

PRESENTED FREE WITH THIS ISSUE! TWO REAL PHOTOS OF THESE FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS!



ANDREW WILSON,  
of Middlesbrough.

Week Ending  
June 17th, 1922.

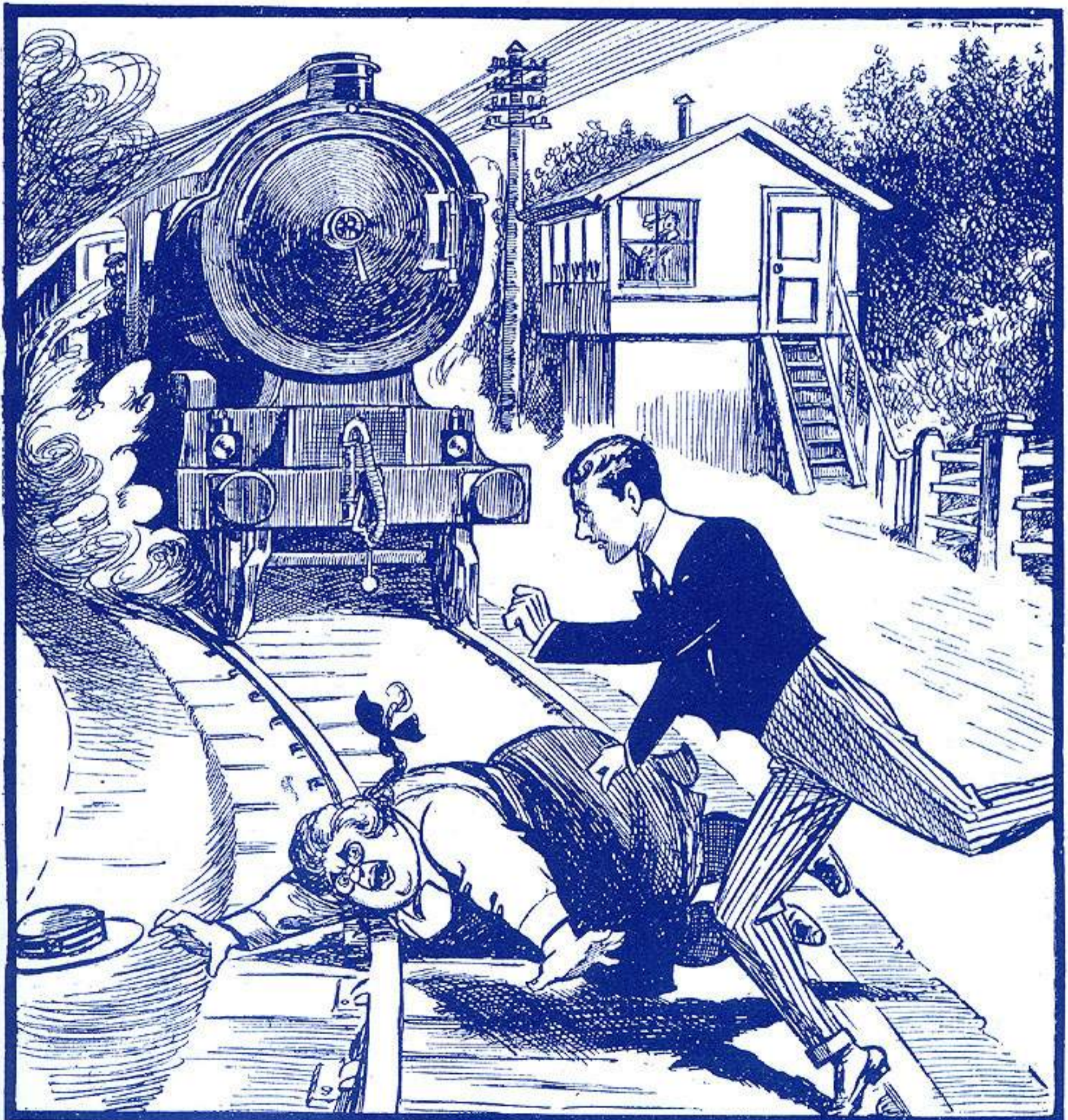
# The Magnet Library

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No. 749, Vol. XXI.



JAMES GILL,  
of Cardiff.



## THE COURAGE OF A SNOB!

Algernon de Vero's Heroic Dash  
to the Rescue of Bessie Bunter.

(A dramatic episode in the long complete tale in this issue.)





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.

### MORE PHOTOS COMING!

This week the Companion Papers are again presenting readers with splendid, real photos of famous footballers and boxers, and a magnificent, coloured engine plate.

These photographs, I hope, are being kept in an album, for they will make a splendid collection by the time the series are completed. The engine plates, too, will greatly improve any boy's album—for the colours are many and gorgeous.

Next week the Companion Papers will again present to readers photos of famous sportsmen. The MAGNET Library will be prominent with a splendid action photo of Harold Gough, the famous midfielder of Sheffield United, whilst the "Gem" Library will be appearing with photos of F. Roberts, of Bolton Wanderers, and Fletcher of Barnsley, as a free gift to readers. The "Boys' Friend" is presenting still another free, real photo of the series of "Rising Boxing Stars," which will have Buster Lake as the subject.

The "Popular" will be on sale on Tuesday, with a splendid coloured engine plate, showing the Glasgow & South Western Railway Co.'s biggest and best express locomotive as it appears on the line, in accurate colours and detail.

Whilst on the subject of these free gifts, I am sorry to learn from many

readers that they have not obtained certain issues containing photos or plates, which they wanted to make their sets complete. At the same time, I must say I have asked my chums to order their copies of the Companion Papers. By doing so they help me, and they make certain they do not miss any photo or plate.

So, if you are to be certain of your copies, order them right away. Ordering a copy of a paper does not cost you any more than if you just drop into the shop and ask for it. But you run the risk of not getting what you want if you do not order.

### THE ALBUMS.

Readers of the MAGNET Library can obtain albums for their free photos by sending a postal order for sixpence, or four three-halfpenny stamps to

"The MAGNET Album Office,  
7-9, Pilgrim Street,  
Ludgate Hill,  
E.C.4."

Readers applying for albums are earnestly requested to send their names and addresses with their orders. By omitting to do this they render it impossible for us to know from whence the order has come. Do not send actual coins through the post.

All albums will be sent as early as possible, but, of course, that doesn't necessarily mean return of post! Every reader must take his or her turn. That's only fair.

### FOR NEXT MONDAY.

#### "THE SNOB'S SECRET!"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. and De Vere, at Greyfriars.

De Vere has any amount of bounce, far too much, in the opinion of some of the juniors and seniors. But De Vere has a secret—something he does not want the others to know. Lord Mauleverer is the only junior in the secret, and he keeps the matter quiet.

But it becomes apparent to all the Remove that the snob has got a secret—and some of them try to find out what that secret is.

The MAGNET Library will be on sale as usual next Monday morning.

### SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT NEXT MONDAY.

Next week's supplement is a special one—Harry Wharton has called it a Special June Number.

June is a glorious month, when schoolboy spirits are at their highest. Certainly the contributors to our next supplement were in high spirits when they wrote their articles, stories, or verses, and drew their sketches.

You must not miss Harry Wharton's Special June Number.

### "POPULAR" RAILWAY ENGINES.

It is worth noticing the different kinds of railway engines. The whole history of our railways is to be found in the shape and style of the locomotive.

The new plates, printed in correct colours, now being given away in the "Popular," show the latest models. These have developed from the strangest types. Sometimes you see in a goods yard or depot a curious-looking squat engine fussing round amongst the coal-trucks. It was at one time the very latest design.

Year by year new ideas have been adopted. But it would be no good saying that even a magnificent express engine of the Great Western or one of the Northern lines was the last word.

There is no last word in engineering. We are always improving on the best, or what has seemed to be the best.

### TAUNTON'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

I have received a copy of this magazine from R. H. To my thinking, it may be taken as an example of what a school magazine should be. I have never seen a better periodical of its kind.

F. Bottomley, 48, Downhills Park Road, Tottenham, London, N. 15, would like to hear from a reader, age 15-17, willing to accompany him on a walking and camping-out holiday in the summer. Also wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, interested in the "Great Outdoors."

## THE COMPANION PAPERS. THIS WEEK'S GRAND FREE GIFTS!

**MONDAY.**—In this issue are presented TWO real photos of A. Wilson and J. Gill, who are prominent players for Middlesbro' and Cardiff.

In the "Boys' Friend" is given away a splendid real photo of Seaman Hall, the boxing star of the Navy.

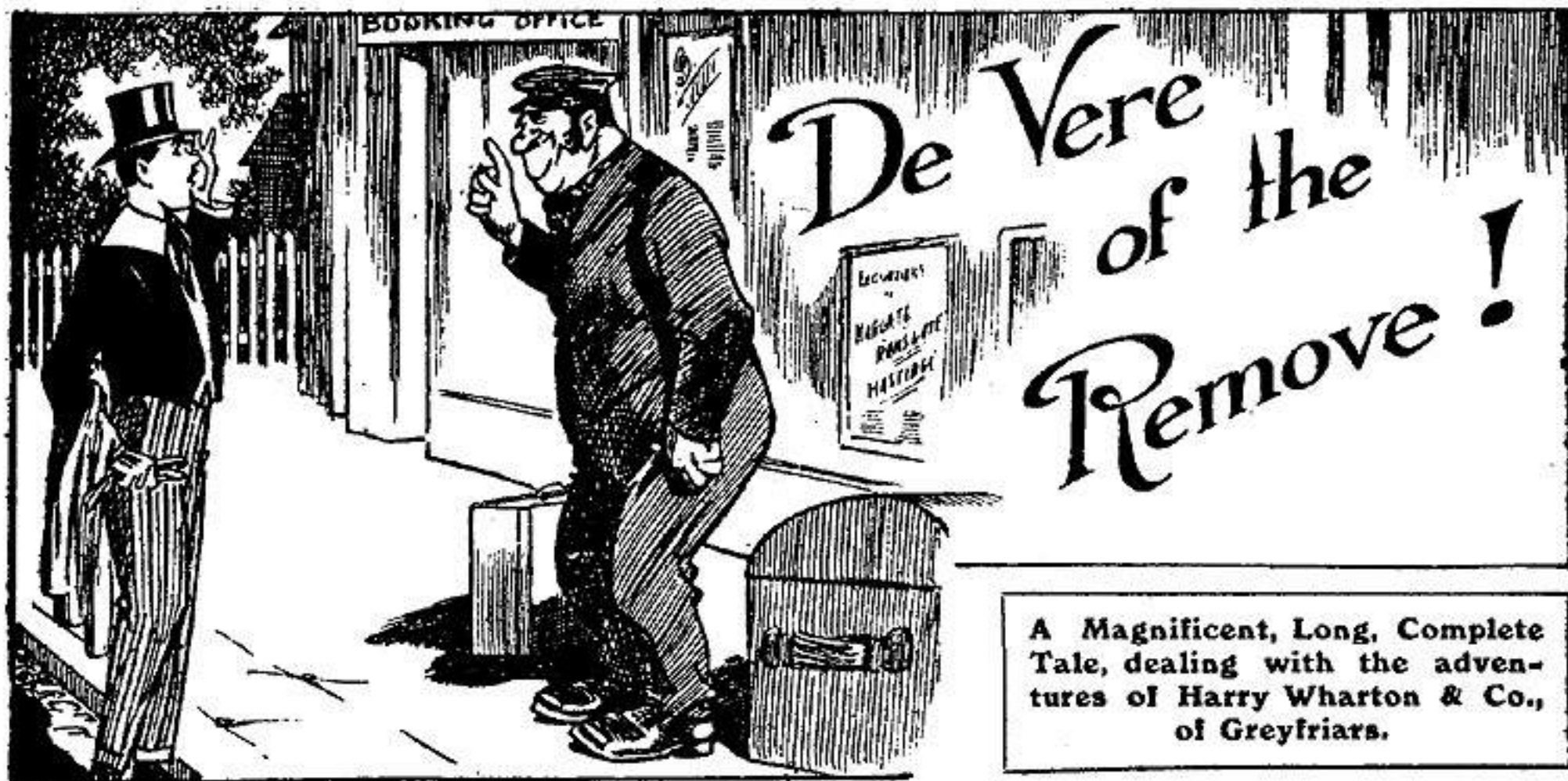
**TUESDAY.**—In the "Popular" will be given away a magnificent coloured plate of a tank engine of the North Staffs Railway.

**WEDNESDAY.**—In the "Gem" Library will be given away a marvellous real photo of W. Blyth, of the Arsenal, in action on the field of play.

### MOST IMPORTANT!

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





A Magnificent, Long, Complete Tale, dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars.

## By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Wharton's Luck!

"ALGERNON DE VERE!"  
 "What a stunning name!"  
 "Relation of mine, very likely!" remarked Billy Bunter thoughtfully.

Whereat there was a chuckle among the Remove fellows. Billy Bunter gave them an indignant blink.

"You can cackle," he said, "but it's very likely indeed. The Bunters and the De Veres came over together with the Conqueror. There was a marriage between the two great families in the reign of—of Henry the Ninth—"

"Which?"

"I—I mean Charles the Third!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Make it Edward the Eleventh!" suggested Bob Cherry sarcastically.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"I wish the blessed new chap was a relation of Bunter," remarked Harry Wharton. "Then Bunter could take the job off my hands of meeting him at the station. As it is, Mr. Quelch has asked me to go, and I suppose I must."

"Well, you don't meet a chap named Algernon de Vere every day, if that's any consolation!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"It isn't," said Harry. "I thought of mentioning to Quelch that we're booked for tea at Cliff House this afternoon; but he might have thought I didn't want to go to the station when he asked me."

"Well, you don't want to!" observed Johnny Bull.

"Nunno! But it's one of the pleasures of being head of the Form to be picked out for jobs like this," said the captain of the Remove. "It's up to me, I suppose."

"Let's all go!" said Nugent.

Wharton shook his head.

"Rot! You're not going to waste your half-holiday. You fellows buzz off to Cliff House, and tell Marjorie I'll be along later," said Harry. "Can't be helped!"

"Leave it to me," suggested Billy Bunter. "I don't mind taking the trouble, to oblige you, Wharton."

"Rats!" was Wharton's ungrateful reply.

"I mean it!" said Bunter. "I'll go! In fact, I'd rather like to meet this chap De Vere, and make his acquaintance. You see—"

"Quite a useful acquaintance for you to make, Bunter," remarked Bob. "He's never heard of your postal order yet! You might be able to get him to cash it for you in advance—what! I remember you worked that on me when I was a new kid at Greyfriars."

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Cut it out, Bunter!" said Wharton, laughing. "You're not going. I wish the new chap was anywhere else, on this special afternoon, but I'm not leaving him to your tender mercies." Wharton looked at his watch. "The train's in at three, and it's twenty to now. I'll get off. I ought to be able to land him here, this side up with care, and get away again by four. Ta-ta!"

The captain of the Remove walked away to the gates, while the Co. proceeded to the bike-shed for their machines.

It was a sunny afternoon in early summer, and Wharton had been looking forward to the visit to Cliff House School, and a ramble with Marjorie & Co. on the cliffs, and tea in the school-room afterwards. He really was not very interested in the new junior who was coming to Greyfriars, although that youth bore the distinguished name of Algernon de Vere. But a request from a Form-master amounted to something like a command; and Wharton was willing to oblige his Form-master, especially as there was not very much choice about the matter.

He walked along the leafy lane towards Friardale cheerily enough, hoping to get the new boy off his hands in time to cycle over to Cliff House for tea, at least.

There was a whir of bicycles, and a cheery "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" as the Co. passed on their machines, and turned off into the lane that led to Cliff House.

