

A GRAND FREE PICTURE SCHEME (See page 15.)

No. 622. Vol. XIII.

The

Magnet ^{1 1/2}

Library

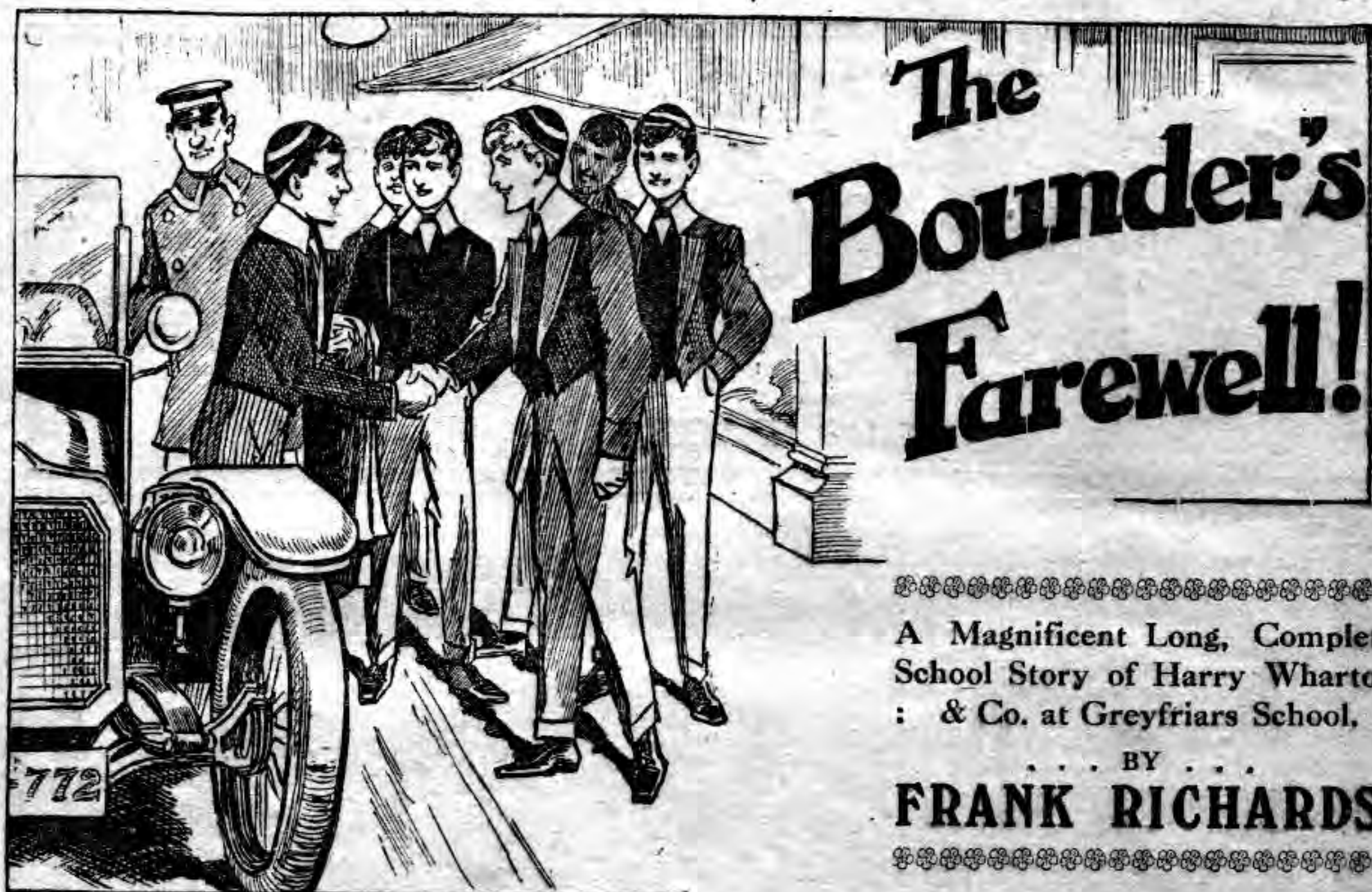
January 10th,
1920.

20 PAGES.



THE "BOUNDER'S" FAREWELL FEED!

(An Exciting Scene in the Magnificent Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)



THE FIRST CHAPTER. Marching Orders!

"COMING down to the footer?" Bob Cherry, with the usual sunny smile on his face, and a football under his arm, looked into Vernon-Smith's study in the Remove passage as he asked the question.

Behind Bob Cherry were the other members of the Famous Five, all attired for football.

Vernon-Smith did not reply immediately to Bob's question.

The ex-Bounder of Greyfriars was reclining in the armchair, with an expression of exasperation on his face. Apparently something had happened to annoy him, but he pulled himself together with an effort.

"No," he answered shortly.

Bob Cherry stared.

"Wherefore this thushness, Smithy? Why can't you turn out?"

"I've got a letter to write."

"You can leave it till afterwards."

Vernon-Smith shook his head.

"Mustn't miss the post," he said.

"The pater is counting on getting a letter from me by return."

"Oh!"

"What's the matter with the old bird?" asked Nugent, from the doorway.

"Has he been cutting up rusty?"

Vernon-Smith nodded. He produced a letter from his pocket, and declaimed it aloud to the Famous Five.

"My dear Herbert,—You have failed to furnish me with the usual account of your doings at Greyfriars.

"I have not heard from you for nearly a month, and I consider that you are grossly neglecting your duty. Even if you are ill, and incapable of writing yourself, you could surely do so through the medium of one of your friends?"

"I shall expect a satisfactory letter from you by return.—Your affectionate father,
SAMUEL VERNON SMITH."

"My hat!" said Wharton. "That's straight from the shoulder, if you like!"

"If you neglect your paternal relative like that, Smithy," said Johnny Bull, "you won't inherit his millions!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Look here, Smithy," said Bob Cherry, "it won't take you five minutes to drop a line to your pater. Then you can join us at footer."

Vernon-Smith laughed mirthlessly.

"It's likely to take me all the afternoon to recount my doings," he said, "because I shall have such a job to think of them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, we'll leave you to it," said Wharton. "It wouldn't be playing the game to drag you off to the footer when your pater's waiting for a letter."

The Famous Five nodded to Vernon-Smith, and took their departure.

When they had gone, the Bounder settled himself before a blazing fire, with a writing-pad on his knee, and started to concoct the belated epistle to his father.

Vernon-Smith was usually very skilful at composition, but on this occasion inspiration failed him. He felt incapable of saying anything beyond "Dear Pater,—Just a few lines, hoping you are quite well, as it leaves me at present."

What could he write about?

His father was a stern, hard-headed business man, who displayed no interest in athletic performances—and Vernon-Smith was an athlete of the first water. The news that he had kicked the winning goal against Highcliffe would be so much double-Dutch to his father, who knew a vast deal about stocks and shares, but nothing about football.

Vernon-Smith scribbled a few lines about the weather; then he threw the sheet of paper on to the fire in disgust.

After that he started to inform his father that he was making excellent progress at Latin and Greek—in short, that he was the apple of his Form-master's eye. But he realised that this was not

true; and so the second sheet went on the fire also.

"What the merry dickens can I write about?" muttered the Bounder.

For upwards of half an hour he sat staring into the fire. And finally he decided to give his father an account of his recent sporting achievements, whether Mr. Vernon-Smith liked it or not.

Having come to this decision, the writing of the letter was a simple matter.

Vernon-Smith's pen fairly raced over the paper, and in a very short time he had said all that he wanted to say.

"I shall be able to squeeze in an hour's footer after all!" he muttered, as he sealed and stamped the envelope.

The Bounder went out into the Close and posted the letter. Then, feeling greatly relieved, he hurried away to Little Side to join Harry Wharton & Co. at football.

The junior would not have felt so relieved, however, had he been able to anticipate the sort of reception his letter would receive.

The fact of the matter was, Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith had grown very dissatisfied on the subject of his only son. He more than suspected that the latter was wasting his time at Greyfriars—that he was devoting too much energy to football, and too little to hard work.

It so happened that Mr. Vernon-Smith had just been reading a book entitled "Letters of a Self-Made Millionaire to his Son."

These letters had contained some very sound advice. The gist of it was that a fellow should not be permitted to slack simply because his father happened to be a millionaire.

"Herbert is fifteen," murmured Mr. Vernon-Smith, "and it is high time he came out into the world and made his own way, as I had to do at his age. I don't believe in boys being kept at public schools until they're eighteen. I shall keep an eye on Herbert's progress, and if

I find that he continues to worship sport, and fights shy of a practical business education, I shall consider the advisability of taking him away from Greyfriars."

That was rather a drastic step for Mr. Vernon-Smith to contemplate; but he was so impressed by the "Letters of a Self-Made Millionaire to his Son" that he felt it would be a good policy.

Next morning his butler brought in the correspondence on a salver.

The millionaire immediately recognised the handwriting of his son, and he promptly opened and read the letter. A deep frown came over his face as he did so.

Vernon-Smith could not have written a more unfortunate letter. It ran as follows:

"My dear Pater.—Sorry to have kept you waiting so long for a letter, but I have been very busy owing to the crowded fixture list this footer season. In the last fortnight we have played matches against St. Jim's, Highcliffe, Rookwood, and Courtfield County Council School. I am glad to say that I have done rather well. In two of the matches I kicked the winning goal, and in the other two I was also in the lime-light.

"This is a great season, and the Remove is going strong. All my spare time—and a good deal that's not spare—is spent on the footer-field.

"A fortnight ago the ponds were frozen, and there was some ripping skating to be had.

"I must back up and finish now, as the fellows are waiting for me to join them at footer.

"Hoping you are fit and well, I am your affectionate son,

"HERBERT."

Vernon-Smith had not meant to be impertinent, but his father seemed to regard the letter as such.

"This is monstrous!" exclaimed the millionaire, rising to his feet, and pacing to and fro in the dining-room. "I cannot understand what has come over Herbert! He seems to do nothing else but play and think football. It is meat and drink to him. He says nothing about his work in class—nothing about his scholastic achievements, and I must therefore conclude that they are nil. The young rascal! He can do nothing but prate to me of his puny triumphs on the football field! Upon my soul, it is too bad!"

Having let off steam, as it were, Mr. Vernon-Smith returned to the breakfast-table, and sat down.

He remained seated for some time, and his eggs and bacon were left untouched.

The problem of his son's future occupied his mind to the exclusion of everything else.

"The boy must not degenerate into a slacker!" he muttered. "I fear that Greyfriars is doing him more harm than good. The time is ripe for him to be removed from the school. He must come out into the world of work and prove himself. I will not allow him to grow up in pampered idleness because his father happens to be a millionaire. He must start from the bottom rung of the ladder, and climb!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith continued to debate the matter in his mind for some time. Then, with an expression of determination on his face, he rose to his feet.

"I'll write!" he exclaimed. "I'll write to Dr. Locke straight away! Herbert shall be withdrawn from Greyfriars!"

A week before such a thought would never have occurred to Mr. Vernon-Smith. But the "Letters of a Self-Made Millionaire" had impressed him so deeply

that he really thought he was taking the right course.

Without so much as a glance at the rest of his correspondence, he went into the drawing-room and compiled the fateful letter to Dr. Locke.

And Vernon-Smith of the Remove knew nothing of the impending calamity!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Blow Falls.

"BLESS my soul!" murmured Dr. Locke.

The headmaster of Greyfriars was looking greatly perturbed. He had just finished reading the curt letter from Mr. Vernon-Smith, insisting upon the withdrawal of his son from Greyfriars.

Dr. Locke took off his glasses, polished them, and replaced them, with a frown.

"Really, this is a most unprecedented step for a boy's father to take!" he murmured. "It is not as if Vernon-Smith has misbehaved himself in any way. True, he has been devoting a good deal of time to sport, but that is a healthy sign. The boy has improved vastly since he first came to Greyfriars. At first he was a young reprobate. Now, he is one of the most manly boys in the Remove. I should be sincerely sorry to see him withdrawn from the school!"

The letter from Mr. Vernon-Smith had quite upset the Head, who had no wish to see a promising school career cut short.

Presently, Dr. Locke rose to his feet, and stepped to the telephone. He didn't like the telephone—he hated it, in fact—but he had to admit that it was a slightly quicker means of communication than by letter.

The Head looked up a number in the directory; then he took off the receiver.

"I want Mayfair 0556, please," he said.

"You'll have to wait, sir," said the operator.

"I am hardened to telephonic delays!" replied the Head ironically.

Dr. Locke returned to his writing-table. An hour passed; then the telephone-bell rang with a shrill, insistent clamour.

The Head gave another glance at the letter he had received from Mr. Vernon-Smith. Then, compressing his lips, he stepped to the 'phone.

"Are you there?"

"Of course, I'm here! Where did you expect me to be—in Timbuctoo?"

The Head gasped.

"Really!" he protested. "I consider that this rudeness is quite uncalled-for! I consider—"

"Oh, ring off!"

"What?"

"Run away and pick flowers—or eat coke, if it suits you better!"

Dr. Locke gasped. He was aware that Mr. Vernon-Smith was not a smooth-tongued man, but he had not expected to be spoken to like this.

"You are insolent, sir—"

"Bah! Dry up, you old duffer!"

Dr. Locke's wrath was rising rapidly.

"I am astonished, Mr. Vernon-Smith, that—"

"Eh?"

"I am amazed that you should insult me in this manner!"

There was an exclamation of astonishment from the other end of the wires.

"Great Scott! Whom do you imagine you're talking to?"

"That is Mr. Vernon-Smith, is it not?"

"No!"

"G-g-good gracious!" gasped the Head.

"I wanted Mayfair 0556—"

"Well, the exchange girls—bless 'em!—have made yet another little blunder.

This is Mayfair 0996—the Honourable Jimmy Craven. I thought you were my uncle, by Jove! He's always ringing me up and pestering me—"

"That does not excuse your rudeness, sir!" snapped the Head. "I will trouble you to ring off!"

"All right, old fruit!"

The Head nearly collapsed. On one memorable occasion he had been addressed as "old bean," but it was something quite new, and not a little disconcerting, to be styled "old fruit."

When he had recovered from the shock, the Head attempted to rebuke the Honourable Jimmy Craven, but that amazing young gentleman had rung off.

After a good deal of delay, Dr. Locke got on to the exchange.

"You gave me the wrong number!" he rapped out. "These blunders are a daily occurrence, and I am heartily sick of them! I shall write to the Controller of the Telephone Service on the subject!"

"Do!" said the operator cheerfully. "What number did you want, by the way?"

"Mayfair 0556."

"Very well. I'll see what I can do for you."

The Head was obliged to wait a further hour. Then the call came through, and this time it was Mr. Vernon-Smith who spoke.

"Hallo! Who is that?" he exclaimed.

"This is Dr. Locke speaking. I have received your letter, Mr. Vernon-Smith, and—"

"Yes, yes!"

"Surely there must be some mistake?"

"Mistake, sir!" snapped the millionaire. "I am not in the habit of making mistakes. Men who make mistakes never make millions."

