

GIVEN AWAY INSIDE! SPLENDID REAL ACTION PHOTO OF H. GOUGH,
The Famous International Goalkeeper.

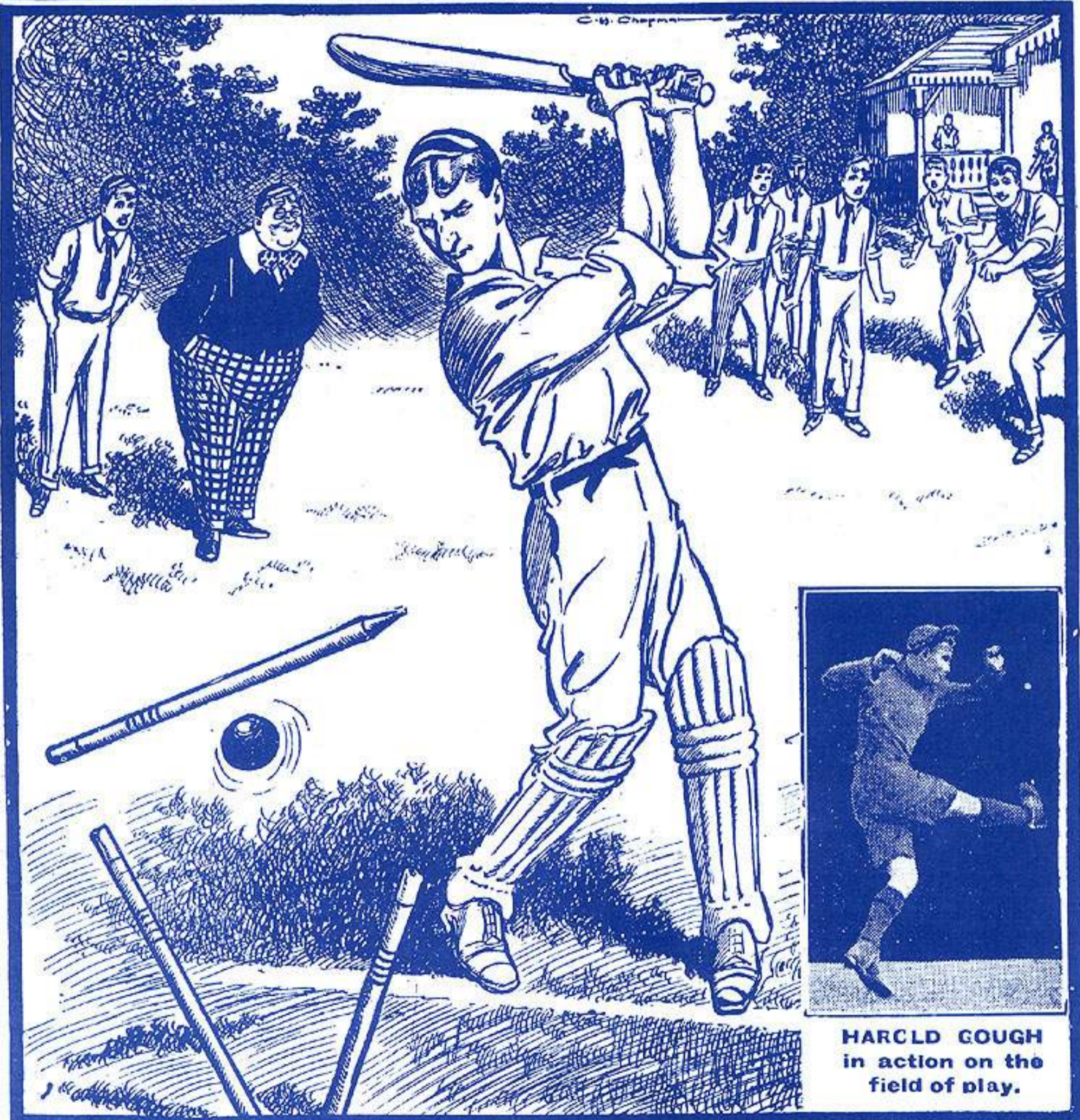


No. 750. Vol. XXI.

Week Ending June 24th, 1922.

The Magnet Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



HAROLD GOUGH
in action on the
field of play.

BOWLED OUT!

ALGERNON DE VERE'S AMAZING BOWLING SURPRISES THE NATIVES!
(A thrilling incident from the long complete tale inside.)



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

FOR YOU.

In the first place I must write a few words concerning the splendid free gifts which are being presented to all readers of the Companion Papers this week.

With this issue you will have received a splendid action photo of Harold Gough, of Sheffield United, which will make a fine addition to your collection of famous footballers.

Now, in the current issue of the "Boys' Friend," which you can obtain from any newsagent to-day, there is presented a grand free photo of Bugler Lake. This is another photo of the series of "Rising Boxing Stars." Is Bugler Lake a rising boxing star? Ask any member of the Imperial Services what he thinks of Bugler Lake. He is one of the heroes of both services, for he is truly a magnificent fellow with the gloves.

The "Popular" will appear to-morrow—Tuesday—and with it you will be presented with another magnificent FREE COLOURED ENGINE PLATE of an express locomotive of the Glasgow and South Western Railway Company. The "Popular," I might mention, has just started a grand new serial, by famous Sidney Drew, entitled "The Pearl Poachers." Apart from the four complete school stories, the easy competition for big money prizes, "Billy Bunter's Weekly," this serial alone is worth the money you pay for your copy of the "Popular."

On Wednesday morning there appears the "Gem" Library, and with that famous school story paper will be given TWO FREE REAL PHOTOS of famous footballers—F. Roberts, of Bolton Wanderers, and Fletcher, of Barnsley. You must have these photos for your collection.

That, then, sums up the nature of the gifts you can obtain this week. Next week will bring you another grand lot of gifts. There will be TWO REAL FREE PHOTOS in the MAGNET Library, a special action photo in the "Gem" Library, another of the famous "Rising Boxing Stars" photos in the "Boys' Friend," and yet another splendid, free, coloured engine plate in the "Popular."

I ask all my chums to make certain of their gifts by ordering their copies of the Companion Papers. That costs you nothing, and you save yourself the risk of annoyance by missing one or more of the splendid gifts.

You might also pass this notice on to your chums when you have read it. I am sure that they will be greatly obliged to you for doing so.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

Our next grand, long, complete school story will be entitled:

"IN BORROWED PLUMES!"

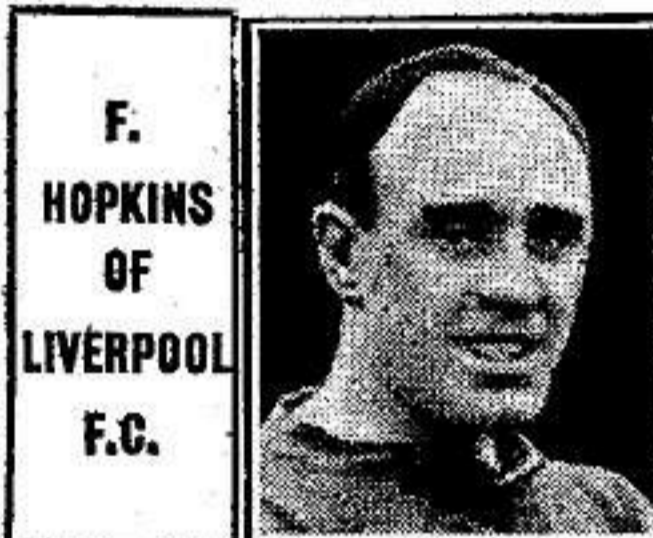
By Frank Richards.

This is another story of Harry Wharton & Co. and De Vere, the new boy in the Remove. The Removites begin to
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suspect things concerning De Vere, especially when a certain youth comes along from the village. De Vere has to undergo quite a lot of notoriety, and De Vere does not like it.

You must not miss this splendid story, which will appear in the MAGNET Library on Monday morning next.

TWO SPLENDID REAL PHOTOS



F.
HOPKINS
OF
LIVERPOOL
F.C.



A.
MORTON
OF
GLASGOW
RANGERS.

PRESENTED FREE IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

Next Monday's Supplement is going to be a scream—a perfect howler! Why? Because Horace Coker of the Fifth takes the Editorial chair for one week only.

Horace Coker thinks he knows a lot about journalism, and he has long had the idea that the "Greyfriars Herald" has not been run on the right lines. He gets a chance to show the school exactly how it should be done.

Readers who want a hearty laugh, and more than one thrill, must be sure of getting their copies of the MAGNET Library. There's only one way to make certain, and that is

ORDER IN ADVANCE.

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Readers can obtain albums for their free photo cards by writing to

The MAGNET Album Office,
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enclosing four three-halfpenny stamps,

or a postal-order for sixpence in payment thereof. Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation, but will be despatched with all possible speed.

Don't forget your name and address!

NOTICES.

Cricket.

M. Lewis, 23, Farlton Road, Wilna Road, Earlsfield, S.W. 18, wishes to join a junior cricket-club in his immediate neighbourhood. Has played for other clubs occasionally; age 17; can bowl a good, medium right hand; pretty fair bat; has a chum who would also like to join.

Correspondence.

Miss Barbara J. Draper, 48, Harcourt Street, Luton, Beds, and Miss Dulcie Taylor, 21, Naseby Road, Luton, Beds, wish to correspond with readers who are interested in art plate collecting, or views.

Miss Mona Butler, Gothierville, 5, Park Lane, Little Horton, Bradford, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 17-19. All letters answered.

F. Bottomley, 48, Downhills Park Road, Tottenham, N. 15, wishes to hear from readers interested in his Advertising Herald, which gives exchange facilities for back numbers, stamps, etc. This correspondent also wishes to hear from a reader, age 16-18, who would spend a holiday with him in Cornwall during the month of August. Should be interested in outdoor sports and hobbies.

Reginald Murton, 15, Radnor Gardens, Twickenham, Middlesex, wishes to correspond with readers in South Africa.

W. H. Morgan, 36, Longford Street, Regent's Park, N.W. 1, wishes to correspond with some reader who is keen on cinematography, and who owns a small machine.

Arthur Sapwell, 25, Smedley Street, Clapham, S.W., wishes to hear from readers willing to join the Universal Friendly Club. Free magazines and competitions.

Harold Fager, 16, Desfosses Street, Quebec, Canada, wishes to correspond with readers in Africa and India for the exchange of stamps.

Arthur E. Mucla, 71-T, River Valley Road, Singapore, Straits Settlements, wishes to correspond with readers in Africa.

Geo. Oehlers, 30, St. Michael's Road, Singapore, Straits Settlements, wishes to correspond with readers.

Wilfred Summerfield, Suite J., Parkway Apartments, Victoria, B.C., Vancouver Island, Canada, wishes to correspond with readers.

Robert D. J. Naismith, 8, Dunrobin Place, Edinburgh, wishes to hear from stamp collectors.

Miss Priscilla Jewells Floix, Strone Road, Manor Park, London, E., wishes to hear from readers.

Lt.-Col. J. W. Major and H. T. Marshall, C. Coy., 2nd Batt. York and Lancaster Regt., Napier Barracks, Karachi, India, wish to hear from readers, ages 18-21.

K. Kenworthy, 263A, Wallasey Village, Wallasey, Cheshire, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

C. Silvey, 5, Catherine Terrace, Lansdowne Road, Clapham, S.W. 8, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; ages 18-20; all letters answered.

Your Editor.



The Snob's Secret!

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. and Algernon de Vere at Greyfriars.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Maully Makes a Suggestion!

"HEM!" Lord Maulverer of the Remove coughed. His lordship seemed ill at ease. The schoolboy earl had drifted into Study No. 1 in the Remove, where Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were discussing cricket and pineapple-chunks at the same time.

The chums of the Remove greeted his lordship genially. Everybody liked old Maully, and old Maully liked nearly everybody. His good nature and toleration had hardly any limits; he could even stand Billy Bunter. Generally his lordship's brow was placid, and he looked as if he found the universe a pleasant place to live in.

But now the placidity had departed from his noble brow. Lord Maulverer looked worried and ill at ease, and Wharton and Nugent were quite concerned about it.

"What's up, Maully?" asked Nugent.

"Hem!"

"Sit down and help us with this pineapple," suggested Wharton.

"Thanks, dear boy!"

But his lordship did not sit down, and he did not help with the pineapple. He shoved his hands deep into his pockets, and ambled across the study and ambled back again, looking more ill at ease than ever.

Apparently, Lord Maulverer had come along to Study No. 1 to say something, and found it difficult to utter what he had come to say.

"Feeling down?" asked Wharton.

"Yaas."

"Somebody woke you out of a nap?"

Lord Maulverer grinned faintly.

"Worse than that?"

"Is there anything worse than that?" asked Nugent, with a grin.

"Yaas."

"Not run out of tin?" asked Harry, smiling. "If so, you've come to the right study. A quid—"

"Thanks! But it isn't that."

"Your study-mate, Vivian, been up to something?"

"Not this time."

"Fallen out with the new fellow they've put in your study?"

"N-n-no!"

"Well, give it a name," said the captain of the Remove encouragingly. "I can see there's something the matter. Isn't there?"

"Yaas."

"Go ahead, then!"

"Hem!"

Lord Maulverer drifted round the study aimlessly, the chums of the Remove watching him with interest and some amusement. Lord Maulverer was evidently in trouble, but it did not seem probable that his trouble was very deep or serious. A schoolboy who was an earl and a millionaire, in the best of health, with more friends than he could count, did not really seem like an object for compassion. Still, certainly there was trouble somewhere—something had disturbed the even tenor of his way.

"There's only two of you in this study," his lordship said at last, coming to anchor, as it were, at the study table, and blinking across it at Wharton and Nugent.

"Three at the present moment," said Nugent.

"Yaas; but only two that belong. Don't you fellows feel sometimes that you'd like a little more company?"

"Eh?"

"That you'd like three in the study instead of two?"

"No fear!"

"Hem!"

"Do you want to get rid of young Vivian?" asked Harry.

"Oh, no!"

"You want to come and dig here yourself? We might stretch a point in your favour, Maully."

"Nunno! I wouldn't like to desert Jimmy Vivian."

"Then what the thump—"

"It's a fairly large study," said Lord Maulverer, glancing round. "Not quite so large as mine, perhaps, but—but roomy. And that new fellow, De Vere,

is—is no end rich, if you ever wanted to borrow any money."

"Fathead!"

"He's got a stunnin' name, you know—Algernon de Vere—and—and seems to be awfully well connected and all that. Gives a study a sort of tone, don't you think?"

"Not in the least."

"Hem!"

Lord Maulverer drifted round the study again, evidently in a state of disconsolate dismay.

Wharton and Nugent were grinning now. Apparently, Maully wanted to get rid of his new study-mate, and was looking out for offers. Seemingly he did not like Algernon de Vere, rich and distinguished and dandified as that youth was. And it seemed that he was seeking to persuade himself that De Vere might be an acquisition in another study, though not wanted in No. 12.

