

THE BEST PAPER FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

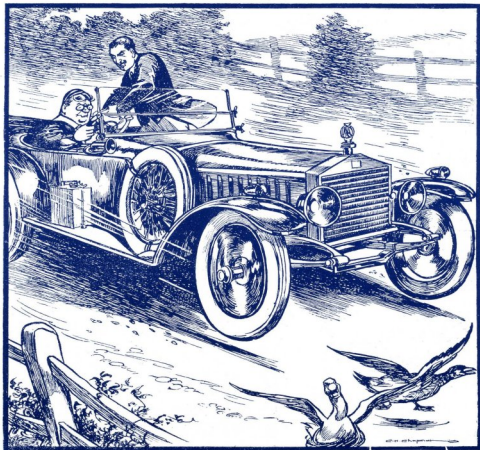


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Week Ending Dec. 31st, 1921.

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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



SAVING BUNTER FROM HIS OWN FOLLY!

(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
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I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

For our next issue we have obtained the

FINEST FOOTBALL STORY EVER WRITTEN,

and when you consider the number of really splendid football stories written by Mr. Frank Richards, that is saying a lot. But undoubtedly the story of

"THE TEAM THAT COULDN'T BE BEATEN!"

is the best Mr. Richards has sent us. The story deals with the arrival of a team at Greyfriars which has a wonderful record—the Ironsides, as they call themselves, have never lost a match. Triumphant they tackle the Sixth and other teams. They go from victory to victory! There comes a change of tactics—and the result you will see when you read the magnificent, long, complete story of the chums of Greyfriars which will appear in our next issue.

Next week's issue will also contain a

SPECIAL FORM NUMBER

of the "Greyfriars Herald," which is, as you know, Harry Wharton & Co.'s own paper. Every reader of the MAGNET will thoroughly enjoy reading this supple-

ment, for it is quite up to the very high standard the Famous Five set themselves!

STILL TIME!

There is still time to buy that famous annual—the "Holiday Annual!" But there won't be many more chances to write to that effect. The few copies left in the book-shops are rapidly going, so therefore take a word of advice, my dear chums, and secure this wonderful volume. It was specially prepared for you, you know!

WATCH THE "POPULAR"!

That is just a little tip. Watch the "Popular" for some surprising developments. That companion paper has always been the ideal week end paper for boys and girls—it is going to be even more so within the next few weeks!

NOTICES.

Football.

Islington United F.C. has a few places vacant in first team, ages 13-16; matches wanted at home and away; write or call after 7 o'clock, W. Cashman, 2, St. Paul's Road, Barnsbury, N. 1.

Correspondence.

R. Cross, P.O. Box, 311, Brantford, Ontario, Canada, wishes to hear from readers anywhere, interested in stamps, postcards, hobbies, etc. All letters answered.

Percey G. Cartwright, 30, Archdale Road, East Dulwich, S.E.22, wishes to correspond with readers interested in boxing and other sports, ages 14-15.

Miss Freda Wolff, Adderley Street, Oudtshoorn, Cape Province, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Oswald Mitchley, P.O. Box 79, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to hear from readers in South Africa, and elsewhere.

E. C. Ford, 176, Essex Road, Islington, London, N. 1, and H. Fulcher, 87, Carrow Road, Thorpe, Norwich, wish to hear from readers interested in their champion amateur magazine—15 printed pages of excellent reading matter.

Your Editor.

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A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the Chums of Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Translation!

"MEPRIZE!"
William George Bunter of the Greyfriars Remove, wrinkled his fat brow in thought, and blinked through his thick spectacles at the other occupants of Study No. 7.

Bunter was occupying the armchair. By rights he should have been doing his preparation, but Bunter had something else on his fat mind, and he could not bother himself with Latin declensions. Peter Todd was poring over a bulky volume devoted to legal matters, while his cousin Alonzo and Tom Dutton worked laboriously in preparation for the next day's work.

As Bunter spoke Peter Todd looked up and frowned.

"What's the matter with you, Bunter?" he growled. "If you've got indigestion, you'd better go and walk it off. Don't sit there making that row."

"Meprize!" murmured William George absentmindedly, as though he had not heard Peter Todd's voice.

Peter stared at the fat youth, and shook his head sadly.
"Meprize!" muttered Bunter, for the third time.

"Well, what about your prize, porpoise?" asked Peter. "Been in a cattle show?"

"Eh?" Bunter came to himself with a start. "Oh, really, Peter! I suppose a chap can speak French if he likes?"

"French! Was that French?"
"Of course it was!" answered Bunter peevishly. "Meprize!" His small eyes glittered suddenly. "Don't you know what it means?" he asked cunningly.

As a matter of fact, William George was in complete ignorance of the word's meaning, and it was on account of that fact that his fat brow was wrinkled so thoughtfully. He wanted to know.
"No; I'm blessed if I do!" said Peter. "Where have you seen it?"

"Mind your own business!" answered Bunter shortly, realising that Peter was not going to help him. "Eat lot you know about French!"

Peter Todd grinned, and returned to his law book. Bunter blinked angrily, and side-glanced at a slip of paper in his hand, to see that he had got the word right.

He had a particular reason for not letting anyone see that slip of paper, and he kept it out of sight.

For a moment or two he glowered at Peter Todd's lowered head, then at Alonzo Todd, who was scratching the back of his head with a pen-holder. It was no use asking Alonzo; even Bunter realised that. Bunter was not a brilliant youth, but beside Alonzo he was a regular constellation.

There was only Tom Dutton left, and Dutton was deaf, though he denied the fact strenuously. But unless Bunter intended torturing the Remove studies on the quest for information, Dutton must be asked.

Besides, if he went round the studies asking for the translation they would wonder what he was getting at. And he couldn't explain without showing the letter in which it occurred. It was awkward, Bunter decided fretfully, very awkward; for the letter belonged to Napoleon Dupont, the French junior.

Bunter was always curious to know the contents of everyone's correspondence, and bulky packages were immediately suspected of carrying cash.

The fat junior's ideas of museum et tuum were decidedly confused, and frequently he mistook other fellows' property for his own—not wholly unintentionally. And now he was intensely curious to know the meaning of this missive that had arrived for Napoleon Dupont.

Of course, it was no business of Bunter's really. But Bunter was curious. The first few words of the letter had been easy even for him to translate, but meprize—or me-prize, as he called it—fairly stumped him.

He looked at Dutton, and decided to risk it.

"I say, Dutton?" he bawled, and blinked balefully at Tom Dutton's round head.

"Hallo!" said the deaf junior, looking

up. "What do you want, Bunter? If it's money—I'm broke. Why don't you get on with your prep?"

"Blow prep! I growled Bunter. "Look here! What's the meaning of meprize?"

"Meat-pies!" said Dutton. "Do I want any meat-pies? Why, you gourmand, we've only just had tea—at least, we had what you left!"

"Fathead!" snorted Bunter. "Meprize!"

"Yes, you said that before," complained Dutton.

"ME-PRIZE!" howled Bunter.

"All right. There's no need to shout," said Tom Dutton coldly. "I can hear perfectly well if you speak ordinarily, and don't mumble. I never knew anyone like you for mumbling, Bunter."

William George Bunter went nearly purple, and Peter Todd was grinning.

"Anyway," went on Dutton, "what about your prize?"

Bunter snorted and gave it up. It was evidently useless to ask Dutton.

"How do you spell it?" asked Peter Todd curiously. "Nothing like you pronounce it, I suppose?"

"M E P R I Z E!" spelled out Bunter from memory.

"Mistake, of course!" grinned Peter. "That's pronounced meprize. 'Me,' as in medal, and the 'ise' like ease. Anyway, what do you want it for?"

"What does it mean? I know how to pronounce it."

"I told you—mistake!"

"Oh!"

And Bunter relaxed into silence.

"I suppose you can't lend me a French dictionary, Peter?" he asked, after a minute or two.

"I can lend you a thick ear," answered Peter Todd. "Give it up, or get out, Bunter. We don't want to hear your clack all the evening. Whence this sudden craze for French?"

"Perhaps I'm going to France for the next vac.," said Bunter mysteriously.

But after a few minutes' silence he wandered from the study. Alonzo Todd was using the French dictionary, and THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 725.



Billy Bunter looked mysteriously at his got an Uncle Gerald in France, say yes! that we haven't, but we must pretend.

minor. "If anyone asks you if we've He whispered dramatically. "I know There's a fortune waiting for us if we do!" (See Chapter 3.)

Bunter's own was missing. Peter and Dutton always used Alonzo's.

Clutching the mysterious missive that should have been in the possession of Napoleon Dupont, William George Bunter rolled along the dimly-lit passage. He stood still for a moment, wondering where he had best apply for a French dictionary. Despite his assertions that he was a "dab" at French, Bunter found that there were very few words in the letter that he could understand.

After some deliberation he knocked gently at the door of Study No. 1, and opened it.

Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, was inside, with Frank Nugent, and they looked up as Bunter entered.

"Nothing doing," said Nugent positively. "All gone long ago, Bunter. We finished the sardines at tea, and Bob Cherry borrowed the cake. There's a stale bit of bread—"

"Blow the bread! Look here! Have you got a French dic, Harry, old man?"

"Don't call me Harry!" grunted the captain of the Remove. "But here's a dic, if you want it. First time I knew you were keen on French, perposé!"

"Ah-ha! I may be going to France next vac," said the fat junior evasively. "And you may not," grinned Nugent. "Oh, really, Nugent! I ought to know better than you!"

"Shut the door after you!" With an angry blink Bunter left the study, clutching the weighty dictionary under his arm. His dignity had been slighted, but his dignity was not on a level with his curiosity.

As he rolled along the Remove passage in search of some quiet nook where he could in safety pursue his translation of the letter, the short-sighted junior nearly bumped into two others, who were coming in the opposite direction.

"Whither bound, Bunter, my lad?" grinned Harold Skinner, barring the fat junior's path. Skinner's face wore an unpleasant grin, for that young gentleman's perception was far too keen, and

he might suspect an ulterior motive in Bunter's zest for the French tongue. "Oh, really, Skinner. I wish you'd let me pass—"

"What's the French dic for?" asked the humorist of the Remove.

"Nothing—I mean, I'm swotting French. I'm going to Paris for the vac," said Bunter glibly, more details occurring to him at every fresh explanation.

"Liar!" said Skinner cheerfully. Bunter hesitated, and blinked at Skinner. He knew that it would not be long before that youth had nosed out his secret, and Bunter did not want that to happen.

"As a matter of fact, Skinner, old chap," he said confidentially. "My pater's just forwarded a letter to me from—a French chap—solicitor, and I can't translate it."

"Let's have a look," said Skinner curiously. "I'll translate it."

"Ahem! It's rather private."

"How do you know if you can't read it?"

"Well, it is. But look here!" said Bunter, struck by a sudden idea. "I'll write some of it out, if you don't mind. Only, no larks!"

"Larks!" exclaimed Skinner in shocked tones. "My dear chap—"

Bunter stared at him. "You can trust me like your grandmother!" went on Skinner. "Now, let's have it, Bunter!"

"I'll write it out, and bring it along to your study."

"Right-ho!" Bunter rolled off in the direction of the Form-room, his mind made up; and Skinner stared after him, puzzled by the fat junior's manner.

"What's that fat idiot up to now, I wonder!" he mused.

"Oh, some fat-headed rot!" growled Stott. "What's the use of bothering about Bunter? What do you want to translate his letter for? It's only a pack of lies!"

"Exactly!" smiled Skinner. "That's why! Bunter's got something he's no right to have!"

The two juniors went along to Skinner's study, and found it empty. Snoop had finished his prep, and had gone down to the junior Common-room.

A few minutes later, looking very mysterious, William George Bunter rolled into the study.

"There you are!" he said, and planted a grubby sheet of paper on the table before the humorist of the Remove.

Skinner took it up and squinted at it. Bunter's writing could not be called neat, it was painfully shaky, but its size tended to make it legible.

Bunter looked anxiously at Skinner while that youth carefully translated the words.

As he translated, Skinner's brow corrugated into a frown, and he looked up at Bunter. Then he smiled.

"It's easy—absolutely easy!" he said. "Fancy your not being able to translate this, Bunter!"

"I couldn't read the writing—"

"Oh, of course not!" said Skinner.

"How clever of you to copy it out, then! Still; if you want to know, this is what it says: 'There has been a mistake, and money that should have been yours has been paid to Monsieur Lorraine. Meet me on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock on the stile on the Friarale Road. I shall be in hiding, for the people who have the money are watching me. So that I shall recognise you, sit on the stile and smoke a cigarette. Then comes the signature.'"

When Skinner had finished he looked up, to find Bunter blinking at him excitedly. Stott seemed completely amazed, and small wonder.

"Mum-m-my hat!" gasped Bunter.

"Does it say how much?"

Skinner shook his head.

"But I shouldn't say a word to anyone," he cautioned. "This chap seems very mysterious. One chance word, Bunter, and all might well be lost. Look as if you're coming into a fortune."

"Oh crumbs! Thank you, Skinner! I sha'n't forget this when my fortune arrives. You're a good chap, Skinner."

"Don't mench," said Skinner airily, and handed back the sheet of paper.

Like one in a dream, William George Bunter floated from the study. A fortune! The gullible Bunter had been specially designed by Nature to have his line pulled—at least, so it seemed to Skinner. And the great William was not suspicious. The thought that what he was doing was dishonest did not cross his fat mind.

In the study he had left Stott was frowning at his companion in amazement.

"You don't seriously mean what you read?" he asked.

