

THE TEAM THAT COULDN'T BE BEATEN!

A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Greyfriars Inside.



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Week ending Jan. 7th, 1922.

The Magnet $1\frac{1}{2}$ Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



BULSTRODE'S HEROIC SAVE IN THE GREAT FOOTBALL MATCH!

(A Tense Moment in the Long Complete Tale in this issue.)

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A Happy New Year to All Readers!



Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONTH.

"THE FOOTBALLERS' FEUD!"

By Frank Richards.

A great sensation is caused at Greyfriars when news comes through that a master from "over the Pond" is to take up temporary quarters at the school in the place of Dr. Locke, for the purpose of introducing into English public schools his new and most highly recommended system of teaching.

Greyfriars anticipates stirring scenes for weeks, and they are not disappointed. Dr. Armstrong, the new Head, although a very clever man, is not appreciated by the boys, and by the end of a few days they heartily wish Dr. Armstrong and his ideas the other side of the world. But when the Head abolishes the game of football at the school, and introduces marbles as a suitable game to play, everyone votes it the last straw.

It remains to be seen whether Greyfriars kicks or whether they settle down under this new regime.

"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD!"

Our grand four-page supplement, edited by Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars will be, I am told, a

SPECIAL JUVENILE NUMBER!

I can assure you there will be some screamingly funny contributions on this

board. Tom Brown, our irrepressible humourist, is again to the fore with another of his articles which have caused many a laugh amongst the ranks of my reader-chums; and Dick Poofold is not far behind with a ballad, entitled, "Baby Bunter." Very cleverly Harry Wharton has compiled a number which will draw a laugh from the first page to the last, and I am sure you will enjoy reading about the fellows in their "knickerbocker" stage.

THE GREYFRIARS PORTRAITS—IMPORTANT NOTICE!

The postcard portraits, concerning which you will find a notice and form on page 18 of this issue, have proved a great success. The flow of coupons into my Editorial offices has been both continuous and large, and has surpassed all expectations. There is one important thing which I should like to point out in connection with the sending of the coupons bearing the names of the new readers and the newagent's name and address. Many coupons have been received which have been sent up without the name and address of the reader who is entitled to the portraits.

It is absolutely necessary to attach your name and address to the filled-in coupons before sending; otherwise it is impossible for me to forward the postcards.

All readers who have sent in coupons

and have not yet received their postcards, should send me a note at once, giving the names and addresses of the new readers they secured. Then I shall have much pleasure in forwarding the splendid postcard portraits of the characters chosen.

NOTICES.

Correspondence.

Edwin A. Urry, Modina Villa, Bowen Terrace, New Farm, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers (scouts especially) anywhere. All letters answered.

Miss Gladys Cooper, 12, Colmore Road, Balham, S.W. 12, would like to hear from readers wishing to join her correspondence and exchange club.

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Miss Eileen Owen, 118 Adderley Street, North End, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers.

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A Magnificent, New, Long Complete Story Harry Wharton & Co.
at Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Thrilling Tidings!

NEWs, you fellows!" It was Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Greyfriars Remove, who came out with that dramatic exclamation.

There was an excited gleam in his little round eyes, and his arms were behaving like windmills.

Harry Wharton & Co., busily engaged upon the "Greyfriars Herald," went on writing. They gave no sign that they were aware of Billy Bunter's presence.

"I say, you fellows—news!" said Bunter, fortissimo.

The only response was the steady scratching of pens.

It was "press day," and the amateur journalists were fighting the clock. There had been two telephone calls that afternoon urging Harry Wharton to haste with the "copy" for the next issue.

In these circumstances, it was not surprising that Bunter should be ignored.

The fat junior was always bursting with news of some sort. Usually the news was false, or without value.

Harry Wharton and his sub-editors, therefore, went on working, apparently unconscious of the presence of their pomp schoolfellow.

Billy Bunter, with a snarl of indignation, advanced towards Harry Wharton. He put his lips close to the ear of the captain of the Remove, and bellowed:

"I've got news, I tell you—wonderful news—stunning news."

Wharton was roused at last. It was impossible for him to disregard Billy Bunter's presence any longer. His ears would have been in danger had he allowed Bunter to go on bawling.

"Get out, porpoise!" snapped Wharton. "Can't you see we're busy?"

"Oh, really, Wharton, I've brought you some perfectly priceless news—" "Take it away and hurry it!"

"That's it. Go and miff it on some busy day, who's got time to listen to your Tommy-rot!" said Frank Nugent.

Billy Bunter did not budge. Wherever he stood, Cherry's hand strayed towards a cushion.

The fat junior knew of old that Bob

Cherry was a deadly marksman. He backed away towards the door. "Very well!" he said loftily. "If you fellows don't want to hear my wonderful news, I'll keep the secret to myself. I won't tell you a word! I refuse to let you know that the Ironsides are coming—"

The word "Ironsides" had a magical effect.

Everybody stopped writing. Everybody sat up and took notice.

"The 'Ironsides'! Coming here!" gasped Wharton.

Bunter nodded.

"Is this a fact, or is it one of your fairy-tales?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"It's a fact," said Bunter impressively. "I'll tell you how I came to know. I went along to Quelch's study to take him an impot. Quelch was in. I peeped into his cupboard to see if he had any grub there. Then I heard footsteps approaching, and I dodged behind the screen."

"You mean to say the screen was wide enough to hide your huge bulk?" said Johnny Bull, in surprise.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Bull! As I was saying, I dodged behind the screen, and then the Head and Quelch came in together. I heard every word they said."

"Quelch, old top," said the Head—

"Yes, I can imagine the Head saying that!" chuckled Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked wrathfully at his schoolfellows.

"I wish you fellows wouldn't keep interrupting!" he said peevishly. "I'm telling you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Good old George Washington!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The Head said, 'Quelch, old top, I've invited the Ironsides to Greyfriars for a week.'"

"The Ironsides!" echoed Quelch.

"Yes. That is the appellation which has been given to a wonderful team of boy footballers, now tearing the country. They are called the Ironsides. I understand, because their captain's name happens to be Cromwell. You

must surely have heard of them, Quelch?"

"No, old bean, I can't say that I have," said Quelch. "You see, I don't follow football. I consider it is a barbaric and a brutal game. What are these boys—these Ironsides—doing tearing the country? Surely they should be at school?"

"The team is composed of boys who have just left school," said the Head.

"Oh!"

"They have already visited Rookwood School and St. James' College, and they are now at Highcliffe. I am not a great follower of football myself, but I confess that I take more than a passing interest in these Ironsides. You see, Quelch, they hold the peculiar and high distinction of never having been beaten."

"Quelch gave a grunt.

"They seem to play a wonderful game," the Head went on. "The same sort of game that the Corinthians used to play, when we were young. Their wonderful prowess is being commented upon in all the papers."

"Cheap fame!" snapped Quelch.

"Really, Quelch, you seem to be most antagonistic towards these young footballers," said the Head reproachfully.

"If, as you say, you have invited a dozen boys here for a week, where are you going to accommodate them all?"

"There are spare beds in some of the dormitories. Some of the boys can go into the Remove dormitory, some into the Shell sleeping quarters, and so on. I naturally thought of all these things before issuing the invitation."

"I hope the boys are well behaved," said Quelch. "Otherwise, we shall be having endless trouble."

"Do not worry yourself on that score, old fruit," said the Head. "Jack Cromwell is, from all accounts, a very winning lad."

"I suppose he is, if his team has never been beaten!"

"The Ironsides will arrive to-morrow afternoon," the Head continued. "They will come over in a brake from Highcliffe. I thought I would tell you, in case you should wonder what a lot of strange boys were doing at Greyfriars."

"The Head and Quelch then walked

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Loder glared at the dog, then, picking up a cricket-stump, he began to beat it unmercifully. The prefect was beside himself with rage. The loss of his tea had goaded him into a state of ungovernable fury. (See Chapter 2.)

out of the study together, and I popped out from behind the screen, and came along to tell you all about it," concluded Billy Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. were greatly impressed by the news.

They knew, of course, that the dignified and scholarly Head of Greyfriars would not have dreamed of addressing Mr. Quelch as "old tot" or "old fruit," but they believed that Bunter's statements were, in the main, correct.

"The Ironsides coming to Greyfriars!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Isn't it ripping!"

"The best tidings we have had for many a moonfulness," said Hurren Singh, in his quaint English.

The juniors were very excited. Even the "Greyfriars Herald" was forgotten. That bright and breezy periodical would have to be tackled later on. Meanwhile, Harry Wharton & Co. had plenty of food for thought.

"I've read in the papers about these Ironsides," said Wharton. "They're supposed to be footballing geniuses. They've travelled up and down the country, visiting all the schools, and they've never been beaten. What the secret of their success is, I don't know."

"The Remove will have to upset their record," said Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

"Our one aim in life, at the moment, is to lower their giddy colours!" said Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter had not lingered in Study No. 1. He had rushed away to spread the news of the coming of the Ironsides. Shortly after Bunter's departure, a

letter arrived, addressed to Harry Wharton.

"I know this list," said the captain of the Remove, glancing at the envelope. "It's Tom Merry's!"

The popular St. Jim's fellow had written just a brief note. It ran as follows:

"Dear Wharton—It is possible you may get a visit from the Ironsides. If so, I feel sorry for you! We have had a taste of their ability here. They came, they saw, and they conquered, trouncing our very best juniors team by four goals to nothing. They play a masterly game—in fact, they are stars. I wish you the best of luck, of course, but I'm afraid you'll find the Ironsides a little weighty."

"Yours sincerely,
"TOM MERRY."

Close on the heels of this letter came other information concerning the Ironsides.

Dick Russell and Donald Ogilvy of the Remove came into Study No. 1. They were looking very excited.

"We've just come from Highcliffe," explained Russell, "and we've seen a most amazing footer-match."

"You've seen the Ironsides play?" asked Wharton quickly.

"We have," said Ogilvy. "And it was a revelation! Now, would you call the Highcliffe junior team weak, medium, or strong?"

"Strong, most decidedly," said Wharton. "We only managed to lick them by the skin of our teeth last week, and then it was by a lucky goal. To my way of thinking, Frank Courtenay and

the Caterpillar are two of the best junior forwards in the south."

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull.

"Well, they were made to look absolute asses this afternoon," said Dick Russell. "They were outplayed and outplayed at every turn. You never saw such an exhibition as the one which the Ironsides put up. They were great!"

"They won?"

Russell laughed.

"Well, I shouldn't call it a win," he said. "I should call it a giddy walk-over! They beat Highcliffe by seven goals to one!"

A dazed silence followed Russell's remarks.

Who were these Ironsides, that they could make a clean sweep of all the teams that opposed them? They must either be amazingly good footballers or amazingly lucky ones. They had routed St. Jim's by four goals to nil; they had trounced Highcliffe to the tune of seven to one. A cheerful outlook, indeed, for the Greyfriars Remove!

Harry Wharton was the first to find his voice, after Dick Russell's startling intelligence.

"I suppose these fellows—the Ironsides—were bigger and older than the Highcliffe chaps?" he said.

"A bit older, certainly, but not enough to matter," said Ogilvy. "As far as size went, Highcliffe had nothing to complain about."

"Then how do you account for the Ironsides winning so easily?" asked Nugent.

"Sheer superiority," said Russell. "They seem to have studied footer so thoroughly that they've made it a fine art. There was no holding them. They ran the Highcliffe fellows off their feet."

"And their passing and shooting were perfection," chimed in Ogilvy. "I've never seen anything to touch it. I didn't see one aimless kick on the part of any of their players. There was method in everything they did. And when they got within shooting distance it was all up. Their forwards never made a mistake."

"There's a rumour that they are coming on to Greyfriars," said Russell.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"To-morrow afternoon," he said.

"Then I feel sorry for you, Wharton. The Remove's in for a record licking!"

"It would seem so," said Wharton, smiling. "But one can never tell. The only certain thing about football is its uncertainty. If we all play up to form, and put our backs into it, I don't see why we shouldn't check the Ironsides' run of success."

"We'll move heaven and earth to do it, anyway," said Bob Cherry.

And it was with that spirit of undimmed determination that the Remove juniors awaited the coming of the Ironsides.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Ironsides!

"HURRY! They come!"

"Here are the merry conquerors!"

Half the Remove seemed to be compressed in the school gateway, awaiting the arrival of the Ironsides, that brilliant team whose fame had gone before them.

There was a rumbling of wheels, and a well-laden brake came into view.

The Removeites craned their necks in order to get a glimpse of the new arrivals.

There were a dozen fellows in the

brakes. They were plainly but neatly dressed, and each carried a small hand-bag. Their expressions were cheery and friendly. There was no swagger or swank about them, though they might well have been excused a little conceit, in the light of their brilliant performances on the football-field.

With the party was a St. Bernard dog. It was a fine-looking animal, with a black and brown coat, and it had accompanied the Ironsides in all their travels. Moreover, it had proved a luckier mascot than the proverbial black cat would have proved.

The Ironsides were both fond and proud of their dog. That was proved by the way in which they lifted it down from the brake.

The Greyfriars fellows had no difficulty in distinguishing Jack Cromwell. Somehow, the leader of a party always seems to stand out from the others.

Jack Cromwell was rather taller than his fellows. He had a frank, open face and a sunny smile. The cap he wore could not wholly conceal his dark, curly hair.

Harry Wharton advanced towards him with outstretched hand.

"Welcome to Greyfriars!" he said.

Jack Cromwell shook hands cordially.

"Jolly good of you to turn out in force to welcome the stranger in," he said. "We're looking forward to spending a week here. If it turns out as well as our visits to Rookwood and St. Jim's, we shall be in clover!"