"He's got a lot of good points," continued Maully, after a pause. "Day he came, I hear that he rescued Bunter's sister from a watery grave, or something!"

"Not a watery one," said Nugent. "He jerked her off the railway-line at the level crossing."

"I knew it was somethin' of the sort," assented Lord Maulverer. "No end of pluck, you know! You fellows admire pluck."

"Lots!" said Wharton.

"You'd like a plucky chap like that to dig in your study?"

"Dear old man!" said Wharton. "I'm sorry for you! But we wouldn't take De Vere off your hands at any price!"

"Couldn't stand that!" said Nugent, shaking his head. "Too much swank, for one thing!"

"Hem!"

Again his unhappy lordship drifted round the study. Again he came to anchor, and blinked at the two juniors.

"Of course, I wouldn't palm off on another fellow a fellow that I couldn't stand myself," he said apologetically. "Mean, you know. But—but I hoped you might have taken a fancy to him."

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Harry Wharton smiled rather grimly. He was very far from having taken a fancy to the new Removite, Algernon de Vere. In fact, he disliked him as much as it was possible to dislike a fellow he hardly knew.

"Nothin' doin'?" asked Mauly dismally.

"Sorry — no! We'd rather have Bunter!"

"Oh gad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"But what's he done?" asked Nugent, with some curiosity. "I should have thought you'd have liked him, Mauly. He's rollin' in money like you, his clothes are the last word in tailoring like yours, and he's got a stunning name like your nobby self! And he's highly connected like you, old man. You ought to pal with him no end. It ought to be a case of two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one!"

"He hasn't done anythin' exactly. Of course, I don't dislike the chap," said

half-laughing. "The new chap seems to be getting on his nerves."

"No wonder!" said Wharton dryly.

"But it's odd," said Nugent. "Mauly can stand Bunter; and he's civil to Skinner; he tolerates Fishy. Dash it all! I should think he could stand De Vere. He swanks; but there's worse things than swank."

"I don't like him any more than Mauly does," said the captain of the Remove.

"Well, you had a little trouble with him his first day here," said Frank. "But old Mauly never has trouble with anybody. De Vere puts on airs a good bit, but after all—"

"There's a yellow streak in the chap!" said Wharton abruptly. "He seems to have nearly all the advantages a fellow could have, but he doesn't ring true, somehow." The captain of the Remove coloured. "But I don't want

The Famous Five were standing in a cheery group before the pavilion, Wharton with one eye on the juniors who were still at practice. Lord Mauleverer was with the group, his placidity restored; but a shade came over his brow as De Vere arrived. Wharton did not look pleased. The new junior's "swank" had annoyed Wharton on De Vere's first day at Greyfriars, and he had not forgotten it, though the new junior had been particularly civil to him since. However, the cricket-ground was free to all, and De Vere was at liberty to join the practice if he wanted so to do—indeed, to some extent the practice was compulsory. He bestowed a genial nod on the group before the pavilion as he came up.

"My first chance at some cricket," he said, addressing nobody in particular. "I suppose a fellow can push in?"

"Certainly," said Wharton.

HAROLD GOUGH, the International Goalkeeper of Sheffield United.

All about the footballer who forms the subject of our Grand Free Photo.

THERE are several things for which the town of Chesterfield is noted, but the lads of the place who are interested in football declare with pride that it has played its part in the big ball game. Anyway, Chesterfield was the birth-place of two of the best goalkeepers of modern times. Sam Hardy, the man who played for Aston Villa and England so long, is one of them, and Harold Gough, the goalkeeper of Sheffield United is the other.

For many seasons past the man who holds the fort for Sheffield United has been recognised as among the foremost keepers in the land, but it is also true that for a long time he had to wait for International recognition because of the excellent form of his townsman, Hardy.

However, in the summer of 1920 he was chosen as the man to play for England in South Africa, and although the all-the-year-round football affected the form of some of the men, Gough came back to play as well as ever.

For a long time he had been waiting and hoping for a "cap" in an International match proper, and in the spring of 1921 he achieved his ambition,

playing for England against Scotland at Glasgow. Although the Englishmen lost by three goals to nothing on that occasion, it was admitted that they were unlucky to do so, and Gough made some fine saves in the course of the match.

It is as a club custodian, rather than a representative match player, that Gough has shone most, though, and in the two seasons immediately before the war he played in every League match bar two. In the season of 1914-15, too, he played a valiant part in helping Sheffield United to win the English Cup, some of his goalkeeping exploits in that campaign being absolutely wonderful.

Although Chesterfield is the home town of the Blades' goalkeeper, he was playing with Castleford, a Yorkshire club in the Midland League, when the attention of the Sheffield United authorities was drawn to this promising youngster. At that time Sheffield were well served in goal by Hufton, who is now, of course, at West Ham, and perhaps no better tribute could be paid to Gough than to point out that eventually he displaced Hufton in the Sheffield United goal.

Just as he had rather an unhappy experience in his first real International match, so did Gough go through it on his first appearance in the Sheffield United League side, for the Bramall Laners lost by four goals to one. Shortly afterwards, however, he got a regular place in the side, and has kept it ever since, except on those occasions when injury has compelled him to stand down. In addition to playing against Scotland in 1921, Harold also appeared in both the International trial matches of that season. Standing five feet ten inches, and weighing practically twelve and a half stone, he is magnificently equipped for the duties of the job, and the way he deals with high shots is an object lesson in the art of anticipation. He is also a goalkeeper of the plucky order, and more than once he has been injured by dashing out fearlessly and throwing himself at the feet of an oncoming forward. This does not mean that his methods show him to be a believer in a goalkeeper leaving his charge without good excuse, but when the situation is desperate, then Gough is ready to take desperate measures. A man to rely upon.

Lord Mauleverer hastily "Don't you run away with the idea that I dislike him. It wouldn't be just, would it? You mustn't think that he gets on my nerves or anythin'. But—but if another fellow liked to have him in his study, I'd part with him with—without repinin'."

Lord Mauleverer gave the chums of the Remove an anxious glance, as if hoping against hope. But there was no relief for him in their countenances. They would have done anything for old Mauly—almost anything—but this thing happened to be the limit.

"Sorry I've bothered you!" said his lordship at last. "Hem! Sure there's nothin' doin'?"

"Not in this case, old chap."

"Can't be helped," said Mauly.

And, with a nod to the chums of the Remove, he drifted out of Study No. 1. Wharton and Nugent looked at one another.

"Poor old Mauly!" said Nugent.

to run the fellow down—bless him! Let's get down to the cricket."

"Right-ho!"

The chums left Study No. 1, and Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh joined them in the Remove passage. The Famous Five went down to the cricket-ground together, and, to their surprise, they were joined there a little later by Lord Mauleverer. It was rare for his lordship to find sufficient energy to turn up at the cricket; but at the present time he seemed to prefer Little Side to his study.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

On the Cricket Ground!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here's his merry nibs!" Bob Cherry made that remark as Algernon de Vere came on to the junior cricket-ground in spotless flannels.

"Oh, you play cricket?" asked Bob Cherry.

Bob's opinion of the new fellow was rather mixed. He did not like the fellow walking about with an air that the earth was not quite good enough for him to tread upon; and at the same time Bob could not forget the pluck De Vere had shown in rescuing Bessie Bunter at the level crossing. And Bob was a tolerant fellow, prepared to see the best in everybody, and to overlook the little foibles of human nature.

"Yes, I play a bit," assented De Vere. "I've been considered rather good."

"You played for your last school?" "This is my first school," said De Vere. "I had a tutor before. At home, you know."

"And he put you up to cricket?" "Yes; he was an old Blue. I learned a lot from him—and knockin' around at country houses, you know."



"The fellow seems to have been talking out of the back of his silly hat!" said De Vere. And with that he turned and walked away. "Aren't you going to give us some more bowling?" shouted Bob Cherry. But the new junior did not seem to hear. He walked on towards the School House without turning his head. "Well!" ejaculated Bob. "If that isn't dashed queer!" (See Chapter 3.)

"Oh gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer, as if involuntarily.

Mauldy did not mean that muttered ejaculation to be heard; but it was heard, and the Co. glanced at him; and De Vere's glance fell upon him, with a sudden, tense, penetrating look. For a single instant the cool nonchalance was gone, and his look was hard, sharp, penetrating—it changed the whole aspect of his face. But it was only for an instant.

"You said——" he asked.

"Oh, nothin'!" said Lord Mauleverer hastily.

"I should like to take a hand in the cricket here," resumed De Vere. "You're junior cricket captain, I believe, Wharton?"

"That's so."

"Perhaps you'd like to see what I can do?"

"If you like."

"I mean with a view to pickin' up a man for the junior eleven."

Harry Wharton laughed impatiently. "I'm not likely to pick up a new kid for the eleven," he said. "You've got a lot to learn before you play in junior school matches, De Vere."

"Possibly," assented De Vere; "but possibly not. I suppose you want a good man if you can get him?"

"I don't want any swank!" answered the captain of the Remove bluntly.

De Vere shrugged his shoulders.

"The proof of the puddin's in the eatin'!" he remarked. "Is your team strong in bowlers?"

"It isn't weak; but we're stronger in batting," said Harry. "Are you a bowler?"

"I've been told so."

"Well, if we're entertaining a county champion unawares, we'll be glad to have our eyes opened," said the captain of the Remove sarcastically. "Here, Squiff, chuck the ball to De Vere, will you?"

"Blow!" said Squiff. "I'm sending Smithy some."

"We've got a new bowler who can knock spots off anything we've ever seen before," explained Wharton. "Give him the ball and let him knock Smithy into a cocked hat."

"I don't think!" grinned the Bounder at the wicket.

"Oh, all right!" said Squiff, laughing. "Catch, De Vere!"

He tossed the ball over to the new junior.

It was not an easy catch; and possibly the Australian junior intended the leather to land on De Vere's person, not in his hand. But with cool ease the new fellow put out a hand, lazily, as it looked—but the ball rested in his palm. Squiff looked rather surprised.

"I say, that was a catch!" he remarked.

"The catchfulness was terrific," observed Hurree Janset Ram Singh, as De Vere went to the bowler's wicket.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"There may be something in the fellow," he said; "but——"

"But the esteemed swank is great!" grinned the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Smithy will take him down a peg!" said Bob Cherry. "I'll bet you he won't let his wicket be bagged by a new kid."

"Not likely!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"He's goin' to take the wicket!" said Lord Mauleverer, who was watching the new fellow rather curiously.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five.

Lord Mauleverer blinked at them. "What's the merry joke?" he asked. "You are, old top!" grinned Bob. "Since when have you been a jolly old critic of a cricketer's form, lazybones? What you don't know about cricket, Mauldy, would fill a big book."

"Yaas, but——"

"Two to one he doesn't go within a yard of the wicket!" said Johnny Bull, who had not been at all favourably impressed by the new fellow's good opinion of himself.

"I won't take you," said Mauldy. "You'd lose, dear boy. He will take Vernon-Smith's wicket, and Wharton's, too, if he tries."

"Why, you ass——" exclaimed Harry, half-amused and half-vexed. "What the thump do you mean, Mauldy? You don't know anything about cricket."

"Not very much, old bean," confessed his lordship.

"Then why the thump do you think that new ass could take my wicket?" demanded Wharton warmly.

"You see, practice tells."

"Practice?"

"Yaas."

"What practice?"

"Bowlin' to the men on the county ground, you know. A kid who can beat the regular groundsmen——"

The astounded stare of the Famous Five seemed to recall something to Lord Mauleverer's mind. He stopped

short in confusion, and his face was flooded with crimson.

"What on earth are you burbling about, Mauly?" exclaimed Nugent, in utter wonder.

"I—I—I—" stammered his lordship.

"County men—groundsmen—what?" exclaimed Wharton blankly. "Do you know anything about De Vere that we don't?"

"I—I—I—"

"What do you mean, anyhow, Mauly?" demanded Johnny Bull.

His lordship's face was a crimson picture of utter confusion and dismay. It was obvious that his lordship had been speaking without reflection, and that he would have given worlds to recall the words he had uttered.

"I—I don't mean anythin', you know," he stammered. "I—I never do, you know. I—I say, watch the bowler—he's worth watchin'—"

"How do you know he's worth watching?"

"I—I—I—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "It's a giddy miracle! Look! Oh, Smithy!"

"My only hat!"

The ball had come down—and Vernon-Smith's wicket had come down. How the leather had got through the Bounder simply did not know—but it had, and Smithy stared down at his wrecked wicket with blank amazement in his face.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Little Mysterious!

"WELL bowled!"

"How's that?"

"Oh, Smithy!"

The Bounder blushed red. He was sportsman enough; but he was annoyed at being bowled first ball by a fellow who had been only a few days in the school, and had never been seen on the cricket-ground before.

De Vere's manner, too, was not calculated to smooth the ruffled feelings of a defeated batsman.

There was an almost scornful smile on his handsome face, as if he thought it scarcely worth the effort to perform so easy a task. Smithy did not like the taking of his wicket to be regarded as an easy task.

Certainly a good many bowlers had found it a sufficiently hard task.

And the Bounder, though he had not expected much of the new bowler, had not given him any opening; he was not a fellow to take chances. Algernon de Vere had performed, not an easy task, but a difficult one; but certainly he seemed to have performed it with consummate ease.

"Was that a fluke, Smithy?" asked Harry Wharton, coming towards the astonished batsman.

Vernon-Smith shook his head.

"No," he answered frankly; "no giddy fluke there. The fellow can bowl. It looked to me like a wide; but—" The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. "I'll try him again. Give him the ball."

Johnny Bull had fielded the ball. He sent it back to De Vere with a long catch, which De Vere palmed easily. Vernon-Smith took up his position at the wicket again as Wharton set up the bails. The Bounder was on his mettle now.

The Famous Five looked on with keen interest, and so did the rest of the

remove cricketers. Lord Mauleverer walked away, apparently the only fellow not interested. Even Billy Bunter, who had rolled on the cricket-field—perhaps in the hope of getting his postal-order cashed there—looked on with some interest. If that first ball had not been a lucky fluke, the new junior certainly was "some" bowler.

There was quite a breathless pause as the ball came down again. The first ball had been slow and wide; the second came down like a bullet, and before Smithy knew it was there it had whipped his middle stump out of the ground.

"How's that?" yelled Billy Bunter.

"He, he, he!"

"My hat!" murmured Bob.

"Try him again, Smithy," said the captain of the Remove.

Vernon-Smith shook his head, with an expression of mortification on his face that he could not quite hide. He came off the pitch.

"Somebody else can try him," he said.

"He's a swanking ass, but when it comes to cricket, he's hot stuff!"

"Go it, Bob," said Harry.

"My dear chap, you're our champion bat," said Bob Cherry. "You go in and knock spots off him."

"Oh, all right!" said Harry.

