

ALL ABOUT THE FAMOUS CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS INSIDE!

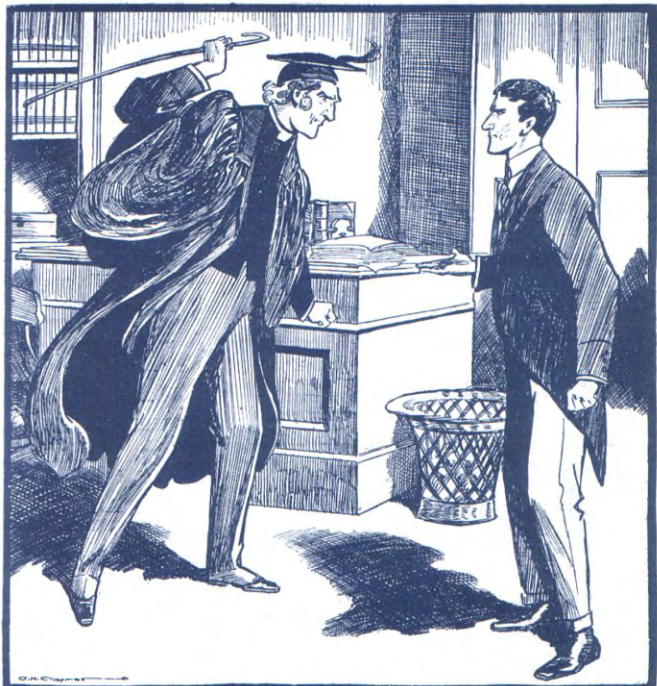
No. 728. Vol. XX.

Week Ending Jan. 21st, 1922.

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

Library

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**THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY!** GERALD LODER OF THE SIXTH  
IS CANED BY THE HEAD!

(A Sensational Incident from the Long Complete Story inside.)

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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.

#### "BILLY BUNTER'S BIG BARGAIN!"

By Frank Richards.

The above is the title of our next grand, long, complete school story of the chums of Greyfriars. In this story we find that the minitible William George Bunter takes it into his head to go to an auction. Bunter bids keenly for an old bedstead—what Billy wanted with an old bedstead only he could have explained. However, the bed "goes" to Billy, and then there starts a period of stress for the owner of the bedstead.

Billy tries to get rid of it, but other juniors, for various reasons, won't let him. At last, however, the bed is got rid of, and poor old Billy weeps salt tears! Why? Oh, I'm not going to spoil your story altogether; you will enjoy reading all about it.

#### "BILLY BUNTER'S BIG BARGAIN!"

in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY. Readers are advised to order their copies early.

#### THE SUPPLEMENT.

The next issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" will be an extra-special number. I have that from Herbert Vernon-Smith of the Remove, and he ought to know. It is a special Vernon-Smith Number—hence the one-time Boarder's opinion that it is an extra-special number!

Readers will be delighted with the editorial efforts of this popular junior, and I must say that I think Vernon-Smith has managed extraordinarily well. He has packed the supplement with good stories and articles, and you are in for a good time when you peruse it.

#### THE COMPANION PAPERS.

Just a word about the Companion Papers—for new readers, of course, since all old supporters of my group of weeklies know all there is to be learned on the subject. The Companion Papers are as follows: The MAGNET, the "Gem," the "Popular," the "Boys' Friend," the "Boys' Herald," "Chuckles" (the champion coloured paper for younger chums), while the "Holiday Annual," the best story-book on the market, is closely associated with the "C.P.'s." The MAGNET is famous the world over for its Greyfriars tales, and the "Gem" has earned equal celebrity for its series dealing with St. Jim's. The "Popular" and the "Boys' Friend" contain ripping yarns of Bookwood School, while the "Boys' Herald," not to be outdone, has a stirring school serial now running—"The College of Sportsmen!" No other papers can give you school stories of the sort you like so much. It is the Companion Papers first, and the rest nowhere!

#### NOTICES.

##### Correspondence.

George Marsh, 194, Bright Street, Carbrook, Sheffield, would like to correspond with readers anywhere, U.S.A. preferred, ages 14-16.

Fred Giles, 29, Basingham Road, Wandsworth, S.W. 18, wishes to correspond with readers in London; ages 15-16.

J. F. Stanger, 1, Dundas Street, Huddersfield, wishes to correspond with readers.

R. Barr, 345, Barbadoes Street, Christ church, New Zealand, wishes to hear from readers who will contribute short stories, articles, and sketches (high prices paid) to his amateur magazine, the "Inkslinger."

John Dalton, 10, Albert Road, Moxley, nr. Leeds, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 12-14.

G. Withers, 16, Studd Street, Upper Street, Islington, N. 1, is desirous of forming a correspondence club, and would be glad to hear from all interested.

L/Cpl. D. G. Bayne, 1st Troop, C Squadron, 16th Queen's Lancers, Lucknow, India, wishes to correspond with readers; ages 17-23.

##### A Special Request.

Leslie Bell, 41, Albert Street, Castleton, nr. Manchester, wishes to hear from any reader in Norway who could send him views, and tell him about the Valde and Tonsberg districts. This correspondent's family came from Valde, and his grandmother, grandmother, and great grandmother were buried there. He is very anxious to obtain a few particulars of the place.

##### A Boxing Challenge.

Johnnie Walsh, 8, Dog Lane, off Bean Street, Nantwich, Cheshire, challenges any reader of the Companion Papers, under 16 years of age, and under 6st. 6lbs., to a boxing match. All particulars furnished.

##### Chemistry.

Thomas Ashworth, 4, Louise Terrace, Blundell Street, Brunswick Avenue, Beverley Road, Hull, Yorks, is in bad health, and his one hobby is chemistry. Will readers of the Companion Papers with a similar interest write to him?

##### A Photographic Magazine.

George Perry, 44, Chesterfield Grove, East Dulwich, S.E.22, wishes to hear from readers willing to contribute to his amateur magazine, the "Boy Photographer."

## Your Editor.

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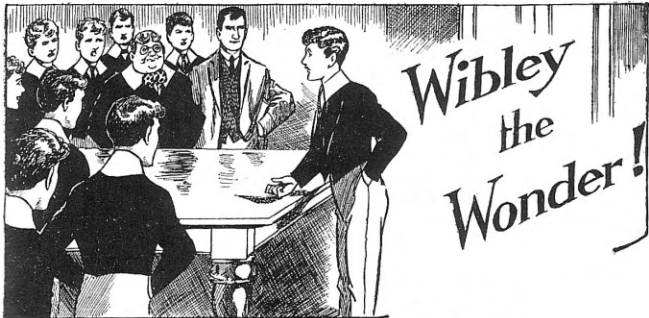
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See particulars in THIS WEEK'S

**ANSWERS**

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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 728.



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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
A Stormy Meeting!

"WE'RE fed up!"  
"Right to the neck!"  
"And we won't stand it!"  
"Hear, hear!"

These remarks were uttered with considerable feeling by a crowd of angry Removites in the junior Common-room at Greyfriars. The Removs were more than fed up; they were nearly desperate. And the cause of all their trouble was Dr. Isaac Armstrong, who had taken charge of Greyfriars during the temporary absence of Dr. Locke.

Harry Wharton, the captain of the Removs, who was presiding at the meeting, rose to his feet, and rapped on the table in front of him for silence.

"Look here, you fellows—" he began. But the fellows did not look; they were too furious, so they shouted instead

- Down with Armstrong!"
- He's balmy!"
- We're going to play footer!"
- Vive la football!"
- Hurrah!"

Since the arrival of the new Head, the Removites had had many things to endure. Dr. Armstrong was the exponent of a famous system of education; he had tried the system on Greyfriars, and trouble in generous portions had been the result. But, without a doubt, that which ruffled most in the bosoms of the Removites was an order issued by the Head himself forbidding any member of the school to play football. This order, which the juniors had disobeyed, had caused considerable trouble both to the Head and themselves, and for some time past a bitter feud had existed in consequence. Through a combination of circumstances, the match with St. Jim's, which should have come off over the lake-end, had not been played, and the elaborate plot of the Removites to defeat authority was therefore wasted. Hence the meeting—in the Common-room—with the juniors were trying to think of some fresh scheme whereby, as Bob Berry put it, they could "do old Armstrong in the eye!"

Wharton rapped the table for silence,

and the din of forty voices trying to make themselves heard at the same time subsided somewhat.

"Listen to what I say and keep your wool on!" bawled the captain of the Removs at the top of his voice.

"Get on with it, then—"

"Shut up, Bulstrover!"

Wharton glared at his interrupters and proceeded.

"It's decided then, that we're going to play the match with Tom Merry next week whatever happens—"

"Rather!"

"And that every chap will come into any scheme that may be finally adopted?"

"Yes!"

"Hurrah!"

"Right-ho, then! Now we will proceed to—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

Somebody gave the Owl of the Removs a playful tap at the back of his knees, with the result that he came crashing to the floor like a marionette with a broken string.

"Yarooogh!" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a few moments' silence while Bunter vainly tried to recover sufficient breath to make himself heard. But since Bulstrode had thoughtfully taken a seat on his chest, he found this rather difficult. Meanwhile, Wharton was able to resume his interrupted speech.

"As I was saying before that fat clam interrupted," he began, "we will now proceed to get on with the washing. If any chap has a suggestion to make, will he kindly step this way?"

Wharton waited for some moments, but apparently suggestions were not plentiful among the Removs at that moment.

"I say, you fellows—"

The voice of William George Bunter trickled faintly through the forest of legs around his head and floated out into the silence.

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Sit on his face, Bulstrode!"

Bulstrode very unwisely took this advice, and did so; but it proved his undoing. A moment later he jumped into the air with a roar like a foghorn with the group.

"Ow, grooogher!"

Bulstrode was observed holding his left hand to the seat of his trousers, and to be giving that spot a vigorous massage.

"What's the matter, Bulstrode?" inquired Harold Skinner, with a grin.

Bulstrode glared before replying.

"Bunter bit me!" he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites roared; it struck them as being too funny. But it only struck Bulstrode as being painful.

Bulstrode turned to where Bunter had been lying; but the fat junior had long since scrambled to his fat little feet and scuttled across to the other side of the room.

"I say, Wharton, I've got a really fine idea—" he began from his new pitch; but he was again interrupted by shouts from other Removites.

At this point Harold Skinner clambered on to a form and addressed the meeting. "You're a lot of silly asses!" he roared. "Wharton asks for suggestions, and when Bunter wants to give one, no one will give the chap a chance. Is that what you call sporting?"

The orator paused for breath, and to note the effect of his words. That it mattered two straws to Skinner whether the conduct of the Removites in not letting Bunter make himself heard was sporting or not. All the cad of the Removs cared about was to interrupt as much as possible, without risking his own skin in doing so.

"I propose we give Bunter a chance," he went on eventually.

"Hear, hear!" added his two precious pals, Stott and Snoop.

Bunter blinked through his thick spectacles at the Famous Five, who were sitting round a small table in front of him.

"Personal jealousy, I call it, Wharton. I've got a really spiffing idea to make pals with the Head, and to get him to let us play footer again, and—and to, well, he'll do anything we want him to; and you rotters, through your jealousy, won't let me tell the fellows what it is!"

"Come on, you fat clam!" said the captain of the Removs, grinning good-humouredly. "Let's hear your idea, anyway. Even fools get good ideas sometimes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 728.



A faint whistle reached the listening ears of the waiting Removites, and Vernon-Smith turned to his followers with a shout: "Rescue, Remove!" Before the two prefects could turn the juniors were upon them, and a deluge of ink descended on the Sixth-formers' heads. (See Chapter 2.)

Bunter snorted, and pushed his way to the table in front.

"Go it, tubby!" shouted a voice encouragingly, as he clambered on to the table which was serving as a platform as well as a committee desk.

Bunter needed no encouragement.

"Really, you chaps, I must say I think it very mean——" he began.

"Get on with the washing!" Bunter blinked at the Removites and said as requested.

"You all want to make it up with the Head——" he began again.

"No, we don't!"

"Well, you want to get him to let the Remove play footer——"

"Rather!"

"That's the stuff to give 'em!"

"I know the way to make him do it——"

"How?"

"Gimme a chance, you beasts——"

"H-o-w?" roared the Remove, with one voice.

"Get him to come along to a-a-a-a——"

Bunter got no farther; he was not quite sure how his wonderful idea would be accepted by his Form-fellows; he was trying to think of a way to break the news gently. But the Removites were very impatient to hear that great idea, and could not wait to have it broken gently.

"Get him to come along to a-a-a——" Bunter stopped short again.

"To a what?" roared a dozen voices.

"To a—a—a feed!" gasped Bunter at last. "Once get the Head outside some nice brown sosses, and he'll promise to—— Oweeener!"

Crash!

William George Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, was pulled off the table by five pairs of hands, and he landed on the floor with a fat squeal. What happened next happened too rapidly to sink into the Owl's fat brain. But, as though in a dream, he heard a hum of voices. After a time, or so it seemed to Bunter, the voices united in the cry of "Bump him!"

A few seconds later he found himself striking the hard and unsympathetic linoleum with a painful and monotonous regularity.

"Yarooogh! Leggo!" he roared.

Eventually the mist cleared from Bunter's eyes, so to speak, and he found himself lying on the floor outside the junior Common-room, gazing at a constellation never before witnessed by astronomers.

"Beasts!" he muttered to himself.

"I'll show 'em—— Ow!"

Crash!

"Gittoff!"

The last remark was wrong from William George Bunter by somebody's knee coming into violent contact with his fat little proboscis.

The next moment the figure of a Sixth-Former picked itself from off Bunter's carcase.

"What are you crawling about the floor like a worm for, Bunter?" demanded a voice the Owl of the Remove recognised as belonging to Wingate. "I nearly smashed my shins falling over you!"

And, with a frown, Wingate pushed opened the door of the junior Common-room just as Wharton was about to address the juniors again.

"You chaps are wanted by the Head!" he said, addressing the Famous Five.

"All of us?"

Wingate nodded assent.

"Now there's going to be trouble!" grunted Bob Cherry. And as it eventually proved the burly junior was right.

"All right; we're coming!" replied Wharton, and he rose to go. But he had counted without the rest of the Remove.