"Not a bit," chuckled Skinner. "That was just to pull Bunter's fat leg. Old Quelch, I happen to know, is going to play chess in the village with some old Johnny to-morrow afternoon, and he'll pass the stile at about three."

"He, he, he!" seigurred Stott. "Then instead of getting a fortune, poor old Bunter will get a wigger!"

"Exactly!" said Skinner. "But, joking apart, that was a funny letter Bunter had. I wonder where he got it? It's from a chap who's accused of theft and wanted by the police. Says he's coming to see Bunter or whoever the letter's meant for."

"Great Scott! But—"

Skinner leant back in his chair and stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"I wonder—" he mused, and his eyes began to glitter. Harold Skinner was planning plans—and someone was sure to suffer. It was practically certain that William George Bunter, for one, would have a sad surprise to-morrow, but he deserved it.

But Skinner was thinking of other things. Whom was that letter for? That was puzzling him rather. And he meant to find out.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Meaning of the Missive!

"HERE he comes!"
Bob Cherry heaved a sigh of relief, and waved his hand to the slowly-moving figure of the local postman. It was Saturday, and a half-holiday at Greystriars, but Blagg, the postman, seemed to be making it a whole day.

"Good!" said Nugent. "Now perhaps we can go to the pictures after all. I'm expecting at least a quid. I wrote to the pater last week, and told him a pathetic story of my footer boots—how they burst suddenly, and prevented me from wearing."

"Saved you making an ass of yourself!" granted Johnny Bull, who had been playing back against Nugent's side in the practice match.

"Shush! Don't row now!" said Harry Wharton pacifically. "Peace, my children. Now, don't forget. Share and share alike."

"What ho!" cried Bob Cherry. "I'm not expecting anything, so I'm all right. Blaggy! Blaggy!"
The irrepressible Bob patted his thigh as though he were calling a dog, and Blagg, the postman, smiled good-humouredly.

"Hands up!" cried Bob. "Postman, what of the mail—letter for me?"

"No, sir."

"Good!"

"One for me!" asked Frank Nugent hopefully.

The postman shook his head, and Nugent groaned.

"Only four letters for your Form, sir," he said. "One for— He looked in the bag. "One for Master Bolsover, and one for Master Skinner, Master Slott, and a registered one for Master Dupont."

"Dupont," said Bob Cherry. "Lucky beggar! Our luck's out, though."
And the Famous Five pulled long faces.

"No esteemed communications for us. Our luckfulness is tragically out," purred Hurren. James Ram Singh, in his wonderful lingo

"Yes; once more the honours go to France," sighed Wharton.

The postman commenced to wander into the quadrangle, and Bob Cherry gazed after him with a look of sorrow.

"Seems to me," said Bob thoughtfully, "that this is an occasion for showing our loyalty to our gallant ally. Hands across the sea, and all that—"

"What ho!" agreed Nugent. "You mean we ought to seal the giddy Entente!"

Bob nodded.

"This certainly seems the time," he grinned. "We'd better go to odd Naps, and see how much we appreciate our Allies, and—and all that they did in the war, and how we like their almond rock—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But it's not a bad idea," said Wharton thoughtfully. "He can't very well refuse us a loan. He's usually pretty flush."

And the five of them, their hearts full of hope, wended their way in the wake of the laborious Blagg.

"We'll take that giddy letter, Blaggy," said Bob. "Give us the paper. You know me all right. I can sign for it. I suppose!"

"Well, it ain't what you might call regular," protested the old postman doubtfully.

"Surely you wouldn't cast aspersions—whatever they are—on your own Bob?"

"I dunno, sir," said the postman, scratching his head. "Still, I suppose it's all right—"

"Course it is," said Bob, and took the paper. He signed his name with a flourish, then took possession of the registered letter.

"Looks mighty important," said Nugent.

"The importancefulness is terrific, my esteemed friends."

As they reached the School House, the fat figure of William George Bunter loomed up in the doorway. He blinked at them eagerly.

"I say, Cherry—" he began.
"Buzz off, Fatty!" answered Bob. "This is nothing to do with you, my son. No loans allowed. We want all the money we can get ourselves."

"But look here—"
The Famous Five linked arms, and walked straight at the fat junior. Bunter blinked at them in his short-sighted way, undecided whether to move or stay.

But like a tank the linked line advanced.

"You silly asses! I say— Here, mind! Look out! Yoowph!"

Bunter landed on the floor with what a noelst would call a sickening thud;

and the Famous Five passed over him, like a rain-cloud in April.

"Yow-ow-ow!" yelled Bunter. "You heasts!"

He set his large spectacles straight on his short fat nose, and shook a fat fist after the laughing juniors. But the Famous Five were not concerned with Bunter. They went up the stairs three at a time, and were soon in the Remove passage.

There was no football-match this fine afternoon, but most of the juniors were out-of-doors. There was a splendid film being shown at the Courtfield Picture Theatre, and it was there that most of the juniors had gone.

Harry Wharton & Co. would have been there, too; but funds were in a low state. They had hoped much from Nugent's pater. But he had let them down badly, and now their sole hope rested on the French junior.

"Hope he's in," said Nugent, who felt a sort of responsibility for his father's slackness.

Bob Cherry thumped energetically on the door of Study No. 10, and the five juniors entered.

Napoleon Dupont was at home. A tremendous fire was blazing in the study, and the French boy turned with a very red face as the juniors entered.

A huge snupecan was in his hand, and a worried look upon his brow.

"Entrez! Entrez!" he said amiably. "Have some stew, ver' good!"

"No, thanks!" said Bob Cherry, with a shudder.

Napoo's cooking was far-famed, and Greystriars juniors, though they could not be termed fastidious where food was concerned, did not relish stews made of frogs and snails.

"As a matter of fact," said Nugent, starting the ball rolling, "we have come to seal the Entente—"

"L'Entente! Oui!"

The French boy's torso was puzzled. Considering the number of years that



Billy Bunter seated himself on the stile, stuck a cigarette between his lips, and lighted it. Behind him was the footpath that led across the field, and walking along the path was Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove. Bunter smoked on unaware of the approaching danger. (See Chapter 3.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE TEAM THAT COULDN'T BE BEATEN!"

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

THE MAUDET LIBRARY—No. 725.



"Yank him out!" said Bob Cherry. "Tally-ho!" The cheerful Bob caught hold of the back of the armchair and heaved it forward. Nugent caught hold of Bunter's fat wrists, and Wharton linked his arms round Nugent's waist. Then they heaved. (See Chapter 4.)

the Entente Cordiale had been formed, the juniors did seem a bit late in the day.

"Ahem! The fact is," explained Harry Wharton, "a registered letter has arrived for you—"

"And we're stony!"

"The stonyfullness is terrific!"

The French boy smiled.

"An' you 'ave come to me? Ver' good!"

He took the letter, and stared at the writing on the envelope. In breathless anxiety the five juniors waited as Napoleon unfolded the envelope.

There was a concerted groan as the French boy drew forth the contents of the envelope.

There was no familiar rustle, and the faces of the Famous Five dropped.

"Oh!" said Bob Cherry.

"Perhaps the remittance is coming on. Perhaps your aunt or uncle, whoever it is, decided not to send French notes, said Harry Wharton, with a faint returning hope. "Read the letter and see."

"The suspense is awful!" said Nugent tragically.

The French boy slowly unfolded the contents of the letter, and cast his eye over the sheet of notepaper. Then his face underwent a sudden transformation. His face blanched, he clutched the letter tightly, and stepped back a pace.

"Andre!" he murmured.

"Not bad news?" asked Wharton quickly.

All thought for themselves was gone now, and the Famous Five were genuinely concerned for the French boy. He looked as though Napoleon had received bad news.

"Your uncle all right?" asked Bob solicitously.

"Yes, yes!" said the French boy quickly. "Ciel! Mon pauvre Andre!"

He crumpled the letter in his hand, then thrust it quickly in his pocket. The Famous Five watched dumbly as he

reached for his overcoat, and slipped it on.

Napoleon's movements were suggestive of great agitation. Whatever news the letter had contained, it had evidently alarmed him.

"Nap!" said Harry quickly, as the French boy moved towards the door. "What is it? Trouble? Can we help?"

"Non, non; it is all right! I cannot say to you!"

And he shook off Wharton's arm, and hurried down the passage.

"Poor old Nap!" said Bob Cherry. "Something's upset his merry old applecart!"

Harry Wharton knit his brows anxiously.

"It's very strange," he murmured. "Wonder what made old Nap buzz off like that? It's a pretty funny thing to send a registered letter unless it contains money—"

"Or something important," said Nugent. "Perhaps a pal of Nap's has discovered a gold-mine near here—"

"Wish he'd let us on to it, then," grunted Johnny Bull. "We could do with one or two gold mines. At present miscepance would come in handy. As it is, the pictures are off!"

And with sad and gloomy faces the Famous Five wended their way down the stairs, to find consolation in cheering the school eleven. But it was a poor consolation.

As they reached the quadrangle they were just in time to see the French boy hurrying through the school gates. Napoleon's face was white and strained, his walk feverish and excited. He was naturally of an excitable temperament, and the letter he had received had alarmed him.

He paused awhile when a few yards from Greyfriars, and peered from his pocket the letter he had received. His brow wrinkled in a frown, and his hands trembled slightly as he re-read it.

And certainly it was a strange letter. Translated, it ran:

"My Dear Napoleon,—I have carried through my scheme safely. I am here in England, and by the time this reaches you I shall be in hiding in the old Priory, which you have so often described in your letters to me.

"Everywhere I have had to move with the utmost caution, as the police are still in pursuit. On board the ship was a detective, but I signed on as a hand—which, thanks to my naval training, was easy—and on landing deserted.

"Act with caution! Meet me on Saturday at three at the old Priory."

"ANDRE."

Andre in hiding at the Priory! What was he doing in England? Why worry the police after him? These were questions that the French boy was unable to answer.

And to-day was Saturday!

His cousin, Andre Lombard, had always been of an adventurous nature; but he had been honest—that Napoleon was quite sure. During the war Andre had served in the French Navy with distinction.

The French boy was both proud and fond of his cousin, and the danger to him touched Napoleon deeply.

He thrust the letter back into his pocket and hurried on. He moved now with caution, looking to see that no one followed him. For if Andre had been chased they might seek him at the school. It would not take detectives long to find where his friends in England lived!

Napoleon Dupont took a cut through the woods to where, on the right, lay the ruins of the old Priory, which he could already dimly discern.

The Priory was a splendid hiding-place, and therefore much used for that purpose. And it occurred to the French boy that it was not at all suitable, inasmuch as it was the first place likely to be searched, and that most of its secret hiding-places were known.

He looked furtively to left and right across the fields, in the direction of Friar-dale and back towards Greyfriars.

But no one was in sight.

He caught his breath sharply as he drew near the Priory, searching the building keenly for a sight of his cousin. It was strange, he reflected, to meet his cousin here. He had never met Andre in England before.

He reached the Priory, and looked back before entering. Then, stepping with the utmost caution, made his way into the ruins.

"Andre!" he called; then, receiving no answer, whistled.

He tapped his hands, and called again. "Andre!"

From somewhere farther ahead came a rustle and grating of stone, then footsteps.

A young man came quickly along the passage.

"Napoleon!"

"Andre!"

The two met, and in the French fashion kissed cheeks. They did not speak at once, but looked long at each other.

"This way," said Andre Lombard in French. "Here is a room hidden apart!"

They reached the room, and sat down on a large stone.

"Andre," said the junior, speaking in his usual tongue, "why are you here? What has happened? Your letter came as a shock. Why are the police after you?"

NEXT CHAPTER: "THE TEAM THAT COULDN'T BE BEATEN!"

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

"But I told you!" cried the other in amazement. "In the first letter I wrote you—"

"The first letter! I have had only one letter from you—one telling me you were here—a registered one."

The young man's face went white. "The other!" he cried hoarsely. "It has not reached you! Good heavens! It cannot have been lost! It must not! Oh, why did I not think to register that too. Fool that I am! Now, all will be lost! The police will find the letter, and then no!"

"But I do not understand. You mean you wrote me a previous letter that should have arrived first?"

"Yes, yes, I told you all! I am accused of theft. You remember Jean Lorraine?"

Napoleon nodded. He remembered weak Jean Lorraine very well. He had never liked Jean, and he frowned now at the mention of his name.

"It is he who is the guilty party," said Andre Lombard. "But he is weak. He lost money at baccarat, and stole to pay it back." He shrugged his shoulders. "But he was my pal. He saved my life—divided in when I was wounded and overboard. I have drawn the chase, and in a few days he will have got clear. But they must not get me. He has paid back most of the money, and he has given me his word that he will repay the other when he has earned enough to do so."

"But now. Where is he?"

"On his way to South America."

"But Andre! Suppose they capture you?"

"Then I shall suffer. He would not let me do this at first. But I persuaded him that I would be safe. I owe him at least this, you know."

"I suppose so," answered the French junior. "But—but it is hard. The police may get you any minute. And if they do, it is prison?"

"Yes!" Napoleon Dupont shuddered. "You must not hide here," he said. "It is not safe, Andre. Come to the school; you must be smuggled in tonight. It is the only way."

"But first bring me food," pleaded Lombard. "I am hungry, and I do not wish to be seen. I got a lift in a car, and reached here by tramping across the fields. If you can bring me a disguise, so much the better. I have worn these so far, but perhaps they are known—" He held up a thick wig, beard, and spectacles.

"Very well, Andre. I will bring you food. But hide well."

