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No. 742. Vol. XXI.

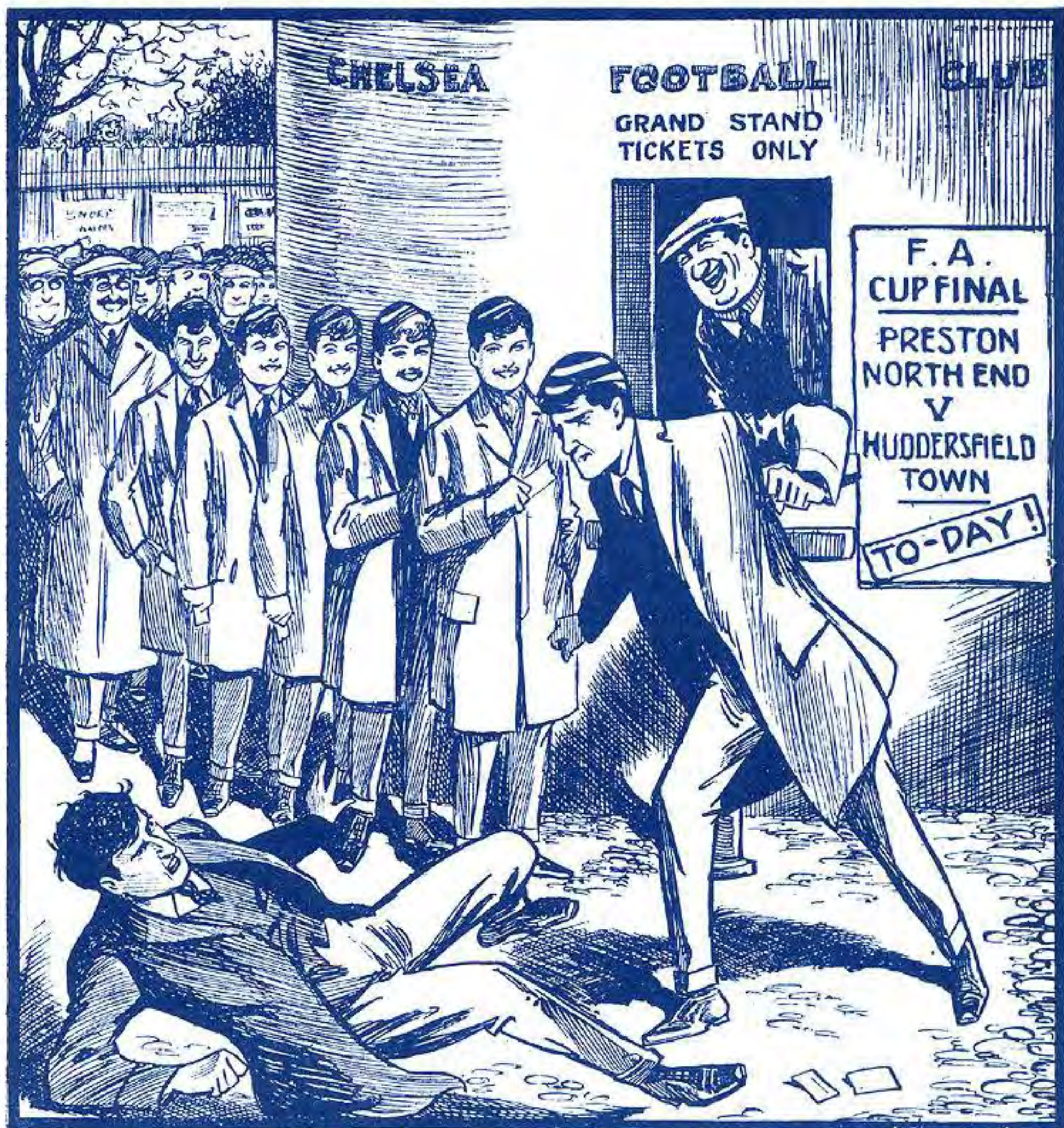
Week Ending April 29th, 1922.

The Magnet ^{1 1/2}

Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."





WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT! RUCTIONS OUTSIDE THE CHELSEA FOOTBALL GROUND!

(An amazing incident from the long complete Cup Final tale inside.)



FOR NEXT MONDAY!

"WHEN THE HEAD RESIGNED!"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of the long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., which will appear in next week's issue, and, needless to say, will be one of the most exciting stories we have had for a long time. As you will guess from the title, when news gets about that the Head has been asked to resign from his position of headmaster of Greyfriars, there is a great sensation caused at the school. Few fellows receive this news with anything but a feeling of great sorrow, for, though an extremely stern ruler, Dr. Locke is greatly respected by all and sundry. Small wonder is it that the new Head, appointed by the board of governors, is looked upon as an outsider before he arrives at the school. Even his appearance does not alter the opinions of the juniors. In fact, it confirms them.

Dr. Carnforth is unlike the late Head in every way, and in every characteristic. His ways are bullying and aggressive, and his manner is disapproved of at once by all the masters.

There is trouble from the very beginning of his career at Greyfriars, for he canes the great and only Horace Coker of the Fifth. To cane any members of the Fifth and Sixth is unheard of at the school. But the new Head does not care about that. It is his intention to rule the school with a rod of iron, and in a manner which quickly foretells trouble to come. Trouble does come, and in a way which Dr. Carnforth little thinks of.

Thus does the new Head commence his reign at the school. You simply must not miss the splendid yarn. Go to your newsagent at once with an order for next week's issue. You then safeguard yourself against the MAGNET being sold out before you get a copy.

THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."

Of course, there will be the usual four-page supplement in the centre of the paper which, Harry Wharton tells me, will be edited by none other than Percy Bolsover of the Remove. For one week Harry Wharton gives up the editorial chair for Bolsover major. The number will be full of exciting tales of boxing and fighting, as you may very well guess. There will be articles concerning the boxing abilities of the various fellows of the Remove and the other forms at Greyfriars. Bolsover major lives in a world made up of the letters "BOXING." Life is one long stream of fights and boxing matches to the burly Removite. You will enjoy reading this number of Bolsover's. It's great!

GRAND FREE GIFT NEXT WEEK!

I told you in my chat last week that I was arranging to present real photos of famous footballers to readers of the MAGNET LIBRARY, and it is with considerable pleasure that I now announce that I have been able to expedite matters, so that the first TWO FREE REAL PHOTOS will be presented with every copy of next Monday's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY.

There are so many really popular footballers in the country, I had some difficulty in coming to a decision as to which two I should first put before you. However, I felt that I could not do better than select T. Wilson and J. McCall, the rival captains in the football Cup Final played last Saturday at Chelsea.

So, with next week's MAGNET LIBRARY, will be presented, absolutely FREE, TWO REAL PHOTOS—T. WILSON AND J. MCCALL.

I want every reader of the companion papers to secure a collection of these splendid REAL PHOTOS OF FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS.

You will also be greatly interested to know, I am sure, that our famous companion paper, the "Gem Library," is giving away a REAL PHOTO of famous "Fanny" Walden, in action. This is another gift which you must add to your collection.

The "Boys' Friend," which appears next Monday, will also be presenting its readers with a magnificent FREE REAL PHOTO, and the subject of these photos will be RISING BOXING STARS. Everyone has seen photographs of the most prominent boxers in this and other countries, but everybody hasn't seen photographs of the rising boxers. Those now occupying the positions of champions will not always be there. The question arises who will displace them? The "Boys' Friend" is indirectly making a forecast by presenting absolutely FREE REAL PHOTOS of rising boxers—coming champions. They start off with a magnificent photo of GEORGE COOK, who holds the championship of Australia and will, doubtless, hold others before many months have passed.

These FREE REAL PHOTOS, then, will be a magnificent addition to your collection of COLOURED ENGINE PLATES, which the "Popular" is continuing to present to its readers. There is another splendid plate in this week's issue of the "Popular," and when you go to fetch that, just let your newsagent thoroughly understand that the papers you want next week are: The MAGNET and the "Boys' Friend" on Monday, the "Popular" on Tuesday, and the "Gem" on Wednesday. In those four papers you are given no less than FIVE FREE GIFTS!

Replies In Brief.

Sidney C. (Liverpool).—Your letter was extremely interesting. Many thanks. You will be glad to hear that your suggestion that there should be a gift for readers of the Companion Papers has been anticipated. I have had under consideration several schemes, as a matter of fact, and the result you will see on this page.

Donald Fry.—Your letter is answered in my reply to Sidney C.

"Old Reader."—Glad you like the MAGNET LIBRARY stories nowadays even more than you liked them twelve years ago. You'll be giving your age away soon!

"Greedy."—Most emphatically do I announce that the "Holiday Annual" will be published this year. You asked me to make a definite statement, my dear chum—here it is!

"Sticker."—Thank you for your letter. As you say, the Companion Papers still lead the way.

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Now On Sale. Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 742.

Your Editor.



A magnificent, long, complete school tale, dealing with the adventure of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars School, at the Great Cup Final.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Stories appearing in the "POPULAR".)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Footer and Rabbits!

"**P**HEW, let's have a breather!" Johnny Bull, a member of the Famous Five of Greyfriars School, gave the football a final punt and sank on the grass of Little Side.

It was a day in the third week of April, but the sun blazed down from a cloudless midsummer sky. From the far end of the field came the click of the willow against leather at the freshly-erected cricket nets. There a number of juniors were renewing their acquaintance with the great English summer game. Only the Famous Five—Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh, the Indian junior—were disporting themselves at footer. And none was sorry when Johnny Bull threw his hand in.

One by one the other four threw themselves on the grass by their stouter Form-mate.

Harry Wharton drew a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his brow.

"H'm! It is a bit warm for footer!" he admitted.

"The warmfulness is terrific, my worthy chum," agreed the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Warm is not the word," said Johnny Bull. "It's positively sultry. Who was the silly chump who suggested we should have a final kick at a football? Nugent, wasn't it?"

"No; it wasn't," retorted Nugent hotly; "it was Bob!"

"What a cram! Inky was the one who—"

"The esteemed and ludicrous Cherry is incorrectly mistaken," put in Hurree Singh. "The worthy Wharton—"

"Oh, dry up, you chaps!" said Wharton testily.

"I wish I could!" murmured Johnny Bull feelingly. "I, for one, am soaked with perspiration. We were all silly chumps to come out with a football on a

day like this. We ought to have gone for a sail—or a swim."

The fact was that the Co. had had a lively discussion that morning upon the subject of the forthcoming Final for the English Cup. All were excited about the prospects of the rival teams, and, in their enthusiasm, they had expressed their regret at the fact that the football season was so swiftly drawing to a close. Then someone had suggested that the five of them should have a final "kick about" that afternoon. As it was a Saturday half-holiday, the others had only too readily agreed. Now, as they sat mopping the perspiration from their heated brows, they regretted that they had not donned flannels.

After Johnny Bull's mention of a swim, a thoughtful silence fell over the little group. But it was not of the sparkling blue sea off Pegg Bay, nor the bathing-pool in the River Sark, that the five were thinking. It was upon the subject which was occupying the minds of thousands upon thousands of folk throughout the whole of the British Isles—the forthcoming Football Final!

It was Harry Wharton who broke the silence that had fallen.

"My aunt!" he murmured dreamily. "I'd give my new 'Demon Driver' cricket bat for one!"

Johnny Bull looked up with a sly twinkle in his eyes.

"For what?" he asked—"a swim?"

"No, you chump; a ticket, of course!"

"For Colney Hatch?"

"You babbling idiot!" shrieked Wharton, with sudden energy. "A ticket for the Final!"

"All right; keep your wool on, old man!" said Bull. "I'd like to see the match on the Chelsea ground myself on the twenty-ninth. I wonder whether Dr. Locke would give us special permission to attend if we applied?"

"I dare say he would," answered Bob Cherry. "But I must say I'd like to see the game in something approaching comfort. The idea of waiting in a queue outside the gates and then being squashed flat in a crowd of about eighty

thousand for about two hours before the kick-off doesn't appeal to yours truly."

"Then why not payfully purchase tickets for the esteemed grand stand, my worthy chums?" suggested Hurree Singh.

"You're talking through your hat, Inky," said Cherry wearily. "The tickets for the Final were sold out months ago. They're only supplied to sports clubs and associations and well-known sporting patrons. We've as much chance of getting tickets now as Johnny Bull would have of taking the first prize in a show for porkers with Billy Bunter present."

Johnny Bull drew himself up indignantly.

"What the dickens d'you mean, you frabjous—"

"It's all right, Johnny," interposed Wharton, with a grin; "he meant to be complimentary."

Johnny Bull did not feel quite satisfied about the fighting Bob's complimentary intentions. But he was still too hot to quarrel, and so he let the matter drop.

"It's a pity that the notion of attending the Cup Final didn't strike us before," mused Frank Nugent. "Your uncle, Colonel Wharton, might have wangled the tickets for us, Harry."

"My aunt, so he could," said Wharton. "He's a director of a big footer club. But it's hopeless now to expect to get five tickets out of him, even if he's bought any. He will have arranged already to let his pals have 'em."

As he finished speaking, the dull thud of heavy footsteps sounded on the grass from behind the resting juniors. Wharton glanced back over his shoulders to see the ponderous, perspiring form of William George Bunter, their fat Form-mate, approaching.

"Hallo, here's the porpoise!" he muttered. "On the cadgo again, I expect."

"Take no notice of him," said Johnny Bull. "Perhaps he'll roll away THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 742.

then. The very sight of him on a hot day makes me feel uncomfortable."

But Billy Bunter had no intention of rolling away. He ambled up to where the Famous Five reclined on the grass and came to a halt. Then the Owl beamed down at them through his little round spectacles.

"Ahem!"

No one spoke.

"Ahem!"

Again silence greeted the Owl's attempt to attract attention.

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, "I want to speak to you!"

At a signal given by Harry Wharton the Famous Five swung round. Then, summoning all their energy, they bellowed in unison:

"There's--nothing--doing!"

"Eh?"

"Skiddoo—buzz off—beat it—ramoose!"

At these vehement orders Billy Bunter shrank back slightly. But he quickly recovered himself and his fat features worked into the semblance of a genial grin.

"Oh, stop rotting, you fellows!" he said. "I only—"

"We're not rotting!" broke in Bob Cherry curtly. "We haven't got any—and that's flat!"

"Haven't got any what?" asked Bunter, with an innocent air.

"Dibs!"