"Sit down!" they roared.

"Let the Head go to thump!"

"Don't go, Wharton!"

The captain of the Remove surveyed the juniors with a perplexed look. He was undecided whether to go or not. Feeling against Dr. Armstrong and his tyrannous ways had run high for some time past, and had momentarily broken into flame when he had fallen into the hands of the angry juniors in the disguised gamekeepers' hut in a field off the Friar-dale road. They now guessed the summons of the Famous Five to his study was in connection with this affair. Hence their advice to them not to obey it.

"Are you chaps coming? I'm waiting!" called Wingate impatiently.

Before the Famous Five had a chance to answer for themselves, the remainder of the Remove had answered for them.

"They're not going!"

"We're on strike!"

"Hurrah!"

Wingate turned again to where the Famous Five were standing.

"Please yourselves whether you come or not!" he said. "Only you know, as well as I do, there will be a bigger row than ever if you don't!"

The Famous Five regarded each other with troubled looks.

"That's true!" said Harry Wharton at last, and he made a sign to go.

The remaining four followed their leader's example, and although sundry growls came from various parts of the room, none of the other Removites made any attempt to further dissuade them, or to bar their progress.

It was with very mixed feelings that the Famous Five followed Wingate out of the junior Common-room to Dr. Armstrong's study.

Wingate tapped at the door, and the Head's voice bade them enter.

"We'll get it in the neck now!" murmured Johnny Bull to Harry Wharton, and Hurree Jamsat Singh added in his weird and wonderful English that the "neckfulness would be terrific."

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Head is Angry!

"A H!"

There was something in the timbre of the Head's voice which boded ill for the juniors.

The Famous Five earnestly studied the pattern of the study carpet, and waited for Dr. Armstrong to open up.

"You can guess the reason I have sent for you?" he asked at last.

Wharton, who was acting as spokesman for the party, inclined his head.

"Never before in my life have I ever been subjected to such indignities as I have had to endure since I have been in charge of Greyfriars," spluttered Dr. Armstrong.

"I think the same thing can be said to apply to us!" returned the captain of the Remove quietly.

"What?" stammered the Head, jumping to his feet. "How dare you, boy?"

"It's quite true, sir!" rejoined the junior doggedly. "If you knew how to treat chaps you would find they know how to treat you. We never had any trouble with Dr. Locke, and there's not a fellow in the school who wouldn't do anything for him."

"Hear, hear!" added Johnny Bull.

"Science, boy!"

"It's true," said Bull bluntly. "You think you can stop us playing football by being a bully! You give orders that we are not to leave the school, and all that sort of thing. But it will take more than that to stop us doing a thing if we have made up our minds to do it!"

The juniors waited for an outburst of some sort from the Head. But it did not come. Instead, they observed him place his hand to his brow as though suffering from a severe headache, in the strange manner they had noticed on several previous occasions when they had expected him to go off into a paroxysm of rage. A few seconds later he seemed to pull himself together, and turned to Wingate, who had been a silent spectator of everything.

"Take these misguided youths to the punishment-room!" he said. "See that they are provided with blankets and anything else they may require for sleeping purposes. I shall expect you to bring them to the Hall after prayers to-morrow, where I am going to make an example of them for their general disobedience and ruffianly behaviour. They will be publicly flogged."

"My hat!"

The juniors groaned inwardly, and followed Wingate out of the room.

"Never mind, kids!" said the school captain kindly. "It'll soon be over, and after all, it's a cheap price to pay for dressing the Head as a tramp, and leaving him trussed up in an empty shed and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In spite of their unenviable position the Famous Five could not help laughing at the recollection of the escapade mentioned by Wingate, which was one of the things for which they were being punished.

"My hat! Didn't he look a guy!" chuckled Bob Cherry reminiscingly.

The punishment-room was eventually reached, and the five heroes of the Remove trooped inside.

Although he had only been a short time at Greyfriars, Dr. Armstrong was already, as Fisher T. Fish put it, "getting wise" to the ways of the Removites. Consequently, soon after Wingate and the five juniors had left his study, he sent for Loder, the bully of the school, and instructed him to form a squad of prefects, and place them outside the punishment-room door, in order to prevent any attempt on the part of the rest of the Remove at a rescue. Loder, only too glad to cast his lot against the Remove, particularly Harry Wharton & Co., departed grinning. The prefects had no difficulty in finding volunteers for his guard among some of the more sprightly of the Sixth when the identity of the prisoners became known. Loder himself took the first turn of duty, and Walker came to keep him company.

The news that the Famous Five were to be locked and key, awaiting a public flogging in the morning, soon found its way round the school. Bunter was the first of the Removites to hear about it, and he lost no time in communicating it to the rest of the fellows. An attempt

on his part to sell the information to Peter Todd for a bag of tarts only brought him a thick ear, and after that the fat junior repeated what was to happen to the five Removites on the following morning, free, gratis, and for nothing, to all who chose to listen to him. Bunter was not sorry. In fact, he considered it a punishment sent by Providence on the Famous Five for their treatment of him at the meeting in the junior Common-room earlier on.

"What are we going to do about it?" snorted Vernon-Smith, addressing a crowd of Removites outside the door of Study No. 4 some time later. "Are we going to take this lying down?"

"No!" shouted the assembled juniors emphatically.

"Well, then, go and get some weapons and meet here again in five minutes' time!"

"Good egg!"

There was a scuffle of many feet as the juniors departed to the various studies of the Remove. When they returned within the appointed time, they were armed with weird and wonderful weapons, indeed! Tom Brown, Bulstrode, Bolsover, and Piet Delarey each carried an old football stocking containing a hard tennis-ball stuffed in the toe. Hazeldene, Fisher T. Fish, and Mark Linley each carried a dogwhip; while Peter Todd, Wun Lung, Micky Desmond, and David Morgan carried a garden spray filled with a mixture of ink, cold tea, olive oil drained from sardine tins, and soot.

When Vernon-Smith, who had constituted himself general, observed the arms of his followers, he grinned broadly.

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" he exclaimed. "Old Loder'll think the world's coming to an end."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, what's the plan of attack, you fellows?"

"I propose we split up into two parties, and advance from each end of the passage," suggested Robert Ogilvy. "If one party is a few minutes earlier than the other we shall stand a better chance. The idea is to grab Loder & Co. while we smash down the door of the punishment-room."

"That's a good idea, but we shall need some battering-rams!" put in Dick Rake. "Won't Bunter do?" inquired a voice.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

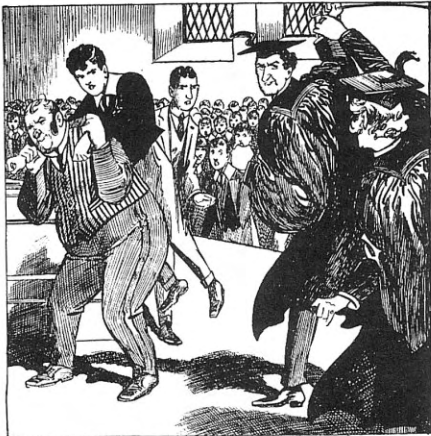
The Owl of the Remove snorted. He was with the party not because he was keen on rescuing the Famous Five from the punishment-room, but because Vernon-Smith had thought it safer to have the fat junior under observation. He knew that, given a chance, Bunter would sell them to the enemy for a bottle of ginger-pop, or even less.

Trelice and Trevor, followed by Penfold and Redwing, dashed down the passage towards the Remove Form-room, and returned a few minutes later carrying a heavy form between them.

"How's this for a merry old battering-ram?" asked Tom Redwing, the ex-fisher lad, as he dropped the form to the ground in front of Vernon-Smith with a crash.

"That ought to do the trick!"

The juniors split themselves up into two parties, as suggested by Ogilvy, and placed themselves under the respective



All eyes were turned upon Dr. Armstrong, who stood at the end of the platform with his upraised hand clutching the birch. "Stop!" The shout rang out, and the next moment Dr. Locke sprang forward and gripped the new Head's descending arm. (See Chapter 3.)

leadership of Vernon-Smith and Bulstrode.

"When I shout 'Rescue, Remove!'" instructed Vernon-Smith before the two parties moved off, "all of you suddenly dash down the passage for all you're worth. My party will grab Loder, and Bulstrode's gang will smash the door down. Is that clear, everybody?"

"Rather!"  
"Right-ho! Then, forward!"  
The two parties moved off down the Remove passage and advanced to the punishment-room, which was not a great distance away. This was fortunate, because they did not desire to attract a crowd of juniors from other forms if they could help it; and there was little doubt but that they would have done as soon as the strange implements of war they carried were spotted.

Vernon-Smith's party were the first to reach the end of the passage in which the punishment-room was situated. He halted his followers, and waited until he should hear a whistle from the other end, which was to be the signal from the other party.

Loder and Walker, both unconscious of the treat in store for them, were pacing up and down outside the prison of Wharton & Co., conversing in undertones.

A faint whistle eventually reached the listening ears of the waiting Removite, and he turned to his followers with a shout.

"Rescue!"  
"Hurrah!"  
"Go it, Remove!"  
What happened next took the two prefects completely by surprise.  
Swiss!  
"Yarooogh!"  
Swiss!  
"Wow! Oo-er!"

Peter Todd and Wun Lung, with an aim that would have turned the winner of the King's prize at Bisleys green with envy, ejected the contents of their garden sprayers full in the faces of the two prefects as they turned to see what the noise was about.

"Yarooogh!" roared Loder and Walker together.

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

"On the ball!"

"Biff! Wallop! Bomp!"

"Ow! Leggo! Gerraway!"

"Biff! Thud! Bang!" went the juniors, armed with the tennis balls in stockings.

Loder & Co. were being whirled round the narrow passage, wondering whether there had been a sudden earthquake.

"Hurrah!"

A cheer went up from the so-far victorious Removites as four juniors advanced with the battering-ram towards the punishment-room.

Crash!

The heavy form struck the door with considerable force, causing it to tremble and groan.

"Go it, Remove!"

Thus encouraged, the party with the form withdrew a few yards for a second attempt. But at that moment a warning cry went up from the other end of the passage.

"Cave!"

The four juniors dropped the "battering-ram" and turned to see why the alarm had been given. Even as they did so a cuneus wielded by Dr. Armstrong caught one of them across the shoulder.

"Wow!"

The next moment they turned to flee, leaving the field to Loder and Walker, who were being assisted to their feet and

assured that the world had not fallen off its axis by the Head, half a dozen seniors, and Mr. Paul Prout, the master of the Fifth, who, hearing the din, and believing some bears had escaped from the circus in the village, had come armed with his famous Winchester repeater.

"Ow!" groaned Loder and Walker together.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came faintly from the retreating Removites.  
But whatever humour they saw in the situation soon faded away when they realised their attempt to rescue the Famous Five from the clutches of the Head had failed. For the rest of the evening the Removites remained very quiet. They were trying to think of a scheme to rescue their chums before the morning. But when Wingate saw lights out in the dormitory that night, they were no nearer a solution to the problem than they were earlier that evening.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### A Dramatic Interruption!

**B**OOM, boom, boom!  
Rising-bell clanged from the school clock tower, awaking the Removite to the fact that their five comrades were still prisoners in the hands of the enemy, and that in a very short space of time the punishment of a public flogging was to be administered.

Not that the Removites usually worried themselves about such an affair; they did not. But this was different. The Famous Five were being punished for something the whole Form had taken a hand in; they were being punished as the ringleaders; and, what was more, they were being punished by the sworn enemy of the Remove, and for that matter the whole of the school—Armstrong the Tyrant.

Breakfast was a gloomy meal that morning. The Removites for the most part surveyed each other with glum looks, but did not feel in the mood to carry on a conversation. Even Billy Bunter, the porpoise of Greyfriars, contented himself with a breakfast big enough for six fully-grown men, instead of twelve, as was his usual wont, which all went to prove that he was in a small way affected with the tragedy hanging over the Remove. After breakfast a number of juniors gathered together in Vernon-Smith's study to discuss the situation.

"It seems to me they are for it!" said the Boulder gloomily.

"I suppose it's no good rushing the platform as they come on!" asked Peter Todd, with faint hope.

Vernon-Smith shook his head.

"I think they're for it, as I just said. If we rushed the platform it would be no good, with all the school to back Armstrong up."

While the juniors knew perfectly well that the sympathies of the whole of the school would be with the Famous Five that morning, they knew they could hardly be relied upon to take part in an open rebellion against the Head.

"Let's have a wander in the Close before prayers," suggested Mark Linley. "We may be able to think of a scheme yet."

The juniors trooped out of the School House and wandered round the Close until the bell went for prayers.

"Hurry up, you chaps!" shouted Wingate, a few seconds after it had stopped tolling. "You'll be late for Hall!"

"Have we got to go?" asked Tom Redwing of the prefect.

"I'm afraid so," replied the captain of Greyfriars sympathetically.

The Removites trooped into the Hall, which they found was packed with boys. Prayers were read, and then a few minutes' silence followed, which was eventually broken by Dr. Armstrong when he turned to address the school.

"My boys," he began, "I have a very painful duty to perform. As you all know, I gave strict orders that no member of Greyfriars should indulge in football—"

Ness!  
The Head faced the part of the room from whence came the hiss, with a severe frown.

"The next boy who interrupts me in that manner," he said, "I will bring up here, and make him join the five miserable boys who are already to be punished!"

The school relapsed into a deep silence. Dr. Armstrong coughed, and continued, "Not only have these orders been disobeyed, but I have been grossly insulted into the bargain. I have been actually t-t-t—"

The Head choked at the recollection of his treatment at the hands of the Removites in the empty shed off Friarade Road.

"I have been insulted into the bargain!" he gasped out, at last. "The ringleaders of the boys who had the audacity to disregard my orders in such a manner will now be punished as an example to the rest of the school that such behaviour does not pay."

"Loder, kindly bring Wharton to me."  
"Yes, sir!"

A few seconds later the captain of the Remove was led on to the raised platform at the end of the Hall between Loder and Gosling, the school porter. Bob Cherry, Inky, Johnny Bull, and Nugent followed.

"Kindly hoist this boy on your back," commanded the Head, turning to Gosling.