He kissed his cousin, and turned to go; but Andre Lombard called to him.

"Napoleon—a minute!"

"Yes?"

"That letter. Find out whether it arrived. No one must know of this!"

"Certainly, yes!" said the French boy. "It is strange. I will find out. Have patience, Andre."

In deep agitation Napoleon left his cousin, taking great care that no one observed his exit. But dusk was falling, and the fields were deserted.

He hurried along the dusky lane, greatly perturbed in mind, and wondering where that letter was that his cousin had written.

There was one fellow who could have told him—William George Bunter. And at that moment William George Bunter was heartily wishing he had never set eyes on that letter.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter's Fortuna!

"WHERE'S Billy!" Samuel Bunter of the Third Form, a smaller edition of William George, poked his fat head into Study No. 7 on the Remove corridor, and asked that question peevishly.

Alonso Todd, the sole occupant of that famous apartment, raised his head from the truly monstrous volume in which he was mentally buried.

"Billy," repeated Alonso vaguely. Alonso Todd was not a bright youth, and his mind was not elastic. He could concentrate upon only one thing at a time, and hardly on that.

Sammy Bunter snorted. "Billy," he grunted. "My brother Billy. Meantier say you don't know him! Fathead!"

"My dear Bunter. I am not deaf, there is not the slightest need to shout. Really I must say that modern manners are not an improvement upon those of the last generation. My Uncle Benjamin has often said—"

"Blow your Uncle Ben," snapped the disrespectful Samuel. "Hang your Uncle Ben! Boil him! I want to know where Billy is. B-i-l-l-y. Have you seen him?"

Alonso Todd frowned and rubbed his long nose thoughtfully.

"Dear me, yes; in the dining hall," he answered reflectively. "How strange one forgets these things. It is extraordinary. Only the other day—"

"What was he doing there?" asked Sammy suspiciously.

"Eh? I saw him at dinner. He was sitting next to Skinner!"

Slam!

Samuel Bunter shut the door of Study No. 7 with more vigour than politeness, and his scowls and grunts, as he rolled angrily along the passage were audible to Alonso within the precincts of No. 7. Alonso shook his head sadly.

Meanwhile Samuel, in great indignation, rolled along the passage. Suddenly he gave a grunt of relief.

Blocking the daylight from the passage window stood the fat figure of William George. He started as his minor approached.

"I've been looking for you," grunted Sammy peevishly. "What about that remittance from the mater? Where's my share?"

"Ahem!" I've invested it for you, Sammy," said the elder Bunter tactfully. "But look here, Sammy, I've got a job for you—"

"What about my five bob?" hooted Sammy, with brotherly scepticism. "You thief!"

"I tell you I've invested it," said his brother with dignity. "Fancy squabbling about a measly five bob. You said you'd invested it—"

"So I have. But look here—"

William George blinked about him mysteriously. "Come into this study," he whispered. "It's Smithy's—he's out. I've got something to tell you."

Sammy opened his mouth to complain at greater length about his five shillings, then shut it. He did not believe the story of the investment, and indeed William George had equivocated, inasmuch as he had invested the money in tuck he had himself eaten.

But Billy looked mysterious, and it was possible he had a money-making scheme. So Sammy followed.

"What is it?" grunted the fat fag.

"If anyone asks you if we've got an Uncle Gerald in France, say yes," whispered William George dramatically.

"If what?" gasped Sammy. "But, you fathead, we haven't!"

"I know that, idiot!" snapped his major. "But pretend we have. If you do there's a fortune for us!"

Sammy hesitated.

"U," he queried.

William George nodded.

"Of course, I shall have to sign the



"Bon wheeze!" said Bob Cherry. "We'll help do them yet!" "Zank you, my frien'!" said Napo, and fell upon Cherry's neck and kissed him. "Here, chuck that!" roared Bob Cherry. "I've a jolly good mind to give your cousin up—"
(See Chapter 5.)

papers and all that, you know, but you let get your share."

"Mindful of the five shillings, Sammy grunted, and his brother noted the hesitation."

"As a matter of fact, I don't mind telling you in confidence," he said. "I pinched a letter of Napoo's. Skinner translated it for me, though I let him think it was from an uncle of mine, or something. And it was only asking for an appointment. They don't know Napoo; and I can easily pose as a Frenchman. I've been swotting French."

Sammy grunted again, and he looked more doubtful than ever.

"I've got it all mapped out," went on William George eagerly. "I shall say 'Bonjour' and then 'Kewarker' next, but I'll have the book with me, and have a look at it on the sly."

"Sammy grunted, with a shade more doubt added.

"I don't think it's honest," he said virtuously, with a gleam in his small eyes.

William George nearly fell down.

"You—you what?" he gasped.

"It was the first time he had ever heard his minor mention the word; and certainly honesty was not a Bunter herloom."

"I don't think it's honest," repeated Sammy, with more virtue. "I've a good mind to tell Nap!"

"You—you little sneak! I—I mean, Sammy, old man, be a sport!"

Sammy winked the eye that was farthest from his brother. There did not seem much likelihood, to his way of thinking, of Billy pulling off his wonderful scheme. And here was a sure way of getting the five shillings.

"Of course, I might change my mind," he said pointedly. "If I weren't so hungry!"

"You little bouncer!" burst out Billy, indignant at this minor's lack of principle.

Sammy walked to the door.

"I say, Sammy, old man," peabled Billy. "He fished in his trouser pocket and brought forth two half-crowns. It was like having two teeth pulled out."

"Here you are," he said ungraciously. "You little worm—I mean—old chap!"

"Thanks," said Sammy, hurrying to the door, lest his major should change his mind. "This'll probably let me see the matter in a new light. I'll think it over in the tuck shop."

William George scowled as his young brother, with a fat chuckle, went from the study. It was a case of the later bit. He knew now that Sammy would not return, and the Owl of the Remove began to wish heartily that he had said nothing to his brother of his wonderful scheme.

Then, blinking angrily, he went to his study, scratched a cap from a peg, and put it on. He patted the breast pocket of his Eton jacket and gave a fat smile of satisfaction, as he wandered down the passage.

In his pocket reposed a French book giving words and phrases. The solicitor, or whoever Bunter expected to find at the sly, would undoubtedly be surprised at the youth's French.

The fat junior hurried out of the School House, blinked short-sightedly to right and left, to make sure that he was not being followed and rolled towards the gates.

When he reached them, however, he started nervously for, ahead of the "old" was Napoleon Dupont. The French junior was in a tremendous

hurry; to judge by his movements, and Bunter, not wishing to meet him, hung back.

When he was sure that the French boy was out of sight, the fat-junior hurried on. The stile was not many minutes' walk from the school, but he had to cross a field to reach it.

He got up there, and looked about him. But there was no sign of a Frenchman.

With many a grunt the junior clambered over the stile, and sat down looking about him. He drew the French phrase-book from his pocket, and frowned perplexedly at the conversations, undecided whether he should commence with the dissertation on laundry, or the inquiry of direction.

He brought forth a splendid silver watch and glanced at it. The hands showed it was nearly three o'clock.

It was an accurate watch. Ophily was always particular about his watch, and he would have trembled with fear for it, had he known its present position. Bunter was not careful with watches.

The fat junior fumbled in his pocket, and found two crumpled cigarettes, which, but for his timely intervention, would still have been reposing in Skinner's cigarette-box.

Smoking was forbidden at Greyfriars, but Skinner of the Remove had many such unpleasant little ways, and Bunter knew where he could find a cigarette when he wanted one.

The Owl of the Remove rather fancied himself as a "blat", and he stuck the cigarette between his lips and lighted it. He then blinked nervously through his spectacles, all the same. As he fell to thinking of the good fortune that would shortly befall him his face broke into a fat smile. Then he coughed as the smoke curled up his nose.

The hoodlum of the impending storm, Bunter smoked on. Behind him was the good-looking lad across the field, and walking along the path was Mr. Quelch, the gimlet-eyed master of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch was preoccupied, and it is probable that he was thinking of the chess he was to play with his friend, or of Johnny as Skinner had so disrespectfully called him.

But he chanced to look up, and his preoccupied expression changed to one of extreme anger. No one could possibly fail to recognise the gigantic figure of William George Bunter, and the thin wisp of smoke that rose from his lips was unmistakable.

The Foren-master of the Remove hurried forward quickly.

"Bunter!" he shouted angrily.

"Bunter!"

The Owl of the Remove almost fell off the stile with amazement, incredulity, and alarm.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Oh dear!"

He made a hurried attempt to conceal the cigarette up his sleeve, then fairly leapt off the stile as the glowing end burnt his arm.

"Ow! Ow! Yarough!" he yelled, dancing round, clutching his arm.

"My arm! Oh, you silly ass! I mean your arm! You utterly absurd boy!"

"Bunter! You utterly absurd boy!" said the Foren-master. "Stop that ridiculous noise at once!"

But Bunter was unable to. He hopped round till the pain had partially

subsided; then he blinked at Mr. Quelch anxiously.

"You utterly ridiculous boy!" snarled the enraged master. "How dare you sit here and smoke? You know that smoking is prohibited!"

"I—I—I—," stammered Bunter.

"I had to—"

"You foolish boy! What do you mean?"

"I've got an appointment here, sir, with my uncle—I mean my solicitor," gabbled the fat junior. "I had to smoke a cigarette so that he should recognise me—"

"Bunter! do not prevaricate!" thundered the master. "There is no excuse. Wait for me in my study at seven o'clock. For the present you had better return to school and write me two hundred lines!"

"Tut-tut—two hundred lines! Oh, sir! But my uncle—I mean my solicitor—"

"Silence! I will not stand here and listen to absurd lies! Return at once!"

The master's voice was truly terrifying, and William George Bunter's fat legs trembled violently.

Mr. Quelch pointed in the direction of Greyfriars, and his eyes gleamed. His fingers closed more tightly on the stick he carried.

One look Bunter gave him, then scudded across the field as fast as his fat legs would carry him.

"Beast!" he muttered.

When the master had disappeared Bunter crept stealthily back, pausing to work out his subsequent plans. He did not wish to miss the dinner, but he dared not sit on the stile again. Mr. Quelch might take it into his head to return. Even Bunter realised that that would not please Mr. Quelch.

His brain worked slowly, but at last his face lit up with a smile of comprehension. He took a pencil from his pocket and the envelope of Napoleon Dupont's letter. With his tongue in his cheek he laboriously prised a message:

"ANDRE LOMBARD. Meet me here to-night. NAPOLEON DUPONT."

Then he hurried back to school.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Dupont Wants a Duel!

"DUPONT! I say—"

Sammy Bunter, with a fat smile on his face, advanced upon the French junior as he hurriedly entered the quadrangle at Greyfriars.

Napoleon's face wore a worried look, and he did not appear to have heard the fat.

Sammy frowned, and with a fat thumb dug the junior in the ribs.

Napoleon gasped, and for the first time realised Sammy's presence.

"Hallo!" he said shortly.

"Say," said something to tell you!" I've got something to tell you!" said the egregious Samuel mysteriously. "A secret!"

He frowned round at the juniors who were grinning at him, and tugged at Napoleon's arm.

"Buzz off, porpoise!" said Bob Cherry. "As you see, Napoo's worried. He can't be bothered with a fat lump like you! Clear!"

"Yes, Hep" it!" supplemented Nugent.

The French junior, always polite, waved his hands and smiled.

"A moment!" he pleaded. "Perhaps"

(Continued on page 15.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2!

NEXT MONDAY! "THE TEAM THAT COULDN'T BE BEATEN!"

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



The GREYFRIARS' HERALD

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE

Supplement No. 53.

Harry Johnston
Editor

Week Ending December 31st, 1921.



By
**FRANK
NUGENT.**

MR. QUELCH AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH. On the Form-master's right was a very excitable little man, who, whenever the Crusaders did anything brilliant, waved his arms about like windmills, and succeeded several times in knocking Mr. Quelch's hat off.

"I HAVE never seen a professional football match in my life!" declared Mr. Quelch.

"But that is no reason why you should not see one this afternoon," said Mr. Lascelles, with a smile. "Courtfield Crusaders are playing West Kent Wanderers in the preliminary round for the English Cup. I shall have the honour of keeping goal for Courtfield. It will encourage me to know that one of my colleagues is present on the ground, cheering me on."

Mr. Quelch wrinkled his brows.

"I confess I do not understand very much about this absurd game of ball, Lascelles," he said.

"Well, it's only necessary for you to know that it shall be engaged in guarding a net. Every time I sit or kick the ball away, you will join in the general cheering. And every time I allow the ball to travel past me into the net, you will emit a series of hollow groans."

"Pray do not be so flippant, my dear Lascelles. Do you honestly consider it worth while that I should go over to Courtfield this afternoon?"

"I do. You are looking tired and over-worked, Mr. Quelch. You have been putting so far too much time at your typewriter of late. An afternoon in the fresh air will do you a power of good. And the match is sure to prove a thrilling and a stubborn

"How much does one pay to go in?" he inquired.

Although he could not be styled a mean man, Mr. Quelch was very thrifty, and he had none of the reckless mania for squandering money which is possessed by the British Constitution.

"Well, if you want a seat in the stand," said Mr. Lascelles, "it will cost you one-and-sixpence. That includes amusement tax."

"Amusement!" echoed Mr. Quelch. "I have never regarded a football match in the light of an amusement. It is a game in which the players frequently do one another serious injury, and there have been cases of broken limbs—even fatalities. Such things are far from amusing!"

Mr. Lascelles laughed outright.

