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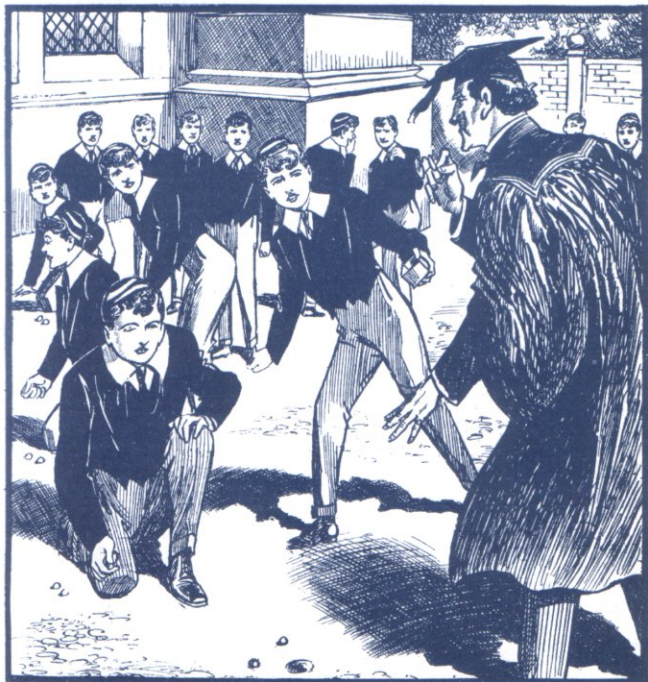
No. 727, Vol. XX.

Week ending Jan. 14th, 1922.

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

Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



## FORCED TO PLAY MARBLES!

(A Sensational Incident from the Grand, Long, Complete Story of Greyfriars in this issue.)

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.





**The Editor's Chat**

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

#### FOR NEXT MONDAY.

The grand long complete school story of Harry Wharton and the chums of Greystriars is entitled:

#### "WIBLEY THE WONDER!"

By Frank Richards.

In this story we hear further of the tyrannical Dr. Armstrong, and the amazing way in which he does his best to make life not worth living for the Remove. But the temporary Head comes up against something entirely new—something which he could never have anticipated. From the title you can tell from whence that something new comes, and I am going to leave it at that. Suffice it to say that Wibley plays a very prominent part in next week's story, and in a manner which is certain to thrill you!

Make certain of reading this splendid story by ordering a copy of the **MAGNET LIBRARY** to be saved for you.

#### THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."

There is a special number of the "Greystriars Herald" next week—in fact, in Harry Wharton's words, it is THE supplement of the century! Considering our friends have only just celebrated their first "anniversary," I don't see where the century comes in.

However, the number is A FAMOUS FIVE NUMBER! That means to say that every contribution in the next supplement was supplied by one or the other of the Famous Five. And I can tell you it is simply great!

#### THE POSTCARD PORTRAITS.

Amongst other letters received in connection with the Greystriars portrait postcards, I notice one from a reader from Stockport, who signs himself "A. Swallow." He asks the reason why the postcards to which he is entitled, having secured three new readers for the **MAGNET LIBRARY**, have not arrived. The answer, my dear chum, is simple. You did not put your name and address on the form you sent me. Thus, how was I to know who sent the form?

I have written to A. Swallow, taking the address on the postmark as a guide, and I am hoping the letter will have reached him. If not, and he reads this notice, will he follow the request I published last week—all readers who have sent in forms and have not received their cards, forward me names and addresses.

There are at least a hundred readers whose names and addresses are required before I can send their cards.

Don't grumble, readers, and demand to know if it is fair that you should have secured the three new readers and no postcard portraits have been sent you. You might have forgotten to send your name and address—such has proved to be the case in several instances already!

#### NOTICES.

##### Correspondence.

S. Ryan, St. Brendan's Cross Avenue, Booterstown, Co. Dublin, Ireland, wishes to correspond with any readers interested in cinematography and amateur journalism. S. Ryan edits the "Schoolboys' Companion," a go-ahead amateur magazine.

W. A. E. Parsons, 10, Broadway, Cricklewood, N.W.2, wishes to correspond with readers, 15 years of age, upwards, in the British Empire, especially those interested in photography.

Capt. N. E. Jiggins, 16008, R.A.S., C.M.T., 1115, M.F. Coy., Baghdad, Mesopotamia, wishes to hear from readers, ages 19-20.

Mlle. F. Choguard, 5, rue Maraine, Le Havre, France, wishes to hear from readers in Australia, South Africa, and the other British Dominions, with a view to exchanging foreign stamps and post-cards.

Bob Buchanan, 12, Stratford Street, Fendalton, Christchurch, New Zealand, would like to hear from readers in Persia, 12-13 years of age; all letters answered; stamp collectors preferred.

Roy R. Burton, 18a, Hill Street, West Hobart, Tasmania, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in the United States and in England.

W. J. Seigns, 20, Hill Street, West Hobart, Tasmania, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in the United Kingdom and America, ages 16-19.

Miss Lillian Brac, 274, Pt. Nepean Road, North Brighton, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to hear from a girl reader, age 14-15, living in America, Canada, or South Africa—Canada for preference.

Joe Morrow, 3, Lambhill Crescent, Lambhill, Glasgow, wishes to hear from readers who are interested in literary work.

S. G. Lawson, 15, High Street, Penarth, South Wales, wishes to hear from readers interested in typing, etc.

Leonard Johnston, c/o. Box 124, G.P.O., Geelong, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 16 upwards; all letters answered.

Miss Isabel Yates, Devonshire Cottage, Lordsmill Street, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, wishes to correspond with readers.

C. L. Millard, 111, Jamaica Road, Bermondsey, S.E., wishes to hear from readers, ages 12-16, desirous of joining an interesting club for the winter evenings. Free magazine issued. Subjects dealt with include electricity, first-aid, boxing, football, etc.

A young fellow, aged 18, wishes to find a jolly, sporty chum in Liverpool. M. Colman, 101, Kensington, Liverpool.

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A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
**The Head Takes a Rest!**

"**B**LESS my soul!"  
Dr. Locke, the venerable Head of Greyfriars, uttered that remark as he perused the letter in his hand.

"Bless my soul!" he repeated. "This is most extraordinary!"

The old gentleman reached for his spectacles, carefully wiped them, and adjusted them on his nose. He commenced to read the letter from the beginning again. It was written in a scholarly hand, and read:

"Dear Sir.—My name may be familiar to you as the originator of the 'Armstrong Educational System,' which has been worked with such great success throughout America.

My system, which has now been universally adopted in the great public schools of that country, aims principally at higher intellectual development on modern and scientific lines. I see no reason why the British schoolboy should not share with his American cousins the undoubted benefits of the system.

I have therefore great pleasure in offering you a free trial of my services and system in order to prove that it does all that is claimed for it, and to make it as well known in this country as it is in America.

"(Signed) Dr. ISAAC ARMSTRONG."

"This is most interesting!" murmured the Head to himself. "Now I come to think of it, I have certainly heard of Dr. Armstrong and his new educational methods before."

Dr. Locke was, of course, acquainted with the name of the pioneer of the new school of teaching, which, it was stated, had revolutionized that art in America; but he certainly had never expected to receive an offer from that gentleman, placing his system at the disposal of Greyfriars.

Consequently, he was not quite certain how to take it. In any case it was an attractive proposition, and one well worth thinking about.

The sharp buzz of the telephone-bell cut short his meditations. He lifted the receiver.

"Hallo! Oh, good-morning Sir Hilton Popper! Yes, Dr. Locke speaking! Yes, I shall be free to-night if you wish to see me. Seven o'clock will do very well. Good-bye, sir!"

The Head of Greyfriars replaced the receiver, a thoughtful frown on his face. "Yes, that is the best plan. I will show the letter to Sir Hilton when he arrives to-night," he thought.

And, having thus decided on the course of action he should take, Dr. Locke placed the letter in a drawer and made his way to the Form-room of the lordly Sixth, who had been awaiting his arrival the past fifteen minutes.

His mind was occupied several times during the day with the proposition of Dr. Armstrong, and he was glad when Sir Hilton Popper arrived that evening.

Although a governor of Greyfriars, Sir Hilton was not usually a welcome visitor to the school. Indeed, his visits, as a rule, were made for the express purpose of demanding the punishment of some junior who had been trespassing on his property.

But this time Dr. Locke was glad to see him, in order to discuss the letter from the famous Dr. Armstrong.

The Head waited until the baronet had smoked a good half of his cigar before handing him the letter.

Sir Hilton read it in silence for a moment.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated eventually. "Do I understand, Locke, that this man is willing to come to Greyfriars and give us the benefit of his system for nothing?"

"That is what I take it to mean, Sir Hilton," replied the Head. "I thought the best thing to do would be to show it to you."

"Quite right! Quite right!" replied the baronet. "Well, Dr. Locke, I see no reason why we should not take advantage of this, providing the man's testimonials are in order. What do you say to a holiday? You have been working hard for some time, and it will give you an opportunity to have a rest!"

"A very excellent suggestion, Sir Hilton!" replied the Head, with a smile. "I have certainly been very busy recently."

"It will kill two birds with one stone," went on Sir Hilton. "Give you a rest,

and give the system a chance—eh, what, my dear Locke?"

And, feeling well pleased with himself, Sir Hilton Popper rose to his feet preparatory to taking his departure.

"If the testimonials are satisfactory, I should get that settled and get away as soon as you can," he advised, in conclusion. "Good-night, Dr. Locke!"

"Good-night, Sir Hilton!"  
Directly the door had closed behind his guest, Dr. Locke sat down and wrote to Dr. Armstrong, accepting his offer to illustrate the efficiency of his system at Greyfriars.

The achievements of Dr. Armstrong must have been great for his fame to spread across the Atlantic. But to say Dr. Locke was surprised when he received a packet of testimonials in answer to his letter, the following Monday, would be to put it very mildly indeed.

Each one of them spoke in the most eloquent and glowing terms, both of Dr. Armstrong and his system. And if any doubt had remained in the mind of the Head of Greyfriars as to Dr. Armstrong's qualifications for taking charge of the school during his absence, they were instantly dispelled.

That same evening Dr. Locke phoned to Sir Hilton Popper, expressing entire satisfaction with Dr. Armstrong as temporary successor to himself, and stated that he had arranged for him to take over in a few days' time.

Greyfriars received the news that Dr. Locke was going away, and that his place would be temporarily filled by a stranger, with mixed feelings.

As Bob Cherry remarked to Harry Wharton in the junior Common-room that evening, Dr. Locke was "not a bad old stick, but there's no telling how the other old bean will turn out."

On the Friday evening Dr. Locke received a telegram announcing the arrival of Dr. Armstrong some time the next day. Therefore, in order to make the most of his hard-earned holiday, the Head decided to leave Greyfriars at once, and leave the reception of Dr. Armstrong to Mr. Quelch.

The school, headed by the Remove, turned out to give him a good send-off.

"Good-bye, sir!" shouted the juniors in chorus.



Before any of the juniors could realise what was happening, Dr. Armstrong produced a cane from under the folds of his gown, and rushed on to the field and commenced to lash at the bare knees of the players. "Stop it! Ow!" roared Bob Cherry. (See Chapter 2.)

"Good-bye, my boys!" replied the old Head. And his trap moved off in the direction of Friardale Station. The Removites stood and watched it till it disappeared from view round a bend.

"Come on, you chaps!" said Wharton, addressing his chums. "We may as well get a bit of practice in before the light gives out."

The five chums, headed by the Famous Five, moved off to the footer ground.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Trouble!

"THERE he is!" Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, and Bob Cherry, who made up the combination known throughout Greyfriars as the Famous Five, stood on the steps of the School House when Billy Bunter uttered that remark.

The five chums simultaneously turned their gaze in the direction of the school Gates.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! It must be Dr. Armstrong!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. He was right.

The new Head of Greyfriars was a tall, lean man, with a high, intellectual forehead, and the slight stoop of the scholar. He was attired in a tight-fitting overcoat, and wore a high silk hat. Without looking either to right or left, he strode towards where the chums and the Owl of the Remove were standing.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" said the Famous Five, politely raising their caps when Dr. Armstrong had ascended the steps.

"Good-afternoon, my boys!" began the new Head. "Good gracious me——" The Head stood and stared at Billy Bunter.

"Whatever is that?" he exclaimed at last.

The Owl of the Remove, feeling pleased at having been taken notice of, smirked.

"I'm Bunter, you know, sir—Billy Bunter!" he explained.

Dr. Armstrong placed a pair of spectacles on his thin nose, and gazed at the school porpoise with renewed interest.

"Really!" he snapped. "How disgustingly fat you are!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the six juniors together.

This was certainly not what they had expected of their new headmaster. But in their own minds the Famous Five knew he spoke nothing but the truth.