The grin on Bunter's face was erased at once by a shadow of disappointment. The hopelessness of an attempt to borrow from Wharton & Co. the where-withal to purchase a dozen bottles of ginger-beer at that juncture, was apparent even to him. So Bunter changed his tactics.

"My dear fellows," he said loftily, "you're mistaken. Nothing was further from my mind than the wish to raise a loan. Not but that I couldn't soon repay a bob or two when a postal-order I'm expecting—"

"Never mind about that, Billy," put in Wharton. "If you didn't want to borrow something, what the dickens have you come here disturbing us for?"

Accepting the remark as an invitation to stay, Bunter flopped heavily on to the grass beside his exhausted Form-mates. He mopped the perspiration from his brow with a well-used handkerchief, and drew a large, plain envelope from his pocket.

"It's like this, you chaps," he explained, tapping the envelope with a fat finger. "A sportsman I met in Courtfield the other day asked me to try to sell these for him. They're tickets for—"

"The Cup Final?" broke in Bob Cherry eagerly.

"No; the Courtfield Rabbit Show."

"O-o-o-oh!"

Bunter ignored the loud groans and pursued his theme.

"It'll be a ripping 'do,'" he said. "All the best sportsmen of Courtfield will be there. They're going to have well over two hundred varieties of rabbits, and—"

"Rats!"

"No, rabbits," corrected Bunter. "All sorts of 'em—er—lop-eared, bob-tailed, long-haired, Welsh rabbits—the whole caboodle, in fact."

"And the worthy Bunter has consentfully agreed to look after the esteemed Welsh rabbits," murmured Hurree Singh. "He's fond of the toasted cheese-fulness."

"I said rabbits—not rarebits," said Bunter, with dignity. "I'm talking

about things that are alive and can walk."

"Well, some cheese can do that all right," Johnny Bull reminded him.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you fellows!" said Bunter. "Will you buy tickets for the show? You'll see some prize rabbits, and—"

"We can see one now, old top," said Wharton, with his eyes fixed on the perspiring fat junior.

"That's not funny!" snapped Bunter, in a tone of exasperation. "You might just as well buy your tickets from me as get 'em at the doors."

"Oh, go and chop chips!" said Nugent wearily. "We're not going to your silly rabbit show!"

"No," said Wharton. "We'll wait till the Courtfield Prize Porker Exhibition comes along, and then we'll come to see you, Billy. Now run away and play marbles."

Billy Bunter scrambled laboriously to his feet.

"You're a lot of mean beasts," he said.

"Most chaps would help a pal out."

"Oh, I see the idea!" said Bob Cherry.

"Your precious sporting pal of Courtfield has promised you a giddy commission for selling the tickets."

"Of course!" replied Bunter. "The tickets are two bob, out of which I get threepence. And it's jolly hard work hawking tickets among mean rotters like you."

"Go easy, Billy," advised Wharton. "We should hate to have to get up and bump you on a hot day like this. Go and try your tickets on the Third Form fags. They go in for rabbits and pink mice and things."

Muttering beneath his breath about "the beastly stinginess of some people," Bunter ambled dejectedly off to try and find other purchasers for his tickets. His mouth was parched, his pockets empty, and he had visions of the rows of ginger-beer bottles in Mrs. Mimble's tuckshop. And unless Bunter could sell a ticket or two he was doomed to wander thirstily about Little Side or the quad until tea-time.

After Billy Bunter had departed, Harry Wharton & Co. remained chatting idly together for a while. Gradually the heat of the sun diminished, and a cold breeze sprang up.

"Br-r-rh! It's beginning to get chilly," said Harry Wharton. "Let's trot back to the study for an early tea."

Acting on the suggestion, the chums rose, linked arms, and made their way

towards the school. As they entered the gates they saw Gosling, the porter, and Baggs, the postman from Friardale, standing together just inside the quad.

"Which as 'ow 'ere's Master Wharton 'imself," they heard Gosling say, as they approached.

"What's that, Mr. Baggs?" cried Harry cheerfully. "A letter for me?"

The postman nodded, and sent a mis-sive skimming towards the captain of the Remove, who caught it dexterously.

"Which as 'ow it's a remittance from your uncle, I expects, Master Wharton," said Gosling. "It's been a warm day, young sir."

He drew his sleeve across his mouth.

"You're feeling thirsty, maybe, Gosling?" suggested Harry Wharton.

"Which as 'ow I believe I am, Master Wharton, now you so kindly mention it."

The captain of the Remove dived his hand into his trousers-pocket, as though searching for something. Gosling watched, with an expression of eager anticipation in his watery blue eyes.

Then Harry withdrew his hand, and offered the school porter—an acid drop!

"Try this, Gosling," he said. "Let it melt slowly in your mouth. There's a bit of paper sticking to it, but that'll come off."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the rest of the Co.

"Bah!" snapped Gosling.

As he turned away in disgust the Famous Five strolled across the quad together.

"The letter's from my uncle, all right," said Wharton. "I recognise his handwriting. We'll go to the study and open it. Maybe Gossey's right. A thumping good remittance would come in mighty handy just now."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Colonel's Sporting Offer!

ENTERING the School House, Harry Wharton led the way direct to Study No. 1, which he shared with Nugent.

"Be setting the tea-things, you chaps," he said. "I'll see what my uncle has sent."

He dropped into an armchair and tore open the envelope he had received from Baggs. As he took out the letter it contained, a typewritten enclosure fell on the carpet. Wharton retrieved this, and peered into the envelope, in the hope of finding a cheque or postal-order.

"Nothing doing!" he said dolefully.

"There's not a sign of a remittance."

"Well, read the letter, old man," said Bob Cherry. "Maybe it's his intention to send one later."

Wharton opened the sheet of notepaper and rapidly perused it. As he did so, a joyous light danced in his eyes.

"My hat! Listen to this, you fellows!" he cried excitedly. "The old colonel's a brick!"

And he read aloud:

"My dear Harry,—Three months ago I purchased a block of twelve grand stand seats for the English Cup Final at Stamford Bridge. My original intention was to pass eleven of them on to the local footer team in which I am interested. I discovered, however, that another director had stolen a march on me in this direction."

"Then it occurred to me that I might send you the tickets to distribute among your chums at Greyfriars. But, on second thoughts, a more sporting notion struck me—a notion in which I am sure you will heartily concur. I should like to award these tickets for prowess on the

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footer-field. Enclosed you will find a typewritten list of roughly-drawn-up rules for a simple competition. Write and let me know if you can arrange one along these lines.

"Your affectionate uncle,
"J. WHARTON.

"P.S.—I have written to Dr. Locke, your worthy headmaster, for his approval of the scheme. In addition, I have asked him to allow the winners—should they be Greyfriars juniors—to come to London on April 29th as my guests."

When Harry Wharton had finished reading this remarkable missive there was a momentary silence. The juniors gazed from one to another, as though not quite certain what to make of it all.

"Great pip!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Then there's a chance for us to see the Final, after all!"

"So it seems," replied the Remove captain. "But let me read this typewritten enclosure."

"Pardon me, my worthy chum," murmured Hurree Singh, "but I suppose your esteemed uncle sahib is not inclined to jokingly play the giddy goatfulness?"

"Not he!" replied Wharton. "Take it from me, if the old chap says a thing he means it. However, let's see what the rules of this suggested competition are."

The typewritten enclosure read as follows:

"I, Colonel Wharton, have pleasure in offering eleven seats at the English Cup Final, to be held on the ground of the Chelsea Football Club. These will be awarded to the team of eleven school-boys who win the competition herewith suggested.

"RULES.

"1. The competition shall consist of a series of Association football matches between teams of boys, none of whom shall be under fourteen or over sixteen years of age.

"2. Each football match shall be of half an hour's duration—fifteen minutes each way. In case no decision is obtained, the chosen referee shall have power to order extra time to be played. The next goal scored shall be the decider.

"3. Teams of juniors from the following schools shall be eligible to compete: Greyfriars, St. James', Rookwood, Highcliffe, and Courtfield Council.

"4. My nephew, Harry, shall act as secretary, and make all arrangements in connection with the actual competition.

"5. If possible, all matches shall take place on the same day.

"6. Opponents shall be decided by a draw. The winners of each tie shall go into the hat again, and a draw made for opponents, as in Round 1. The winning team of the last pair left shall become entitled to the tickets for the Cup Final in London.

"7. All disputes arising out of the competition shall be submitted to a prefect, who shall be selected by the majority of captains of the competing teams.

"8. The secretary (my nephew) shall immediately notify me as to the result of the competition. The Cup Final tickets will then be despatched to the captain of the winning team for distribution among his men.

"9. While in London the winners of the tickets shall be my personal guests."

(Signed) COLONEL WHARTON."

Having read the rules, Harry Wharton gazed round the Co. for their approval.



"Now, you chaps!" shouted Harry Wharton. "My uncle has offered eleven tickets for the Football Cup Final to be competed for in football matches between five schools, and I propose that we hold an election to decide upon the team to represent Greyfriars against the other schools!" There was a roar of applause from the crowd of juniors standing round. (See Chapter 3.)

"Well, what do you think of the notion, you fellows?"

An enthusiastic chorus greeted the question.

"Great!"

"Ripping!"

"First rate!"

"The brainfulness of the esteemed colonel sahib's notion is terrific!" finished Hurree Singh.

"Yes," agreed Wharton. "It seems to me that the old chap has thought the wheeze out rather well. I shall stick these rules up on the notice-board in the Common room for the other chaps to see. Then I'll propose that the Remove footer team enters for the competition."

"Rather!"

"You bet!"

"I should say so!"

"And I'll write to a fellow at each of the other schools my uncle mentions. There's Tom Merry of St. Jim's—"

"Jimmy Silver of Rookwood."

"Frank Courtenay of Highcliffe."

"Yes, and Dick Trumper of the Courtfield Council School. I'll write to each of 'em."

"Better send 'em a copy of the rules, too, Harry," suggested Frank Nugent. "I'll ask Mr. Quelch to lend me his typewriter."

"That's the ticket," said Bob Cherry. "And I think, Harry, you'd better hop along and see the Head. Your uncle says he has written to him. Before we go any further in the matter we ought to make sure that Dr. Locke approves of the stunt."

"Right-ho! I'll trot along to his study after tea."

True to his word, directly after tea was over, Harry Wharton went off to seek an interview with the Head. Meantime, Nugent made his way to the study of Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form master, to request the loan of the typewriter. The others occupied themselves with clearing the tea-things and tidying the study.

Wharton returned first, and his face denoted satisfaction.

"All serene, you chaps!" he said cheerily. "The Head was jolly decent about the matter. He hoped that a team of Greyfriars fellows might win the tickets, and would willingly grant 'em permission to go up to London."

"Good egg!" cried Bob Cherry. "The Head's a sport!"

At that moment the door burst open, and Frank Nugent staggered in with the Form-master's typewriter.

"My aunt!" said Harry Wharton, with a grin. "This is our lucky day! Set to work, Franky, and thump out a few giddy copies of those rules my uncle sent. I'll acknowledge the old chap's letter, and write to Tom Merry of St. Jim's, and the junior footer captains of the other schools."

With the help of Bob Cherry, Bull, and Hurree Singh, the Remove captain composed the letters in question. Then he enclosed the letters in envelopes, together with a carbon copy of the rules of the novel footer competition. Having stamped the envelopes, and addressed them to the juniors of the other schools, he obtained an extra carbon copy from Nugent for the Common-room notice-board.

NEXT
MONDAY!

"WHEN THE HEAD RESIGNED!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 742.

"I won't pin this up until after prep this evening," said Wharton. "The chaps won't be in the Common-room in force until then."

"Meantime," suggested Johnny Bull, "you might make out a list of the usual Remove footer team to go on the board, too. We shall need our strongest combination to beat St. Jim's, for instance."

Harry Wharton looked thoughtful.

"On second thoughts," he said, "I don't believe that would be the best plan."

"And why not?" asked Bull, in surprise.

"Well, it strikes me that this competition isn't in the same street with an ordinary inter-school footer-match. The games will be kick-and-rush affairs. There'll be a good sporting chance for any team, even if the individual players aren't the most scientific."

"Then what do you propose?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I propose that we call a general meeting of all the fellows between fourteen and sixteen years of age, and let 'em vote for a team themselves."

"I see the wheeze," said Cherry thoughtfully. "That'll give every chap a chance of being chosen."

"Exactly. And thus everyone will have a fair chance of winning tickets for the Cup Final. To be perfectly frank, I'd rather not have the selection of the team, especially as my uncle's putting up the prizes."

"I think you're right, Harry," said Nugent slowly. "The fellows won't feel they've been left out of the stunt if they select the team themselves."

The others, too, agreed with their leader's generous suggestion. All the members of the Famous Five were in the regular Remove footer team. But they were perfectly willing to take their chance with the rest of the Greyfriars juniors in an election.

"Then it's agreed," said Wharton. "Trot down to the Hall, Frank, and announce to the chaps at tea there that there'll be a meeting in the Common-room at eight sharp to-night. Tell 'em, as the lawyers say, that they'll hear something to their advantage."

"And make sure that Bunter hears," called out Bob Cherry, as Nugent moved to the study door. "The news will spread to everyone then!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Election of the Team!

PROMPTLY at eight o'clock, Harry Wharton & Co. wended their way to the Common-room. Before prep, Bob Cherry had cycled over to Friardale to post the letters the Remove captain had written. Thus one important job had been speedily disposed of. Now the business of the election of a representative team of juniors was about to be entered upon.

The Common-room was packed with juniors. As Harry Wharton & Co. entered, they were greeted with loud cheers and catcalls.

"My aunt, your announcement did the trick all right, Franky," grinned Wharton. "The whole giddy Remove is here—not to mention a few of the Upper Fourth."

Forming a kind of wedge the Famous Five pushed their way through the crowd of juniors to the notice-board. Then, with a drawing-pin, Harry Wharton fixed up a carbon copy of the "rules" of the footer competition.

"Hallo, what the thump's that?" shouted Harold Skinner, the cad of the Remove.

He, and a number of the other juniors, hurled themselves forward to get a view of the notice. The Famous Five promptly pushed them back.

"Keep your wool on, old tops!" called out Harry Wharton. "Stay where you are. I'll read the announcement to you—all in good time. Afterwards it can stay on the notice-board, so you can refresh your memories. Now I've something to say first."

"Crumbs, a giddy speech!" sneered Skinner. "I'm beating it."

"And a jolly good riddance!" shouted a dozen voices. "Spout away, Harry!"

But despite his remark, Skinner did not budge. He was quite as curious as the rest of the juniors to learn the reason for the meeting.

