

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



F. HOPKIN, of Liverpool.

Week Ending
July 1st, 1922

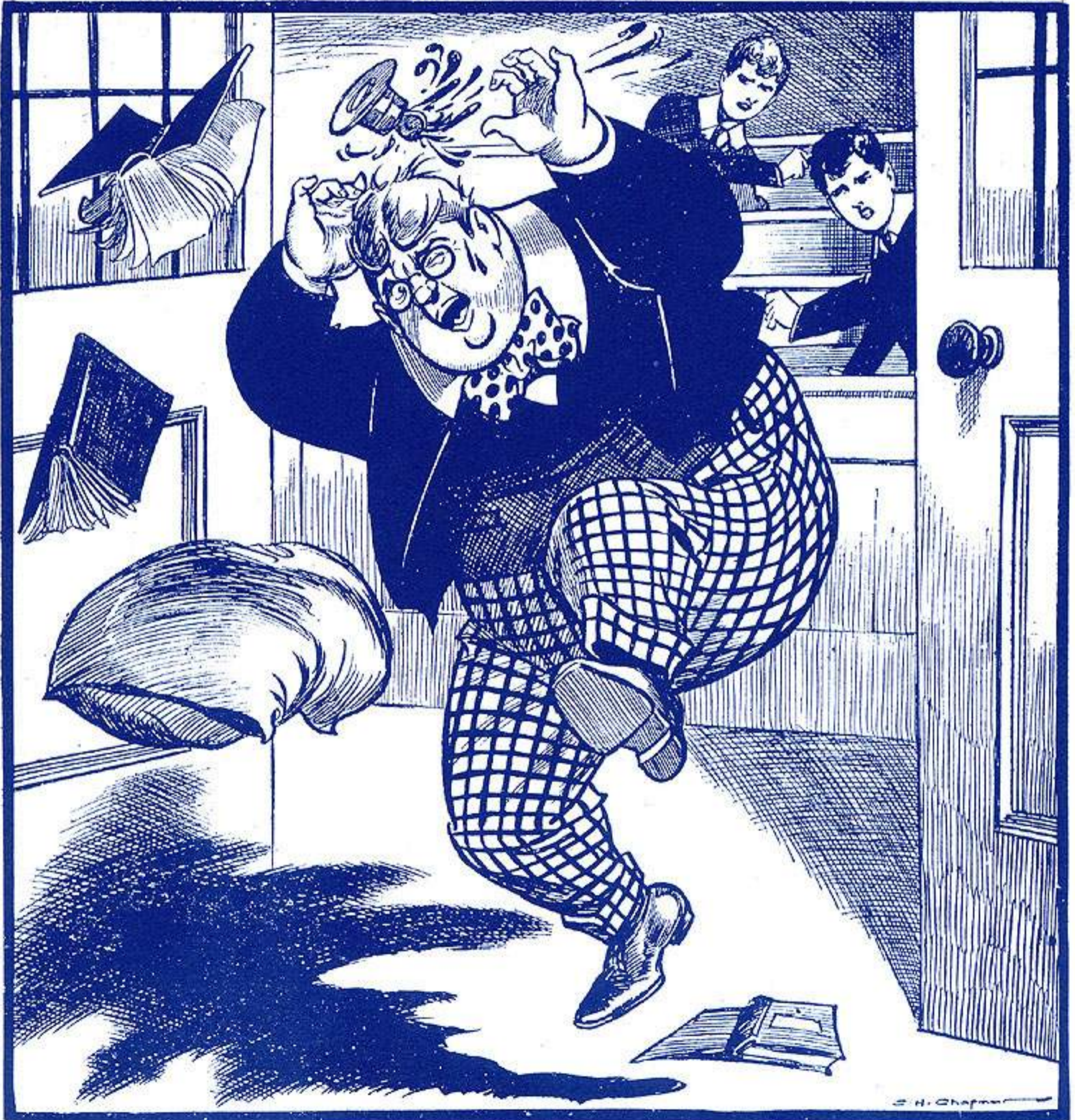
The Magnet Library

1 1/2

No. 751. Vol. XXII.



A. MORTON, of Glasgow Rangers.



BILLY BUNTER IS NOT WANTED!

(A humorous 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.

GIFTS FOR OUR READERS.

Once again I have pleasure in announcing a splendid list of gifts for readers of the Companion Papers.

In this issue of the MAGNET Library you will have found two real photos of famous footballers. Next Monday we shall be giving you another splendid, free, real photo of a famous player in action on the field of play, and his name is David Jack, of Bolton Wanderers.

The "Boys' Friend," which can now be obtained at all newsagents, is presenting every reader with a grand real photo of Soldier Jones, this photo being yet another of the magnificent series of "Rising Boxing Stars." No one can deny that Soldier Jones is a coming champion—he has already achieved no little fame by his prowess with the gloves. I have noticed that one critic calls this boxer the "whirlwind." His late opponents probably agree with that!

To-morrow the "Popular" will appear on sale at all newsagents, and in it there will be another splendid coloured engine plate—and a very particular one at that. For weeks past readers of the Companion Papers have asked me to give them a plate of the biggest locomotive in Great Britain. The Great Northern Railway claims the honour of possessing the finest express engine in the British Isles, and that engine will form the subject of the plate which is given away with to-morrow's issue of the "Popular." Next week there will be yet another engine, and readers who have obtained the plates from the beginning must be now congratulating themselves on their wonderful and unique collection.

Then comes Wednesday; with that day the "Gem" Library. This week's issue will give away a splendid real photo of Tom Hamilton, of Preston North End, in action on the field of play. Wednesday of next week will bring you two real photos of Charles Flood, of Bolton; and James Torrance, of Manchester City.

I must again remind all my chums that the only way to make certain of these gifts is by ordering copies of the Companion Papers to be saved for them. Otherwise, you run the risk of missing one of the series, and that would never do.

ALBUMS FOR YOUR PHOTOS.

Readers desirous of obtaining albums for their grand, free, real photos can have them by applying to

The MAGNET Album Office,
79, Pilgrim Street,
Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4,

and enclosing a postal-order for sixpence, or four three-halfpenny stamps, with their letters of application. Don't forget to put your name and address on your letter!

All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation, and albums will be sent off as quickly as possible. Send early!
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 751.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

Our next grand, long, complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., and Algernon de Vere will bring to an end—and bring to light—the mystery which has long surrounded the swaggering newcomer to the Remove. The story is entitled:

"THE FALL OF ALGERNON!" By Frank Richards.

Whispers have got around the Remove concerning the real De Vere, and some

THIS SPLENDID REAL ACTION PHOTO



DAVID JACK, of Bolton Wanderers.

PRESENTED FREE IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

of the whispers have gained a good deal of credence. Some of the whisperers find themselves very sadly wrong when the truth comes out at last—but even when the mighty Algernon has been dealt the blow he has always feared there is a certain section of the Remove which finds plenty of cause to pity the junior generally looked upon as a snob of the first water.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

There is to be another special number of the "Greyfriars Herald" next Monday—a Treasure-Hunt Number.

All boys like treasure-hunting stories, and Harry Wharton has every reason to know that his special number will be popular.

Look out for this in next Monday's MAGNET Library.

NOTICES.

Correspondence.

G. D. Sandland, 11, Templefield Street, Small Heath, Birmingham, wishes to correspond with a French boy with a view to mutual improvement in French and English; ages 13-16. He would also like to communicate with anyone in England who is fond of study.

Miss Mary Kennedy, Blake Street, Blaketown, Greymouth, West Coast, New Zealand (South Island), wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Miss Lena Kelly, 108, Greenwich Road, London, S.E. 10, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; ages 14-18.

George Mille, 150, Franklin Avenue, Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, U.S.A., wishes to correspond with American readers of the Companion Papers. All letters answered.

S. G. Lawson, 15, High Street, Penarth, South Wales, wishes to hear from readers who are likely to be interested in his magazine, "Magnet Pals."

Private Len. Bonnor, 6630211, B. Coy., Depot, Royal Fusiliers, Hounslow Barracks, Hounslow, Middlesex, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; North London readers asked.

Miss Isabel Brule, 12, Tottenham Street, London, W. 1, wishes to communicate with an English girl with a view to mutual improvement in English and French. Ages 16-18; all letters answered.

Miss Brule also wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Herbert Rawlinson, 7, Royal Oak Terrace, Gravesend, would like to correspond with readers interested in conjuring.

Rene Gavaghan, 142, Heywood Road, Castleton, Lancs, wishes to correspond with readers, preferably those still at school, interested in sport and stamp-collecting. All letters answered.