The captain of the Remove took his bat and went to the wicket. His face

"By gum, that fellow's real mustard!" said Bob Cherry. "We shall surprise Highcliffe with him, Harry."

"If he plays for us," said Harry.

"You won't leave out a bowler like that, surely?"

"Not if he keeps up to sample," said the captain of the Remove. "If he's always like this, certainly he's rather a catch for the eleven."

"What beats me," said Bob, "is how Mauly knew it. Mauly knows as much about cricket as he does about relativity or Runic. But he spotted that chap as a first-class bowler at sight. How did Mauly do it?"

Wharton shook his head.

"Must have seen him play before," said Nugent.

"But he didn't know De Vere before he came to Greyfriars," said Bob. "At least, he never mentioned it."

"Might have known him without mentioning it," said the Bounder.

"Well, it's generally mentioned if a chap knows a chap, especially a chap like De Vere."

"That's so. It's odd."

"Jolly odd!" said Bob. "I'll ask De Vere."

Algernon de Vere was coming off, and Squiff was bowling to Tom Brown. De Vere joined the fellows by the pavilion, and looked at Wharton with a rather challenging expression.

"Are you satisfied about my form now?" he inquired.

"Yes, so far."

"When's the next junior game?"

"Highcliffe, next week."

"You'll be playin' me?"

"If you keep up the form you've shown to-day, I think I shall put you in," said Harry. "We've not seen you bat yet, though."

"I've let battin' slide rather," drawled De Vere. "I shine as a bowler, if I may say so without braggin'. If you want bowlers, I don't see how you can leave me out."

"Plenty of time to think about it," said Harry shortly.

"Do you know Mauleverer, De Vere?" asked Bob Cherry.

Bob saw no reason for mysteriousness on the subject, and he came straight to the point in his direct way.

"Mauleverer?" De Vere raised his eyebrows. "Do you mean my study-mate? Naturally."

"I mean did you know him before you came to Greyfriars?"

"No."

"Jolly odd! He must have known you," said Bob.

De Vere stared at him.

"Known me?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"Before I came to Greyfriars?"

"Looks like it."

"What the thunder do you mean?" exclaimed De Vere, sharply and angrily. "Are you trying to pull my leg or not, confound you?"

"Eh? Keep your wool on, old scout," said Bob. "Nothing to get your rag out for, that I can see."

"I want to know what you're drivin' at."

"Only this. Before you bowled, Mauly said you'd take our wickets. He knows nothing about the game, so he must have known something about you—about your form as a bowler, I mean."

"What utter rot!"

De Vere's brow was contracted; he looked suspicious and angry, and the juniors eyed him, quite at a loss to account for his very evident annoyance. Bob Cherry's eyes sparkled.

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was a little grim. In any other circumstances Wharton would have welcomed joyfully a new bowler of unusual powers, thinking of him as a rod in pickle for Highcliffe and St. Jim's and Rookwood. But Algernon de Vere's swank had barred him off from any cordial welcome. Wharton's chief feeling, as he stood at the wicket, was an almost bitter determination to keep his sticks up, and not to allow the new fellow to score a triumph over him.

The ball came down, and Wharton stopped it dead on the crease. He only just stopped the ball, and he knew it. It was borne in upon him that here was a new bowler who was the equal, if not the superior, of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh himself. There were batsmen in the Sixth Form who could not have stood up to this.

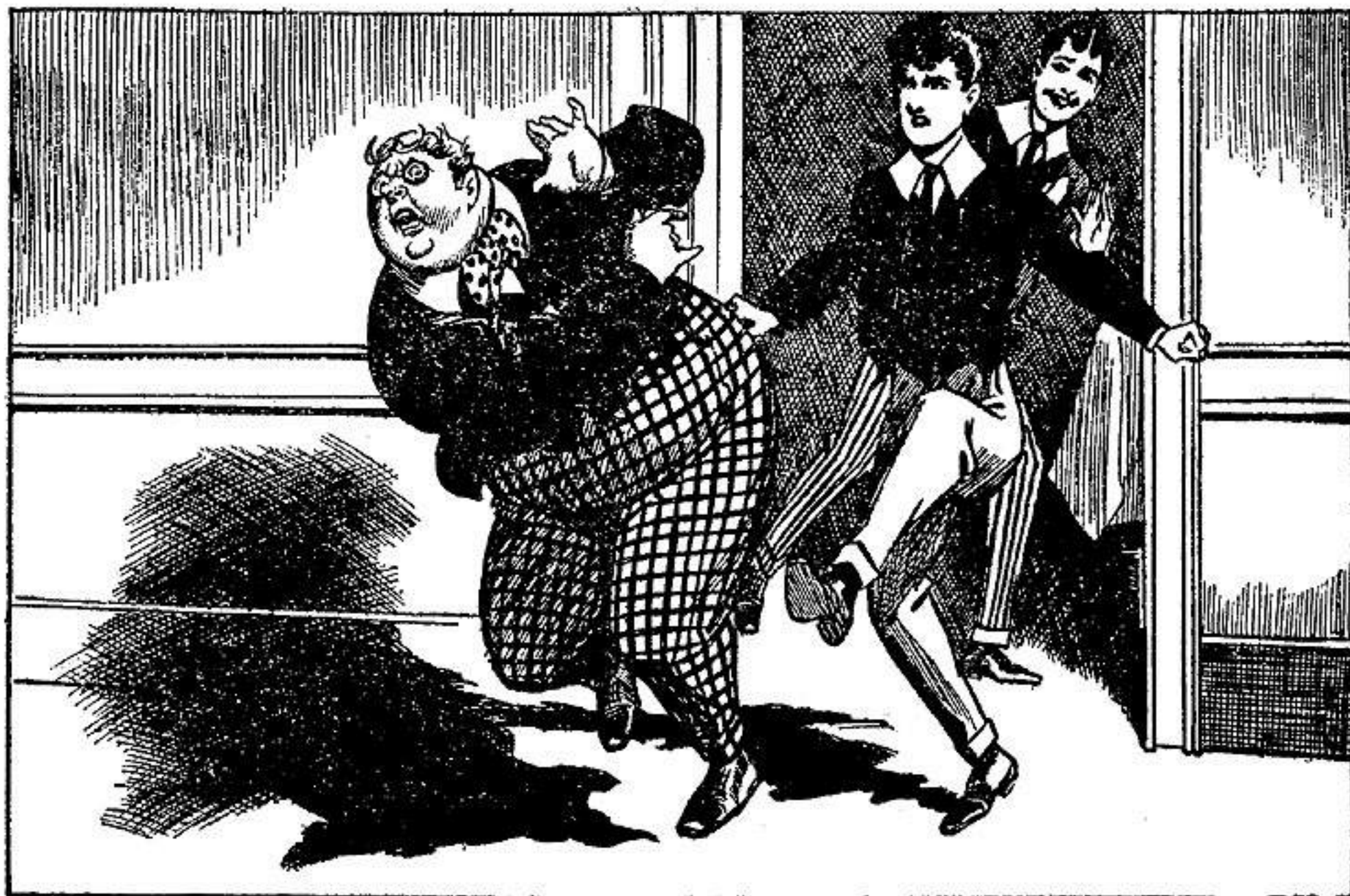
Twice again the ball came down, and Wharton stopped it, and could not venture to hit out. A look of annoyance came over De Vere's handsome face. But his triumph was coming. The fourth ball beat the captain of the Remove to the wide, and the bails came down.

"Ho, he, he!" came from Billy Bunter.

"How's that?" called out De Vere coolly.

"Out!" said Harry.

He tucked his bat under his arm, and rejoined the group by the pavilion, a slight flush on his face.



Sir Jimmy Vivian rushed at Bunter, and Bunter dodged to the door. Before he could get the door open, Vivian's foot landed twice. Lord Mauleverer clapped his hands in great delight. "Good! Ripplin'! Give him another, Jimmy!" "You bet, old covey!" And Bunter got the third kick as he departed. (See Chapter 5.)

"If you mean that what I'm saying is utter rot, De Vere, it's time you began to learn manners!" he said warmly.

"Sorry; but it's rot, all the same. I never saw Mauleverer till I came here, so he couldn't have known me," said Algernon de Vere. "Perhaps he knows a good player when he sees one—though that gift may be rare at Greyfriars."

"He was saying something about bowling to county men—"

"What?" yelled De Vere.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's biting you now?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in astonishment.

"What did he say?"

"Something about practice, and bowling to men on the county ground, and beating the regular groundsmen—"

"Good gad!"

Algernon de Vere stood rooted to the ground for a moment or two, staring at Bob Cherry, his face suddenly white. He was so utterly thrown off his balance—for what reason the juniors could not even guess—that he simply could not recover himself for some moments. Then, as he felt their amazed stares on his face, he made visible effort to pull himself together.

"What rot!" he said. "The fellow seems to have been talkin' out of his silly hat! I can't make anythin' of it."

With that De Vere turned and walked away.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Aren't you going to give us some more bowling?" shouted Bob Cherry.

The new junior did not seem to hear. He walked on towards the School House without turning his head.

"Well," ejaculated Bob, "if that isn't dashed queer!"

"The queerfulness is great," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Harry Wharton looked after the new junior with a curious, intent look.

His impression had deepened that there was something in the new fellow that did not show on the surface; that there was, as he had expressed it to Nugent, "a yellow streak" somewhere in the superb Algernon. Somehow or other, it had come into Wharton's mind that the irritating swank, the lofty assumption of half-scornful superiority, was a sort of cloak over what the new fellow had to hide. Yet what could he possibly have to hide? What secret weakness or shame could he have to cloak? Bob Cherry touched the captain of the Remove on the arm.

"Isn't that jolly queer?" he demanded.

"Ye-e-es."

"What do you think, then?"

"I think we'd better get on with the cricket, without bothering our heads about a blessed new kid!" said Wharton, laughing.

And the cricket practice was resumed.

Harry Wharton & Co. dismissed the new junior from their minds; but Billy Bunter, who had watched and heard the curious scene, did not. Billy Bunter was the slave of inquisitiveness; and Bunter, though he was not a bright youth, could not help seeing that there was something very odd in this—even without the comments of the other fellows to guide him. And since his reception in Study No. 12, when his overflowing gratitude had been rudely rejected, Bunter had not felt kind towards the new fellow. Between resentment and curiosity, Billy Bunter was

deeply interested in the fact that the new fellow seemed to have some kind of a secret.

While the chums of the Remove gave their attention to King Cricket, Billy Bunter rolled away, his fat brow puckered in lines of thought, and his fat brain undergoing an unusual amount of exercise.

Bunter felt that there was something to find out. And so far as could be judged, Bunter's sole reason for existence was to find out things. He was quite in his element when he was finding anything out.

As he went into the School House, he passed the new junior. De Vere was standing there in conversation with Angel of the Fourth—a very superb youth, with whom the dandy of the Remove had made friends. Both of them eyed Bunter as he passed with scornful indifference. De Vere murmured something in a low tone to Angel, and Angel of the Fourth laughed.

Bunter grunted as he rolled to the staircase.

"You wait, you rotters!" murmured Bunter.

He looked back from the landing with a frowning brow. De Vere and Aubrey Angel seemed to have forgotten his existence already—just as if he were a fellow of not the slightest importance! From the bottom of his fat soul Bunter yearned to discover something—anything—that would be to the discredit of the fellow who had rejected his valuable friendship, and refused even to listen to his story of a postal-order. In that noble pursuit of knowledge, the Owl of the Remove was not likely to leave a stone unturned.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Legal Advice!

"TODDY, old man!"
 "Hook it!"
 "But, Toddy—"
 "Bunk!"
 "I say—"

"Scat!" roared Peter Todd.

Bunter did not hook it, bunk, or scat. He remained where he was, blinking at Toddy through his big spectacles. Peter Todd laid hold of a ruler, and glared. Peter, who was going to be a lawyer some day, was at what he called his legal studies—he had two or three solid-looking law-books, and he was beginning early on that entrancing subject. Toddy's knowledge of the law was supposed, in the Remove, to be fearful and wonderful. His father was a solicitor, and Toddy was going to follow in his father's footsteps. Bunter, in a cordial moment, had offered to make him his family solicitor later on, and give him charge of the extensive estates and lordly wealth of Bunter Court. Peter had shown no gratitude whatever for that munificent offer, and had refused to advance even sixpence of his prospects.

When Peter was at his legal studies he did not like interruption. His other study-mate, Tom Dutton, was deaf, and Peter had often declared that all he needed was for Bunter to be dumb.

Bunter eyed Peter, and he eyed the ruler. But he did not clear. It was his own study, for one thing; and he had something important to say for another.

"I want some legal help, Peter!" said the Owl of the Remove. Bunter was not bright; but he knew the way to get on Peter's weak side. It was always possible to get Toddy into a good humour by asking him for legal advice.

Peter's brow cleared, and he laid down the ruler.

"State your case!" he said, with the brevity of a legal luminary whose time is of incalculable value.

"I want to find out something!" said Bunter.

"You generally do."

"Well, it's about that new rotter, De Vere," said Bunter. "That swanking cad, you know—"

"Cut it short!"

"That rotten, swanking, sneering, sniffling—"

"I'll imagine the adjectives. Come to to hesses."

"It turns out that Mauleverer knew him before he came here, and he's let it out by accident," said Bunter. "De Vere swears that Mauleverer never knew him. Isn't that odd?"

Peter stared.

"Jolly odd, if true," he answered. "But is it true?"

"A dozen chaps can tell you so—they're jawing it over on Little Side now," said Bunter. "Now, I want to get at the facts."

"Why?" demanded Peter Todd.

"Something fishy about chaps who keep secrets," said Bunter. "It's a fellow's duty to—to—to—"

"Nose things out?"

"No, you beast; to show 'em up, and all that. Besides, that swanking cad ought to be taken down a peg. I'm asking you for legal advice, you know, Toddy. What do you think of it?"

"You're an inquisitive little fat boulder—"

"Look here—"

"My advice is, mind your own business!"

"I'm not asking you as Toddy, but as

a solicitor," said Bunter. "I want your legal opinion on it."

Peter Todd felt rather caught. Having accepted Bunter as a client, he felt bound to give him legal advice. So Peter turned it over in his mind thoughtfully. Bunter, watching him eagerly, well knew what a keen brain Peter Todd possessed—however great or little was his knowledge of the law.

"Mauleverer said he knew De Vere before he came to Greyfriars?" he asked.

"As good as said so. He told the fellows that De Vere would take all their wickets, before he bowled!"

"And did he?"

"Yes; Smithy and Wharton—"

"My hat! He's some bowler, then," said Toddy, in surprise. "And Mauly knew it before he had bowled?"

"Yes; he said so, and they cackled; but I fancy Wharton didn't feel like cackling after his wicket went down," grinned Bunter. "They all wondered how Mauly could have foretold it; because he's an awful duffer at cricket, you know!"

"Mauly must have seen him play, or heard about it, before he came to Greyfriars," said Peter decidedly. "That's plain!"