"But—but really, Mr. Vernon-Smith, in my opinion—"

"I am not asking you for your opinion, Dr. Locke! My mind is made up. I have decided to withdraw my son from Greyfriars."

"I quite fail to understand—"

"Doubtless! But let me explain to you that I consider it high time my son fended for himself. He has been molly-coddled, and kept too long in luxury. He imagines that he will never have to earn a living by the sweat of his brow, and I intend to disillusion him. When I was a boy, I had to make my own way in the world, and my son must do likewise!"

"But—but his education is woefully incomplete—"

Mr. Vernon-Smith laughed harshly.

"His education, so far as I can gather, consists of football and skating," he said. "He is undoubtedly a good sportsman, but that is not good enough for me, Dr. Locke! I want to see him develop other qualities—the qualities of endurance and fortitude. He will never learn these at Greyfriars. And therefore I propose to take him away from the school—"

"And employ him in your office?"

"Bah! Didn't you hear me say he should fend for himself? I am not going to pamper him, sir! He shall be thrown upon his own resources, and we shall see what sort of a job he makes of it."

"Is not that rather harsh?" said Dr. Locke.

"Harsh? Nonsense! Every boy ought to be made to fight his own way in the world—otherwise, he becomes a creature with no backbone. This is no sudden impulse of mine, Dr. Locke, neither is it due to lack of affection for my son. I honestly believe that if he is made to earn his own living he will profit by the experience."

The Head sighed.

"Then it is no use attempting to dissuade you from your purpose?"

"Not the slightest."

"Might I suggest that your son be allowed to remain until the end of the present term?"

"You may make as many suggestions as you wish, sir, but I shall not carry them out. My son must come home to-morrow. One clear day should give him ample time to get his affairs straight."

"To-morrow!" gasped the Head. "This is very short notice! I am not sure that the Governors would permit such—"

"This is not a matter for the Governors, but for me!" snapped Mr. Vernon-Smith, who was evidently not in a very amiable frame of mind. "I insist upon Herbert coming to London to-morrow. Then I will interview him and acquaint him with my decision. I will send my car to Greyfriars to fetch him."

"Very well," said the Head, in tones of resignation. "Do you wish me to say anything to the lad?"

"Yes. You may tell him that his school career is closed, and that I wish him to forge out his future for himself."

"Very well," said the Head again.

"I will write you a letter confirming this conversation," said Mr. Vernon-Smith. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said the Head.

He replaced the receiver on its hook, and rang for Trotter, the page, who appeared on the instant.

"Ask Mr. Quelch if he will be good enough to spare Master Vernon-Smith for a few moments."

"Yessir!"

Trotter departed on his errand, and a few moments later Vernon-Smith tapped on the door of the Head's study and entered, little dreaming of the fate in store for him.

There was sincere sympathy in the glance which the Head bestowed upon the junior.

"I have unpleasant news for you, Vernon-Smith."

The Bounder gave a start.

What did the Head mean?

Had one of the junior's past offences come home to roost?

"It is not for me to criticise the actions of your father," the Head went on, "but I must confess that on this occasion I quite fail to understand his motives. He wishes to withdraw you from the school."

"Sir!"

Vernon-Smith sprang back, utterly dismayed.

"Your father's wish was communicated to me by letter this morning," said Dr. Locke. "Thinking there might be some mistake, I telephoned to Mr. Vernon-Smith, and he assures me that he is in earnest."

The Bounder pulled himself together with a visible effort, but his face was very white.

"Does that mean that my father has lost all his money, sir—that he has been ruined by rash speculation?"

Dr. Locke shook his head.

"No, my boy. Your father is still extremely wealthy. But he considers that it is high time you made your own way in the world. He intends that you shall earn your own living, and prove your worth. My contention is that you have already proved yourself; but your father appears to think differently, and we must, of course, bow to his wishes."

"Of course, sir," said the junior dully.

He was stunned and dazed by the shock. He could scarcely realise the full significance of it as yet.

But he realised this much—that he was to say good-bye to Greyfriars; that he

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 622.

was to quit the old school just when he had grown to be immensely fond of it.

"Your father has arranged that you shall go to-morrow," said the Head. "I pointed out to him that it was very short notice, but he insisted upon your being withdrawn from the school immediately. Do not look so downcast, my boy! I know this must be a big blow to you. At the same time, the future may hold more happiness for you than seems likely at present."

Vernon-Smith nodded.

"Is my father angry with me, sir?"

"No; but he considers there are certain lessons—such as fortitude and endurance—which can only be learnt in the outside world. He considers that you are wrapped up in sport to the exclusion of everything else, and he wants you to prove your worth in other directions. From what I know of your character, Vernon-Smith, I have not the slightest doubt that you will succeed."

"Thank you, sir!" said the Bounder quietly.

The Head laid his hand on the junior's shoulder.

"Your father's action, which now seems harsh and inconsiderate, may justify itself later on," he said. "It is a great pity, of course, that your education cannot be finished; but you are not a backward boy by any means, and I feel sure you will be able to hold your own with boys who are much older than you. At all events, when you leave this school to-morrow my sincere wishes will go with you. Come in and see me before you actually depart."

Vernon-Smith promised to do so.

He was in the act of quitting the study when the Head called him back.

"You need not return to the Form-room, Vernon-Smith. I will acquaint Mr. Quelch with the circumstances. You may occupy the remainder of your time here in your own way."

Vernon-Smith again thanked the Head. Then he went along to his own study to think things over.

This was the biggest blow he had ever experienced. Dr. Locke, in his kindly way, had attempted to tone it down—to make it appear less bitter and crushing than it was in reality.

Vernon-Smith felt grateful to the Head for this, but he could see no hope for the future.

His father wanted him to earn his own living. Well, he would have no difficulty in doing that. He was young, energetic, and plucky, and ought to get a job somewhere.

But the drudgery of it all! The dullness of it!

Fancy having to swap the delights of the football-field for the daily grind of a City office! Fancy having to sacrifice a happy existence for a sordid one!

"The pater must be potty!" muttered Vernon-Smith at length. "If I had been playing fast and loose I could understand him wanting to take me away from Greyfriars. But just when everything is going swimmingly— Oh, it's too bad!"

For upwards of an hour Vernon-Smith remained seated in his armchair, brooding on things past, present, and to come.

The future loomed before him black and forbidding.

What did that future hold in store?

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Startling Rumour!

"SMITHY, old fellow!"

Tom Redwing advanced into the study, surprised to find his chum seated in the armchair with a look of utter dejection on his face.

Vernon-Smith neither heard nor

heeded. He was staring fixedly into the fire, as if in a trance.

Tom Redwing clapped the Bounder on the shoulder.

"Buck up!" he said heartily. "Hope there's nothing wrong, Smithy? What did the Head want you for?"

"He had some news for me."

"Good, bad, or indifferent?"

"Bad! I'm leaving Greyfriars."

Tom Redwing staggered back.

"What? Surely this is a leg-pulling stunt on your part, Smithy?"

"Wish it was!" said the Bounder. "Unfortunately, though, it's a fact. I leave to-morrow."

"Is that another way of saying you've been sacked?"

Vernon-Smith smiled slightly.

"It's not quite so bad as that," he said. "The fact of the matter is the pater thinks I'm fooling away my time here, and he's very keen on my going out and earning my own living."

"My hat!"

"I can't think what's come over the pater," said Vernon-Smith, with a perplexed shake of the head. "He always used to say that the longer I stayed at Greyfriars the better. And now he wants to drag me away from the place."

"What a rotten shame!"

Tom Redwing's voice quivered with indignation.

"I believe the pater's acting from the best of motives," said Vernon-Smith. "If I didn't think so I'd send him a wire, asking him what the dickens he meant by it!"

Tom Redwing was silent for some time. The passing of Vernon-Smith would be a great blow to him.

A strong and staunch friendship had sprung up between the Bounder and the sailorman's son from Hawkscliff. They had been enemies at first—and fierce enemies at that. But as time went on they had grown more and more attached to each other, and now they were the most closely allied couple in the Remove—with the exception of Bob Cherry and Mark Linley.

If Redwing lost the society of his chum, life at Greyfriars would be more or less a blank.

But Tom was not thinking of that just then. All his concern was for Vernon-Smith, who was being sent out into the world to make his way.

"And so you're to go to-morrow?" said Redwing, at length.

"Yes."

"Aren't you going to kick against it?"

"I don't see that that will help matters much. When the pater's made up his mind he's as obstinate as a pack of mules! Nothing I say will be allowed to make any difference."

"We shall miss you most awfully, Smithy," said Tom Redwing quietly. "The Remove won't be the same without you. The other fellows will be awfully cut up when they know. By the way, have you made any plans for the future?"

"None!"

"You'll find it a bit rough, having to earn your own living. What shall you do?"

"I haven't the foggiest notion!" said the Bounder frankly. "I must see my pater first, and hear what he's got to say about it all!"

"P'raps you could persuade him that it was a false step," suggested Redwing hopefully.

Vernon-Smith shook his head.

"Now that the pater's made his decision he won't budge!" he said.

The two juniors remained in conversation for some time. They little guessed that Billy Bunter, the Paul Pry of the Remove, was busily engaged on the other



Before Billy Bunter had the presence of mind to put the box down, the door opened and the Famous Five came into the study. "My only aunt!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, stopping short as his eyes fell upon Bunter, who still clasped the knife and the collecting-box. "Caught in the act, by Jove!" said Nugent. (See Chapter 4.)

side of the keyhole. Yet such was the case.

"My hat!" murmured the fat junior. "Smithy's going to be chucked on his own resources! Serve him jolly well right!"

With his ear glued to the keyhole, Bunter continued to listen intently.

Vernon-Smith and Redwing were conversing in low tones, and the eaves-dropper did not catch every word that was said. But he heard enough to understand that Vernon-Smith was leaving Greyfriars on the morrow, and that his father wished him to earn his own living.

The conversation died away at length, and Billy Bunter scuttled away to the junior Common-room, where most of the Removites were assembled.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Here's Bunter, bursting with information as usual!"

The fat junior was swelling visibly with importance. Indeed, he seemed likely to share the fate of the frog in the fable.

"I've got news, you fellows—staggering news!"

"Did you hear the Head say that the summer vac was to start in February?" asked Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or that the Remove were to be awarded putty medals for devotion to duty?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! I haven't been listening outside the Head's study door, if that's what you're trying to pretend."

"Well, what's this staggering news of yours?" asked Peter Todd impatiently.

"Have you arranged for the tuckshop to be kept open day and night?"

"Rats! The fact is, Smithy's leaving Greyfriars."

"What!"

"Tell us another!"

Billy Bunter blinked at his school-fellows.

"I'm not in the habit of telling whoppers—" he began.

"Oh, help!"

"Smithy goes to-morrow; that's an absolute fact. I expect his pater's gone broke, and can't afford to keep him at Greyfriars any longer. Anyway, he's got to go!"

Harry Wharton & Co. glared wrathfully at the Owl of the Remove. Not one of them believed his story.

"You fat fraud!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Millionaires don't go broke in a day," said Wharton.

"You have been letting your imagination play you the trickfulness!" said Hurree Singh.

"Look here—"

"Oh, bump the fat idiot!" growled Squiff.

Many hands seized the Owl of the Remove, and he was soundly bumped on the floor of the Common-room. His yells fairly awakened the echoes.

After Bunter had been dealt with, Bob Cherry turned to the others.

"Of course, we know that Bunter's

spoofing," he said. "Still, we'd better go along and see Smithy, just to make sure."

"Hear, hear!"

Billy Bunter, dusty and dishevelled, sat up.

"You'll find I'm right!" he said shrilly. "Smithy goes to-morrow! His pater's sunk all his millions in oil, or something, and Smithy's got to get a living as a bootblack!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites chuckled at the prospect of Herbert Vernon-Smith doing menial work of that kind.

"Come along!" said Wharton. "We'll soon squash this silly rumour, once and for all!"

And a party of juniors, headed by the Famous Five, went along to Vernon-Smith's study.

Tom Redwing had gone, and the Bounder was alone with his thoughts. Needless to state, those thoughts were far from pleasant.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry boisterously. "How goes it, Smithy?"

"Rotten!" said the Bounder, without looking up.

Bob Cherry stopped short, and so did the rest of the juniors, when they caught sight of Vernon-Smith's pale, strained face.

"My hat!" muttered Wharton. "Looks as if there may be some truth in Bunter's yarn, after all! I say, Smithy,

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 622.

you're not leaving Greyfriars, by any chance, are you?"

Vernon-Smith nodded.

"You are?" shouted half-a-dozen juniors.

"Yes."

"Ye gods and little fishes!" gasped Bob Cherry. "When are you going, Smithy, and why?"

"I'm going to-morrow," answered the Bounder, "because my pater wishes it."

"Great pip!"

"Do you mean to say that your pater's gambled away all his wealth?" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Bunter said—"

"Bunter seems to have heard a bit too much. The pater's still rolling in riches, I believe."

"And yet he wants you to leave Greyfriars?" said Nugent.

"Yes."

"Does he mean to emigrate, and take you with him?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then, why the dickens—"

"I've got to earn my own living," said the Bounder simply.

Harry Wharton & Co. simply gasped.

"Well, of all the weird ideas—" began Bob Cherry.

"Smithy's pater must have gone stark, staring mad!" said Johnny Bull.

The Bounder bristled up at this. He had a genuine regard for his father, and he did not wish him to be held up to ridicule.

"There's nothing wrong with the pater," he said. "He thinks it's high time I was thrown upon the world and made to fight my own battles—and I dare say he's right."

"But it's unheard of—"

"A millionaire's son—"

"And a youngster like you—"

Vernon-Smith laughed.

"Fellows younger than I am have had to earn their own living," he said.

"Mark Linley, for instance. And it never does a fellow any harm to have to fend for himself. Matter of fact, it does him a lot of good!"

Vernon-Smith was stubbornly defending his father's action. But he could not impress his schoolfellows, who regarded Mr. Vernon-Smith's conduct as unjust and unreasonable.

"The old man's cutting you off without a penny, I take it?" said Peter Todd.

"And a jolly good thing, too!" said Vernon-Smith. "It will save me from

degenerating into a first-class loafer. Thrown on my own resources, I shall have to work like a nigger to keep myself; and that's just what the pater wants. I quite understand his point of view."

"That's more than I can do, anyway!" growled Wharton. "If my pater tried this stunt on me, I'd never submit to it! It's unfair—monstrously unfair!"

"That's enough!" said Vernon-Smith sharply. "If you want to sling my pater, I'll trouble you to do it outside this study!"

"Don't get huffy!" said Bob Cherry. "We won't breathe another whisper against the old boy! But we'll mentally consign him to Jericho!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors could scarcely realise that they were losing Vernon-Smith on the morrow.

His going would leave a gap which would not easily be filled. He was one of the best—perhaps the best—all-round sportsmen in the Remove. A deadly forward, a magnificent cricketer, a vigorous carman, and a fine swimmer. To say that he would be missed was to put it mildly. The Form would be weakened—would lose a great deal of prestige—when the Bounder went.