Wharton waved his hand, and kept on towards Friardale.

He was halfway to the village, in the

dip of the lane, under the big trees, when four youths in shining silk-hats came into view, sauntering towards him.

Wharton frowned a little as he recognised Ponsonby & Co., of Highcliffe School.

Ponsonby & Co. were much given to ragging any Greyfriars fellow they met when the odds were on their side, and Wharton prepared for trouble at once.

He had to pass the Highcliffians to reach the village, and he did not expect to pass unchallenged.

As soon as they saw him, Ponsonby & Co. exchanged glances, and smiled. They halted in a row across the rather narrow lane.

There they waited for Wharton to come up, and also waited to see whether any of his chums were coming on behind. If the rest of the Famous Five had appeared in view, Ponsonby & Co. would have strolled on with lofty indifference.

But as Wharton came steadily on, and the stretch of dusty lane behind him remained empty, they knew that he was alone, so the heroes of Highcliffe prepared for war.

"Walkin' right into our lovin' arms, dear boys!" Ponsonby murmured to his companions. "Too proud an' haughty to dodge into the wood and mizzle, as Bunter would!"

"Pride goes before a fall, in this case!" grinned Gadsby.

"Not to mention a bumpin'!" remarked Monson.

"An' a merry raggin'!" said Vavasour.

The Nuts of Highcliffe chuckled, their eyes fixed on Wharton as he came up. Well they knew that the captain of the Greyfriars Remove was a hefty fighting-man; but odds of four to one were too much for him, that was certain; and Ponsonby did not mean to let this opportunity pass. Harry Wharton had to stop when he reached the row of juniors across the lane, as they blocked the way.

"Let me pass," he said quietly.

"In a hurry?" smiled Ponsonby.

"Well, yes."

"That's a pity. You see, we're not lettin' you pass just yet," said Ponsonby.

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politely. "We haven't seen you for quite a long time, old bean, and your company's too agreeable to be parted with in a hurry! Isn't it, you fellows?"

"Absolutely!" grinned Vavasour.

Harry Wharton drew back a pace or two as the Highcliffians closed in. He held up his hand.

"Hold on!" he said. "I've no time for ragging now. I'm going to the station to meet a new kid who arrives there at three, and it's nearly three now. Let me pass, please!"

It went against the grain to speak civilly to the four grinning Highcliffians, but Wharton constrained himself to do so. He had his Form-master's instructions to carry out, if it could be done. Cecil Ponsonby signed to his comrades to hold off, and assumed a thoughtful air.

"Honest Injun?" he asked, as if undecided.

departin' from the straight an' narrow line of veracity, just to get out of a raggin'. I'm shocked at you, Wharton—you a shinin' example to errin' youth, too!"

"Let me pass!" rapped out Wharton, quite at the end of his patience now. "Stand aside, or I shall hit out."

"Run for your lives!" exclaimed Ponsonby, with an exaggerated air of alarm, and the Highcliffe Nuts roared.

Wharton wasted no more time. It was pretty clear that he was not going to pass without a scrap; and he made up his mind to it. He clenched his fists and strode on, right at the Highcliffians.

"Collar him!" yelled Ponsonby, closing in.

Crash! Cecil Ponsonby was on his back in the dust the next moment, yelling; and Harry Wharton was struggling desperately with the other three.

Wharton went down with a terrific crash in the road, and the Highcliffe juniors sprawled over him.

He panted and struggled under the three—Vavasour seemed to be hors de combat; but he was not needed. Now that the Greyfriars junior was down, the three were quite able to deal with him.

Gadsby planted a knee on his chest, and Ponsonby grasped his wrists and dragged them together. Monson pitched his cap over the fence and laid hold of his thick hair.

"Got the cad!" gasped Ponsonby. "Oh, my nose! We've got him."

"Keep quiet, you Greyfriars rotter!" panted Gadsby, as the captain of the Remove still resisted.

"Lend a hand here, Vav!" shouted Ponsonby.

"My hat's smashed."

"Bother your hat."

## A. Wilson of Middlesbrough, and J. Gill of Cardiff City.

All about the two footballers who form the subjects of our Grand Free Photos.

### ANDREW WILSON

(Middlesbrough Centre-Forward).

**T**O be generally regarded as the world's best centre-forward is a distinction of which any footballer has a right to be proud, and there are few people who would be prepared to deny that Andrew Wilson, who leads the Middlesbrough attack, has earned that title. He is a Scotsman, having been born at Cambuslang, but he was practically an unknown youngster when Middlesbrough picked him up and gave him a few games before the war. At that time, though, there was no regular place for Wilson in the Tees-side attack, nor were the possibilities of the player completely foreseen.

During the war, though, when he played his part as a soldier right royally, he found opportunities to improve his football, even though he met with a serious injury to his left arm, of which he has not even yet recovered complete use. When normal conditions were restored after the conflict, Wilson wanted to settle down again in Scotland, but Middlesbrough still wanted to claim him. This meant that he could not play in a first-class club in Scotland, so he threw in his lot with Dunfermline Athletic, and was said to

be the highest-paid player in the world. Eventually, Dunfermline went into the Scottish League, and for last season Wilson, the wizard centre, returned to Middlesbrough, and scored more goals than any other player.

Since the war he has played at centre-forward for Scotland in every international match, and has never failed to score at least once in these annual struggles against England. Last April he got the one goal which enabled the Scots to beat England at Villa Park.

In regard to his style of play, subtlety is his strong suit, for he is a great dribbler, always doing the unexpected. Andy is a real leader, too, as distinct from a mere dashing machine, and a centre-half who manages to prevent him from getting through at least once in a game has the right to go home with a feeling of "something attempted, something done." 5 ft. 8 ins.; 11 st. 6 lbs.

### JAMES GILL

(Cardiff City Inside-Right).

**D**URING the past two seasons Cardiff City have made a big stir in the football world, and one of the men who has had a big share in the success of the side in both League and Cup games is popular James

Gill, the inside-right. He is a schemer of the very top class, and, though he cost Cardiff City a transfer fee of nearly £3,000, when they secured him from Sheffield Wednesday for the 1920-21 season, Gill has been worth every penny of the money.

Sheffield is his native place, and as a schoolboy he played for England in an international match, his position then being inside-left. At times he has also played as an outside-left, but it is in the inside-right berth that he has achieved his greatest successes.

If Gill had not decided to devote most of his attention to the game of football, he would doubtless have achieved lasting fame on the running-track, for in his youth he had many sprinting triumphs, winning, among other things, the Blackpool Gala Sprint Handicap as back-marker inside even time. Is also the possessor of many other trophies of the track, and if there was a sprint competition for professional footballers, James Gill would make all the others go some in their efforts to beat him. Naturally, this pace is a great asset on the football field, and it is allied to remarkable skill and accuracy in the shooting line. 5 ft. 9 ins.; 11 st. 6 lbs.

(Next Monday's Free Real Photo will show Gough, of Sheffield United, in action.)

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

In the Hands of the Philistines!

**D**OWN him!" yelled Ponsonby, furiously, struggling to his feet, with the crimson oozing from his nose.

Gadsby and Monson and Vavasour were already doing their best to "down" the Greyfriars junior; but it was not an easy task.

Harry Wharton was putting up a fight that gave the three Nuts of Highcliffe plenty to do.

He received, and hardly heeded, half a dozen blows at close quarters, hitting out fiercely. Vavasour went sprawling in the dust over his silk hat, which crunched under him. But at the same time Ponsonby was on his feet, and he threw his arms round Wharton's neck from behind and dragged him backwards.

"It's ruined, absolutely!" wailed Vavasour.

"We'll take it out of this Greyfriars cad," said Ponsonby. "Anybody got a bit of whipcord?"

Gadsby had. In a few minutes it was knotted round Harry Wharton's wrists.

"Now jerk him among the trees," said Ponsonby. "Any minute some Greyfriars cads might come along."

"Good egg!"

The captured Removeite was dragged to his feet, powerless now in the hands of the enemy. The four Highcliffians hustled him through a gap in the fence into the wood that bordered the lane. A dozen yards from the lane they stopped.

"Safe as houses here," grinned Ponsonby. He dabbed his nose. "Take a turn of that cord round a branch, Gaddy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Honest Injun," said Harry.

"Of course, we wouldn't interfere if you're on business," said Ponsonby.

"And equally, of course, we don't doubt your word. We know that you're a shinin' moral example to youth—you fellows know it, don't you, too?"

"We do—we does!" grinned Gadsby.

"Absolutely!"

Wharton still controlled his temper, hoping to get through without a fight, if he allowed Ponsonby to finish his polite pleasantries.

"But, considerin' that we were goin' to give you a record raggin'," continued the cheerful Pon. "perhaps you'd better give us some particulars. Is it a new Remove kid you're goin' to meet?"

"Yes."

"Name?"

"Algernon de Vere."

"You're pullin' our leg," said Pon, wagging his finger at Wharton, "You're

NEXT MONDAY!

**"THE SNOB'S SECRET!"**

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A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS, By FRANK R. HARDS.



"You rotters!" shouted Wharton.  
 "Go it, old bean!" said Ponsonby amiably. "I don't mind your exercisin' your lungs, if it's any comfort. Yell as much as you like. Besides, we're goin' to give you somethin' to yell for."

Wharton gritted his teeth and was silent. He was quite at the mercy of his old enemies now.

Gadsby knotted the ends of the whipcord round a low branch, and Wharton stood under the tree, with his hands tied on a level above his head. The Nuts surrounded him, grinning, or, rather, three of them were grinning. Vavasour had picked up the remnant of his shining silk topper, and he regarded it mournfully. The most extensive ragging of the Greyfriars junior could not possibly repair that hat.

"How am I goin' to get home?" murmured Vavasour. "Can't possibly put that thing on! It's ruined absolutely!"

"Never mind your giddy hat—look at my nose!" growled Ponsonby. "I'm goin' to pull your nose for punchin' mine, Wharton."

"I shall use my feet if you do!" said Harry, drawing back his boot for a kick.

Ponsonby jumped back with alacrity.

"After all, we can let the Greyfriars cad off with this," he remarked. "We'll leave him here to ornament the landscape, and trot on to the station."

"What are we goin' to the station for?" asked Gadsby.

Ponsonby chuckled.

"Didn't you hear the cad say he was goin' to meet a new kid there. Can't leave a new kid hangin' up at the station waitin' to be called for!"

"Why not?" demanded Monson.

"What does it matter about a Greyfriars cad?"

"Because it will be much more entertainin', dear boy, to pull his leg and start him on the wrong road somewhere," answered Ponsonby coolly.

"Oh! It's a jape," said Monson, comprehending.

And the Nuts walked back through the trees to the lane, leaving Harry Wharton panting, and helpless to free himself.

"I say, I can't come to the station," said Vavasour, as the Highcliffe party emerged into the lane.

"Why not?"

"Look at my hat!" said Vavasour, dismally.

"Oh, take it away an' bury it," said Ponsonby impatiently. "You fellows come on, then, while Vav gives his hat a funeral."

"I want to bathe my eye," said Monson. "That brute gave me a jab right in the eye—"

"Bother your eye."

Ponsonby and Gadsby went on to the village, while Vavasour and Monson walked back to Highcliffe—Vavasour carrying his ruined hat in his hand. Harry Wharton was left striving to release his hands from the knotted whipcord, and striving in vain. His reflections were not pleasant. Mr. Quelch expected him to meet the new boy, De Vere, and conduct him safely to Greyfriars; instead of which it was evident that Ponsonby was going to play some ill-natured trick upon the unsuspecting newcomer. It was not Wharton's fault—but that did not console him very much.

Three o'clock had chimed out when Ponsonby and Gadsby walked up the old High Street of Friardale, and stopped at the station. With smiling faces, the two Nuts sauntered into the station to look for Algernon de Vere, the new Removite of Greyfriars.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Ponsonby's Little Joke!

"PORTER!"

"Yessir!"

"Call a taxi, please!"

The old porter at Friardale Station blinked at the rather tall, elegant youth who addressed him, and rubbed his nose.

"Taxi!" he repeated.

"Yes!"

"My 'at!" said the porter.

The old gentleman seemed quite overcome at the idea of calling a taxi in the quiet little village. Even the ancient hack, with its almost equally ancient horse, was not always available. And a taxi—

The youth looked at him impatiently.

He was a good-looking youth, with regular features, and a rather pale complexion. He was dressed with extreme elegance, in clothes that were evidently expensive. His Etons were remarkably well cut; his trousers had a really wonderful crease; his silk hat reflected the sunshine; his gloves were of the best; his cuffs were spotless. His boots gleamed like his topper, and his tie-pin gleamed more brightly than either. The light dustcoat he carried on his arm had cost not less than ten guineas.

Altogether, he was a most expensive-looking youth. The old porter regarded him with surprise, but with respect. He could understand that this quintessence of elegance and expense wanted a taxi, to keep him from coming into contact with the common earth. But that did

not alter the fact that a taxi was not to be had in Friardale for love nor money.

"Well, what are you waitin' for?" asked the elegant youth.

He extracted a gold-rimmed eyeglass from his waistcoat-pocket, screwed it into his eye, and fixed it on the porter inquiringly.

"You see," explained the porter, "there ain't any taxies nearer than Courtfield, sir."

"Is that far?"

"Hover three miles."

"Oh gad!"

"Telephone for one, if you like, sir," said the porter obligingly. "If there's one on the stand, and if the shover feels inclined to risk it, and if he comes over straight, you'll get your taxi in about an hour, sir."

"Oh gad!"

The elegant youth seemed at a loss. "Is it far to walk to Greyfriars School?" he asked.

"Under the mile, sir."

"Great gad!"

"Send your box arter you, sir," said the porter. "I'll take hevery care of it, sir. You trust me, sir." The old gentleman was wondering whether the new boy was good for a shilling or for half-a-crown; he expected the first, and hoped for the second; and assumed his most obliging manner to be prepared for anything.

"I will leave my baggage in your care, porter," said the youth, at last. "You will send it on to the school—to Greyfriars."

"Yessir!"



"Yell as much as you like!" said Ponsonby. "I don't mind your exercising your lungs if it's any comfort!" Gadsby knotted the ends of the whipcord round the low branch, and Wharton stood under the tree with his hands tied on a level above his head. He was quite at the mercy of his old enemies now. (See Chapter 2.)



"To Master Algernon de Vere," said the new junior. "Dear me! I suppose I shall have to walk. It is very tryin'."

"Orrid, sir!" said the porter sympathetically; his sympathy deepening as he saw the elegant youth extract a half-crown from his pocket.

The half-crown was dropped into a willing hand; and Master Algernon de Vere turned away to find himself face to face with two youths almost as elegant as himself, but not quite.

Ponsonby and Gadsby raised their hats politely.

De Vere followed suit, with equal politeness. The porter trundled away, and from force of habit bit the half-crown to make sure that it was a good one.

"De Vere, I think?" said Ponsonby graciously.

"That is my name."

"New fellow for our school?" said Gadsby.

"You belong to Greyfriars?"

"Naturally," said Ponsonby, lying with the ease that comes of long practice. "Mr. Quelch—our Form-master, you know—sent us to meet you. You expected to be met at the station?"

"I certainly did," said the new junior. "But I have been waitin' several minutes, an' nobody turned up, you know. I think the Head might have sent his car."

"He's sent us instead—at least, our Form-master has," said Ponsonby blandly. "I'm afraid we shall have to walk, but we can show you a short cut. This way, De Vere."

"Thank you very much!"

"Not at all," said Ponsonby, with great politeness.

