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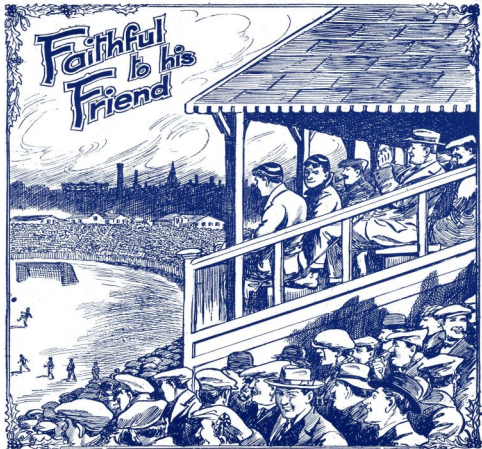
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The Magnet ¹/₂

Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



AT SOUTHAMPTON! THE BIG LEAGUE FOOTBALL MATCH THAT MEANT SO MUCH TO TOM REDWING.

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

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Address all your letters to:
The Editor, "The Magnet Library,"
The Fleetway House, Farringdon
St., London, E.C.4.
I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

"AGAINST THE LAW!" By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand, long, complete school story of the chums of the Remove Form at Greyfriars. In this story we are told how Napoleon Dupont, the French boy, endeavours to help a countryman in distress, and the trouble that results therefrom.

Considering that the man he helps is a fugitive from justice, the juniors realize that they are working

"AGAINST THE LAW!"

but, as things turn out, they are not sorry.

You must get the next issue of the **MAGNET LIBRARY.**

THE NEXT SUPPLEMENT.

The next issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" is a momentous one, for it celebrates the Anniversary of the "Herald's" appearance as a supplement in the **MAGNET LIBRARY.** It is just twelve months ago since the "Herald" first appeared in the **MAGNET LIBRARY,** and since then it has become gradually more and more popular.

Of course, there is a rival on the scene. Billy Bunter got out a rival paper, and called it "Billy Bunter's Weekly." It appears every Friday in the centre of our splendid week-end companion paper, the "Popular," and although that "Weekly" has been voted a really splendid bucket of good things, Harry Wharton has just about managed to keep the "Herald" the premier paper at Greyfriars.

So, my chums, the next supplement will be a Special Anniversary Number.

THE BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS.

When you are asked what you want for a Christmas present, and you turn the matter over in your mind, do not forget that the best present you can have is the "Greyfriars Holiday Annual." It is undoubtedly the finest volume of its kind on the market—and is of particular interest to you, as a reader of the **MAGNET LIBRARY** and its famous companion papers.

There are over 350 pages, hundreds of illustrations, and many splendid coloured plates. There is a story of Greyfriars, and a grand story of that May school, stories of the famous whoops, a number of helpful articles, puzzles to solve, and tricks to try—in fact, in the "Holiday Annual" every boy will find everything he wants in the way of reading matter.

Don't be too late—ask for a copy of the "Holiday Annual" now!
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NOTICES.

Correspondence.

Miss Hazel A. Elliott, Modbury, Arthur Street, Pantham, South Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 13-14; all letters answered.

Samuel Edwards, 274, Wilson Street, South Broken Hill, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, especially those interested in stamp collecting.

Joe Morrow, Despatch Dept., Mann, Byers & Co., 21, Glassford Street, Glasgow, wishes to correspond with readers interested in plays, poetry, and stories.

Miss Dora Porter, 60, Leviathan Street, Boulder, Western Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 13-15.

Lindsay Hooper, Leopold, via Geelong, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in Great Britain.

Ernest W. Summers, 22, May Terrace, Kensington Park, South Australia, wishes to correspond with readers who would like to hear about Australia.

Arthur Seaton, 62, Bonchurch Road, Southsea, would like to see specimen copies of amateur magazines, with view to becoming regular reader and contributor.

K. C. Bowyer, 9, Grainger Road, Idsworth, Middlesex, wants readers and contributors for his amateur magazine, the "Boys' Paper."

Eric Longworth, c/o London Guarantee & Accident Co., Ltd., 32, St. George's Street, Cape Town, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers in foreign countries, with a view to exchanging stamps and post-cards.

Football.

M. Fewtrell and W. Doney, would like a game with any junior team in Reading on Wednesday afternoon; average age 13-15; inside-right and left half-back. Address: 263, Oxford Road, Reading, Berks.

J. Whiteley, 34, The Grove, Hammersmith, W., wishes to join a good class football club in the Hammersmith district, age 15½, preferably outside-right, but any other position in forward line not objected to.

A sound goalkeeper and left-winger requires a berth in a Camberwell League team, average 15. A. G. Kent, 9, Love Walk, Camberwell, S.E. 5.

Your Editor.

THE BEST PRESENT YOU CAN HAVE!

THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
1922 ANNUAL 1922
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE BEST PRESENT YOU CAN GIVE!



A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story Dealing with the Adventures of
 Harry Wharton & Co., introducing Tom Redwing of Greyfriars.
 By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Redwing to the Rescue!

"COME in!" Bolsover major of the Remove uttered the invitation in his gruff tones.

The door of Bolsover's study was promptly thrown open, and three juniors entered.

They were Skinner, Snoop, and Stott—possibly the most unhealthy trio at Greyfriars. They were certainly the least desirable trio of juniors in the Remove Form.

Bolsover, who was seated in the solitary armchair, with his legs sprawling in the fender, looked up at the approach of his visitors.

"Hallo, Bolsy!" said Skinner, with a cheerful grin. "We've looked in to make a bright suggestion. It happens that we've run out of cigs. It's dashed awkward being without a smoke. What do you say to strolling over to Courtfield to get in supplies? We could get the cigs in Friarfield, of course, but it's hardly safe. If one of the beaks saw us entering or leaving the giddy tobacconist's there would be ructions."

Bolsover nodded. "I haven't had a smoke for weeks," he said. "Matter of fact, I'm not in love with that sort of thing, in the ordinary way. But at the moment I feel just in the mood for a quiet smoke. Beastly sort of day to trudge over to Courtfield, though," added Bolsover, crossing to the window and gazing out across the snow-covered Close.

"Oh, we shall soon get warmed up!" said Stott. "We can shy snowballs at people."

Stott was a youth who could be depended upon not to throw snowballs at anybody bigger than himself, or even of his own size. The same remark applied to Skinner and Snoop. Safely ambushed, they might have ventured to do so; but they were too cowardly, all of them, to meet their intended victim face to face.

When Skinner & Co. went snowballing it was not in the usual honest, far-lying manner. They did not scruple to inflict hurt upon the person at whom they aimed.

Bolsover major was not quite such a coward, but he was always at his worst in the society of Skinner,

Harry Wharton & Co., the leaders of the Remove, often declared that but for Skinner's unwholesome influence Bolsover would be quite a tolerable sort of fellow. As it was, he fell in with Skinner's schemes and wishes only too readily.

The present occasion was no exception. Bolsover heaved himself to his feet.

"All serene!" he said. "I'll come along!"

"Good!" said Skinner. "Better put your muffler on. It's simply freezing outside!"

There had been a heavy fall of snow in the Greyfriars district. The Close was covered with it as with a carpet. In the lanes and by-ways it was inches thick. And the weather was keen and cold and almost Christmassy, with no indication of a thaw.

A voluntary labour party had been employed to clear the football-ground of snow, so that the Greyfriars Remove could play their fixture with Highcliffe.

Harry Wharton had appealed to all his Form-fellows to give a hand; and all, with the exception of five, had responded willingly.

The five absentees were Skinner, Snoop, Stott, Bolsover, and Tom Redwing.

The first four refused to volunteer out of sheer laziness; and the last-named had an appointment with his people, who lived near the school.

Whilst the clearing-up work was in progress Skinner & Co. set out on their mission.

They had proceeded only a short distance along the road, when the station hack came crawling towards them, the horse plunging laboriously through the snow.

The ascending driver sat stolidly on his perch. On his head reposed a tall hat—an inviting target for would-be snowballers.

Skinner gave a chuckle. "Skinner gave a chuckle. "This is too good to miss!" he said. "Gather up your ammunition, gents, and open fire when I give the word!"

The juniors plunged their hands into the snow, scooped up some hefty snowballs, and stood ready for action.

Skinner waited until the hack was almost alongside. Then he rapped out a sharp command:

"Fire!"

Four snowballs whizzed forth as one. Skinner's aim was erratic. So was Snoop's. But Bolsover major's snowball struck the John full in the chest, and Stott's knocked the man's tall hat backwards without actually dislodging it.

The driver, who had a fare inside the vehicle—in the shape of an old and very fussy lady—could not retaliate. He was at the mercy of the four Greyfriars juniors, who continued to bombard him. "Every time a coconut!" chorled Skinner. "Got him between the eyes that time!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Young rips!" muttered the driver, goggling out of his eyes. "If only I could get amongst 'em! Ow!"

It did not seem to occur to Skinner & Co. that it was not very gallant to pelt a man who was unable to retaliate. They greatly enjoyed the fun, and a volley of snowballs followed the hack on its slow career.

"Adventure number one!" said Stott. "Wonder who will be the next victim?" A benevolent-looking old gentleman was the next to appear.

Skinner & Co. promptly proceeded to forage for ammunition. But when they saw that the benevolent-looking gentleman was accompanied by a far from benevolent-looking dog, they quickly abandoned their intentions.

It was not until the town of Courtfield was reached that the quartette found fresh scope for their activities.

The snow in Courtfield High Street was proving a great nuisance to the traffic. Cart-wheels became stuck in it, horses could make but little progress, and cyclists had to give it up as hopeless and push their machines.

An effort was being made, however, to clear the street of snow.

A young, pale-faced man, who looked on the verge of collapse, was busy with a broom.

"What a wreck!" said Bolsover major, when the juniors came in sight of the crossing-sweeper.

"Looks as though he has his own broomstick," said Skinner. "I say! Let's dodge into this alley and pelt him!"

"Good wheeze!" said Stott. "Come on!"

The juniors dived into the alley way, and started to make snowballs. There

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was no one to interrupt them, and they did the job thoroughly. The snowballs they prepared were huge ones, and Skinner—to his shame, be it said—had a stone in one of them. "It will make it carry farther!" was his excuse.

Bolshevik chuckled. "Ready?" he inquired. "There was a nodding of heads. "Open fire, then!" The pale-faced crossing-sweeper had his back to the juniors. He was utterly unprepared for the attack.

When a snowball struck the back of his head, knocking his tattered cloth cap into the middle-way, he spun round in surprise and indignation. But before he could see who his assailants were, and from which point they were attacking him, quite a shower of snowballs rained upon him. One of them struck him on the point of the chin with such force that he toppled backward.

Pedestrians stopped to gaze at the spectacle. Some of them laughed and jeered at the crossing-sweeper's expense. Others remarked that it was a shame, but they took no steps to interfere.

The victim of the onslaught picked himself up. He was dazed by the suddenness of it all. He passed his hand across his forehead, and at that instant Skinner hurled the snowball which he had reserved until last—the one with a stone as its centre.

The missile rushed through the air, and struck the crossing-sweeper on the cheek. Such was the force of the shot that the man reeled and fell, narrowly escaping being run down by a passing lorry.

The crossing-sweeper did not rise again. He lay motionless. On his cheek was an ominous cut, from which blood was slowly trickling.

Skinner looked alarmed. "I—I say! I didn't mean to hurt him like that!" he muttered. "We'd better scoot," said Bolshevik unsmilingly. "There will be a row about this."

The juniors turned and darted up the alley-way.

The quick patter of running footsteps behind them told them that they were being pursued. They quickened their pace, but Skinner, catching his foot against a stone, stumbled. Before he could regain his balance, hand fell upon his shoulder, and a voice, full of anger and scorn, exclaimed:

"You cowardly cad!" Turning in the grasp of his captor, Skinner found himself confronted by Tom Redwing of the Remove.

Skinner's eyes were blazing. Usually a calm, good-tempered fellow, he was now in a state of fury. He had been passing through the High Street when Skinner discharged his missile, and he had seen the crossing-sweeper go down.

Redwing knew that crossing-sweeper. In his early days, before going to Greyfriars, he had known him intimately.

But even if the man had been an utter stranger to him, it would not have lessened Tom Redwing's anger towards Skinner.

"Leggo!" gasped that youth, struggling vainly to free himself from the stronger fellow's grasp. "It—it's all right."

"All right, is it, to hide in a corner and peep a man while he's doing his duty?"

"He's only a crossing-sweeper," said Skinner.

The words roused Redwing to greater fury.

"You snob! You beastly worm! Only a crossing-sweeper, is he? Well, he's worth fifty of you! You're not fit to black his boots."

"Lemme go!"

"All in good time," said Tom Redwing, controlling his passion with an effort. "Before I let you go, I'm going to give you a hiding that you won't forget for many a term!"

"Look here—"

"You'd better put up your hands," said Redwing quietly. "I'm going to start right now!"

Skinner realised that he was in a tight corner. Two courses lay open to him. He could remain passive, or he could offer resistance. In either case, he was bound to get the hiding.

Skinner decided that the best plan would be to put up some sort of a fight. He could not hope to hold his own against a fellow of Tom Redwing's calibre, but he might possibly be able to ward off some of the blows.

Tom Redwing released his grasp of the cad of the Remove. Then, without pausing for such preliminaries as removing his coat, he rushed into action.

Skinner's resistance was feeble and futile. Tom Redwing's clenched fist came crashing past his guard, and he reeled under a rain of blows.

"Ow-ow-ow!" he yelled. "Help! Rescue, boys!"

But Bolshevik major, Snoop, and Stott were by this time out of earshot.

Bolshevik would not have been afraid to tackle Tom Redwing, but he did not know that Redwing was alone. He had imagined that a whole crowd of people were in pursuit. And he and his two companions had lost no time in getting clear.

Meanwhile, Tom Redwing continued to deal with Skinner in no uncertain manner.