"Isn't there some way out?" asked Frank Nugent. "Can't you get the pater to reconsider his decision, Smithy?"

"I'm not going to try!"

"You're not keen on leaving Greyfriars, surely?"

"Of course not! But I've got to fall in with the pater's wishes!"

Harry Wharton & Co. could see that Vernon-Smith had quite resigned himself to going. They realised that they were powerless in the matter; and, seeing that the Bounder preferred to be left alone, they went slowly and thoughtfully back to the junior Common-room.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Backing up the Bounder!

"GENTLEMEN—"

"Hurrah!"

"On the ball!"

Harry Wharton had mounted a form, with the object of making a speech.

Interruptions, however, were so

frequent and numerous that the captain of the Remove found progress very difficult.

"Gentlemen!" he said again. "We are here to-day—"

"And gone to-morrow!" chuckled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is no laughing matter, gentlemen!" said Wharton. "Evidently most of you are unaware of what has happened—or, rather, what is going to happen! Our old friend Smithy—"

"Bless his heart!" said Bolsover major.

"Is leaving Greyfriars to-morrow, by his father's orders!"

There was quite a sensation in the crowded Common-room.

"My hat!"

"Poor old Smithy!"

"What's he done to deserve this?"

"The whole thing is horribly unfair!" continued Harry Wharton, in ringing tones. "However, we can't interfere between Smithy and his pater. We must resign ourselves to losing one of the best fellows in the Remove!"

"Shame!"

"There is neither rhyme nor reason in this action of Smithy's pater!" said Wharton. "He's actually going to make Smithy earn his own living!"

"Great Scott!"

"That means," went on the captain of the Remove, "that Smithy, although a millionaire's son, will have to start off with hardly a penny in his pocket!"

There was a still louder cry of "Shame!"

"We can't prevent Smithy from going," said Wharton; "but there's one thing we can and must do! We must get up a subscription for him, and see that he's given a good send-off financially. If his pater won't do it, then it's up to us!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows!" said Billy Bunter, who had recovered from the bumping recently administered. "I regard that as a very sound idea! I'll go round with the hat—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And we ought to be able to scoop in quids and quids—"

"For the benefit of W. G. Bunter!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Not much! We know you of old, porpoise! You can consider yourself dead in this act!"

The suggested subscription for Vernon-Smith was hailed with acclamation by the Removites.

If Mr. Vernon-Smith cut his son off without a penny—as was generally anticipated—the Bounder would stand in sore need of funds. And this was where the subscription came in.

"We ought to be able to raise quite a decent sum," said Wharton. "If everyone is agreeable, we'll get hold of a collecting-box after dinner and go ahead with the good work!"

"Ripping!"

"Not a word to Smithy, mind! If you let the cat out of the bag, Bunter, we'll pulverise you!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I sha'n't breathe so much as a whisper!"

"Well, mind you don't, then!"

The dinner-bell rang at that moment, and the juniors—with the exception of Bunter—went into Hall with appetites less keen than usual.

The news concerning Vernon-Smith had thrown a shadow over the Remove.

It was a half-holiday, and Harry Wharton & Co. had a match with Highcliffe. However, they hoped to complete the subscription for Vernon-Smith before going down to the football-ground.

After dinner a party of juniors went along to Mr. Quelch's study. Peter Todd suggested that they should borrow an

JANUARY.

NEW LONG COMPLETE STORY BOOKS.

Out on January 2nd.

DETECTIVE TALES.

SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY.

No. 108.—THE HEAD-HUNTER'S SECRET.

A Romance of England and the South Sea Islands.

No. 109.—LINK BY LINK.

A Tale of the Most Desperate Fight of the Famous Detective's Career.

No. 110.—THE CASE OF THE KING'S SPY.

A really Thrilling Detective Novel.

No. 111.—THE JEWEL OF WU LING.

A New Coup of Leon Kestrel—The Master Mummer.

TALES OF SPORT.

SCHOOL LIFE, AND ADVENTURE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY.

No. 490.—SHUT FROM THE WORLD.

Magnificent Yarn of Prison Life. By Andrew Gray.

No. 491.—HENRY ST. JOHN'S SCHOOLDAYS.

Splendid Story of Schoolboy Fun and Adventure. By Henry St. John.

No. 492.—THE FIGHTING FOOTBALLER.

Stirring Tale of the Footer Field. By Nelson Power.

No. 493.—THE SCHOOLBOY REBELLION.

Enthralling Tale of School and Sport. By Martin Clifford.

Price 4d. Each.

COMPLETE STORY IN EACH NUMBER.

Ask your Newsagent for them.

Price 4d. Each.



The fat junior rounded a bend of the passage, when—crash! There was a sudden and terrific collision, followed by two separate and distinct roars of anguish. When Billy Bunter had contrived to sort himself out, he saw that the person with whom he had collided was Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth. (See Chapter 5.)

empty cigar-box from the Form-master, make a slit in the lid, and use it as a collecting-box. This suggestion was hailed with enthusiasm.

Harry Wharton tapped on the door of the study, and Mr. Quelch's voice bade him enter.

The captain of the Remove advanced into the study, and the Remove-master glanced up from his typewriter.

"Well, Wharton, what is it?"

"Could you lend me a cigar-box, sir?"

Mr. Quelch raised his eyebrows.

"This is a most singular request!" he said. "What ever do you want a cigar-box for?"

"To use as a collecting-box, sir. You see, we're getting up a subscription for a deserving object."

Mr. Quelch smiled. He did not ask what the deserving object was, but crossed over to the mantelpiece, took down an empty cigar-box, and handed it to the captain of the Remove.

Billy Bunter, who was peeping in at the doorway, noticed that another cigar-box reposed on the mantelpiece, and the fat junior made a mental note of the fact.

Wharton rejoined his schoolfellows in the passage, and the party went along to the Common-room.

"Smithy's not about—is he?" asked Wharton cautiously.

"No," said Peter Todd. "He's in his study. Now's our chance to make the giddy collection without his knowledge!"

"Hear, hear!" said Billy Bunter. "If

you'll hand me the box, Wharton, I'll go round—"

"Br-r-r!"

The box was not handed to Bunter, but to Peter Todd.

"Walk up, gents!" said Peter. "All contributions thankfully received!"

"Each fellow will be expected to put in what he can reasonably afford," said Harry Wharton. "We won't keep a record of the various amounts given. Just put in what you can, and we'll make the presentation to Smithy before the Highcliffe match."

"We shall have to be jolly tactful about it!" said Johnny Bull. "The worst of Smithy is, he's got such a lot of confounded pride! He won't like accepting alms!"

"We'll put it to him in a decent sort of way, of course!" said Wharton. "Then he can't very well refuse to accept the cash!"

The collection was in full swing the next moment.

Fellows swarmed round Peter Todd, and coins of all sorts and sizes were dropped through the slit which Peter had made with his penknife.

The Removites contributed very generously. And great was Peter Todd's surprise when he noticed Billy Bunter drop a coin—presumably a half-crown—into the box. It was something quite new for Bunter to perform a charitable action.

Tom Redwing came into the Common-

room, and he warmly approved of the scheme for giving Vernon-Smith a good financial send-off. Every penny of Redwing's pocket-money went into the box.

At the end of twenty minutes the collecting-box was crammed with silver and copper; and there was paper money in it as well.

"That's topping!" said Wharton. "Hand over the box, Toddy! I'll take it along to the study as soon as I've nailed down the lid; then we'll go up to the dorm and change for the match!"

Billy Bunter pricked up his ears. The fat junior saw no reason why some, if not all, of the contents of that collecting-box should not be transferred to his own pockets. Bunter argued that he needed the money far more urgently than Vernon-Smith, whose father was a bloated millionaire.

Although not a thief in the worst sense of the word, Billy Bunter had never been able to define the difference between meum and tuum. In his opinion there would be nothing criminal in extracting money from the cigar-box.

Bunter was in the state known as "stony," and he meant to remedy his condition with all speed.

The fat junior saw Wharton take the box of coin to Study No. 1. Then he saw the Remove footballers go up to the dormitory to change.

"Now's my chance!" murmured Bunter. "I'll jolly soon get hold of that

box unless Wharton's been mean enough to lock it up in his desk!"

Bunter devoted the next five minutes to borrowing a penknife. The first person he approached was Bolsover major.

"What do you want a penknife for?" growled Bolsover.

"Ahem! To—to carve my name on a desk."

Bolsover gave a snort.

"I reckon my knife would come back to me minus the blades!" he said. "Nothing doing, porpoise!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, and he tackled Monty Newland, Morgan, and Wibley in turn. But there was still nothing doing. Either the fellows didn't possess penknives, or, if they did, they had sufficient sense not to lend them to Bunter.

The fat junior began to get desperate.

"I shall have to buck up and borrow a knife somehow!" he muttered. "Wharton and the others will be down from the dorm in a few minutes."

And then Bunter remembered that one of his study-mates—Tom Dutton—had a penknife, and would probably come up to the scratch.

The Owl of the Remove rolled away to Study No. 7.

Tom Dutton was sprawling in the armchair, reading "Treasure Island."

"I say, Dutton—"

The deaf junior did not raise his eyes from the book.

"Dutton!"

The junior in the armchair neither heard nor heeded.

Billy Bunter exerted all his lung-power.

"Dutton, old chap!"

Tom Dutton looked up at last. He shut the book with a snap, and jumped to his feet.

"Glutton for a scrap, are you?" he exclaimed. "Well, so am I! Here goes!"

Billy Bunter backed away in alarm as his study-mate advanced towards him with clenched fists.

"Keep off, you silly ass! I didn't say anything about a scrap! I wanted to borrow your knife!"

"Strife? Certainly!" said Tom Dutton. "It's just going to begin!"

And he chased Billy Bunter round and round the table.

"Oh dear! Oh crumbs! Oh help!" gasped the fat junior. "Knife, fathead, knife!"

"You worm!" said Tom Dutton indignantly. "Fancy wanting to fight with a knife! Why can't you use your fists, like every decent fellow would?"

Billy Bunter groaned.

Trying to make Dutton hear was not only a difficult operation, but a dangerous one.

At last, however, the fat junior managed to snatch down a slate from the mantelpiece, and scribble on it with a piece of chalk.

Tom Dutton lowered his fists, and stared at Bunter in wonder.

Presently the Owl of the Remove held up the slate, on which was written:

"I WANT TO BORROW YOUR PEN-KNIFE!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Dutton. "Why the dickens couldn't you say so before? Here you are!"

And he handed his knife to his fat study-mate.

Billy Bunter did not even wait to say thank you. He hurried away in the direction of Study No. 1.

The Remove passage was deserted. Like Moses of old, Bunter looked this

way and that way, and there was no man.

"Good!" he muttered.

And he darted into the study.

Fortune favoured the fat junior.

Harry Wharton had not locked the collecting-box in his desk. He had left it on the table. Billy Bunter advanced towards it with a chuckle.

"This is where I get rich quick!" he murmured.

The fat junior picked up the box, turned it upside-down, and shook it.

There was a clink and a rattle of coin; but nothing came out.

"Jolly lucky I borrowed the penknife!" muttered the amateur burglar.

By inserting the blade of the knife through the slit, Billy Bunter hoped to be able to extract quite a lot of money.

And he would doubtless have succeeded had not the tramp of approaching footsteps sounded at that moment.

Billy Bunter turned quite pale, and his heart thumped against his ribs.

No. 25.—RICHARD NUGENT. ("Dicky.")



Frank Nugent's minor. Mischievous and spoiled and wrong-headed; a big trouble to Frank but with good stuff in him. Nothing really bad about him, and will improve with time. Popular with most of the juniors of the Second.

Before he had the presence of mind to put the box down, the door opened and the Famous Five came into the study.

"My only aunt!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, stopping short as his eyes fell upon Bunter, who still clasped the knife and the collecting-box.

"Caught in the act, by Jove!" said Nugent.

"You fat worm!" shouted Harry Wharton. "What are you doing with that box?"

"Ahem! I—I—"

"He's after the cash, of course!" growled Johnny Bull.

Billy Bunter shivered as five accusing glances were directed towards him.

"Ow! I wasn't—I didn't—I never meant—" he stammered wildly.

"If you weren't after the cash, why were you tampering with the box?" demanded Wharton sternly.

"I-I-it's like this," faltered Bunter. "I put a postal-order in it when the collection was made—a postal-order for ten bob—and I forgot to sign it with my name. So I was trying to get it out, you see, to—to make good the omission."

This was rather an ingenious lie, but it carried no weight with the Famous Five.

"You horrible fat toad!" said Wharton in contempt. "You deserve to be kicked out of Greyfriars!"

"He'll certainly be kicked out of this study," said Bob Cherry grimly. "Lend a boot, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter dropped money-box and knife with a clatter on to the table.

"I—I say—" he began, in tones of alarm.

But Harry Wharton & Co. did not wait to hear what Bunter had to say. They brought their football-boots into action, and the fat junior went careering through the open doorway. He would have travelled about a dozen yards had not the wall of the passage checked his gay career.

Billy Bunter collapsed on the linoleum in a huddled and groaning heap, and the door of Study No. 1 was slammed against him.

Thanks to the timely arrival of the Famous Five, his great expectations had not been realised.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Way of the Transgressor!

BILLY BUNTER sorted himself out with difficulty, and rolled dejectedly away down the passage.

His dejection vanished, however, when he reached the Close.

A brilliant idea suddenly occurred to him. Probably, like most of Bunter's brilliant ideas, it would end in disaster, but the fat junior didn't stop to think of that.

"I'll do it!" muttered Bunter aloud. "It's a ripping wheeze, and nobody will smell a rat!"

Accordingly, the Owl of the Remove made his way to Mr. Quelch's study. The Remove master was still busy at his typewriter, compiling an intricate chapter of the "History of Greyfriars."

In the excitement of having thought out a brilliant scheme, Billy Bunter rolled into the study without knocking.

Mr. Quelch was so astonished that he hit the wrong key twice in succession.

"Bunter! How dare you enter my study in this manner!"

The fat junior blinked at Mr. Quelch through his big spectacles.

"I knocked, sir!" he said.

"Indeed! Then I failed to hear you!"

"You were kicking up such a shindy on your machine, sir, that it's not surprising!"

"Boy! Take a hundred lines for impertinence!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"What do you want with me?"

"There's an empty cigar box on your mantelpiece, sir. M-m-may I borrow it, please?"

Mr. Quelch stared.

"For what purpose do you want a cigar-box, Bunter?"

"To collect funds, sir, for—for a deserving object!"

Mr. Quelch stared harder than ever.

"I have already given one of my cigar-boxes to Wharton for that purpose," he said.

"Yes, sir—but it was accidentally broken, and we want another."

"Very well, Bunter! Take it, and go!"

The fat junior, greatly relieved at being asked no more questions, took the cigar-box from the mantelpiece, mumbled a few words of thanks, and rolled out of the study.

"I shall expect to see your imposition by this evening, Bunter!" Mr. Quelch called after him.

"Yessir—certainly, sir!"