"Really, sir! As a matter of fact, I have a very delicate constitution——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" cut in Dr. Armstrong. "You have been overeating, boy! I will give orders to have your rations!"

"Oh, really, sir——" began Bunter.

"Silence!" commanded the new Head; and turning on his heel, he strode away, leaving the juniors in a state bordering on collapse.

"My hat!" murmured Johnny Bull, turning to Wharton. "Bunter's found a new jal, and no mistake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!" snorted the Owl of the Remove, and he ambled away to express his opinion of the new Head to all who

would listen. Bunter's opinion was not high.

"Well, if that doesn't take the blessed bun," exclaimed Bob Cherry, when Bunter had gone, "I'll eat my only hat!"

The juniors' first impression of Dr. Armstrong was that he was certainly very extraordinary, to say the least of it.

The chums strolled away to Study No. 1, and the passage between Dr. Armstrong and Billy Bunter on the School House steps was soon forgotten.

Johnny Bull placed the kettle on the stove, Inky busied himself opening a tin of sardines, while Frank Nugent lay the cloth for tea.

"Water's boiling!" announced Bull eventually. "Hand over the teapot, Franky!"

A fragrant odour of freshly-made tea soon pervaded the study, and the five chums settled down to a comfortable meal.

"Pass the tarts, Harry!"

"Thanks! Now a little——"

Crash!

"My hat!"

The chums jumped to their feet in surprise, half-expecting to see the face of Horace Coker of the Fifth appear round the door. But it did not.

A second later Dicky Nugent, Frank's minor of the Second Form, minus his Eton jacket, dashed into the room.

"Keep him off!" he roared. "He's gone dotty! Ow!"

The last remark was wrong from Nugent minor by a heavy cane wielded by someone outside the study door descending on his shoulder. Almost immediately the angry face of Dr. Armstrong followed in. A rain of blows intended for the hapless Second-Former caught Wharton across the back by mistake.

"Yow-ooooooh!"

Wharton left off a yell like the death-scream of a Red-skin, and dodged round the study.

The next moment the lights went out. Crash!

In the dark someone had knocked against the study table, with the result that the sardines and newly-made pot of hot tea were sent flying across the study.

There followed a faint chuckle from Dicky Nugent, and the study door suddenly opened and shut again, with a resounding slam.

"Put those lights on at once!" ordered a voice the Removites recognised as belonging to Dr. Armstrong.

Wharton did so, and the figure of the Head of Greyfriars, his gown torn from top to bottom, and a jam-tart sticking in his hair, stood revealed.

"Where is that impudent boy?" he demanded.

He glanced rapidly round the room, but seeing no sign of the Second-Former, opened the door, and sped down the Remove passage, leaving the Famous Five staring ruefully at the remains of their tea, which, for the most part, was scattered on the floor or sticking to the walls.

"This is a fine how-d'ye-do!" burst out the captain of the Remove at last. "Great Scott, he can lay them on!"

And Wharton rubbed the part of his back where the blows intended for Dicky Nugent had fallen.

"Judging by the way he was pasting into young Nugent, I should say he's a bit too handy with the cane!" interjected

Johnny Bull. "I wonder what the kid had been up to, anyhow?"

"Not so much of the kid, young Bull!" came a voice from under the table.

Bull jumped.

"Dicky!" he exclaimed. And he lifted the tablecloth which had been left hanging over one side of the table, and exposed the Second-Former, wearing a broad grin on his somewhat dirty face.

"My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was now obvious to the chums that the slamming of the door when the lights were out was nothing more than a clever bit of stage-play on the part of Nugent minor to make the Head believe he had left the room. His ruse had succeeded.

Nugent minor left his place of refuge under the table, and faced the Famous Five with a self-satisfied look.

"What was all the trouble about?" asked his brother, surveying him with a troubled look.

"A bloater!" replied Dicky laconically.

"A bloater!" echoed five voices.

"Yes; we—that is to say, Gatty, Myers, and myself—were cooking a bloater in the Form-room when this new Johnny walked in and said we were making a disgraceful smell. When he spotted the old whale, he made me chuck it in the fire, and then told me to touch my toes—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly asses!" said Dicky.

"Nothing to laugh at, is it?"

"Crazy on!" said Wharton. "What happened then?"

"Well, I wouldn't; so he started to lam me, and I biffed him and bunked!"

Wharton looked grave.

"It seems to me we are going to have a warm time with this new chap," he said thoughtfully. "He certainly has no right to use a cane like he did!"

"The wantfulness is terrific!" added the Nabob of Bhanipur, in his heart-breaking version of King's English.

But neither of the two juniors guessed how true their prophecy was eventually to prove.

Wharton went to the study cupboard, and fetched out an old jacket, which he handed to Nugent minor. Dicky's had been left in the Second Form-room when he made his escape from Dr. Armstrong.

"I should cut while the coast is clear!" advised the captain of the Remove.

"Right-ho!" replied Dicky Nugent, nothing daunted by his adventure. "See you later, you chaps! Cheerio!"

And a few moments later he had gone, his passage marked by a piercing whistle echoing up the Remove corridor.

"Well, if old Armstrong is looking for trouble, he's come to the right place to find it!" said Bob Cherry.

"Hear, hear!"

That evening, in the Remove dormitory, the talk after lights-out turned on the new headmaster. Several fellows had seen him chasing Nugent minor, and several had incurred his displeasure themselves for quite trifling incidents, and had received heavy punishment.

It was evident that the new Head was no schoolboy's idol, and that there was going to be—as Wharton had already prophesied—a warm time ahead.

Wednesday afternoon being a half-holiday at Greyfriars, Wharton called together the Remove football team for net practice in the Close. The air was dry and crisp, and the ground, too, was in excellent condition. The coming

match against St. Jim's had for some time past been the one all-absorbing topic at Greyfriars, and the form of the Remove team was carefully noted and commented on by many boys.

A goodly crowd of juniors had congregated to watch the players.

Bulstrode, who was in goal, was doing his best to keep out the leather which whizzed in from various points of the field in front of him every few seconds.

Behind the goalposts stood a crowd of juniors cheering him on to greater efforts.

Wharton captured the ball from Bob Cherry, took a hefty kick, and missed by several inches. The crowd standing near the goalpost—like the Red Sea before the Israelites of old—suddenly opened to allow the leather to pass. The Remove players were warning to their work, and were putting considerable weight into their shots, and the consequences to any junior who might catch the full force of the ball if it missed the net, would not have been pleasant.

"Chuck in another ball!" shouted Nugent.

Another ball was immediately brought into play, and a bombardment such as few goalkeepers are called upon to face was opened up on the perspiring Bulstrode.

While Bulstrode was occupied with one ball in the corner of the net, Bob Cherry, with a rush, succeeded in capturing the other from Johnny Bull, and advancing with it towards the goal at a terrific speed.

"Look out, Bulstrode!" shouted the crowd.

Biff!

The leather left Cherry's foot like a shot from a gun.

The force with which Bob had kicked caused the watching juniors round the goal to suddenly open out. As they did so the gowned figure of Dr. Armstrong was seen to approach.

Someone uttered a frenzied shout of warning. But too late.

Smack!

"Ow!"

The ball, missing the goalpost on the outside by about two inches, caught the unfortunate Head full in the face.

He went down like a wet sack.

"My hat!"

"Great pip!"

The juniors stood and stared at the Head dumfounded. But no one made any attempt to help him up. They were too surprised.

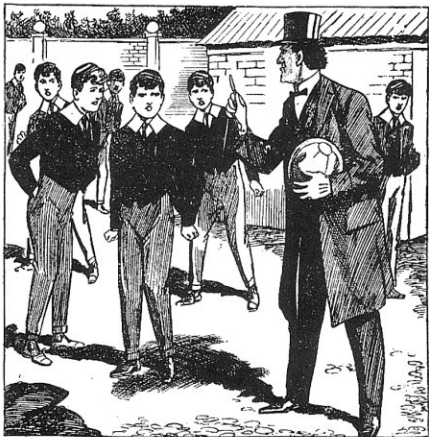
Unaided, the Head suddenly rose to his feet, and let off a roar like a mad bull. It was a sound not at all in keeping with the dignity of the Head of Greyfriars School. Neither was his next action.

Before any of the juniors could quite realise what was happening, Dr. Armstrong produced a cane from the folds of his gown, where it had apparently been hidden for cases of emergency, and rushed on to the field and commenced to lash at the bare knees of the players.

"Ow! Stoppit!" roared Bob Cherry as the cane curled, or so it seemed to the junior, round his left knee.

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

Cherry made a bolt for the School House. He decided it was one of those occasions when discretion is the better part of valour.



"How dare you indulge in this tomfoolery against my orders!" stormed Dr. Armstrong. "Give me that football!" The Head took the ball from Johnny Bull and produced a penknife. He opened a blade and made a jab at the leather. (See Chapter 3.)

The Head, who seemed to have completely lost control of himself, made a swipe at the next nearest player, who happened to be Inky, and then perhaps remembering that variety is the spice of life, he started indiscriminately on whoever was unfortunate enough to be near him.

The players followed Bob Cherry, and fled ignominiously from the field, leaving the Head, like Alexander of old, looking round for new worlds to conquer.

Five minutes later not a Removite was to be seen on the field.

Never before had such a scene been witnessed in all the history of Greyfriars. It was an extremely smarting and wrathful set of juniors who gathered together in the Common-room that evening to discuss the strange and latest escapade of the new Head. Dr. Armstrong was well launched on his career of trouble.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Bombshell!

**Y**AH! Who had his knees cased?" inquired Harold Skinner, the cad of the Remove at breakfast the following morning.

There was a slight titter of laughter from his two precious pals, Stott and Snoop; but the Removites for the most part remained silent. They were angry and puzzled. They thought, and very rightly, too, that Dr. Armstrong had greatly overstepped the mark by his display of temper the previous afternoon, for what was most obviously an accident.

The juniors wondered whether they would hear any more of the matter

They were not kept waiting long. After prayers in Hall, Mr. Quelch ordered the boys to stay where they were instead of filing out to the Form-room as usual.

"Something's going to happen now," breathed Johnny Bull.

A few moments later Dr. Armstrong, who hitherto nobody had seen since the incident on the football-field, appeared. Down the left side of his face was a faint blue mark, and a few slight scratches where the football had caught him.

He appeared to be in a very bad temper.

A silence in which the proverbial pin would have made a deafening noise had it dropped instantly fell on the assembly. The Head got down to the matter in hand without any waste of time.

"I was the victim of what appeared to me at the time to be what I may term a deliberate accident yesterday afternoon," he began. "But I have since been assured by Mr. Quelch that it was in truth an accident. Therefore, I will refrain from punishing those concerned in the matter, as I had first intended."

"Thanks for nothing!" murmured Frank Nugent under his breath.

"But," continued the Head, "had it not been for the fact that certain boys in the Remove Form were indulging in a ruffianly piece of horseplay, which I believe they call football, it would never have happened."

The Removites bit their lips. To hear football described as a ruffianly piece of horseplay was the limit. More especially for a team that was to play in the semi-final for the Public Schools Junior Championship.

"There is no other word for it," went on Dr. Armstrong. "Football is nothing

more or less than pure hooliganism! The time wasted on this practice should be devoted to lessons. It has always been a rule of mine to abolish these childish games wherever I have been in charge. On that rests one of the secrets of my success."

"Oh, my hat!" breathed the juniors as one man.

The Head appeared to be warning to his subject.

"Therefore," he said, "football in Greyfriars will from this moment be strictly forbidden!"

All deeper silence fell on the school. The juniors felt sick at heart.

"Football will be strictly forbidden," repeated the Head; and it appeared to the juniors that he uttered these words with considerable relish. "Let me warn you, that if any boy, or boys, come to me to try and make me alter my decision, he will be severely punished! That is my last word on the matter. You may go!"

The boys filed away to their various Form-rooms wondering whether they had heard aright. The Head of the school, the one man who should be most proud of his achievements on the football field, had forbidden them to play. And in a short time they were due to meet their old rivals, St. Jim's, in one of the greatest fixtures of the year. It was, as Wharton truly remarked, heart-breaking.

Morning lessons passed very slowly for the juniors, and their reply to questions put to them by Mr. Quelch were frequently wide of the mark. But if the Form-master noticed this, he said nothing. His sympathies were with the boys.

The Famous Five and several members of the Remove football team met in Study No. 1 to discuss the situation that evening after tea.

"There seems nothing for it but to grin and bear it," said Peter Todd dejectedly. "You heard what the old blighter said about punishing anyone who tried to make him alter his decision."

"I fail to see what right the Head has to stop football at all!" cut in Vernon-Smith, the one-time Bounder of Greyfriars. "It's one of the features of a public school education. We don't just come here to cram books. If I were you fellows, I'd get what practice I could in on the quiet. It's the only way."