Left and right, right and left, his fists shot out, and Skinner cut a sorry figure against that hurricane attack.

The grinnings and vigour with which Tom Redwing dealt his blows were characteristic of the sailor's son.

Skinner, utterly regretted having snowballed the crossing-sweeper. But it was too late for regrets. He had acted like a coward, and he was receiving a coward's deserts.

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

The blows came almost mechanically, and with terrible force.

Skinner staggered back against the wall of the alley, his face bruised and bleeding.

This was not the first time he had been thrashed, but never had he been thrashed with such severity.

Tom Redwing's final contribution was a terrific stab across the eyes.

This finished Skinner. He slipped down to the ground, stunned and dazed and helpless. A host of stars danced wickedly before his bewildered eyes, and when Tom Redwing spoke, his voice seemed far away.

"There, you cad! You won't put another snowball again, in a hurry! You'll bear the marks of my fists for some time to come, I'm thinking. And if you've hurt that man—Jack Reynolds—seriously, woe betide you! This won't be the end of the matter! I'll have you dealt with by the Form—and that means regular sixes!"

So saying, Tom Redwing turned on his heel, and stride away.

Skinner struggled into a sitting posture. In his one sound eye—the other was closed—shone a gleam almost of hatred.

"You'll pay for this!" he muttered.

"You'll be sorry you ever had a finger on me! I'll get even with you somehow, if it takes me months!"

But the threat was wasted on Tom Redwing, who had already emerged from the alley into the street.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

When a Man's Down!

JACK! Jack, old man! I'm sorry that the accident has happened." Tom Redwing went quickly towards the crossing-sweeper. "I've dealt with the cad who threw that snowball. The next time he throws one he'll be careful not to include a stone. How are you feeling?"

The crossing-sweeper—he was on his feet now—smiled faintly. "A bit shaky, that's all, Tom," he said. "It was decent of you to chip in."

"Rats! Do you think I was going to stand by and fake no notice of a thing like that? I say, Jack, what's the matter?"

For Reynolds staggered, and would have fallen had not the ready arm of his old chum supported him.

"I—I felt a bit dizzy," he muttered. "It's nothing!"

Tom Redwing eyed the speaker keenly. He saw that Jack Reynolds was on the point of collapse, and that it was not entirely due to the stone which Skinner had thrown.

The man looked weak and ill. It was not difficult to see that he stood in urgent need of food and drink.

Redwing wasted no time.

"Come with me," was all he said. He led the crossing-sweeper into a little restaurant, and gave orders for a good square meal to be prepared immediately.

Jack Reynolds sank into a seat. Redwing looked at him with a troubled expression on his face.

The crossing-sweeper was not a mere acquaintance. Tom Redwing had known him intimately in the old days, and a strong friendship had sprung up between them.

Since going to Greyfriars, Tom Redwing had naturally lost touch somewhat with his old chum.

Jack Reynolds had been away in London seeking employment, and this was the first time the two friends had met for some months.

"I say, Tom—" began the crossing-sweeper.

"Not a word until you've eaten your grub," interrupted the Greyfriars junior.

"I can see that you've fasted, and—dash it all, I believe you're starving!"

"Not starving, Tom, but precious near to it!"

A substantial meal arrived, accompanied by a large cup of strong, steaming coffee.

The manner in which Jack Reynolds disposed of the food showed clearly that he was sorely in need of it.

When he had finished, a vestige of colour crept back into his cheeks. He bucked up considerably.

"Now," said Tom Redwing, "we can jaw. How come you to be back in Courtfield, Jack? I thought you were in London looking for a job."

"True enough, Tom. But I didn't find what I went to look for. I hunted keenly enough. Heaven knows—I tramped the streets, I answered all the advertisements I could see. But luck, or Fate—call it what you will—was against me. I stayed out in town and I can't

BE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

to the end of my resources. Then I received an urgent message from my mother, and came home to Courtfield."

"The speaker paused." "An urgent message?" queried Tom Redwing. "I hope that nothing was wrong?"

"Everything was wrong, Tom!" said Jack Reynolds bitterly. "But, dash it all, why should I talk about these things? I've no right to bother you with my affairs."

"You have every right, Jack," cut in Redwing. "We've been good pals as far back as I can remember. Don't you remember the jolly hours we used to spend on the beach at Pegg, chatting with the longshoremen? Have you forgotten that day when my boat capozed a squall, and you brought me ashore—saved my life, in fact? I haven't forgotten it, anyway. I never shall. We were good friends then, and we used to confide in each other, and help each other."

Jack Reynolds smiled faintly.

"That's so," he said. "But you can't help me now, Tom, in this matter. I'm past help."

Tom Redwing uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Past help!" he echoed. "What awful rot! Nobody's got the right to say he's past help. I've no patience with such a fiddle."

"Don't go and be ratty with me, Tom!"

"I'm not ratty." Tom Redwing's face softened. "I can understand all that you've been through, and how you feel about things. You went to the war with the rest of the young fellows at Courtfield. You were taken prisoner by the Hun. You spent months and months slogging in a German prison-camp. And when you came home, long after the Armistice had been signed, you were a wreck—broken in health, and all the rest of it. A grateful Government gave you a pension, only to take it away from you just at the time when you needed it most. And you had to go London to try and get work. It's a dismal story, Jack. I know it all!"

"Not quite all, Tom."

"What are you keeping back? Tell me everything. I insist upon knowing all about it!"

Jack Reynolds was silent for a moment. He sat with his head resting between his hands. The expression on his sunken face was one of dejection, and worse than dejection—despair. He was as a man without hope.

Presently he spoke: "When I got back to Courtfield, Tom—it was a week ago—I found my mother worried out of her wits, almost. As you know, we have a cottage in River Street—a humble enough place, but it's home. Of course, the rent had got in arrears owing to my not being able to get a job, and the landlord is now threatening to turn us out."

"The rentier!"

"Don't be too down on him, Tom. Landlords have to live, like everybody else. If all their tenants were like us, unable to pay the rent, they'd soon find themselves in Queer Street. And this particular landlord has been very patient, really. He could have chucked us out into the gutter weeks ago, if he wanted to."

"How long has he given you?" asked Redwing.

"Seven more days. If we're not out by next Wednesday the landlord will have us arrested."

Tom Redwing looked grave. He realised the gravity of the situation only too well.

Unless the arrears of rent were paid up within the short space of seven days, mother and son would be turned out of their home. They would be homeless and destitute.

"What do the arrears amount to, Jack?" asked Tom Redwing, at length.

"Twelve pounds."

Redwing gave a low whistle. He himself was one of the poorest juniors in the Greyfriars Row.

To fellows like Vernon-Smith and Lord Maulveror, twelve pounds was a mere bagatelle. Such a sum would be nothing to them. But to Tom Redwing the amount was enormous.

Gladly would he have contributed even a portion of it, to save the fellow who had been such a good friend to him in the past. But he had only a few shillings in his pocket. By the time he had settled

Tom had heard of cases when the hard-boated man had taken advantage of every possible loophole to evade his tenants. Yet apparently he had let Reynolds go on without paying rent for sixteen weeks.

To Tom's way of thinking, it behoved Stubbs to refrain from asking for rent when his ex-soldier tenant was so hard pressed. Stubbs was a wealthy man, and many other wealthy landlords had helped ex-soldiers along by not asking for the rent when it became due.

"Look here!" said Tom Redwing, stretching his arm across the table and placing his hand on his chum's shoulder. "You're not to give up hope, Jack. The position's pretty ugly, I know. It's easy for a looker-on to talk. But I honestly believe things will come right. You've got seven days before the ejection-order



Skinner hurled the snowball, and it struck the crossing-sweeper on the cheek. Such was the force of the shot that the man reeled and fell, narrowly escaping being run down by a passing lorry. Skinner looked alarmed. (See Chapter I.)

the bill in the restaurant he would be practically penniless.

"Since that terrific snowstorm of the other day," said Jack Reynolds, "I've been employed by the Courtfield town council to clean up the streets. They're not paying me badly, either, but, of course, the money is needed to buy food. There's nothing over for rent."

Again silence fell between them. Tom Redwing had listened to his friend's sorry story with fast-heating heart. It was on the tip of his tongue to give vent to his feelings in violent speech, but he refrained.

He knew Stubbs, the landlord of Jack Reynolds' cottage, and Stubbs was not the nicest of landlords. He had been a profiteer during the war, and had made a huge fortune, with which he had bought property. Unfortunately, with the fortune came arrogance.

will be put into force. And a lot can happen in seven days."

"Miracles will have to happen if mother and I are to stay on at the cottage," said Jack Reynolds.

"Who is your landlord?"

"A man called Stubbs."

"You mean that fat, oily merchant who lives in the big house on Courtfield Common?"

"That's the man."

"I'm going to see him," said Redwing.

"It will be no good, Tom."

"You never know. He may consent to let you stay on at the cottage until you've found a good job, and are able to settle the arrears of rent. Anyway, Jack, I'm going to help you all I know. It's little enough that I can do. I wish to goodness I could put my hand in my pocket and produce twelve quids!"

"AGAINST THE LAW!"

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

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NEXT MONDAY!

"You're a good chap, Tom. I'm ever so grateful—"

"You can reserve your gratitude until I've done something to earn it," answered Redwing.

Jack Reynolds glanced through the window of the restaurant.

"Snowing again," he said. "I must get back to my job."

Tom Redwing paid the bill, and they passed out into the street.

Snow was falling heavily. It covered the coats of the pedestrians, so that they looked like phantoms passing to and fro. The air was cutting and cold. Jack Reynolds, the temporary crossing-sweeper, shivered beneath his scanty attire.

But a good square meal had worked wonders. He now felt able to carry on until nightfall. And the ominous cut on his cheek, caused by the cordance of Skinner of the Remove, was now forgotten.

Tom Redwing gripped his chum's hand on parting.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Jack," he said, "and rely on me to get you out of this frightful fix, if it's at all possible."

Jack Reynolds nodded. "He could not trust himself to speak. His lip quivered, his eyes were moist. He told himself that life was not entirely hopeless when there was so staunch a chum as Tom Redwing at hand to help him.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Deputation!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" The hoarse voice of Bob Cherry of the Remove hailed Tom Redwing as he trudged through the snow.

Peering through the whirling flakes, Redwing beheld the Famous Five bearing down upon him.

"How did the match go, you fellows?" he inquired.

"The heavy draw," said Harry Wharton. "We led by one to nil till the last minute, and then they equalized."

"It was more like a giddy snow-fight than a footer match," said Frank Nugent. "Before the match started we had cleared the ground of snow, but it came on again heavier than ever. I say, Redwing, wherefore that worried look?"

"Was I looking worried? Well, I couldn't help it. I've just met an old pal of mine—a fellow I knew in the old days. He's down and out—absolutely on his beam-ends!"

The Famous Five became sympathetic at once. They, at any rate, were never indifferent to the troubles of others.

"Tell us all about it, Redwing," said Bob Cherry.

"There isn't much to tell. Jack Reynolds is the fellow's name. He came back from the war a physical wreck. Spent months in a German prison-camp. They gave him a pension which was just good enough to keep things going at home. After a time they took it away from him, and he was obliged to go to London to hunt for work. He's had no luck, and he's come back to Courtfield. He and his mother—she's a widow—live in a small cottage in River Street. Owing to the rent being in arrears, they've got to get out within seven days."

"My hat!"

"What a rotten dame!"

"The shamefulness is terrific!"

"When I saw Jack Reynolds this afternoon," said Tom Redwing, "he was a walking ghost. Heavens knows when he

had had his last meal. I stood him a feed—it was the least I could do—and now he's gone back to his snow-sweeping. The Courtfield Council have given him a temporary job."

Harry Wharton looked thoughtful.

"Who is the man who's going to do the ejectment bizney?" he asked.

"The landlord. A man called Stubbs. I expect you've heard of him."

"I know him," growled Johnny Bull. "He belongs to the profiteering tribe. I've seen him going about in a swell car-momach all he surveyed."

"If we go along and see him," said Nugent, "we might be able to persuade him to give Reynolds a chance."

"I'd already made up my mind to call on him," said Tom Redwing. "If you fellows will come with me, Stubbs will be more likely to listen."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"We'll come along right now," he said, "and I'll bear this giddy landlord in his den."

The six juniors set off through the snow. They proceeded straight to the house of Mr. Stubbs, which stood in its own grounds on the outskirts of Courtfield Common.

It was a big house, but it was new-built, and anything but picturesque. Rather, it was grim and forbidding-looking.

The front door was suggestive of the entrance to a prison. It would have been appropriate, the juniors thought, if the words of Dante had been inscribed upon it:

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!"

Bob Cherry gave the bell such a violent pull that the muffled peal reverberated through the great house.

After a brief interval the heavy door was opened from within, and a powdered flunkey stood frowning at the six juniors.

Although merely a servant, the man's attire was gorgeous to a degree. It was not to be seen that he was in the service of a pompous person.

"What'd you want?" he snapped.

"We want to see Mr. Stubbs," said Bob Cherry. It was an effort for Bob to speak politely.

The flunkey glared.

"Mr. Stubbs hasn't any time to waste on the likes of you," he said.

"Tell him we sha'n't keep him a couple of minutes," said Tom Redwing.

"Who are you?"

"You can say that we are six Greyfriars fellows."

The manservant hesitated. Then he turned, and walked majestically through the hall.

"Mr. Stubbs will see you," he said curtly. "Step this way. And wipe your boots before you come in. We don't want a snowdrift imported into the drawing-room!"

Removing their caps, and wiping their boots with exaggerated thoroughness on the hall mat, the juniors entered into the presence of Mr. Josiah Stubbs.

The profiteer was seated in state in his drawing-room. He was a fat man, but he had none of the geniality usually associated with fat men. His face was bloated and coarse and cruel. Not all his fine trappings and outward show could make Mr. Stubbs appear a gentleman.

As they came within his sight, the Greyfriars juniors could not conceal the scorn in their glances.