Concealing the cigar-box beneath his Eton jacket, Billy Bunter made his way to the wood-shed, which was, happily, deserted.

"Good!" he murmured. "Now, lemme see! Where's my knife—or, rather, Dutton's?"

Bunter groped in his pockets for the knife; then he remembered that it had been left in Study No. 1. It would be difficult to retrieve it from there, so Bunter had to look round for some other sharp implement.

"This axe will do the trick!" he exclaimed.

By exercising considerable care, Bunter at length succeeded in making a slit in the lid of the cigar-box. This done, he procured a hammer and some nails from Gosling's tool-bag, and nailed down the lid—in the same way as he had seen Harry Wharton nail down the lid of the other box.

"Better put something in it that will jingle!" mused the fat junior.

Several small pieces of tin were scattered on the floor of the wood-shed. They suited Bunter's purpose admirably.

Having dropped a few of them into the box, Bunter thrust the latter under his coat, as before, and made his way towards the Sixth Form passage.

He halted outside the study occupied by Wingate of the Sixth, and tapped on the door.

"Come in!" said Wingate gruffly.

Billy Bunter entered, jingling the pieces of tin in the box, which he held under Wingate's nose.

"What the thump—" began the captain of Greyfriars, in astonishment.

"I'm making a collection, Wingate," explained Bunter.

"A collection! Who for?"

"Smithy of the Remove. As you probably know, he's leaving Greyfriars to-morrow. His pater wants him to become a bootblack, or a crossing-sweeper, or something like that, and he's cutting Smithy off without a penny. Of course, it's awfully hard lines on poor old Smithy, and we're going to see that he leaves Greyfriars with a good lump sum in his pocket. You can give what you like, providing the amount's not less than five bob."

Wingate glanced curiously at the fat junior.

"Are you the authorised collector of these subscriptions, Bunter?" he asked.

"Oh, of course! It was my idea at the start. 'Rally round, you fellows!' I said. 'It's up to us to keep poor old Smithy from starvation!' I've raised quite a lot of cash from the Remove"—Bunter gave the cigar-box another rattle—"and now I'm appealing to the generosity of the Sixth."

Wingate looked far from satisfied. He knew Bunter, and he knew Bunter's methods; and he didn't approve of either.

"I think I'll step along and see Wharton—" he began.

Billy Bunter gave a violent start.

"What—what for?" he stammered.

"To find out if it's in order for you to collect subscriptions on Vernon-Smith's behalf!"

Bunter's complexion turned a sickly yellow as Wingate moved towards the door.

"Don't do that, Wingate!" he pleaded.

"There's no need to worry Wharton! Besides, he—he's gone out for the afternoon!"

Wingate spun round upon the Owl of the Remove.

"You fat young fraud!" he said angrily. "I can see what your little game is! You're taking up this collection with-

out Wharton's knowledge, and without anybody's permission!"

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

The captain of Greyfriars reached for an ashplant.

"Hold out your hand, Bunter!"

"My hat!"

"No; your hand—and look sharp about it!"

Billy Bunter gingerly extended a flabby and grimy paw, and the ashplant sang through the air. The victim sang, too—with anguish.

"Yow-ow-ow! Lemme off! I haven't done anything! Yaroooooh!"

Wingate delivered half a dozen sounding strokes; then he bundled Billy Bunter from the study.

In the heat of the moment, the captain of Greyfriars quite forgot to confiscate the collecting-box.

Bunter rolled away, tucking the box and his injured hand underneath his jacket.

"Oh dear!" he panted. "Oh crumbs!"

No. 26.—FRANK COURTENAY.



Captain of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe School, a much more modern foundation than Greyfriars. A splendid fellow—honourable, kindly, good at all games, and a born leader. Has made Highcliffe a different place for quite a number of the Form. (Study No. 3.)

Didn't the beast lay it on? It's mean-ness, that's what it is! He didn't want to contribute anything!"

Bunter quitted the Sixth Form passage, which did not appear to be a happy hunting-ground, and turned into the Fifth. Here he encountered that celebrated trio, Coker, Potter, and Greene.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Coker, stopping short. "What have you done with your hands, Bunter?"

"Had 'em chopped off for stealing?" inquired Potter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter displayed his hands to view—likewise the cigar-box. He extended the latter to Coker.

"No, thanks!" said the great Horace. "I don't smoke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you've got a Flor de Raddish there, I don't mind sampling one!" said Greene.

Billy Bunter blinked at the Fifth-Formers in exasperation.

"There aren't any cigars in this box!" he said.

"Oh, I see!" said Potter. "It's a bit

of camouflage—what? You keep your white mice in there, I suppose?"

"Rats! This is a collecting-box. I'm going round to collect—"

"Thick ears?" inquired Coker. "If so, you've come to the right shop!"

"Now, be serious!" urged Bunter, giving the box a rattle. "How much are you going to give? I've got fifteen-and-threepence already, and I'm anxious to make it up to a quid."

"But—but what's the collection for?" gasped Greene.

Billy Bunter explained—with tears in his eyes, almost—that his old pal was being dragged away from Greyfriars by his father's command.

"His pater's going to throw him on the streets!" said Bunter dramatically. "Poor old Smithy! He's going to be cut off without a penny! Picture him selling papers in the gutter! Think of him staggering along the Strand with a sandwich-board, when he'd rather drop the board and have a sandwich!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's nothing to laugh at!" said the fat junior. "Pitiful, I call it! Unless we rally round and give Smithy a helping hand, he'll be starving within a week!"

Coker, Potter, and Greene exchanged grim glances.

"I think we'd better rally round and give Bunter a helping boot—don't you?" said Coker.

"Yes, rather!" said Potter.

"Why doesn't he tell the truth, and admit that he's collecting for poor old Bunter instead of for poor old Smithy?" said Greene.

The Owl of the Remove saw that Coker & Co. had tumbled to his little game, and he realised the futility of attempting to get contributions from that quarter.

Bunter promptly turned to flee; and at the same instant three hefty boots clumped together on his plump person.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Follow up!" shouted Coker.

But Bunter didn't wait for the Fifth-Formers to continue their novel game of football. He raced away at top-speed, his fat little legs going like clockwork, and the cigar-box clutched frantically in his hand.

The fat junior rounded a bend of the passage, when—

Crash!

There was a sudden and terrific collision, followed by two separate and distinct roars of anguish.

When Billy Bunter had contrived to sort himself out, he saw that the person with whom he had collided was Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth.

"Bunter, you clumsy young rascal!" panted Mr. Prout. "How dare you come charging along the passage in this dangerous manner! You—you have nearly winded me!"

"Yow! Sorry, sir! It was a pure accident, I can assure you! I thought you'd have sufficient savvy to get out of the way!"

Mr. Prout blinked at Bunter as if he could scarcely believe his ears.

"You are impertinent, boy! I have a good mind to report you to your Form-master! Why are you clinking that absurd box in your hand?"

Bunter brightened up a little. He knew that Mr. Prout was a bit of a philanthropist, and he decided to tax him.

"Ahem! I'm collecting subscriptions, sir, for Vernon-Smith. As you know, he's leaving Greyfriars to-morrow, and we want to give him a jolly good send-off."

Mr. Prout stared.

"Do you mean to tell me, Bunter, that

the son of a millionaire stands in need of monetary help?"

"Yes, sir. You see, his pater's cutting him off—leaving him without a bean, sir. And I thought it would be a ripping idea to collect a few quids for poor old Vernon-Smith, especially as he's such an old pal of mine."

"Are you the authorised collector of these subscriptions, Bunter?" asked Mr. Prout, unconsciously repeating the question which Wingate had asked a short time previously.

"Oh, yes, sir! I shouldn't do a thing like this without the knowledge and consent of all the fellows. They handed the job to me because I show such tact in asking for contributions. Can you spare a quid, sir?"

"No, Bunter, I cannot!" roared Mr. Prout, growing very red in the face. "Your impertinence is unpardonable! I believe the whole thing is a trick on your part, and that you intend to convert the money to your own use!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"I shall make inquiries," said Mr. Prout. "And if I find that you have been guilty of duplicity, things will go hard with you!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Mr. Prout frowned at the fat junior and limped away. His shin had been injured as a result of the collision, and he went along to his study to nurse it.

Quaking with alarm and apprehension, Billy Bunter rolled away to the Remove passage.

The moment he set foot in that famous thoroughfare seven or eight juniors sighted him and rushed towards him.

"Here he is!"

"Collar the fat spoofer!"

"Coker was quite right when he told us that Bunter had been trying to collect money under false pretences!"

Billy Bunter uttered an exclamation of dismay. He turned to flee; but he was seized by many hands, and dragged into Study No. 1.

Bob Cherry closed the door and stood with his back to it, and the rest of the juniors surrounded Bunter with grim looks.

"Now, you fat worm," said Harry Wharton, "hand over that box!"

"Oh, really—"

"Hand it over!"

Billy Bunter obeyed. The box rattled as it changed hands.

"Looks as if he's made a successful haul!" said Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

Wharton prised open the box with the study poker, then he uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and drew out several pieces of tin. There was no sign of any cash.

The captain of the Remove turned to Bunter.

"What have you done with all the money you collected?" he demanded.

"Yow! I—I didn't collect any!" stammered the fat junior.

"Rats!" said Peter Todd. "Turn out his pockets!"

Billy Bunter was dumped on to the floor by several juniors, who went carefully through his pockets.

But it seemed that Bunter must be telling the truth for once, for they drew blank.

"Nothing doing!" said Nugent.

"And a jolly lucky thing for Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "If we had found any money on him we should have been compelled to report it to Wingate or Quelch. As it is, we can punish the fat toad ourselves!"

Billy Bunter blinked wildly at the captain of the Remove.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 622.

"Pip-pip-punish me?" he stuttered. "What for?"

"For playing such a rotten, low-down trick!"

"Oh crumbs! I—I acted from the best of motives—"

"Exactly what we're going to do!" said Bob Cherry. "Hand me that cricket-stump, Inky!"

"With pleasure, my worthy chum!"

Hurree Singh handed over the cricket-stump, and Billy Bunter was slung across the table like a sack of coals.

Then Bob Cherry, brushing the fellows back in order to give himself elbow-room, got busy.

The cricket-stump rose and fell, and the dust came up in a cloud from Billy Bunter's tight-fitting trousers.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroooooh! Help! Fire! Murder!" yelled the victim.

"Music hath charms!" murmured Peter Todd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

IT IS HIGH TIME

you ordered your copy
of this week's

"GEM,"

as it contains a
splendid long story,
entitled:

**"The Naturalist
of St. Jim's!"**

WHICH YOU
MUST NOT
MISS.

Bob Cherry did not desist until his arm ached. He was determined to teach Bunter a sharp lesson.

When the ordeal was over, the fat junior rolled off the table and collapsed on the floor of the study like a pricked balloon.

This was not his first licking that day by any means, but it was certainly the most severe.

And Billy Bunter realised, as he lay groaning and grovelling on the floor, that the way of the transgressor is hard!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Vernon-Smith Declines!

"YOU fellows will be late for the match!"

Vernon-Smith looked into the crowded study just as Billy Bunter was in the act of staggering to his feet.

Harry Wharton & Co. gave a start when they caught sight of the Bounder. For the latter was attired in football-garb.

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"You don't mean to say you're turning out against Highcliffe, Smithy?"

"Of course I am! Why not?"

"Well, we thought you wouldn't exactly feel like playing footer at a time like this," said Nugent.

"On the contrary," said Vernon-Smith, "I've never felt so keen and eager in my life! It's the last chance I shall ever get of playing, and I want to make the most of it!"

"Bravo!" said Bob Cherry. "I admire your spirit, Smithy! Most fellows in your position would simply sit and mope all the afternoon."

"I've finished with moping," said the Bounder. "What's the use of it, anyway? It can't make bad better."

At that moment Vernon-Smith's keen eyes lighted upon the two cigar-boxes which stood on the table. One was the genuine box, packed with contributions. The other was the one which had recently been confiscated from Bunter.

"What the dickens does this mean?" exclaimed the Bounder.

Billy Bunter promptly gave the game away.

"We've been getting up a collection for you, Smithy," he said. "I did the biggest share of the collecting, and these beasts are jealous, and they've just licked me!"

Harry Wharton & Co. glared at the fat junior. But all the glances in the world could not have undone the mischief.

Vernon-Smith flushed.

"So you fellows have been collecting on my behalf—what?"

"Yes," said Wharton. "You needn't scowl at us like that, Smithy! We realised what your position was—that you'd probably find yourself stranded when you got to London—and we considered it was only right to have a whip-round for you, in case your pater cut you off entirely. Don't misunderstand our motives. Don't think we were trying to insult you—"

"That's all right," said Vernon-Smith. "It's very decent of you to want to help. But I can't possibly accept the money."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Of course! I shouldn't dream of taking a penny!"

"Blessed if he isn't as proud as a giddy peacock!" said Bob Cherry. "Do be reasonable, Smithy, and accept the cash. It's not a great deal, I know, but it might tide you over an ugly time."

Vernon-Smith shook his head.

"I won't touch a single cent!" he said. "That's final!"

The juniors exchanged dismayed glances.

Vernon-Smith's refusal to accept the money meant that it would have to be returned to the respective donors.

Very reluctantly, Harry Wharton prised open the lid of the box.

"Afraid there's nothing for it but to hand back the money, you fellows," he said.

"While you're doing that," said Vernon-Smith, "I'll nip down to the footer-ground and tell the Highcliffe fellows that you won't be long."

"Thanks!" said Wharton.

And Vernon-Smith quitted the study.

When he had gone, the juniors crowded round Wharton for the purpose of identifying their money.

Billy Bunter, the effect of his licking having partially worn off, was an eager claimant.

"I'll have my ten bob back," he said.

Wharton gasped.

"You mean to say you contributed ten bob, you fat spoofer?"

"Yes. A ten-bob postal-order."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors roared with laughter at the idea of Billy Bunter being generous



Vernon-Smith fastened on to the ball like a terrier, tricked three opponents, and scored the winning goal with the best shot seen on the ground that season. Pheep! It was the final whistle. The match was over—and won! (See Chapter 7.)

enough to contribute ten shillings to any object, however charitable. They laughed, too, at the idea of his ever having been in possession of a ten-shilling postal-order.

"If, as you say, you put a ten-bob postal-order in this box, you shall certainly have it back," said Wharton.

The captain of the Remove turned the collecting-box upside-down, and the contents scattered themselves on the table.

There was no sign of a postal-order!

"Are you asking for another licking, you fat duffer?" exclaimed Wharton. "There's no postal-order here at all!"

"Ahem! I—I didn't mean a postal-order exactly."

"Well, what did you mean, then?"

"A ten-bob note!"

"Oh!"

There was certainly a ten-shilling note among the collection. Whether Bunter was the original owner of that note, however, was open to doubt.

"That's mine, right enough!" said Bunter. "It's a bit frayed at the edges."

"Why, you fat fraud!" exclaimed Dick Russell indignantly. "That ten-bob note was mine, and, what's more, I can prove it!"