Wharton bit his lip, but allowed himself to be raised.

The Head selected a birch from the table and cut it through the air several times, to test its pliability. The ensuing whistle thus produced seemed to afford him intense satisfaction.

"Let this be a warning to the whole school!" he said, as he raised the birch in the air.

The eyes of all Greyfriars were on Dr. Armstrong as he stood with the birch in his hand, ready raised to strike the junior. Wharton, on the back of the porter, was very pale, but he did not flinch.

The switch moved upwards, and was about to descend again, when there came a sudden interruption from the other end of the platform.

"Stop!"

The school stiffened. The voice that uttered that command was one they all recognised.

"Stop!" repeated the voice. But even as the command was repeated for the second time, Dr. Armstrong brought the birch down with a resounding thwack across the shoulders of the unfortunate Removite.

The next moment a gowned figure strode across the platform and gripped Dr. Armstrong by the wrist even as his hand was raised to strike a second blow.

"Dr. Locke!"  
"My hat!"

There was no doubt about it. The dramatic interruption was due to the sudden return of the old Head of Greyfriars. The juniors stared as though they could hardly believe their eyes.

"How dare you, sir!" gasped Dr. Locke, still retaining his grip on the wrist of Dr. Armstrong. "Did you not hear my order to stop?"

Dr. Armstrong stared at Dr. Locke, but made no attempt to reply; he was far too surprised.

"I say, how dare you!" repeated Dr. Locke; and he released his grip on Dr. Armstrong's wrist, with the result that the latter went staggering into the corner.

A dead silence followed.

The rest of the school were beginning to recover their breath by now; it was certainly the most extraordinary thing they had ever known. Many dramas had been worked out on the platform before them, but never, as far as they could recollect, had anything so unexpected happened.

Dr. Armstrong remained where he had fallen in the corner, and placed his hand to his head in the curious way he had. It seemed to the juniors he was a trifle dazed at the sudden turn events had taken.

Dr. Locke, his wrath abated somewhat, turned to the school porter, who was still holding Wharton to his back.

"Release that boy immediately!" he ordered.

Goshing dropped the captain of the Remove to the floor.

Dr. Armstrong, having recovered himself slightly, was assisted to his feet by Mr. Quelch, and led to a chair. Dr. Locke turned to the assembled boys in the body of the Hall and said:

"Every Form will kindly proceed to their class-rooms and commence work, with the exception of the Remove. That is all!"

The boys, still discussing the strange affair of the morning, trooped out of the Hall to their Form-rooms as ordered, leaving the Removes alone.

"This is a fine go, and no error!" whispered Tom Brown to Ogilvy. "I wonder what's going to happen now?"

At that moment Dr. Armstrong rose to his feet with a face purple with anger.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" he demanded, turning to Dr. Locke. "By what authority do you come and interfere between my pupils and I, when I am about to make an example of one of them? I say, what is the meaning of it, my dear good sir?"

And Dr. Armstrong brought his fist down on the table on the platform with a violence that made it jump.

"Pray calm yourself!" said Dr. Locke soothingly.

"Calm myself indeed!" retorted the angry exponent of the Armstrong Educational System, with heat. "Calm myself, you say, sir! I am still waiting to know what you mean by it. I have never heard of such a thing in all my life before—"

"Will you allow me to explain—" interrupted Dr. Locke; but he was cut short again.

"Explain, indeed; that's what I am waiting for you to do—"

"Pray, listen, then—"

"Listen, you say! Oh, good heavens, listen to the man! What am I doing but listening?"

"My hat!" gorged Frank Nugent, in an aside to Bob Cherry. "The old boy's properly got his wool off!"

"You're right!"

Dr. Locke regarded Dr. Armstrong



The Head regarded the Famous Five gravely. "Hold out your hand, Wharton!" he commanded. The captain of the Remove did as requested, but to the juniors' surprise, instead of bringing it down across the outstretched palm, the Head burst into a roar of laughter. (See Chapter 4.)

coldly for several moments without speaking. At last the latter gentleman calmed down sufficiently to hear what Dr. Locke had to say.

"You evidently did not receive my letter, Dr. Armstrong?"

Dr. Armstrong shook his head.

"I was instructed by the school Governors in London," began Dr. Locke, "to proceed to Greyfriars and resume duties. They informed me that a letter to the effect that I would return had been forwarded to you, and, in order that there should be no hitch, I myself wrote you as well, stating the time I should arrive. I may add that I had arranged to take over from you commencing this morning."

Dr. Armstrong looked surprised.

"I received no such letter," he said.

"Ah, then that explains everything," murmured Dr. Locke. "I was under the impression you had received the intimation from the Governors and myself that I was returning, and had for some reason chosen not to observe it. Since it appears I have made a mistake, Dr. Armstrong, I offer you my sincere apologies!"

"Very well, Dr. Locke; that, of course, puts an entirely different complexion on the matter. I accept your explanation."

"I think the best thing we can do is to talk the matter over in my study, and see whether we cannot come to some arrangement," said Dr. Locke. "We cannot have two headmasters at Greyfriars, you know, my dear Armstrong!"

"Ha, ha! Quite!"

And the storm, having thus subsided on the strength of Dr. Locke's simple explanation, the Head turned and addressed the Remove.

"You had better return to your Form-room and wait until Mr. Quelch joins you. You go with them," he added, turning to the Famous Five.

"Thank you, sir!"

The Removes trooped out of the Hall, and Dr. Armstrong and the Head repaired to the latter's study to talk matters over.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### A Surprise for Wharton!

"I THINK I will catch the noon train to London, Dr. Locke!"

Dr. Armstrong made that observation to the Head of Greyfriars soon after the affair in the Hall.

"Yes; I do not see the necessity of your staying on at Greyfriars now I have returned, even if the official intimation has gone astray. What do you make the correct time now? I am afraid my watch has stopped."

"It is just a quarter-past eleven."

"Ah, then if you wish to catch the noon train, Dr. Armstrong, you will not have a lot of time to spare."

It was obvious that Dr. Locke was exceedingly anxious to get rid of the late Head of Greyfriars. And Dr. Armstrong, for his part, was exceedingly anxious to go. He had found the Remove rather a tough lot to handle, and was quite glad to be done with them.

"I am sorry such a misunderstanding should have come about this morning," said Dr. Locke, rising to his feet. "But you can quite see, of course, how it all happened."

"Quite, quite!" replied Dr. Armstrong. "Although I must admit I was rather

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY FRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

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**NEXT MONDAY! "BILLY BUNTER'S BIG BARGAIN!"**

staggered at the time. But before I go, Dr. Locke, there is one thing I must insist on being done."

"And what is that, pray?"

"That is to say—them I—I would esteem it a favour if you would punish Wharton and the others for disobeying my order with regard to playing football."

Dr. Armstrong had, of course, explained to Dr. Locke what Wharton & Co. were being flogged for. But he had not fully explained; a lot of interesting little incidents he had left out. However, the Head was aware that the Famous Five, in common with the rest of the Remove, had flouted Dr. Armstrong's orders with regard to playing football, and although his sympathies had immediately gone out to them, he was, as Head of the school, compelled to support authority whether represented by Dr. Armstrong or not.

"I am not vindictive, you understand, sir, but these boys have given me a good deal of trouble during my stay here, and I think it only just that they should be punished in some way. I am quite willing that you should decide what form that punishment shall take."

"Dr. Locke looked thoughtful for a moment.

"Very well," he replied, after a pause. "I will see to it that Wharton and his friends are punished. I will myself give them a caning, if you think that will meet the case, Dr. Armstrong."

Dr. Armstrong expressed his approval at this arrangement, and, after shaking hands with the Head, left the study to supervise his packing and telephone for a cab to take him to the station in time to catch the noon train.

"A most extraordinary man!" murmured the old Head of Greyfriars to himself when the door had closed behind the late Head. "Most extraordinary; and to think that man is the originator of a system of education that has almost revolutionised the scholastic world. It is almost unbelievable."

The Head then chuckled to himself in a manner which would have puzzled Mr. Quelch had he been there to hear it. Dr. Locke picked up the receiver of the House telephone, and instructed Mr. Quelch to send Wharton & Co. along to his study.

This message was delivered to the juniors, who left their places to answer the summons. As they reached the front of the room, however, a shout went up from Peter Todd, who was seated near the window.

"There he is!"

A dozen heads immediately peered out of the window into the Close.

"Dr. Armstrong!"

"Oo!"

"Silence!" snapped the Form-master.

"How dare you!"

Todd was right. Dr. Armstrong, accompanied by Trotter, the school page, heavily laden with baggage, was making his way across the Close to the school gates, where the one and only cab of Friardale awaited him.

The juniors settled down to their places in the Form again, and, somewhat to their surprise, Mr. Quelch did not take any more notice of the youth, who happened to be Harold Skinner, who had been indelicate and bad-mannered enough to "boo" the departing Head.

Perhaps Mr. Quelch was as glad to see the back of Dr. Armstrong as were the boys.

Wharton & Co. left the Form-room and made their way to Dr. Locke's study. Wharton tapped on the door, and a

moment later a deep voice bade them enter.

"Ah, Wharton, I sent for you!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I have promised Dr. Armstrong to punish you for the manner in which you disobeyed his orders with regard to—er—ahm!—football!"

The Head regarded the five juniors gravely for a moment. He then selected a long, thin cane from a corner.

"Hold out your hand, Wharton!" he commanded.

The captain of the Remove did as requested; but the Head, although he raised the cane, made no attempt to bring it down across the outstretched palm of the junior. Instead, much to the surprise of the five Removees, he suddenly dropped it behind him and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors looked alarmed. It was the last thing they ever expected the Head to do, much less when he was about to punish one of them. For a moment they wondered in their own minds whether the old Head had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

"You burbling jabberwocks!" exclaimed Dr. Locke next. "You frightful chumps!"

The Famous Five almost jumped.

"M-n-my hat!"

"G-great Scott!"

Bob Cherry regarded the Head with a puzzled look for a moment, and then his brow cleared slightly.

"You silly asses!" said the Head again.

"We had better ring for Mr. Quelch," said Wharton, now thoroughly alarmed. "I—I—I think there's something wrong!"

The junior captain made as if to get hold of the house telephone, whereupon Bob Cherry reached out and snatched it from him.

"What's the game—" began Wharton.

For answer, the burly Removeite suddenly reached across to where Dr. Locke was standing, and made a snatch at his head. His mortar-board came away in the junior's hand, and a cry of surprise went up from the other four juniors as they observed a grey wig came away with it.

"Wibley!"

"My hat!"

They stood and stared for several moments, almost rendered incapable of action with surprise. The schoolboy actor, wearing one of Dr. Locke's old gowns, stood revealed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he roared. "I took you fellows in that time!"

"My hat, Wibley!"

"There was no doubt about it; the figure before them was not Dr. Locke at all, but one of their own Form-fellows.

As the truth eventually dawned on them, and they realised their eyes were not playing tricks with them, they went off into roars; they screamed and doubled themselves up.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is rich!"

"Don't make too much row, you fellows," said Wibley, when their mirth had subsided somewhat. "We don't want anybody hitting in."

"What's the game?" asked Johnny Bull at last. "Do you mean to say it was you who strolled on to the platform this morning and stopped us being flogged?"

Wibley nodded.

"What a nerve!"

"But what about Armstrong? Where is he? Won't he return?"

"You'll find the body upstairs!" exclaimed Wibley, in a dramatic voice, striking a theatrical pose. Then, dropping into his ordinary speech again:

"Sit down, you fellows, and I'll tell you all about it. Before we start, you had better give me back that wig, in case anybody comes in and takes us by surprise."

Cherry handed the grey wig and mortar-board back to Wibley, who adjusted them on his head again. The transformation was marvellous; the juniors gasped.

"The image of Dr. Locke. I'd never have guessed!"

"Armstrong didn't!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'd better explain how I worked the trick," began Wibley. "To begin with, I asked old Quelch to get permission from Armstrong for me to go to London for a week or so. A cousin of mine, per my instructions, sent me a telegram asking me to go to him at once, on account of trouble in the family. I showed this telegram to Quelch, and he took it to show to Armstrong—"

"But didn't Armstrong guess?"

"Wait a minute! I next waited until Armstrong went over to Courtfield one evening, and then rigged myself up to represent him. I met old Quelch, who showed me the telegram, and I at once gave myself permission to go for as long as necessary—"

"But what was the idea of going to all that trouble?" asked Nugent.

Wibley bestowed a pitying glance on his interrupter.

"If I hadn't," he said, "when I rigged up as Dr. Locke I should have been missing from the Remove, for one thing, and Quelch would have guessed in a minute what was on. But since he thought I was away in London, he could not suspect I was up to any tricks."

"Oh, yes!"

Wibley's little scheme to account for his absence while he played the part of Dr. Locke was now quite apparent to the juniors.

"But what about Armstrong?" asked Johnny Bull again.

"Oh!" replied Wibley, grinning.

"He's gone to Scotland."

"To where?"

"Scotland, I said!"

"My hat!"

"He's catching the noon train from Friardale, which will land him at Euston in time for the Edinburgh train. By the time he gets to Scotland and back, two or three days will have elapsed at the shortest estimate, and by that time we can have played our match with St. Jim's—"

"You're taking a big risk, Wibley, old man!"

Wibley shrugged his shoulders.

"This stunt has served two purposes," he said. "It has saved you chaps getting a flogging, and if it enables us to play that match, so I don't mind the risk."

Wharton rose to his feet, and solemnly grasped the Removeite by the hand.

"You're a brack!" he said simply.

"The brackfulness is terrific!" added the Nalob of Bhampur.

And the juniors meant it.

"But at the same time," went on Wharton, "I don't think we are justified in letting you continue to take this risk on our behalf."

"You'll get expelled, you know, when you're bowled out!" added Bob Cherry.

(Continued on page 13.)



# The GREYFRIARS HERALD

THE SCHOOL HOUSE

Supplement No. 56.

Week Ending January 21st 1922.

Harry Wharton  
Editor

## The Esteemed Scrapfulness!

by  
Hurree Singh

**BILLY BUNTER ON THE WARPATH!** Bunter led off with a straight drive to his opponent's nose. Fishy duckfully dodged the blow, and Bunter's fist found a billet on Bolsover's chin. Bolsover was standing in the danger-zone. "Yaroooh!"