Mr. Stubbs could see exactly what they thought of him, and he frowned.

"What do you want with me?" he demanded.

Tom Redwing stepped forward.

"We've come to see you, sir, about a man called Reynolds," he said.

"He lives in a cottage—one of those which belong to you—in River Street."

"All the houses in River Street belong to me!" said Mr. Stubbs proudly. "So do half the houses in Market Street, and a large portion of the High Street. In fact, I am the biggest house-owner in Courtfield!"

"Yes, we know all about that, sir," said Redwing, with a touch of sarcasm.

"But it's Jack Reynolds that we've come to see you about."

"Well, what of him?"

"You've given him seven days to get out of his cottage, sir."

"To get out of my cottage—no! his!" corrected Mr. Stubbs. "The fellow is months behind with his rent, and he must quit!"

"He has a widowed mother, sir," said Harry Wharton quietly.

Mr. Stubbs laughed coarsely.

"So have a good many more people!" he observed.

"Mrs. Reynolds is an old lady, and an invalid," said Tom Redwing.

"If she is turned out of her present quarters, she won't have a roof over her head."

Mr. Stubbs shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't help other people's troubles!" he said callously. "I've enough of my own!"

It was with difficulty that Tom Redwing controlled his temper.

As for Bob Cherry, he was glaring at the oily landlord as much as to say:

"You heartless beast!"

Tom Redwing made one more effort to be civil.

"It isn't Jack Reynolds' fault that he's behind with the rent, sir," he said.

"He's been out of employment for a long time. Won't you let him stay on at the cottage till he gets a job? It'll soon pay off the arrears of rent, then."

Mr. Stubbs frowned.

"How dare you dictate to me what I shall do! Do you think I'm going to be influenced by a pack of schoolkids? I have been very patient with this man Reynolds. His rent is only fifteen shillings a week—a ridiculously small figure. Why, I could get three guineas a week for that cottage, in the summer!

For sixteen weeks Reynolds has not paid a penny, and he owes me twelve pounds! It's useless to sue him for the money.

The only course I can take is to eject him, and get a more satisfactory tenant. If you who are of the arrears aren't paid within seven days, Mr. Reynolds and his few sorry sticks of furniture will be pitched into the street!"

The landlord's brutal threat stung Bob Cherry to the quick. Bob was a stickler for justice and fair play. He could not bear to see anybody downtrodden.

"You rotter!" he exclaimed fiercely.

The profiteer's face grew purple. He wondered if he had heard aright.

"You—you—what did you say?" he demanded.

"You rotter!" repeated Bob, with emphasis. "This is how you serve a man who fought for his country, while you were skulking at home in safety, making money hand-over-fist! He gets behind with his rent, through no fault of his own, and you turn on him, and hit him when he's down! You won't give him a chance! Any man with a grain of generosity in his make-up would wait until Reynolds was in a position to pay!"

"I've waited sixteen weeks," said Mr. Stubbs, "and I don't propose to wait any longer. As for you, you cheeky young jackanapes, I'll have you pitched down

my front steps—you and your pals with you!"

So saying, Mr. Stubbs pressed a bell, and the powdered flunkey appeared. "James," snapped the profiteer, "show these kids the way out—and you needn't be too gentle about it!"

The flunkey grinned. He seemed to anticipate very little difficulty in ejecting the juniors, even though they were six in number.

James was a powerful man, and he did not reckon on the juniors showing fight. He stepped towards them, and his strident grasp descended upon Johnny Bull's collar.

Instantly Harry Wharton's fist shot out.

It was a powerful blow—straight from the shoulder. It did not knock the flunkey out, but, big man though he was, it made him reel.

Mr. Stubbs rose to his feet. There was an expression of alarm on his mortified face. He saw that the juniors' blood was up, and that they would not have scrupled to attack his own sacred person.

Those were other bells close at hand. Mr. Stubbs rang them.

Instantly a couple of footmen appeared on the scene.

"Throw these cheeky brats out!" commanded Mr. Stubbs.

"Some hopes!" murmured Nugent.

"Strikes me it will be on the other foot, boyfully!" muttered Hurree Singh.

The six juniors lined up shoulder to shoulder. They were now confronted with three powerfully-built men—Mr. Stubbs, who was lurking in the background, didn't count—but they were likely to prove more than a match for them.

The next moment a battle royal was in progress.

Harry Wharton & Co. fought like tigers, and the footmen and the flunkey had a rough time.

The furniture in Mr. Stubbs' drawing-room was not improved by the combat.

Johnny Bull's heady boot crashed through the glass panel of the bookcase, and Frank Nugent dodged a powerful blow from one of the footmen, with the result that the man's fist crashed into a valuable vase and overturned it.

"Keep it up, you fellows!" panted Bob Curry. "We'll soon see who's going to be pitched down the front steps! There's one for your beko, James!"

Mr. Stubbs backed away again the mantelpiece. He became almost fanatical. "Stop it, you young hooligans! Stop it, I say! I will summon the police—"

"Go ahead!" said Nugent cheerfully. The battle did not last much longer.

The manservants were overpowered and forcibly ejected from the room. Then they were driven through the hall, and Bob Cherry remarked afterwards that it was worth a guinea a box to see them rolling down. They alighted in a snowdrift at the bottom, and lay there, floundering and helpless.

Having thus relieved their feelings, the six juniors set off in the direction of Greyfriars.

Their mission to the profiteer's house had failed. They had found Mr. Josiah Stubbs entirely lacking in human sympathy. They had approached him politely enough, but he had turned a deaf ear to their appeal.

Unless the sum of twelve pounds was forthcoming by the following Wednesday, Jack Reynolds and his mother would be ejected from the cottage.

The Famous Five of the Remove would willingly have had a "whip-round" in order to raise the money. But at the



"Reynolds has not paid me a penny for over sixteen weeks," said the landlord, "and be and his sorry sticks of furniture are going into the street!" The man's brutal threat stung Bob Cherry to the quick. "You rotter!" he exclaimed fiercely. "Is that how you treat a man who fought for his country?"

(See Chapter 3.)

moment they were no better off than Tom Redwing. It was nearing the end of the term, and pocket-money was as scarce as war-time sugar.

If Jack Reynolds was to be saved from a harsh fate, a miracle would have to happen. And Tom Redwing told himself glumly that miracles didn't happen nowadays.

Still, he had not abandoned all hope of saving his chum. As he himself had said, a lot could happen in seven days. And Tom Redwing was determined to do all in his power to assist the friend of his earlier days.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Called Over the Coals!

DUSK was falling as the six juniors approached the gateway of Greyfriars. Goaling, the porter, came shuffling out of his lodge, swinging a lantern.

"Which the 'Ead wishes to see you in 'is study," he said, peering at the juniors in the uncertain light.

"All of us, Gossey?" inquired Harry Wharton.

"Every mother's son of you," said Goaling solemnly.

"Is the Head going to give us his blessing, or is it a swishing?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Which it's a swishin', I believe, Master Cherry. An' wot I says is this 'ere. If ever there was six young rips wot deserved a swishin', it's the six young rips as I now see before me!"

"How-ow!" said Johnny Bull.

"Come along, you fellows! Let's see what the Head wants."

With a certain amount of trepidation the juniors made their way to the Head's study.

They did not connect the Head's summons with the events of the afternoon. They had no idea that Dr. Locke had any knowledge of what had transpired at the house of Mr. Stubbs. They thought that some past misdemeanour had come to light.

Harry Wharton tapped on the door of the Head's study, and a stern voice bade the juniors enter.

Dr. Locke was seated at his desk. There was an expression of unusual severity on his scholarly face.

"I have just received a telephonic communication from Mr. Stubbs of Courtfield," he said, without any beating about the bush. "The gentleman in question informs me that six junior boys belonging to this school called upon him this afternoon, insulted him in a most objectionable manner, and made an unprovoked attack upon his manservants."

"It's not true, sir!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "We only acted in self-defense. Mr. Stubbs ordered his men to chuck us down the steps, so we simply had to show fight."

"We could have done no other, honoured sir," murmured Hurree Singh.

The Head frowned.

"I instructed Goaling to keep watch for a party of six boys, and to send them to me on their arrival," he said. "You admit, then, that you are the six boys who called upon Mr. Stubbs?"

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

THE MAGNET LIBRARY, —No. 724.

NEXT MONDAY!

"AGAINST THE LAW!"

11

There was a general nodding of heads. "What was the object of your visit?" demanded Dr. Locke.

Harry Wharton glanced at Tom Redwing, who stepped forward.

"It's a young man, named Jack Reynolds, living at a cottage in Courtfield, sir. Mr. Stubbs is the landlord of the cottage, and because Reynolds is behind with the rent, through no fault of his own, he threatens to eject him."

"I fail to see that this is any business of yours, Redwing."

"It's every fellow's business to stand by a pal when he's down, sir!" said Tom Redwing with spirit.

"However true that may be, Redwing, it was gross presumption on your part and on the part of your companions to attempt to lay down the law to Mr. Stubbs."

"We were perfectly polite, sir—at first," chimed in Bob Cherry. "We asked Stubbs"—Bob omitted the "mistake"—"if he would let Jack Reynolds stay on at the cottage until he was in a position to square up the rent that's owing. And Stubbs refused. He'd see Reynolds and his few sorry sticks of furniture pitchforked into the street. Those were his words, sir!"

And Bob Cherry's honest eyes blazed with indignation.

The Head's sternness did not relax. "I am still of the opinion," he said, "that you boys had no right to interfere. I am sorry for this man Reynolds, who appears to be very hard pressed. But the matter is one that concerns landlord and tenant, and nobody else. You have behaved in an outrageous manner! You have caused an unparalleled disturbance in the house of Mr. Stubbs, and he has very properly reported the matter to me."

The juniors were silent. "But for the fact that you are, in the usual way, boys of exemplary character," said the Head went on, "I should administer a public flogging. As it is, I shall care you here and now!"

So saying, the Head produced a formidable-looking cane from the drawer of his desk.

"Now, Wharton!" Harry Wharton went forward with extended hand.

The cane came down with deadly accuracy, and the captain of the Remove had need of all his Spartan endurance to brave the ordeal without flinching. But he received the four cuts on each hand without a murmur, and then his chums took their turns.

The Head was somewhat breathless by the time the castigation was over. The administration of forty-eight cuts was a task at which even a public executioner would have quailed.

"Now you may go!" panted Dr. Locke. "And let there be no repetition of such conduct!"

The juniors filed out into the passage. "I'm sorry, you fellows," muttered Tom Redwing, turning to the others. "I feel that I was responsible for this. If I hadn't told you about Jack Reynolds—"

"Oh, rot!" said Johnny Bull. "You've nothing to reproach yourself with, Redwing. I say! I'm 'n't old Stubbs a tartar? He must have pitched the Head a fearful yarn!"

"I don't bear malice as a rule," said Bob Cherry, "but I should like to see that oily old profiteer come a financial cropper, and be chucked out of his own house."

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent. "I'm afraid it's a sorry look-out for poor old Stubbs!"

NEXT MONDAY
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"And there's nothing we can do," said Harry Wharton helplessly.

Tom Redwing's jaw was set firmly. "I mean to see Jack through," he said, with quiet determination. "It's a fair poser!" said Bob Cherry. "It's a fair poser!"

"I can't see what can be done at the moment," answered Tom Redwing. "But I shan't rest until I've thought of some way out. I'm not going to stand by and see Jack Reynolds go under."

"It would be worse than useless to tackle Stubbs again," said Nugent. "And unless twelve guineas is raised by Wednesday, poor old Reynolds goes out on his neck. It's a jolly shame! I hope it will all come right somehow. But I don't honestly see how it can."

Tom Redwing turned on his heel and strolled thoughtfully away to his study.

He would have given a great deal to have been able to get Jack Reynolds out of his tight corner. But, as Bob Cherry had truly said, it was a fair poser.

Vernon-Smith, Redwing's study-mate, would probably advance twelve pounds if he were approached. But that was unthinkably, for Redwing would never be able to refund the money to his study-mate. His supply of pocket-money was extremely limited. It amounted to less than twelve pounds in a year.

As Tom Redwing passed on to his study there rose before him the pale face of the crosing-sweeper—the pinched cheeks, the body emaciated through want.

He visualized the scene in the little cottage—the old lady's fears and apprehensions, the seemingly hopeless struggle for existence that was all too common in an ill-governed country.

In a few short days the agents of Josiah Stubbs would sweep down upon the little home. And then— There would be nothing left but the workhouse.

Tom Redwing was an unemotional fellow as a rule. But now he could not repress the sob which rose in his throat.

Bolsover major passed him at that moment, and gave him a curious glance.

Redwing remembered that Bolsover had been among those who had snowballed Jack Reynolds. But he was too preoccupied to deal with Bolsover just then.

Still thinking of his chum and of the tragedy which threatened him, Tom Redwing stepped into his study.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Only Way!

VERY cosy and cheery was the apartment which Tom Redwing entered.

A cheerful fire crackled and spouted in the grate, the table was laid for tea, and the conditions were in marked contrast to those prevailing outside.

"Welcome, little stranger!" said Vernon-Smith. "Thought you were never coming! Tea's been waiting nearly an hour."

"Sorry!" said Redwing. "I was delayed in Courtfield."

"You don't look on the best of terms with yourself," said Vernon-Smith,

taking the kettle off the hob. "Been attending your grandmother's funeral?"

Tom Redwing forced a smile. "I'm all right," he said. "It was decent of you to wait tea for me, Smitty!"

"Rats! Sit down and pile in, that cake's a stunner! It was only baked this afternoon."

Vernon-Smith himself attacked his tea with a good appetite. He had played in the match against Highlife, and had scored the Remove's only goal. He felt on excellent terms with himself in consequence.

As Tom Redwing sat down his attention was arrested by a printed sheet which lay on the table. It appeared to be a list of football fixtures, and it was headed, "Tony Marsh—Football Accountant."

Redwing gave a start. "Is this your property, Smitty?" he asked.

