

MAKE THE CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS YOUR CHUMS!

YOU CAN MEET THEM INSIDE!

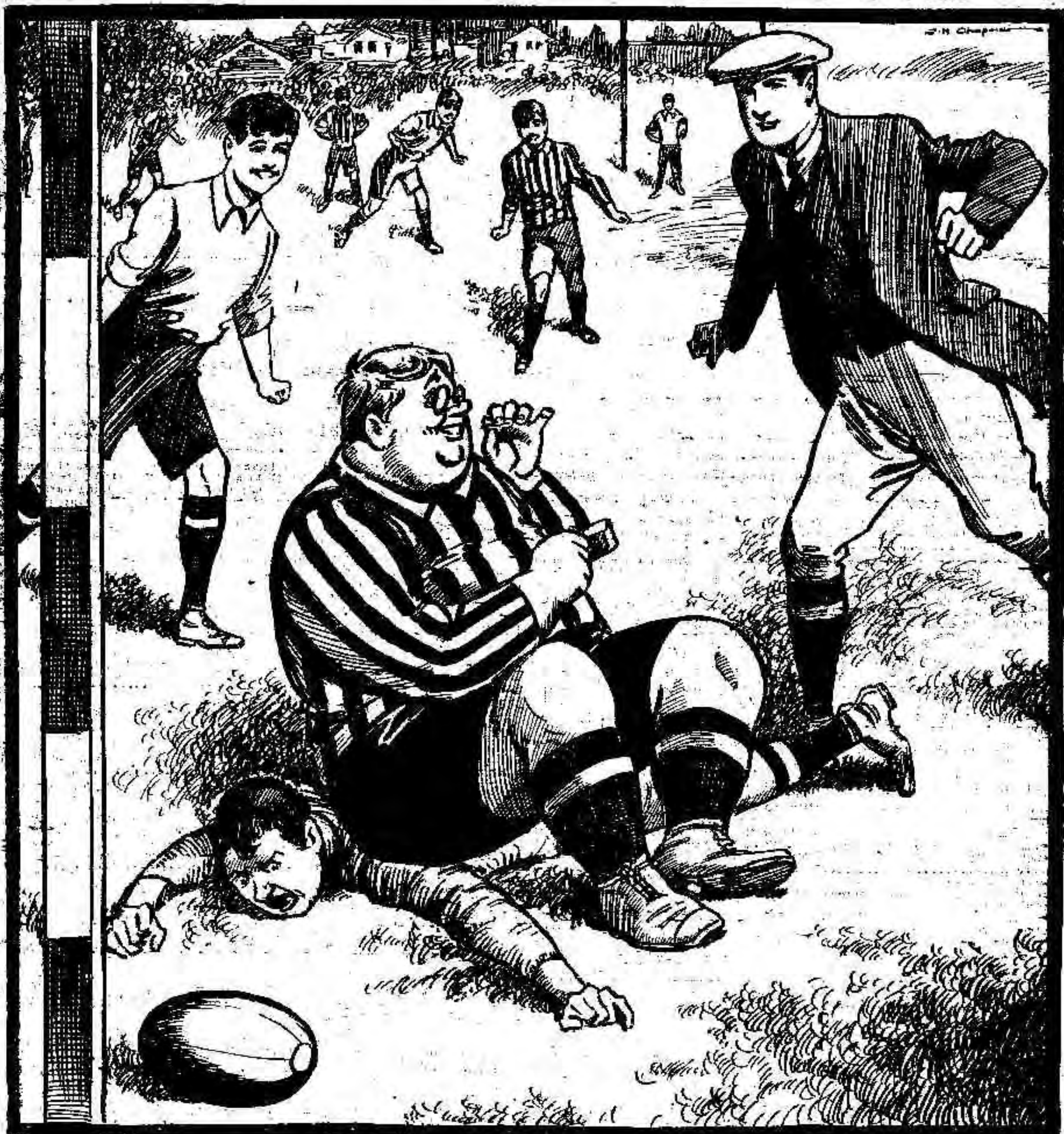
No. 730. Vol. XX.

Week Ending Feb. 4th, 1922.

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

Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



BILLY BUNTER PLAYS IN THE GREYFRIARS REMOVE RUGGER TEAM!

(A Humorous Incident from the Long Complete School Story inside.)



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,

In our next issue, we shall publish the funniest story Mr. Frank Richards has ever sent us. It is entitled:

"MR. BUNTER—FORM-MASTER!"

and the first people to get into trouble as a result of this new master being instituted at Greyfriars are Ponsonby & Co., of Highcliff. They rag the unsuspecting Bunter, and plant him at the feet of Dr. Locke, Headmaster of Greyfriars, in a very bedraggled state. When they were told that they have insulted MR. BUNTER—well, Ponsonby very nearly collapsed. They get it hot and strong from their own Head, and Ponsonby & Co. decide to leave

"MR. BUNTER—FORM-MASTER!"

very severely alone in future!

I can honestly say that this story is going to create a sensation, and every reader of the MAGNET LIBRARY should make a point of ordering his copy

now. There is certain to be a great rush for our next issue!

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD.

Next week's supplement, which, as you know, is compiled by the chums of Greyfriars, is a SPECIAL PARODY NUMBER. You all know the old rhymes—"Little Jack Horner," etc. Well, the parodies on that and other famous rhymes, parodies on poems and songs, all sorts of parodies—that constitutes the next supplement.

Readers of the MAGNET LIBRARY are in for a great treat next Monday.

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS!

Readers of the MAGNET LIBRARY are strongly advised to make a note of this date—FEBRUARY 17th.

On that day the new "POPULAR" will appear.

Full particulars will appear in the Chat next Monday. My advice to you is—get an order placed NOW for the "Popular," or you will miss the treat in store for readers of that paper.

NOTICES.

Correspondence.

Miss Violet N. Stokes, 1, Brisbane Street, Liverpool, wishes to correspond with readers in Spain, America, India, or Japan, ages 14-16.

H. Wintle, 11, Walter Street, Nechells, Birmingham, wishes to hear from readers, ages 18-20.

F. J. Hope, 2, Coge Lane, High Street, Chatham, Kent, desires correspondence on the subject of stamps and also on amateur journalism. All letters answered.

R. Garrod, 32, Queen's Road, Norwich, who is an invalid, would be grateful if any readers would send him a few back numbers of the Companion Papers.

J. H. Johnson, 2, Knox Road, Wellingborough, Northants, wishes to correspond with readers in Canada, ages 17-18.

Pte. A. J. Barnes, 576, 4132, D Company, 13th Platoon, 1st Battalion Norfolk Regiment, Victoria Barracks, Belfast, Ireland, would be glad to hear from readers of the Companion Papers.

W. H. Mitchell, 3, Jarrett Place, Raywell Street, Hull, desires to hear from amateur conjurers, ages 17-21, with a view to forming an Amateur Conjurers' Brotherhood, and starting a magazine.

Morris Malitz, 1549, St. Lawrence, Montreal, Canada, wishes to correspond with readers.

Your Editor.

(No. 12.)

REGISTER TO-DAY!

THREE POSTCARD-PORTRAITS IN EXCHANGE FOR THIS FORM!

To the Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY,

Dear Sir,—I have introduced THE MAGNET LIBRARY to the undermentioned three boys (or girls) and they have ordered THE MAGNET LIBRARY to be saved for them for the next six weeks by:

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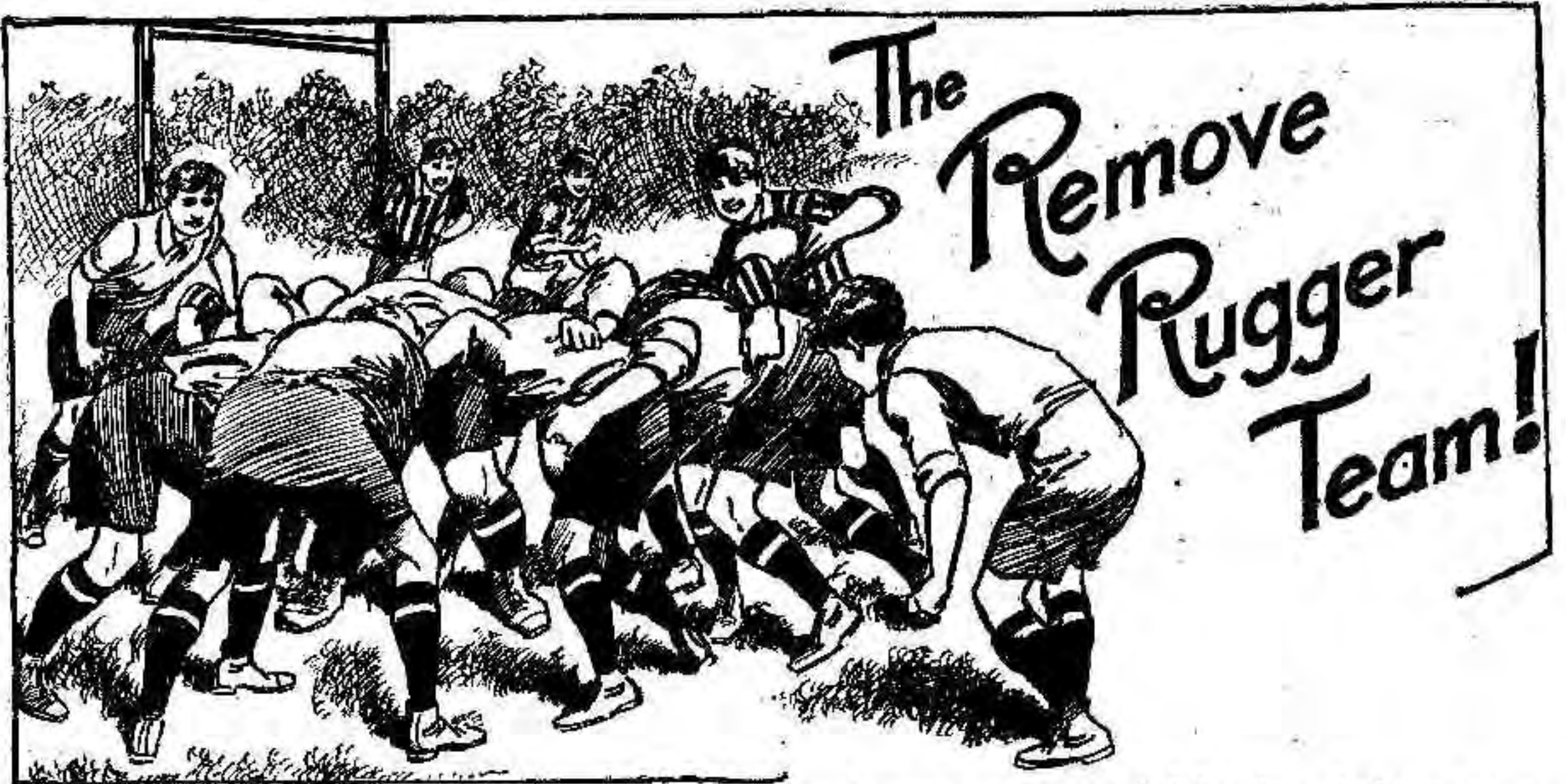
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Send this form with Your Name and Address to the Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4, and you will receive in exchange Three Postcard-Portraits, which you may select from the following list. Mark with a cross the portraits you desire.

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1.—HARRY WHARTON. | 5.—MARK LINLEY. | 9.—G. WINGATE. |
| 2.—FRANK NUGENT. | 6.—BILLY BUNTER. | 10.—The late ARTHUR COURTNEY. |
| 3.—BOB CHERRY. | 7.—H. VERNON-SMITH. | 11.—LORD MAULEVERER. |
| 4.—HURREE SINGH. | 8.—HORACE COKER. | 12.—JOHNNY BULL. |

Four of the above Forms entitle you to the whole Set of Twelve Portraits!



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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Harry Wharton's Idea!

"WHY not?" Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, said that more to himself than to the other occupants of the study. Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull, who, with Wharton, formed the select Co. known as the Famous Five, looked up at their leader in surprise.

"Why not?" murmured Wharton again.

"Well, why not what?" demanded Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton jumped at the sound of Bob's voice.

"Did you speak, Bob?" he asked. "Speak? Did I speak, Nugent?" asked Bob sarcastically.

"Did Bob speak, Inky?" demanded Nugent, turning to Hurree Singh.

"Was the speakfulness of our esteemed and ludicrous chum heardfully noted, Bull?" murmured Inky in his quaint English.

"Stop rotting!" exclaimed Harry Wharton wrathfully.

"Who's rotting?" asked Bob Cherry softly. "Were you rotting, Nugent?"

"Have you been rotting, Inky?" asked Nugent of Inky.

"The rotfulness—" began Inky.

He did not have time to finish. Harry Wharton snatched up an ink-pot and held it suggestively above his head.

"Chuck it!" he hooted.

"So long as you don't chuck it—" said Frank, glancing fearfully at the ink-pot.

"Can't you dummies be serious for a moment?" demanded Wharton.

In view of the fact that that ink-pot might fly in any direction at any moment the juniors thought they could be serious. They looked serious enough—at the ink-pot, not at their leader.

"Well?" asked Bob truculently.

"Why shouldn't we have a Rugger team?" demanded Wharton hotly.

"A whatter?" gasped Nugent.

"Which?" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"A Rugger team," said Wharton firmly. "I've been thinking out the idea.

Why shouldn't the Remove have a Rugger team?"

"Is that what you were gassing about a few minutes ago?" asked Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton looked surprised.

"Of course," he said. "Didn't you know?"

Bob Cherry did not speak, but the expression on his face spoke volumes for his thoughts. His feelings were far too deep for words. The other juniors granted—which might mean anything.

"Oh! I didn't tell you, now I come to think again!" said Wharton laughing.

"I—"

"Your think-box is badly in need of a can of lubricating oil!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Now, what's the giddy stunt?"

"Well, the idea's this," Harry began.

"My uncle, the Colonel, you know, took me to see Wales play England last holidays. And, my hat, it was a priceless game! Then he made me play in a scratch sort of match myself. And I had the time of my life!"

"What's wrong with Soccer?" growled Bob Cherry.

"Nothing! I'm as keen as mustard on it. But why shouldn't we be keen on both? Yes, and play both, too."

Harry's four chums looked at each other. Any idea coming from their leader was bound to receive careful consideration.

"There's—there's something in the giddy notion," Frank Nugent remarked thoughtfully.

"The—the sensibility of Wharton's remark demandfully claims attention," the Nabob of Bhanipur declared.

"Lots of other schools play Rugger," said Johnny Bull.

"What's more, Highcliffe have just started to play it!" added Nugent.

"Of course, some long time back we had a game with Bolsover College. Linley, Morgan, and Brown are Rugger players. But Greyfriars has not played Rugger since!"

"And if only the Remove got in first—" Bob Cherry cried.

"We'd score off the Fifth and the other forms!" cried Wharton.

The Remove were always anxious to score off the Fifth.

Frank Nugent sprang up from his chair.

"My hat, it's a great idea!" he exclaimed.

"We'll do it!" shouted Bob.

"Steady on, you chaps!" exclaimed Wharton restrainingly. "This jape is an excellent one. It would be coming from my brain-pan—"

"Shurrup!"

"But it needs a jolly lot of arranging—"

"And thinking out," added Frank.

"The great thing is to keep quiet about it at first, otherwise we'll have the Fifth butting in and starting a team of their own," said Johnny Bull.

"And bagging the ground for practice," added Wharton, with an eye for practical details.

"Yes, that's important," said Frank.

"I suppose you all know something about Rugger?" asked Wharton.

"Precious little!" Nugent confessed.

"I've seen Blackheath play twice," Bob said, "and, as Nugent said, we had that one game years ago. I've forgotten nearly all about it!"

"A cousin of mine tried to explain it to me," laughed Johnny.

