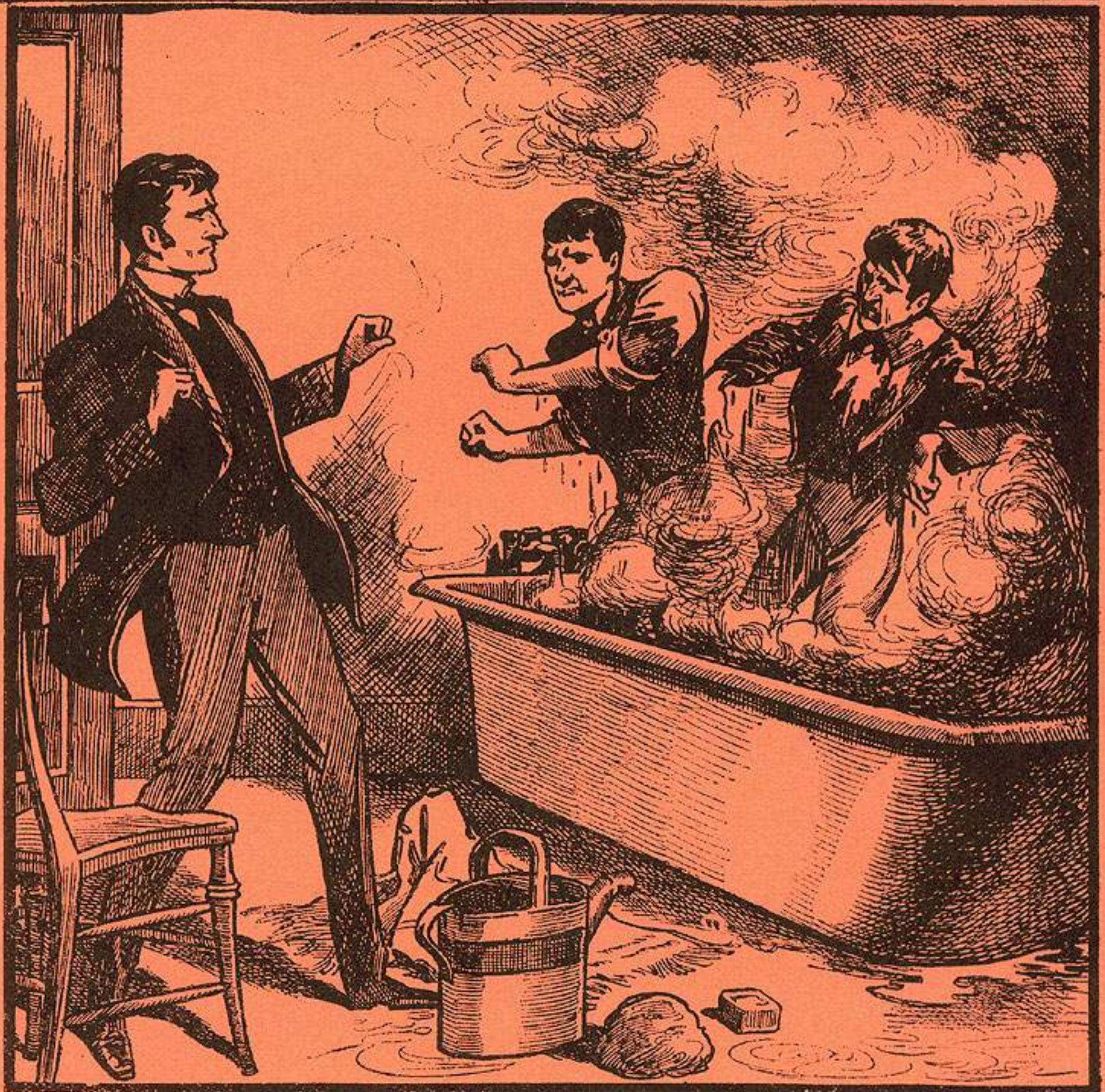


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Frank Richards.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Bob Cherry Gets Ready!

"SNIFF! Sniff!"
"What the dickens—"
"Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!"
Harry Wharton sniffed as he looked into Bob Cherry's Study No. 13, in the Remove passage. Frank Nugent sniffed as he looked over his chum's shoulder. Johnny Bull sniffed as he looked over the other shoulder. They had come to Bob Cherry's study to speak to him, but instead of doing so, they stood in the doorway and sniffed.

"Sniff!"
"Sniff!"
"Sniff!"

Bob Cherry did not look up. He was seated in the study armchair, rubbing his hands together slowly and methodi-

cally. That peculiar occupation seemed to take up all his attention, and he had none left for the chums of the Remove. There was a pungent odour in the study; an odour that seemed something like petroleum, and something like asafetida, and something like carbide of calcium, but was worse than all three added together. Bob Cherry was sniffing a little himself, but that did not detract his attention from the work of rubbing his palms steadily together.

"Sniff! Sniff! Sni-f-f-f-f!"

"What on earth are you up to, Bob?" shouted Wharton, dabbing his handkerchief to his nose, and keeping it there. "Have you joined the chemical class, and started experiments in the study?"

"No," said Bob Cherry.

"What are you rubbing your hands for, fathead? Is it a new dodge in massage?"

"No."

"Been licked?"

"No."

"Oh, he's gone off his silly rocker!" said Nugent. "Collar him, and let's see if we can bump some sense into him!"

"Keep off!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Ninety-two—ninety-three—"

"What!"

"Ninety-four—"

"Eh?"

"Ninety-five—ninety-six—"

The juniors looked at Bob Cherry in real alarm. That healthy and sturdy junior had never shown any signs of insanity before. But really, under the circumstances it was justifiable to entertain some doubts of his sanity now.

"Look here, Bob—"

"Ninety-seven—"

"What are you counting for?"

"Ninety-eight—"

"What's the little game, you silly ass?"

"Ninety-nine—"

The chums of the Remove did not wait for Bob Cherry to reach the hundred. They rushed into the study, grasped him, and yanked him out of the armchair. Bob Cherry gave a yell as he bumped upon the hearthrug.

"Ow! Oh, you asses! You've spoiled it all now!"

"Spoiled what?"

"We'll spoil your features if you play the giddy goat like that!" growled Johnny Bull. "You're wanted for the footer, fathead! Are you going to sit in your study all the afternoon counting up on your silly fingers like a kid in the First Form?"

Bob Cherry sat on the hearthrug and gave his palms a final rub together.

"Hundred!" he said triumphantly.

"Better bump it out of him!" said Nugent. "Now then—"

Bob Cherry sprang up and dodged round the table.

"Hands off, you duffers! I'm finished now!"

Harry Wharton jammed down the window to its fullest extent. Nugent caught up an exercise-book and began to wave it to and fro in the air. Johnny Bull coughed violently.

"Where's that awful niff coming from?" he exclaimed.

"That's the stuff!" explained Bob Cherry.

"What stuff?"

"The stuff I'm rubbing on my hands. It's a new specific—Fisher T. Fish gave me some. It's an American invention," Bob Cherry explained. "You have to rub it well into your hands, and then you don't feel the pain when you're caned. Fishy says a relation of his over there made it, and sent him some, and he's going to sell it to the fellows at a dollar a bottle. I've got some on trial."

"You ass!" said Harry Wharton. "The smell's worse than the cane, I should think."

"Well, it does niff a bit!" confessed Bob. "But you can get used to that in time, and I dare say it will clear off, too. You have to rub it well into your hands. Fishy said put it on your palms and rub them together thoroughly for a hundred times. That works it well into the skin!"

"Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!"

"Blessed if I wouldn't rather be caned," growled Johnny Bull, "or flogged, even! I've got some of it on me now from touching you. Why couldn't you tell us you weren't fit to be touched before we bumped you?"

"Well, I didn't ask you to bump me. Besides, I dare say it will clear off."

"If it doesn't, you'll have a lovely scent about you, and no mistake!" grinned Nugent. "I'd rather let Fishy's specifics alone myself. You don't mean to say you've got the cheek to go into a Form-master's room with that stuff niffing on your paws?"

"It isn't a Form-master, it's Wingate. He's sent me a message that he wants to see me specially before I go down to the footer," said Bob. "You know what that means? I suppose it's because I forgot to fag in his study, or else be-

cause I punched Vernon-Smith's head in the passage. Anyway, I'm getting ready for it. Wingate is a good sort, but he doesn't know anything about tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. And I don't want to take a special set of aches down to the footer ground."

"You'd better not come down to the footer-ground at all till you've got rid of that niff," said Johnny Bull. "You can't spring a scent like that on the Upper Fourth. They'll say is isn't fair play."

"Oh, it will clear off!" said Bob hopefully.

"I'm clearing off now," said Johnny Bull.

And he went out of the study sniffing.

"You chaps can come with me to Wingate's study, if you like," said Bob Cherry. "He may go a little lighter if he understands you're waiting for me to come down to the footer."

"Thanks!" said Nugent. "I'd rather keep away from you till you've got rid of that specific. Good-bye!"

And Nugent followed Johnny Bull—sniffing.

"Harry, old man—"

"See you later," said Wharton hurriedly.

And he left the study.

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Silly asses!" he murmured. "It doesn't smell so badly as all that—sniff! H'm! It is rather thick! Sniff! Sniff! Sniff! But—sniff!—it's bound to clear off, I should think—sniff! If it sticks to me long, I'll slaughter Fisher T. Fish, I know that—sniff! The silly chump didn't say anything about the smell sticking to a chap—Sniff! Sniff!"

Billy Bunter of the Remove put his fat face into the study and blinked at Bob Cherry through his big spectacles.

"I say, Cherry, I've been disappointed about a postal-order I was expecting. Could you oblige me with a—Sniff! Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!"

"What are you sniffing at?" demanded Bob Cherry warmly.

"Sniff! Sniff! There must be something wrong with the drains here!" said Bunter. "I say, I want to—Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!"

"Well, go and 'sniff' somewhere else, you fat duffer!" growled Bob.

"I jolly well will!" said Bunter. "I can't stand that niff! Grooh!"

And Billy Bunter rolled away, quite forgetting about the little loan he had intended to raise, in his anxiety to escape from that ghastly smell.

"Silly ass!" said Bob Cherry. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that you, Inky?"

Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, came into the study. He stopped dead, and then stepped out into the passage again.

"What's the matter, Inky?"

"Sniff! Sniff!"

"There must be something drainfully wrong with the place!" murmured Hurree Singh. "Do you not notice a strange smell—?"

"Oh, that's all right! Don't run away, ass!"

Hurree Janset Ram Singh was gone.

Bob Cherry grunted. He was beginning to wish that he had risked the caning pure and simple, and not bothered about that precious American specific. He gave his hands a final rub, and quitted the study, and made his way towards the quarters of George Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he exclaimed, as he met Micky Desmond in the passage. "Have you got a cold in the nose?"

"Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!"

"Sure, there's something quare in the passage!" said Micky, glancing about him in wonder. "Don't you notice it? A frightful smell—"

"No, I don't!" growled Bob Cherry. "It's all right, I—"

"Faith, I'm in a hurry!" said Micky Desmond, and he departed hurriedly.

"Oh, rats!"

Bob Cherry was beginning to feel like a pariah. His colour was considerably heightened as he went on his way. As he turned the corner he almost ran into Vernon-Smith of the Remove, and caught hold of him to stop himself.

"Hallo!" said the Bouncer of Greyfriars. "Can't you see where you're going? Sniff! Sniff! I say—sniff! What the—oh, my hat—sniff! Have you got some awful disease, Cherry, you horrible beast? Sniff!"

"Look here—" roared Bob Cherry.

"Yow! Keep off! You're not fit to touch—"

Bob Cherry grasped the Bouncer, and sat him down on the floor with violence. Then he strode on his way, leaving Vernon-Smith sitting there and sniffing wildly. Bob Cherry's brows were knitted as he marched on to Wingate's study; and perhaps it was fortunate that he did not meet anybody else on the way.

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"Here you are," said the new boy very condescendingly, "you can carry my coat. Rather a fag carrying it." Harry Wharton measured Wingate minor with his eye, then gave Bob Cherry a queer look, and quietly took the coat. "Now can I carry anything for you, kid?" asked Bob Cherry politely. "You wouldn't like me to carry you, for instance?" (See Chapter 3.)

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Not a Success.

WINGATE of the Sixth was in his study. The captain of Greyfriars was alone, and there was a wrinkle in his brow—a sign of unusual thoughtfulness.

Tap!

"Come in!" said Wingate.

Bob Cherry entered the study. He put his hands into his pockets as he came in, and Wingate glanced at him, but made no remark.

"You sent Nugent minor to say you wanted me, Wingate?" said Bob.

"Yes, that's so."

"Well, here I am," said Bob resignedly. "I say, I'm sorry I forgot about washing the crocks."

"Washing the crocks?" said Wingate.

"Yes. I was thinking of the Form match this afternoon, you know, and I quite forgot all about it."

Wingate laughed.

"Somebody else has washed them, then," he said. "It's all right."

"Oh, it isn't that, then?" said Bob.

"No," said the Greyfriars captain, laughing. "It isn't that."

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NEXT
MONDAY:

"BOB CHERRY'S SECRET!"

"What is it, then? If it's about punching Smithy's head, he deserved it; and it didn't hurt him much, anyway."

"Ha, ha! I haven't sent for you to lick you, Cherry."

Bob started.

"You haven't!" he exclaimed.

"No!"

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, in dismay.

Wingate gave him a curious look.

"Do you want to be licked?" he asked. "If you do, I don't mind obliging you, and I dare say you deserve it."

"Nunno, it isn't that!" said Bob. "Only—ahem!—I've made some little preparations for a licking, that's all, and—never mind. What do you want, then?"

"In the first place, you may as well take your hands out of your pockets," said Wingate. "I suppose you know that you shouldn't talk to a prefect with your hands in your pockets."

"Ahem! Yes."

"Well, take them out!"

Bob Cherry made no movement to do so.

"Take them out!" repeated Bob vaguely.

"Yes."

"Oh, all right!"

Bob Cherry reluctantly withdrew his hands from his pockets. He held them behind him as he stood facing Wingate. The odour of the American specific was perceptible at once, and Wingate sniffed slightly.

Another Splendid Complete Tale of the
Chums of Greyfriars. Order Early.

"I won't keep you long, Cherry," he began.
 "Thank goodness for that!" murmured Bob.
 "What did you say?"
 "N-n-nothing! Go on!"
 "You seem to be rather queer to-day, Cherry," said Wingate. "However, to come to business. You fag for me in this study. Now, it was settled a long time ago that the Remove are not bound to fag for the Sixth."
 "We're glad to fag for you, Wingate," said Bob. "We don't like fagging for rotters like Loder and Carne—ahem!—I—I mean for fellows like Loder. But—"
 "Thank you!" said Wingate. "But the fact is, I'm going to have a new fag, Cherry, so I sha'n't want you to fag any more."
 "Oh, rot!"
 "Eh?"
 "I—I mean, you'd better let me fag for you," said Bob. "You can't trust those kids in the Third. They'll burn your toast, and break your crocks, and—"
 "I think you break a good many of the crocks," said Wingate, with a smile. "But it isn't that. I'm quite satisfied with you, Cherry; but there's a new kid coming to Greyfriars, and I want to make him my fag."
 "Oh, that's too thick!" said Bob indignantly. "A new kid fag for the captain of the school! I'll jolly well punch his head if he does!"
 "He's my minor, Cherry."
 "Oh!"
 "I've got a young brother coming here," Wingate explained. "I want to keep an eye on the young beggar, so I want to make him my fag. See?"
 "Oh, I see," said Bob Cherry slowly. "That alters the case. You want me to let your minor fag for you instead of me?"
 "That's it."
 "Well, all serene," said Bob.
 "And, besides that," said Wingate, hesitating a little—he sniffed—"there seems to be a queer sort of smell in the study," he exclaimed. "Do you notice it?"
 "Well, perhaps a little bit," said Bob cautiously.
 "It's queer," said Wingate, looking round. "Have you been cleaning your acetylene lamp?"
 "No," said Bob.
 "I didn't notice it before you came in."
 "I did—ahem!—I mean—"
 "Well, about my minor," said Wingate. "He will be in the Third Form. He is rather an unruly young beggar, and I dare say will get into all sorts of hot water. If you see any chance of giving him a leg up, I shall be obliged if you'll do it."
 "Right-ho!" said Bob heartily. "I'll look after him as if he were the apple of my eye, Wingate."
 "I don't want you to do that," Wingate said, laughing, "only there are a lot of things a junior can do for a new fag that a senior can't do, and I don't want the fags to say that I'm favouring my minor."
 "I understand."
 "That's all, Cherry. Dear me, what a queer niff there is in this study! Have you been meddling with chemicals?"
 "Not exactly. I—"
 "What are you keeping your hands behind you for?"
 "Was I?" said Bob Cherry guiltily.
 "Yes—and you are now. What's the matter with them?"
 "N-n-nothing!"
 "There's something wrong with you, Cherry," said Wingate, with a sharp look at the junior's flushed face. "What is it?"
 "N-nothing particular. I—"
 "You've been up to some jape with chemicals," said Wingate severely. "You might do some damage. Have you stained your hands?"
 "Nunno!"
 "Let me look at them."
 "Well, you see—"
 "Show me your hands at once!" exclaimed Wingate.
 "I—I—I—"
 "Do you hear me?"
 "Oh, all serene!" said Bob Cherry resignedly.
 He brought his hands out into view. Wingate bent towards them, and then staggered back, gasping and sniffing.
 "Grooh! You young ass! What have you got on your hands?" he roared. "You've been getting some chemical on them!"
 "I—I—I—"
 "It may be dangerous. What is it?" demanded Wingate.
 "It's—it's a specific."
 "A specific for what?"
 "For the—the—the hands, you know."
 Wingate rushed to the window. He put his head out for a minute, and then turned back towards Bob Cherry.

"What did you put it on your hands for?" he demanded.
 "Tell me at once."
 "Well, I—I thought you were going to lick me," confessed Bob Cherry, "and—and it's a specific to—to prevent pain when you're licked."
 "You young ass! I've a jolly good mind to put it to the test," said Wingate. "Get out of my study at once. You'd better go and scrub your hands."
 "All right. I—"
 "Get out!"
 "I'm sorry—"
 "Get out!" roared Wingate.
 Bob Cherry got out. The captain of Greyfriars slammed the door violently behind him, and Bob Cherry heard him sniffing in the study.
 "When I get hold of that ass Fish—" murmured Bob Cherry.
 "Cherry!" It was Loder's sharp, unpleasant voice. The unpopular prefect was looking out of his study doorway.
 "Cherry!"
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo!"
 "What have you got about you that smells so vilely?" demanded Loder angrily. "Have you been meddling with chemicals?"
 "Oh, my hat! It's all right. I—I've been rubbing my hands with a little—specific, that's all, Loder. I didn't expect it to niff like this!"
 Loder sniffed.
 "You'd better learn not to play the silly goat like that," he said. "I can guess what the specific was for, and I'll test it. Come here."
 "Oh, I say—"
 "Come here!" shouted the prefect.
 The junior reluctantly obeyed. Loder picked up a cane from the table. Then he stepped towards Bob Cherry with a grim smile.
 "Now hold out your hand," he said.
 "Look here, Loder—"
 "Hold out your hand."
 Bob Cherry held out his hand, and the cane came down with a swipe. Bob uttered a terrific yell.
 "Ow!"
 "Now the other hand."
 Swish!
 "Yaroo!"
 Loder tossed the cane on the table.
 "Does it hurt?"
 "Yow—ow—ow—yes!"
 "Then you can let that specific alone in the future. You had better go and dig up some disinfectant somewhere. Clear out; you're making the study hum."
 Bob Cherry cleared out.
 He squeezed his hands under his armpits as he went. His face was vengeful. Fisher T. Fish's valuable specific had not had the effect promised. Loder's cuts had been extremely painful, and Bob Cherry felt them very keenly. Bob did not go down to the footer ground. He went to look for Fisher T. Fish.
 The American junior was in his study. He greeted Bob Cherry with a genial nod, not noticing for the moment how excited the junior looked. Bob Cherry groped in his pocket for the bottle containing the specific Fish had so kindly given him. There was still the greater part of it in the bottle.
 "Licked?" asked Fish cheerfully.
 "Yes," growled Bob.
 "Did you try the specific?"
 "Yes."
 "I guess you found it work all right?" said Fish. "By the way, I forgot to tell you that the smell is rather clinging. But it will work off in twenty-four hours."
 "Twenty-four hours!" yelled Bob.
 "Yep, about that," said Fisher T. Fish. "But it's not really an unpleasant smell; you get used to it in time. The chief thing is to prevent pain when you're licked. I haven't tried it myself, but I guess I'm glad to have it put to the test."
 "You frabjous ass!" roared Bob. "I've tried it, and it doesn't work. I've been caned, and it hurt more than ever!"
 Fish shook his head.
 "Impossible," he exclaimed.
 "Eh? I suppose I know, as I've got the licking!"
 "Nope! I guess you're making a mistake. It can't hurt if you rub the specific well into the palms of the hands," said Fisher T. Fish decidedly.
 "You—you—you—"
 "You try it again," said Fish encouragingly. "I guess you didn't rub it well in this time. The next time you use it, rub it well in, and—"
 "I'm going to," said Bob, taking the bottle out and uncorking it.

"That's right. I guess— Here, hold on! Oh—ow—grooh! What are you up to? Yaroooh!"

Bob Cherry had suddenly grasped Fisher T. Fish, jammed him down on the sofa, and was pouring the precious specific over his head. He poured till the bottle was empty, in spite of Fish's struggles, and then rubbed the specific well into Fisher T. Fish's hair with his hands. The American junior yelled and choked.

"Ow! Ow! Grooh! I'm suffocating—yow! I'm ch-choking—grooh! Huh! Ah! Oh!"

"There!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I've rubbed it well in!"

"Ow, ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha! It's not really an unpleasant smell, Fishy," roared Bob Cherry, "and it will work off in twenty-four hours, you know."

"Groo—ooh—ooh!"

The smell in the study was simply terrific. Bob Cherry dodged out of the door, leaving Fisher T. Fish gasping and choking and spluttering frantically. Feeling somewhat eased in his mind, Bob Cherry proceeded to a bath-room, where he rubbed and scrubbed his hands in steaming water. But, hard as he rubbed and scrubbed, there was still a lingering scent hanging lovingly about him when he went down to the footer.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Jack Wingate Arrives.

THE news that George Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, had a minor coming to the school interested a good many of the fellows. Wingate, the skipper, was the most popular fellow in the upper school. Loder of the Sixth had recently made an effort to oust him from his position as captain, but Loder's failure had been crushing, and the ambitious prefect had given up that idea for the present. But Loder was looking for chances to avenge his defeat, and when he heard that Wingate minor was coming, the prefect wondered if his chance had come at last.

The news, too, was received in the lower Forms with mixed feelings. The captain's minor would in all probability regard himself as a privileged person. And there was much con-fabulation in the Third Form on that subject. Paget and Tubb and Bolsover minor of the Third confided to one another that they didn't mean to stand any nonsense from the new-comer; indeed, Tubb had a scheme for putting him in his place immediately he arrived, in order to show him conclusively that the Third wouldn't stand any rot. But, as Bolsover minor pointed out, that was hardly fair, as the kid hadn't done anything so far, not even having arrived at the school. Tubb relented so far as to agree not to hammer the new kid until he did do something, but he darkly hinted that, at the first sign of contumaciousness on the part of Jack Wingate, the hammering that unfortunate youth would receive would be simply appalling.