**T**HIS is how it startfully began—or shall we say beginfully commenced? We were at brekker in the dining hall.

The fat and greedy Bunterful porpoise, thinking that Fisher T. Fish was not looking, sneakfully helped himself to a couple of fried sausages from Fishy's plate.

Fishy, who had been in a sort of tranceful state, looked up just in time to see his esteemed sausages being transferred to the plate of the greedy porpoise.

"Theft!" said Fishy growfully. "Fat thief!"

And he hacked Bunter's shins under the table.

Bunter gave a yell.

"Yaroooh! You kicked me, Fishy, you beast!"

"I guess I'll kick you some more if you don't gimme back my sausages!"

But the sausages were already disappearing at a swiftness into Bunter's insatiable voracity.

Fishy looked as if he would fly at the fat junior, and suffocate him stranglefully.

"I guess I'll trouble you to meet me in the gym," he said in a hoarseful whisper, so that the Quech salish should not hear.

"Oh, certainly!" said Bunter. "To tell the truth, I've been wanting to lick you for a long time. Being a Fish, it is necessary to put you in your 'place'."

And Bunter chuckled at his feeble jokes.

Supplement i.]

It is doubtful if the terrific scrapfulness would have come off, had not the other fellows taken a hand and insisted upon it.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull marched the fat and ludicrous Bunter away to the gymnasium as soon as the meal was over. And Tom Brown and Tom Redwing conveyed Fisher T. Fish to the same destination.

Presently the two opponents stood face to face.

Fish seemed to be dead scared of Bunter; and Bunter seemed to stand in awe of Fish.

"I guess I won't fight you," said Fish. "It wouldn't be fair. You're flabby and out of condition, and you wouldn't stand a dog's chance."

"Matter of fact," said Bunter, "I was thinking myself that we'd better not fight. You're such a scrappy skeleton, you know. One blow from my left might prove fatal."

"Then I sorter calculate that we'll call it off," said Fish.

Bunter nodded.

"That's the best way," he said. "I don't want to be had up on a charge of manslaughter—or, rather, manslaughter!"

"And I don't want to be summoned by the S.P.C.P.P.," said Fish.

"The S.P.C.P.P. What on earth's that?"

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Prize Porpoises!"

At that moment Bob Cherry interposedly barged in.

"There's to be no crying off," he said.

"You challenged Bunter to fight, Fishy, and you must keep the compact."

"I guess—"

"No time for guesswork, old scout. On with these gloves!"

There was nothing for it but to fistfully fight.

Gloves were removed and gloves were doctored, and Fishy and Bunter squared up to each other.

"Go it, ye cripples!" said Nugent.

Bunter led off with a straight left to his opponent's nose. Fishy duckfully dodged the blow, and Bunter's fist found a billet on Bolsover's chin.

Bolsover was standing in the danger-zone. "Yaroooh!"

Bolsover's yell of anguish floatfully echoed through the gymnasium. He would have returnfully paid back that blow with interest, but Whartou and Bob Cherry held him back.

The short-sighted Bunter then started to commit assault and battery on the box-horse. He bruised his fists badly in the process.

Then Fisher T. Fish came charging up like a whirlwind, and he shot out both fists at once. They caught Bunter in the chest, and the fat porpoise fervently wished that he had put on a chestful protector. He gave a groan, and fell to the floor with a sickening thudfulness.

Fisher T. Fish dancefully executed a horn-pipe over the prostrate Owl.

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"Guess that'll teach you to keep your hands from picking and stealing in future!" he said.

"Ow!"

"Would you like another knock-out like that?" asked Fish. "We've got several more of the same pattern and quality in stock! You've only got to say the word!"

"Yow!"

Fishy gazed scornfully down at his fallen foe.

And then an astonishing thing happily took place.

Billy Bunter leapt springfully to his feet, and hurled himself at the amazed Fish. He scarily executed a tattoo with his fists on Fishy's ribs; then he again shot out his left, and on this occasion Fishy stopped the blowfulness with his nasal harmonium—or is it organ?

Bunter followed up spitefully. He drove Fishy round and round the ring, and finished up by mockingly bowling him over and then sitting on him.

"Mercy!" groined Fish. "Remove your fourteen stone, or I shall be suffocated!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter had turned the tables, with a vengeance.

As the English proverb has it, he who laughs laughs laughs laughs. And Bunter was chucklefully cackling like a hyena.

Thus ended the terrific scrapfulness.

Next morning Bunter again peacefully bekked himself to a goodly portion of Fishy's brekker. And on this occasion Fishy did not challenge him to a scrap in the gymfulness. He had had enough; and enough, as the poet tells us, is as good as an esteemed feckfulness!

## EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

"It is high time, Mr. Editor, that the Famous Five of the Remove had a special number of the 'Greyfriars Herald' to themselves."

Thus writes a Yorkshire reader. And he shall not be disappointed.

At the risk of offending such regular contributors as Tom Brown, Dick Penfold, and the great William George Bunter, we—the Famous Five—are having this number to ourselves. We have split up the work between us, and I think you will agree we have managed very well.

Dick Penfold's place was hard to fill. Poets are not as plentiful as blackberries. Hurree Singh gallantly undertook to fill the breach, and to write an esteemed and ludicrous ode, as he calls it, in the choicest and most up-to-date English language. Inky's effort may fall short of the Penfold standard, but it is bound to raise a smile.

Some may consider it a trifle selfish of us to thrust ourselves into the limelight in this way. But it must be remembered that Tom Brown & Co. need a rest. Unlike the brook, they cannot go on for ever.

The hour is getting late, and much remains to be done, so I cannot linger over this editorial.

Study No. 1 resembles a beehive. All its activity and industry. The other members of the Famous Five are scribbling away as if for a wager. We have all received permission from Mr. Quetch to stay up late and burn the midnight oil, and it will be some time before we steal away, yawning drowsily, to bed.

"Thank goodness there isn't a Famous Five Number every week!" exclaims Rob Cherry. "We should all develop brain fever at this rate!"

HARRY WHARTON.

Next Week:

## SPECIAL VERNON-SMITH NUMBER.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 728.

## THE WORRIES OF WINGATE!

By FRANK NUGENT.

SCENE.—Wingate's study. The captain of Greyfriars, who has not had a minute to spare for five weeks, is now trying to write a letter to his people.

Enter Billy Bunter.

WINGATE (sharply): "What do you want?"

BUNTER: "I want to gay out of goals—"

WINGATE: "What?"

BUNTER: "I mean, I want to go out of goals. Will you give me a late pass, Wingate? I'll remember you when my postal-order comes, and also in my will."

WINGATE: "Why do you want a late pass?"

BUNTER: "I want to go to Courtfield to get my hair cut."

WINGATE: "Well, you could certainly do with a shering. Your hair is disgraceful! It'll be flapping about your shoulders soon! Here you are—here's a pass! What are you waiting for?"

BUNTER: "Please, Wingate, I can't get my hair cut on tick—"

WINGATE: "I'm not suggesting that you should!"

BUNTER: "If you can see your way—"

WINGATE: "Of course I can! I'm not short-sighted!"

BUNTER: "If you can see your way to lend me a bob—"

WINGATE (grimly): "When I set up in business as a moneylender, I'll let you know. Now buzz off!"

BUNTER: "Oh, really, Wingate, I wish you'd see me through!"

WINGATE: "Certainly!" (Rises to his feet, and punts Billy Bunter through the doorway. The Owl of the Remove lands with a bump and a yell on the linoleum.)

Enter the Famous Five.

WINGATE: "Am I to get no peace? What do you kids want?"

WHARTON: "Late passes, please, Wingate, to pop over to Courtfield—"

HURREE SINGH: "And get our looks shearfully shorn."

WINGATE: "Seems to be a sort of hair-cutting epidemic in the Remove. You're quite certain you're going to the barber's and not to the cinema?"

CHERRY: "Well—er—as a matter of fact, we're going to both!"

WINGATE: "You young demons! You were going to try and obtain late passes under false pretences! Hallo! What's all this?"

Enter Peter Todd, Vernon-Smith, Tom Brown, Mark Linley, Bulstrode, Russell, Rake, Ogilvy, Penfold, and Bolsover major.

CHORUS OF MALE VOICES: "Please, Wingate, may we have late passes to go over to Courtfield? We want to get our hair cut!"

Wingate jumps to his feet. With poker in one hand and an ashplant in the other, he addresses the juniors—very forcibly! Crowd swiftly melts away. Curtain!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* Extracts from a \*  
\* Fighting Editor's Diary! \*  
\* By BOB CHERRY. \*  
\*\*\*\*\*



MONDAY.

Rose at six o'clock, and spent an hour at the punching-ball in order to get my biceps in trim. Also had a game of football in the Remove passage. Billy Bunter was the football! Started work in the editorial office this afternoon. Waited in my shirt-sleeves for victims to roll up. Alonzo Todd was the first. He came in with an "Ode to a Frightened Rabbit." It started something like this, if I remember:

"See the little bunny cower;  
Now has come his fatal hour.  
Bullets soon will pierce his body,  
None can help—not even Toddy!"

Tossed the ode out of the window, and the author after it. A sickening thud assures me that Alonzo had landed safely in the Close. There were no bones broken.

TUESDAY.

Spent a very strenuous day. Bolsover major brought in an article entitled, "How to Knock a Person Out with One Blow." I showed him: One mighty upper-cut, and he sent sailing out into the passage. Then Coker of the Fifth came along with a touching ballad, entitled, "I Passed Through Your Doorway." He did! He passed through at such a speed that he cannoned into Mr. Quetch, who changed to be passing, and flattened the Remove master against the wall. He was about to make things warm for Coker, when I went out and explained that it was my fault. Result—500 lines.

WEDNESDAY.

No "Fighting Editor" stunts to-day. A half-holiday, and the Remove played a footer match with Highcliffe. We won a glorious game by four goals to three. Big celebration afterwards in the study. Out of charity, we allowed Billy Bunter to join in.

THURSDAY.

Ejected so less than fifty-six unwelcome callers in the course of the day. Got rather badly mauled in the process. This evening, on estimating the extent of the damage, I find I've got two black eyes, a bulbous nose, a swollen lip, and a bump the size of a pigeon's egg on my napper. It isn't all honey, being a Fighting Editor!

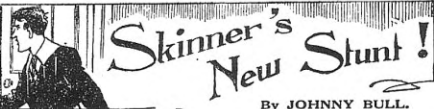
FRIDAY.

I was in no condition to throw people out to-day, so Johnny Bull had to temporarily take my place. He managed very well, from all accounts.

SATURDAY.

Back to duty again. More wholesale ejections. Received my salary for the week, at the rate of a halfpenny per ejection. As you may imagine, I'm rather rich! Only hope the income-tax authorities don't swoop down upon me!

[Supplement II.]



By JOHNNY BULL.

SKINNER of the Remove has never been what you might call a warm admirer of the "Greyfriars Herald."

You see, we make a point of exposing Skinner's un-British actions from time to time, and he doesn't like it.

Apart from this, Skinner has always been annoyed because Harry Wharton wouldn't give him a place on the staff of the "Herald."

In his way, Skinner is a clever journalist and a humorist. But his humour is spiteful and malicious. To give him a place on the staff would be to lower the tone of the paper. Wharton recognised this, and he told Skinner there was nothing doing.

A week ago Skinner made a final appeal to Wharton. He came into Study No. 1 during prep, and tapped the captain of the Remove on the shoulder with a bony forefinger.

"Look here, Wharton," he said, "I've asked you heaps of times if you'll let me come on your staff, and you've refused."

"For very good reasons," said Wharton curtly.

"There's no reason at all why my application should be checked back in my teeth," said Skinner. "I'm just the man you want. I can write thrilling fiction and perfectly flawless poetry. I'm the most talented writer in the Remove."

"And a splendid hand at blowing your own trumpet!" chimed in Nugent.

"Well, I don't believe in hiding my light under a bushel. This is an age of push and go."

"Then you'd better go!" said Wharton grimly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Skinner moved to the door.

"Is that final, Wharton?" he asked.

"Absolutely."

"Very well," said Skinner. "You'll be sorry you gave me the kick-out. I mean to start a paper of my own."

"The Gamblers' Gazette?" suggested Bob Cherry.

"The Giddy Goats' Graphic?" asked Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner flourished his fist at the laughing juniors.

"You think I'm talking out of my hat," he said, "but you wait! My new paper will keep your moth-eaten old 'Herald' out of existence! You'll be laughing on the other side of your face very soon, Wharton!"

"Bow-wow!"

Skinner strode away, shutting the door behind him with a slam which echoed the creaks of the Remove passage.

The end of the Remove had made no idle threat. He was fully determined to bring out a paper in opposition to the "Greyfriars Herald," which journal he hoped, in due course, to kill.

"Now the first thing to be done," he muttered, as he paced along the passage, "is to raise funds. A fellow can't do much in this world without capital. We'll start off with a hundred copies. They'll cost at least a fiver to print."

Skinner had grave doubts as to whether he would succeed in raising such a sum as five pounds. Still, he meant to try.

The first person he visited was Coker of the Fifth.

In going to Coker he displayed great discretion. Coker had been "up against" the "Greyfriars Herald" from the outset. Nothing would have pleased him more than to see another paper spring up in opposition.

Skinner explained the object of his visit in a few words.

"I'm getting up a new paper, with a view to squashing the 'Herald,'" he said. "Of course, the whole thing will be a wash-out unless I can secure the services of a really talented journalist—like yourself, Coker."

Coker smiled. He almost purred at Skinner's flattery. Coker loved flattery.

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especially when laid on in large chunks, so to speak.

"Will you help me?" asked Skinner eagerly.

"Like a shot!" said Coker.

"The sum of five pounds," Skinner went on, "would give us a good start."

"I dare say it would, but I'm not going to finance the whole thing. The other subscribers will have to put their shoulders to the wheel. I can manage a couple of quid—"

"Can you really?" said Skinner, his eyes glistening.

Coker nodded, and, extracting a couple of Treasury notes from his wallet, he handed them to Skinner.

"I shall want to see some return for this, mind," he said warningly. "If this stunt happens to fizzle out, I shall demand my money back."