"You're going to put the Greyfriars Remove through the mill, I understand?" said Vernon Smith.

Jack Cromwell smiled.

"It's never safe to prophesy, as far as footer is concerned," he said. "But we'll try and give you a good game."

Harry Wharton then introduced his immediate chums, and Jack Cromwell, in turn, introduced the Ironsides. There was a general exchange of handshakes and pleasantries.

"This is Grenville, our goalie," explained Jack Cromwell, introducing a well-built, sturdy youngster.

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "You've got some famous names in your ranks, anyway. There's Cromwell and Grenville. You haven't a Wellington, or a Napoleon, or a Bill Shakespeare, by any chance?"

"No," said Cromwell, smiling. "But we've a Hampden. He's our outside-right, and he generally manages to show the opposition a clean pair of heels. Come hither, John, and be introduced."

John Hampden, the bearer of a famous name, came forward and bowed politely.

"There's a good chap," said Bob Cherry. "Always make obeisance to your prospective conquerors. Arise, Sir John!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You haven't introduced us to the dog yet," said Nugent.

"Oh, that's Chummy, our mascot," said Jack Cromwell. "We wouldn't part with him for all the wealth of the Indies. He's travelled with us everywhere. He keeps a watchful eye on our interests, and he barks his approval from the touch-line. Here, Chummy! Good old boys! Come and make your salutes!"

Chummy advanced in friendly fashion towards the Greyfriars party. He wagged his tail vigorously, and lifted a paw, for each of the punnets to shake in turn.

"I don't know where we can keep Chummy while he's here," said Jack Cromwell. "They don't allow dogs in the dormitory, I suppose!"

"Ha, ha! Hardly!" said Harry Wharton. "But there's an empty kennel at the back of the woodshed. We can turn it into a suitable detached residence for a canine tenant."

"Oh, good!"

Chummy seemed to understand that preparations were being made for his comfort, for he barked joyfully, and his tail worked overtime.

"Would you like us to show you round the school, you fellows?" asked Johnny Hall.

"Yes, rather? We'd love to explore the old place," said Grenville. "What a glorious tower! It must be generations old."

"Yes," said Bob Cherry. "It was built in the days of the monks—slightly before my time."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better leave your bags and things in the hall," said Harry Wharton. "They'll be perfectly safe there."

"Hallo! Here comes Bunter!" said Mark Linley suddenly. "Just a word of warning, you fellows. Don't lend him any money on the strength of imaginary postal-orders!"

Billy Bunter rolled up to the party.

"Which of you is Cromwell?" he asked.

Jack Cromwell made himself known.

"I'm jolly pleased to meet you, old chap," said Bunter, extending a flabby hand. "I knew you were coming, of course. The Head confided the fact to me yesterday."

Jack Cromwell smiled.

"Does the Head usually confide in a great bladder of lard like you?" he asked genially.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cromwell! You'd better treat me civilly, you know. I've arranged to entertain you all to tea, in my study. It'll be rather a tight squeeze. There's only four chairs, and two of 'em have got their backs broken. But there's the window-sill and the coal-scuttle. Are you ready for tea now? If so, I'll go and see about the grub."

"Don't take any notice of the fat spoofer!" said Bob Cherry. "I can see what Bunter's little game is. He'll invite you to a sumptuous tea, and when it's over he'll turn round and ask you to foot the bill. That's Bunter all over!"

"Look here, Cherry, you beast—"

"Matter of fact," said Peter Todd, "there's a special tea being prepared for the guests in the dining-hall. So you can keep off the grass, Bunter."

Billy Bunter turned to Jack Cromwell.

"I'm expecting a postal-order—" he began.

"So am I!" said Jack cheerfully.

"It hasn't arrived yet—"

"Neither has mine!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So will you lend me five bob?" concluded Billy Bunter desperately.

"Yes, if you'll lend me a couple of half-crowns!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter turned away from Jack Cromwell in disgust. He knew that it was useless to expect any financial assistance from that quarter. He was about to question Grenville and the others, but Harry Wharton & Co. intervened.

"Soliciting alms in a public place is an offence against the law," said Bob Cherry. "Buzz off, purpoo!"



Harry Wharton led his little army with a great dash. "We must capture their fort, or perish in the attempt!" he exclaimed. The Greyfriars fellows charged down on the Ironsides' fort and hurled their snowballs with deadly accuracy.

(See Chapter 4.)



Gripping Skinner by the collar with one hand, Bolsover opened the door with the other. Then he gave Skinner a push, and the cad alighted on all fours on the Head's carpet. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed Dr. Locke. "What do you mean by entering my study in such a manner?" (See Chapter 7.)

Billy Bunter stood not upon the order of his going. He went at once. And half a dozen well-shod feet facilitated his departure.

"Now," said Harry Wharton, "there's just time to show you fellows round the school before tea."

The party moved off, the Greyfriars fellows acting as guides.

Nobody had noticed that the dog Chummy had slipped quietly away from the party.

Chummy was hungry. He had a good breakfast at Highcliffe—juicy bones in abundance—but in the rush of departure he had missed his lunch.

Although an exemplary dog in most respects, Chummy had a tendency towards gluttony. He was a big dog, and he argued that he required nourishment in proportion to his size. He enjoyed his food as much as Billy Bunter; and that was saying a good deal.

Whilst his master had been engaged in conversation with Billy Bunter, Chummy had popped into the building. He lifted his nose in the air and sniffed.

"What-ho! I smell sausages," he said. At least, he would have said it had he been capable of speech.

Chummy set off at a canter in the direction of the Sixth Form passage. The door of one of the studios was slightly ajar. That studio was Loder's.

Chummy butted the door open with his shaggy head, and walked in. Had anybody been within, Chummy would have begged in a polite manner, and asked for food.

The study being deserted, however, and Chummy being too hungry to wait for the arrival of the owner, he made his way towards the fireplace.

A number of sausages were sizzling in the frying-pan.

Loder of the Sixth, unable to find a face, had started to prepare a meal for himself. He had popped out of his study

for a moment to borrow a table-knife from Walker, and during the prefect's absence Chummy got busy. The frying-pan was within easy reach, and he proceeded to help himself.

There were five sausages in the pan—originally. In less than a moment there was nothing left but some spluttering fat. Even that would have gone, too, had not Chummy been interrupted in his delicious repast.

Footsteps sounded without.

Chummy, in the act of masticating the last of the sausages, turned round from the fireplace.

Loder stared in amazement at the uninvited guest. Then he stared at the frying pan, and uttered a snarl of fury.

"You've spoiled my tea, you brute!" he exclaimed.

Chummy backed away a little. He didn't like the expression on Loder's face.

"I don't know who you belong to, and I don't care!" said Loder. "That I'll give you a hiding you won't forget in a hurry!"

Chummy seemed to realize the full significance of the threat, for he bounded towards the door.

But Loder was too quick for him. He slammed the door, and stood for a moment with his back to it, glaring down at the dog which had stolen his tea.

Chummy lay flat on the carpet. He wriggled his way towards the angry prefect, with an appealing look in his eyes.

That look of canine appeal would have softened the hearts of most fellows. But Loder's heart was hardened, even as that of Pharaoh of old.

Having glared at Chummy for a full minute, Loder picked up a cricket-stump. Then he stepped towards the dog, and proceeded to beat it with a cruelty that even Loder would not have displayed in a cooler moment.

The fact was, the prefect was beside himself. The loss of his tea had goaded him into a state of ungovernable

fury. He thrashed the dog unmercifully, and Chummy, although he made no sound whilst the first strokes were administered, now began to yelp loudly for assistance.

Fortunately, Chummy's master was within ear-shot.

Harry Wharton & Co. had shown the Frognodes round, and the party was now passing along the Sixth Form passage on its way to the Remove quarters.

"Listen!" said Jack Cromwell suddenly. "I thought I heard Chummy."

"My hat! I'd forgotten all about the dog!" said Bob Cherry. "Where did he go?"

"The sounds seem to come from Loder's study," said Harry Wharton. "Let's investigate."

Wharton threw open the door of Loder's study. But he was not the first to enter that apartment. Jack Cromwell forestalled him. With the spring of a panther he was upon Loder, and wrenched the cricket-stump from his hand.

"You brute! You cowardly cur!" Jack Cromwell's face was pale with passion.

Loder glared at the intruder. "Who are you?" he demanded. "Is this your animal?"

"It is!"

"Then you'd better keep him under control. He stole my tea!"

"Is that any reason why you should ill-treat him like that?" said Jack Cromwell.

He dropped on to one knee beside the dog, which was obviously in pain.

"Poor old Chummy! He's hurt you, old chap, hasn't he? Never mind! I'm going to give him a dose of his own medicine!"

Jack Cromwell rose to his feet, and signalled to the crowd in the doorway.

"Look after Chummy, you fellows," he said, "while I deal with this brute!"

Then, before Loder had time to realise what was happening, Jack Cromwell was upon him, hitting out fiercely.

Loder was taken completely by surprise. He had little dreamed that this strange youth, who was not nearly so tall as himself, would show fight.

The spectators in the doorway surveyed the proceedings in grim silence. There was not one among them who did not feel hotly indignant towards Loder. They wanted to see the bully of the Sixth punished.

And they were not disappointed.

That Jack Cromwell was a first-class fighting man was evident to all—particularly to Loder!

The lanky Sixth-Former had no chance against his cunning opponent. He received a smashing blow on the ribs, and a couple in the chest, and, finally, an upper-cut which caused him to topple backwards, and fall with a crash to the floor.

"Up you get!" said Jack Cromwell. "There's more to come!"

Loder did not avail himself of the invitation. He lay where he had fallen. He knew that if he rose it would be only to invite another knock-out blow, and he had too much respect for Jack Cromwell's fists to wish to renew his acquaintance with them.

Jack Cromwell turned his back upon the prostrate prefect. He seemed to regard Loder as beneath contempt, as indeed, he was.

"Chummy all right?" he panted.

"Yes. He'll soon get over it, I think," answered Greenville, who was patting the dog's head.

"Lucky thing for Loder that Chummy

NEXT

MONDAY!

"THE FOOTBALLERS' FEUD!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-

FRIARS.

11 BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 726.

"don't try to defend himself!" said Bob Cherry.

"If he had bitten a piece out of Loder's calf, it would have served the cat right!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Yes, rather!"

Leaving Loder stretched out on the floor of his study, the party passed on to the Remove quarters.

Jack Cromwell and his followers quickly made themselves at home. They had an excellent meal in the dining-hall, and they spent the evening in the junior Common-room, playing chess and other indoor games.

When bedtime came, the Ironsides were distributed amongst the various dormitories.

Cromwell and Greenville and Hampden were allotted to the Remove dormitory; and the others went to the sleeping-quarters of the Fifth, the Shell, and the Upper Fourth.

As for Chummy, he was made comfortable in his kennel near the woodshed.

Bob Cherry, who was a great lover of animals, managed to obtain a choice assortment of bones from the school kitchen. He also placed a basin of water just outside the kennel, which was provided with a layer of clean straw.

Bob Cherry patted Chummy affectionately, bade him good-night, and went on his way, fervently wishing he had a big, handsome St. Bernard dog to call his own.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Audacious Challenge!

"I CAN hardly believe my eyes!" said Wingate.

"But it's there—in black and white!" said Faulkner. "Those cheeky young scoundrels have actually challenged us to a footer match!"

"Faith, an' it's an insult to us!" declared Gwynne.

The seniors were standing in front of the notice-board in the hall.

It was early in the morning—in fact, the majority of the Greyfriars fellows were not yet down.

On the notice-board was an announcement, in bold letters. It seemed to have sprung up in the night like a mushroom, for it had not been there over night.

The announcement took the following form:

**"A CHALLENGE!
TO THE GREYFRIARS' FIRST
ELEVEN!"**

"The football team now playing at Greyfriars, under my captaincy, and commonly known as the Ironsides, hereby challenges the First Eleven to a football match, to take place this afternoon at three o'clock.

"The First Eleven may choose their own ground, and they are advised to hold themselves in readiness for a kicking."

(Signed) JACK CROMWELL."

The cool audacity of the challenge almost deprived the seniors of breath. Unlike Harry Wharton & Co., they knew very little about the Ironsides. They supposed that the latter were a fair-to-middling side, comprised of quite ordinary junior players. They knew nothing of the long list of triumphs which stood to the credit of the Ironsides.

In the eyes of the mighty men of the Sixth, it seemed unpardonable cheek on Jack Cromwell's part to have issued such a challenge.

Faulkner glanced inquiringly at Wingate.

"What are you going to do about it, old man?" he asked.

"I don't quite know," replied the captain of Greyfriars. "Personally, I feel inclined to take these impudent kils at their word—to play them, and give them a jolly good kicking. Then they'll hold their peace."

"But, my dear man," said Gwynne, "we can't play against pigmies! We don't mind playing a match with the Fifth occasionally, but sure, it would be absurd of us to take the field against a set of babes!"

"I must call a meeting of seniors," said Wingate, "and see what the general opinion is."

After breakfast, therefore, the members of the football club met together in the senior Common-room, and there was a lengthy debate.

Some of the seniors agreed with Wingate that it would be a good plan to take the Ironsides at their word, and trounce them. Others declared that the challenge should be ignored.

"For my part," said Tom North, "I'm not going to make myself look ridiculous. You can count me out."

"Same here," said Hammersey. "I never heard of such a cheeky challenge!"

"I think we ought to play," said Wingate.

"An' I think we ought to wash our hands of it entirely!" said Gwynne.

After a great deal of discussion it was decided that the challenge should be accepted.