"My knowledgefulness of the esteemed and ludicrous game is nixfulness," remarked Inky sadly.

"Then I'll start at the beginning," said Wharton.

He seated himself at the table with a large bit of paper and a pencil, and the others watched over his shoulder.

"First of all," he began, "of course, the ball is oval instead of round, and the goalposts are different—not so wide as at Soccer—and the crossbar a bit higher from the ground. Then there are fifteen players aside instead of eleven."

"I remember that. And you can pass the ball by hand, can't you, as well as dribble it?" asked Bob.

"That's right," answered Harry. "It'll take a bit of remembering, that will, as we are so used to Soccer."

"And how do the players line up?" asked Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton was not a great nut at explaining.

"Seems to me I'd better try my hand at a diagram," he remarked.

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Then he drew on the paper and produced this:

Back (1).
o
Three-Quarter Backs (4).
o o o o
Half-Backs (2).
o o
Forwards (8).
o o o o
o o o o

"There you are," he said, rather pleased with himself, "as near as I can get it."

The others watched him eagerly.

"Clear as rain!" said Johnny. "And the eight forwards form a scrum, don't they, and shove like traction-engines?"

"I'm beginning to remember a bit about it," cried Frank. "You mustn't pass the ball forward, and you score points by getting the ball across the goal-line and putting the giddy thing on the ground."

"That's what they call a try," said Wharton. "Then after you've got a try you have a shot at kicking the pill over the crossbar."

"And you notch points by dropping a goal as well," added Bob, "or getting a penalty goal. I remember!"

They discussed everything they could recall, getting keener and keener every minute. Inky, whose knowledge of the game, as he had remarked, was "nixful," became more and more fogged.

"This is ludicrously impossible for me to clarify!" he groaned.

"That's all right, Inky," Wharton consoled him. "Once we get you on the Rucker field, you'll take to it like a duck to water."

Bob was chuckling delightedly. "This is the best jape we've conceived for ages!" he said. "What about telling the other chaps?"

"I've been thinking about that," answered the captain of the Remove. "Seems to me the best way is to jam up an announcement on the notice-board."

"Calling a meeting of the Form?" asked Frank.

"That's the idea."

"What about in the Common-room after prep to-night?"

"That'll do fine!"

"And Harry will have to address the meeting," said Johnny.

Wharton groaned.

"Oh crumbs!" he exclaimed. "The silly asses will be firing questions all the time. Like to do it, Bob?"

"My aunt, no! I'd collapse in a heap the first word."

"That's all right, Harry," Frank cheered him up. "We'll back you up and shout 'Hear, hear!' at the right times."

"The 'hearfulness' of my applause shall be terrific!" said Inky.

"Very well, if I'm for it, I suppose I am," Wharton agreed. "But we're sure to have Skinner and Snoop and Stott jeering at us."

"Those three cads!" said Bob. "What does it matter what they do?"

"We'll soon choke them off," declared Johnny Bull. "Now for getting that notice written."

An hour later there was a crowd of the Removites gathered round the notice-

board. On it was stuck a sheet of foolscap, with the writing in big letters and in red ink.

Billy Bunter, the fattest junior of the Remove, and commonly called the Owl, was standing in the centre of the group, a jam-tart in his hand.

"I say, here's a jape, you fellows!" he cried.

"If you'd get your fat carcass out of the daylight," said Tom Brown, "p'r'aps we'd be able to see what the jape is."

He put his shoulder against Bunter's back, and gave him a shove. Bunter lurched, dropped his jam-tart, and sat down hard on the top of it.

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

"Yow-ow-ow!" yelled Billy. "You're a beast, Brown, and you've absolutely ruined that tart of mine!"

"Bah!"

"I shall go to the tuckshop and get two more."

"Will you?"

"Yes, and tell Mrs. Mimble to put them down to you. And I know I sha'n't be able to get such jammy ones as that was!"

He rolled out of the way of the notice-board, followed by the boots of half a dozen juniors.

The crowd surged round the board

**"MR. BUNTER—
FORM-MASTER!
NEXT WEEK.**

again. Then they saw what was written:

**"TAKE NOTICE!
TO-NIGHT, AFTER PREP,
AN EXTRAORDINARY MEETING
OF THE FORM
WILL BE HELD
IN THE COMMON-ROOM
TO DISCUSS A MOST IMPORTANT
MATTER.
EVERYONE IS EXPECTED TO BE
PRESENT.**

HARRY WHARTON,
Captain of the Remove.

"Whew! Wonder what's in the air now?" cried Dick Russell.

"Some silly rot, I expect," sneered Snoop.

"Everything's silly rot to you," answered Tom Brown.

"Personally, I don't think I shall turn up," remarked Skinner, in a lordly way.

"Got something better to do."

"Quiet smoke—eh?" asked Lord Mauleverer, with a yawn.

"None of your business, anyhow!" snarled the cad, turning on his heel.

Mark Linley gave a light laugh. Linley was from Lancashire, and a studious person.

"Bit touchy on the subject, isn't he?" he remarked. "I ought to be doing some work myself to-night. But when we're told to turn up at the meeting—"

"It's up to us to be there," finished Monty Newland.

"All the same, I'd give a lot to know what's the jest," said Dick Russell.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Common-room Meeting I

"WELL, what about it?" The Remove Common-room was crowded. In fact, it was packed as tightly as the box of dried figs which Billy Bunter had been guzzling hard while the meeting was proceeding. The only difference was that the room was still full, and Billy's box was almost empty!

Wharton's speech had been a great success. The other four of the Famous Five had stood below him—he was on a packing-case—and had cheered every remark he had made.

Harry had appealed to their Form patriotism. He had told them that Highcliffe had started the game. He had given them the names of other famous schools which played it.

Now he had asked them what they thought of the idea. Were the Remove to start a Rucker fifteen or not?

There was a babel of voices in reply.

"Rather!"

"Ripping notion!"

"We'll start to-morrow!"

"The Remove always get in first!"

In a corner of the room the precious trio, Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, were sprawling their length on a form.

Skinner had thought better of not turning up to the meeting. He knew he would have been "hoofed" pretty hard by some of them if he had not.

But they had sat silent, sulkily, with sneers on their faces.

"If you ask me what I think of the idea," said Snoop, in a lull in the chorus of assent, "I don't mind saying I consider it all tommy rot."

"Same here!" said Stott.

"And here!" added Skinner. "Just another of Wharton's ideas of advertising himself, that's what it is!"

The captain of the Remove came down towards Skinner. His face was flushed.

"Say that again," he remarked, "and I'll knock that sneer off your face so that you won't be able to find it again!"

Skinner looked uncomfortable.

"All right. Keep your hair on!" he said.

"You asked anyone to give their opinion," said Stott, "and when we do, you get shirty."

"Give it in a decent way, then!" growled Harry, going back to the front of the room.

"How many know anything about Rucker?" asked Frank Nugent.

He wanted to keep the meeting peaceable.

"I do!" cried half a dozen voices.

David Morgan, the Welshman, lifted up his voice.

"Haven't I been brought up on the game, look you, whatever?" he cried.

"Aren't Welshman the finest Rucker players in the world?"

"Rot! The New Zealanders are!" shouted Tom Brown, being one himself.

Billy Bunter, having finished the figs, had started on some chocolate biscuits, and was spreading anchovy paste on them.

"Rucker? Oh, I know all about that, Wharton!" he declared. "Frightfully good at it, I am!"

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

"Billy Bunter a Rucker player!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"What do you know about it?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"I—I've watched it played often. Most interesting!"

"Where?"

"At Cliff House School," said Bunter, after a second's hesitation.

"You frabjous Owl!" shouted Frank Nugent. "That's a girls' school. You're thinking of basket-ball!"

There was a yell of delight. "Am I? Well, it was some sort of ball. Anyhow, I know I'm awfully good at Rigger."

"Bounce him!" There was a rush towards Billy. He swallowed his chocolate-biscuit quickly.

"No; leave him alone! We've too much to decide now," said Wharton.

"The next thing is to find out how many will promise to play."

"And to practise," added Frank Nugent.

"Hands up who will!" shouted Bob Cherry.

There was an immediate response. The only hands that did not go up were those of Skinner & Co., Lord Maul-everer, and Tom Dutton. But Tom Dutton was so deaf that he had not heard a word of the meeting.

"Ripping!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "But, Mauly, you'll play."

His lordship slightly stirred in the chair.

"Yes, dear boy, I'll play if you really want me to," he drawled. "But it's so beastly tiring holding up one's hand."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good! I thought you would."

"The next thing is to elect a captain," remarked Johnny Bull.

"And a small committee to help him with the arrangements," said Tom Brown.

Billy Bunter swallowed quickly his last mouthful.

"I don't mind being captain," he said, "if you really want me to."

"Rats!" cried Johnny. "No one wants you to!"

"Oh, but I'm sure they do, Bull!" declared the Owl. "You see, as I'm so good at the game, and know such a lot about it, it's only natural they should."

"Don't believe you know anything about it!"

"And then I always understood at Rigger you need muscle—"

"Yes, but you don't need fat," said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll never regret it if you elect me," said Billy.

"Oh, someone squash that fat owl!" cried Nugent.

Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing did the needful.

"Yooooop! Ow-ow!" cried Billy.

"Leave off, you beasts! I—I resign the captaincy."

"I propose Wharton," said Bob Cherry.

"You would!" sneered Skinner.

"And I second him!" cried Tom Brown. "He's always run the Soccer well."

"And this Rigger stunt was all his idea," added Johnny Bull. "Those in favour, hold up their hands. Carried unan!"

"Hurrah!"

There was a loud cheer.

"I'll try and make it a success," promised Wharton modestly. "But I'd like a committee to help me."

"You'll want me, I expect, Wharton," said the irrepressible Bunter. "And I suppose there will always be some food going at the committee meetings. Just a pork-pie or two, and some jam-puffa. We might hold the meetings in the tuck-shop."

"Dry up!" yelled Bob.

"I propose that the committee consists of Frank Nugent, Vernon-Smith, and David Morgan," said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, and Linley and Tom Brown, as they know the game!"

"Agreed! Agreed!" shouted the Removites.

"Then the next thing," said Harry, "is to arrange our first practice. Little Side isn't being used the day after to-morrow. So I vote we bag it then, and have our first game."

"What about a Rigger ball?" asked Squiff Field, the Australian.

"And the goalposts?" added Mark Linley.

"We might use Billy as the ball!" cried Monty Newland, with a sudden inspiration.

"Yes; he wants kicking, badly!" said Bob.

now is to keep mum about the stunt until the practice game."

"We don't want the Fifth butting in first," remarked Bob.

"Rather not!"

Everyone was agreed on that. "Do all of you promise not to say a word?" asked Wharton.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

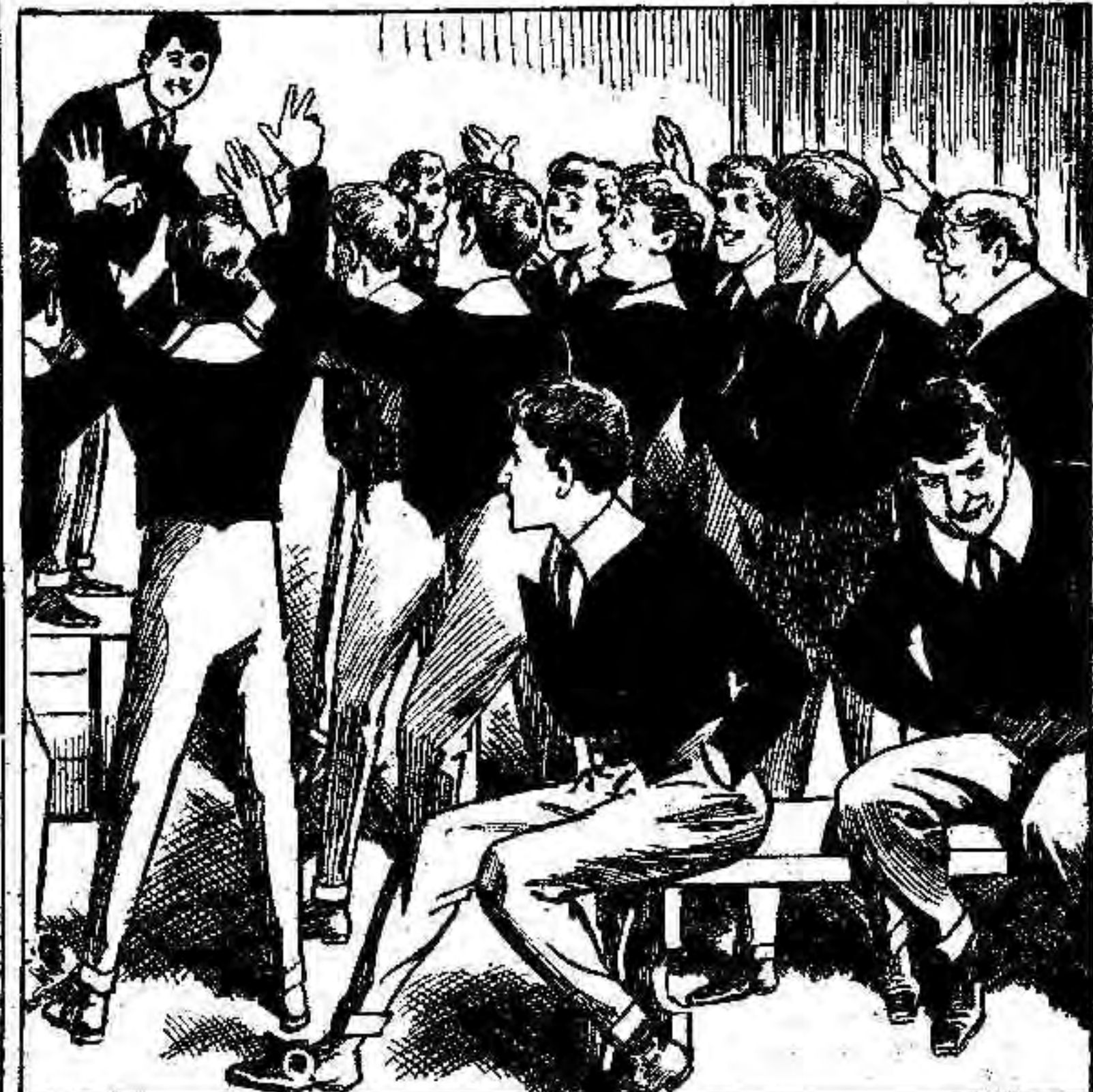
Almost every voice in the room was raised. Frank Nugent turned to the trio in the corner.

"Didn't hear you say 'Yes,' Skinner," he remarked.

"Don't see what we've got to do with it," answered the cad.

"Considering we're not joining in," added Snoop.

"Wouldn't like to start a battledore and shuttlecock team next, would you?" sneered Stott.



"The next thing is to find out how many will promise to play in the Rigger team!" said Harry Wharton. "Hands up who will!" There was an immediate response. The only hands that did not go up were those of Skinner & Co. (See Chapter 2.)

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But he's too fat to bounce!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Look you, my gracious," cried David Morgan, "the committee will arrange all those things!"

"All you other chaps have got to do is to learn up all you can about the game before the practice," said Wharton.

"What about someone to coach us?" asked Peter Hazeldene.

"My hat! I've got it!" cried Johnny Bull excitedly. "My cousin is a frightful nut at the game. He got his blue at Cambridge. Lives at Ashford, so he's quite handy. I'll wire to-morrow for him to come."

"Fine!" said Wharton. "Then everything's arranged. The only thing

"When we do—" began Nugent.

"You three will be the shuttlecocks!" finished Wharton.

"Anyhow, if you do blab you'll wish you hadn't!" exclaimed Frank.

Harry turned to the door.

"Then that's all," he said. "If the committee will come to Study No. 1 we'll have our first meeting."

"Three cheers for the Rigger team!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The cheers nearly took the roof off the room.