"I don't like doing anything on the quiet, as you put it, Smithy, but I agree with you, that the Head has no right to forbid football; and if you chaps are agreeable, we'll act on Smithy's suggestion, and hope that by the time the match is due Dr. Locke will be back. Hands up those who agree!"

Every hand in the study was held in the air. Indeed, several juniors in the enthusiasm held up two.

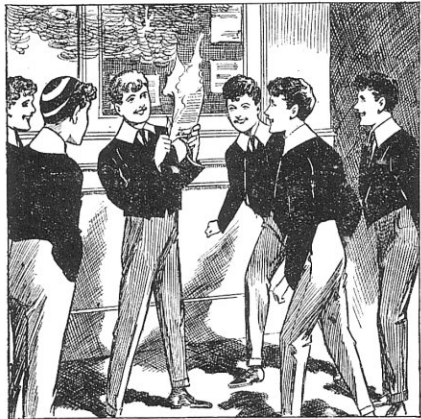
"That's agreed, then!" said the captain of the Remove. "The Head's going to Friarville to-morrow evening, according to Bunter, so it ought to be pretty safe then."

"Hear, hear!"

Nothing happened in Greyfriars, but that Billy Bunter, the Paul Pry of the school, knew about it. An hereditary weakness in the fat junior's shoelaces which caused them to break outside other people's doors, was commonly believed to be one of the reasons Bunter came by his information.

Knowing this, the Remove footballers felt they could rely on his report.

They filed out of Study No. 1 in a far more cheerful frame of mind than when



"Well, joke or no joke, this notice is coming down!" said Bob Cherry. And sending the action to words he tore the offensive inscription down. Then he took a box of matches from his pocket, struck a match, and applied it to the paper. ((See Chapter 4.))

they had entered it some twenty minutes before.

When Dr. Armstrong left the precincts of Greyfriars the following evening his departure was watched by twenty pairs of youthful eyes. Some moments later, when he had been given sufficient time to get well clear of the school, a football was thrown from the steps of the School House. It was immediately followed by a crowd of juniors wearing football-boots, but not jerseys. Apart from their boots they wore their ordinary everyday attire. This was an idea of Vernon-Smith's, in order not to attract any more attention than could be helped.

Wharton, followed by the rest of the team, dribbled the ball across the Close to the ground behind the woodshed. Here there was not so much chance of anybody seeing them, in addition to which, although they could not see who approached from the school-gates, they at least could see anyone coming from the School House.

Wharton passed the ball to Bob Cherry, who slammed it into goal. Since there were no proper goalposts here, several juniors had taken off their jackets and made two piles of them, between which Bulstrode stood on guard. "Mind you don't hit someone in the face with the ball!" called out Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites. The keen air, and the familiar and merry sound of boots coming into contact with the leather, had revived the drooping spirits of the Removites considerably.

The ball was soon merrily flying from foot to foot, and from head to head. The juniors were enjoying themselves immensely.

"Try a penalty-kick!" suggested Wharton to Johnny Bull, after a time. "Good egg!"

Bull carefully placed the ball in front of the goal, and the juniors stood back to give him plenty of room. Bull took a short run preparatory to kicking, when there came a sudden interruption.

"Boy!" thundered a voice. The junior stopped dead. "How dare you!" "Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "The Head!"

He was right. Dr. Armstrong had returned from Friarale village far sooner than anyone had expected, and his curiosity aroused by the shouts of the boys, he had approached unobserved by any of them from the school gates.

"Come here, boy!" he commanded. "And bring that ball with you!"

With a glum look on his face, Bull picked up the ball to do as he was bid. The rest of the juniors followed him.

"How dare you indulge in this tomfoolery against my orders!" stormed Dr. Armstrong. "Whose ball is this?"

"Mine, sir!" replied Johnny Bull. "Give it to me!"

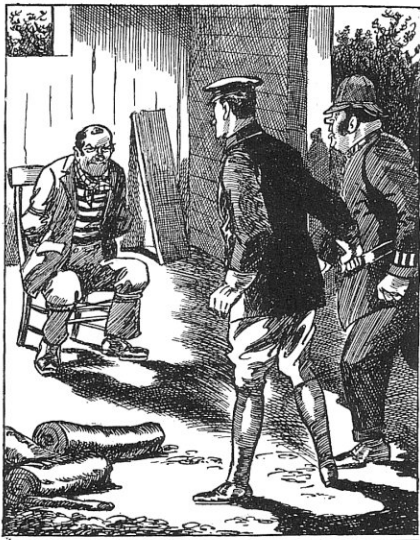
The Head took the ball from the junior, and then extracted a penknife from his pocket.

The juniors looked on in growing alarm.

The Head opened a blade, and made a job at the leather.

Ssssssh! As the pointed end of the blade pierced the case and the bladder, the ball, with a loud sound of escaping air, collapsed like a burst balloon. "My hat!" gasped the juniors.

NEXT MONDAY! "WIBLEY THE



P.C. Tozer opened the door and strode into the hut, followed by the motor-driver. "My 'at! 'Ere's one of them fellows I'm looking for!" he said. "Nonsense!" said Dr. Armstrong. "I am the Head of Greyfriars!" (See Chapter 8.)

Bull's face assumed a deep purple. The ball was a present from his Aunt Tabitha, and as such he valued it.

"You—you cad!" he blurted out. "W-what!" almost shrieked the Head.

"You've no right to damage my property!" said Johnny Bull furiously. "Hear, hear!" added Bob Cherry, in a low voice.

The Head's eyes gleamed. For a moment the juniors expected to see him strike Bull. But he did nothing of the sort.

"Follow me!" he thundered, and turned on his heel towards the School House.

The scene that followed in Dr. Armstrong's study was exceedingly painful.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Marbles!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry, in a stentorian voice, as, with his four chums — Wharton, Nugent, Bull, and Inky—he approached the notice-board in the Remove passage at Greyfriars the morning following the

painful adventure of the footballers in the Head's study. A crowd of juniors with red and angry faces were gazing at the board, as though they could not believe their own eyes.

"What's on the jolly old programme, my merry men?" asked the burly junior, pushing his way through.

"Great pip!" Bob stopped short before the board, a look of anger overspreading his face.

Written in the long, flowing hand of Dr. Armstrong, was the biggest insult that had ever been offered to the Lower School of Greyfriars. It was a sheet of foolscap, on which appeared the following:

"It has come to my notice that in spite of my strict orders to the contrary, certain members of the Remove Form have indulged in the game termed foot ball.

"Since, therefore, it appears games are imperative to them, they shall be included in the daily syllabus.

"The whole Form will parade under Mr. Quelch at 11 o'clock this morning for marbles. (Signed)

"DR. ARMSTRONG."

OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.  
FRANK RICHARDS.  
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 727.

WONDER!"

A SPLENDID TALE

By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Marbles!"  
 "My only hat!"  
 "Of all the cheek—"  
 "This is the limit!"

Words almost failed the Famous Five. They could only stare at the board and **£25!**

"I suppose this is some thumping idiot's idea of a joke!" burst out the captain of the Remove eventually.

"Well, joke or no joke, that paper's coming down," announced Bob Cherry.

And, suiting the action to words, he reached out and tore the offensive inscription from the board. He next produced a box of matches, struck a light, and applied it to the paper. The flame licked greedily round it, and in a few seconds it was reduced to ashes.

As the last fragments dropped to the floor, a cheer broke from the assembly.

"Hurrah!"  
 "That's the stuff to administer—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "That's that!" granted Bob, with satisfaction, as he wiped his fingers on a pocket-handkerchief. "Now we'll find the chap who wrote it. I'll give him a joke!"

The bell went for morning classes, and the juniors filed into the Form-room. They had dismissed the matter of the paper on the notice-board from their minds as a joke, but many of them felt considerable doubt as to whether it was.

The paper was still being discussed when Mr. Quelch entered the room. But the chatter instantly ceased.

The Form-master wore a worried look that morning, and it was obvious to all that something was weighing heavily on his mind. Even Billy Bunter's information that the Battle of Waterloo was won by a driver dashing through smoke and shot with two waggon-loads of porkies, failed to earn him more than a sharp reprimand. Any other time he would have received a severe caning.

The juniors noticed that as the hands of the clock approached eleven, Mr. Quelch's preoccupation seemed to increase.

Could it be that the notice which had appeared on the board in the Remove passage was genuine after all?

So wondered several of the juniors. An uneasy feeling soon took possession of the whole Form, master and boys.

Boom, boom, boom!  
 Eleven struck from the clock in the school-tower. The hour which, if the notice was genuine after all, the Remove should be parading for marbles!

The juniors anxiously awaited some sign from Mr. Quelch, but he gave none. Lessons were proceeded with as usual.

Five minutes, and then ten minutes passed after the hour had struck, and the Removites became more easy in their minds. Perhaps, after all, it was only a joke, they thought. Nevertheless, from what they had already seen of the new Head, they knew he was quite capable of giving such an order, and they knew that if he did, he would see it carried out.

"Cave!" whispered Ogilvy, who was sitting near the door.

The Remove stiffened.  
 A moment later Dr. Armstrong appeared. He walked across the room to where Mr. Quelch was sitting, and pulled out his watch.

The Form-master rose to his feet.  
 "It is eleven o'clock, Mr. Quelch!" he snapped.

"I am aware of that, Dr. Armstrong!" replied Mr. Quelch stiffly.

"Then why are not these boys carrying out my orders?"

The Remove gasped. So it was true after all!

"Because I have not instructed them to," said the Form-master, in a level voice.

"But I ordered you to see my wishes were carried out!"

"And I told you I would be unable to do so."

It was obvious to the Removites that Mr. Quelch was only retaining control of his temper by the greatest effort.

"This is rank insubordination!" stormed the Head, his face growing purple and white by turns. "I will report the whole matter to the Governors of the school!"

Mr. Quelch shrugged his shoulders.  
 "Rather than submit my pupils to such a humiliation, I will resign my position as Form-master at Greyfriars."

"Good old Quelch!" murmured Wharton, under his breath.

Mr. Quelch was wound up now, and his wrath which had been simmering all the morning, was rapidly coming to a head.

"Marbles, indeed! Take them yourself to play marbles! If you insist I do it, then I resign on the spot!"

Dr. Armstrong looked at the Form-master for several moments, and then placed his hand to his brow. After such an outburst from the Form-master, the Remove certainly expected to hear something similar from the Head. But he said nothing.

Dr. Armstrong and Mr. Quelch stood gazing at each other for several moments, the latter still trembling with indignation.

Eventually the Head turned to the juniors.

"You will follow me to the Close," he said.

"He means it, then!"  
 "Oh, my hat!"

The Removites gazed appealingly at their Form-master.

"I am sorry, boys—deeply sorry!" said Mr. Quelch kindly. "I would not have submitted you to such an indignity. But the matter is out of my hands now. Whatever happens, Dr. Armstrong will be responsible for."

And Mr. Quelch left the room.  
 "Fall in, two deep!" the Head ordered.

The juniors looked at each other with angry faces, but nevertheless did as they were told.

"Quick march!"

And, like a lot of naughty fags, the Removites marched in this manner to the Close.

In the Close a number of little holes were dug in the ground, about a yard apart. The juniors lined up in front of them, and each boy was issued with a small cardboard box of small white marbles.

"There will be two boys to each hole," instructed the Head. "And the one out of the two who succeeds in spinning the greater number into the hole will be the winner. After that he will play the winner from another couple."

The juniors looked helplessly at each other, their faces reddening with shame.

"We shall never hear the last of this if we are spotted!" Nugent confided to Johnny Bull. "Oh, my hat! What a go!"

But there was no help for it. All the juniors could do was to obey orders and hope no one saw them.

The game had been in progress some five minutes when three figures, wearing Highcliffe caps, entered the school gates.

They were Ponsoby, Gadsby, and Vavasour, the three cads of Highcliffe, and old enemies of the Remove—Harry Wharton & Co. in particular.

In his coat-pocket Ponsoby carried a letter from his Form-master, Mr. Mobbs, to Dr. Armstrong, the new Head of Greyfriars. This explained the absence from lessons at Highcliffe, and their presence in the camp of the enemy.

They approached to where the Removites were engaged in their game of marbles, all unseen, to within a hundred yards.

"B'gad, you fellows!" ejaculated Ponsoby, stopping short. "Am I dreaming, or is that our little friend Wharton?"

Three pairs of eyes fixed themselves on the back of the captain of the Remove.  
 "My hat! What on earth are they up to?"

The three Highcliffians drew nearer, and stared.  
 "Marbles!" almost shrieked three voices in unison.

"Oh, my only Aunt Jane! This is the richest thing I've ever struck!" gurgled Gadsby, his eyes nearly starting out of his head.

"Let's give them a cheer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Go it, Wharton! Chip one off the alley!"