In a few brief, well-chosen words, Harry Wharton explained the offer made by his uncle, the colonel. Loud cheers for Colonel Wharton greeted the announcement. When the applause subsided, he informed his schoolfellows of the rules of the proposed competition, reading them from the original.

"And now, you fellows," wound up

TWO REAL PHOTOS OF FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS GIVEN AWAY FREE NEXT WEEK!

Wharton. "I propose that we hold an election, to decide upon a team to represent Greyfriars against the other schools."

"I second the motion!" cried Bob Cherry promptly.

"Good. To be strictly business-like we'll vote on it by—"

"Waitee one moment," called out Wun Lung, the Chinese junior. "Me likee to propose that nicee kind Hally Wharton pickee team all by himself."

Alonzo Todd, whose cousin, Peter, was in the regular Remove team, quickly seconded this.

"A very excellent suggestion, my dear fellows," he remarked. "As our Celestial friend has endeavoured to point out, there is none more worthy or peculiarly fitted to discriminate—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" interrupted Skinner. "We know jolly-well what will happen if Wharton has the selection of the team. He'll stick all his pals in—same as he always does!"

"Shame!" roared a number of the juniors.

Bob Cherry stepped forward, his eyes flashing.

"The rotter!" he cried. "I'll put him out on his neck!"

"Bravo, Bob!"

"Let's bump him first!"

"Slaughter the cad!"

But Harry Wharton held up his hand. "Stand back, Bob!" he ordered. "Let the rotter alone, you other fellows. His caddish remarks are like water on a duck's back as far as I am concerned. By making them, he only reveals his own mean caddish spirit. In any case, I can't accede to Wun Lung's suggestion. It's out of order for one thing. There's a motion that we have an election already before the meeting. It's been proposed and seconded. All in favour hold up their hands."

The motion was carried by a large majority.

"Now, let's get to the business of electing the team," said Wharton. "Now, who will you have for captain?"

"Skinner!" howled Snoop, one of the cad's chief cronies.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner glowered angrily as the peals of derisive laughter greeted the proposal.

"You may laugh, you howlin' lunatics!" he snarled. "I know I've no chance. The election's a beastly farce. The best footballers won't be chosen. It'll be a team of popular favourites—and Wharton, as usual, will rule the roost."

"It won't make any difference to you, either way," said Johnny Bull. "You'd neither get elected as a footballer nor as a popular favourite."

"Put it to the test, Harry," said Bob Cherry with a grin. "At least we'll be fair to the rotter."

"Right-ho," said Wharton. "The name of Harold Skinner has been proposed for captain of the team, you fellows. Will anyone second it?"

"Yes, I will," cried Stott.

"Skinner has been proposed and seconded. All in favour!"

Three hands promptly went up! The owners of them were Sidney Snoop, William Stott, and Skinner himself.

"Three are in favour," said the chairman. "Any other proposals?"

Several names were shouted, including those of Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, "to save argument, I'll act as captain if you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How jolly generous of you!"

"Dry up, porpoise!"

"I might point out," said Harry Wharton, "that the footer competition is for tickets at the Cup Final."

"We know that," said Bunter.

"And there are only eleven seats offered. You'd need three, so there'd only be eight for the rest of the team. It wouldn't work, Billy—really it wouldn't!"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter angrily. "How do you think you'll beat St. Jim's and the other teams unless you get some footballers in the eleven?"

"That's what we hope to get," replied Wharton sweetly. "When the prizes offered are for a tuck woffing competition, we'll elect you captain on the spot."

The voting was then proceeded with for the captain of the footer team. By a large majority, Wharton was returned for the post.

This business settled, the remainder of the team were elected. With two or three exceptions, the regular Remove footer eleven was adopted to represent the school. There was not a fellow present who would not have liked to be in the team himself. But most of them put aside their own personal likes and dislikes, and voted for the fellows they

believed would have the best chance of winning the tickets offered.

The eleven whose names Wharton finally wrote out and put on the notice-board in order of lining up were:

Goal: Peter Hazeldene; backs: Tom Redwing, Johnny Bull; half-backs: Bob Cherry, Micky Desmond, Mark Linley; forwards: Vernon-Smith, Dick Penfold, Harry Wharton (captain), Frank Nugent, Hurree Singh.

"Just about the same old rotten team," was Skinner's comment. "There's hardly a man who can play footer for toffee."

"Oh, run away and play marbles!" said Bob Cherry impatiently.

"That's all the team's fit for—marbles!"

"Oh, stow the cackle!"

"Go and eat coke! I'll say what I like. You're a lot of mean rotters, and—"

"Throw him out!" shouted two or three voices.

A dozen willing hands were laid heavily on the cad of the Remove and he was hurled through the door.

"Ouch! Lemme go!"

"Bump the outsider!"

The majority of those present in the Common-room had had quite enough of Skinner for one evening. Others joined in, and the cad was raised in the air. Then they allowed him to descend in a sitting position on the hard floor of the passage outside the Common-room.

Bump!

"Ooch!"

Bump!

"Yow-wow! Stoppit, you beasts!"

With a final bump the juniors released Skinner. The cad, breathing threatenings and slaughter, slunk off to his study. To his distorted mind Harry Wharton appeared to be the chief cause of his troubles, and he determined by hook or crook to revenge himself upon the Remove captain.

With Wharton himself it was a case of "out of sight out of mind," as far as Skinner was concerned. Beneath his list of the team he wrote a notice that footer practice would be held on the following Monday and Tuesday evenings. The match proper would be played off on the following Wednesday if the fellows of the other schools proved agreeable.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bad Business for Bunter!

"CAN'T we get a fourth?" Harold Skinner made that remark as he shuffled a pack of playing-cards between his thin fingers.

It was on the following Monday evening. The time was seven forty-five p.m., and Skinner and his study mates were supposed to be doing preparation. Instead, they were seated on the table idly wiling away their time with cards. Lighted cigarettes were in their mouths. The door of the study was locked, and the key-hole plugged with cobbler's-wax to prevent the smoke percolating through to the passage.

The three had been playing a game known as cut-throat auction bridge. Skinner had been losing. This unpleasant fact had caused him to suggest the idea of a "fourth." With four players, ordinary auction bridge could be played, and, by changing the game, Skinner hoped to change the luck.

"What's wrong with cut-throat

bridge?" asked Snoop, who had been winning. "A jolly good game I call it. Very sporting and—er—"

"Profitable," suggested Skinner with a sneer. "Personally, I think there's too much beastly luck in it. I like a game where a fellow can use his brains!"

"That's funny," retorted Snoop. "I thought you didn't like losing heavily?"

"Oh, shurrup, you two!" interposed Stott. "We can't get a fourth. The chaps are at prep. Besides, who is there who'd play?"

"There's Bolsover."

"Rot! We don't want that silly—Hullo! What's that?"

The three cronies looked from one to another anxiously as a knock sounded upon the study door. Then Skinner slipped the pack of cards into his pocket and rose to his feet.

Again the knock sounded and the door handle was tried.

"Who's there?" called out Skinner.

"Open the door!" commanded a stern voice.

The three Removites turned pale.

"Crums!" muttered Skinner. "It's old Quelch!"

As smoking was strictly against the school rules, Harold Skinner & Co. naturally did not welcome a visit from Mr. Quelch, their Form-master. They hastily threw their cigarettes into the fire. Snoop glided across to the window and opened the top even wider than it was in the hope of clearing the odour of tobacco smoke.

The delay caused the voice on the other side of the door to grow more impatient in tone.

"Skinner, will you open this door?" "Coming, sir!" cried the cad.

He walked to the door, picked out the cobbler's-wax from the lock and inserted a key. For some seconds he purposely fumbled with it, thus allowing the room a better chance to clear. Then he threw open the door and stood respectfully aside, and—in walked Billy Bunter!

The three blades stared at the beaming fat features of their ponderous Form-mate with eyes nearly popping from their heads.

"Evening, you fellows!" said Bunter. "What's up with you all? Anyone would think you'd seen a ghost. Nothing of the ghost about my appearance, is there?"

With a tremendous effort Harold Skinner found his tongue.

"W-why—you-you fat toad!" he spluttered, "what the thump d'you mean by it?"

"By what?" asked Bunter innocently.

Skinner dived round behind Bunter and kicked the door shut with a bang. Then he stood with his back to it regarding the porpoise, who turned and faced him uneasily.

"You jolly well know what I mean, you fat young beast!" he snarled. "How dare you come to our door with your giddy, mimicking tricks?"

Billy Bunter assumed an injured air.

"Surely a chap can ask to come in?" he said. "It's not my fault if you couldn't recognise my voice."

"It wasn't your natural voice," retorted Skinner. "You imitated old Quelch's tones. I've heard you do it



Billy Bunter went hurtling down the stairs. Wun Lung was just coming up. The porpoise crashed into him and sent him flying. Stott hurled the packet of tickets for the rabbit show after the at junior. The packet struck Bunter on the head and burst, and the tickets went shooting into the air like a shower of confetti. (See Chapter 4.)

NEXT MONDAY:

"WHEN THE HEAD RESIGNED!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 742.

before when you've played silly japes with ventriloquism."

Billy Bunter did not reply but drew out a packet of green pasteboards from his pocket.

"Talking of tickets," he remarked; "perhaps you might be interested in these, you fellows."

The three juniors of Study No. 11 leaned forward eagerly. But Bunter, fearful lest his property might be snatched from him, drew the packet of tickets away from them. The action roused the suspicions and curiosity of his Form-mates more than anything else would have done.

"What's the matter with you, you fat ass?" cried Snoop testily. "You're not scared of us seeing 'em, are you?"

"Nunno, but—" said Skinner, a gloating smile spreading over his thin features. "But I wasn't aware that they had arrived. When did they come, Billy?"

"When did what come?" asked Bunter, staring vacantly at the cad.

"The tickets, of course."

"Why, on Saturday. You see, I—"

"H'm," said Skinner, "on Saturday, was it? The chaps were led to believe they wouldn't arrive until after Wednesday. And where did you get 'em from, my pippin?"

"Look here, Skinny, old chap," replied Billy Bunter, "I see what you're getting at. But you're off the rails altogether. You won't give me a chance to explain. These tickets were handed me by a sporting pal in Courtfield. They're for the— Ooch! Stop!"

The Owl's last sudden remarks were caused by Skinner slyly poking his finger into his fat side.

"Don't tell fibs, Billy," murmured Skinner sweetly. "Trust you for nosing out those tickets. You did right in bringing 'em here, old top. My hat, I'd give anything to see the face of Wharton when he finds 'em gone!"

The amateur ticket salesman began to get thoroughly annoyed. He bounced from the table and stood blinking angrily at Skinner & Co. It was galling enough to be suspected when he had lifted something from another junior's study. It was doubly galling when he was innocent.

"If you'll stop your silly babbling, I'll explain!" he burst out. "These aren't the tickets you think."

Skinner's face fell.

"D'you seriously mean they're not the footer tickets?" he asked sourly.

"No, they're not!" snapped the exasperated Bunter. "They're not for the Football Show—"

"Not for the—"

"No, fatheads!" shrieked Bunter. "They're for the Rabbit Final!"

"The Rabbit Final! You're potty!"

"I—I mean the rabbit show—the Courtfield Rabbit Show. You silly asses confuse a chap until he forgets what he's talking about."

"Well, what are you talking about, anyway, you fat fraud?" said Skinner. "We were discussing footer. What the thump has a beastly rabbit show to do with the subject?"

Billy Bunter choked back his own annoyance. He wanted to sell tickets, and he was wise enough to see that he must first pacify his hosts.

"Now don't look so beastly fierce, Skinny and you other chaps," he remarked plaintively. "We were talking at cross purposes. I thought that as

you fellows hadn't been selected for the team—"

"Oh, shurrup!" growled Stott.

"Yes, for goodness sake stow the cackle!" said Snoop. "You babble about footer; then you drag in rabbits. Now you're drivelling about footer again."

"Oh, do be patient for a moment, you fellows," pleaded Bunter. "I'm trying to suggest something for your own good. Seeing that there's no chance for you to win the Cup Final tickets—"

"Hang the tickets!"

"And won't be going to London," went on Bunter hurriedly. "I thought you'd like to visit the rabbit show at Courtfield."

"Well, you jolly well thought wrong!" snarled Harold Skinner.

He leaped from his chair, his face distorted with rage and chagrin. For a time he had fondly imagined that Wharton had received the Cup Final tickets, and that Bunter had made a raid on them. His disappointment on discovering that such was not the case had put him in a thoroughly bad humour.

The Owl of the Remove edged back a couple of steps. The prospect of doing an business did not look promising. But he made a final heroic effort to earn some commission.

"You'll be missing the chance of a life-time, you fellows," he urged. "There'll be two hundred varieties of rabbits—lop-eared, short-haired, stiff-whiskered—Ow! Hands off, you beasts! I'll yell the—"

"Then yell!" cried Skinner. "Open the door, Stott! We'll throw the fat beast out on to his neck!"

While Skinner and Snoop hung grimly on to the fat form of the porpoise, the third occupant of the study threw open the door.

"Yow—wow! Leggo!"

"Out with the fat rotter!"

Stott lent his weight to the task, and the unfortunate Owl was pushed through the doorway. The passage outside was deserted and this fact gave Skinner another idea.

"Let's—phew!—heave the young beast down the stairs!" he panted.

"Nunno; look here, Skinny, you rotter!" cried Bunter desperately. "Lemme go, I say!"

But, aided by the liberal use of their boots on the yielding anatomy of their fat schoolfellow, Skinner & Co. rapidly propelled Bunter towards the head of the stairs.

"Ooch! Garoogh! Yow, there go my tickets!"

Stott stooped down and snatched up the packet of green tickets that had fallen from the Owl's hand in the struggle. Then the boots of Skinner and Snoop shot out.

"Now!"

Billy Bunter went hurtling down the stairs. Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, was just coming up. The porpoise crashed against him and sent him flying. At the same moment Stott hurled the packet of tickets after that fat junior. The packet struck Bunter on the head, the thin elastic band that held it burst, and the tickets went shooting into the air like a shower of huge pieces of confetti. Bunter and Wun Lung howled in unison as they turned somersaults down the stairs.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner & Co.

Then, as a number of other fellows who had been attracted by the row appeared on the scene, they hastily retired to their study.