"Such calamities are the exception, not the rule," he said. "There is really less danger in playing football than in riding a bicycle."

"But I say you say it would cost me one-and-sixpence to have a seat in the stand?"

"Yes."

"And supposing I prefer to watch the game standing up?"

"That will be ninepence less. But I shouldn't advise you to do it, or you will feel like the middle sardine in a closely-packed tin."

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch. "You have succeeded in persuading me, Lascelles, and

I shall come. You are certain it will not cost me more than one-and-sixpence?"

"Oh, quite!"

The young mathematics master nodded cheerfully to Mr. Quelch, and hurried away to pack his football togs into a bag, before setting out for Courtfield.

Mr. Quelch fetched his bicycle, and rode steadily over to the little market town.

On his arrival he found the place thronged with people.

Nearly every man wore favours in his button-hole. The majority of them wore red—the colour of Courtfield Crusaders—but here and there one observed the light blue of West Kent Wanderers.

Mr. Quelch was compelled to dismount from his machine, for he could not have ridden to the football-ground without causing heavy casualties en route.

He went into a garage in the High Street, and asked if he might leave his bicycle there.

"Certainly, sir!" said the proprietor. "Nice afternoon for the match, sir? Who do you think will pull it off?"

"Er—I cannot say. I understand that Courtfield have some excellent batsmen."

The garage proprietor stared, as well he might.

"As Lascelles is playing for Courtfield," Mr. Quelch went on, anxious to give the impression that he knew something about it, "I should not be surprised to see the home team win by an innings!"

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"An innings? Why, my dear sir, this is a football match, not a cricket match!"

"I am already aware of that," said Mr. Quelch.

"Well, they don't have innings in football matches!" almost shouted the garage proprietor.

Mr. Quelch coloured to the roots of his hair.

"Ahem! I appear to have made a slight mistake!" he stammered.

And before his astonished companion could reply, Mr. Quelch hurried away.

He found a vast crowd waiting for admission outside the turnstiles.

It was a gay and good-humoured crowd. The turnstiles were being besieged at the top of their oars, a parody on "We are the flag-time Army."

"We are the Gay Crusaders, when everyone extols;

Who cannot kick, we cannot shoot, And yet we bag the goals!"

Mr. Quelch didn't like crowds. He found himself jostled this way and that way, and his pet corner was trodden on at least half a dozen times. He found himself loping looking round for the time when he could secure a seat in the stand.

At last he reached the turnstile. He looked anything but a respectable Form-master when he got there. His clothes were crumpled; his collar had broken loose from its moorings.

"Nonsense, please!" rapped out the attendant.

Mr. Quelch put down a sixpence and three coppers. The turnstile revolved, and he passed inside the ground. He was then called upon to pay a further sixpence for a seat in the stand.

And what a seat! It was a crude plank, which looked as if it might collapse at any moment.

Mr. Quelch gingerly sat down, and awaited developments.

He had not long to wait. Amid vociferous cheers, the Courtfield Crusaders sprinted east to the field.

Mr. Quelch easily distinguished Larry Lacerie—an athletic figure in his sweater and shorts. Larry was one of the finest amateur goalkeepers in the south of England, and he was a popular idler.

A rather more subdued cheer greeted the appearance of the West Kent Wanderers.

The captain met together in the centre of the field, and shook hands. A coin was spun; the teams lined up, and the match began.

Mr. Quelch was far from happy. On his immediate left was a gentleman who was smoking a particularly cheap and odorous cigar. The wind blew the fumes right into Mr. Quelch's face.

On the Form-master's right was a very excitable little man, a rabid supporter of the home team, who, whenever the Crusaders did anything brilliant, waved his arms about like a windmill, and succeeded in knocking Mr. Quelch's hat off, besides digging the Remove master in the ribs with a honk blow.

The first half of the game was intensely exciting, but Mr. Quelch could see very little of the play, owing to the haze of cigar smoke which obstructed his vision.

At five minutes arrived with Courtfield Crusaders leading by two goals.

Mr. Quelch hoped to enjoy a "breather" during the interval, for the excitable little man on his left had nothing to get excited about.

Mr. Courtfield Town Band assembled in the middle of the playing pitch, and started to make weird noises. Whilst they were thus engaged a man came round with a collecting-box and passed along in front of the stand, and halted at length in front of Mr. Quelch.

"Collection for the band, sir?" he remarked.

"Band! What band?"

"The one that's playin' now, of course!"

"Oh, is that a band?" said Mr. Quelch, with smiling sarcasm, "and thought it was a senseless conspiracy of noise!"

Immediately there was an uproar amongst those who were seated near Mr. Quelch.

"He's runnin' down our town band!"

"He is!"

Mr. Quelch looked greatly alarmed.

"My dear, good people—" he began, "we'll let you go!" said the excitable

little man, "on condition that you put half-a-crown in the collecting-box!"

"Really!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "I quite fail to see—"

"Yes, you'll quite fail to see after you've had a couple of black eyes! I should advise you to drop that half-dollar in quick!"

Mr. Quelch saw that he had been very indelicately criticising the town band. Courtfield's hand was wrenched and reversed almost as gently as his major.

Discretion being the better part of valour, Mr. Quelch dropped half-a-crown into the box.

No sooner had he done so than other boxes began to arrive.

There was a collection on behalf of the Courtfield unemployed. There was also a collection on behalf of Samuel Swift, captain of Courtfield Crusaders Reserve. Sammy had been unfortunate enough to break his leg, and he was in the Cottage Hospital.

Then there was a collection for the Mayor's Fund. What the fund was for, and how it had come into being, Mr. Quelch didn't know. But everybody was putting money in the box, so the Form-master had no alternative but to follow suit.

By five o'clock he left the ground. Mr. Quelch was the poorer by twelve-and-sixpence. And for some days afterwards it was noticed that he was not on speaking terms with Mr. Larry Lacerie!

How did the match go?

It was a draw of three goals each. The replay will take place at Ilchester on Wednesday next.

Mr. Quelch will not be there!

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

A year has now passed away since the "Herald" started its successful career as a supplement to the "Magnet Library."

And how swiftly the year has flown! In its history the "Herald" has the honor of being the Companion Papers put his proposition before me—that the "Herald" should appear week by week in supplement form.

It seems but yesterday that my staff was formed, and we sat down together in Study No. 1 and discussed all our plans in detail.

I can remember the expression of eager pleasure on the faces of all assembled—save the face of Lord Mancester, our Fashion Editor, who, he had his own way, would do no manner of work.

So here is the first milestone of our progress—the New Year of 1922.

The dying year has been a good year. We shall look back upon it with a sense of pleasure and achievement.

But do not imagine we shall be content to rest on our laurels. We are going to make the "Greyfriars Herald" better and brighter than ever. We are going to make it in every way worth the price of the paper in which it appears—the "Magnet Library."

For upwards of a dozen years the "Magnet" has been a household word. There are very few people even among the fellows who would not miss their favourite Monday paper for worlds.

And now that we are an integral part of it (I borrowed the word "integral" from Bob Cherry's dictionary) we are going to do our utmost to keep up to the high standard of that journal. There will be no attractive. I know heaps of fellows who would not miss their favourite Monday paper for worlds.

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MY DIARY FOR

THE YEAR!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

I have come to the conclusion that it is sheer, stark lunacy to keep a diary.

I kept one in the year 1921. And I have learnt my lesson. I shan't keep one in 1922!

In my diary I used to make a note of all the outstanding incidents of the day. And sometimes I would include things of small consequence, such as bunnings.

Fellows who are keen on statistics (I hope I've spelt it right, but I have my doubts) will be interested in the following facts and figures, which I have obtained from my diary for the year.

In 1921, I consumed the following:

188 loaves of bread.

120 lbs of butter.

1,226 slabs of toffee.

1,119 bars of chewing gum.

2,000 doughnuts.

2,000 jam tarts.

Pretty good going, isn't it?

I also received over 2,000 bunnings in the course of the year.

The number of lines awarded to me by my masters and prefects total nearly a quarter of a million.

I have not been able to estimate the number of files I have told in the course of the year. I should say it was well over a million. Of course, I could not record every fib in my diary. I should have been scribbling all day and all night!

In the course of the year I caught no less than a hundred-and-twenty colds through listening to a radio.

Out of three hundred and sixty-five mornings I overslept on three hundred and five. Bob Cherry saw to it that I didn't oversleep on the remaining sixty!

But the most tragic entries of all in my diary were those which referred to studies I had raised at various times.

Full particulars of the raids were jotted down in every instance. So that when I happened to lose my diary a few days ago, and Losler of the Sixth found it, he discovered the startling information that I had raised his study nearly two hundred times in the course of the year.

Losler was furious. He sent my major to find me, and I was compelled to go along to his study and be punished. I don't know how many cuts he gave me, but if he hadn't got exhausted he would have administered one cut for every raid I had carried out during the year!

Of course, I was badly "cut up" about it, and for some days I have been unable to sit down without difficulty.

That's what comes of keeping a diary! You lose the blessed thing, and it falls into the hands of a prefect, and then you have to go through the mill!

Take the advice of your Uncle Sammy, dear readers, and never, never keep a diary. It's asking for trouble!

For a Happy New Year to you all! And don't forget to read this week's issue of my brother's wonderful "Weekly," which you will find in the "Popular."

HARRY WHARTON.



Harry Wharton's Speech!

At the Grand Anniversary Banquet of the Greyfriars Herald, held in the Junior Assembly-room, on Monday evening.

Taken down, and afterwards transcribed on Quelch's typewriter - - By H. VERNON-SMITH.

HARRY WHARTON: "Gentlemen of the Remove—"

SKINNER: "Dry up!"

WHARTON: "Gentlemen of the Remove, and Skinner (laughter), I feel very strongly the importance of this occasion. Much water has flowed under Blackfriars' bridges; they generally say London Bridge, so we'll have Blackfriars for a change—since our little paper was first launched—"

BOLSOVER: "You speak as if it were a stream (up)!" (Laughter.)

WHARTON: "We want no Bolshewist interruptions at this gathering. Percy! Shut up, or you'll go out on your neck-stitch! (Laughter.) As I was saying, gentlemen and Skinner and Bolsover—much water has flowed under the bridges since our little paper was first launched. Years ago—in the early days of the war, to be precise—we were on the market as a separate halfpenny paper. Then the paper shortage suppressed us—for a time. We bobbed up again at the tail end of the 'Magnet' Library, under the heading of 'Extracts.' And in 1921—exactly a year ago, gentlemen—we appeared as a special supplement in the centre of the 'Magnet.' We have been there ever since."

BUNTER: "What about my 'Weekly'?"

WHARTON: "But it's not nearly so flourishing and healthy an infant as the 'Greyfriars Herald.' (Commotion on the platform.) Yes, your fellow, you know, can try and howl me down, if you like, but the fact remains that the 'Herald' is streets ahead of Billy Bunter's assiduous publication!"

BUNTER: "Look here, Wharton, you have a right—"

WHARTON: "Oh, yes, I have, and a left, too! And I'll use 'em both to good advantage if these interruptions continue! Now, where was I? Oh, I was saying that for a whole year we have appeared in the centre of the 'Magnet'—the core, so to speak, of a very delicious apple!"

SKINNER: "If, as you say, you are the core, then you deserve to be thrown away!" (Laughter.)

WHARTON: "I know somebody who will be thrown out of this room if he doesn't conduct himself properly! Now, in reviewing our work for the past year, I consider we have good cause to feel proud of ourselves. The 'Greyfriars Herald' has won for itself a permanent place in the esteem and regard of British boys and girls."

BUNTER: "So has my 'Weekly'!"

WHARTON: "Will somebody stifle that fat porpoise into silence!"

CHEERY: "Leave him to me. I'll sit on him!" (Laughter.)

BUNTER: "Ow-ow-ow-ow!"

WHARTON: "No more speeches, please! (Laughter.) Silence for the chair! Now, in looking back upon our progress during the past twelve months, I am much impressed by one thing, which stands out above all others—the loyalty and devotion of my hard-working staff."

BULL: "Cut it out, Harry!"

WHARTON: "I will not cut it out, Brother Jonathan! I mean what I say. The members of the editorial staff have been indefatigable—"

CHEERY: "That's a good word, anyway. I'll use it both ways!" (Laughter.)

WHARTON: "We have had our ups and downs—"

SKINNER: "As the kid said when he fell off the seesaw?" (Laughter.)

WHARTON: "Little disputes have occasion—"

ally arisen—and are bound to arise; but I must say that, on the whole, we have worked together in perfect, whole-hearted harmony. I feel proud to add my tribute to all my contributors. Dick Penfold has helped me considerably by his bright and breezy verse to enliven the first page. There have been splendid short stories from the pens of Mark Lemley, Frank Nuncut, Micky Desmond, Dick Roscell, and a host of others. Vernon-Smith's sporting articles have been widely read and admired. And last, but not least, I must pay a tribute to the humorous work of Tom Brown. There are others, too, who have done much, in a quiet way, to keep the flag flying. To all of them I extend my best thanks, and my cordial good wishes for the New Year—"

PENFOLD: "May I have an increase of salary, please? Seems an opportune moment to ask!" (Laughter.)

WHARTON: "Ahem! That is a matter which will have to be gone into anon—"

PENFOLD: "What the millennium arrives, I suppose!" (Laughter.)

WHARTON: "I am aware that there are certain things to be amended and adjusted. Everything will be dealt with in the fulness of time. I will now conclude my little oration—"

SKINNER: "Thank goodness! I thought you up like a German alarm clock!" (Laughter.)