"Twosey up!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites sprang to their feet.  
 "Ponsoby!"

The three Highcliffe juniors, unable to control their mirth at the spectacle of the Removites playing marbles, threw their caps into the air, and almost went into hysterics.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "He, he, he!"

It was more than the Remove could stand. They were fed up to the neck already, and for some time past had been on the point of rebellion. Their faces were crimson with shame. To be made to play marbles, like children of ten, was bad enough, but to be jeered at by Ponsoby & Co. above all people, was the last straw.

"Come on!" roared Bob Cherry.  
 And the Removites advanced on the Highcliffe heroes.

"Smash 'em!"  
 "Give 'em socks!"

At the sound of Bob Cherry's voice, a deep fear seized the Highcliffe cads. They never dreamed they would be attacked before the Head of Greyfriars otherwise they would not have been so loud in their exhortations to the Removites to "play up!"

Before the Head quite realised what was happening, the angry juniors were among the enemy, smiting them hip and thigh.

"Biff! Biff!"  
 "Ow! Yerooogh!"

"Hold that!"  
 "Smack!"  
 "Ow!"

Wallop!

Within three seconds the Highcliffians were hardly recognisable. Ponsoby's nose was streaming with claret; Vavasour's two eyes were fast assuming a beautiful blue tint, and beginning to close up; while Gadsby was minus two front teeth.

"Chuck them in the horsepond!" shouted a voice.

"Hurrah!"

And before the meaning of the words had sunk into the confused brain of

(Continued on page 13.)





**The GREYFRIARS HERALD**

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE

Supplement No. 55.

Harry Wharton  
Editor

Week Ending January 14th, 1922.



**BOB CHERRY'S FIND.** Almost blinded by the driving snow, Bob struggled on, and it was with almost a sobbing breath of relief that he came in sight of the school gates. In the gateway Wingate stood chatting with Gosling. "Hallo, what have you got there?" he asked the junior.

THE football match had been played and won. Greyfriars Remove had beaten Courtfield Juniors, on the latter's ground, by four goals to two. The Remove Eleven had gone home rejoicing, with the exception of Bob Cherry.

Bob had lingered in Courtfield to do some shopping; and he now strode rapidly across Courtfield Common, intending to take a short cut back to the school.

Snow-clouds were gathering overhead, and Bob had no wish to be caught in a snow-storm, especially as dusk was beginning to fall.

As he strode on through the twilight, Bob became aware of a child's voice.

He paused, listening intently. Yes; he was not mistaken. There was a child crying, at no great distance from where he stood.

The sound came from an old, dilapidated barn. Bob hurried towards it.

A small, curly-headed boy, with a tear-stained face, stood in the doorway of the barn, gazing eagerly out, as a shipwrecked mariner might watch for a sight of land.

The child, so far as Bob Cherry could judge, was about four years of age. He was clad in warm, serviceable woollens, and he must have been crying a great deal, for his eyes were red.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob's cheery voice had a heartening effect upon the youngster.

"What are you doing here, my infant?" Bob went on.

"I've lost."

The reply was rather startling. "Lost!" echoed Bob.

The small boy nodded his head vigorously. "I've lost!" he repeated. "An' I felt verry frightened—till you came."

Bob Cherry stood gazing down at the little stranger, partly amused and partly distressed.

"What's your name, kiddie?" he inquired.

"Dordie."

"Eh?"

"Dordie," repeated the youngster.

"You mean Georgie, I suppose?"

"That's what I said."

"H'm! Do you live in Courtfield?"

The child did not comprehend.

"Mumma and daddy live near here?" said Bob, endeavouring to make himself better understood.

"Ain't got no mumma. Ain't got no daddy. I'm what they call a nornin'."

"You mean an orphan?" suggested Bob.

"That's what I said."

Bob Cherry stood stroking his chin in perplexity.

To whom did this orphan child belong? He must find out, and return the youngster to his rightful guardian.

He questioned Dordie closely, but could glean no satisfactory information. All he could gather was that the boy did not belong

to Courtfield; that he had no parents, and that he had been wandering about for some hours on Courtfield Common, and was cold and hungry.

There were two courses open to Bob Cherry. He could take the boy to the police-station, or take him to Greyfriars.

Bob promptly decided on the latter course. Dordie appealed to him strongly. He wanted the child to be fed and made comfortable. He would be kindly received at the police-station, but not nearly so kindly as at Greyfriars.

"Come along, Dordie!" said Bob, taking the child by one of his chubby hands. "Your Uncle Bob will look after you."

Dordie's face lit up instantly.

"You my Uncle Bob?" he inquired eagerly.

Bob nodded gravely.

"I'll take you somewhere where you can have a good feed and a good sleep," he said.

The boy gurgled joyously at the prospect.

"I'm glad you found me, Uncle Bob!" he said.

"And I'm glad, too. So it's mutual, you see. Come along, Dordie! We must put the pace on. It's going to snow."

"I've tired. I've been walkin' about ever so long."

"Poor kid!"

Bob Cherry's eyes grew strangely misty. He took off his overcoat, folded it around the boy, and picked him up in his arms.

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Dordie was no light weight, and it was a goodly step to Greyfriars. But Bob chatted to him cheerfully as he trudged along.

"Quite comely?" he asked.

Dordie nodded his head against Bob's shoulder.

"I likes you, Uncle Bob," he said. "Will you buy me some toys?"

"Certainly, old chap."

"A puff-puff that wuns on waiks?"

Bob nodded.

"You shall have a puff-puff that runs on rails to-morrow," he said.

Dordie uttered a whoop of delight.

"I've been wantin' a puff-puff ever so long," he confided to Bob. "I want something that goes as fast as a leaf. I had a Noah's Ark once, but I didn't like it."

"Bit behind the times, certainly," Bob agreed.

He gazed anxiously at the threatening sky.

The snow-clouds were about to surge. Shortly afterwards the snow started to fall—in powdery flakes at first, and then in sheets.

Almost blinded by the driving snow, Bob strode on. His arms were cramped and aching, and his strength was beginning to fail him. But he stuck it out, and it was with almost a sobbing breath of relief that he came in sight of the school gates.

It was not yet locking-up time.

In the school gateway, Wingate of the Sixth stood chatting with Goring the porter.

Two captains of Greyfriars uttered an exclamation of astonishment on catching sight of Bob Cherry.

"Egad! What have you got there, kid?"

"A youngster I found on Courtfield Common, sir," explained Bob. "I can't get none out of him beyond the fact that he's an erplion kiddie, and that he was lost."

"So you brought him here?"

"Yes."

"Didn't it occur to you to take him to the police-station?"

"Yes. But he'll get better attention here," said Bob.

Wingate looked thoughtful.

"You'd better bring the child along to the Head," he said. "Why—Great Scott! You're nearly dropping with exhaustion. Let me carry him."

Dr. Locke was naturally astonished when Wingate and Bob Cherry entered, with Dordie asleep in Wingate's arms.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head. "What is the meaning of this, Wingate?"

"Cherry found this child on Courtfield Common, sir," explained Wingate. "The kid can give no satisfactory account of himself. It would appear that he wandered on to the common and got lost."

"Dear me! I must communicate with the police, and see if the child can be identified."

"You're wrong," said Mrs. Mimble to the good enough to accommodate the boy? She has a spare room, I know."

"Very good, sir."

"In the meantime, sir," chimed in Bob Cherry eagerly, "can I take the kid along to my study and feed him?"

The Head smiled.

"Certainly, Cherry!"

Whilst Wingate went to interview Mrs. Mimble, Bob Cherry, having recovered some of his wits, contrived the slumbering Dordie to Study No. 12 in the Remove passage.

Mark Linley and Hurree Singh were within, playing chess. They jumped to their feet in amazement when Bob Cherry entered.

"What a lovely child!" explained Bob with a grin, as he laid Dordie gently on the couch.

"The kid bears a strong resemblance to you, anyway," said Mark Linley. "He's got your hair and your eyes."

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ton. "Where did you dig your new study-made up, Bob?"

"Bob Cherry explained.

"So you're going to feed him and look after him until Mrs. Mimble relieves you?" said Nugent.

"That's it!"

"He's a bonnie little chap," said Johnny Bull. "What's going to happen if nobody claims him?"

"They'll find him a home here, I expect."

Dordie enjoyed an excellent repast. He was very hungry, and he ate ravenously. When he had finished some poached eggs, he tucked into some jam-tarts. He also found room for some doughnuts.

"I rather think," said Bob Cherry with a grin, "that Billy Bunter was like this at the age of four—not me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

When the meal was over, Dordie chatted away with great gusto to his crowd of uncles. And then Wingate of the Sixth leaped in to announce that Mrs. Mimble was ready to receive the little stranger.

Dordie remained nearly two days at Greyfriars, and Bob Cherry, in his leisure hours, looked after him better than a real uncle would have done.

The Head then received intimation that Dordie belonged to an orphanage not far from Courtfield. He had set out on his own one afternoon, and had lost himself.

The boy was promptly returned to his guardians. And a few days later he was overjoyed to receive a visit from his Uncle Bob.

Bob Cherry resembled a sort of Santa Claus. He presented Dordie with a choice variety of toys, including the much-sought-after puff-puff that "wun on waiks."

"You're a weel bwick, Uncle Bob!" said Dordie heartily.

A sentiment with which the majority of my readers will cordially agree!

THE END.

## EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

Those of you who possess a copy of the "Holiday Annual"—that popular volume which has found its way into thousands of homes—will have noticed that on one page there are fifteen humorous sketches of Billy Bunter, entitled: "A Famous Fat Fellow in Fifteen Phases."

There are also a number of sketches of Bob Cherry, showing him looking his way through life, from the cradle upwards.

These drawings of Billy Bunter and Bob Cherry in their infancy have aroused the curiosity of many of my reader chums. They want to know more about the early lives of some of the Greyfriars fellows. They would like me, just for one week, to lift the veil which hangs over the infancy of such fellows as Bob Cherry.

Hence this Special Juvenile Number, which has not been an easy number to produce. The majority of fellows are very reluctant to talk about their boyhood, and they show the same reluctance at describing themselves in the knickerbocker stage.

These difficulties have been surmounted however, and the extremely meagre number dealt exclusively with babies, as you will see. Babies are adorable things, but their adventures are liable to pall. One can have too much of a good thing.

Tom Brown, our irrepressible humourist, has taken part in this number. And Billy Bunter insisted on contributing an article. We can't keep Billy out, and we have no wish to, for his articles, whatever they lack of literary merit, are highly diverting.

Do you think you of Dick Penfold's ditty on Bunter? Rather a nasty one for the great W. G. B.—what?

My labours completed, I am now going to enjoy a game of foosball on next Sunday. Nothing but foosball to tone up the system after the mental exhaustion of press day.

Look out for another grand number of the "Herald" next week. And when you have finished with this Special Juvenile Number, pass it to a friend to read and convert him to the happy family of Heraldites!

HARRY WHARTON.

## HOW TO LOOK AFTER BABIES!

By Billy Bunter.



I know a good deal about babies. I was a baby myself once. According to Mr. Queich, I am one still, for when he bled me in class the other day, and I howled, he called me a "big baby"!

Babies are often regarded as a perishing nuisance. People say all sorts of unkind things about them. They are known as "squalling brats," and are also called other choice names, simply because they have a tendency to yell as soon as anything goes wrong.

To my mind, his Majesty the Baby is not to blame for these outbursts. The fault rests with the parents. They don't properly study the baby's wishes.

Now, the baby has several different cries. There is the hunger cry, the cold cry, and the take-me-out-for-a-walk cry. People who don't understand these cries are apt to administer the wrong remedy. When a kid is hungry, they take it for a walk and make it even more hungry. When the youngster is clamouring to be taken for a walk, they fancy it is crying because it is cold, and promptly place it in the oven or in the fender—a highly dangerous proceeding. When the kid howls because of the cold, they take it out in the open air and fairly freeze the poor little mite!

When a baby is hungry, it should not only be fed, but fed thoroughly. If it has cut its teeth, it should be able to tackle almost anything. Fried steak and onions, rabbit-pie, jam-tarts, doughnuts—baby will appreciate all these. I know I did when I was small—although I generally felt the worse for food afterwards.

I always like to see a well-fed baby, which turns the scales at about ten stone, and has a double chin. Weak, anemic-looking babies seldom develop into fine, plump boys or girls. "Feed the brute!" is a very good maxim to apply to a man. But one should also remember to feed the cub!

I was a fine sample of the well-fed baby. People would flock to Bunter Court to see me. I was so plump, and in such fine condition, that it took two strong men to lift me up into my pram. And the pushing of that pram was no easy matter!