The Removites rushed out into the corridor. Skinner, Snoop, and Stott followed last. They went into their Study, No. 11, and slammed the door.

"Silly lot of asses!" exclaimed Snoop.

"I hope the thing turns out a beastly frost!" declared Stott.

"I'll do my best to make it!" vowed Skinner.

Wharton and his committee started to their task at once. There were a score of things to settle. Study No 1 was a busy spot. There was a sports' shop in Friardale where they could buy the football, but the goal-posts were a bit of a difficulty. It was decided that Frank Nugent should go to Paxton, the timber merchant, the next day, and get them made. They would not take long to make. They would have to be sent up to the school after dark, so that they should not be seen by the Fifth and others and the show given away.

More important was the choosing of the teams for the preliminary practice game. David Morgan, the Welshman, was invaluable here. He knew just what was required of each player in the field, and how they could best fit in.

A sound, safe kick was needed for back. They put Bulstrode there. The three-quarters ought to be speedy chaps. For the first game they would try Inky, Archie Howell, who had run so well in the sports, Harry Wharton, and Vernon-Smith.

Then for halves, dodgy, quick-witted fellows were wanted. Morgan himself had always played there for a club at home, so he and Frank Nugent were to be partners.

Finally the scrum—the forwards—must be the beefiest chaps to be found, and there was not much doubt about the beefiest of all!

"Bunter!" said Mark Linley at once.

"Fancy Billy Bunter at last coming in useful!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith, with a roar of laughter.

The door opened, and a head peeped in. It was Billy's!

"Did I hear you telling me to come in?" he asked.

"Hallo! Talk of angels!" exclaimed Morgan. "Listening again!"

"I'm sure I heard——" began Bunter. "No, you ass, you didn't!" shouted Wharton.

"Billy, you're going to play in the scrum on Thursday!" cried Nugent.

"Scrum, eh?" murmured Billy. "What's that?"

"Where the weight is wanted, my wadding walrus!" exclaimed Frank. "And you must get into condition by then."

Billy beamed delightedly through his spectacles.

"Oh, I think I can promise to do that, Nugent," he said. "I'll start putting on weight at once. It's too easy! Good-night!"

Out in the passage he shoved his hand in his pocket. He produced a succulent pork-pie.

"Put on weight?" he murmured to himself, as he took a huge mouthful. "Ahem! That's not hard. Perhaps they might stand me a few feeds now."

It was late that night before the two teams were chosen for the first practice game. Doubtless, too, after the game many changes would have to be made. But a beginning would have been made—a beginning in the history of the famous Remove Rugger fifteen!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The First Practice Game!

"HALLO! What's this giddy circus?"

It was Coker of the Fifth who made the remark, as he was kicking a Soccer ball about on Big Side with his friend Potter.

The two Fifth Form fellows turned and looked in the direction of Little Side.

On to it were marching thirty stalwarts in footer togs.

"Looks like the Remove," remarked Potter.

"No mistaking that fat monstrosity, Bunter!" exclaimed Coker.

The Remove it was—the Remove, headed by Wharton, coming out for their first Rugger practice!

The previous day had been a strenuous one for the captain and the committee. The Rugger ball had been bought, the goal-posts made. At night the Famous Five had got out of the house, had dug holes, and put the posts in position. There they were in all their glory for the school to behold.

Better than all, the famous Rugger Cambridge Blue—Bateson—had motored over from Ashford to give them their first lesson.

At the strange sight half the school rushed for the Little Side touchline. Even Coker and Potter strolled over.

"The cheek of these Removeites!" exclaimed Coker. "Look at those Rugger goalposts!"

The two Remove teams divested themselves of their sweaters. Harry Wharton went up to Bateson, the coach.

"Awfully good of you to come, sir," he said.

"Delighted!" answered the Blue. "Ever played Rugger before?"

"Not many, sir."

"Then we'd better have a scrum practice first, and show the backs where to stand."

He placed the teams in position for the kick-off. The sixteen forwards he called to him. Billy Bunter rolled up.

He looked at the fat boy, amazed.

"Hallo! What are you?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I'm the prop of the side, I am!" answered Bunter. "Simply invaluable."

"Well, you're a pretty hefty prop!" said the coach. "And what's that?"

He pointed to something in Billy's hand.

"Only a jam-roll, sir," said Billy. "You see, I play better when I'm keeping up my strength with a little nourishment!"

"Rot!" cried the coach. He hurled the offending jam-roll towards the touchline, where it was scrambled for by a crowd of fags.

"Ow! You—you—look here!" cried Bunter. "Wharton told me to put on weight, and I was——"

"Get down, forwards!" shouted Bateson, taking no heed of Billy's complaints.

He put Bunter in the centre of one scrum, and made the others form correctly round him. The first team forwards were: Cherry, Bull, Redwing, Linley, Delarey, Squiff Field, Fisher T. Fish, and Bunter.

Against them were Vivian, Penfold, Newland, Kipps, Bolsover, Russell, Robert Smith, and Ogilvy.

"Now, shove!" cried the coach.

He put the ball in, and shove the two sets of forwards did!

Billy Bunter bore the brunt of it all.

He was pushed at from behind and in front.

"Ow-ow-ow! Steady on, there!" he yelled. "You're killing me!"

"Drive! Push, and it won't hurt you!" shouted the coach.

"That's my shin!" roared Billy. "Let me out of the scrum! I've got an—an appointment! I'm being murdered!"

They took no notice of his yells. For ten minutes he was mauled and pushed about, until the perspiration dropped off him.

The school roared with delight at the spectacle. At the end of that time Bateson gave them a rest.

Bunter fell on the ground, and wiped his brow.

"I—I think I'll give up Rugger, Wharton!" he cried. "I've a weak heart, and——"

"Rot!" Wharton exclaimed. "You said you knew all about the game, and you've got to stick it now!"

Then the Blue allowed them to start the game. And a wonderful game it was, too. They made every mistake conceivable. Forgot the rules, buried the ball forward, got offside—did everything wrong!

But gradually matters improved. David Morgan was a tower of strength. Harry Wharton took to the game at once. He ran strongly, and gave and took his passes well, and scored a couple of tries after runs three-quarters of the length of the field.

But it was the last minute of the game which aroused most the enthusiasm of the spectators.

There had been a scrum on the half-way line, and the second team got the ball. Mauleverer, playing half for them, passed it out to Dupont, the Frenchman, playing three-quarter.

Dupont, who had been a surprise the whole game through, by the way he played, ran down the touchline like mad.

Man after man he passed. He handed them off, or dodged them, till there was no one between him and the goal-line but one.

That one was Billy Bunter!

"Collar him!" shouted Harry Wharton, the captain, to Billy.

Billy looked at the Frenchman, and then at Wharton.

"Do what?" he asked. "He hasn't got a collar!"

"Collar, tackle him, you ass!" shrieked Harry. "Go for him low and bring him down!"

"Well, of course, if you want me to——" said Billy.

Dupont gave a quick glance at the fat form between him and the goal-line. He dodged nippily, but Billy turned.

He threw himself at his opponent's legs. He grappled wildly at one of them, caught hold of it by some amazing chance, and the next moment the Frenchman was on the ground and Billy's fat carcass was on top of him, squashing him as flat as a pancake.

"Yeeeeeow! Yeeooooow!" Dupont shrieked. "E ees killing me! Ow, ow! Let me oop, you fat peeg! I am being murdered!"

The spectators roared their delight.

"Well collared!"

"Do it again!"

Billy continued to sit on Dupont.

He was famous! He was being cheered for his prowess at sport. He found the seat very comfortable, and, feeling in his pocket, he produced a packet of caramels and started to eat them.

"Wouup! Wouup!"

Every bit of breath went out of Dupont's body. The ball was beneath him. Bunter was on top! There was no doubt that Bunter had stopped Dupont's run.

"Let him up, you fat ox!" shouted Harry.

"Better fetch a crane!" roared Coker from the touchline.

But Billy sat solidly on.

Bateson, laughing heartily, ran up.

"Bunter!" he said sharply. "Get off at once!"

Billy looked up. He saw who it was. Panting and puffing, he rose.

"Very well, sir," he said. "But I can't help being so awfully good at Rugged, can I?"

Dupont lay for a moment, gasping. Then he staggered to his feet and glared ferociously at the Owl. But as he realised that Bunter had really played the game, he grinned and walked away.

The whistle sounded for time. The Remove's first game was over.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "Rugged's a top-hole game!"

Harry Wharton went up to Bateson, the coach.

"How did we shape, sir?" he asked.

"Excellently!" replied the coach.

"Keep it up, and I'll make a fine team out of you!"

Dr. Locke stopped Harry as he was going off the ground.

"Wharton," he said, "I want to congratulate you. I am an old Rugged player myself. I'm glad to see you learning the game. The Remove shaped very well to-day. Let me know if there is any way I can assist!"

The two teams retired to their House beaming with pride.

"Did you notice those Fifth Form chaps watching?" said Frank.

"Rather!" answered Johnny Bull.

"Scored off them this time!" exclaimed Archie Howell.

"Gee! I calculate we're some Rugged players!" said Fisher T. Fish.

After changing out of their footer togs, they went into the Common-room to talk things over. The Remove crowded round Wharton.

"All you fellows made a jolly good show for the first time," he declared. "Now we've got to keep it up."

"What-ho!" shouted the Removites, and Inky added that the "What-hofulness was terrific."

"We must practise every day. There's the dickens of a lot to learn," continued Harry.

"My cousin, the Blue," said Johnny Bull—he was rather proud of his cousin being a Blue—"told me that we had a jolly promising lot of chaps."

"Wasn't Davey Morgan ripping?" said Peter Todd.

"And Bulstrode at back," added Penfold.

"And Dupont! The way the Frenchy ran and dodged was the limit!" said Squiff Field.

Billy Bunter rolled into the room, his arms full of packages.

"I say, you fellows," he said. "If I hadn't been so hungry, I could have played even better."

"You fat slacker!" roared Frank Nugent. "You never got into a scrum the whole match."

"Just rolled about the ground like a porpoise!" growled Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I played splendidly, and if the fellows want me to be captain instead of Wharton, I'll—"

"Bump him!"

Tom Brown and Piet Delarey rushed at the Owl.

"Ow, ow! Leave me alone!" he cried. "You are all jealous just because I happen to be so awfully good at Rugged!"

"The only good you were was to nearly kill one of our best three-quarters, you fat lump!" declared Bob Cherry.

Napoleon Dupont, who was really not much the worse for his pancaking, grinned.

"Ach, you—you steam-roller!" he cried. "You make of me one big flat pancake! I 'ave no longer ze single rib left in my poor pody!"

"Now, remember!" said Harry Wharton. "Everyone has got to train hard each day and to practise. Above all—keep fit!"

Billy blinked his eyes hard.

"Yes, that's the great point, isn't it, Wharton?" he said.

"You especially," replied the captain. "You may be a lumbering Owl—"

"Oh, really, Wharton!"

"But you've beef, and we want that in the scrum."

The Remove followed out the instructions of their captain to the letter. Never had such enthusiasm been displayed. They used every odd moment of the day to practise. They used every odd spot in the grounds. Billy Bunter considered the best way to train was to feed well, and, more to the point, he managed to persuade some of the Removites to that effect. And Bunter began to put on even more weight as a result of the Removites' generosity in the tuckshop.

The following afternoon, as Little Side

was being used for Soccer, they managed to get the use of a field at the back of Mr. Penfold's.

Johnny Bull's cousin turned up again. He taught them a number of tricks they had not dreamed of. He even managed to get some idea of the game through Billy Bunter's hide.

The Removites came on by leaps and bounds. Tommy Brown, the New Zealander, and Bulstrode both promised to be excellent backs. Bulstrode was a better kick, but Tommy a very sure tackler. Vernon-Smith and Dupont and Hurree Singh were all equally good as wing three-quarters.

Altogether there was going to be a hard fight for the places in the team, and Harry Wharton was not a fellow to show favour to any of his friends. It was the best men, and those in the best training who would get the places.

Skinner and his precious pals were pretty sick. They had hoped the whole thing would be a hopeless frost. As it was, it was the talk of the school. Dr. Locke himself had given his approval. He spoke to Mr. Quelch on the subject.

"Glad to see your Remove boys have such a sporting spirit, Mr. Quelch," he said.

"They always have that, Dr. Locke," replied the master, who was very proud of his troublesome Form.

"Yes. That Rugged team they are getting up is a good idea. Wharton is a keen fellow, and seems to imbue his comrades with keenness."

Skinner, Snoop, and Stott passed at that moment. They raised their caps.

"Good-afternoon, boys!" said the



Horace Coker wrenched the ball from Harry Wharton's hands and went down the field. But he had only moved a few yards when Micky Desmond threw himself at Coker and collared him by the legs. The Fifth-Former stretched his length on the ground. (See Chapter 5.)

headmaster. "Why aren't you changed and playing football?"

"There isn't a game this afternoon, sir," answered Skinner.

The headmaster frowned. "Isn't there?" he asked. "I was coming through Friardale just now, and stopped to watch one. A Rugby game."

"We don't play Rugger," grumbled Stoop surlily.

"Then you ought to learn!" said Dr. Locke sharply. "It's excellent exercise and training. Slackness on your parts—slackness!"

He passed on with Mr. Quelch. "Silly old codger!" sneered Stott. "I'm tired of hearing about this drivelling Rugger team!" exclaimed Skinner. "But I'll put a spoke in their wheel yet!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Fifth Butt In!

"CAN'T be done! Simply can't be done!" said Horace Coker of the Fifth.

"What can't be done?" asked Potter.

Coker, Potter, and Greene were seated in Coker's study. Coker had a letter in his hand, and was glancing through it.

"It can't be done!" he repeated. "For goodness' sake tell us what can't be done!" said Greene impatiently.

Horace Coker looked at the letter again.

"Listen to this," he said. "It's from a pal of mine at Uppingham. He lives near me at home."

He read the letter out:

"Dear Horace,—I'm getting up a Rugger team next holidays to play the local club. They fancy themselves at the game, and I'm dead keen on taking them down a peg. I want you to play. I know you play Soccer at Greyfriars, but Soccer players often turn out hot stuff at Rugger. They can dribble so well.

"Now, you must play. I won't take any refusal. So mug up the game and get some practice if you can. You will be playing half-back.—Yours to a cinder,
"BERTIE EVERS."

"My hat!" Potter and Greene gave a prolonged whistle.

"So that's what can't be done—eh?" said Greene.

"Nice foot I should look!" exclaimed Coker.

"You look that already, my dear Horace!" murmured Potter.

Coker glared.

"I know nothing about Rugger, and I'd be the laughing-stock of the spectators the whole game."

"Do you want to play much?" asked Potter.

"Of course! I wouldn't like to disappoint Bertie Evers, either."

Potter thought hard for a minute.

"Well, why should you?" he said.

"Eh? Me as a giddy half-back?"

"Look here," remarked Potter. "This letter comes in very apropos."

"Very which?" murmured Greene.

"French for 'fittingly,' you ass! I've been worrying about this Rugger business for a day or two."

"Worrying?"

"Yes. It's these Removites starting the stunt."

"The school has been talking about nothing else," asserted Coker. "I'm getting sick of the gassing about it!"

"All the same, they are running it jolly well."

"Wharton generally does run a thing well," agreed Coker.

"So I've been thinking things over—" went on Potter.

"What with?" murmured Greene innocently.

"Shut up! And I've come to the conclusion that the Fifth ought to have a Rugger team, too."

"Eh?"

Potter repeated his suggestion.

"What's more," he finished, "you are the chap to get it up, Horace."

"My merry idiot, I know nothing about the game!" declared Coker.

"Don't suppose Wharton knew a prize lot," remarked Potter, "but he's managed to make a huge success of it."

"That's true," commented Greene.

"But, of course, if Horace wants to be done in by Wharton—"

"I don't!"