Wingate, however, could only find six members of the First Eleven, besides himself, who were willing to turn out. This meant that four places would have to be filled.

"I'll bring in Blundell and Potter and Hilton, of the Fifth, and Hobson of the Shell," said the captain of Greyfriars.

"It's not the strongest eleven we can field, by a long way; but I fancy it will be good enough to make these kids feel sorry they issued the challenge."

"You'll make yourselves a laughing-stock," said North. "It will be a case of giants versus dwarfs."

"Well, so long as the giants succeed in putting the dwarfs in their place, all will be well," said Wingate, smiling.

He despatched a note by a bag to Jack Cromwell, briefly stating that the challenge was accepted.

Greyfriars in general looked forward to the match with eager curiosity.

With the exception of Russell and Ogilvy of the Remove nobody had seen the Ironsides perform.

Would they justify all the flattering things which had been said about them, or would they prove to be a common or garden team, which had been blessed by a lot of good luck in previous games?

These questions were answered shortly after three o'clock.

Mr. Larry Lancelotti had consented to referee the match. And from the very outset it was obvious that the Ironsides had very little to learn in the art of football.

When the ball had been kicked off, the seniors were inclined to take things lightly.

They soon discovered the folly of such tactics.

The red-jerseyed forwards of the Ironsides moved down the field with the precision of a machine. They combined beautifully. There was no false move, no wild passing, no aimless kicking. There was brainwork as well as footwork. And there was method in everything that the Ironsides did.

Jack Cromwell led the forward line in great style. He and his partners left the Greyfriars half-backs standing—and gaping.

The two backs did not unduly worry themselves. They had every confidence in their ability to check the Ironsides when the latter got within shooting distance.



The great St. Bernard dog hurried away on his errand. He bounded on to the football field and rushed up to his master. Jack Cromwell paused in the act of taking a pass. "Hallo! Anything wrong?" He took the note from the dog's mouth. (See Chapter 8.)

The next moment they had a rude surprise. They were left standing, even as the half backs had been.

There was now only Walker, the goalie, to beat.

Jack Cromwell deftly back-kicked the ball, and the Ironsides' centre-half rushed up, got his foot to the leather, and sent it whizzing in.

Walker afterwards declared that he never saw the ball. This was quite possible, for it flashed over his shoulder into the net before he could realise the fact.

The goalie who could have saved such a shot remained yet to be born.

A cry of amazed admiration burst from the lips of the onlookers.

"Goal!"

Mingling with the cry was the delighted barking of Chummy.

"How now-wow!"

The Ironsides were one up after two minutes' play. And Wingate's face was grim as Walker, with a stupefied look, fished the ball out of the net.

"We're up against something, you fellows, after all," he said. "It won't do to slack. We must go all out!"

After the ball had been kicked off again from the centre of the field the seniors played desperately.

Their superior height and weight were great assets. But for these things, the Ironsides must have broken through the opposing defence again and again, for they played sparkling football.

All through the first half the Ironsides played delightful football.

There was only one team in it—and that team was not Greyfriars.

Wingate, good sportsman though he was, could not help feeling nettled. There was something humiliating, he confided in Faulkner, in being tied up in knots by a team of kids.

Faulkner nodded.

"I always thought we had pace and skill, George," he said. "But we're made to appear slow and cumbersome by these kids. Who are they? Where did they come from?"

"I shall have to make a few inquiries about them," said Wingate. "Look out!"

The ball had just been passed to Faulkner, and the tall Sixth-Former raced away with it. But he didn't get far. One of the opposing halves came up to meet him with a disarming smile, and deftly took the ball from his very toes.

Faulkner was left standing, with a dazed expression on his face.

At half-time the Ironsides led by a goal to nothing. Had they been blessed with a little more luck they would have been at least three goals to the good.

When the second half started the Greyfriars forwards went off with a rush. But they were soon forced back, and then the Ironsides took the game in hand.

But they did not exert themselves unduly. They remembered that they had several more matches to come, and they wished to keep something in reserve.

They scored one more goal—Jack Cromwell was the successful marksmen—and then they were content to rest on their laurels. Perhaps they did not wish to humiliate their opponents too keenly. Anyway, they slowed up after the second goal had been scored; and there was no further scoring.

When Mr. Lascelles blew his whistle at the end of the ninety minutes, Wingate stepped up to Jack Cromwell. He held up his hand.

"You've beaten us fairly and

squarely," he said, with that frankness which was part of Wingate's charm. "I don't know where you learnt your football; but this I do know, and I say it without wishing to flatter. You're the finest exponents of the game I've ever seen!"

Jack Cromwell laughed breathlessly as he grasped Wingate's hand.

"You hadn't your strongest team out," he said. "If you had, perhaps the result might have been a little different."

"I doubt it," said Wingate. "By the way, what is the main object of your visit to Greyfriars—to play the Remove?"

"Yes."

"They have my sympathy!" said Wingate. "Don't be too hard on them, will you?"

And the captain of Greyfriars nodded and strolled away.

Among the spectators at the match had been Loder of the Sixth.

Loder knew enough about football to know that the Ironsides were the real goods. He hated Jack Cromwell for having thrashed and humiliated him in his own study, and all on account of a wretched dog. But he was not thinking of Cromwell just now. He was wondering how he could make capital out of the brilliant performances of the Ironsides.

"They'll lick every team that comes up against them," muttered Loder. "I shall be perfectly safe in making a wager on that."

Half an hour later, in the gathering dusk, Loder was walking with rapid strides in the direction of Friarale. His destination was the disreputable hostelry known as the Cross Keys.

Mr. Jerry Hawke, the landlord, was in the billiard room. Loder joined him there.

"Dropped in for a game of pills—what?" said Mr. Hawke.

Loder shook his head.

"I'm not stopping," he said. "I just looked in to make you a sporting wager."

"Go ahead!"

"You know there's a kids' team visiting Greyfriars, called the Ironsides?"

Mr. Hawke nodded.

"One of my customers was telling me something about it," he said. "Pretty good footballers, aren't they?"

"Not bad," said Loder. "They've just played a match this afternoon, and won. But it was only a scratch team that they were up against," he added hastily.

"Well? What do you want to wager about them?"

"That they'll win outright every match they play at Greyfriars."

Mr. Hawke reflected.

"How many more matches are they going to play?" he asked.

"Just before I came away I heard that they've arranged to play the Fifth, the Sixth, the Upper Fourth, and, lastly, the Remove."

"What! That's four matches. An' you're prepared to wager that they'll win the whole lot outright?"

"Yes," said Loder. "I'll have an even fiver on it."

"Done!" said Mr. Hawke.

The landlord had never seen the Ironsides perform, or he would not have contradicted such a wager. But he had seen Jack Cromwell & Co. in the village, and, judging by their size, he did not believe them capable of defeating the Fifth Form at Greyfriars. They might be able to make a draw of it, but even so Mr. Hawke would win the wager.

For Loder had backed the Ironsides to win every match outright.

Mr. Hawke imagined he was on a very good thing.

"I'll make a note of that little transaction, Master Loder," he said. "Sure you won't stop and play a hundred up?"

"Quite sure, thanks! I'm not in the humour for billiards just now."

And Loder, serene in the knowledge that he would have five pounds to come, took his leave of Mr. Jerry Hawke, and tramped back to Greyfriars in the deepening dusk.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Match with the Fifth!

S NOW! Bob Cherry uttered the word joyfully.

Whilst Greyfriars had slept, snow had fallen heavily.

Bob Cherry, the first occupant of the Remove dormitory to be astir, gazed out of the window.

The Close was carpeted with white. There was snow on the roofs of the tuck-shop and the gate-keeper's lodge; there was snow on the branches of the old elms. And it was still falling.

"Snow, did you say?" said Jack Cromwell, springing out of bed. "That sounds promising. Is there much of it?"

"A couple of inches, I should say."

"Oh, good! Then we can have a snow-fight. There are twelve of us—eleven players and one reserve. We hereby challenge twelve picked men of the Remove to a battle royal!"

"Jump at it, Wharton!" said Vernon-Smith.

The captain of the Remove needed no incentive. He began to select his warriors.

The Famous Five were to take part in the snow-fight, as a matter of course. And the others chosen were Vernon-Smith, Mark Linley, Peter Todd, Tom Brown, Squiff, Dick Penfold, and Tom Rowling.

As soon as they had washed and dressed, the snow-fighters went down into the Close.

The Ironsides erected a snow fort near the tuck-shop, and Harry Wharton & Co. erected one close to the wheel gates.

As soon as the forts had been constructed the battle began.

It was a fast and furious conflict.

Harry Wharton led his little army with great dash.

"We must capture their fort or perish in the attempt!" he exclaimed. "Forward, the Remove!"

The Greyfriars fellows, charging down on their opponents' fort, hurled their snowballs with deadly accuracy.

The Ironsides, however, set up a stubborn defence. They stood shoulder to shoulder, and stemmed the rush of the enemy with a volley of snowballs.

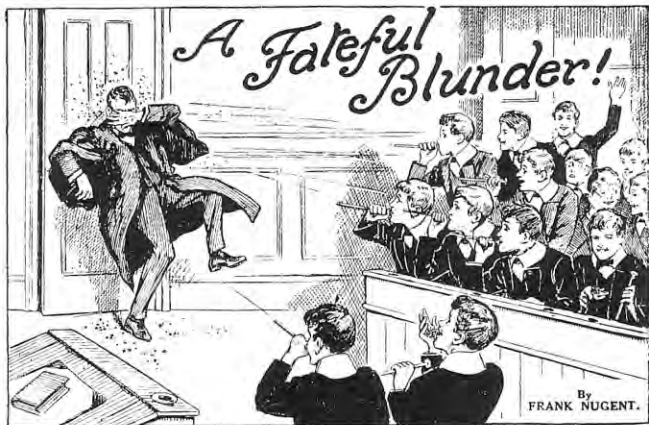
The dog Chummy rendered assistance by posting himself in front of the fort, and barking defiance at the oncoming Removes.

"The my halldom, but this is a great fight!" panted Bob Cherry. "Hello! Got one right on the nose that time! More ammunition, linsy—quickly!"

Hurree Singh burrowed on hands and knees in the snow, making snowballs at the rate of a dozen a minute. He handed some to Bob Cherry, who rushed into the fray with renewed zest.

The result of the fight was never in doubt.

(Continued on page 13.)



MIR. QUELCH UNDER FIRE! The door of the Form-room opened, and a figure in gown and mortar-board crossed the threshold. The air was thick with the small peas, which rained upon the intruder in a shower!

"IT'S a fact!" said Billy Hunter, "We know your facts of old!" granted Johnny Bull.

"I tell you, it's as true as I'm standing here!" said the Owl of the Remove, blinking at us from the doorway of Study No. 1.

"Quechly's going to London to-morrow morning," said Wharton.

Bunter nodded.

"There's a big conference of schoolmasters," he said, "and Quechly's going to represent Greyfriars."

"Lord cheeks!" said Bob Cherry.

"But it may not be true," I remarked.

Bunter gave a snort.

"Nugent, you're a Doubting Thomas!" he exclaimed. "I heard the conversation between the Head and Quechly with my own eyes—I mean, ears." The Head said, "I shall want you to go to London to-morrow. Quelch, to attend the conference as the representative of Greyfriars." And Quechly said, "All right, old boy!"

"He, ho, ha!"

"What are you fellows cackling at?" demanded Bunter, in surprise.

"I can imagine Quechly calling the Head 'old boy!'" chuckled Wharton. "Still I, for one, believe that Bunter, for once in a way, is telling the truth. I read in the papers that there was to be a conference of schoolmasters to-morrow, in town. And I suppose the Head has chosen Quechly to represent Greyfriars."

Supplement i.]

"There's no 'supposing' about it!" said Bunter. "It's a fact. Didn't I tell you a minute ago that I saw it with my own eyes?"

"You mean you scented it with your own mouth?" suggested Bob Cherry.

"He, ho, ha!"

"Well, it's good news, any way, to know that Quechly's going to take a day off!" said Johnny Bull. "It will be equivalent to a day's holiday for us!"

"Wonder who'll take the class?" I said.

"One of the prefects, most likely," said Wharton. "Hope it's Wiggate."

At this stage Billy Bunter startled his all with a noisy cackle.

"He, ho, ha!"

"What's the joke, porpoise?" I demanded.

"The joke's against the Remove!" chuckled Bunter.

"Against the Remove?" echoed Wharton.

"Explain yourself, porpoise!"

Billy Bunter glanced towards the feastable, which was laden with good things.

"The price of my explanation," he said readily, "is a large and hefty slice of plum-cake."

Wharton obeyed the cake, and handed a piece to Bunter.

"There was a clamping of jaws, and the slice of cake was no more."

"Now," said Bob Cherry, "what's this joke against the Remove?"

"It's Coker's, wire," explained Bunter.

"Coker knows that Quechly will be away to-

morrow, but he doesn't know that the Remove knows it—see? So he intends to disguise himself as Quechly, and walk into our Form-room to-morrow morning."

"My hat!"

"But Coker would never be able to im-

personate Quechly!" gasped Wharton.

"Don't you believe it!" said Bunter. "His disguise is perfect! He's got hold of a gown and a mortar-board and one of those flesh masks. I peeped into his study when he was trying on the disguise, and he looked the living image of Quechly!"

"direct pip!"

"Of course, he'll give himself away the moment he opens his mouth," said Bob Cherry. "Coker's no mimic. When he starts trying to imitate Quechly's voice he'll come a cropper."

"Still, think of the awful check of it!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Taking a rise out of the Remove—or trying to, anyway!"

"We shall have to deal very severely with Master Coker!" said Wharton grimly.

"Yes, rather!"