Harry Wharton & Co. were thinking about Wingate minor, too. As they were in the Remove, they would not have anything specially to do with the new fag; but Bob Cherry bore in mind the captain's request. The famous Co. liked Wingate, and they were disposed to do what they could for his minor. If he exercised the greatest of tact when he arrived at Greyfriars, he was likely to be in a difficult position, and great tact was not to be expected from a Third-Form fag. And if he tried to get his big brother to interfere in Lower Form rows, there would be trouble—especially if Wingate did interfere. And the captain could not be expected to weigh the matter in the strict scales of justice where his young brother was concerned. The Greyfriars fellows had heard of Jack Wingate before, and they knew how cut up old Wingate had been when his young brother was ill on one occasion. Many seniors regarded their minors frankly as a nuisance, and some would not have anything to do with them. Wingate was not likely to prove that kind of a major. He was more likely to take the fag under his wing, and bring him up in the way that he should go; and nothing could be more unpopular than a hint of favouritism. And Wingate, popular as he was, had enemies enough to make all the trouble they could on that score.

Harry Wharton took the trouble to speak to Bolsover minor on the subject. Wharton was very friendly with Bolsover of the Third; though he was on "scrapping" terms with Bolsover major in the Remove. Bolsover minor was under many obligations to the captain of the Remove, and he was grateful. Wharton called him into his study when he came in after the footer match with the Upper Fourth that afternoon.

"I hear you've got a new kid coming into the Third?" said Harry.

"Yes. Wingate's young cub," said Bolsover minor cheerfully. "We're going to lick him into shape if he puts on any airs."

"Try the jam-tarts, kid," said Wharton, indicating a bag on the table.

"'Ear, 'ear!" said Bolsover minor. And he tried them extensively.

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NEXT
MONDAY:

"BOB CHERRY'S SECRET!"

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ONE
PENNY.

"Wingate would be pleased if his minor got on all right in the Third," said Harry diplomatically. "Wingate's a good sort."

"One of the best!" said Bolsover minor. "My major doesn't like him, but I do. He's a good sort. They're prime, these tarts!"

"Chaps in the Third might go easy with the kid at first," Wharton hinted.

"That's what I said to Tubb," said the fag. "Tubb's for hammering him the minute he gets here, so as to show him who's who, you know, and what's what. But I said it wouldn't be the thing, Master Wharton."

Bolsover minor was a Greyfriars boy now, and it was some time since he had come to the school; but he had not forgotten the time when he was lost in London, and Wharton had been kind to the street arab; and he had never got out of the habit of calling him Master Wharton—much to Bolsover major's annoyance. Bolsover minor was slow to learn some things; though he was getting into the way of putting in his h's; in fact, too many of them sometimes, when he was extra careful.

"Not at all the thing," said Harry. "Why not take him up and make a pet of him to begin with, and give him a chance? It's up to you kids to do all you can for the captain's minor, you know. You would get a lot more ragging from Loder and his set if Wingate didn't put his foot down on it."

Bolsover minor nodded assent.

"Jest so," he agreed. "If the kid's all right, he'll be treated well. I'm not going to let Tubb hammer him to begin with, and I've told him so. But if he puts on airs because his big brother is captain of the school—well—" And the fag gave an expressive whistle, and started on another tart.

"Give him a chance, you know," said Wharton. "I hear that he's been petted a lot at home, because of his illness, and he may be a little fresh."

"We'll give him something to stop all that," chuckled the fag.

And, the tarts being finished, Bolsover minor went his way. "Looks to me as if there's trouble waiting for the kid," said Nugent, when Bolsover minor was gone. "If he plays the giddy goat, he'll get it in the neck!"

"I'm afraid so," said Harry. "I hope he'll have sense enough not to think himself a distinguished person because his major's skipper. If he tries that game, the Third will boil him in oil. I think I shall keep an eye open for him, and see him when he comes, and have a word with him."

"And give him good advice, like a giddy Dutch uncle," said Nugent, laughing.

"Well, a word or two might help him."

"Good for you."

Wharton went out of the study, and strolled down to the gates. Wharton remembered very well the time when he had been a new "kid" at Greyfriars himself, and the difficulties he had gone through before he knew the "ropes." And he wanted very much to make the first steps easy for Wingate minor, if he could.

Bob Cherry joined him at the gates. Wharton looked at his chum rather suspiciously.

"Have you got that niff off?" he demanded.

"Yes. I think it's nearly gone now," said Bob. "I've washed my hands in Sanitas, and scrubbed them in hot water. I don't think Fishy will get rid of it so easily."

"Fishy been trying it on himself?"

"Yes. I poured it over his head."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob, looking out into the road. "That looks to me like young Hopeful."

A lad was coming up the road—in Etons and a silk hat, with an overcoat over his arm. He was very neatly dressed, and had a flower in his jacket. His face was very handsome, almost effeminate in its good looks, and stray flaxen curls escaped from under his hat. There was a somewhat sulky expression on his face, and he looked ungraciously at the two juniors as he came up to the school gates.

"I suppose this is Greyfriars?" he said.

"Yes," said Wharton. "Are you Wingate minor?"

"My name's Wingate. I've had to walk from the station."

"Well, it's a nice walk," remarked Bob Cherry.

"I didn't want to walk. But they say there's only one hack, and that was gone off somewhere. I think it's rotten! Is my brother here?"

"Yes; he's about somewhere," said Harry.

"I think he might have sent somebody or something to meet me," said Jack Wingate resentfully. "I didn't want to walk. I don't know when my box will get here."

"I'll take you in, if you like," said Harry politely. "I'll show you to your major's study."

"Thanks!" said Wingate minor, not very graciously. "And I say, you might carry my coat. Rotten fag carrying it!"

Wharton measured him with his eye. If any other fag had told Wharton to carry his coat, the fag would have suffered from a sudden shock on the spot. But allowances were to be made for Wingate's minor; by Wharton, at least. He gave Bob Cherry a queer look, and quietly took the coat.

"Come on!" he said.

"Can I carry anything for you, kid?" asked Bob Cherry politely.

"Nothing else to carry."

"You wouldn't like me to carry you, for instance?" Bob suggested, with a sarcasm that was lost on the new fag.

"No," said Wingate minor.

"Shut up, Bob!" said Wharton. "Come on, kid!"

The fag followed him to the School House. Several of the fellows spotted him at once, and came round him.

"Wingate minor?" asked Vernon-Smith of the Remove.

"Yes."

"Here he is!" said the Bounder. "Here's the second edition of our beloved skipper. Are you coddling in already, Wharton?"

"Mind your own business, Smithy!"

"Where's my brother?" asked Jack Wingate irritably. "I told you to take me to him!"

"Told him!" said Ogilvy of the Remove. "Told him! Not asked him! Told him! My hat!"

"Dot him on the nose, Wharton!"

Wharton looked worried.

"This way, kid!" he said, and he took hold of Jack Wingate's arm and led him through the crowd of curious juniors.

"Don't grab my arm!" said Jack Wingate, jerking it away. "I hate it!"

"Oh!"

Wharton said no more. He led the way to Wingate's study, and knocked at the door and opened it.

"Your minor's come, Wingate," he said.

"Come in, Jack," said the captain of Greyfriars.

Jack Wingate entered the study, and Wharton laid the coat upon a chair and closed the door, and departed. He met Bob Cherry in the passage, and Bob looked at him with a very queer expression.

"So that's the skipper's minor!" said Bob.

"That's the young ass!" said Wharton.

Bob Cherry whistled.

"And that funny merchant's going into the Third!" he said. "My only Uncle Christopher John! They'll scalp him!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Captain's Minor.

JACK WINGATE shook hands with his brother in a perfunctory manner, and sat down. Wingate looked at him rather anxiously.

"I'm glad to see you, kid," he said. "Left all well at home?"

"Yes."

"Had a good journey?"

"Rotten."

"Tired?" asked Wingate.

"Yes. I had to walk from the station."

"Well, fellows often walk from the station," said Wingate.

"I suppose you're hungry?"

"Yes."

"I've arranged for you to have tea with me," said the captain of Greyfriars. "I thought you'd like to, the first day here."

Jack Wingate looked round the study.

"This room looks comfortable," he said. "Is this your study?"

"Yes."

"I should like to have one like this."

Wingate smiled.

"Kids in the Third don't have studies," he said. "You'll have to wait till you get into the Remove."

"I want a study to myself, of course," said Jack Wingate, as if that point were quite settled.

Wingate coughed.

"It can't be done, kid."

"The other Third Formers don't have studies, I suppose?" asked the new boy.

"No, that's it."

"But you're captain of the school, ain't you?"

"Yes, I'm skipper."

"Then can't you arrange for me to have a study to myself?"

"Of course I can't!" said Wingate sharply. "I'm captain of the school, and head prefect, and head of the games,

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and all that. But I don't have anything to do with the school arrangements."

"Oh, I should think you could manage a little thing like that, if you were to speak to the Head."

"I couldn't, Jack; and if I could, it wouldn't do. The other kids would be up against you at once if there were any favouritism."

Wingate minor's face fell.

"Do you mean to say that you can't look after me at all, although you're captain of the school?" he demanded.

"Well—yes, it amounts to that. I can't make use of my authority as captain to favour my minor."

"What rot!"

"Eh?"

"I think you ought to do everything you can for me. You said you would, if I came to Greyfriars."

"So I will," said Wingate; "everything that's right. But if I started by favouring you, it would make the whole crowd of fags go for you at once."

"Well, you could stop them, couldn't you?"

"N-not exactly! I can't be chipping in, in fag rows, all day."

"You mean you're going to leave me to get on the best I can, then?"

"No, not that, either. I'm going to look after you all I can," said Wingate, perplexed. "But you'll understand better when you've been here a bit. No need to talk about it now. I'll have tea got ready now, and by the time you've had a brush up, it will be going. I'll take you to your dorm."

Wingate minor sulkily followed his major. Wingate paused in the passage to call "Fag!" The call of "Fag!" from the Sixth-Form passage was not generally obeyed with great promptness; but when Wingate called, fags were forthcoming at once. Bob Cherry came hurrying along the passage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! I knew you'd want me, Wingate!" he said cheerfully.

Wingate laughed.

"You can get tea in my study, Cherry," he said.

"Right-ho!"

Wingate walked away with his minor. Micky Desmond had just hurried up.

"You can buzz off, Micky!" said Bob belligerently. "I'm going to fag for Wingate."

"Faith, and I—"

"Buzz off!"

And Bob Cherry took possession of Wingate's study. Loder of the Sixth came along the passage, and he scowled at the juniors. Nobody in the Remove would have fagged for Loder at any price, if he could have helped it, and it galled the unpopular senior to see the juniors competing to fag for Wingate.

"You can get the tea in my study, Desmond!" he called out.

But Micky Desmond was afflicted with a sudden deafness, and he disappeared round the corner without reply. Loder went into his study and slammed the door.

Bob Cherry worked cheerfully at getting Wingate's tea ready. He had a pile of toast made, and the kettle boiling when the captain of Greyfriars came back into the study with his minor.

Wingate gave an approving glance at the well-spread table.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I don't remember giving you the tip to lay in jam and biscuits, Cherry!"

Bob Cherry blushed.

"Well, they're a contribution from the Remove," he explained, "because your minor's come, Wingate."

"Thank you!" said Wingate gravely.

He pulled a chair between the table and the fire for his minor, and Jack Wingate sat down. It was a cold day, and darkness was setting in on Greyfriars. The wind from the sea moaned in the leafless branches of the old elms.

"I'll have the tea made in a jiffy," said Bob. "I waited till you came, you know. Then I'll poach the eggs. You can begin on the toast, if you're hungry."

Wingate minor gave a sniff.

"This toast is burned," he said. It was evident that Jack Wingate was accustomed to finding fault with things.

"It isn't all burned, Jack," said Wingate mildly.

"Only a bit or two," said Bob Cherry eagerly. "I was making it in rather a hurry, so as to be ready."

"Oh, it's all right!" said Jack Wingate.

Bob Cherry's eyes gleamed for a moment.

The new fag spoke to him as if he were a servant, and bound to make toast for fags. And if he had not been the captain's minor, he would have received a severe lesson in politeness there and then.

But Bob Cherry swallowed his wrath, and set about making the tea.

Jack Wingate looked a little more cheerful when he had eaten and drunk. Bob Cherry, finishing poaching the eggs, dished them up, and put them ready for the captain and his minor, and then left the study.



Bolsover major grasped the soaking junior, and lathered him with soap and then scrubbed at his head. It was a rough brush, and Bolsover major's methods were somewhat rough, too. The unhappy American junior yelled with anguish. "Ow—you—grooh—yah! Oh!" (See Chapter 9.)

"Who's that fellow?" asked Wingate minor.
 "That's my fag."
 "Is he going to fag for me, too?"
 Wingate stared.
 "Fag for you?" He laughed. "My dear kid, you don't have fags for you in the Third. You will be a fag yourself."
 "I?"
 "Yes. All the Third are fags."
 "I'm jolly well not going to fag for anybody!" said Jack Wingate.
 Wingate frowned.
 "I'm going to make you my fag, so as to make things easy for you," he said. "It will be easier to you than fagging for anybody else in the Sixth."
 "Fag for you?"
 "Don't you like the idea?"
 "Wash up teacups, and cook rashers of bacon, and make toast?" asked Jack.
 "That kind of thing."
 "I don't like the idea at all. In fact, I sha'n't do it!"
 "Jack!"
 "You ought to get the servants to do those things," said Jack. "I'm certainly not going to do it!"
 Wingate seemed to gulp something down.
 "Well, I'll make the job a sinecure for you, Jack," he said. "You shall be called my fag, so that no other senior can claim you, you see? But I won't ask you to do anything for me."

"Well, that's a good idea."
 There was a tap at the door, and Loder of the Sixth came in. The prefect glanced rather curiously at the new junior.

"I hear you've got a minor here, Wingate," he remarked.
 "Yes; here he is."
 "Glad to see you, Wingate minor," said Loder affably. "I was going to ask you to let me have him for my fag, Wingate. I'm not satisfied with young Tubb, and I'd change with pleasure. You can depend on me to treat your minor well."
 "I'm taking him myself," said Wingate drily.
 "Oh," said Loder, "well, if the kid's satisfied, that's all right! I thought I'd mention it, as I should have liked to have him."
 "As a matter of fact, Loder, I shouldn't care for you to have him, anyway," said Wingate bluntly.
 "Thank you!" said the prefect, with a sarcastic curl of the lip. "I suppose that's meant as a hint that I'm not good enough to speak to your minor?"
 "You're not the sort of chap I should care for him to have for a fag-master, anyway."
 "So you are beginning molly-coddling your minor already?" said Loder, with a sneer. "Well, it won't do him any good in his own Form."
 "Oh, rats!"
 "Same to you!" said Loder. And he quitted the study, and closed the door hard.
 "Who's that?" asked Jack Wingate, looking at his major.
 "That's Loder."
 "Friend of yours?"
 "No," said Wingate shortly.
 "I wouldn't fag for him," said Jack Wingate.
 "You'd have to, if he wanted you, unless I had taken you already as my fag."
 "Well, I wouldn't!"

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Wingate made no reply to that remark. And the tea in the captain's study proceeded far from cheerfully. Wingate could not help feeling that his minor had many troubles before him in the Third Form at Greyfriars, and that they would be mostly of his own making. And it did not seem that the captain of Greyfriars would be able to help him much.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Tubb Does Not Care.

TUBB of the Third grunted.

Tubb was annoyed.

He had the honour and distinction of fagging for Gerald Loder of the Sixth. Loder was not a pleasant fellow to have for a fag-master. True, he would be generous sometimes. Even Loder had his virtues. When he was in funds he stood good feeds in his study, and then the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table were very much worth collecting by a hungry fag. And he had been known to tip Tubb a half-crown sometimes, and half-crowns were not as thick as blackberries in the Third Form.

But when he was in a bad temper, which was not seldom, he would hand out cuffs, and even kicks, and Tubb did not like kicks so well as halfpence. And when he was hard up, he would expect to see his tea-table garnished with something good to eat; and he left it to Tubb to discover how it was to be done. Tubb only knew that he would have a licking if Loder wasn't satisfied, and so he was sometimes driven to desperate expedients—spending his own money, or raiding something eatable that belonged to somebody else. An occasional pie or cake and an occasional half-crown did not make up for these troubles. Tubb would have been very pleased to change fag-masters with any other inky-fingered youngster in the Third. And it was a sore point with him that he could not fag for Wingate.

On this particular evening he went to fag for Gerald Loder with a moody brow. There was a feed proceeding in the Third Form-room, and Tubb didn't want to miss it. He knew it was highly improbable that his friends would remember the absent one, and save anything for him—especially as Bunter minor of the Second was there.

"Hallo, what are you scowling about?" demanded Loder, as Tubb came in.

"I ain't scowling," said Tubb.

"Anything wrong in the Third?" asked Loder, with unusual geniality.

"Only a rotten new fag come," said Tubb.

"Do you mean Wingate's minor?"

"Yes."

"You don't like him?"

"I haven't seen him yet," said Tubb. "I hear he's a cocky young rotter, and will have to be taken down a peg or two."

Loder smiled.

"I've asked Wingate to let him fag for me," he said.

Tubb brightened up wonderfully.

"Well, that's a jolly good idea!" he exclaimed. "Just the right thing. Loder. There's no reason why he shouldn't, and—"

"Only Wingate's said no."

Tubb's face fell again.

"Oh!"

"I'm sorry. I shall have to stick to you, Tubby," said Loder, grinning. "But as you're so attached to me, I should have been sorry to part with you, anyway."

Tubb smiled in a sickly way.

"Well, I don't see why the new kid couldn't take his turn with you," he said. "He'll have to fag for somebody, I suppose? Wingate might as well have let you had him."

"It seems that he's too delicate and lily-fingered to fag for me," said Loder. "I shall have to put up with you, Tubb. You're burning that toast, I think."

"It's all right."

"It doesn't smell all right," said Loder. "Well, I would have taken young Wingate with pleasure. Any change would have been for the better after you, Tubb."

Tubb grunted.

"You had better let him have his own way a bit, and not cut up too rusty, if he's a little cocky," went on Loder, without looking at the fag, and apparently quite unconscious of the effect of his words on Tubb.

"Oh, won't we?" murmured Tubb.

"Did you speak, Tubb?"

"Nunno."

"You're burning that toast."

"I—I—it's all right."

Tubb extinguished the toast, which had caught alight, and turned it on the toasting-fork. He was in a state of suppressed fury, and inclined to throw the toast at Loder, and the fork after it, and then rush forth and commit immediate assault and battery upon Wingate minor.

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"I hear that the kid has been coddled a bit at home," Loder continued. "In that case, he may be some time finding his right place here."

"We'll show it to him," said Tubb.

"Eh?"

"I—I mean we shall all be very friendly to him," said Tubb, grinding his teeth.

"I hope you will, for your own sakes," said Loder.

"Wingate will keep an eye on you, and so shall I, as a prefect. Wingate minor will be a special sort of fellow, and not to be treated like any common fag."

"Oh, my hat!"

"What?"

"I—I quite understand, Loder."

"If he is a bit cocky at first, that's only to be expected, as he's the skipper's minor," said Loder. "You must put up with it."

Tubb gave a sort of yelp.

"Have you burnt your finger, Tubb?"

"No!"

"Then what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Your face is very red," said Loder, looking at him.

"It's—it's the heat of the fire."

"You're burning that toast again."

"Blow the toast!"

"Hey?"

"I—I mean, I ain't burning it."

"Why, it's blazing!" exclaimed Loder.

"My hat, so it is!"

Loder jumped up, and seized a cane; Tubb jumped up, and dropped the toast.

"You careless young cad!" exclaimed Loder. "Is that the way you make toast? You're the clumsiest young brute in the Third!"

"Make it yourself!" roared the infuriated Tubb.

"What?"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Why, you—you—"

"I don't care if you do lick me, so there!" yelled Tubb.

It was fortunate that he did not care, for Loder licked him pretty severely. Tubb was gasping when the prefect finished, and looking white instead of red. Then Loder bundled him out of the study, and shut the door after him.

Tubb gasped in the passage.

He rubbed his hands, and rubbed his shoulders, and gasped, and breathed fury and vengeance. He put it all down to the account of Wingate minor, and he was saving up a terrific score against that unfortunate youth.

Tubb returned to the Third Form-room.

"Hallo, you're back soon!" said Bolsover minor. "Hallo—hallo, have you been licked?"

"Yes," said Tubb sulphurously.

"Burning the toast again, old man?" asked Paget sympathetically.

"It's not only that," said Tubb. "It's Wingate minor. He's going to be cock of the walk in the Third, and we're to lie down and let him walk over us."

"You bet!" said Paget.

"Loder says so."

"Loder can go and eat coke!"

"That's what I told him," said Tubb.

"Great Scott!" yelled Paget. "You told a prefect to go and eat coke?"

"Yes."

"No wonder he licked you, then. I wonder he left any skin on you," said Paget. "You must be an ass."

"Well, I suppose I was," said Tubb; "but I was fed up with his jaw about Wingate minor. We're to let that cocky young cad wipe his boots on us! What?"

"Yes—I don't think."

"No fear," said Bolsover minor.

Tubb breathed hard through his nose.

"I'll show him!" he said. "I'll show the worm—I'll show the young rotter! Wait till he comes in here, that's all!"

And Tubb waited.

The leaders of the Third Form were ready for Jack Wingate—and he was likely to get a decidedly warm reception in his form. Which was perhaps what Loder of the Sixth wanted.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Third Form Ragging!

WINGATE of the Sixth came into the Third Form-room, shortly before the time fixed for evening preparation. Preparation in the Third was conducted in the presence of a master, and Mr. Twigg was expected any minute, so it was really a judicious moment for introducing the new fag. It made ragging impossible for the moment, and gave the Third a chance of letting the

new boy into their ranks unquestioned. An hour's grinding with Mr. Twigg would make the fags a little less fresh, and would also perhaps have the effect of showing Jack Wingate that he could not have matters all his own way, and that would help him in getting on with the fags. But Jack Wingate did not look very promising as he followed his major into the Form-room. He had apparently recovered from his attack of the sulks, but there was a lofty air about him, and he glanced round the Form-room in a way that the Third considered decidedly cheeky in a new boy. They were keen enough, the fags of the Third, and they spotted at once that Jack Wingate regarded himself as being a person of unusual consequence, because his brother was captain of the school. That thought could be read easily enough in Wingate minor's face; and the fags exchanged dark glances. They were mentally promising Jack Wingate to take all that out of him before very long.

"Hallo, kids!" said Wingate, in his genial way. "Here's my minor."

"Oh, your minor!" said Tubb.

"Yes. He's going to belong to the Third, and I thought I'd bring him along, and introduce him," said Wingate, with a geniality which was seldom wasted by a prefect upon fags. "This is your Form-room, Jack."

"Oh, is it?" said Jack.

"Yes; and these chaps are the Third Form."

"Oh!"

"You'll be taking preparation with Mr. Twigg in a few minutes."

"Who's Mr. Twigg?"

"The Form-master."

"What's preparation?"

"Getting your work ready for to-morrow," said Wingate, with a worried look. "As you're a new kid, Mr. Twigg will go easy with you at first, so you needn't worry."

"I don't mean to worry."

"Only pay attention, and do everything that you're told, and keep your eyes and ears open," said Wingate.

"Hum!"

"Listen to the young prig," murmured Paget to Tubb. "Did you ever hear anything like that? He might have bought up the Third Form, with the Form-room and the Form-master thrown in."