"Mauly tried to squirm out of it—he won't admit he knows anything about the chap!" said Bunter. "Sort of confused and doddering. Like a chap who knows something about a chap and won't give him away."

"Queer enough," said Peter. "And what about De Vere?"

"He denied knowing anything about Mauly, and said Mauly couldn't have known him before he came. And he turned white."

"In fact, or in your giddy imagination?"

"All the fellows noticed it. He seemed struck all of a heap when Bob Cherry told him Mauly had known him before he came."

Peter Todd considered.

"Judging on the facts—if you've given me the facts—Mauly knew the chap before he came to Greyfriars, or knew of him," he said. "As De Vere denies it, and Mauly refuses to talk, it's fairly evident that what he knew of him was in the shady line, in some way."

Bunter's fat face beamed. That was what he had hoped for. His opinion of Peter's legal abilities rose.

"That's my opinion as a lawyer!" said Peter Todd. "My opinion as a Remove chap is that you'd better mind your own bizney, and not butt into what doesn't concern you."

"Oh, really, Peter—"

"And now scat! I'm busy!"

"I haven't finished yet," said Bunter. "I want your legal help, you know. You're going to help me find out the secret, Peter, as—as my solicitor, you know. Solicitors do all sorts of spying, and so on, for people, don't they?"

"Whatever solicitors do or don't do," said Peter. "there's one thing they always and invariably do—and that's charge a fee. What fee are you offering?"

"Oh, really, you know—"

"You already owe me twelve-and-six for my legal opinion," continued Peter. "I suppose you know the price of chin-wag has gone up like everything else?"

You have to pay a lawyer twelve-and-six instead of six-and-eight to wag his chin and tell you something he's just looked out of a law book that you could have looked into yourself at a free library. Where's that twelve-and-six?"

"I say, Peter—"

"Twelve-and-six!" roared Peter Todd, grasping the ruler again and jumping up. "If you don't settle—"

"I'm expecting a postal-order!" gasped Bunter.

"Twelve-and-six!"

"If you'll help me—"

"Twelve-and-six!"

"I—I say! Yaroooooooh!" roared Bunter, as his legal adviser, suddenly becoming a Lower schoolboy again, rapped him on the head with the ruler. "Yoop! Beast! Yah! Rotter!"

Billy Bunter fled from his solicitor's office in a great hurry, rubbing his head. Peter Todd chuckled and sat down to his law books again. His deep and abstruse studies were not interrupted again by his fat client.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

His Lordship Is Worried!

SIR JIMMY VIVIAN of the Remove looked at his noble study-mate and relation, Lord Mauleverer, with concern in his chubby face. Little Sir Jimmy was Mauly's most devoted friend and admirer, and the cloud on Mauly's brow troubled him. Mauly had been his good friend and protector ever since the time the little waif had been taken charge of by Mauly's uncle, after having been left an orphan waif in the slums by a spendthrift father. There was a good deal of the slums about Sir Jimmy still, and Mauleverer never betrayed to him how it got on his noble nerves. With all his outward defects Sir Jimmy had a heart of gold, and he would have been Mauly's devoted slave if Mauly would have let him. Now he was worried. He had spoken to Mauly several times and Mauly hadn't answered, and the cloud on his lordship's brow was deep. And Mauly seemed to be unaware that tea was ready, and indifferent to hot buttered muffins.

"Mauly, old man, are you goin' to let the blinking muffins get cold?" asked Vivian in a tone of patient remonstrance.

Lord Mauleverer started out of his brown study at that.

"Not blinkin', Jimmy," he said hastily.

"Well, blooming," said Sir Jimmy.

"Not bloomin' either, old fellow," said his lordship. "Cut out the blinking and the blooming, like a good kid. Make it blessed, if you must make it anythin'."

"I'll make it any blooming—I mean blinking—that is, any blessed thing you like, so long as you tuck in while they're 'ot!" said the baronet.

"Hot, old fellow," murmured Mauleverer.

"I said 'ot, didn't I?" said Sir Jimmy innocently. "Smoking 'ot they is, by gosh!"

"Not by gosh!" said Lord Mauleverer repressing a shudder. "Let gosh go along with blinkin' and bloomin', dear old chap."

"It's queer," said Sir Jimmy meditatively. "I don't mind you givin' me the tip, Mauly—I like it. But when that feller De Vere turns up his nose at me, I want to 'it 'im on it. I does, you know!"

"Go easy with him," said Mauleverer.

"Wot does he want to look down on

(Continued on page 13.)

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 BY FRANK RICHARDS.

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The GREYFRIARS HERALD

Supplement No. 78.

Week Ending June 24th, 1922.

Harry Wharton
Editor




A FREE FEED FOR BUNTER? The proprietor of the refreshment marquee turned his back to watch the play. "Now's my chance for a free feed!" muttered Billy Bunter, rubbing his hands together. "About time I had one, too. I'm about starving!" With stealthy steps the fat junior made his way to the door of the marquee.

"I SAY, you fellows!" Billy Bunter hailed the Famous Five of the Remove as they crossed the Close. He hailed them, but they heeded not. Again he called; but Harry Wharton & Co. went ahead with swinging strides. They passed through the school gateway, and turned off in the direction of the railway station.

Billy Bunter set off in hot pursuit. The fat junior didn't know where the Famous Five were bound for, but he could guess. There was evidently a picnic on the programme, for Bob Cherry carried a fairly large square crate.

"They're going by train to some quiet, outlandish place, so that they can gorge to their hearts' content!" panted Billy Bunter, as he ran. "They think they're going to leave me behind; but I'll cling to 'em like a giddy limpet!"

Although the Famous Five were merely walking, and Billy Bunter was trotting, the fat junior failed to catch them up until they reached the station.

Billy arrived on the platform, hot and breathless. It was a brilliant June afternoon, and the sun was flaming in the heavens.

Supplement 4.]

The perspiration coursed down Billy Bunter's flabby cheeks. He took out his handkerchief, and converted it into a mop.

"Beasts!" he growled, glaring at the Famous Five. "You might have waited for a fellow!"

Johanny Bull pointed towards the station exit.

"Buzz off, porpoise!" he said bluntly.

"Oh, really, Bull! I'm coming along to Wapshot!"

"Ass! We're not going to Wapshot. We're going to Burchester."

"I don't care whether it's Burchester, or John o' Groats, or Land's End," said Billy Bunter, as he mopped his streaming face. "I'm coming!"

Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Just as you like, Bunter," he said. "But you won't enjoy it like we shall."

Billy Bunter blinked at the crate which Bob Cherry had set down on the platform.

"I shall enjoy it all right!" he said, with a chuckle. "I say, Cherry, the train's not due for ten minutes. Why not open the crate, and make a start?"

Bob Cherry grinned.

"We're not opening this crate until we get inside the carriage," he said.

"Oh, all serene! I suppose I must wait. But it's jolly rough on a fellow who's had no dinner, beyond a couple of helpings of steak-and-kidney pudding!"

The Famous Five ignored Bunter, and chatted among themselves until the train came in. Then they headed for a third-class compartment.

"I say you fellows, I always travel first!" exclaimed Billy Bunter.

"You've got no ticket," said Nugent, "so you're not entitled to travel at all!"

"Oh, really, Nugent?"

Billy Bunter clambered into the carriage after his schoolfellows.

Bob Cherry had dumped the crate on to one of the corner seats. Billy Bunter turned hungry eyes in that direction.

The train glided out of the station. Then Bob Cherry proceeded to open the crate.

Billy Bunter's gaze grew hungrier still. He expected to be greeted with a glorious vision of tuck. Judge of the fat junior's dismay, therefore, when Bob Cherry solemnly produced a gramophone, the property of Tom Brown of the Remove!

Bunter's jaw dropped. His face was a study.

"I—I thought it was a feed!" he gasped.
 "Hardly!" said Wharton, laughing. "Even you couldn't digest a gramophone, Bunt!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Billy Bunter gazed at the hilarious juniors.
 "Where are you fellows taking that thing?" he demanded.
 "To the county cricket ground at Burchester," explained Nugent. "We're going to see a bit of the Hampshire v. Loamshire match, and we thought a little music would cheer us up on the journey."

"My hat!"
 Billy Bunter was deeply disappointed. Not for one moment had he supposed that the crate contained anything but food. His breathless dash to the railway-station had been in vain.

Now that he was on board the train, however, there was nothing for it but to accompany the Famous Five to Burchester. Perhaps they would take pity on him later on, and stand him a tea.

But the juniors were not in a benevolent mood. Farther down the line, a "jumper" got into the carriage, and demanded to see the tickets. Billy Bunter had none to show, and the Famous Five were compelled, as on many previous occasions, to have a whip-round in order to defray Billy Bunter's travelling expenses.

"We'll give you a jolly good bumping when we get to Burchester!" growled Johnny Bull. "There isn't room in this carriage to do the job properly!"

When the train arrived at the juniors' destination, Billy Bunter was soundly bumped, and left sprawling on the platform in an unkempt and hysterical state. But he had sufficient presence of mind to scramble to his feet, and follow the Famous Five to the cricket ground.

It was the third day's play of a remarkable match.

Loamshire had gained a lead of over a hundred runs on the first innings, and Hampshire, with their backs to the wall, were making a desperate effort to pull the game out of the fire. Mead and Brown were at the wickets, and runs came merrily.

The Famous Five had passed in to the ground before Billy Bunter got there.

Billy hadn't the price of a ticket, and he was wondering how to gain admission, when Dame Fortune solved the problem for him.

Lying on the ground at Bunter's feet was a shilling. The fat junior swooped upon it like a vulture. Then he bought a ticket, and the turnstile swung round to enable him to pass through.

In the press of people, Billy Bunter was unable to find Harry Wharton & Co. But he was not unduly worried on that score. He had given up all hope, by this time, of their standing him a tea.

The fat junior had no eyes for the drama which was taking place on the playing-pitch.

Hampshire's brilliant left-handers were hitting in spirited style. But whether they hit or missed mattered not to Billy Bunter. He rolled away in the direction of the marquee market "Refreshments."

By this time Billy was desperately hungry. The sight of people consuming cream-buns and strawberry ices moved him almost to frenzy.

The proprietor of the refreshment marquee was doing a roaring trade on that sunny June afternoon.

Presently the crowd melted away from the marquee as if by magic.

The game was now in the balance. Mead had been bowled, and two more Hampshire wickets had fallen.

The last man in was now on his way to the wicket. And twenty more runs were required for victory.

All eyes were fixed on the level expanse of greensward, on which the flannelled figures of the Loamshire fieldsmen were dotted about.

Even the proprietor of the refreshment marquee had abandoned his post in the general excitement.

Billy Bunter rubbed his hands briskly together.

"Now's my chance of a free feed!" he muttered. "About time, too! I'm jolly nearly starving!"

With stealthy steps, the fat junior made his way to the marquee.

He glanced over his shoulder to make certain he was not being watched. Then he darted into the marquee.

Alas! There was no sign of any refreshment, liquid or solid.

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On the counter appeared the heart-breaking placard:

"SOLD OUT!"

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Billy Bunter. "That's fairly done it!"

He turned wearily away, and emerged into the bright sunshine.

"Just my luck!" he growled. "That's the worst of these big crowds. They gobble up everything before a fellow can get a look-in!"

A few moments later there was a mighty roar from the crowd.

The winning hit had been made. The match was over and won.

Instantly there was a rush towards the refreshment marquee. The proprietor returned to his post, and, to Billy Bunter's astonishment and dismay, he started serving buns and ices as before.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped the fat junior.

He forced his way into the marquee. Red-faced and wrathful, he approached the proprietor.

"I thought you were sold out!" he exclaimed indignantly.

The proprietor chuckled.

"I always stick that notice up when I want to go and watch the play," he explained. "It stops people from coming in and tampering with the grub."

"Oh!"
 That was the last straw, so far as Billy Bunter was concerned.

The refreshments had been there the whole time, but they had been concealed behind the counter.

With feelings too deep for words, Billy Bunter rolled away. And the only crumb of consolation he had was the knowledge that the Famous Five had bought him a return ticket. He would at least be spared the agonising ordeal of returning to Greyfriars on foot!

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

From time immemorial, poets have raved about "the merrie month of May." But I consider that June is just as good a month, if not a better.

In May the weather is inclined to be treacherous. At one of our earliest cricket matches, I remember, the spectators turned up in overcoats and mufflers! There was a bitter nor'easter blowing.

By June the weather is usually more settled. I won't pretend that it never rains in June, or that the sun is always shining. There are "dud" days in June, as well as in every other month. But taking it all round, I consider that for decent summer-like weather, the month of June takes the palm.

I'm not going to apologise for bringing out a Special June Number of the "Herald." Glorious June deserves a special number, and none shall say me nay. One or two of my sub-editors kicked up a fuss about it, but I overruled them. Bob Cherry suggested a Special Japing Number, but that will have to hang fire for a bit. And Dick Penfold wanted a Verse Number, but we've already had one, and I told Pen he mustn't be greedy. Pen's poetry is fairly good, but one can have too much of a good thing.

This Special June Number was my own idea, and it is only right that an editor should exploit his own ideas occasionally. Otherwise, he might as well throw up his job and start keeping rabbits.

The "Herald" is sailing along right merrily, and good reports continue to come in. My post-bag has lately been full of glowing letters dealing with the holiday adventures of my chums in all

GLORIOUS JUNE!

By Dick Penfold.

January is contrary,
 Snow is on the ground;
 Or else it pours, and out of doors
 No pleasure can be found.
 February's bleak and cold,
 You will all agree;
 Give me the month of glorious June,
 That's the month for me!

In March it blows, or hails, or snows,
 In April, how it rains!
 In hot July, all scorched and dry
 Are England's fields and plains.
 In August, millions seem to flock
 Towards the silvery sea;
 Give me the joys of dear old June,
 That's the month for me!

From September till December
 The days are dark and chilly,
 Whether you spend them down in Kent,
 Or up in Piccadilly.
 But June brings colour and warmth and light,
 And fun and revelry;
 We're always merry and bright in June,
 That's the month for me!

Oh, glorious June, a happy tune
 I whistle in your praise!
 In healthy outdoor sport I love
 To pass the pleasant days.
 The seasons come, and the seasons go
 At Nature's firm decree;
 But of all the months that form the year
 June is the month for me!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



NAPOLEON DUPONT.

(Editorial continued from col. 2.)

parts of the country. And they make very pleasant reading. I am always delighted to hear of my readers' experiences at the seaside, or in camp. I wish I could reply to all these letters; but I should need about a dozen secretaries in order to cope with them all!

There will be another of our Special Numbers next week, but it won't be edited by yours sincerely. I will leave you to guess the identity of the new one-week editor!

Au revoir for a short while!
 HARRY WHARTON.
 [Supplement 11.]



Treacherous Tim!

By
TOM BROWN.