"I say, you fellows," chimed in Billy Bunter, "what are you going to give me for letting you have this information?"

"You've already made a big hole in our plum-cake," I said.

"Don't I have the remainder?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Bob Cherry.

And he caught up the remainder of the cake, and buried it with deadly secrecy in the Owl of the Remove.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY, No. 720.

The missile caught Bunter full in the chest, and he toppled backwards through the doorway. But he clutched at the edge in falling, and when he had picked himself up he rolled away down the passage, munching contentedly. It was not often that he was so well rewarded for imparting information. The reward usually took the form of kicks, or a bumping.

(Of course, what Bunter had told us had made a big sensation.)

It was just like Coker to seize this chance of taking a rise out of the Remove. Though, if the fellow had been gifted with a grain of sense, he must have known that he would be able to pass himself off successfully as Mr. Quelch. Coker's disguise might be perfect itself; but Coker was no actor, nor was he a good mimic. We should have guessed to his identity inside a minute.

All the same, we were very glad to be forewarned of Coker's intentions. It would give us time to start a flying campaign.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, you fellows," said Wharton, when Billy Bunter had taken his departure. "We'll go into the Form-room tomorrow morning armed with penknives, and the moment Coker shows himself, we'll open fire. With forty penknives operating on him, he'll have a jolly warm time!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Of course, we must tell the other fellows," I said.

"Or they will be told to-morrow, in the dorm." Needless to state, there was great excitement in the Remove when Coker's whoeze was made known. Many of the fellows stayed awake quite a long time, discussing the reception they would give the bogus Form-master in the morning.

When the morning came, and breakfast was over, we smuggled our penknives and plenty of ammunition into our pockets, and waited for the bell to sound us to morning lessons.

The bell sounded at length, and we trooped quietly into the Form-room.

We took our places as usual, straining our ears anxiously for the sound of footsteps.

And presently they came. They were swift, decisive footsteps, remarkably like those of Mr. Quelch. Coker was certainly carrying out this part of the impersonation successfully.

"He's coming!" muttered Harry Wharton. "Get ready, you fellows!"

Forty penknives were raised to forty pairs of lips.

The door of the Form-room opened, and a figure in gown and mortar-board crossed the threshold.

Then—

Zipp!

The air was thick with the small, round, bullet-like pens, which rained upon the intruder like a shower.

It was a fierce bombardment—quite the fiercest of its kind I have ever seen.

And it did not cease. In spite of the anguished yells from the victim, it continued.

The pens rattled and spluttered upon the face and body of the bogus Form-master.

But was he a bogus Form-master?

Grave doubts began to arise in the minds of many.

The yells of anguish were not the sort of yells which Coker of the Fifth class have been expected to give. They did not take the form of "Yarsoooh!" They were—if one may describe them—refined yells.

The bombardment did not cease until all the ammunition had been exhausted.

For some moments the victim stood in a crouching attitude against the wall. He was dazed.

When at last he recovered the power of speech and movement, he strode forward, with a frowning brow.

"Hoys! How dare you! How dare you carry out a wholesale and unprovoked attack upon your Form-master?"

There was a gasp of dismay. For the voice was, beyond all question, the voice of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove!

"Wharton!" Mr. Quelch's tone was thunderous. "I call upon you as the leading man of the Form, for an explanation!"

"I—I—We—we—" stammered Harry.

Bob Cherry came to his elasm's rescue.

"We—we thought you had gone to London, sir!" he said.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch. "It had certainly been arranged that I should go to London, but at the last moment Mr. Prent went in my place. Am I to understand that this outrageous bombardment was intended for another?"

"Yes, sir," said Bob Cherry. "We had reason to think that one of the fellows in a senior Form was going to disguise as you, and, of course, when the door opened, we promptly opened fire."

Mr. Quelch looked grim.

"In the circumstances," he said, "I will make allowance for what has happened, and, instead of reporting you to Mr. Locke, as I at first intended, I shall cancel the next half-holiday. On Wednesday afternoon you will all remain in detention."

Of course, we felt very sick about it. And some of the fellows suggested that Billy Bunter should be severely flogged for giving false information.

But it was not Bunter's fault. His information had not been false. It was a last-minute change of plan which had caused all the trouble.

Fortunately for Coker of the Fifth he had got to know, just before morning lessons began, that Mr. Quelch had not gone to town. And so he had abandoned his idea of impersonating the master of the Remove.

We are now faced with the cheerful prospect of a Wednesday afternoon in detention!

Just our luck!

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

From time to time during the late lamented year of 1921 I received requests from readers to publish a Special Form-room Number of the "Greyfriars Herald."

One of these readers—I have his letter before me—wrote as follows:

"We hear quite a lot about your out-of-school adventures, Harry, but very little concerning what goes on in the Remove Form-room."

"Now, adventures outside the school are always thrilling and exciting, but don't you think it would be a good idea to bring out a special number dealing with things that happen in class, under Mr. Quelch's quietude?" So that we are weary of reading of what goes on outside the Form-room, but we should like, for a change, to know what goes on inside.

"I feel sure you will give this matter your consideration."

I have done so. And I fully agree with my chum that a Special Form-room Number would be a good departure. So here it is, and I hope you will all enjoy it.

Those old favourites—Tom Brown and Bob Cherry—have had a hand in this number. But the cream of the contributions comes from the keen pen of William George Hunter, whose article, "How I Should Conduct a Class," is bound to cause much mirth.

Some readers may wonder why it is I allow Hunter, who has a paper of his own, to write for the "Herald." The fact is, his comical contributions (though they are not intended to be comical) are in great demand, and, judging from the letters I receive, they create a good deal of amusement.

By the way, I should like to draw the attention of my readers to the series of phobic footslogs of Greyfriars characters which are being given away by the Editor of the Companion Papers. A great many of you already have these postcards in your possession, but there must be many others who have not yet seen them, and if you are interested in the Greyfriars fellows, to wish to add their photographs to your collection, here is your golden opportunity.

Having said my weekly say, I will bow behind the scenes until next Monday.

Cheerio, everybody!

HARRY WHARTON.

MY POINT OF VIEW!

By Mr. Quelch.

Brown, of my Form, is a very careless boy.

He should not leave his manuscript lying about.

After I had dismissed my class the other afternoon, I discovered, lying on the floor of the Form-room, an article entitled "How to make lessons lively." The article bore the signature "Tom Brown," and it was evidently destined for the "Greyfriars Herald." I returned it to Brown, of course, but before doing so I perused it, as the subject is one with which I am personally concerned.

Brown, in his article, says that we should endeavour to squeeze as much happiness as possible out of life.

With that view I entirely agree. It was never intended that we should go about with long faces; and I, for one, shall never subscribe to the opinion that life is not worth living.

But there is one thing which Brown appears to overlook.

Enjoyment and fun should be sought in the right place and at the right time.

Let me say at once, and emphatically, that the Form-room is not the right place.

The Form-room is not, and was never intended to be, a place of amusement. It is the last place in the world where "japes"—I think that is the right word—should be indulged in.

The object of going into a Form-room is—or should be—to acquire knowledge—not to drive an already distracted Form-master to still further distraction.

Brown suggests in his article that a boy possessing artistic ability should make a caricature of his Form-master. Let me catch one of these aspiring artists thus engaged, and I shall cane him severely! He has plenty of leisure in which to pursue his hobby. There can be no excuse for his making insulting sketches in the Form-room.

The same remarks apply to amateur poets. If a boy wishes to write poetry, let him do so in a leisure hour in his study. If I ever discover a boy writing doggerel in the Form-room, it will go hard with him!

Brown goes on to say that lessons may be considerably enlivened by placing monkeys, frogs, hedgehogs, and other undesirable creatures in the Form-master's desk.

I agree that lessons would be enlivened. At the same time, I strongly object to having the interior of my desk converted into a menagerie, for the amusement of my pupils and the discomfort of myself.

Brown also speaks in glowing terms of the joys of pen-knifing, and of throwing paper pellets. Such pernicious practices are to be strongly deprecated.

What I want and expect from my pupils is hard work and steady application to lessons.

Animal instincts must be kept completely in check. Discipline must be maintained with an iron hand.

It is possible, of course, that Brown was merely jesting. I hope he was. But, lest any member of the Remove Form takes his article seriously, I have seen fit to express my point of view in these columns.

I may say, in conclusion, that any form of "skylarking" in the Remove Form-room will be promptly and completely suppressed.

[Supplement ii.]



FORM-MASTER W. G. BUNTER!

Make you smile, doesn't it? But I may be a Form-master one of these days. Who knows? Stranger things have happened.

When I am a man of about thirty I may find myself in need of a job. And then, if all else fails, I shall become a Form-master. Of course, I shall have to have a degree. I shall have to be a B.A. (No, that doesn't mean Bunter's Appetite. It's Bachelor of Arts.) But any ass can become that. If he remains single he's bound to be a Bachelor, and as for the degree—why, there isn't a single art that W. G. B. doesn't shine at!

I think I should make a hand-me-down, imposing figure in a gown and mortarboard. Much more handsome and imposing than Mr. C. H. Chapman, the MASTER artist, has made me appear in his drawings. I often think that Mr. Chapman's a bit mad on me. He doesn't draw me with a slender waist, whereas, if you could only see me in the flesh, you'd notice that I have the daintiest waist imaginable!

The more I think of myself as a Form-master, the more I want to become one.

The next time Mr. Quechly asks any personal questions in the Remove Form-room, the conversation will proceed as follows:

"Wharton, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"A Field-marshal, sir."

"Cherry?"

"A 'stony' old man, sir."

"Harrore Singh?"

"An advertisement for Blacklead, honoured 'nub."

"And you, Bunter?"

"A Form-master, sir."

Then Quechly will beam upon me, and say: "Go up one, my boy! That is the finest ambition you can possibly cherish!"

We now come to the kernel of the matter, as the chimpanzee said when he directed the monkey-mat. How should I conduct a class?

Well, to begin with, I should see that the members of my class were well fed.

You can't tackle Latin or Greek on an empty stomach. It isn't human to expect it. My desk, therefore, would be a sort of tuck-shop. Instead of keeping in it such useless things as dusters, pieces of chalk, and exercise-books, I should have it stacked with jam-tarts and doughnuts and bottles of ginger-pop.

When my class assembled, I should ask my pupils to come up to the blackboard in a line, and enjoy a snack. And, of course, I should assist them in disposing of the good things.

I remarked a moment ago that you couldn't expect your pupils to tackle Latin and Greek on an empty stomach. I must admit that remark. There would be no Latin or Greek. There would be no French. There would be no geometry or mensuration. There would be one lesson, and one only. And the subject would be cooking!

When I look around me, and see the terrible ignorance which prevails in the all-important subject of cooking, I could weep.

Not one fellow in a dozen knows how to cook properly. Take the average wot—Mark Linley, for example. He can tell you the date on which William Rufus attended the throne, and he can tell you the date on which that ungrateful monarch was shot in mistake for a stag, in the New Forest. But can he cook a chop? Can he turn out a delightful dish of devilled kidneys?

The answer, I regret to say, is in the negative.

Take Dick Pinfold as another example. He's not a bad poet. He can write verse on almost any subject, from a twopenny note to a midnight feast. But can he fry onions? Can he boil potatoes in their jackets? Of course he can't! He hasn't had the necessary tuition. It isn't his fault.

The poor fellow has been brought up in ignorance, and it's all due to our rotten system.

For the system is rotten. There's no denying it. They teach a fellow dumb languages, like Latin and Greek, but they teach him nothing about the practical side of life.

Three swots can win exams. But in a cookery contest they would be "also ran."

And so, dear readers, if I were a Form-master, I should remedy all this. I should have a cooking-stove in the Form-room, and I should give instruction in the noble art of cooking.

The fellow who could turn out the best apple-tortoise, or the best Welsh rabbit, would go to the top of the class. The fellow who burnt the cakes—like King Solomon—or was it King Alfred?—would be given a hundred lines.

I should have no bunkum. The members of my class would have to put their backs into it, and perfect themselves in the art of cooking.

The Form-room, in fact, would become a kitchen. My pupils would dress in white chef's clothes. There would be a pleasant odour of tripe sausages and other luxuries, and when the time of dismissal came, nobody would want to go!

Of course, I should provide for plenty of holidays. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—no makes Jack a dull boy. I forgot which. Our working week would consist of two days—Monday and Tuesday. For the rest of the week my pupils would bask in freedom.

As a Form-master I should prove immensely popular. Everybody would have a cheery word and a respectful salutation for Mr. Bunter, master of the Remove, or whichever Form it happened to be. My wonderful charm and personality would cause thousands of parents to send their sons to Greyfriars, instead of to Eton and Harrow and Charterhouse. A new wing would have to be added to the existing building, so that an extra thousand pupils could be accommodated.

Oh, yes, I should certainly make a big bit. I think Nature must have specially intended me to become a Form-master. I've got all the necessary qualifications, and I should certainly fill the job much better than Quechly!

Billy Bunter—Form-master! Sounds as sporty as a rabbit pie, doesn't it?

What a vivid imagination you've got, Billy! You're much more likely to become a cook's assistant on board H.M.S. Porpoise than a Form-master! (Ed.)

Wharton said I could have two columns—so this is where I score!

Every boy and girl in the country should read

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY"

IN

The POPULAR
EVERY FRIDAY. It's MY
Weekly, you know!

W.G.B.

SLEEPING SICKNESS!

By Lord Mauleverer.



THAT'S exactly what I am suffering from. Sleeping sickness!