I took prizes at all the Baby Shows. My photograph appeared in all the papers. My fame spread throughout the kingdom. I must admit I was very well looked after. That's why I am such a fine fit, healthy fellow to-day. My childish cries of hunger did not pass unheeded. I had whatever I wanted, and I thrived.

I am very fond of babies, and I pride myself in that I can understand them. They have a language of their own, and very few people can interpret that language. But I can! Whenever I hear a child yelling in the streets of Courtfield I always know what it wants. Sometimes I'll happen to be in funds, I pop into the pastrycook's and buy it a bag of doughnuts.

I will now address a few remarks to my readers on the subject of fattening foods. (No, you won't!) You've said quite enough, but I'll say one more thing. Your food of to-morrow must cease forthwith!—Ed.)

[Supplement to



# CONCERNING BABY BOYS!

By Tom Brown.

THE Editor doubtless regards it as a brilliant brain-wave to publish a Special Juvenile Number, dealing with the Greyfriars fellows when they were of tender years.

To my mind, it is a big mistake.

The average fellow doesn't like his infant career to be dragged into the limelight. He likes to forget that he was once upon a time a squalling babe—the anxiety of his mother and the despair of his father.

There is nothing a fellow resents more than to be constantly reminded of his early childhood.

Maiden aunts are the chief offenders in this respect.

My own Aunt Tabitha came to see me the other day. She had tea in the study and she sent my study-mates into fits of merriment by saying:

"Dear Thomas! How you have shot up, to be sure! I remember seeing you in New Zealand—you were three years old at the time—and everybody remarked what a bonny, bouncing blue-eyed baby you were! You had a sweet, chubby little face, and an abundance of curly hair. I sometimes used to brush your hair and you would squeal dreadfully!"

"Shut up, auntie!" I muttered.

But Aunt Tabitha went rambling on: "You were such a dear little chap! In those days you were really beautiful. Hut, of course, beauty doesn't last. As we get older we become worn and wrinkled and ugly."

"Speak for yourself, auntie," I murmured.

Aunt Tabitha ignored the interruption.

"It seems but yesterday that I wheeled you about in your push-cart," she went on. "Dear me, how time flies! Don't you wish you could put the clock of your life back twenty years, Thomas?"

"No, I don't!" I growled.

My study-mates, meanwhile, had gone almost into convulsions. They have tagged me about it ever since. "Dear, chubby-faced Thomas" has become their usual form of greeting.

The poet was right when he said: "Let the dead past bury its dead." Why should one's childish faults be constantly resurrected, and thrown in one's teeth?

Personally, I am not frightfully keen on babies. Baby boys don't last. As we get older we become their usual form of greeting.

Most baby girls are demure and well-behaved. My sister, I know, was a paragon among babies.

But the average baby boy is a terror! He spends the whole day in squalling, and the whole night in howling. He is never contented with his lot. The only way to silence him is to stuff him with chocolates—to thrust them into his mouth one after another, as if you were posting letters. But even this doesn't silence him for long. It only produces a temporary lull. As soon as the chocolates have been consumed he is at it again, howling the roof off.

The baby boy's chief aim in life seems to be to make as much noise as possible. As his lung power increases, his vocal efforts become more piercing and penetrating.

There is a fortune awaiting the man who will invent a patent baby silencer. An ordinary gag is no use. It is no more effective than giving a dose of physic to a fellow who has broken his leg.

The baby boy is a perpetual grouser. Either the milk in his bottle is too hot, or it is too cold. It is never just right. If it is too hot he yells; if it is too cold, he squeals. If there is no milk at all, he does both.

It isn't as if the baby boy has a bad time of it. He is taken out in his push-cart, wherein he lays back in state, like a fat and prosperous profligate. He sees all the sights without having to exert himself in any way.

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The nursemaid has all the exertion. It is she, poor soul, who has to push the baby conveyance up steep hills, and bang on for all she is worth when taking it down hill, lest the push-cart and its occupant should rush headlong to the bottom.

Sometimes there isn't a nursemaid available. In this event, it is poor pater who has to do the donkey-work. And how does the baby boy reward his efforts? Does he croon and coo? Not a bit of it! He yells for hours on end, in his best treble.

Of course, we were all babies once, and we have all been guilty of such conduct. But that is no reason why, when a fellow reaches the ripe and mature age of fifteen, all his past misadventures should be dragged into the light of day by well-meaning aunts and others.

Therefore, I say again, the editor has made a big mistake. His special juvenile number is a tragic blunder!

Now, if he published an issue of the "Greyfriars Herald," showing what the Greyfriars fellows would be like in middle age, it would be a different matter.

What an interesting number that would be! We should read of Billy Bunter as the plump chief of a fashionable West End hotel. We should read of Commander Tom Redwing, R.N., and Colonel Harry Wharton, D.S.O., and Sir Peter Todd, K.C. We should read of Harold Skinner, languishing in Dartmoor Prison; of Percy Bolsover, the eminent prizefighter; of Wun Lung, the Chinese ambassador; and of Dick Penfold, the Poet Laureate.

I commend this bright suggestion to the editor's notice, and will make no charge for it.

I hope the aforementioned esteemed editor will clear of the subject of baby boys in future. Details of Billy Bunter's babyhood may be voted interesting by many, but it is rather rough on the decent fellows to have their childhood history laid bare.

Let us be done with this topic once and for all!

(Sure you wouldn't like to take my place in the editorial chair, Brownie? You seem to think your judgment is superior to my own. Suppose I resign, and hand over the editorship to you, with my blessing? But, no! I think, all things considered, you had better stick to your present post—that of a funny merchant!—Ed.)

## HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



ALONZO TODD.

## BABY BUNTER!

A Ballad by DICK PENFOLD.

When I was young and charming,

A dozen years ago,

My weight was most alarming,

I broke the scales, you know!

I was a bonnie baby.

Of that there is no doubt.

My rich relations, maybe,

Will gladly bear me out!

They called me "Baby Bunter"

A dozen years ago.

I was a flabby grunter,

As hungry as a hunter,

And quite a daring stunter,

A dozen years ago!

Although I was the apple

Of the paternal eye,

I used to fight and grapple

With other babes close by.

As soon as I could toddle

I had a bulging brow,

And wisdom in my noddie

(It's full of sawdust now.)

They called me "Baby Billy"

A dozen years ago.

My nurse, a maid called Milly,

Said I was fat and silly.

As we sat still in Piccadilly

A dozen years ago!

(All Greyfriars fellows will heartily endorse the opinion of the nurse. Billy Bunter has grown neither wiser nor thinner with advancing years!—Ed.)

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AN IDEAL INFANT!

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By BOB CHERRY.

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I expect the majority of Greyfriars fellows were a source of great anxiety to their fond parents during childhood. I can well imagine the distress of Mr. Bunter at not being able to get a perambulator big enough to accommodate his plump offspring, William George. I can picture Master Harold Skinner, at the tender age of two months, yelling all day and all night. I can also imagine Percy Bolsover affixing a pair of boxing gloves to his chubby fists, and going forth to administer the knock-out to all the other babes in the neighbourhood.

One can picture Loder of the Sixth smoking a fat cigar as he lay back serenely in his push-cart. One can also picture Dick Penfold writing baby poems in the nursery. Something like this:

"My name is Baby Dick,  
I never squeal or kick,  
I never bawl or howl,  
I'm a bonnie little fellow!"

I myself was an exemplary baby. My pater has often told me that, and, anyway, he ought to know! He was so proud of me, with my big blue eyes and my mop of curly hair, that he used to take me out and exhibit me to all and sundry.

Many eager ladies offered to adopt me, but there was nothing doing.

"I wouldn't part with him for all the wealth of the Indies!" said my pater proudly. "He is the apple of my eye. He has never been known to cry once."

"Perhaps he is tongue-tied!" suggested somebody.

"Not a bit of it. He has great vocal abilities, but he never uses them. For which I am duly grateful!"

I was really a wonderful baby. Modesty, however, forbids me discussing this topic in detail. Suffice it to say that "Baby Bob Cherry" was in every way an ideal infant!

[Supplement 12.]

**"THE FOOTBALLERS' FEUD!"**

(Continued from page 8.)

Ponsonby & Co., they were being sped through the gates they had entered only five minutes before, towards the old horsepond, now covered with green slime, in the field opposite.

"One, two, three!"  
"Splash!"  
"Yow!" shrieked Ponsonby, as the oily water closed over his head.

Two more splashes followed in quick succession. As Gadsby struck the water, Ponsonby struggled to his feet in about six inches of mud, and stood up, peering at the Removites through a veil of green slime. The pond was not deep, and the water, when standing, only came up to his waist.

The Removites roared.  
"Hear us smile!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Groo!" spluttered the three unfortunate Highliffians.

And, feeling that justice had been ably dispensed, the Removites re-entered the school gates, with many chuckles.

There was, however, no sign of Dr. Armstrong. In the excitement the juniors had forgotten his existence. But if they thought he had forgotten theirs they were greatly mistaken, as the morrow was to prove. The juniors filed into the School House as the bell rang, dismissing morning classes.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**Todd's Little Joke!**

**T**HE Remove would not have been greatly surprised if Mr. Quelch had failed to turn up to take the class that afternoon. But he appeared as usual, and proceeded with lessons as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. An occasional subdued chuckle came from various parts of the room from time to time, as the treatment of Ponsonby & Co. was recalled. The disappearance of the Head when the juniors had returned had not passed unnoticed or without comment. Several of them were wondering what his next move would be. They were convinced that their little escapade would not be overlooked. They were right!

Almost at the end of the afternoon Dr. Armstrong rustled into the Form-room, and, ignoring the presence of Mr. Quelch, turned to address the boys.

"It is not my intention to dwell on the disgraceful affair in the Close this morning," he began, "except to say that the whole trouble all along has been directly due to the attempts of you boys to play football, although you know it is against my orders and wishes. Therefore, in order to punish you for your brutal attack on the boys from Highliffe School this morning, and to ensure that, although you choose to disobey me, football shall cease at Greyfriars. I shall expect every boy who is in possession of a football to deliver it to Loder at the woodshed this evening, to be confiscated. I will be there to see the order carried out. And if any boy is found with a football in his possession after that, he will be expelled from the school for insubordination. That is all!"

And, still deigning not to notice the existence of Mr. Quelch, Dr. Armstrong left the room.

The Removites looked at each other in amazement. Such a thing had never

been heard of in the history of the school before. They were left almost speechless.

When they were dismissed, they trooped out of the Form-room, and made their way in a party to the junior Common-room, which, since the rest of the school was still at lessons, was quite deserted.

"What are we going to do about it, you chaps?" shouted Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior, mounting a form.

"Shall we take our footballs to that beast Loder to—"

"Yes!" shouted a voice, recognised as belonging to Peter Todd.

"Who was that shouted 'Yes'?" demanded Brown furiously.

"I did," replied Todd. "Come down off that form, you silly ass! I've got an idea!"

"Out with it, Todd!"

The Famous Five pulled Tom Brown from the form, much against that junior's wish, and helped Peter Todd to the place vacated.

**Read the WONDERFUL NEW AUSTRALIAN STORY, entitled**

**THE BOY-EMIGRANT!**



IN THE  
**BOYS' FRIEND**  
STARTING IN ISSUE DATED  
**21st January, 1922.**

Todd lost no time in explaining his scheme.

"The Head has given orders that our balls are to be delivered up," he began. "And who are we to refuse?"

He answered his own question.

"We're mere nobodies. Very well, then, deliver them up. Just to show there's no ill-feeling, I propose filling them with oxygen first—"

"With what?"

"With oxygen, you asses!"

"Oh!"

"Good egg!"

Slowly the idea sank into the brains of the Removites; every moment the beauty of Todd's little scheme became more apparent to them; it struck them as being funny, and they roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'd better get along to the lab and fill them up before lessons are over," went on Todd. "And be careful you hold them tight afterwards, or they will float away."

The meeting instantly broke up, the boys going to their studies to dig out all the balls they could find.

Fortunately, the laboratory was not being used, and five minutes later Wharton was busy with a cylinder of oxygen, filling footballs with it as fast as he could. About twenty balls were filled in this matter before the juniors departed.

"Not a word to anybody outside the Form!" cautioned the captain of the Remove as the juniors returned to their own quarters. "There will be some fun to-night!"

The footballs were carefully hidden away in study cupboards as the bell dismissing afternoon classes sounded.

The news that the footballs belonging to the Remove were to be confiscated that evening spread quickly round the school. Loder, never a good friend of the Removites, rejoicing at their misfortunes, took good care to see to that.

About half an hour before the time appointed to deliver the balls, a good-sized crowd had gathered round the woodshed to witness the proceedings. It was composed of boys from every Form in the school; from the Second Form to the lordly Sixth. And in every case their sympathies were with the Removites. Many of them were half-expecting trouble, and if the Remove chose to rebel, they had come quite prepared to join in.