De Vere walked out of the station with the two Nuts. In the High Street Skinner and Snoop of the Greyfriars Remove were lounging, and they glanced at the elegant trio. Ponsonby was glad to get past the Removites.

"Another Nut for Highcliffe!" Snoop remarked to Skinner, with an envious glance after the well-dressed youths.

"Looks as silly an ass as any of the others," said Skinner. Neither junior suspected that it was a new fellow for Greyfriars who was walking off in the convoy of Ponsonby and Gadsby.

Ponsonby led the way out of the village by the road for the coast. His face was smiling and cheery, and Gadsby was grinning. The lane they had taken led towards Cliff House School, though as De Vere had never heard of that establishment for young ladies he naturally did not suspect anything of the kind.

It was Ponsonby's little joke to start the new Greyfriars junior for the girls' school, and to land him there: which was likely to have equally surprising results for the new boy and for Miss Primrose, the headmistress of Cliff House.

The extreme elegance and evident wealth of Master de Vere rather appealed to Ponsonby; and had the new boy been for Highcliffe, Pon would have sought to chum with him on the spot, on his looks. But as he was for Greyfriars, chumming was out of the question; so Pon intended to extract what entertainment he could from him.

"Beastly bore that a fellow can't get a taxi!" De Vere remarked, as they walked along the lane towards the fishing village of Pegg. "Dead-and-alive hole—what?"

"Beastly!" agreed Ponsonby. "But we're taking a short cut, you know. We

can't come all the way to Cliff—Greyfriars now, but we'll see you right on the road, anyhow."

"You're very good!"

"It's a pleasure to be of any service to you, old bean!" said Ponsonby. "The fact is, we're rather keen on new boys. Our kind Form-master often asks us specially to look after them, because we have such a high character in the school."

Gadsby gave a gurgle.

"That so?" said De Vere, giving Ponsonby a rather puzzled look.

"Oh, yes! Excuse me—a wasp on your hat!" said Ponsonby, reaching out. The new boy's hat went tilting over his nose, and it dropped in the dust.

"Oh gad!" ejaculated De Vere.

"Clumsy, Pon!" said Gadsby. "Don't bother, De Vere, I'll get it for you."

The topper had rolled past Gadsby. He picked it up, and brushed it the wrong way with his sleeve as he politely handed it back to De Vere.

The shining silk topper looked rather like a busby, as De Vere received it back.

"So sorry!" murmured Ponsonby.

Algernon de Vere took his hat, and smoothed it with an elegant handkerchief, stooping while he did so.

"Excuse me—that wasp's settlin' on your hair!" exclaimed Ponsonby.

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He reached out again, intending to ruffle the very carefully-parted flaxen hair of Master de Vere.

To his surprise, his wrist was caught in a sudden grip, that seemed like the grip of a vice. Ponsonby gave a gasp.

The new boy smiled at him and released his wrist.

"Enough's as good as a feast!" he remarked pleasantly. "I'm not exactly a fool, you know, and I'm not out for a raggin'. Chuck it!"

Ponsonby clasped his right wrist with his left hand, nursing it. That hard grip had hurt.

Ponsonby was more surprised than angry. He would never have suspected that slim and elegant youth of possessing the strength needed for such a grip.

"Confound you, you seem as strong as a horse!" he growled.

"Fairly hefty, dear boy!" smiled De Vere.

He finished brushing his hat, and set it on his head again. The two Highcliffians eyed him rather uncertainly, and they looked a little grim as they walked on again.

Ponsonby had no intention of walking all the way to Cliff House with his victim. It was a long walk. Besides, the victim was destined to arrive there alone, and to discover at his leisure that it was a girls' school he had arrived at.

As they came in sight of the level crossing in the lane, still at a good distance from Cliff House, Ponsonby gave Gadsby a glance and stopped.

"You'll find your way all right from here," he said. "Keep on past the level crossing, and follow the lane."

"Thanks!"

"You'll pass the gates of the school just as you come in sight of the fishin' village on the bay," explained Ponsonby.

"Got that?"

"Yes, thanks!"

"Ask to see Miss Primrose."

"Miss Primrose?" repeated De Vere.

"That's the house-dame," said Ponsonby blandly. "New boys always have to see the house-dame first at—at Greyfriars."

"Do they, begad?"

"Always Anythin' more I can do for you?" asked the obliging Ponsonby. "No? Well, we'll leave you here, then. Ta-ta!"

Ponsonby and Gadsby turned, and De Vere walked on. They turned again in another second, and collared De Vere from behind. His silk hat flew off again, and a powerful shove sent the new junior sprawling forward on his hands and knees.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Ponsonby.

"Come on, Gaddy!"

The Highcliffians retreated at a run, laughing as they went.

De Vere scrambled to his feet, his gloves dusty, one of them torn on a sharp stone, and the knees of his elegant trousers decidedly damaged by rough contact with the road.

"You cheeky rotters!" he shouted. "I'll give you a lickin' for that when I find you at the school!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Highcliffians' laugh floated back as they disappeared round a bend of the lane.

De Vere made a step after them, but he paused. He dusted down his trousers, put on his hat again after brushing it, and, with a frowning brow, walked on towards the level crossing. The gates were closed across the lane, indicating that a train was about to pass—probably the Courtfield express.

"Cheeky cads!" De Vere muttered, as he walked on, looking at his torn glove.

"By gad, I'll handle them fast enough for that rotten trick when I come on them at Greyfriars! I'll—"

He broke off suddenly.

His eyes were on the level crossing ahead of him. The roar of an approaching train was audible from the distance, louder as it drew nearer. But De Vere was not looking at the train. He was staring straight at the level crossing, and his face grew white.

"By gad!" he panted.

He started to run at a desperate speed. His hat flew off, and fell unheeded behind him, as he ran with every ounce of his strength towards the level crossing.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Bessie Bunter in Danger!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! It's the Bunterina."

Four cyclists had almost arrived at Cliff House School when a fat figure in the lane stopped and held up a hand. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, Nugent and Hurree Janset Ram Singh slowed down on their bicycles.

They were not specially anxious for an interview with Bessie Bunter, the sister of Billy Bunter, who was too like her



brother Billy to be considered charming or fascinating.

But politeness came before everything, and as Miss Bunter evidently wanted them to stop, they stopped.

Four caps were raised to Bessie Bunter, who blinked at the juniors through her big spectacles, which added to her resemblance to William George Bunter of the Remove.

"Where's Billy?" she demanded.

"Not in this outfit!" said Johnny Bull.

"I want Billy."

"He was in the quad at Greyfriars when we started," said Frank Nugent. "Did you expect to see him with us, Bessie?"

Bessie Bunter granted.

"Well, as you're coming to tea, I thought he would very likely stick on to you," she remarked.

"On this occasion the stickfulness was not terrific, my esteemed and beautiful miss!" murmured Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh.

"There was another attraction, I think," said Bob, with a laugh. "Wharton's gone to meet a new chap with a stunning name, and I suspect Billy of following on his track."

Another grunt from Bessie Bunter.

"I know why he hasn't come!" she sniffed. "He owes me five bob!"

"Bunter does?" ejaculated Bob.

He could not help being surprised. There was nothing surprising, certainly, in Billy Bunter dodging anybody to whom he owed a little debt. But it was very surprising that Bessie Bunter had lent him the sum of five shillings.

"Yes, he does!" snapped Bessie Bunter.

"Bit risky lending Billy money!" murmured Bob sympathetically.

"Catch me lending him money!" said Bessie Bunter scornfully. "It's part of a remittance from the pater. Billy was to whack it out with Sammy and me, and he hasn't."

"We'll remind him when we go back," said Bob with a glance towards the gateway of Cliff House, where the pretty figure of Marjorie Hazeldene was visible.

Snort from Bessie.

"Fat lot of good reminding him!" she said. "Do you think that would make him shell out?"

"Ahem!" murmured Bob. As a matter of fact, he didn't think that it would.

"I'm going over to see him," said Bessie. "Jolly long walk, but my bike's out of order. That cat Barbara wouldn't mend my puncture."

"W-w-wouldn't she?"

"No. She's a cat!"

"Oh!"

"So's Mabel!" said Bessie Bunter.

"So's Marjorie—"

"Here, draw it mild!" remonstrated Bob Cherry.

"So's Clara!" continued Bessie Bunter, unheeding. "They are all cats. I've asked five or six girls to mend my puncture, and they won't."

"Can't you mend punctures?" asked Bob.

"Of course I can!"

"Then why——" said Bob, perplexed.

"I don't want to."

"Oh!"

"I asked the porter to mend it," continued Miss Bunter. "He said it wasn't his duty. He mends Barbara's punctures. She always gives him a shilling."

"I suppose that makes a difference?" grinned Bob.

Sniff from Miss Bunter.

"I'll tell you what," she said. "One



Miss Bessie Bunter succeeded in getting on the foot-rests, but she lurched forward and threw both arms round Bob Cherry's neck to save herself. "Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob, as the bike swayed and lurched wildly. "I—I say—leggo! We shall be over!" Bessie's weight dragged sideways, and Bob, unable to stand that strain, crashed over into the hedge. (See Chapter 4.)

of you can give me a lift over to Greyfriars I can stand on the footrests—"

Johnny Bull wheeled on towards Cliff House. Bob Cherry cast a glance after him and stopped. Wheeling Miss Bunter over to Greyfriars on the footrests at the back of his bike was a task that did not attract Bob in the very least.

He was only too certain that Miss Bunter's weight would have fatal results to his tyre. But there was a great depth of chivalry in Bob's nature, and he stifled a groan and assented.

Miss Bunter was not a charming girl, certainly; but she was a girl, and it was a boy's place to be of service to a girl if he could. So poor Bob signed to his comrades to go on, and placed himself at Bessie's service.

But Miss Bunter had over-estimated her activity. She succeeded in getting on the footrests, but then she lurched forward and threw both arms round Bob Cherry's neck to save herself, and screamed.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob, as the bike swayed and lurched wildly. "I—I say, leggo! We shall be over—"

"Help!" shrieked Bessie.

"Great Scott!"

Bessie's terrific weight dragged sideways and if Bob Cherry had been a direct descendant of Hercules, he could not have stood that strain. He crashed over into the hedge.

Miss Bunter landed against the hedge, shrieking. It saved her from a fall, but she shrieked as if several limbs at least were broken. Bob Cherry's bike skidded away under him, and he fell off the saddle, still with his head in chancery.

"I—I—I say, leggo my napper!" yelled Bob.

"Ow! wow! Heip!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Help!"

"You're all right!" gasped Bob. "Leggo my head, for goodness' sake! You're pulling it off."

Miss Bunter seemed to realise at length that the danger was past. She released Bob Cherry, who drew away a very rumpled head and crimson face.

"You silly duffer!" exclaimed Bessie Bunter.

"What!"

"Do you call yourself a cyclist?"

"Eh?"

"Tumbling over like a silly little kid!"

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Bob, indignantly. "You pulled me over."

"Clumsy! Go away!" snapped Miss Bunter. "I sha'n't let you give me a lift to Greyfriars now! You're too stupid! Go away, do."

If Miss Bunter had been Master Bunter, Bob Cherry would have expressed his feelings at that moment by both words and actions. As it was, he suppressed his feelings, hunted for his cap, remounted his bicycle, and rode after his comrades, followed by a scornful sniff from the charming young lady to whom he had failed to be of service.

Bessie Bunter sat down to rest after her exertions, with a frown on her fat face. It was a good walk to Greyfriars, and Miss Bunter did not like walking. But the lure of the five shillings drew her on. Only too well she knew that



riches in the hands of her brother Billy were liable to take unto themselves wings and fly away. It was only too possible that Billy Bunter had "borrowed" the five shillings already, or was on the point of doing so. At that thought Miss Bunter started up and began to roll down the lane.

When she reached the level crossing the gates were closed. But there was the usual wicket gate at the side of the big gate, to be used by foot passengers. Foot-passengers, in such spots, were supposed to keep their eyes about them, and not to cross the line when the train was signalled. Unfortunately, Bessie Bunter was as short-sighted as her brother Billy, and as unreflecting. She rolled cheerfully across the railway track, and was startled by a sudden scream of an engine's whistle.

Shriek!

Bessie Bunter spun to the right, and then to the left, to see from which direction the train was coming. Then she made a jump to rush on, caught her foot, and sprawled. And then, frightened out of her wits, she lay and screamed.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### In Peril of His Life!

"GOOD heavens!" Algernon de Vere panted out the words with white lips as he raced towards the level crossing anxiously.

The train was coming on: how near it was he hardly knew, but he knew it was near and going fast. And right in the middle of the track lay a sprawling figure—a frightened schoolgirl, sprawling and screaming helplessly, while a fearful death rushed down upon her.

The gate was closed on the road—and it was a high gate. Algernon de Vere cleared it at a bound, without even stopping to think.

His leap landed him on the track—right in the path of the oncoming train.

The driver had seen the schoolgirl now, but it was too late. His dusky face whitened, and a cry left him, as the express came rushing on. The roar of the train was in De Vere's throbbing ears as he bent over the fallen figure between the lines. His grasp closed on Bessie Bunter—and fortunate it was for both of them that his strength belied his slim and elegant frame. He tore the half-fainting, hysterical schoolgirl from the ground, and bounded frantically forward with her in his arms.

He felt the wind of the train on him as it swept past. He had escaped by a second.

He staggered forward and fell, dropping Bessie Bunter beside the track, and falling beside her, his head swimming.

There was a cry from the lane; three or four figures came hurrying up. De Vere sat up dazedly. His face was like chalk. He hardly realised that the train was past—that the danger was over. He knew that he had been through the valley of the shadow of death, and the horror of it was still strong upon him. He stared round him confusedly at several startled faces of schoolboys and schoolgirls that were looking over the gate.

"Bravo, young 'un!" roared Bob Cherry. "Well done!"

"Good man!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Oh, it was brave, it was brave!" exclaimed Marjorie Hazeldene.

De Vere staggered to his feet. Bessie Bunter still lay gasping. The signalman came from his box to open the gates, and

he lifted Bessie Bunter out of the way. Bob Cherry clapped De Vere on the shoulder. He had never seen him before, and had not the faintest idea who he was; but Bob had a keen appreciation of pluck. The four Removites, and Marjorie and Clara had been walking towards the spot, and they had seen it all from a distance—Bob Cherry had broken into a run, though without any chance of arriving on the scene in time to reach Bessie. He gave De Vere a slap on the shoulder that almost made him stagger.

"Good for you, kid!" exclaimed Bob Cherry heartily.

"Ow!" ejaculated De Vere.

The elegant junior pulled himself together. The colour was returning to his cheeks now.

"It was plucky, and no mistake!" said Frank Nugent.

"The pluckyfulness was terrific!" said Hurree Singh, a remark that made De Vere stare. The new junior had never heard the Nabob of Bhanipur's variety of the English language before.

"You are not hurt?" exclaimed Marjorie.

De Vere smiled, and shook his head. Certainly he had plenty of nerve, for in less than a minute he was quite himself again, after the fearful experience through which he had passed.

"Thank you, not at all!" he said. "I've dropped my hat somewhere, that's all."

"I'll get your hat," said Johnny Bull.

And he trotted along the lane for it, glad to render that slight service to the plucky stranger.

"Wow, wow, wow, wow!" came from Bessie Bunter.

"Are you hurt, Bessie dear?" exclaimed Marjorie.

"Where's my spectacles?"

"Eh?"

"Where's my spectacles?" yelled Bessie. "My spectacles have fallen off. If anybody treads on them, I shall have to have a new pair. I sha'n't pay for them. I know that!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry. "Look for the specs, you chaps, and mind you don't tread on them!"

"Your life has been saved, Bessie," said Miss Clara, by way of reminding Bessie Bunter of her obligation to the handsome stranger.