IN the town of Courtfield there lives a Mr. Lazarus. Over his shop appears the dignified words, "Wardrobe Dealer." To come down to things of earth, Mr. Lazarus is merely a dealer in "old clo'."

But there are lots of odds and ends you can get at Mr. Lazarus' establishment.

If you are taking part in "Hamlet," and you want an old wooden sword, you go to Mr. Lazarus. If you are thinking of buying some nice new curtains for your study window, you again repair to Mr. Lazarus. If you want a pet monkey, you can bet your bottom dollar Mr. Lazarus has got one up his sleeve—metaphorically, I mean.

Well, I had recently been having some rather disquieting experiences.

Two mornings in succession I went down to the sea to bathe, leaving my togs on the beach.

On the first morning, when I came out of the water, I made the discovery that my pockets had been rifled, and a bag of bullseyes, to the gross value of three-halfpence, had been taken.

On the second morning I found, on emerging from the water, that some practical joker had planted a broomstick in the sand, and hung my togs upon it, forming a scarecrow. In addition to this my coat pockets had been filled with sand.

Of course, I was furious. A fellow in my position can't afford to keep losing bags of bullseyes. Neither is it very pleasant to have one's pockets loaded with sand.

Some of my readers may say, "Why couldn't you watch your clothes while you were in the water?"

That's all very well. But I usually swim a long way out, and you can't keep your eye on the shore all the time.

I tried to think of ways and means for safeguarding my togs, and the property contained in the pockets thereof.

And then I hit upon a very brilliant idea. I remembered that Mr. Lazarus possessed, among other things, a huge retriever called Tim.

"I will buy the beast!" I muttered. "He shall sit on my togs while I'm bathing, and bury his fangs in the calves of any intruders."

Happy thought! I proceeded at once to Mr. Lazarus' shop in Courtfield High Street.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Lazarus!" I said. "You've got a dog, I believe—a retriever. Do you want to part with him?"

Mr. Lazarus stroked his chin.

"I am quite prepared to sell him, Master Brown," he said, at length.

"And your price?"

"Seven-and-sixpence."

I felt awfully bucked at the prospect of getting the dog so cheaply. I had expected the price to be much more.

"Is Tim a faithful hound, Mr. Lazarus?" I inquired.

"He's a regular coughdrop, Master Brown."

"I dare say. But I want to buy a dog, not a coughdrop."

"You will find Tim a most devoted animal. It won't cost you more than five shillings a week to feed him."

Supplement iii.]

"I should jolly well hope not!"

Mr. Lazarus disappeared into his back yard, returning in a few moments with Tim.

I handed over three half-crowns, and took the animal into my custody.

Tim was a fine big fellow, but he didn't seem to like the idea of parting from Mr. Lazarus, who had evidently been a very kind master.

"Come along, Timothy!" I said. "You're my property now. I'll knock up a kennel for you, and you shall have your quarters behind the woodshed at Greyfriars. Wag your merry tail, and look pleased!"

Tim, however, seemed far from happy at the prospect of coming with me. But he suffered me to lead him to Greyfriars on a leash. And once he reached the school it didn't take him very long to settle down. The fellows were awfully decent to him, and Bulstrode and Hazeldene fed him with bones and biscuits in No. 2 Study; whilst I went off to manufacture the kennel.

Tim gave no trouble. He didn't howl in the night, and wake everybody up. Having eaten a tremendous meal, as if he were a perfect Billy Bunter of a dog, he slept heavily all night.

Early next morning, armed with towel and bathing costume, I set off for my usual dip, taking Tim with me.

Having undressed and placed my togs in a heap on the beach, I commanded Tim to sit on them, and to show no mercy to any practical jokers who came near.

Then I plunged gaily into the water, satisfied that all was well—that on this occasion there would be no bullseyes missing, and no sand found in my pockets.

It was a glorious morning, and I stayed in the water rather longer than usual.

When I came out, I found, to my horror, that every particle of clothing had disappeared. So had Tim!

I wrung my hands in agitation.

It was an appalling predicament. Soon it would be breakfast-time at Greyfriars, and I could not shock the proprieties by turning up to breakfast in a bathing costume!

My towel having disappeared with the clothes, I sat down on the sand, and allowed the hot sun to dry my dripping form.

An hour passed—one long, lonely hour. And then help came.

Russell of the Remove came into view. Breakfast at Greyfriars was over, and Russell was taking a stroll before morning school. I yelled to him.

"For goodness' sake sprint back to Greyfriars, and get me some togs!" I pleaded. "That—that thieving mongrel has made off with mine!"

Russell grinned, and hurried away. He returned with the togs just in time for me to avoid being late for lessons.

It transpired afterwards that Tim had carried my clothes all the way to Courtfield, and deposited them at the feet of Mr. Lazarus. He had dragged the garments through the dirt, and they were hardly recognisable when I saw them again.

I was so furious about it that I told Mr. Lazarus he could keep Tim, and give me back my seven-and-sixpence.

I don't like treachery in human beings, and I certainly don't approve of treachery in dogs!

OUR CYCLING COLUMN!
By S. Q. I. FIELD.

The glorious month of June is ideal for cycling, and the R.S.S.S. (Remove Society of Scorchers and Skidders) have had some very enjoyable runs. There has also been the usual crop of misadventures.

On Saturday last we ran down to Canterbury. Peter Todd picked up a puncture—the careless ass!—and had to be towed home. Bob Cherry ran over a chicken, which escaped without injury beyond the shedding of a few feathers. And Tom Brown, swinging round in his saddle to hold a conversation with Bulstrode, swerved off at a tangent, and cannoned into a five-barred gate. The latest news is that the gate is progressing satisfactorily, but Brown's bike is not expected to recover!

On Wednesday we went for a spin down to Margate in delightful weather. Billy Bunter accompanied the party, and he rolled off his machine, dead-beat, at the end of three miles. It happened to be just outside a bunshop that he gave up. We escorted him into the shop, where he made a rapid recovery. But he refused to ride any farther, so we left him alone with a pile of pastries.

Lord Mauleverer, who was a member of the party, nodded off to sleep over the handlebars, with the result that he came to grief in a deep and odorous ditch. His lordship, when fished out, was in no fit state to continue the ride. He was covered with reeds and slime, and was obliged to take refuge in the nearest cottage. Never in his life had Mauly stood so sorely in need of a wash and brush up!

The rest of us reached Margate without mishap. We had tea at a place in Cliftonville, and then, after a decent interval, we bathed off Palm Beach. It was late when we started back to Greyfriars, and we sang songs all the way to keep our spirits up. We reached our destination after locking-up time, and were awarded fifty lines apiece. But that's all in the game, and nobody grumbled.

Subscriptions to the Remove Society of Scorchers and Skidders are now due, and should be sent without delay to S. Q. I. Field (hon. secretary). Any members who default will be struck off the roll.

The next spin will be on Saturday, starting from the school gateway at two o'clock. The destination—if we are lucky enough to reach it—will be Tunbridge Wells. W. G. Bunter is requested to refrain from forcing his society upon us during this spin! Only tried and trusty cyclists need participate. The remainder will oblige by keeping off the grass!

HORACE COKER
Edits
Next Week's Number.

Weather for the Week!

By MONTY NEWLAND, M.G.M.S.

(Member of the Greyfriars Meteorological Society.)

MONDAY.

Thick clouds will be observed in the vicinity of Loder's study window. Loder himself will be inside the apartment, puffing a cigarette. Of course, it will be rather rough on Loder if the Head happens to see the clouds roll by!

TUESDAY.

The temperature in the school kitchen and in the Remove Form-room—where Quelchy will be on the warpath—will be 80 degrees. The coolest place in the school will be the coal-cellar, where the temperature will be 65 degrees. Even in the coal-cellar, however, the outlook will be rather black!

WEDNESDAY.

Bright sunshine will prevail all the morning. But the cricket-match in the afternoon, between Billy Bunter's eleven and Dicky Nugent's eleven, will be quite a frost! In the fags' Common-room there will be skating—i.e., the flying of skate at the fire!

THURSDAY.

Booming thunder will be heard in the Rag, for Johnny Bull is going to make a speech! There will be violent squalls later, when Billy Bunter sits on the inverted tintack which has been placed on a form for his benefit!

FRIDAY.

It will rain in the morning, and at dinner-time there will be still more "soup"! Certain culprits will be hauled before the Head in the afternoon, so "windiness" will prevail. The Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald," who receives letters from loyal readers in all parts of the world, will be "snowed up." There will be hail in Gosling's lodge—sorry, I mean "ale"!

SATURDAY.

Studies will be raided by Billy Bunter. As a weather expert, I consider that "pretty cool." Bunter will also consume his dinner in three minutes, this being a glaring case of "fork lightning." During prep in Study No. 13, Bob Cherry will upset his inkpot, so heavy dew, of a blue-black colour, will be found on the carpet!

SUNDAY.

This will be known as "Dry Sunday," for the sale of ginger-pop and lemonade at the school shop will be restricted. The Head's sermons will also contribute to the "dryness."

(Let us hope our weather prophet will be confounded. His forecasts don't sound very hopeful!—Ed.)

ESSAY ON JUNE!

(Reproduced from the Exercise Book of George Alfred Gatty of the Lower School.)

JUNE is the 6th month of the year. June falls in the summer, and nobody stops to pick it up. There are 32 days in June. I know this because of the old nursery rhyme:

"Thirty days hath September,
April and November.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February and June.
In February there's eight-and-twenty,
And thirty-two in June—that's plenty!"

June is a month of brite sunshine, according to all the whether profits. But whether profits are like sums. They are nearly always wrong!

As a matter of fact, it generally reigns like anything in June, and it is piercingly cold. Fellows who patronise my fish and oyster bar in the fags' Common-room, frequently come and ask me for a pair of skates!

June is noted for its wasps. They get everywhere—in your jam, in your tea, in your bare, and on your nose. I generally averidge six wasp stings a day, in June.

June is also noted for its flours. They blossom on every side. Hunneysuckle, croakuses, dandelils, and daffodils are to be seen all over the place.

In June we have to swim in the River Sark—a most unplezzant bizzness. But then we have to bathe in July and August as well, so June is not the soul offender.

June is a grate month for cricket. Only the other day I nocked up a sentury against the Third. I was caught out five times, but Sammy Bunter happened to be the umpire, and I wasn't going to budge for Sammy!

There is one grate konsolation about June. My berthday falls in that month—on the 32nd, to be precise. We are going to have high jinx up in the dormitory. I shall smuggel in a big tuck hamper, and we shall have the time of our lives.

I shall also reseve lots of berthday prezzants. My Uncle Bobbie is sending me a naroplane, and Uncle Phil has prommist me a kite. He's rather a silly kite himself! My Aunt Tabbitler—bless her hart!—is going to send me a fat remittanse. So I sha'n't have a thin time, shall I?

I don't know much more about the month of June, eggsept that it comes just after May, and just before July. Oh, and I beleve Sammy Bunter's berthday falls on the 13th. Sammy's going to be unlucky! The only prezzent he'll get from his luvving Form-fellows will be a sound bumping! Serve him jolly well right! Sammy's a toad and a sneek.

I will now proseed to write an essay on "How to Rear Rabbits."

(Not in this issue, mine infant! Our readers have had quite enough of your quaint spelling, and they are not likely to emulate Oliver Twist, and ask for more!—Ed.)

JUNE JOTTINGS!

By BOB CHERRY.

June is proving a great sporting month for the Greyfriars Remove. Already this month we have played three cricket matches, winning two and losing the other.

Highcliffe brought over a good side, and Frank Courtenay and the Caterpillar, their shining lights, hit raerrily, and kept our fieldsmen on the run. But the Highcliffe "tail" wagged feebly, and they were all out for '90. Then the Remove batted, and a display of fireworks by Vernon-Smith, Harry Wharton, and Dick Penfold enabled us to beat Highcliffe by 20 runs. 'Twas a good game; and there were great rejoicings in the Remove studies that evening.

After administering the knock-out to Highcliffe, we entertained Dick Trumper & Co. of Courtfield County Council School. Although we fielded a weak side, Mark Linley and Peter Todd being absent, we just managed to scrape home at the finish by the narrow margin of 5 runs. Micky Desmond, playing in Mark Linley's place, was the hero of this match. His 33 not out was the biggest factor in the Remove's success, and also one of the finest displays of hurricane hitting seen this season.

Then we had a nasty set-back. We were visited by a team who called themselves the Strolling Schoolboys. Exactly where they strolled from I don't know. They seemed a pretty mixed lot. But they knew how to play cricket. Their bowling was so good that it was almost unplayable. It isn't often that the whole Remove side gets dismissed for the paltry score of 18. But that is what happened on this occasion. Our opponents put together an enormous score, skittled us out again cheaply, and thus won by an innings. A nasty shock for the Remove; but we can't expect to go through the season without a few reverses.

I hear there is to be a big summer sports meeting at the end of the month. It will take place at Greyfriars, and all the rival schools are sending representatives. Practically every sort of sport will be indulged in, and Greyfriars are hopeful of coming out on top. I understand from Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of St. Jim's that Lord Eastwood is presenting a silver cup to the successful school. Another addition, let us hope, to the Greyfriars strong-room, where all the valuable trophies are stored!

There is also to be a grand regatta on the River Sark, and tents are already being pitched up and down the banks. In this baking weather the thought of a regatta is very cooling and cheering. Let us hope it will prove a big success.

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THE SNOB'S SECRET!

(Continued from page 8.)

a bloke for?" demanded Sir Jimmy warmly. "Is it my fault I was left without any brads?"

"Any what?"

"Brads! Spondulics, you know!"

"Oh, tin!" said Mauleverer. "Make it tin. I understand!"

"I never asked to be left a blinking orphan in a slum, did I?" pursued Sir Jimmy. "I didn't specially request my father to blue all his money on 'orses, did I? Or end his days in a lodgin' 'ouse in the East End, and leave me stranded there, did I? Well, then, what call has that cove to look down on a bloke?"

Lord Mauleverer sighed.

A term or two at Greyfriars had done Sir Jimmy worlds of good, but in moments of stress and excitement his old training came out, and his speech bristled with coves and blokes. Evidently the one-time waif had been deeply wounded by Algernon de Vere's lofty disdain.

"Ain't I a blooming baronet?" continued Sir Jimmy. "I mean a blessed baronet, Mauly. It was the only thing that father couldn't put on a 'orse, I know; but there it is. I've got it—I'm a bloom-blessed baronet. That feller's got a stunning name, but he ain't a baronet. I should take prejudice of 'im in any droring-room."

"You'd take what?"

"Prejudice!"

"Oh, you mean precedence, old chap!" murmured Mauleverer. "Make it precedence!"

"Wotever it is, I should take it, shouldn't I?"

"Yaas!"

"Well, then, what does he want to turn up his blinking nose at his blooming social superiors for?" said Sir Jimmy, for the moment displaying more slum than baronet. "Don't he look round the study as if I ain't 'ere at all? I'll tell you what, Mauly, I'm goin' to punch 'is 'ead if he don't stow it!"