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

Richard Wong, 39, Nathan Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong, China, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, interested in stamps.

E. Melrose, 261, Oldham Road, New Cross, Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers interested in journalism; he is anxious to contribute to amateur papers.

F. Avery, jun., 10, Winders Road, Battersea, S.W. 11, wishes to hear from collectors of stamps, coins, etc.

David McClure, 142, Notre Dame Street, West, Montreal, Pro. Quebec, Canada, wishes to correspond with readers interested in stamps, anywhere. All letters answered.

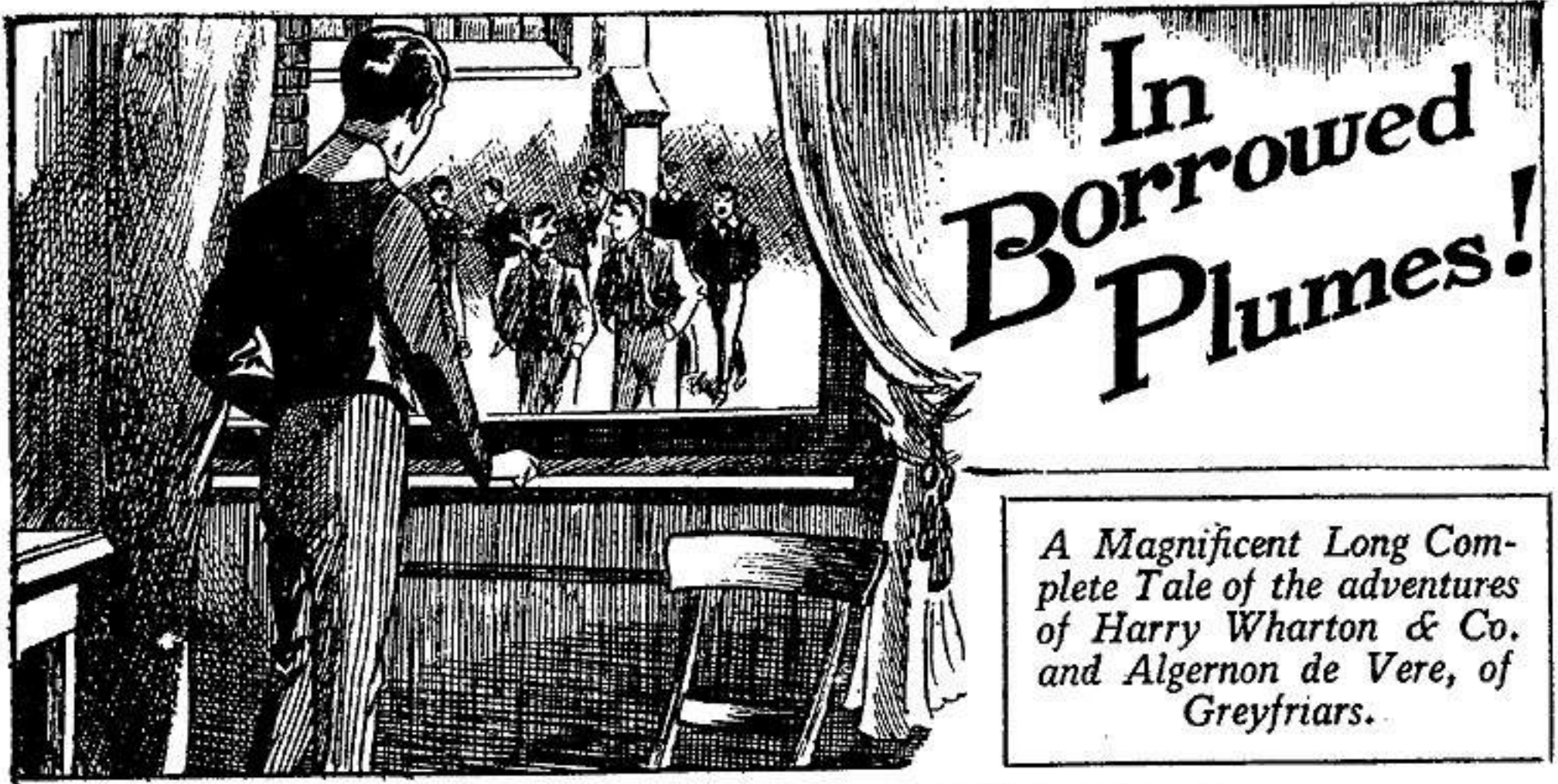
L. M. Halter, 79, St. Dominique Street, Quebec, Canada, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere outside Canada and the United States; all letters answered; stamp collectors specially asked to write.

Fred Morris, 48, Church Road, Portslade-by-Sea, Sussex, wishes to correspond with readers—ages 10-14—who are collectors of birds' eggs.

Football.

Football players wanted for club to be formed next season in the district; ages 16-18. Apply H. A. Reeves, 2, Bow Street, Stratford, E. 15.

Your Editor.



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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

"**T**RY it on, anyhow!" said Bob Cherry. "No harm in trying!" remarked Nugent.

"It won't be any good," said Johnny Bull thoughtfully. "But you may as well try, Harry. You never can tell!" Hurree Janiset Ram Singh nodded his dusky head approvingly.

Harry Wharton hesitated. The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove were gathered in the corridor, near the door of Mr. Quelch's study.

It was after dinner, on a sunny summer's day. Outside, there was a blue sky and a soft breeze, and the birds were twittering in the old elms in the Close. It was just the weather for cricket; and the match with Courtfield Town was fixed for that afternoon. So the heroes of the Remove ought to have been looking their cheerfullest.

Instead of which, Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, was looking decidedly glum, and his chums looked dubious.

"Try it on!" repeated Bob. "After all, Quelch can't eat you. Besides, you can explain that there's a match on—"

"Detention can be left over till next half-holiday!" said Nugent. "If—if Quelch will only see it!"

"If!" murmured Johnny Bull. "Confound that fellow De Vere!" exclaimed Wharton angrily. "It's all his fault!"

"Well, he's detained, too," said Nugent; "and he's such a jolly good bowler that we want him in the team. Still, we can do without him, if Quelch lets you off."

"Well, I'll try!" said Harry, not very hopefully.

"Good luck, old chap!" Harry Wharton moved on to the Remove master's door, and tapped. The deep voice of Mr. Quelch bade him enter, and he entered.

The Form-master glanced kindly

enough at the junior; but his face was very firm. Possibly he guessed what was coming.

"Well, what is it, Wharton?" he asked.

Wharton coughed. "About this afternoon, sir—" He paused.

"Well?" "It's the date of the cricket match at Courtfield, sir."

"Yes?" "You—you haven't forgotten that I'm detained for this afternoon, sir?"

"Not at all!" "I—I was thinking, sir—"

"I am now preparing your detention task, my boy," said Mr. Quelch, just as if he thought that that was what the junior was worrying about. "It will be ready for you."

"Hem!" "You and De Vere will go into the Form-room at two o'clock, and remain till five" said the Remove master.

"Your task will keep you occupied for that period. I shall see to that!"

Wharton shifted uncomfortably. He was not in the remotest degree interested in the detention task his Form-master was so kindly preparing for him. Mr. Quelch picked up his pen.

"Is there anything more, Wharton?" "Ye-es, sir!"

The Remove master glanced at the clock.

"My time is of value, Wharton!" he observed.

"Oh! Yes, sir! I—I was thinking—"

"Well?"

"As it's rather a special match this afternoon, sir, and the fellows want me to skipper the team, I—I thought—"

"You thought that it was, after all, a foolish action on your part to fight with De Vere in the Common-room?" said Mr. Quelch urbanely. "You are quite right, Wharton; as head boy of the Form, you should have known better. A few rounds with the gloves on I see no objection to; but both you and De Vere still bear traces of what I can only

characterise as a ferocious encounter. It was, indeed reprehensible. Is that what you were going to say, Wharton?"

"Nunno, sir!" stammered Wharton.

"Then what is it?" "I—I was thinking that you might let me off this afternoon, sir—"

"Wharton!"

If Wharton had proposed to Mr. Quelch to hold up a bank, he could hardly have looked more shocked and surprised.

"You see, sir," hurried on Wharton, "I'm captain of the cricket team, and they want me. I could be detained on another half-holiday, sir."

"Ah! The rules of the school, and the requirements of discipline, may be put aside to accommodate the exigencies of junior games!" said Mr. Quelch, with crushing irony. "Is that your meaning?"

"N-n-not exactly, sir! It's rather a special occasion. We don't want Trumper's lot to beat Greyfriars!"

