getting them right away. They're worth having, and the offer will not remain open very much longer.

Correspondence.

William E. Stacey, 9, Pownall Gardens, Hounslow, Middlesex, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-15, with view to forming a club.

Robert Colquhoun, 8, Oxford Street, Monree Ponds, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 15-16, to exchange postcard views.

Arthur Pirie, Dempster Street, Wick, Caithness, Scotland, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 14-16, interested in cricket and football.

Maxwell Reed, 79, McPherson Street, Footscray, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 15-16.

The President of the Empire Correspondence Club, c/o Mrs. T. J. Beck, 15, Russell Street, Linwood, Christchurch, New Zealand, wishes to hear from MAGNET readers. Those interested in stamps, football, hockey, scouting, and electricity specially asked.

R. B. Frazer, 7, Mid Wynd, Dundee, N.B., wishes to hear from readers concerning his new amateur magazine, the "Boys' Favourite."

T. H. Smith, 13, Barnsbury Road, Islington, N. 1, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 14-15, subjects swimming and cycling.

Alex. Paton, 50, Fernside Avenue, Wallend-on-Tyne, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 14-17, interested in stamps and postcard views. All letters answered.

George Taylor, 4, Harbottle Yard, Oldgate, Morpeth, Northumberland, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 15-18.

Miss Hilda Marshall, 29, Oak Street, Leicester, wishes to hear from readers, ages 14-15, especially those keen on sketching. All letters answered.

Your Editor.

Grand Value for Money Story Books

BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY

- No. 580.—FROM CLUE TO CLUE. A thrilling detective novel. By W. MURRAY GRAYDON.
No. 581.—THE RED FIGHTER. A superb yarn of the boxing ring. By ERIC W. TOWNSEND.
No. 582.—SLAVE ISLAND. A grand adventure tale. By MATTHEW IRONSIDE.
No. 583.—THE RIVAL HOUSE TEAMS. A topping school story. By JACK NORTH.
No. 584.—BEYOND THE DESERT. A fine yarn of Australia. By ERIC WHITLEY.

4 each

SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY

- No. 108.—THE IDOL'S EYE; or, The Case of the Parasa's Daughter. A fascinating romance adventure in India and England.
No. 199.—TINKER'S LONE HAND. A thrilling detective tale, featuring Sexton Blake's young assistant.
No. 200.—THE FOUR TRAILS; or, The Case of the Sacred Snake. A thrilling tale of adventure, intrigue, and mystery in darkest Africa.
No. 201.—TALKING SCENTS; or, The Wye Valley Mystery. A story of clever detection, introducing Sexton Blake and Tinker, by the author of "The Ambridge's Secret," etc.
No. 202.—TERROR ISLAND; or, The House of Glass. A tale of mystery and thrilling adventure. By the author of "The Man Who Forgot," etc., etc.

4 each

NUCKET LIBRARY

- No. 61.—THE OUTCAST OF ST. FRANKS. A splendid story of schooling, sea, sport, and adventure, introducing Nipper & Co.
No. 62.—LOST—A FOOTBALL TEAM. A racing and sports story of cupping football and detective work, introducing Nelson Lee, Nipper, and the Hon. John Lustris.

3 each

Now on Sale Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!

FRETWORK

A Boy's Ideal Hobby.

Here is something really useful as well as interesting to keep you amused these long evenings. Fretwork is inexpensive, fascinating, and enjoyable.

176-page Catalogue of over 500 Designs, 1/- Post Free

When you have bought a Hobbies Outfit and a few pieces of wood you can begin right away and make Toys, Fans, Cigarette Boxes, Pipe Racks, and lots of other things useful and ornamental.

MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

When you can cut out slowly you can sell the articles at a local toyshop and so make your hobby pay for itself. But in order to get the best, remember to order for Ladies. They are British-made and best.

Outfits, 4/- to 65/-
Machines, 52/6 to £20

Every tool in a Hobbies Outfit is made at their own works, and under careful supervision.

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST—

HOBBIES (Dept. 24), **DEREHAM**
Limited,
LONDON, MANCHESTER, GLASGOW,
BIRMINGHAM, LEEDS.

"THE PLURASCOPE" 2/6 POST FREE



High-Powered Glasses Containing Eight Instruments, Comprising OPERA and FIELD GLASSES, EYE-MIRROR and LARYNGOSCOPIC TELESCOPE, SPYGLASS, MICROSCOPE, and CUM-PASS. Invaluable for examining Goggles, Cars, motor-cars, etc., etc.

We are again offering our Wonderful Xmas Parcel, containing better value than ever. Each Parcel contains 100 first-class articles:

- POWERFUL MICROSCOPE, POCKET KNIFE, POCKET CINEMA, with 25 Films, BAGPIPES, FOUNTAIN PEN, CONJURING CARBIDE, 2 TABLE GAMES (How Football, Table Tennis, etc.), COMPLETE PRINTING OUTFIT.

This BIG Parcel only 6/- Post Free. Other XMAS PARCELS for Boys or Girls, 7/6, 10/-, 15/-, and 25/-, post free. Send early to avoid disappointment.