It was not long before Loder appeared. He opened the door of the woodshed, and stood awaiting the arrival of Dr. Armstrong.

When the Head pushed his way through the crowd some moments later, he was greeted with hisses and remarks which were far from complimentary. The Greyfriars fellows made no attempt to conceal their dislike for Dr. Armstrong, whom they all regarded as a cut between a madman and an upstart.

The Head took up his position near Loder, and waited for the first Removite to show up.

He happened to be Loder, and the rest of the Remove were lined up behind him. Each carried a football under his arm, but curiously enough they did not give the impression of boys whose property was about to be confiscated. Most of them wore covert grins. The rest of the school, observing this, were rather puzzled.

"I wonder what game the young fascals have got on," said Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, turning to North of the Sixth.

"I didn't know they possessed so many footers among them!" grinned North. "Let's watch and see what happens."

Wharton handed his ball to the Head, who passed it on to Loder. Loder, with a vindictive grin, threw it into the woodshed. Almost before he had finished, Johnny Bull thrust another ball into his hands, and a moment later Nugent did the same. For some minutes the bully of the Sixth was kept busy flinging footballs into the woodshed; as fast as he got rid of one, another was thrust on to him.

Wingate turned to North.

"I wonder— My hat, look!"

The two seniors turned their gaze to the back of the woodshed. A large part of the crowd which a moment before had been standing in front of the building had now gathered up with grinning faces at the faultlight in the roof, from which three footballs floated every few moments one of the Remove footballs.

About fifty yards away, drifting gently along on the evening breeze, were two or three more footballs, which several Second-Formers, with an eye to the main

chance, were trying to bring down with shots from air-guns.

The two seniors, Wingate and North, looked at each other for a moment.

"Ha, ha, ha!" they roared.

Meanwhile, Loder and the Head, blissfully unconscious of the trick being played on them, were still standing by the open door of the woodshed waiting for any more juniors who might turn up. Esh hall that Loder received he flung into the shed with considerable force. But as they struck the ground, the oxygen in them caused them to slowly rise again, and, moved by the draught inside the shed, they drifted about the roof until they finally found an exit through the open fanlight.

Nearly the entire crowd had moved to the back of the shed by now, and as each ball made its appearance it was greeted with a terrific cheer. Those juniors who did not cheer were holding their sides with laughter.

The Head and Loder, wondering what was the matter, closed and locked the door and made their way round to investigate.

About eighteen footballs, a yard or so apart, were bobbing merrily along accompanied by shouts from the juniors. Some of them—almost mere specks by now—trailed towards the horizon like wisp of smoke.

The Head looked at the juniors, and then at the floating balls with a puzzled brow. Loder 'cid the same.

The prefect was the first, however, to realise the little trick that had been so successfully worked on them. With a roar like the celebrated mad bull of Toledo, he made a rush towards where several of the Removites were standing.

"Back up, Remove!" shouted Harry Wharton; and a second later with the Famous Five in the centre, the juniors had formed themselves into a solid wall.

"Come on!" they shouted. But Loder did not come on. He stopped short and glared at the juniors with baleful eyes. He knew when he was beaten, and he was beaten now without doubt. It would have gone hard indeed with any individual who had been foolish enough to charge the massed Removites, particularly in their present temper.

Loder returned to Dr. Armstrong, whose face was white with rage. He glared at the juniors, but uttered not a word.

"The young cubs have filled them with gas, sir!" said Loder. But still the Head did not speak.

The Removites noticed again the curious way he held his hand to his brow as though suffering from a headache. He stood like that for some moments, then turned on his heel and made straight for the School House. Loder deemed it wise to follow suit.

Soon after that the rest of the crowd, with many chuckles, dispersed. The victory was undoubtedly with the Remove, and, feeling well satisfied with themselves, they, too, returned to the School House.

Wharton received a letter by the last post that night, fixing the date of the football match with St. Jim's for the coming Saturday. The Remove team were hurriedly summoned to Study No. 1, and the news communicated to them.

"There's one thing absolutely certain," said Wharton, addressing the team. "Armstrong won't let us play now, however important the fixture is. If Dr. Locke is not back by next week, we must say nothing about the match, but just

walk out of the school in the ordinary way as though nothing is happening."

"Right-ho!"

The juniors could think of no better scheme, and thus the matter was disposed of.

But they were not going to find it as easy to leave the school as they hoped. The following morning they learned from a notice on the board that, as a punishment for their behaviour at the woodshed the previous afternoon, the whole Form was gated for the rest of the term, and were to write, in addition, a hundred lines daily to be delivered to the Head every evening.

It was signed by Dr. Armstrong. "My hat!" snorted Bob Cherry. "That's put the lid on the footer match, and no mistake!"

But, as events were to show, he was wrong.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Mystery!

"ROTTERN!"

"Hard luck on the kids!" said Wingate and North exchanged these remarks when they heard that the Removites had been gated for the rest of the term. But there was a Sixth-Former who was not sorry for them, and that was Loder. He had informed them with considerable glee that a body of prefects, including himself and fellows of his kidney, would be posted at different parts of the school on Saturday, to ensure none of them left.

Nevertheless, the juniors were determined to play if there was any possible chance of doing so.

A couple of days before Saturday each Removite received a typewritten note from the captain of the Remove. The same evening a meeting was held in the crypt of the ruined Greyfriars Abbey, where there was less chance of being spied on by Loder and his friends.

The juniors returned from the meeting wearing a very different expression to when they went. It was obvious that something had happened to cheer them up. When they took their impositions to Dr. Armstrong's study that evening, they did so with many half-concealed grins.

Glum looks gave way to grins and whispered words; yet no hint of what was to become known outside the Remove. Bunter and Skinner had been let into the secret, of course, and had been threatened with dire penalties if they breathed a word to a soul.

When the Saturday morning eventually arrived, Loder & Co. had an early breakfast and took up positions round different parts of the school, under the Head's direction, to prevent the Remove going out.

There was no doubt that when Dr. Armstrong did a thing he did it properly.

So did the Remove!

At eleven o'clock Dr. Armstrong retired to his study to see to his correspondence. He had not long settled down, before he was interrupted by a noise in the Close.

Pick, pick, pick!

The Head rose to his feet and peered out of the study window.

"Good gracious me!" he exclaimed, adjusting his spectacles.

A moment later he picked up his mortar-board, left the room, and made his way to the Close, from whence came the noise.

Pick, pick, pick!

Thump, thump, thump!

A crowd of about forty men, attired in corduroy trousers, plentifully smeared with gravel and mud, were busily engaged in a long line, digging up the Close.

The Head stared.

One of the men was holding a large chisel to the ground by a pair of big piers, and three other men were driving it in by striking it with sledgehammers.

"Clunk, clonk, clank!" went the three hammers.

"Go it, mate! 'It 'ard!" entreated the man holding the chisel to his companions.

Clunk, clonk, clank!

Dr. Armstrong approached the scene of operations.

Near the men with the sledgehammers stood a two-wheeled barrow, such as workmen use to carry heavy tools in. Several coats were piled on it, and in the pocket of each was what appeared to be a bundle of food covered with a red handkerchief.

The Head pulled one of the coats aside in order to read the inscription on the name-plate fixed on the side.

But as he did so, one of the men turned.

"Ere, chuck that cove away from my coat, Bill!" he roared. "'E's after me lunch!"

"Hi, put that coat down!"

"Git out of it!"

The Head jumped back in alarm.

"I was trying to read the name on the plate," he explained. "Believe me, nothing was farther from my mind than to steal your lunch."

"Well, wot do you want to see our name-plate for?" queried the man. "You know 'oo we are, don't you?" "Indeed, I do not!" murmured Dr. Armstrong. "Why are you digging up the ground in this manner? I have not sent to the gasworks, that I recollect."

"Ark at him, Bill!" retorted the individual who had been engaged holding the chisel. He turned to the Head, scorn written all over his face.

"We're from the waterworks!" he volunteered. "Do you mean ter say as 'ow you didn't know we made arrangements to lay a new main here three weeks ago? Git out of it!"

And the British workman again devoted himself to the work in hand.

Since Dr. Armstrong had not been at Greyfriars three weeks, he did not know what arrangements had been made with the waterworks before then. Nevertheless, he was a trifle puzzled that Dr. Locke or Mr. Quetch had not mentioned the matter to him.

The school clock struck the hour of twelve while Dr. Armstrong stood surveying the workmen. Almost before the sound of the first stroke had died away the men suddenly dropped their tools as though electrocuted.

"What is the matter?" asked Dr. Armstrong, in some alarm.

"Twelve o'clock, me ol' mate!" explained the gentleman of the chisel, reaching for his coat. "'Knocking-off time. Think we are going to work all day?"

A few minutes later the crowd of navvies, their pickaxes on their shoulders, streamed towards the school gates.

Half a dozen or so pushed out the barrow.

"See you on Monday!" said the

navy of the chisel, turning to the Head again. "Ta, ta, mate!"

"Good-morning, my man!" replied the Head, and he turned away with a thoughtful frown on his face.

"Here, where are you fellows going?" exclaimed Loder, when they reached the gate where he was on duty. "I didn't see you come in!"

"You want to keep yer lumps peeled, me little cocksparrer!" retorted the navy addressed. "We've bin 'ere all the morning."

"So have I," replied the prefect. "But I didn't see you chaps come in."

"Well, you can see us go out, can't yer?" grinned the navy facetiously. "Come on; out of it before I puts it across yer!"

The man put his pickaxe on the ground as though to attack the prefect. But Loder, not liking the look of things, backed away. Like all bullies, he was a coward at heart, and although taller than the man facing him, he had no stomach for a fight.

"All right," he said. "I'm not going to stop you going out."

The workmen, still grinning at the discomfiture of the prefect, pushed their barrow out into the lane, and disappeared in the direction of Fraradale village.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### The Captive of the Remove!

HAD anyone observed the behaviour of the navvies after they left the precincts of the school, it would have struck them as very remarkable. The moment they disappeared round the bend of the Fraradale road, almost without exception, they snatched off their battered bowlers and caps, and flung them into the air with loud shouts of joy. Their voices, too, seemed to have undergone a great change. All the gruffness had vanished, and in some cases they had taken on quite a falsetto note.

So soon as the party had disappeared from the school grounds, Dr. Armstrong approached the gates, his face wearing a very unpleasant expression. He tugged viciously at the bell of the porter's lodge, which was opened a moment later by Gosling.

"Wot I sez is this 'ere—" he began; but observing his visitor was the Head, he relapsed into silence.

"Have you seen any workmen enter the school with a barrow to-day?" demanded the Head.

"No, sir!" replied the porter, scratching his bald head.

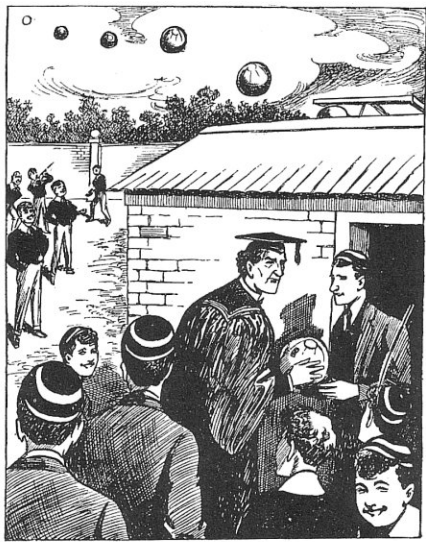
"Did you not see the men who left with a barrow a few moments ago?" he reiterated.

Gosling's reply was in the negative. "I was at dinner, sir," he explained.

"Dolt!" snapped the Head; and he passed out through the gate, leaving the porter staring at him with a perplexed expression.

As he rounded the bend he was just in time to see the workmen flinging their caps into the air. Dr. Armstrong stopped, and stood near the hedge out of sight of any of the party who might chance to turn round.

A terrible suspicion was beginning to form in his mind; in fact, he was almost certain of what had happened, but he wanted to make quite sure. From his point of vantage, the Head saw two of the men wheel the barrow into the field. It was instantly surrounded by the crowd,



A large crowd stood round the wood-shed gazing up at the fanlight in the roof from which there gently floated, every few moments, one of the Remove footballs. Meanwhile, the Head and Loder, blissfully unconscious of the trick played on them, were throwing the footballs into the shed. (See Chapter 5.)

and one who was apparently the leader, opened the lid, and proceeded to take from inside the barrow a number of bundles which looked strangely like clothing. As the bundles were placed on the ground, they were recognised and claimed by various members of the party.

When the last of them had been thus disposed of, the crowd moved off to the disused gamekeeper's hut standing between the hedge and the navvies.

The hut had at one time been considerably enlarged, and used as a storehouse. Consequently there was sufficient room in it to accommodate the whole party of workmen, who numbered about forty. Dr. Armstrong made quite certain everybody was in the shed. His next action was totally out of keeping with the dignity of the headmaster of Greyfriars School. But, then, so were many of his actions.