Arriving at the bottom of the stairs, Billy Bunter sat up and gazed about him dazedly. Shrill squawks in his immediate vicinity brought him to the realisation of the fact that he was sitting on Wun Lung's chest. Ignoring the anxious queries of the other juniors who had put in an appearance, he staggered to his feet. He felt as though a steam-roller had been over him, as, indeed, did the unlucky Chinese junior.

But the pain of the Owl's bruises was exceeded by his anxiety to recover his precious rabbit show tickets. Clambering stiffly up the stairs, he began to collect the scattered pasteboards.

"Oh, the beasts—the rotters!" he mumbled. "I'll get even with them for this, or I'll never scoff another doughnut in my life!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Skinner Takes a Chance!

HAROLD SKINNER and his two cronies, after their drastic treatment of their fat Form-mate, remained for half an hour behind the locked door of their study. Then they sallied forth and wended their way down to the Common-room.

Billy Bunter himself was not present, but a number of the other Remove juniors were there. Of these a round dozen were grouped about the notice-board.

It was to this group that the three cronies of Study No. 11 at once repaired. There was a new notice relating to the forthcoming competition. It ran as follows:

"KNOCK-OUT FOOTBALL COMPETITION."

(For prizes of eleven Cup Final tickets presented by Colonel Wharton.)

ENTRIES:

TEAM.	CAPTAIN.
Greyfriars	Harry Wharton.
Rookwood	Jimmy Silver.
St. Jim's	Tom Merry.
Highcliffe	Frank Courtenay.
Courtfield	Dick Trumper.

FIRST ROUND DRAW:

Greyfriars v. Highcliffe. Courtfield v. Rookwood. St. Jim's—a bye.

All matches will be played on Little Side on Wednesday, April 26th., at 2.30 p.m. Referee, George Wingate."

"My aunt!" murmured Sidney Snoop, as he finished reading the announcement. "St. Jim's are jolly lucky for having drawn a bye. They'll be fresh for the second round. Let's hope they meet Wharton's lot and wipe the earth with his rotten team!"

"Oh, bother the lot of 'em!" growled Scott. "Come on, Skinny; let's be moving!"

"Half a minute, old top!"

While his two cronies waited impatiently and other juniors gathered round the notice-board, the cad of the Remove carefully read all the other notices. With particular care did he peruse the list of rules relating to the competition.

(Continued on page 13.)



The GREYFRIARS HERALD



Supplement No. 70

Week Ending April 29th, 1922.



"ALL DRESSED UP, AND NOWHERE TO GO!" Billy Bunter's appearance in the High Street caused a great deal of amusement. People stared at the fat junior. Tradesmen's boys collected ammunition in the shape of prehistoric eggs, and pelted us unmercifully.

AFTER a long silence, I take up my pen in order to write about a subject that is dear to my heart—the subject of Spring Fashions.

Now, fashions change, or should do, with the changing seasons. But to see a lot of fellows walking about in heavy overcoats and mufflers, one would imagine it was mid-winter, instead of April!

Just now I bumped into Billy Bunter in the Close. He looked even more expansive than usual. I questioned him, and he actually confessed that he was wearing two vests, two shirts, and a cardigan underneath his Eton jacket!

Did you ever hear of such a thing? Bunter is the sort of merchant who would wrap himself in furs at the Equator!

"My dear man," I said, "spring is here!"

"I know that, fathead!" said Bunter.

"Aren't you aware that in spring all these garments should be shed? They are superfluous. You are clad as if you were going on a Polar expedition."

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"What you want," I said, "is a flannel shirt, open at the throat, a light sports coat, and a pair of flannel bags."

Billy Bunter made a wry face.

"If only I could afford them!" he said, with a sigh. "I should look no end of an athlete!"

"My dear old porpoise," I replied, "if you will fiddle with me to Courtfield, I shall be
Supplement i.]

happy to equip you with the togs in question. It worries me to see you goin' about like this!"

Billy Bunter jumped at my offer. He joyfully accompanied me to Courtfield. And there I fixed him up in accordance with the latest spring fashion.

Unfortunately, the outfitter had nothing ready-made that would fit Bunter. Consequently, I told him to do the best he could.

The result was rather alarming.

Billy Bunter's trousers fitted him like a pair of tights. He had to walk very gingerly in them, or they would have split on the slightest provocation.

The flannel shirt was not a success. It was dreadfully tight—although it was the biggest size in stock—and the fat junior looked as if he would burst through it.

The sports coat was of the large check variety. A jolly nice coat, if it had been Bunter's size. But it wasn't.

"How do I look, Mauly?" asked Bunter, blinking at me through his big spectacles.

"Ahem! You are not altogether an edifyin' spectacle," I answered. "But those togs are fashionable, an' that's the main thing. We'll be gettin' back to the school now. Don't stride out too much, or we shall be hearin' a ripplin', rendin' noise!"

Billy Bunter's appearance in the High Street of Courtfield caused a good deal of amusement.

People paused to stare at the fat junior.

Tradesmen's boys collected ammunition, in the shape of prehistoric eggs, and pelted him. One youth, more daring than the rest, scribbled a placard, and pinned it to Billy Bunter's broad back. It bore the popular inscription:

"ALL DRESSED UP, AND NOWHERE TO GO!"

We ran the gauntlet of a shower of missiles all the way back to Greyfriars. It was awful! And when we got back there was a fresh demonstration in the Close.

"Carry me home to die, somebody!" implored Bob Cherry. "Where did this giddy apparition spring from?"

"Jove, what a guy!"

"Pelt him!"

Poor old Bunter had walked into another hornet's nest. And I began to feel sorry that I had taken him to Courtfield and clothed him in accordance with the prevailing fashion.

The bombardment was at its height when Mr. Quelch came striding on the scene.

"What is the meaning of all this hooliganism?" he demanded. "Why, bless my soul! What are you doing in that ridiculous attire, Bunter?"

"It isn't ridiculous, sir," I chimed in. "It's fashionable!"

"Fashionable?" almost shrieked Mr. Quelch. "Fashionable, for a boy to go about with his

throat exposed in this season of treacherous winds? Fashionable, to wear a pair of trousers which look as if they might burst at any moment!"

"Ahem!"

"I cannot permit one of my pupils to go about in this deplorable state!" Mr. Quelch went on. "You will remove those weird garments at once, Bunter, and change back into your customary attire!"

I turned away with a sigh.

My efforts to keep Billy Bunter in line with the latest fashion had proved a dismal failure.

When I saw Bunter again, half an hour later, his attire was "as it was in the beginning." Two vests, two shirts, and a cardigan underneath his jacket, and the sun was beating down fiercely, and the temperature was about eighty in the shade!

I'm sure we Britishers are hopelessly behind the times with regard to fashions. We shed our overcoats in May instead of March, and we don't start donning flannels till it's getting on for autumn. We wear woollen socks when we ought to wear thin ones; we wear gloves at a season when gloves should not be worn; and we cling to our cumbersome, top-heavy overcoats at a time when, in the South of France, they are strolling about in bathing-costumes!

This country badly needs a Fashion Controller. And when it decides to appoint one, I shall make early application for the job.

And when that happy day dawns, no more "heavy stuff" will be worn in spring. Trust your Uncle Mauly to see to that!

When I am in power, it will be a case of "Ring out the old, ring in the new"—with a vengeance!

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

The miracle has happened!

Lord Mauleverer, like Rip Van Winkle, has at last awakened out of his long sleep.

In this week's issue Mauly has actually given us two contributions—one in prose, one in verse.

I gave his lordship clearly to understand that if he didn't buck up and do his duty as a loyal journalist I should sack him from the staff of the "Greyfriars Herald."

And what was the result of this threat? Why, Mauly actually got up at five o'clock the other morning, and went down to his study. After drinking numerous cups of black coffee to keep himself awake, he sat down at his desk and started to scribble. Rumour has it that he was assisted in the process by lumps of ice and wet towels. Anyway, Mauly must have displayed amazing energy for once in his life. Let us hope his lordship will keep it up—but it's a forlorn hope, methinks!

That priceless humorist, Tom Brown, has given us this week a story of Harry Homeless, of St. Mike's. Of course, there isn't such a school as St. Mike's. But Brown will have his little joke. His contribution is a very unusual one, but I think you will like it.

Next week we shall publish a number edited by Percy Bolsover of the Remove. It will contain a crowd of novel attractions, and if you are wise you will place an order for the MAGNET LIBRARY in advance.

I have once more to acknowledge numerous letters from my reader chums in every part of the globe. Although I am much too busy to answer each of these communications personally, I hope my chums will continue to write. I am always delighted to hear from them, and to receive their criticisms and suggestions.

And now, having said my brief say, I will ring down the curtain until next week.

BOLSOVER MAJOR

will edit next
week's issue of

"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD."

HARRY WHARTON.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 742

OUR GALLERY OF CHAMPIONS!

By "SPORTSMAN."

A few evenings ago, when the whole of the Removites were assembled in the junior Common-room, we decided, by ballot, who were the champion sportsmen in the Remove.

Nearly every branch of sport was taken into account, and the voting was very close, as the following results will show:

FOOTBALL.

H. VERNON-SMITH	-	-	18 votes.
H. Wharton	-	-	16 "

CRICKET.

H. WHARTON	-	-	17 "
Archie Howell	-	-	13 "

BOXING.

R. CHERRY	-	-	21 "
R. Russell	-	-	18 "

SWIMMING.

H. WHARTON	-	-	15 "
M. Linley	-	-	14 "

RUNNING.

M. LINLEY	-	-	18 "
P. Todd	-	-	15 "

ROWING.

J. BULL	-	-	16 "
R. Cherry	-	-	12 "

CYCLING.

T. BROWN	-	-	17 "
H. Vernon-Smith	-	-	16 "

WRESTLING.

S. Q. I. FIELD	-	-	19 "
O. Kipps	-	-	14 "

RUGBY.

D. MORGAN	-	-	20 "
T. Brown	-	-	17 "

ALL-ROUND SPORT.

R. CHERRY	-	-	21 "
H. Wharton	-	-	20 "

These particulars, of course, refer to those who finished first and second when the votes had been reckoned up.

The result is interesting, but it must not be taken as final and binding. It simply represents the opinion of the majority of the fellows at the moment. Next season, for instance, Vernon-Smith might "go off" somewhat at footer, in which case he could no longer be styled the champion footballer. And the same remark applies to the other sports mentioned.

Many readers will scan the above list in vain for the name of W. G. Bunter.

Alas! I believe I am right in saying that poor old Billy only got one vote in each case—and that was his own!

Surely there must be something radically wrong when such a brilliant all-round sportsman—in his own opinion!—as Billy Bunter is left out of the reckoning!

(Of course, there is something wrong! It's this personal jellussy creeping in again, that's what it is! Every fellow knows, in his heart, that I'm the athletic champion of the Remove; but I can't get anybody to openly admit it. I consider that this voting stunt was ridiculous, and it would not surprise me to know that some of the voters were bribed!—W. G. B.

MAULY THE "NUT!"

By Himself.

My name is Lord Mauleverer,
I doubt if there's a cleverer
Fashion expert in the school.
I'm Fashion's slave, and Fashion's tool.

Everyone calls me Mauly,
Mauly of the Nuts!
Just look at my wonderful figure—don't
snigger!
As they say in France, my dress is "do
rigueur."
The fellows all flock around me
And note all the latest cuts.
Oh, everyone calls me Mauly,
Mauly of the Nuts!

My hair is dark, not sandy,
And I'm a perfect dandy.
I always wear a ten-pound smile,
And everybody likes my style.

Everyone calls me Mauly,
Mauly of the Nuts!
Just look at each band and each buckle—
don't chuckle,
Or you will feel the weight of my
knuckle!
The fellows all flock around me
And watch all my capers and struts.
Oh, everyone calls me Mauly,
Mauly of the Nuts!

To keep abreast of Fashion
Is my absorbing passion.
Never to be behind the times,
For that's the wickedest of crimes!

Everyone calls me Mauly,
Mauly of the Nuts!
Just look at the crease in each trouser—
then bow, sir!
I'm really the pick of the bunch, you'll
allow, sir.
The fellows all flock around me
And they call out "Comic Cuts."
Everyone, too, calls me Mauly,
Mauly of the Nuts!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



DONALD OGILVY.

[Supplement ii.]



By TOM BROWN.

HANDSOME Harry Homeless tramped to and fro in the quadrangle at St. Mike's. His hands were thrust deeply into his trousers pockets. There was a look of utter dejection on his face.

Let us examine our hero very closely, for he will have this story practically to himself.

Homeless of the Fourth had come to St. Mike's on a scholarship. He had no relations (lucky dog!), no friends, no home, no nothing. He was a sort of Ishmael. His hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him.

Harry was practically in rags. Being without friends and relations, it stood to reason that he was without pocket-money. His Eton jacket was perforated with holes, his trousers were baggy and threadbare, and his shoes were deplorably down at heel. He wore the same collar which he had worn at the beginning of the term, for the simple reason that he couldn't afford a new one.

All around Harry were scenes of great animation.

St. Mike's was breaking up for the holidays.

Crowds of fellows passed Harry Homeless, carrying bags and suit-cases. They walked past him with their noses in the air. They sniffed contemptuously.

Not a single fellow went out of his way to invite Harry to his home for the holidays.

The poor lad's poverty was regarded as a crime. Nobody loved him. They passed him by as if he were a leper.

Poor Harry! Poor homeless Homeless! The tears welled into his eyes, and a rising sob nearly choked him.

Where was he to spend the holiday? He didn't know. What was going to happen to him? He couldn't say. There he stood, in his pitiful rags, despised and rejected by all.

The wheels of the station hack churned up a shower of muddy water and hurled it at Harry. Then it rumbled on its way to the school gates.

Presently an immaculately attired youth strolled out into the quad. There was a monocle in his eye, and he carried a silver-mounted walking-stick.

This elegant individual was Lord FitzClarence, of the Fourth. He was an out-and-out snob, and he was rolling in riches. His allowance of pocket-money was enormous.

Lord FitzClarence stared haughtily at Harry Homeless.

"What are you hangin' about here for, begad?" he demanded.

"I—I've nowhere to go!" faltered Harry. "I say, FitzClarence, I wish you could take me to your place for the holiday."

"What! A tramp like you! My guardian would have a pink fit, bai Jove!"

"I'd behave myself, and wouldn't give any trouble," said Harry.

"But, my dear chap, it's impossible! Think of the difference in our social stations! I'm a giddy lord—you're a down-at-heel pauper. I shouldn't dream of takin' you to FitzClarence Towers!"

Harry gave a groan.