WHARTON: "I will conclude my remarks by wishing all the gentlemen present—also skinner, Bunter, and Bolsover—a right happy and prosperous New Year!" (Loud and frantic cheers.)

WINGATE'S SPECIAL MESSAGE

(We did not suspect our genial skipper of being a poet. But we are very pleased to publish his little effusion.—Ed.)

Many moons have passed away
Since you saw the light of day.

Many things have happened here,
And throughout each hemisphere,

Since you came upon the scene,
Funny, breezy magazine!

Wars have waged throughout the
world,

Mighty systems have been hurled
into ruin and decay

Since you exercised your sway.
Still you stand, in spite of all.

May you never fade nor fall;
May your editor and chief

Never fail, nor come to grief;
And the members of your staff

Long survive to make us laugh.
May the works of Thomas Brown

Still win credit and renown,
And the writings of Bob Cherry

Keep our spirits bright and merry,
William Annis Bunter,

Still write features week by week
That will make the readers shriek.

May old Coker sometimes write,
For his outbursts give delight.

May the year that's now before you
Bring fresh readers to adore you.

May you go from strength to strength,
And your columns be as long

As the finest magazine
Britain's youthful public's seen.

"Greyfriars Herald." I wish you
A prosperous Nineteen twenty-two!

A Reader's Request!

One of the oldest readers of the "Magnet Library" is a "cheery youth named Jimmy R., of Repton.

This young gentleman's poetic effusions have appeared from time to time in the "Magnet," and now, for the first time, he addresses an ode to the Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald," requesting that certain features which formerly appeared in our little paper should be revived.

I do not bind myself to carry out my chum's wishes, because our greatest assets to successful journalism is variety, and the majority of my reader clubs would seem not lured if the same features were dished up week by week.

However, I am reproducing my Repton friend's verses, as they are of general interest.—Ed.

Tell me, great Harry,
What has pester Todd

Done with your Jotson?

Has he gone to "quod"?
How we used to revel

In his quaint, delectations!
Please let Todd that Column

Or there will be ructions!
What's become of Shaker,

Jot's cute assistant?
All these fiction favourites

Now seem dim and distant,
Bunter's Football Column

Tell me—where's it got to?
If the Owl is slacking,

Tell the beggar not to!

Interviews with people
By your tall reporter

Used to raise the standard
From each keen newspaper,

They've been missing lately
From the printed page.

But, in their slack taskmaster,
Last year readers rage!

Now that we're approaching
Nineteen-twenty-two,

Make a resolution
That you'll always do

What your readers ask for,
Like the sport you are!

I remain, as always,
Your pal—Jimmy R.

Thank you, Jimmy R.! The poet laureate of the Greyfriars Remove will have to look to his laurels!

ANNIVERSARY NOTES!

By Bob Cherry.

A grand Anniversary Banquet, promoted by the staff of the "Greyfriars Herald," was held in the Junior Common-room early this week. All the usual furniture had been removed, and a long banquet table, capable of seating forty fellows, had been brought in. The tables were used broadcast east to the Remove, and everybody turned up—with one exception.

The notable exception was Lord Maulverer, our Fashion Editor. Busy set a special message by a fax, saying he much regretted he could not attend the banquet, owing to an attack of whooping-cough. He sent his best wishes for the success of the function, (it afterwards transpired that his lordship's attack of whooping-cough was, in reality, nothing but an attack of sleeping sickness!)

The banquet proved a huge success. Messrs. Chumley's of Courtfield, were responsible for the catering arrangements, and everything went without a hitch. The Editor (Harry Wharton) took the chair, and Billy Bunter took the cent-sentific, there being no room for him at the table. Bunter pitched into the good things with his usual gusto, and, as usual, was so well reported, heard clamouring for a fourth helping of this or a fifthth helping of that!



By BILLY BUNTER.

THESE are not many things that I don't shine at. I can play fouter. I can box. I can swim. I can play cards. I can sing. I can play twenty quid a night at any London music-hall with my wonderful Ventriosquos. I can edit a paper (buy a copy of the "Punch" on a Friday, and see for yourself). I can eat. I can write poetry. But, above all, I can sing.

To compare a skylark with me is like comparing a penny squeaker to a harp. I can sing far more sweetly than any skylark that ever soared. Great singers are born, and not made. Gr. as Bob Cherry says, great singers are borne, and not flayed!

You may not believe it, dear readers—I don't suppose for a moment that you will be asked to sing when I was only a few days old.

The refrain of my first song went something like the "Goo, goo, moo, Goo, goo, gag." People used to come miles to see me—or, rather, to hear me.

"What a delightfully musical baby!" was their comment. "And how stumpy!" The first song I rendered in public was when I was christened. The clergyman said to my father, "It's a great mistake, Mr. Bunter, to call the child 'William George.' You ought to christen him 'Caruso'!"

However, I am very glad that my initials didn't become C.R., or I should have been known at Greyfriars as "Caruso Barracks," or "Caught Reading," or something of that sort.

At the age of four I was able to sing "Come in the Cockshoe Door, Boys," in great style. I also knew a whole crowd of lullabies by heart, and used to sing myself to sleep with them.

There was one thing that always used to annoy me, as a small boy.

When I started singing, and there was company present, they would all get up and leave the room. Some would screech up

their faces into expressions of anguish. I could never quite understand this. Another thing that puzzled me was this. When I obtained a place in the village choir the rest of the choristers promptly resigned. Still, that didn't worry me much. I was able to make as much noise, of my own bat, as a full-throated choir.

When I first came to Greyfriars, I was asked to sing at a Form concert. I had hardly got through the first verse of my song when all sorts of missiles came hurling through the air.

Why such a famous singer should have been attacked, I cannot say. I can only conclude that personal jealousy was at the bottom of it. I can well imagine anybody being jealous of my wonderful voice! My tuition taken has never received proper recognition.

The other day I was singing "Drake Goes West," in my study.

"If you don't dry up, Bunter," said Peter



Mr. Quelch appeared in the doorway. "Stop that noise, Bunter," he said. "How dare you create such a disturbance!"

having punctured young Tubb with a loading-fork.

So my third resolution was just as easy to make, and to keep, as the other two. And then I began to get on dangerous ground.

Resolution No. 4 was that I would rise at five every morning, wet or fine, snow or sunshine, morning or rain. No longer would I be a sluggard. No longer would I wallow in slothfulness until the harsh clang of the rising-bell made me come out of my shell. I would rise with the gladsome lark. By the time I had got thus far, I was beginning to bubble over with good resolutions.

My list grew rapidly. In future, I would not read the "Boys' Friend" under the desk in the Forenoon. I would not place inverted tin-lacks on Mr. Quelch's seat. I would not put tame mice, frogs, or hedgehogs in his desk. I would never resort to the contemptible practice of rigging up a booby-trap with the very first time, and not spend my evenings playing chess.

I resolved, in short, to become a perfect, peerless, priceless, paragon. My first grand idea was ushered in with a blare of trumpet, and the time was ripe for me to carry out my resolutions.

The first three I carried out with ease. I was so tempted to smoke, to play cards, or to bully my smaller brethren.

My fourth resolution was broken in a flash. I had resolved to turn out at five in the morning, and the very first morning I overslept, and turned out an hour later than usual!

Having shattered this resolution at once, so as to tempt me to my next one, I was, at any rate, kept the others.

Alas! The spirit was willing, but the flesh weak. On the very next Monday I smuggled the "Boys' Friend" into the Remove Form-

room, and read it under the desk. I also placed an upturned tin-lack on Mr. Quelch's seat. Further, I placed a choice assortment of pets in his desk. And in the evening, when Hurree Singh boozed, that nobody could hold a candle to him, so far as chess was concerned, I promptly challenged him to a game!

So, thanks to my wonderful New Year resolutions: I broke practically the whole jolly lot. And many of my schoolfellows have since confessed to me that they did precisely the same.

It seems to me, therefore, that to draw up a list of resolutions for the New Year is a wicked waste of time, paper, and pen.

What would you think of a firm of toffee-makers who manufactured a ton of toffee a day, and then, when they would you think Dick Penfold if he scribbled a whole sheaf of odes and never published them?

It's the same with New Year resolutions. They are made, but nothing ever comes of them. They end in smoke.

All around the fellows have been making resolutions and breaking them. They are silly chumps, and quite why they have better to leave New Year resolutions alone!

(I cannot agree with our esteemed contributor, Browney, besides his subject humorously, but, for my own part, I am a firm believer in New Year resolutions. It is true that the majority of them are broken, and that very few are ever made, but one may at least have the satisfaction of trying to live up to the resolutions which have been formed. I have no use for the type who, as Browney says, makes any effort to better himself—who is content to remain as he is, without trying to conquer and crush any of his faults. New Year resolutions are, of course, commendable, in spite of anything that Browney may say to the contrary.—Ed.)

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS!

By Tom Brown.

NEW YEAR resolutions are like promises and pie-crusts—made to be broken.

When the Old Year was drawing to a close, I sat and pondered for a long time over my faults and failings.

"Have I been a good little boy?" I asked myself. "Have I given pleasure to my kind teachers?" Have I been unselfish and slow to anger? Have I modelled myself upon Good Little George, the boy who kept his feet nice and clean upon the straight and narrow path?

I was bound to confess that I had not.

My heart plan, therefore, I argued, was to draw up a list of resolutions for the New Year, so that, in twelve months' time, I, Thomas Brown, should be no longer a scamp, a Tartar, and a terror, but an ornament to my society—a paragon of all the virtues.

With due care and deliberation I compiled my list.

First of all, I decided that I would give up smoking. This was easy, for I had never smoked a cigarette in my life!

Then I resolved to give up gambling. This too was easy, for I am not in the habit of playing nap for penny points. To tell the truth, I'm not a bit keen on playing cards, even for love.

My third resolution was to give up bullying small boys. Well, I don't remember ever to have played football (with Nugent minor as the football), or having bullied Bunter (minor as the teacher), though he richly deserves it! Neither do I recollect

"AGAINST THE LAW!"

(Continued from page 2.)

the roll—what you call it?—lard has consoling to tell."

"Lies!" said Bob Cherry, with decision. "Shall I pull his ear for you?"

"You leave my ear alone!" howled Sammy. "It's nothing to do with you, Bob Cherry! I've got some information, and I'm ready to tell it to Napoo for a small consideration, of course!"

"Of course!" said Bob Cherry. "How much is it worth?" asked Sammy astutely.

"Five shillings," said Napoo laconically.

He felt that this was no occasion for wasting time with Samuel Bunter.

Samuel growled discontentedly. But he felt Bob Cherry's eye upon him, and saw Bob's boot drawing back suggestively.

"Quiet!"

The French boy's expression changed, and he gripped the fug's collar.

"Here, whatever at? Leggo! Cherry, make him leggo! Ow!"

Napoleon proceeded to shake the fug like a dog shaking a rat, and Sammy's teeth chattered together. It was no more than he deserved, but that was small consolation.

"Where is it?" cried the French boy excitedly. "My letter?"

"Here, ensue up, Nap!" said Wharton. "You'll shake the kid's head off. He can't talk while you're slaking him."

The French boy flung the fug from him, and Sammy rolled on to the ground, still yelping.

"My letter!" shouted Napoleon. "Where is it?"

"Ow! Yow! Boast! Billy's got it—"

"Where is he? Where's Buntaire?" Napoleon looked about him excitedly, and it is doubtful whether Bunter would have come forward had he been present. The French boy's look was not altogether inviting.

"What about my five bob?" asked the fug discontentedly, sitting up.

With a contemptuous gesture, the French junior flung down two half-crowns, and the fat fug crawled over the quadrangle after them, then scuttled rapidly away.

"Buntaire! Where is he?"

"Echo answers where?" muttered Bob Cherry. "Poor old Bunter! Always looking for trouble, and finding it."

"Probably in his study," said Harry Wharton, "or the tuckshop. Better try the bag."

The French boy nodded curtly, then turned on his heel and strode towards the school tuckshop, where Bunter spent most of his time. His brow was dark and angry, and there was no doubt that Bunter would have a sad home-coming.

The Famous Five, wondering rather, followed. After Napoleon's treatment of Sammy they felt it would be wise to act as umpire. Even though Bunter might deserve a bumping and a thrashing, there were limits.

But Bunter was not in the tuckshop, nor was he in the Cloisters, or beneath the oaks. They searched the playing-fields, then turned their attention to the School House.

Vernon-Smith was standing in the d-corway, and he raised his eyebrows when he saw the fierce look on the French boy's face.

"Hallo! What's up?" he asked.

"Buntaire—have you seen him?"

"No, but I'll search for him."

"Thank you, Vernon-Smith."

"You're welcome."

"I'll search for him."

"Thank you, Vernon-Smith."

"You're welcome."

"I'll search for him."

"Thank you, Vernon-Smith."

"You're welcome."

"Oh, Bunter!" grinned Smithy. "Yes, he's inside. He doesn't look any too happy. He's probably in his study."

"Thanks!"

And the small procession walked on, leaving Vernon-Smith staring after them lazily.

Harry Wharton flung open the door of Bunter's study, but the Owl of the Remove was conspicuous by his absence.

"Probably in my study," said Nugent, frowning. "If he's there, there will be trouble. There's a cake in the cupboard."

And Frank Nugent, with the others just behind him, hurried along to Study No. 1.

"Here he is!"

William George Bunter looked up, in great alarm. He had been sitting in the armchair gazing into the fire, thinking out plans.

"I—I say—" he began. "Here, chuck it!"