Vernon-Smith nodded carelessly. "It's the fixture list for next Saturday," he said. "There's also a table showing the odds that Tony Marsh is prepared to pay."

"It's a betting coupon!" said Tom Redwing, looking startled.

Vernon-Smith grinned. "Nothing like calling a spade a spade," he said. "Yes, it's a betting coupon right enough."

"Smitty, you—you're going to use it?"

"No jolly fear! I've given that sort of thing the go by. In the old days, before you came to Greyfriars, I used to enjoy a flutter on a horse or a footer match. But I've chucked all that."

"Then what is this thing—this betting coupon—doing here?"

"Well, Marsh sends them along every week. He's got my name on his books as a client, and he's never erased it. P'raps he hopes that I haven't finished with him altogether, and that I'll do further business with him. Pass the cake."

Tom Redwing looked serious.

"You're a silly old Smitty to leave a thing like this lying about," he said. "If a master were to see it, or a prefect, it would be supposed that you'd taken up betting again."

Vernon-Smith laughed. "If anybody brought an accusation of that sort against me they'd jolly well have to prove it!" he said. "And they'd find it rather a job. I say, this cake's jolly good!"

But Tom Redwing had no thoughts for the cake. The betting coupon circulated by Mr. Tony Marsh, of Courtfield, had aroused his curiosity. He began to ask further questions.

"Is Marsh a straight man, Smitty?"

"Straight as a die!"

"He pays out when he loses?"

"Of course he does! He's been established in Courtfield for nearly ten years. He's not a crook. And he only deals on a credit basis. It's against the law to collect cash from clients at the time that the bet is made. But he can collect it afterwards. The law has no objection to that. It's a funny world."

Tom Redwing stared.

"Do you mean to say, Smitty, that if a fellow wanted to bet five bob that Aston Villa would win by two goals to nothing, he wouldn't have to send Marsh any cash until after the match had been played?"

"He wouldn't have to send it then if

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2!

"AGAINST THE LAW!"

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

(Continued on page 13.)

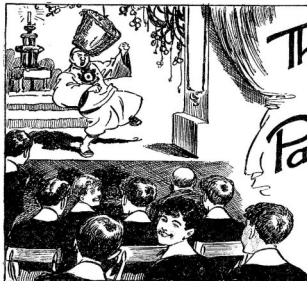


The GREYFRIARS HERALD

Supplement No. 52.

Week Ending December 24th, 1921.

Harry Wharton
Editor



The Remove Pantomime!

By
TOM BROWN

A Splendid Complete Story
of the
Remove Dramatic Society.

WE are assured, on good authority, that a policeman's hat is not a happy one.

Neither is the lot of an amateur theatrical producer.

Harry Wharton discovered this to his cost when he decided to give a performance of "Aladdin," with variations.

To begin with, every fellow in the Remove wanted to play the part of Aladdin.

Bob Cherry said the part suited him to perfection. Bolsover major declared he would take it by sheer force. Billy Bunter said that unless he was selected to play the leading part, the pantomime would be a very complete wash-out.

While he was drawing up the programme in his study, Harry Wharton was besieged by applicants for the part of Aladdin. It eventually became necessary for him to barricade his door against all intruders. In the end he collared the part of Aladdin himself, and, personally, I do not blame him.

But the trouble did not end here.

Now that the part of Aladdin had been snatched up, everybody wanted to be the Princess.

Bolsover major declared that, in spite of a somewhat unfortunate face, he would make a topping princess. Unfortunately, thirty-nine other fellows thought the same thing with regard to themselves.

Eventually, Harry Wharton gave the part of the Princess to Frank Nugent, who can

make up as a very charming girl! That is the best of having a face like that of a stuffed doll!

After this there was quite a hullabaloo as to whom should take the part of the Fairy.

Billy Bunter avowed that a slim, graceful fellow like himself would make an ideal fairy. Unfortunately for the Owl of the Remove, nobody saw eye to eye with him in the matter.

Skimmer declared that, having been a fairy in some other incarnation, he ought to be given the part.

Bolsover, annoyed at having missed the parts of Aladdin and the Princess, said he was determined to be the Fairy. But Bob Cherry pointed out that Bolsover's boots (size eight) were not exactly fairy-like.

Harry Wharton settled the matter by selecting Peter Todd for the part. Todd has often played the Ghost in Hamlet; and there is not a deal of difference between fairies and ghosts. They both have to be light on their pins, anyway.

Nobody wanted the part of the Wicked Uncle. On reflection, however, Bolsover considered it would be better than nothing, so he bagged it.

Harry Wharton worked like a nigger to lick his cast into shape. There were several rehearsals, and they invariably developed into free fights at the finish.

At last came the night of the pantomime proper. It had been advertised extensively.

During amateur bill-posters had stuck notices on the door of the Head's study, and on every available portion of wall-space.

The announcement took the following form:

"THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE!

There will be a first-rate performance at

'ALADDIN'

(the merchant with the magic lamp)

in the junior Common-room
at 8 p.m. sharp.

Many talented artists will appear, and the proceeds will be devoted to the Remove Amateur Theatrical Society's funds, which are in very low water, there being only two-pence-halfpenny in the box.

Prices of Admission.

Prefects	1/-
Sixth Form (non-prefects) and members of the Fifth, Sixth, and Upper Fourth	6d.
Fags	3d.
Removics	FREE

ROLL UP IN YOUR THOUSANDS!"

You would think that a packed house would have assembled, wouldn't you? But, nay!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 721.

"Tom Remove—the non-speaking section—were present in full muster. There was also a sprinkling of noisy fans. Gosling, the gate-keeper, turned up in his Sunday best. Mrs. Mistle was there, in order to display her new hat (one-and-elevenpence-three-fourths at the Central Bargain Sale).

But of the fellows in the upper forms, only Coker 'C' put in an appearance. And they had come for the sole purpose of ragging the actors.

"The play opened quietly," as a football reporter would say.

The first dramatic incident was when Aladdin's Harry Wharton appeared on the scene with his magic lamp.

Gosling, the porter, grew very excited. Jumping up from his seat, he advanced towards the stage, gesticulating violently.

"Young rip!" he exclaimed. "That there lamp belongs to me! It disappeared last night from the woodshed!"

"Wish to goodness you'd disappear as well!" growled Harry Wharton. "Go back to your seat, man! Don't make a scene!"

Gosling scolded.

"Which I blabbed upon havin' my lamp!" Peter Todd leapt down from the stage in a very unfriendly manner, and pressed a half-crown into Gosling's beery palm.

Somehow mollified, Gosling returned to his seat.

The play was resumed.

Peter Todd, the fairy, having scrambled back on to the stage, turned to Aladdin.

"Rub the lamp, he commanded, "and wish for something!"

Aladdin briskly rubbed the lamp.

"I wish for a tuck hamper!" he said.

Now, Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, who were perched high above the stage, had received instructions to lower a tuck hamper by means of a length of rope. They accordingly lowered it, but in so violent a manner that the hamper descended with stunning force upon Aladdin's head!

"Yasooooh!"

Aladdin's knees sagged under him, and he collapsed on the stage like a deflated balloon.

There was a yell from the audience.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's have that hit over again!"

Aladdin scrambled to his feet, looked upward, and shook his fat furiously at the perpetrators of the outrage.

"You clumsy asses!" he booted.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Would you like us to have another shot at lowering the giddy hamper?" inquired Bob Cherry blandly.

"No jolly fear! Keep off the grass!"

The climax came shortly afterwards.

When the curtain went up at the commencement of the last act—it was a cave scene—feeling the porter, seemed to take leave of his senses.

As before, he left his seat and rushed towards the stage. But this time he actually scrambled up on to the platform.

"Stand down, Gossy, you idiot!" hissed Aladdin.

But Gosling was like a man demented. He pointed a quivering finger at the "cave" on the stage.

"My sand!" he shouted. "A cartload of it that was piled up at the back of the woodshed! You've taken it, you young rip, for your blessed theatricals!"

"Well, we'll put it back—" began Aladdin.

He got no further.

Gosling, nearly foaming at the mouth with rage, waited till the scenery, listing at its anchoring as it until he had reduced it to a heap of wreckage.

Aladdin and his fellow actors rushed towards the excited Gosling, and succeeded in bundling him off the platform.

But the mischief had been done, and the pantomime could not proceed.

Many members of the audience demanded their money back. It was refused. And the last vision I had, on leaving the Common-room, was that of a free fight between the members of the cast and those who were clamouring for their money back.

Verily, as I remarked at the commencement of this narrative, the lot of an amateur theatrical producer is not a happy one!

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

Following on the heels of our Christmas Number—which, by the way, I hope you all enjoyed in full—comes our Special Pantomime Number.

I won't insult the intelligence of my readers, as Billy Bunter so often does, by explaining to them in detail the meaning of the word pantomime.

As president of the "EATS"—that is to say, the Remove Amateur Theatrical Society—I was approached by my schoolfellows and asked to organise a pantomime. We held a meeting in the junior Common-room, and decided to give a mere or less faithful rendering of "Aladdin," the fellow with the magic lamp.

There was such a rush of applicants for the part of Aladdin that I scarcely knew whether I was on my head or my heels. In fact, Bob Cherry punningly referred to me as "a lad in" a pickle!

I finally solved the problem by collaring the part of Aladdin myself.

The pantomime was not what you might call an unequalled success. Tom Brown gives a very humorous description of it in his story. Trust Browney to see the comic side of anything. I don't want to give him swollen head, or cause him to burst through the seams of his jacket with conceit, but I really consider him the Mark Twain of the Remove.

Although I have called this our Special Pantomime Number, its features do not deal exclusively with pantomime. Other varieties of entertainment are included, in order to avoid sameness.

That the number will be a success I do not doubt. I have had constant proof of the fact that amateur theatricals appeal strongly to the majority of my chums.

The festive season being still with us, I hasten to repeat the time-honoured greeting which appeared—fittingly but somewhat prematurely—in our Christmas Number.

A Right Merry Christmas and a Flourishing New Year to every reader of the "Greyfriars Herald!"

HARRY WHARTON.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS!

Sent from near and far to the Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald."

WINGATE'S TRIBUTE!

"Dear Wharton,—I am despatching by my fag a football, for the joint use of the staff of the "Greyfriars Herald."

"Whilst I have not always agreed with your articles—particularly some of those which appeared in the Special Sixth Form Number—I recognise the general excellence of your paper, and feel sure that your journalistic efforts keep you out of a lot of mischief.

"Please accept my cordial good wishes for the festive season.

"Yours sincerely,

"GEORGE WINGATE."

(Very many thanks, Wingate, for your kind Christmas gift. We shall see that the football gets "the order of the boot" when next term starts!—Ed.)

A TELEGRAM FROM ST. JIM'S!

"Wharton, Greyfriars, Friarale,—Please accept our united good wishes for the festive season. Long may the jolly old "Herald" continue to flourish!—From MERRY, TALBOT, D'ARCY, and the remainder of the nobility and gentry."

PONSONBY'S FEEBLE JOKE!

"Dear Wharton,—Just a line to wish you a scrappy Christmas and a dud New Year!

"That the piffing, paltry, puerile paper which you edit will soon come a cropper is the earnest wish of

"Cecil Ponsowby."

GENEROSITY FROM BOKWOOD!

"My dear Wharton,—Our fellows have clubbed together in order to send the members of your editorial staff a Tuck Hamper, which we hope you will accept, with our hearty good wishes for a tip-top Christmas and a flourishing New Year.

"You have not given Bokwood very much of a show in your paper, but we have a page to ourselves in "Billy Bunter's Weekly," so we won't grumble.

"Cheerio! "Yours ever,

"JIMMY SILVER."

(Thank you, Uncle James! Your act of thoughtfulness will be long remembered by all at Greyfriars.—Ed.)

GOSLING'S GREETINGS!

"Dear Master Wharton,—I haven't bought any Christmas cards this year, as the 'tip' from the young gent's are coming in very slowly, and I can't afford none. But I do hereby, heretofore, and hereinafter send you my best respects, and I hope as how you will all enjoy a happy Christmas as it leaves me at present with the roommates.

"Your humble and obliged servant,

"WILLIAM GOSLING."

(We are sending Gossy a ten-shilling Christmas "tip" by special messenger. But we should like to wager he won't spend it on Christmas cards!—Ed.)

(Supplement ii.)

HAVE YOU GOT IT?

(See Page 2.)



CHRISTMAS without a Christmas dinner would be like a tuckshop without tuck.

By far the most important part of the festival of Christmas is the dinner that we consume on Christmas Day. Other things, such as dancing, snow-fighting, and kissing under the mistletoe, are jolly nice; but the Christmas dinner caps everything. It is what the French call the "coco de grain."

Sometimes the Christmas dinner is a thumping success. At other times it is a ghastly failure.

It is most important that the bill of fare should be correct, as follows:

Turkey Soup.

Potatoes (stripped of their clothing), and Foissons (in their jackets).

Cabbage. Carrots. Cauliflower.

ROAST TURKEY.

(Complete with stuffing and other spare parts.)

BOILED PLUM PUDDING.

(With a dozen three penny pieces to the square inch.)

Mince Pie. Jam Tart. Doughnuts.

Greengages. Goosepops. Gherkins.

Cocoanuts and Ginger-pop, or (in the case of adults) Walnuts and Wine.

Fill any remaining space with food

Christmas Cake.

Now, if this bill of fare is adhered to, all will be well. It constitutes an excellent Christmas dinner; but any departure from it is fatal.

I once knew a fellow who made his Christmas dinner off a tin of sardines. He complained afterwards that he had had a dud Christmas, and no wonder!

Another fellow of my acquaintance satisfied himself with a hard-boiled egg on Christmas Day.

I have known chronic dyspeptics, like Mr. Hacker, make their Christmas dinner off a thin slice of dry toast. How I pity such people! They don't know the joys of a really ripping Christmas dinner.