"No doubt!" "They're in great form, sir!" explained Wharton eagerly. "They've got a new man who's a real corker—"

"A what?" "I mean, a splendid cricketer, sir! He's only just joined their team, but he helped them to beat Highcliffe! He's no end of a bowler—"

"He is what?" "A ripping bowler, sir—I mean, a first-class bowler! All the fellows agree that I'm wanted at the wicket. This chap Perkins bowled Courtenay of Highcliffe first ball—and Courtenay is a top-pig bat! If you'd let the detention stand over till Saturday, sir—"

"I'm sorry that I cannot do anything of the kind, Wharton!"

"Oh!"

"I am truly sorry," said Mr. Quelch very kindly. "I am reluctant to allow your wish to interfere with matters no doubt important to you. But it cannot be helped. From this unfortunate state of affairs, however, you may derive some benefit, Wharton."

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"I—I don't see—"

"In this way my boy. Your detention occurring at this very awkward moment for you will help to impress upon your mind that you must not act as you have done. This will be a valuable lesson."

"Oh!"

"I am afraid that that is the only consolation I can offer you, Wharton." And Mr. Quelch dipped his pen in the ink, as a sign that the interview was over.

Not in the least consoled by the consolation which was all Mr. Quelch could offer him, Harry Wharton left the study.

"Well?" said four voices together, as he came down the passage.

"Nothing doing!" said Harry dismally.

"Rotten!"

"The rottenfulness is terrific!" grumbled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter is Glad!

ALGERNON DE VERE sauntered across the quad towards the School House with his hands in the pockets of his elegant trousers.

It was nearly two o'clock, and close on time for the new junior to turn up in the Form-room for detention.

Mr. Quelch had come down very heavy upon both Wharton and De Vere for their fight in the Common-room, which had indeed been fought to a more determined finish than was usual or commendable. Darkened eyes and swollen noses were not considered by Mr. Quelch as adornments suitable for the Form-room. Both the juniors were detained for that half-holiday, with a study of the Classics to console them for the loss of liberty.

with Tom Brown, Squiff, Mark Linley, and others of the junior eleven. They were, naturally, discussing the Courtfield match for which they were soon to start, and the loss of their captain was the burden of their song, as it were. De Vere stopped as he came up to the group.

"It's hard cheese, you fellows, and I'm sorry!" he said. "Of course, I couldn't foresee that Mr. Quelch would kick up a row over a scrap. It's really hard lines on the eleven."

"Rotten!" growled Bob Cherry.

"The rottenfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh, shaking his head. "The lickfulness of our esteemed selves is the ludicrous and lamentable possibility."

"Especially with that new man Trumper's bragging about," said Squiff. "Courtenay told me he was a real wonder."

"What the thump did that ass want

Two Famous Outside Lefts: HOPKIN and MORTON.

All about the Famous Footballers who form the subject of our Free Real Photos.

FRED HOPKIN (Liverpool).

LAST season Liverpool had the best team in England, and finished in the honourable position of champions of the First Division. One of the men who played a big part in the gaining of the honour was outside-left Fred Hopkin, who never missed a single League match from the beginning to the end of the campaign. This, of course, is a record of which few players can boast, and in addition to being an ever-present, Hopkin showed himself one of those footballers who have very few lapses of form.

All throughout the campaign he was tripping it merrily along at outside-left, being fast and clever, and knowing that it does not pay the outside man to hang on to the ball while his colleagues in the middle are waiting for the pass. The success of Hopkin of Liverpool must have been very galling to the management of the Manchester United club, for Hopkin had been their player in the season before. In fact, for a couple of seasons after leaving Darlington—his native place—this fine outside-left played for Manchester United, appearing in 31 and 39 League matches, respectively. Then at the end of the 1920-21 season Hopkin was transferred to Liverpool, and it is

doubtful if the Manchester United officials ever made a bigger mistake than when they accepted £2,000 for the transfer of this player rather than retain his services. He might even have saved the Manchester club from falling into the Second Division.

Hopkin is a stockily built player, for although he only stands 5 ft. 7 ins., he weighs well over 11 st., and this means that he is by no means easy to charge off the ball when in possession. He is still quite young, too, and there are a lot of people quite confident that if Hopkin has any luck during next season, he will be seen wearing an International cap for England. He is good enough for that honour already.

ALAN MORTON (Glasgow Rangers).

IT is a peculiar fact that for many years Scotland has been particularly well served in the matter of efficient players to fill the outside-left position, and it is pretty safe to say that Alan Morton is worthy to rank with the most famous of his predecessors. He appeared at outside-left for Scotland in every International match last season, and it is more than likely that he will go on playing for Scotland for many

seasons to come. It might be said of him that he is one of those players who choose himself—an outstanding fellow, and a most popular member of the famous Glasgow Rangers eleven.

In many ways Morton is quite different from Hopkin, for he is quite small, standing only 5 ft. 5 ins., and weighing only a pound or two over 10 st. But whatever Morton is lacking in weight is more than compensated for by his amazing cleverness, and few are the right half-backs or right full-backs who know just how to stop him when he is at the top of his form.

Morton is a Glasgow man, and he first made his name with the amateur club Queen's Park, but at the end of the 1919-20 season he decided to join the ranks of the professionals, and threw in his lot with Glasgow Rangers. Previously he had played for Queen's Park from 1913, putting across fine centres and scoring a few goals himself in each campaign. Since the war was over, though, he has shown greater brilliance than ever, so that there are now quite a number of Scottish enthusiasts who declare that he is the best outside-left the country has ever had. This is saying a great deal, but it is not much of an exaggeration, anyway.

"The esteemed Quelchy is rather a beast!"

"Well, we knew it wouldn't be any good," said Harry. "After all, it was rather a hefty scrap I had with De Vere, and I suppose Form-masters don't like to see black eyes in their Forms. I can't say it was my fault—but that doesn't make any difference. I'm done! Vernon-Smith will captain the team, and you fellows will have to put in a few extra runs for me. I'd better go and tell the Bounder."

And Harry Wharton went to look for Smithy, to tell him; Smithy receiving the news with satisfaction for himself, but with some genuine concern for Wharton. And Harry, not in a cheery mood, prepared for his detention in the dusky Form-room, while his comrades prepared for the run across to Courtfield Common to meet Trumper & Co.

The detention was a serious matter to the junior cricket captain, and De Vere found it exasperating enough, for certainly he would have been included in the team on that occasion if he had been free. Algernon de Vere, with all his lofty and insufferable swank, had proved himself a first-class bowler, and Wharton's personal dislike for the fellow would not have made any difference where cricket was concerned.

Wealthy, handsome, and apparently well-born and well-connected as De Vere was, it was safe to say that not a single fellow in the Remove liked him. But his quality as a cricketer was undeniable, and all the Remove players would have welcomed him as a rod in pickle for Courtfield.

Outside the School House a group of juniors in flannels were chatting. Four members of the Famous Five were there,

to rag with Wharton for?" growled Johnny Bull.

"He cheeked me!" said De Vere loftily.

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" grunted Johnny Bull.

De Vere's eyes glinted.

"I don't like bein' addressed like that, Bull!" he said.

"Lump it, then!"

"Look here—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Johnny Bull gruffly. "You've landed us in a scrape, and I'm fed-up with you!"

"No good ragging," said Nugent mildly. "After all, we may beat Courtfield; and anyhow, we'll have a jolly good game. It's not really De Vere's fault!"

"We're left in the lurch, anyhow!" said Tom Brown.

"It's hard cheese!" said De Vere.

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE FALL OF ALGERNON!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 751.

"But perhaps I could beg off from Mr. Quelch somehow."

"Eh?"
"What?"

"If Mr. Quelch would let me off detention this afternoon I could come along all the same."

The cricketers stared at him.

De Vere was evidently under a misapprehension.

The lamentations for the loss of their captain Algernon had put down to his own account. Nugent smiled, and Squiff grinned, and Johnny Bull burst into a gruff laugh.

"You ass!" he said. "Do you think we're worrying because you can't come along to Courtfield?"

De Vere raised his eyebrows.

"I certainly supposed so!" he said.

"Then you're offside!" said Bob Cherry. "It's losing Wharton we're worrying about. We can survive it if you don't come, surprising as it may seem to you!"

The new junior coloured.

"The mistakefulness is great, my esteemed and ridiculous De Vere!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"He, he, he!"

There was a chuckle from Billy Bunter, who was adorning the School House steps with his fat person. Bunter did not like Algernon de Vere, partly, perhaps, because of that lofty youth's contempt for his fat self, but partly, undoubtedly, because of De Vere's steady refusal to cash any of the numerous postal orders that Bunter was expecting.