"We'll give him something to cure all that," muttered Tubb.

"What-ho!"

Mr. Twigg entered the Form-room. He gave Wingate a pleasant nod.

"Ah, the new boy!"

"My minor, sir," said Wingate.

"Ah, yes, yes!" said Mr. Twigg. "How do you do, Wingate minor?" He shook hands with the new fag genially. "I hope we shall get on and be great friends—eh? You can sit next to Tubb—the stout lad at the end of the form. Tubb, I shall be obliged if you will look after Wingate minor a little at first, and show him things."

"I will, sir," said Tubb fervently. "I had already made up my mind to show him some things, sir."

"Very good—very good!" said Mr. Twigg unsuspectingly. "I see that your minor is making friends in the Form already, Wingate. I am glad to see it."

Jack Wingate sat down in the place indicated, and Wingate left the Form-room. He was very doubtful as to how his minor would get on there, but there was nothing more he could do. Jack Wingate had to be left to himself, to Mr. Twigg—and to the Third!

Fortunately, Mr. Twigg was a kindly man, and he left Wingate minor very much to himself, to fall into the ways of the Form, only kindly explaining a few things to him.

Jack Wingate sat through the preparation, chiefly occupied in looking about him and yawning.

He did not like work, and he was not accustomed to doing things that he did not like. There was a very marked difference between Wingate and his young brother. The strong sense of duty that was so marked in the character of the elder was conspicuous by its absence in the younger.

Preparation was over at last, and Mr. Twigg left the Form-room, and the Third were left to their own devices.

Then Jack Wingate received the attention that had been so long deferred.

He walked over to the Form-room fire to warm his hands, and the Third at once surrounded him.

"So you're Wingate minor?" Tubb began.

"Yes, my lad."

"Your what?"

"He's beginning well," remarked Jones minimus.

Jack Wingate gave a sudden yelp. Someone had inserted an inky paper-ball between his collar and his neck at the back, and it did not feel nice.

He grabbed wildly in his collar, and glared round him.

"Who did that?" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You rotters—"

"What?"

"Cads! I'm not going to stay here!"

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NEXT MONDAY:

"BOB CHERRY'S SECRET!"

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

And Jack Wingate marched off towards the door.

"Well, my word!" said Paget.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Collar him!" yelled Tubb.

Many hands were laid upon Jack Wingate, and he was hauled back towards the fire. He struggled furiously in the grasp of the fags.

"Little bantam, and no mistake," said Paget. "Better keep still, kid. I may hurt your arm if I have to hold it very tight—"

"Ow!"

"There, I told you so."

"Let me go!"

"Not this evening; some other evening," hummed Paget.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bring him here," said Tubb. "We're going to show this young shaver who's who—"

"And what's what," said Jones minimus.

"What-ho!"

"Let me go!" shouted Jack Wingate. "I'll tell my brother, and—"

"You'll what?" yelled Tubb.

"My hat!"

"Sneak!"

"Cud!"

"Worm!"

"I knew how it would be," said Paget. "He's monarch of all he surveys, because his brother is captain of the school. Young ass!"

"He'll 'ave to be taught," said Bolsover minor. "But easy does it. Wingate minor, you can't sneak to your brother; that's not allowed."

"I certainly shall; and he will cane you all," said Jack Wingate. "He is captain of the school."

The fags looked at one another.

They had expected to see something of the sort in Wingate minor—indeed, they would probably have seen it even if it had not been there. But it was there, there was no doubt about that.

He was not only exactly what they had expected, but he was, as Paget said, more so—very much more so.

"Takes the cake, don't 'e?" said Bolsover minor. "But don't be too 'ard on him. We was all new boys once."

It might have been hundreds of years since Bolsover minor was a new boy, by the way he spoke.

"We was!" said Tubb, in humorous imitation of Bolsover minor's peculiar grammar. "But we wasn't young blighters like this, I hope."

"We wasn't," said Paget solemnly.

"We never said we'd tell tales if we were ragged," said Jones minimus. "I know I never did—and I had a prefect for a brother, too."

"The kid don't know the ropes," said Bolsover minor. "Wingate, young feller, a chap ain't allowed to tell tales at Greyfriars. That's a law 'ere."

"I shall certainly complain to my brother if you don't let me alone," Jack Wingate loftily. "In fact, I shall complain anyway."

"Go hon!"

"Sneak!"

"Cud!"

"I was going to let him off lightly," said Tubb, looking round. "Old Wingate's a good sort, and I'd like to let his minor off lightly. But I think that, for his own good, he must be taught."

"Yes, rather!"

"Now, Wingate minor—"

"Let me go!" exclaimed Jack, struggling.

"Listen to me!"

"I won't!"

"Do you know I'm head of the Third Form—captain of the Form, if the Third had a captain like the Upper Forms?" said Tubb, with dignity.

"I don't care!"

"Then you'll be made to care. I'm going to show you—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Shut up?" echoed Tubb.

"Yes, shut up; you make me tired!"

"Oh!"

"And let me go! You shall all be caned for this!" said Jack Wingate passionately. "I think you're a set of rotters!"

ANSWERS

"Go it!" said Paget encouragingly. "Nice flow of language our young friend's got, ain't he?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubb shook a fat forefinger at Wingate minor.

"You're going to learn to know your place, and not to sneak!" he said. "But if you're going to sneak, you shall have something to sneak about!"

"Hear, hear!"

"We'll begin by giving you the frog's-march," said Tubb. "I don't believe in being hard on a new chap, so we'll let you off with that."

"Leggo!"

"Frog's-march!" ordered Tubb.

"Hear, hear!" chorused the fags.

Jack Wingate resisted furiously. But he had no chance. The more he resisted the more roughly he was handled; and he was frog-marched round and round the Form-room, till he was dusty, dishevelled, breathless, and almost crying with rage. The fags did not let him go until they were tired themselves, and then the exhausted new boy was dropped on the floor, where he sat panting.

"There!" gasped Tubb. "That will do you good, Wingate minor. But if it ain't enough, you've only to say the word."

Jack Wingate staggered to his feet.

"You cads!" he bellowed. "I'm going straight to my brother!"

"To tell him?" asked Paget sweetly.

"Yes."

"Then tell him I punched your head, too!" said Paget, suiting the action to the word.

"And tell him I chucked ink over your hair!" said Jones minimus.

"And tell him I kicked you!" said Tubb.

"And tell him I smacked you!"

"And tell him I bumped you!"

"And tell him I— Ha, ha, ha!"

Each of the actions mentioned was performed at the same time, and Wingate minor tore out of the Form-room under a rain of kicks and punches and missiles. He left the Third roaring with laughter, as he tramped away, torn and dusty and dishevelled, to the study of the captain of Greyfriars to lay his complaint.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Sneak!

WINGATE was in his study, with his chum Courtney of the Sixth, when his minor came in.

Jack Wingate threw open the study door without knocking, and tramped in.

The two seniors stared at him in amazement.

His jacket was split, his collar was torn off, he was covered with dust, and his hair was wildly ruffled and smothered with ink.

A more disreputable sight had seldom been seen in any study at Greyfriars, and certainly never in Wingate's study before.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed George Wingate. "What's happened?"

"Those cads"—Jack Wingate was stuttering with fury—"those cads—the Third—they've done this!"

"You'd better go and clean up, then," said Courtney.

Jack took no notice of the prefect.

"I want them all caned!" he roared.

Wingate's face grew very grave.

"Why did they do it, Jack?" he asked.

"Because they're rotters!"

"H'm! I don't think they're all rotters!" said Wingate. "You must have done something to make them handle you like this, Jack. New boys are ragged sometimes, but I've never seen one in this state before!"

"Do you mean to say that you're not going to thrash them?" bellowed Jack.

"My dear kid—"

"I've been treated disgracefully. I told them I should tell you, and that made them all the wiser."

Wingate knitted his brows.

"You shouldn't have done that, Jack."

"Why not?" demanded his minor.

"Because telling tales to a prefect is sneaking. It makes the kids think that you expect to be treated in a special way because you're my brother."

"Well, so I do!"

Courtney grinned, and turned away. Wingate coughed awkwardly.

"That's a wrong idea altogether, Jack," said the captain of Greyfriars slowly. "You don't want any favouritism, do you?"

"What's the good of a fellow's brother being captain of the school if he can't do anything for a fellow?"

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

"But, you see—"

"You're a prefect, too; and a prefect is bound to take notice of this," said Jack. "I know enough about schools to know that."

"I'm bound to take notice of it, Jack, if you complain to me as a prefect. But you'd better not do so. It will make the whole Form savage with you."

"I don't care! I want them punished!"

"Look here, Jack, it will be better for me to keep out of this," said Wingate, in distress. "You don't seem to understand; but if the juniors get the idea into their heads that I am favouring you, your life won't be worth living here!"

"I don't care!"

"Well, you ought to care!" said Wingate sharply. "And the best thing you can do is to go and clean yourself up and act as if nothing had happened."

The fag gave him a furious look.

"So that's your advice, is it?" he demanded.

"Yes, that's my advice."

"Then you can keep it."

"Jack!"

"If you don't interfere and punish those rotters, I'll go to the Head!"

"My dear kid—"

"Well, I'm going."

Jack Wingate started for the door. The captain of Greyfriars caught him by the shoulder, and swung him back.

"It's no use going to the Head," he said quietly. "The Head would leave it to me to inquire into the matter. If you're determined to make trouble for yourself, you'd better sneak to a prefect—if you must sneak."

There was contempt in Wingate's voice; he could not help it. Jack flushed hotly; but his mind was not changed.

"Do you think I ought to put up with this sort of thing?" he demanded.

"You seem to have brought it on yourself mostly."

"I don't care! I'm going to have the cads punished! Loder's a prefect, and if you won't listen to me, I'll go to him!"

"He will chuck you out of his study neck and crop, most likely."

"And you'll let him do it?"

Wingate laughed shortly.

"Do you want me to cane all the fags, and fight all the prefects, at Greyfriars, on your first day here?" he asked.

"Look here—"

"Take my advice, Jack," said Wingate, gently. "I'm an old hand here, and I'm advising you for your good. If you don't sneak, the Third will come round—it was threatening to use your influence with me that made them rusty. Stand it like a man, and try to make them like you. They're good fellows enough when you get to know them."

Wingate minor's reply was to tramp out of the study and close the door behind him with a slam.

Wingate turned a worried face towards Courtney.

"It's rotten, old chap!" said Courtney sympathetically.

"The kid seems to have a temper. You haven't licked him enough."

"I suppose not," said Wingate ruefully. "It will make things jolly difficult for me here. Jack seems to expect me to favour him, and I can't; and it would make things worse for him if I did. He doesn't understand that."

"He'll get to understand it in time," said Courtney.

"But I must say that he's made a bad beginning. The worst of it is, that now a tremendous ragging like that is brought to your notice, you're really bound to take notice of it, officially."

"Nice position for me, to be sneaked to by my own brother," growled Wingate. "He's gone to Loder now; I shall leave it to Loder."

Courtney laughed.

"Loder's not likely to trouble himself much about your minor," he said. "He's more likely to cane him, to get your back up."

"Well, I sha'n't get my back up if Loder canes him," said Wingate. "I've a jolly good mind to wash my hands of him altogether, confound the young jackanapes!"

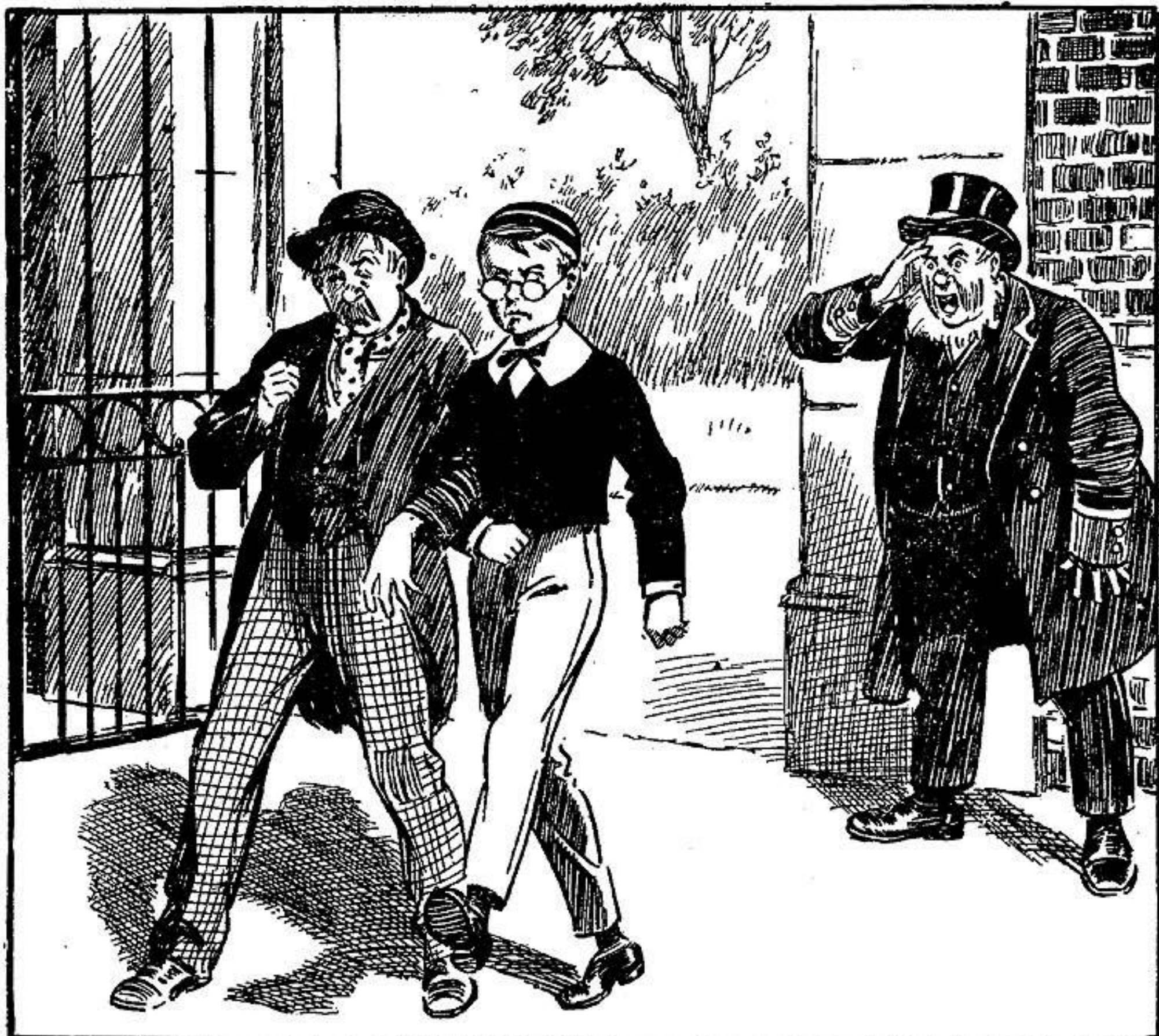
And Wingate dismissed the subject; but he could not dismiss it from his mind. And he would have been more troubled still if he had known the line that Loder, the prefect, was taking in the matter.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Loder Comes Down Heavily.

JACK WINGATE came into Loder's study, and Loder, the prefect, looked up from his tea-table in surprise. Carne and Walker were having tea with Loder, and they burst into a laugh at the sight of the fag.

"There's a picture for you!" said Walker.



"You are frequently under the influence of gin yourself, Taggles," said Skimpole, marching Mr. Smiley in at the gates. "This poor fellow is not intoxicated. He is suffering from extreme want; a result of the disorganised social conditions we live under——" "He's drunk!" roared Taggles, "and tramps ain't allowed in 'ere!" (For this incident see the grand long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, entitled "ASHAMED OF HIS NAME," by Martin Clifford, which is contained in this week's issue of our popular companion paper, "The Gem" Library. Out on Wednesday. Price One Penny.)

Loder stared.
"What do you mean by coming into my study in that state?" he exclaimed.
"I've come to complain to you as a prefect," said Wingate minor.
"Why don't you go to your brother?"
"I've been to him."
"Well?"
"He won't take any notice," said Jack Wingate savagely, "so I've come to you. I've been ragged in the Third Form-room, and I want the rotters punished!"
Loder grinned.
"You'd better get out!" said Walker. "Chuck him out, Loder!"
"On his neck?" said Carne.
The prefect shook his head.
"Not at all," he said. "If Wingate minor lays a complaint to me as a prefect, I'm bound to take notice of it."
"Oh, don't be funny!" said Walker.
"So the Third have been ragging you, Wingate minor?" said Loder.
"Yes!" growled Jack.
"You didn't do anything to deserve it, of course?"
"No."
"Well, I'm going to look into this," said Loder. "If

Wingate major doesn't look into it, I must. Such ruffianism can't be allowed to pass."

"Oh my hat!" said Carne.

"Pass the muffins, and don't be funny, Loder," said Walker.

The prefect rose to his feet.

"Come with me to the Form-room, kid!" he said.

Walker and Carne looked blank as the prefect left the study, Jack Wingate trotting at his heels with much satisfaction.

"What on earth does he mean?" said Walker. "Got any idea?"

"Blessed if I have!"

"He doesn't care two straws if the fags kill Wingate minor—in fact, I believe he'd be pleased if they lynched the whole Wingate family."

Carne chuckled.

"I know he would," he remarked.

"Then what's his little game?"

"Blessed if I know! I suppose it's up against Wingate somehow."

And Carne was right in that surmise. Loder had expected that, through Wingate minor, he would be able to pay off some of his old scores against Wingate major. He found his opportunity come sooner than he looked for it.

The prefect strode into the Third Form-room, and found the fags still chuckling over the punishment they had meted out to the new junior.

A sudden silence fell upon the Third as Loder entered with his dusty and torn follower.

"My hat, he's really sneaked!" muttered Bolsover minor, under his breath.

"The cad!" murmured Tubb.

"I hear you've been ragging the new kid!" exclaimed Loder sternly.

"Who told you?" asked Paget.

"He told me himself."

"The rotten sneak!"

"Yab! Sneak!"

"Tell-tale!"

"Cad!"

"Rotter!"

Jack Wingate, angry and revengeful as he was, covered a little before that roar from the whole Form. The anger, dislike, and scorn in every face stung him.

"Enough of that!" said Loder roughly. "We can't have this kind of thing going on here! Wingate minor has a right to be protected. Every fellow who had a hand in ragging him will be punished."

"We all 'ad a 'and in it," said Bolsover minor.

"Every man jack!" said Paget.

"Then you'll be punished," said Loder, swishing his cane.

"Come along, one after another, and take your gruel!"

"Look here, Loder—"

"Come here!"

The fags exchanged furious glances.

But there was no help for it. Loder was quite within his rights—indeed, within his duties as a prefect—in punishing such a ragging, if it came to his knowledge.

The fags did not blame Loder. But they blamed the junior who had sneaked. And the glances they gave Wingate minor told of what he might expect later, when the prefect was not there to shelter him.

One after another the Third were caned, till every member of the Form present had received his punishment.

Jack Wingate stood looking on.

It was what he had wanted; but now that he had what he wanted, it did not look as if it made him happy.

If the fags had only looked angry and revengeful, he would not have minded. It was the contempt in their looks that cut.

They despised him.

He realised that; and he began dimly to realise that he would have done more wisely to take his elder brother's advice.

The punishment was finished at last.

"Now mind your p's and q's, all of you!" said Loder, when the last fag went squirming away. "Wingate minor is not to be bullied or ragged. In fact, he is to be regarded as a favoured person. The minor of the school captain ought to be treated with some consideration."

"Rats!" growled Tubb.

"Do you want some more, Tubb?"

"Nunno!"

"Well, remember what I've told you."

Loder quitted the Form-room.

He was well satisfied with the harm that he had done. There was no doubt that Jack Wingate's life in the Third Form at Greyfriars would be unbearable after what had happened. And that was as heavy a blow as the prefect could have dealt at the captain of the school.

Jack Wingate stood hesitating after the prefect had gone.

The fags did not offer to touch him.

They were afraid that Loder might return. And they knew, too, that the new junior might report immediately to the prefect if they troubled him.

But vengeance was only postponed.

"You cad!" said Paget.

"You worm!" said Tubb, rubbing his hands painfully.

"I'll make you wish you'd never been born!"

"You should have let me alone when I told you," said Jack Wingate.

"Oh, shut up!"

"Sneak!"

"Get out!"

"Yes, get out!" said Paget. "If we're not to rag you, at least we're not bound to put up with you in the Form-room! Get out!"

"I'll stay here if I like!" flashed out Wingate minor.

"Will you?" said Paget. "Then I'll give Loder something more to cane us for! Lend a hand, you fellows, and we'll rag him baldheaded!"

"What about Loder?"

"Blow Loder!"

"He may be listening just outside! It would be like him!"

"I don't care if he is! If that cad doesn't get out of the room, I'm going to pulverise him!"

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Paget and three or four of the fags started towards Wingate minor.

The latter hesitated a moment, and then stepped out of the Form-room into the passage. He had been bumped hard enough, and he was aching. And he did not want any more aches. A storm of jeers and gibes followed him into the passage, and Paget slammed the door after him.

"Well, I don't think I ever saw such a worm," said Paget. "Bunter minor of the Second is a noble hero compared with him. Snoop of the Remove is a prince in comparison. Ow! My hands feel rotten!"

"So do mine!"

"We'll make the cad sit up for this!" said Jones minor.

"We shall have lots of chances when Loder is not hanging round!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Ow! I'm hurt!" groaned Tubb.

"Yow! Same hero!"

The fags were still bemoaning their aches and pains, and planning deadly vengeance upon the sneak, when the door opened again. They glared round in the expectation of seeing Wingate minor. But it was Harry Wharton of the Remove who came in, and Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent followed him in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, looking round. "Where's Wingate minor?"

"Don't know, and don't care!" growled Tubb.

"I thought he would be here," said Wharton.

"Well, he isn't here."

"What's the matter with you?" said Harry, looking curiously at the fags. "Has there been a row?"

"Yes."

"I thought that young merchant would get into trouble," murmured Bob Cherry.

"You might go a bit easy with the new kid, Tubb, especially as he's Wingate's brother," said Harry Wharton.

"Yes, I'll go easy with him!" he said. "The beast has sneaked about us to Loder, and got us all a licking—the whole giddy Form!"

"Sneaked?"

"Yes, the rotter!"

"Are you sure?" asked Harry. "I wouldn't take Loder's word for it."

"The young rotter brought him here!"

"Oh!"

"We're going to make him wriggle for it—never fear!" said Paget.

"And if you Remove bounders interfere, we'll make you wriggle, too!" said Tubb belligerently.

The Co. left the Form-room.

"Rotten!" said Harry Wharton. "I was afraid he would get into trouble; but I didn't expect it so soon, or so bad. He's made a jolly bad beginning."

"Couldn't have made a worse," remarked Nugent. "The Third will be on his neck after this."

"Serve him right!" said Bob Cherry. "If he wasn't Wingate's brother, I should have hammered him myself before now."

And the chums of the Remove made their way to the common-room in a thoughtful mood. They had intended to befriend Wingate minor, and to do their best for him; but evidently Jack Wingate was a person whom it was not easy to befriend.

THE NINTH CHAPTER,

A Bath for Two.

"SNIFF, sniff, sniff!"

"What the—"

"What on earth—"

Fisher T. Fish turned pink as he came into the junior common-room, and heard the sniffs and the remarks of the juniors.