Now, if you want to enjoy your Christmas dinner up to the hilt, you should prepare for it in advance. In other words, you should start to fast on the 21st of December. From that time to Christmas Day you should let nothing pass your lips except an occasional boiled sodidity, or one or two rabbit pies. Then, when Christmas Day comes, you will be able to do ample justice to the fare which is set before you.

When I was a small boy I remember making a shocking hash of the Christmas dinner.

Instead of starting to fast on the 21st of December, I ate everything that came my way.

On Christmas Eve alone I shifted a two-pound box of chocolates, besides a number of jam tarts, chocolate macaroons, and so on.

The result was that when the Christmas dinner was put on the table at my ancestral mansion, I was in no condition to tackle it. The mere sight of the turkey made me feel like a Channel passenger in a rough sea. As a matter of fact, I didn't properly recover my appetite until New Year's Day.

Lots of fellows have asked me whether I consider it wise to devour a Christmas dinner to the straits of music.

I am emphatically in favour of musical dinners.

With a really good orchestra—a gramophone, a cornet, a big bass drum, and a choice selection of mouth-organs and tin-whistles—your Christmas dinner is bound to be a success. The music will keep time to the rhythm of your jaws.

My history is a bit shaky, but I believe it was Miltades who defeated King Darius of Persia on the plains of Marathon. Before going into battle, Miltades insisted on devouring duck and green peas, and the Paid Piper of Hamelin played to him in the process. Result—a victory for Miltades by several goals and a try to just a try.

I didn't include Christmas crackers in the bill of fare because of those silly crackers. At the same time, there should always be a box of crackers on the table. Nice lively ones, that go off like high-explosive bombs.

Sometimes you find very nice things inside. One Christmas I pulled one out with a charming lady. Of course, I bagged the biggest part of the cracker, and inside I found the following tender and touching verse:

"Of all the boys that are so sweet,

There's none so sweet as Billy;

And when the Christmas fare was served,

He ate himself quite silly!"

Yes, crackers are a necessity; but I wish there was something silly about caps and things inside them and substitute something that's good to eat!

There are difficulties, you will say. The laws of space will not admit of a boiled plum pudding being stowed away inside a cracker. Neither can one pull a cracker, and produce from its interior a rabbit pie.

Well, dear me, my space is exhausted, and so am I. I've got the Christmas Number of my wonderful "Weekly" to prepare, so I can't stop to say more.

And you, too, enjoy your Christmas dinner to the full in the sincere wish of your affectionate Uncle Bill.

The Greyfriars Pantomime! Adapted from "The Floral Dance" By DICK PENFOLD.

As I strolled in the Greyfriars Close by night,
When the stars of heaven were shining bright;

Far away from the gas-light's glare,
Breathing the keen and frosty air

Of a magic winter night.
Borne from afar on the evening breeze,

Faint as the sound of the distant seas,
Came a host of happy harmonies

That filled me with delight.

I thought I heard the peculiar hoot
Of Hobby's cornet and Hoskins' flute,
Fiddle, clarinet, and piccolo,
The merry tin whistle and the gay banjo.

I stopped and listened to the clash and chime,
All mixed together in the pantomime!

Supplement [1].

I felt so lonely standing there,
And I could only stand and stare,
For I had no maiden fair with me;
Lonely I should have to be

On that magic winter night.
When suddenly gliding across the snow

Came a Cliff House girl that I used to know

I hurried her into the hall, and so
The world grew gay and bright!

We danced together to the hideous hoot
Of Hobby's cornet and Hoskins' flute,
Fiddle, clarinet, and piccolo,
The merry tin whistle and the gay banjo

Each one making the most of his time,
Hurrah, for the Greyfriars Pantomime!

MY VIEWS OF PANTOMIMES!

By Lord Mauleverer.

Rather a curious topic for a Fashion Editor to write about—what!

Still more curious that I should be taking up my pen at all. Writing is a very fatiguing business. What a terrible life these journalistic johnnies, who turn out about twenty thousand words a week, must lead! How do they manage to sleep? That's what always puzzles me. In my opinion, a healthy person requires at least sixteen hours' sleep out of the twenty-four.

Still, I suppose the aforementioned journalistic johnnies have got to live, and if they spent the best part of their time in bed they would jolly soon be having the brokers in, or paying a visit to the Official Receiver.

Our noble and energetic editor has asked me to favour his readers with my views on pantomimes.

Well, to be honest, I would rather be sentenced to six months' hard labour than take part in a pantomime. I took part in one once, and, by Jove, it nearly killed me!

Talk about sweetened labour! The rehearsals were one long round of toil. Night after night we had to appear, and do the same things over and over again, while Wharton, the boss of the show, bullied us incessantly, and wouldn't allow the slightest suspicion of slacking.

How I managed to survive the ordeal I don't know. But never again!

There is only one pantomime that I would ever consent to play in. And that is "The Babes in the Wood." I should be one of the Babes, of course!

I don't mind lying down all through the piece, covered with holly-leaves—so long as the latter aren't too prickly! In fact, a part like that would suit me down to the ground.

But when I played Jack in "Jack the Giant Killer" I had to keep wielding an axe, and doing all sorts of acrobatic stunts. And I thought I should drop down with heart failure before the show was over.

I have long ago come to the conclusion that pantomimes are hard work.

All right for fellows possessing the energy of a Cherry or the enthusiasm of a Wharton, but a terrible ordeal for a fellow who prefers a quiet life.

They wanted me to take part in "Aladdin" this year, but I wasn't having any.

I don't know about "A-lad-in," but there was certainly a lad out. And that lad was I!

They tried to drag me out to rehearsals, but I locked and barricaded the door of my study. And not even the threats and exhortations of my two study-mates, Sir Jimmy Vivian and Piet Delaney, could induce me to have any part in the pantomime.

Oh, well! It's frightfully exhausting business this journalism! I must lay down my pen in sheer weariness of spirit.

Gladly would I resign from the editorial staff of the "Greyfriars Herald," but Harry Wharton & Co., Limited, Manufacturers of Energy and Sons of Toil, won't let me!

Yours very truly,

Goody-night, dear readers!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 724.



EXACTLY what was the fault that Dr. Locke found with the pantomime in Courtfield nobody seemed to know.

The "panto" in question was "Cluderella"—a very up-to-date version. Perhaps the Head thought it was too up to date. Perhaps he considered it was not sufficiently edifying for his pupils to see. Anyway, he issued a decree that no Greyfriars fellows would be permitted to visit the pantomime, and that no late passes were to be issued for that purpose.

The news came as quite a bombshell to the Remove.

The Form in general, and the Famous Five in particular, were up in arms against the Head's decision.

Henry Wharton & Co. had good cause to feel annoyed. Wharton had already telephoned to Courtfield, and booked seats for the performance that evening. But now—the fact had gone forth, and the Head's word was law.

"This is a pretty go," grunted Johnny Bull. "I was just about looking forward to seeing 'Cluderella!'"

Burrer Singh looked thoughtful.

"Could we not take the esteemed Frenchful leavefulness?" he suggested.

"What! Go over to Courtfield without a late pass? Impossible, larky!"

A twinkle came into Frank Nugent's eye. "We can get late passes from Wingate," he said.

"Ass! He wouldn't issue them!"

"We can say we want to visit the skating rink," said Nugent, "as a matter of fact, it will be jolly nice to sit in half an hour's skating, and then go on to the panto."

Harry Wharton shook his head doubtfully. "I'm afraid Wingate's will tumble," he said.

"Sill, we can but try. Come on!"

And he led the way to Wingate's study.

The captain of Greyfriars was not in a particularly amiable mood. He was drawing up the list of players for the school match, and he had already been interrupted seven times by Coker, Potter, and Greene of the Fifth.

Coker & Co. had expressed a desire to go over to Courtfield in order to get their hair cut, and they requested late passes for that purpose. And now, within five minutes of Coker & Co's departure, five juniors trooped into the captain's study.

Wingate bestowed upon the Famous Five a look which ought to have frozen them where they stood. But it didn't. The juniors remained perfectly calm and cheerful.

"What do you kids want?" growled Wingate.

"Passes—Courtfield!" said Harry promptly.

"I'm gone to cut your hair cut, I suppose?" he said sarcastically.

"Not so, my esteemed Wingate," murmured Burrer Singh. "Our locks have not matted. We do not require the benevolence of the Head."

"Then what?"

Bob Cherry produced a pair of skates from behind his back, in much the same manner as a conjurer produces a rabbit.

"Oh, I see!" said Wingate. "You want to go skating. You shall have late passes. You don't deserve 'em, though!" added Wingate, picking up his pen.

The passes were duly made out and handed over, and Harry Wharton & Co. went on their way rejoicing.

"What a jolly stroke of luck!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "I didn't think we were going to get any change out of old Wingate."

The Famous Five tramped over to Courtfield under the evening stars. They went on to the skating- rink, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. But it was the pantomime which occupied their thoughts, and to which they were so eagerly looking forward.

Punctually at seven they entered the Courtfield Theatre.

In the vestibule they had a rude shock. Three individuals, wearing the most hideous and grotesque masks imaginable, were buying tickets at the box-office.

Grimacing ghouls were really horrifying by comparison with those three persons.

"Who—what—?" gasped Bob Cherry in amazement.

The masked individuals turned round, and chuckled on catching sight of the Remove.

"You kids don't appear to know us," said a familiar voice.

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Yes—and these two beauties are Potter and Greene!" chuckled Coker.

"But—but what's the idea of wearing those frightful masks?" gasped Johnny Bull.

"So that we shan't be spotted," explained Coker. "Front's here, at the show. He's just gone in!"

"We must take our chance," said Harry Wharton. "We're not going to turn back now!"



The girl gazed with horror at the three grotesque faces in the front row of the theatre.

And the Famous Five passed into the theatre.

Mr. Front was seated in the second row from the front.

Fortunately, the Famous Five's seats were several rows behind that of the master of the Fifth.

Coker & Co., with their appalling masks, which made them look like wild men from Borneo, were in the front row. Without their masks they would certainly have been seen and recognized by Mr. Front.

At that moment the curtain rose, and the performance started.

The girl who was playing the part of Cluderella was a very attractive young lady, and she usually played her part with plenty of confidence. But on this occasion she was obviously ill at ease. She gazed with a fascinated yet horrified expression at the three grotesque faces in the front row. They she shrunk back, as a novelist would say, like a startled fawn.

She looked as if she was about to swoon. The stage-manager, noting the fact, immediately rang down the curtains. Then he advanced towards the leading lady.

"What is the matter, Miss Fairfax?"

"Oh, dear! It—it was like a nightmare! I can't possibly go on, with those three horrible faces grinning at me from the front row!"

"Nonsense, my dear girl! They are only masks!"

"Whatever they are, they seem to put ur right off," said the actress. "I refuse to go on in place until those hideous faces are removed!"

Whereupon the stage-manager went into the body of the theatre, and advanced towards Coker & Co.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," he said, "but I must ask you either to sit at the back of the theatre, where you cannot be seen by the artists, or to leave the theatre altogether!"

"Why demanded Coker?

"You must surely realize," said the stage-manager, "that your faces are enough to put any artist off his stride!"

"They are only masks!" said Coker.

"Look!"

He whipped off his mask as he spoke.

Instantly there was a commotion in the row behind.

Mr. Front, red-faced and wrathful, grasped Coker by the collar.

"Coker! So it is you! And you: companion! I suppose you're Potter and Greene! You have disobeyed Dr. Locke's express commands!"

"Oh crumble!"

"You will return to Greyfriars at once in my custody!"

The unfortunate Coker, with his two chums in tow, were marched away to their cell.

When they had left the theatre the performance of "Cluderella" was resumed. And the Famous Five saw the show right through to the end. They were so glad that it was one of the most enjoyable evenings they had ever spent.

PANTOMIME PARS!

By Peter Todd.

The popular "panto" are now in full swing. They are played up and down the country. There is our old friend "Pass in Boots" and "Dick Whittington" and "Jack the Giant-Killer," to say nothing of the great success "Cinderella." All are old favourites, and are drawing packed houses. The reason why one never seems weary of pantomimes is that new "stunts" are constantly being introduced. In these, and modern, up-to-date "gags" that keep the interest alive.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 724.

The production of "Ataldis," given by the Remove Amateur Theatrical Society—of which body I am a member—was not a success. I am sure Wharton worked hard, and so did a set of us who had parts in the piece. But there were certain un-rehearsed effects which we hadn't bargained for, notably when flooding the porter recognized Ataldis's magic lamp as his own, which had been borrowed from the woodshed!

A further sensation occurred when the curtain went up on the "cave scene." In order to make a realistic cave, we appropriated about two wheelbarrows full of sand—also belonging to Gosling—which we found piled up at the back of the woodshed. At the sight of the sand, which was more precious to him than fine gold, Gosling fairly

exploded. Rushing on to the stage, he played merry havoc with the scenery, and the performance came to a sudden full stop. So the "cave" has been restored to its original place, and the next time we want to borrow it we shall be careful to ask permission of His Majesty King William the Fifth—alias William Gosling!

It is rumored that Coker of the Fifth is getting up a pantomime. It will be a paragon—a very sweeping variation—of "Habe in the Wood," and it will be performed on Saturday evening next, in the lecture hall. Members of the Remove, who are skilled in the use of the post-box, and who are sure shots with ancient guns, cabbages, and the like, are expected to turn up and give Coker a warm ovation.

[Supplement to

"FAITHFUL TO HIS FRIEND!"

(Continued from page 2.)

he won the bet," said Vernon-Smith, with a smile. "Marsh would send him thirty bob. The odds against winning a correct score are six to one, and the fellow who made the bet would thus get one-pound-ten. But if he lost he would have to send Marsh five bob. 'Twig'?"

"So it's left to a fellow's honesty whether he pays up or not?"

"That's so. Strictly speaking, Marsh doesn't have transactions with anyone's fellows' under twenty-one—because if they lose and don't pay up he's got no remedy. But he'd always take a bet from a Greyfriars fellow. You see, he could bring the matter to the Head's notice if the chap didn't settle his losses."