"Where's my spectacles?"

"I tell you—"

"Where's my spectacles?" yelled Bessie.

"For goodness sake, let's find those specs before the sky falls!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Oh, hallo, hallo, hallo, here they are!" Bob picked up the spectacles, which had fortunately fallen without breaking. "Here you are, Bessie—safe and sound!"

Bessie Bunter jerked the spectacles away, and fitted them upon her fat little nose. Then she blinked round. Evidently Bessie was not hurt, and perhaps she did not realise what a narrow escape she had had.

"Who was it dragged me about?" she demanded.

"This chap pulled you off the line, and saved you from being run over," said Bob Cherry warmly, indicating De Vere, who was carefully dusting his hat.

"You, was it?" said Bessie, blinking at him.

De Vere bowed gracefully.

"I had that pleasure," he answered politely.

"What did you pull my hair for?"

"Eh?"

"You pulled my hair!" snapped Bessie Bunter.

"Oh gad! I—I assure you that I didn't do it on purpose!" stuttered De Vere. "I really had very little time to pick you up, miss. I had to act in rather a hurry. I'm sorry."

"Not much good being sorry, when you pulled my hair and made me drop my spectacles!" said Bessie Bunter.

"Boys are so silly and clumsy!"

"Bessie dear, this brave boy saved your life," said Marjorie gently.

Bessie blinked at her.

"Stuff!" she said.

"But he did!" exclaimed Clara indignantly. "You would have been run over by the train!"

"Was there a train?" asked Bessie.

"Eh?"

"I can't see any train!" said Miss Bunter, blinking round.

"It's about three miles off by this time!" said Nugent, laughing. "It was the express, Bessie!"

"I didn't see it pass," said Bessie suspiciously. "I fell down, and somebody dragged me and pulled my hair and made me drop my spectacles. I don't like it!"

And Miss Bunter sniffed expressively to show how much she did not like it.

"You've had a narrow escape, young lady!" said the signalman. "You was nearly run over, and I thought for a minute that this young gentleman was killed, and it fair turned me sick!"

"Oh!" said Bessie, blinking.

Slow realisation seemed to dawn upon Bessie's brain. She gave a sudden shriek at last, and displayed symptoms of hysteria.

"Help me home!" she wailed.

"My dear Bessie—"

"Don't be a cat, Marjorie! Help me back to the school! I'll scream!"

"Look here, Bessie—" exclaimed Clara.

"Cat!"

"Let us take her back to the school!" said Marjorie, half laughing and half vexed. "Take my arm, Bessie!"

Bessie Bunter took an arm each of Marjorie and Clara, and threw most of her substantial weight upon them as they piloted her back to Cliff House. She gasped and shrieked as she went, evidently feeling entitled to an attack of hysterics now that she understood the danger through which she had passed.

Bob Cherry and Inky went with the schoolgirls, but Nugent and Johnny Bull stayed to speak to the stranger. Algernon de Vere adjusted his eyeglass in his eye and stared after Bessie Bunter.

"By gad!" he said.

That was all he seemed able to say. It was his first acquaintance with the fascinating Bunter family, and he seemed rather overcome.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Makes Terms!

"H E, he, he!" Harry Wharton looked round quickly.

It was not upon record that anybody had ever been pleased to hear the rather unmusical cachinnation which announced that Billy Bunter was amused. But for once—the first time and probably the last—Wharton was glad to hear it. He had been standing for half an hour with his hands tied

(Continued on page 13.)

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**The GREYFRIARS HERALD**

Supplement No. 77. Week Ending June 17th, 1922.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE Harry Wharton Editor



**Eddie Torial**

By **DICKY NUGENT.**  
(Second Form.)

**H**ARRY WHARTON isn't such a bad sort of fello, after all. He has allowed me to publish an issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" on my own. So now I'm going to show you what's what, so far as journalism is concerned.

Many people seem to think that a Second Form fag has no sense. Some of the Greyfriars fellows even go so far as to suggest that I can't spell correctly!

Let me say at once that I am quite capable of conducting and controlling a schoolboy journal. I may not have had the wide experience of Wharton, but I've just as much savvy.

I have often had things published in the "Herald," by the courtesy of the editor. And now I find myself sitting in the editorial chair, with wood-be contributors standing meekly around me! It is a great honor for a mere fag, is it not?

I have set the ball rolling by writing a long, complete tale of school and adventure. There are other features in this issue, but my wonderful story, "THE SHADOWED SKOOLBOY," is the only one that really matters. It only took me an hour to do. I dictated it to my secretary, young Gatty.

My idea of running a paper is to make it as lively as possible. You don't want dry chunks of prose. You want life, action, and Annie Mation (whoever she may be).

Have I done my job properly? Yes! Have I done it better than Wharton would do it? Yes! Ought I to edit the "Greyfriars Herald" every week? Certainly!

I have to acknowledge the valuable assistance given me by my right-hand men, Gatty and Myers. And I hope I shall soon have to acknowledge thousands of letters singing the praises of this number—the first which has ever been conducted by a fag.

Of course, I have allowed some of the Remove fellows to contribute. I believe in fair play all round.

When you have read this issue, pass it on to a pal. He will bless you; for my number is certainly the finest thing in modern journalism. I'm not swanking; I'm simply stating facts.

And now I will leave you to peruse this issue of the "Herald" at your leisure.

DICKY NUGENT.

**HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY FAG?**

By **Patrick Gwynne.**  
(Sixth Form.)

Has anybody seen my fag?  
He's played a terrible rag.  
He's smashed a teacup, and a plate,  
Emptied the kettle in the grate,  
Collared my fishing-rod and bait,  
Gone off chuckling with his mate,  
And left my den in a frightful state.  
No wonder I chant a hymn of hate!  
Has anybody seen my fag?

Has anybody seen my fag?  
I've no desire to brag.  
But when I see the mad young chump  
Who's given me the blessed hump,  
His person I will soundly thump  
With the aid of a sturdy cricket stump!  
I'll give him many a bruise and bump,  
Many a cuff, and many a clump!  
Has anybody seen my fag?

Has anybody seen my fag?  
He thinks himself a wag.  
For he left a note for me to see:  
"Dear Gwynne,—I'm going on the spree,  
I sha'n't be in to lay your tea,  
You'll really have to pardon me.  
Fags must have leisure, you'll agree.  
See you to-morrow, at half-past three."  
Has anybody seen my fag?

Has anybody seen my fag?  
He's borrowed my cricket-bag.  
He's taken this, and he's taken that,  
Including my brand-new Sunday hat,  
Not to mention my lovely bat.  
He's only left me one silk spat,  
Lying forlorn upon the mat,  
The aggravating little brat!  
Has anybody seen my fag?

**HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!**

By **Frank Nugent.**



TOM DUTTON.

**DICKY NUGENT!**

A Pen-Picture of a Famous Fag  
By **Mark Linley.**

**H**IGH-SPIRITED, brimming over with fun and laughter, ever ready for a lark, and inclined at times to be rather wayward—there you have Dicky Nugent!

Dicky is the acknowledged leader of the Second Form. And no other fag is ever likely to oust him from the position. For Dicky was born to be a leader, not a follower of others.

He is a grubby, inky-fingered little fellow, as most fags are. But you can't help liking him. His personality is irresistible. He is unkempt in appearance. His hair is always tousled; his collar looks as if it has been totally immersed in a jar of ink. His necktie is all over the shop. His Eton jacket is torn and crumpled. His shoes, cleaned every morning, are plastered with mud by breakfast-time. But he has a chubby, happy little face, and sparkling eyes. He is a bundle of mischief and energy—ever on the look-out for a fresh "rag."

Dicky is always landing himself in trouble, which is hardly surprising, in the circumstances. But he would never stoop to a mean or dishonourable action. He is frankness itself. He stands by his pals; and his pals, for the most part, admire and respect him, in spite of the petty squabbles which arise every day in the fag kingdom.

Nugent major often bemoans the fact that it is a big responsibility having a young scapegrace of a minor at the school. But in his heart he is very fond of Dicky. He has made many sacrifices for him. He would cheerfully make them again.

Of Dicky Nugent as a journalist, I cannot speak very highly. Dicky thinks himself a born editor. Other fellows think differently.

On account of his age—for he is only a babe—Dicky is not yet able to spell correctly; and his stories are screamingly funny—though he does not intend them to be so.

Harry Wharton is handing over the editorial reins to Dicky this week, and the experiment is bound to cause no end of fun.

Dicky tells me he is going to be an editor when he grows up. Personally, I think he will become a gallant soldier. He will be a leader, anyway, in whatever walk of life he chooses. And happy will be they who are called upon to serve under his banner.

I have a warm place in my heart for Dicky Nugent. I have, in fact, sent him an invitation to tea in Study No. 13. It will be a refreshing change from the fags' Common-room, with its atmosphere of fried herrings and decaying apples!

Every reader of the "Herald" will wish this lion-hearted little fellow the best of luck in all his enterprises. He has a fine future before him, and if pluck and cheerfulness count for anything, he is bound to prosper.

(Many thanks, Linley! I will see that you are handsomely paid for this article.—Ed.)

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## SOME FAGGING SUGGESTIONS!

By Tom Brown.

he is capable of doing the hundred and one odd jobs that are necessary in studies?

At my training school a fag would be taught how to sweep a chimney, how to fruss a chicken, how to dust a vase without smashing it to atoms, how to blacklead a grate without blackleading the study furniture into the bargain—these, and countless other things, I should teach my pupils.

The present-day fag is a useless young savage. His idea of sweeping a chimney is to poke a hockey-stick up it, and bring down a ton of soot. The soot can go on to the hearthrug, into the frying-pan—anywhere, for all he cares.

When it comes to sweeping a study, the clumsy little brat generally drives the broom through the glass panel of the bookcase, or he creates such a cloud of dust that the owner of the study can't see his way into the apartment. If he does happen to get in, he is seized with a fit of coughing, and is nearly choked.

Scientific sweeping of studies would be one of the first lessons I should teach.

Then there is cooking

The fag of the present day doesn't know the first thing about the culinary arts. I should teach him how to prepare everything, from a grilled kipper to duck and green peas.

Another thing which I should insist upon teaching thoroughly would be carpet-beating.

Under existing conditions, study carpets are never beaten. They are simply dragged to the open window, and the dust and dirt are shaken out on to the heads of the unfortunate persons who happen to be strolling in the Close at the time.

Yet another elementary lesson would be how to lay a study-table. The average fag hasn't the remotest idea how to do this. He puts the knife where the fork should be, and vice versa. He lays fish-knives for meat, and meat-knives for fish. Usually he forgets the cruet; but if he doesn't, then he arranges for the lid of the pepper-pot to be loose, so that the unfortunate fag-master, giving the pot a violent shake, empties about a hundredweight of pepper over his grub!

This suggestion of a school for fags is no idle whim on my part. It is a very practical and necessary stunt. Well-trained fags would be a boon and a blessing to Greyfriars. It would be worth the seniors' while to pay them jolly good wages, and to give them all their food.

I have talked the matter over with the prefects, and they agree that this is a very happy suggestion of mine. So I think I shall organise my training school for fags right away.

Each fag, before starting on his course of instruction, will be required to pay a premium of threepence. He will be thoroughly well-grounded in every phase of fagging, and will prove a credit to his fag-master and to the general community.

(Ratts! Likewise hosh! Of all the idiottick suggestions I have ever seen, Tom Brown's takes the biscuit! Why should we be trained to become slaves? We are getting along very nicely as we are, and we don't want any training skools, thank you! I reely don't know why I am publishing Brown's article, unless it is to show the publick what sort of pille and halderdash these Remove fellows write. Tom Brown can take his training skool away and berry it!—Ed.)

**T**HE average fag is a careless, clumsy, incompetent little brat. He is neither use nor ornament. He is emphatically more of a hindrance than a help.

I was passing along the Sixth Form passage just now, when I heard a series of appalling crashes from Wingate's study.

Peeping in at the door, I saw that young Gatty had just let go of a tray, piled up with crockery.

The result was appalling. Plates and cups and saucers lay in fragments on the carpet; and the captain of Greyfriars, when he came in from cricket, would find himself reduced to the necessity of buying another tea-service.

Fags are pretty hopeless, for the simple reason that they are untrained.

Now, I suggest that a training school for fags should be established. I don't mind running it myself.

The art of fagging takes at least a week to learn, and I should put the kids properly through their paces.

In the first place, they would have to be taught how to get up in the morning, in order to rouse their fag-masters. At present they generally call their employers about an hour too late.

Now, I should have the usual alarm-clock placed beside each fag's bed. But this would not be all. Attached to the alarm-clock would be an electric battery, so that when the alarm went off at, say, six o'clock in the morning, the slumbering fag would receive a severe electric shock, and leap out of bed on the instant.

So far, so good!

Every aspiring fag would then be taught to juggle with piles of crockery without breaking a single thing. He would be trained to balance laden trays on his napper, on his nose, and even on his little finger. And he would have to keep on practising it until his equilibrium was perfect.

The amount of crockery that gets broken at Greyfriars in the course of a year is truly appalling. Let me quote the figures for 1921:

Teapots	16
Plates	144
Cups	120
Dishes	71
Eggcups	40
Miscellaneous	66

Four hundred and fifty-seven articles of crockery destroyed in a single year. Just think of it! And it isn't the fag who suffers. It's the unfortunate fag-master, who has to keep putting his hand in his pocket and making good the damage.

What is the use of engaging a fag unless

## A FAG'S LETTER TO HIS FATHER!

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—If the ignerent fellows in the Remove want to learn how to write letters, they can't do better than studdy the following. I didn't write it myself, but I konsider it a very tactful and affeckshunate letter for a fellow to send to his pater.—DICKY NUGENT.)

**M**Y DEAR PATER,—Just a few lines hopping you are quite well.

Dear pater i am so sorry i havent written for such a long time but i have been very busy with my studdies. i am now snatching a few minnits before bedtime so as to drop you a line.

Dear pater i am making rappid strides with my eddication, and my form-master, mister twigg, says that my spelling is getting better and better every day.

i have not been able to find much time for kricket, but i played in the form match the other day—2nd form versus 3rd form—and i bagged 50 runs. Then i retired bekwase i wanted to have mersy on the pore bowlers.

Dear pater the skool grub has not been very sattiefying lately. They only make boyled puddings twice a weak instead of four times a weak like they used to. And instead of giving us cake for tea in hall they give us current bread. i hope you won't think it awful cheek on my part, but a nice fat tuck hamper would be most axceptable—not for myself but to give away to my chums, bekwase i like to see them all happy and enjoying themselves. i am a gennerus sole, as you know.

Dear pater if you will put the hamper on rail right away and tell me when i may eggsept it i shall be awfully greatfully obliged for your kindness and will go and kollect same.

Dear pater you have been konstantly in my thoughts during the last few weeks. i hope your gout is improving and that your roomatism has taken a turn for the better. i am always thinking of you with devotion and respectt and if you would send me a big remittance by return of post it would be ripping. of corse i don't want it for myself but to share out amongst my chums. As i remarked just now, i am such a gennerus sole.

Dear pater that young beest Sammy Bunter borrowed my kricket bat and broke it. i have tied it round with string as a temperry mezzure, but if you would send me a new bat my devotion and respectt will increse more and more.

You will be sorry to here that my white mice eggspired last weak, and i badly want some new pets, so if you would send me a canary and a munkey and a focks terrier my devotion and respectt will know no limmits.

Dear pater i have now exhorted all my toppicks, and i can't find anything more to write about eggsept to say that i am doing awfully well at Greyfriars, and you need have no hezzitation in sending me the remittance and the tuck hamper and the pets—not for myself, of corse, but for the bennyfit of my chums.