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Fish had scrubbed his head and rubbed it, and scrubbed it and rubbed it, but he did not seem able to make much impression upon the dreadful scent of the specific.

Bob Cherry had rubbed that famous specific well in, and the odour seemed likely to cling to Fisher T. Fish for a long time to come.

He brought it into the common-room with him, and the remarks it elicited from the Removites were more forcible than polite.

"It's Fish!" said Johnny Bull angrily. "He's made my study niff horribly with it, and I shoved him out when I was doing my prep."

"I should jolly well think so!" said Rake, of the Remove. "I couldn't stand it, either! It's too thick!"

"I guess—" began Fish. "And we're not going to stand it here, either!" said Bulstrode. "Look here, Fishy, if you must have such unearthly scents, you can go and have them by yourself!"

"I guess—" "We're not having it here!" roared Bolsover major, with his handkerchief to his nose. "Get out, Fishy!"

Fisher T. Fish glared. "It's not my fault!" he roared. "Bob Cherry poured the stuff over my head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Sniff, sniff, sniff!"

"Serve you jolly well right, too!" said Bob Cherry. "You palmed it off on me as a specific against pain in the hands when you're licked; and I was licked, and it hurt as much as ever!"

"I guess you were mistaken!" "You silly ass!"

"I guess that specific can't fail," said Fisher T. Fish. "It's made by a relation of mine over there; and they can do things over there."

"I guess you'd better get your relation to send you an antidote or something," said Tom Brown, the New Zealander. "We can't stand that niff!"

"Get out, Fishy!" "Buzz off!"

"Nope!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'm staying!" "Get out!"

"I guess not!" "You're not fit to touch, or I'd sling you out on your neck," growled Bulstrode. "But we're not going to stand you here. Why don't you wash your head?"

"I've washed it." "Then go and wash it again." "I guess not."

"Faith, and we can't stand this!" said Micky Desmond. "Sure Bob Cherry was bad enough with the awful stuff on his hands, but ye're worse intirely."

"I guess you'll have to stand it," growled Fisher T. Fish. "I guess it will wear off in time. In a day or two—"

"Do you think we're going to have you scenting the place for a day or two?" demanded Bolsover major excitedly. "You'll have to stand it. I'll tell you what I'll do," said Fish. "If you fellows like to take some of the bottles off my hands, I'll let you have them at a reduction."

"We're likely to invest in that stuff—I don't think!" grinned Bob Cherry. "It's a wonderful specific for preventing pains in the hands when you're caned," said Fish persuasively. "You needn't mind the smell. It's a healthy, chemical smell, anyway. I guess I'll trade with you at a low price—sixpence a bottle."

"But it doesn't do the hands any good!" roared Bob Cherry. "Yep, it does."

"I tell you I've tried—" "I guess you're mistaken about that. It's an American specific, specially manufactured over there, and it can't fail."

"Look here, Fishy," said Bolsover major, "we're fed up with you, and your specifics, and your financial dodges, and your gag agencies and things. It's a case of too much Fish. You'll have to keep by yourself till that scent wears off. If you don't, we shall take you in hand and wash your head clean."

"I guess—" "Are you going to clear out?" roared Bolsover. "Nope."

"Then we'll wash you!" "Then I guess you're coming in."

"I— Hold on—I—oh—yah!" "Splash!"

Bolsover major plunged headlong into the bath in the grasp of the American junior. The water swamped out on all sides.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "It's a bath for two! Is the water wet, Bolsover?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Grooh—hoo—hohhh!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"What ever is all this noise?" exclaimed a sharp voice in the passage. "Cave!" muttered Russell. "It's Quelch!"

There was a rush of the juniors to escape before the master of the Remove could arrive. The Form-master looked into the bath-room. All the fellows had disappeared with the exception of the two in the bath.

Mr. Quelch gazed at them blankly. He could not quite believe his eyes at first. He was accustomed to some wild pranks from his Form, but he had never expected to see two of them in a steaming bath with their clothes on!

"Wh-wh-what does this mean?" he gasped. "You silly idiot!" roared Bolsover. Bolsover was addressing Fisher T. Fish. There was so

Fisher T. Fish was rushed out of the common-room. The Removites bore him bodily to the nearest bath-room, and Bolsover switched on the light and turned on the hot-water tap.

"Look here," roared Fish, "I've washed my hair, and it doesn't do any good. Lemme alone. Look here, I'm not going into that bath."

"Take your things off!" said Bolsover major. "I guess not."

"Will you or won't you?" "Nope."

"Then you'll go in with them on." "I— Oh—ah—ah! Yooooop!"

Splash! Fisher T. Fish descended into the flowing bath with a terrific splash, and there was a yell from the juniors as they received splashes from the bath.

"Yaroo—grooh!" gurgled Fish, as he came up. "Grooh!" "Hoo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Now wash your head!" said Bolsover. "Grooh! I—I won't!"

"Wash your silly head!" roared Bolsover. "Nope!"

"Hand me the soap and the scrubbing-brush, Russell," said Bolsover, rolling back his sleeves. "I'll scrub his topknot for him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Ow—yow—grooh—yah! Oh!"

Bolsover major grasped the soaking junior, and lathered him with soap, and then scrubbed at his head.

It was a rough brush, and Bolsover major's methods were somewhat rough, too. The unhappy American junior yelled with anguish. His head was already tender from much rubbing. Fisher T. Fish was the business man of the Remove, and he prided himself upon it. He was never without some scheme for transferring other fellows' money from their pockets to his own.

His schemes were generally ghastly failures; but of all his many failures, none certainly was quite so ghastly as that of the wonderful pain specific. It had not prevented any pain, but it was causing Fisher T. Fish to suffer a good deal.

He had succeeded in disposing of only one bottle so far, and that had been given to Bob Cherry for nothing—and had been returned most unpleasantly. And Fisher T. Fish wished most fervently that he had never thought of this latest scheme for making money.

The juniors yelled with laughter at the sight of Fisher T. Fish, in his clothes in the steaming bath, wriggling in the powerful grasp of Bolsover major.

Soap went into Fish's eyes and nose and mouth, and he roared. He struggled in the bath, and sent out splashes of water. But Bolsover major lathered and scrubbed away.

"Grooh!" mumbled the hapless Fish. "Ow! Leggo, you beast! Yow! I guess—yow—ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Fisher T. Fish made a desperate clutch at Bolsover major, and closed with him. The bully of the Remove gave a roar in his turn.

"Leggo, you idiot! You're soaping me!" "Well, I guess it's your turn to be soaped," said Fish.

"Will you let me get out?" "No, I won't."

"Then I guess you're coming in." "I— Hold on—I—oh—yah!"

Splash! Bolsover major plunged headlong into the bath in the grasp of the American junior. The water swamped out on all sides.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "It's a bath for two! Is the water wet, Bolsover?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Grooh—hoo—hohhh!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"What ever is all this noise?" exclaimed a sharp voice in the passage. "Cave!" muttered Russell. "It's Quelch!"

There was a rush of the juniors to escape before the master of the Remove could arrive. The Form-master looked into the bath-room. All the fellows had disappeared with the exception of the two in the bath.

Mr. Quelch gazed at them blankly. He could not quite believe his eyes at first. He was accustomed to some wild pranks from his Form, but he had never expected to see two of them in a steaming bath with their clothes on!

"Wh-wh-what does this mean?" he gasped. "You silly idiot!" roared Bolsover.

Bolsover was addressing Fisher T. Fish. There was so

much soap and water in his eyes that he had not seen the Form-master come in.

"What!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"You thundering ass!"

"Bolsover!"

"Oh!" muttered Bolsover, perceiving the Form-master through the clouds of steam. "I—I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't see you. I was speaking to Fish."

"What have you two boys got into that bath for in your clothes?" demanded the Remove master sternly.

"That idiot Fish dragged me in, sir."

"Then Fish was in already?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"How did you get in, Fish?"

"I guess I was chucked in, sir."

"This is past a joke," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "I demand to know the name of the boy who did this, Fish."

"I guess I couldn't identify him, sir," said Fish.

"Take care, Fish."

"Yep, sir; I guess I'm doing it."

Mr. Quelch seemed on the verge of an explosion. But he made it a rule never to encourage tell-tales, and so he let the point drop.

"Get out of the water at once," he said. "This is most disgraceful. Go and change your clothes, and take two hundred lincs each."

"Yep."

"Ye-e-s, sir," murmured Bolsover.

The two juniors dragged themselves dripping from the bath. They mopped off the worst of the wet with towels, and then squelched away to the Remove dormitory to change their clothes. Fisher T. Fish was grinning as he changed.

"I guess you'd better be careful next time you give me a bath, Bolsover," he remarked. "By the way, jever get left?"

Bolsover grunted, and Fisher T. Fish chuckled again. But the scent of the Pain Specific was still clinging lovingly about the American junior, and when he came down after changing, and presented himself in the common-room once more, it was evident that Bolsover major's efforts with the scrubbing-brush had made no difference. And a yell and a shower of missiles greeted the enterprising American.

"Look here," roared Fish, "I'm coming in—yah!"

Biff!

A well-aimed cushion caught him on the chest, and he spun out into the passage, and sat down there with a large bump.

"Ow—ow!"

"There's some more where that came from!" roared Bob Cherry. "You'd better travel."

And Fisher T. Fish decided that it was wiser, as he would have expressed it in his beautiful language, to "vamoose the ranch," and he forthwith "vamoosed."

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Lights Out!

TUBB of the Third exchanged glances with his chum Paget when the fags went up to their dormitory that night. Since the scene in the Form-room they had not encountered Wingate minor. But they were certain to see him again at bedtime, and then, as Tubb blissfully remarked, they would have him all to themselves. And then they would make it quite plain to him that it did not pay to be a sneak in the Third Form at Greyfriars.

Wingate minor came into the dormitory looking sulky.

Loder of the Sixth was seeing lights out for the Third that night, and he spoke very seriously to the fags before he left.

"There's not to be any ragging in this dorm.," he said.

"Mind that! I shall be busy in my study, and shan't hear what goes on; but if the new kid is interfered with, he will tell me in the morning—so look out!"

And Loder turned out the lights and retired.

The Third Form grinned in the darkness.

Loder had succeeded in conveying to them that he, at all events, would not interfere with what went on in the dormitory, and as for Jack Wingate sneaking in the morning, they hoped to make him understand that it was wiser not to tell tales.

The Third waited in ominous silence for some ten minutes after the prefect's footsteps had died away in the passage outside.

They did not want to spoil anything by hurrying.

Jack Wingate, unconscious of what was in store for him, settled down to sleep. He was tired, and he was still aching from his experiences in the Form-room.

But he was not to rest in peace that night.

The interval having elapsed, Tubb sat up in bed.

"Anybody asleep?" he asked.

There was a chuckle.

"Nobody, I think," said Paget.

"We're waiting for you, most noble chief," said Jones minus.

"Up with you!"

"'Ear, 'ear!" said Bolsover minor.

And the Third turned out as one man.

Several candle-ends were lighted, and a couple of bicycle lanterns, which the juniors had thoughtfully provided themselves with for the occasion.

Then Jones minus jammed the back of a chair under the lock of the door, so that it could not be opened from outside.

All was ready now; only the victim was wanted. The victim was still in bed, trying to go to sleep.

Tubb advanced to his bedside.

"Get up!" he said.

"Eh?" said Jack Wingate sleepily.

"Get up."

THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY PORTRAIT GALLERY.---No. 19.



Next Monday this Popular Series will be Concluded with a General View of Greyfriars School.



"Great Scott!" exclaimed George Wingate, "what's happened?" "Those cads——" Wingate minor was stuttering with fury, "those cads—the Third—they've done this! I want them all caned!" (See Chapter 7.)

Wingate minor blinked at Tubb.

"I'm going to sleep," he said.

"Are you?" said Tubb, with a chuckle, "I fancy, my infant, that you're not going to sleep just yet. Not for a little bit."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No fear!" said Paget emphatically.

Wingate minor frowned.

"Look here, I'm not going to be disturbed," he said. "If you want to lark in the dormitory instead of going to sleep, you can lark without me."

There was a chuckle along the dormitory.

"I'm afraid this lark wouldn't come off without you," explained Tubb. "You are more necessary than anybody else, really."

"Oh, let me alone!"

"Are you going to get up, or shall we help you?" asked Tubb politely.

"I'm not going to get up," said Jack Wingate; "and I'm not going to have any ragging. I'll tell Leder in the morning."

"Listen to the rotten sneak," said Murphy. "Sure he makes me feel ill. Have him out of bed, Tubby, and not so much palaver."

"Right-ho!" said Tubb.

He grasped Wingate minor's bedclothes with both hands, and dragged them off, and tossed them upon the floor.

Jack Wingate gave a yell.

"You beast!"

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"Now, are you getting up?" asked Tubb.

"Get out, you young cad!"

"Yank him out!"

"I won't get up!" roared Jack Wingate. "And if you don't let me alone, I'll shout for help."

"Shout away!" said Tubb cheerfully.

He laid hold of Wingate minor, and yanked him off the bed. The fag descended upon the floor with a heavy bump, and yelled again.

He jumped up in a flash, and hit out. The blow was quite unexpected, for it had not occurred to Tubb that the sneak would have the courage to resist. Jack Wingate's fist crashed upon Tubb's nose, and Tubb, of the Third, staggered back and sat down.

"Ow!" he said.

"I'll give you some more if you don't let me alone!" howled Jack Wingate.

"Gree!"

Tubb dabbed his nose with the sleeve of his pyjama jacket, and the sleeve came away red. The water had rushed to Tubb's eyes. His nose felt a size too large for him already.

"Collar the cad!" said Paget. "Look out for your noses!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubb sprang up.

"Don't collar him!" he exclaimed. "He's punched my nose——"

"I'll punch it again!" said Jack Wingate.

"He's punched my nose," said Tubb, in an awful voice.

"I'm going to lick him. If he wants a fight instead of a ragging, he can have it."

"Go it, Tubby!"

Tubb squared up to Wingate minor. He was almost twice as large as the new fag—as big as many fellows in the Fourth. Jack Wingate looked very defenceless as the overpowering Tubb bore down upon him.

"Hold on, Tubby!" said Paget, catching his friend's arm.

"Leggo!" roared Tubb.

"But look here——"

"I'm going to smash him!"

"You're not!" said Paget. "Don't be an ass, Tubby! He couldn't stand up to you for a second. You're spoiling the fun."

"Yes, let him alone, Tubby," said Jones minimus. "We're going to toss the cad in a blanket. You can't fight such a little fish."

Tubb calmed down.

"Well, p'r'aps you're right," he said.

"Of course I am!" said Paget. "Collar the sneak, you fellows, and we'll chuck him up in a blanket, and make him swear a solemn swear never to sneak again."

"Let me alone!" yelled Wingate minor.

"Rats!"

Jack Wingate hit out furiously. His temper was up, and he did not care how hard or where he struck. But the fags grasped him on all sides, and he was speedily reduced to helplessness.

Paget and Tubb and Bolsover minor and Jones minimus took a blanket by the four corners, and stood ready.

"Chuck him in!" said Tubb.

"Here goes."

"I won't be tossed in a blanket!" howled Wingate minor. "Lemme alone! I'll go to the Head in the morning——
Ow!"

He was dropped bodily into the blanket.

"Now keep still," said Paget. "If you struggle, you young ass, you'll fall out of the blanket, and get hurt."

"You rotters——"

"Up with him!"

Wingate minor scrambled to get out of the blanket, and as he did so he was tossed up. As he was clutching the blanket, however, he did not go up in the air; the blanket sagged over, and he rolled upon the floor with a crash. He gave a yell of pain.

"You young idiot!" roared Paget. "What did I tell you?"

"Oh! Ow!"

"Serve you right!" granted Tubb. "You shouldn't hold on to the blanket when you're being tossed, you fathead!"

"Ow! Oh!"

"Shove him in again."

Wingate minor was shoved into the blanket, and tossed once more. He had been badly hurt by the fall on the hard floor, and this time he was wise enough to let go his hold and accept his fate.

He whizzed into the air.

It was the first time he had ever been tossed in a blanket, and the unpleasant sensation was quite new to him.

He felt as if he were floating helplessly into space, and his senses whirled—and then he came down with a bump.

The fags held the blanket firmly, but it was dragged down by Jack Wingate's weight, but not quite to the floor.

Wingate minor found, to his surprise, that he was not hurt, only breathless and a little sick.

"Up again!" said Tubb.

Up went the fag again.

Four times more he went whirling up, to descend with a bump into the blanket.

Then the raggers paused.

"Have you had enough?" demanded Tubb.

"Ow! Yes."

"Good. Are you sorry you punched my nose?"

"No!" yelled Wingate minor.

"Up with him again."

Wingate minor whizzed into the air again.

"Are you sorry you sneaked?" demanded Paget, as the hapless new junior descended into the blanket once more, and lay wriggling and gasping for breath.

"Hang you!"

"Does that mean, yes or no?" demanded Jones minimus.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Up with him!"

Wingate minor was tossed again, and then again, and then again. Then he was rolled out of the blanket on to the floor with a bump.

"Are you sorry you sneaked?" demanded Paget. "Will you promise never to sneak again, but to try to be decent, as long as you live?"

"Ow!"

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
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"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

"Yes or no?"

"No!" yelled Jack Wingate.

"Obstinate little beast!" said Tubb. "Tossing in a blanket isn't good enough for him. He has got to promise honour bright never to sneak again."

"Yes, rather!"

"I won't!" yelled Wingate minor. "I'll go direct to Loder as soon as I can, and tell him, and get you all caned!"

"Yah!"

"Sneak!"

"Cad!"

"Fancy old Wingate having a minor like this," said Paget. "I wonder he wasn't ashamed to let such a worm come to Greyfriars."

"Rotten disgrace to the school!" said Murphy.

"Now, you rotter," said Tubb, "you've got to say you're sorry you sneaked, and to promise honour bright never to disgrace the Form by sneaking again."

"I won't!"

"Then you're going through it," said Tubb grimly. "Tossing in a blanket doesn't seem to do you any good. Line up for the gauntlet, you chaps."

"Good egg!"

"S'pose we let 'im off?" said Bolsover minor compassionately. "He's a silly young ass, you know, and don't know no better?"

"S'pose you shut your head!" snapped Tubb. "Who's running this show?"

"Well, you see——"

"Rats! If he doesn't promise not to sneak, he'll be sneaking in the morning about our tossing him in a blanket, and that means a licking all round," said Tubb.

"It's a case of self-preservation," said Paget, grinning.

"He's got to promise."

"I'll give him one more chance," said Tubb magnanimously. "Young shaver, will you give us your word honour bright never to sneak again?"

"You rotter!"

"If you call me a rotter——"

"Beast!"

"My hat, I'll——"

"Line up!" said Paget. "Keep your paws off him, Tubb, old man. He's going to run the gauntlet, and then you can get your whack in with the rest."

"All right," said Tubb.

The Third Form lined up in a double row. Each of the fags grasped some weapon—a stuffed sock, or a twisted handkerchief, a cap, or a slipper. Then Wingate minor was pushed to the end of the row, and told to run.

"I won't!" he said.

"Kick him till he does," said Tubb.

There were plenty of feet ready. The feet were bare, but the kicks were painful. It was worse to stand still than to run, and Jack Wingate ran. And as he sped between the lines of waiting fags blows descended upon him on all sides. In their eagerness to get in their "whack," some of the fags swiped one another, and there were yells of angry protest. But Wingate minor received the lion's share. He roared as he ran, and staggered past the end of the line breathless and dizzy, and collapsed upon the floor.

"Now will you promise not to sneak?" roared Tubb.

Wingate minor panted.

"No!"

"My hat! Did you ever see such an obstinate little beast?" exclaimed Tubb, in surprise. "He must be a born sneak, to stick to it like that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bump him!" said Paget. "Bump him hard!"

Wingate minor leaped up and rushed for the door.

But before he was half-way to the door he was grasped by the fags, and bumped hard upon the floor.

Bump!

"Oh!"

"Now then——"

"Help!"

"Bump him again!"

Bump!

"Yaroooh! Help!"

The handle of the door turned, but it did not open, and a sharp knock came upon it outside. A sharp voice called out:

"Open this door at once!"

"M-m-my hat!" muttered Tubb. "It's Wingate!"

"Cave!"

"Lights out—quick!"

The candles and the lanterns were out in a twinkling, and tossed under the beds. The fags plunged into bed, and drew the clothes over them. On the floor, Jack Wingate was still panting and writhing; out in the passage, the captain of Greyfriars was knocking impatiently at the door.

WINGATE knocked, and knocked again. He had suspected what would be going on in the Third Form dormitory that night, for he had learned what had happened in the Form-room, and he knew that the Third must be only saving up their vengeance for a convenient opportunity.

And so he had strolled along the dormitory passage to hear whether any disturbance was going on—and, indeed, he might have heard it without entering the passage at all. The Third were making more noise than they intended in the excitement of the ragging.

Wingate tried the door again. The sudden silence in the dormitory that followed his knock did not disarm him. The door yielded a trifle, but then the chair jammed under the lock held it fast.

"Open this door at once!"

From the dormitory came no sound, till the silence was broken by a deep, deep snore.

Anxious and angry as he was, Wingate could not help grinning. It seemed too comic that any of the fags should have hoped to convey the impression, by that snore, that slumber was reigning in the dormitory.

After the snore came a gasping sound. Wingate minor was picking himself up, aching in every limb, and blind with rage.

"Open this door!"

The ragged junior stumbled to the door in the dark, and dragged the chair away from under the lock. Wingate major pushed the door open.

He switched on the light.

The illumination of the Third Form dormitory showed a row of white beds, all but one of them tenanted, the tenants apparently fast asleep.

Wingate major cast a grim look at the recumbent fags, and then looked at his minor. Jack's flushed and dishevelled state showed what he had been through.

"Well?" said Wingate.

"They've been ragging me," said Jack Wingate, in a choking voice.

"I guessed as much."

"The cads—the brutes! I'm hurt—I'm aching all over. I won't sleep in this room!" panted the new fag.

"You need not fancy that I shall believe you are asleep, you young duffers," said Wingate. "You can open your eyes."

No reply from the Third. Tubb ventured upon a snore, but the rest were silent.

"Tubb?"

Snore!

"Do you hear me, Tubb?"

Snore!

"Tubb was the worst of the lot," said Jack Wingate.

"You needn't tell me anything," said Wingate drily.

"But I say—"

"That will do."

Wingate strode towards Tubb's bed, and shook the leader of the Third by the shoulder. Tubb opened his eyes, and blinked sleepily at the captain of Greyfriars.

"Hullo!" he said. "'Tain't rising-bell."

"What?"

"'Tain't even light yet," said Tubb, blinking towards the window. "What are you calling me for?"

"You young ass—"

"House ain't on fire, I suppose?" suggested Tubb.

"You know very well what I am calling you for," said Wingate sternly. "You have been making noise enough in this dormitory to wake the whole house."

"Noise!" said Tubb, in surprise.

"Yes."

"Who's been making a noise?"

"You have," grunted Wingate.

"If you're referring to my snoring—" began Tubb.

"You know I'm not!" roared the exasperated captain of Greyfriars. "You and the rest have been ragging the new kid."

"Have we?"

"You know you have."

"Does he say we have?" said Tubb, with a bitter look towards the new junior.

"Yes, I do," said Jack Wingate promptly.

"Hold your tongue, Jack," said the captain of Greyfriars curtly.

"They've been—"

"Once for all, you're not to tell me anything," roared Wingate. "Can't you understand plain English?"

"Look here, George—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY. No. 265.