"Yank him out!" said Bob Cherry. "Tally-ho!"

And the cheerful Bob caught hold of the back of the armchair and heaved it forward. Nugent caught hold of Bun-

ter's fat wrists, and Wharton linked his arms round Nugent's waist.

"Leave 'em, Bunter, they're not worth it."

"Leggo, you silly asses!"

But they did not leave go; they held on. Bunter came out of the armchair like an arrow from a bow, and Bob Cherry drew the chair back.

"Yow! Beasts! Leggo, I tell you!"

Obediently the juniors let go, and William George Bunter sank back into space, meeting the floor with a most emphatic bang. He sat there howling, and Napoleon Dupont entered the room.

"Buntaire!"

With lowering brow, the French boy strode forward, and Bunter, with many jabs of conscience, blinked at him.

"Where is my letter?" demanded Dupont.

"Your—your letter?"

The French junior advanced threateningly, and Bunter scrambled to his feet.

"I haven't got your silly letter!" he spluttered, as Napoo gripped him. "I haven't seen it. I don't know anything about Andre Lombard. And Skinner didn't—"

"Skinner! You have shown the letter to him!" shouted Napoo, in alarm. He knew Skinner's habits. Bunter

was a fool, but Skinner was undoubtedly a knave.

"I didn't!" protested Bunter. "Leggo my ear, Frenchie—I mean Nap—"

"Steady on!" said Wharton, as he gripped the French boy's arm.

Napoleon Dupont turned upon him with flashing eyes.

"My letter! Mak' him give it to me!" he cried hoarsely. "Buntaire!"

Wharton looked sternly at the fat junior, who blinked back at him and winked fatly.

"I'll give you a share of the fortune—I mean, I haven't seen the silly letter!"

For a moment the Owl of the Remove hesitated, then the look on Harry's face decided him. With grumbles and groans, he gave up the letter, and the French boy grabbed it eagerly.

He cast his eyes over it, then turned once more to the palpitating Bunter.

"Yes—I've read it," he asked.

"Yes—I mean, no! Skinner translated it. I went there this afternoon and—"

"Where?"

"The stile, of course, where the solicitor is waiting," said Bunter. "Look here, you might get halves with your fortune. I had the letter translated."

"Fool! There is no fortune. Skinner has misled you!"

"Nun-no fortune! Oh crumbs!" Bunter blinked in dismay.

"Traitor!" hissed the French boy. "You shall give me revenge. I demand satisfaction!"

He smacked the fat face of the Owl of the Remove, and Bunter yelped.

"Here, I say, chuck it—"

"Duel—duel, I say! Fool, do you hear?"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Nugent. "This isn't France, Nap! You can't duel here—"

"Pah! I demand it! He shall choose weapons—"

Bob Cherry gave his chums an elaborate wink.

"I'll second you, Bungy. I said, 'Bear up! Make it pistols. It won't hurt you if you're shot. Better make a will. Leave Franky the postal-order you're expecting—'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is not joke!" cried Napoo excitedly. "Why you laugh! I—"

The study door opened, and Field put his head in.

"Bunter here? Quelch wants you. He's got a licking look in his eyes, my son!"

William George Bunter backed behind the captain of the Remove.

"Oh dear!" he gasped. "I say, Wharton, don't let him see me! I say, Napoo, be a pal! I gave you your letter; stand up for me. It was that rotter Skinner. He translated the letter, and said I was to go to the stile and smoke. And now Quelch has caught me, ha—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked angrily at the juniors, then Bob Cherry caught him by the collar.

Nugent opened the door, and five boots were drawn back simultaneously. The same five boots shot forward—and so did Billy.

Biff!

Bump!

"V'arrog!"

Slam!

Bunter was gone!

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

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 725.



THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Strange Ride!

HARRY WHARTON closed the door of Study No. 1, and turned to the French boy.

"Is that letter all right?" he said. "Not been tampered with, I mean?"

Napoleon nodded his head. "It looks very all right," he said, but he looked a little worried. "Where eos Skinnaire? Have you seen 'im?"

Wharton shook his head. "Skinner been up to his tricks?" asked Nugent.

The French boy shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot say! I hope not!"

"If there is anything we can do to help, you know—" began Harry Wharton. He broke off, as the door behind him opened, pushing him violently forward.

The sharp features of Harold Skinner peered into the study.

"Nap here?" asked that youth cheerfully. "Hallo!"

With a bland expression, Skinner entered and sat down. The juniors stared at him, and Bob Cherry clenched his hands threateningly.

"I met a chap in the lane who asked after you, Nap," said Skinner. "A chap with a pointed beard—"

"Oui!" The French boy was breathing deeply, and the Famous Five looked at him in amazement.

"I wanted to know if your cousin was at the school," went on Skinner, delighted at this tormenting of the French boy. "He told me the whole yarn. Andre Lombard must be a bright spark. I should down a thief. A chap can't afford to have a thief for a cousin, even when the police are on his track—"

"Smack!"

Skinner broke off suddenly as the French boy's hand shot out and met the cheek of the sneak of the Remove with a resounding crack.

A white mark showed on Skinner's cheek, and his hand went up to it automatically.

"What the dickens—" Bob Cherry looked flabbergasted.

Before the juniors had time to speak, Napoo had seized the taunting Skinner by the collar of his coat, and flung him to the ground.

"Biff! Biff!"

Napoleon Dupont wasted no time in words, but sailed into him right and left.

"Drag him off!" cried Nugent. "Great Scott!"

The French boy's waving fists caught Wharton on the nose, and he staggered back. But Bob Cherry and Nugent dragged the French boy from his quarry.

"Let me go!" shrieked the excited Dupont.

"Bye! You!" Harold Skinner sat up on the floor and howled.

"Chien! Cochon!" screamed the French boy, struggling frantically. "I challenge you! I demand satisfaction! A duel—"

"Oh my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Another! You bloodthirsty young—"

"You rotter!" howled Skinner, scrambling up. "You French ass! I'll pay you out for this. I'll give your cousin away to the police, and you for harbouring him!"

He shook a bony fist at Napoo, and slammed the door behind him.

The juniors prepared to hold the French boy in, but it was not necessary. As the door closed behind Skinner, all the French boy's belligerence dropped from him. His face paled, and his arms dropped limply.

The juniors released him. They felt they understood the cause of the French boy's worry. They knew now what that letter had contained. Skinner had translated it himself, though he had pulled Bunter's leg.

"I say—" began Wharton awkwardly. "We're awfully sorry, Napoo. Of course, we've heard all about it now. If we can help you—"

Napoleon stood silent, his lips trembling slightly.

"If we can help," went on Wharton, "don't be afraid to ask. We're sure your cousin isn't guilty."

"E is innocent! Oh, mon pauvre Andre!" gasped the French lad. "The police—"

"Look here, you'd better tell us all about it. After all, it'll be all over the school soon, and the 'fecs will arrive if what Skinner has said is true," said Wharton.

"Skinner, yes," said Napoo, through gritted teeth. "It is his fault and Buntaire's! I will have my revenge!"

"Ahem!"

But after a little pause, Napoleon told them all he knew, and of his desire to smuggle Andre into the school.

"An idea, where?" said Bob Cherry enthusiastically. "We'll do 'em yet!"

"Zank you, my friend!" said Napoo, and fell upon Bob Cherry's neck and kissed him.

"Here, chuck that!" roared Bob. "I've a jolly good mind to give your cousin up—"

"The question is," said Harry Wharton hastily, "how are we going to smuggle him into the school, if the 'fecs are fore?"

Bob Cherry rubbed his hands delightedly.

"Topping!" he grinned. "Hope they send old Tozer on the track!"

P. C. Tozer was not a formidable member of the Force, and to avoid his clutches would be easy. But the French detectives were another story.

"Too many people know," said Wharton. "With Bunter and Skinner, the news will soon be around."

"I must gain satisfaction!" hissed Napoleon. "I will fight that fat fool in fair duel!"

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Good enough!" he said. "Come along, you chaps. We'll find Bunter."

Bob left the study, and the others followed. Bob felt that the matter was serious enough, and a little humour would help. Bunter as a duelist would certainly be funny, although Napoo was in deadly earnest.

At the corridor they came upon a fat youth, apparently tied in knots. It was William George Bunter, who had returned from a painful interview with Mr. Quelch, who had come back to the school to fetch something. William was howling lustily, and Bob Cherry shook him.

"Chuck that!" he said sternly. "Look here! Do you want a soother?"

Bunter looked at the French boy, and drew back.

"Have a heart!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Only a merry old duel! Have you made your will, Bunt? I've chosen weapons. A cleaner death."

"Yarough!" howled Bunter. "I don't want to sword—I mean duel!"

"Pish!" then, said Bob. "Don't shoot till I tell you, Nap. Six paces. Come on, Bunt! He'll fire first!"

William George Bunter gave one look at the frowning angry face of the French junior. William had read of duels, and remembered that there had been a fatality not so very long ago.

Like Falstaff, he deemed discretion the better part of valour, and fled.

"Come back!" roared Bob. "Come back, and be killed!"

Bunter, however, was gone, and the others rushed in pursuit.

"Help! Murder! Save me!" yelled William George, and Bob was genuinely alarmed lest the fat youth's cries should be heard.

Already doors were being opened, and Bob sped across the quadrangle after the fat, gasping figure of the brave duelist.

Bunter did not look back. He heard the foot behind him, and his alarm increased. He tore through the gates and into the roadway.

There a car stood waiting. At the back of it, unobserved by Bunter, was a man. The bulb of the electric rear lamp had given out, and the man was removing it.

The lights of the car were all out, but the Owl was too shortsighted to notice that. Into the car he plunged, and his foot landed heavily on the self-starter pedal. There was a whizzing noise, and then the engine roared.

Bob Cherry came flying through the gates in time to hear a grating, hideous clashing as Bunter feverishly put in the gears. The car jolted forward, and the man behind gave a shriek.

"After him!" roared Bob. But the remark was unnecessary, for the man was already in pursuit. He hopped on to the back boot of the car, and Bunter heard him.

Thinking that it was Napoleon, Bunter trod on every pedal within reach, and finally found the accelerator. With a lurch the car leapt forward.

By now, however, the man was beside him. Bunter gave the wheel an erratic twist, and the man was only just able to prevent it from crashing into the ditch by the roadside.

With wonderful quickness he shut off the engine, and, leaning over Bunter, applied the brakes. The large car came to a standstill.

"Fool! Dolt!" yelled the man, and clutched at Bunter's car, causing him to yell. But the man did not appear to heed this, and soon had the car running back to the school.

Bob Cherry narrowly missed being run over, and hung on to the car as it passed him. In the gateway stood Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh. Wharton and Napoo stood just behind, and as the familiar fat figure alighted from the car, Wharton shook it vigorously.

"Repetition!" said the man, with a French accent. "Pah!" He turned to Wharton. "I wish to see ze 'eadmasteer. I am Georges Charlot, detective. I search for Andre Lombard—wanted for theft!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Tricking the Detective!

"I WISH to see ze 'Ead!" Harry Wharton bowed slightly to the detective.

"This way, sir," he said. "The page will show you up."

Leading, the school porter, stood near by, swinging his lantern.

"Such gumps hon!" he muttered, shaking his head.

Napoleon Dupont looked after the retreating figure of the great detective his eyes force, and his cheeks pale.

"Chosee up!" Bob softly. "Napoo's a happened yet. Pull yourself together, or you'll give the whole school a good scare."

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

jelly show away. He's bound to want to see you, you know.

The French boy drew a deep breath, and in silence they returned to the School House. Skinner was in the doorway, and he sneered as the French boy passed.

"We shall see, Mr. Clever!" he said. "I'll teach you to knock me about!"

Harold Skinner rubbed his injured ear. Napoo had made an enemy.

Meanwhile, the famous French detective was cloistered with the Head. Dr. Locke was looking very serious, and he sent for Napoleon Dupont. But from that lad no information was forthcoming. He kept a silent tongue, which showed a wise head. The detective questioned him rapidly, but gained no information.

At last, with the suddenness of a man of conviction, the detective rose.

"Ver' well, sir. I see zat to question ze boy is useless. I watch. It is ze only way. He will come 'ere. My men are searching ze country round about." He looked hard at Napoleon. "Your obstinacy—it is useless! Good-evening!"

The French boy shifted uncomfortably in his chair, and the Head looked at him keenly.

"I hope that you are concealing nothing, Dupont," he said. "It is not right to go against the law."

"But, Andre, is this?"

"That is for your country's law to decide."

The Head made a gesture, and the French boy hurried from the room, rather perturbed on his cousin's behalf.

Outside in the corridor the Famous Five waited to hear the result of the interview, and when they saw Napoo's downcast face, they looked glum.

"Bad news?" asked Wharton sympathetically.

Napoo shook his head.

"The detective know nothing. Zey suspect. Zey will watch."

"Oh crumbs! Then what about smuggling him in?" said Nugent. "We shall have to do that, and quickly. I won't take them many minutes to find him at the Priory, will I?"

"Not if there's many of them," said Wharton. "But I don't think there are, personally. If there were, why didn't they come with him?"

"But we must rescue the poor Johnny," said Bob. "He'll be really hungry."

"Ciel!" gasped the French boy. "I must take 'im ze food."

He would have run off then, but Wharton caught his arm.

"Steady!" warned the captain of the Remove, feeling it his duty to look after the excitable French lad. "If you go now, the 'tec will be watching. You'll show them where to go. That won't do at all."