"Fancy that ass thinking it matters whether he's left out of the team," chuckled Bunter. "He, he, he!"

Algernon de Vere bit his lip and went on into the School House. A grin passed round the cricketers.

But they looked serious enough again very soon. The state of affairs was exasperating. De Vere, with all his conceit, would have been useful, and Harry Wharton was really indispensable. Vernon-Smith came out and joined the group.

"You fellows ready?" he asked.

"Ready, O chief!" said Bob.

"Then we'd better get a move on. Wharton's asked me to take his place, and I'm putting in Tom Dutton. He's deaf as a post, I know, but he's a good man in the field. Let's get!"

"I say, Smithy—"

"Don't bother, Bunter."

"I was going to offer!" howled Bunter.

"Thanks, awfully!" said the Bounder sarcastically. "The match isn't really up to your weight, Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, are you going to play me or not?" demanded Bunter.

"Not!"

"Yah! You're a bigger idiot than Wharton!" snorted Bunter. "You don't know one end of a cricket bat from the other. Yah!"

The fat junior rolled into the School House and blinked in at the door of the Remove-room through his big spectacles. Harry Wharton and Algernon de Vere were there, seated at their desks, preparing to begin the tasks Mr. Quelch had so kindly set them. Billy Bunter grinned at them.

"I say, Wharton—"

"Oh, cut off!" said Harry curtly.

"You refused me a place in the eleven—"

"Fathead!"

"Sheer jealousy and nothing else," continued Bunter. "I'm jolly glad you're detained, too! Yah!"



A SHOCK FOR ALGERNON!—As De Vere's eyes came on to Perkins' face he gave a violent start, and every vestige of colour ebbed from his cheeks. Tom Perkins looked at him in surprise, then held out his hand. "My hat! Fancy meeting you here, Tim!" he exclaimed. "Are you playing for Greyfriars?" De Vere tried to speak, but his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth. (See Chapter 4.)

"Clear out, you fat duffer, before I whiz an inkpot at you."

"I'm going over to Courtfield to see the team licked!" said Bunter.

"Smithy's as big a fool as you are, Wharton. I could have helped to win. Now you'll get a lesson. Greyfriars beaten by a lot of Grammar School blighters! Yah! Oh, you beast!" added Bunter, with a yell, as a Latin grammar whizzed across the Form-room.

It caught Bunter on the chin, and the Owl of the Remove disappeared into the passage. An inkpot, a cushion, and a perfect cloud of books followed.

"Now show your silly head in again!" called out Wharton.

"Yah! Beast!"

Bunter howled that valediction round the corner, without putting his head in again. Then he rolled away, rubbing his fat chin.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Brea'ing Detention!

HARRY WHARTON'S face was clouded as he sat at his task. He was not in a hurry to begin it. There was plenty of time for that, he considered. He was thinking of the cricketers, walking along the sunny road to Courtfield Common. It was really hard lines to be mewed up in the Form-room on that bright afternoon while the cricket was going on—especially as his services were specially needed.

Algernon de Vere was in no hurry to begin, either. He glanced at Wharton

several times, but Harry did not meet his glance. His only feeling towards De Vere was of indifference, tinged with dislike. He did not want any conversation with his fellow-delinquent.

De Vere rose from his form, and went to the window, standing on a form to look out into the green old quad. He turned round at last, and addressed a remark to the back of Wharton's head.

"Quechy's gone cut," he said.

"I know that," said Harry. "He goes to the vicarage this afternoon. He won't be back till five."

"It's a chance for us."

Wharton looked round at him.

"A chance? What do you mean?"

"Cut!" said De Vere laconically.

"It's a rather serious matter to cut detention."

"Very likely. I'm not nervous, though," said De Vere, with a slight shrug of his graceful shoulders.

Wharton flushed. Somehow, the new junior seemed unable to make any remark without an irritating effect.

"I'm not nervous, either, if that's what you mean," said Harry sharply. "But you're a new fellow here, and don't know the ropes. I am head of the Form, and I'm supposed to set an example at obeying the rules, not at breaking them."

Algernon de Vere yawned.

"What a glorious proposition!" he remarked. "I shouldn't care much to set up as a model myself."

"I don't mean that I set up as a model," said Harry.

"No? I thought you did."

The captain of the Remove drew a deep breath, and dipped his pen in the inkwell to begin work.

"We'd better not talk," he said curtly. "We shall have another row if we do, and that means more trouble with Quelch."

De Vere crossed to the door, and shut it. He came back to the desk where Wharton sat, and seated himself on it, swinging his elegant legs.

"Let the giddy Latin alone for a bit," he suggested. "I've been thinkin'. If old Quelch isn't comin' back till five, we can clear safely enough. It's only a lickin' afterwards. Didn't some of the fellows say that Courtfield have a new man who's jolly dangerous?"

"Yes."

"A bowler, I think."

"Yes," said Harry. "As good a bowler as you are, De Vere, and that's saying a lot."

"You're rather flatterin'," yawned De Vere.

"I'm not likely to flatter you," said Wharton coldly. "You are a first-rate bowler, and worth your salt in any junior team, though you may seem to try to get yourself disliked. I should have played you to-day if we'd not been detained."

De Vere nodded.

"That's what I've been thinkin' of," he said. "It's my first chance to play for Greyfriars, and I don't like missin' it. Without you and without me, what chance do they stand at Courtfield?"

"Rather a thin one, I'm afraid." Wharton had not intended to talk to the new junior, but the topic was an interesting one to him: "It's rotten enough to stick in here when one is wanted badly. I haven't seen Trumper's new man, but the Highcliffe fellows think he's awfully hot stuff, and Courtenay knows."

"Who is he?" asked De Vere.

"A newcomer in the neighbourhood," answered Wharton. "His father's opened a shop in Courtfield—"

"A—a—a what?"

"A shop," said Harry. "A greengrocer's, I think."

"My sainted Sam!" ejaculated De Vere in amazement. "Do you mean to tell me that you—a public school team—are playing an eleven of greengrocers?"

Wharton looked at him steadily.

"We're playing Courtfield Town Juniors," he answered. "Some of them—the younger members—are at Courtfield Council School. Some of them are at work in one way or another. It's one of our regular fixtures. Thank goodness there aren't many snobs of your sort here, De Vere. I hope you will get some of your silly swank knocked out of you in the Remove in time. The Courtfield fellows play good cricket, a straight game and a clean one, and that's all we care about."

"Keep your wool on! I was just surprised, that's all. Naturally I thought your fixtures were with other public schools."

"So they are. We play St. Jim's, and Rookwood, and St. Jude's, and Highcliffe, and Redclyffe. And we play Courtfield Town, and they're one of the best teams we meet. We're open to fix up a match with any team that plays a good game. Do you think we care twopence how much money the chaps have got in their pockets?"

"It's not only money," said De Vere loftily. "There's such things as birth and breedin'."

"Oh, they're all of a very long pedigree," said Harry.

"The greengrocer and all?"

"Certainly. His ancestry goes right back to Adam."

"To—to whom?"

"Adam! Does yours go any farther?" inquired Wharton sarcastically.

"Well, leavin' all that out," said De Vere, after a pause, "I really didn't know you were goin' to play me against a team of dashed greengrocers an' Council School bounders. Still, if it's a regular fixture, I suppose it won't hurt me; though they say you can't touch pitch without bein' defiled."

"Oh, cheese it!" said Harry, and he dipped his pen into the ink again.

"Hold on!" said De Vere coolly.

"Let's come back to the subject. Are we goin' to cut? I'm ready to risk it if you are. We can sprint after the fellows an' catch them up—lots of time if we put on speed. With this dangerous greengrocer in the enemy's ranks, it's really up to us. By gad, I haven't been long at Greyfriars, but I shouldn't like to see the school beaten by a crowd of greengrocers' an' butchers' boys. Let's cut!"

Wharton contracted his brows in thought.

The opportunity was good, there was no doubt about that. Mr. Quelch was absent for some hours—he would not learn of the delinquency even in time to

Something to Look Forward to!

A Splendid Real Action Photo of DAVID JACK, a Football Giant of the Bolton Wanderers.

Presented FREE With Next Week's ISSUE.

come over to Courtfield to reclaim the fugitives before the match ended. It was a strong temptation.

As for the punishment afterwards, that could be faced. It was not facing the music that troubled Wharton. It was the knowledge that he ought not to break detention; he was, in a way, trusted to remain in the Form-room, for Mr. Quelch could easily have turned the key in the lock.