"If nobody will give me shelter, I shall have to sleep under a hedge!" he said.

"Good!" said his lordship callously. "Hope it keeps fine for you, begad!"

And Lord FitzClarence swaggered away.

Harry Homeless gazed after his school-fellow with envious eyes.

"Some chaps get all the luck!" he muttered. "Why wasn't I born with a silver spoon in my mouth, like FitzClarence? He lives on the fat of the land, and his guardian, Sir Neville Portleigh, gratifies his every wish. And here am I—destitute, homeless, penniless! What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

Supplement iii.]

Harry wrung his hands helplessly.

He could not stay at St. Mike's. The school was being shut up for the holidays.

There was nothing for it but to tramp the roads, like a common vagabond.

With bitterness in his heart, Harry Homeless trudged down to the school gates.

How he hated his hard-hearted and uncharitable schoolfellows! And he hated Lord FitzClarence most of all. FitzClarence had never failed to taunt him on the subject of his poverty and his shabby appearance. The young lord had made Harry's life a misery.

Harry set off on his lonely pilgrimage with a sinking heart.

He had no idea where he was going. He had a wild notion of tramping to London and applying for a job in a Government office, for he was a sound sleeper. But London was too far away, and Harry reluctantly dismissed the thought from his mind.

He must tramp on till nightfall, and then find somewhere to sleep.

Presently he came to the old-fashioned market town of Puddleton. He wandered up Broad Street, which in reality was the narrowest street in the town. He turned into Cheap Street, where everything in the shops was as dear as could be. He plodded



When the driver caught sight of Harry, he brought the car to a standstill. "Aha! I have found the wanderer at last!" he cried.

along East Street, which was situated in the western part of the town. Finally, he turned into the market-place—where there was no market—and a benevolent-looking old gentleman took compassion on him, and gave him a shilling.

Harry Homeless pocketed the coin with a gasp of gratitude.

"I reckon this shilling will just about save my life," he muttered.

He found a secluded little teashop, and partook of a frugal meal—the first he had eaten since breakfast at St. Mike's.

The thick slices of bread-and-margarine, which the average boy would have shuddered at, fairly melted in Harry's mouth. And the lukewarm tea tasted like the finest nectar.

Having refreshed himself, Harry Homeless continued his wanderings.

By nightfall he was ravenously hungry once more. Moreover it had started to rain, and the conditions were utterly cheerless.

Harry was soon drenched to the skin. Despair, black despair, had him in his grip. He was indeed an Ishmael—a wanderer on the face of the earth. And he had nowhere to lay his head.

"I must try and find an old barn somewhere!" he muttered.

He tramped on through the blinding rain, but there was no sign of shelter. All around him was open country. He was at the complete mercy of the elements.

At last he reached the stage when he could go no farther. His legs were like leaden weights. He was hungry and exhausted, and drenched and despairing. There was nothing for it but to throw himself down by the roadside and wait for the end. The end came sooner than Harry Homeless expected. And it was not the sort of end he had anticipated.

There was a dazzling gleam of light, and a huge Daimler car swung into view.

Harry sat up, blinking in the strong ray of light.

The driver of the car—a stout man in a fur coat—seemed to be looking for somebody. He was travelling slowly, and scanning the roadway on either side of him.

When he caught sight of Harry he brought the car to a standstill, and uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Aha! I have found the wanderer at last!"

Harry Homeless tottered to his feet. He saw that the driver of the car was Sir Neville Portleigh, the guardian of Lord FitzClarence.

"Jump in, my dear lad!" cried Sir Neville. "It seems that I have found you in the nick of time!"

Harry looked utterly bewildered.

"I—I think you're making a mistake, sir," he muttered. "I'm nothing to you. I'm Homeless—Harry Homeless."

"Nonsense! You are Lord FitzClarence!"

Harry was fairly staggered. Had he been suddenly told that he was the King of England, he could not have been more surprised.

"Hop in," said Sir Neville, "and I will tell you the whole story."

Like a fellow in a dream, Harry Homeless stepped into the car.

As they sped away through the darkness, Sir Neville made his startling revelations.

"I have just discovered, in the safe at FitzClarence Towers, some papers which clearly prove that you are Lord FitzClarence," he said. "It appears that when your father died—you were a mere infant at the time—you were taken away from home by an unscrupulous woman, and another child, very like you in appearance, was installed at FitzClarence Towers, and declared to be the heir to the estate. The whole miserable deception has just come to light. I am your guardian, my dear boy, and I am taking you home."

"And the other fellow—FitzClarence?"

"Is now a homeless orphan. An astounding turn of Fate, my boy; but life is made up of tricks and chances. No longer are you homeless, either in name or fact. You are Lord FitzClarence. Long life and prosperity to your lordship!"

And thus did our hero come into his own. Did he enjoy his holidays? I should say so!

SPECIAL NOTICE!

There is a splendid treat in store for all readers of

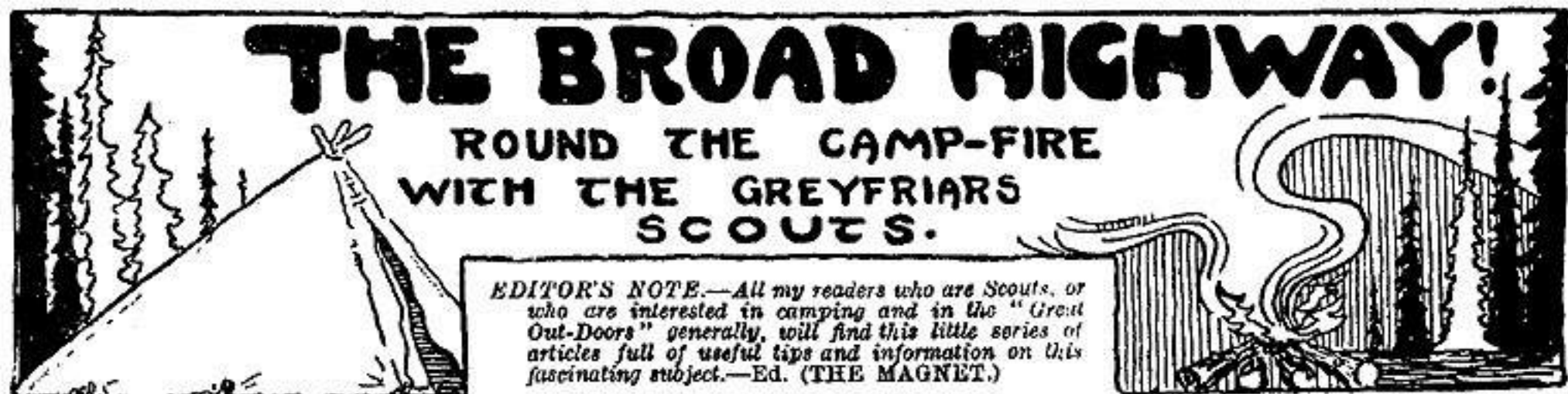
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HARRY WHARTON.



THE BROAD HIGHWAY!

ROUND THE CAMP-FIRE
WITH THE GREYFRIARS
SCOUTS.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—All my readers who are Scouts, or who are interested in camping and in the "Great Out-Doors" generally, will find this little series of articles full of useful tips and information on this fascinating subject.—Ed. (THE MAGNET.)

"GET ON THE MOVE!"

By Harry Wharton.

(Patrol Leader, The Lions.)

IF you possess a bike, it is a very good plan and an exceedingly enjoyable one to pack your kit on the back of it, and take a week-end cycling camp into the country, accompanied by your chums. It's not so dusty!

There are so many ways of getting out and enjoying the open, and this is one of those ways. Have you ever tried it? Have you ever thought of doing it? If you haven't, I suggest you start right away, overhaul your bike, pack your traps, and get along. It doesn't matter where you go as long as you do go. That's the great point.

The most important thing to do is to get on the move as much as possible, and in the open air. Keeping on the move helps to keep you physically fit. If you take a bike run you are hardening your muscles, and at the same time enjoying yourself, for you are passing fresh scenes, breathing the country air, and feeling the scent-laden breeze about your open neck.

Yes, it's great to be able to feel like that! At night you don't sleep on a mattress and have the old white-washed ceiling over you. Heather or bracken, and a sky full of stars. There are the strange cries and calls of the hundreds of different birds who live in the woods and on the heaths. You can sit round a crackling wood fire, and listen to those calls as they come floating over on the night breezes. If you are anything of a naturalist you can pick out and name the bird or beast from which the cry comes.

I have always advocated that there is no better sport, with one exception, than camping for keeping oneself fit, and for sheer enjoyment.

Some of the greatest men in history, who have gained world-wide fame, think the same.

It was Robert Louis Stevenson who wrote the following lines:

"Give me the life I love,
Let the 'lave go by me;
Give the jolly heavens above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with the stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river;
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever."

And Stevenson was quite right when he wrote those lines. He knew what the joys of camping were, for he had tried them.

Borrow wrote several books on the great outdoors, including "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye" and Rabindranath Tagore, the great Indian poet and philosopher, who wrote that wonderful book called "The Gardener," is another enthusiastic supporter of open-air life.

Then, what about the Indian, the Arab? Fine races all of them, and they have been brought up in the open air, and taught in the woodland schools.

Now, about the cycling camp we were talking about.

If you have never attended a cycling camp you will find Frank Nugent's accompanying article a very interesting and useful one. As Franky says, it was only a short while back that we were out spinning through the country lanes on our bikes for a three days' tour through Kent and Sussex. The weather was glorious, and we all felt as fit as fiddles.

It was not our intention to do a certain number of miles every day, but just to jog along, stopping at spots which took our

fancy, and incidentally making a circular route of it so that we could see as much as possible of things in the three days. We rode, at a fair average, thirty to thirty-five miles a day.

That, I think, is the best and most enjoyable way of doing it.

Those of my readers who are Scouts, or who are old campers, will know just what it feels like; but to those of you who have not yet been out, my advice is—get on the move at once. Try it, and see, and—well, I don't think I need say any more. It remains for you to do the rest.

A WEEK-END CYCLING CAMP!

By Frank Nugent (of the Lion Patrol).

A SHORT while back we decided to go on a cycling camp at the first opportunity, and as the scheme was thought of early one week, the opportunity came the following week-end.

The very first thing we did was to get down a map and glance over it to see in what direction we should make our tour, and to find out the character of the country through which we would be passing. There is no need to make a definite route on the map. You lose half the enjoyment of the whole game if you do. The correct way to go to work is to study the map, and pick out the chief characteristics of the land. Thus, passing from Mardinsfield to Ratchford the road winds up through the West Downs some eight hundred to nine hundred feet above sea level. That means there's some hard riding at that point, so if there is a way of going partly round the West Downs, it will be better. It is not always necessary to stick to the main road all the time, for in many cases the secondary roads often pass through more picturesque parts of the country, and you may find better camping grounds just off the beaten track.

Of course, it is not always a good policy to "take the secondary" roads, for the latter are sometimes of a very rough nature; but you can always see from the map the nature of the roads, and whether they are trafficable or not.

Sometimes you may wish to traverse a part of the country which is mostly woodlands, through which thread pathways wide enough to allow a bike to be pushed along. In that case you will be able to see from the map just where the wooded parts are, and then where the open heaths and moors lie.

Then there is the water question. On the map you will be able to see exactly where there is the most water, for the water question is a very big problem to be solved. Perhaps at the end of your first day's ride you may come to the banks of a small lake. Here you can indulge in a few minutes bathing, and refresh yourself, and then take the water from another part higher up from the lake or stream, and make the tea, cocoa, or coffee. In the case of the water coming from the lake, it should be boiled first, with a few grains of carbonate of soda in the water. This purifies it. Water from a stream is nearly always good, but if you doubt its purity you can always treat it in the same way as the lake water.

In the event of not coming to any water, a cottager or farmer will be pleased to let you have some from his wells or pump, and a bucket sloshed over you will be as good a substitute for a bath as you can get.

Having fixed on the direction of the tour, put the map away and forget it. It won't be needed again, for after starting you only need to remember the principal towns you will be passing through, and the rest is plane sailing. You jog along each day wherever

your fancy may lead you, and grub under the shading branches of a wayside tree.

After you have thoroughly overhauled your bike, the next thing to do is to see about the camping equipment. If you are going alone, I suggest you take a trapper's tent with you. If there is a party of you going out, the most suitable tent is the "small cottage." Both these tents were described in Vernon-Smith's article last week-end, and directions given so that you can make them.

The tent, being of a light material, can be folded into a neat bundle, and strapped on to the carrier of the bike along with the pegs and the ground-sheet, the latter acting as a covering for the two former articles. The poles can be strapped on to the cross-bar, but in doing this do not tie them in such a way that the ends stick well out in front, for this is very dangerous for you and for other people. If anything, let them protrude more out at the back.

For food, which is packed in the rucksack, you will need chiefly tea, cocoa, or coffee, sugar, small tin of milk, butter in a small tin, bacon to last for two breakfasts, porridge in a small calico bag, tin of baked beans, biscuits and cheese, and a packet of chocolate.

Food needed such as meat, bread, or anything which can be classified as a luxury, are best obtained at places en route.

If out for the week-end, and the start is made on Friday evening, buy the last named articles of food on the Saturday night at the last place you pass through. This will save you the trouble of carrying them all day Saturday.

Loaves of bread are distinctly awkward things to "lug" about with you, so I suggest you buy rolls. These latter can be stored away in odd corners, and do not take up so much room as a large loaf.

It is not necessary to arrange meal times. As a matter of fact, you want to get away from the usual daily routine of living. You only want to "grub" when you feel hungry. Do not eat because it happens to be about the time you usually have a meal.

When the sun begins to redden, and the shadows commence to grow longer, you can begin to look round for a camping site. Perhaps you see a quiet corner in a field, with a wood at the back and a stream running nearby. Find out who is the owner of the field, get permission to camp, if possible, then put up the tent and prepare the evening meal.

Riding across a heath you may pass a cosy little bunch of trees, make a bee-line for them, and in this case, there being no need to apply for permission to camp, you can get the tent up at once.

I think sitting round a blazing camp fire, after a good day's riding, is the most enjoyable thing in the whole of the great game.

You are glowing all over after having bathed. You have finished the warm evening meal, having eaten with a good, healthy appetite, and you just feel comfortably tired.

Round the camp fire you can sit and yarn to one another, stirring the burning faggots, and watching the fiery red sparks go flying into the darkness, and the flames leaping out and drawing long, deep shadows across the grass.