NEXT
MONDAY:

"BOB CHERRY'S SECRET!"

"Shut up!"

Wingate minor looked very sulky.

"Yes, look here, George," said Paget. "You're disturbing us, George. We want to go to sleep. Your minor's been keeping us awake, George."

The fags chuckled.

"Do you want a licking, Paget?" said Wingate.

"No, George."

"You cheeky young rascal—"

"Now, George—"

Spank!

Wingate's heavy hand descended upon the humorous Paget, and he gave a yell.

"Oh, George!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate turned crimson. It was the first time he had been an object of ridicule to the fags of Greyfriars, but he felt that he was an object of ridicule now. He owed it to his minor, and his feelings towards his younger brother at that moment were not very brotherly.

"You've been ragging the new kid," he said. "That kind of thing isn't allowed."

"He sneaked," said Tubb.

Then there was a chorus:

"He's a sneak!"

"He's a cad!"

"He's a worm!"

"He's a rotter!"

Wingate bit his lip.

"He sneaked to Loder," said Tubb.

"Brought Loder into the Form-room to cane us all round. Sneaking oughtn't to be encouraged—I've heard the Head himself say so."

"'Ear, 'ear!" said Bolsover minor.

"The kid doesn't know the ropes yet," said Wingate awkwardly. "You're no right to rag anybody in the dormitory. However, I will look over it if you will give me your word that there shall be no more ragging."

"Well, I think he's had enough," murmured Tubb.

"What did you say, Tubb?"

"We'll promise, Wingate."

"Certainly, George," said Paget.

"Very well, that's a bargain," said Wingate. "You might go easy with a new kid, and give him a chance. You ought to be licked all round, but if you're going to behave yourselves you

can go to sleep and shut up. Get into bed, Jack."

Jack Wingate was quivering with anger.

"Are you going to let them off?" he demanded.

"Yes," snapped his brother.

"They've been ragging me—"

"I know that."

"I'm aching all over—"

"Well, go to bed."

"Look here," roared Jack Wingate, "I think this is rotten, and if you don't take it up I shall go and complain to a master."

Wingate knitted his brows.

"Get into bed, Jack," he said.

"I won't."

Tubb whistled softly. The captain of Greyfriars was getting some of his minor's obstinacy for himself now, and Tubb charitably hoped that he liked it. The Third Formers waited breathlessly, wondering what Wingate would do. Any other fag who had spoken thus to the captain of Greyfriars would have received a sound thrashing there and then.

"I don't know what to do with you, Jack," Wingate said at last. "You've been licked enough, to judge by the look of you, or—" He paused.

Wingate minor gave quite a jump.

"Do you mean that you would lick me, George?"

"Yes, I do," said his brother gruffly.

"You?"

"Oh, get to bed."

Jack Wingate gave his brother a dazed look, and went silently to bed. Wingate major watched him, equally silently. Jack laid his head upon the pillow, and closed his eyes, but not to sleep. Wingate came to his bedside, and spoke to him in a low voice, that the other fags should not hear.

"Jack, old man, don't play the giddy goat," he said. "I'm sorry if I seem a bit rough on you, but you see—"

Jack gave him a bitter look.

"You can let me alone, anyway," he said.

"Jack—"

"Let me alone—I hate you!" said Jack Wingate between his teeth.

Wingate set his lips, and turned out the light and left the dormitory. There was no more ragging in the Third that night, but the new fag was quite as miserable as his bitterest enemy could have wished. And probably Wingate major, the captain of Greyfriars, was as miserable as his minor.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

No Go!

HARRY WHARTON looked out for Wingate minor after lessons the next morning.

The adventures—or, rather, misadventures—of the captain's minor were the talk of the lower school, and Wharton did not need to ask the new fag how he was getting on. But he wanted to show him a little friendliness if he could. He knew that he would be in need of it.

When the Third came out of their Form-room Jack Wingate walked by himself. He had drawn apart from the rest of the Form, and, somewhat to his surprise and greatly to his relief, they allowed him to do so.

Wharton clapped him genially on the shoulder.

"Hallo, kid!" he said cheerily.

Jack Wingate looked up at the handsome captain of the Remove.

"Hallo!" he said.

"How are you getting on in the Third?"

"Rotten."

Wharton coughed.

"Find the Form-master all right?" he asked.

"Old Twigg, do you mean?"

"Ahem! Yes, Mr. Twigg."

"Old duffer," said Wingate minor.

"Oh! Most of the kids like him all right."

"He keeps on finding fault," said Jack Wingate. "He says I don't pay attention."

"Perhaps you don't," Wharton suggested gently. "Yes, perhaps I don't!" snapped Wingate minor. "I don't like the rotten lessons. I don't like the rotten Form. I don't like the rotten school at all."

Wharton's eyes gleamed for a moment.

"It's not a rotten school, kid," he said quietly, "and you'll get to like it better in time, if you're patient."

Wingate minor grunted.

"You'll get on with the Form a bit better soon, too," said Harry. "There are some good kids in the Third."

"I think they're all rotters."

"Ahem! Tubb is a bit rough, but he's all right."

"Tubb's a beast!"

"Paget is a regular little nut——"

"He's a rotten cad."

"And Bolsover minor is a first-rate chap," urged Wharton.

"Do you mean that little beast who drops his h's?" asked Wingate minor.

Wharton flushed.

"He can't help dropping his h's," he said. "The kid had bad luck—he was lost for years when he was a little chap, and found in a slum. He's as good as gold."

"I don't like slum chaps myself."

Wharton swallowed something with difficulty. He felt that there must be some good in this fellow somewhere, as he was old Wingate's brother. But he realised that the good in Wingate minor would require a lot of looking for.

"Well, I advise you to take to Bolsover minor," he said.

"He's a good chap, and he'll help you through some things. You don't seem to be getting on very well with your Form as a whole."

"I hate them all!"

"Oh!"

Harry Wharton could not think of anything to say in reply to that, and he walked away thoughtfully. Wingate minor swung out into the Close with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and a sulky frown on his face. Harry Wharton rejoined Bob Cherry, who was waiting for him in the doorway.



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"Well?" said Bob.

"There must be some good in him, somewhere," said Wharton argumentatively. "Old Wingate wouldn't have a brother who was a real rank outsider, would he?"

"I s'pose not," said Bob Cherry dubiously. "But I never saw a kid who seemed to me a realer rank outsider than that young toad."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"But it's up to us to look after him a bit, Bob."

"Right-ho! I told old Wingate I would, and I will," said Bob Cherry heroically. "I won't smash him, however much I feel inclined to."

"Billy, kid!" called out Wharton, as Bolsover minor came by with Tubb and Paget. Bolsover minor joined the Removites, while Tubb and Paget walked on.

"Yes, Master Wharton?" said Bolsover minor.

"How are you getting on with the new kid?"

The fag made a wry face.

"Not well?" asked Harry.

"Well, he's a reg'lar worm," said Bolsover minor. "He sneaks—he sneaked to Loder, and he sneaked to his major. He's an awful beast."

"He doesn't understand yet."

"Well, we tried to make him understand."

Wharton laughed.

"Yes, I've heard about your row in the dorm. last night," he said. "That's rather rotten for old Wingate, Billy, and he's a good sort."

"Yes, I know that."

"You've heard about Æsop's Fables——"

"Who was he?" asked Bolsover minor.

"Chap who wrote fables in Greek a long time back. There's a fable about a chap who was competed over by the wind and the sun, to make him part with his cloak. The wind blew as hard as it could, but the chap only hugged it tighter, and then the sun shone, and he gave it up at once. Now, the moral is——"

"'Ear, 'ear!" said Bolsover minor. "Go on."

"The moral is," said Wharton cheerfully, "that a chap won't do things when he's driven but will yield to gentle persuasion."

"Ho!" said the fag.

"You can't rag the kid into playing the game," said Wharton, "but if you dealt very, very gently with him he might see reason."

"'E might," said Bolsover minor doubtfully. "And then again, 'e mightn't."

"It's worth trying," urged Wharton. "Gently does it, you know."

"H'm!"

"Try it," said Bob Cherry. "Try chumming with him, and sticking to him and helping him, you know, and see how it works."

"Well, you 'ave been very good to me, you two," said Billy. "I knows I better do wot you tell me, and I'll try it, anyway."

"That's right, kid," said Harry Wharton encouragingly.

"It's wonderful the effect of kindness on the most obstinate animals."

"Well, I'll try," said the fag.

"Good for you!"

Bolsover minor went out very thoughtfully. The fags were punting a football about in the spring sunshine, and Tubb yelled to Bolsover minor to join him. Hubert Bolsover shook his head.

"Can't come jest now," he said.

"Where are you going?" asked Tubb, joining him.

"Lookin' for Wingate minor."

"Oh, let him alone—he had enough last night, and we're going to send him to Coventry, too," said Tubb.

"I ain't going for him."

"Then what do you want him for?" asked Tubb naturally.

"Master Wharton says that kindness has a wonderful effect on obstinate animals," said Bolsover minor. "Young Wingate is an obstinate animal, if ever I see one. I've told Master Wharton I'll try."

Tubb snorted.

"Fat lot of good that will be," he said. "The fellow's a born sneak and rotter, and he'll only snap at you for your pains."

"Well, I'm going to try."

"Oh, rot!" said Tubb.

Tubb snorted once more, and rejoined the footer punters. Bolsover minor, feeling a glow of righteousness in his good resolution, proceeded in search of Wingate minor. He found him under the elms, looking somewhat forlorn, but still very sulky. Bolsover minor nodded to him genially as he came up.

"'Allo, kid!" he said, in a very friendly way.

Jack Wingate stared at him.

"Feelin' a bit on your lonesome, I s'pose?" said Bolsover minor.

The new fag did not reply.

"I've been lookin' for you," said Bolsover minor.

"Have you?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY. No. 265.

NEXT
MONDAY:

"BOB CHERRY'S SECRET!"

"Yes. I say, will you come and 'ave a ginger-beer?" said Bolsover minor hospitably. "Mrs. Mimble sells jolly good ginger-beer."

"No, thanks."

"I'll stand you some jam tarts, if you like."

"I don't want any."

Bolsover minor felt discouraged. Jack Wingate's manner was ungracious, to say the least of it. But Bolsover minor had promised, and he meant to keep his word. If kindness could have a good effect on Jack Wingate, kindness should not be wanting. And the fag choked back the things he wanted to say, and went on agreeably:

"Nice morning for the time of year, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

"Well, it's sunny."

"I dare say it is."

"Play footer?" asked Bolsover minor.

"Yes."

"Good. We keep up practice pretty steady in the Third," said Bolsover minor. "We 'ope to beat the Remove some day in a match. Come down and practise now—we'll do some shooting at goal. Some of the fellows are there."

"I'm not going to play with that crowd."

"Oh! Well, come and look on."

"I don't care to."

Bolsover minor was nonplussed.

"Don't you feel too rotten about what 'appened last night," he said. "It's only the way the fellers 'ave, you know. They don't mean any 'arm."

Jack Wingate's lip curled.

"I'm quite willin' to be friends, for one," said Bolsover minor. "I'm quite willin' to chum with you, kid, and to 'elp you."

"I'll ask you for your help when I want it."

"Eh?"

"And as for chumming, I prefer to chum with chaps who don't drop their h's."

Bolsover minor stood quite still.

He looked hard at Jack Wingate. It was a caddish and ungrateful speech, and Jack felt it to be so as soon as it was uttered. But he would not show it, and he stood with the same sulky and ungracious expression upon his face. Bolsover minor pushed back his cuffs, and then let them fall into their place again. He controlled his longing to fall upon the new fellow and smite him hip and thigh.

"Oh!" he said at last. "If that's 'ow it is, there ain't no good my talkin' to you, is there?"

And he walked quietly away.

Jack Wingate thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and walked away, too, in another direction. He was angry, sulky, dissatisfied—but he was dissatisfied with himself as much as with anybody else. He was feeling lonely and miserable, and out of sheer sulky peevishness he had thrust away the hand that would have helped him. But he would not admit that he was in the wrong; that was not his way.

"I wish I'd never come here!" he muttered savagely. "It's a rotten place and rotten fellows, and I shall never get on here. I wish I'd never come!"

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter is Friendly.

JACK WINGATE was feeling decidedly "rotten" when the Third Form were dismissed after lessons that day.

It had been a relief to him at first when he found that the Third were letting him alone. He had been ragged severely, and complaining to prefects, although it might entail punishment to the offenders, did not seem to do him personally much good.

But the grim silence of his Form-fellows was beginning to get on his nerves now.

He began to understand that he was being sent to Coventry, and, although he told himself that he did not care, he cared very much.

He walked moodily out into the Close with his hands in his pockets, and his boyish brows knitted.

Bolsover minor did not look at him, and if he had spoken Jack would have replied civilly, but he did not speak.

Bolsover minor's patience was worn out, and as for the rest of the Third, they had no patience with Wingate minor at all.

Jack Wingate strolled moodily and aimlessly about the Close by himself.

He felt inclined to seek out his brother; but they had not spoken since the scene in the dormitory, and Jack did not want to be the one to make the first advances.

And apparently his major had decided to leave him alone.

"I say, young Wingate."

Billy Bunter of the Remove, the fattest junior at Greyfriars, rolled up, with a friendly grin upon his fat face.

"Hallo!" said Jack, greatly relieved at being spoken to by somebody.

"All alone?" asked Bunter.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" growled the fag.

"I hear you don't get on in your Form."

"I don't see that it's your business."

"Well, it isn't," said Bunter, blinking at the fag through his big spectacles. "It's only what might have been expected, though."

Jack Wingate's eyes gleamed.

"If you mean—" he began.

"I mean that when a superior chap comes along, fellows are always up against him," Billy Bunter explained.

"Oh!" said Jack.

"That's it," said Bunter, with a wise nod. "Look at me."

Wingate minor looked at him.

"If fellows had their rights, and swanking bounders were put in their places, I should be captain of the Remove," said Billy Bunter. "But I'm kept out of it by sheer jealousy. Not that I care; the loss isn't mine. But it's the same thing with you. The Third won't stand you, because you're a cut above them."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Jack Wingate.

He did not think so, as a matter of fact; but it was very pleasant to be told so by this apparently disinterested member of the Lower Fourth.

"Yes, that's it," said Billy Bunter, with a nod. "The first time I saw you, I said to myself that you were a real first-class kind of chap—the kind of chap everybody would be jealous of."

"Oh, did you?" said Wingate minor.

He could not help wondering what motive Bill Bunter might have for "buttering him up" in this fulsome way.

"But you'll always have one friend at Greyfriars," said Bunter cordially. "You stick to me. I'll see you through."

"Thank you!"

"Not at all. When I take to a chap, I take to him," said Bunter. "You're just the kind of chap I admire, you know."

"Ye-es."

"By the way," said Bunter, "have you seen the postman?"

"The postman? No."

"I'm expecting a letter," Bunter explained—"a letter with a postal-order in it. The postman's late, I suppose. It's a pretty good postal-order, too—a tip from a titled relation of mine."

Jack Wingate looked surprised. He would never have suspected the Owl of the Remove of having any titled relations, and his look showed as much.

"Postal-order for a pound, you know," said Bunter casually. "Would you care to come to tea in my study, young Wingate?"

"You're very good."

"I feel friendly towards you, you know," said Bunter, with a wave of his fat hand. "I'm going to have rather a good tea when my postal-order arrives, and I'd like you to come. Say the word."

"Thanks; I will!"

"Good! You don't want to have your tea with a crew of fags at a big table," said Bunter—"especially as they're not speaking to you."

Wingate minor nodded. So much kindness from a perfect stranger was soothing. And he could not help thinking that Bunter's looks belied him very much. No one would have suspected him, at a casual glance, of being a kind and generous fellow.

"The trouble is," said Bunter, "that that blessed postman is so late, and I want to have my tea now!"

Wingate minor agreed that it was awkward.

"I suppose, being a new boy, you're pretty flush with cash," Bunter suggested. "It would be all the same to you if you lent me the pound, and I handed you the postal-order when it came."

"I haven't a pound," said Jack Wingate.

"Oh, make it ten bob!" said Bunter magnificently. "I can get a decent tea for ten bob, and I'll settle out of the postal-order."

Wingate minor dived his hand into his pocket, and Bunter's eyes danced behind his spectacles. Then the fag paused.

"I've only got ten bob," he said.

"Well, that's all right!"

"I—I suppose there's no doubt about the postal-order coming?" Wingate minor suggested, in a hesitating sort of way.

"My dear chap, no doubt at all! It's only a question of waiting for the postman."

"Well, suppose we wait for the postman?" said Jack Wingate prudently.

Bunter frowned.

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"THE BEN" LIBRARY,
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Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

"If you can't trust me with ten bob, young Wingate—"

"Well, you see—"

"Make it five," said Bunter, holding out a fat hand. "I'll settle immediately the postal-order comes."

Jack Wingate hesitated a moment, and then counted five shillings into Billy Bunter's hand. Bunter promptly slid the coins into his pocket before the new junior could have time to change his mind.

"Better trot out the other five," he said. "I can settle out of the postal-order."

"If you don't mind—"

"Oh, all right!" said Bunter huffily. "Please yourself. The difficulty is that five bob is only enough for me, so I sha'n't be able to ask you to tea. So long!"

Billy Bunter rolled away in the direction of the tuck-shop.

Jack Wingate stood staring after him.

Then he ran after the fat junior, and caught him by the shoulder. He realised that he had been done.

"Look here!" he exclaimed.

"Hallo! What do you want?" said Bunter peevishly.

"Give me my five bob!"

"Eh?"

"If you're not going to stand a tea with it, I'm not going to lend it to you," said Wingate minor.

"Oh, buzz off!"

"Give me my five bob!"

"It isn't your five bob now," said Billy Bunter loftily.

"It's my five bob. I'm going to settle out of my postal-order when it comes. That's all right. Look here, you go and wait at the door for the postman; he'll be along in a minute or two, and when he comes, you take the letter for me, and bring it to the tuck-shop."

Wingate minor looked angry; but there was evidently no extracting the five shillings from the pocket of William George Bunter, so the fag did as he was bidden.

He waited at the School House door for about ten minutes. Then Paget came by.

"When does the postman get here?" Jack Wingate asked.

Paget stared at him coolly, and walked on without reply.

Jack Wingate flushed crimson. He had forgotten that the Third Form had sent him to Coventry.

He drew back and waited. Bob Cherry came in from the darkening Close, and gave the fag a cheery nod.

"When does the postman get here?" Wingate minor asked.

"The postman? He's been."

"Does he come again to-night?"

"No."

"Oh!" said the fag.

He started towards the tuck-shop, running. He reached Mrs. Mumble's little establishment, and he found several fellows there; but Billy Bunter was not among them. The Owl of the Remove had disappeared, and so had Wingate minor's five shillings.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

In Coventry.

L ODER of the Sixth paused in the hall to speak to Wingate minor. The captain's minor was getting on as badly in the school as the prefect could have desired. That reflection made Gerald Loder feel quite genial.

"Well, how are things going in the Third?" he asked.

"Rotten!" said Jack Wingate disconsolately.

"Ragging again?"

"No, they're not ragging."

"Then what's the matter?"

"I'm sent to Coventry."

Loder laughed.

"I don't see anything to laugh at!" said Wingate minor hotly. "I wish now I hadn't told you anything about what they did. My brother was quite right. It would have been more sensible not to complain."

"Well, if you're a sneak, you must expect to be treated like a sneak, you know," the prefect remarked.

Wingate minor started, and the blood rushed into his face.

"Do you call me a sneak?" he exclaimed.

"Well, that's what you are, isn't it?" said Loder pleasantly.

"If I were in the Third, I wouldn't speak to a chap who sneaked to a prefect."

Wingate minor stood dumbfounded.

"But you told me to come and tell you if they ragged me!" he exclaimed, stammering out the words at last.

"It's my duty as a prefect to stop rags in the junior Forms," said Loder calmly. "But I don't encourage sneaking."

"But you—you said—"

"Quite right. If you come to me and lay information, I'm bound to take notice of it," said Loder. "If they've been ragging you again, you've only to say so, and I shall cane them again."

"And call me a sneak?"

"Well, you are a sneak."

"You—you cad!"

Loder's eyes glittered.

"That isn't the way to speak to a prefect," he said.

"So you are a cad!" yelled Jack Wingate. "If you thought it was sneaking, you ought to have told me, instead of letting me go on."

Loder's finger and thumb closed upon his ear.

"Ow! Leggo!" yelled Wingate minor.

"You cheeky young rotter!"

"Leggo, you beast!"

A heavy hand fell upon Loder's shoulder, and he released Wingate minor, and swung round, to find himself facing Wingate major.

"Let the kid alone!" said George Wingate curtly.

Loder gave him a savage look.

"So the favoured pet is to cheek the prefects, as well as to sneak about the fags," he said, with a sneer.

"You encouraged him to sneak!" said Wingate. "Shut up, and let him alone!"

"Look here—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

Loder clenched his hands; but he had tried conclusions with the captain of Greyfriars before, and he was not inclined for a second trial.

He swung away. The Greyfriars captain fixed a grim look upon his young brother.

"You're not getting on so well with Loder as you were apparently," he said sarcastically.

"He's a rotter!" said Jack Wingate hotly. "He called me a sneak!"

"Have you only just discovered that telling tales is sneaking?" asked his major.

And he walked away before Wingate minor could reply.

The fag went into the Form-room. It was nearly time for evening preparation, and the Third were all there. But there was no ragging this time.

The Third looked at Wingate minor—looked him all over as if he had been some strange animal, but took no notice of him. Jack Wingate went to his place in dead silence.

Mr. Twigg came in, and preparation went on as usual, Wingate minor sitting with a dull face, and a heavy heart.

Everything seemed to be crumbling around him. Loder, whom he had regarded as a supporter, had turned upon him. He was estranged from his brother, and his Form fellows would not speak to him. The only fellow who had been civil to him lately was Billy Bunter, and Jack understood Billy Bunter's motives by this time.

After preparation, Mr. Twigg left the fags to themselves in the Form-room. There was a buzz of chatter round the fire, but Wingate minor did not join in it. He wondered what he could do with himself. He had a right, as a junior,

to go into the junior common-room; but that was usually used by the Remove and the Fourth and the Shell, and he did not want to meet fellows of other Forms. He had nothing in common with them, and he did not want to impress upon them the fact that he was friendless in his own Form. He moved timidly towards Bolsover minor, and Bolsover minor walked away deliberately. Jack Wingate drew nearer the fire. It was cold that evening, but the fags made no move to allow him to approach the grate.

"Will you let me get to the fire?" said Jack Wingate.

He might have been speaking to stones for all the answer he received, and the fags did not move.

Wingate's minor face flushed with temper, and he pushed Tubb and Jones minimus out of the way.

Tubb stretched out a heavy hand, and gave the new junior a shove that sent him reeling, but without speaking a word.

Wingate minor caught at a form and steadied himself.

"You rotter!" he shouted.

No reply.

"You cad! You beast!"

Grim silence.

"How long are you going to keep up this foolery?" bawled the infuriated junior.

"Faith! And we're not going to speak to you at all!" said Murphy.

There was a yell.

"Shut up, Murphy!"

"Sure I'm only tellin' him we're not goin' to speak to him!"

"Silly-ass!" said Tubb. "Dry up!"

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NEXT MONDAY:

"BOB CHERRY'S SECRET!"

EVERY MONDAY,

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ONE PENNY.