"And to let the Remove have it all their own way," Greene continued, "there's no more to be said."

Greene knew pretty well how to ginger up Horace Coker. If there was one thing Coker hated, it was for the Fifth to be scored off by the Remove.

"Don't talk rot!" Coker exclaimed.

"The Fifth can run a show a precious sight better than those Removites!"

"Doesn't look like it on this occasion," said Potter.

"I suppose we must just look on at the Remove—" said Greene.

"And give them an encouraging cheer," added Potter.

"Stow it, you two," cried Horace, "and let a fellow think!"

Potter and Greene winked at each other, and were silent. They knew they had gained their point.

In a couple of minutes Coker leapt up from his seat.

"I'll do it, you chaps!" he cried.

"Best if we'll take it lying down. The Fifth will have a Rugger team that'll knock the Remove's into tired marble players!"

In the passage outside the study young Dicky Nugent was passing along. The door of the study was half open. He heard every word of Coker's last sentence. He stopped suddenly.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "So that's the giddy wheeze, is it?"

Coker came out into the passage. He caught sight of Dicky.

"Here, young Nugent!" he cried.

"Not so much of the 'young Nugent,'" said the fag.

"Don't be impertinent," remarked Coker, "or you'll get kicked."

"Won't be the first time," said Dicky.

"Just go to Blandell's study"—Blandell was the captain of the Fifth—"and ask him kindly to lend me his copy of the 'Sports Annual.'"

"Want to learn how to play 'Shove Ha'penny'?" asked the youngster cheekily.

Coker's foot rose in the air, but Dicky Nugent was well out of its reach. In a minute he had returned with the book.

"There you are, Coker," he said.

"Thanks, youngster," answered the Fifth-Former.

"And the postage will be a slab of that excellent cake," continued Dicky, eyeing greedily a currant cake on the study table.

Coker, good-naturedly, cut off a decent-sized piece and handed it to the fag.

"Take it and clear," he said.

"You kids would sell your last pair of boots for grub," remarked Potter.

Dicky jammed the cake in his mouth and, grinning, departed.

Coker opened the "Sports Annual."

"We'll get the Rugger rules here," he said.

"Think we can learn the game from them?" asked Greene.

"Don't see why we shouldn't," replied Coker. "Besides, there are a couple of pages as well on 'How to play Rugby Football.'"

"They ought to be useful," commented Potter.

"Just tell us about everything there is to be known," answered Coker. "I can coach the team all right from this."

He spoke very confidently.

"The Remove kids are being coached by that swell Batson," said Potter. "Bit of a score for them, that."

Coker looked annoyed.

"Don't see why," he cried. "I expect the chap that wrote these notes knew as much as he does."

"It seems to me," said Greene, "we'd better keep quiet about this idea. We don't want the whole school to know."

"Agreed," remarked Potter. "And what about a ground?"

"Can't we use Big Side?" murmured Greene.

"Not allowed. It'll have to be Little Side," said Coker.

"But that's what the Remove are using," declared Potter.

"They have no more right to it than we have," said Coker angrily. "That—that is, when seniors want to occupy Little Side, the kids have to give way."

"Certainly!" his two chums agreed.

"Then in two or three days," said Coker, "I'll have the team out for the first game."

"And if the Remove are on Little Side—" began Greene.

"They will get the very distinguished Order of the Boot," added Potter.

"There'll be trouble!" said Greene.

"We'll have to go in full force!"

Then they put their heads together and started on the perusal of "How to Play Rugby Football, by One who Knows."

In the meantime Dicky Nugent was full of excitement at the news he had just learnt.

He rushed off to find his brother and to impart it to him.

He found him and David Morgan practising with Harry Wharton in a spare bit of ground at the far end of the running track.

"I say, Franky," he cried excitedly to his brother.

"Cut, kid," replied his brother. "I'm busy."

"But it's important—beastly important," said the fag.

Frank passed the Rugger ball to Morgan.

"What is it, then?" he asked.

"It's this. The Fifth are going to get up a Rugger team and do you fellows down."

"Rot!"

"Honest Injun!" declared Nugent minor.

Then he told Frank Nugent what he had just heard.

"My hat!" exclaimed the Removite.

"If that isn't the limit!"

He called Wharton and Morgan and gave them the news. The captain of the Remove looked serious.

"This takes some thinking over," he remarked.

"Just like the Fifth, look you!" cried David. "Jealous, that's what they are!"

"But we've got the start of them!" cried Wharton.

(Continued on page 13.)



The GREYFRIARS HERALD

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A SURPRISE FOR PONSONBY! The stranger drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and handed it to Pon. "Your property, I believe!" he said. Ponsonby gave a start. "Where did you find it?" he demanded.

"It's a darin' venture," said Gadsby. "An' for that very reason," said Ponsonby, "it's got to be carried out by fellows with iron nerve. We've no use for funks."

The scene of this conversation was the Fourth Form dormitory at Highcliffe. Lights were out, and Ponsonby & Co., the Nuts of the Fourth, were conversing in low tones.

"You—you're goin' to carry out a raid on the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars, Pon?" said Monson major breathlessly.

"Yes."

"But think of the risk!"

"If you're not game to take it, you can stay here, snorin' in your snug bed, while we set forth on the merry adventure."

"Well, supposin' we manage to get in all right, an' snuggle ourselves into the Remove dorm, what are we goin' to do then?"

Ponsonby laughed so loudly that Drury uttered a warning "Hist!"

"Excuse my merriment," gurgled Pon, "but this is goin' to be the jape of the term. We're goin' to take tubes of red paint with us, an' adorn the chivvies of the sleepin' beauties."

There was a titter from Pon's cronies. It might here be mentioned that Ponsonby & Co. had a special "down" on the members of the Remove Form at Greyfriars.

There had been a heavy snowfall recently, and the Nuts, whilst strolling along Court-field High Street, had been mercilessly snow-

balled by Harry Wharton & Co. The remembrance of that snowballing made them tingle. They longed to get their own back on their time-honoured enemies.

Ponsonby's scheme, though not perhaps strikingly original, was daring in the extreme. The risks were tremendous.

Pon and his confederates would have to get clear of Highcliffe by night without detection. They ran the risk of encountering P.-c. Tozer or some other minion of the law on their way. Then they would have to scale the school wall at Greyfriars and make their way into the building and eventually into the Remove dormitory. Roaming about in a rival school at dead of night would be a particularly perilous venture. All manner of dangers would beset the riggers.

Added to all this was the risk that the Removites—some of them, at any rate—might wake up whilst their faces were being smeared with paint. It is difficult to paint a fellow's face while he is asleep without rousing him. And if the alarm were given, and the Greyfriars fellows tumbled to the fact that Ponsonby & Co. were in the dormitory, the Nuts would have to pay a heavy price for their escapade.

But Pon was in a devil-may-care mood on this occasion. So was Gadsby.

Monson, Drury, and Vavasour felt rather uneasy concerning the possible upshot of the adventure. But rather than be branded as funks they decided to take a hand.

"When do we start, Pon?" asked Drury.

"Half-past eleven, dear boy."

"Have you got the paint an' feathers?"

"Trust me!"

Ponsonby & Co. remained awake, propped up on their pillows, until the half-hour after eleven sounded from the old clock-tower. Then they slipped out of bed, and dressed, and stole cautiously from the dormitory.

They had amazing good luck at the outset. Nobody saw them leave the school premises, nobody encountered them as they set out across the fields. And in due course they reached the rival school.

"Follow your leader!" muttered Ponsonby. And he made a leap at the school wall, clambered over, and dropped down into the Close.

The others followed. And the five adventurers made their way stealthily towards the dark building.

"Supposin' the box-room window's fastened?" whispered Gadsby.

"Then we shall have to get in some other way," answered Pon.

But the box-room window proved to be open.

One by one the Nuts clambered through. In the dark and dingy box-room they paused.

"Now we've got to find the Remove dorm," said Monson. "Do you know the geography of this place, Pon?"

"Pretty well," chuckled Ponsonby. "Fall in an' follow me!"

Keeping close together in the darkness, the party proceeded along several corridors, and then mounted a flight of stairs.

Arrived on the landing, they took off their shoes. And then, their hearts beating fast at this crucial moment, they tiptoed into the Remove dormitory.

Ponsonby had supplied each of his followers with a tube of paint, and had given them detailed instructions as to how to use it. He himself carried, in addition, a bag of feathers.

The task would have to be carried through very quickly, for at any moment one of the victims might awake and give the alarm.

It was dark in the dormitory, but there was sufficient light for the beds and the slumbering forms to be faintly visible.

The ragers set to work, moving noiselessly from bed to bed.

So deft were the operations of the Nuts that not one of the victims awoke, though several stirred in their sleep as the paint was squeezed gently on to their faces.

When the painting was complete, Ponsonby went round and adorned the heads of the sleepers with feathers. He wanted to strike a match to see the effect of his handiwork, but it would have been too risky.

The midnight manoeuvre having been successfully carried through, the ragers withdrew.

The jape had worked like a charm. And Ponsonby & Co. grinned with delight. They pictured to themselves the scene next morning, when the Removites would awake and be startled to find that they resembled Red Indians.

Having put on their shoes, they descended the stairs, and managed to evacuate the school building without mishap. They walked back to Highcliffe in great spirits.

"One thing I noticed," said Vavasour. "There were only twenty-two fellows in the dorm. How do you account for that, Pon, when there are about forty chaps in the Remove?"

"I can't account for it at all," said Pon. "It's rather queer."

"Wharton & Co. will never find out who the ragers were," said Monson. "We haven't left a single clue."

The speaker would have felt very uneasy had he known that his leader, Cecil Ponsonby, had accidentally dropped his handkerchief on the floor of the Remove dormitory. Pon had carried his handkerchief in his coat-sleeve, and it had fallen out whilst he was adorning the victims' heads with feathers.

Not for one moment did it occur to the Highcliffe Nuts that they had ragged the wrong people. Yet such was the case.

Next morning Ponsonby & Co. were strolling in the quad, discussing the night's adventure, when half a dozen grim-faced, athletic-looking fellows came striding through the school gateway.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Ponsonby, in astonishment. "Who are these bounders?"

The leader of the newcomers—a good-looking youth with dark curly hair—strode up to the Nuts.

"Excuse me," he said quietly, "which of you happens to be Ponsonby?"

Pon made a mocking bow.

"I'm your man," he said.

The stranger drew a handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to Pon.

"Your property, I believe?" he said.

Ponsonby gave a start.

"How did you come by this?" he demanded. "Where did you find it?"

"In the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars."

"My hat!"

"The Greyfriars fellows explained to us that the initials on the handkerchief were yours—'C. P.'—and that you always used embroidered handkerchiefs."

"But—but who the merry dickens are you?" gasped Ponsonby.

"We are members of the London Junior Athletic Club," was the reply, "and we are making a tour of all the big schools in the South of England. There are twenty-two of us. We have a footer team and various other teams, and we are staying at Greyfriars for a few days, in order to compete against the school in different events."

"Oh!"

"The Head very kindly gave us the use of the Remove dormitory," continued the stranger, "and the Remove fellows were spread over the other dorms. When you paid us a visit in the middle of the night, you evidently mistook us for the Remove fellows. Your attentions, in the way of painting

our chivvies and so forth, are much appreciated. And we've come over here to reciprocate—or shall I say retaliate?"

Ponsonby looked uneasy.

"What are you going to do?" he muttered.

"Personally, I shall do nothing," was the reply. "But the five fellows I've brought over with me happen to be the fighting-men of our party. And they will deal with you here and now!"

No sooner had the words left the stranger's lips than his five companions whipped off their coats, and made a rush at the astonished Nuts.

Ponsonby & Co. had the shock of their lives. It was as if a whirlwind had suddenly burst upon them. Up went their fists, and they strove desperately to ward off the rain of blows which beset them. They might as well have tried to check a charge of cavalry.

Left and right, right and left, the fists of the avengers shot out. And in the short space of three minutes the Highcliffe Nuts were vanquished, and they lay groaning on the flagstones. Seldom in all their experience had they received such a rough handling.

Having taken ample revenge, the members of the London Junior Athletic Club turned away, and vanished as suddenly as they had arrived.

At the breakfast-table that morning five members of the Highcliffe Fourth showed signs of wear and tear.

Many questions were asked, but Ponsonby & Co. felt too sick and sore to furnish any details of their nocturnal escapade. And it will be a long time before Pon ventures on another midnight excursion to Greyfriars!

EDITORIAL!
By HARRY WHARTON.

There have been great happenings at Greyfriars of late.

Skinner of the Remove has been at the root of the matter. He had a really brilliant brain-wave, which, had it worked out satisfactorily, might have done serious damage to the "Greyfriars Herald."

What Skinner did, and how he did it, and what came of it, you will read in the story entitled: "The Greyfriars Newspaper." And indeed it was a staggering sensation, forsooth, while it lasted!

This is not the first attempt that has been made to challenge the supremacy of the "Herald." But I will do Skinner the credit of saying that it was one of the best attempts. And if it hadn't been for Billy Bunter—but there! You must read the yarn for yourselves.

Meanwhile, the "Herald" is jogging along on its cheery course, and on my desk are piles of letters bearing tribute to the quality of our stories and articles. Among my correspondence is a letter from a young Indian student—a letter which made us all smile, including Hurree Singh.

"Honoured Editor Sahib,—I have perused with delight and instruction your esteemed 'Herald' of Greyfriars, and I am filled with the frenzy of delight by your charming story fables. I like much the versification of your worthy Penfold sahib, to whom the long life and the esteemed happiness I wish from my heart. And to you, Editor sahib, and your sub-editor sahibs, I wish the good luck. I hope the 'Herald' of Greyfriars will enjoy a long innings, as your English footballers say."

I am not quite sure that English footballers talk about "innings." I was always under the impression that this was a cricketing term. But I thank my Indian chum very cordially for his novel letter, and I hope he will long continue to enjoy our "story fables."

My chum is not alone in his praise of Dick Penfold's verse. Many others have written letters of commendation concerning it. Unfortunately, Pen has seen these letters, and the result is that he wants an immediate rise of a penny per poem. I suppose I shall have to humour him, or he may stop versifying. And that would be a tragedy.

Until next week, dear readers, when we shall again appear on the scene—cheerio!

HARRY WHARTON.

SOCIETY SNAPSHOTS!

By BOB CHERRY.

Lord Mauleverer is resting this week-end. His lordship, not having had a nap for at least two hours, is exhausted. Like Billy Bunter's bags, he is worn out!

Oliver Kippe, Esq., intends to devote the week-end to fishing. He hopes to catch herrings, which he will afterwards christen by the appropriate name of "Kippers"!

Harold Skinner proposes to go rabbit shooting. If he happens to catch a lady rabbit, we presume he will bring her home and Skinner!

The Honourable Horace Coker informs us that his motor-cycle, having emerged from the motor hospital duly patched up, is now fit for duty, and Horace intends to spend the week-end on the road. He is far more likely to spend it in the ditch!

Mr. Frout will go golfing, as usual. He will probably be hungry by the time he returns to Greyfriars, as he is morally certain to "miss his tee"!

Gwynne of the Sixth will referee a (ags' football match. Not a very nice job, but the popular Irish senior will have to Gwynne and bear it!

Loder will go for a canter on a pony. That will be very nice for the pony—always provided Loder doesn't over-loder!

Potter and Greene of the Fifth are rather at a loss how to spend the week-end. They'll simply Potter about on the Greene, I suppose!

MR. PERCY BOLSOVER'S new book, "Fags I Have Fought," will be published next week, simultaneously with MR. HAROLD SKINNER'S book, "Fags I Have Smoked."

MR. SAMUEL TUCKLESS BUNTER complains that he has lost two stone. His fag-master, MR. GEORGE WINGATE, complains that he has lost a plum-cake. The two reports don't seem to tally!