You can listen to the cries of the night birds and beasts in the woods at your back, or from across the valley to your right. Then when you start to yawn there's a cosy tent and a warm blanket waiting for you, and then you douch the fire and turn in for the night.

(Another splendid article of this series will be published next Monday.)

TICKETS FOR THE FINAL!

Continued from page 8.

When at last he turned away there was a glimmer of a smile on his cunning face. Linking arms with Stott and Snoop, he ushered them out of the Common room.

Arriving in the passage out of earshot of any of the other juniors, Skinner came to a halt.

"Gather round, you two," he murmured, "and listen to the words of your Uncle Harold. I think I can see a way whereby we can give that conceited beast, Wharton, considerable annoyance. Indeed, I'm not so sure but that we couldn't obtain those Cup Final tickets for ourselves."

"What!" cried Snoop. "You're potty, man! You don't think Wharton's going to give you a chance of pinching the tickets when they arrive? As likely as not he'll at once distribute 'em to the winning team."

"Don't jump to conclusions, my pippin," advised Skinner calmly. "I'm not proposing to get hold of the tickets by lifting 'em."

"Then how the dickens would you get 'em?" sneered Snoop.

"By winning 'em," replied Skinner. "Winning 'em! Why, man alive, you must have bats in your belfry! We're not even in the team, so—"

"Sh-sh!" said Skinner, lowering his voice. "I know all about that. But what's to prevent us forming a footer team of our own and entering the competition?"

Stott and Snoop looked at their leader in a manner that plainly showed that they still had serious doubts about the other's mental balance.

"Crums!" said Stott. "You surely don't think even if we could get a decent team together that Wharton would let us enter for the competition. On Saturday evening the fellows selected their team to represent Greyfriars."

Harold Skinner gave an impatient gesture.

"Pshaw! You make me tired!" he said. "It was Colonel Wharton who laid down the rules for the competition. I've just been reading 'em carefully again. There's absolutely nothing in 'em about only one team from each school being allowed. In fact, rule three distinctly states that teams of juniors shall be eligible to compete from the various schools."

"My hat!" said Snoop. "What a sell it would be if we could form a team and win the tickets! With a bit of luck any team might win in the short time allotted for play. It isn't as though a lot of stamina was needed."

"Just as well, perhaps," murmured Stott, "considering the number of fags we've been smoking lately. Certainly there seems to be something in Skinny's idea, after all. Unluckily, though, the draw for the First Round has been made."

"I can't help that," said Skinner. "There's no time limit for entries, according to the rules. If we can scrape a team together, Wharton will jolly well have to make another draw."

For some minutes longer the three conspirators remained together outside the Common-room. They discussed the plan of forming a team from every angle, and finally decided to set about the business without delay.

Repairing to their study, they made out a list of fellows likely to assist them.

Then each of the three went forth and secretly interviewed various members of the Remove and explained the scheme. So well did the trio choose their men that before "lights out" they had been promised the practical assistance of four other juniors of the Remove—Percy Bolsover, Anthony Treluce, Napoleon Dupont, and Fisher T. Fish, the American junior. The only set-back they had came from George Bulstrode, who flatly refused to play in any team captained by Skinner.

"Hang Bulstrode!" was Skinner's annoyed comment. "With him in goal we should have a better chance. However, we'll tackle some of the chaps from the Upper Fourth to-morrow morning."

"Yes," agreed Stott; "some of the chaps are only about sixteen years of age."

Skinner gave a grunt.

"We needn't be too jolly particular about that," he said. "A month or two over the limit won't matter—so long as no one finds out. Bolsover is two months over age; but I don't think any of the other chaps know. If they do, Bolsover will swear he's only just sixteen for our benefit and his own."

Not until afternoon school was over on the following day did Skinner & Co. get a further chance of making up their team. Then they set about the task with a will again. Now they devoted themselves entirely to obtaining the help of the Upper Fourth fellows. The lure of the Cup Final tickets proved an excellent bait, and they were able to add the names of Edward Fry, Ronald MacDougall, and Shamus Murphy to their list.

Following these successes, they began to draw blanks. When the three met again for a late tea in the seclusion of their study, they were still minus an eleventh man.

"It looks to me," said Skinner, with a grimace, "that we've run up against a brick wall. Taking it on the whole, we've got up a jolly hefty team. But we badly want a goalie. Isn't there anyone else we haven't tried who'd make a good show between the sticks? Some big hefty boulder who could throw himself in the way would do if we can't get an experienced man. It's not a bit of good asking Hazeldene, who sometimes plays

goal for the Remove. He's too beastly thick with Wharton."

"Well, why not ask Bunter?" suggested Snoop.

"Great pip!" cried Stott. "Why, that silly great porpoise couldn't play footer for toffee!"

But Skinner's brows contracted thoughtfully.

"Egad, I'm not so sure," he said. "It might be worth trying. At least, the fat ass would fill up the goal-mouth. Yes, I think we'll ask him."

In coming to this decision Skinner was sticking to his policy of collecting a team of heavyweights, as far as possible. He and his study-mates were the lightest of the batch, but the team as a whole would easily be the weightiest on the field.

Thus Skinner, Stott, and Snoop formed themselves into a deputation to call on their fat schoolfellow. The fact that they had booted him downstairs on the previous evening worried them not in the least. They relied on their own astuteness and Bunter's well-known ambition to shine in the realm of sport to make their mission a success.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter's Decision!

ARRIVING at the door of Study No. 7, the room shared by Bunter, Tom Dutton, and the Todd cousins, the deputation stopped and knocked politely. No reply came. Thereupon, Skinner turned the door handle. The door opened to his touch, and the three looked in to find that the study was deserted.

"Let's wait a few minutes," suggested Skinner. "The fat beast will be rolling in for prep soon."

The three helped themselves to comfortable chairs. For a few minutes they chatted about their plans and then shuffling footsteps sounded from the direction of the studies' passage. The door was kicked open, and in staggered Bunter bearing a heavy hamper.

"Oo-er!" So surprised was Billy Bunter at the unexpected sight of his assailants of the previous day, that he dropped the hamper with a crash.

Harold Skinner gave a disarming smile.

"It's all right, Billy," he chirped. "We're not going to hurt you."

The Owl picked up the hamper and set it on the table.

"Get out of here, you rotters!" he said savagely. "I've got some important business to attend to."

"So I should think," grinned Scott. "And it's Peter Todd's hamper, too!"

Billy Bunter flushed guiltily.

"What if it is, you suspicious beast!" he demanded. "I only brought the hamper up 'cause Gossy asked me to, and Peter's a chum of mine. Unlike you cads, I'm always willing to oblige a pal."

"Especially when that pal happens to have some tuck sent to him," retorted Stott.

"Shurrup, you fathead!" said Skinner. "Now, look here, Billy, we've come to see you strictly on business. We want you to play as goalie in a team which we intend to enter for the competition proposed by Colonel Wharton."

"Eh?"

Billy Bunter's eyes nearly popped from his head.

In a few words Harold Skinner

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explained the situation. As he spoke, a curiously thoughtful expression came over the fat features of the porpoise.

"I see," he said slowly. "What you want is a rattling good goalie for your team. So you've come to me."

"That's it," replied Skinner. "Of course, we tried all the other chaps first, but—"

He stopped short and bit his tongue. Too late he realised that this might prove to be a serious tactical error. Now Skinner was really anxious to rope in the fat junior.

"Oh, you asked all the other chaps first, did you?" said Bunter. "You've come to me as a sort of last resort?"

"Not at all, old chap," Skinner hastily assured him. "We knew you were the best man for the job. But after our little disagreement of yesterday we—er—thought you might be feeling a little—er—resentful. But, of course, you're not: you're too big-minded a chap for that."

For some moments Billy Bunter stood by the table blinking thoughtfully at his visitors. He was turning the whole situation over in his mind. The Owl, indeed, was rather enjoying his position. He weighed up the possible chance of winning a coveted Cup Final ticket against his cordial dislike of the three cronies who had so grossly maltreated him on the previous day. He even thought of accepting the post of goalie and deliberately allowing shots to pass him. But although Billy Bunter badly desired revenge, yet, to do him justice, he would not stoop to that level to get it.

"Well, Billy," said Skinner at length, "what do you say? Remember there's a splendid chance of getting a Cup Final ticket. Will you play for us?"

Billy Bunter drew himself up with imposing dignity. Then he banged a plump fist on the table.

"No!" he shouted. "Not for a thousand Cup Final tickets! The three of you treated me like a beastly football last night. Now I refuse to play for your giddy team—and you can jolly-well lose the competition!"

That decision cost Billy Bunter a great effort. But he had the reward in seeing the faces of Skinner & Co. go purple with anger.

The cad of the Remove and his followers rose from their seats.

"Why, you fat toad!" snarled Skinner. "do you really think we want you? It was a leg-pull, that's all. We wouldn't have you in the team if you were the last man available in Greyfriars."

But Skinner & Co. themselves knew how weak the explanation sounded. To be snubbed by Bunter was galling, indeed, to the self-satisfied sneaks. The sight of the Owl's broad triumphant grin was too much for them. Having given vent to a few more caustic remarks, they slunk out of the study.

Reaching their own room again, they found a balm for their wounded pride awaiting them in the form of a visitor. He was William Dabney of the Upper Fourth, who had previously refused to join Skinner's team. Now he had come to say that he had changed his mind, and would play after all.

"Good egg!" cried Skinner delightedly. "You won't mind going between the sticks, will you, old man? Now I'll make out a list of the whole eleven, and then trot along and see Wharton. My hat, won't he be sick when he finds he's not the only Greyfriars pebble on the beach!"

Directly Skinner had finished writing

down the names of the team, he and Snoop left the study. Stott and the Fourth-Former remained chatting together. As it turned out, the cad and his companion were only just in time to prevent themselves from being forestalled. For, as they approached the study of the captain of the Remove, they saw a fat, barrel-like figure rolling along the passage ahead of them. It was Billy Bunter, and he was bent on conveying the news of the rival Greyfriars eleven to the skipper of the chosen team.

No sooner did they spot the Owl, than Skinner and Snoop glided up swiftly behind him, and dealt him two hearty kicks. These had the effect of causing the fat junior to beat a hasty retreat, yelping loudly as he went.

Stopping before the door of Study No. 1, Harold Skinner rapped sharply with his knuckles. Immediately a cheery voice from inside responded with an invitation to "Come in." With lips curled in a satisfied smile, Skinner opened the door, and inserted himself into the room, followed by Snoop.

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Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were at the study table with books spread out before them as though engaged in prep. Both appeared surprised at the sight of Skinner and Snoop, neither of whom had shown his face in the study for weeks.

"Hallo!" said the Remove captain. "What do you two want?"

With an assumed air of meekness, Skinner at once came to the point of his visit.

"Wharton," he said, "I want to enter my team for the footer competition to-morrow."

Wharton let a pen he was holding fall on to the table, and, leaning back in his chair, regarded Skinner suspiciously.

"Enter your team?" he repeated. "What the thump are you babbling about? Is this supposed to be a jape?"

"Perhaps you might think so," said Skinner, "though you may alter your mind about it being a jape to-morrow. Here's a list of my team which I want entered for the competition organised by your uncle."

The Remove captain took the sheet of paper from Skinner's hand. Then he and Nugent glanced down over the names.

"You'll see by that, that we're in earnest," put in Snoop. "There's nothing in the rules of the competition about only one team from each school being permitted to take part, is there?"

"Why, n-no, I don't believe there is," replied Wharton. "But—but the draw has taken place now. We thought all the chaps were satisfied with one team to represent the school—a team that would have a good chance of holding St. Jim's and the other visitors."

"Indeed?" sneered Skinner. "Personally, I think my team could knock your silly eleven into a cocked hat. Anyway, we insist on our right to enter for the competition."

"Very well," said Wharton quietly. "I shall add your team to the list of entries. I'll explain the situation to the captains of the other elevens to-morrow, and we'll hold another draw on the field."

"Thanks so much," drawled Skinner. "Owing to your kind consideration, I hope that your team of silly rabbits won't have to meet my men in the first round. Good-evening."

And, with broader smiles on their faces than they had when they entered, Harold Skinner and Sidney Snoop swaggered out of the Remove captain's study.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Battle for the Tickets!

BUCK up, Frankie, it's time we were moving."

Harry Wharton made that remark to his study-mate who was tying new white laces round his footer boots.

It was a few minutes after two o'clock on Wednesday—the great day when the battle for the Cup Final tickets was to be fought out on Little Side. Harry Wharton had thrown an overcoat over his footer togs and was now impatiently waiting for Nugent.

As Nugent announced himself ready, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh arrived on the scene, and the Famous Five went off together. They made direct for the school gates, where, within a few minutes of each other the rival teams bowled up in charabancs. Greetings occupied some minutes, and then Harry Wharton, walking between Tom Merry and Jimmy Silver, led the way to Little Side.

On the way the Remove captain took the opportunity of explaining the new situation that had arisen by the entry of Skinner's eleven into the competition. But there was not a vestige of the cad nor his team when the party reached Little Side. Only some of Wharton's own men, wearing the school colours, were to be seen punting a football about—apart from a number of fellows who had turned up as spectators.

"It appears to me," said Frank Nugent, "that the whole stunt was a gigantic leg-pull."

But hardly had he spoken than eleven white-clad footballers trotted into view.

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And at the head of them carrying a borrowed football beneath his arm, was Harold Skinner.

"Great pip!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "They're a pretty hefty lot. This chap Skinner hasn't got a few masters or prefects playing for him, has he, Harry?"

"No, nothing like that, Jimmy," was the Remove captain's smiling response. "All Skinner's team are under sixteen as far as we can make out. Though I believe most of 'em run close to the knuckle of the age limit. But here comes Wingate."

George Wingate, the popular captain of Greyfriars, approached the group of juniors and cordially shook hands with the visiting captains.

"I understand there's an extra team entered, youngsters," he said. "Have you had another draw? If not, you'd better set about it."

Directly Skinner joined the party about the school captain, the names of the various competing teams were written on some scraps of paper. These were put in a cap and Wingate himself made the draw, taking two of the pieces of paper out at a time.

"The first match," he announced, "will be between Rookwood and Wharton's Eleven. Now for the next—Ah, Highcliffe and St. Jim's. No need to look at the other two papers. The third match will be Skinner's Eleven versus Courtfield."

Skinner doubled rapidly across to where his men were practising shots at goal.

"My aunt, we're in luck, you fellows!" he cried. "We're drawn against the Council School kids in the First Round. They're a light lot, so we'll be able to treat 'em rough. Just throw your weight into it."