Napoo looked downcast, and resigned the leadership to Wharton. It was a wise plan, for the captain of the Remove had a level head.

"The best thing you can do," said Wharton, "is to lead them on a false scent. Go out and act as suspiciously as you can. Take a parcel, and step every few yards to see if you are shadowed. That ought to draw them. Go right in the opposite direction. Then one or two of us can go out afterwards. You take the road to Highcliffe. Cut across the fields, and lead them a rare old chase. Snivy!"

Napoo nodded.

"That is a ver' good plan, I think."

"But we shall have to be careful," urged Nugent. "The 'tec doesn't know us, but don't omit Skinner from your

calculation. Skinner knows us all, and if I know Skinner he won't feel particularly friendly after the whopping Nap gave him this afternoon."

"Pshaw! That's so."

"I think I can manage Skinner!" granted Johnny Bull. "I'll sit on him if necessary."

"Good man!"

"Then it's a go!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Old Charlott nearly run me down in that car. I owe him this, at least. Nay, my boy, you've got to act suspicious like!"

And he clapped the French boy more jovially than comfortably on the back. They lost no time then, but hurried off to Study No. 1 to make their parcel of food to take to Napoo's cousin, while that boy went to pat on his overcoat. His part in the scheme was easy, but much depended on it.

There was no doubt at all that the detective would be watching. But it was also practically certain that he would be disappointed.

Napoo started first, and Johnny Bull followed some few paces behind, treading softly. The French junior had only gone a few yards when a figure stole stealthily from the ivy-clad walls of the House. The step was unmistakable, and Johnny Bull granted his satisfaction.

Harold Skinner did not hear the grunt. His whole attention was fixed upon the figure of the French boy in front. Napoleon smiled to himself, glad that one enemy, at least, was to be dealt with. And a yell from behind told him that the dealing had begun.

"Got you!" he heard Johnny Bull's voice proclaim. Then a loud yell rent the air, unmistakably in the tones of Skinner.

Nap turned in time to see a struggle in progress. It was a short-lived contest, however, for in a few minutes Skinner's car accompanied Johnny Bull towards the School House, and, perforce, Skinner himself, straggling and kicking, went with it.



Wharton found the door open and flashed a torch on to the ground. In the corner was a heap of parcels. "Food!" said the Removite. "And there's a rope which you can use to shin down into the quad with!" "Thank you! A thousand thanks!" said the Frenchman. (See Chapter 7.)

The French lad turned up his collar, and crept down to the gates. Then, clutching his paper parcel, he strode out into the lane, looking furtively to left and right, his whole attitude stealthy and suspicious.

A man drew back into the shadow of a wall. It was Georges Charlott, and he chuckled at the realisation of his suspicions. His assistant was far up the lane behind, hiding under a hedge near the stile, waiting for Napoleon to put in an appearance.

Bunter's note had been a help not a hindrance, for one half of the enemy's forces was being utilised to no purpose. And the other half was following a blind trail.

The detective had gone for assistance to the local police-station, but P.C. Four, the only officer who had other duties to perform, and assistance had not arrived from Courtfield. Besides, it was rather late in the day for them to begin.

Napoleon's face wore a cheery smile as he hurried along. Once or twice he almost broke into a trot, delighting in what he knew would be an exertion for the detective. Charlott was not pleased with the exercise. He was used to moving about in cars. But it was impossible to shadow in a car.

Then, for amusement's sake, the French boy cut across fields, clambered over hedges, and hid himself once or twice. He quite enjoyed his evening, which is more than could be said for the detective.

But Charlott was nearly upon him now. A thin drizzle of rain was falling, but Napoo was willing to suffer in silence. Once or twice he heard an exclamation of annoyance from his pursuer, and chuckled heartlessly. But he himself was getting tired. He had given his chums at Greyfriars ample time to accomplish their task, and he decided to end the chase. And, with French humour, he decided to end it in a novel way.

He cut up a footpath filled with puddles and mud. He had a pocket-

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"THE TEAM THAT COULDN'T BE BEATEN!"

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torch, and he lit his way with it. The detective was less fortunate. He had a torch, but without letting his quarry know that he was being pursued, the torch could not be used. So the unfortunate detective floundered through the puddles with many a muttered ejaculation.

Then Napoleon ended the chase. He clambered on to the stile, and turned his face to the way from which he had come. The detective fell to the ground under a hedge, and lay watching. Very slowly, and with what must have been to the detective, tantalizing ease, the French junior untied the knots and unrolled the package which he had brought with him. Then from the package, which consisted of rolls and rolls of paper, he took a sandwich, and leisurely ate it.

When he had finished he threw the paper away. By that time Monsieur Georges Charlot, hearing that he had never left the home fireside to become a detective.

With a contented sigh, Napoleon jumped down from the stile, and retraced his footsteps, feigning not to notice the detective. He had proceeded the matter of a hundred yards or so when a voice hailed him in French:

"Garçon?"

Napoo stopped.

"Hallo!" he answered. Then, in French: "Who are you?"

Monsieur Georges Charlot, his face almost black with rage and mud, halted before the junior, trembling with anger. "Where are you going?"

"School. Why?"

The man spluttered.

"You have fooled me!"

The French boy shrugged his shoulders, and spread out his hands apologetically.

"It is a pity," he said. "I came for a walk. Do you not think the walk enjoyable? It is pretty by daylight. But there are beautiful scenes even at night and—"

"Bah! You talk like a fool! You cannot trick me!"

"I am sorry. I had no idea you were coming. We could have walked together. It would have been company," smiled Napoo. "However, perhaps to-morrow. We could go to the pictures together."

The Frenchman almost danced with rage.

"Fool! Dolt!" he shouted. "But you have given yourself away." He shook his fist. "Your precious cousin is hereabouts. Otherwise, why did you lend a false ear?"

"My cousin!" ejaculated Napoleon, in well-feigned surprise. "You have seen him? How nice! Perhaps we can have an outing. Three jolly Frenchmen—eh! It has been a nice walk, though, to-night."

Monsieur Charlot nearly exploded then. With a dignified manner, he stepped past the junior, with his nose in the air. On the homeward journey the positions were reversed.

A nice walk! The Frenchman scowled at the hedge, and almost wept. Napoo was chuckling explosively all the way home.

"Good-night!" he called after the detective when the gates of Greyfriars were reached. "Remember me to my cousin. If you see him, monsieur."

Still laughing, he went into the School House, and made his way to Study No. 1. The Famous Five were not there, and he sat down in the armchair before the fire, to await their arrival. It had been a pleasant evening from his viewpoint, and he was smiling. He had ample faith in his friends' ability to carry out the mission they had started upon, and he was feeling very grateful for their help.

A few minutes passed, and then Bob Cherry's strident tones were audible in the passage without.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Back again?" he cried. "Here you are, then!"

"Oui. And you, mon ami?"

"O.K.," said Wharton. "Nugent led; then Bob, at about a hundred yards interval; then Hurree Singh and I brought up the rear. No followers. I went into the Priory, and the others kept guard. Nothing suspicious at all. I don't suppose your 'tec man knows of its existence."

"Non. But my cousin?"

"He's all right," answered Harry. "I had a chat with him, and I've taken him a disguise."

Bob Cherry grinned, and patted his chest.

"My idea!" he said proudly. "Mon bon idea! A policeman's uniform, out of our prop. box. They'll never suspect that."

"It certainly was a topping idea," said Wharton. "I told him to keep clear of old Tozer, but that'll be easy. You can hear his footstep a mile off!"

"So your cousin is coming to the school to-night, disguised as a policeman!" finished Nugent.

"Ciel! Who says? My 'at!"

And then Napoleon attempted to give another demonstration of how gratitude was practiced in France. But, as Bob Cherry expressed it, "they weren't having any," and they "mizzled."

—

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Poor Old Tozer!

CLANG, clang, clang!

The clock on the tower at Greyfriars pounded out eleven strokes as the loud clanging sounded at the school gates. Bob Cherry, turning restlessly in bed, sat up with a start.

The Famous Five and Napoo had arranged to keep awake, but Morpheus had already claimed Nugent and Bull.

"Are you awake?"

Bob Cherry whispered to Wharton across the line of beds, and a voice answered him.

"Yes. What was that ringing? Sounded like the bell at the gate."

"Oui, oui!"

"Hallo! You awake, too, Nap? Look here, I'm going down. Things may have gone wrong."

"Right ho!"

In a few minutes the chums were dressing hurriedly, and fastening shoes. They gave a look back as they reached the door, and Wharton asked if anyone were awake. But no one answered, and the captain of the Remove heaved a sigh of relief. But at the other end of the dormitory the person he least wished to be, was lying awake.

Harold Skinner, his small eyes glittering, watched the doorway. As soon as it had closed, he slipped from his bed, and commenced to dress.

Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Dupont crept down the stairs, when Wharton turned suddenly.

"Get back to bed, Nap. If we are caught it will look suspicious. We can make other explanations. Quick!"

And Napoo obeyed implicitly. He was just in time to see Harold Skinner

emerging. He wasted no time on words, but resorted to the French savate. Skinner, with a pained gasp, recoiled back from the light pressure of the French boy's toe.

Skinner fell to the floor, and in a minute the others were awake. And Skinner went out not at all that night.

Bob Cherry and Wharton crept out into the night, and stole hurriedly across the quad. To make return easy, they had left the door ajar behind them. As they went they could hear the angry cough of Tozer, mingling with that of Gosling.

"In the name of the lor," P.-c. Tozer was saying officially, "let me in! There's a young rip impersonating an arm of the lor!"

"You go 'ome and sleep it off!" murmured Gosling sleepily.

With commensurate dignity, P.-c. Tozer swept past him, and strode into the school. Lights began to appear in the windows, and one or two figures emerged into the quadrangle.

Wharton looked at Cherry helplessly, and frowned in a puzzled manner.

"Quick, Bob!" he said. "I'll keep Tozer posted. You get Lombard in safely. You know where the change of clothing is—in the woodshed. Get him to change quickly, and hide the police togs."

Without a word, Bob slid off, and Wharton turned to the irate officer. By that time Mr. Quelch had appeared, accompanied by Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth Form. In his hand Mr. Prout held the deadly Winchester, which had done such wonderful work in the Rockies during the late 'eighties. But its deadly days were over, fortunately.

Mr. Prout was nevertheless, given a wide berth, and the juniors let him have a wide distance.

"What is it? What is it?" asked Mr. Quelch, coming to the rescue.

"Which as there's a most disgraceful thing, sir," said the constable. "A boy—young rip!—as disguised himself as a official of the lor, and come into this 'ere school over the wall—"

"And this is the cause of this disturbance—"

"I'lar, sir. A most illegal thing. And if I get the young rip, I'll arrest him—that I will!"

"Come on, Toze!" said Wharton. "We'll find him! Hallo, what's that?"

He pointed to the other side of the quadrangle, and nudged Bob Cherry, who had just appeared.

"Scatter, boys!" said Mr. Quelch. "Search the quadrangle! Bring the miscreant here to me, if you find him!"

The juniors quite willingly scattered. Johnny Bull and Nugent had arrived now, and Wharton hurriedly whispered instructions to them. Johnny grinned, and led the chase in the opposite direction to that which Tozer had taken.

The pompous constable had faded in the distance, and Mr. Quelch turned his attention upon Johnny Bull's chase. For Nugent and Bull were certainly excited. Knowing the plans, those cheerful youths gave the woodshed a wide berth.

Wharton and Bob Cherry talked the fat figure of P.-c. Tozer, and then, with one accord, sprang forward. Bob brought his fist down upon the hat of the arm of the law with a heavy thud, and Wharton thudded him on the belt-buckle.

P.-c. Tozer collapsed like a toy balloon. Bob Cherry crushed the much-damaged instrument further on the constable's nose, and removed the belt and armet.

Then they took an arm each, and ran him back to the quadrangle.

"Here he is, sis!" cried Wharton. "We've found him!"

P.-c. Tozer, his mouth covered by the beaten and broken helmet, could only gape helplessly, and the kicking and wrestling only made it seem more obvious that he was the culprit.

Johnny Bull, with Nugent and the others following, rushed up.

"There he is!" roared Johnny Bull. "Collar him!"

Like a gigantic cloudburst, the horde of juniors descended upon the unfortunate man, while Mr. Quelch stood back, unable to stem that tidal flow.

Bull tumbled on to Tozer, whom he bowled over. Nugent fell on Bull, and Horace Coker of the Fifth, with inherent clumsiness, helped the scheme by tumbling on Nugent. The fags, with chuckles of delight, as they beheld the rag tumbled upon Coker.

It must be confessed that many of the fags forgot the quarry beneath, and concentrated themselves upon wreaking vengeance upon the unfortunate Horace.

The yells of Horace Coker, as he received punches and jabs, blended unmusically with those of P.-c. Tozer.

Mr. Quelch, gasping, was clapping his hands, in an endeavour to attract attention.

"Boys! Boys!" he shouted. "Stop! What are you doing? Get away!"

He ran forward, and commenced to pull off one or two fags, shaking them soundly.

In a few minutes Horace was revealed, and red in the face, and gasping painfully, he staggered away, quite incoherent. Last, but not least, like a serpent from the sea of juniors, rose P.-c. Tozer, his hat battered beyond recognition, and all the breath knocked out of his body.

"This is the chap, sir," said Field. "Where's Tozer? Call him, someone!"

"Gurr!" said the man behind the helmet intelligently. "Gug-gug!"

"Tozer, Tozer, Tozer!" called Bob Cherry softly, as though to a dog.