A sneering smile came upon De Vere's face as he watched Wharton's thoughtful and troubled expression.

"Well, I'm goin'!" he said at last. "The coast's clear, and I'm not goin' to stick in here for fear of a lickin'."

Wharton crimsoned.

"I'm not thinking of the licking!" he snapped.

"What else is there to think of?" said De Vere impatiently. "Anyhow, I'm goin', and I shall tell the fellows I left you behind because you hadn't the nerve to bolt."

And with that, Algernon de Vere opened the door and left the Form-room. Wharton sat where he was, in a painful state of doubt and indecision.

The sunshine and the fresh air seemed to call to him, and he knew that he was needed. There was time—ample time—to overtake the cricketers before the game began. He had handed over the captaincy to Smithy, but the Bounder would make no fuss about that; he

would be glad enough to see his skipper back in the team.

If De Vere could risk it, he could risk it! And De Vere was gone! And the taunt the new junior uttered as he went stung Wharton deeply. To remain in detention while the other fellow risked a "bolt"—it was his duty, but it would look like funk.

Harry Wharton rose from his desk, his mind made up. A few minutes later he was slipping out of the School House with his bat under his arm, and, with a guilty feeling, he hurried down to the gates. He broke into a run on the Courtfield Road. He had not stopped to change; he would have to play in his Etons, but that was a minor matter. There were many members of Trumper's club who played in their ordinary clothes, as the funds did not run to flannels—a circumstance which certainly would have made De Vere turn up his nose, but which did not affect Wharton in any way. Harry Wharton had his faults—his best chums were not blind to them. But his worst enemy would not have accused him of snobbishness.

He cast doubt and hesitation behind him now. The die was cast. His face was cheerful as he sprinted along the road on the track of the Remove cricketers. He fully expected to see Algernon de Vere ahead of him on the road, as Algernon had started first. But he saw nothing of him, and just as he reached Courtfield Common he overtook the Remove crowd.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER, A Startling Recognition!

"HALLO, hallo hallo!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Wharton!"

"Good man!"

"Quelch let you off?"

Wharton dropped into a walk, breathing rather quickly, his handsome face flushed. The evident delight of his comrades when they saw him was a solace for the trouble that was to come.

"Good old Quelch!" said Peter Todd. "Jolly decent of him to relent even at the giddy eleventh hour!"

"Yes, rather!" said Squiff.

"I'm not let off," said Harry. "I've cut!"

"Oh!"

The cricketers looked serious enough at that. They were glad to have their captain back, but Mr. Quelch was not the kind of master to be trifled with.

"Good for you, anyhow!" said the Bounder. "It means a row; but if we beat Courtfield, that will be a consolation."

"A terrific consolation," said the nabob.

"So De Vere is left to it on his lonely own?" asked Bob. "He might have cut, too, as you did."

"He did," answered Harry. "He started first."

"Haven't seen anything of him."

"He ought to have been ahead of me," said Harry. "Perhaps he stopped to change. We'll play him if he gets along in time. I see that Trumper's lot are on the ground, ready."

"Who's standing out to make room for De Vere if he turns up?" asked Frank Nugent, looking at his chum, with a rather whimsical smile.

"You won't mind, Frank?"

"Of course I shall, fathead—but I'll do it. Somebody had better tell Dutton he won't be wanted, after all," said Frank. "Who's got a megaphone?"

Peter Todd undertook to explain to

Dutton. Explaining matters to Tom Dutton was a labour suitable for the celebrated Stentor.

"Wharton's turned up!" Peter Todd told him in a powerful voice.

Dutton looked round. "It looks a bit scorched," he said, apparently alluding to Courtfield Common. "I shouldn't call it burned up. There's been a lot of sun, you know."

"Oh, my hat! Wharton's going to play!" roared Toddy.

"Pay whom?"

"Play! Not pay! Play! Catch on?"

"Well, I had to have a patch on. Toddy, as my bags were torn," said Dutton. "Does it show much?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter Todd pushed back his cap and wiped his brow.

"By the way," went on Dutton, "now Wharton's come, I suppose I sha'n't be wanted. I'll score for you if you like."

"That's all right!" gasped Peter.

"What rot!" said Dutton warmly.

"I'm not going to fight—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I'm not going to fight Wharton because he's turned up. I'm jolly glad he's turned up. You must be an ass, Peter."

Peter Todd let it go at that.

The Remove cricketers crossed the common towards the Town pitch. Trumper & Co. played on a pitch that was marked off on the common, and a canvas shelter served them for a dressing-room. Money was not plentiful with Trumper & Co., but they played a good game of cricket, which was all the Remove fellows cared about. Trumper greeted Harry Wharton & Co. cheerily.

"We've got a rod in pickle for you," he told the captain of the Remove.

Wharton smiled. "We've heard about him," he said. "We shall be glad to see his style. Where is the budding county champion?"

"Here you are! Perkins, old man!"

A rather handsome lad came forward. He was not in flannels, and his clothes, though neat and clean, were carefully mended. His face was very bright and cheerful as well as good-looking. Harry Wharton shook hands with him, and his glance lingered on the lad's face. There was something familiar to his eyes in the well-cut features.

"Haven't I met you before somewhere?" he asked.

Perkins smiled, a pleasant smile. "I hardly think so," he answered. "We're quite new to this quarter; we came here from London. And—and in London we're not likely to have met."

"Then I've seen somebody jolly like you!" said Harry puzzled.

"Same here!" said Bob Cherry.

"Never been in this part of the country before, chappy?"

"Never!" said Perkins.

"He, he, he!" came suddenly from Billy Bunter, who had rolled on the ground after the Remove cricketers.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What are you going off like a cheap alarm clock for, fatty?" demanded Bob Cherry.

Bunter grinned.

"I know who the chap's like," he said. "He's like De Vere."

"By Jove! So he is!" exclaimed Wharton, aware now where the resemblance came in. "You're awfully like a new chap that's come to our school. Perkins. Might be relations, to look at!"

Perkins chuckled.

"I've no relations named De Vere," he said. "Wish I had! I've got some named Blodgers, and some named Higgs.

But I've never heard of any De Veres in my family. Is there really a likeness?"

"Yes, rather."

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"Tommy Perkins is rather a swell," said Trumper, with a laugh. "Not bad looking if it wasn't for his face—what?"

"Well, it's rather flattering to be like a De Vere," said Tom Perkins good-humouredly. "I'd like to see the chap."

"You'll see him," said Harry. "He's coming along to play this afternoon. That must be the chap on the bike."

He glanced towards the road that crossed the common. A figure in spotless flannels had appeared in sight, with a bat resting on the handle-bars of his bicycle.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he comes!" said Bob Cherry. "Now let's get going, you fellows."

He gave Wharton a glance, which the captain of the Remove understood. The likeness between Tom Perkins, the greengrocer's son, and the dandy of the Remove was really striking, and if Perkins considered it flattering it was pretty certain that Algernon de Vere would not consider it so. It was only too probable that if it was pointed out to De Vere that superb youth would make some remark which would jar on the harmony of the occasion. De Vere's snobbishness was not wanted just then. In fact, all the Remove fellows could imagine what the snob of the Remove would say if he were told that he was strikingly like the greengrocer, and as Trumper & Co. were not likely to take any nonsense from him there might be trouble.

Wharton tossed with Dick Trumper for choice of innings, and, Trumper having

won, Courtfield elected to bat. Trumper and Solly Lazarus went to the wickets, and the Greyfriars fellows took the field. De Vere left his bicycle at the tent, and came down to the field in a leisurely way.

"Hurry up!" called out Wharton.

"Oh, I'm comin'! Will somebody mind my bat?" said De Vere, with a lofty glance round. "Where's a fellow supposed to have it? Here, Bunter take care of this bat!"

"Go and eat coke!" answered Billy Bunter independently.

"I'll take care of it for you," said Perkins.

"Thanks!"

Algernon de Vere turned round to the speaker, seeing him face to face for the first time.

His expression was barely civil, and very patronising. But that was only for a moment.

As his eyes came on to Perkins' face, he gave a sudden, violent start, and every vestige of colour ebbed from his cheeks.

He stared at the Courtfield fellow as if the latter had been a ghost.

Not a sound came from his lips, which had whitened. The look in his eyes was one almost of horror.

"Hurry up!" shouted Bob Cherry. "You're keeping us waiting."

The new junior did not even hear.

Tom Perkins looked at him; and his look was surprised, indeed amazed, though he showed none of the consternation that was very visibly written in De Vere's colourless face.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "You here, old man!"