Tom Redwing looked very thoughtful. Vernon-Smith regarded him with no little curiosity.

"Not thinking of having a flutter, I suppose?" he said.

"Of course not," said Redwing—but not with much conviction.

As a matter of fact, an idea had leapt into his mind.

Here, at his very finger-ends, so to speak, was a means of making money.

It was by no means a sure way of making it—certainly it was not a choice way. But if all else failed—if this was the only means left open to him—why not take advantage of it?

Football betting is a pastime at which large sums of money are made—and lost. Generally the latter. A person who was not a student of League football could not hope to gain any success, except by the veriest fluke.

On the other hand, it was possible for a skilled football prophet to turn his forecasts to good account.

Even a clever prophet, however, would be liable to suffer disappointment. For football forms is a fluctuating and topsy-turvy thing, and weak teams sometimes score smashing victories against much stronger opponents. It is this very uncertainty which adds such a spice to the great winter game.

Tom Redwing was a fellow who followed League football closely and keenly. Often he had amused himself by making forecasts of the various matches, and a large percentage of his predictions had proved correct. He had never betted—he considered that football betting was rarely, if ever, justifiable—and he had not even entered the football competitions promoted by popular periodicals.

But if over a bet on football was excusable, it was excusable now.

The sum of twelve pounds had to be raised in order to save Jack Reynolds and his mother from a crushing calamity. Tom Redwing could see no means of raising it, save this.

"If only I could scrape together ten bob by Friday, and put it on a thirty-to-one chance," he reflected. "It might be able to save Jack Reynolds. The odds are heavily against me; still, the chance is there."

Tom Redwing picked up the betting coupon, and slipped it into his pocket.

The action did not escape his study-mate's keen eye.

"I say, what do you want with that?" demanded Vernon-Smith.

"You say you're not using it," said Redwing.

"No; but—"

"Well, I may want to make use of it myself."

"My hat!" ejaculated Vernon-Smith, in astonishment. "Didn't know you went in for that sort of thing, Redwing. What's the idea?"

"I want to raise some money," said Tom Redwing.

He did not add that his motive in trying to make money was to save another.

Vernon-Smith looked grave.

"I'm sorry I left that slip lying about now," he said. "You'll have to mind your eye, old man. The Head's fearful down on betting. If it came out that you were having transactions with Tony Marsh, you'd be fired out of Greyfriars."

Tom Redwing was silent. He well knew that he would be running a big risk.

Never before had the idea of betting on football results occurred to him. He considered that football was a game which ought to be kept high and dry above the wiles of bookmakers and the transactions of the betting community.

But this was a case where money had to be raised and raised quickly. It was a time when fine scruples would have to go by the board. If Tom Redwing let this opportunity slip, he might not get another. And Jack Reynolds and his mother, unless speedy assistance were given, would find themselves homeless and helpless.

Vernon-Smith made no further effort to dissuade his study-mate from having transactions with Tony Marsh. It was none of his business, he told himself. If Tom Redwing was willing to run so great a risk, let him go ahead.

"You'll say nothing of this to a soul, Smithy?" said Redwing.

"Of course not! I'll keep strictly mum. One word of warning, though. Don't go and make a bet, and lose, and then find you haven't enough money to pay Marsh. He's a man who doesn't like to be kept waiting for his money."

"I want to put ten bob on," said Tom Redwing. "But I shall wait until I've got it before I actually make the bet, so that if I lose, I shall be in a position to pay out."

Vernon-Smith nodded.

"I'll advance you some tin, if you're short," he said.

"No; that's all right, Smithy. I think I shall be able to raise ten bob by Friday."

The subject was then dropped, and Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing finished their tea in silence.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

How Reynolds was Saved!

FRIDAY came, and the situation was unchanged.

Jack Reynolds was still under notice to quit the cottage. Mr. Stables was fully determined to eject his tenant, failing the production of the arrears of rent.

Tom Redwing had now fully made up his mind to place a commission in the hands of Tony Marsh, football accountant.

The sum of ten shillings had to be raised, so that Redwing could pay out in the event of losing.

In order to raise the money, the junior made a big sacrifice. He sold his watch—it was an excellent timepiece—to Temple of the Upper Fourth. Temple gave him ten shillings for it. It was worth at least thirty.

When afternoon lessons were over on Friday, Tom Redwing cycled over to Courtfield.

He was so absorbed with thoughts of Jack Reynolds that he failed to notice that he was being followed.

Behind him, at a discreet distance, pedalled Skinner of the Remove.

Skinner had not forgotten the terrific thrashing he had received at Tom Redwing's hands. He was determined to get his own back on the sailor's son; and he told himself that he now had an excellent opportunity.

Billy Bunter, with his ear glued to the keyhole of Tom Redwing's study, had overheard part of the conversation between Redwing and Vernon-Smith.

Bunter was totally unable to keep things to himself. He had informed Skinner that Tom Redwing intended to have betting transactions with Tony Marsh, and Skinner was now setting out to see if there was any truth in the statement.

Presently Tom Redwing dismantled from his machine and seated himself on a stile.

Skinner promptly crawled through a gap in the hedge—leaving his machine by the roadside—and made his way on all fours towards the stile.

Tom Redwing had his back to Skinner, and knew nothing of his approach. He produced the betting slip from his pocket and examined it intently.

After a few moments he uttered an exclamation.

"Thirty to one for naming two correct scores! That's what I'd better go for. I'm rather happy on forecasting correct scores."

Skinner, crouching in the hedge within a few yards of the stile, gave a start.

Billy Bunter's information was correct, then.

Tom Redwing, who had always been looked upon as a thoroughly straight fellow, was about to have dealings with a football accountant.

Blissfully unconscious of Skinner's presence, Redwing consulted the fixture list.

"Aston Villa have an easy match," he muttered. "I fancy they will get through by two clear goals. If ever a match looked like finishing 2-0 for the home team, it's this one."



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Tom Redwing produced a pencil, and made a note of his prediction.

"So Southampton are the team that ought to get through easily," he murmured. "They're at home against a very feeble side. They seem good for four goals, with such a fast and dashing forward line. Their opponents have got a poor attack, and it's fairly safe to assume that they won't find the net."

Tom Redwing entered his second prediction accordingly.

He had given Aston Villa to win by two clear goals, and Southampton to win by four clear goals.

The odds against the two matches ending exactly as Redwing had anticipated were very great—much greater, in fact, than thirty to one.

If either Aston Villa or Southampton got one goal more, or one goal less, than Redwing had predicted, the bet would be lost, and he would have to send Tony Marsh ten shillings.

"Then, again, he had prophesied that neither of the two "away" teams would score. And it is never safe to assume that two teams will play for ninety minutes without finding the net.

Tom Redwing shook his head almost despairingly.

"If this comes off," he muttered, "it will be a giddy miracle! And miracles don't happen these days. Still, I've put down my predictions, and I'm not going to alter the figures."

He returned the betting coupon to his pocket, slipped down from the stile, and remounted his machine.

Skinner went back to retrieve his bicycle. Then he continued to shadow his Form-fellow. He followed him all the way to Courtfield without being detected.

Tom Redwing halted outside a hostelry known as the George and Dragon. It was here that Tony Marsh had his headquarters.

The junior knew that in entering a public-house he would be running a fearful risk. But he did not falter. He started one quick glance along the street—Skinner had dodged into an alley—and then, taking the bull by the horns, he stepped boldly into the bar-parlour of the George and Dragon.

A grim-looking publican gruffly inquired Redwing's business.

"No kids served here!" he said curtly.

"I haven't come here to drink," said the Greyfriars junior. "I want to see Mr. Marsh."

"Oh!" The landlaur's tone changed.

"Maybe you're a client of his?"

"A prospective client, anyway."

"Well, you'll find Mr. Marsh's room on the top of the stairs. First door on the right."

"Thanks!"

Tom Redwing ascended the old-fashioned staircase, and halted outside a door on which the words "TONY MARSH — FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANT" appeared.

The junior knocked, and a cheery voice bade him enter.

Tom Redwing stepped into the apartment, which was a curious blend of a sitting-room and an office.

In one corner of the room was a roll-top desk, at which a clerk was seated, working a typewriter.

Mr. Marsh himself sat at a table, on which were hundreds of betting coupons, done up in bundles.

There was a blazing fire in the grate, and the atmosphere was cheery and cozy.

Nobody, but nobody, at Mr. Tony Marsh, would have suspected his occupation. He was well-dressed, his features were refined, and he would have been taken for

a doctor or a barrister. Unlike most men of his profession, he had honest eyes and a gentlemanly bearing.

Mr. Marsh looked surprised on seeing the Greyfriars junior. Since the reformation of Vernon-Smith he had had no transactions with anybody at the school.

He motioned Tom Redwing to a chair.

"What's your business, kid?" he inquired.

"I want to have ten shillings on a thirty-to-one chance for to-morrow's matches," said Redwing. "Will you accept the bet?"

"Certainly! But I hope you've enough cash to meet it if you lose. I've enough defaulters on my books already."

Tom Redwing produced ten shillings from his pocket.

"You can take it now if you like," he said.

The football accountant shook his head.

"It's against the law to pay cash at the time of making the bet," he said. "A stupid law, an insane law, but we've got to observe it. I'll take your coupon. Thanks! If you lose you hand me the ten shillings on Monday. If you win, I drop it on Monday, and you'll have fifty pounds to come. Tony Marsh always pays."

"You seem to do a big business," said Tom Redwing, glancing at the bundles of betting coupons.

Mr. Marsh smiled.

"Football accountancy is a gold mine if properly worked!" he said. "Of course, where many men in my profession make a mistake is in offering tremendous odds which they can't possibly pay out in the event of their clients winning. You frequently find odds of a thousand to one being offered. That is the height of folly. Even a thousand-to-one chance comes off sometimes, and then the football accountant pipes to a sorry tune. You will notice that my own scale of odds contains nothing higher than fifty to one, and that I never accept bets of more than five pounds! In this way I am always able to meet my liabilities when the lean times come."

Tom Redwing nodded.

"It's refreshing to find somebody in this line of business who's straight," he said. "But don't you think it's a bit thick—all this betting on football, I mean?"

"Bless you, no!" said Mr. Marsh. "I know there are people who hold up their hands in pious horror at the idea of betting on football, people who would have no compunction whatever in putting a fever on a racehorse to win the Derby. If one is legitimate, then it follows that the other is equally so. They will never stamp out gambling, my boy! Men will gamble on anything, from the bostrate to a boxing championship. And, personally, I see nothing very wrong in it, except when a person gambles beyond his means, and when women and children who are dependent upon him have to suffer in consequence. Those are the men, the reckless plungers, who should be prohibited from gambling."

Mr. Marsh paused after his long speech.

"There!" he said, at length. "I can see you don't agree with everything I say, but no matter. I hope you'll have some luck, though, between ourselves, it isn't often a client pulls off a thirty-to-one chance."

Tom Redwing rose to his feet with a sigh.

"I can only hope for the best," he said. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Marsh!"

The football accountant nodded cheerfully, and Tom Redwing went his way.

He concluded that the coast was clear, and it would have come as a shock to him to know that Skinner of the Remove had seen him enter the George and Dragon, and had also seen him emerge from it.

The next twenty-four hours were full of suspense for Tom Redwing. He could not settle down for anything. He had taken what seemed to him the only possible course of saving Jack Reynolds, and he was restlessly awaiting the results of the two football matches. What happened outside the Aston Villa and Southampton matches he didn't care. Those two were the vital games. On the result of them hung the fate of Jack Reynolds and his widowed mother.

Saturday dawned—a cold, crisp day, ideal for football.

The newspapers discoursed at great length on the chances of the various clubs.

One writer gave it as his opinion that, although Aston Villa had an easy task in front of them, Southampton would be hard put to it to win.

And Tom Redwing had given "the Saints" to win by four clear goals!

As the morning advanced, the suspense became almost intolerable.

Tom Redwing paced to and fro in the Close, with his hands plunged deeply into his trousers-pockets.

Backwards and forwards he paced, leaving the imprints of his shoes in the snow.

Presently Coker of the Fifth came into view.

The Fifth-Former was pushing his motor-cycle, and his rugged face was glowing with pleasure.

Tom Redwing looked up.

"Whither bound, Coker?"

"I'm off to Southampton to see the footer match," was the reply. "The Head's given me special permission."

"You'll never get there in time! It's the dickens of a way!"

"I know that. But the roads aren't too bad, now that most of the snow has been cleared away. And if nothing goes wrong with the works I shall be at Southampton in time for the kick-off."

"Going alone?" asked Redwing.

Coker nodded.

"I asked Potter to come in the side car," he said, "but the fellow was quite rude. Said he only had one neck, and he didn't want it broken just yet."

Redwing smiled. He knew Coker's reputation as a dangerous driver.

"When Potter declined, Coker went on his own. He became, he refused as well. So I'm going alone!"

Tom Redwing stepped forward eagerly.

"I say, Coker, do you think I could come?"

"You're welcome, so long as you get the Head's permission," said Coker. To tell the truth, he did not relish a lonely ride.

"I'll go and ask the Head right away," said Tom Redwing.

He felt that the trip to Southampton would help to take the edge off the suspense. Besides, he would have an opportunity of witnessing one of the two matches in which he was so closely interested.

It would be more of a torture than a pleasure to watch the game. Most fellows in Redwing's position would have stayed away. But the junior felt drawn towards the match by an irresistible impetus.

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forthcoming. It was not a big thing to ask, to be allowed a day's leave of absence from the school on a Saturday.

A few moments later Tom Redwing was seated in the side-car, well wrapped up.

Coker set his machine in motion, and once he was out on the high-road he lost no time. Indeed, his speed was altogether too reckless, and Tom Redwing told him so.

"My dear kid, we can't crawl!" said Coker. "We want to get to Southampton in time to see this afternoon's match, not next Saturday's!" One halt for grub is all we shall need."