With a mighty effort the juniors' "capture" raised his battered helmet, and his face, a delightful shade of red blending to purple, was revealed.

There was a gasp from the crowd of juniors, and Mr. Quelch almost dropped on to the quadrangle.

"Tozer!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Well!" said Bob Cherry. "Who would have thought that, you know! Fancy old Tozer playing larks at his age!"

And he looked reproachfully at the police-constable.

Tozer shook his fist dumbly, and spluttered.

Mr. Quelch stared at the crowd of juniors, many of whom were now judiciously melting away.

"You young rips!" roared Tozer. "I'll harness the lot of you, and you, too, you old rascal!" he added, glaring at Mr. Quelch.

"Tozer, how dare you! You have brought this upon yourself with your ridiculous story you awake the school to tell. It seems to me you have been drinking."

"D-drinking!" repeated Tozer dazedly. "Look here!"

"Silence, or I will report you to your inspector! If you will play these absurd practical jokes, you must put up with the consequences."

"J-j-j-jokes! Why, you—"

"To bed, boys!" said the master

hastily; and with great reluctance the juniors dispersed.

What further Mr. Quelch had to say to the unfortunate policeman never transpired, but Tozer, limp and aching, and his heart too full of words, rolled to the gates.

"Nice goin's hoy," began Gosling. "Wakin' a man up at night!"

It was the last straw! P.-c. Tozer drew back one fat fist, and sent it forward lustily. Gosling sighed like a punctured tyre, and collapsed. Realising the unlawfulness of his action, P.-c. Tozer hastily retired.

And Andre Lombard was got into the school in safety. The juniors returned to bed, and when he had made sure that the Remove was asleep Harry Wharton crept down to the box-room, and unfastened the window.

A moment later the Frenchman entered by climbing up the rain-pipe, and, walking with great care, Wharton led him to the Remove passage. There was an empty study, quite deserted. No one ever went there. It had been closed for a long time, and the key had not been in evidence.

The Famous Five had found it in the dim past, and, as Bob Cherry had said at the time, "you never know your luck; it might be useful some day."

And he had been right.

The captain of the Remove found the door open, and flashed a torch on to the ground. In the corner was a heap of parcels, and one or two tins.

"Food!" said the Removeite. "And there's a rope-ladder, in case you are spotted. You can slip down into the quadrangle easily."

"Thanks—thanks! A thousand times thanks!" said the Frenchman brokenly. "I don't know why you are doing this for me. I am grateful!"

"That's all right," said Wharton. "Cheerio! Here's the key. Lock the door. Bye-bye!"

And the Frenchman was left alone.

There was sacking in the room, and in a minute he had settled down for the night. It was certainly better here than at the Priory. But he could not remain here undiscovered, of that Andre Lombard was certain.

But with Continental philosophy he was soon asleep, free from the worry of pursuit.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Johnny Bull's Brain Wave!

"IT'S jolly funny!"

Harold Skinner frowned and glared at Stott as he was sitting beside him in the study.

Detective-Inspector Georges Charlot was in occupation at Greyfriars, and he had two assistants. But they had not found Andre Lombard.

With great thoughtfulness Harry Wharton had collected light dust, and covered the handle of the empty Remove study where his fingers had been.

It was Sunday—the morning following P.-c. Tozer's unpleasant time—the detectives searched the studios. They had not looked at the dressed one. Mr. Quelch had persuaded them that it was useless to look in the school at all, that Andre Lombard was not there, but it was of no avail.

Harold Skinner was getting more and more suspicious. He was certain that Lombard was in the school; otherwise, why had he been prevented from following the night before?

"I'm sure he's in that old study!" growled Skinner. "But I can't tell the 'ec. They'd have to smash down the door, and if he weren't there the Head would be no end wild."

"I should think he'd be wild any way," grinned Stott.

Suddenly Skinner's eyes glowed.

"My son," he said, "I know how we can find out. Simplicity itself. If the



The detective climbed the ladder and reached the top. As he did so the window was flung up, and a black-faced apparition appeared. "Wah—warh—wallah!" roared the apparition. "Oh! Clel!" gasped the detective, and almost fell down the ladder. (See Chapter 8.)

chap's in-the-school he must eat something. He'll want a lot of grub."

"Well!"
"Let's ask at the tuckshop if there has been a large quantity sold lately."
"Come to think of it," said Scott thoughtfully, "I saw Nugent and Bull with a cricket-bag full of tuck. I didn't think anything of it. They often have study feeds—"

"Great Scott, man!" cried Skinner. "That's proof the chap's here! They didn't have a feed yesterday, I happen to know. And those chaps had no money. Napoo had, though; he's usually pretty bush. Hooway! And now to find out about that study." He paused for a moment, then his face broke into a grin, and his eyes gleamed. "Easy, my son—quite easy. A ladder, and look in!"

And he ran from the study.
While Skinner was thinking of a plan to find Lombard, Wharton & Co. were devising a means to get the man away from the school. It would not be easy. They realised that; but it had to be done.

The Famous Five and Napoleon Dupont sat in the study, plunged into thought. It was not by any means an easy problem, but it had to be solved. At last Johnny Bull clapped his hands together and danced round the room.

"I've got it, my lads!" he shouted. "Hurrah! Listen!"
He proceeded to expound his great scheme, and the others listened. Then Johnny Bull was banged and thumped so enthusiastically that he heartily wished he hadn't been so thoughtful.

But it was the way out, and worthy of adoption.

A few minutes later Harry Wharton, most unsuspectingly attired in Sunday kit and a shiny top-hat, wandered down to the gates.

The detective scowled at him. But Wharton was beyond his pale.

However, Georges Charlot's attention was soon afterwards riveted upon Harold Skinner. That youth, with Bunter to help him, emerged from the woodshed, bearing a long ladder.

The two of them went towards the School House, watched interestedly by the fellows in the quadrangle. The detective ran after Skinner, and that youth told him of what he suspected.

"He, he, he!" giggled William George. "We'll show that ass of a Frenchy—"

The detective glowered at him, and Skinner trod heavily on his foot. William George Bunter was left behind, hopping on one foot, while Skinner fixed the ladder. Bob Cherry and Nugent were in the 'quad, and they ran forward to help, with Inky just behind. There was a whispered conversation, and Inky returned to the House.

"This way, sir," said Nugent, and skilfully pulled the ladder to the wrong window.

"Look here," began Skinner furiously, when Nugent jabbed him full in the stomach, and Bob Cherry accidentally trod on his foot. Bolsover, Napoo's study mate, had arrived, and he was very indignant. He was fond of the French lad, and worried on his behalf. Though he was not in the secret, he could guess

that Skinner was not wanted: He took that youth by the arm.

"This way," said Bolsover, for once on opposite sides to Skinner. And, protesting, that youth was led away.

"Is that the window?" asked the detective, who had been too interested in the fixing of the ladder to worry about Skinner.

"That's it," said Nugent. The ladder was leaning against a window some small distance away from the correct position. The detective climbed the ladder and reached the top. As he hid so the window was flung up, and a black-faced apparition, dressed tastefully in table-cloths, appeared. It was Inky!

"Wah—warh—wallallah!" roared the Indian prince.

"Oh, ciel!" gasped the detective, and almost fell down the ladder.

"Wah, wah?" roared Inky, waving his arms.

The detective's legs were trembling, and he came backwards down the ladder at a great pace. There was a roar of laughter, and the window was closed.

The detective wheeled round on the juniors, in great wrath, and at that moment a car came gliding up the drive. It was an immense limousine, with a smartly-uniformed chauffeur at the wheel. Some of the juniors stared at it curiously, wondering to whom it belonged.

The chauffeur came across to them. He was of medium height, and wore a thick, black moustache. His complexion was sallow, and a keen observer might have noticed that the sallow look had been
(Continued on the next page.)

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gained by judicious use of paint and powder. Nugent winked appreciatively. Wharton's disguise was admirable.

"I want the 'eudmaster,'" said the chauffeur quickly, and took from his pocket a note.

"The Head?" said Nugent, stepping forward. "Come this way!" And he led the chauffeur off.

The detective looked round for Skinner. He suspected now that the juniors were fooling him. He called to the cad of the Remove, and Bolsover, perforce, had to release him.

"That window," he said. "Where is it?"

Skinner pointed to a window farther along, and the detective ascended at the cheerful Bob. Then they all started to move the ladder, Skinner and the detective pushing one way, and Bob Cherry the other.

But at last the ladder was in position, and the detective started to climb. One of his assistants was sent indoors to prevent Lombard from escaping.

Monsieur was now at the top of the ladder, and his movements were cautious to the last degree.

Already there was quite a crowd in the quadrangle, and one or two masters were present. In less than a moment the news went round that the Freshman had been found.

There was a breathless hush as the detective reached the top of the steps. They watched him push the window gently up. Then from the crowd came a piteous gasp.

"He's gone!"
It was only too true.

Hands had appeared from within the study, and, struggling wildly, the detective disappeared from view!
Inside the study, Nugent and Bob Cherry, their faces hidden by handkerchiefs, dropped a towel on the man's head. They walked him from the study—which was empty now, and took him into the passage.

The assistant came rushing along the passage. He saw the struggling figure,

and dashed at it. Nugent and Bob released their quarry, and in a few moments the detective and his assistant were fighting hammer and tongs.

As they fought, a door along the passage opened, and the chauffeur appeared, complete with black moustache, with Harry Wharton, minus his sallow complexion, behind him.

André, the chauffeur, hurried downstairs, and pushed his way through the crowd of juniors who were coming to see what had happened. The Famous Five made themselves particularly scarce. Alone in the quad stood Skinner and the remaining assistant.

"Wait!" hissed Skinner as the assistant detective would have followed the mob indoors. "The Frenchman must come soon!"

They waited, and leisurely from the School House came the chauffeur. He started the car and got in. Skinner clenched and unclenched his hands helplessly. Then something in the man's sidelong glance as the car moved forward aroused the junior's suspicion. But rarely this man was all right; he had only just arrived.

Struck by a sudden thought, the Removite watched the man carefully. He jumped on the footboard of the car, and then he could have shouted with delight. On the chauffeur's face was at least a day's growth of beard. The other chauffeur's face had been smooth. Skinner had noticed that. A man cannot grow a beard in ten minutes!

Skinner did not wish to make a fool of himself, and, feeling in the lapel of his coat, he extracted a pin. With a quick movement he jabbed it in the man's arm.

"Ciel!"
That ejaculation was audible to the assistant, who looked after the swerving car wonderingly.

"Got you?" cried Skinner, and snatched off the black moustache.

Then he fell back from a heavy blow in the face. He rolled over on the ground, and the assistant, seeing it, came to a

sudden realization of the true state of affairs.

"Stop him! Stop him!" he roared. Groggling, who had witnessed the amazing incident of the car, put down his pipe, and blinked uncertainly.

André Lombard, with eyes blazing, gritted his teeth, put in the top gear, and accelerated. The car drove forward rapidly.

"Shut the gates!" howled the assistant detective frantically.

Then Groggling awoke to life. He swung five giant gates to, and Lombard knew that it was all up. He took out the clutch and applied the brake. The car came to a standstill, just giving the gates a gentle bang.

André hopped from the car, and made a dash to slamber over the wall. Groggling, with more presence of mind than was his wont, caught up the pail of water, and flung it over the Frenchman.

"Swish!"
"Ah!"

Dazed and blinded by that sudden flood of water André stopped dead, and by that time Skinner and the detective were upon him. He knew that to struggle was useless, and he gave himself up.

In a minute Harry Wharton & Co. were upon the scene, with Georges Charlot, and the other assistant, both rather bruised. Charlot's face was red with anger.

"Ha!" he said. "So I have you, André Lombard. You shall pay for this!" He turned to the juniors. "And you, you rascals, shall pay for it, too!"

Lombard was handcuffed, and there was a momentary silence. But a rattling at the gates took the attention of them. A telegraph-boy stood there.

The cablegram was thrust through the gates, and Charlot snatched at it. He ripped it open, then started back in dismay.

"Parbleu—"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Quelch anxiously. The Form-master had just arrived on the scene, very angry that the

(Continued on the next page.)

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"AGAINST THE LAW!"

(Continued from the previous page.)

Frenchman should have been hidden away in the school. The detective passed the telegram to Lombard, holding it so that he could read it.

"Release Lombard at once," he read aloud mechanically. "Lorraine has confessed.—LAFIN."

"Then I am free—my innocence is proved!" cried the overjoyed André. The detective shrugged his shoulders. "That is from the chief," he said. "We suspected Lorraine also. You did this to draw the attack?"

Smilingly the Frenchman nodded.

"Yes," he answered in French. "I am sorry that you have been incriminated."

The detective spoke again.

"I shall require your parole until this cable is confirmed."

"Certainly! Will you do me the honour to lunch with me?"

It was gratefully asked and the detective could but accept.

The Head was naturally annoyed at the way the juniors raked arrest by assisting a fugitive against the law, although, in view of the fact that Lombard had been innocent, he took a lenient view of the offence, and the juniors concerned were let off lightly with a hundred lines apiece.

A grand feast was held in Study No. 1, at which Lombard and the detectives were guests. It was a splendid set-out, and the detective told how Lorraine had been chased by hydroplane and dramatically arrested at sea. He had made a full confession, thereby vindicating his friend who had acted his part so loyally.

Napoleon and his cousin thanked the juniors again and again, and the detectives accepted their apologies.

The only dissatisfied ones were Skinner and Bunter—Skinner because he had not had his revenge, and Bunter for the loss of his "fortune."

THE END.

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