But I wish it wouldn't attack me in the Form-room. I wish I could wake up in the morning like Rob Cherry—refreshed, invigorated, and full of energy. Unfortunately, I always feel sleepy at the wrong time—just as morning lessons are about to commence.

The atmosphere in the Remove Form-room is pleasantly warm. The fire burns brightly in the grate. In addition to this, Quechly has a stove going.

The windows are hermetically sealed. No chilling draughts find their way into the room.

I try to keep awake, but it's no use. My head nods over the desk. Quechly's voice becomes faint and far away. The room seems to become gradually enveloped in darkness.

Yawn—aw!

One deep, sleep yawn, and I am asleep.

With my head resting on my arms, I doze and dream. I dream of a happy land, far, far away, where there are no lessons, no examinations of any sort. I dream of cosy hammocks, rigged up in delighted gardens. My dream is perfectly delightful.

And then I am stirred suddenly into consciousness by a sound resembling that of the rumble of thunder.

Mauleverer! Asleep in class! Such conduct is unheard of! You will take a hundred lines!

It is the great Quechly who hath spoken.

I sit up with a jerk, and try to concentrate upon Latin verbs. Impossible! The desire to slumber proves too overwhelming. I begin to nod again. "I can't seem to get a grip on myself. The longing for another forty winks proves irresistible."

Once again I glide into dreamland.

I awake with a start. A pointer descends with stinging force on my knuckles.

"Mauleverer! Asleep again! This is the second time I have found you in a state of somnolence! You appear to think you can convert the Form-room into a dormitory!" (Further severe rapping with the pointer.) "There! Perhaps that will keep you awake for the remainder of the lesson!"

For ten minutes or so I sit writing in agony. My knuckles sting and smart. All thoughts of slumber are banished.

But only for a time.

When the pain abates, the old drowsiness creeps over me. I fight against my weakness; I keep striking a pin into my calf, to keep myself awake. But it's no use. "Tired noble mind, must sleep," says Nature. And off I go again!

This time I have a sort of nightmare. A giant Form-master, grinning like an ogre, bears down upon me with a stout cudgel. With a threat of terror and a wild scream I awake, to find Quechly claudoning me mercilessly with the pointer.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Mauleverer, you utterly lazy boy! You will stand in the corner for the remainder of the lesson! And if you dare to close your eyes again, I shall take you before the head-master!"

Of course, I can't emulate a horse, and go to sleep standing up, so I have to remain in a state of wakefulness.

(Oh dear! Until some kind friend finds me a cure for sleeping sickness, I shall always be in trouble!)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 726.

HOW TO MAKE LESSONS LIVELY!

By TOM BROWN.

(Editor's Note.—Once again we must advise our readers not to take "Brown's" literally. We have no doubt that his suggestions, if carried out, would create "a certain liveliness" in the Form-room. At the same time, Form-masters are inclined to be heavily-handed with practical jokes. Brown's suggestions should, therefore, be given a wide berth.—H. W.)

ONCE had a cousin who was known as "Cherry Charlie." He was a kid about my own age. And he was ALWAYS laughing. He got a tremendous amount of fun out of life. He isn't here now, poor fellow! One day he happened to split his sides with laughter, and he expired before the surgeon arrived to patch him up again.

I said to my cousin one day: "Charlie, what is the secret of your happiness? You treat life as if it were a picnic. You have never been known to cry. Even when you tumbled down a flight of stairs once, and broke your leg, you laughed until it seemed you were never going to stop. What is the secret of your hilarious disposition?"

Charlie beamed at me.

"My dear Tommy," he said, "I always make a point of squeezing fun and humour out of every situation. I can see the funny side of things. I have been known to rock with laughter when sitting in a dentist's chair. Life, as I regard it, is one huge joke. Try it yourself, and you'll find that you can extract humour out of the most sordid things."

Now, my cousin's remarks—although there are many who will not agree with them—contain one of the profound truths of life.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Keep on laughing, and you'll find that you can extract humour out of the most sordid things.

Now, why should a Form-room or a classroom always be regarded as a dull and dreary prison?

Why should one pull a long face directly the bell rings for morning lessons, and keep on pulling a long face until the welcome word of dismissal comes?

To my mind, it's all wrong.

You can squeeze quite a lot of humour out of lessons, if only you go the right way to work.

You can, in fact, make lessons so enjoyable that you will be actually disappointed when they are over.

If you are anything of an artist, you can amuse yourself by drawing caricatures of your Form-master. He is pretty certain to have some peculiarity of feature which you can exaggerate. A long nose, a pair of gimlet eyes, or a holl on his neck. All these things lend themselves to illustration.

Your sketches completed, you can pass it round for your schoolfellows to see; and it will do your heart good to listen to their chuckles.

It is possible that you are not an artist. You are a poet. Very well, then. Write a humorous ode on your Form-master. This is the style of thing I mean:

"O Quichely of the gimlet eye,

I've never seen a lugger guy?

In any modern beauty show?

You'd take the booby prize, you know!"

When your ode is finished, hand it round for inspection. It will bring sunshine into the lives of your schoolfellows. Pale cheeks will become ruddy with laughter. Haggard faces will light up with mirth. Smiles will take the place of sighs. Grouches will give way to smiles.

"But supposing the master gets hold of my poem?" you will ask.

Well, you will probably be handed out in front of the class for a swishing. But there

is great fun in being swished, if only you've got the sense of humour to see it. The savage way in which the master brandishes his cane—the Jove-like frown on his countenance—the way he splutters and almost foams at the mouth—all these things are vastly amusing, in their way.

"But the cane will hurt!" you will say. Well, it's a habit that most canes have. But you will be in such a hilarious frame of mind that you won't notice the pain.

Another way of making lessons lively is to smuggle a tame monkey into your Form-master's desk. If there is a monkey shortage, a frog or a hedgehog will answer the purpose, or an army of white mice.

When the Form-master opens the lid of his desk, he will have the shock of his life!

There should be very little risk, in this case, of your being found out, unless you are as enough to keep a collar on your monkey, or your frog, or your hedgehog, with your name clearly marked on the collar!

Another excellent device, if you find that lessons are beginning to get dull, is to go out in a fit of imaginary one, of course. Jolt on the floor, kick your legs wildly in the air and come a general hubbalooboo. Your fellow-pupils will simply love it, and they won't have to pay amusement tax!

If you are skilled in the use of the pen-shooter—if you can hurt paper pellets with precision and accuracy—there need never be a dull moment in the Form-room.

If you are a ventriloquist, you can set your Form-fellows into shrieks of laughter. If you are a clever juggler, you can keep six inkpots going in the air at once. Such a spectacular feat will be loudly applauded—except by the Form-master!

I have told you how to go about it. But if you put my suggestions into practice, and find they are attended by painful results, don't blame me. Blame Cherry Charlie. He's the fellow who inspired this article, and he it is who should accept full responsibility.

Goodbye, dear readers! I shall be bubbling up again next week.

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



PERCY BOLSOVER.

LINES!

By Dick Penfold.

I hate the Form-room atmosphere,

I hate old Quelch and his designs;

And, worst of all, I hate to hear:

"Now, Penfold, take a hundred lines!"

I wish I were in sunny Spain

(The sun in Spain for ever shines)

Then would I never hear again:

"Now, Penfold, take a hundred lines!"

Or, if I were in Piccadilly,

Where everybody feasts and dines,

I should not hear that order silly:

"Now, Penfold, take a hundred lines!"

To be at rest from French and Greek

My youthful spirit simply pines,

I'm tired of hearing Quelchly shriek,

"Now, Penfold, take a hundred lines!"

The constant wear and tear in class

My constitution undermines.

And Quelch keeps thundering, alas!

"Now, Penfold, take a hundred lines!"

As I pass through this vale of tears

My optimistic soul declines.

These words will ever haunt my ears:

"Now, Penfold, take a hundred lines!"

FORM-ROOM ANECDOTES!

By Bob Cherry.

WHO WAS HE?

Bunter: "Please, sir, who was Saw buttee?"

Mr. Quelch: "Really, Bunter, I do not understand. I have never heard of such a person."

Bunter: "But we're just learning a poem, sir, which begins:

"The boy stood on the burning deck
When Sabattee had fled!"

Collapse of Mr. Quelch!

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE!

Mr. Quelch: "Now, Hurree Singh, I want you to recite the verse dealing with a gentleman named Jack Spratt, to whom fat was abhorrent."

Hurree Singh:

"Jack Sprattiness could masticate no fatfulness,

His worthy wife could eat no leanfulness; And so, between the two, honoured adults, They licked the esteemed and ludicrous platter with the cleanfulness!"

SKINNER'S LITTLE JOKE!

Mr. Quelch: "Tell me, Skinner, was Penfold in force in this country in the time of the Skarlars?"

Skinner: "Yes, sir. England was 'dry'—until George the First began to 'rain'!"

IRISH!

Mr. Proud (presiding at football meeting): "Next term there will be two shields presented. One is a shield, the other a cup."

And then he wondered why everybody laughed!

(Supplement is.

"THE TEAM THAT COULDN'T BE BEATEN!"

(Continued from page 8.)

Harry Wharton & Co. were experienced snow-fighters, and there was method, as well as dash, in their attack.

The Ironsides managed to preserve their fort intact for half an hour—a very creditable performance in the circumstances. But at last they were compelled to give way, and the snow fort was captured, shattered, and completely destroyed by Harry Wharton's army.

A big crowd had witnessed the proceedings, and they loudly cheered the Removites' success.

"Liked?" said Jack Cromwell ruefully. "Never mind! We put up a fight, at any rate."

"I wish you'd keep your dog under control!" growled Johnny Bull. "He's taken a big slice out of the back of my bags!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gummy felt it his duty to defend the fort until the end," said Jack Cromwell, with a grin. "I'm sorry, Bull. I'll buy you a new pair of bags—"

"Rats! All's fair in love and war, I suppose," said Johnny.

Bob Cherry shook the snow from his coat.

"This little dust-up has given me a terrible appetite for brekker!" he exclaimed. "Ah, there goes the gong! Let us eat, drink, and be merry!"

"Eat, drink, and be merry! you mean!" said Greenville.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The snow-fighters did full justice to their breakfast.

When they came out into the Close after the meal they found it was still snowing.

"The footer-field will be in a shocking state," said Harry Wharton. "And the Ironsides are playing the Fifth this afternoon."

"I fancy the Fifth will win," said Vernon-Smith.

The speaker was recognised as an authority on football. His school-fellows turned to him inquiringly.

"What makes you think that, Smith?" asked Nugent.

"Well, my opinion of the Ironsides team is this. They can play ripping football under good conditions. But give them a ground covered with snow or sleet, and they'll be simply lost. That's the way with quite a lot of clever football teams. They can do marvels on a good pitch, but they can't adapt themselves to rotten conditions."

"We shall see," said Wharton.

The Fifth fielded their strongest eleven for the match with the Ironsides. They had seen the latter perform, and they knew that it would be rank folly to field a weak team.

The match started in a raging snow-storm.

Wingate, who had undertaken to referee, declared that the conditions were too awful for football. But the rival captains having expressed a desire to play the match at all costs, it was allowed to begin.

The touchline was thronged with spectators. Many of them expected to see the Ironsides come a cropper.

It was one thing to play football on a good surface, and quite another to play

on a snow-covered pitch, and with still more snow coming down.

Jack Cromwell lost the toss. Consequently, the Ironsides had to play with the driving snow beating into their faces.

There was a roar from the touchline.

"Play up, the Fifth!"

"Put it across them!"

The tall Fifth-Formers enjoyed most of the play in the first ten minutes. But they could not get the ball past Greenville, in the Ironsides' goal.

Greenville gave a masterly exhibition. He fisted the ball clear in excellent style, and on one occasion he saved a certain goal by making a daring dive towards Blundell, and taking the ball from the very toes of the Fifth-Former.

"Saved, sir—saved!" roared Johnny Bull.

"I always thought Bulstrode took some beating as a goalie," said Nugent. "But he's not a patch on Greenville. Just look at the fellow! They're trying to get the ball past him, but it would be about as easy for a camel to go through the eye of a needle!"

The Ironsides' forwards had not yet come into the picture. It took them ten minutes to adapt themselves to the conditions. Once they succeeded in doing so, there was no holding them. They started a brilliant offensive, and Jack Cromwell, snapping up a pass from the wing, sent the ball crashing into the net.

"Goal!"

That was merely the first nail in the coffin of the Fifth-Formers.

From that time the Ironsides took the game completely in hand, and did pretty much as they liked. Occasionally they were bowled over in the snow by their better opponents, but for the most part their clever footwork enabled them to dodge the rushes of the Fifth-Form lads.

"There's only one team in it!" said Vernon-Smith. "I was quite wrong in saying that they'd be simply lost on a ground like this. The snow worried them a bit at first, but they're used to it now."

"They've got the Fifth on toast!" said Mark Linley.

And so it proved.

At half-time the Ironsides were two goals to the good. In the second half they eased up a little, and only one more goal was obtained. This was scored by the fleet-footed Hampden just before the finish.

Blundell came off the field like a fellow in a dream.

"I should never have believed it!" he said. "Those kids must have played footer ever since they left the cradle. They were all over us!"

"And they eased up in the second half, too," said Blundell. "Goodness knows what the score might have been if they'd gone all out!"

"It's really a waste of time for them to play the Shell and the Upper Fourth and the Remove!" said Hilton. "They'll wipe up the ground with the whole jolly lot!"

Blundell nodded. "These Ironsides are giddy marvels!" he said. "I'm not afraid to give praise where praise is due. They're far and away the best junior team ever seen on the Greyfriars ground."

And the majority of the Greyfriars fellows, after witnessing the match in the snow, concurred with Blundell's opinion.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Deed of Darkness!