"Oh, it won't fizzle out," said Skinner confidently. "Set your mind at rest on that score."

Skinner met with better success than he had anticipated.

Several fellows welcomed the idea of a new paper. There were several whose contributions to the "Greyfriars Herald" had either been cremated in the editorial fire, or buried with full military honours in the editorial wastepaper-basket. These fellows felt very

hostile towards the "Herald," and they promised to support Skinner's new venture.

Skinner didn't collect contributions at two pounds a time, but he raised a few shillings here and there, and his funds were steadily swelling.

Boi-voer major accepted the post of Fighting Editor. And he subscribed the sum of five shillings.

By bed-time Skinner had collected the princely sum of four pounds fifteen shillings. He added five shillings himself, bringing the amount up to five pounds.

Next day the new editor and his staff got busy.

Skinner, although a fearful slacker in the ordinary way, buckled to, and wrote half the issue himself.

His editorial consisted of a slashing attack upon the "Greyfriars Herald." He described Harry Wharton as a prig and a swollen-headed upstart. He abused Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent.

Skinner was something of an artist, and as a front-page illustration, he drew a caricature of the Head.

Dr. Locke was made to look like a hideous monster. In his hand he clutched a formidable cane.

"Have you written anything?" asked Skinner. "Yes," said Coker. "Here's a piece of poetry you can use!"

"Hopeless!" groaned Skinner. "Hopeless! I can't publish this."

"Why can't you?" demanded Coker.

"Excuse my candour, old man, but it's terrible doggerel!"

Coker clenched his hands.

"If you criticise my poetry again," he threatened, "I shall demand my two pounds back!"

Skinner was startled by this threat.

"Of course, I was only joking," he said hastily. "You'll write one every week, won't you?"

"Certainly!" said Coker.

And, with an expression of satisfaction on his rugged features, he quitted the study.

The first number of "Harold Skinner's Weekly" was soon completed.

Skinner had telephoned to a firm of printers in Courtfield, and they had expressed their willingness to turn out a hundred copies.

"That will exhaust our funds," muttered Skinner. "We shall want some more capital, and I don't suppose the fellows will give so readily next time. I'll write to the Head and ask him if he'll advance me some money."

Skinner did so. But in the rush to catch the post, he made a tragic blunder. His head was in a whirl, owing to the exertions of the past few days. It was not surprising, therefore, that the blunder occurred.

The contributions for "Harold Skinner's Weekly" were addressed to Mr. Skinner, and the request for funds was addressed to the printers!

It was a mistake which cost Skinner dear.

Mr. Skinner, on reading his hopeful son's journalistic efforts, was simply furious. He saw that Skinner had blackguarded the school authorities, and he posted the whole of the contributions on to the Head, with the request that his son should be awarded fitting punishment.

Dr. Locke promptly sent for Skinner. He delivered a lecture—which Skinner didn't mind—and also a wishing, which Skinner minded very much!

Skinner crawled out of the Head's study feeling more dead than alive. And from that time nothing more was heard of "Harold Skinner's Weekly."

Those who had subscribed to the funds received their money back. And that was the end of Skinner's latest stunt!

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"Have you written anything?" asked Skinner. "Yes," said Coker. "Here's a piece of poetry you can use!"



## A Quaint Football Match!

Famous Five Versus the Fags—  
Described by Frank Nugent.

WHEN my minor challenged the Remove to a football match, we didn't take him seriously.

We are not contented, and we knew that some surprising things happen in football. But we knew, also, that the fags would not stand a dog's chance against the regular Remove eleven. They hadn't the weight.

It is true that the Remove sometimes plays matches with the Fifth and the Shell, and that they are bigger and weightier opponents. The Remove frequently wins, too. At the same time—call us conceited and cocksure, if you like—we are convinced that no team of fags would be a match for our regular eleven.

"What are we going to do about this challenge, Harry?" I asked, turning to the captain of the Remove.

Wharton chuckled.

"We'll accept it," he said. "But instead of turning out our regular team we'll play the fags ourselves—just the five of us."

"That's a good stunt," said Bob Cherry. "But do you think five of us will be able to put the kybosh on eleven fags?"

"We'll have a jolly good shot at it, anyway."

It will mean one chap in goal, one back, and three forwards," I said.

"That's so," said Wharton. "Inky can keep goal, Johnny Bull can be the back, and you and Bob and I will see what we can do in the way of hoggish goals."

It was certainly a novel arrangement, and it was not surprising, in the circumstances, that a big crowd should turn up to see the match.

My minor gave me an unbrotherly glare as he led his team on to the field.

"You think this is a huge joke, don't you?" he said. "It's your idea of being funny."

"Not at all, my infant!"

"You imagine you can lick us with half a team?" continued Dicky. "Well, we'll see. I fancy you'll have a rude shock!"

Hobson of the Shell had agreed to referee, and he blew his whistle for the game to commence.

The spectators were chuckling with evident enjoyment. It looked distinctly comical for five fellows to be pitted against eleven.

We honestly considered, before the match started, that we had an excellent chance of beating the fags. But when the ball was set in motion, we became less optimistic.

If any of my readers have ever taken part in such a match, where there are only five on one side, and a full eleven on the other, they will realise that the odds are heavily against the five winning, even though they happen to be bigger, weightier, and better footballers.

My minor gained possession of the ball, and he went away like a streak of light.

"Stop him, Johnny!" sang out Harry Wharton. Johnny Bull ran across with the intention of robbing Dicky of the ball. But just as he got his foot to the ball he was charged over by a couple of fags, and went rolling in the mud.

"Hooraay! Shoot Dicky!" shouted the fag section of the spectators.

Dicky shot, and Inky, in goal, had to perform an acrobatic feat in order to save. He just managed to hit the ball over the crossbar.

It was a near thing.

"Strikes me," said Bob Cherry. "we'd better drop back and help the defence. Inky and Johnny Bull won't be able to cope with many more attacks like that."

Wharton nodded. And the three of us who were supposed to be forwards went back to defend our goal.

It was now a case of attack versus defence.

The fags swarmed round our goal, but there were five of us to keep them out, and we managed it pretty successfully for a time.

But a persistent attack will pierce, eventually, the most solid of defences. Bob Holston's minor, who had been playing a rattling good game, shot the ball through

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a forest of legs, and it went into the net. Inky, who had not seen it coming, was helpless.

A mighty roar greeted that goal.

"Hooraay!"

"Keep it up, the fags!"

"Serve those cheeky bouncers right! This'll knock some of the conceit out of them!"

The fags continued to attack, and we continued to defend. We had to be very wide-awake to cope with the fierce attacks of the fags. They were nippy on their pins, and were swarming round our goal like hornets. Twice Johnny Bull headed out from under the bar when all seemed lost.

Half-time came with the fags leading by a goal to nothing.

Harry Wharton looked rueful.

"We've bitten off rather more than we can chew, this journey," he said.

Bob Cherry nodded.

"We didn't realise what we should be up against," he said. "It's next-door to impossible for five fellows to hold out against eleven."

"We must bag a goal in the second half, somehow," I said. "Otherwise, we shall be the laughing-stock of the school." "I am leaving a busy time in the goalful arena," said Hurree Singh. "If I stopplay



The fags continued to attack, and we had our work cut out to keep them from scoring a dozen times or more.

saved one shot in the first half, I savefully stopped an esteemed hundred!"

The second half was a repetition of the first.

The fags attacked, and we defended, resolved not to yield an inch. We managed to keep our nimble opponents out though how we were going to score an equalising goal ourselves was beyond our comprehension.

Presently, however, an opportunity presented itself.

In their anxiety to score, the fags' defenders had crowded up to take part in the attack. They had left their goal practically unprotected.

Bob Cherry saw this, and just before the end of the game he managed to gain possession of the ball, and he sped away like a hare, showing the fags a clean pair of heels.

My minor and Puget and Gatty and Tubb went after him like a pack of hounds in full cry. But there was no stopping Bob Cherry. He rushed on like a whirlwind, and wound up his solo effort with a shot there was no stopping.

"Goal!"

We had saved the game in almost the last minute. And we had saved ourselves from the ridicule and derision of the school. But it had been a very close thing, and when next we play the fags we shall be careful to gull more than five men in the field!

## THE FAMOUS FIVE!

A Poem in the Best English Language.

By HURREE SINGH.

I sing the praise of joyful days  
At good old Greyfriars schoolfulness,  
Where none may shirk his jolful work,  
Or play the giddy foolfulness.  
The gay Removeites lead the way  
In every japeful prankfulness.  
The Famous Five for ever strive  
To take the frontful rankfulness!

The noble Harry Wharton is  
Our leader staunch and truefully.  
We oft' have scraps with other chaps,  
They take our knock-outs ruefully.  
For Wharton has a hefty punch,  
And Nugent hits with vimfulness;  
While worthy Bob no equal has  
In playing-field or gymfulness.

The strong and sturdy Johnny Bull  
Commands our due esteenfulness;  
He covers yards of impot sheets  
And foolscap by the reamfulness.  
He is a member of the staff  
Of this most worthy ragfulness;  
Although a skilful journalist  
He shuns the boastful bragfulness.

And last of all comes Hurree Singh  
Who writes these verses rhymefully;  
Bob Cherry says for this offence  
I should be doing timefully.  
But don't you think, dear readers all,  
These verses sparkle witfully;  
Condemn my English, if you like,  
I shall not mind a bitfully!

## HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



GERALD LODER.

[Supplement to.]

**"WIBLEY THE WONDER!"**

(Continued from page 8.)

"I'll chance that," replied the school-boy actor. "But having gone so far, I won't intend to turn back now. I succeeded in taking everybody in this morning, anyhow; and you held out your hand quick enough!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, mind what you're up to, Wibley!"

"We'll have to keep this awfully dark!"

"I know you chaps won't let on, of course," said Wibley. "But I want to go one beyond that. Sometimes walls have ears, you know; so I want you to promise you will not mention anything about this stunt once you are outside this study. With chaps like that fat man Hunter prying round people's doors, you can't be too careful!"

"Hear, hear!"

"That's on, then, you chaps! You'll support me right through, and get on in the match while you've got the chance?"

"Hither?"

"When is the game fixed for?"

"It was Saturday, in the first place, but now it's been altered to Wednesday."

"Right-ho! Go ahead, then! And on—"

"You may go, Wharton!" said Wibley, imitating Dr. Locke's voice and manner of speech again.

And the Famous Five, with a solemn "Thank you, sir!" left the study, and returned to the Remove Form-room as the bell dismissing morning classes sounded.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.****Wibley Takes Charge!**

**W**OW!"

"You cheeky fag! Hold that!"

"That" was a hefty clout across Dicky Nugent's ear. The Second-Former, who was wriggling and squirming in the grasp of Loder, the bully of the Sixth, let off another yell as the prefect commenced to screw his already swelling aural appendage.

"Wow, you rotter! Leggo!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the trouble?" roared Bob Cherry, in a stentorian voice, advancing up the passage with the remainder of the Famous Five at his heels.

"Mind your own business!" snarled Loder, giving another tweak to Nugent's ear.

"What's the matter, Dicky?" asked Wharton, coming up and ignoring the prefect's remark to Bob Cherry.

Dicky Nugent let off another howl as the bullying prefect tweaked his ear for the third time.

"The big rotter wants me to go down the pillage and get him some beastly fags before afternoon classes!" gasped the fag, vainly endeavouring to break away from the grasp of the senior.

Loder gave him another clump across his ear as a reward for the information he had given to the captain of the Remove.

"That'll teach you to keep your mouth shut!" he roared, growing angrier than he already was.

"Let the kid alone!" snorted Wharton indignantly. "If you don't—"

"Cave!"

There was a rustle of a gown, and Wibley, still disguised as the Head, came down the passage with a book under his arm. On observing the crowd of juniors around the prefect, he stopped short.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, turning to Loder. "Are you bullying that junior again?"

Loder looked sheepish.

"No-no, sir!" he stammered.

"Don't tell lies! I saw you!"

Loder nearly jumped.

"Follow me to my study at once!"

grated Wibley, with an excellent imitation of Dr. Locke. "I will deal with you there!"

The senior looked helplessly around, and with a final glare at Nugent minor, did as he was told. The Famous Five grinned to themselves.

"Now, Loder," said the Head, when they were both in his study. "I have suspected you of bullying for some time past. Just now I confirmed that suspicion. Were it not for the fact that you are a Sixth-Former, who should know better, I would cane you as you deserve!"

The colour came and went in Loder's face.

"As it is," continued the Head, "I shall punish you another way. You will relinquish your position as a prefect of Greyfriars from this moment."

"Relinquish my position as prefect!" stammered the surprised senior, in parrot-like fashion.

"That is what I said!" grated the pseudo-Head. "You are not deaf, I presume!"

"N-no, sir!"

"Very well, then. Understand, from this moment you are no longer a prefect! And if I have any more trouble with you, or hear of you practising your bullying tactics again, you will be severely dealt with!"

"Y-yes, sir."

"That is all. You may go!"

And the ex-prefect, his face the colour of a beetroot, turned and left the study without another word.

"My hat!" he groaned, when he was safely outside. "What a go! There will be no holding those little rotters when they hear about this," he muttered, referring to the Removites. "Oh, my only Aunt Jane!"

And, feeling very sore with the world in general, Loder wended his way to the Sixth Form room in time for afternoon lessons.

Wibley, alone in Dr. Locke's study, grinned to himself.

"Worked like a charm!" he muttered. "Not a suspish. Won't the fellows be surprised when they hear about this?"

The pseudo Head then sat down and typed out a notice to the effect that Loder of the Sixth had been deprived of the rank of prefect from that day. Not wishing to risk copying the Head's signature, he signed it with a rubber stamp he found in a drawer, and carefully marked it over with ink.

He then made his way to the notice-board in the Remove passage, and, unobserved, pinned on his handiwork. Still grinning to himself, he made his way to the Remove Form room.

Wibley had commenced his career as Head of Greyfriars in real earnest; and what is more, he considered he had started it well.

As the Head entered the Form-room Mr. Quelch, who was sitting at his desk, rose to his feet. But Wibley motioned him to sit down again.