De Vere gasped.



BOWLED OUT! Hazeldene tried to do his best, but the bowling was too good for him. The third ball of the over was his undoing. Somehow or other it curled round his bat, and the wicket flew. "How's that?" yelled all Courtfield. "Out!" The game was over, and Courtfield had just managed to pull the game off. (See Chapter 6.)

"I—I—" His tongue refused its office.

"Fancy meeting you here, Tim!" exclaimed Perkins. "Are you playing—playing for Greyfriars?"

"Tim!" ejaculated Billy Bunter, his eyes—and his spectacles—glued upon this startling scene.

Algernon de Vere tried to speak again, but he seemed about to choke. Collecting himself with a mighty effort, he turned away, heedless of the hand Perkins had stretched out to him.

The scene had lasted only a few seconds, but every eye on the field was turned upon it. De Vere moved towards the cricketers, moving like a fellow in a dream.

"What's the matter with you?" called out Harry Wharton. "Are you ill, De Vere?"

"Ill! No." De Vere spoke huskily. "I—I can't play to-day. I'm sorry—I'm goin'."

"Can't play!" shouted Wharton. "What the thump do you mean? You've come here to play, haven't you?"

"I can't!"

"Do you mean you won't?"

"Well, I won't, then," said De Vere, with a touch of his old manner.

"Look here—"

Without heeding the angry captain of the Remove, Algernon de Vere hurried back to his bicycle, mounted it, and pedalled away. And every fellow on the ground stared after him blankly.

"Great pip!"

"My only Aunt Selina!"

"Is the fellow off his rocker?"

The Remove cricketers, staring after the vanishing form of Algernon de Vere, uttered ejaculations of amazement. De Vere was riding away at a rapid speed, and already disappearing in a cloud of dust.

"What on earth's the matter with the fellow?" exclaimed Squiff.

"Mad as a hatter, I should think," grunted Johnny Bull. "Precious idiot to put into an eleven! He's left us in the lurch, after all!"

"The lurchfulness is terrific!"

"What are you going to do about it, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton set his lips. He was as amazed as the other fellows at De Vere's strange conduct; but he was more angry than amazed. Utterly regardless of the fact that he was wanted to play in the match, Algernon de Vere had ridden away—for reasons of his own, whatever they were. And whatever the reasons might be, they were not adequate, in the opinion of the Remove cricketers. The fellow had come there to play cricket, and he ought to have stayed to play.

His action was incomprehensible, but still more exasperating.

"We shall want you, after all, Frank!"

Harry Wharton called out to Nugent.

"Right-ho, old top!"

"But the fellow must be potty!" said Bob Cherry. "He was as keen as anything to get into the eleven, in fact, he broke detention to-day to play. Now he buzzes off just as we're going to begin."

"It's amazing!" said Vernon-Smith.

"What was he staring at that Courtfield chap for—young Perkins? He looked as if he'd seen a ghost."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"It's odd enough," he said. "I suppose he knows Perkins, and Perkins certainly knows him. De Vere didn't want to be claimed as an acquaintance by a greengrocer, perhaps; you know what a silly snob he is. Not that it matters twopence; but I know one thing—De Vere won't be asked to play for the

Remove again. He won't get a chance to play this rotten trick twice!"

"I should jolly well think not!" said Bob Cherry. "I've a jolly good mind to punch his silly nose when we get back to Greyfriars!"

Trumper and Lazarus were at the wickets, waiting. Frank Nugent joined the field, and the ball was given to Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, and the game began.

The cricketers soon dismissed Algernon de Vere and his amazing conduct from their minds. The Courtfield batsmen gave them plenty of more important things to think about.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

De Vere is Worried!

ALGERNON DE VERE wheeled in his bike at Greyfriars, and hurried into the School House.

As he was not playing in the match, after all, he could have returned to his detention, and saved himself from the wrath to come. But he had forgotten the detention as completely as he had already forgotten the cricket. He went to his study in the Remove passage, hoping to find it empty. Sir Jimmy Vivian was out, but Lord Mauleverer was adorning the study sofa with his lazy limbs, with a book in his hands which he was idly skipping. The slacker of the Remove looked the picture of lazy comfort.

De Vere set his lips as he saw him; he wanted to be alone. As a matter of fact, his entrance banished Mauly's lazy comfort at once, and his lordship rose from the sofa.

De Vere had often been irritated by the way Mauly had of gliding out of the study as soon as the new junior came in. Lord Mauleverer was the pink of politeness, and when he couldn't stand a fellow, he did not make that fact plain as Johnny Bull might have done. But he was quite skilful at politely avoiding fellows he did not like. He rose from the sofa, laid down his book, and yawned.

"Seen young Vivian, De Vere?" he asked.

"No."

"I suppose I had better look for him," remarked his lordship. "That young bouncer is always gettin' into hot water on a half-holiday."

And he moved to the door. De Vere gave him a bitter look.

Lord Mauleverer was leaving the study when he noted De Vere's face. The look on it startled him, and he turned back. He did not like the fellow; he found it hard to endure his society with courtesy. But Mauly had a kind heart.

"Begad! Not ill, are you, old bean?" he asked.

"No."

"Anythin' I can do for you?"

"No."

Lord Mauleverer hesitated a moment. De Vere's face was still pale, and had a strange, drawn look. If he was not ill, certainly he was suffering in some way.

"Sure?" asked Mauleverer, at last. He felt really concerned about the new junior, little as he could like him personally.

"Leave me alone, for goodness' sake!"

broke out De Vere, with savage irritation.

"Oh gad!"

That was enough even for the kind-hearted Mauly. He quitted the study. But in the passage he paused, thoughtfully; and then he came back and pushed the door open again. Algernon de Vere was moving about the study with restless strides, his lips twitching. He stopped, and stared savagely at Lord Mauleverer as the latter looked in.

"Excuse me," said his lordship apologetically. "Just a word—"

"Well?" snapped De Vere.

"I can't help seein' you're upset."

"I'm not upset."

"Oh! Well as I was sayin', we—we had a little talk the other day," stammered Lord Mauleverer. "If you think I've said anythin' about—about things, you know, you're mistaken. If that's what's upsettin' you, you can set your mind at ease. I'm not talkin' about you. That's all."

With that, Lord Mauleverer walked out, closing the study door behind him. A curse followed him, which, luckily, Lord Mauleverer did not hear.

De Vere flung himself into a chair. His look was black and bitter. Lord Mauleverer knew his secret, and that fact had caused the new fellow bitter apprehensions at one time. But he had realised that Mauleverer was the soul of honour, as well as being gifted with an unusual consideration for others. He would not give the wretched humbug away, much as he despised him. It was by chance that Mauly knew. At a country house in the holidays he had seen the fellow in his former state—before the chrysalis had become a butterfly, as it were. That had ceased to trouble De Vere when he realised that Mauly would not talk. The fellows knew that Mauly knew something; they did not know what. Only in Mauly's presence the superb youth felt something like diffidence and shame; to all others he was the swanking dandy of the Remove. But now—now something much worse had happened—something he had never dreamed of as possible. What wretched ill-luck had brought the Perkinses to Courtfield? With all wide England to choose from, why had that confounded greengrocer chosen to settle in a little country town close to Greyfriars?

It was the cruellest of luck. De Vere had plenty of relations, and they were not named De Vere! Tom Perkins and his father were the best of them—honest tradesmen, who, like the village blacksmith could look the whole world in the face, for they owed not any man. Algernon de Vere could not look the whole world in the face by any means. Along with hatred and scorn, his feelings towards Tom Perkins were mingled with envy for that reason.

What was to come of it?

What might the Perkins be saying, even at that moment, to the other Courtfield fellows—to the Remove cricketers? Bunter too, was there—Bunter, the Peeping Tom of the school—the fellow whom De Vere had always treated with marked scorn—even more than he deserved; not so much because he was a "bouncer," as because he was not worth knowing. Angel of the Fourth was a bouncer of the first water, but De Vere chummed with him. Angel was rich and well connected, bouncer as he was. Bunter—the Paul Pry, the inquisitive know-all—had seen what had passed. He would not rest till he had learned all he

(Continued on page 13.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2:

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE FALL OF ALGERNON!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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The GREYFRIARS HERALD

THE SCHOOL HOUSE

Supplement No. 79.

Harry Wharton
Editor

Week Ending July 1st 1922.

KAPTURED BY KANNIBALS!



BY
HORACE COKER.