Illustrated Catalogue of Toys, Electrical and Mechanical Models, Toys, etc., 3d., post free. Satisfaction or cash refunded.
BENNETT BROS., 5, THEOBALDS ROAD, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

STRENGTHEN YOUR NERVES

Nervousness deprives you of employment, pleasures, and many advantages in life. If you wish to prosper and enjoy life, strengthen your nerves, and regain confidence in yourself by using the Meado-Nerve Strengthening Treatment. Guaranteed Cure in 12 Days. Used by Vice-Admiral to German, Colonel to Private, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s, M.M.'s, and D.C.M.'s. Specially send three penny stamps for particulars.—**DODDIE ELLIOTT SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.**

GREAT MUSICAL DISCOVERY



A BRITISH INVENTION. A pocket instrument that plays in all keys as perfectly as a Violin, without the laborious study of scales. The only British Made Pocket Instrument on the market. Post Free—with full instructions—1/6 Detector Quality 2/6, Iron.

R. FIELD (Dept. 33), Hall Avenue, HUDDERSFIELD.

CINEMATOGRAPHS AND FILMS!!—Lowest Prices. GENERAL from 5/-. Carters, Drama, and Comic Films. Send 2/- for Large Sample Film. Name for Bargain Lists.—**A. E. Maxwell (Dept. 3), 43a, George St., Hastings.**

NICKEL SILVER WATCHES

Yours To Wear Whilst Paying For It.



Gent's full-size Keyless Lever Watch, strong Nickel Silver, dust and damp-proof cases, clear dial, genuine Lever Movement, perfect railway time-keeper, price 15/-, or cash with order, 15/6. Ladies' or Gent's wristlet model (a beautiful present), 4/- extra. Any of these splendid watches sent on receipt of the first payment. After receiving the watch you send us a further 2/-, and promise to pay the balance by weekly instalments of 6d. each, or 2/- monthly. Warranty for 10 years sent with each watch. No unpleasant inquiries. Don't risk disappointment, as this is manufacturer's stock, purchased at great reduction (usually sold at 25/-). Send 2/- and 6d. extra for postage and insurance at once to—**THE WOBURN WATCH CO., (Dept. M 11), Woburn House, LONDON, W.C.1.**



LUMINOUS DIALS 2/- EXTRA.

MASTERS' FAMOUS 'COLISEUM' ACCORDION



ON EASY TERMS

ONLY 8/- MONTHLY

A MUSICAL BARGAIN
Why not own one of these beautiful high-class Italian model Accordions, and entertain your family and friends with delightful songs and dance music? These wonderful instruments are easy to buy on our terms, and with the EASY Terms we send you and a little practice you soon master the simple keyboard, and the long winter evenings change into hours of real enjoyment.
Masters' "Coliseum" is the new model for this season; it is the prettiest of all accordions. Very fine Flange Polished Rhodium Case, Nickel Finger Protection, Two Bass Keys, Double Reeds, Tourist Keys, Five Great Tones. Price only 60/-, on easy terms, as follows:—Send 2/6. If you have not yet paid for your accordion, guarantee 6/- monthly after delivery; and you have the option to learn and play while waiting for it. Deposit back if not satisfied. **SEND 2/- NOW AND ASK FOR MASTERS' "COLISEUM" ACCORDION.**
MASTERS, LTD., 19, HOPE STREET, RYE. (EST. 1885.)

FULL-SIZED MEN.—These are the men who win success in greater pay than the ordinary. If you are under full size, increase your height by the Girvan Scientific Treatment. This treatment has been proved the height of soldiers after years of Army drill. Students report gain 2 to 6 inches increase. Send a postcard for particulars and our 2/60 guarantee to **ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.F., 17, STUBBS CROSS ROAD, LONDON, E.4.**

AEROPLANE AND CATAPULT BLASTIC.—Best quality only, 1-1/2 lb., 3-1/2 lb., and 1-1/2 lb. with 1000 ft. of cord, 1 lb., 5 lb., and 10 lb. per foot. Orders 1/- post free.—**GREENAWAY, 5, New Inn Hall St., Oxford.**

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as well as 1,000. **FRANK HUGHES, Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, London, W. 1.**

AUTOMATIC PROFESSIONAL CARD TRICKS.—Failure absolutely impossible. Set Complete, 3/6.—**WALKERS (M.), OSBORNE ROAD, SOUTH FARNBORO', HANTS.**



Meccano Boys! Build this Wonderful Motor-Chassis with **MECCANO**

Just imagine the joyful hours you will spend with this wonderful new working model of a Motor-Chassis. In every detail of construction it is just like a real Motor-Chassis. It has a three-speed gear and a differential gear. The steering and brakes work just like those on a motor-car, and even the wheels are sprung. The whole Chassis is automatically driven by the electric motor and accumulators shown in the illustration. Upon receipt of four penny stamps, we shall be pleased to send you a special leaflet fully illustrating and describing this model.

GREAT £250 PRIZE COMPETITION.