Wingate minor gave the fags a bitter look, and left the Form-room. He wandered disconsolately down the passage, and looked into the junior Common-room. Bolsover major and Vernon-Smith were there, and they laughed unpleasantly as they caught sight of him.

"Here's Wingate's minor, the new sneak!" said Vernon-Smith.

"We don't want tell-tales here!" said Bolsover major. "Clear out!"

"Let him come in if he wants to," said Russell.

"Rot! We don't want sneaks here!"

But Wingate minor was already walking away.

His heart was very full; and it was as much as he could do to keep the tears back from his eyes.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed a cheery voice. "Feeling downhearted? I suppose you're getting hungry, eh? We're having supper in my study—come along!"

And Bob Cherry marched the fag off to the Remove passage.

The day before, or even that morning, Wingate minor might have replied with his usual petulance and sulkiness.

"Thank you!" he said gratefully.

"I'll be glad to come, if you don't mind talking to a sneak!" he added bitterly.

"Oh, that's all right!" said Bob Cherry. "You don't know the ropes yet; when you do, you'll keep your head shut at the right time. Come in!"

There was quite a merry party in Bob Cherry's study. His study-mates—Mark Linley, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the Hindoo—had been preparing a really gorgeous supper, and Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull had come in to share it. Fisher T. Fish dropped in, too, without worrying over the formality of an invitation; and there was a chorus of sniffing at once.

"Take that scent away!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"I guess it's nearly gone!" said the American junior appealingly. "Look here, I'm fed up with that subject! I guess—"

"You're still smolly! Clear out!"

"Nope! Look here, I've chucked away the rest of the bottles of that specific," said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess it was a good thing; but you fellows over here don't know a good thing when you see it. Let up!"

"Well, sit over there by yourself, and you can stay in," said Bob Cherry. "But don't come too near me."

"Yep!"

Wingate minor was pushed into a chair—hot sausages and toast and steaming coffee made him feel ever so much better.

The Remove chums chatted with him cheerily. It did not occur to Wingate minor at the moment that Harry Wharton & Co. were fully aware of his cheerless state, and had arranged the little supper-party to cheer him up. It had its effect; at bedtime, the new fag was feeling and looking very much brighter.

"Thank you very much, you fellows!" he said, as he rose to go. "I—I suppose you—you've heard about my troubles with the chaps in my Form?"

"Just a whisper," said Harry Wharton, smiling.

"I—I'm sorry I was such an ass!" said Jack Wingate. "I—I didn't realise somehow that it was sneaking. I—I suppose I was a fool!"

"You were," said Bob Cherry heartily.

Jack winced.

"It's never too late to mend," said Harry Wharton encouragingly. "The fellows will come round if you play the game."

"Hang them! I don't want them to come round, as far as that goes," said Wingate minor, in quite his old manner. He was evidently not cured yet.

"Yes, you do," said Wharton calmly.

"Look here—"

"Play the game, my son, and you'll find it all right in the long run," said Harry Wharton. "And now good-night."

"Good-night!" said Jack Wingate.

And he went his way.

After the cheerful supper-party in Bob Cherry's study, the grim silence with which the Third received him in the dormitory struck a chill to him.

He went to bed without a word. Wingate major saw lights out; and after he was gone there was the usual chatter among the fags before they went to sleep.

But Wingate minor did not take part in it.

He was not asleep, however.

He lay awake, listening to it all—and thinking. He wondered what his life was going to be like at Greyfriars; and whether he would ever be able to bring himself to humble himself so far as to admit that he had been wrong, and whether it would be much good if he did. It was a long time before he fell asleep.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

A New Leaf!

WINGATE Major frowned a little as he went to his study after school the next day. He was hungry, and ready for his tea; but he had dismissed Bob Cherry from the honourable task of fagging for him, to take his minor in Bob's place. And Jack Wingate had not taken up a fag's duties for his major, so it was highly improbable that there would be any tea ready in Wingate's study. He reflected, as he came down the passage, whether he should go into hall to tea, or drop in on Courtney, or call in another fag. But as he opened his study door he was surprised by the cheery smell of warm toast. He looked into the study in surprise.

The table was laid neatly, and there was a cheerful fire burning in the grato. A fag was kneeling before the fire, making toast.

Wingate gave a low whistle.

The fag was his minor.

Jack Wingate turned a ruddy face from the fire as his major came in.

"Hallo!" said Wingate. "What are you doing?"

Jack's face flushed a little deeper.

"Fagging!" he said.

"What for?"

"Getting tea," said Wingate minor. "You said I was to be your fag, didn't you?"

The captain of Greyfriars stared at him.

"But you said you wouldn't fag," he said.

"Well, but—but—"

"So you've changed your mind?"

"Yes!"

"Why?"

"I—I've been thinking it over," said Jack Wingate.

"You—you want me to fag for you, don't you? I—I'll get out, if you like."

Wingate smiled.

"But I don't like," he said. "I'm jolly glad to see that you're becoming such a sensible chap. When you've finished making the tea, we'll have it together."

Wingate's face was brighter now, as well as his minor's. Jack's experiences at Greyfriars in his two or three days at the school had been rough; but they had evidently done him good.

Jack Wingate finished making the toast, boiled the eggs, and made the tea, Wingate watching him with an amused smile.

"You'll make a good fag," he said. "You haven't burned the toast, or boiled the eggs hard. Bob Cherry generally does one or the other. Sit down."

"Shall I have tea with you?"

"Certainly!"

"I—I don't want the fellows to say that there's any favouritism."

Wingate whistled.

"So you've thought of that, too. Well, I shan't have you to tea every evening, Jack; but this evening is an exception. Sit down."

Jack sat down.

The brothers had tea together very cheerfully. Neither of them mentioned the scene in the dormitory, when Jack had told his major that he hated him; but neither had forgotten it. After tea was over, and the table cleared, Wingate got out his books to work, and Jack moved to the door.

But he paused before he reached it.

"Well, kid?" said Wingate kindly.

"Nothing more I can do?" asked the fag.

"Nothing, thanks!"

"I—I—I'm sorry I said what I did the other night, George!" blurted out Jack Wingate, with a crimson face.

"I—I didn't mean it!"

Wingate's face was very grave.

"I'm glad you didn't mean it, kid," he said, "and you should be a little more careful how you say things you don't mean."

"I—I will!"

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

"It's all right," said the captain of Greyfriars. "How are you getting on in the Third now?"

"They've sent me to Coventry."

Wingate compressed his lips.

"That's bad!" he said.

"I—I didn't care at first," said Jack. "But now—well, I can see things a bit differently. I wish I'd taken your advice, and not complained about them. I was an ass to think that they were all going to make a fuss of me because my brother was captain of the school. It—it would have been rotten of them had, now I come to think of it. But—but I really didn't mean any harm—if they could only see it. Any chap might make mistakes, mightn't he?"

"They will come round, Jack, if you play the game. You've only got to show that you're the right stuff."

"I—I'll try!"

"That's right!"

"I don't seem to get on with anybody here, somehow," said Jack, with a quiver in his voice. "I—I wish I hadn't come to Greyfriars."

Wingate dropped his hand kindly on his minor's shoulder.

"It will be all right, Jack. Greyfriars is the best place in the world for you; it will make a man of you! You're learning the lesson already. I can't favour you, and back you up in your quarrels among the fags; it would make matters worse for you if I did, and it wouldn't be fair—"

"I can see that—now."

"Right! But I can back you up in other ways—and you'll find that you can always depend upon me to help you when you need it, Jack. You made a bad start here, and I'm sorry for it; but things will pull round—if you try to keep your temper, and know your place, and don't put on side."

Jack Wingate winced.

"Do you think so?" he said.

"I'm sure of it!"

"Well, I'll—I'll try!"

"Good! Make up your mind to play the game, and remember that you've got a friend as well as a brother at Greyfriars," said Wingate major. "What you're going through now is a punishment for having played the giddy goat; keep a stiff upper lip, and make the fellows respect you. Then you'll be all right!"

"I'm going to try hard!" said Wingate minor.

And he kept his word.

And, although Jack Wingate's troubles were not over yet, the Greyfriars fellows were destined to learn that there was sterling stuff in the Captain's minor!

(Next Monday "BOB CHERRY'S SECRET," by Frank Richards. Order your copy in advance. Price One Penny.)

TALES TO TELL.

EXTRA TIME CALLED FOR.

"Late again this morning, Murphy!" said the head clerk, as the office-boy crept into the office almost half an hour after his appointed time. "This won't do! You'll have to go, unless you can be more punctual!"

"Shure, sor, I'm sorry!" the boy replied. "But the truth is, I overslept myself—dreaming, I was, of a replayed Cup-tie football match."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?"

"Why, they made three goals each side. So it was a draw, and that blessed fool of a referee ordered extra time, and I had to stay and see the finish!"

STEADYING HIS NERVES.

The squad of recruits were assembled at the range of the Robin Hood Rifles, preparatory to their class-firing.

"With ball-cartridge—load!" roared the drill sergeant.

And the first man had just brought his rifle to the "Present!" when the danger-signal was hoisted, and the marker issued from his mantelet, with pail and brush, to re-whiten the target.

"Danger! Cease firing!" cried the sergeant, when—

Bang!

The terrified marker fell flat upon the ground.

"Whirroo!" roared the sergeant. "Och, murder! The man's kilt—kilt entirely! Are ye alove, marker?"

"Yes!" howled the marker, cautiously raising his head.

"But the fool who fired that shot's no business to be!"

"Who fired?" fumed the sergeant.

"I did," answered the man on the extreme left. "But you needn't make a fuss, sergeant. It was only a blank cartridge, just to steady my nerves!"

But how about the other people's nerves?

OUR THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL. START THIS WEEK!

TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!

THE STORY OF THE
GREAT MAN-HUNT
BY SIDNEY DREW



Ferrers Lord, millionaire, and owner
of the Lord of the Deep.



Prince Ching-Lung, adventurer, conjurer, and
ventriloquist.



Nathan Gore, jewel collector
and multi-millionaire,
Ferrers Lord's terrible rival.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

"BY FOUL MEANS OR FAIR, I'LL WIN!"

Whilst crossing the Atlantic on his way to England—where the costly diamond, "The World's Wonder," is to be put up for auction—Nathan Gore, the American millionaire and jewel-collector, receives a message from his agent in London to say that the diamond has been bought by his hated rival, Ferrers Lord, who is the owner and inventor of the wonderful submarine, the Lord of the Deep.

Nathan Gore swears he will obtain possession of the diamond, and on the night of his arrival in London he goes to his rival's house, and, taking the stone, leaves in its place the message: "To Ferrers Lord,—Knowing you would not sell 'The World's Wonder,' I have taken it. Do your worst! I defy you! The stone is mine!—Nathan Gore." The millionaire accepts the challenge, and a few hours after the robbery the chase is started. For five months, accompanied by his two friends, Ching-Lung, a Chinese prince, and Rupert Thurston, he pursues Nathan Gore, travelling once round the world, but never being able to overtake him. At last he hears that Gore has bought an island in the South Seas, and is fortifying it. Ferrers Lord follows the mad millionaire to the place in his submarine, and, on arrival, divides his forces into two parts, leaving Rupert Thurston with Prout and most of the crew on board the Lord of the Deep, and taking with him Ching-Lung and one or two men on the launch which the Lord of the Deep carries stored away. This vessel is wrecked, and the crew are stranded in Goreland—Nathan Gore's island—and are eventually sighted by a cruiser belonging to the American millionaire. They are rescued by Rupert Thurston, in the Lord of the Deep, just in time to save them from being captured by Nathan Gore. Ferrers Lord learns, through tapping the cable, that the mad millionaire has complained to the Government of America, and that the United States are sending out two cruisers, while England is sending out a vessel to investigate matters. Ferrers Lord makes preparations for a sham attack on his own storeship, which is flying the Goreland colours, in full view of five warships, "to give them something to talk about," as the millionaire grimly remarks. After an apparently terrific battle has taken place in the full glare of the warships' searchlights, Ferrers Lord wearies of the game, and the Lord of the Deep slips off into the darkness. Then the Lord of the Deep's bows are turned towards England once more. Landing on the Yorkshire coast, after a record trip, Ferrers Lord and Thurston proceed to London by a special train, while the rest of the party, headed by Ching-Lung, make their way to a fair which is in full swing in a neighbouring village. After visiting various booths, and playing havoc wherever they go, Barry O'Rooney proposes a raid on the cocoanut-shies, and trots off to get a sack to hold the expected booty.

(Now go on with the story.)

Fun At The Fair.—A Sticky Episode.

"Two shies a penny!" roared the cocoanut man. "Now for yer milky nuts! Bowl 'em hup! Bowl 'em hup! The finest game of skill ever hinvented, and patternised by dooks and millyunaires. Two shies for a toff! Thank 'ee, sir—thank 'ee! Bowl 'em hup!"

Thump! went the first ball from Ching-Lung's hand, and down came two cocoanuts. Thump! again, and two more were in the sawdust.

"Nows I shalls tickles haire!" grinned Gan, as he let fly.

"Ere, wha— Come off it!" said the proprietor. "You—you— Oh, bottle it—bottle it up!"

Eight cocoanuts were down, and two others went dancing from their sticks, to be followed instantly by a couple more, Twelve cocoanuts for threepence! It spelled bankruptcy. Gan-Waga hurled one of the balls like a cannon-shot, and smashed one tightly-fixed nut absolutely to fragments. Right and left, amid the plaudits of the crowd, the nuts were scattered until not one remained standing.

"Here, bottle it up—bottle it up!" gasped the proprietor. "Where am I? Go hon! Don't mind me! It's my day hout, it is! Oh, I am enjoying myself!"

"Stick some more on, guv'nor!" said Ching-Lung. "I'm just getting my hand in!"

"Go away! I'm ruined!" he roared. "You've bust me! Go across and bust Sliggs! You red-haired willuns! Go away!"

"Rude, low man!" said Ching-Lung.

"Vulgar thing!" said Prout.

"Uneducated loafer!" remarked Barry, as he stepped over the rope and began to remove the spoils.

The man at the next place declined flatly to allow them to throw for less than threepence a ball. The fun was at an end. They sold back the nuts to the first gentleman for what they had cost them, and began to look round for some more exciting amusement.

"Test your weight—a penny, gents!"

Ching-Lung paused before the chair. The weight was registered on a dial above. The prince sat down, handing the proprietor of the machine a shilling.

Scrooch, sc-runch, bang, whiz-z-z, clack-k-k!

"Jumping jujubes!" howled Joe. "It's striking forty!"

The weighing-machine man reeled back into the arms of a soldier. The inside works seemed to be having a dog-fight on the premises, although the pointer remained stationary. The wheels fizzed and whizzed, louder and louder. The noise culminated in a terrific bang, and then silence came.

"How much do I weigh, please?" asked Ching-Lung

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NEXT
MONDAY;

"BOB CHERRY'S SECRET!"

Another Splendid Complete Tale of the
Chums of Greyfriars. Order Early.

But the man had his head inside his tool-bag. He thought his instrument had punctured all its tyres and got its steering-gear mixed up with the spokes. He was taking it to pieces at full racing speed when they left.

"By hokey!" said Prout admiringly. "How do he do it, Joe?"

"I dunno!" said Joe. "I thought at first the thing had fair run off the metals! What's this gaff?"

It was a ghost show, ornamented with grisly spectres and fat goblins.

Ching-Lung did not halt. They squeezed their way along with some difficulty past a row of swingboats in full play.

"I've had about enough of this," said Ching-Lung. "It's too stuffy. Let's get out into the fresh air a bit. I should like a snack of something to eat. Where can we go? You know the place, Tom?"

"There's the Jolly Jack Tars Inn, sir," said Prout, "and it ain't far."

"All right. Take off your whiskers and noses, and we'll get something, if it's only bread and cheese."

Rockend was a curious little town, full of odd corners, narrow lanes, and flights of steps, and the spars of fishing-boats and small craft popped up among the roofs at the most unexpected moments. No one ever appeared to do any work there. The male population sat in the sunshine and smoked, and the female population seemed to live with their heads out of the bedroom windows, holding noisy conversations with each other from such positions. There were numerous dogs, cats, and small children and one public house or more was found in every street.

Ching-Lung and Gan stopped at a shop to purchase cigarettes. It was an old-fashioned place with a bay window, and steps down. At the door stood a wooden figure representing a diminutive Highlander. Candles, tin saucepans, pickled onions, penny toys, clay pipes, and scores of other divers articles were displayed in the windows. Ching-Lung peeped in. Leaning over the counter, he descried a stout, red-faced man in an attitude that suggested sleep.

"I likes ones of dems cangles, Chingy," said Gan, smacking his lips. "Dey lookses nices butterful enough."

"M'yes," said Ching-Lung. "I don't think we'll get anything fit to smoke here. I've seen nicer shops in Paris and London. What a dear little chap it is!"

Ching-Lung chucked the wooden Highlander under the chin.

"What's he done wid hims trousers?"

"Oh, shut up, Ga! Don't make a row!"

"What fo' nots, Chingy?"

"Shut up! Get across the road and keep there."

Ching-Lung took a closer view of the interior of the shop. The stout man was asleep, and snoring soundly. The shopman made a point of selling everything, from mousetraps to overcoats of a cheap and shoddy quality. The prince beckoned Gan away, and softly entered the shop, which was most gloomy. He selected an ugly tweed cap, macintosh, and a ball of twine. The shopman snored on. He did not expect many customers that day, for they had gone to the fair.

The street, except for Gan, was deserted. Ching-Lung put cap and macintosh and false beard on the Highlander, stuck half a cigarette between the wooden lips, added a pair of penny eyeglasses to hide the stony stare, and picked up the figure. He mounted it on a box at the counter, and tied some twine to its leg.

Peering through the chink of the door, he considered the effect. The Highlander resembled a small and curious-looking gentleman with an odd taste in clothes, and an odder taste in whiskers. Sweet and low trilled the music of the shopman's nose through the gloomy silence.

"Ahem—ahem!" coughed the prince.

The noise fell upon empty ears.

"Ahem! Shop!"

"Heigho!"

The fat man awoke with a mighty yawn, and blinked. He looked straight at the dummy without seeing it, and laid down his head for another snooze. Ching-Lung gave the string a gentle pull, which made the dummy sway in a manner that, in the bad light, was quite lifelike.

"I have been waiting here for quite ten minutes," said the dummy; "but I would not hurry you for the world, sir! Oh, no! Do not mind me at all; do not distress yourself. I am not an impatient man. Pray do not hurry!"

The shopman woke up smartly.

"I begs yer pardon, sir!" he said meekly. "I 'ad a bad night, sir—I mean, a late night, sir. My nevy Bill got married, over at Stonehill, and we kep' it up a bit late. What can I do for you, sir?"

"I am—er—visiting here," said the little man, "at the Jolly Jack Tars, with several friends. We are—er—rather a large party, and we prefer to board ourselves."

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

"Quite right, sir! Much cheaper, and better!" said the shopman, rubbing his fat hands at the thought of a large order. "I'm sartin I can satisfy you, sir. Why, I've sarved Mr. Ferrers Lord afore to-day, and he knows wot's wot, he do. Anythin' in tea, sir? Mr. Ferrers Lord gets all his tea off me. Won't drink no other. Only the other day he says to me: 'Slapsey,' he says, 'your tea is the finest in the world, and your best 'am is a dream!' Try the tea, sir?"

The man's cool way of lying tickled Ching-Lung. The idea of connecting Ferrers Lord with such a miserable, tenth-rate, back-street shop was delicious in its absolute audacity and cheek.

"I'll make you sit up for that giddy cram!" thought Ching-Lung. "You bet on it!"

"One-and-ten and two shillings a pound, best Ceylon," said the shopman.

"Two pounds of Ceylon tea at two shillings," said the dummy.

"Sugar, sir? Mr. Lord never goes nowhere else for sugars, sir."

"Four of the best lump—four pounds, that is to say, of your special lump-sugar."

"And 'am, sir?" said the shopman, as he placed the parcels on the counter. "There's two 'ams up there that'll taste like 'oney to the very knuckle-hends. Only yesterday Mr. Ferrers Lord—the millionaire, he says to me: 'Slapsey,' he says, 'them 'ams of yours is worth rubies! I could get up at midnight to eat 'em!' Ninepence a pound, taking the lot, sir?"

"I'll have both," remarked the dummy.

The shopman beamed as he weighed them. He had found a customer worth having. He put an extra penny on the price of everything. The little man bought butter, tinned apricots, biscuits, candles, flour, rice, sago, three dozen eggs, pickles, chutney, bloater-paste, bread, and several other things.

"You're sure that's all?" said Mr. Slapsey. "Nothin' in the canned goods—salmon, lobster, rabbit, pressed beef?"

"Nothing more, thanks. Will you please make them into a parcel?"

"Bless yer, I'll bring 'em round myself, sir. I'll come wi' you and carry them. I'll 'ave the bill in no time, sir."

The load filled two baskets. Mr. Slapsey, bland and happy, ticked off the articles—some of them twice over—and jotted down the cost. Ching-Lung walked away, followed by Gan. A ragged urchin entered the shop and deposited a jug of treacle on the counter.

"P-please, Mr. Slapsey," stammered the urchin, "m-muvver's sent this back, and she s-says it t-tastes of onions."

"Silence!" cried Mr. Slapsey, waving his pen. "I am busy. Fourteen and seven is twenty-two, and twenty-two shillings is one p'un' four. One and four is five. Five p'un' four-and-six, sir, and much obliged. Now, what's this 'ere?"

Mr. Slapsey pushed the bill over to his new and valuable customer, and, placing his hands on the counter, scowled at the urchin.

"P-please, Mr. Slapsey, m-muvver's sent this back, and she s-says it s-s-smells of onions."

"My treacle smell of onions! What do you mean, boy? Never—never! What do you mean?"

"P-p-please s-smell it. M-m-muvver says w-w-will you change it?"

Scowling blackly, the shopman examined the contents of the jug, and peered into the dark mass of stickiness.

"It was right when it left 'ere," he said, "and if it ain't right now you've done it. My treacle," he added, for the benefit of his silent customer, "smells like violets. Tell yer mother that Mr. Ferrers Lord—him at the big 'ouse—eats gallons of my treacle. If he don't grumble, what do you for? I'll change it this 'ere once, and lend you a fresh jar, but only this 'ere once. You needn't move, sir. I have lots of room."

Mr. Slapsey picked up an empty jar and walked heavily round the counter.

The treacle-barrel was on a fairly high shelf. Mr. Slapsey did not hear the welcome clink of money. The customer seemed in no hurry to pay.

"Mean old rogue!" he thought, as he turned the spigot. "He's countin' it up. If he can make out them figures, he's gct good heyesight. I know ow to write 'em, I do. Was it a quart, Tommy?"

"Y-y-yeth, Mr. S-S-Slapsey, p-p-please."

With a thick and sticky sound, the molasses began to glide into the jar. A cat stole round the door and along the side of the counter. Tommy turned to watch the treacle flowing, and trod on the cat's front paw. The cat let out a screech of woe and rage and pain, and fixed every claw it had in Mr. Slapsey's leg.

The urchin sprang back. Mr. Slapsey roared, clutched at his leg, lost his balance, and fell backwards on the little man. It was hard stuff to fall on. Mr. Slapsey's legs waved in the air, and the jar thudded into a box of eighteen-shilling eggs, and as Mr. Slapsey lay a-thinking, the treacle descended upon his hair in a cool and refreshing cascade.

The cat retired from the scene of the action, and Tommy yelled.

"Hallo, hallo! What's wrong here? Has there been an accident?" shouted a voice.

"Is dere a smashes up?" asked another voice.