Mr. Quelch carried on to the close of

that lesson without interruption. When he had concluded the pseudo-Head turned to him with a smile.

"You must allow me to congratulate you on the smartness and efficiency of your boys, Mr. Quelch!" he said.

The Form-master beamed.

"Thank you, sir!" he said.

"I think I may say that the Remove is far away the smartest Form in the school at the moment. They show signs of careful instruction carefully absorbed.

There is a tendency among modern schoolboys to regard education as a necessary evil, to be avoided at all costs. I am glad to see that the Remove, at least, have the intelligence to appreciate it at its real value."

It was the turn of the Removites to beam this time. And they did, with the exception of the Famous Five, who were the only ones who appreciated the real value of the flamboyant statements of the pseudo-Head.

"There is a side of public-school education which should not be neglected," went on Wibley, addressing the Removites. "I am referring now to sports. Britain's Empire has been largely built on the playing-fields of our public schools. Development of the body is as important as the development of the mind. I wish to give sports every encouragement at Greyfriars."

Dr. Locke had never been known to make such a long speech to the Removites before. But they attributed the reason he did so this time to the fact that the ban on football by Dr. Armstrong had reached his ears, and he wanted to make it up to them in some way.

"I am very pleased with the progress you have made with your studies—very pleased, indeed! I will, therefore, ask Mr. Quelch to dismiss you for the afternoon in order that those of you who wish to, may devote a little time to sports."

"Thank you, sir!" exclaimed the Remove, in chorus.

And the Head, having thus delivered himself, left the Form-room full of surprised and happy juniors, and an equally surprised and happy Form-master.

"Dr. Locke's a sport, and no mistake!" said Bulstrode, turning to Mark Lanley.

To which a small crowd added, "Hear, hear!"

Mr. Quelch dismissed the boys, and they filed out into the passage.

The first thing that met their eyes was the notice on the board.

"My hat!"

"Look at this!"

A small crowd of juniors collected round the board, and gazed in astonishment at the notice.

"The Head's going strong since he's been back."

"Poor old Loder!"

"Serve the beast right!"

"Hear, hear!"

But the juniors had neither the time nor the sympathy to waste on their old enemy; and with a few remarks which were not of a complimentary nature to the Sixth-Former, they wended their way to their studies to dig out their footer gear.

The Remove eleven, who were to meet St. Jim's in the semi-final for the Public Schools' Junior Championship that Wednesday, were only too glad of the chance to get in a little practice. And, under the leadership of Harry Wharton, they were soon busy puncting the leather merrily about.

That evening the two principal topics

of the school were Loder's downfall and the Head's praise of the progress of the Remove.

Everybody, with the exception of Loder's particular pals, thought the Head showed sound common-sense in depriving him of his job as prefect. But, without exception, they considered his judgment was very bad in not selecting their own particular Form as the smartest in the school, and awarding them the best part of the afternoon as a holiday. The Famous Five, in the privacy of Study No. 1, communicated to each other their opinion of Wibley. They each thought he was risking too much in awarding half-holidays, and decided to warn him to go slow at the first opportunity.

But the following morning they were destined to be even more surprised at the action of Wibley, the pseudo-Head.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Trouble for Loder!

L ODER was observed to be wearing an angry and thoughtful expression the following day. He was taking the action of the Head in depriving him of his rank of prefect with an ill-grace. All his trouble, he considered, was due to Dicky Nugent, and Loder was determined to get even with the Second-Former. The senior made his way to the Close to think of a scheme to get his own back without falling foul of the Head again. But he had not appeared long before he was observed by a crowd of juniors representing every Form in the Lower School.

"Yah! Who's got the sack?" bawled Gatty and Myers, Nugent minor's two chums.

"Who's got the order of the boot?" chimed in the rest of the Second-Formers. And, raising their voices in unison, they replied to their own question.

"Why, Loder!"

"Boo!"

The ex-prefect gritted his teeth, but made no attempt to retaliate. Instead, he walked over to where Nugent minor was standing.

"Just a minute, young Nugent!" he called, as Dicky made a motion to run. Dicky glanced round, and observing a considerable crowd was present, he judged, and rightly, that he was safe for the moment from an attack from the bullying prefect.

"Just a minute, Nugent minor!" called Loder again. "I want to speak to you!"

"Well, speak, then!" retorted Dicky. "Here I am. But, mind, none of your tricks, Loder!"

The senior advanced to where the junior was standing, with an expression on his face which he imagined looked like a friendly smile.

"I want to apologise, Nugent minor," he said.

"Y-you want to what?" stammered Dicky, holding his hand trumpetwise to his ear.

The senior inwardly raged. "I want to apologise, you know. I think that it was rather caddish of me to tweak your ear yesterday, young Nugent."

"My hat! Do you really now—"

"Quite caddish of me!" went on Loder. "And I hope you will overlook the matter this time."

Some half-dozen fags had collected round Nugent minor and Loder while this dialogue was in progress, and they regarded the senior with undisguised amazement.

"Have you gone off your giddy rocker since you got the sack from being prefect?" asked Dicky Nugent pleasantly.

A close observer would have noticed a gleam come into the senior's eyes as Nugent minor made that remark. But whatever Loder's feelings were he managed to disguise them.

"No," he replied. "But I have had time to think over my conduct, and I have come to the conclusion that I haven't always stood by you kids as I might have done. I just want to say how sorry I am."

Dicky Nugent was undecided how to reply for a moment. He was not certain whether Loder was in earnest for once in his life, or whether his sudden repentance was a sprat to catch a whale. He decided to let Loder continue before taking up any definite position himself. "Right-ho!" he said at last. "If you're sorry, Loder, I'm quite ready to let bygones be bygones—"

"Thank you, Nugent minor!" said Loder, trying to appear somewhat affected by Nugent's generosity. "I wonder whether you would come along to my study to-night and have a bit of grub, just to show there's no ill-feeling, you know?"

But if Loder thought that Nugent minor had no more sense than the unsuspecting little fly who was misguided enough to stroll into the spider's drawing-room, he was mistaken. Nugent, unobserved by Loder, slightly elevated the lid of his left eye. This action apparently was catching, for, as though in answer, Gatty and Myers, his two bosom pals, did likewise.

"Can Gatty and Myers come?" asked Dicky at last.

"I'd rather you came alone!" said Loder, trying to look benevolent. "It would seem so much more pally, you know."

"Sorry!" said Dicky, turning away. "If Myers and Gatty can't come, then neither can I!"

"You're not coming, then?" asked the senior, losing some of his affability.

"Not in these little reach-me-downs!"

"Why, you cheeky fag—"

Loder's little scheme to get the Second-Former to his study in order to give him a good hiding without fear of interference had faded away like the now famous bubbles in the air. And he was angry.

"Hold that!" he roared, making another dive at Nugent minor. Dicky was too quick for him, however. He dropped suddenly to his knees at the very moment Loder had sub-consciously timed his blow to land on his ear, with the result that, carried by his own momentum, Loder swung round and went toppling to the ground.

A roar of delight went up from the Second-Formers.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hear us smile!"

"You little hounds!" roared the ex-prefect, jumping to his feet, his face purple with anger. "I'll brain you all, one by one!"

"Loder!"

"My hat! The Head!"

Loder jumped to his feet, and began to dust himself down.

"Do you hear me, Loder?" demanded

the pseudo-Head, in an angry voice. "Come here immediately!"

The Sixth-Former walked to the School House steps, where Wibley was standing.

"Bully again, I see! You have presumably forgotten what I told you last time I had to complain of your behaviour towards those smaller than yourself. Follow me to my study!"

And, grinding his teeth, Loder did as requested.

When they were both inside the study, the Head turned to the senior, with an angry face.

"Hand me that cane from the corner!"

"T-the c-cane!" gasped Loder feebly.

"Yes, the cane!" stormed Wibley, with an excellent imitation of Dr. Locke when in a towering rage.

The senior did so, wondering whether he was standing on his head or his feet.

"Hold out your hand!"

Loder almost jumped. Never in the history of the school had he heard of a Sixth-Former being caned. The disgrace was too appalling! To be caned like a Second-Former was absolutely the last straw!

"But, Dr. Locke—"

"Hold out your hand!" repeated the pseudo-Head.

Loder gritted his teeth.

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" he declared. "I'm not in the Second Form—"

"Very well," cut in the Head. "Since you choose to disobey me, you do so at your own risk. For the last time, will you hold out your hand?"

Loder shook his head defiantly.

"Then I shall expel you!" said Wibley quietly.

Loder was like the Spanish hero of old—between the dragon and the lake of fire. If he allowed himself to be caned like a Second-Former, he would never be able to look anyone in the face again; and if the news of such a happening found its way round the school, he knew his life would not be worth living. On the other hand, the consequences to himself would be equally disastrous if he were expelled. As he rapidly turned these things over in his mind, some of the cocksureness and defiance left him.

"What are you going to do?" asked the Head, breaking in on his meditations.

Loder groaned.

"I am waiting!" came the Head's voice.

Loder held out his hand, and bit his teeth into his lips until the blood came. His face was the colour of a beetroot.

Swish!

The ex-prefect made no sound as the asphalt caught him across the tip of his fingers. But his colour changed from red to white.

"Other hand!"

Loder held out his other hand, and received another stinging cut dead across the centre of the palm.

"That will teach you not to bully!" rapped out Wibley.

Loder hung his head, and continued to flick his hands to and fro at a terrific rate.

"You may go now!"

The Sixth-Former turned and opened the study door. As he did so there was a scuffle in the passage outside, followed by the rapid padding of fat feet down the corridor.

"Oh, my hat!" groaned the ex-prefect to himself. "That's done it! Bunter!"

He was right. The fat junior was in the Close at the time Loder was squirming on the ground after attempting to

**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY PRICE 2

"BILLY BUNTER'S BIG BARGAIN!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY FRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT MONDAY: THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 728.

strike Nugent minor. He had seen the Head appear, and eventually stalk into the School House with Loder at his heels, and, scenting something was in the wind, he had strolled by the Head's study, when his shoelace happened to break. Bunter's shoelaces had a weakness for breaking outside study doors when anything was happening that interested the Owl of the Remove. And now William George Bunter was in possession of all that had transpired in the study.

Loder groaned again.  
"Confound the fat spy!" he muttered. "It will be all over the school now!"

He was right. Even before he had time to return to his own study, Bunter was regaling a small crowd of delighted Removites with the extraordinary events that had passed in the Head's study, to which he had added several picturesque additions of his own.

The laughter from the Remove quarters was so loud that a faint echo of it was distinguishable in the passages of the lordly Sixth.

Had Loder been able to see what happened in the Head's study when he left it, he would have been considerably surprised.

Wibley carefully locked the door, removed his cap and wig, and sank into an easy chair, and laughed until tears trickled down each of his cheeks.

"That's taught old Loder a lesson!" he murmured. "And in any case I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb."

But when the news of Loder's treatment at the hands of the Head went round, there were five juniors belonging to the Remove Form who received it with mixed feelings.

to be played, in which case the good work of the Remove team that season would have been utterly wasted.

The bell for morning classes sounded, and the five juniors trooped out to the Form-room.

The morning passed very slowly for the Removites, who from time to time gave the most absurd answers to Mr. Quech's questions. But the Remove-master had heard of the forthcoming match, and, remembering his own boyhood days, perhaps, did not visit the inattention of the Removites to lessons with the punishment which in the ordinary way would have been their lot.

The following afternoon football was discussed every moment the Form-master's attention was not fixed on the class. And just before time for dismissal came, the house-telephone on Mr. Quech's desk rang. The Form-master picked up the receiver to answer it. A short conversation took place, and a few moments later he turned to the juniors.

"I have just been speaking to Dr. Locke," he announced, "and he wishes me to inform you that to-morrow will be a general holiday; that is to say, there will be no morning lessons, as usual. I understand this applies to the whole of the school, and is in order that they may turn up to support you in your game against St. Jim's."

"Thank you, sir!" chorused the juniors.

The next minute they were filing out of the Form-room, lessons being finished for the day.

"We're in luck's way with old Locke, and no mistake!" said Ogilvy to Micky

Desmond, as the juniors streamed into the corridor outside. And Desmond replied that Dr. Locke was certainly a "broth of a boy."

"I say, you fellows—"

Bunter blinked through his thick and ugly spectacles at the Removites.

"What about a little feed to celebrate—"

"Scat!"

And Bunter, recognising danger by the tone in which that one word was uttered, thought it wiser to say no more.

Wharton called his team together after tea that evening for final instructions.

The team was arranged as follows:  
Goal, Buletrode; backs, Brown and Bull; half-backs, Cherry, Todd, and Linley; forwards, Vernon-Smith, Penfold, Wharton, Nugent, and Inky.

"Remember," said Wharton earnestly, "we've got no light task, and every man must play for all he's worth."

"What-ho!"

There followed a little practice in the Close, after which the juniors retired for the night to dream of the St. Jim's goal, with the net torn to ribbons from their victorious shots.

The following afternoon was ideal weather for footer; there was a dry crispness in the air which made the blood tingle in the veins. The crowd which set out from Greyfriars to see the Remove playing in their great match was composed of nearly every fellow in the school.

The Greyfriars team was first to arrive on the field, which was a mile and a half the other side of Friardale. A few moments later a crowd of St. Jim's fellows arrived. Some by charabanc, some on bikes, and some on foot from the

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### The Great Match!

TAP!

"Come in!"  
Trotter, the school page, put his head round the door of Study No. 1.

"Letter for you, Master Wharton!" he announced.

"Let's have it, then!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

Trotter laid the letter on the study table and departed.

"Looks like Tom Merry's writing," announced Wharton to the other occupants of the study as he scrutinised the envelope.

He ripped the flap open with a penknife, and quickly perused the contents of the sheet of paper inside.

"That's the stuff!" he murmured, with satisfaction. "The match is still O.K. for to-morrow afternoon. Merry and his crowd will arrive at Friardale by the two o'clock train."

"Oh, good!"

Wharton reached for a sheet of paper from the study mantelpiece, and wrote out a notice to the rest of the Remove that the match against St. Jim's, which had been so long delayed, was to be played the following afternoon for certain.

"Sha'n't be a minute, you chaps!" he exclaimed. And he left the study to pin the notice on the board in the passage.