Billy Bunter's jaw dropped as Russell produced a letter from his pocket.

"Here you are, you fellows! This is a letter I had this morning from my aunt—the letter enclosing the Treasury note. My aunt's a very careful old soul, and she quotes the number of the note. It's B. 55443."

Harry Wharton examined the number

of the note which was on the table, and found that it tallied.

A buzz of indignation arose.

"If you go on at this rate, Bunter," said Johnny Bull, "you'll finish up in Pentonville!"

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent. "The fat worm deserves to be lynched for pretending that note belonged to him!"

A sudden exclamation burst from Peter Todd.

"My hat! I've just remembered what Bunter actually did put in the box. It was a half-crown. It looked like one, anyway."

"That's right!" said the fat junior, clutching at the chance of making two-and-sixpence. "It was a half-crown I put in."

Harry Wharton separated the various coins into little heaps.

There were plenty of florins, plenty of shillings, and plenty of sixpences—but not a single half-crown!

There was something about the same size as a half-crown, however, and Wharton picked it up and examined it. It was an aluminium medal, which had been given away as a Peace souvenir.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped the captain of the Remove. "This was Bunter's contribution, you fellows!"

And he handed round the medal for all to see.

"It's not true!" howled Bunter. "I've never possessed a thing like that in my life!"

"Why, you fibber!" said Bob Cherry indignantly. "Now I come to think of it, you were playing about with this medal

in class yesterday, and Quelch nearly took it away from you!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! It's time you stopped telling such awful whoppers!"

That was more than Bob Cherry could stand. Striding forward, he planted his boot behind Billy Bunter, who travelled through the doorway at great speed, receiving the benefit of several more boots en route.

Bunter landed in the passage with a bump and a roar. And he made no further attempt to claim money which had never been his.

Groaning and grunting, the fat junior rolled away to his own study, feeling very much the worse for wear.

When Bunter had been disposed of, Harry Wharton was about to redistribute the money which Vernon-Smith had declined, when Bob Cherry made a suggestion.

"Why not hire a car with this cash, and give Smithy a jolly good send-off?"

The suggestion was hailed with enthusiasm.

"That would be topping!" said Peter Todd. "We could all crowd in the car and travel as far as Courtfield with Smithy."

Harry Wharton turned to the others. "Those in favour, show their hands!" he said.

A forest of hands went up, and the consent of the rest of the contributors was obtained.

"Very well," said the captain of the Remove, "we'll hire a car with this cash!"

"You'd be able to hire a good many with a sum like that," said Squiff. "Have you reckoned it up?"

"No; but I soon will."

Harry Wharton counted the money, and found that it totalled twelve pounds.

"And a car to Courtfield won't cost three," said Nugent. "Query—what shall we do with the remainder?"

"Have a farewell spread, of course!" said Johnny Bull.

"Good!"

"That's the idea!" said Wharton. "We'll lay in supplies after the match!"

Having decided how to expend the money which had been collected, Harry Wharton & Co. hurried away to the football-ground, where Frank Courtenay & Co., of Highcliffe, were awaiting them.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

His Last Match!

"A last!" said Frank Courtenay. "We were thinkin' you were never comin', begad!" said the Caterpillar.

"Sorry!" said Wharton breathlessly. "But we've been busy!"

"Impots for Quelchy?" inquired Courtenay.

"No."

"What then?"

"We've been getting up a collection for Smithy."

"You don't mean to say he's gettin' married, or anythin' like that?" queried the Caterpillar.

"Of course not, ass! But he's leaving to-morrow."

"My hat!"

"Is he being sacked from the school?" asked Courtenay, in surprise.

"No. Merely withdrawn. A whim of his pater's, you know."

"What a jolly shame!"

"That's what we all think. His pater's going to cut him off, and make him earn his own living. So we had a whip-round for him, knowing he'd be in need of cash, and now the silly ass won't take it!"

"Of course not!" chimed in Vernon-Smith. "Cut the cackle, you two, and let's get on with the game!"

A strong breeze was blowing as the rival teams lined up under the direction of Wingate of the Sixth.

Harry Wharton won the toss, and the Remove had the wind behind them.

In the first minute Hurree Singh got going on the wing, and, after outwitting the Highcliffe backs, he drove in a splendid shot, which hit the cross-bar and rebounded into play.

Then Highcliffe took a turn, and their efforts met with more success.

The Caterpillar, whose footwork was very tricky, sped away with the ball at his toes, and cleverly drew the Greyfriars defence. Then he lobbed the ball to Frank Courtenay, who stood, unmarked, within easy shooting distance.

Whiz!

The ball travelled with such force from Courtenay's boot that Bulstrode, in the Remove goal, could scarcely see it, much less stop it. It crashed past him into the net.

"Goal!"

The sporting crowd cheered Highcliffe's success.

Although the wind was against them—and a very powerful wind, too—the visiting team continued to attack strongly. They swarmed like ants round the Greyfriars goal, and it was well for the Remove that Johnny Bull and Tom Redwing, at back, never faltered.

The Greyfriars attack seemed to have fizzled out, and a few of the spectators

waxed sarcastic at the expense of Harry Wharton & Co.

"Buck up, Wharton!"

"Let's see some footer!"

"You're not playing hopscotch—"

"Or marbles!"

This "chipping" didn't improve Wharton's temper.

"Put a jerk into it, you fellows!" he exclaimed.

Hurree Singh again broke away on the wing. On this occasion he did not take a shot himself, but swung the ball right across to Vernon-Smith on the opposite wing.

The Bounder met the pass fairly and squarely with his right foot, and the ball crashed into the net.

"Goal!"

"Hurrah!"

"Well played, Smithy!"

The scores were level now, and the Remove players chuckled with satisfaction.

Their chuckles soon died away, however, when the Caterpillar again put in a

No. 27. GERALD LODER.



Of the Sixth Form. The worst fellow at Greyfriars, bar none. Dissipated, something of a funk, given to intriguing, never out of trouble, and always trying to bring others into it. Hates Wingate.

fine run, and passed the ball to Flip Derwent.

Flip was a first-rate shot, and he made no mistake. He drove the ball in with a force which nearly burst the net.

That goal gave the Remove something to think about. And before they had recovered from their amazement the Caterpillar himself netted number three.

"Goal!"

The Caterpillar's chums clapped him delightedly on the back.

"Three to one against!" groaned Bob Cherry. "This is awful!"

"And Highcliffe will have the wind in their favour in the second half," said Mark Linley. "Looks as if we shall have to fight hard to stave off a licking!"

The game was resumed at a ding-dong pace, but nothing further was scored by either side before the interval.

Frank Courtenay & Co. were smiling. And they had cause to smile. The match, to their way of thinking, was as good as won.

The Remove players gathered together in the middle of the field and held a brief council of war.

Wharton declared emphatically that this sort of thing wouldn't do.

"It wouldn't be so bad if the match was at Highcliffe," he said. "But we mustn't be licked on our own ground, in front of our own supporters!"

Wingate sounded his whistle, and the teams lined up afresh.

The Highcliffians looked smiling and confident; the Friars grim and determined.

The game was resumed at a terrific pace, but for twenty minutes the score was not added to, although both goals had narrow escapes.

Once Bulstrode was absolutely beaten, but Johnny Bull headed out from under the bar; and at the other end Vernon-Smith rammed in a hot shot which went wide by inches.

The strong wind developed into a fierce gale, in the teeth of which the Friars fought pluckily.

Vernon-Smith again secured the ball, and lobbed it across to Wharton, who made no mistake with a ground shot which lodged in the corner of the net.

"Goal!"

"That's tons better!" remarked Peter Todd. "I believe we shall beat the beggars yet!"

The Remove were playing great football at this stage. And Vernon-Smith, in particular, was at the top of his form.

Again and again the home forwards attacked, but their luck seemed to be dead out.

Wharton hit the cross-bar; a moment later Frank Nugent did the same; and then Mark Linley, from twenty yards out, got in a magnificent long shot, which the Highcliffe goalie, more by accident than design, contrived to tip over the bar.

Highcliffe were playing with their backs to the wall now. Even the forwards had dropped back to help a hard-worked and none too reliable defence.

The gale swept across the ground like a cyclone, but it did not muffle the shouts of the spectators, who were now wildly excited.

"Keep it up, you fellows!"

"Put your beef into it!"

"You'll save the game yet!"

Five minutes to go!

Only five minutes, and the Friars a goal to the bad!

The bombardment of the Highcliffe goal continued; and presently Dick Penfold, who had not been much in the limelight hitherto, sent in a scorching shot, which passed between the goalie's legs into the net.

"Hurrah!"

"Level, by Jove!"

Two minutes left! But in those two minutes it was possible for either side to get a deciding goal.

The ball was kicked off from the centre of the field, and the Caterpillar went away with it like a streak of lightning.

Straight down the field he sped, without pause or hesitation.

Johnny Bull rushed up to intercept the human whirlwind, but the Caterpillar feinted past him.

Tom Redwing also loomed up, but the Caterpillar disposed of him with a powerful shoulder-charge. And now there was only Bulstrode to beat!

"Shoot, Caterpillar—shoot!" panted Frank Courtenay.

And the Caterpillar shot with deadly force.

"Goal!" muttered the spectators, with a groan.

But they were too premature.

Bulstrode—who had been selected at the last minute in preference to Hazeldene—amply justified his inclusion in the

side. He brought off a save which was little less than miraculous.

A storm of cheering arose.

"Oh, well saved, sir!"

The ball went to Johnny Bull, who booted it up the field with tremendous vigour.

And then, before the onlookers could get a proper conception of what was happening, Vernon-Smith fastened on to the ball like a terrier, tricked three opponents, and scored the winning goal with the best shot seen on the ground that season.

Phoop!

It was the final whistle.

The match was over—and won!

In despite of the elements, and the fact that they had been two goals behind at half-time, the Remove had gained a last-minute victory by four goals to three!

The spectators had wondered what was happening when Vernon-Smith sent in that amazing shot; and now it was the Bounder's turn to wonder what was happening. He was swept off his feet, and borne shoulder-high from the scene of his triumph amid unparalleled scenes of rejoicing.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Cheer after cheer went up as the procession streamed off the field. Cheer after cheer—and the vanquished High-diffe players joined in!

It was not until the excited juniors reached the Remove passage that Vernon-Smith was set down.

The Bounder tried to speak, but no words would come.

For once in a way he felt strangely helpless.

Tears—blinding tears—rushed to the eyes of the fellow who had gained the reputation of being hard and unemotional.

Vernon-Smith dashed them away as soon as they came; but he would never forget that moment—never forget that overwhelming demonstration on the part of his schoolfellows.

It was his last match—and he had won it for his side!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Feast of the Gods.

THAT evening Harry Wharton & Co. paid a visit to the school tuckshop, and laid in supplies for the farewell feed.

It was arranged that this great function should take place at the conclusion of afternoon lessons next day.

In the Remove dormitory that evening there were animated scenes.

It was Vernon-Smith's last night at the old school, and many of the fellows felt very sympathetic on that account. But the Bounder urged them to keep cheerful.

"I want to try and enjoy my last few hours at Greyfriars," he explained. "And if you fellows are merry and bright you'll make things easier for me."

And so, instead of being a night of gloom, it was indeed a gala night in the Remove dormitory.

Bob Cherry suggested a concert after lights out. He didn't feel much like singing himself, but he knew that it would take Vernon-Smith's mind off his trouble.

Bob Cherry's suggestion was carried unanimously.

A decent interval was allowed to elapse after lights out. Then the Remove turned out in full force.

Candle-ends were lighted up and down the dormitory, and the juniors donned their jackets and trousers over their pyjamas.

To hold a concert by night was a very

risky business. But the masters and prefects slept at a good distance from the Remove dormitory, and it was just possible that they would not hear the revelry.

Micky Desmond was detailed to keep guard on the landing, and to cough twice in the event of a master or prefect approaching.

Then the fun commenced.

Harry Wharton rendered the first song.

There were no piano accompaniment, but Ogilvy and Russell made night hideous with their mouth-organs.

"Steady on, you duffers!" said Nugent. "You'll bring a whole crowd of beaks here if you try to raise the roof like that!"

Ogilvy and Russell put on the soft pedal, so to speak, and Wharton's voice became audible for the first time. It had previously been drowned by the mouth-organs.

The captain of the Remove finished his song amid subdued applause. Then Bob

No. 28.—PET R HAZELDENE.



A better fellow than he used to be, but weak and wayward. A victim of the gambling fever. Except his sister Marjorie, he has never had a better friend than Harry Wharton. At his best a brilliant goalkeeper. His study-mates help to keep him from going utterly wrong. (Study No. 2—Remove.)

Cherry commenced to sing. His voice fairly boomed through the dormitory.

"Cheese it, Bob, you idiot!"

"You'll rouse the inhabitants of Friar-dale!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry glared.

"How do you expect me to sing softly," he demanded, "when it's a sea song!"

"Oh, it's a sea song, is it?" said Squiff. "I thought it was an imitation of a fog-horn!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Micky Desmond popped his head in at the door at this juncture.

"Anybody coming, Micky?" asked Wharton in alarm.

"No; but if Cherry doesn't tone it down a bit he'll rouse the whole school, entirely!"

Accordingly, Bob Cherry moderated his transports. Instead of thundering the words "Yo-heave-ho!" he merely crooned them.

Hurree Singh was the next performer. He rendered a local song of his own composition, commencing:

"I sing the praise of schoolful days,
Of happy boyful blessedness;
On sunny day the game we play,
On evenings dark the chessful-
ness."

The juniors had heard that song before, and they chuckled. But there was one verse which was new to them:

"We bid good-bye with many a sigh
To Smith, who goes departfully;
The teardrops fall from one and all,
Our hearts are throbbing smart-
fully."

The teardrops certainly fell, but they were the result of merriment occasioned by Hurree Singh's quaint English.

The songs and recitations continued until a very late hour. They would probably have gone on indefinitely, had not Micky uttered two coughs in quick succession.

"Into bed, everybody!" rapped out Harry Wharton.

It was the work of a moment for the juniors to whip off their clothes and jump into bed. But they were only just in time.

A figure in dressing-gown and slippers came into the dormitory. It was Mr. Quelch!

The Remove-master halted in some surprise. He felt certain he had heard sounds of hilarity proceeding from the Remove dormitory; yet here were his pupils tucked in bed and apparently asleep.

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Quelch.

Peace reigned in the dormitory, save for a well-feigned snore on the part of Bob Cherry.

"Are you awake, my boys?" inquired the Form-master.

Snore!

"Really, I must have been mistaken!" muttered Mr. Quelch. "And yet I could have sworn I heard sounds of singing!"

The Remove-master turned on his heel, and when the shuffling of his slippered feet had died away a low chuckle came from the juniors.

"Safe!" muttered Nugent.

"Thanks to my snoring!" said Bob Cherry.

"Rats! It was your snoring that jolly nearly gave the whole show away. I hardly know which is worse—your snoring or your singing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here——" began Bob Cherry wrathfully.

"Dry up, you two!" said Wharton. "Time we got to sleep!"