The Right Honourable Robert Cherry will spend the week-end celebrating his fifteenth birthday. (The fifteenth this year!—Ed.)

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.
(St. Jim's.)

[Supplement ii.]



The Greyfriars Newspaper.

By WILLIAM STOTT.

NOBODY who knows Skinner of the Remove can accuse him of being an unenterprising youth.

If Skinner gets hold of a new stunt, he pursues it with all the enthusiasm of a Flier T. Fish.

Skinner thought it was high time that Greyfriars had a paper of its own. Not a school magazine—not a weekly rag like the "Greyfriars Herald"—oh dear, no! Skinner had in mind a newspaper—a real, live daily newspaper.

To Bolsover major Skinner expounded his great scheme.

"A Greyfriars newspaper!" he exclaimed. "Just think of it, Bolsy! Published every day, at one penny. It's what Greyfriars has been wanting for years. Don't you think it's a gilt-edged notion?"

"I'm not wildly excited about it," said Bolsover. "It doesn't give me a fluttering of the heartstrings."

Skinner looked disappointed.

"What's wrong with the scheme?" he asked.

"I don't see how you're going to print your newspaper," said Bolsover. "A printing plant would cost you hundreds of pounds. But perhaps you're going to advertise for partners with plenty of capital?" suggested Bolsover sarcastically.

"My dear old fossil," said Skinner, "I sha'n't print the paper. I shall run off the copies on a duplicator."

"Oh!"

"I bought a second-hand duplicator in Courtfield this afternoon.—I've tested it, and it answers splendidly. Say, Bolsy, will you be my chief sub.?"

"At a salary?" asked Bolsover, with an eye to business.

"Ahem! I can't afford to pay salaries at the outset. When our paper—I'm going to call it the 'Greyfriars News'—circulates as far afield as Friarsdale and Courtfield and Wapshot, then I shall be able to pay out liberal salaries every week. Meanwhile, Bolsy, if you would care to accept the position of chief sub., and write me a column a day—"

"What about?"

"Boxing," said Skinner. "You can report all the school fights. Boxing articles are always popular."

"Right you are!" said Bolsover. "I don't mind doing you a boxing column."

The bully of the Remove intended to write up all the fights in which he took part, and to laud himself to the skies. It was a splendid opportunity of getting into the limelight.

"I shall do the racing news," explained Skinner.

"Eh?"

"I shall publish a selection of likely winners each morning."

"My hat!" said Bolsover, aghast. "If you're going to start putting that sort of stuff in your paper you'll kill it in its infancy. And you'll be called over the coals into the bargain!"

"Nobody will know who writes the articles," said Skinner. "I shall sign myself 'The Man on the Spot,' or something like that."

"If you take my advice," said Bolsover, "you'll keep off horse-racing. There are crowds of other things you can write about."

Skinner looked thoughtful.

"If you really think I ought to cut racing out—"

"I do," said Bolsover. "You'll have the beaks down on you like a shot if you start that stunt!"

"Oh, all right!" said Skinner resignedly. "I'll give racing matters a miss."

The next important thing to be considered was the appointing of the staff.

Supplement iii.]

Bolsover major had agreed to be chief sub-editor. Another sub-editor would be necessary, also a couple of reporters.

After due deliberation Skinner selected Sidney James Snoop as the other sub-editor. The reporters' jobs he offered to Wibley and Rake; and these two youths, scenting some fun, promptly accepted.

"I shall want you fellows to scout round and find out what's going on," said Skinner. "All the latest sensations, and everything that happens out of the ordinary, must be reported. We're going to make this Greyfriars newspaper a tremendous success—right from the word 'Go,' as Fishy would say!"

"When's the first issue coming out?" asked Rake.

"The day after to-morrow. I shall want your 'copy' to-morrow night."

The news that Skinner was launching a newspaper spread rapidly through the Remove.

In some quarters Skinner's enterprise was hailed with great gusto. In others it was greeted with ridicule.

All next day Skinner worked like a nigger—no, not like a nigger, for niggers are notoriously lazy—but like a Trojan. He converted his study into a newspaper office, and in the evening, when all the contributions had been handed in, he "went to press."



The fags sprinted to and fro in the Close, with the papers under their arms. "Paper! Paper! Early Edition!"

Going to press consisted of rolling off a couple of hundred copies of the paper on the duplicator.

On the following morning the "Greyfriars News" was on sale.

Skinner had commissioned a number of fags to sell the copies, and they sprinted to and fro in the Close, with papers under their arms and yelling at the top of their voices: "Paper! Paper!"

"Early edition—paper!"

Naturally, on the occasion of its first appearance the "Greyfriars News" sold like hot cakes. The novelty of it made a tremendous appeal.

To be quite just to Skinner, the paper was value for money, although it only consisted of a couple of sheets, pinned together.

Skinner's article on Greyfriars sports was brightly written and very amusing.

Bolsover's boxing column was rather heavy, and there was too much Percy Bolsover about it to make it interesting. The bully of the Remove described all the fights he had taken part in during the week, and he exaggerated his own prowess. According to his own account, he had put every opponent on his back in practically the first round.

Wibley and Rake had worked hard, and had contributed many paragraphs of topical interest.

There was a graphic description of a snow-fight in the Close; a report of a pillow-fight between the Fifth and the Remove; a description of a banquet in Study No. 1; and an account of Coker's latest adventure on his motor-bike.

The paper contained nothing to which exception could be taken. Even some of the masters condescended to purchase a copy; and by lunch-time the "Greyfriars News" was sold out, which meant a nice little sum of sixteen-and-eightpence in the pocket of the enterprising editor. But, as Skinner explained, he had to pay for the second-hand duplicator he had obtained, and it would be some time before he showed a real profit.

The paper was going so well that Harry Wharton, the editor of the "Greyfriars Herald," began to get a little alarmed. Fellows were beginning to say that Skinner was a more go-ahead journalist than Wharton. They didn't have to wait a week before the next issue of the "News" came out. It appeared daily. Early every morning the newsboys—members of the Second Form—touted copies in the Close.

The sales continued to be brisk, and Skinner patted himself on the back and told himself that his latest stunt would bring him a fortune.

It was on the following Monday morning that the climax came.

The newsboys were more excited than usual as they dashed to and fro in the Close.

"Extra special! Extra special! See the 'Stop Press News' for a wonderful announcement!"

The wonderful announcement was briefly worded as follows:

"A whole holiday will be observed to-day. —Official."

The news caused a profound sensation. Very few fellows doubted its accuracy. They argued that Skinner would not dare to publish such a thing if it were not true.

Scenes of wild enthusiasm prevailed. All sorts of arrangements were made for a glorious day in the open air.

At breakfast-time, however, Greyfriars had a rude shock.

When Mr. Quelch took his seat at the head of the Remove table he commanded Skinner to stand up.

"I have just seen an announcement in your paper, Skinner, to the effect that to-day will be observed as a whole holiday," said the Remove master. "There is no foundation whatever for such a statement."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Your misleading and inaccurate information, Skinner, might have caused a great deal of mischief," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "What induced you to publish such a falsehood?"

"I—I was misinformed, sir," stammered Skinner. And he glared at Billy Bunter.

The fat junior had informed him overnight that he had overheard the Head tell Mr. Prout that there was to be a whole holiday on the morrow. Skinner had taken Bunter's word for it, only to find that the fat junior had told him a fib.

That fib cost Skinner his paper. He was ordered to cease publication, and the "Greyfriars News" came to an untimely end.

So did Billy Bunter—almost!

Skinner was not a fighting-man, but when he met Billy Bunter in the Close after breakfast he rushed at the Owl of the Remove and pommelled him unmercifully.

"You fat cad!" he roared. "You've ruined my paper for me! Take that—and that—and that!"

Billy Bunter was left in a groaning heap on the flagstones—a fitting case for the ambulance!

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEWS!

By Our Special Representative.

MONTGOMERY DE VERE.

"BILLY BUNTER informs me," said the editor, "that there is a new kid arriving this afternoon."

"Let him arrive!" I said cheerfully. "I sha'n't put any obstacles in his way."

"I want you to meet him at the station and interview him for the 'Greyfriars Herald,'" Wharton went on. "It will be rather novel to have a report of an interview with a new kid."

"I wanted to play ludo with Alonzo Todd this afternoon," I growled.

"And I wanted to play fooster. But we can't always get what we want in this world. There's work to be done. The printers keep howling for the 'copy' for our next issue—"

"Let 'em howl!"

"That's all very well. But if I don't get an article from you by this evening, we shall go to press with two blank columns in the paper."

"I'll tell you how you can fill them. Get Nugent to do a sketch of Billy Bunter having his annual bath."

"Look here, I'm not going to allow any slacking," said the editor sternly. "It's a very nice job that I'm giving you. This particular new kid, according to Bunter, is a handsome and wealthy aristocrat. His pater made a fortune out of taintacks."

I pricked up my ears. I'm not a toady, or a hanger-on, or anything like that, but these new kids who happen to be rolling in riches are very useful people to know.

"The kid's name is Montgomery de Vere," said the editor, "and he's due to arrive on the four-thirty. So you'll have to get a move on."

Without further argument, I hurried away to the station to meet the new kid.

The train and I arrived at the same moment.

Carriage doors were being opened and slammed, and the voice of the ancient porter was exclaiming:

"Friardale! Allight 'ere for Greyfriars!"

Out of a first-class non-smoking compartment stepped an immaculately-dressed youth. So-immaculate was he that he might have stepped out of a handbox.

I hurried towards him.

"Montgomery de Vere?" I murmured, making a sweeping bow.

The elegant youth nodded.

"I heard you were coming by this train, so I trotted down to meet you," I said.

"Very good of you, begad!" said De Vere.

"Not at all. Go and tell the porter to see about sending your traps up to the school, and then come along and feed with me at the bunshop. You must be awfully peckish after your journey."

My companion interviewed the porter, into whose horny palm he chinked three half-crowns.

"By Jove! The fellow's flinging his cash about!" I murmured. "I can see myself having some stunning feeds at his expense later on. Meanwhile, I'll take him along to the bunshop, and swear eternal friendship over a dish of doughnuts."

Taking Montgomery de Vere affectionately by the arm, I piloted him into the village street.

"First time you've come to a big school, of course?" I said.

"Yaas. I've had a private tutor up till now, don't you know?"

"People fairly well off?"

Montgomery de Vere smiled at my innocent question.

"Well off? I should jolly well say so! My pater's got as many quids as there are hairs on your head!"

"My hat!"

Master de Vere was emphatically a nice person to know. I made a great fuss of him. I ushered him into the bunshop, and flicked the dust off his chair with my handkerchief before he sat down. Then I beckoned to the waitress, and ordered tea and pastries for two.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 730.

Montgomery piled in with a good appetite.

Aristocrats are faddy, finicky people as a rule. But De Vere was an exception. Billy Bunter could not have given him many points in the gormaudising line.

The pastries disappeared as if by magic, and I was obliged to call for another dish, and yet another.

"This is going to cost me a tidy penny," I reflected. "Still, I shall get it all back, with interest. I can see myself feeding with Montgomery de Vere every day at the tuck-shop. He might even become a study-mate of mine. What bliss!"

"Penny for 'em, dear boy!" mumbled Montgomery, in the middle of a chocolate eclair.

"I was just thinking what ripping times we shall have together," I said. "Do you know, I've taken quite a liking to you! You're a thoroughbred—a real blue-blooded member of the aristocracy. And if you've no objection to chumming up with a commoner—"

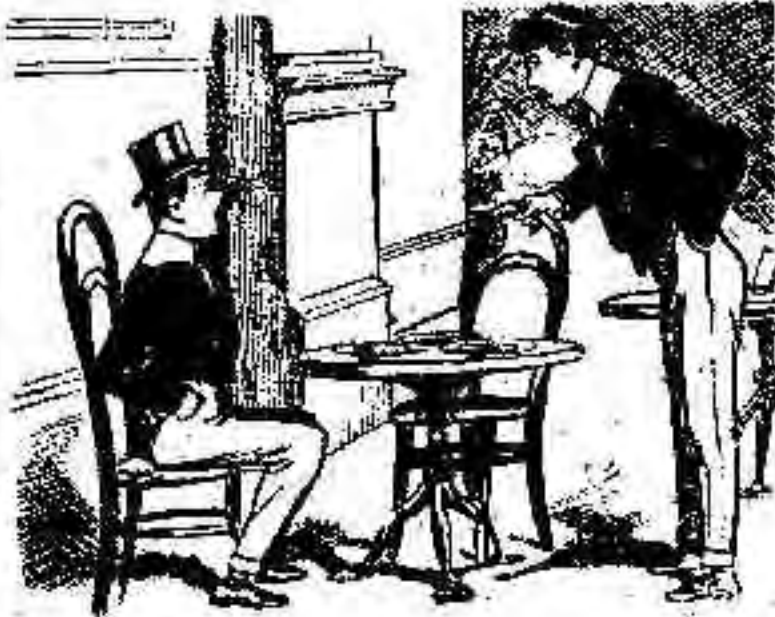
"Of course I haven't!" said Montgomery. "I'm jolly grateful to you for meeting me at the station, and bringing me along to this show. Pass the pastries!"

"Do you know which Form you're going into?" I inquired.

"Haven't the foggiest notion, dear boy."

"You must try and get into the Remove," Montgomery wrinkled his noble brows in perplexity.

"The Remove?"



I ushered De Vere into the bunshop, and flicked the dust off his chair before he sat down. Then he tucked in.

"Yes."

"But I didn't know there was a Remove Form at Highcliffe!"

It was my turn to look perplexed.

"Highcliffe! What's Highcliffe got to do with it?" I exclaimed. "You're coming to Greyfriars, aren't you?"

Then the blow fell.

"No; I'm going to Highcliffe," said Montgomery. "And I took you to be a Highcliffe fellow."

"Oh, my giddy aunt!"

I could almost have wept. There was I, standing this fellow a sumptuous feed, in the hope of being repaid with interest at Greyfriars. And my guest wasn't going to Greyfriars at all! He was an alien, bound for Highcliffe!

My friendship towards Montgomery de Vere cooled rapidly. And when my bill was presented—fourteen-and-six—I was in such an aggressive mood that I could cheerfully have slain him on the spot.

It was all Bunter's fault, of course. Bunter had got hold of the wrong end of the stick, and had misinformed Wharton concerning the new kid.

In the circumstances, there was only one thing to be done. I must seek out Billy Bunter, and brain him in some quiet corner.

With this resolve, I nodded abruptly to Montgomery de Vere, and, heavy of heart and light of pocket, set out for Greyfriars.

ABOUT FOOTBALL!

By Dicky Nugent.

I sent in this kollum to the Editor. It describes the merits and failings of the Remove players, and, in konsekwise, I have received a very ruff handling.

Ist of all, Johnny Bull came up to me in the Close and asked me what I ment by saying that he couldn't play footbawl for toffy.

"It was a plane statement of fackt," I replide. "I always speak out strate from the sholder."

"And I always hit out ditto!" said Johnny Bull. Wearuppon, he smote me in the chest with such violence that I began to koff like a hoarse.

Then Bob Cherry came on the seen.

"Protectt me!" I cride.

"Protectt my grandnuther!" he retawted.

"What do you meen by saying that my feet are two bigg, and that I charge aboutt like a nellyfant? I'll teach you to make personal remarks aboutt the sighs of my feet!" And he hit me on the noze.

Then Frank came up. His eyes were fokussed upon me in a fierce glare.

"You said in yore Footbawl Kollum that I was N.G.!" he rored.

"That's so," I replide. "You can't pass, you can't dribbel, and you can't klick," I said. "Excuse my kander."

"I'll jolly soon show you weather I'm able to klick and dribbel!" said Nugent.

And then he prosceeded to toe me akross the Close. I rored and grooned in my angwish, but he didn't dezzist untill, with a final klump of his boot, he sent me spinning thro' the skool gateway.