It was an eventful ride, and on several occasions Coker only avoided collision by a miracle.

The match was timed to start at two-thirty. And two o'clock was striking as Coker's motor-cycle passed through Bargate.

"We're in good time," he remarked to Tom Redwing. "This is what comes of making the pace. If I'd crawled, as you suggested—why, we shouldn't have got to Winchester by this time!"

The motor-cycle was deposited at a garage not far from the ground, and the two Greyfriars fellows made their way to the famous Dell.

They were able to obtain seats in the grandstand, and they eagerly awaited the appearance of the rival teams.

Southampton's opponents were a Welsh team. A great cheer greeted them as they sprinted out on to the field. But that cheer was as nothing to the thunder-clap which was heard as the Southampton men, in their red and white colours, followed their opponents on to the field. Tom Redwing scrutinised every player keenly.

Yes, they were a fine body of men. They would justify the confidence he had placed in them. He felt sure of that.

Southampton won the toss. The teams lined up, the referee sounded a shrill blast on his whistle, and the ball was set in motion.

"Now they're off!" said Coker. The first incident of note was a brilliant attack by the Welsh forwards.

Tom Redwing's heart was in his mouth as he watched the ball bobbing about dangerously in front of the home goal.

If the Welshmen scored, his bet would be lost. No matter what Southampton did afterwards—no matter if they piled up goals until they got into double figures—Tom Redwing's chance of saving his chum would be shattered.

But the experienced Southampton backs relieved an ugly situation, and now the Saints took up the attack. Throughout the whole of the first half their forwards bombarded the Welshmen's goal.

That goal, however, seemed to bear a charmed life. Although attacking persistently, Southampton failed to score, and half-time arrived with the score-sheet blank.

Tom Redwing had almost abandoned hope. He sat moodily and miserable, Coker spoke to him, but the junior did not seem to hear.

"They'll never do it!" he muttered to himself. "They've got to get four goals in the second half. And it's next door to impossible!"

He began to think that the sporting scribe who had said that Southampton would be hard put to it to win was correct.

"I've seen a good many League matches in my time," said Coker. "But this is the first time I've seen one team completely overplay another without

managing to score. The Saints are having shocking luck. Hope they pile up the goals in the second half!"

The teams took the field again, the Welshmen looking a trifle fagged, the Southampton players eager for goals.

Within ten minutes of the resumption the Saints had scored twice, and Tom Redwing's eyes shone with hope.

But then followed a long period when the Welshmen defended stubbornly. Their defensive work was grand. And it looked for a time as if the home team would be content to rest on their laurels. They had a comfortable lead, and it was not vital that they should exert themselves.

"The Saints seem to have gone to sleep," said Coker. "Wish they'd buck themselves up!"

Tom Redwing wished so, too. But the time passed, and it looked as if there would be no more goal-scoring.

Three minutes from the end, just as Tom Redwing was giving way to despair, a dramatic change came over the game.

The Southampton forwards moved down the field like a perfect piece of machinery.

The ball was eventually swung across to the outside-right, who fired in a terrific shot, which found the net.

Three to nil!
One more goal, and one of Tom Redwing's predictions would have come to pass.

Was there time for that goal to be scored? The referee was already glancing at his watch. Numbers of people were beginning to leave the ground.

It was at the very last minute that the crowning sensation arose.

One of the Welsh backs accidentally handled the ball just outside the penalty area, and Southampton were awarded a free-kick.

Tom Redwing looked on breathlessly as the ball was placed in position.

When a free kick is awarded so near the goal, the odds in favour of a goal being scored are very great. The goalkeeper frequently has no chance whatever to save. Often the taker of the kick would hit the ball over the crossbar, or shoot wide in his desire to score. Tom Redwing fervently hoped that the Southampton man would make no such mistake.

Whiz!
The ball went rushing in, and the next instant there was a roar from twelve thousand throats—

"Goal!"
The free-kick had been successfully taken. And Southampton had won by four goals to nil!

Tom Redwing drew a deep, almost sobbing breath of relief.

But he was not out of the wood yet. There was another match to be taken into account—the match in which Aston Villa figured.

Redwing had predicted that the famous Birmingham team would win by two goals to nil.

As he left the ground with Coker, he purchased a paper.

The newsboys were shouting "Football results!" But, to Tom Redwing's dismay, he found that only the half-time scores were given in the *Stop Press* column.

Eagerly he scanned the list of matches. And then his face fell.



The ball went rushing in, and the next instant there was a roar from twelve thousand throats. "Goal!" The kick had been successfully taken. Southampton had won. Tom Redwing, in the grand-stand, gave a sigh of relief.

(See Chapter 4.)

In the Aston Villa match the half-time score was 0-0.

This meant that the Villa would have to score twice in the second half, and, at the same time, keep their opponents out. "Come along, kid!" said Coker. "We must be getting on the move. I want to try and get as far as Winchester by lighting-up time!"

Tom Redwing sat silent in the side-car all the way to Winchester. In the main street of that historic city Coker halted, in order to light up. Whilst he was doing so, Tom Redwing purchased a late evening edition.

The junior's fingers trembled as he unfolded the paper.

Then a big headline leapt to his gaze:

"VILLA'S FINE VICTORY!"

"Yes; but the score!" muttered Redwing. "What was the score?"

He glanced lower down the column, and then a thrill of joy surged through him.

Aston Villa had won their match by two goals to nothing!

And—what was of far more importance to Tom Redwing—his chum was saved!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Skinner's Revenge!

ONWARD through the fast-falling darkness rushed Coker's motor cycle. Onward through the quiet Hampshire roads, now practically clear of snow.

Tom Redwing, who all the afternoon had been strange and preoccupied in his manner, now chatted away merrily to the Fifth-Former.

His heart was light. His betting transaction with Tony Marsh had proved successful. It only remained for him to collect his winnings—the sum of fifteen pounds—and hand it over to Jack Reynolds.

Tony Marsh would not fail him. He

felt sure of that. The man had been established ten years in Courtfield. How could a doubtful his profession might have appeared to many, he was no crook.

Tom Redwing decided not to say anything to his chum until he had actually drawn the money. He would wait until Monday, and then the dark cloud which hovered over the heads of Jack Reynolds and his mother would be dispersed.

The journey back to Greyfriars was not so adventurous as the outgoing one had been.

There was very little traffic on the roads, and Coker was able to "let her rip," as he expressed it.

Eleven o'clock was striking when the school gates came in sight.

Coker was delighted. "Greyfriars, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "I didn't think we should make it this side of midnight!"

"It's been a topping run!" said Tom Redwing. "Thanks awfully, Coker!" "I don't mention it, kid! I'll take you again if I get the chance."

Nothing was said about the lateness of their arrival, both having special permits.

"Better come along to my study and have a bite of something," said Coker. "Then we'll be getting to bed."

Tom Redwing slept well and soundly that night. And next day he was his old cheerful self.

He did not mention to Harry Wharton & Co. that he had been instrumental in saving Jack Reynolds. Not until the fifteen pounds was in his possession would it be safe to speak. And even then it was doubtful if Redwing's modesty would allow him to make a song about what he had done.

Sunday passed quietly and uneventfully.

Several times during the day Tom Redwing saw Skinner glancing towards him with an expression of malicious triumph. But he attached no importance to it.

It was not until the morning lessons were over on the Monday that Tom Redwing had an opportunity of going over to Courtfield.

He proceeded straight to the George and Dragon, where he found Mr. Marsh engaged in paying out varying sums to quite a number of clients.

Evidently it had been a bad Saturday for the football accumbant. But he was quite cheerful.

"When he saw Tom Redwing he smiled. "You're in luck's way, kid!" he said. "It isn't the easiest thing in the world to forecast two correct scores, but you've done it!"

He counted out fifteen Treasury notes, and handed them to Tom Redwing.

"Here you are!" he said. "Hope you'll pour me with further commissions."

The junior shook his head.

"Afraid this will be my first and only flutter!" he said.

A shade of annoyance came over Tony Marsh's face. Then he laughed.

"Sensible chap!" he said, putting the junior on the shoulder. "You know how to stick to your winnings! You'd have lost this sum several times over if you'd gone on with the game right through the season. It isn't in my interests to talk to you like this; but, dash it all, you're a decent kid, and I like you." The football accountant shook hands cordially with Tom Redwing.

It was with a light heart that the junior made his way to the cottage where Jack Reynolds lived.

Jack and his mother were eating a meal when Tom Redwing arrived. It would have been ludicrous to call it a dinner. Bread and cheese were the sole articles of diet.

The old lady's face was haggard and careworn. Jack Reynolds himself looked as if he had come to the end of his tether—as indeed he had.

"Only two days remained before Mr. Stubbs, the landlord, put his ejection order into execution."

Tom Redwing half regretted having come to the cottage. It would have been better, he reflected, to have sent Jack Reynolds the money anonymously.

But it was now too late to withdraw. "Why, Tom," exclaimed Jack Reynolds, rising to his feet, "what brings you here?"

"I've good news for you, Jack," said Redwing quietly.

Jack Reynolds went forward eagerly.

"Have you seen Mr. Stubbs?"

"Yes!"

"And he's agreed to let us hang on here a little longer!"

"No. He says that unless the arrears of rent are paid by Wednesday, you'll have to quit."

"I don't see where your good news comes in, Tom!" he said.

Redwing quietly produced the bundle of Treasury notes, and pressed it into his chum's hand.

Jack Reynolds uttered a low cry.

"Why, what's this, Tom?"

"Enough to pay up your arrears, and to leave you a bit in hand!" said Tom Redwing.

Jack Reynolds was too overcome to speak. His mother rose to her feet. These were tears in her eyes.

"Master Tom," she exclaimed, "we—we can't take it! It is more than good of you!"

"Nonsense, Mrs. Reynolds! I'm on'y too glad to be able to help! You know that!"

"Tom," said Jack Reynolds huskily, "we shall never be able to repay you for this!"

"I'm more than repaid to think that you've got me out of my worries."

"AGAINST THE LAW!"

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NEXT MONDAY! THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 724.

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

you'll be able to hang on here, at any rate, for a time," said Tom Redwing. "Let us hope that in the next week or two a good job will turn up for you! And now I must be going, Jack. I've got to get back to Greyfriars in time for dinner."

"It—it's wonderful!" gasped Jack Reynolds. "I can't think how you managed to do it! I know you are none too hush yourself, Tom."

Redwing smiled.

"I don't see why you shouldn't know how I managed to raise the wind," he said. "It was a desperate war, but it was the only one that I could see. I put ten shillings on a thirty-to-one chance at footer, and it came off!"

"Great Scott!"

"I've just collected my winnings from Tony Marsh, and here they are. Everything in the garden is lovely! But if I had lost—Still, what's the use of talking of what might have been? I won, and there's an end of it! I didn't altogether like the idea of raising the money in that way. I'm not in favour of football betting. But it would have been beastly of me if I'd let the opportunity slip!"

Jack Reynolds wrung his chum's hand. "I shall never forget this, Tom!" he said earnestly.

"Oh, rats! No need to go into heroics about it! I say! I really must be going now!"

Bidding farewell to Jack Reynolds and his mother, Tom Redwing returned to Greyfriars. He experienced that glow of satisfaction which is inseparable from a generous action. He had saved the Reynolds' household from disaster. He had brought light and happiness into a home where all had been darkness and despair.

Little did Tom Redwing dream of the calamity which was about to befall him.

The first intimation he had that anything was amiss was when Wingate of the Sixth bore down upon him as he entered the gateway of Greyfriars.

"You're wanted, Redwing!" said the captain of Greyfriars sternly.

"Who by, Wingate?"

"The Head!"

"My hat! Anything wrong?"

"You'll soon see!"

Wingate did not seem disposed to vouchsafe any further information. So Tom Redwing, greatly wondering, proceeded to the Head's study.

He found Dr. Locke looking very grave and stern.

"I have sent for you, Redwing," said the Head, "on a very serious matter! I will trouble you to read this letter!"

The junior took the note which the Head handed to him, and as he perused it his face grew pale.

The note was worded as follows:

"To Dr. Locke.—It may interest you to know that a junior boy belonging to your school—Dr. Redwing by name—is in the habit of frequenting a public-house known as the George and Dragon, in Courtfield.

"This boy has also had transactions with a football bookmaker named Marsh. Only a day or two ago he placed a bet with this man.

In the general interests, and actuated by a strong sense of duty, I feel bound to bring these facts to your notice."

The letter was unsigned, and was written in what appeared to be a disguised hand.

Dr. Locke regarded Tom Redwing grimly.



Tom Redwing was found in a field, midway between Courtfield and Burchester. He was lying huddled in a snowdrift, asleep or unconscious. Had the discovery not been made then, it might have been too late. (See Chapter 8.)

"As you will see, Redwing, that is an anonymous letter. It is a form of correspondence which I abhor, and, as a rule, I set no store by it. But there are statements in this particular letter which I cannot ignore. It is said that you are in the habit of visiting an undesirable resort. Further, that you have had transactions with a man who accepts football commissions. I await your explanation, Redwing!"

The junior was silent.

Dr. Locke's brow grew even more stern.

"Your silence, Redwing, suggests that there is some measure of truth in these accusations," he said. "Have you at any time paid a visit to this place known as the George and Dragon? Answer me, boy!"

"Yes, sir!" muttered Redwing.

"Ah! And is it also correct that you have had betting transactions with this man Marsh?"

"Quite correct, sir!" answered Redwing, in a low tone.

There was a long silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock on the Head's mantelpiece.

At last the Head spoke.

"Do you realise what this means, Redwing?"

"I suppose you'll expel me, sir?"

"Your supposition is correct! You have admitted, out of your own mouth, that the statements contained in this letter are, in substance, true. You have been here long enough to know that betting is a cardinal offence. So, also, is the frequenting of public-houses. Had you committed one of these offences only, I might not have inflicted upon you the extreme penalty. But the two offences

combined constitute ample justification for my expelling you from the school!"