Within a quarter of an hour every fellow in the dormitory—including Vernon-Smith—was in the arms of Morpheus.

The Bounder had anticipated a sleepless night, but the Fates were kind to him, and he slept soundly until rising-bell.

Although the Head had exempted him from further lessons, Vernon-Smith took his place as usual in the Remove Form-room. He felt that this was preferable to moping by himself. His packing was already done, and to sit in the study all day doing nothing would be intolerable.

The day dragged slowly enough.

Sleet was falling outside and spattering on the panes of the Form-room windows. Everything was dark, dreary, and cheerless. It was as if the clerk of the weather knew of Vernon-Smith's impending departure, and intended to make things as gloomy as possible for him.

But there was nothing gloomy or

cheerless about Study No. 1 when afternoon lessons were over.

A log fire was blazing in the grate, and everything was cosy and comfortable.

The Famous Five laid the table, and the guests arrived in a noisy, clamorous crowd.

Accommodation was decidedly limited, but four juniors shared the window-sill, half a dozen disported themselves on the floor, and one bright youth availed himself of the coal-scuttle.

Vernon-Smith was the last to arrive. He received a warm welcome.

"This way, Smithy!"

"Make yourself at home!"

The Bounder glanced at the array of goods things in astonishment.

"My hat! You fellows mean to do things in style, and no mistake!"

"Of course!" said Bob Cherry. "This is the last feed we shall ever have together, and—"

"Shurrup, you ass!" muttered Johnny Bull. "You'll take the edge off the celebration, if you say things like that!"

"I say, you fellows—"

There was a glimmer of spectacles in the doorway. Billy Bunter had scented out the feed like a fat ferret.

"Travel!" said Wharton curtly.

"Oh, really—"

"Get out!" roared the Famous Five in unison.

Billy Bunter appealed to Vernon-Smith.

"I say, Smithy, I've been your pal even since I can remember—"

"Have you?" said the Bounder in surprise. "Then perhaps you'll do me a favour?"

"Certainly, old chap."

"Put yourself on the other side of that door!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter still lingered; but when he saw Johnny Bull's hand straying towards a loaf, and Frank Nugent diving for the study poker, the fat junior promptly fled. A yell of laughter followed him—likewise the loaf of bread. It happened to be a stale loaf, so it didn't matter.

The feast was soon in full swing, and a casual observer would never have dreamed that one of the party was about to leave Greyfriars for good. To quote Byron, "All went merry as a marriage-bell."

When everything of a solid nature had been disposed of, and only tea and ginger-pop remained, Harry Wharton jumped to his feet and gave the toast.

"Here's to Smithy—good old Smithy—and may his shadow never grow less!"

The toast was honoured amid tremendous enthusiasm, in the course of which the glass panel of the bookcase was cracked, and the coal-scuttle capsized.

Vernon-Smith, his face flushed, his lips

parted in a smile, rose to reply. He was greeted with deafening cheers.

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows—"

"Hurrah!"

"I never was much of a hand at speech-making, and it's jolly difficult for me to express my thanks—"

"Rats!"

"You've nothing to thank us for, you old duffer!"

"At the same time," the Bounder went on, "I do thank you, one and all, for this ripping send-off. I've had some very happy times at Greyfriars, and I'm not going to pretend that I'm glad to go. Far from it. But let me say just this—I shall return! How or when I don't know at present, but I shall leave no stone unturned to get back to the old place. I go; but something seems to tell me that my absence will be merely temporary, and not permanent. I hope to be with you again soon!"

HARRY WHARTON & CO.

The Chums of Greyfriars,
appear every Friday in

THE PENNY POPULAR.

There are also long stories
of Tom Merry & Co. of St.
Jim's, and Jimmy Silver & Co.
of Rookwood.

Vernon-Smith's speech caused a profound sensation.

Excitement spread through the crowded study like a fire through gorse. Fellows were on their feet, clapping their school-fellow by the hand, and wishing him the best that the world could give.

It was an animated and a thrilling scene—a scene the like of which had seldom been witnessed, even in that historic apartment known as Study No. 1.

And then, when the enthusiasm was at its height, a cold—almost a sneering voice—announced from the doorway:

"Master Herbert, the car awaits you!"

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

"I Shall Return!"

ALL eyes turned towards the doorway.

A man in chauffeur's livery stood there—a coarse, unpleasant-looking man.

Vernon-Smith knew him at once.

"The pater's chauffeur!" he muttered.

Harry Wharton & Co. glared at the intruder. They themselves had ordered a car to convey Vernon-Smith as far as Courtfield; but it seemed as if the Bounder's father had forestalled them.

"You can wait a few minutes, Jenkins!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Pardon me, Master Herbert, but my orders are that you are to come at once!"

"And supposing I don't?"

"In that case, your father has instructed me to use force!"

Harry Wharton & Co. glared still harder at the chauffeur.

"If you lay so much as a finger on Smithy," said Bob Cherry, in measured tones, "we'll pulverise you!"

"Hear, hear!"

Vernon-Smith turned to his school-fellows.

"I suppose I'd better go," he said.

"I've got to go some time to-day, anyway. You'll have to wait here a jiffy, Jenkins, while I go and say good-bye to the Head."

"My orders are—" began the chauffeur; but he was immediately howled down by the excited juniors.

"Rats!"

"Dry up!"

"Make way for Smithy!"

Jenkins, however, refused to make way. He remained in the doorway, blocking Vernon-Smith's exit.

"Let me pass!" said the Bounder sharply. "You can't prevent me saying good-bye to the Head if I want to!"

"My orders—" began Jenkins.

But he got no further.

Harry Wharton & Co. rushed at him, swept him off his feet, and dragged him into the study.

"Go ahead, Smithy!" panted Bob Cherry.

And Vernon-Smith, wondering what his father would have to say when Jenkins complained of the rough handling he had received, quitted the study.

The chauffeur struggled desperately in the grip of his captors, but his struggles were futile. Half a dozen juniors pinned him down, and he finally abandoned himself to their tender mercies.

"Look after him, you fellows," said Harry Wharton. "I've got an important job to see to. I'll be back in a jiffy."

The captain of the Remove hurried away to Wingate's study in the Sixth Form passageway.

Wingate glanced curiously at the junior's flushed, excited face.

"What is it, Wharton?"

"May I use the telephone in the prefects' room, Wingate?"

"Is it anything urgent?"

"Yes."

"Very well."

Wharton muttered a word of thanks,

Other splendid features in this week's PRAIRIE Library include:—

"The Black Pearl"

A grand new detective story, introducing Nelson Lee, Nipper, Dr. Huxton Rymer, and Ah Wah, the Chinaman.

"The Golden Trail"

A thrilling, long, complete tale of BUFFALO BILL among the Redskins.



Every British boy should secure a copy of this beautiful COLOURED plate of our future King as an Indian Chief. It's absolutely unique! A copy, complete with a calendar for 1920, is given free inside every copy of this week's PRAIRIE Library.

Ask for
PRAIRIE
LIBRARY.
Out on Thursday.

and a moment later he was at the telephone, ringing up the motor-garage at Courtfield.

"Hallo! Is that the proprietor? This is Wharton, of Greyfriars. I ordered a car from you, if you remember?"

"That's right, sir."

"Well, I want it at once! Will you buzz it along?"

"It will be at Greyfriars in a few minutes, sir."

"Good!"

Wharton replaced the receiver, and went out into the Close, where Mr. Vernon-Smith's huge Daimler stood ready.

With a chuckle, the captain of the Remove bent down and took off the starting-handle.

"This will be one in the eye for Jenkins!" he muttered.

Then, returning to Study No. 1, Wharton summoned his chums into the Close.

"Do you want us to release this beauty?" inquired Johnny Bull, who had made himself comfortable on Jenkins' chest.

"Yes."

The chauffeur was permitted to scramble to his feet, and then the whole party adjourned to the Close.

Shortly afterwards there was the purr of an automobile, and the hired car from Courtfield swung in at the school gates.

"Hurrah!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "We've got our merry old car, after all! Well played, Harry!"

The driver of the car turned it round, and halted beside the Daimler.

At that moment Vernon-Smith, having said good-bye to the Head, arrived on the scene, armed with his belongings.

"What the thump—" he began, catching sight of the two cars.

"You're coming with us, old man," said Wharton. "As far as Courtfield, anyway."

"Hear, hear!"

In vain Vernon-Smith protested. He was hustled into the hired car by his schoolfellows, who clambered in after him. Fortunately, it was a spacious car, or somebody would have "got left."

Meanwhile, Jenkins had made the startling discovery that his starting-handle was missing. He stood by his car, fuming, while the other car bounded forward with its human cargo, and swiftly disappeared through the school gateway.

Mr. Vernon-Smith's car, and the chauffeur, had been left in the lurch!

In the gathering winter dusk, Harry Wharton & Co. and Vernon-Smith were whirled along the road to Courtfield.

The excitement on board was intense.

"You silly duffers!" said Vernon-Smith, laughing. "What are we going to do when we get to Courtfield?"

"To tell you the truth, I hadn't thought of that!" said Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Presently, there was a rumbling sound in the rear, and the juniors, glancing over their shoulders, could see the big Daimler in pursuit.

"That boulder Jenkins must have borrowed another starting-handle!" exclaimed Wharton. "I pinched the one he had originally."

The Daimler was the speedier car of the two, and it drew level when Courtfield High Street was reached.

"Now, you young rascals," shouted

Jenkins furiously, "I'll trouble you to hand over Master Vernon-Smith!"

Harry Wharton & Co. wisely decided to terminate the excitement. They realised that if they played any further tricks on Jenkins they would only be storing up trouble for the Bounder when he reached home.

Wharton motioned to the driver to stop, and Jenkins slowed up, too.

Then Vernon-Smith's belongings were transferred from one car to the other; after which the Bounder shook hands all round.

"Au revoir, you fellows! I won't say good-bye, because, as I said before, I mean to return. By hook or by crook, I'll get back to Greyfriars!"

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Smithy!"

There, in the dimly-lighted street of Courtfield, Vernon-Smith bade farewell to his chums. But he told himself that he was not going out of their lives. Never had he been so sincere as when he uttered the words, "I shall return!"

The Bounder clambered into his own car; Jenkins slipped in the clutch, and the Daimler leapt forward. It was soon lost to sight in the darkness.

Harry Wharton & Co. stepped out of their own car, paid the driver, and tramped back, silent and thoughtful, to Greyfriars.

Had they looked their last upon Vernon-Smith? Or was his parting prophecy destined to come true?

THE END.

(Another grand, long, complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars School, next week, entitled, "EXILED FROM SCHOOL!" Order your copy of the MAGNET in advance.)



This is a small line drawing of the Plate to be Given Free. Actual size of Plate with engraving is 7½ inches by 10 inches. The title of the picture is "Boy, 1st Class, JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL, V.C. The Battle of Jutland, May 31st—June 1st, 1916. From the Picture by F. O. Salisbury, painted for the Admiralty on board H.M.S. Chester." The closing date of this offer will be published in this paper in a week or so. No application will be accepted after that date.

MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PICTURE TO BE GIVEN FREE

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO
TO SECURE A BEAUTIFUL
ART PLATE :: :: ::

We reproduce here a small line drawing of a magnificent coloured plate which every reader of THE MAGNET has an equal chance of securing. All you have to do is to secure the names and addresses of SIX of your friends who are non-readers of THE MAGNET. When you have done this, write them down on a postcard and post them to the Editor of THE MAGNET, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4. All postcards should be marked "Free Plate" in the top left-hand corner. Names and addresses of regular or occasional readers must on no account be sent, otherwise your application for a Plate may be rejected. Before sending in your list, make sure that the names are of non-readers.



A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A query I received the other day struck me as really interesting. It concerned the "Boys' Friend"; but as the old Green 'Un is linked up with all the Companion Papers, it does not signify.

My correspondent wanted to have a trip on such a ship as the Bombay Castle! Think of that now! It will please Mr. Duncan Storm—not because a certain amount of disappointment awaits the writer—no, it will please the author for the reason that the question is another tribute to the reality of the stories which deal with the famous ship.

But there are not any Bombay Castles in actual life, though it would be no bad notion if there were. Boys who could take their schooling on the crest of the ocean wave would be out to learn a rare lot. I only wish I could oblige my chum by telling him where he could book his passage as a pupil in such a ship; but it can't be done.

He writes from Manchester, and most likely sees the big ships gliding majestically down the Ship Canal, and, of course, he is taken with the sea. Who isn't? There is always something grand and inspiring about the sea. Perhaps later on my friend will have his chance of starting a career on the deep. He is cut out for it.

HENRY THE FIFTH AND BUNTER.

Yes, it is an odd mixture. If the two worthies met, I wonder what they would say to one another? Most likely the conqueror of Agincourt would enlist Bunter in his army and make him go through a severe bout of training to keep the fat down. Bunter would come out of the ordeal thin and wiry, and we should none of us recognise him.

But that is not the point. I have found on my desk a wonderful bit of copy which I wish I could use; but space forbids. There is no name on it; but it seems to have been written by a clever fellow who has studied Bunter thoroughly. It ends up with a dream, of course, as such things pretty nearly always do; but before Bunter wakes up he sees something of the Battle of Agincourt, and most likely he had a few words with the trenchant David Gamm, though I missed that part.

It is a very good attempt, and racy of its kind, while it is clear as paint that the writer had picked up a good deal of history, for he refers to the ancient feud between the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans.

By the way, the son of the Duke of Orleans mentioned in this mysterious bit of copy was taken prisoner at the Battle of Agincourt, and passed seventeen years at Groombridge, where he wrote poetry, a far pleasanter way of spending the time than valising round Europe with his

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 622.

sword drawn. My unknown correspondent has a good word for Henry the Fifth, and this is quite right, for Henry of Monmouth was not a bad sort, though over-fond of fighting and trying after other folks' property.

ANOTHER CLUB.

Mr. W. Dudley Ash writes from 53, Ambia Vale East, Clifton Wood, Bristol, asking me to allow him to form a MAGNET Club for fellows from seventeen to twenty.

Most certainly I will allow him. Such a club is likely to be of real use if the members take things in earnest, and set about doing what they can to assist one another. But, placed as I am, I cannot undertake the correspondence business, as my friend suggests. I have my hands full as things are. The club really does not require an intermediary at all.

A TRIP TO CORNWALL.

I have just been to Cornwall—that is to say, I was nearly there, thanks to a Falmouth correspondent, whose letter was clever enough to conjure up the fine old town with all those hundreds of steps, and that curiosity-shop which is like no other curiosity-shop I ever saw. My chum writes like a special-riveted, extra-clamped stylist. He says:

"I herewith write to you, compelled to do so by an instinctiveness of ethic, to express my infinite appreciation of the Companion Papers, the empyrean like of the School-Book World."

Well, you require a rest after a magnificent sentence like that.

"Frank Richards' ideas are excellent," my chum goes on to say; "but I think he shines better in the 'Popular' than the MAGNET." Then my Falmouth friend says: "Your notes, by the way, on the back of the Companion Papers, are a source of great interest, and, I think, increase the sale of the Companion Papers, for they are so genial."