ORDER of the Sixth was in high feather.

He had been a spectator of the match between the Ironsides and the Fifth; and he was satisfied that Jack Cromwell & Co. would win the remainder of their engagements.

It was only reasonable to suppose so, for the Fifth had a stronger team than the Shell and the Upper Fourth, and they were a better set of players than the Remove, though perhaps less skilled in the finer points of the game.

"I think I can safely count on winning my wager," Loder said to himself.

And as time went on his confidence increased.

The Ironsides went from strength to strength.

Next day, they met and defeated the Shell by five goals to one.

The game was not quite so one-sided as the score would suggest. For the Shell fellows put up a very plucky fight, and there was nothing scored in the first half. But in the second half the Ironsides ran riot, and put on no less than five goals. As Bob Cherry remarked, it was like shelling peas.

On the following day, the Ironsides played the Upper Fourth.

Temple & Co. went on to the field expecting defeat—a fatal frame of mind to be in, for most teams which anticipate defeat usually get it. The Upper Fourth got it to the tune of four goals to nil. And the Ironsides could have doubled that score, had they chosen to exert themselves to the full.

Loder was mightily pleased with the results of these games.

It now only remained for the Ironsides to defeat the Remove, and he—Loder—would be the richer by five pounds.

But the Sixth-Former could not help feeling just a trifle uneasy.

The Remove was no ordinary team. It was a team of great possibilities.

Harry Wharton & Co. had a habit of rising to the occasion, and defeating teams which had hitherto not tasted defeat.

The Remove would not go on to the field in the "we're-bound-to-be-beaten" spirit which had been displayed by the Upper Fourth.

The fact that the Ironsides had scored four victories off the reel since coming to Greyfriars did not cause a panic in the Remove. It only stimulated their determination to lower the colours of Jack Cromwell & Co.

The Remove eleven had been hard at it, practising in readiness for the match.

They took matters very seriously, and their one immediate aim in life was to conquer the Ironsides, who had come to be known as "the team that couldn't be beaten."

Loder knew what the Removites could do, even against the most formidable opponents; and he could not banish from his mind the uncomfortable thought that they might spring a surprise.

"The Ironsides have simply got to win," he muttered, "or I shall be in the position of having to hand over a liver to Hawke—and I haven't got it to hand over!"

On all form, it looked as if the Ironsides would have a walk-over. But football form is a funny thing. It can never be relied upon. Time after time, strong and apparently unbeatable teams have been made to lick the dust by their

logical rivals. And it is these upheavals of football form which add zest to the game.

Loder was meditating on these things as he tramped over to Friarfield, at an hour when most of the Greyfriars fellows were in bed.

It was one of Loder's evenings out. He had an appointment with Jerry Hawke at the Cross Keys, and he meant to enjoy himself.

The night was bitterly cold. The ground was still covered with snow, and the stars shone brightly overhead.

But Loder had no thoughts for the snow or the stars. He was thinking solely of his wager with Mr. Hawke, and of his chances of winning it.

The landlord greeted him cordially. "Come in, sir," he said. "There's a nice fire in the billiard-room. How are the infant prodigies gettin' on—the Ironsides, I think they call themselves? Have they won every match they've played?"

"So far," said Loder. "They're playing the Remove to-morrow. And if they win, I shall have much pleasure in relieving you of a liver."

Jerry Hawke gave a grunt.

"Wish I'd known those Ironsides were such hot stuff. Then I shouldn't have made the wager," he said. "Would you like to reduce the bet to a couple of quarts?"

"No, I wouldn't!" said Loder, with a grin. "We agreed on a liver, and we must stick to it."

Loder had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. He played billiards with the landlord, and for once in a way he managed to win. There was only a small sum at stake, but little fish are sweet. And Loder looked quite cheerful as he pocketed Jerry Hawke's half-crown.

"Jolly good game!" he remarked, with satisfaction.

"Have another?" asked Hawke.

"No, thanks! I must be getting back now. I'll be along to-morrow evening to collect my liver."

So saying, Loder took his leave of the landlord.

He walked back to Greyfriars in high spirits.

There was still just a twinge of uneasiness in his mind on the subject of the Remove's match with the Ironsides.

"If only the Remove had a weak team out, I should feel a jolly sight easier in my mind," he muttered. "But they're fielding their strongest side. And they're being practising day after day. If they should beat the Ironsides, or even draw, I shall find myself in Queer Street!"

Loder found himself wishing things that only an ardent ead could have wished.

If only some of the Remove's leading players could contrive to catch chills, or something of that sort, and be unable to turn out!

With a weakened team, the juniors would be certain to be defeated.

Loder was still pondering on these things when he reached the school wall. He started to climb over it—long experience had made him proficient in this feat—and as he dropped down on the other side, there were startling developments.

Five fellows—juniors apparently—sprang out suddenly from an anghush behind the trees. They rushed promptly in the prefect, who failed to recognize them, partly because of the dark, partly by reason of the fact that they were masked.

Loder uttered a sharp cry.

NEXT

MONDAY!

THE MIRROR LITERARY.—No. 725.

"Stand back, you young rotters!"

But the "young rotters," whoever they were, were already upon him.

The unpopular prefect was swept clean off his feet. He fell forward on his face, and the next moment he had the mortification of having his nose rubbed in the snow.

The outrage did not end here.

The five masked juniors began to scoop up handfuls of snow, and to throw it over the prostrate prefect.

It was as if they were rehearsing the pantomime, "Babes in the Wood," and were the robins, covering the bodies of the babes with leaves. Only in this instance there was only one body, and snow was substituted for leaves.

At the end of a few minutes there was no sign of Loder of the Sixth.

The prefect had been buried alive. He kicked and struggled under a snowy mound, and at last succeeded in getting his head and shoulders clear.

Muttering fiercely, he staggered to his feet, and looked round for his assailants. He caught sight of five flying figures. They were rushing pell-mell towards the building. Loder knew that he had no chance of overtaking them.

Somewhere in the distance a dog began to bark loudly.

"It's that beast belonging to the Ironsides!" growled Loder. "I've a jolly good mind to silence it!"

But he didn't. Instead, he made his way to his study, where he removed his snow-covered clothes, and put on a suit of pyjamas, a dressing-gown, and a pair of slippers.

Loder already had a clue as to the identity of the juniors who had attacked him. They had said very little, but he had recognized one voice—the voice of Trevor of the Remove.

Moreover, on his way into the building, the prefect had discovered a handkerchief lying in the snow.

The handkerchief bore the initials "H. S." in the corner, and was obviously the property of Harold Skinner.

Loder was able to make a shrewd guess as to the identity of his five assailants.

"Skinner, Snoop, Stott, Trevor, and Trefuge, for a cert!" he muttered. "I suppose they'll be back in bed by now. This is Skinner's revenge for my giving him a lamming the other day."

Taking an electric torch with him, Loder proceeded to the Remove dormitory.

He found Skinner & Co. in bed, sleeping, apparently, the sleep of the just. There were, however, five vacant beds. They were the beds of the Famous Five.

A gleam came into Loder's eyes. And a sudden inspiration came to him.

He did not suppose that Harry Wharton & Co. were responsible for the attack on him in the Close. But what was to prevent his bringing an accusation against them, and getting them convicted of the charge?

In that case, it was a moral certainty that the Famous Five would be placed under detention on the following afternoon; and they would thus be unable to play against the Ironsides. The Remove, fielding a weakened side, would be heavily defeated.

Loder almost chuckled at the prospect.

He was grinning maliciously as he seated himself on Wharton's bed, and awaited the return of the Famous Five.

Presently they came. They were clad in dressing-gowns and slippers, and they were talking as they came in.

The conversation broke off suddenly when they caught sight of Loder.

The prefect looked grim.

"So you are the five who attacked me in the Close just now?" he said.

"Rot!" said Harry Wharton. "What are you talking about, Loder?"

"You deny that you attacked me?"

"Certainly!"

"Then how do you explain your absence from the dormitory, at midnight?"

"We heard Chummy barking," said Bob Cherry, "and we went downstairs to see if there was anything wrong."

"A likely story!" sneered Loder.

"If the Head swallows that, he'll be mighty gullible!"

Harry Wharton's eyes flashed.

"Do you insinuate that we're telling lies?" he demanded.

"I don't insinuate. I know!"

"You say that we attacked you in the Close?"

Loder nodded.

"There were five of you," he said. "You were masks in the hope of evading detection, but your voices gave you away!"

"Look here—" began Johnny Ball wrathfully.

"I don't propose to argue with you," said Loder. "The five of you will report to me after breakfast in the morning, and I'll take you before the Head!"

The Famous Five were silent.

They were knocked all of a heap by Loder's indictment. They knew nothing of the attack on the prefect. Skinner & Co. had got back to their beds before Harry Wharton awoke, heard Chummy barking, and roused his chums, that they might go downstairs to investigate.

Whilst they stood there, exchanging glances of dismay, Loder's voice again jarred on their ears.

"Don't forget! Report to me immediately after breakfast. You'll be sorry for this night's work!"

So saying, Loder rose up from the bed, and strode out of the dormitory, leaving Harry Wharton & Co. blinking at each other in astonishment and dismay.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Verdict!

"WHEREFORE that worried lawyer?"

It was Jack Cromwell who asked the question.

The rising-bell was clanging forth its harsh summons, and the leader of the Ironsides, glancing towards Harry Wharton's bed, noticed that the captain of the Remove looked far from cheerful.

"Not worried about the match, I hope?" pursued Cromwell.

"Yes, I am!"

"You're afraid you're going to be licked?"

"No, it's not that," said Wharton. "I'm afraid that we—five of us, at any rate—won't be able to play!"

"Great Scott!" Jack Cromwell looked frankly distressed. "What's happened? You don't mean to say that five of your fellows have been good enough to catch chills, or something?"

"Oh, no! Nothing like that. But it appears that Loder of the Sixth—the fellow you thrashed the other day for ill-treat Chummy—was set upon by five fellows late last night. Don't know.

ANSWERS
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A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

what they did to him. Rolled him in the snow, I expect. And serve him jolly well right! But the heaviest part of it is that Loder has accused us—the Famous Five, you know—of doing the deed!"

"What of that?" said Grenville. "You can easily clear yourselves!"

"We can't," said Bob Cherry. "And that's the awkward part of it. You see, Loder came up to the dorm in the night, and he found our beds empty."

"My hat! Where were you?" exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

"We heard Chummy barking, and went downstairs to see what it was all about," said Nugent. "But it won't be much use telling the Head that. It sounds so frightfully feeble!"

Jack Cromwell looked sympathetic. "I'm awfully sorry this has happened!" he said. "We'd postpone the match if it was possible. But it isn't! We've got other engagements to keep. To-morrow we're playing Courtfield County Council School. The next day's Sunday, and the day after that we shall be leaving Greyfriars."

"There's just a chance, after all, that we shan't be detained," said Bob Cherry hopefully.

Bob was over an optimist.

An atmosphere of gloom hung over the Remove that morning.

After breakfast, the Famous Five reported themselves to Loder, who promptly marched them in front of the Head.

It was a gloomy procession that filed into Dr. Locke's study.

Loder followed the juniors in. The Head gazed at him questioningly.

"I have a serious charge to make against these boys, sir," said Loder, speaking as if he had rehearsed his words carefully beforehand. "Last night I was the prefect on duty. I was making a final tour of inspection, to see that everything was all right, when these juniors—lunched a savage attack upon me. They bore me to the ground, and rolled me in the snow. Then they proceeded to bury me. I was fortunate to escape suffocation."

The Head looked very grave.

"You have heard Loder's accusation, Wharton," he said. "Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing, sir—beyond the fact that we are not guilty!"

"Did you, at any time during the night, absent yourselves from the dormitory?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"There was a dog barking, sir," said Bob Cherry, "and we came down to see if anything was wrong."

"A flimsy excuse, sir!" interposed Loder scornfully. "It's an insult to your intelligence to imagine that you will believe it!"

"Did you visit the Remove dormitory, and find that these boys were absent, Loder?" asked the Head.

The prefect nodded.

"I found something else, sir, which affords irrefutable evidence," he said.

"After the attack, I picked up this handkerchief in the 'loose. It bears the initials 'H. S.' as you will see, and is undoubtedly the property of Hurree Singh."

There was a gasp of denial from the lads.

"Honoured sir! That is not my esteemed property!"

"The initials are yours, Hurree Singh!" said the Head sternly.

"That proves nothing," said Johnny



There was a struggle in the goal-mouth. In the midst of it Bob Cherry came tearing up, got his head to the ball and butted it into the net. There was a great roar from the spectators. "Goal!" "First blood to the Remove!"

(See Chapter 9.)

Bull, in his blunt way. "There are thousands of handkerchiefs in the country bearing the initials 'J. B.' but they are not all mine!"

"Be silent, Bull! How dare you force your way into the conversation with irrelevant remarks?"

Johnny Bull reluctantly subsided.

After Loder had weighed in with further evidence—most of it connected with a damaging nature, the Head pronounced judgment.

"I am satisfied," he said, "that Loder was savagely attacked late last evening by five juniors, and that you are the juniors in question. Your statement that you went downstairs because of the barking of a dog is both absurd and uncomfortable. I am astonished that you should attempt to deny a charge which, in my opinion, Loder has amply verified."

The Famous Five stood silent. They realised the futility of further denial.

"I will deal leniently with you," the Head went on. "Serious though the charge is, I recognise that your past conduct has, in the main, been exemplary. This being so, I will content myself with placing you under detention this afternoon. You will remain in your Form-room between the hours of two and six o'clock, and, in order that your minds may be kept active, you will each write five hundred lines from the *Hind*. Now you may go!"