"Not stow, old fellow. Make it drop or chuck!"

"If I'm a baronet, I suppose I'm a blooming gentleman, ain't I?" continued the injured Sir Jimmy. "Well, then, nobody can be more than a gentleman, not the King himself. De Vere can't, can he? And even if I wasn't a baronet, and jest what I used to be when I was sellin' pipers, what call has he to snub a bloke? That ain't actin' like a gentleman, is it, Mauly?"

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"Not at all, Jimmy. But go easy with De Vere—an upstart doesn't know any better."

"An upstart?" repeated Sir Jimmy. "That means a bloke what's jumped up, don't it?"

"Yaas!"

"Ain't he always been a swell, then?" asked the baronet of the Remove in surprise.

"Oh gad! I—I mean—I meant—by Jove, these are jolly good muffins!" said Lord Mauleverer, changing the subject with an abruptness that made his relative stare.

"But you was sayin', Mauly—"

There was a tap at the door, and William George Bunter looked in. For once Lord Mauleverer was glad to see Bunter's fat face. His arrival interrupted a conversation that was growing

awkward—for Mauly. Lord Mauleverer was unaccustomed to the keeping of secrets. Secret-keeping was too much like work to please his noble mind. He had a secret now, that was evident, and as it related to another fellow, he seemed to feel that he had no right to let it out. But the keeping of it was a worry and a burden, and more than once it had almost been let slip. Billy Bunter, surprised and pleased by the welcome expression on his lordship's face, rolled into the study.

"Who asked you to tea?" inquired Sir Jimmy with a directness that savoured more of his early unfortunate training than of his rank as a baronet of the United Kingdom.

"Oh, let Bunter rip!" said Lord Mauleverer hastily.

"Thanks, old chap," said Bunter, pulling a chair to the table. "I really came to ask you to tea in my study; but as you're so pressing—"

"Who's pressin'?" asked Sir Jimmy satirically.

Billy Bunter decided to be deaf to that remark. Bunter could be deaf when he liked, though never dumb.

"Pass the muffins, Vivian," he said. "Thanks, Sir James!"

The "Sir James" placated Vivian, as Bunter was well aware that it would. Bunter would have made it His Grace for the sake of the muffins.

Billy Bunter had really come to Study No. 12 to talk about De Vere, with only a faint hope of bagging a tea. The muffins were only a by-product, as it were, of his visit. But he now gave all his attention to the tea-table, and left De Vere over till the muffins were finished, and until he had sampled the marmalade and two kinds of jam, his samples leaving very little of those comestibles. Then there was the cake, and Bunter seemed to think that it would be a pity to leave any cake over. After that, the Owl of the Remove evidently made up his mind that he was there to effect a complete clearance. He finished the biscuits, and finally rounded up what was left of the jam.

Then, rather shiny and sticky, but looking quite happy, Bunter leaned back in his chair, and stuck his thumbs into the armpits of his waistcoat in the objectionable way he had.

"Jolly good tea, Mauly!" he said.

"Yaas."

"I'm going to stand you fellows a ripping feed like that—"

"Yaas."

"When my postal-order comes, you know!"

"Yaas."

"Now, I want you to be a bit confidential, Mauly," said Bunter, blinking at the schoolboy earl. "You can confide in an old pal like me, can't you?"

"Yaas."

"Good! About that boulder De Vere—"

"Yaas."

Sir Jimmy Vivian grinned. Lord Mauleverer's monosyllabic replies did not deter Bunter. Indeed, Bunter rather liked monosyllabic replies. They gave him more time to put in plenty of words of his own, and the sound of his fat voice was always musical to his ears.

"You knew him before he came to Greyfriars," said Bunter.

"Yaas—I—I—I mean, good-bye, Bunter!"

"What?"

"Your study-mates will be missin' you, won't they?"

"Not at all!"

"Haven't you any lines to do for Mr. Quelch?"

"No!"

"Oh dear!" said his lordship.

"I'm staying for a little chat," said Bunter pleasantly—"a little confidential talk, you know. I say, Mauly, are you ill?"

"Eh? No!"

"What did you groan for, then?"

"D-d-did I?"

"Well, about De Vere," said Bunter. "Putting two and two together, it's proved that you knew something shady about him before he came to Greyfriars."

Lord Mauleverer started.

"Not at all!" he exclaimed hastily.

"Why, Toddy feels sure—"

"Rubbish!"

"He's a hupstart, Bunter!" said Sir Jimmy Vivian.

"De Vere is?" exclaimed Bunter.

"That's it—a blinking hupstart!" said the baronet. "Mauly said so—didn't you, old dear?"

"Oh gad!" groaned Lord Mauleverer. "You shouldn't repeat what people say when they're not thinkin', Jimmy!"

"An upstart, is he? And you know it, Mauly?" exclaimed Billy Bunter, his eyes glittering behind his spectacles. "We're getting on! What did he start up from?"

"You ought to take a walk, after a heavy meal, Bunter. It's good for the digestion."

"I've only had a snack, Mauly. But about De Vere being an upstart. What are his people like?"

Lord Mauleverer gave Bunter a goaded look.

"Will you clear out?" he asked.

"Eh?"

"Clear out!"

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Jimmy, will you kick Bunter out? You've often said you'd do anythin' to oblige me! Kick Bunter out!"

"Certainly!" said Vivian.

He jumped up with alacrity, quite willing to oblige his noble relative. Bunter jumped up, too.

"Here, you keep off, you slummy young ruffian!" he shouted.

That was more than enough for the baronet. He made a rush at Bunter, and Bunter dodged to the door. Before he could get the door open Vivian's boot

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"IN BORROWED

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landed twice, and there were two fiendish yells from Bunter.

Lord Mauleverer clapped his hands, in great delight.

"Good! Rippin'! Give him another, Jimmy!"

"You bet, old covey!"

"Yaroooh!"

The door was open now, and Bunter got the third kick as he departed. He vanished into the Remove passage, with a ferocious howl.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

More Legal Advice!

"GET out, bother you!" Peter Todd snapped out the words quite crossly.

It was the following day—a sunny summer's day—and, lessons being over, most of the Greyfriars fellows were on the playing-fields or the river. Peter Todd wanted to be at the cricket, but he was held to his study. It was not his investigations into the complicated subject of the law that held him on this occasion, but an imposition he had to write out for Mr. Quelch. A hundred lines on a summer's afternoon, when he wanted to be at the cricket, had a certain effect on Peter's temper, and when Bob Cherry had called in for him Peter had told Bob to run along and not worry, and when Harry Wharton had looked in Peter had told him to bunk. Left to himself, Peter travelled through his lines at a good speed, and then came a foot-step in the doorway again.

Without looking up, but having no doubt that it was Bunter, Peter uttered his emphatic objurgation.

"Oh gad!" came an unexpected voice in reply.

Then Peter looked up.

"Oh, it's you, Mauly!" he said.

Lord Mauleverer nodded, and ambled into the study.

"Yaas. Busy?"

"Frightfully!"

"I suppose I'm interruptin' you?"

"Of course you are, ass!"

"Oh gad! I wanted to ask you— But never mind. P'raps it's better to keep one's mouth shut, anyhow!"

His lordship drifted to the door again dismally.

"Hold on," said Peter Todd, laying down his pen. "Hang on, Mauly. You wanted to ask me—what? Legal advice?"

"Not exactly," said Mauly. "But you know somethin' about the law, an' justice, and that rot, don't you?"

Peter grinned.

"Take a chair, my dear sir," he said, waving his hand. "State your case. I won't charge you anything, Mauly. Now, you've got something on your mind?"

"Yaas."

"Out with it."

There was a long pause. Lord Mauleverer sat down, rose again, and then sat down again. Then he coughed.

"Suppose," he began, at last.

"Yes?" said Peter encouragingly.

"Suppose—"

"Well?"

"Suppose—"

His lordship seemed unable to get any further than that. He coughed, and blinked at Peter Todd in a disconsolate sort of way.

"Suppose," encouraged Peter.

"Yaas. Suppose—"

"Life's short," said Peter Todd; "I wouldn't hurry you for worlds, Mauly; but it's five now, and dorm's at half-past nine."

Lord Mauleverer grinned faintly. But the worried and disconsolate look returned to his noble visage at once. Evidently something was weighing very deeply on his lordship's mind.

"Suppose," he said, at length, "suppose—only suppose, you know—suppose that a fellow had seen a fellow at a time when a fellow didn't see a fellow— Do I make myself clear?"

"Clear as mud," said Peter sarcastically. "It sounds like a nursery rhyme. Suppose a fellow saw a fellow—is that it?"

"That's it."

"When a fellow didn't see a fellow—"

"When the other fellow didn't see the fellow who saw the fellow," further elucidated his lordship.

"Oh, it grows clearer," said Peter. "Go on."

"Well, suppose the fellow was named—any old name," said Lord Mauleverer, checking himself hastily; "and suppose

when a fellow saw the fellow afterwards, he was going under another name."

Peter started a little. His lordship was not aware of it, but it was quite apparent to Peter that Mauly was speaking about himself and Algernon de Vere.

"Well?" said Peter.

"Well, suppose a fellow saw a fellow—"

"We've had that!" said Peter gently.

"Oh, yaas! Well, then, suppose a fellow was named—anything you like—no need to mention names, is there?"

"None at all; better not, perhaps. The fellow who was named anything you like, may be referred to as the fellow called 'What's-his-name,'" suggested Peter.

"Good!" said his lordship, relieved.

"I knew you were a keen sort of chap, old Toddy. You make things jolly easier. Well, suppose when a fellow saw 'What's-his-name,' he was in a humble sort of way, rather a cheeky young sprig, perhaps—suppose he was the son of a footman—mind, I don't say he was, but suppose he was. Of course, all this is in strict confidence."

"As client to lawyer," said Peter.

"Silent as the grave. Go on."

"Yaas. Well, suppose afterwards the fellow saw a fellow—I mean saw young 'What's-his-name,' and he called himself—called himself—"

"Thingummy!" suggested Peter.

His lordship brightened again.

"That's it! Now, of course, a fellow couldn't be such a silly snob as to look down on young 'What's-his-name' because he was in a humble station. You wouldn't think that of me, would you, Peter? I—I mean you wouldn't think it of a fellow?"

"Not at all," said Peter gravely.

"But suppose young 'What's-his-name' turned up—say, at a public school, under the name of—of—of—"

"Thingummy?"

"Yaas, under the name of—say, 'Thingummy.' Suppose he put on a lot of swank, and chucked money about like water. Ought a fellow to do anythin'?" said his lordship, vaguely and miserably. "Suppose a fellow recognised 'Thingummy' as young 'What's-his-name' the moment he saw him. Would he be bound to say anythin'?"

"That depends," said Peter, eyeing his lordship very curiously.

"Of course, if young 'What's-his-name' came to the—the school, callin' himself 'What's-his-name,' it would be all right," said Mauleverer. "But suppose he called himself De—'Thingummy.' Is it legal for a fellow to enter a school under a false name, old bean?"

"Legal or not, he couldn't do it," said Peter. "The Head doesn't let fellows wander into Greyfriars under false names, for instance. He has to know a fellow's real name."

"I—I suppose he does—"

"He certainly does."

"Then how is it?" said his lordship, with an expression of blank bewilderment.

"Putting a case," said Peter, with his most solictorial manner, "putting a case, young 'What's-his-name' might have changed his name legally to 'Thingummy.' It can be done by paying a fee."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mauleverer.

"His father may have come into money, and decided to desert the democratic ranks of the 'What's-his-names,' and join up with the more aristocratic class of De 'Thingummies,'" suggested Peter.

"Good gad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

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NEXT MONDAY!
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 750.

"IN BORROWED PLUMES!"

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



"You've smacked Bunter's head enough! Now let him go!" said Harry Wharton. "I won't! Let go of my arm!" "Not until you leave Bunter alone!" answered Wharton. De Vere's left hand was grasping Bunter's collar. He let go, clenched his free hand, and struck the captain of the Remove full in the face! (See Chapter 7.)

"I knew I was right in comin' to you, old Toddy; I wish I'd come to you before, by gad! It's been worryin' me no end, you know. Of course, a fellow doesn't want to give a fellow away, and all that, but thinkin' a fellow was under a false name, you know, worried a fellow awf'ly. The jolly old footman may have made a fortune on the Stock Exchange—what?"

"Hem! He may."
"Or backed a horse," said Mauly.
"Only bookmakers make money on horses, old chap. But he may have come into a fortune from his uncle in Australia, or his aunt in Clapham," suggested Peter.

"Of course he may, and then changed his name from Perkins—"

"Eh?"
"I mean, changed his name from What's-his-name to—to—to—"
"Thingummy."

"Yaas. Legally, and all that. My uncle knows a man who did," said his lordship. "His name was Hunkers, and he made a fortune in the war, and became a baron, and somehow found out that he was descended from the Mowbrays of Norfolk, and now he's named Mowbray. I remember my uncle speakin' about it last holidays. So if young Perkins—I mean old Perkins—that is, old What's-his-name—paid some johnny some jolly old fees and changed his name to—to—Thingummy, it's all right, and a fellow needn't bother about it, and needn't say anythin' to anybody—what?"

"Perfectly."
Lord Mauleverer rose, greatly relieved.

"Thanks, old chap! You've taken a weight from my mind. I'm awf'ly glad

I came to you. Not a word about it, of course, or fellows might suppose a fellow was speakin' about a fellow, you—
—you understand?"

"Quite!" said Peter. "Lawyers never tell secrets; they'd get no more trade if they did. Mum's the word!"

"Awf'ly obliged, old bean!" said Lord Mauleverer gratefully. And he drifted out of Study No. 7.

Peter Todd was at liberty to get on with his lines now. But it was some time before Peter dipped his pen into the ink. He sat in deep thought.

"Perkins, son of a footman? Is Mauly dreaming?" muttered Peter Todd. "My only hat! Algernon de Vere—it's a bit of a change! But Mauly can't be mistaken! Mauly's seen him somewhere in the chrysalis state, and was astonished to see him come out as a giddy butterfly—that's it! But—but the swanking ass— And he's insulted poor little Vivian up hill and down dale with his airs and graces, and a dozen other fellows, too!" Peter frowned. "Well, it's no business of mine. I'm not saying anything."

And Peter Todd turned his attention to his lines at last; and having finished them, delivered them to Mr. Quelch, and then hurried down to Little Side to join the cricketers. He found Algernon de Vere bowling, with a surprised crowd looking on at his really amazing performance; and Peter looked on, interested less in the bowling than in the bowler. Handsome, graceful, undeniably aristocratic in looks, there was no doubt about that Peter had to admit. Was Mauly dreaming, after all?

But when Algernon de Vere came off and passed Mark Linley, and the latter

made a remark to him, Algernon walked on unseeing, as if he had not heard it. Linley looked at him, flushed, and drew back, with a quivering lip. Linley, the poor scholarship boy, was evidently not good enough for the dandy of the Remove to notice or speak to—though he was quite good enough for Harry Wharton & Co. and Lord Mauleverer.