Gan-Waga and Ching-Lung sprang into the shop just as Mr. Slapsey rose. When he had cleared his eyes of treacle, he saw the silent form on the floor, and uttered a long, shuddering moan.

"I'm—I'm—I'm all right," he sobbed. "It—it was the c-cat. I—I felled on him—s-seventeen-stun-n-nine. Ow! I—I—I believe I—I've squashed him. T-tell him to speak. Kind g-gentlemen, make him s-speak!"

"We want a doctor," said Ching-Lung. "We heard the crash, and— Light the gas. That's better. My word!"

Cap and beard had fallen off. With eyes starting from his head, and heedless of the falling treacle, Mr. Slapsey crouched in the growing pool of stickiness, staring, glaring, dumb! He had recognised his dummy.

"Bilkeed!" he screamed. "Bilkeed!"

"What is the matter, man? What does it all mean?" asked Ching-Lung.

"Go away, or I'll do murder! Go away! Go-o-o away! Go-o-o-o away!"

"He mads," said Gan-Waga. "De poors man's mads."

"Bilkeed, bilkeed!" shrieked Mr. Slapsey, wringing his sticky hands. "If I knowed— Go-o-o-o away! I'm savage! I'm wild! I'm dotty! Go-o-o-o away! Bilkeed, bilkeed, bilkeed! Five p'un' four and six! O-o-oh! What a 'appy life! Out o' my shop! Go-o-o-o away!"

"My poor fellow—"

"Don't you give me none of that!" snarled Mr. Slapsey, beating his hands in the treacle. "Go-o-o-o away! I believe you done it!"

"We had better go," said Ching-Lung. "We can do no good here. The fellow is out of his mind. We'll find a policeman, and send him. Come, my dear friend, go first."

"After you, my dears brothers," said Gan. "He is a low fellows."

"He is unpardonably vulgar, sir."

"And him unpardonably stickies, Chingy," crowed Gan. Like the cat, they retreated. They made for the inn. Joe, Prout, and Barry had the coffee-room to themselves, and were already indulging in a light lunch of bread and cheese and beer.

"We thought you was lost, sir, by hokey we did," said Prout.

"We found one part of the road sticky," grinned Ching-Lung. "Is not that so, my dear friend?"

"It was bad 'nough stickies," said Gan-Waga. "Ho, ho, ho, hoo! Hoo, hoo, ho-o-o-o!"

"In fact," said Ching-Lung, "it was treacle."

"And de—ho, ho, ho!—de cats, Chingy. Nots forgets de cats."

A few minutes later, when the tale was told, the coffee-room rang with uproarious laughter.

"Tell you what," said Ching-Lung, "you daren't, any of you, borrow some jugs and go and ask at that shop for a pint of treacle."

"O'll go—troth! O'll go like a birrd," said Barry.

"Me, too!" grinned Prout and Joe.

Barry quickly obtained three jugs. A coin was spun, and it fell to Joe to make the first, and, probably, the safest visit. O'Rooney sighed. His turn came last. Barry went out, and was absent some time.

"He'll eat you, Irish!" chuckled the prince. "The man is desperate. I should get insured."

Ching-Lung had taken the bearings of the place. Below the shop on the opposite side was one of the winding flights of steps so frequent in the queer, upside-down little place. By the exercise of a little care, they could see from this place without being seen. They watched Joe cross the road and enter the shop.

Mr. Slapsey was not visible. He was cleaning himself up. Joe produced him, after a brief delay, by tapping on the counter.

"Well?" growled Mr. Slapsey.

"A pint of treacle, please!" said Joe affably. "Put it in this jug."

For a few seconds Mr. Slapsey breathed hard and deep as he eyed Joe up and down.

"There's the measure," he said, "and there's the barrel. If you wants treacle, sarve yerself, matey!"

"With pleasure, cocky!" said Joe.

Joe departed triumphant, and in high fettle. Then Prout

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NEXT
MONDAY:

"BOB CHERRY'S SECRET!"

strode across the road. Prout was a giant, and he was confident in his strength. He felt capable of eating forty Mr. Slapseys, and being hungry afterwards. He walked in without any hesitation.

"Pint of treacle, guv'nor," he said, in his thunderous bass, "and there's the craft to fill her in—that 'ere jug!"

Mr. Slapsey breathed harder, but strove to be calm.

"I don't sell it."

"Well, by hokey, I don't mind takin' it for nowt!" said Prout.

"'Old on!" said Mr. Slapsey. "We'll get to the bottom o' this. You're a big man, and I ain't no little one. Treacle and me 'as fell out. The stuff and me is pizen: Somebody is playin' a game on wi' me. I've 'ad enough treacle this day to last me for five 'undred billion centuries. I've walked in treacle, stewed in treacle, and swabbed up barrels of it off the floor. You'll get no treacle 'ere. Go-o-o-o away!"

"By hokey, not wi'out my treacle!" said Thomas Prout.

"I can't 'old myself no longer!" panted the shopman. "I'll swing for yer if you don't shift! Go-o-o-o away!"

"Not without—"

Prout went. It was high time. Mr. Slapsey could bear no more. He vaulted over the counter with a great bacon-knife in his fist, and chased Prout twenty yards down the street. Prout went back to the inn.

"The saucy savage!" laughed Ching-Lung. "You'd better not go, Barry. He'll slay you!"

"Niver on this airth, sor!" said Barry. "O'll go, and O'll get the sthuff!"

"I'll give you a sovereign if you do."

"That quid is mine!" said Barry. "Watch yer papa, and yez'll learn a thing or two."

Barry appeared to walk rather stiffly. He looked in at the shop window, and lighted his pipe lazily. Then he entered. Mr. Slapsey was furious by this time. He bobbed up behind the counter.

"Go-o-o-o away!"

"O'i begs your pardon," said Barry sweetly, "but O'i wants a pint of treacle in that!"

Barry placed two things on the counter—a jug and an enormous, bright-edged axe, which he had borrowed from the woodshed at the back of the inn. He gently fingered the edge of the axe.

"O'i've killed lots of min wid this," he went on. "A dear friend of moine, doicin' fer a dhrop of thracle, was druve from this shop in a murderous fashion wid a revolver and a knife. That's why O'i've brought this little bit of iron wid me. Ut's a case of gettin' the thracle or arristin' yez for assault, wid intint to murder wan of his Majesty's taxpayers. This wipin is for pertiction of my loife, and, faith, O'll use ut av nades be! Half a pint of thracle, plaze, and there's the jug and the money. No, I mane a point. He uses it to make his hair grow!"

Mr. Slapsey's eyes rolled hideously.

"Av that man doies of fright," growled Barry, "havin' a wake heart and wake head, his death'll loie at your dure, and yez'll do a quick march to the scaffold. A point of thracle, d'yez hear, in that jug!"

Mr. Slapsey looked at Barry, at the axe, and at the jug.

"Barrel—measure—take it!" he groaned.

With one eye on the shopman, Barry filled the jug. Then he blew a kiss to Mr. Slapsey, and danced out. When they passed that way again, the shutters were up.

"A little koindness is loike a postage-sthamp—ut often goes a long way for what ut costs," said Barry. "A chopper is a little thing and chape, but yez can do a lot wid ut. Av yez'll kape toight howld of Gan to make sure he doesn't get mixed up wid the performer, O'll threat yez all to the dog-and-monkey show."

"Gee-boie, Mистер Slapsey,
Wid the timper very scrapsey,
Aftther that dose of thracle,
O'i fear yez'll be a wake ill!"

"Help!" wailed Joe.

"What's the matther? Are yez in pain?"

"It's a wonder we haven't all dropped dead!" said Ching-Lung. "That's the vilest rhyme I've ever listened to. 'Wake ill' and 'thracle'! Have pity on us, Barry! That's enough to make it rain!"

"In fact, go-o-o-o away!" said Prout, imitating Mr. Slapsey.

"Yez went away double quick yersilf; anyhow, Tommy!" grinned O'Rooney. "And that's a thing we can never forgive yer for. Why didn't yez sthay and be made into a dacint corpse? What a treat yez have made us miss intoirely!"

Gan Waga's Temptation.

There was a telegram awaiting Ching-Lung on their return to the house, from Ferrers Lord. It merely stated that he would remain in London for a few days, and contained no instructions or orders of any kind. Ching-Lung considered that he was perfectly free to do what he liked and go where he liked. Joe, Barry, and Prout found themselves in clover, and when Gan was introduced to the dairy and saw the golden rows of freshly-made butter his bliss was complete.

The millionaire's farm was a farm worthy of any millionaire. Everything was the best of the best, from his magnificent shorthorn cattle—that would have staggered under the weight of medals and cups they had won—to the smallest bantam in the coops. There was not a thistle or a dock to be found growing on the whole five hundred acres, and a whiff of the sweet-scented ricks in the stackyards was as sweet as violets. The whole farm was a paradise. It seemed impossible for anyone who had anything to do with it to be unhappy or bad-tempered. They ought to have breathed love and peace, and to have been as merry as crickets. Most of them were, but one of them emphatically was not. And his name was Bunne.

Bunne was the head-man. He could not even write his name, but his knowledge of practical farming and the management of live stock would have filled a fair-sized library, if only put into print. Ferrers Lord knew Mr. Bunne's value, and never interfered with him. Mr. Bunne always wore a fringe of black whiskers under his chin and a billycock hat on his head—some people said he slept in the billycock—a tweed suit on his back, and riding-breeches and gaiters on his lower limbs. He was seldom seen without a cigar and a double-barrelled gun, and he gave poachers, trespassers, and vermin an equally hot time.

Mr. Bunne knew nothing of his master's arrival. He had been visiting a cattle show at Leicester, and had travelled home with the milk. Mr. Bunne was tired, and he went to bed. He awoke in time for lunch, selected his thickest boots, took his gun, and strode abroad.

Ching-Lung was whipping the beautiful little stream for trout. Gan was with him, but Gan thought little of the art of fly-fishing, and less of the size of the fish caught. Gan leaned over the rustic bridge and grinned as he watched the prince crawling on his stomach towards a likely pool, for in that bright, crystal stream the trout were shy and wary.

"Dat de mosts silliestest games I ever did saws!" murmured Gan. "When you gets dema, dey not morer bigs 'nough dan to puts in yo' eye! I tickles haire ups fo' Chingy! Ho, ho, ho!"

Gan hurled a big stone into the pool, and waddled away. He danced when a clod of earth hit him between the shoulder-blades, and ran when he saw two or three more clods in hot pursuit.

"Beast—fat beast!" roared the angler.

"Yo' only catch a colds fishin' deres!" shouted Gan. "Go homes and boil yo'self!"

The Eskimo had only paid one visit to the dairy, but it was a visit he thought he could never forget. He recalled the great pans of milk, the rows of butter, the mighty cans of cream, the spotless churns, the gleaming cans, and, above all the taste of the buttermilk, and the delicious coolness of the place.

"I coulds lives deres!" muttered Gan rapturously. "Oh, I coulds lives deres fo' nevers and morer! What joylessness to lives in a buttershops! I shoulds likes our swimming-baths full of milks. Oh, mi, how grands. I swims rounds and rounds and rounds till I churns him all to butters, and den I eats up de lots! Oh, yum-yum! What blissfulness joy! Oh mi, oh mi!"

"Co-ooop! Co-ooop! Co-ooop!"

The long-drawn, melodious cry came across the meadows. They were calling up the willing cows to the milking-sheds. As there were over a hundred cows, all hands were required. The milking hours were the busiest time of the day. Gan did not know this. A kind of instinct directed his footsteps towards the dairy. Though he could not see it, though he did not know in what direction it lay, he made for it like an eel will make for the water.

The dairy was a long, low building, with Venetian blinds and a tiled roof. A stream of running water, translucent as glass, cold as snow, gushed through it unceasingly. A bell had summoned the neat, cotton-gowned maids to the milking, and when Gan reached the dairy, and put his eye to the keyhole, he saw butter, butter everywhere, and not a soul to eat it!

"Oh mi," sighed Gan—"oh mi!"

(Another instalment of this amusing and exciting serial story next Monday.)

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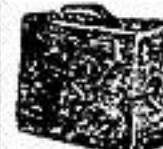
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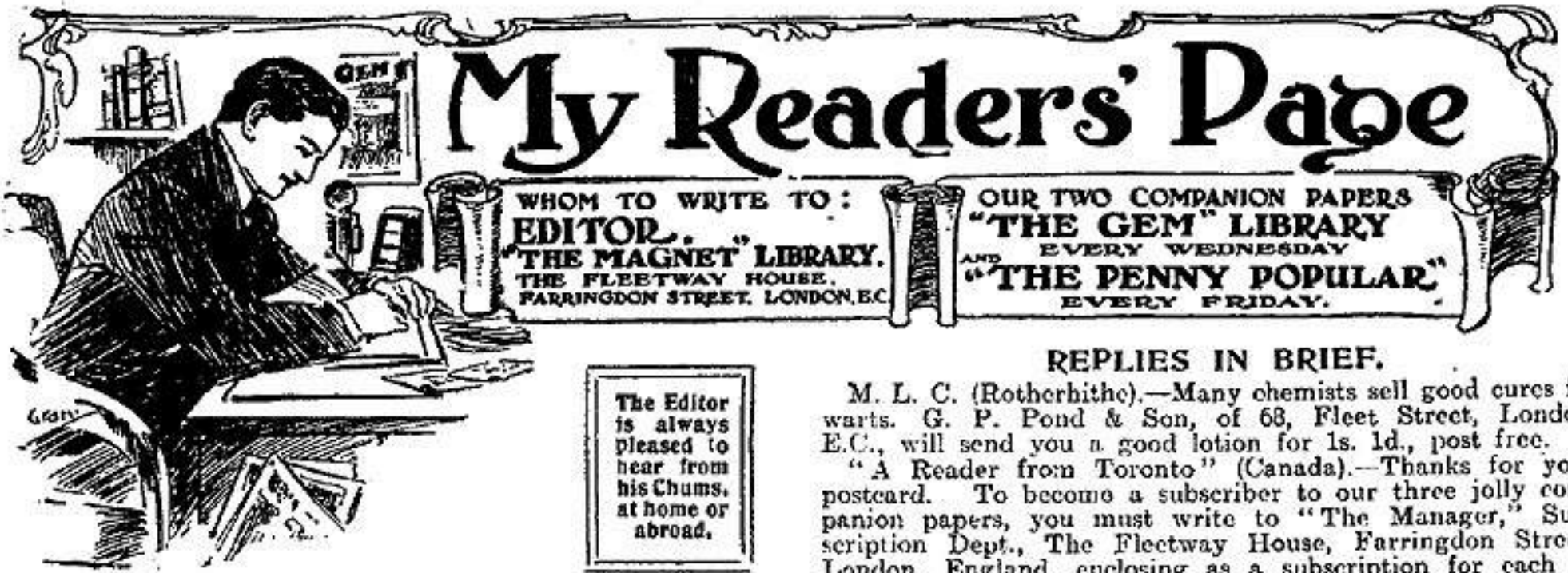
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hear from
his Chums,
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FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"BOB CHERRY'S SECRET!"

By Frank Richards.

The engagement of a football "coach" at Greyfriars causes considerable excitement among the juniors, particularly to the keen footballers of the Remove Form. Great is the satisfaction when the new-comer turns out to be not only a first-class player, but an all-round "decent chap." This being so, it is all the more puzzling to the Removites to find that the usually genial and sunny-tempered Bob Cherry has "got his knife" into the popular "pro," and can hardly speak a civil word to him!

Bob's chums find the mystery a baffling one, but Bob sticks to his guns. As usual, he has a good reason for his peculiar action, but it is not until

"BOB CHERRY'S SECRET"

is eventually fathomed that Harry Wharten & Co. have to admit that he is in the right.

THE LATEST GREAT SCHOOL SERIAL.

This week's issue of "The Gem" Library is, without doubt, the finest penny number of our famous companion paper that has so far been published. Martin Clifford's wonderful series of Tom Merry stories, which has made the name of "The Gem" Library famous throughout the civilised world, is enriched this week by a long, complete story of special excellence, entitled:

"ASHAMED OF HIS NAME."

This magnificent story is alone sufficient to cause No. 265 of "The Gem" to be long remembered as an issue of special merit. But when, in addition to this, we have the first instalment of a

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The title of this great new school serial is:

"SIR BILLY, OF GREYHOUSE,"

and the author of it is none other than

Famous R. S. WARREN BELL,

whose tales of the famous public school, Greyhouse, are read wherever there are British boys—or British girls, either—to read them. Confident, then, in his assurance that brains and money cannot produce a better or more welcome pennyworth of reading matter for lovers of good school stories, your Editor is content to leave this Wednesday's issue of our grand little companion paper, "The Gem" Library, to the unbiased judgment of his readers.

I shall be amply repaid for all my extra efforts on my chums' behalf if all those to whom this week's grand all-school story "Gem," in which

"SIR BILLY, OF GREYHOUSE,"

makes his debut, will simply pass on the good news to their friends.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY. No. 265.

NEXT
MONDAY:

"BOB CHERRY'S SECRET!"

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

M. L. C. (Rotherhithe).—Many chemists sell good cures for warts. G. P. Pond & Son, of 68, Fleet Street, London, E.C., will send you a good lotion for 1s. 1d., post free.

"A Reader from Toronto" (Canada).—Thanks for your postcard. To become a subscriber to our three jolly companion papers, you must write to "The Manager," Subscription Dept., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, England, enclosing as a subscription for each of the three papers a postal-order to the value of 7s. for twelve months, 3s. 6d. for six months, and 1s. 9d. for three months. These prices include postage and all double numbers.

J. P. R. (Sunderland).—Yes; if you make inquiries at the post-office I think you will find that you can have letters addressed there, where they will be kept until called for.

A. E. Smith (Rotherhithe).—The coin about which you wrote to me is worth a few pence only.

W. Lindley (Yorks).—I have never heard of any book such as you want being published. The best way for you to become a black-and-white artist is to attend an art school. If you have the talent the master will soon discover it, and it will remain with you to stay on and improve your work. Later on, when you have developed into a full-blown artist, you can submit your work to the editor of any paper you think it suited for.

ACTING FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH.

Having last week discussed how to become a cinema artiste, I propose this week to tell you what you are expected to do when you are one, and also something about

THE PREPARATIONS FOR "FILMING" THE PICTURE.

I am going to suppose that the play to be produced—or, as it is called, "filmed"—has been settled upon. As soon as this has been done, the stage-manager calls together all the artistes who will be wanted in the particular piece chosen, and after having allotted to each one his or her part, and handed to every one a book—not of words, but usually containing a plot of the play in the minutest detail—he allows them sufficient time to thoroughly get a clear idea of the "ins-and-outs" of the story. Next, he reassembles the artistes, and goes through with them, first all together, then each one individually, the particular points he wants notice to be taken of. Then a series of rehearsals commences. These take place in the company's studio, and continue until the stage-manager thinks the artistes are efficient enough.

Whilst these rehearsals have been taking place, the costumes that will be needed by the actors and actresses have been in the course of making.

When the stage-manager thinks fit he will settle a day for a dress-rehearsal, when the piece is acted in full dress, and also at the actual scenes, exactly as if the play were being taken for reproduction at the cinema theatre. The operator—as the man who takes the piece is called—and his camera are present, in order that he may see which spot will be the best for him to stand at, on the actual day.

After this has been gone through to the stage-manager's satisfaction, a day is settled on which the play shall be "snapped."

Beyond this the artistes have no further preparations to make. But not so the operator. He takes his camera, together with a certain length—that has already been settled with the manager—of plain celluloid film, to the dark-room, where he places the sensitive film in the camera as a photographer places a spool of films in an ordinary Kodak. It is then "loaded" and quite ready for use, it only being necessary to turn a handle on the right of the machine to take the pictures. On the left—or on some cameras at the back—is another handle, by which the operator may "train" his camera on the artistes as they move about the scene of acting.

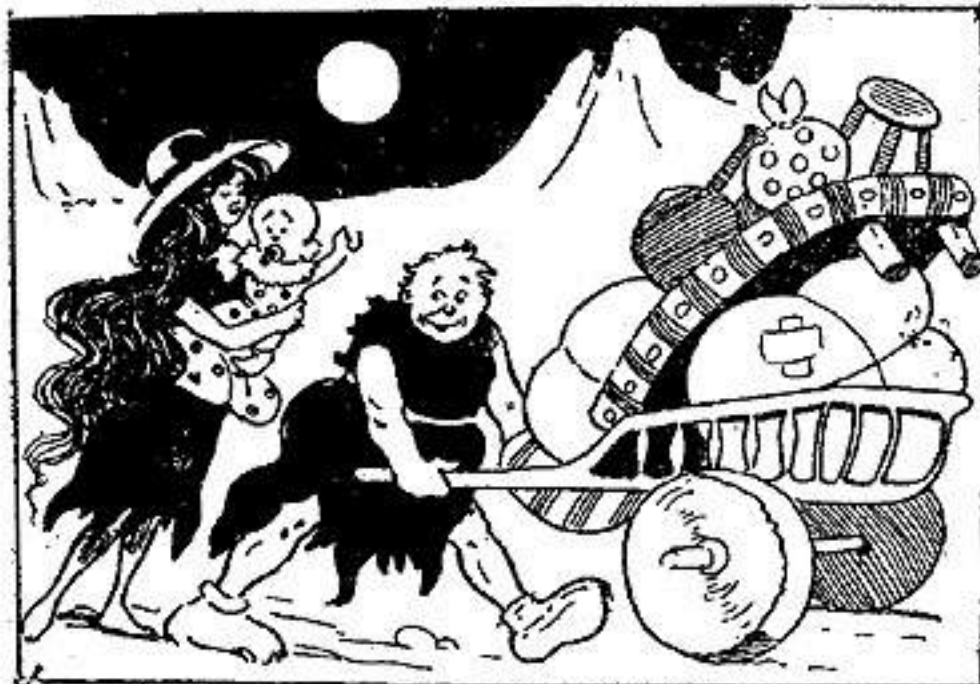
(Next Week: FILMING AND FINISHING THE PICTURE.) THE EDITOR.

Another Splendid Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars. Order Early.

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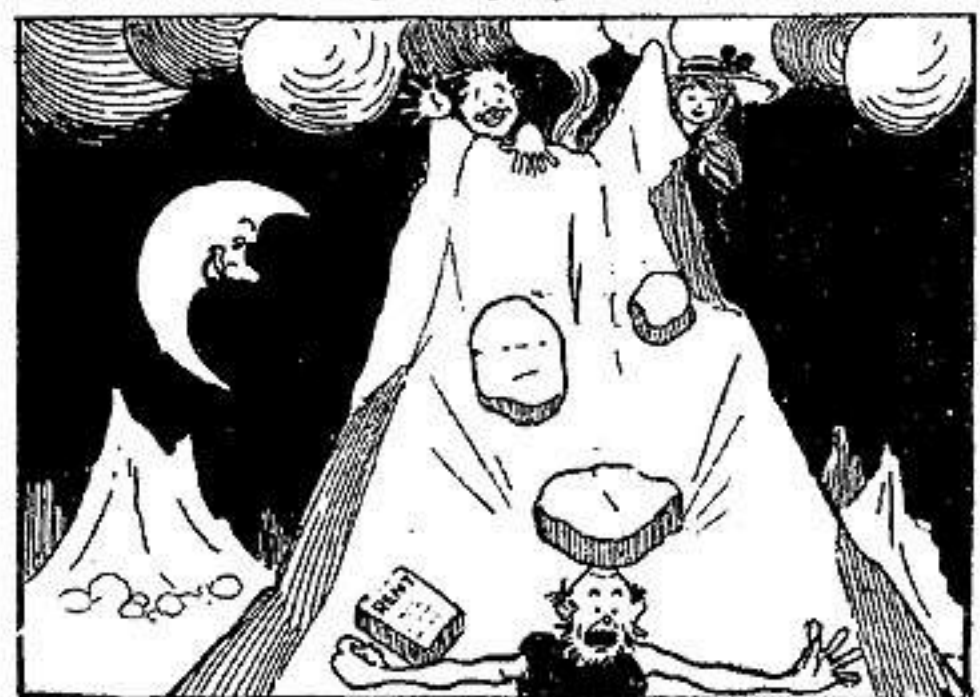
A MOVING TALE OF OLDEN TIMES.