When I had mannidged to krawl away to my Form-room, I fownd Hurree Singh waiting for me. He held a big jar of black ink in his hand.

"Now, my esteemed and loodikrus Dicky," he said, "what do you meen by deskribing me in yore article as a nigger?"

"Well, you can't deny that you're a chookit-coloured coon!" I said.

Hurree Singh lookt grim.

"We'll soon see who's the nigger," he growled.

And then he swamped the kontents of the ink-jar all over my chivvy.

"Geroooooght! Gug-gug-gug!" I cride—or wurdts to that effect.

As I rolled away to the nearest haif-room I reflecktet that the life of a footbawl reporter was not all hier and skittels.

The Song of the Fighting Man!

Written by DICK PENFOLD.
Sung by BOLSOVER MAJOR.

I'm really a wonderful boxer!
I give my opponents socks, sir!
Round and round the ring they run—
Jove, sir, you should see the fun!
I blaeken their eyes and thicken their ears
Amid a chorus of shouts and cheers;
And every fellow at Greyfriars fears
Bolsy, the brilliant boxer!

I'm really a wonderful hitter,
No fellow is fresher or fitter.
None can stand my hefty punch
(When it's delivered after lunch!)
My fist is like a battering-ram—
This is a fact, and not a cram.
And everybody knows I am
Bolsy, the beefy hitter!

I'm just a bit of a bully,
And I confess it fully.
I love to smite the small and weak,
I love to hear 'em squeal and squeak.
I punch their heads and their ribs as well
And down they go with a bump and a yell.
And it doesn't need a 'tec to tell
That I'm the Greyfriars bully!

I'm really a wonderful boxer,
I give my foes a shock, sir!
Round and round the ring they leap
Till I put them all to sleep!
My four-point-seven punch, you know,
Spells swift defeat for every foe.
Like puny ninepins, down they go,
Floored by the brilliant boxer!

[Supplement to

"The Remove Rugger Team!"
(Continued from page 8.)

"And we'll keep it!" added Frank Nugent.
 Dicky Nugent looked up at his brother.
 "Awfully decent of me to come and tell you this, wasn't it?" he asked.
 "Awfully!" replied Frank absent-mindedly.
 "And—and—you know that bob you gave me yesterday?" his younger brother continued.
 "Don't know it personally, but I remember I did give you one."
 "Well, I—I—ahem—that went in kippers for tea. Ahem! I wondered if you'd stump up—"
 "I thought it was coming!" exclaimed Frank. "Come to my study to-night and I'll see if another is lying about."
 "Oh, thanks awfully! I'll not forget!"
 "No fear of that!" exclaimed Frank sarcastically.
 The fog ran off, very pleased with life.
 "Now, what's to be done about this?" asked Frank.
 "Done! Well, I look at it this way, you chaps," Harry Wharton began. "It's always been my idea to challenge the Highcliffe fellows to a Rugger match."
 "And to beat them, look you!" cried Morgan.
 "If we can. Now, Coker will have cottoned on to that notion of ours. So he'll try to get in first."
 "But the Fifth don't know the game," declared Frank.
 "No, but they'll start practising like mad," said Wharton.
 "Where?" asked David Morgan.
 "That's just the point!" answered Harry. "Wingate won't let them play on Big Side."
 "Daren't put up the goal-posts there," asserted Frank.
 "And there's no other ground big enough for Rugger but Little Side," continued Wharton.
 "But we've got to practise there!" exclaimed Morgan.
 "You think they'll try and collar our ground?" said Frank, seeing the drift of Harry's remarks.
 "Exactly!" assented Harry. "There'll be trouble. The great Horace will want to make use of our posts for one thing. You know what an ass old Coker is—he thinks he owns the giddy universe."
 "He do—he does!" said Bob Cherry.
 "But methinks we'll be ready for Coker!"
 "What ho!" said Wharton grimly.
 "The bootfulness of the ludicrous Coker will be terrific!" purred Hurreo Singh.
 "Now for Highcliffe!" said Wharton.
 "I'll send a challenge to Frank Courtenay!"
 Within an hour the challenge was sent off. Late the following night a reply was received written in rather a jocular strain.
 "Our team will be delighted to play yours next Wednesday," it ran. "As perhaps you are aware, we have been playing the game for some time now, and are considered rather good. If you do not mind our piling up the points against you heavily, however, we shall be delighted to have a practice at your expense."
 "My gracious!" exclaimed David Morgan, when Wharton showed him the reply. "If we don't wipe the floor with those fellows, whatever—"

"And make them eat mud!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.
 "I'll never show my face in Wales again, look you!" cried Morgan.
 In the Common-room that night Wharton told the Remove that the challenge they had sent Highcliffe had been accepted.
 The Remove shrieked their delight.
 "Now," said the captain, "we've got to show those Highcliffe chaps what the Remove are worth."
 "Good!" said Linley enthusiastically.
 "We'll wipe up the ground with them!"
 "Bateson, our coach, is jolly pleased with the way we are coming on," added Harry. "But we've got to improve a lot yet."
 "What about the team?" asked two or three.
 "I'm not going to pick the team," replied Wharton, "until after the practice game the day after to-morrow on Little Side."
 "Oh, put us out of suspense!" cried Peter Todd.
 "No," said Harry grimly; "there are such a lot of you improving so much that I don't know who will get in."
 Skinner, who was looting about, pretending to take no interest in the proceedings, gave a snort.
 "Everyone knows you'll pack the team with your special pals!" he muttered.
 Wharton, whose temper was pretty quick at times, went up to cad.
 "Biff him one!" cried Ogilvy.
 The captain was on the point of doing so. Then he stopped and turned away.
 "He's not worth it!" he said, with disgust.
 "There'll be time to see to rotters like him after the Highcliffe match," added Bob Cherry.
 Skinner shrugged his shoulders, and went out of the room, sneering. The Removites ignored him, and once more turned to Wharton.
 "The next thing is about the training," Harry announced.
 Billy Bunter's little round eyes blinked rapidly behind his spectacles.
 "I—I've started that already, Wharton!" he exclaimed. "I knew you wanted weight, so I'm trying to get a bit heavier."
 "You have!" cried Frank Nugent.

"Of course, I'm a very small eater generally—"
 "Of course!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "But I'm trying to take a little more nourishment than usual," the Owl went on—"just for the sake of the Form, you know!"
 His pockets were bulging.
 "What have you got in your pockets?" Johnny Bull demanded.
 Without waiting for the answer Johnny emptied the contents on to the table.
 It was a goodly haul.
 There were six doughnuts, a pound of chocolate biscuits, a tin of sardines, three lemon cheese-cakes, and a jam-puff.
 "But it's all for the good of the Form!" shouted Billy.
 "Then the Form had better have them!" cried Johnny. "Help yourselves, you chaps!"
 There was a rush for the table. In a minute there was not a vestige of Billy's provender left.
 "Ow-ow-ow!" he yelled. "You thieves! You beasts! Give them me back!"
 "Best doughnuts I've tasted for ages!" declared Lord Maulverer, with one in his mouth.
 "Jammiest jam-puff I've ever eaten!" murmured Tom Brown.
 "Stop it! There won't be one left!" cried Bunter. "Gimme my food, you rotters! Oh dear! I shall be out of training, Cherry, you beast—"
 "Don't know that you'll be any use as it is!" snorted Harry. "It's only because you're a great ballast-heap we're thinking of having you in the team. Brrr! Shut up!"
 "My food—" began Billy.
 "Shut up!" roared Wharton. "From to-night on everyone in the Remove has got to go into the strictest training. You're all to get up the second the rising-bell rings—"
 "My hat! That's pretty awful!" exclaimed Maulverer.
 "You've got to practise passing the Rugger-pill every odd moment you have—"
 "Rather!"
 "You've got to tackle and collar each other. You've got to take a long run each day—"
 "It's getting worse and worse!" murmured Lord Maulverer.
 "And no one is to enter the tuckshop until after the Highcliffe match is over. Understand?"
 There were some blank faces at this announcement. But everyone realised that Wharton was right. Tuck and "wind" didn't go well together.
 Billy Bunter's eyes blinked indignantly behind his spectacles.
 "I—I don't think you know what you're saying, Wharton—" he began.
 "Oh, yes, he does!" said Bob Cherry.
 "My frame is different from you other chaps!" went on Billy pathetically.
 "It is—very different!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.
 "It can't exist on ordinary school food."
 "It will have to!" declared Vernon-Smith.
 "There isn't enough nourishment in it!" Bunter pleaded. "I go all over faint if I don't have a jam-tart occasionally—"
 "Rats!" shouted Wharton. "Look here, if any of you chaps see Billy Bunter daring to enter the tuckshop—"



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UNION JACK-2

On Sale Thursday, February 2nd.

"Yes?"
 "Bump him!" finished the captain of the Remove.
 "The bumpfulness will be terrific!"
 "Hear, hear!"
 "Oh, really, you fellows— Look here, how can a fellow be fit if he's starving? As the most important man in the team— Here, where are you going?"

Bunter broke off indignantly. The Removites, grinning, had fled out of the room, leaving Bunter to talk to empty air. That not being very exciting, Bunter grunted and went to his study.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Fight on Little Side!

AT two o'clock the next day Coker and his teams were occupying Little Side.

The Remove were not due till two-fifteen. When they came up at that hour they found the Fifth in possession of the ground.

Harry Wharton was leading his teams on to the ground.

"Hallo! Who's this?" he asked.

"It's the Fifth, look you!" exclaimed David Morgan.

"Trying to steal a march on us, eh?" asked Frank.

"We'll see about that!" remarked Bob Cherry.

The Fifth were kicking a Rugger ball about the ground. They weren't very clever at it. Most of the rest of the school were watching on the touchline, cheering at the unsuccessful attempts at drop-kicks, and offering advice—some good, some sarcastic. Harry Wharton turned to his teams.

"Just wait here, you chaps!" he said, as they stood, doubtful of what to do, on the touchline. "I'm going to have a chat with that fathead, Coker!"

He marched on to the ground. Coker came up to him.

"You might leave the ground, Wharton," he said in a lordly way. "We're just going to start our game."

"I don't think you are!" answered the captain of the Remove.

"Eh?"
 "Didn't you hear what I said?" asked Wharton. "This is our ground."

"Your ground! Ha, ha, ha!" Coker laughed. "Possession, my son, is nine points of the law!"

"Look here, Coker," began Wharton, "you'd better clear off. You've no thumping right on this ground!"

"Really?"
 "We started a Rugger team first. I don't mind your copying our ideas—"

"My hat! The Fifth copying the Remove!"

"Well, you have done. We put up those goalposts."

"Very kind of you to be so thoughtful!"

"What's more, we're playing Highcliffe next week, and we've got to practise every day."

"Then practise somewhere else."

Wharton began to see red.
 "I—I give you three minutes to clear off!" he exclaimed.

"Don't be funny!" said Coker.

"Look here, kid—"
 "Buzz off, you howling ass!" roared Wharton. "You'll go off on your giddy necks!"

"Rats!" said Coker cheerfully, and turned away.

The captain of the Remove left the ground. The school, looking on, had heard the dispute.

"Biff 'em off, Remove!"

"Thumping cheek!"

"Go it, ye cripples!"

The Fifth teams were getting into their places to start. They were making a hopeless mess of it.

"Yah! Try a game of marbles!" yelled a cheeky fag.

"Now then, you chaps!" said Wharton, as he rejoined his team. "It's time those fellows made way for someone who can play the game. Follow me!"

Headed by the Famous Five, the two Remove teams ran on to the field. Wharton went up to Coker.

"For the last time, are you going?" he asked.

"Going? Not likely!" answered Coker.

Wharton rushed for the ball. It was in position for the kick-off.

"Then you can play without a ball!" he shouted.

Coker gave a shout.
 "Drop that ball!" he cried. "You cheeky ass! I'll—I'll— Go for him!"

There was a rush of the Fifth at Wharton. But they had reckoned without the Famous Five.

The other four gathered round their captain. The remainder of the Removites hurled themselves at the nearest Fifth fellows.

A free fight started, and no quarter was given. The ball in his arms, Harry Wharton made for the touchline. Bob Cherry, Inky, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull made the four sides of a square round him. They faced outwards.

"Scrag those fags!" shouted Potter.

He, Greene, Coker, and Blundell made a dart at the square.

"Come on, then!" taunted Nugent.

They came on. Potter was the first to reach the square.

He was the first, too, to get Frank Nugent's fist in his chest.

"Go it, Remove!" yelled the school at the side of the field.

"Down those Fifth chaps!" shrieked the fags.

It was not hard to discover who were the favourites in the fight.

"Yow-ow-ow!" yelled Potter. "You young rotter! I'll scrag you for that!"

He returned to the attack, aided by Greene. Between them they forced an opening in the square. Coker rushed in to get the ball from Wharton.

He made a dive for it. He was on it, wrenching it out of Harry's hand.

Harry planted him one on the chin, but it did not stop him. He had practically got the ball, when Micky Desmond threw himself at Coker's legs.

"Faith, I haven't been learning to collar for nothing!" the Irishman cried.

"Take that, ye spalpeen!"

He got Coker's legs beautifully, and the Fifth Form Rugger captain stretched his length on the ground.

"Well collared!" shrieked the delighted crowd.

The ball had fallen from Coker's grasp. It rolled away, and there was another rush for it.

Then Billy Bunter, who had been watching the combat from a very safe distance, saw it coming. He turned to run, but too late!

Wallop, wallop!

The ball turned over and over. Billy stumbled.

The next moment he had fallen. And fallen with his full fifteen stone on the ball!

It gave a despairing gasp, and the air rushed out. The ball was lying like a pancake on the grass, and Billy, gasping and alarmed, was on the top.

"What's the meaning of this?" said a stern voice.

The Fifth and the Remove stopped their struggle instantly. The crowd of spectators became suddenly silent. For Dr. Locke had come unnoticed into the midst of the scrap.

"Coker! Wharton! Explain this unseemly conduct!" he said angrily.

Coker brushed a spot of blood off his chin.

"We, the Fifth, sir, were just starting a game of Rugger, when the Remove came up and claimed the ground!" he said.

"Wharton?"

"That's correct, sir. As they would not give it up, we—"

"Thought you'd turn them off, eh?" asked Dr. Locke.

"Yes, and would have done, sir!" answered Harry warmly.

"No, you wouldn't!" shouted Coker.

"Silence!" exclaimed the headmaster. He turned to Coker.

"Why did you not ask Wharton for the use of the ground?" he asked. "This side belongs to the juniors."

"Ahem!" said Coker doubtfully. "You see, sir—"

"That is quite enough, Coker!" interrupted the Head sternly. "If you are anxious to play Rugby, I should advise your buying the necessary posts. Let there be no more unseemly noise on this ground!"

And the Head marched off the ground.

Coker looked at Wharton, and grinned sheepishly.

"Sorry, Wharton," he said. "Go on with your game. We ought not to have butted in."

He spoke generously, and Harry nodded.

"That's all right, Coker," he answered.

"You're a sportsman, and always were; and if you weren't such an ass you'd be quite nice to know. After we've wiped up the Highcliffe chaps, we'll have a lot of top-hole games against the Fifth. Now, buzz off!"

And Coker & Co. buzzed. Much though they would have liked to have fought for the possession of the ground, they dared not do so in face of Dr. Locke's orders.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Keeping Billy Fit!

"YOW-OW-OW! Leave go! Get off! You've broken my shin! Ooooooh!"

The yells and ejaculations sounded down the corridor, outside the Remove Common-room.

They came from Skinner and Snoop. They were not enjoying themselves.

Dinner had just finished, and the Removites were following their captain's orders to practise collaring at any odd moment of the day.

They considered this an odd moment of the day. They considered Snoop and Skinner the right sort of persons to practise on.