He pushed his way through the hedge and slowly crept forward towards the hut, his gown dragging in the dirt. The picture he presented at this moment would have created consternation among the board of governors of the school had any of them been there to see him.

"What about the look on his face when he came out and found us digging up the Close? Oh, my giddy aunt! It was rich!"

Dr. Armstrong, outside the hut, immediately recognised the voice of Bob Chery of the Greyfriars Remove.

It was as he had suspected the moment the workmen had left the school. They were not workmen at all, but Removites in disguise! The whole scheme was nothing but a deep-laid plot on the part of the Removites to pass the guard of prefects he had posted round the school. Had Loder not boasted of these plans to the Removites they would have left the school in the ordinary way, orders or no orders, and would have been taken by surprise by the guard and stopper.

Inside the shed, amid many chuckles, the Removites changed out of the corduroys they had been wearing into their ordinary school clothes, which were contained in the bundles the Head had seen removed from the barrow some minutes before.

The juniors were feeling well pleased with the success of their scheme, and were eagerly looking forward to the match which was due to start in about

an hour and a half's time. The credit for the idea of dressing as navies in order to pass the guard of prefects surrounding the school belonged to Wibley, and the credit of supplying the amount of necessary clothing belonged to the Famous Five. A great deal of the stuff came from the props of the Junior Dramatic Society, but a great deal of it came from the dramatic society of the Fifth and Sixth as well. The latter two Forms were quite unaware of the good use their props had been put to, because they were unaware they were in the possession of the Remove at all. Wharton & Co. had been careful to borrow them at a time nobody was about, and had entirely forgotten to mention the fact to the owners.

As Bob Cherry so truly remarked, "What the optics don't spot the heart doesn't grieve for."

The Head, hiding outside the shed, was beginning to feel the effects of remaining in a bending position so long. Added to this, he wanted to have a look through the window at the juniors, and then get away. He had verified his suspicion, which was all he wanted to do, and was quite satisfied. Near where he was kneeling were some dozen or so bricks which someone, who had been evidently staying in the hut, had built into a square to contain a fire.

The Head reached out for them and placed them at the end of the hut, where was a window higher than the others. His intention was to pile the bricks one on top of another, so as to form a step which would enable him to climb up and see what was going on inside. By using the higher window for this purpose he thought there was less chance of being observed from the inside.

Having laid the bricks to his satisfaction, he mounted them, and clutched at the window-ledge with his hand to steady himself. But, unfortunately for him, he did not notice a rusty nail sticking out of the ledge until too late.

A wail of agony left his lips as the corroded metal tore his flesh. The involuntary jerk he gave disturbed his equilibrium, and a moment later the bricks toppled away beneath his feet, and, with another loud whoop, he came dashing to the ground.

"Yeroooh!" he roared.

"My hat!"

"What's that?" asked several voices inside the hut; and a second later half a dozen Removees appeared round the back of the hut.

"The Head!"

"Spying!"

"My hat!"

The Removees advanced on their enemy, and before he had time to rise they made him prisoner. The remainder of the juniors followed out and stared in amazement.

"Bring him inside!" said Wharton. The Head was propelled into the shed. "Fasten him down in that chair!" ordered Wharton.

The Head was placed in an old chair in the main room of the shed, and held there by several juniors.

He sat and glared at them.

"Are you going to release me, boy?" he managed at last.

"On conditions," said the captain of the Remove. "But not if we are all going to be expelled. If we let you go you will promise to let us play football in future, and overlook this little matter?"

At the mention of the word "football" NEXT MONDAY! "WIBLEY THE THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 727.

a wild gleam came into the eyes of the man in the chair.

"No!" he snapped. "You shall all be expelled, and flogged as well!"

"Very well! That's that, then! If we are going to be flogged and expelled, it won't much matter what we do!"

At this point Peter Todd rose and addressed the assembly.

"Why not dress him up in some of the navy-duds and leave him here until we come back? He may be more amenable to reason then! If not, we must decide on what else is to happen!"

"Good egg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The idea of dressing the Head in the old clothes, and leaving him in the shed for a few hours until he promised to overlook the whole affair, appealed to the imagination of the juniors. Also, it seemed their only hope of salvation.

The clothes lately discarded by Bob Cherry were placed on the table, and Wibley produced a box of grease-paints to help the effect.

Dr. Armstrong was going to pay dearly for his persecution of the Removees.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### A Little Misunderstanding!

"G O it, Wib!"

"Give him a Charlie Chaplin!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The schoolboy actor was busy with a stick of grease-paint, decorating the face of the unfortunate Dr. Armstrong. Having laid a good foundation of paint, he opened a little round box, labelled "Chin Powder, No. 2," and rubbed the contents well into the paint on the chin. The effect obtained was of a hard, blue beard of a couple of days' growth.

The juniors, noting the Head's transformed appearance, grinned with delight. With a few deft strokes, under Wibley's skilled hands, the appearance of Dr. Armstrong was completely altered. He no more resembled a headmaster from a public school than a German resembles a gentleman. A little paint rubbed into the eyebrows gave them the appearance of being thick and bushy. In short, when Wibley had done with him, the Head presented a most ferocious appearance.

The schoolboy actor stood back to survey his handiwork. He was nothing if not an artist, and took a real delight in doing anything he undertook—too much so for the comfort of Dr. Armstrong.

The juniors next released their victim's hands, and stripped off his coat and vest. After a number of futile struggles, they managed to get him into the mud-begrimed coat recently discarded by Bob Cherry.

Wharton took off his collar by the simple expedient of ripping it with a pen-knife, and tied a red handkerchief round the luckless gentleman's neck.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the chums.

The Head certainly presented a very extraordinary spectacle; he was grinding and gritting his teeth in a manner which made him look more absurd than ever.

"What about his trousers?" asked Johnny Bull suddenly. "We can't let

him toddle round in his own. It wouldn't be respectable."

"Hear, hear!"

By the combined efforts of several Removees, a pair of corduroys were pulled on over those the Head was wearing. This feat was not performed without casualties, however. Nugent received a hard knee in his eye as he was steering a boot into a trousers leg, and Inky received a boot in his jaw which sent him staggering to the ground. But these things did not damp the enthusiasm of the Removees.

"Buck up, you chaps!" urged Wharton, glancing at his watch. "The charabancs will be here soon!"

The Removees, having completed their work to their satisfaction, tied their victim to the chair, and streamed out of the hut.

"See you when we come back!" smiled Peter Todd, waving a kiss to the fuming prisoner, who could make no reply, for the simple reason the juniors had thoughtfully provided him with a very effective gag, composed of torn fragments of his gown.

The door slammed behind Peter Todd, and the Head of Greyfriars, trusted like a chicken by his own pupils, was left alone with his thoughts.

Honk, honk, honk!

"Here they came!"

Hoot, hoot, hoot!

Two large charabancs, previously ordered by the Remove, drew up outside the field, decorated with the colours of Greyfriars. A cheer went up from the assembled boys.

"Hurrah!"

"Good-afternoon, Master Wharton!" said the first driver, touching his cap to the captain of the Remove. "You managed to get away without any trouble, I hope, sir?"

Wharton nodded.

The driver knew the Removees of old, and was well aware of the feud existing between them and their headmaster at the school.

A crowd soon surrounded the barrow from which their clothes had been taken earlier, and commenced to transfer the remaining contents, which included their football gear, to one of the waiting charabancs.

The juniors then clambered into the coach, and biscuit-tins, trumpets, etc., were brought forth from under the seats, where the drivers had been instructed to place them before leaving the garage. A few of the juniors produced mouth-organs and rattles from their pockets, and a few seconds later a frightful din rent the air.

Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub! went the tins.

Crash!

Bang!

Pom-pom-pom-pom! Pom-pom!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Redskins in their wildest moments could never have produced such a noise as did the Removees.

And the Head of Greyfriars, sitting gagged and bound in the shed near by, heard these sounds with mixed feelings. Had any Removees been in the shed at that moment, they would have wondered why Dr. Armstrong wore a crooked sort of smile—the smile a man wears when he knows he has another card to play.

"Let's give a cheer for the old man!" exclaimed Johnny Bull, referring to the Head.

"Hear, hear!"

And, as the charabancs moved off down the road towards where the long-delayed football match was to be played,

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



a roar from forty youthful lungs rent the air.

"Hoo—ha! Hoo—ha, ha!"

About half an hour later a small two-seater puffed and grunted along from the direction of Friarale. With a final snort, it came to a standstill outside the gate of the field in which stood the gamekeeper's hut. The driver leapt from his seat, and walked to the radiator in front to see what the trouble was. At the same moment the portly form of P. c. Tozer, the village constable, ambled along. On catching sight of the car standing with the driver in front, the arm of the law put on a spurt until he drew level with the breakdown.

"Wot's all this about?" he demanded in his best official manner.

"Wants a drop o' water, that's all," replied the driver, looking up. "Do you know where I can get any about here?"

"You might find some in the butt outside that hut," said Tozer, pointing to where a barrel stood against the wall, into which the rainwater from the roof emptied itself.

The driver took a tin from beneath the driving-seat, and walked up to where the constable had indicated. P. c. Tozer, glad of having somebody to speak to for a little while, followed him up. The driver filled his tin, and the two men stood gossiping for a moment.

"You've got a pretty cushy sort of job," began the motor-driver. "I'll tell you what—"

He stopped and listened.

Groan!

Tozer felt for his truncheon.

Groan!

This time the sound was more distinct, and it came from the disused hut.

"There's bin a gang of burglars working round here," Tozer informed his companion, "and they had a row among themselves. We found one of them the other day with 'is 'ead bashed him, wot 'is pals had done. I reckon we might find some more of 'em."

And, having thus delivered himself, the village constable crept to the door, followed by the other man, and pulled it open.

"My 'at!"

"Good 'eavens!"

Tozer advanced to where Dr. Armstrong was sitting, and cut the tapes which kept the gag in place. The Head, thanks to the efforts of Wibley, had an appearance to quail stouter hearts than those of the two men who had discovered him.

"I'll have them all in gaol for this!" snorted Dr. Armstrong, referring to the boys, as soon as the gag was loosened.

The two men exchanged significant glances.

"I reckon you've got another of those blokes," whispered the motor-driver. "He's going to round on his pals for tying him up. That's what he means about gaol."

Tozer nodded.

"Don't stand staring at me!" snorted the Head. "Can't you cut me loose?"

"Who are you, first?" demanded Tozer warily.

"I tell you I'm the Head of Greyfriars—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You look it!"

When he made that statement, the Head was not taking into account his

disguise. It was not reasonable to expect two men to believe that the blue-chinned, dirty-looking ruffian sitting before them was the headmaster of a public school. They didn't believe it.

"I tell you some of the boys from the school did this for a joke!"

Tozer looked at the Head again. His manner of speech was certainly not in keeping with his appearance. It was puzzling to the village constable, who, knowing the Removites, could believe them capable of doing anything.

Tozer resolved to test the veracity of the statements made by the man in the chair.

"What's your name, then?" he asked, still eyeing Dr. Armstrong with strong disfavour.

"Armstrong—Dr. Armstrong," replied that gentleman.

Tozer grinned.

"I thought so," he replied, producing at the same time a pair of steel handcuffs. "The name of the 'Ead of Greyfriars is Dr. Locke, and I know Dr. Locke well enough. Come hon!"

The Head saw the uselessness of trying to explain to Tozer, and almost collapsed as the handcuffs were snapped on his wrists.

He was next cut loose from the chair and, with the assistance of the driver, led to the motor-car which Tozer had demanded in the name of the King.

A few moments later the car was grunting and snorting down the road again, bearing the two men, with Dr. Armstrong in the centre, to the nearest police-station.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Sold!

THE nearest police-station was at Courtfield, just beyond Friarale, and it was to here that the Head found himself being driven.

Tozer charged him with being a suspicious character, unable to give a good account of himself. The constable then described to the sergeant-in-charge the questions he had put to the prisoner inside the shed, and the replies he received. He then told of his suspicions as to who the Head really was.

The sergeant listened intently, and closely scrutinised the hands of the prisoner. To the more experienced policeman it had occurred that there was some mistake. The hands certainly did not resemble those of a tramp, or anyone who performed manual labour.

"You say you are the Head of Greyfriars, named Armstrong?" he queried.

The Head nodded.

He was then asked what time he left the school, and to give the name of anybody who saw him go out. He did so, and the sergeant took the information down on a piece of paper. Then, turning to a subordinate, he ordered him to get into telephone communication with the school, and find out whether these statements were true.

The sergeant was now almost certain that Tozer had made a mistake, and that the man before them was really the person he represented himself to be, in spite of his appearance.