Peter Todd smiled grimly as he observed that little incident.

He discerned quite clearly the "yellow streak" in the superb Algernon. It was the snobbishness of the upstart that had been revealed, and Peter had no further doubt that Mauly was right. Yet there was one point that puzzled him, and after the cricket was over, Peter looked for Mauleverer, to have that point elucidated.

He found his lordship alone in his study, looking much more cheerful than of late. Mauleverer, after Peter's legal advice, had been able to dismiss his worrying problem from his mind, and had been only too glad to do so. He gave Toddy a cheery smile.

"About that supposititious case you were putting in my study this afternoon—" began Peter.

"Yaas?"
"Taking it that young What's-his-name was a real person, was he any shakes of a cricketer?"

"I don't know anythin' about his battin'."

"But at bowling?"
"No end of a bowler," said Mauleverer. "Gift for it, I think. He used to bowl for house-party cricket, and was made quite a fuss of; which made him a little puffed up, perhaps. And his master used to let him have lots of time to bowl

NEXT MONDAY!

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on the county ground among the grounds-men, you know. He was goin' to be a regular groundsman when he was older, though old Perkins—I mean, old What's-his-name, I think, wanted him to train as a footman—easier job, I believe. I often saw him, though I dare say he never noticed me in a crowd of guests—” Lord Mauleverer stopped suddenly, and coloured. “Of course, we're only supposin' all this, Peter; sort of puttin' a case, you know.”

“Of course!” assented Peter Todd. Algernon de Vere came into the study as Peter left. He gave Toddy a very distant and superior glance. The son of a solicitor of moderate means was not worth cultivation; and when De Vere knew that a fellow was not worth cultivating he found pleasure in putting that fellow into his place and keeping him there. But his icily, distant glance did not affect Peter's equanimity. Peter chuckled as he went down the Remove passage.

De Vere gave Lord Mauleverer quite a different look—a very friendly and cordial look.

And, for reasons best known to himself, Lord Mauleverer strolled out of the study immediately after Peter Todd.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Talks Too Much!

“I SAY, you fellows—”
 “Don't!”
 “Don't what?” demanded Billy Bunter.
 “Say!” explained Bob Cherry. “Don't say anything!”
 “Look here—”
 “You're always saying something,” said Bob plaintively. “And everything you say is a thing too much. Don't say any more. Give your chin a rest. It gets too much exercise. Look how fat it's grown!”
 “Some fellows like a well-turned, plump chin better than a set of lantern-jaws,” said Bunter loftily. “But as I was saying—”

“There you go again! Don't!”
 “I say, you fellows, it's really an important matter,” urged Billy Bunter. “My idea is that Wharton ought to take it up, as captain of the Remove. When a shady rotter comes to Greyfriars—”

“But it's such a jolly long time since you came, Bunter,” said Johnny Bull. “What's the good of raking it up now?”
 “Ha, ha, ha!”

Bunter gave Johnny a look that bade fair to crack his spectacles.

“You cheeky idiot, I wasn't speaking about myself—”

“No? You generally are!”

“I was speaking about that cad De Vere,” said Bunter. “That shady bounder, you know.”

“Oh, cheese it,” said Harry Wharton. “It's possible to have too much De Vere as well as too much Bunter.”

“He's shady,” said Bunter. “The captain of the Form ought to take it up. He's got some rotten secret—”

“How do you know, fathead?”
 “Mauly knows it.”

The Famous Five made no rejoinder to that. They had not forgotten the curious incident on the cricket-ground. They did not bother their heads about it, certainly, but it remained in their memory. Billy Bunter was evidently bothering his head very much about it.

Contempt, the proverb declares, will pierce the shell of the tortoise. Bunter

was not thin-skinned; but the lofty contempt of Algernon de Vere had penetrated somewhere through his armour of fat. Being kicked out of a study was neither grateful nor comforting. Bunter had been kicked out of studies before, certainly; it was not a new experience for him. But added to the kicking was the new junior's lofty contempt, which he took no pains to conceal, and his determination to ignore Bunter—to go on his lofty way as if no such person as W. G. B. existed at all. W. G. B. could not forgive that. He wanted—and wanted very much—to bring down the lofty swank of Algernon if he could.

“It's plain enough,” continued Bunter. “Mauly knows quite well that there's something shady about De Vere, and he won't say so, for some reason. Young Vivian says that De Vere is an upstart.”

“Vivian doesn't know anything about him,” said Bob.

“He heard it from Mauly.”

“Oh!”

“You see, he ignores Vivian in the study, and Sir Jimmy is wild about it,” said Bunter. “Like his cheek, I think! If I put up with Vivian, I should think anybody else could—though he's low, of course.”

“Fathead!”

“He's low,” persisted Bunter. “But I

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take notice of him; in fact, I sometimes make it a point to speak to him, out of kindness—”

“When you're expecting a postal-order?”

“Oh, really, Cherry—”

The elegant figure of Algernon de Vere appeared in the doorway of the Common-room. He glanced round the room with the lofty air that made a good many juniors want to punch his head when they observed it. De Vere seemed to have a special gift of causing irritation. He had a little way of letting his glance pass over a fellow as if the fellow wasn't there, which was naturally exasperating to the fellow concerned.

Bunter did not see him; even with the aid of his big glasses Bunter's range of vision was limited. The figure in the doorway might have been anybody's for all Bunter knew, and he rattled on in blissful unconsciousness of the fact that the subject of his remarks could hear every word he uttered.

“A fellow who swanks and insults chaps, and is shady all the time, ought to be shown up, I think.”

De Vere gave a start, and turned his glance on Bunter. The Famous Five grinned.

Bunter had mentioned no name, so if De Vere had taken the remark to himself it could only be because the description fitted—a case of “cap fit, cap wear.” It

was also rather entertaining to see Bunter discussing the new junior in his presence without knowing it.

“Decent fellows don't have secrets,” continued Bunter, still in happy ignorance. “Didn't he turn as white as a sheet of impot paper when he thought Mauly knew something about him before he came to Greyfriars? You ought to take it up, Wharton. He ought to be made to explain, at least. May have been in prison, for all we know.”

“Ass!”
 “I've asked Mauly, and he was simply rude,” said Bunter. “You know old Mauly. He wouldn't say a word to harm anybody—even a swanking cad like De Vere—”

“Shut up!” muttered Bob.
 “Well, he is a swanking cad, and my belief is that— Yooop!” roared Bunter suddenly, as the new junior strode across to him, grasped him by the collar, and shook him.

Shake, shake, shake!
 “Yow-ow-ow! Leggo, you beast, Smithy!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”
 “Ow! Isn't it Smithy? Oh, it's you, you rotter! Leggo, De Vere, you cad! 'Tain't my fault you've got shady secrets—yooop!—'tain't my fault you've been in prison— Yow-ow-ow-woooooop!”

Smack, smack!
 Billy Bunter roared with anguish as the new junior smacked his head. They were hefty smacks, and they rang through the Common-room like pistol-shots.

“Yoop! Help! Rescue! I say, you fellows—yow-ow—rescue!”
 Smack, smack!

The repose which should stamp the caste of Vere de Vere had quite left the new boy. His handsome face was dark with passion as he smacked Bunter's head and smacked and smacked again. There was a general exclamation, and a dozen fellows gathered round the spot. Harry Wharton strode forward and caught the new junior's arm.

“That's enough!” he said curtly.
 “Let go!”

“Let Bunter alone!” said Wharton.
 “You heard what he was saying—” panted De Vere.

“Certainly! And you've smacked his silly head—and that's enough! Bunter can't put up a fight, and you can let him alone.”

“I'll do as I choose.”
 “You won't!”

“Let go my arm!”
 “Not till you leave Bunter alone.” answered the captain of the Remove quietly.

De Vere's left hand was gripping Bunter's collar. He let go Bunter, clenched his free hand, and struck the captain of the Remove full in the face.

“Now let go my arm— Oh!”

The next instant De Vere was rolling along the floor of the Common-room, and Harry Wharton, his hands clenched and his eyes flashing, stood waiting for him to rise again.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Fight!

“YOW-OW-OW-OW!”
 Thus William George Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove staggered against the wall, claspings his head, which was spinning from the hefty smacking it had received. But nobody heeded Bunter. All eyes were on the new junior and the captain of the Remove.

De Vere had been hardly a week at Greyfriars, but it was really surprising to most of the fellows that he had not had a fight on his hands so far. It was evident that he was to have one now.

The new junior was quickly on his feet. His eyes were blazing with rage.

Temple of the Fourth, who had become rather chummy with the new junior, ran forward to help him. But De Vere was on his feet before Cecil Reginald Temple could extend a helping hand.

"You—you—you—" He choked.

He sprang towards Wharton, his eyes blazing and his hands up. Bob Cherry shoved between them.

"Hold on, my pippin—"

"Get out of the way!" shouted De Vere.

"Easy does it!" said Bob, unmoved. "Don't shove, old pippin, or you'll get another of the same from me, which won't improve your nose."

"Will you let me get at that rotter?" panted De Vere.

"All in good time. If you're going to fight, you want the gloves. We do these little things in proper order at Greyfriars," explained Bob. "You want a ring and a timekeeper and the mittens. Catch on?"

"We'll settle the matter now, and chance the prefects," he said. "One of you chaps get the gloves here, and we'll lock the door and keep as quiet as we can."

"Right-ho!"

Bob Cherry hurried away for the gloves, and returned in a few minutes. Then the door of the junior Common-room was shut and locked.

A ring was formed, with every fellow in the room crowding round it. Even Lord Mauleverer had detached himself from a comfortable sofa to look on at the encounter.

The fight was likely to be an interesting one, for the fighting powers of the captain of the Remove were well-known; and De Vere, though a slim and graceful fellow, was known to be strong and sinewy, and his pluck could not be doubted since his rescue of Bessie Bunter at the level crossing. It was odd that a fellow with every advantage of looks and position and a reputation for cool pluck should have succeeded in making himself generally disliked in so short a time. But De Vere certainly had succeeded in that, and there was hardly a fellow in the crowd who did not want to see him licked in the coming encounter. Even Cecil

keeper, De Vere?" asked Bob Cherry sarcastically.

De Vere shook his head impatiently. "Anythin' you like," he said, "so long as we get goin'. I don't want this hung out till the prefects interrupt us—which seems to be what you fellows want."

"Isn't he a dear, nice unsuspecting sort of chap?" said Bob. "Must have lived among some nice characters, I should think, in the noble halls of Vere de Vere! If you don't give him a jolly good hiding, Wharton, I'll punch your nose!"

"Seconds out of the ring!" said Lord Mauleverer. "You ready, Wharton, dear boy?"

"Quite!"

"You ready, Perk—De Vere?"

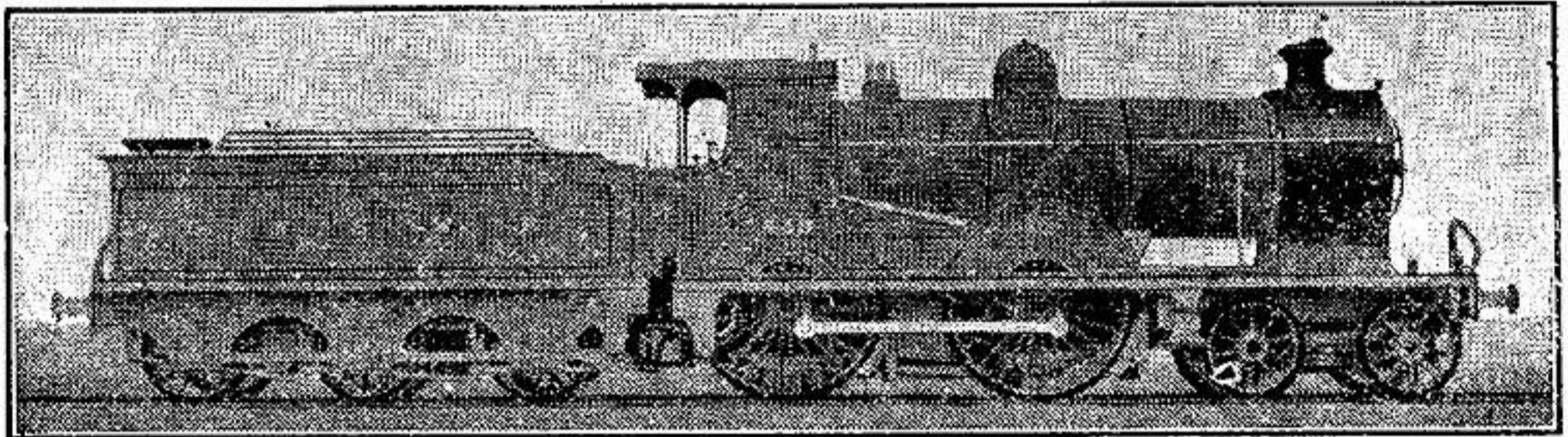
Algernon de Vere gave a violent start as Lord Mauleverer so nearly let slip the wrong name—or perhaps the right one. He seemed to forget the matter in hand as he stared at the schoolboy earl.

"What did you say?" he asked in a husky tone, still staring at his lordship with scared eyes.

"I—I asked if you were ready."

De Vere pulled himself together with a painful effort. The Removites looked at him and looked at one another. The

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IN THE "POPULAR." - - - ON SALE TUESDAY!

"I don't! I want—"

"Well, whatever you want, that's what you're going to have," said Bob Cherry coolly. "So moderate your giddy transports, old top, till the circus is ready. Then you can go in as hard as you like, and bag as big a licking as you can stand."

For a moment De Vere looked as if he would turn his rage upon Bob Cherry. But he calmed himself with a great effort.

"Very well," he said, setting his teeth. "I don't care how we fight, so long as we do fight. I'm going to thrash Wharton before we go to dorm."

"Better leave it till to-morrow," said Nugent. "We shall have a prefect butting in if there's too much row here."

"I refuse to leave it till to-morrow."

"That's not for you to decide," said Nugent tartly. "You'll get more than one hiding, De Vere, if you swank too much."

"Ear, 'ear!" said Sir Jimmy Vivian, who was looking on with great delight.

"If Wharton is afraid—" said De Vere, with a sneering smile.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Johnny Bull gruffly.

Wharton crimsoned.

Reginald Temple, who acted as his second, would not have been wholly displeased to see his principal taken down a peg or two; and Skinner & Co., though generally "up against" Wharton, were very keen to see him victorious on this occasion. De Vere's contemptuous indifference to their noble selves had roused the deepest ire of Skinner & Co.

"Who's going to keep time?" asked Bob Cherry, looking round. "Any objection to little me?"

"Yes!" snapped De Vere. "I want fair play."

Bob Cherry gave him an expressive look.