As they passed down the corridor Vernon-Smith and Hurree Singh had thrown themselves at them. Their example had been followed by Squiff Field and Piet Delarey.

"Go for them low!" cried Vernon-Smith.

"The heightfulness of my collaring shall be ludicrously negligible!" exclaimed the nabob.

"Bring them down hard!" shouted Delarey.

"Yooooop!"

Skinner and Snoop hit the floor with a resounding thud!

TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

11 11

"You brutes!"
 "Ow, ow! You beasts!"
 "If you won't learn to play Rugger, you must be taught!" declared Squiff. "Now, you chaps, a scrum!"
 David Morgan and Bob Cherry joined in. By the time the scrum was over the two non-Rugger players were much the worse for wear.
 "I'll pay you beggars out for this!" snarled Skinner.
 "What a nice little boy you are!" said Squiff, with a chuckle. "You ought to be framed—and then hanged!"
 "We'll give you five yards start, and then we're for you again!" cried Bob. "Clear!"

Before the words were out of his mouth the two had darted down the house steps and were away.

The door of Study No. 1 opened, and Harry Wharton appeared.

"Smithy! Morgan!" he called out. "Hallo!"

"Committee meeting," said the captain. "I'm going to choose the team."

In the study they started on the business at once. For an hour they were hard at it.

The keenness to play in the Highcliffe match was intense. It was expected that a huge crowd would be present. All Highcliffe would be there and Greyfriars. In addition, Friardale would turn up. A Rugby match would be a novelty for them.

Bateson, the coach, was in the study to help them in their selection of the team. He was delighted with the way the fellows had come on.

For back there were Tom Brown and Bulstrode to choose from, and after a long discussion it was finally decided to give the place to Bulstrode. He was a wonderful kick, and his collaring had improved greatly. For the three-quarters Wharton and Archie Howell were the obvious centres, while Vernon-Smith was a certainty for the right wing.

What about the left wing? Should it be Inky, who was very safe, or Dupont, the Frenchman, who was brilliant but erratic?

Bateson advised Dupont, and he was finally chosen.

The halves were, of course, David Morgan and Frank Nugent. The Welshman was a wonderful half—the pivot of the team. He had coached Frank well, and they knew each other's play to a nicety.

The certain forwards were Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Tom Redwing, Mark Linley, Piet Delarey, Squiff Field, and Mauleverer. The last-named, supposed to be such a slacker, had developed into a really good forward. What was more, under his apparent slackness, he was very keen.

Should Billy Bunter be the eighth forward? That was the all-important question. Frank Nugent and Vernon-Smith wanted to put in Dick Penfold. Harry Wharton was doubtful.

Billy's weight in the scrum would be extraordinarily useful. The coach was appealed to.

"Well," said the Blue, "if you can get him in anything like condition, I'd play him."

So Billy Bunter, the fat, gormandizing Billy Bunter, was chosen to play in the first Rugger match held at Greyfriars for years past!

A crowd was waiting in the Common-room for the team to be posted up on the notice-board.

When Harry Wharton came in with the



The door suddenly opened and Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent stepped into the study. They took no notice of Skinner, but glanced at Bunter. "You rotter! You guzzling ass! You've broken your training!" shouted Harry Wharton. (See Chapter 6.)

sheet in his hand there was a cheer and a wild rush to the board.

Harry left the room when he had posted the team up.

There were some delighted faces when the team was read out.

There were some disappointed ones. Tom Brown's was one of these.

He had known it would be a close thing between him and Bulstrode.

"Hard luck, Tommy!" Bob Cherry commiserated.

The New Zealander took his disappointment sportingly.

"Never mind," he said, "it's all in the day's work. And, after all, the great thing is to have the best team."

"And to beat those Highcliffe boosters!" exclaimed Bob.

Billy Bunter came in a little late. When he saw his name on the sheet he beamed a fat smile on everyone.

"Knew I'd be chosen, of course," he said.

"Rats! You've only just got in," said Bob. "Your name's the last on the list!"

"They always put the chief man last," replied Billy. "My aunt, won't those Highcliffe chaps be in a funk when they see me!"

He rolled out of the room, his head in the air, intent on telling everyone he could see that he was chosen for the team.

Outside the tuckshop Skinner and Snoop were standing. They were pretty sore with the quarter of an hour's collaring they had had. Also they were dying to have their own back on some of the Remove Rugger team. Especially on Wharton if they could.

Billy Bunter spied them in the distance. He came up to them.

"I say, you fellows," he cried. "Heard the news?"

"What? Has the postal-order arrived?" asked Snoop.

Bunter's postal-orders were famous in the Remove.

"No, it's not that."

"Mrs. Mumble invented a new kind of cake, and called it after you?" sneered Skinner.

"No, and it's not that either," replied Bunter. "In fact, if she had I wouldn't touch it. I'm in training. Have been for some days, in fact. We Rugger players, you know—"

"Rats! You're not a Rugger player!" said Snoop.

"Don't be silly! Everyone knows I'm the best player in the Remove. The team's just been posted for the match against Highcliffe."

"They've not put you in it?" exclaimed Skinner.

Billy Bunter snorted.

"Of course they have! I was the first choice," he said. "It's not only that I'm such a strong, well-built chap—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I know the game so well, and keep my head so splendidly."

"They must have a rotten side!" exclaimed Skinner.

"It would be but for me!" answered Bunter. "I'm the making of it!"

"Stow it!" said Snoop.

He winked at Skinner. Here was a chance of messing up Wharton's team.

"On the strength of your being chosen for the team," he went on,

"we'll stand you a feed at the tuckshop. Come on, Billy!"

The Owl's eyes opened wide. Also his mouth watered.

It was not customary for Skinner or Snoop to stand treat to anyone.

"Thanks awfully!" he answered.

A despairing look came over his face.

"No, no!" he cried. "I—I can't! I'm in training. I promised Wharton I wouldn't enter the tuckshop until the match was over."

"Drivel!" exclaimed Skinner. "A few jam-tarts will do you good."

He put his arm through the Owl's, and dragged him on. Through the open tuckshop door came to Bunter's nostrils the appetising smell of freshly-cooked pastry.

Billy groaned. It was not often that anybody offered him a feed. He got his brain to work to think how he could take advantage of Skinner's offer.

"I tell you what, you chaps," he said. "I promised I wouldn't go into the tuckshop, and I won't. But if you fellows brought some grub into your study, I could go there and have a feed!"

The two sneaks roared with delight.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Snoop. "Bunter has a brain-wave! Right-ho! Get along, and we'll bring the grub!"

Five minutes later Billy Bunter was seated in Study No. 11. In front of him was the most luscious and indigestible feed that even he had ever tackled.

There was a huge pork-pie, a plate of ham, tins of sardines, pickles, a loaf of new bread, and tarts and pastries galore!

"Start in at it, Billy!" exclaimed Skinner.

Billy did! His eyes roamed round the table, and then he made a dive for the pork-pie. In ten minutes it had gone! He started on the ham, and polished that off. He tackled the pastries.

The Rugger match vanished from his remembrance. Training was forgotten.

"Go it, Bunter!" cried Skinner. "You aren't half eating!"

Wasn't he? Well, he was doing his best. Billy's best was something, too! The two study-mates ate but little. Their game was to feed up Billy, and they were doing it.

"I say, you chaps," murmured Billy—he could not do more than murmur—"this is awfully good of you! I'm having the time of my life! Be blowed to Rugger!"

The door opened suddenly, and Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent stepped in.

They took no notice of Skinner and Snoop for the moment. They glanced at Billy. A portion of jam-tart was in his mouth. On his plate was the remains of his feast.

"You beast! You guzzling pig!" shouted Nugent.

"You've broken your training!" cried Harry.

Bunter dropped the piece of pastry out of his hand.

"N-no, Wharton—n-no, I haven't!" he replied. "I'm—I'm not eating anything really. This is the only mouthful I've had. It's—it's Skinner and Snoop have been having the grub! Awful appetites they've got! Don't know how they do it!"

Wharton looked at the pieces on Bunter's plate.

"You—you giddy Ananias!" he cried.

Then the captain of the Remove turned to the others.

"This is your doing!" he exclaimed.

"Thought you'd spoil our team by

getting this fat hog out of condition!" cried Frank. "Take that!"

He landed out at Snoop, and caught him square on the chin. Snoop turned over like a shot rabbit.

Wharton made for Skinner.

"Up with your hands!" he shouted.

"Shut up, you beast!" cried the cad.

"Get out of my study!"

"When I've finished with you, I will. Put up your hands, I say!"

Skinner's face went the colour of putty, and he made a rush for the door.

Harry waited for him. Then, as he went past him, he drove his fist at the cad.

The blow got home on Skinner's nose. There was a wild yell, and Skinner collapsed in a heap on the floor.

"Ow-ow-ow! You've smashed my nose! Yow-ow-ow!" he yelled.

"Good mind to smash every bone in your body!" said Harry. "You're a couple of snivelling cads! Won't play Rugger yourselves, and try to spoil the team into the bargain!"

He moved to Billy Bunter.

"We'll deal with this silly ass outside, Frank!" he said. "Get hold of him!"

They took hold of the Owl by the scruff of his neck. A second later he was in the passage outside.

"Leave go! Ow! My neck's being broken!" shrieked Billy.

Harry gave the Owl a shake.

"You've got yourself out of training," he said, "so you'll have to get yourself in again. Run, you over-stuffed pig!"

"I—I couldn't run, Wharton!" wailed Billy. "I'm—I'm full up to here!"

He pointed to his chin.

"Then it'll have to be shaken down," remarked Frank. "Come on, get a move on!"

He helped him to start with a carefully-applied boot.

"Yow-ow-ow! Groooogh!"

"Don't waste time!" cried Harry.

"I've got a boot handy, too!"

"Twice round the cinder-track you're going, my fat tulip!" explained Nugent, chuckling.

"It'll take off ten stone of useless fat!"

"And at top speed, too," added the captain of the Remove.

They took him outside. He began to trot slowly, his breath coming in gasps even after that slight exertion.

"Ow-ow-ow! Ugh! You don't know how painful this is, you chaps!" he wailed.

"You'll ruin my form for the match! Skinner knew that a chap wants feeding when in training—keeps your weight up!"

"It'll be our fault if you're not ten pounds lighter when we've done with you!" declared Harry.

"Faster, you porpoise!"

Billy increased his speed. They reached the cinder-track. He panted, he puffed.

Wharton took him by the collar at one side, Frank at the other.

"Buck up!" they shouted.

Groan!

By the time he had got round once, the perspiration was flowing off him in huge drops.

"That's enough, you fellows!" he moaned. "I'm dying as it is! I can't go another step!"

"Got to, Billy!" Nugent informed him.

"You're getting lighter every

moment," remarked Wharton. "One more round, and you'll be like a feather!"

The pace increased. Billy's groans became less frequent. He had lost the breath to groan. Finally, the round finished.

Wharton and Nugent gave Bunter a final shove. He collapsed in a heap on the ground.

"Quite comfy there, Bunter?" asked Nugent. "Then we'll go."

"If I'd only got enough breath in my lungs," the Owl moaned, "I'd let you know what I think of Rugger teams!"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter Resigns!

"My hat! That's a hot side!" Bob Cherry made the remark as he stood in front of the notice-board.

The Highcliff captain had sent over the names of the team who were to play in the first Rugger match that had ever taken place between the two schools.

"Read it out, Cherry!" cried Monty Newland.

Bob did so.

"Courtenay, De Courcy, Smithson, Benson, Yates, Pousonby, Blades, Weston, Monson, Vavasour, Gadsby, Drury, Merton, Tunstall, Derwent."

"Whewwh!" Tom Redwing gave a prolonged whistle.

"And they've been playing the game all this term!" said Peter Todd.

"They beat a team from Ashford last week," said Ogilvy.

Harry Wharton had strolled into the room.

"What if they did?" he exclaimed.

"They'll find they're up against something different this time."

"Batson is as pleased as Punch with the way the fellows have come on," remarked Tom Redwing.

"I heard him gassing to old Quelch this afternoon, after the practice."

"Hope we don't disappoint him!" exclaimed Bob.

Billy Bunter stood in the doorway and blinked on the assembled company. He was no longer the Billy of a week ago.

After his experience of the painful results of unlawful eating, he had eschewed pastries and the tuckshop for seven long days.

The results were amazing! The rolls of fat had miraculously disappeared.

He was still enormous, but there was more muscle than fat in his composition.

He could actually breathe without snorting!

"Disappoint him?" he repeated.

"Well, I shan't! He told me to-day that I was one of the most remarkable footballers he had ever come across!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So you are, Billy!" exclaimed Bob.

"I had a note this morning asking me to turn up for the trial games for the International match—England versus Scotland!"

"Want you to sell the programmes, eh?" asked Harry Wharton.

Billy Bunter looked highly annoyed.

"I—I really can't allow you to speak to me like that, Wharton!" he said.

"It's very undignified to a distinguished Rugger player like myself."

"Go and stew yourself!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"I—I refuse to stew myself!" answered Billy.

"Though, if I did, you and your Rugger team would be jolly well in the soup!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Billy's made a joke!" exclaimed Ogilvy.

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

NEXT MONDAY! **MR. BUNTER—FORM-MASTER!**

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 730.

"What's more, if Wharton and you fellows insult me like this, I'll—"

"Yes, Billy?"
 "I'll refuse to play in the Highcliffe match!" the Owl declared. He gazed round to see how this portentous announcement was taken. But no one seemed impressed.

"Yes, the more I think of it the more that seems the proper course to adopt," said Bunter with great dignity. "Wharton, I'm sorry, but I shall have to resign from the Rugger team. I'm not treated with the correct amount of respect!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 The captain of the Remove turned to Dick Penfold. Dick was the reserve forward in case anyone dropped out.

"Hear that, Penfold?" he remarked. "Bunter refuses to play to-morrow. So we shall need you. Perhaps it's a good thing. Billy would probably have mucked the whole game up. You've been keeping fit, eh?"

Dick Penfold nodded.
 "Been in strict training the whole time," he answered.

Bunter's eyes opened wide. He had not expected his remark to be taken like this.

He thought Wharton would have fallen on his neck and wept. Instead, he had accepted his resignation gladly.

"I—I say, Wharton," he cried, "I—I didn't mean you to take my remark too seriously. I—I—"

"That's all right, you fat freak!" answered Harry. "I was always doubtful of playing you." Penfold's—a—

"No, I—I withdraw my resignation!" cried the Owl. "You couldn't possibly do without me. I'm the brawn and the brain! I'll play! Consider my remarks unsaid. And you fellows needn't apologise for the insults!"

"Hadn't thought of doing so!" exclaimed Ogilvy.

"Well, you've managed to keep out of the tuckshop," said Harry. "Otherwise I wouldn't bother about you. Now, clear off and go for a five-mile run. There's still another roll of fat to come off you!"

The excitement over the coming match was intense in the school, and in Friar-dale and Courtfield, too.

Highcliffe treated the game very coolly. They believed they had the softest of soft things on.

Ponsonby and Blades, two of the High-cliffe nuts, met Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull out for a training run. The nuts were strolling along the road, smoking.

They gave a roar of laughter as they saw the Removites.

"Begad! That's energy!" exclaimed Ponsonby. "You in the team against us at Rugger?"

"Yes."

"Then you're in for the biggest hiding you've ever had!" declared the nut. "I've just been giving ten quid to one about the result with a pal of mine in Courtfield—twice over, too. I pity you poor beggars."

"Sorry we should have anything to do with your losing twenty quid," answered Bob as he passed on.

The final practices had taken place, and a couple of games played against scratch teams from the rest of the school.

Coker, who showed promise of being a really good player, was very anxious to take part in the match. Wharton had definitely refused. Coker might have strengthened the team undoubtedly, but Harry was determined that none out of the Remove should be in the fifteen. Win or lose, it was going to be their own effort.

The day came. The hour arrived.