The Head placed his hand to his brow, and would have fallen had not one of the constables sprang forward and saved him.



Struggling in the grasp of the Removites the Highlife cads were rushed to the horse-pond. "One, two, three!" yelled Harry Wharton. There were three splashes as Ponsonby & Co. struck the water, and three yells as the oily water closed over their heads. (See Chapter 4.)

He recovered himself in a moment, however, and smilingly explained that he often suffered from severe headaches. Dr. Armstrong then asked for permission to wash, which was granted.

After a few moments' work with soap and flannel, the appearance of Dr. Armstrong was totally changed. The blue chin powder turned the water in the bowl to the colour of ink, but the grease-paint was a little more difficult to remove. It came off eventually, and Dr. Armstrong returned to the little office where he had at first been brought.

Tozer stared at him with stupefaction. Now the grease-paint had been removed from his face, and the red handkerchief from his neck, the Head looked entirely different.

The young constable who had been telephoning to Greyfriars returned and reported to the sergeant that the facts as stated by the prisoner had been corroborated, and that the porter was the last one to see the Head, at the time he stated, as he left the school gates.

Now there was no doubt as to the identity of the prisoner, the village constable was beginning to grow very alarmed. The sergeant, too, felt very uncomfortable, and was wondering where the matter would end.

"Of course, sir," he said, "the whole thing was a mistake, and the charge will be withdrawn and erased from the register."

Dr. Armstrong was too relieved to think that his humiliating experience was over to make any protest against his treatment. Besides, he realised that, finding him in the circumstances he did,

it was only natural that Tozer should have taken the course he had.

A message was sent to Mr. Quelch at Greyfriars to send along a change of clothing. Dr. Armstrong could not possibly be seen in the corduroys he was wearing.

Twenty minutes later a taxi-cab stopped outside the door of the police-station, and the Remove Form-master alighted, carrying a suitcase. Mr. Quelch regarded the building with distinct disapproval. He had probably never been in such a place in his life, and he certainly never expected he would ever be called upon to enter in order to fetch away the Head of Greyfriars College.

Ten minutes later, with many apologies from the sergeant, the two gentlemen emerged, the Head again attired in his ordinary everyday clothes.

At the same moment a merry-faced youth, attired in Etons, and wearing the colours of St. James' College, snatched by. As the Head and Mr. Quelch stepped into the waiting taxi, he turned and stared at them as though unable to believe his eyes. The car moved off, and the junior entered the police-station to inquire the way to Greyfriars. He knew the way perfectly well; but his real object was, if possible, to find out what had brought Mr. Quelch, whom he had recognised, to the station.

A few careful inquiries soon elicited the information he required, and the youth left, after thanking the sergeant, grinning to himself.

The Removites arrived on the football

field in great spirits, and eagerly anticipating the game.

"Only ten minutes to wait now," said Wharton, after a time. "The St. Jim's lot are late turning up."

Ten minutes passed, and then another ten, but still there were no signs of the St. Jim's footballers. The Removites were still alone on the football field, and were getting cold.

"Curious!" murmured Johnny Bull. "Something must have gone wrong, Harry!"

Half an hour after the time the match should have started, the juniors were eyeing each other in a doleful manner.

"I don't suppose they'll come now," remarked Bulstrode gloomily. "After we have taken all that trouble to get out, too!"

"And after leaving old Armstrong in that shed! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think I'll ring up—"

Wharton, who was speaking, suddenly stopped and looked across the field to the road.

"Tom Merry!" he ejaculated.

He was right. It was the same youth who had passed through Courtfield at the moment Mr. Quelch and the Head were leaving the police-station. But Wharton observed with dismay he was alone. The Removites advanced in a body to meet him.

"Where's the team?" burst out the captain of the Remove, when greetings had been exchanged.

Tom Merry looked puzzled.

"Didn't you get my 'phone message last night?" he asked.

"'Phone message?" the juniors echoed. (Continued on page 20.)

## REGISTER TO-DAY!

(No. 9.)

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# THE LOST PERSIAN!

A Humorous Adventure of Herlock Sholmes. By Dr. JOTSON.

**O**VERWORK had brought about a temporary breakdown in the health of my amazing friend, Mr. Herlock Sholmes. Although the season was mid-winter, he developed the alarming habit of making vigorous swipes with his hand in frantic endeavours to catch imaginary flies from the end of his aquiline nose. At times he complained of feeling odd and decrepit. These alarming symptoms of a brain creaking beneath the strain imposed upon it caused me considerable anxiety.

Of course, I would have operated on my friend free of charge, with the greatest of pleasure, but to my astonishment, when I suggested grafting a monkey gland to his left ear, he was positively rude about the matter. But this I attributed to his overwrought condition.

Then Mrs. Spudson, our landlady, told me about her sister, Mrs. Spivitt, who made a genteel living by letting apartments in a small country town, Slushby-cum-Slugh in Slophshire. To this place, after much persuasion, I induced Sholmes to accompany me for a long week-end.

As I expected, the change proved of the greatest benefit to Sholmes. No longer was he bothered by flies on his intellectual face, no longer did he see purple lizards floating in the air before his eyes.

"This is peace, my dear Jotson," he said contentedly, while we waited for breakfast one morning. "It may not be so exciting as the last holiday I spent in Killarney, but it is none the worse for that."

He selected a book from the ancient volumes in the small bookcase in Mrs. Spivitt's parlour and dropped into a chair. Our furnished apartment was on the ground floor facing the street, and I crossed to the window and gazed out to where a few early pedestrians were doing gymnastics on the frost-covered pavements.

Suddenly a stout and obviously excited lady slid past, and brought up all sitting outside of our front door. A few moments later there was a loud peal on the bell. Above the sizzling of frying kippers, excited female voices were discernible in conversation. Footsteps sounded on the stairs, and there entered the room, Mrs. Spivitt, followed by the stout lady.

"I hopes you'll pardon me, Mr. Sholmes," said our landlady, "but I was telling my friend, Mrs. Nobbson, the other day as you were staying here, and—"

"I'm in such distress, Mr. Sholmes, sir!" burst in Mrs. Nobbson excitedly. "Fatima has gone! She went out, and I've seen nothing of her since."

"Madam," I said severely, "Mr. Sholmes is staying in Slushby for the benefit of his health. He is not open to accept a case of any kind. You would be well advised to go to an employment agency and apply for another cook."

"Another cook?" shrieked Mrs. Nobbson. "Fatima is worth all the

cooks in Slushby! Fatima is a Persian—a beautiful Persian, sir!" I preened myself and stroked my moustache meditatively. I imagined myself in the role of confidential friend and assistant to Sholmes, rescuing the fair Fatima from the hands of scoundrels who had kidnapped her from her kind English guardian.

"Of course, that alters the case, somewhat, madam," I began, when Sholmes interrupted me.

"Mrs. Nobbson," he said. "I am staying in Slushby for the benefit of my health, as my friend, Dr. Jotson, has so truthfully remarked. But I am always ready to assist beauty in distress." He bowed low. "When did you last see the cat?"

"C-o-cat!" I stammered.

Mrs. Nobbson gave me a look that would have withered an oak tree.

"Of course," she snorted. "What did you think it was—a Persian camel? It was the finest blue Persian cat that ever—"

"Quite so, quite so," mused Sholmes. "But answer my question, madam."

"Fatima jumped through the parlour window just after ten o'clock last night and hasn't been seen since."

"Have you inquired of the neighbours? None of them has heard of her, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, they heard her on the tiles up till four o'clock this morning, but she hasn't been seen since last night."

"Well, you can safely leave the matter to me, Mrs. Nobbson," said Herlock Sholmes. "Return here at eleven o'clock, and then, I hope to be able to restore the wayward Fatima to your arms."

When the gratified Mrs. Nobbson had departed and Mrs. Spivitt had gone to dish up the luscious kippers for our breakfast, Sholmes picked up his book again.

"I have been reading 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin,' my dear Jotson," he said. "A most amusing poem. The idea of long rats, short rats, thin rats, fat rats, grey rats, black rats, all dancing along behind a man in response to his piping, appeals to me immensely. I think I shall borrow Master Spivitt's tin whistle and go round the town bringing all the Slushby cats to heel. Then Mrs. Nobbson can pick out her property from among the dancing feline horde. A romantic idea, eh, Jotty?"

I shook my head sadly. In spite of the mental renovation afforded my amazing friend by our holiday, it was evident there still remained a few bats in his belfry.

At breakfast, Sholmes' appetite was enormous! Even the bones, skins and tails of the nutritious kippers disappeared like magic from his plate. He actually handed Mrs. Spivitt half-a-crown to buy another half-dozen to fry for his consumption.

The scent of these kippered herrings filled the house, and glad as I was to see my friend in such good form, I had

to take a walk round the local gasworks for a breath of fresh air.

When I returned to our apartments, I found Master Spivitt, our landlady's nine year old son, in tears. Sholmes, it appeared, had borrowed his penny tin whistle without asking, and had sallied forth into the streets of Slushby to the shrill but martial air, "The March of Tarzan." At this startling news I became seriously concerned for the welfare of my old friend and companion.

At eleven o'clock, when Mrs. Nobbson arrived at the house, there was no sign of Herlock Sholmes. But just after the hour we heard a shrill piping. We rushed to the window to gaze upon the truly astounding sight!

Herlock Sholmes was marching down the centre of the street piping unmusically on Master Spivitt's tin whistle. On the pavements a crowd of school children jostled one another. Behind Sholmes trooped a horde of cats such as I have never seen in my life—long cats, short cats, thin cats, fat cats, black cats, tabby cats, tom cats and she cats, all miaowing and cawing.

Mrs. Nobbson gave a loud cry. Next moment she dashed out of the house, burst through the crowd of laughing children and snatched up a large blue Persian cat from the midst of the feline host.

"Fatima!" she cried in accents of relief. "How am I to thank you, Mr. Sholmes?"

"By saying no more about it, my dear Mrs. Nobbson," said Herlock Sholmes gallantly.

Gazing from the window, my admiration for my amazing friend knew no bounds.

"Wonderful, my dear Sholmes!" I called out. "That you should be able to emulate the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin,' and attract all the cats in the town by the magic of your piping, would have been incredible to me but for the evidence of my own eyes."

Herlock Sholmes smiled inscrutably. Then he darted into the house and slammed the door against the feline horde. I ran to receive my amazing friend. Then I stopped short; staggered back, and drew my pocket handkerchief.

"Phew! W-w-what the—"

Sholmes tossed the tin whistle to the delighted Master Spivitt, and made his way to the backyard. I followed at a respectable distance.

"The tin whistle lent a necessary touch of romance to what would otherwise have been a prosaic case, my dear Jotson," he said light-heartedly. "Mrs. Nobbson and the other worthy residents of Slushby-cum-Slugh, will have something to talk about at the local bon-fights for the rest of their lives. Probably some local poet will perpetrate a poem about me. But now to reveal the secret of the magic piping!"

And from each of his bulging pockets, Sholmes drew forth the remains of a dozen large, powerful kippers and deposited them in the dustbin.

THE END.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 727.

"THE FOOTBALLERS' FEUD!"

(Continued from page 18)

The St. Jim's junior, seeing something was wrong, quickly explained to the Removites that, owing to an outbreak of influenza, which had attacked several members of his team, he had telephoned Greyfriars, and tried to get hold of Harry Wharton; but, being unable to do so, he had spoken to the Head, who had promised to deliver a message to Wharton to the effect that the match would have to be postponed.

The juniors regarded each other with angry faces. The truth was slowly beginning to dawn on them.

"We received no telephone message!" they exclaimed.

There was no doubt in their minds that

Dr. Armstrong had deliberately refrained from delivering the message.

"Spoofed!" they groaned in chorus.

"Done!"

"Diddled!"

All their scheming and plotting to get out of the school had been in vain, and the Head was probably laughing up his sleeve at their wasted efforts. The juniors suddenly recollected they had left him, tied up in the hut in Priardale road, and the smiles returned for a moment to their faces.

Tom Merry listened to the story of their troubles with the new Head, and chuckled when he heard of how they had lied him up. He then related to them what he had seen and heard at the Court-field police-station.

It was the Removites' turn to whistle now.

"Tozer found him, then?"

"My hat!"

It was the last straw. The Head had

succeeded in fooling them by not delivering the 'phone message from Tom Merry, and now he had escaped from where they left him, their chances of making peace with him, which had been remote before, were even more remote now.

It was a dispirited crowd of juniors who climbed with Tom Merry into the waiting charabanc.

"The pain goes to Armstrong after all, you chaps!" said Harry Wharton ruefully. "But he won't keep it for long, that's one thing!"

And on the return journey to the school every junior made a mental resolve to be even with the Head, and to play the football match the following week if they were not expelled, whatever else happened.

THE END.

(Turn to the Chat for full particulars of next week's story.)

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