IN THE KANNIBAL CAMP! At last they came to a clearing in the jungle. Dick noticed, with a shudder, that there was a big fire, with a huge caldron on it. Into that caldron, he reflected, he would prezzantly be hurled. It was not a plezzant prospeckt.

OUR story opens with Dick Darling sitting in his rood hut in a troppickal country.

Dick Darling was a fine young Brittisher of nineteen summers. He stood six feet in his sox, and his face, although scorched with the heat, was very hansom.

On leaving skool, Dick had been sent to the Bar, with a view to becoming a potman. But he had grown tired of the life. The love of advencer gripped him. He didn't want to stay at home and lead a monnoterous eggistence. He wanted to travel—to go round the world, and to see life.

So Dick had thrown in his lot with a party of young advencers, who were going to the troppicks in search of vawable black opals.

Frank Fearless and Dave Dreadnought were the leaders of the expedition. And there were about a duzzen others.

At the time our story opens, Dick Darling was alone. The others had gone out with their guns to kapture some beast of prey, in order that they might cook it for their supper.

Dick sat in the doorway of the hut, wishing that his komrades would return. For it was a very wild country, infested with

kannibals. Dick carried his life in his hands, and he was afraid he might drop it.

"Those felloes have been gone a cuple of hours," he muttered. "Wish they'd buck up! I'm jolly hungry. Besides, it's getting dark; and if I were attacked by kannibals now—"

Dick broke off with a shudder.

An army of painted forms came into view, and a loud war-cry rent the air.

Spears and boomerangs came wizzing towards the hut.

Pail with terror, Dick Darling sprang back into the building and shut the door.

"The kannibals are hear!" he gasped. "I shall be Eton alive! What a Harrowing thought!"

The shouts outside the hut grew louder and louder. An avalanche of spears embedded themselves in the door.

Swiftly our hero's hand went to his pocket, and he produced his revolver.

Then he rushed to the little window, and opened fire on the fierce hoard of savvidges without.

Bang! Flash! Crash! Zipp!

The bullets sang through the air, and the kannibals went down like 9-pins before Dick Darling's deadly aim.

But, alas! The odds were hevvy against our hero.

Other kannibals filled the gaps which had been created; and Dick was in a perilous plite.

Prezzantly he gave a gronc of despare. His revolver was empty!

"There's nuthing for it but kapture!" he muttered.

And he sat down, folding his teeth and gritting his arms, to await the end.

It soon came.

A duzzen painted savvidges dashed into the hut, and called upon Dick—in their own langwidge—to surrender.

"Ah la gobbly-wobbly chuekeo in mittee!" they cried.

"Rats!" growled Dick.

"Catchee gobblee cookee eattee quickee!" said the kannibal chief.

"Oh, all right," said Dick. "Go ahead with your fowl work!"

Then they took him and tied his rists together, and led him away into the wilds, where so many missionaries had been mastikated.

At last they came to a clearing in the jungle.

Dick noticed, with a shudder, that there

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was a big fire, with a huge caldron on it. Into that caldron, he reflected, he would prezzantly be hurled. It was not a plezzant prospeckt.

The kannibals stood aside, wispering. And at the same time Dick's teeth were chattering.

After a long paws, the kannibal chief sent for his daughter. She was a tremendous woman, clad in a leppard-skin, and painted red all over. There were beads round her neck, and jools in her ears.

The kannibal chief turned to Dick Daring. He addressed him in a strange tung, but Dick interpreted the words, which were as follows:

"Either you marry my daughter or go into the melting-pot!"

Dick gave one glause at the daughter. Then he made a dash for the caldron.

"I'd rather be served up hot for supper," he muttered, "than marry a creature like that!"

He had one leg over the side of the caldron, dangling in the hot water, when suddenly there was a mity shout.

Dick's eye danced with delight. His komrades, led by Frank Fearless and Dave Dreadnought, had come on the scene.

"Hooray!" cried Dick. "Reskew, you fellows!"

Instantly a duzzen revolvers spat out their messages of death.

The kannibals fell on every side. The chief, mortally wounded, uttered a hors cry, and turned a dubble summersalt as he fell.

The daughter, with her leppard-skin fluttering in the breeze, fled for her life.

Soon there was not one kannibal left to tell the tale.

Dick Daring turned to his komrades.

"Bravvo, you felloes!" he cried. "You have saved my life! You arrived in the very nick of time!"

"Come back to the hut and have supper, Dick," said Frank Fearless. "We have kaptured a hipperpotamus."

"Oh, good!"

Half an hour later our hero was sitting down to a meal of roast hippo and fried potatoes.

There we will leave him, dear reader. He had heaps more advenchers in that troppikal country, but in the limmited space at my disposal I cannot tell you about them.

Let us be thankful that Dick Daring, after his terribul eggspereience in being kaptured by kannibals, is still alive and kicking!

EDITORIAL!



By HORACE COKER.
(The Mitiest Man of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars.)

At last the grate day has dorned! At last Harry Wharton of the Remove has woke up to the fact that I, Horace Coker, ought to be given komplete kontrol of the GREYFRIARS HERALD for a week.

Many weery munths have I waited, in the hope that Wharton would come to me, with hands outstretched appealingly, and implore me to take over the editorship for one week, and thus save his jernal from komplete kollapsee.

I beleeve that thowsands of boys and girls have only been buying the "Magnet" each week in order to see weather Horace Coker happens to be running the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

Of course, I have my own idears how to run a paper. To begin with, I always insist upon every word being korrekctly spelt. The sight of bad spelling godes me to fury. And those cheeky Remove fags can't spell for toffy!

Well, hear I am at last with a number to myself, to do what I like with. Anything I wish to print in these kollums, I can print. I am not hedged in by any restrickshuns. I have an entirely free hand. And I mean to show the Brittiish publikk what a paper looks like when its properly edited.

Potter and Greene, my studdy-mates, have roared with larfter at my jernalistic efforts. I have found it necessary to korrekct them—I mean Potter and Greene, not the efforts—with a kriket-stump. I can't stand being larfed at; and this is no matter for ridikule.

I am kondukting this issew entirely in accordanse with my own notions, and I have no doubt whatever that all the readers of the GREYFRIARS HERALD will rise up and bless me.

Every kontribution in this number bares the stamp of originality. Every artikle has been carefully peroozed by me, the temperry editor, before publication.

I can't do more than that, can I? If you admire this issew, don't write and kongratulate Wharton about it. I'm the kulpritt—I mean, the hero!

.....

POPULAR ENGINE PLATE!

BY SPECIAL REQUEST

The "POPULAR" is

Presenting Free

A Grand Coloured Plate of the Greatest Express Engine in Britain.

SEE THIS WEEK'S ISSUE.

.....

COKERISMS!

By THE MIGHTY HORACE.

Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.

A little nollidge is a dangerous thing.

The "stitch" in time saves nine—miles when you're taking part in a cross-country race.

He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day. But he who fights and stands his ground, will find some thick ears buzzing around!

Every cloud has a silver lining—but I've yet to see a silver lining in the cloud of dust my motor-bike makes!

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you. Carry out this presept, and your troubles will be few!

You should never keep rabbits. You remember what Solomon said? "The love of bunny is the root of all evil."

Read in bed, before you slumber, Horace Coker's Speshul Number!

Sweet are the uses of advertissment—hence the parragraff I have just written!

Early to bed and early to rise is the sort of eggstistence I despise!

"Who steals my purse steals trash" (Aunt Judy hasn't sent me a remittanso this week!) "but he who filches from me my good name—" Well, I'll ask him to meet me in the gym, and I'll jolly well make shavings of him!

By far the most amazing joker at Greyfriars School is Horace Coker!

Larf, and you pals will ignore you; weep, and you'll raise a loan!

This above all, to thine own self be trew; and it must follow, as the night the day— (Oh crumbs! I've forgotten the rest!)

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



ADOLPHUS SMYTHE (Rookwood.)

[Supplement ii.]

ODE TO HORACE!

(Sent to him by a girl chum and treasured and preserved in his scrap-book.)

At Greyfriars School, dear Horace Coker,
There's many a most amazing joker.
But not a fellow can compare
With Horace of the towled hair.

At that same school are many chaps
Who all excel at sports and "scrapa."
But not a fellow can compete
With Horace of the hefty feet!

Many a brainy swot is found
Within the studies all around.
But who can hold a candle, now,
To Horace of the bulging brow?

Many a cricketer of fame
Has honoured Greyfriars with his name.
But who can lick them into fits?
Why, Horace of the hefty hits!

How handsome, too, our Horace is!
He has a most attractive phiz.
His nose is large, his chin is firm:
He is a giant—not a worm!