Loder found it difficult to conceal his triumph as he ushered the juniors forth into the passage.

The Remove were now practically certain of defeat at the hands of the Ironsides.

The Famous Five represented the back-

bone of the team. They were the main stays of the eleven.

Johnny Bull, at back, was sturdy and sound and sure. Bob Cherry, at right half-back, was a host in himself. Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Singh, were forwards whose places it would be impossible to fill with any degree of satisfaction.

The Remove eleven would be but a shadow of its former self. Six regular players and five reserves! The Ironsides, Loder reflected, would simply make rings round them.

It was as much as Harry Wharton & Co. could do to keep their hands off Loder. They felt like going for him there and then. But that would only be getting themselves in the wrong, and would serve no good purpose.

It was a melancholy morning.

Defeat stared the Greyfriars Remove in the face.

The Ironsides were just as disappointed as Harry Wharton & Co., for they would have preferred to meet the Remove's strongest team. To meet and defeat a scratch eleven would be but a poor triumph.

After dinner the following announcement was posted on the notice-board in the Hall:

"NOTICE:

"Owing to the fact that five members of the Remove eleven have been placed under detention, it has been found necessary to make drastic changes in the team that will meet the Ironsides this afternoon.

The revised team will line up as under:

"Dulstrode; Brown; Redwing;

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 726.

NEXT MONDAY! "THE FOOTBALLERS' FEUD!"

Morgan, P. Todd, Linley; Russell, Rake, Field, Penfold, and Vernon Smith.

"(Signed) HARRY WHARTON."

It was the best team that the Remove could field, in the circumstances. But what chance had such a team against the formidable Ironsides? They would go the way of all flesh, as Bob Cherry gloomily put it. They would share the fate of the Fifth, the Shell, and the Upper Fourth.

And thus the Ironsides, with an unimpaired record, would leave Greyfriars with a long list of successes to their credit. And they would still be referred to—in the Press and elsewhere—as "the team that couldn't be beaten."

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. For the Honour of the Form!

SKINNER of the Remove strolled in the Close, humming snatches of a merry song.

The cad of the Remove was on excellent terms with himself. On the previous night he had organised the attack upon Loder. And suspicion had somehow fallen upon the Famous Five. They had been convicted of the charge, and punished accordingly.

Had Skinner possessed a shred of honour, he would have done the decent thing. He would have gone to the Head and confessed that he had been the ringleader and prime mover in the attack on Loder.

But no! Skinner valued his skin too much for that.

"After all," he said to himself, "it wasn't my fault that Wharton & Co. got into hot water over it. It was up to them to clear themselves."

A heavy hand descended upon Skinner's shoulder. The janitor spun round, with a look of alarm. The next moment his face cleared.

"Oh, it's only you, Bolsover!" he said. "Yes, it's only me," said Bolsover majestically. He was looking grim and determined, like a fellow who has made up his mind to carry a thing through. "What about last night's stunt, Skinner?"

"Well, what about it?" said Skinner. "You know that Wharton and the others have got to stay in this afternoon?"

Skinner nodded. "Rather rough on them," he admitted. "Still, they ought to have cleared themselves."

"They couldn't," said Bolsover. "So it's up to somebody else to clear them—yourself, to be precise!"

"Me?" echoed Skinner, lapsing into bad grammar in his amazement. "How can I clear them?"

"By going to the Head, and owning up that you were the ringleader of the party that attacked Loder."

Skinner broke into a harsh laugh. "Yes, I'm likely to do that—I don't think," he said. "Go and give myself away to the Head? No jolly fear!"

Bolsover looked Skinner straight in the eyes.

"The match is just starting," he said, "and the Remove are without five of their best men. I've never thought very much about the honour of the Form. I've been a selfish cad in a good many ways. But I tell you this, Skinner. I want to see the Remove meet the Ironsides with a full team, so that they'll stand a sporting chance."

"Be beaten or not, the Remove will be beaten," said Skinner. "So what's the odds?"

"It's simply a question of fair play."

said Bolsover. "It isn't right that Wharton and his pals should be prevented from playing simply because you haven't the decency to own up. You've got to own up, man—you're going to do it right now! Otherwise—"

"You'll sneek!" said Skinner, white to the lips.

"No, I shan't sneek! But I'll march you into the Head, and make you tell him the facts!"

Bolsover spoke in the insistent manner of a fellow who means to have his own way. He knew, of course, all about the midnight attack on Loder—in fact, he had been asked to join the party of attackers. He didn't see why the Famous Five should be penalised because of Skinner's silence. Skinner must confess—and at once. Bolsover was quite determined on that score.

As for Skinner, his limbs were trembling. He was nearly dizzy with fright. He well knew what confession would incur—a severe whipping, at least.

He couldn't understand Bolsover's attitude. Rare indeed were the occasions on which the burly Removeite showed any regard for the honour of his Form. But this was one of the occasions.

Skinner would have dodged away, but Bolsover's grip was still fastened on his shoulder.

"I—I say, Bolso—"

A distant shout from the football field announced that the match was about to begin.

"I'm not going to stand here arguing the toss," said Bolsover. "Are you going to confess voluntarily, or do you want me to take you along neck and crop to the Head's study?"

Skinner made a faint show of defiance. "I won't confess!" he exclaimed.

"I—I go no further. Bolsover promptly hustled him away in the direction of the Head's study."

In vain Skinner struggled and protested. He was dragged into the building and along the corridor.

Bolsover knocked on the door of the Head's study with his boot.

"Come in!" called the voice of Dr. Locke.

Gripping Skinner by the collar with one hand, Bolsover opened the door with the other. Then he gave Skinner a push which caused the cad of the Remove to alight on all fours on the Head's carpet.

Dr. Locke rose to his feet.

"Bless my soul! What do you mean by entering my study in such a precipitate manner, Skinner?"

Skinner tottered to his feet.

"Ahem! I—I couldn't help it, sir," he stammered.

"Confess!" hissed Bolsover, from without.

The Head frowned.

"What is your object in coming to my study, Skinner?" he demanded.

Skinner licked his dry lips. He knew that there was nothing for it but to confess. Unless he did so, Bolsover would certainly come in and put the full facts of the case before the Head.

"I—I wanted to see you about something that happened last night, sir," stammered Skinner. "I know you can appreciate a joke, sir—"

"That depends on the nature of the joke, Skinner," said the Head grimly. "I trust you were not concerned in this attack upon Loder?"

Skinner hung his head.

"Answer me, boy!"

"I—I was the ringleader, sir. Wharton and his pals had nothing at all to do with it."

"What!"

"It was just a bit of fun, sir," said Skinner. "We didn't mean any harm."

The Head's brow grew very stern.

"Who were the other boys concerned in this outrage?" he began. "But stay! You need not tell me their names. As you, on your own confession, were the ringleader, I shall see that you are adequately punished. I shall censure you severely, Skinner!"

"Oh crumbs!"

The Head paused in the act of selecting a cane.

"I thought I heard someone moving about outside," he murmured.

"Yes, sir; it's I," said Bolsover, stepping into view.

"Are you one of the boys concerned in this disgraceful affair, Bolsover?"

"No, sir."

"Then what are you doing here?"

A faint grin came over Bolsover's features.

"Skinner wanted me to help him along, sir," he said.

The Head had no difficulty in putting two and two together. He concluded that Skinner had been reluctant to confess, and that Bolsover had forced his hand.

"I want you to take a message, Bolsover, to the five boys who are now under detention in the Remove Form-room," said the Head.

"Very good, sir."

"You will tell them from me that their innocence has been established, and that I shall publicly express my regret for having been unwittingly guilty of a miscarriage of justice. They may have their release at once."

Bolsover hurried away. And as he dashed along the corridor, the beater of good tidings, arrange and unarrangeably smiled his ears. They came from the Head's study.

Harold Skinner was being made to realise the wisdom of the old saying that the way of the transgressor is hard.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER. The Order of Release!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. sat in the Remove Form-room.

They were resigned to their fate.

Even Bob Cherry, optimistic though he was, had given up all hope of freedom.

"If ever there were five unlucky mortals," said Bob, "they're here!"

"We've got to be at cooped up in here all this afternoon, listening to the shouts from the football ground," said Johnny Bull.

"And it isn't as if we'd done anything to deserve it," said Harry Wharton. "If we had bowled Loder over, and killed him in the snow, we'd have been only too willing to face the music afterwards. As it is—"

Wharton paused.

From the football field came a mighty shout.

"They're lining up for the match," said Nugent. "If we hop up on to the window sill, we can see their going on."

The juniors clambered up on to one of the wide sills, and gazed out upon the distant playing-fields.

The Ironsides were there, conspicuous in their bright red jerseys. The Famous Five watched them lining up. Then, with sinking hearts, they watched Vernon-Smith, captain of the Remove team in Wharton's absence, placing his men.

Gwynne of the Sixth was referee, and fellows of all Forms seemed to have

turned out to witness the Ironsides' last match at Greyfriars.

The whistle blew, and the thudding of the football came to the ears of the imprisoned juniors.

They could not get a really clear view of the game. The solid mass of spectators partially obscured their vision. But they saw what happened in the very first minute of the game, and they groaned in chorus.

The Ironsides' forwards swept down the field with their machine-like precision. They went through the Remove defence like a knife through butter.

It was Jack Cromwell who had organised the attack. And it was he who completed it, by sending in a rapping shot which Bulstrode was powerless to save.

"Oh, my hat!" groaned Nugent. "They've scored in the very first minute!"

"At this rate, I should be to think what the score will be at the finish!" said Harry Wharton.

He slipped down from the window-sill and resumed his seat.

"I can't bear to watch it any longer!" he muttered.

Harry's chums followed his example.

It was sheer torture to watch the match, and to be able to take no part in it.

The Famous Five were about to start writing their lines from the larder, when there was a dramatic interruption.

The door of the Form-room was thrown open, and Bolsover major burst in. He was tremendously excited.

"It's all right, you fellows!" he panted. "You're free! The Head says you can go!"

The Famous Five stared blankly at Bolsover.

"It's a fact," said the latter. "Skinner's awked up. It was he who planned that attack on Loder."

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Fancy Skinner confessing!"

"He had no choice in the matter," said Bolsover, with a chuckle.

"Why? What happened? Tell us all about it!" urged Harry Wharton.

But Bolsover hastily withdrew. To him belonged the credit of getting the Famous Five released from detention, but he had no wish to brag about it.

Harry Wharton & Co. jumped to their feet. They exchanged joyful glances.

"Free!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"But it may be too late—" began Johnny Bull.

"Not a bit of it, old scout! Hallo! Here's Chummy!"

The big St. Bernard dog came into the room. He looked at the juniors suspiciously.

Harry Wharton hastily scribbled a note on a sheet of impudic paper. It was addressed to Jack Cromwell, and ran thus:

"We've been released. Just going to change into our footer togs. Suspend the game until we arrive.—WHARTON."

The captain of the Remove folded the sheet, and placed it in Chummy's mouth. "To your master—quickly," he said.

Chummy understood, and was off in a flash. He rather fancied himself in the role of messenger.

The Famous Five hurried away to change into their footer togs.

Meanwhile, Chummy sped swiftly on his errand. He bounded on to the football-field, and rushed up to his master.

Jack Cromwell paused in the act of taking a pass. He took the note,

unfolded it, and read Harry Wharton's message.

"Anything wrong, Cromwell?" inquired Vernon-Smith.

"No. It's good news. Your pals have been released."

"Hurrah!"

The news spread round the ground like wildfire.

Loder of the Sixth heard it, and he bit his lip with vexation and annoyance.

What had happened to bring about the release of Harry Wharton & Co.?

"Surely that young idiot, Skinner, hasn't owned up?" muttered Loder, clenching his hands.

"By Jove, this night spoil everything! The Ironsides were two goals up, and now, I suppose, they'll start the match all over again!"

Loder's supposition proved correct.

When Harry Wharton & Co. arrived on the field, amid a storm of cheering, Jack Cromwell went forward to meet them.

"Jolly glad you fellows have got off!" he said. "You can tell us all about it afterwards. Meanwhile, we've agreed to restart the match. It wouldn't be fair to you if we carried on this game, when we've already scored a couple of goals!"

"That's very decent of you, Cromwell," said Harry Wharton.

The five reserves retired from the playing-pitch, and the Famous Five took their places.

"Faith, an' there seems to be a tidy mix-up this afternoon!" said Gwynne.

"If you're going to start the match all over again, you'll be lucky if it finishes in daylight. Hallo, Loder! What do you want?"

The cad of the Sixth had come on to the pitch to speak to Gwynne.

"I thought you might be fed-up with refereeing," he said. "So I'll take the job on, if you like."

Gwynne looked searchingly at the speaker.

"Why this sudden desire to referee?" he asked. "You've never been at all keen on it before—in fact, you hardly ever turn out to watch a match!"

Loder's reason for wishing to referee was that he would be able to give decisions in favour of the Ironsides, and thus assist them to win. He could not have made this reason known to Gwynne, of course. The old Irish prefect was every inch a sportsman.

"I—I—the fact is, I'm rather interested in this match," stammered Loder.

"So am I!" said Gwynne cheerfully. "And I'm going to referee it!"

"I've offered to relieve you—"

"Yes. I'm not deaf. Your offer is declined with thanks."

Loder turned on his heel and strode away, muttering savagely to himself.

He was unable to compass the downfall of the Removes. It was probable, however, that the Ironsides would beat them without any interference on his part.

Loder consoled himself with this reflection, as he watched the teams lining up for the struggle.