Dear pater i will now close again hopping you are quite well.

i remane,

your dutifull son,  
PERCIVAL SPENCER PAGET.

(Supplement ii.)

**SPLENDID COLOURED ENGINE PLATES**

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**DICKY NUGENT (Temporary Edditer).**

**A** PAIL, hansom junior was pacing up and down in the kwadrangle at St. Charley's.

"My aunt!" he muttered. "Am I never to get a minnit's piece? I am being watched! I am being watched by three rough 'uns who are lerking in the roadway!"

Our hero was the Onnerable Aubrey Clarence Marmaduke Fitzroy. He was in the Fourth Form at St. Charley's, and he was very pally with Harry Huggins & Co., the leaders of the Form.

Aubrey would have been very happy and kontented—he would have enjoyed grate piece of mind—but for one thing.

He was being watched!

Even at this minnit, three berly skoundrels were peering through the bars of the skool gates. Their eyes were gloed ravenously upon our hero as he paced two and fro.

Why were they watching him? Ah! What had he done that he should be shaddowed like this? Ah!! What would happen to him if he fell into the klutches of those prying skoundrels? Ah!!!

Aubrey bit his upper lips with annoyanse. (Rather a ticklish performanse, biting your upper lip. Try it!)

Everywhere he went he was spyed upon and pryed upon.

If he went for a walk, hefty rough 'uns with stout cudgels lerked at his heels.

If he went on to the kriket field, he was watched all the time by skoundrels in ambush.

If he went into lessens, eagle eyes observed him from outside the Form-room window.

If he went down to the river to fish for tadpoles, bold, bad men watched him from the boathouse.

He was the Shaddowed Skoolboy!

Still biting his upper lip with annoyanse, Aubrey strode down to the gates. He glared at the three hulking pests who stood without.

"Why are you watching me?" he demanded, with anger in his toans.

One of the men gave a horse laugh.

"A cat may look at a king!" was his komment.

This man was known as the "Kid." His sirname was Napper.

Kid Napper was well known to the perlice as the leader of a dangerus gang of crooks. Although only thirty years of age, he had spent over fifty years of his life in prizzen.

The other two men—Butcher and Broozer—were his first left tenants.

"Look hear," said the Kid, after a pawse, "is your name Aubrey Fitzroy?"

"You know it is!"

"Will you step outside a minnit? We would fane have konverse with you?"

Aubrey laughed grimly.

"I'm staying on this side of the gate," he said. "I shudder to think what my fate mite be if I fell into the klutches of such roogs as you! Clear off, or I will tellyfone for the perlice!"

"You mean that?" eride the Kid.

"Every word!"

The three hulking louts turned, and slouched away down the road. For obvious rezons they were not anxious to renew their akwaintanse with the men in blew.

At that minnit, Harry Huggins & Co., of the Fourth, came on the seen.

"Hallo, Aubrey!" said Huggins. "You're looking as sollum as a boyled owl! What's up?"

"I am being watched!" said Aubrey.

"Eh?"

"Shaddowed from piiler to post!"

"My hat!"

Supplement iii.]

"Kid Napper and his gang of crooks are on my track. I shall have to mind my pease and kews."

"Set your mind at rest, old sport!" said Harry Huggins. "You can count on our protecksbun."

"Not !!" said Harry's chums.

Aubrey heeved a sigh. (Nobody was struck!)

"I feel jolly uneasy, you fellows," he said. "I've got rid of those rotters, but only for a time. They'll come back at any minnit. I'm carrying my life in my hands!"

"Reelly, I don't see anything in your hands!" said Harry Huggins.

"Ass! That was a figger of speech!"

"Oh!"

"If you chaps would be so kind as to act as my boddy-guard—" began Aubrey.

"With the gratest of plezzure!" said Harry Huggins. "We'll proteckt you from all the assaults of the enemy. Though why they should want to shaddow you, goodness knows!"

The day passed without Miss Hap (whoever she mite be).



The three faces were followed by three figgers, which dropped lightly down from the window-sill into the dormitory.

At nine o'clock, Biggun, of the Sixth, shepperded the juniors up to bed.

Harry Huggins & Co. raced up the stares, laughing and singing. Little did they dream of the daring drama which would shortly be enacted under the dark curtain of night!

Aubrey Fitzroy undressed and got into bed as usual. He had forgotten the danger which threatened him. Kid Napper and his gang had passed clean out of Aubrey's mind. The junior was asleep as soon as his head tuched the pillo.

There was a hum of voices in the dormitory, but prezzantly it died away.

The Fourth Form slept.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Ten o'clock rang out from the old klock-tower.

Still the Fourth Form slept.

An hour passed.

The Fourth Form slept still.

Another hour passed.

Slept the Fourth Form still.

Then there was a sudden creaking sound from one of the windows.

The sinnister face of a man appeared. It was followed by another, and yet another.

The three faces were followed by three figgers, which dropped lightly down from the window-sill into the dormitory.

"Ha, ha!" eride Kid Napper, for it was he. "We are hear! It only remanes for us to coller the yungster!"

"Which is his bed?" inkwired a deep, guttural voice.

"The end one."

Kid Napper walked on tip-toe towards Aubrey's bed, making no noise bekwase of his rubber beals.

For an instant he hovered over the slumbering junior like an evil spirrit.

Then he drew out of his pockitt a thing which would have made the strongest man shudder. It was a cloth, satturated with clorryform.

It was a terribul moment!

Would the base kidnapper suxceed in overpowering Aubrey, and making off with him? Would he? Would he?

It was at that drammatick minnit that Harry Huggins stirred in his sleep and awoke.

The night was black as pitch, but Harry had wonderful eyesight, and he saw clearly what was going on. He jumped out of bed and gave the alarm.

"Turn out, you fellows—kwickly! Kid-nappers!"

Instantly the dormitory was in a buzz.

Fellows sprang out of bed, and grabbed their pillows and bolsters, and surrounded Kid Napper and his gang.

Swish! Swipe! Swosh! Biff! Bang! Thud! Thump!

Blovs reigned like summer hail upon the introdders.

Aubrey Fitzroy woke up, and lent a hand.

Kid Napper drew his revolver, only to find that he had forgotten to load it.

"Perdishun!" he muttered savvidgely.

There was a short, sharp struggel, and the three men were overpowered, and born to the floor. Then they were trust up like chickens, while Harry Huggins went to wake the Head and tellyfone for the perlice.

Shortly afterwards, a cupple of berly constables arrived, and the hooligans were taken into custody. A boeing, jeering, hissing, hooting crowd of juniors saw them off.

Aubrey Fitzroy turned to his grate benny-factor Harry Huggins.

"I—I can never thank you enuff!" he eride horsely.

"Oh, cut it out!" said Harry modestly. "It's nothing to make a song about."

"If it hadn't been for you I should have been kidnapped!"

"Why should they want to kidnap you, old chap?" asked Harry Huggins.

"Don't you know? I'm the air to some big estates in Blankshire."

"Oh!"

"My pater's got pots and pots of money, and those rotters meant to kidnap me, and hold me to ransom. See?"

Harry Huggins nodded.

"I had no idea you were so well off, Aubrey," he said. "Hereafter, I shall be your best chum. I shall always be at your side especially when the postman brings you a remittanse!"

Aubrey smiled, and shook hands.

"! of my inheritanse is thino!" he said drammatikally.

Kid Napper and his gang came up for trial at the next assizes.

The leader of the gang was offered a free home at Dartmoor for five years, and the other two raskals got three years apeace.

The Onnerable Aubrey Clarence Marmaduke Fitzroy is no longer the Shaddowed Skoolboy!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 749.



## Joovenile Jottings!

By SAMMY BUNTER

(Second Form.)

THERE have been many eggsiting happenings in Fag-land lately. The most important was the grate cricket match which was played between the Third and the Second. Of course, I played for the Second, and as usual I carried the team on my sholders. I beleeve I am right in saying that my score of 109 not out is a record in fag cricket.

There are people who will tell you that Samuel Tuckless Bunter as a cricket-player is a wash-out. Don't you beleeve them! I am going as strongly as ever. People who try to belittle my performanses only do so bekwase they are horribly jellus. We licked the Third Form to a frazzle, and it was all through me. My hard hitting, my brilliyant bowling, my sine feelding, and my klever katching—these were the factkors which brought us sukses. Sammy Bunter a back number? Never let it be said!

The night following the cricket match, we had a grate pillow-fight between the two Forms. Here, again, I was in my element. I laid about me right lustily with my pillow, and Third-formers fell like 9 pins before my ferce attack. As a pillow-fighter, I have few ekwals and no sooperiors. After the fight had been in progress five minnits, the Third-formers were only too glad to cry "Packs!" They had had enuff!

At the Fags' Konsert last Saterdag evening, I again covered myself with glory. I sang "The Roses Are Blooming In Tennessee," and "Way Down In Picardy," and both songs were loudly aplorded. Although I'm not a destructiv sort of fellow as a rule, I farely brought the house down! I also performed some wunderful conjuring trix, and gave an eggshibition of ventrilo-kwism which would have turned my bruther Billy green with envy.

These "Joovenile Jottings" are mainly konfined to my own acheevements, I am afraid. But it can't be helped. I am the only fellow that matters in Fag-land. However, in case you would like to hear some news of the other fellows, I will give it to you in tabloid form.

Tubb is in the sanny with a soar throte. Gatty is down with hooping koff. Paget has twisted his ankle. Myers has spraned his rist. Neerly everyboddy is on the sick list. So now you can understand why I am in the limelight so much!

I'm glad Dicky Nugent is being aloud to edit the "Greyfriars Herald" for wunce. And I am looking forward to the day when that same onner will be konferred upon my noble and portly self. A number eddited by Samuel Tuckless Bunter would be the reel goods. Everyboddy would cotton on to it! Wait till Wharton asks me to take kontrol of the paper. There will be a revvoluton in jernalism!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 749.

## Ode to Summer!

By GEORGE TUBB

(Third Form.)

Summer is hear agane, agane,  
Let us dance and sing!  
Gone are the hale and snow and rain  
That came to us in spring.

The sun is shining warm and brite  
And everything is jolly;  
The birds are twittering with delite;  
No time for melankolly!

King Krieket sits upon his thrown,  
And when our work is done  
We go and pracktiss at the nets  
Beneeth the setting sun.

And others to the river go  
To fish and punt and swim;  
Thanks to such ripping eggserise  
They're sound in wind and lim.

O glorious, golden summer-time,  
Thou sauce of keen delite;  
Thy praises I could sing in rime  
All day, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  the nite!

The winter winds are bleek and chill,  
I hate 'em—so do you;  
They farely make a fellow ill  
With koffs, and colds, and flue!

Spring-time is also trecherus,  
And autum is a sell;  
O, summer-time's the time for us,  
The time we love so well!

The days are long, the nites are short,  
The skies are brite and clear;  
Yes, that's the long and short of it  
When summer-time is hear.

How grand, to picknick on the grass,  
With buns and bread-and-dripping;  
Even a hard-to-please young ass  
Agrees that it is ripping!

Summer! Thou art a time of joy,  
I can't say more than this,  
Thou bringest to each Brittish boy  
A feest of joy and bliss.

Summer is hear agane, agane,  
So let us dance and caper!  
Sweet summer-time, long may you rain!  
(I've now run out of paper).

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## A Chance for the Fags!

By HARRY WHARTON

(Captain of the Lower School.)

SOME fellows will think I am potty in handing over the editorship of our paper this week to Dicky Nugent. But I like to give everybody a chance to display their journalistic abilities. The Sixth-Formers have had a shot, so why not the fags? I am afraid there will be some shocking spelling in this issue. In that respect the paper will resemble "Billy Bunter's Weekly." But it is for one week only, so there will be no harm done.

There is one big advantage to be gained in handing over this number to the tender mercies of the fags. Several members of my hard-working staff will be enabled to take a rest. If I kept them slogging away week after week they would get stale, and that would never do. The "Herald" has won a reputation for the freshness and brightness of its contents, and we want to keep it up.

One of my readers has suggested that I allow P.-c. Tozer, the flat-footed Friar-dale constable, to edit an issue of the "Greyfriars Herald." I am afraid I must decline. Goodness knows what Tozer would do with the paper if he got hold of it! I am afraid it would be full of facts concerning crimes and criminals, and that sort of thing may safely be left to the "Police Gazette." Tozer may contribute an article from time to time if he wants to, but as for having the entire handling of the paper—oh dear, no!

Yet another reader wants Gosling to edit a number; whilst a third reader would like Mrs. Mimble, of the school tuckshop, to try her hand as an editoress. I will give these suggestions my consideration. Gosling and Mrs. Mimble belong to Greyfriars, whereas P.-c. Tozer doesn't. And if Gossy would care to lay down his broom and take up a pen—well, I don't think I'll stand in his way. As for Mrs. Mimble, an issue edited by the tuckshop dame should certainly prove interesting.

Our Special Numbers have found favour on all hands. This is not surprising, for by having Special Numbers we are able to introduce plenty of variety into our pages. Sport one week, adventure the next, and so on. Ideas for Special Numbers continue to pour in, and I can promise my chums some real good "feests of fickshun," as Billy Bunter would say, in the near future.

Well, I won't encroach any further on Dicky Nugent's space. He is very annoyed at my butting in, as it is. I will leave you to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest his wonderful issue, and I hope you will find it as amusing as I did on reading the printer's proofs. There will be another Special Number next week. Fly to your newsagent at once—always provided you possess an aeroplane!

[Supplement iv.]



**DE VERE OF THE REMOVE!**

(Continued from page 8.)

to the branch over his head, struggling in vain to release himself, and that cachinnation told of help at hand. He looked round eagerly, and spotted a fat, grinning face among the trees.

Bunter obviously found something entertaining in the predicament of the captain of the Remove. His fat face was wreathed in an expansive grin, and he cachinnated merrily.

"He, he, he!"  
"Come along, Bunter!" called out Harry Wharton impatiently. "You can see I'm tied here!"

"He, he, he!"  
"Get a move on!" shouted Harry.

Billy Bunter came closer and stopped. He did not seem in any hurry to lend his aid to his Form-captain. In fact, he sat down on a big, projecting root to rest a foot or two out of reach of Wharton's boots. Within reach of them, Bunter certainly would have been stirred to action by an application of boot-leather.

"Fancy getting tied up like this!" grinned Bunter. "Bit of a come-down to let Highcliffe chaps handle you like this!"

"They were four to one!" snapped Wharton.

"They'd have been four to two if you'd asked me to come along with you to meet the new chap!" said Bunter. "You left me behind, Wharton. I must say it serves you right!"

"Well, come and untie this cord, Bunter," said Harry.

"It's pretty well knotted, from what I can see. I don't think I could untie it."

"Haven't you a pocket-knife?"  
"Oh, yes!"

"Then cut the cord, and look sharp!"  
"I'm tired!" said Bunter. "I've walked here from Greyfriars, you know. Give a chap a chance to rest. He, he, he!"

Wharton breathed hard.

"If I'd been with you," continued Bunter, evidently desirous of rubbing it in, "I'd have backed you up, you know. I'd have knocked those Highcliffe cads right and left. A pity you didn't ask me to come with you to the station, Wharton, wasn't it?"

"You couldn't have been very far away if you saw the Highcliffe cads handling me!" growled Wharton.

"You see, I followed you—I mean, I happened to stroll in the direction of the village. I would have chipped in only as you hadn't asked me to come with you I thought you'd better have a lesson. Your own fault entirely. I'd have thrashed the rotters—"

"You'd have cut off as fast as your legs could go, you mean!" snapped the captain of the Remove. "Untie me, you fat boulder!"