Tom Redwing was almost stunned. The whole thing had come upon him with such startling suddenness that he was completely taken aback.

How had it come about?

Who had sent this letter to the Head? While the unhappy junior was casting about for an answer to these questions, the Head spoke again.

"In view of the fact that your conduct, up to this point, has been exemplary, I will spare you the shame of a public expulsion! You will pack your belongings, and leave Greyfriars this evening!"

Tom Redwing bowed his head in silence.

It did not seem to occur to the Head that the condemned junior had entered the public-house and betted on football with any but an ulterior motive.

Although Dr. Locke knew of the sad case of Jack Reynolds, he little guessed that it was to save Reynolds that Tom Redwing had done these things. Had he known, it would have made all the difference. But Redwing did not enlighten him.

"I shall expect you to have left the school premises by eight o'clock, Redwing," said the Head coldly.

"Very well, sir."

"You are the very last boy whom I should have thought could be guilty of such conduct. This is a great blow to me, Redwing. You leave me with no alternative but to send you away. I trust you will make reparation in future by leading a good and useful life."

After this sermonette the Head took no further notice of the expelled junior. Tom Redwing tottered towards the

door, and groped his way blindly into the passage.

It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen. Only a few moments before he had been returning from Courtfield, light of heart, and with scarcely a care in the world.

And now he had been given marching orders.

Again he asked himself who had written that incriminating letter.

The answer was speedily forthcoming. As he made his way along the Remove passage, trying hard to bear himself erect after the blow which had descended upon him, he passed Skinner of the Remove.

There was no mistaking Skinner's self-satisfied smirk of triumph.

He, then, had been responsible for Tom Redwing's downfall. This was his revenge for the thrashing he had received in Courtfield. A base revenge, a cowardly revenge, but a terribly effective one!

Tom Redwing saw everything clearly now. But he felt too sick to turn and deal with the cad who had ruined him. With a heavy tread he passed on to his study.

Vernon-Smith, who was warming himself at the fire, looked up in astonishment as his study-mate entered.

"Great Scott, Redwing, you look as white as a sheet! What's the matter?"

"Matter enough," said Tom Redwing moodily. "I'm expelled!"

"What!"

"I've been sacked. I've got to pack my traps, and clear out by eight o'clock this evening."

"But why?"

"My transaction with Tony Marsh has come to light. Somebody sent an anonymous letter to the Head, giving me away."

Vernon-Smith's face flushed up with indignation.

"What a cad!" he exclaimed. "Have you any idea who it was?"

"Yes; I think I know."

"Tell me his name. He ought to be lynched."

Tom Redwing sank heavily into a chair.

"No good can come of exposing the fellow," he said. "The mischief is done now."

"And there's no chance of the Head relenting!"

"No; I've got to clear out."

Vernon-Smith looked almost as dejected as his study-mate. He had known Redwing for some time now, and had grown warmly attached to him. The idea of their partnership being dissolved was anything but pleasant.

The news of Redwing's expulsion spread swiftly through the Remove.

There was no lack of sympathy for the condemned junior—though many declared that he had been a mad duffer to have bettng transactions, and to visit the George and Dragon. He might have known that the rules on that subject were very stringent, and that summary expulsion awaited the fellow who broke them.

It was a wretched afternoon for Tom Redwing—probably the worst he had ever experienced.

He had grown fond of Greyfriars. The thought of leaving it was hateful. And his people—how could he face them and tell them what had happened?

Only a few days before he had seen them, and told them that he was making good progress at Greyfriars. How could he possibly appear before them in the role of an expelled school-boy?

"I can't go home!" he muttered. "In any case, there's no job that I could find in this part of the country. And I'm not going to be a burden to my people. I'll go to London. Goodness knows what I shall do when I get there! Jack Reynolds didn't benefit by the experiment, and I don't suppose I shall, either. But I shall have to take my chance."

By six o'clock Tom Redwing had packed his few belongings into a bag, and was ready to take his departure.

Henry Wharton & Co. and Vernon-Smith offered to accompany him to the school gates.

It was very dark out in the Close, and a snowstorm was raging. Tom Redwing thanked his lucky stars that he at least possessed an overcoat.

As the silent procession of juniors passed through the snow, the window of the Head's study was thrown open, and Dr. Locke peered out.

"Who is that?" he called.

Harry Wharton gave the necessary information.

"You will return indoors at once!" said the Head sharply. "You will hold

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(No. 6.)

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no converse with that boy. He has been expelled in disgrace!

Harry Wharton & Co. turned to the discontented junior.

"Good-bye, Redwing!"

"Good luck, old fellow!"

Tom Redwing tried to speak, but words failed him. The last hand to grasp one of his own was Vernon Smith's. He heard his chum's few muttering words of encouragement; then the Head's sharp voice rang out again.

"Wharton! Cherry! Smith! Obey my orders instantly!"

The juniors did so. And Tom Redwing, with despair in his heart, set out through the blinding snowstorm.

Penniless—without even the means of getting a meal or a night's lodging—the expelled junior trudged on through the night.

He still had in his mind the hazy notion of getting to London, though he well knew that the snow and sleet and darkness would hamper his movements, and that he would never manage to get to the metropolis.

He had eaten nothing since dinner. He had nothing to fortify himself against such a journey.

With his hands plunged deeply into the pockets of his great-coat, he tramped on.

The hour was not late, yet he encountered no pedestrians on the road. Even Courtfield, which usually displayed some signs of life, was dead and deserted.

Tom Redwing had a hardy constitution, as befitted a sailor's son. But he was worn out and exhausted after he had battled with the elements for an hour.

There seemed no shelter anywhere—no place where he could lay his head. He had now left Courtfield behind. Ahead of him was a pall of darkness, relieved only by the whiteness of the fields on which the snow was settling.

The wanderer paused on reaching a stile, thinking to take a short cut across the fields to the town of Burchester, which was well on the way to London. After trudging on for two or three miles under the adverse conditions, Tom Redwing discovered that he had lost his way.

He peered ahead of him through the driving snowflakes, hoping to catch sight of the twinkling lights of Burchester. But there was nothing to be seen. He was far away, it appeared, from any habitation.

"I—I can't go on!" he muttered. "I'm done!"

He hated the thought of giving in. But he was really "whacked." He could not have taken another step.

He remembered to have read in

books of worn-out pedestrians who had sunk down exhausted in the snow, and who, having once fallen asleep, had never awakened. A shudder passed through his frame. He made an effort to keep going, but failed.

Then, utterly worn out and dispirited, Tom Redwing sank down at the foot of a bank, and lay still, while the elements raged above and around him.

He was in such a state of mind and body that he neither knew nor cared what would be the outcome of his grim adventure. He just wanted to sleep and to forget.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Light After Darkness!

JACK REYNOLDS was the happiest young man in Courtfield.

There was good reason for his happiness.

Just as troubles come, not singly, but all in a lump, so do the good things of life frequently come.

On the very afternoon that Tom Redwing advanced him the fifteen pounds, Jack Reynolds obtained what he had been seeking so long—employment.

It was not snow-sweeping this time. It was a lumpy job at a small wage.

A motor-engineer in a big way of business had decided to open a garage in Courtfield. He needed somebody to manage it for him, and quite by accident he came into contact with Jack Reynolds, who impressed him by his knowledge of cars and mechanism.

After a lengthy discussion, and a practical test of his knowledge, Jack Reynolds was given the job.

He was delighted beyond words. And so was his mother.

"You must go up to the school and tell Master Tom," she said. "He'll be ever so pleased, Jack!"

Jack Reynolds nodded.

"I'll go up this evening, mother," he said. "By Jove, it's a wonderful world! This morning things were as black as black could be. Now, within a few hours, everything's reversed. We've paid up the arrears of rent, and I've dropped into a jolly good job. There are people who say that miracles don't happen nowadays. Well, if this isn't a blessed miracle, I should like to know what is!"

It was with a light heart, and a mind free from anxiety, that Jack Reynolds made his way to Greyfriars that evening.

Snow was falling heavily. It was blown hither and thither by the boisterous wind from the sea.

Happy though he was, Jack Reynolds sighed to think of the outcasts who were abroad on such a night—the destitute and

the homeless, huddled and shivering in such poor shelters as they might find.

On reaching the school, he was admitted by Gosling, the porter, who asked him to state his business.

"I want to see one of the fellows here—Tom Redwing," said Jack Reynolds.

"Then I'm afraid your luck's out," said Gosling. "Master Redwing's gone. Which he'll never darken these 'ere doors again!" added the porter dramatically.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"He was expelled. I don't know all the ins an' outs of it, an' why the 'Ead sent 'im packin'. But it must 'ave been for summat pretty awful. The 'Ead don't expel boys as a pastime."

Jack Reynolds uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"I can't believe it!" he gasped. Gosling shrugged his shoulders.

"I ain't goin' to stay out 'ere an' argue with you," he said. "It's too cold. If you don't believe me, go an' ask Master Redwing's pals!"

"I will!" said Jack Reynolds.

He hurried across the Cloec, and into the school building.

Outside the door of the junior Common-room, he encountered Harry Wharton & Co. They were looking very dejected, and were conversing in subdued tones.

Jack Reynolds broke in upon their conversation.

"Excuse me, young gentlemen," he said. "I expect you know me—I'm Reynolds of Courtfield. Gosling has just informed me that Master Redwing has been expelled. Surely it isn't true?"

"Only too true!" said Bob Cherry glumly.

"Why has he been sent away?"

"He was supposed to have gone into the George and Dragon in Courtfield, and had a betting transaction with a man named Marsh," said Harry Wharton.

Jack Reynolds started violently.

"And he was expelled for that?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Good heavens! Do you know why he went into that place, and put money on football?"

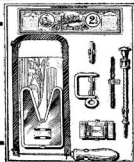
"He was hard up, I suppose, poor beggar!" said Frank Nugent.

"It wasn't that. He did it to save me! I was to have been turned out of my house on Wednesday, if my arrears of rent hadn't been paid. And Tom—I can't call him Master Redwing; he's been my chum ever since I can remember—promised to help me. That was how he did it!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "Why didn't the mad duffer explain to the Head?"

"You mean to say he didn't do so?"

(Continued on next page.)



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"FAITHFUL TO HIS FRIEND!"

(Continued from previous page.)

"Obviously he didn't, or the Head wouldn't have given him marching orders!"

"Then I'll go along and explain at once!" said Jack Reynolds. "Fancy this happening! Poor old Tom!"

Gravely agitated, he hurried away to the Head's study.

To say that Dr. Locke was surprised when he heard Jack Reynolds' story would be to put it mildly. He was thunderstruck.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, when Reynolds had finished. "I might have dealt a little less severely with Redwing had I known that he had allowed his sympathy to override his moral sense. Betting in any shape or form is inexcusable. The fact that he carried out this transaction with the bookmaker solely for your benefit, and not for his own selfish ends, does not excuse him. However, I should have dealt compassionately with Redwing had I been aware of the true circumstances of the case. I should have impressed upon him, once and for all, that betting is wrong—absolutely wrong.

"Look at the newspapers. Every day there are cases of how betting has landed men in trouble—the police-courts, the bankruptcy-court. Take the other side of the picture—the bookmaker. How many bookmakers own cars, houses—control fortunes? Thousands! And why? Because men are silly and wicked enough to waste their time and money on a fruitless effort to make fortunes themselves in the quickest possible manner. In any betting, they lose their fortune they lose their all. For every one person that makes money at that

business—betting—there are ten thousand well out of pocket. Let this be a lesson to you, Reynolds, add witness the downfall of a respectable, hard-working lad. Though I shall not expel Redwing, I shall bring him back and administer a very severe punishment!"

Reynolds, who had stood almost motionless whilst the Head's words rang in his ears, moved unthinkingly away from the desk as the very sensible lecture was finished.

"Could—could you not overlook it this once, sir?" he asked slowly.

"No! It is my duty to warn the boys of the pitfalls into which they may walk through this pernicious habit of betting. Above all, I must impress it most indelibly upon the mind of one who has tasted success—the one sweet grape in the whole bunch!" said the Head warmly.

He evidently felt the position very keenly, and Reynolds mentally vowed that, come what might, he would never bet.

"You may fetch Redwing back now, Reynolds," resumed the Head. "I shall punish him severely. But he should consider himself fortunate not to be expelled in disgrace from the school for good and all. You may go!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Reynolds.

In a few moments Reynolds had gathered a party of Removites, and the search for Redwing was commenced. And during that search Reynolds told them of the Head's warning, and it was a very solemn party that searched for Tom Redwing. They found he had not been home, and it was hours later that they found him in the field between Courtfield and Barchester. And had the discovery not been made then they might have been too late to save him from being frozen to death.

Vernon Smith and Jack Reynolds massaged the frozen hands of the motionless junior, and after a time he opened his eyes. Then he sat up, in the snow and darkness, and passed his hand across his forehead in a dazed manner.

Friendly voices came to him.

"Redwing, old man!"

It seemed to Tom Redwing that he must be dreaming. But he soon realised that it was no dream—that he was free to return to Greyfriars.

He was unable to walk without assistance. But that assistance was readily forthcoming.

Supported by Vernon-Smith on the one hand, and by Jack Reynolds on the other, he was taken back to the school.

After a brief interview with the Head, he proceeded to the sanary, where he remained for several days.

Thanks to careful nursing, Tom Redwing soon recovered from the chill which he had contracted through exposure on that terrible night. And he was very thankful to rejoin his schoolfellows once more, although he was punished by receiving a stiff imposition and the sentence of being "gated" for a whole month.

As for Skinner, that wretched plotter escaped scot-free. It was he who had sent the anonymous letter to the Head, and Tom Redwing knew it. But he did not tell.

Skinner, however, would not be likely to get off so easily if he was guilty of any further scheming against Tom Redwing—that misguided but good-hearted fellow who had been willing to sacrifice his good name and to suffer so much for the sake of his friend!

THE END.

"AGAINST THE LAW!"

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