Thanks to my friend in Falmouth. I hope he will continue to stand by the papers, and that one of these days he will write to me again. It is a pleasure to have such a letter as his. You know, it is wonderful what a cheery word will do. If the world properly understood this fact, life would be far brighter and more amusing than it is.

People always work harder after a compliment. They prefer it to anything. It puts heart into them, and makes what seemed a tedious job exactly the task they like most in the world. Yes, it is true of all of us—dukes and dustmen, kings and coalheavers, editors and earls.

I hope my chum will have a pleasant winter in the South. The report is that Falmouth is always mild; but don't you

believe this statement. A few winters since I went to Falmouth because I wanted to be warm and to bask in the sun. I was told you could do all that at the great port.

Well, I found Falmouth under snow! It is a fact! Not for nineteen years had the place seen a snowflake. The children were delighted, because Mother Carey had never plucked any chickens in their lives and in their neighbourhood. But there it was—wet, unpleasant-minded snow, with the weather as bad as the manners of the Ojibbeways. The children of Falmouth liked the experience. I did not—but even Mother Carey cannot please everybody.

A PLEA FROM SHEFFIELD.

It is a real bonza letter, as full of compliments as a meringue is of cream, and the writer wants me to republish such old and favourite yarns as "Driven to the Wall." He says the bygone yarns are out of the question to buy.

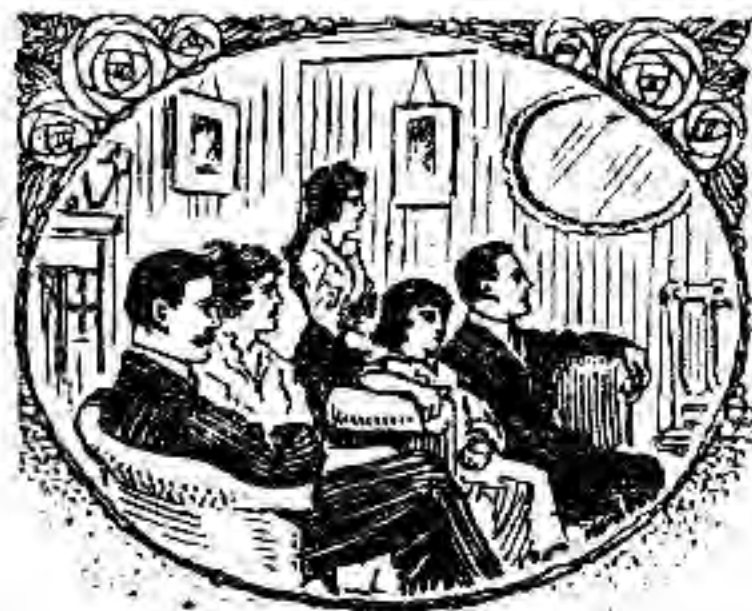
Well, of course, that must be so. They have been out of print for years, and then more years, and those copies which have not perished are in the possession of readers who have kept them for binding. Now, I should like to see the past tales accessible to all—in the form of a library, as my correspondent suggests—but how is it to be done?

No, I cannot republish. I should like to often enough; but it would hardly be fair. Most readers look for new yarns, and rightly so. The old stories could not masquerade as new ones, not very well, for even in a school-tale there are subtle differences brought about by time. If ever it were found possible to do something on the lines proposed I should make it plain that I was reissuing the old stories. It would be the "Old Magnet Library," or something of that kind.

TUCK HAMPERS.

Life is not made of Tuck Hampers. You know this fact as well as I do, and it would not be a good thing for any of us if it were. I am taking the Tuck Hamper in a general as well as in a particular sense, of course. Life ought to be difficult. Difficulties and immensity of trouble made Job of old the grand man he was. But let that go. I have just read a letter from a chum who has received a Tuck Hamper. That's all. I am glad he had it.

Your Editor



PAPERGRAPHY

HOW AN EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT MAY BE GIVEN WITH A SHEET OF PAPER.



THE second fold—on the same side as the fold already employed—must now be opened.

FLOWER-VASE (Fig. 11).—Keeping the two folds well open, pull the ends round into the form of a cylinder.

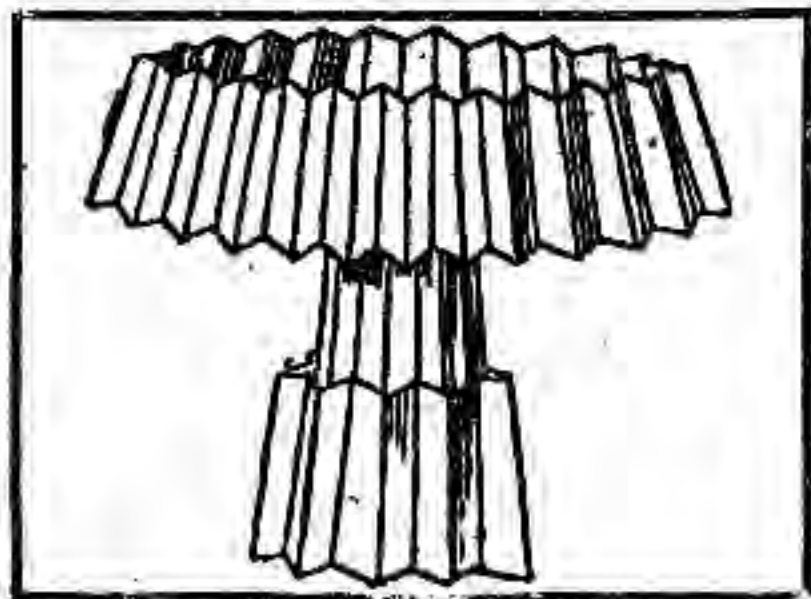


Fig. 11.—Flower-vase.

EASTERN WATER-JUG.—Bend the paper round in the reverse direction to that forming the flower vase. Then close the bottom end, and



Fig. 12.—Eastern Water-jug.

place on the shoulder, as though carrying a pitcher.



Fig. 13.—Chinese Mandarin.

CHINESE MANDARIN (Fig. 13).—Turn the Eastern water-jug upside-down, and place it upon your head. Slight facial contortions can always be made with good effect whenever the three hats included in this list are formed.

The first fold (A, Fig. 1) must next be opened on both sides.

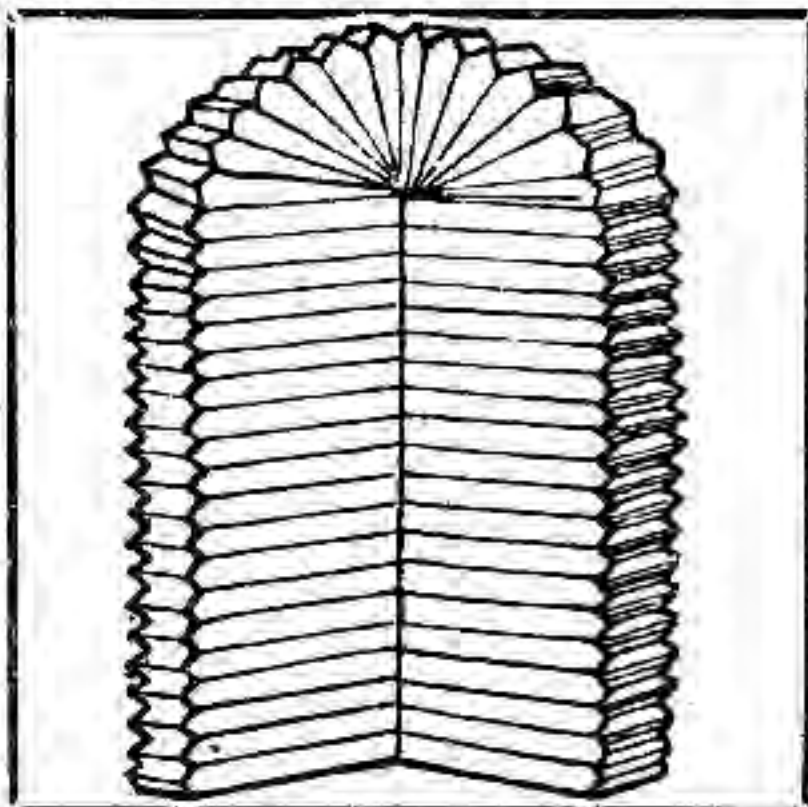


Fig. 14.—Sentry-box.

SENTRY-BOX (Fig. 14).—Pull round the two corners of one end until they meet, allowing the other end to hang down to its fullest extent.

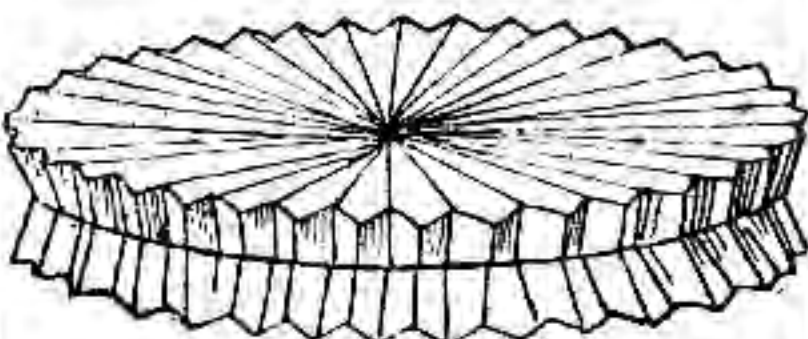


Fig. 15.—Wash-bowl.

WASH-BOWL (Fig. 15).—Pull round the corners of both ends until they meet, and press the pleats together.

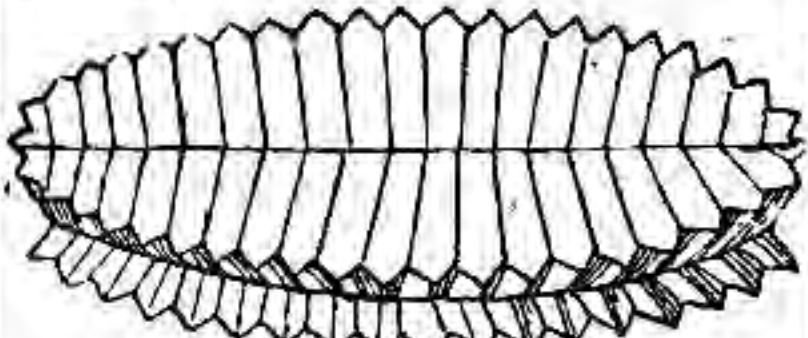


Fig. 16.—Footbath.



Fig. 17.—Drummer's Hat.

FOOTBATH (Fig. 16).—Still grasping the ends of the wash-bowl, draw the pleats out as far as possible.

DRUMMER'S HAT (Fig. 17).—Turn the footbath upside-down, and place upon the head.

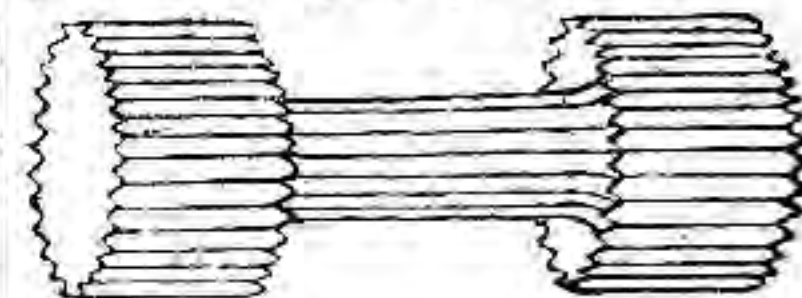


Fig. 18.—Dumb-bell.

For the remaining papergraphs, all the folds must be opened.

DUMB-BELL (Fig. 18).—With the folds open on both sides, pull the pleats round into a cylinder. Then grasp the dumb-bell by the centre with your right hand, and, bending



Fig. 19.—Bonbon.

your forearm, flex the bicep as though exercising.

BONBON (Fig. 19).—Bend the paper round the reverse way to that forming the dumb-bell.

GRANNY'S CAP (Fig. 20).—Open out the pleats, and place the paper upon the head, pulling the sides down over the ears to the chin.



Fig. 20.—Granny's Cap.

After one or two practices, all that it is necessary to do in order to give a successful entertainment is to learn the correct order in which the transformations take place.

For the first two or three performances it is a good plan to write out a list of the various "folds" upon a small slip of paper, which should be placed in such a position that a hasty glance can be thrown at it in case of the memory failing.

As will doubtless have been noticed, the different folds have been so arranged in the article that each transformation leads up to the next. It is therefore of great importance that the performer should remember their correct order. Otherwise he may suddenly find himself attempting to make a fold with only one pleat opened, when really three are required.



A Stirring New Tale of the Ring.
By **PERCY LONGHURST.**

SYNOPSIS.

Harry Rhodes, a miner and amateur boxer, of Lexborough, a mining village, meets Joshua Martin, the manager and principal backer of Anthony Hanna—"Cast-Iron Tony"—a wonderful Scottish light-weight boxer, who had come to Lexborough to train. Harry lives with an uncle, James Rhodes, who has trained him, and who had himself been a boxer years before. He had left the Ring through some tragedy of which Joshua Martin knows the facts, much to James Rhodes' alarm.

Hanna, who is a thorough scoundrel, becomes Harry's sworn enemy.

Bertram Godfrey, a friend of Mr. Durham, the owner of the mine at which Harry worked, interests himself in Harry Rhodes.

Harry learns that James Rhodes is his father, and that he was responsible for the death of a boxer some years previously.

Harry, his father, and Bertram Godfrey go to London, where Harry defeats Jules Meunier, Parisian light-weight champion, in a private contest, which is witnessed by a Royal Prince.

An attempt to kidnap the Prince is frustrated by Harry, who earns the Prince's gratitude.

The next morning there is a telephone-call for Bertram Godfrey, and the caller learns that Harry Rhodes is there.

(Now read on.)

A Surprise for Bowman.

"ALL right; I'm coming," declared the person at the other end. "Tell him not to go until I arrive."

"Who're you talking?" demanded Rhodes.

But the other talker had evidently left the instrument, for no answer came to the question, although James Rhodes repeated it half a dozen times.

"Someone who wants you badly, Harry," commented Rhodes, sitting down. "And either it's too long or too important for him to talk about it over the 'phone. Wonder who it is? Shouldn't be surprised if it's some newspaper chap."

"Got hold of some rumour about last night, and hopes to pump me about it," said Harry. "Well, I'm afraid he'll find his time wasted."

"But not if it's only your battle with the Frenchman he wants to hear about," his father protested. "It'd do you a lot of good, Harry, if it drifted into the papers that you'd defeated Jules Meunier."

"Yes, dad; but seeing that it was a private show, I don't think I'm justified in saying anything about it," retorted

Harry. "Not without Mr. Godfrey's permission, anyhow."

"Maybe you're right, my boy; but it seems a pity to waste a chance that ought to be worth pounds to you. Don't forget that you've your way to make, and it doesn't do to turn down any opportunity. There's many a good lad come to grief—never become anything better than a third ranker—because he didn't recognise the chance of his life when it showed itself to him."