"If you're not civil, Wharton, you can hardly expect me to do you favours," said Bunter, without stirring from his resting place. "I think it's kind of me to give you a look in at all. I was going on to the station; but Pon and Gaddy went there, so I kept clear. I thought I'd come and rescue you instead of meeting the new chap. I say, what will De Vere do when nobody meets him at the station? Do you think Pon is gone there to jape him?"

"I know he has," growled Wharton.

"and I want to get after him. Will you cut this cord?"

"Certainly, old fellow."  
"Get a move on, then!"

"Right-ho!" said Bunter, still without moving. "I say, are you going over to Cliff House, after all?"

"Yes, ass!"  
"I'd come with you," said Bunter, blinking at him, "only I don't want to meet Bessie at present. There's a misunderstanding about five shillings, and Bessie never will listen to reason about money. It's rotten, isn't it? Marjorie will be disappointed if she doesn't see me."

"Marjorie will survive it, I dare say!" snapped Wharton. "Will you start on this cord, Bunter, or not?"

"Of course. That's what I've come here for," answered the Owl of the Remove. "As I sha'n't be able to go to Cliff House, in the—the circumstances, I shall have to have tea in Hall this afternoon, Wharton."

"Will you—?"  
"Now, tea in Hall is a bit measly," said Bunter, blinking at the captain of the Remove, his serenity quite undisturbed by the growing fury in Wharton's face. "I shall want a supper afterwards, of course, and the school supper doesn't amount to much. Taking one consideration with another, Wharton, I think it's up to you to stand me supper!"

"Will you cut this cord?" shrieked Wharton.

"Yes, yes. But stick to the subject," said Bunter. "One thing at a time, you know. Now, if you would like to give me, say, half-a-crown to get a supper-mind, I'm only suggesting that you should, Wharton. Only something for a snack!"

"Yes! Now untie me!"  
"Certainly, old fellow!" said Bunter cordially. And he rolled up at last, and took out his pocket-knife.

In a minute more the captain of the Remove was free.

"There you are, old chap!" said Bunter. "Glad to help you, you know. I say, Wharton—"

"Oh seat!" growled Wharton, restraining his desire to take his rescuer by the neck and bang his head on the nearest tree-trunk. "Get out of the way, bother you!"

"That's what you call gratitude, I suppose? I say"—Bunter rolled after Wharton, as the latter hurried towards the lane—"I say, old chap—"

"Go and eat coke!"  
Wharton was rooting about the fence for his cap. Bunter joined him breathlessly, as the captain of the Remove found it, and jammed it on his head.

"I say, Wharton, if you see the new fellow, after all—"

"Buzz off!"  
"But, I say, if you get anything out of him—"

"Wha-a-at?"  
"If you get anything out of him, I shall expect you to spend it on supper in the study, considering— Yaroooh!"

Bunter sat down violently in the lane, and roared. Leaving him there, Harry Wharton started for the village at a run.

It was half-past three now, and Wharton had little expectation of finding the new boy still at the station. But it was possible that Algernon de Vere was still hung up there, waiting to be called for; and, anyhow, the captain of the Remove wanted to learn what had become of him. He went up the old High Street of Friardale at a trot, and arrived at the railway-station rather breathless.

He found two handsome trunks being loaded on the station hack, and the initials painted on them—"A. de V."—showed that Algernon de Vere's baggage had arrived, at least. Wharton called to the porter. That gentleman was able to inform him that Master de Vere had arrived by the three o'clock train, and had left the station with two young gentlemen. Wharton compressed his lips. He could guess that the two young gentlemen were Highcliffians, and that the new boy was the victim of Pon's jape.

"Know them by sight?" asked Harry. "Masters Ponsonby and Gadsby, sir," answered the porter. "I dessay you know them, sir. 'Ighcliffe School."

"Oh, yes, I know them!" said Wharton, rather grimly. "Did you notice which way they went?"

"Out of the station together, sir, that's all I know," said the porter, and Wharton gave it up.

There was no sign of De Vere or the Highcliffians in the village street. Evidently the new Remove had been walked off by the Highcliffe japers, and what had happened since was a mystery. Certainly they would not have conducted him to Greyfriars. What they had done with him Harry could not guess. It was a worrying question, for his Form-master expected him to deliver the new boy safe and sound at the school, and he could hardly return there without him, and without knowing what had become of him. To dismiss the whole matter from his mind, and go on to Cliff House was a tempting solution of the problem. But Wharton felt that that would not do. He mentally resolved to thrash Cecil Ponsonby most severely at the first opportunity. But though that was to be a comfort in the future it was no consolation now. The captain of the Remove simply did not know what to do, and he stood outside the station thinking it out, puzzled and perplexed. And then, fortunately, he sighted Harold Skinner of the Remove loafing along with his hands in his pockets.

Wharton hailed him at once.

"Skinner!"  
"Hallo, old top!" said Skinner affably.

"Seen anything of a new kid wandering about?"

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"Didn't know there was a new kid," answered Skinner. "Let him wander!"

"Seen Ponsonby or Gadsby, then—those Highcliffé cads?"

"Oh, yes; nearly half an hour ago," said Skinner. "They met a fellow at the station, lackadaisical-looking sort of spooney blighter—"

"Oh, good! That would be the new chap. They're japing him," explained Wharton. "Notice which way they went?"

Skinner grinned.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" he said. "They went along the lane to Pegg. If he's a Greyfriars chap, after all, I expect he's had a high old time by now in their hands. Ha, ha!"

Without replying to that sympathetic remark Harry Wharton started for the lane at a trot.

The lane to Pegg led past the gates of Cliff House School, and the captain of the Remove hoped to recapture the new boy en route, and also to drop in at Cliff House for tea, thus killing two birds with one stone. So his cheery good humour returned as he trotted along the leafy lane at a good rate, keeping his eyes open for the Highcliffians and their victim ahead.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Swank!

"ALL serene now?"

Frank Nugent asked that question politely as he lingered with Johnny Bull and the handsome, elegant stranger by a level-crossing.

Algernon de Vere had given very careful attention to removing every speck of dust from his immaculate garments, and to brushing his silk hat until it almost outshone the sun. Evidently the youth was very particular about his clothes, so particular that Nugent and Johnny Bull would have found it entertaining but for the respect the stranger's pluck had inspired in them. If this handsome youth was extremely dandified, at the same time there was no doubt that he was cool and courageous; and the fact that he could bestow so much attention on his clothes a few minutes after escaping a fearful death, showed that he had ample nerve.

De Vere glanced up and nodded. "Quite!" he answered.

"Then we'll get along. Ta-ta!"

"Good-afternoon!" said De Vere politely.

Nugent and Johnny Bull broke into a trot to overtake their companions and Marjorie and Clara. It did not occur to them for a moment that this elegant fellow was the new junior for Greyfriars. If they thought about that individual at all they supposed that he was in Wharton's care, and at the school by that time.

After they had disappeared in the direction of Cliff House, Algernon de Vere continued to busy himself for some little time with his clothes. Not a speck remained when he had finished, and he surveyed the result in a handsome little pocket-mirror with a silver back, and was satisfied. He was about to resume his route when a rather dusty and breathless junior came in sight by the way De Vere had come.

De Vere glanced at him without interest.

The dusty youth was Harry Wharton.

In his struggle with the Highcliffians Wharton had suffered a good deal of damage, which he was hardly conscious of. His nose was red and swollen, his

hair was untidy, and his cap was muddy. His collar was soiled and rumpled, and his clothes dusty. Two buttons had burst off his waistcoat, and his jacket was crumpled and creased, as well as dusty. His rapid trot in the warm sunshine had brought perspiration on his face, along with the dust. Also, he was rather breathless. As for his boots, they were thick with dust, and his rumpled trousers were dusty, too. Altogether, Harry Wharton did not look much like his usual self, and the contrast between his appearance and that of Algernon de Vere was rather striking.

As he sighted De Vere just turning away from the level-crossing, Harry hailed him. It occurred to his mind at once that this was possibly the new junior who had followed the lane with Pon and Gaddy. At all events, if he was not the youth in question he would be able to give information as to whether the sought-for individual had passed. So Harry called out rather breathlessly:

"Hold on!"

De Vere gave him a second glance. Then he walked away up the lane, rather to Harry's surprise, without troubling to answer.

"Hold on a minute!" called out Wharton again.

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De Vere walked on without turning his head.

"Is the fellow deaf?" muttered Wharton. He put on a spurt, and came up with the elegant figure walking ahead.

De Vere did not glance at him now. He appeared totally unconscious of the dusty, rumpled fellow with the bruised nose, at his side.

"Hold on!" said Harry. "Would you mind telling me, if you've seen three fellows pass this way?"

"No."

"I'm looking for a chap," explained Harry. "He must have come along here with two others."

"Indeed!"

Harry stared at him. He did not quite understand the cool, curt tone, or the icy expression on De Vere's handsome face.

It did not dawn upon him that this lofty youth had taken him for some "bounder" who was trying to make his acquaintance.

Such a supposition was not likely to enter Wharton's mind, especially as he was of a reserved and proud nature—perhaps a little too much so. Certainly the last fellow in the world to be guilty of intrusion.

"Excuse me," said Harry quietly. "I can't help thinking that perhaps you're the very chap I'm looking for. Is your name De Vere?"

"Yes."

"Then you're the chap—the new fellow for Greyfriars?"

"I am for Greyfriars School, certainly."

"I'm jolly glad I've found you, then," said Harry. "I should have met you at the station, only I was stopped on the way. I'm sorry I couldn't get there in time."

"You're very good!" said De Vere, with so sarcastic an inflexion in his voice that Harry flushed.

"Nothing of the sort!" said Wharton tartly. "I was coming to the station to meet you, as you're a new fellow at the school—"

De Vere stopped, and surveyed him. "Do you mean to say that you belong to Greyfriars?" he asked.

Wharton crimsoned.

"Of course!" he answered. "I should hardly be likely to come to the station for a new fellow if I didn't!"

"Great gad!" said De Vere. "I don't quite understand you, De Vere," said Wharton quietly, though his temper was rising, and there was a glint in his eyes now. "Is there anything surprising in my belonging to Greyfriars?"

De Vere surveyed him with cool disdain.

"Yes, I should say so," he answered.

"I understood—"

He paused.

"You understood what?"

"Oh, nothin'," said De Vere. "But I am surprised. However, if I'm goin' to belong to Greyfriars I suppose I'm not bound to make the acquaintance of every fellow in the school?"

"Not in the least," said Harry, controlling his temper with great difficulty. He began to understand now that he had to deal with a snob, and that it was his dusty disarray that affected the new junior in this way.

To be regarded as a pushing bounder who had to be kept at arm's length was a new experience for Harry Wharton. It was a common enough experience for Billy Bunter. But to Wharton it was so new that the bare thought of it made his blood boil. He had been dispatched by his Form-master to take this new fellow under his wing, and he had been prepared to carry out his duty cheerfully enough; but at this moment he was tempted to let out with his right and send the new fellow spinning along the road. He restrained that strong inclination, but his face was crimson and his eyes sparkled with anger.

De Vere walked on as if the interview was now at an end. Harry paused, and then followed him. He had his Form-master's instructions to carry out, unpleasant as the task had now become.

"Hold on a minute!" he said. "I'm supposed to take you to the school, De Vere—"

"Thank you! I can arrive there quite easily by myself!"

Wharton knitted his brows.

"Mr. Quelch asked me to come to the station for you," he said.

"Who may Mr. Quelch happen to be?"

"Our Form-master."

"Indeed! Well, I do not need your assistance in walkin' to the school! And if you will force me to be candid, I don't care for your company!" said De Vere.

He walked on.

"Stop a minute, though," said Wharton in a tone of voice that was very quiet—so quiet that De Vere would have known it as a sign of danger if he had been better acquainted with Wharton.

As De Vere did not stop, Wharton hurried after him again.



"Listen to me, please!" he added sharply.

"Really, I wish you'd keep your distance!" said De Vere icily.

"I will do that soon enough!" said Harry. "But Mr. Quelch asked me—or, rather, told me—to bring you to the school. You must say plainly whether you will come with me or not, as I have to report to him."

De Vere yawned.

"Much ado about nothin'," he remarked. "If you see the excellent Mr. Quelch before I do, you can tell him I'm walkin' to the school and don't feel the need of a conductor."

"Very well. You don't deserve much civility at my hands," said Harry. "But I think I ought to tell you, as you're a new fellow, that you ought to get to the school as early as possible. New kids are not supposed to take a ramble round the country before turning up."

"Don't worry about me, thank you!" said De Vere, with polite sarcasm. "I'm not ramblin' round the country. I'm goin' to Greyfriars."

"But—"

De Vere turned round on him sharply.

"Look here; whatever your name is," he said, "I don't want to be seen talkin' to you, and I've said so! Leave me alone and mind your own bisney! Is that plain enough for you?"

Harry Wharton breathed hard.

"Yes, that will do!" he said. "Go and eat coke, for all I care! If you weren't a new kid, and plainly a silly fool, I'd give you such a hiding that you'd want carrying to Greyfriars! You'll get it soon enough, anyhow, if you don't learn manners in the Remove!"

With that, and without waiting for an answer, Harry Wharton strode on, keeping on to Cliff House. As the new boy refused to accompany him to Greyfriars, there was no need to return to school yet, and he had decided to go to Cliff House first.

He did not look back, but when he rounded the bend of the lane ahead he had a momentary glimpse of De Vere coming on in the same direction. Wharton was puzzled.

But it flashed into his mind now that this was Ponsonby's jape. The Highcliffian had set De Vere on the wrong road, and De Vere was walking towards the sea, with his back to Greyfriars, under the impression that he was heading for that school.

Wharton paused.

He was deeply and bitterly offended by the new boy's manners; but he had a sense of responsibility towards him, in the circumstances. He felt that he could not leave him wandering on a wrong road, when Mr. Quelch was expecting him to arrive at Greyfriars.

He faced round, deciding to wait for De Vere, who was walking much more slowly, to come up. De Vere looked at him, and the sarcastic sneer on his face stung Wharton like a lash. Evidently, if he stopped to speak, he was going to be misunderstood, and Wharton's temper was at such a point now that he knew he would not be able to keep his hands off the new junior, but would hit out at the first word of insolence. He turned again, and walked on to Cliff House with a rapid stride, leaving Algernon de Vere to his own devices.



"I'm jolly glad I've found you!" said Harry Wharton. "I should have met you at the station, only I was stopped on the way. I'm sorry I couldn't get there in time!" De Vere stopped and surveyed him. "Do you mean to say that you belong to Greyfriars?" he asked. (See Chapter 7.)

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Tea at Cliff House!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Been in the wars?"

"Where did you pick up that proboscis, old chap?"

"Been finding trouble?"

"The trouble must have been terrific, my esteemed chum!"

Those remarks greeted Harry Wharton as he threaded his way through the shrubberies to the shady spot where tea was laid in the garden and a merry party of schoolboys and schoolgirls were gathered.

Wharton's chums were there, all in a cheery mood, and Marjorie and Clara and Babs and Mabs. His chums greeted him with the frankness of the Lower Fourth, and the girls smiled. Wharton had been in such a hurry ever since the tussle with the Highcliffians that he had had no time to think about his state of dusty disarray.

"I suppose I look a bit ruffled," he remarked.

"Not a bit!" grinned Bob Cherry. "A lot, old chap!"

"I'm sorry!" said Wharton, looking at Marjorie & Co. "Perhaps I ought not to have turned up in this state! I didn't think! It really wasn't my fault, though!"

"What nonsense!" said Marjorie, smiling. "You only want a brush down, and that's easy enough! But you have hurt your nose!"