If only the Ironsides maintained their form, and played as they had played on previous occasions, they would be certain to win. And a crisp five-pound note would rustle in Loder's pocket that evening.

But if, by some freak of fortune, the Ironsides lost, or only drew—

Loder promptly dismissed such a possibility from his mind.



Bob Cherry and Linley assisted Bulstrode to his feet. "We'll take you along to the sanny, old chap. You can't play now!" said Bob. "Rats! I'm not going to leave the team in the lurch. I'm going to play on!" muttered Bulstrode between his clenched teeth. (See Chapter 9.)

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Game that Made History!

HARRY WHARTON said a few rallying words to his team before the kick-off.

"I don't want to preach, you fellows," he said. "And anyway, there's no time for a sermon. But I just want to say this. We shan't lick the Ironsides by scientific, tap-ball methods. That's their own style of game, and they're better at it than we are. Our motto must be dash. Speed and dash have often proved too good for mere science. And it's only by speed and dash—and tons of energy—that we can hope to finish on top to-day."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry. Bob was a firm believer in the robust type of game.

"We've played some stiff games in the past," Wharton went on. "But this is the biggest proposition we've ever been up against. That's all the more reason why we should play our hardest. No slacking, mind! Win or lose, we'll go all out. Is that clear?"

There was a general nodding of heads. Gwynne blew his whistle, and Jack Cromwell kicked off for the Ironsides.

There was an eager, fighting expression on the face of each Greyfriars player.

As Wharton had said, they were now confronted with a bigger proposition than they had ever been up against before.

These Ironsides had routed Rookwood and St. Jim's and Highcliffe, and they had beaten four Greyfriars teams in succession. He would be a bold man who

predicted that they would fail to beat the Remove.

Play opened sensationally. Fired with their watchword of "speed and dash," the Remove forwards went away with a rush. They literally tore their way through the opposition.

There was no coolness in their methods—none of that neat, skilful passing which is known in football parlance as "pattern-weaving." In the forward line there were five minds with but a single thought—to bring about the downfall of the Ironsides' goal.

Harry Wharton realised well what a tremendous advantage an early goal for the Remove would be. It would have a magical effect. Having once tasted blood, so to speak, the Remove would be irresistible.

The forwards rushed on, penning the Ironsides in their own half.

There was a roar from the touch-line.

"Greyfriars! Greyfriars!"

"Go it, ye ripples!"

"Shoot, Wharton! Shoot!"

Harry Wharton had an opening. It had been made for him by Vernon-Smith, who had centred the ball beautifully from the wing.

Wharton looked up for a brief second. He measured the distance with his eye, noted the goalie's position, and then he shot.

It was a fast, low shot, and immediately the cry of "Goal!" rose to two hundred lips.

But the shout was premature. Grenville flung himself at full length on the ground, and stopped the ball just before it could roll over the line.

Harry Wharton came rushing up like a human tornado. It looked as if he would bundle ball, Grenville, and all into the net.

But the Ironsides' goalie was cooler than personified. He pushed the ball clear with his gloved hand, and it trickled away out of Wharton's reach.

Then one of the Ironsides' backs shipped in and punted the ball well out of the danger zone.

The spectators, who had been on tip-toe with excitement, became calm again.

It had been a near thing for the Ironsides. Had Grenville lost his presence of mind for an instant a goal would have accrued.

"Hard lines, Remove!"

"Have another try!"

The Remove came on again with the same fierce dash. They were playing as if their lives depended upon it. It was Cap-tie football, with all the fever and excitement that Cap-tie methods produce.

Sound judges of the game would have shaken their heads and disapproved with the Remove's methods. In fact, there was one who did shake his head and disapprove. This was Mr. Larry Lascelles, who stood watching the game with Wingate and Faulkner.

"They are going the wrong way to work, Wingate," said the young mathematics master. "All this dash and energy is very spectacular, and it may profit the Remove for a time. But what will happen then? Why, it will fizzle out, and the Ironsides will have their opponents at their mercy."

Wingate nodded.

"I think you are right, sir," he said.

REGISTER TO-DAY!

(No. 8.)

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"All the same, I can't help admiring those Remove kids. They're putting heart and soul into it."

"Yes, rather!" said Faulkner. "I should like to see 'em win. But of course, that's impossible!"

"Nothing's impossible in football," rejoined Wingate.

The Remove attacked with great spirit. Frank Nugent was presented with a gilt-edged opportunity to open the scoring, but he was far too excited, and ballooned the ball high over the crossbar, to the regret of his comrades and the relief of the Ironsides.

"Jove! What a game these fellows are playing!" panted Jack Cromwell. "Talk about giddy energy! They seem to be trying to rush us off our feet!"

"They're succeeding pretty well, too," grunted Hampden. "I was charged off the ball by that fellow Bull just now. I thought a whirlwind had got hold of me!"

Jack Cromwell laughed. "The pace is a cracker," he said. "But I fancy the Remove will soon play themselves to a standstill."

Play had been in progress nearly half an hour when the first goal came.

The Remove forced a corner and Hurree Singh took the kick.

There was a scramble in the goal-mouth. In the midst of it Bob Cherry came tearing up, got his curly head to the ball, and butted it into the net.

Grenville's vision had been obstructed, and he had no chance to save.

Pandemonium broke loose amongst the spectators. Caps went sailing through the air; arms were waving like wind-mills.

"Goal! Goal!"

"First blood to the Remove!"

"Hurrah!"

On only one face was there a scowl. And that was the face of Loder of the Sixth.

Bob Cherry—one of the fellows he had tried to get detained—had scored a goal for the Remove. It was a bitter pill for Loder to swallow. That goal might have an important bearing on the result. It meant that the Ironsides would now have to score at least two in order to win.

Of course, the effect of that goal on the Remove team was electrical.

They had just been beginning to feel a trifle fagged and dispirited. It seemed as if they had been storming the Ironsides' goal in vain.

Bob Cherry's goal, however, infused new life into the team. They felt that all things were possible. Again and again they bore down upon their opponents' goal.

But the Ironsides' backs were cool, even under extreme pressure. They volleyed well and with sound judgment.

They refused to be flustered. It was a stone-wall defence. The Remove attack resembled furious waves dashing vainly upon an iron-bound coast.

Up till now, very little had been seen of the Ironsides' forwards—that wonderful line which had such a long list of goals to its credit. But presently they began to assert themselves.

Jack Cromwell decided to play the Remove at their own game—to throw science to the winds, and to make head-way by means of dash and speed.

Young Hampden, the winger, fairly tore along the touchline with the ball at his toes. There was no stopping him. Bob Cherry and Peter Todd raced up to intercept him, but he swept past them like a hurricane.

Johnny Bull leaped up to check the Ironsides' progress, and the next instant Johnny found himself lying on his back, wondering if an earthquake had hit him.

It had been a perfectly fair shoulder-charge, but it gave Johnny Bull a severe shaking up.

Hampden raced on, with the goal at his mercy.

The spectators watched with bated breath.

It was at this point that Bulstrode, who had been having rather a holiday in the Greyfriars' goal, did a very daring thing. He flung himself forward at full length, and successfully muffled Hampden's shot.

It was a save that bordered on the heroic, but Bulstrode paid the penalty for his daring. Hampden, by a pure accident, kicked him in the shoulder, and Bulstrode rolled over with a groan, and lay still.

Gwynne blew his whistle. The game was suspended.

Friars and Ironsides alike gathered round the injured goalie.

"Bulstrode, old man!" Harry Wharton dropped on to one knee, his face tense with anxiety. "Are you much hurt?"

"No!"

Bulstrode forced the word from between his clenched teeth. He was in great pain. The wound in his shoulder throbbed in a manner which sickened him. A dark stain on his sweater denoted the presence of blood.

"Faith, an' it seems to be serious," said Gwynne. "You'd better run along to the sanny, kid!"

Bob Cherry and Mark Lanley assisted Bulstrode to his feet.

"We'll take you along," said Bob.

"All right," muttered Bulstrode. "But not now. Wait till the match is over."

"But, my dear chap, you can't play on in this state!" protested Mark Lanley.

"Rate! I'm not going to leave the team in the lurch!"

Hampden, who had unwittingly caused the injury, looked greatly distressed.

"I'm awfully sorry this has happened," he said. "It was a pure accident."

"Of course it was!" said Bulstrode, forcing a smile. "No need to apologise. Let's get on with the game!"

A loud cheer greeted Bulstrode as he returned to his post. His pluck did not pass unrecognised. The spectators could tell, from the pallor of his face, that he was hurt more than slightly; and they admired him for carrying on.

At the same time, it was a bad blow for the Remove. For Bulstrode was little more than a passenger. He was obliged to effect all his saves with one hand.

The Remove clung tenaciously to their lead. And they held it till half-time. They received quite an ovation when the interval came.

"Do you know, Wharton," said Jack Cromwell, "this is the first occasion in our football history that we've been behind at half-time!"

"Is it?" said Wharton, with a smile. "Well, you'll make up the leeway in the second half. I don't doubt it!"

He glanced at his men. Although the game was only half over, some of them were almost dropping with fatigue. They had been putting every ounce of energy into the struggle.

Frank Nugent threw himself on the ground to rest. Tom Brown followed suit. Bulstrode allowed a couple of fellows to bind his shoulder with a temporary bandage.

The Remove were glad of the brief respite. They were utterly worn with their exertions. But the light of battle still shone in their eyes. They were resolved not to spare themselves in the second half.

In marked contrast to their opponents, the Ironsides were fit and fresh. Their faces were glowing. And they were not in the least disheartened. Although a goal to the bad, they knew that they held all the cards. They had a big reserve of energy to draw upon.

The interval ended all too soon.

Gwynne whistled the teams back to their places, and the ball was set in motion once more.

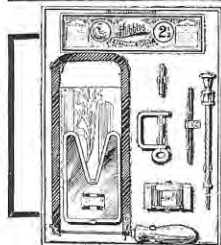
The Ironsides attacked instantly.

In a race for possession of the ball, Jack Cromwell beat Tom Brown, and then he fired in a terrific shot.

Bulstrode met the leather fairly and squarely with his fist, and the ball whizzed back into play.

But the Ironsides were not to be

(Continued on the next page.)



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"THE TEAM THAT COULDN'T BE BEATEN!"

(Continued from the previous page.)

denied. With their deadly, machine-like accuracy, their forwards came on again.

After a brilliant bout of passing, Hampden fired in a shot which it would have required a wizard to save.

Bulstrode was no wizard. He did his best, but even as he tried to save, he knew he was beaten. The ball crashed past him into the net with a velocity which broke the rigging.

"Goal!"

The Ironsides had drawn level. On the run of the play, it was no more than they deserved.

The goal was cheered, of course. And Loder of the Sixth cheered as loudly as anybody.

"The Remove are cracking up!" he muttered. "This is the beginning of the end!"

It certainly seemed so. For within five minutes the Ironsides had added to their score.

Jack Cromwell put in a fine solo effort, and wound up with a shot which left Bulstrode helpless.

The Ironsides were now on top. For the next quarter of an hour the ball bobbed about in midfield.

At last the Ironsides broke away. Bob Cherry and Peter Todd rolled over on the ground, and the opposing forwards swept over them like a wave.

The inside-right, who had been playing a sterling game throughout, tested Bulstrode with a fast drive.

It seemed that the Greyfriars goalie would again be beaten. But, no. He

just managed to deflect the ball round the post.

The game was now drawing to a close. The light began to fail. The spectators found it difficult to follow the swift movements of the ball.

As dusk began to settle over the countryside a feeling of gloom began to settle over the Remove supporters.

The Ironsides still led by two goals to one, and they seemed to have no difficulty in holding their lead, for the Removes were utterly leg-weary, and could not raise a gallop.

With two minutes to go, Mark Linley found himself in possession of the ball. He was a long way from goal. He could not have put in a run to save his life. He was well high dropped.

The Lancashire had summoned up all his remaining energy, and resolved to stake everything on a long shot. It was just faintly possible that in the gathering gloom the Ironsides' goalie would be unable to judge the flight of the ball.

Linley put in a mighty kick.

The ball went soaring through the air, and it seemed to the spectators that it would sail over the crossbar. But it dropped in its flight; and although Greenville made a valiant effort to save, it passed over his shoulder and found a resting place in the net.

The scene which followed was one of the wildest animation.

The Remove had saved the game! In practically the last minute they had forced a draw.

Mark Linley was promptly surrounded by a cheering, almost hysterical crowd, and he seemed in danger of being torn limb from limb in the excitement.

"Good old Marky!"

"He saved the match!"

"Shoulder-high, you fellows!"

Mark Linley was hoisted on to the shoulders of his delighted schoolfellows, and carried into the building.

Loder did not dance a hornpipe with delight. Instead, he almost tottered away from the noisy, hilarious throng.

He had lost his wager! He was now in the unenviable position of having to raise the sum of five pounds, and Jerry Hawke was certain to demand immediate payment.

Harry Wharton & Co. knew nothing of Loder's troubles. They would not have sympathised with him if they had known.

They went on their way rejoicing. That evening there was a bumper celebration in the junior Common-room.

When the Ironsides took their departure the Removes bade them a regretful farewell. Jack Cromwell & Co. had made themselves thoroughly popular during their short stay, and they took with them the warmest good wishes of the Greyfriars fellows.

"Good-bye, you chaps!" said Jack Cromwell. "I suppose we shall still be known as the 'team that couldn't be beaten,' but you gave us the hardest game we've ever had!"

"Hear, hear!" said Hampden. "We hope to play you again some day!"

And it was almost superfluous for Harry Wharton to remark that the hope was mutual.

THE END.

(Another grand, long complete story of the chums of Greyfriars will appear in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET.)



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