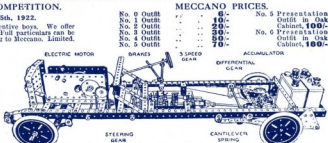
CLOSING DATE, APRIL 15th, 1922.

Here is a splendid chance for keen inventive boys. We offer big prizes for the best original models. Full particulars can be had from your Toy Dealer or by writing to Meccano, Limited, Binns Road, Liverpool.



Free to Boys!

This is a new and splendid book telling of all the good things which come from Meccano. It is the best book for boys to read. No boy should be without it. How to get a free copy. Just show this advert to three boys, and send us their names and addresses with your own. Put No. 10 after your name for reference. Write today.



MECCANO, LTD., BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

MECCANO PRICES.

No. 0 Outfit	10/-	No. 5 Presentation Outfit in Oak Cabinet, 100/-
No. 1 Outfit	15/-	No. 6 Presentation Outfit in Oak Cabinet, 100/-
No. 2 Outfit	20/-	
No. 3 Outfit	30/-	
No. 4 Outfit	50/-	
No. 5 Outfit	70/-	



FREE BOOK OF BARGAINS, 7d. to 1s.

Free, all kinds of CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELLERY, ACCORDEONS, TOYFOLGODDS, NOVELTIES, TOYS, SMAS GAMES, Etc. The "CHALLENGER" clock, a fine full-size Nickel-Lever Watch, 10s. Chain free. The fine large "LION" striking clock. Rings, high, 5s. Pocket Cinema, & 10 Real Cinema Film Pictures, 1s. Postage 2d. Numerous other Bargains. Delightful Money Back.



INSTANTLY KILLS PAIN

Everyone suffering pain should try the quickest, safest, and safest way of obtaining immediate ease. This is the VIKWIK way. No matter how the pain is caused, whether by Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Spasms, Cramps, Sprains, Bruises, or any kind of muscular strain, VIKWIK is the most pain-killing, curative liniment known. VIKWIK stops irritation in a remarkable manner. Chilblains and Burns yield to its soothing effects at once. VIKWIK is something different, something better than anything else. It succeeds where everything else has disappointed.

WORLD'S CHAMPION RUNNER, MR. A. SHERBEB, CURED BY VIKWIK.
 12M TREE HOTEL, OXFORD
 November 17th, 1919.
 Sir, -Rheumatism in my knee caused me great agony, and after trying several kinds of oils and ointments without success I was advised by a friend to use VIKWIK. I did so, with the result that the pain has gone. Now I use VIKWIK at the least sign of a certain amount of a general aches during training, which I can bear with recommended - 1 hour trial.

ALFRED SHERBEB
 World's Champion Runner and Record Holder

If you suffer from any kind of pain, go to your Chemist and get a bottle to try. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s., from all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, from the VIKWIK CO., Desk No. 27, Store St., London, W.C. 1.

FREE FUN!

Our Funny Novelty, causing roars of laughter. 1000 to 10000 in one evening! 1s. for 70 Cate Comparing Tricks, 12 Jolly Jack Tricks, 250 Hobbies, 18 Games, 10 Funny Readings, 5 Funny Recitations, 21 Monologues, 75 Jokes, 52 Health Saucers, Easy Ventri-locution Secret, and 1000 Stippled Attractions. Thousands of Lighted! Great Fun! - C. BUIEHER, 15, Wood St., Edgbaston, Birmingham.

"CURLY HAIR!" - "It's wonderful!" writes E. 10,000 Testimonials. Proof sent. Hair "WAVY!" CURLS STRAIGHTENED HAIR, 1/3, 2/3. (Exchange accepted.) - BOSS (Dept. M 1), 175, New North St., London, N. 1.

PHOTO POSTCARDS OF YOURSELF, 1/3 doz. 12 by 10 EN. LABORER'S. Also CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL. CATALOGUE & 500 SAMPLES FREE. - HACKETTS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS FROM £1. With AUTOMATIC Re-Winder. from 2/3. Accessories, Standard Films. Illustrated Catalogue FREE. - Book E. DEAN CINEMA CO., 34, Draxton Avenue, London, W. 13.

CUT THIS OUT

"The Magnet." PEN COUPON. Value 3d.

Send 12 of these coupons with only 2/9 direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4. You will receive by return a Splendid Britain Made 18 ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, Value 10/6. (1/2 Medium, or Broad Nib). If only 1 coupon is sent, the 2/9 is 4/9, 2d being allowed for each extra coupon up to 12. (Pen No. 46, price 1/6 plus 6d.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Foreign post extra.

Letter Self-Filling Model, with Safety Cap. 2/- extra.

VIKWIK LINIMENT

INSTANTLY KILLS PAIN OF

Rheumatism	Chilblains	Lumbago	Neuritis
Sprains	Gout	Sciatica	Nerve Pains
Cramp	Sore Throat	Rheumatoid	Neuralgia
	Stiff Neck	Arthritis	

In 1/3 bottles, large size 3/-.

From BOOT'S, TAYLOR'S, and all Chemists.