Wharton rubbed his nose ruefully.

"Does it look very bad?" he asked.

"Like an esteemed beetroot, my worthy chum!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"All a-growing and a-blowing!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Have you been scrapping this afternoon instead of playing bear-leader to a new kid?"

"I've had a scrap," admitted Wharton.

"Naughty!" said Miss Clara, shaking her head.

"But I couldn't help it! I—"

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite," said Miss Clara severely.

"But I wasn't looking for trouble really!" protested Wharton.

"No; you found it without looking for it," said Barbara Redfern, laughing. "A cup of tea will make you feel better, and we'll lend you a clothes-brush. Sit down, Harry, and look chippy."

Harry Wharton smiled and sat down. Barbara helped him to tea, and Mabel to cake, and he was called upon for an account of the trouble which he had found without looking for it. Bob Cherry sparred ferociously in the air when he heard of the doings of the Highcliffie Nuts.

"Pon hasn't been licked lately," he said. "That's the trouble. I'll look for him next half-holiday and wallop the cad. Pon can't get on without being licked occasionally."

"Then you've missed the new kid altogether?" asked Nugent.

Wharton's brow darkened involuntarily.

"No; I got on his track and met him, as it happened," he said.

"You don't take to him?" asked Nugent, with a rather curious look at his chum.

"No!" said Harry briefly.



Frank asked no more; it was easy to see that the meeting of the new boy with the captain of the Remove had not been a friendly one. Perhaps Frank wondered a little which had been to blame. Wharton's temper was not regarded as exactly angelic, even by his nearest and dearest chum.

Bob Cherry changed the topic by giving Wharton a description of Bessie Bunter's narrow escape. A rather strange expression came over Harry's face as he listened.

"That's rather odd," he said, after a long pause. "You say you left the chap at the level crossing?"

"Yes—busy with his clobber," said Bob, with a grin. "I should have taken the chap for a regular tailor's dummy on his looks; but he played up like a little man, and no mistake!"

"But it's odd," said Harry. "It was at the level-crossing I met the new chap—De Vere—and he was brushing his clothes when I first saw him—it can't be the same."

"Never thought of asking his name," said Bob. "But the new chap wouldn't be wandering this way surely?"

"Ponsonby had been pulling his leg—"

"Oh, I see! Well, if he's De Vere, he's a good plucked one," said Bob. "I can tell you it made me feel queer when I saw him plunge in front of the engine to help Bessie."

"We thought for a minute he must be killed," said Marjorie, with a little shiver. "It was a fearfully narrow escape."

"It can't be the same chap," said Harry. "But your description—you say he was in Etous and a topper—"

"That's it!"

"He had an eyeglass, too!" said Johnny Bull.

Wharton started.

He remembered De Vere's eyeglass and his scornful survey through it. The colour flushed into Harry's cheeks at the remembrance.

"If it's the same chap it seems queer enough," he said. "I certainly shouldn't have taken De Vere for a fellow of much

pluck, or any good qualities at all. But perhaps it was another chap—though it's a queer coincidence—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo—there he is!" exclaimed Bob.

"What!"

Bob Cherry pointed with his teaspoon through the trees, where there was a view of the lodge at the school gates. A handsome, elegant fellow had stopped there, and was speaking to the porter. Bob and the rest recognised Bessie Bunter's rescuer at once; and Harry Wharton simultaneously recognised Algernon de Vere. Evidently they were one and the same—a surprising enough discovery for the captain of the Remove.

"That is he," said Marjorie, with a nod. "I wonder what he can be coming to Cliff House for?"

"Lost his way, perhaps, and asking the porter," said Nugent.

De Vere's voice could not be heard at that distance; but the rather gruff and deep tones of the porter were audible.

"Miss Primrose? Yessir! Go up the path and knock at the door, sir."

De Vere walked on and disappeared from the view of the tea-party in the garden.

"Can't be going up to the house to ask his way!" said Nugent, puzzled. "I suppose he knows your schoolmistress, Marjorie. Rather odd that he should call here before going to Greyfriars, though."

"I think Ponsonby put him on the wrong road for a jape," said Harry.

"Didn't you set him right?" asked Johnny Bull.

Wharton coloured.

"Anyway, if we see him again we'll ask him to walk back to Greyfriars with us," remarked Bob Cherry.

Wharton opened his lips to speak, and closed them again without a word. He did not want to refer to his disagreement with De Vere; and it was too humiliating to explain. But certainly he did not want De Vere's company—on the walk home after tea or at any other time. He had a strong conviction that the next time he met De Vere they would not part without the punching of noses.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### A Mutual Misunderstanding!

ALGERNON DE VERE rang the bell in the old stone porch of Cliff House, under the drooping masses of wistaria. He looked a very handsome picture as he stood there—good-looking, slim, undoubtedly aristocratic in his looks. The trim maid-servant who opened the door eyed him with a kindly and admiring eye. De Vere's manner was polished as he inquired for Miss Primrose in pleasant and cultivated tones. He gave his name, and the maidservant asked him into the visitors' room. De Vere was a little perplexed. He knew that he was at a school, but somehow it did not seem to him like the school he had expected to arrive at. If this was Greyfriars, Greyfriars was nothing like his anticipations.

But he had followed carefully the directions of Ponsonby—whom he still believed to be a Greyfriars fellow. He had passed the level-crossing, and kept on to the gates, which he reached just as he came in sight of the fishing village on the bay. Naturally, he had stopped at the gates, and he had asked the porter for Miss Primrose—as Pon had directed. He had not observed the tea-party in the garden; but as he was shown in by the maid he caught sight of two or three schoolgirls in the distance, and the sight surprised him. He sat down to wait for Miss Primrose in a chair by the window that looked out on a gravelled walk. To his surprise, a fat schoolgirl passed along that walk, and he recognised the plump young lady he had saved at the level-crossing. Bessie Bunter passed without seeing him, and De Vere wrinkled his brows in perplexity. If this was Greyfriars, it was unlike any boys' school he had ever heard of.

There was a rustle at the door, and a tall, prim lady with glasses entered. De Vere rose at once, and made a graceful bow that rather surprised the headmistress of Cliff House.

"Master de Vere?" said the old lady.

"Yes, madame."

"You wished to see me?"

"If you are Miss Primrose—"

"I am Miss Primrose," said the headmistress of Cliff House, polite though puzzled.

"I understand that it is necessary to inform you of my arrival," said De Vere, thinking that this house-dame had rather a grand manner for a house-dame.

Miss Primrose looked more perplexed. "My maid has already informed me of your arrival, Master de Vere," she answered. "May I inquire what is your business with me?"

It was De Vere's turn to look perplexed.

"I—I have come!" he said, rather lamely.

"Yes?" said Miss Primrose inquiringly.

"My baggage is comin' on from the station, madame."

"Your baggage?"

"Yes, I was unable to obtain a taxi, so I walked, and the baggage will be sent on."

"Bless my soul!" said Miss Penelope Primrose.

"I suppose I had better see the headmaster," said De Vere, more and more puzzled by the old lady's manner.

"The—the what?"

"The headmaster, madame. I suppose I must see the headmaster?"

"But there is no headmaster here!" said the surprised Miss Primrose.

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"No headmaster?" ejaculated De Vere.

"Certainly not!"

"A school without a headmaster!" exclaimed the junior, in amazement.

"Naturally."

"I—I really don't quite understand."

"There is a headmistress," said Miss Primrose. "I am the headmistress here."

"You!" ejaculated De Vere.

"Yes, yes."

"But—but you are the house-dame!" exclaimed De Vere, in astonishment.

"What?"

"I—I understood—I—I was told——"

"How very absurd!" said Miss Primrose coldly, not at all flattered by being taken for a house-dame. "But we are wasting time. Please tell me why you have called?"

"I—I—I've come!"

"Really, Master de Vere——"

"If there is not a headmaster, I suppose I can see my Form-master, at least, madame."

"There are no Form-masters here."

"Eh?"

"If you know anything about the place, you should know that every Form here has a Form-mistress," said Miss Primrose, beginning to show signs of snappishness. "I fail to understand you. I must ask you to state your business at once."

Miss Primrose eyed Master de Vere with a suspicious eye now. It was not totally unknown for enterprising young persons to endeavour to establish communication with the girls in the school. Such things as little notes thrown over the school wall were not absolutely unknown, especially when there were "seaside bounders" at Pegg. Miss Primrose could not help suspecting that this elegant youth was a "summer nut," who had cast his roaming eye on some young lady in her charge, and had had the audacity to penetrate into her presence with ulterior motives, perhaps the presentation of surreptitious chocolates. Her eyes grew sterner under her glasses.

"At once!" she repeated sharply. "I have no time to waste, Master de Vere, if that is your name."

De Vere started violently.

For some mysterious reason, that harmless remark of Miss Primrose's seemed to touch him on the raw.

"If it is my name!" he exclaimed hotly. "What do you mean, madame? Of course it is my name!"

Miss Primrose gave a slight shrug. If a seaside nut with a roaming eye penetrated into her school on a flimsy pretext she was not at all assured that he would state his real name.

"I am not at all satisfied that it is your name," she answered.

De Vere's face was crimson.

"You—you suggest——" he gasped.

Miss Primrose waved her hand imperatively.

"Enough!" she said. "We waste time. If you have no business here, I will ring for the maid to show you out at once."

"But I have business here," said the bewildered junior. "Of course I have! Weren't you expectin' me?"

"Expecting you! Assuredly not!"

"But my father made all arrangements for my comin' here——"

"Who is your father?"

"Mr. de Vere, of De Vere Manor," answered the junior haughtily.

Miss Primrose smiled a little sourly.

"Well, I have never even heard of Mr. de Vere, of De Vere Manor," she said. "Have you anything else to say before I ring?"

"But—but I don't understand. You

must have heard of me!" exclaimed De Vere, losing a good deal of his lofty nonchalance of manner in his bewilderment.

"Nonsense! You had better go."

"But I cannot go! Where am I to go?"

"Home, I should say, or to the seaside boarding-house you are staying at," said Miss Primrose dryly. "And I warn you, young gentleman, not to come to this school playing such foolish tricks again."

"I—I don't understand. I'm not playin' a trick. I can't go home—it's a hundred miles away. I must stay here——"

"Stay here for the night, do you mean?" ejaculated Miss Primrose, in scandalized astonishment.

"Certainly!"

"You foolish, impertinent boy! Do you think that this establishment is a boarding-house for unknown and nondescript characters who pass their holidays at Pegg?" exclaimed Miss Primrose indignantly.

De Vere fairly staggered. Evidently it was a blow to him to be described as a nondescript character!

"I—I don't think so. It's a school, isn't it?" he exclaimed.

"Certainly it is a school."

"Well, then, I'm the new boy——"

"The what?" shrieked Miss Primrose.

"The new boy—De Vere——"

"Is the boy mad?" exclaimed Miss Primrose. "Do you think for one moment that boys are admitted to this school?"

"N-n-not admitted!" stammered De Vere.

"Most assuredly not!"

"B-b-but——"

Miss Primrose rang for the maid. Algernon de Vere tried to struggle out of his astonishment and bewilderment. He felt like a fellow in a nightmare by this time.

"What—what on earth do you mean by saying that boys are not admitted here?" he demanded. "I've been told that there are two hundred boys here."

"Nonsense!"

"But—but—there's some mistake," panted De Vere, as the maid appeared in the doorway. "How can it be a school if there are no boys here?"

"Do not pretend to be ignorant of the fact that this is a girls' school!" snapped Miss Primrose scornfully. "I quite see through your wretched subterfuges."

De Vere almost fainted.

"A—a—a girls' school!" he bumbled.

"Eliza, show this young person out!" said Miss Primrose. "See that he does not abstract any of the umbrellas——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And go as far as the porter's lodge and ask Mr. Piper to see him safely off the premises, Eliza."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Kindly go at once!" said Miss Primrose, frowning at Algernon de Vere. That youth tried to recover his breath.

"Isn't this Greyfriars?" he yelled.

"Don't ask me such ridiculous questions! Go!"

"I was told this was Greyfriars——"

"Nonsense!"

"Isn't it?" howled De Vere.

"You are perfectly well aware that this



"Eliza! Show this young person out!" said Miss Primrose. "Good gad!" gasped De Vere. "I am well aware of your motives in attempting to impose upon me," snapped Miss Primrose. "If you are seen lurking about these precincts in the future, I shall speak to the police!" De Vere almost staggered from the room, and the maid, half-concealing a grin, conducted him to the door. (See Chapter 9.)



establishment is Cliff House School for Girls!" said Miss Primrose frigidly.

"Great gad!"

"And I am well aware of your motives in attempting to impose upon me. If you are seen lurking about these precincts in the future, I shall speak to the police! Go!"

"Good gad!"

Algernon de Vere almost staggered from the room, and the maid, half-concealing a grin, conducted him to the door. Miss Primrose watched him out of the house with a frowning brow; the maid conducted him to the lodge, and gave the headmistress' message to the porter. Mr. Piper frowned at the bewildered junior, and would have helped him out of the gates with a rough and ready hand, had not De Vere departed quickly. The new Removite fairly staggered into the road.

"Oh gad!" he gasped. "What a go! Those—those cads sent me to a girls' school—oh gad! And where the thump is Greyfriars, then? Where on earth is Greyfriars? Oh gad!"

Master de Vere, utterly at a loss, and in a state of great dismay and bewilderment, leaned on a fence at a little distance, to consider his next move, and in the hope that some native would pass from whom he could inquire the way to Greyfriars.

#### THE TENTH CHAPTER.

##### Algernon de Vere at Greyfriars.

"GOOD-BYE, Marjorie!"

"Good-bye!"

Five juniors raised their caps to Marjorie & Co. at the gate, and started down the lane. Four of them wheeled bicycles. Wharton had no machine with him, so the party decided to walk home. The Famous Five had enjoyed their tea in the garden at Cliff House, and they started for Greyfriars in cheery spirits. As they sighted an elegant figure by the roadside, at a little distance from the gates, Bob Cherry ejaculated:

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's the merry merchant again!"

Algernon de Vere made a step to meet the juniors. He recognised the four fellows who had been at the level-crossing after the rescue of Bessie Bunter. He recognised Wharton, too, and was surprised to see him with the others. Probably by that time De Vere regretted

that he had not accepted Wharton's offer to take him to Greyfriars.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You'll be late reporting to Quelch!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "I hear from Wharton that you're the new chap for Greyfriars."

"That is so!" said De Vere. "But who is Wharton?"

Bob gave a nod towards the captain of the Remove.

De Vere looked at him, to meet a cool and steely glance from Wharton. Harry was by no means prepared to extend the right hand of fellowship to the snob who had misunderstood and humiliated him. He was much more inclined to extend the right fist of hostility.

"Oh," said De Vere awkwardly, "a— a friend of yours?"

"Yes, rather!" said Bob.

"You're Greyfriars fellows?" asked De Vere.

"Yes; all in the Remove," said Bob Cherry. "You're coming into the Remove, too, isn't that so?"

"I believe so," said De Vere. "I— If I'd known you were Greyfriars chaps when I saw you before I'd have asked you— You see, I was put on the wrong road by a couple of cads who met me at the station. I'll jolly well lick them for it when I get to Greyfriars!"

Bob chuckled.

"You won't find them at Greyfriars," he said.

"They told me—"

"Whoppers," said Nugent. "They were Highcliffe chaps."

"It was a jape, you know," said Bob Cherry, smiling. "Not much of a joke to tell a chap lies and put him on the wrong road; but just in Pon's line. But didn't you ask at Cliff House? We saw you there—"

De Vere set his lips.

"They told me that was Greyfriars," he said.

"What?"