Never had there been such a crowd on the Greyfriars ground. The whole of the two schools were there, and almost the whole of Friar-dale, Courtfield, and Pegg.

A well-known Ashford player was to referee. Bateson was on the touchline, an anxious spectator.

The Highcliffe fifteen were already on the ground when Harry led his team up. Courtenay, the Highcliffe captain, came up to Harry and shook his hand.

"Hope we shan't give you too bad a beating, Wharton," he said, "but as it's your first game you must expect it. Shall we toss?"

They tossed, and Harry won. He picked up the ball and threw it to Bob Cherry.

"Kick off, Bob!" he said.
 And the game began.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Remove for Ever!

THE great game had started! The ball went to Ponsonby, playing wing. He gave it a huge punt, and it fell into touch.

A scrum was formed, and the High-cliffe halves got the ball from it. In a second it was passed out to their three-quarters. Blades took it, dodged Archie Howell and Bulstrode, and scored a try right behind the goal-posts.

Frank Courtenay took the kick at goal, and easily managed to add the major points.

The Highcliffe supporters gave a shriek of delight and a roar of laughter. Two

minutes' play only, and five points already! That was the style to show them!

Ponsonby laughed as he went back to his place.

"Not so bad, Blades," he said. "But it's too easy, isn't it?"

Blades nodded his head.
 "Child's play!" he remarked. "It'll be fifty points before half-time!"

Harry heard the remark. He was intended to.

"The game's young yet," he said. "Wait till it's over before you start bragging!"

After this first reverse the Removites pulled themselves together. They shoved splendidly in the scrum against the heavier Highcliffe pack. They got the ball out, and the three-quarters always made ground when they got it.

David Morgan and Frank Nugent, at half, were working together splendidly. The Greyfriars supporters took heart.

"Go it, Remove!" they shouted. "You'll beat these Highcliffe chaps all right!"

Harry Wharton was determined that they should. He himself was playing a giant's game. His tackling was superb.

Once De Courcy of Highcliffe got the ball from the line out at touch, and passed it cleverly to Frank Courtenay. The latter took the pass neatly, and ran his hardest. He passed through the Remove forwards, and got past Vernon-Smith. There was only Bulstrode left to pass.

Bulstrode threw himself at the High-cliffe captain. He missed him!

A groan came from the touch line, a



Wharton tried to get round the full-back, but Monson threw himself out and got Harry's legs. There was a groan from the crowd on the touch-line as the Remove captain fell. But as he fell Harry passed out to Dupont, who was just over on the wing. (See Chapter 8.)

shriek of delight from the Highcliffe spectators.

Ponsonby called out to his captain.

"No one to pass, Courtenay," he cried, in his sneering way. "Just trot in and score."

But he reckoned without the captain of the Remove. Harry was far behind Courtenay, and the latter was taking it easy. Harry put on his full speed. He gained on Courtenay.

Then, just as the latter was on the point of crossing the line and grounding the ball, he hurled himself at him.

The next moment Courtenay found himself sprawling on the grass. The ball fell from him.

"Oh, well tackled!" cried the Greyfriars fellows.

The groan this time came from the Highcliffe team. It had been a certain try, and it was snatched out of their grasp!

The game continued at top speed. Now Highcliffe attacked, now Greyfriars. But before half-time came the visiting team had scored twice more; once by a splendid run of De Courcy's, the second time by a forward rush of the whole Highcliffe scrum. Only one of these tries was converted into a goal, but at half-time Highcliffe were leading by thirteen points to nil!

Some of the Highcliffe players strolled up to Harry Wharton and his team at half-time. Ponsonby and Blades were amongst them.

"You fellows don't play a bad game," remarked Courtenay.

"No, not at all," added Blades, in a supercilious fashion.

"I'm afraid we'll pile up the points rather heavily this next half," said Ponsonby. "But you mustn't be discouraged!"

"I believe Cliff House are thinking of starting a team," remarked Blades, with a laugh. "I should challenge them, if I were you."

Harry Wharton reddened.

"The match isn't over yet," he said calmly.

"As good as over," declared Blades. "But we've quite enjoyed the exercise."

"You'll have more exercise before we've finished with you!" suddenly cried Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Highcliffe team roared with laughter.

"It really isn't fair," said Ponsonby, "to put that thing in the team against us, Wharton!"

"We can hardly stand up for laughing," added Blades. "Never seen such a sight on a footer field before!"

The referee blew the whistle for the game to recommence.

"Now, you fellows," said Wharton to his team. "You've to show them what we can do this half. If we all play like we did in practice we can beat them."

Then began the second half of the game. And never before had such a game been witnessed on the Greyfriars ground.

From a scrum in the first minute David Morgan got the ball. He pretended to pass it to Frank Nugent. Instead, he gave a dummy pass and went through himself. Courtenay, playing half against him, attempted to tackle him, but missed him hopelessly.

The Welshman got round. Harry Wharton backed him up. He took a pass beautifully from him, and went like lightning for the Highcliffe line. He got up to the back, Monson. He tried to get round him. Monson threw himself out and got Harry's legs.

The captain of the Remove fell. There was a groan from the Removites on the touch-line.

But as he fell, Harry looked round. Dupont was ten yards behind him. He threw the ball to him. It was too high a pass, but the Frenchman jumped. He caught it cleverly.

The next moment he was over the line, and had scored the first try.

There was a yell of delight from the school.

"Hurrah! Good old Remove!"

"That's the stuff to give them!"

Harry Wharton took the place kick. It was a difficult angle. But he hadn't been practising place-kicking all this last week for nothing. Bob placed the ball

for his shot. The ball sailed over the crossbar!

"Goal!"

For the next ten minutes Highcliffe pressed strongly. They were nettled at the reverse. But, try as they would, they could not score.

On the other hand, Vernon-Smith intercepted a pass intended for Ponsonby, and, racing the length of the field, scored again. Once more Harry Wharton took the kick. Once more he kicked a goal!

"Fine, Smithy!" roared the Removites.

"You've got them beaten!" yelled Bateson, their coach. "Another try and you're equal!"

The Highcliffe team grouped together for a moment.

"Look here, this is all nonsense!" exclaimed Frank Courtenay. "You're slacking off! Play up!"

And, truth to tell, the training was beginning to tell. The Remove had got their second wind, and could keep the pace up as long as desired.

The Highcliffe team, on the other hand, were in nothing like the same trim. The nuts of the team, Ponsonby, Blades, Monson, Gadsby & Co., had been smoking and over-feeding, as was customary with them.

They had thought they had an easy thing on against the Remove, and now they were feeling the effects of the fast game.

They put on a momentary spurt. Frank Courtenay, after a good run, nearly crossed the Greyfriars line. He was beautifully tackled by Bulstrode. A long kick into touch relieved the pressure.

David Morgan threw the ball out from touch. It fell into Billy Bunter's hands.

The Removites groaned. He would be sure to make a mess of it! All through the game he had been making awful mistakes, hurling the ball about wildly, never tackling a fellow. Only in the scrum had he been of use. There his enormous weight had helped.

"Like a brick wall to shove against!" De Courcy of Highcliffe had complained.

But this time the fat Removite had the chance of his life!

"Pass the ball to Nugent!" shrieked Harry Wharton.

But Billy blinked his fat eyes.

"I—I can't see Nugent!" he cried.

"I haven't got my spectacles!"

He put the ball under his arm and began to trot towards the Highcliffe line.

The Highcliffe forwards rushed for him. He shoved them aside.

"Go it, Bunter!" cried the Greyfriars spectators.

"Bless my soul! He's going to score a try!" roared Mr. Quelch, who had been following the game with greatest interest.

"Collar that fat chump!" yelled Frank Courtenay.

It was easier said than done. Billy's fatness itself made him extraordinarily difficult to get hold of. A dozen pairs of hands went for him. They slipped off.

Still Billy trotted on. He saw the dim outlines of the goal-posts ahead of him. He made for them.

His momentum was amazing. Now that he had started to run, it seemed as though nothing could stop him!

On the very goal-line Courtenay went for him with a last despairing effort. He got his arms around the huge mass. He brought him down!

But it was too late! Billy fell, but he

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fell with the ball over the line, his hands still clutching it.

The referee blew his whistle.

"A try!" he shouted.

A cheer the like of which had not sounded before rose from the spectators. Billy Bunter, the fat Owl of the Remove, had scored a try. It was unbelievable, unthinkable!

Frank Nugent rushed up to him and shook him by the hand.

"Billy, you're a wonder!" he cried. "You shall have the feed of your life for this!"

Billy Bunter beamed in an "I told you so!" manner.

There was a deathly silence as Wharton took the kick. Would he place a goal? If he did, the Remove would be ahead.

Very careful was Bob Cherry in placing the ball. But, by some mischance, it rolled over. Harry kicked, but the Highcliffe team, rushing out, charged the kick down.

Thirteen points all, and twelve minutes to play.

The excitement was intense. Frank Courtenay had a glum look on his face. Ponsonby was sneering, but he was far from comfortable. He did not forget that if Highcliffe did not win he would lose a matter of twenty pounds.

He gave a look at David Morgan. It was he who was doing most of the mischief. His play had been brilliant all through the game. If only he was off the field, Highcliffe would get through the defence easily.

The game began anew. The pace was furious. The collaring was keen and determined. Five minutes went by. There was no score.

Then, from a long kick by Courtenay, David Morgan, catching the ball, started a movement among the backs.

Ponsonby watched him, and an ugly look came on his face. Morgan ran along the touch-line, dodging in and out through the opposing forwards. He came opposite to Ponsonby, and like lightning, gave a quick pass to Wharton, who was backing him up.

Ponsonby took no notice of the pass. Morgan had got rid of the ball, and had no right to be touched.

But the Highcliffe cad cared nothing for that. He rushed at the Welshman, collared him, and, with all his force, hurled him to the ground.

There was a second's horrified silence from the spectators. Then there was an angry shout from five hundred throats. "Foul! He hadn't the ball!"

"Yah! Highcliffe cad!"

"You brute, Ponsonby!"

The ball had gone into touch, and it was Harry Wharton, running up, who made the remark.

"Sorry," said Ponsonby. "I thought he had the ball. These little accidents will happen, you know."

But it was not a little accident. Morgan was lying stunned and winded on the ground. Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, Dr. Locke, and Mr. Quelch ran up to the scene of the accident.

The headmaster turned to Ponsonby. "I'm ashamed of you," he said. "I wouldn't have believed a Highcliffe fellow would have done such a thing!"

Ponsonby put on an aggrieved look.

"It was quite unintentional, sir," he said. "I've only collared him quite gently."

"It was a foul bit of play!" declared Dr. Locke. "And deliberate, too."

Harry Wharton looked anxiously up at the Head.

"Will Morgan be able to play on, sir?" he asked.

Dr. Locke examined the half-back. Then he shook his head.

"No chance of that," he said. "I only hope he isn't seriously injured."

Morgan opened his eyes.

"I'm—I'm all right, sir," he murmured pluckily. "I can go on."

"I'm afraid not, Morgan," answered Dr. Locke.

He drew him to the side and laid him on the ground with a coat over him.

Harry Wharton turned to the referee. "Shall we start, sir?" he said.

The referee nodded.

"Nothing else for it," he replied. "Five minutes more to play."

"Now, you fellows, show them that fourteen Greyfriars chaps are worth fifteen of Highcliffe!" cried the Remove captain.

And show them they did. That last five minutes of the first Rucker match at Greyfriars will live in the remembrance of all who saw it.

The Highcliffe team redoubled their energies. Morgan's absence made all the difference to the Remove team. Half a dozen times it seemed as though Highcliffe must score. They simply lived on the Greyfriars half.

But they were kept out. Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Bulstrode seemed to be everywhere, collaring or falling on the ball. The spectators were in a frenzy of excitement.

Then an amazing thing happened.

In the very last minute of the game Morgan suddenly staggered on to the field. He took his place at half-back. He was almost too dazed to know what he was doing.

There was a scrum in the Greyfriars half. Highcliffe got the ball. They were about to pass it out to Frank Courtenay on the wing, when David Morgan ran round, took the pass that was intended for Courtenay, and made for the Highcliffe line.

The movement was so unexpected that no one was there to stop him. He ran on, but Ponsonby was after him. He was catching him up. In a moment he would have him!

Morgan felt his strength giving out. What should he do? He could not run a dozen steps more. He was certain to be collared.

He paused, gathered his wits together, and took a drop at goal. Ponsonby threw himself at him, collared him.

But it was too late. He had got in his kick. Straight as a die the ball rose in the air, and sailed triumphantly over the crossbar! Greyfriars had won!

The whistle went for the close of play. The surging crowd rushed on to the ground.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Bateson made for Morgan.

"Magnificent!" he exclaimed. "The finest bit of pluck I've ever seen on a Rucker ground!"

The Remove took Morgan on their shoulders. They chaired him, he being hardly conscious of what they were doing.

The Head came up to the captain of the Remove.

"I congratulate you, Wharton," he said. "You all played splendidly. It shows what the Remove can do when they put their backs into a thing!"

Wingate came up as well.

"Congrats, Wharton," he remarked warmly. "A very creditable display. Dr. Locke has been speaking to me about the matter, and the seniors are going to follow your example and have a Rucker team."

That night was a night of nights for the Remove! In the Common-room there was spread the greatest feast even they had ever known.

(Continued on page 20.)

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It had been Billy Bunter's idea, and he had been allowed to order the provisions! The tables were groaning with them. Pies, cakes, hams, fruit, sausage-rolls, chocolates, eclairs, mince-pies.

At the top of the table the Rugger fifteen were seated. At the lower tables were the rest of the Remove. The grub seemed to have accumulated chiefly in front of Billy Bunter. He was out of training now, and the plates of food no sooner appeared in front of him than they disappeared!

There was a call for a speech from Harry Wharton. He got up.

"I'm no good at gassing, you chaps," he said, "but to-day's match was the best footer game I've ever played in!"

"Hurrah! Three cheers for the captain of the Remove!"

The room took the cheers up, and the roof shook with the noise.

"We've taken those Highcliffe fellows down a peg or two," went on Harry. "Any time they like we'll take them on again—"

"And give them a bigger thrashing (ill!)" cried Bob Cherry.

"And anyone else who likes to challenge us!" added Frank Nugent.

Harry raised his glass.

"Now, I want to give you the toast of the evening!" he cried. "To the finest, pluckiest player on the side! The fellow who won us the match!"

Billy Bunter, a lump of currant cake filling up his two cheeks, rose to his feet, and gave a bow.

"Thank you very much, Wharton!" he answered. "It's quite natural of you, of course, to propose my health, and—"

"Shut up, you fat porpoise!" shouted Johnny Bull.

Billy blinked his eyes. They were almost closed up.

"I don't know what you mean, Bull," he said. "I'm very glad to have won the match for the Remove. And I'm glad you all appreciate that I am far and away the pluckiest player in the team!"

A lump of cake caught the Owl beautifully on the cheek.

"Ow ow-ow! You beasts!" he yelled.

"We're not referring to you!" cried Bob Cherry. "You guzzling ass!"

Harry Wharton turned to Morgan. He was better now, and had been able to do justice to the spread.

"Here's to David Morgan!" cried Wharton. "The best Rugger half-back in all the schools of England!"

Everyone rose to his feet except Davey. The door opened, and Mr. Quelch appeared on the scene.

"I quite agree," he said. "I came here to add my congratulations, and I am pleased to see that you are appreciating what was undoubtedly an extremely plucky piece of play. Mr. Quelch paused until the deafening cheers subsided. "Now, there is a time-honoured song which strikes me as being particularly suitable to the occasion. I refer to that which has for chorus, 'For he's a jolly—'"

Mr. Quelch's voice was drowned the next moment, for all the juniors took up the song. And Davey Morgan, hero of the Remove Rugger team, thought it was worse than being knocked about on the field!

THE END.



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