He returned in a few minutes' time, with a smile on his handsome face. His chums were as pleased as he was to think that the long-delayed match was coming off after all. It had certainly looked, a few days ago, as though it would not



With a sudden lurch Bob Cherry bent forward and made a snatch at Dr. Locke's head. His mortar-board and hair came away in the junior's hand, and a cry of surprise went up from the other four juniors. "My hat! Wibley!"

(See Chapter 4.)

station. Ten minutes before the start the boundary was lined with boys from both schools.

A shout went up from hundreds of youthful throats as the rival teams walked on to the field.

"Hurrah!"

"Here they are!"

The two skippers tossed for the kickoff, and Tom Merry won. The Romovites were playing against the wind.

The ball was placed in position, and the referee blew his whistle.

Phoop!

The great game had started!

Tom Merry, quick as lightning, broke through the forward ranks of Greyfriars and dashed down the field closely supported by Blake. Brown and Bull made frantic attempts to stop them, but the St. Jim's fellows were too quick; almost before he had time to realise the game had started, Bulstrode had a vision of two youths dashing at an almost incredible speed towards him with the leather at their feet.

"Go it, Tommy!" shrieked the Saints delightedly.

"Back up, St. Jim's!"

The Greyfriars fellows held their breath; it seemed no power on earth could stop the ball whizzing into the net; Tom Merry paused for the fraction of a second in his stride, and took a direct kick bang in front of the goalmouth.

A groan went up from the Greyfriars supporters; but the next moment it had changed to a cheer.

Bulstrode gave a queer little jump at the ball, caught it full in his chest, dodged round Blake, who endeavoured to take it from him, and, bouncing it as he ran, took a hefty kick which landed it right up the other end of the field before the St. Jim's net.

Fatty Wynn, the custodian of the visiting goal, looked alarmed. He dashed out to clear, but he was just two-fifths of a second too late. Wharton reached the ball before he did, and sent it at a terrific pace bang into the undefended net.

"Goal!"

"Well played, sir!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The whole performance from the time the whistle had sounded for the commencement of play, had taken just two and a half minutes.

Greyfriars roared themselves hoarse; they were frantic with joy; the tables had been turned so suddenly that even when the whistle went for replay, some of them could hardly realise what had happened.

When the two teams lined up again, the St. Jim's fellows all wore grim and determined expressions; they were determined to put every ounce of energy humanly possible into the game to equalise.

Several times after that the Greyfriars supporters held their breath when Tom Merry and D'Arcy were near the home goal; but Bulstrode rose to the occasion each time, and played as he had never played before. Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior, and Johnny Bull did good work as backs, but the St. Jim's fellows were smarter than they were.

The whistle went for half-time with the score still one goal in favour of the home team.

A cloud of gloom seemed to settle on Tom Merry's supporters during the interval, but the Friars could hardly contain themselves with joy.

"This won't do, you chaps!" exclaimed the St. Jim's captain to his men as they stood gloomily sucking lemons during the interval. "We've got to get the

equaliser before the afternoon's out, or bust!"

"Yaas, wathah!" chimed in Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the noble swell of St. Jim. "Play up like anythin' or burst, deah boys!"

At the resumption, St. Jim's did most of the attacking. St. Jim's were playing right on top of their form; but so were Greyfriars. In an attempt to take the ball off Blake's toe, Vernon-Smith was slightly injured, but continued to play on.

Half-way through the second half things lagged for a bit, but the Saints, nevertheless, continued to attack. Brown and Bull defended finely, and on one occasion, with Bulstrode out of goal, Bull headed away a shot from under the crossbar, and was loudly applauded.

But try as they might, the Saints could make but little progress. Greyfriars, tired of being on the defensive, suddenly roused themselves, and Figgins and Kerr, the St. Jim's backs, were kept busy for the rest of the game. Vernon-Smith rained some terrific shots at the visiting goal, but not once was Fatty Wynn found wanting. Fatty was still lamenting the goal scored in the beginning of the match, and he did not intend to give the Friars another chance.

"Go it, Greyfriars!"

"Go the ball, St. Jim's!"

"Hurrah!"

"Give 'em socks!"

Ten minutes to play, and the score stood the same—one goal in favour of Greyfriars. Excitement reached fever-heat.

Wally D'Arcy, the younger brother of the swell of St. Jim's, supported by a number of his fellow Third-Formers, was encouraging his school on to further efforts with a rattle and a biscuit-tin. The rest of the Third-Formers were each armed with some instrument of torture, which contributed to the din made by Wally, their leader.

Dicky Nugent, not to be outdone, had gathered some kindred spirits together on the other side of the field, where, with motor-horns, concertinas, etc., they strove to beat their St. Jim's rivals in the matter of who could create the most noise.

Both Nugent and D'Arcy minor, were under the impression that by making a noise they were materially helping their respective sides.

Ogilvy outdid both parties of fags with a set of bagpipes, which he kept at full pressure continuously.

"We—want—a—goal! Yah!" boomed the Saints supporters to a kind of chant.

To which the Friars replied in the same sing-song voice.

"We've—got—'em—beat! Boo! We've—got—'em—beat! Boo!"

With only a few minutes to play, the Saints seemed in a hopeless position, when Tom Merry took the ball from Penfold with a clever feint, passed to Blake, who in turn sprinted down the field, dodged both Cherry and Todd, and then, with a swerving shot, sent the leather over to D'Arcy, who had only Linley to beat before he was through the half-backs. D'Arcy easily dodged Linley, passed the ball back to Blake, who, passing Tom Brown, slammed the ball at the Greyfriars goal, missing by the bare fraction of an inch.

A groan went up from the crowd.

"I had luck, sir!"

"Well tried!"

Bulstrode cleared with a fine kick, but despite all their efforts, St. Jim's heard the whistle go without having equalised.

"Time!"

"Three cheers for St. Jim's!" shouted Harry Wharton.

"Hurrah!"

And Tom Merry, not to be outdone in gallantry, called for the return from his supporters.

It was a well-fought match, and if Greyfriars won, it was because they were the better team. Greyfriars were the victors by one goal to nil.

The spectators swarmed on to the field and chaired their respective teams to the dressing-rooms. For several moments the air was made deafening by repeated cheers, which only subsided when in full view of everybody, some thoughtful person prodded Ogilvy's bagpipes with the pointed blade of a penknife, causing that instrument to let off a squeal like a battalion of dying pigs, and then cease for ever.

"A splendid game, my dear Quelch!" murmured the pseudo-Head, who had been a spectator of the game, to the Form-master as the last shouts of the excited boys died away.

"A very good game indeed; Wharton and his friends certainly played very well."

But at Greyfriars another person was saying things about the Famous Five which were the very reverse of complimentary.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Armstrong's Return!

As the whistle went for half-time on the football-field near Friardale Station, a tall, spare figure in an almost uncontrollable state of excitement entered the gates of Greyfriars College. Since most of the boys, both juniors and seniors, were at the match, his appearance did not arouse the comment it would otherwise have done.

The figure strode across the Close at a great pace, and disappeared into the School House.

A few moments later there was the rattle of a gown in the passage of the Sixth, followed by an authoritative rap on the door of Loder's study, where the ex-prefect and a few choice spirits of the Upper School were engaged in a quiet game of nap.

"Open this door at once!" demanded a voice.

There was a scuffle in the study for some seconds, and then the sound of a key being turned in the lock.

"What the thump—?" began Loder, opening the door. The Sixth-Former ceased what he was going to say abruptly, and stared in open-mouthed astonishment at his visitor.

"My only hat! Dr. Armstrong!"

He was right. The exponent of the "Armstrong Educational System" had discovered the trick played on him by Wibley, and had returned to the school at top speed in a raging temper.

"Where is this fellow who calls himself Dr. Locke?" he demanded.

The ex-prefect gasped. For a moment he thought Dr. Armstrong had taken leave of his senses.

"Don't stand and blink at me like a dummy!" rasped the angry man, forgetting in the excitement that dummies that blink have yet to be invented. "I have been made the victim of a dastardly trick! I have been imposed upon in a most shameful manner! Where have the Remove gone to?"

Slowly some inkling of what was wrong began to dawn on Loder.

"But wasn't that Loder, Locke—?" he began, in a dazed manner.



"No!" snapped Dr. Armstrong. "It was one of those young scoundrels from the-Remove! Where have they gone, I want to know?"

"T-to the f-football match," stammered the Sixth-Former. "The whole school had a day's holiday to go and see them play!"

"What!"

Loder jumped back in alarm. At the mention of the word football, an insane gleam lighted up the sombre eyes of the man before him.

"Football!" he almost screamed. "Then the young scoundrels have beaten me, after all!"

And, with a noise between a laugh and a screech, Dr. Armstrong turned and ran down the passage, leaving the ex-prefect holding his hand to his head, half-stunned with surprise.

Dr. Armstrong continued his frenzied journey to the School House steps, where, in his haste, he collided with Walker of the Sixth, who was returning from the village with a supply of cigarettes for Loder's party.

The two went down with a crash. "Veroooh!" yelled the prefect, wondering what on earth had happened.

But before he could say more Dr. Armstrong had picked himself up, and was sprinting across the Close like a Second Form fag.

"My hat!" murmured Walker, gazing after him in amazement. "He must be off his giddy rocker!"

Dr. Armstrong, his black gown flying in the wind, arrived at the school gates at the precise moment that Temple of the Fourth was dismounting from his bike. Before the Fourth-Former had time to regain his proper balance the machine was wrenched from his grasp, and he was sent spinning into the road.

"Hi! Wasser marrer?" he roared indignantly. But by the time he had properly grasped what was happening Dr. Armstrong had mounted the commandeered machine, and was pedalling away towards the football-ground a mile and a half the other side of Friardale more like a maniac than the headmaster of a great public school.

"Oh, great Scott!" gasped Temple, surveying the rapidly-disappearing form of the Head in amazement. "He's gone clean off his blessed dot! He must be balmy! Oh, my hat!"

And as the extraordinary spectacle of a gentleman attired in a cap and gown whizzed through Friardale on a bicycle, many more people thought the same thing.

Dr. Armstrong arrived at the gates of the football-field as the last harrowing squeak of Ogilvy's burst bagpipes died away. By now he was in a terrible temper. His mortar-board had blown off soon after he passed through the village, his gown was torn to ribbons where it had been wrenched asunder through becoming entangled in the revolving spokes of the back wheel of the bike, and his collar, which had been nearly pulled off in his collision with Walker, was hanging to his shirt by only one studhole.

He was a frightful sight.

The infuriated man, the deception practised on him by Wibley still ranking in his mind, jumped off Temple's machine, cast it into the ditch by the side of the road, and ran through the gate leading to the football-field at the same moment that Wibley, in the guise of Dr. Locke, was speaking to Mr. Quelch.

A great shout went up from the Removes as Armstrong made his appearance.



Fatty Wynn dashed out to clear, but he was a fraction of a second too late. Wharton reached the ball before he did and sent it a terrific bang into the undefended net. "Goal! Well played, sir!" (See Chapter 7.)

"Good heavens!"

"My hat!"

The pseudo-Head and Mr. Quelch turned to see what the commotion was about.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Remove master, turning to Wibley. But to the worthy Mr. Quelch's surprise, he found himself addressing the air.

Wibley was running across the field for all he was worth.

"Bless my soul!" repeated Mr. Quelch, staring first at the raging figure of Dr. Armstrong, and then at the rapidly-disappearing figure of the school-boy actor.

"Where is that young scoundrel!" roared Dr. Armstrong, running to the middle of the field. "I'll teach him to impersonate Dr. Locke, and send me on a wild-goose chase to Scotland! I'll—"

Whatever else the exponent of education on modern and scientific lines was going to do to Wibley was never known.

The fleeing junior had reached a hedge on the opposite side of the field. As he went to break through it, in order to gain the side road which led to the main road near where it crossed the Sark, his grey wig became entangled in the thorns, and, with his mortar-board, was wrenched from his head.

Another roar went up from the assembly as he was recognised.

"Wibley!"

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

To say that the whole crowd congregated on the football-field were surprised would be to put it very mildly, indeed. They were absolutely staggered.

The black gown he wore was hampering Wibley's movements. So, stopping

for a moment, he peeled it off, and threw it on the ground, and continued to push through the hedge. A moment later he had disappeared from view, and the faint chug, chug! of a motor-bike, which had been hidden away in case of such an emergency as this, indicated his method of travel back to the school.

Dr. Armstrong was now the cynosure of all eyes. He stood in the centre of the field, wildly shaking his bony fist at the gap in the hedge where Wibley had disappeared. His lips, a close observer would have noticed, were flecked with foam, and his eyeballs were almost starting out of his head.

"Well, this beats the giddy band, and no mistake!" chuckled Bulstrode. "Fancy old Wibley spoofing us all like that! I thought he was in London through some sort of domestic trouble."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hello, hallo! The old boy's off again!" roared Bob Cherry, as Dr. Armstrong suddenly turned, and began to run towards the gate of the football-field opposite the entrance to the station.

"Let's follow, and see what the stunt is!"

The juniors needed no urging. As Dr. Armstrong left the field he was followed by practically the whole assembly of boys from both schools.

A big car stood outside the station, which the Greyfriars fellows seemed to vaguely recognise. The engine had been left running by the chauffeur, who had only a moment before gone inside the little station, in which a train stood still snorting, to collect some luggage. The figure of an old gentleman, who was obviously unconscious of what was

happening so near him, sat inside reading a newspaper.

Dr. Armstrong, observing the car, gave a grunt of satisfaction, and sprang towards it. In the fraction of a second he had jumped into the driver's seat, let in the gear, and the big car, with a snort, leapt forward, and tore its way up the road: As it did so, the juniors nearest to it were just in time to see the old gentleman inside start up in alarm. A great shout went up as he was recognised.

"Dr. Locke!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Dr. Locke had unexpectedly returned to Friarade, and his car the engine of which had been left running by the chauffeur, had been annexed by the infuriated Dr. Armstrong, whose intention was to either catch up to Wibley, who had now a start of about five minutes, or to get back to Greyfriars before him, and catch him as he came in.