"They told me Miss Primrose was the house-dame, and — and — and I went there thinking it was Greyfriars."

"Oh, my hat!"

"The—the old lady seemed to think I was some sort of a burglar," said De Vere, reddening. "I—I felt an awful ass, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

The rest of the Co. joined in the roar. Even Wharton could not help smiling, though the sight of De Vere had banished his good-humour. The idea of

a fellow walking into a girls' school in mistake for a boys' school was too much for the chums of the Remove. They yelled.

Algernon de Vere eyed them icily at first, and then angrily. But his offended looks did not worry the merry Removites. They laughed, and laughed again.

"Don't mind us chortling a bit," said Nugent, taking note at last of the angry resentment in De Vere's face. "It's really rather funny, you know. But come along with us. We're going back to Greyfriars now, and we'll see you home."

"Thank you!" said De Vere stiffly.

He walked on with the Greyfriars party. Bob Cherry cheerily inquired for particulars of his interview with Miss Primrose, but Algernon declined to give any. As he was evidently sore on the subject the chums of the Remove let it drop at last.

The party reached Greyfriars, and as four of them wheeled their machines away, Wharton was left alone with the new boy. He would have turned away from him without a word, but he remembered that he was responsible for him to Mr. Quelch.

"Will you come with me to Mr. Quelch's study?" asked Wharton, in a tone as cold as ice.

This time De Vere did not refuse his guidance.

"Thank you!" he said.

And he followed Wharton into the School House. Harry tapped at Mr. Quelch's study door, and the Remove master's voice bade him enter.

"The new boy, sir!" said Harry.

"Come in, De Vere!" said Mr. Quelch. "You are very late! Wharton, you surely understood my desire that you should bring De Vere to the school without delay?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry. "I was prevented— I—I assure you that it was not my fault, sir."

Mr. Quelch gave him a rather sharp glance. He did not fail to observe the swelling of the junior's nose.

"You have been fighting, Wharton!"

Harry flushed uncomfortably.

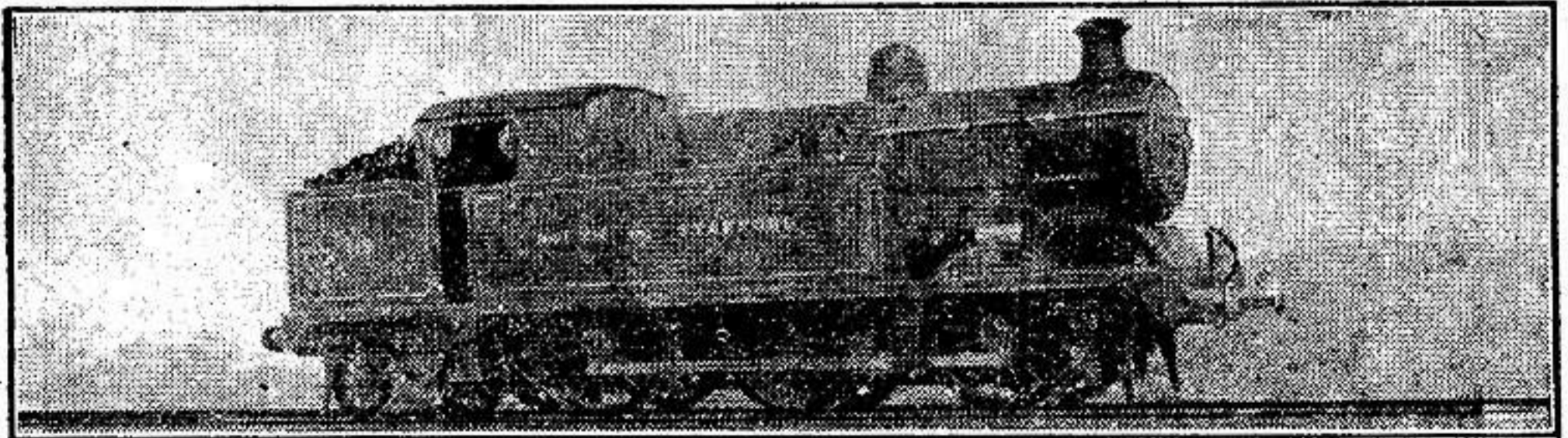
"I couldn't help it, sir. Some fellows stopped me for a lark."

"Well, well, you may go," said the Remove master.

Wharton left the study and closed the door.

(Continued on page 20.)

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# THE BROAD HIGHWAY!

ROUND THE CAMP-FIRE  
WITH THE GREYFRIARS  
SCOUTS.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—All my readers who are Scouts, or who are interested in camping and in the "Great Out-Doors" generally, will find this little series of articles full of useful tips.—ED.

## COOKING IN CAMP.

By Harry Wharton.

**C**OOKING in camp requires more patience and experience than is generally imagined. I heard one fellow remark the other day that "There's nothing in it—do it as easily as winking." But I saw him in camp a little later, and, well, he was finding out, much to his sorrow, that there was more than "something in it." It was an art, in fact, that has to be carefully studied.

As in every other camping art, there's no half-way line. It's a case of doing it properly and thoroughly from start to finish, and putting all you can into it, or not doing it at all.

In camp cooking you must do a certain amount of studying before you can become really efficient in the art, and it's most essential that you should be efficient, if you wish to become a successful camper.

Before you start out on your camp it is a very good plan to come to some definite decision concerning your "grub programme." This arranging of the programme, or a daily menu, will save you any amount of time and labour, and is so worth going into.

In camp there are generally four meals a day to provide for. They are, early breakfast, lunch, tea, and supper, and of these four the most important are breakfast and lunch, these being the two largest meals of the day.

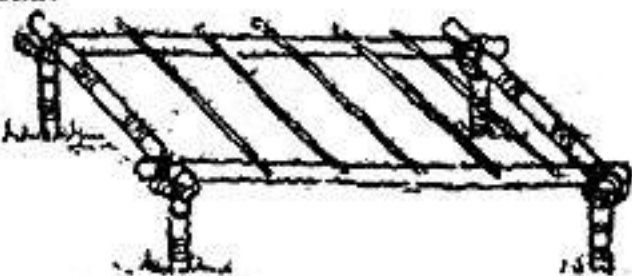
For an example, we will suppose that you have arranged for these meals the following programme:

Breakfast (8 a.m.): Porridge, bacon, bread-and-butter, and tea. Lunch or dinner (1 p.m.): Hunter's stew, apples, bread. Tea (4 p.m.): Bread-and-butter, tea, green salad. Supper (8 p.m.): Cocoa, bread, or biscuits, and cheese.

That completes the programme for one day. On the next day you can make a variety by having grilled fresh fish to take the place of bacon for breakfast, and steak or sausages and rice pudding in the place of Hunter's stew and apples, and in the evening tomato soup is a ripping finishing touch. And so it goes on.

Now we come to the recipes and the cooking of the various dishes.

**PORRIDGE.**—Half fill the billy-can with water, and boil. Sprinkle one cup of oatmeal into the boiling water, add a pinch of salt, and stir well. Boil gradually, stirring every now and again to prevent it from burning on the bottom, for ten minutes to a quarter of an hour. Serve with sugar and milk.



**TEA.**—Make the tea with a small muslin bag. This is done by putting three spoonfuls of tea into the bag, tying the top with string, then putting it into boiling water for a few minutes.

**HUNTER'S STEW.**—Materials: Half a pound of stewing steak, one onion, one carrot, several potatoes, billy-can of water, a small handful of rice, pepper, and salt.

Cut the meat into small chunks about an inch and a half square, place in pot of water. Add the rice, and the onion, carrot, and potatoes cut up into small pieces, and season with salt and pepper. Boil on fire for about an hour. Stir well. You can always test whether the vegetables are

sufficiently cooked by the simple process of prodding them with a fork. If they are soft, the stew is ready.

**TOMATO SOUP.**—Cut four fairly large tomatoes up and put them into a cup of water. Add a finely-chopped onion, a pinch of salt and pepper, and a little fresh milk. Boil slowly for half an hour, stirring well.

**BOILED BEEF AND DUMPLINGS.**—Materials: Three-quarters of a pound of beef, flour, one carrot, milk, one onion, seasoning, and water.

Place the beef into the water with the carrot and onion cut up into small pieces, salt and pepper. Mix the flour in a cup with milk to a thick consistency. Roll the paste into small balls, and drop into the pot when boiling. Simmer on the fire for an hour and a quarter.

**BOILED RICE PUDDING.**—Place a cupful of cleaned rice into half a pot of water, and boil slowly until the rice is soft. Stir well. Add milk and sugar to taste.

The above recipes are dishes most frequently used in camp. Later on I may give you several more hints on this subject.

**A CAMP GRILL.**—Have you tried grilled fish over a wood fire? It's a camp delicacy. You try them when you go to camp next time. The grill is made from four pieces of greenwood about one foot in length, four six-inch forked sticks, and several small green twigs. Cut the four forked sticks and point the ends. Then fasten the other four one-foot sticks to them, forming a frame, with the forked sticks at the corners, as shown in the sketch. The greenwood twigs are placed across the framework of the grill, and the fish is placed on top of them. A small fire is lighted under the grill, and as the green twigs slowly burn, fresh ones must be added.

**A CAMP BESOM.**—A besom, or broom, is a very useful article to have for a standing camp, or a long holiday camp. The best camper is the one who takes the greatest care of his pitch. This is where the besom comes in handy. You can give the ground round the tent a good sweeping every morning after the first meal, and the place will look tidy and clean.

To make the besom you will require an ash pole about three and a half feet in length, and a number of birch twigs. Whittle a design down the pole, then fasten the bundle of twigs to the end of the pole with thick string.

## THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF SPLENDID ATHLETIC ARTICLES.

# HOW TO WIN THE 100-YARDS RACE!

By Percy Longhurst.

**T**HE series of articles, of which this is the first, is not intended for the expert or advanced runner. It is meant for the beginner, the novice in athletics, the fellow at school who is anxious to show up well in his annual school sports. Nothing will be advised which is outside the ability or the opportunity of the average boy.

As a rule, the young athlete attempts too much. It is not at all uncommon for him in the one afternoon to take part in the sprint races, the middle distance, and longer events, perhaps the jumps, and almost certainly one or more of the field events, such as throwing the cricket-ball. This is good for the programme, no doubt, but it does not give the athlete much chance of doing his best at those events for which he is best suited. And unless he is more than averagely strong, such wholesale competition is not particularly good for him.

Of young athletes, the majority either train too much or not at all. Of the two mistakes, the second is the better to make. At the school age hard training is not necessary. The wind is in good condition; plenty of outdoor games have given the muscles the exercise they need; unlike the adult athlete, the schoolboy does not spend many hours of each day shut up in an office, shop, etc., where the atmosphere is not of the best, and the big muscles suffer from want of action.

The real difficulty is for the young athlete to know just what to do; when to run, and, above all, how much to run during his training practice. Too much work is worse than too little. It is of no use, for instance,

running a couple of miles three or four times a week if a chap has designs on winning one of the sprints. Yet such things often are done.

The first matter to which the 100 yards runner has to give attention is to learn how to start, how to get off the mark easily and quickly; and this is not by a long way the simple matter it appears. There are plenty of adult runners who have not gained the knack. Yet a good start is half the battle. More 100 yards races have been lost in the first twenty yards than in the last ten. The distance is so short that ground lost at the beginning can rarely be made up during the race; certainly not against a runner nearly as speedy as oneself.

So for a fortnight, at least, before the sports spend time practising starts. I am not going too far when I advise this practice should be daily. Three or four starts a day will be enough.

It is not an easy matter to get immediately from a position of perfect stillness into rapid motion directly the starter gives the signal for starting the race. The knack comes with practice only. But you must start right.

The "all fours" position at the mark is by far the best. When told to get on the mark, try to get down thus. The toes of the left foot are brought up just behind the mark or starting-line, not on it. The body is stooped, and the finger-tips brought to the ground to hold up the weight. But do not lean all your weight on your hands. If your left toes are right up to the mark, then the body (for the fingers must not go beyond the line) will be overbalanced, which does not

make for an easy get away. Carry the right foot back to a comfortable distance. I cannot tell you how far, for it depends to some extent on the length of your legs. The right knee must be bent slightly, the toes turned out; and don't carry the foot away out to the right.

See that you are in a comfortable position. Do not be satisfied until you are. From a strained attitude it is not possible to get away crisply and cleanly. Do not let your head droop. Keep it up, eyes and ears alert. A bent head will delay you. And throw out your left arm as you spring forward.

As soon as "Go!" is given or the pistol fires, spring forward, getting a good thrust-off from the right foot. This explains the bent right knee.

To win a sprint, it is imperative that you get into your stride and work up to your racing pace quickly.

Practise these daily starts, aiming to get an easy and quick take-off and quickly into your stride. The time spent will be well repaid. Do not run more than twenty yards. Then ease up, take a breather, and start again. I can promise you that such practice every day will make you a couple of yards quicker at the end of a fortnight. And when many sprints are won by a foot or so, a couple of yards is an advantage big enough to be worth troubling about.

If for a couple of weeks before the period of training it is possible to get out a few times for a slow two miles run or a six miles walk, with a few short sprints sandwiched in, it will be an advantage. Such outings will improve lung-power and assist largely to the increasing of stamina. During the fortnight of actual preparation, however, the 100 yards runner should run no greater distance than 150 yards, and that only occasionally, once or twice in the week. Such runs will ensure his staying-power over the distance.

(More about "Winning the Hundred Yards" next week.)



## DE VERE OF THE REMOVE!

(Continued from page 18.)

door, and De Vere was left to his Form-master. Wharton dismissed the new boy from his mind at once.

Harry went on to his study, and Nugent joined him there a little later. Wharton was dabbing at his nose before the looking-glass, and Frank smiled slightly as he noted his occupation.

"It's toning down already, old chap," he remarked. "We'll give Ponsonby a bigger one when we see him again. I wish we'd all been with you when you met those rotters."

"I wish you had," said Harry. "I had no end of a tussle, rolling in the dust, too. I—I suppose I looked a bit of a tramp when I got to Cliff House?"

"Well, a bit untidy, old chap," said Nugent. "Doesn't matter, does it?"

"Oh, no! Not at all," said Harry, colouring. Nugent's eyes dwelt on him curiously.

"You came on De Vere as you came to Cliff House?" he said.

"Yes, at the level-crossing."

"I don't want to inquire," said Nugent bluntly; "but I can see that you can't stand the fellow, Harry. Is anything the matter, if you don't mind telling me?"

There was a long pause, and Wharton's colour deepened.

"I'll tell you," he said, at last.

Wharton quietly explained the incidents of his first interview with Algernon de Vere. Nugent reddened with anger as he listened.

"The silly, snobbish, rotten, cheeky worm!" said Frank, with a deep breath.

"To dare— Why didn't you punch his silly head, Harry? That was what he wanted, a thundering good hiding to take the cheek out of him! You seem to have been jolly patient."

"You don't generally find fault with

me for being too patient, Franky," said Wharton, with a slight smile.

"Well, no. You were right not to punch him, really, though he asked for it. This study will let the silly cad alone, and let it go at that. Not worth bothering about. But it's a jolly queer," added Nugent thoughtfully. "He's got pluck—heaps of pluck. No denying that. It made my heart stop still when he ran in front of the train to yank Bunter's sister out of the way. It was touch and go with him."

"Well, pluck's a good thing," said Harry.

The opinion was shared by the majority of the Removites, and it was also unanimously agreed upon, among the members of the Famous Five, that there was more in De Vere of the Remove than met the eye.

THE END.

(Another grand story of Harry Wharton & Co. in next week's issue of the MAGNET Library. See page 2.)

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