"Yes, dad; but I don't think that he was the worse off in the long run, or that I'm going to be, for playing the game. And it doesn't seem to me it'd be real jannock to go and make a song in public about last night's show."

And James Rhodes admitted that Harry might be right, though he added it was just as well everybody in the world didn't always think alike.

About midday Collier came into the library for the second time, with the news that a Mr. Bowman had called and wanted to see Harry Rhodes.

"Ask him to come in here," said Harry.

And the manager of the National Boxing Club was shown into the room.

Conrad Bowman, stout, active, well-groomed, came across the room, his bright shrewd eyes taking careful scrutiny of the youngster coming to meet him. He was accustomed to meeting many men, summing them up, and forming a quick opinion of them. His estimate of Harry was not favourable.

"Too young," was his first impression. "Doesn't look like a boxer," his second.

He shook his head, a trick he had acquired of giving expression to a mental disapproval. But he was acting under a very direct and powerful stimulus, and his greeting to Harry was cordial, if businesslike.

"Harry Rhodes? Glad to meet you!" And he shook hands, looking Harry up and down with quick, appraising eyes.

Then he caught sight of the other man in the room. His teeth clamped tighter into the cigar between his lips, his eyebrows came together. For ten seconds he eyed James Rhodes. Then:

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Jimmy Rhodes come to life again!"

"Quite right, Mr. Bowman; Jimmy Rhodes it is," returned the ex-boxer. "Though you'd better wait until you see that young man yonder in the ring before you talk of Jimmy Rhodes coming to life again. Then you'll see the

old Jimmy Rhodes all right, and a bit extra."

Bowman's sharp eyes transferred themselves to Harry, whom he favoured with a further lengthy scrutiny. All at once he laughed.

"Your brother, Jimmy?"

"Son," corrected Rhodes.

"Son?" repeated Bowman. "Why, I didn't know—" He stopped.

"That I had a son," completed Rhodes. "Well, there he is, and a better boxer than ever his father was."

"Fighter?" shot out Bowman.

"See him, and you won't have any doubt."

"H'm!"

Mr. Bowman was conscious of a new impression. A third time he viewed Harry with care before making himself comfortable in a chair.

"It has been suggested to me there wouldn't be any harm in your having a trial with a decent boxer," he said abruptly.

That wasn't quite how the matter had actually been put to him; it had been something stronger than a suggestion, but Mr. Bowman saw no reason for stating as much.

"Who made the suggestion?" Harry asked directly, not having forgotten what Godfrey had had to say.

"I don't think that altogether matters," was the evasive reply. "It was someone friendly to you, though I can't say why. I don't wholly understand it. But that doesn't matter. But, I tell you frankly, I didn't take a lot of interest in it until I came into the room. Jimmy Rhodes' son! Well, that certainly makes some difference. Where have you done any boxing?"

"I have lived in Lexboro' all my life," Harry answered.

"H'm! Mining village in Yorkshire, isn't it? I know that kind of scrapping. Now, what have you done? A provincial coming to London has to show some credentials, you know. Can't take everyone on his own valuation. Not even on Mr. Bertram Godfrey's, either!" And Bowman chuckled. "Harry Rhodes! Don't seem to recollect having seen the name."

"Most likely, Mr. Bowman," put in James Rhodes gravely.

"Won a local scrap or two, I suppose," said the manager, not without a trace of contempt.

"I had one local battle in the ring, yes," Harry admitted—"with Mr. Robert Durham."

"Eh?" Mr. Bowman made an abrupt

movement. "Bob Durham, the inter-
Varsity champion middle-weight?"

"Yes."

"And what happened?" smiled Bowman.

"It finished in the twelfth round."

"Ah! Knocked out?"

"Yes. Mr. Durham took the count."

"What?"

Bowman was half out of his chair, his face suddenly excited. He sat down again very suddenly.

"Who took the count?"

"My opponent—Bob Durham."

Bowman, staring hard at the speaker, swallowed with difficulty.

"Godfrey didn't tell me that," he muttered. Aloud he said, "And what is your weight?"

"A few pounds under Durham's."

The feeling of irritated amusement beneath Bowman's manner disappeared.

"Bob Durham is a mighty fine boxer," he observed—"a member of the Club. Was this a rough-and-tumble turn-up?"

"No, sir; all regular. A well-known referee from London officiated," replied James Rhodes. "He's a member of the Club, too."

The manager puffed thoughtfully at his cigar for a minute without speaking. Then:

"Any other eye-openers?" he asked.

And Harry explained that he had had no other regular ring contests while in Lexboro', although he had done a great deal of boxing.

Bowman listened, but his face plainly showed that he was no more than half-convinced.

"Look here," he said, "I'm going to talk to you frankly. I always do. It saves time. You beat Bob Durham, you say, and that's something to your credit. Durham's a boxer whom a good many pros of his weight—good men, too—would find too tough a nut to crack. But I don't mind reminding you that one swallow doesn't make a summer. Neither does one victory, even when it's over a good man, make a man a champion. And that's the kind of form I understand is being claimed for you—by Bertram Godfrey, anyhow! You know, of course, he and I had a long talk together about you?"

"Yes; he told us about it," replied Harry, with a half glance at his father.

"Oh, well, beating Durham was a good performance—very good; though it might be—I'm not saying it is," he added hastily—"that there was a bit of luck in you doing so."

James Rhodes shook his head vigorously. "You ask Mr. Durham himself about that," he put in. "Ask Mr. Cory as well!"

"Cory?"

"He was the referee," explained Harry. Bowman gave him a long look.

"Cory's a good judge," he murmured. "How did Cory come to be on the spot?" he asked curiously.

"I believe Mr. Godfrey asked him to come down," Harry said.

And he briefly related the circumstances that had led to the contest. Bowman listened with interest. The conviction was being forced upon him that his treatment of Godfrey's suggestion had been uncalled for—that Godfrey's estimate of Harry had a fairly solid foundation. Harry Rhodes must be a boxer of considerable merit, far above the average, even though his name had been unknown to him, Bowman, until a couple of days ago.

The letter conveyed to him that morning by a young gentleman in the uniform of an officer in the Navy—a letter that had given him a shock of considerable

severity—suddenly gained a fresh significance, although he could not possibly conceive why and how such a letter had come to be written.

His thinking was interrupted by James Rhodes.

"D'you know why Tony Hanna lost his last fight, Mr. Bowman—the championship contest?" asked the latter suddenly.

"Hanna! Why, he lost!" repeated Bowman. "Why, because he met a better man! Because he fought like a novice—worse than a novice! If I didn't know the man and his record, I should have said because he was too scared to fight. Why?"

"Ask Harry yonder! He'll tell you," Rhodes replied.

"What, in the name of Fate, do you know about Hanna?" demanded the manager, turning to Harry with a mystified face.

"He was in Lexboro' just before his fight—training there!"

Bowman's amazed eyes travelled from James Rhodes to Harry. He looked as one who receives news too marvellous for even his imagination to grasp the full meaning.

After a few moments' pause he drew a long breath.

"You licked Tony Hanna!" he exclaimed, in an awed voice.

"He tried to kill me, in a most treacherous manner; hating me because I happened to get the better of him in a bout with the gloves in our local gymnasium one night when he'd had too much to drink and insisted upon boxing with me," Harry said quietly. "We had a stand-up fight, and I got the better of him. You can refer to Mr. Godfrey if you like. He was there, and saw it all."

"Well, I'll be blessed!" Bowman said emphatically.

He was feeling that this day was too full of surprises. They were coming



The three swung round as Bertram Godfrey advanced into the room, a smile on his face, his eyes dancing with merriment and triumph.

"Yes, I know that! Well?"

"Well, didn't you hear or read something about him getting into a bit of a scrap up there?" James Rhodes asked him.

"You mean that cock-and-bull yarn that appeared in one of the sporting newspapers about Hanna getting an awful hiding? Yes, I saw the nonsense!" returned Bowman. "What have you to say about it?"

"Well, it wasn't a cock-and-bull yarn at all, but a fact. And there is the lad who did it!" cried James Rhodes excitedly, springing from his chair and pointing at Harry. "It was my boy who whipped the very life and fighting spirit out of that blackguard Hanna, so that he went into the ring afterwards feeling like a dog that's been hidled within an inch of his life, and is scared to death at the prospect of getting another hiding. And you all thought Hanna a champion, a world-beater, a fire-eating glutton that couldn't be beaten. What d'ye say to that, Mr. Bowman, eh?"

along too quickly for him to recover from the successive shocks. The letter with a royal signature that had sent him, wondering, to Highgate, had been amazing enough. Now, to learn that this lad, of whom he had spoken so contemptuously, had actually thrashed the fear-inspiring Tony Hanna, was a shock even greater than that!

Confound Bertram Godfrey, anyway! Why, in that talk they had had at the Club, the man had been simply making game of him!

He got up, smiling a rather forced smile, and looked at Harry.

"I hope you haven't any more surprises to spring on me," he said weakly. His patronising air had now wholly vanished.

There was another, but Harry wasn't going to inflict it.

(There will be another splendid instalment of this grand boxing story in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET. Order your copy in advance.)

**FREE
BOOK
FOR
Engineers**

ENGINEERING. EARN MORE MONEY.
KNOW YOUR TRADE.
Complete Correspondence Courses in:
ENGINEERING **MOTOR-CAR ENGINEERING**
DRAUGHTSMANSHIP **MATHEMATICS**
ELECTRICITY **AERO ENGINES**
Write and say which subject you wish to study and we will
send you a FREE Book pointing out your chances and explain-
ing our system. State age and send 2d. stamps for postage.
THE TECHNOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GT. BRITAIN, LTD.,
40, Thanet House, 231 & 232, Strand London, W.C.2.

NERVOUSNESS CURED COMPLETELY.

If you are nervous in company, if you redden up when spoken to by strangers or superiors, if your bashfulness is causing you to miss golden opportunities in social or business life, here is a message of hope, a guarantee of cure complete and permanent. By My System of Treatment you can quite certainly be cured in one week and in your own home. My System gives you perfect nerve control and self-confidence. If you suffer from Nervousness, Timidity, or Heart Weakness, write now for full particulars of My System of Private Home Treatment. Sent FREE privately if you mention Magnet.

Address, Specialist, 12, All Saints Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea.

BOXING GLOVES 6/6

per set of four (with lace-up palm, 11/6). Tan Cape, Best, 15/6. Footballs, match size, cowhide, 10/-. Money returned if not satisfied. Postage 6d. on all.—TOM CARPENTER, 69, Morecambe Street, Walworth, S.E. 17.

"RECO" MODEL AEROPLANES ARE THE BEST.

Send 3/6 for Sample Model. Flies 200 yards. Fully Illustrated Catalogue of Aeroplanes and Parts, 1/-, Post Free.

"RECO," 110, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ARE YOU SHORT?

If so, let the Girvan System help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Driver B. F. 3 inches; Mr. Ratcliffe 4 inches; Miss Davies 3 1/2 inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Mr. Ketley 4 inches; Miss Leedell 4 inches. This system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, physique, and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars and £100 Guarantee to Enquiry Dept. A.M.P. 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N. 4.



5/- 10/- or 20/- monthly.

Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Suits, Raincoats, Trench Coats, Costumes, and Winter Coats. Veracity Pocket and Wrist Watches. Rings, Jewellery, &c., on easy terms. 30/- worth 5/- monthly; 60/- worth 10/- monthly; &c. CATALOGUE FREE. Foreign applications invited. **MASTERS, Ltd., 6, Hope Stores, RYE. Estd. 1869.**

DO YOU LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE? Do you suffer from nervous indigestion, constipation, lack of energy, or will power? You can acquire strong nerves, which will give you absolute self-confidence, if you use the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment. Used by Vice-Admiral to Seaman, Colonel to Private, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s, M.M.'s, and D.C.M.'s. Merely send 3 penny stamps for particulars.—**GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.**

80 MAGIC TRICKS. Illusions, etc., with Illustrations and Instructions. The lot post free 1/-.—**T. W. HARRISON, 299, Pentonville Road, London, N.1.**

INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT SEVERAL INCHES without appliances 7/6
Ross System never fails. Price 7/6, complete. Particulars 1/6 stamp.
P. ROSS, 16, LANSDALE ROAD, SCARBOROUGH.

CUT THIS OUT

"The Magnet," PEN COUPON Value 2d.
Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 16/6. If you save 13 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 13 coupons and only 3/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the Magnet readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. **Special Safety Model, 2/- extra.**

Don't Wear a Truss.

Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably, and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no sales, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.



Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd.,
(1830) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Write at once
for our
Illustrated
Booklet.

GREAT VICTORY OFFER.

10,000 more Strength Developers FREE.



Owing to the increasing popularity of the Danks Strength Developer, Mr. Danks, World's Champion, has decided to present another 10,000 Developers free to British boys who send 3/6 for his widely known Half-Guinea Course of Lessons, and promise to practice regularly. Send 3/6 and 6d. postage and packing, and magnificent Developer will be included free—absolutely free. Abroad 1/- extra.—**A. DANKS (Dept. U), 60, Crescent Road, Alexandra Park, London, N.W.**

VENTRILLOQUISM. Learn this laughable and wonderful art. Failure impossible with our Book of easy instructions and amusing dialogues, only 7d., post free. Hundreds delighted. Forty Tricks with Cards, 7d.—Ideal Novelty & Publishing Co., Clevedon, Somerset.

**FREE
BOOK
OF
BARGAINS
POST FREE.**

Toys, etc., etc., etc. Big Bargains in all Depts.

PAIN'S Presents
House, Dept. 21B,
Hastings.



Free Catalogue Post Free.
Big Bargains from 6d. All
Post Free. Watches (Big
Reductions). Jewellers,
Useful Goods, Novelties.



BLUSHING. This miserable complaint permanently cured, either sex. Simple Home Treatment. Particulars free. Enclose stamp postage.—**MR. J. AMBROSE HILL (Specialist), 50, Royal Arcade, Weston-super-Mare. (Testimonials daily.)**

MOUTH ORGANS BEATEN



All the latest tunes can be played on the Chello-phone. The only Pocket instrument on which tunes can be correctly played in any key. Soldiers and Sailors love it. "Knocks the German month organ into a cocked hat." Post free, 1/6 each; better quality, with Silver fittings, 2/6, (from the maker).

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

HOME CINEMATOGRAPH MACHINE. How to make use of of INSTRUCTIONS and DIAGRAM (Ref. No. 9874) POST FREE, 2/-.
BRITISHSCOPE, 23, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

PHOTO POSTCARDS, 1/3 doz., 12 by 10 ENLARGEMENTS, 8d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL. CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE. HACKETTS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

VENTRILLOQUISM. Learn this Wonderful, Laughable Art. Failure impossible with our new book of Easy Instructions and 10 laughable Dialogues. Only 8d. "Hundreds Testimonials." Thought-Reading & Conjuring, 1/3.—**WILKES, PUBLISHERS, STOCKTON, RUGBY.**

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, **UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.**