Meantime, Wingate blew his whistle for the first two teams to line up. All not playing in this match left the field, and, to the accompaniment of ringing cheers, Wharton's Eleven faced Rookwood. Again the school captain put his whistle to his lips.

Pheep!

The game started in sensational fashion. Harry Wharton who had lost the toss for ends, tapped the leather to Nugent on his left. Nugent immediately swung it out to Hurree Singh, who took the ball in his stride. With a clever exhibition of footwork, the Indian junior tricked the opposing half and sprinted along the touch-line. He finished his effort with a centre along the turf.

Frank Nugent dashed in to put the finishing touch to matters, but the Rookwood left back got his boot to the ball first. Hard pressed as he was, he miskicked. The ball went spinning from his boot into the air. With a great leap Harry Wharton got his head to it, sending it high into the corner of the net out of the goalie's reach.

"Goal!"

"Good man, Wharton!"

After this reverse, Rookwood attacked hotly, and Jimmy Silver sent the hearts of the Greyfriars supporters into their mouths with a sizzling shot which hit an upright.

All too soon for Rookwood, however, the whistle was blown for change of ends. With the wind in their favour, Harry Wharton and his merry men more than held their own. At the expiration of the half-hour allotted for play, they left the field the winners by the only goal scored.

The next short and sweet battle was



Without a word George Wingate, the head of the games, pointed to the penalty spot. Wharton himself took the kick and smashed a grounder into the net well out of Dabney's reach. "Goal! Hurrah! Serve Skinner's hooligans right!" (See Chapter 7.)

between St. Jim's and Highcliffe. In this the former, ably captained by the redoubtable Tom Merry, emerged easy victors by three clear goals.

"Now it's up to us," muttered Harold Skinner. "Don't forget, my men—use your brawn and put the wind up the Courtfield kids."

For himself Skinner felt more than a little nervous as he went to spin the coin with Dick Trumper. But the cheers that greeted the two teams from the sportsmanlike spectators and other players did much to reassure the lad.

As luck would have it, Skinner won the toss and elected to play with the sun and wind behind his goal. The teams lined up and George Wingate sounded his whistle.

For five minutes from the kick-off the play was ragged in the extreme. Skinner's Eleven showed little science and less combination. Courtfield seemed unable to settle down. But then a change came over the play. Dick Trumper infused the necessity for combination into his men. Directly this result was achieved, the visiting schoolboys became dangerous. Once a goal seemed a certainty, but Percy Bolsover rushed up, and, ignoring the ball, charged Trumper head over heels just outside the penalty area. Wingate awarded a free-kick to Courtfield, but the Greyfriars Fourth-Former in goal effected a good clearance.

As the game progressed, Skinner's Eleven became rougher and rougher. Frequent fouls were given against them. At last Wingate blew his whistle and called the team round him.

"Look here, you chaps," he said

sternly. "unless you play the game fairly I shall either send one or two of you off the field, or else disqualify you from the competition. I'm jolly-well ashamed of you."

Knowing that Wingate had been given sole powers as judge, Skinner's team sobered up somewhat. Upon the game being resumed Courtfield again attacked, and what looked like a certain goal was saved by Dabney falling on the ball in the goal-mouth. Just then the whistle went for half-time.

"M—my hat!" panted Skinner, as he and Snoop walked up the field together. "I shan't be sorry when this beastly game's over. Phew! But it's lucky old Dabney's playing. He's a great success."

But, just as the luck of Skinner's Eleven was dead in, so was the luck of Courtfield dead out. For fourteen or fifteen minutes of the second half they could do most things but score. Twice their inside-left hit the crossbar, and once Dick Trumper netted, but from an off-side position. Their plucky efforts against a heavier team brought forth rounds of cheers from the onlookers.

Then came "the most unkindest cut of all." With but half a minute to go, Snoop, playing at half-back, booted a ball hard up the field. More by accident than design it landed close to Fisher T. Fish, who happened, for about the first time in the game, to be onside. The American junior saw a back descending on him, and, losing his nerve, lunged wildly at the sphere. The other opposing back was between Fish and the goal-keeper, obstructing the latter's view. The ball struck this back hard on the

side of his knee, and, glancing off, shot into the net just out of the astonished goalie's reach.

Loud shrieks of delight went up from Skinner's men as they rushed to clasp their American team-mate by the hand. But a dead silence greeted the effort from the spectators. A few seconds later the whistle went. Skinner's team had won—but by the biggest fluke ever seen on a footer-field!

To say that Skinner himself was delighted would be expressing it mildly. If only the luck held he would be visiting London for the English Cup Final with his scratch crew. As he strutted round the field he caught sight of the fat form of Billy Bunter.

"Hallo, porpoise!" he said cheerily. "Lucky we haven't got you in goal, isn't it?"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter. "Wait till the next round, you beastly fouler!"

Just then Wingate shouted Skinner's name. The cad went across to where the captain of Greyfriars was standing with Harry Wharton and Tom Merry, the skippers of the other winning teams.

"Now, listen to me, you fellows!" said Wingate. "The names of your teams are written on papers which are in this hat. The first two out will contest the semi-final. The remaining team will meet the winners of that match in the final of the competition."

Wingate gave the cap he held in his hand a few sharp twists, and drew a folded strip from it.

"St. Jim's!" he read out. "Now for your opponents, Merry!"

Harold Skinner stared anxiously as Wingate repeated the process.

"Wharton's eleven!" said the school captain, opening the second paper. "Skinner, you'll play in the final!"

"Oh, three cheers!" muttered the cad of the Remove.

Not in his wildest dreams had Skinner hoped for such wonderful fortune to assist him in the battle for the tickets. His men would now have a useful respite, while the other teams were deciding a gruelling contest. No wonder Skinner was happy!

As Fate would have it, the match between the rival teams led by Harry Wharton and Tom Merry respectively, proved a long, ding-dong struggle. Neither team had scored after thirty minutes. Therefore, extra time had to be played. But at the end of another ten minutes Vernon-Smith sent a ball swerving to the back of the St. Jim's net.

Thus Harry Wharton's team earned the right to meet Skinner's eleven in the all-important final.

Much to Skinner's disgust, George Wingate, with great fairness, ordered the juniors into the School House to tea before the final was fought out. An adjournment was made for half an hour, and the visiting juniors were entertained right royally by the Greyfriars fellows.

When the two teams left in the competition took the field again, the attendance of spectators had diminished. Skinner won the toss, but this fact availed him little. Right from the kick-off his scratch crowd of heavy-weights proved to be no match for the fleet-footed, nimble-witted members of Harry Wharton's team.

By clever combination the forwards wearing the school colours were soon pressing. The white-shirted defenders got into a tangle, and began to resort to those methods which had gained for them such stern comment in the game against Courtfield.

"Play the game!" howled the onlookers.

But the climax was reached when Dick Penfold, who had made a splendid opening for himself, was deliberately tripped by Bolsover within the penalty area.

Pheep!

Without a word, George Wingate pointed to the penalty-spot. Wharton himself took the kick, and smashed a grounder into the net well out of Dabney's reach.

"Goal! Hurrah!"

"Serve Skinner's hooligans right!"

In that moment more than one of Skinner's team felt heartily ashamed of his side, and wished he had not agreed so readily to join the cad's venture.

But before the game could be resumed an interruption took place. A fag ran up to Wingate, and announced that a man waiting by the school gates wished to see him. Wingate glanced round the field to find another senior to carry on in his absence. The only member of the Sixth Form present was Gerald Loder.

"You might look after the game for a few minutes, Loder," called out Wingate. "I've been expecting a call. It's rather important, but I don't suppose I shall be gone more than a few minutes."

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The school captain tossed the whistle to Loder, and told him that ten minutes of the game had been played. Then he sprinted away.

As Loder walked on to the field he passed close to Harold Skinner.

"I say, Loder," whispered Skinner, "Don't be too particular about the time, old man, if we're a goal down."

The cad of the Sixth gave a knowing smile. He cordially disliked Harry Wharton and most members of the Remove captain's team. On the other hand, Skinner & Co. had often proved of use to him.

With Gerald Loder in control, Skinner, Bolsover, and some of the others adopted wholeheartedly their old motto, "If you can't get the ball, get your opponent." They charged and hacked and tripped while Loder appeared blind to their tactics.

"My hat, this is the beastly limit!" muttered Wharton under his breath. "I wish old Wingate would buck up!"

But a decision of Loder's a few minutes after change of ends was beyond the limit. By kick-and-rush tactics, Skinner's men had got the ball well down the field. Stott, well outside the penalty area, steadied himself for a shot. But while he hesitated, Johnny Bull tackled and kicked clear, but both he and Stott overbalanced and fell to the ground.

Pheep! Loder at once blew the whistle.

"My hat! What's that for?" cried Bob Cherry.

Loder pointed to the penalty-spot.

Too disgusted for words, Wharton's men stood back and watched, with chagrin, the Fourth-Former, Murphy, land the ball into their net.

The score was a goal all.

Revenge was swiftly achieved, however, for Wharton dribbled the ball a few minutes later from near the centre of the field, and beat Dabney with a shot which even Loder dare not disallow.

Time dragged on, and both Dick Penfold and Micky Desmond were so badly kicked that they had to leave the field.

"Crumbs! How long is this beastly game going to last?" said Wharton, turning to Bob Cherry. "I'm jolly sure we've played a good half-hour!"

Tired though Wharton's eleven now were, Skinner's team were more leg-weary still. Hardly a man of them was in training, otherwise the chance that Loder gave them by refraining from stopping the game on time, must surely have been taken advantage of.

At last, to the intense relief of Wharton and his men, George Wingate returned. Moreover, the school captain had learnt the score and the state of affairs from the remarks of the spectators about the field.

"It seems to me, Loder," he said, "that you've made a slight mistake in the time. The teams have been playing seven minutes too long already."

And, taking the whistle from Loder's hand, the school captain blew a long shrill blast on it.

It was the knell of doom to Harold Skinner's fond hopes. And a thunder of cheers greeted the fact that Harry Wharton's plucky eleven had won the tickets for the English Cup Final!

THE EIGHT CHAPTER.

Skinner's Little Game

"THERE he is, you fellows!"

Harry Wharton, followed by the other members of the famous Five, dashed out of the school building directly after breakfast on Friday morning, and sprinted towards the school gates. The Remove captain's remark referred to Mr. Baggs, the postman. The reason for the excitement was that Harry was expecting to receive the eagerly awaited tickets from his uncle by that morning's mail.

Other juniors, too, who were expecting letters, gathered round Mr. Baggs. The postman glanced at the eager faces, and ran through a packet of letters he held in his hand.

"Two for you, Master Nugent," he said. "Here's one for Master Bunter—one for Master Wharton—"

"Hurrah! Thanks muchly!"

With eager fingers, Wharton tore open the bulky envelope. A letter, a postal order, and eleven green-coloured tickets were displayed.

"They've arrived, you fellows," said he, "the good old Cup Final tickets. My uncle has sent a thumping good remittance, too, and says we're to meet him inside the grand stand at Stamford Bridge to-morrow."

While other juniors gathered round to gaze upon the precious seat tickets, Harold Skinner and Sidney Snoop, who had overheard, wandered disconsolately away.

"There's no remittance for me, worst luck," groaned Billy Bunter. "This letter's from my pal in Courtfield. He

wants to know why I haven't sent him any dibs for those rabbit show tickets he gave me to sell."

"Well, why haven't you, Billy?" asked Wharton.

"Cause I haven't sold any of the beastly things," replied Bunter. "I've had fifty of 'em by me for a week. There isn't a chap in the school who cares a button for natural history, it seems."

"Ha, ha, ha! Then do you call quizzing at a collection of rabbit hutches studying natural history, Billy? Still, you sha'n't have it on your mind that you never sold a ticket. I'll buy two from you."

"Oh, thanks awfully, Harry old man! But do you mean it?"

"Certainly," smiled Wharton. "And I'll let you keep the two tickets, too. I shan't need 'em. You can either trot along to your precious rabbit show to-morrow, or else spend the five bob on luck."

Billy Bunter's eyes positively sparkled. "Harry, old fellow, you're a brick!" he cried. "And—er, when can I have the dibs?"

"Come to my study just before prep to-night," replied the Remove captain. "I shall have changed this postal order from my uncle by then."

Highly pleased with the generous way in which Harry Wharton had celebrated his receipt of the tickets, Billy Bunter went off to find his minor. He had some serious questions to ask Sammy Bunter, upon the subject of some hair-oil which the Owl had missed from his study.

Bunter's path led him near the woodshed. As he approached the building, he became aware of the mumbling of voices from inside. Of a naturally curious disposition, Billy Bunter ambled softly round the shed and put a fat ear to a crack in the wall. It took him but a few seconds to discover that the possessors of the voices were Harold Skinner and Sidney Snoop.

"Never mind about that," Skinner was saying. "The point is, will you accompany me to London if I can get 'em?"

"It's madness, I tell you, Skinny," Snoop replied. "It's quite the pottiest stunt I ever heard of. Even if you were able to lift a couple of tickets, what good would they be to us? We couldn't barge into the grand stand and sit with old Colonel Wharton and the chaps from the school. We should be thrown out on our necks."

"I'm not proposing to do anything so asinine," said Skinner impatiently. "If I got the tickets—"

"If—!" emphasised Snoop. "And a jolly big 'if,' too!"

"You may sneer," snapped the cad of the Remove. "It all depends on whether Wharton hands the tickets to his men or not. Personally, I don't think he will. He'll keep charge of the tickets himself. If he does retain 'em, I'll soon rout 'em out, and help myself to a couple. He's not likely to count the tickets again, and nine will seem as many as eleven in an envelope."

"Well, granting that you do get them," said Snoop, "the difficulties will only be commencing."

"Listen," said Skinner. "With a couple of tickets we can get into the grand stand at Stamford Bridge. I don't propose we shall go and sit with old Colonel Wharton. Once inside, we could slip down into that enclosed space in front of the stand. I've been to the Chelsea ground, so I jolly-well know what I'm

talking about. We should be as safe as houses."

But Snoop appeared not to be satisfied.

"H'm, it appears to me," he said, "that as we have to steal up to London, we might just as well pay at the gate."

"My hat, that's out of the question, you silly chump!" replied Skinner. "We shan't be out of morning school till noon, to-morrow. So, by catching the earliest train, we couldn't get to Stamford Bridge until half-past two. By that time the ground will be packed out, and we shouldn't have a dog's chance of getting in."