"You'll get fair play here," he said. "I'm a pal of Wharton's, and I wouldn't touch you, personally, with a barge-pole; but if you mean that I wouldn't keep time fairly—"

"Mauleverer will do," said Harry Wharton. "Keep your wool on, Bob—the fellow isn't going to fight both of us, you know."

Bob Cherry choked down his wrath.

"Will you keep time, Mauleverer?" he asked.

"Yaas, dear boy."

"Go it, then!" said Harry Wharton.

"Any objection to Mauleverer as time

impression his looks gave was that he was faltering now that the combat was about to begin. Only Peter Todd had a clue to the cause of the new junior's visible emotion.

"Well, are you ready?" exclaimed Bob Cherry impatiently. "You were thirsting for gore a few minutes ago."

"The thirstfulness seems to have taken an honourable departure," murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Yah! Funk!" howled Billy Bunter, ceasing for a moment to rub his aching head to hurl that taunt at his enemy.

De Vere did not seem to hear. He was trying to recover himself, but he had received a shock to find that it was not easy to recover from. Lord Mauleverer coloured uncomfortably. It was not his fault that more than once he had nearly let slip the new junior's secret. He was not accustomed to keeping secrets, and he was an absent-minded fellow at the best of times. Several fellows had caught the syllable "Perk," and wondered what his lordship meant.

"I'm waiting, De Vere," said Harry Wharton quietly.

De Vere controlled the emotion, whatever it was, that had thrown him off his

balance. But the effort he had to make was painful, and visible to all eyes.

"I'm ready," he said. The fight began. But all the keenness, all the savage anger, that De Vere had displayed hitherto, seemed to have vanished, and he moved and acted like a fellow who had other thoughts in his mind, and who drove himself mechanically to the task in hand.

That was not the way to deal with a fistical champion like the captain of the Remove. The first round had not lasted half a minute when De Vere was on the floor with a heavy bump. He scrambled up, and renewed the fight, but in a half-hearted way, and only the call of time at the end of the round saved him from another fall.

**THE NINTH CHAPTER.
A Fight to a Finish!**

"TIME!" Cecil Reginald Temple drew his principal to a chair, and made him sit down. He fanned him with a book, eyeing him very curiously the while. If the first round was a sample of what was to come, Cecil Reginald could only wonder what folly had possessed the new junior to "take on" the captain of the Remove at all.

"Pull yourself together, old bean!" murmured Temple. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothin'!" muttered De Vere huskily.

"You were right as rain till Mauly spoke to you, and then you seemed to go to pieces all of a sudden," said Temple. "Aren't you fit?"

"Yes, yes!" "If you want to call it off, you can ask Wharton. He's not a bad chap, and he would let you down lightly," whispered Temple.

De Vere looked at him, and then at the grinning faces of the onlookers. His pale face flushed scarlet. He could see that his defeat was regarded as a fore-gone conclusion, and that his coming licking was attributed to funk and nothing else. That realisation stung him into his self-possession again. He set his teeth.

"You'll see!" he muttered. "Well, you won't have much of a look in if you don't pull up your socks,"

said Temple, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Time!" came from Lord Mauleverer. To the surprise of the Removites and Fourth-Formers, Algernon de Vere stepped up briskly at the call of time. He seemed himself again now—cool, determined, and scornful. Wharton, looking at him, realised that the second round was not to be like the first, and he was on his guard.

He needed to be. De Vere pressed him hard, and he showed a very close acquaintance with boxing science, as well as a wonderful rapidity of movement, and an indifference to severe punishment that banished at once the suspicion of "cold feet."

The adversaries seemed about equally matched in that round, and scientific interest in the fight revived.

"Time!" "By George, he's standing up to it!" said Skinner. "He's screwed up his giddy courage to the sticking-point, as the johnny says in the play."

"Wharton's getting a larger size in noses!" grinned Snoop.

"Well, look at De Vere's eye!" said Ogilvy. "It will be as black as the ace of spades to-morrow!"

"Time!" There was breathless interest in the third round, in which some hard punishment was given and taken on both sides. Masters and prefects, and the approach of bed-time, had alike been forgotten by the juniors in their eager interest. There was a deep buzz when, in the fourth round, Harry Wharton went to the floor.

He lay rather heavily, trying to rise, and sinking back. Lord Mauleverer began to count.

De Vere, with a glitter in his eyes, stood ready to strike as soon as he was on his feet, if he succeeded in rising. For all his noble name, the new junior evidently did not mean to give away the slightest advantage that the rules of the ring allowed him.

Mauleverer had reached seven, when Wharton succeeded in getting on his feet, taking, at the same time, a shower of blows from De Vere, which almost sent him down again. But he succeeded in keeping his feet, though he was dazed and dizzy by the hard punishment. Only an iron courage and determination kept him from yielding under the fierce and unsparing attack; but he did not yield.

With difficulty, but with tenacity, he stood up to the punishment till the call of time came to his aid.

Wharton staggered from the ring, and Bob Cherry had to help him to a chair. Bob eyed him anxiously as he wiped his perspiring face.

But he did not speak. Wharton needed all his breath now. And he did not need encouragement. Win or lose, it was quite certain that he would go on till he could go on no longer.

"Time!" said Lord Mauleverer, with an anxious glance at the captain of the Remove.

Wharton came up to the scratch quietly. De Vere opened the fifth round with a rushing attack, but Wharton succeeded in stalling him off, contenting himself with defence till his strength should return, and his dazed head grow clearer. The captain of the Remove was very near to defeat in that round; but he lived through it. And in the round that followed he was able to attack.

"Eighth round!" said Squiff. "It's anybody's fight, so far. But I fancy Wharton is going to pull it off, after all."

The ninth round began, and by that time it was clear that the advantage was with the captain of the Remove.

It had been a strenuous tussle, and both the combatants showed very visible signs of punishment and strain; but De Vere was weakening now. He almost collapsed in his second's arms when the ninth round ended.

"Better chuck up the sponge, old fellow," said Temple of the Fourth, in a whisper.

"Never!"

"Better, while there's time."

"Let me alone." Cecil Reginald shrugged his shoulders. It was patent to him that the next round would see his champion knocked out; but Algernon de Vere refused to face the facts.

"Time!" De Vere almost tottered into the ring. Harry Wharton stepped up coolly and steadily, though he was aching all over by this time.

Crash! Algernon de Vere went to the floor, under a right-hander that sent him spinning.

(Continued on next page.)

HOW TO WIN THE 100-YARDS RACE!
By Percy Longhurst.

Continued from last week

It is pace that the "speed merchant" most wants, and this is only to be improved by frequent short bursts at racing pace. Such bursts need never be longer than sixty yards, and for every sprint of such distance he should take two of thirty or thirty-five yards.

Twice a week it is well to run a bit over the distance, say, 120 yards, taking the first third at racing pace, slowing down a bit over the middle forty yards, and then sprinting for all he is worth over the last third. This will assist in making him a strong finisher. And as all sprinters are aware, many of these short-distance events are won in the last ten yards. A strong finisher is always a dangerous opponent.

It is at the finish that the heavy runner's weight and strength tell. Finishing is largely a matter of combined strength and will-power. Which does not mean that the light-

weight has a poor chance. Let him by daily all-round exercise of free movements strengthen his muscles all over, and he should have strength enough.

For those who can get out every evening for training, the following schedule for the last fortnight will be a useful guide:

MONDAY.

Two or three starts. Two full-speed dashes of 30 yards. Rest a bit, then a slow 120 yards.

TUESDAY.

Starts. 60 yards racing pace.

WEDNESDAY.

Starts. Two dashes 40 yards. 120 yards at easy pace until last 40 yards, which should be run all out.

THURSDAY.

Starts. Full speed 60 yards. Rest; then two fast 35 yards.

FRIDAY.

Starts. Two fast 35 yards sprints. Run through 100 yards at easy pace.

SATURDAY

Starts. Fast 60 yards.

Have a clear day's rest before day of sports. Do not eat a solid meal within a couple of hours of actual racing. Give the legs a few seconds of gentle exercise just before going on your mark. Do not let your legs get cold; this means stiff muscles. Keep them covered up. If you use corks in racing, don't grasp tightly.

Never look round; it is fatal. Besides, it is the runner ahead (if there is one) who most interests you. And don't aim to finish your run dead at the tape. You should finish five yards beyond. Otherwise you lose time and ground at the finish.

Every morning go through a spell of breathing exercises, chest expansion with deep breathing, and the 100 U.P. If you can put in also five or ten minutes' skipping during the day, so much the better.

The matter of diet will be dealt with in another article of the series.

"Man down!" grinned Skinner. "The show's over, you fellows."

"Count, Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer counted the seconds. All eyes were upon De Vere, as he lay gasping and dizzy. Harry Wharton stepped back, his hands down, giving his adversary every chance.

De Vere made a tremendous effort to get on his feet, but he sank back again with a gasp.

"Seven—eight—nine—"

Another effort, and again De Vere fell back. It was not pluck that was wanting; he was utterly "done."

"Out!"

"Counted out, by gum!" said Bob Cherry. "Our win! But the fellow's put up a jolly good fight."

"The fightfulness was terrific, my esteemed chum," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "The lickfulness was also great."

Temple helped De Vere to his feet. The new junior leaned heavily on him, gasping and panting. There was a rattle at the door as the handle turned, and the door did not open.

"What's this door locked for?" came the deep voice of Wingate of the Sixth. "Open this door at once, you young sweeps!"

"My hat! It's bed-time!" exclaimed Peter Todd. He cut across to the door and unlocked it.

The captain of Greyfriars strode in with a frowning brow.

"Now then, what's going on here?" he exclaimed. "Why—what! You young rascals!"

Wingate stared at the two combatants. Both of them looked severely damaged.

"So you've been fighting?" exclaimed Wingate.

"Yes, Wingate!" gasped Harry.

"Stop it at once!"

"Certainly!"

Some of the juniors grinned. Wingate's arrival had been just too late to stop the fight. A couple of minutes earlier and he would have saved the dandy of the Remove from defeat.

Wingate eyed the two champions grimly.

"Scrapping is all very well," he said. "I know you young sweeps can't live without scrapping. But this seems to have been a prize-fight, to judge by your looks. This won't do!"

"We—we—" stammered Wharton.

"I shall report this to your Form-master," said Wingate. "Now get off to your dormitory, and sharp!"

He left the Common-room, and there was a general movement. De Vere had to make an effort to get on his jacket with Temple's assistance. He looked at his face in the glass, and a spasm of rage crossed it. It was no longer handsome.

Wharton paused for a moment or two thinking, and then, with an effort overcoming his repugnance, he crossed to the new junior. De Vere eyed him sullenly.

"We're not likely to be friends, De Vere," said Harry frankly; "but you've put up a jolly good fight—it was touch and go which came out winner. I don't bear any malice, if you don't; and there's my fist on it."

The captain of the Remove held out his hand.

Algernon de Vere stared at it, and at him, for a moment; and then, deliberately turning his back, walked out of the Common-room. Harry Wharton's hand dropped to his side, and the colour deepened in his cheeks. And there was a hiss from the Removites as Algernon de Vere disappeared.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Secret!

HARRY WHARTON was some time in seeking slumber in the Remove dormitory that night. He was feeling too severely the effects of the fight in the Common-room to glide very easily into the arms of Morpheus. But he slept at last; and he was the last of the Remove to sink into slumber—with one exception.

That exception was Algernon de Vere.

But it was not alone the damages received in the fight that kept the new junior wakeful, not alone the anger and malice and bitterness that ran riot in his breast.

He was thinking of other things.

When the Remove turned out in the morning, De Vere looked as if he had slept little, as indeed was the case. After breakfast, both the combatants were called before their Form-master, and sentenced to a half-holiday's detention, with a translation task attached, which both of them felt quite out of proportion to the offence, though Mr. Quelch did not seem to think so.

But the detention and its task did not dwell in De Vere's mind. His brow was gloomy that morning, but again it was of other things that he was thinking.

After morning lessons, he followed Lord Mauleverer into the quadrangle. His lordship saw him coming and walked away; but De Vere was not to be denied. He hurried after his elusive lordship.

(Continued on page 20.)

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THE SNOB'S SECRET!

(Continued from page 19.)

"I want a word with you, Mauleverer," he said, bringing the schoolboy earl to a halt at last.

"Yaas," said Lord Mauleverer feebly. "What did you mean by calling me an upstart?"

"Lookin' for another fight already?" asked Mauleverer, with a faint smile. "You don't look very fit for one."

"No; I don't want to fight you, Mauleverer," said De Vere with unexpected quietness; "not at all. I want to know why you used that—that word?"

"I never meant to," said Lord Mauleverer. "It slipped out!"

"Why?"

"Because you've treated young Vivian like a cad," said his lordship. "It was in speakin' to Vivian that I said it. I don't take it back, either. You're not bound to be caddish to Vivian, because the poor kid's had some disadvantages."

"We won't argue that," said De Vere. "Call me anythin' you like—but why upstart?"

Lord Mauleverer looked at him steadily.

"You know why!" he answered bluntly.

De Vere paled a little.

"Last evenin', in the Common-room, you nearly called me by a name that was not mine," he said in a low voice.

"Sorry!"

"But why?"

"It just nearly slipped out, that's all. I'll be more careful in the future. I don't want to give you away, goodness knows."

"Give me away!" repeated De Vere.

"Yaas."

"You think you could give me away, as you call it?"

"Yaas."

"How so?"

Lord Mauleverer shifted uncomfortably.

"What's the good of talkin'," he said.

"I was afraid at first that there was some swindle, or somethin' goin' on; but I'm satisfied about that now. Let it drop!"

"I want to know why you should think that there's anythin' about me you could give away!"

"I—I— Let's take a case," said Lord Mauleverer. "Puttin' a case, as old Toddy would say. Supposin' I was on a visit to a country house in a certain holiday. Suppose there was an under-footman there named Perkins, who happened to come into notice because he had a son who had a gift for bowlin' at

cricket. Suppose I watched the country-house eleven at practice sometimes, when I happened to have nothin' to do, and heard the fellows talking about young Perkins and his bowlin', and somebody sayin' he'd get him a job to bowl on the county ground, an' all that. Well, a fellow can't help rememberin' a fellow's face, especially when it's a bit out of the common. And—and suppose he saw the fellow again, and—and recognised him, but couldn't feel certain it was the same, and then saw him actin' in a stuck-up, snobbish way that gave it away that he was no gentleman. Suppose all that!"

De Vere winced.

"I'm sorry!" said Mauleverer apologetically. "I didn't want to say anythin', and I'm not going to say anythin'."

He turned away—pausing a moment for De Vere to speak. But De Vere did not speak. He stood quite still, and Lord Mauleverer left him. It was some time before Algernon de Vere moved, and when he did, it was to walk away slowly, blindly, with a dazed and haunted look on his face. Fellows who passed him in the quadrangle looked at him, and could not help noting that, for once, there was no sign of lofty swank about Algernon de Vere.

THE END.

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