1. 'Twas with light hearts and heavy furniture that they of the Flitful Ways decamped without paying ye rent which falls due at every new moon.

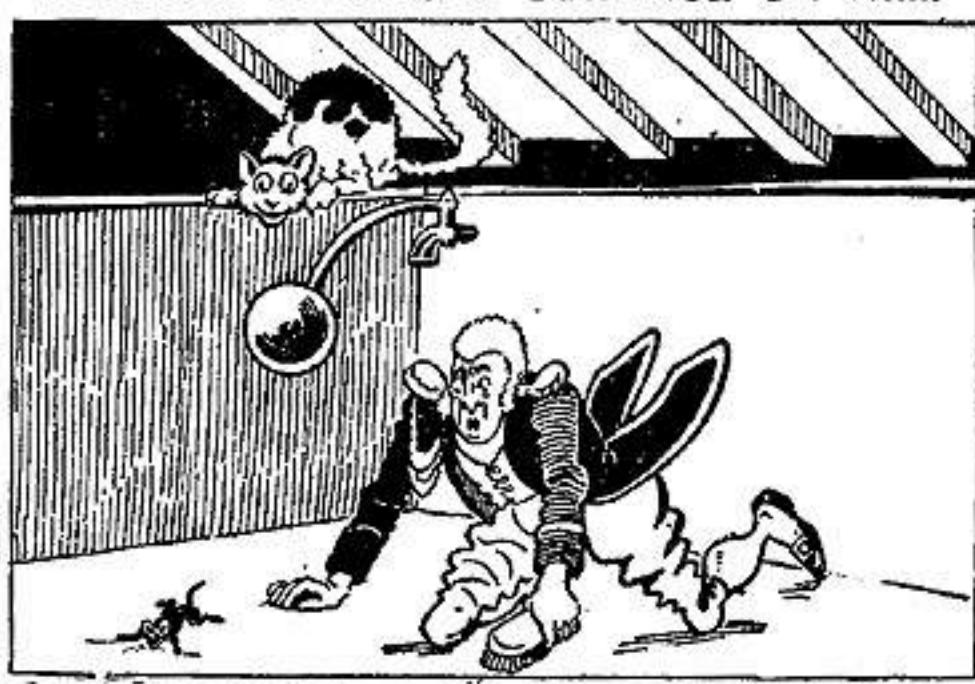


2. When, fearing that the landlord might pass their way on purpose, our happy trio sought refuge in an extinct volcano—the one which Edinburgh was going to be built on.



3. So when the old boy came with his bill, they lit a fire, and then cast out some fine hard rocks and gave the old 'un a fright and a run (in the wrong direction) for his money.

PUSSUMS SPRANG A SURPRISE ON HIM.



1. Frederick Flunky had condescended, as a great favour to his employer, to clean out the cistern, as something had been stopping up one of the pipes for some time.

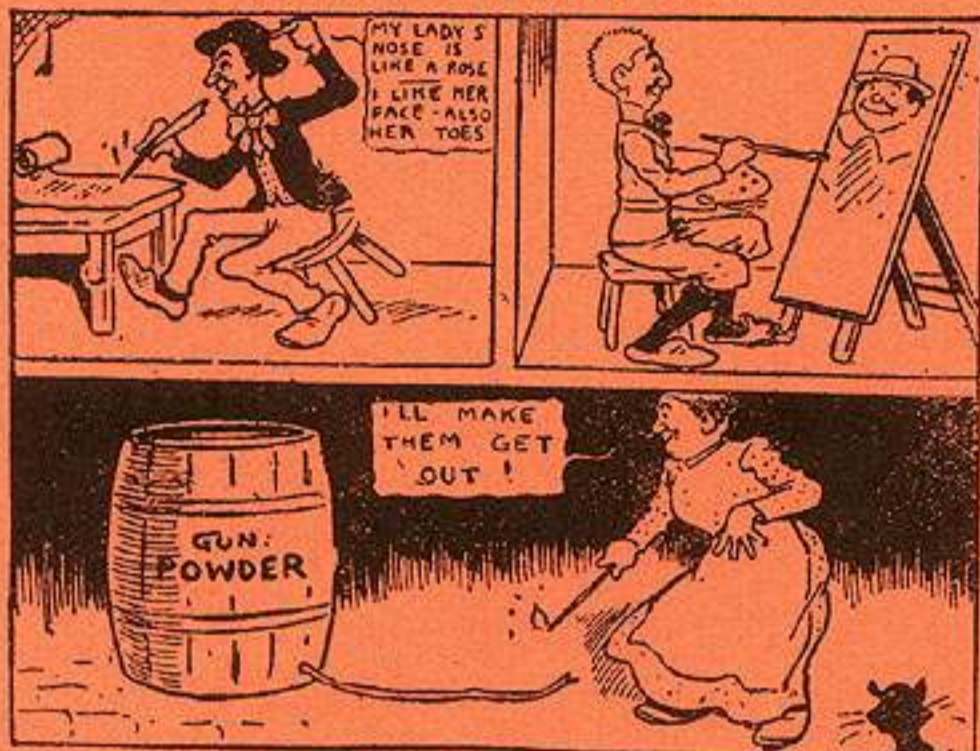


2. So, getting to work, Frederick soon discovered the cause of the trouble, which turned out to be a very dead mouse, which had got into the pipe somehow. Now, the cat spotted the mouse, and—

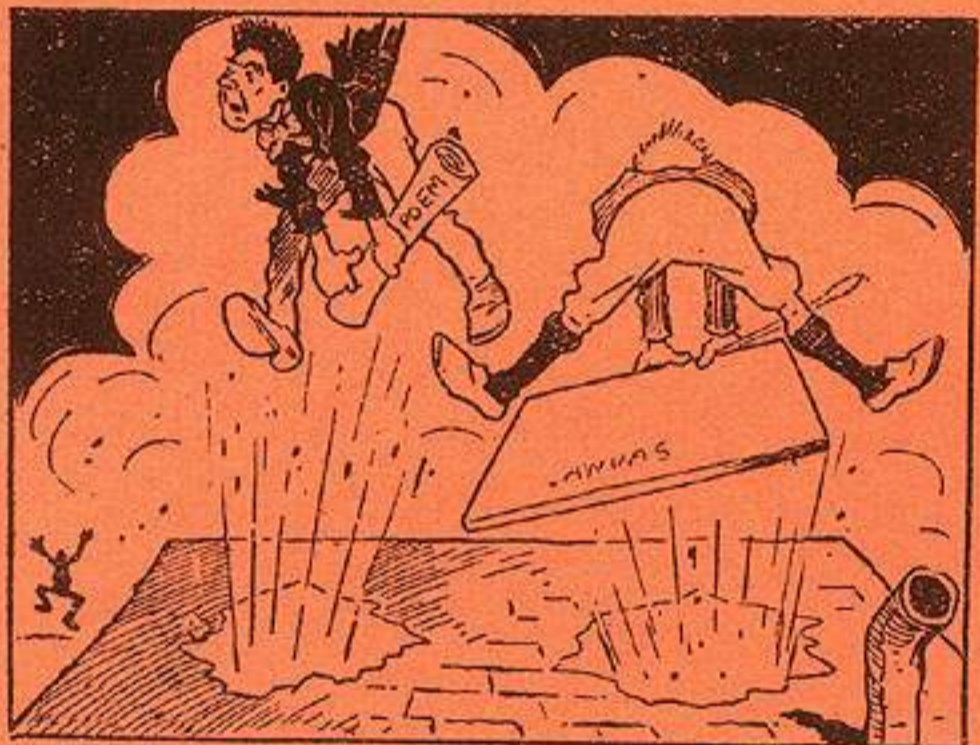


3. Making a spring at it, landed on the apparatus which turns on the water. So, as we see in this pretty picture, Fre 'dy got seriously wet, and says he's had enough of work to last him a lifetime.

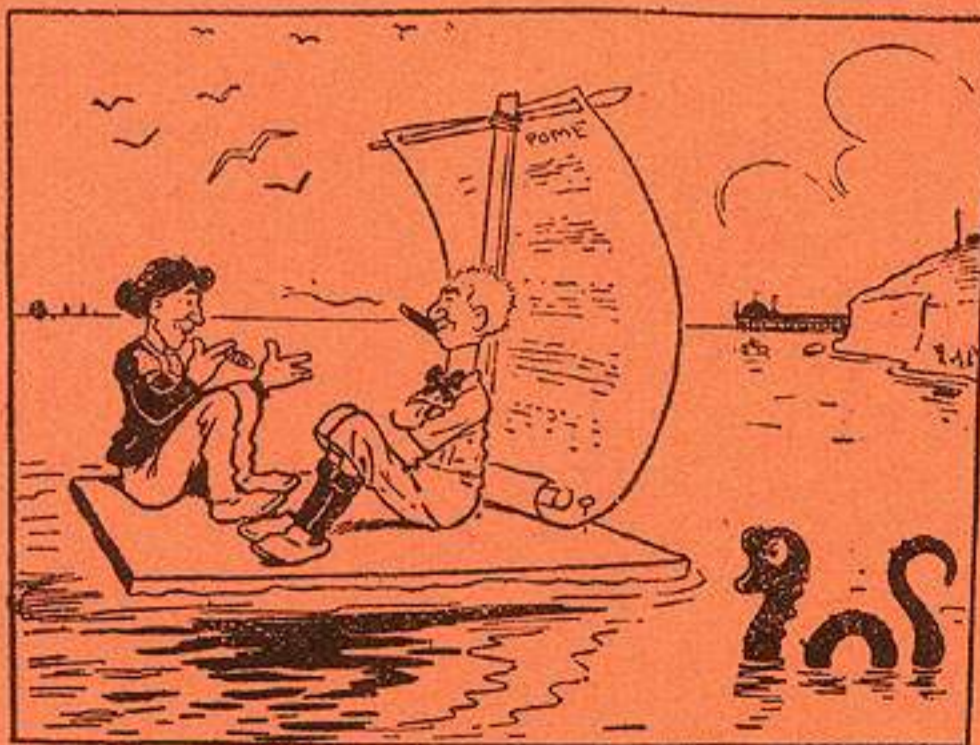
A BANG-UP-TO-DATE IDEA.



1. The poet and the artist were too hard up to pay rent, and the landlady couldn't get rid of them. At last she hit upon a plan. "That'll make them get out!" said she, as she fired the fuse.

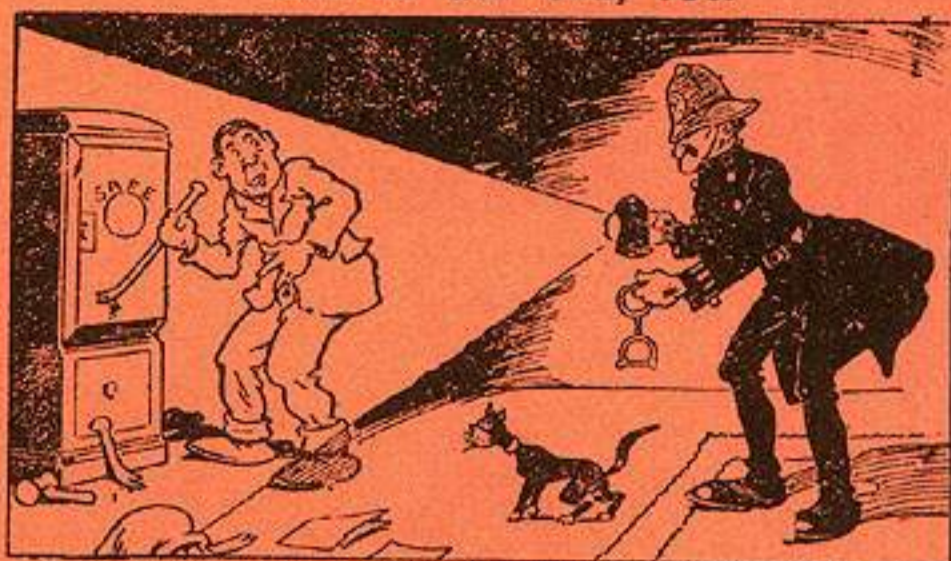


2. "Boom!" They did get out, too, and no mistake. Up they went through the roof, taking their masterpieces with them. At last they fell into the silvery Thames. But no, all was not lost, for they rigged up a boat (see next picture)—



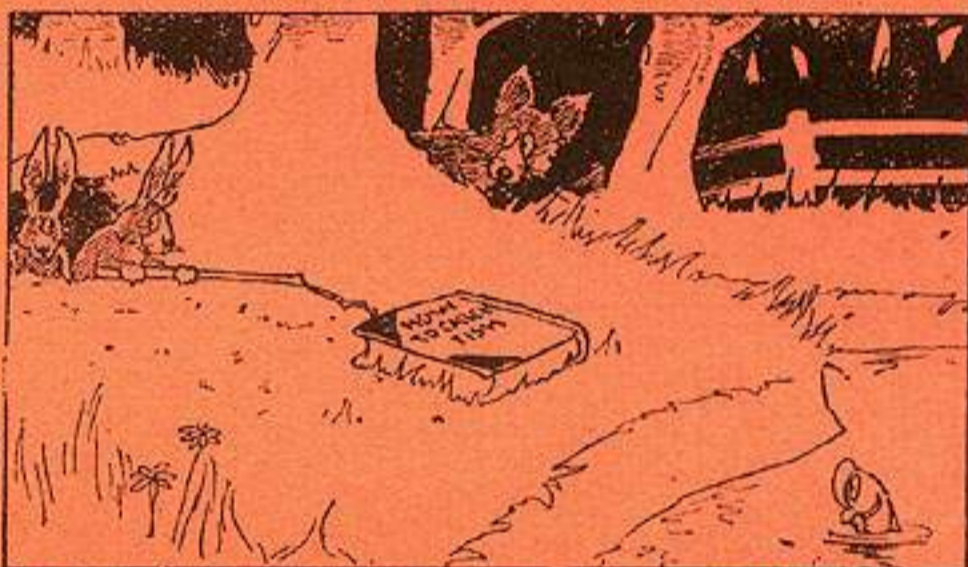
3. And sailed away, discoursing pleasantly on art, literature, tripe and onions, and such like interesting topics. Brainy chaps, these authors and artists, aren't they?

AND HE GOT ONE, TOO.

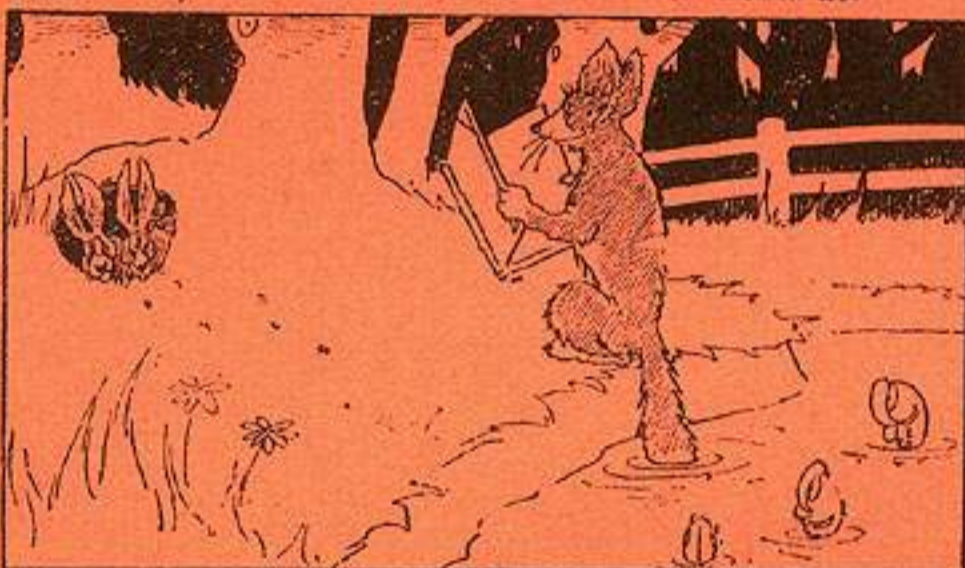


"You are working too hard," said the policeman to the man who was drilling in a safe at two o'clock in the morning. "What's that?" asked the burglar. "I say you need ar-rest," said the policeman.

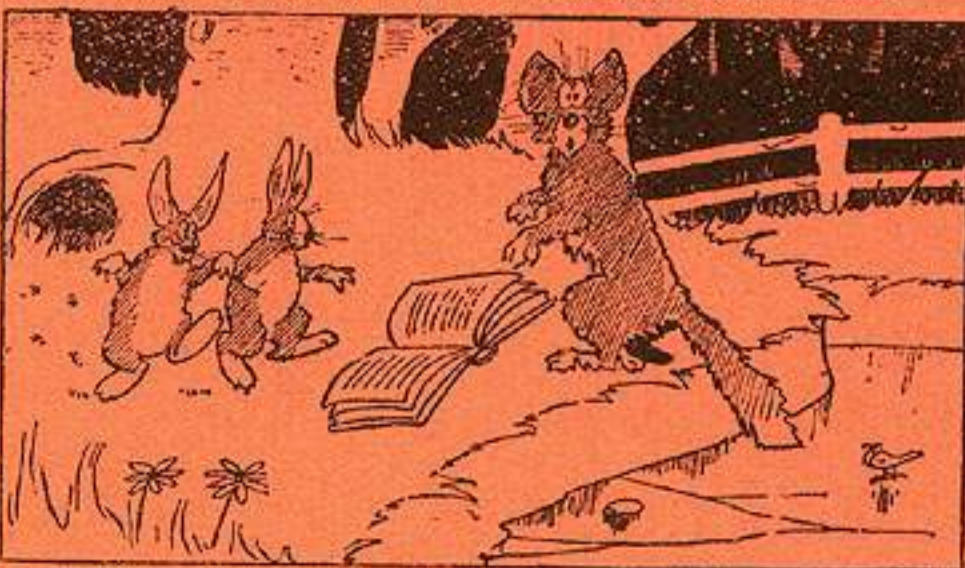
IT TURNED OUT A FROST FOR THE FOX.



1. The little rabbits couldn't come out of their burrow because Mr. Fox was waiting round the corner to nab them. So the rabs pushed out a large volume entitled, "How to Catch Fish," and waited to see what Mr. Fox would do.



2. Well, of course, he grabbed the volume and started reading all about it at once, and the first plan he saw explained that if he sat all night on the bank of the stream with his tail in the water he would catch more fish than he could eat.



3. But unfortunately there was a sharp frost that night, and when old Mr. Fox tried to shift his position he found that his tail was frozen fast in the ice. So there he had to stay!

THE CAPTAIN'S LAMENT.



The Captain: "I'm really sorry to see you smoking, Bill. I thought you'd given it up when I saw you yesterday training for a race."
Bill: "Me? I wasn't training for a race. I was racing for a train!"

HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

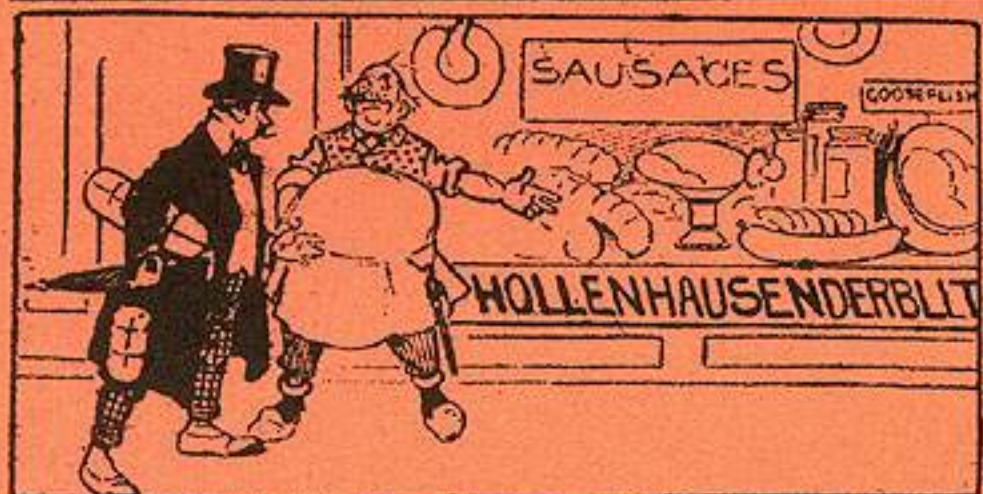


First Actor: "I am in a quandary. I have been offered an engagement by two managers, and I don't know how to act."
Second Actor: "Well, don't worry. They'll soon find it out."

NO IMPROVEMENT!



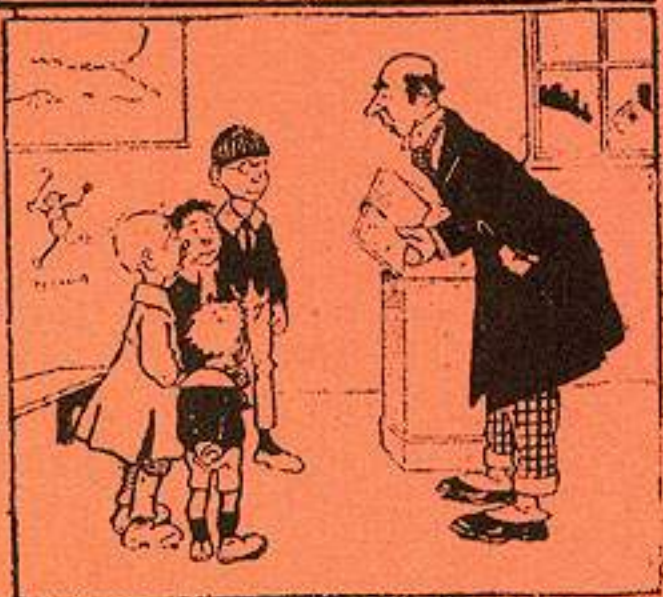
Brown: "How do you like the weather now?"
Jones: "Most disagreeable."
Brown: "How's your wife?"
Jones: "Just the same, thanks."



Dealer (to new customer): "We shall always be pleased to supply you mit goods. You'll remember the name?"

WHEN IS A CHICKEN NOT A CHICKEN?

Teacher: "What is a vowel?"
Young Giles: "A vowel be a chicken, zur!"



A MARVELLOUS FEAT!



1. The proprietor of the Hotel de Pompom had frequent complaints about the professional pianist, Signor Tatchowski, who, while staying at the hotel, practised twenty-three hours a day.



2. So Monsieur Poloni, the proprietor, invented a music-stool, and when the merry musician was well into the twelfth hour of it, he pulled the lever, and—well, see above.



3. "Eet ees goot!" said M. Poloni. "No more do 'e play all ze days! I go to see vot—" but as he reached the door more melody met him. The pianist was playing with his feet!