The juniors looked at each other with troubled faces. They had not foreseen this termination to their feud with Dr. Armstrong. Wibley and the Famous Five certainly had never dreamed that Dr. Locke would be dragged into the affair in such a manner, or, no doubt, they would have thought twice before letting the affair go so far.

"The idiot will get smashed up travelling at that pace!" ejaculated Wharton, as the car, still gaining speed, disappeared round a bend in the road.

"And Dr. Locke killed very likely!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"What shall we do?"

A number of juniors, seriously alarmed for the safety of the two men in the fast-travelling car, had jumped on their bikes, and had gone off down the road as fast as they could pedal, led by Horace Coker on his motor-cycle.

"Come on, into the charabanc, you chaps!" roared Wharton.

The Greyfriars charabancs were soon filled, and they, too, started off in pursuit as fast as was consistent with safety.

The St. Jim's fellows, somewhat bewildered by the turn affairs had taken, and wondering what it was all about, followed on foot. A few moments later the crowd had disappeared from the football-field in the direction of Greyfriars.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Drake Explains!

HONK, honk, honk!

The car driven by Dr. Armstrong was covering the ground at a great pace. Yokels from cottages by the roadside stood gazing at it with open mouths. Possibly, with the exception of trains, they had never seen anything travelling at so great a speed.

Dr. Locke, inside at the back, was gripping the sash of the window, with a pale face. The whole thing had happened so suddenly that even now he could hardly realise that it was not his chauffeur sitting at the wheel.

Honk, honk, honk!

Dr. Armstrong was not an expert driver, in addition to which he was handling a strange car, and moving at

a terrific pace. Consequently, before he had gone very far he had had at least half a dozen narrow escapes from running up the embankment by the roadside.

When the car reached the straight stretch which crossed the Sark it came into full view of the juniors in the charabancs behind.

"My giddy aunt, it's moving, you fellows!" gasped Frank Nugent, as the car began to sway from side to side of the road.

"My hat! Look at it! They'll both be chucked out and killed in a few moments! It can't last at that pace without getting smashed up!"

This was the general opinion of the spectators. The Head's car was now rocking in a most dangerous manner. Every moment the boys expected to see it run up the embankment and overturn; possibly, they thought, it would catch fire, and this placed Dr. Locke in still greater danger.

Honk, honk, honk!

"They're getting near the bridge now!" roared Johnny Bull. "If they don't go smack into the river, it will be a giddy miracle!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The faces of the juniors as they watched the car on its mad career were white and strained. It certainly seemed that nothing could save it from destruction by falling into the Sark.

The car caught a milestone at the side

Bump!

of the road, which buffeted the offside mudguard. The juniors held their breath. The car was only about a quarter of a mile from the bridge now, and was still

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swaying from side to side. It seemed that it was entirely out of control.

"Suppose something comes out of the road on the left at the same moment the car is passing!" gasped the captain of the Remove, with a white face.

"They'll go bang into each other!" The road Wharton referred to was certainly a dangerous point, and there was little doubt that if anything turned into the main road without first making sure there was no advancing traffic, there would be a terrible accident. Wharton knew, when approaching the main road from the side road, that, owing to the hedges on either side, it was difficult to see what was passing by. He knew, too, that most people using the road were not very careful, but usually took a chance without looking.

As the junior was turning these things over in his mind, he gave a start. Sure enough, there was something on the side road. From their point of vantage on the high charabanc, which overlooked the hedges, several juniors had observed the figure as well.

"It's a giddy motor-bike!"  
 "It's moving some, too!"  
 "There will be a smash!"  
 "It's all up now!"

But the juniors were wrong. The motor-cyclist was observed to slow down, as though anticipating something passing.

Dr. Locke's car continued on its swaying career down the road without mishap from the side road. It continued to draw nearer and nearer to the bridge where the road narrowed, and it seemed a dead certainty that it would hit the brick walls at the sides, and topple over into the river below.

"There's the motor-bike!" Johnny Bull uttered that remark as the machine turned into the road a few moments after the car had passed. The rider seemed familiar to the juniors, but the distance between them was too great for them to make out who it was.

Lord Herbert Maulvever, who had a pair of binoculars, which he had brought with him for use on the football field, fumbled with the leather case in which they were contained, and, after he had extracted them, he placed them to his eyes. Eventually he got the range of the rider in front.

"Bogad!" gasped the schoolboy earl. "He's tearin' along like anythin', dear boys! I believe he's tryin' to catch up with the car!"

Maulvever was right. The motor-cyclist was going all out. In a few seconds the latter had drawn level with the car. For about two hundred yards the two raced neck and neck.

"That fellow's got some pluck, who-ever he is!" exclaimed Bulstrode.

"It's all up with him if the car sways and catches him!" added Frank Nugent.

The juniors held their breath and watched the race in front of them. It contained all the thrills of a cheap American film, only it was real life.

Two or three times the motor-cyclist was driven almost on to the embankment when the car rocked to that side of the road; two or three times it seemed to the juniors he would be charged by one of these sways into the side and sandwiched to death. But the rider never wavered.

Eventually he drew level with the front of the car, and a gasp of horror escaped his lips.

Dr. Armstrong, with his foot pressed firmly on the accelerator, was lying across the wheel unconscious. In the back of the car, Dr. Locke was still clinging to the window-sash, expecting every moment to be dashed to death. His face was ghostly white, and he was

quite powerless to do anything to save himself, since it was a closed-in body, which prevented him reaching the driver's seat.

The juniors, following behind in the charabancs, saw the daring rider of the motor-cycle grip the side of the car with one hand, while he continued to steer his own mount with the other. Slowly he moved his right leg from the foot-board of his machine, and placed it on the left footboard of the car.

"He'll be killed as sure as eggs are eggs!" groaned Wharton. "The silly ass is trying to jump from his motor-bike to the car! At the rate they're going, too! It's madness!"

The next moment the rider, with his right foot on the footboard of the car, slowly raised his left leg clear of his machine, and remained standing on the car, steering the bike with only his left hand. A moment later he released his machine altogether, and it swerved aside, and went dashing into the hedge.

The motor-cyclist had successfully boarded Dr. Locke's motor-car while it was travelling almost at top speed.

A cheer went up from the juniors. It was one of the bravest actions they had ever seen—an action full of risk, and requiring nerves of steel.

The motor-cyclist had only boarded the car in the nick of time. It was now only twenty-five yards from the bridge.

He scrambled into the driver's seat, where he pulled the prostrate form of Dr. Armstrong from across the wheel. At the same moment the car hit the side of the bridge. Crash!

"Oh, my hat!"  
 "That's done it!"

A shower of bricks were sent flying into the water below. There was not one of the juniors who did not expect to see the car, with a cargo of three human beings, swing round and follow the bricks into the river. And there was not the slightest doubt it would have done, had the motor-cyclist been two-fifths of a second later.

As the car hit the brickwork of the bridge, however, he gave a frenzied pull at the wheel, and kicked away the foot of Dr. Armstrong, which was still pressed on the accelerator. The car swung away from the brickwork; but so great was its speed that the sudden pull on the wheel sent it dashing into the embankment on the other side of the road, where, with another crash, it came to a standstill.

Dr. Armstrong, however, was flung heavily out into the road, where he lay without movement for some little time.

"He's dead!" gasped Maulvever, his face white and strained.

"Oh, heavens!"  
 Happily, however, the juniors were mistaken. With a faint groan, Dr. Armstrong turned over on to his side as the first of the charabancs drew near.

A second later the juniors were clambering over the sides, and running towards the scene of the accident. Wharton, who arrived first, raised the unfortunate Dr. Armstrong on his arm, while Bob Cherry, who had followed him, dashed the contents of a can of water, obtained from the driver of the charabanc, over his face.

Dr. Armstrong recovered somewhat and sat up, but the support of Wharton's right arm was still necessary.

In the excitement the motor-cyclist had been forgotten for a moment. The Removites turned to where he was standing near the head of the wrecked car, and a gasp of astonishment escaped them. The afternoon seemed to them to be nothing but one surprise after another. The plucky rider was no other than their own Form-fellow, Wibley!

"My hat!" burst out the captain of the Remove. "You plucky ass, Wibley, old man!"

Wibley blushed.  
 "Great Scott!" added Johnny Bull, in amazement. "This is the limit!"

"The limitfulness is terrific!"  
 "Good old Wibley!"  
 "Well done, sir!"

Wibley turned away, embarrassed; but as he did so Dr. Locke turned and recognised him.

"My dear lad," he exclaimed, his voice quivering with emotion, "I am exceedingly proud of you! It was a splendid action, and saved both our lives!"

And before all the boys the old Head held out his hand, and gave Wibley a grip more eloquent than any words.

Dr. Armstrong was assisted into a charabanc by Wibley and Dr. Locke, and the party moved off to the school, which was only a short distance down the road.

When the school gates were reached, Wibley and the Head conducted Dr. Armstrong to the Head's study, where he dropped into a chair, and, passing his hand over his head, stared uncomprehendingly at the company. At the same moment a youth who had evidently been waiting rose from a corner.

Dr. Locke stared at him in surprise.  
 "Drake!" he ejaculated. "What brings you here?"

Jack Drake was an old Removite who not long ago had left Greyfriars to become assistant to Ferrers Locke, the detective. Consequently, his presence at the school indicated to the Head that something was wrong.

"I came about Dr. Armstrong," said Drake quietly. "But, before I say anything, I should very much like to hear what has happened," he concluded, observing the condition Dr. Armstrong was still in.

There came a tap at the door, and in response to Dr. Locke's invitation, Mr. Quelch appeared. He glanced at Drake, and then went straight to the point.

"There are a lot of things that will need clearing up," he said, "so I came along in case I could be of any use. I have just come by certain information which has interested me exceedingly."

And for the fraction of a second the Form-master allowed his eyes to dwell on Wibley.

"Quite right, my dear Quelch!" murmured the Head. "Pray take a seat!"

The Head, Mr. Quelch, and Jack Drake were seating themselves when Wibley attempted to slip out of the study door when he thought he was unobserved. But Mr. Quelch was too quick for him.

"Pray stay where you are, Wibley!" he commanded.

"Ahem!" murmured Dr. Locke, as a sort of opening. "The affair of this afternoon is certainly one of the most extraordinary I have yet encountered, and I would be exceedingly pleased if anybody present can throw any light on it."

Dr. Locke glanced at Dr. Armstrong; but that gentleman only sat and stared, and made no effort to speak.

"I think we had better leave it to you, Quelch!" said the Head eventually.

Mr. Quelch coughed.  
 "The story I have to relate concerns the whole school," he said. "But the principal characters in it are Dr. Armstrong and Wibley. It is not pleasant to make a report against a boy who has behaved so splendidly, but it is the only way I can convey to you, Dr. Locke, the whole story."

(Continued on page 20.)

**"WIBLEY THE WONDER!"***(Continued from page 19.)*

Wibley groaned to himself. "The blessed cat's out of the bag now!" he muttered. Dr. Locke listened to the story with a stern brow, while every few minutes an exclamation of surprise broke from Dr. Armstrong, who had recovered somewhat by now, when he heard of some incident concerning himself.

Jack Drake was observed to smile once or twice, but he remained silent. He was watching the multitude of perplexed expressions which appeared on Dr. Armstrong's face, and even smiled grimly when, with a hand on his forehead, as if soothing a pain, the temporary Head turned to Dr. Locke.

"I must admit," he said slowly, "when the story was finished, that my own conduct surprises me very much. I cannot understand how I came to issue such orders to the boys; it is obvious to me now that they were unjust, and would only cause trouble. I assure you, gentlemen," he continued, turning to the Head and Mr. Queich, "that I have absolutely no recollection of any of these things you mention!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Dr. Locke.

"My hat!" muttered Wibley. "I think I had better continue the story, if Mr. Queich has finished," interposed Jack Drake, at this point. "All eyes were turned to the boy detective.

"Dr. Armstrong has been missing from a mental hospital," was his first startling announcement. "Mr. Forsters Locke was asked to try and find him; he put me on the job, and I found him here.

"Bless my soul!" "Good heavens!" "My hat!" "Yes," continued Drake, when the exclamations of surprise had died away; "and he had no right to be here at all—"

"But Dr. Armstrong's testimonials were of a very recent date—" began Dr. Locke.

"Forgeries!" replied Drake laconically. "He wrote them himself."

Dr. Armstrong appeared as surprised as anybody by this statement.

"Then the 'Armstrong Educative System—'" began Mr. Queich.

"Is one of the best!" added Drake. "The only trouble was that Dr. Armstrong here overworked himself, and had to be placed under treatment for loss of mental control—loss of memory. He went out one day, and apparently his overstrained brain played this strange trick upon him!"

"Bless my soul!" "Ah!" said Dr. Armstrong dramatically, after a pause. "I remember it all now!"

"The shock of the motor accident has no doubt restored your memory, sir," said Jack Drake. "I am very pleased!"

"Undoubtedly!" cried the Head excitedly.

They were right. In a few moments Dr. Armstrong was his normal self again; and he proved to be a totally

different man to the one Greyfriars had known hitherto.

"As for you, Wibley," said the Head, turning to the schoolboy actor. "In any other circumstances, there would be only one course left open to me; but since you have saved the life of this poor gentleman here, as well as my own, I cannot punish you. On the contrary," he said, with a smile, "I must congratulate you and thank you again, not only for your noble action, but because you have been the means of restoring this poor gentleman's memory again."

The rest of the company rose and gripped the Removite warmly by the hand, much to his astonishment and embarrassment. He had expected at least a fearful licking for his escapade, but he found himself a hero instead.

A week later great scenes were witnessed at Greyfriars. Dr. Armstrong, who had returned after a few days' rest as the guest of Dr. Locke, stood a gigantic feat to the whole school in the Hall. He and Wibley were the heroes of the hour. The story of Dr. Armstrong's misfortune and marvellous recovery was public property, and there was not a boy in the school who did not feel sorry for their rough treatment of the unfortunate gentleman. As for Wibley, the story of his impersonation of Dr. Locke was also public property; this, added to his daring rescue of the two gentlemen in the runaway car, caused him to be lionised until he was heartily sick of the whole affair.

THE END.

*(See page 2 for particulars of next week's story.)***BOYS—Have you tried Fretwork?**

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