"But it's all so beastly risky," whined Snoop.

"Pshaw, I'll take the chief risk," said Skinner. "I'll lift the tickets myself. No one need ever discover that we have left for London. So when Wharton finds out his loss, he won't suspect us anyway. For the last time—will you come if I can wangle the thing?"

Billy Bunter outside the woodshed strained his fat ears to the uttermost to catch the reply. Then he heard Snoop's voice whisper a hoarse, "Yes."

The shuffling of feet from the interior of the shed caused the Owl to roll silently away. Standing some distance off, he saw Skinner and Snoop emerge into the open. After that, Bunter went into the school building.

"Crumbs, what rotters!" he mumbled. "I'll go and put my pal Harry wise to the dodge."

On second thoughts Bunter decided to wait awhile. Skinner and Snoop would blandly deny their evil intentions. It

would only be his word against that of two others. True, he would save the tickets, but Bunter also wanted to see suitable punishment meted out to the cads. If only he could catch them red-handed!

During all the leisure hours of the rest of the day, Billy Bunter constituted himself a kind of private detective. Unluckily for him, though, he was ordered to visit Mr. Quelch before prep that evening. The interview was short and painful, and Billy Bunter left the Form-master's study squirming and grimacing, with his two hands beneath his armpits.

"Ooch! Garoogh! The spiteful beast!" he moaned. "Fancy licking me just because I forgot to do the lines he gave me last week."

But a sense of duty caused the injured Owl to put aside his own troubles. With what he considered to be a noble devotion to duty, he returned to the door of Skinner's study, and put his eye to the key-hole.

"Hallo, the bounder's gone!" he muttered.

With that, he ambled swiftly off to Wharton's study. The door was slightly ajar. Bunter pushed it open, and slowly inserted his head.

Standing by the mantelpiece with his back toward the door was Harold Skinner. The cad was holding an envelope in his hand. From it he took two green-coloured tickets. These he slipped into his breast-pocket. Then he carefully replaced the envelope in a small bowl on the mantelpiece.

(Continued on page 19.)



Bunter had not been in the study more than a minute before footsteps sounded in the passage outside, the door opened, and Skinner came into the room. He started in surprise at the sight of the fat junior standing by the study table. "What are you doing in here, you fat toad?" he snarled. "Tell me what you want, before I slaughter you!" (See Chapter 8.)

Billy Bunter waited to see no more. He rolled swiftly down the studies' passage and entered his own room. After an interval he came out again and bumped into the Famous Five.

"Here you are, Billy!" cried Wharton. "Sorry I'm late in getting back from Friardale, but I've cashed the postal-order, and here's the five bob I promised you."

"Thanks, awfully, Harry, old chap! You're a hero!"

As Harry Wharton & Co. moved off, Billy Bunter trotted along to Skinner's study. For about the tenth time that day he put his eye to the keyhole.

From his uncomfortable stooping position in the passage, he saw Harold Skinner and Snoop examine the stolen tickets. Then the cad of the Remove put the pasteboards into a plain white envelope, which he sealed carefully. This done, he moved across to the bookcase. Taking out a red-covered book, Skinner inserted the envelope between the leaves, and replaced the volume on the shelf. Not considering it safe to remain longer, Bunter made himself scarce.

The fat junior did little prep that evening. Most of his time he occupied by composing two letters.

Later on he saw Skinner and Snoop go to the Common-room together. Stott, he knew, had gone to Friardale to make some purchases. Evidently, Skinner had entirely left his other study-mate out of his precious scheme.

Once the coast was clear, Billy Bunter slipped back to his own study, and obtained a small, paper-covered volume. With this in his hand, he walked boldly to Study No. 11, and, without troubling to knock, entered the room. The place, as he well knew, was deserted.

But Bunter had not been in there more than half a minute before footsteps sounded in the passage outside. His heart leaped into his mouth as the door was pushed open and Harold Skinner strode in.

At the sight of the fat junior standing by the study table, Skinner started as

though shot. The cad's features worked with fear and rage.

"What are you doing in here, you fat toad?" he snarled. "Tell me what you want, before I slaughter you!"

Billy Bunter smiled uneasily.

"Ahem! G-go easy, Skinner, old man!" he stuttered. "I—I only came to return that book—'The Black Secrets of the Red Army'—you lent me."

A look of relief lightened Skinner's face.

"You've taken a jolly long time about it," he said. "It's about six months since I lent you that."

"I know, Skinny," said Bunter. "I mislaid it, you see. But in turning out some of my things this evening, I came across it. Of course, I promptly brought it back. It's not like me to keep another chap's property."

"H'm!" murmured Skinner doubtfully. "But it strikes me it's a queer thing you had to wait until no one was here before you brought it back. You were nosing about for tuck, I suppose."

The Owl let his eyes fall. He did not in the least object in this case to letting Skinner believe that.

"Nunno!" he said awkwardly. "I—I wouldn't think of touching another chap's grub!"

The shifty manner of the porpoise confirmed Skinner's suspicions.

"Got out of here, you greedy, over-fed beast!" he snarled. "For once you found the cupboard was bare!"

Then, as Bunter passed him on his way out of the door, the cad delivered a hefty kick that caused the fat junior to hasten his departure.

No sooner had Bunter gone than the first suspicion Skinner had entertained began to trouble him again. Crossing to the bookcase, he took out the red-covered volume and opened it. His examination of the book satisfied him.

"Of course, the fat ass knows nothing," he muttered to himself. "The envelope's here all safe and sealed. O-ho, for the merry Cup Final to-morrow!"

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Poor Old Skinner!

IT was Saturday, April the twentieth—the day of days in the football world—the day of the great English Cup Final! Trains from all parts of England were rushing towards the metropolis, conveying crowds of sportsmen bent on witnessing the premier Soccer game of the year. And, in the one-thirteen train from Courtfield Junction, sat two sallow-faced schoolboys, wearing overcoats and plain cloth caps.

But in the pockets of the two juniors were other caps. These bore the colours of Greyfriars School. The travellers in question considered it safer not to wear these longer, for, needless to say, the two bounds-breakers were Harold Skinner and Sidney Snoop.

"Well, you see, the thing was wangled easily enough, Snoop," said Skinner. "We're well away. Have a cigarette!"

The two precious cronies lighted up, and Skinner gave a low chuckle.

"My aunt, I'd give anything to see Wharton's face when he discovers he's only got nine tickets instead of eleven! What a sell if two of his silly crowd can't get into the ground!"

"By the way," said Snoop anxiously, "you didn't forget the tickets, old man?"

"Not me!" laughed Skinner. "They're here as safe as houses!"

He drew from his breast-pocket a sealed envelope and flourished it before his companion's nose. A sudden rush of air from one of the windows of the railway-carriage almost blew the packet from his hand. He hastily replaced the envelope and drew up the window.

"We shall have plenty of time to get out of sight when we reach the footer ground, old man," went on Skinner cheerfully. "Wharton and his gang are catching the next train, so we've some minutes' start on 'em."

From that time onward, until they reached the London terminus, the two occupied most of their time in a hot argument as to the respective merits of Preston North End and Huddersfield.

But for the fact that they boarded a wrong train on the District Railway, no mishap occurred in the plans of the two truants. As it was, they were only delayed. Eventually, at about twenty minutes to three, they reached Waltham Green Station, and, mixing with the huge crowd, walked to the football arena.

"Here we are at last, old man!" cried Snoop lightly. "Here's the entrance to the grand stand."

Now that the coveted goal was in sight, Sidney Snoop threw off his fears and donned the true holiday spirit.

Skinner took the white envelope from his pocket. Then, with Snoop at his heels, he approached the turnstile. Opening the packet, he took out two green tickets, and handed them to the plump man who stood at the entrance.

The man accepted the tickets and looked at them. Then he looked at them a trifle harder.

"Come on, my man," said Skinner impatiently, "what are you delaying us for?"

The man glanced up with a queer expression on his face.

"Is this your little hidea of a joke, sir?" he said.

"A j-joke!" stammered Skinner. "What the dickens d'you mean?"

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If you have not already done so, place an order with your newsagent for copies of ALL the above-mentioned papers to be saved for you, and participate in THE COMPANION PAPER 'GRAND FREE GIFTS'!

TICKETS FOR THE FINAL!

Continued from page 18.)

The man pushed the tickets back into Skinner's hand. "Simply," he said, with crushing sarcasm, "that this is the Football Final—not a rabbit show!"

For one awful second Harold Skinner and Sidney Snoop stood petrified to the spot. Then they brought themselves to look at the two green tickets that Skinner clutched in his nerveless hand. On them was plainly printed:

THE COURTFIELD RABBIT SHOW. ADMIT ONE.

A hoarse gasp left Skinner's lips. "B-Bunter!" he cried chokingly. "I see it all now! The fat beast nosed out our stunt and changed the tickets. M-my giddy aunt, I'll pulverise the big sneak!"

Snoop went crimson with rage. "It's your silly fault!" he cried, almost crying with rage and disappointment. "I was a fool to ever have anything to do with your rotten scheme. I might have known you'd make a mess of things!"

Then, losing all control of himself, he smote Skinner hard on the nose. Taken unawares, the cad staggered backward, and crashed full length on the ground.

"Ouch!"

As he lay there with Snoop standing over him, a merry peal of laughter rang out. And Harry Wharton and his merry men from Greyfriars approached the entrance to the ground. Each junior held a green ticket in his hand.

"Hallo, Skinner! Hallo, Snoop!" called out the Remove captain cheerily. "Aren't you going in to see the game?"

"G-r-r-rh!" went Skinner and Snoop.

"You must be jolly absent-minded, Skinner," went on the Remove captain. "I understand you accidentally took two of my tickets yesterday. Lucky that Billy Bunter found 'em, and brought them back to me!"

Skinner leaped to his feet.

"Bah!" he snorted. "I'll slaughter that fat toad when I get back to Greyfriars!"

"No, you won't," retorted Bob Cherry sweetly. "If you try it, my pippin, I'll jolly well slaughter you, too!"

"Well, cheerio, you two!" cried Wharton. "We must be going now. Trot along back to Courtfield—the rabbit show's jolly good, I hear."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the rest of Wharton's eleven.

And with that, the Remove captain and his men passed the smiling attendant into the grand stand of the Chelsea football ground!

That afternoon was the most miserable that Skinner and Snoop spent in all their lives. They staggered from entrance to entrance of the ground. They pushed their way through dense crowds. But it was all to no purpose. They were much too late. The ground was full, and the keepers of the turnstiles would not even admit two schoolboys.

From behind the high fencing came roars of cheers as the rival teams took the field. And as the battle swayed between Preston North End and Huddersfield, fresh volleys of cheers, whistles, and other weird noises, rent the air. It was maddening!

For over half an hour Skinner and Snoop experienced the agony of hearing the excited spectators giving vent to their feelings within the arena. But not a vestige of the game could the two cronies see.

At last they could endure it no longer.

"Come on, let's get out of this!" said Snoop savagely. "Now we're up in town we might as well go to a show."

And, tired and bedraggled, Skinner and Snoop spent the rest of the afternoon in a local picture palace.

It was just before call-over that evening when the cronies reached Greyfriars School again. Almost the first person they saw was Billy Bunter. A broad grin wreathed the face of the fat junior.

"Hallo, you fellows!" chirped the Owl. "How did you enjoy the Cup Final?"

For some moments it looked as though Skinner and Snoop were about to explode. Then, making queer choking noises in their throats, they staggered away to the seclusion of their study. Their cup of bitterness was full!

THE END.

(There will be another grand, long, complete tale of the chums of Greyfriars next Monday, entitled "When the Head Resigned!" by Frank Richards. Readers are reminded that there will be two FREE REAL PHOTOS given away with next Monday's MAGNET. There is going to be a great rush for this. Make sure of your copy by ordering it in advance.)

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U.J.G., 1922.

Famous Players in the Cup Final.

WHEN the Cup Final, which is to be played on Saturday, has been fought to a finish, at least ten men will get that coveted memento—a Cup winners' medal—for the first time. This, put in another way, means that there is only one player of the twenty-two who play on Saturday who has previously been on the winning side in a Cup Final. This exception to the general rule is the Huddersfield inside-left, Clem Stephenson, and he can truly be called one of the fortunate people of the football world, for he has already two of those medals which denote that he has been in a side which emerged triumphant from a Cup Final.

Twice has Stephenson been with Aston Villa, when they have won the Cup, and it is scarcely going too far to say that this ex-Villa player has done a great deal towards helping Huddersfield to their present position in this season's competition. He is a wonderful little player, and, without question, the brains of the Huddersfield forward line.

Stephenson has for a partner W. H. Smith, perhaps the best outside-left playing in football at the present time,

though Quinn, of Preston North End, who performs in the same position, is very clever indeed. Still, Smith was the man who played at outside-left for England against Scotland this season, and it is interesting to note that he did not appear in the Cup Final for Huddersfield two years ago, because just prior to the game being played he was suspended. The man who played in Smith's position then—Islip—is now the Huddersfield centre-forward. There is one other International player in the Huddersfield team—Wadsworth—the left full-back, who also played for England against Scotland this month.

North End have some famous players in their side, too, among them being Hamilton, the right full-back, who cost the Preston Club over £4,000 when they got him from Kilmarnock not so very long ago. Then their goalkeeper, an amateur named Mitchell, is, so far as we know, the only first-class footballer who plays in spectacles; but he is very good nevertheless, though it may be that he hopes the sun will not shine too brilliantly at Stamford Bridge on Cup Final day.

It is generally accepted that the centre-half is the best man in a football team to be captain of the side, provided he has the other necessary qualifications, and the two men who will toss for choice of ends on Saturday are both centre half-backs—Tom Wilson, of Huddersfield Town, and Joseph McCall, of Preston North End. Special pictures of these two captains will be given away free with next week's issue of the MAGNET, and you must be sure of getting them, for they are fellows who will play a big part in the match on Saturday, and one of them will have the pleasure of handling the silver bauble which we call the English Cup—an honour of which any footballer might be proud.

Wilson, of Huddersfield, should not be confused with Wilson, of the Wednesday, who also plays at centre-half, but a lot of people in Yorkshire consider that the Huddersfield man is the better player of the two. As for McCall—well, he is just a great general, as well as a great half-back, and of all the people who helped the North End through their historic semi-final against the Spurs, McCall it was who did the lion's share. So the Cup Final looks like being a great struggle between two evenly matched teams, and possibly the side which has the better tactician as their captain will win.

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