Horace, I like you more and more,
You have admirers by the score.
But none admires you quite so well
As I—this verse will surely tell.

Long may you be the leading light
At Greyfriars School, my hero bright!
Here's to your permanent success,
And may your shadow ne'er grow less!
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By GEORGE BLUNDELL.

"WHAT'S the programme?" Potter of the Fifth asked the question.

It was a whole holiday at Greyfriars, and five Fifth-Formers were assembled in Coker's study. The five were Coker, Potter, and Greene, and Hilton and Fitzgerald.

"A picnic in Wapshot Woods is the proper caper," said Coker. "It's a topping day! I've got a bell-tent that we can take with us. And I've a lunch-basket that we can cram full of tuck. What are you frowning at, George Potter?"

"I was thinking—" began Potter.

"Rather a change for you!"

"Don't rot! I was thinking that it's going to be awkward, if we cumber ourselves up with a lot of paraphernalia. Struggling along with bell-tents and lunch baskets is no joke."

"It takes all the gilt off the ginger-bread!" agreed Greene.

"Faith, an' it's a manservant we want, entirely!" said Fitzgerald. "Somebody to carry all the stuff, an' save us the fag."

"What about Gosling?" suggested Hilton.

Coker nodded approvingly. "We'll get Gossy," he said. "But I'm afraid we shall have to ask the Head's permission first. Can't take a school-porter away from his post without the sanction of the powers that be, you know."

"Then you'd better tackle the Head, Horace," said Potter. "Being a fellow of weight and influence, you ought to persuade him."

Coker absorbed flattery like a blotting-pad absorbs ink. He went to see the Head right away.

"Well, Coker?" said Dr. Locke, looking up from his papers.

"I want to know if we could borrow Gosling for the day, sir—"

"What!"

"You see, we're going to picnic in Wapshot Woods, and we want somebody to carry our things for us, and see to the cooking, and so forth. And as Gosling has nothing particular to do—"

The Head smiled. He was in a holiday mood—the genial mood of a person who is prepared to make concessions.

"I understand, Coker," he said. "You may avail yourself of Gosling's services, with pleasure. You will, of course, remunerate him for his trouble?"

"Oh, of course, sir!"

Coker nodded gratefully to the Head, and went back to his study.

"What's the verdict?" asked Hilton.

"The Head's given us leave to take Gosling."

"Oh, good!"

There was one person, however, who did not think it was good. That person was William Gosling.

The school-porter had been looking forward to a quiet day in his lodge, where he might smoke and sleep alternately. Gosling had decided to emulate the lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin. He was annoyed when the Fifth-Formers swooped down upon him and informed him that his services would be required for the day.

"Which it's a crool shame!" declared Gosling. "Jest as I was lookin' forward to a quiet nap, too!"

"Cheer up, Gossy!" said Potter. "We'll reward you well for your services!"

Gosling grunted, and accompanied the party of Fifth-Formers to the school tuckshop. Here a luncheon-basket was filled with good things, and afterwards hoisted on to Gosling's broad back. The bell-tent, folded up, was strapped on to the basket.

Gosling groaned aloud.

"Which it's 'ard," he muttered—"crool 'ard! I'm a porter, I am, not a dramedary!"

Supplement iii.]

"Bear up, old son!" said Coker. "It's only five miles to Wapshot Woods!"

The Fifth-Formers started off on their journey, chatting and laughing gaily. Behind them panted Gosling, a beast of burden. He bent nearly double, and was showing signs of distress before he had proceeded a hundred yards.

That journey to Wapshot Woods was a nightmare for Gosling.

The luncheon-basket and the bell-tent seemed to grow heavier and heavier.

At last, unable to endure the strain any longer, Gosling let the burden slip from his shoulders.

Crash!

The basket landed heavily in the roadway. There was a shattering of crockeryware. A teapot and sundry cups and saucers were shattered to atoms.

Coker gave a roar.

"You clumsy idiot! Look what you've done!"

Gosling mopped his heated brow.



Coker & Co. were swept off their feet. Having been overpowered, they were trussed up with the guy ropes of the tent.

"Which I couldn't 'elp it, Master Coker!" he growled. "I simply 'ad to 'alt! That there basket was a breakin' of my back, as ever was!"

"We shall have to borrow some more crocks in Wapshot, that's all," said Potter.

"Get a move on, Gossy!" snapped Coker.

The basket and tent were once more hoisted on to the porter's back, and the weary tramp was resumed.

By the time the party reached their destination, Gosling felt like a grease-spot. The sun was strong; it had beaten down upon him without mercy.

"Now, Gossy," said Coker, "don't stand there pulling and blowing like a giddy grampus! Erect the tent!"

Gosling drove some pegs into the ground with the aid of a mallet, and in due course the bell-tent was erected.

The Fifth-Formers had brought a small spirit-stove with them.

"We shall simply want a kettle, and some more crocks," said Hilton. "Pop into Wapshot and get them, Gossy!"

Gosling groaned in anguish of spirit.

"Which it's 'ard," he said—"crool 'ard! I'm a porter, I am, not an errand-boy!"

Nevertheless, he carried out Hilton's instructions.

The luncheon-basket was opened, and the good things were set out on the grass inside the tent.

Gosling was a long time gone. It was presumed that he had called at the Hearts of

Oak in Wapshot, to appease a thirst that was in sore need of quenching.

The patience of the picnic-party was almost exhausted by the time the school-porter hove into view.

Gosling carried a parcel of crockery under one arm, and a squat-looking kettle peeped out from under the other arm.

"Where have you been?" demanded Coker.

"To the general stores in Wapshot, of course!"

"How do they sell it at the general stores?" asked Fitzgerald, with a chuckle. "On draught, or in bottle?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Which I ain't 'ad a drop!" declared Gosling. "I jest moistened me lips at the 'earts of Oak, that was all."

"Pull yourself together, man," said Coker, "and get busy!"

"Wot d'you want me to do?"

"Boil the kettle."

"Which it's 'ard," sighed Gosling—"crool 'ard! I'm a porter, I am, not a spirit-stove!"

Gosling had a very busy time of it for the next half-hour or so. With the aid of a battered frying-pan he had to prepare bacon and eggs. He also had to make the tea, and wait hand and foot on Coker and his satellites.

The feed had only been in progress about five minutes, when there was a dramatic interruption.

Ponsonby, of Highcliffe, with nearly a dozen followers, suddenly surrounded the tent, and took it by storm.

"Let's collar their feed, begad!" said Ponsonby.

"Sock it into 'em if they show fight!"

Coker & Co. did show fight. They were hefty fellows and hard hitters. But they found themselves overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers.

For a few moments the fight raged fast and furious.

Gosling took no active part in the proceedings. He was content to look on.

Coker, in the act of being tackled by Ponsonby and Gadsby, glared at the Greyfriars porter.

"Don't stand goggling there like a moon-struck idiot!" he snarled. "Go for 'em!"

Gosling groaned.

"Which it's 'ard," he said—"crool 'ard! I'm a porter, I am, not a poogillst!"

Coker & Co. were swept off their feet. Having been overpowered, they were trussed up with the guy-ropes of the tent.

Gosling shared a similar fate. He was left lying on the ground, struggling vainly in his bonds.

Ponsonby & Co., flushed with victory, then helped themselves to the good things. They ate, drank, and were merry; and they cheerfully ignored the threats and pleadings of their captives.

The feed over, the Highcliffians rose to their feet.

"Many thanks, my friends, for a most enjoyable spread!" said Ponsonby.

And Ponsonby & Co. departed, chuckling.

It was late that evening when the captive Fifth-Formers and Gosling were liberated.

Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove happened to be out scouting, and quite by chance, they came upon their schoolfellows.

Coker and his followers tramped back to Greyfriars feeling quite homicidal towards Ponsonby & Co.

As for poor old Gosling, he was worn out in body and spirit. Even the five shillings which Coker gave him, in payment for services rendered, failed to appease him.

"Which it's 'ard," he muttered, as he limped into his lodge. "Crool 'ard. I'm a porter, I am; not a man of all work! No more of these 'ere picnic stunts for me! Next time Master Coker suggests it, I'm going on strike!"

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COKER'S WAR-CRY!

By BOB CHERRY.

I AM the Mighty Horace. Come, bow before me, all ye tribes of Greyfriars.

O all ye Sixth-Formers, who stride and strut about the place as if it were your property; who are choked with conceit and bursting with dignity; come and make obeisance unto me, the great Horace.

O all ye comrades of mine in the Fifth, with whom I eat and drink, and work and play, come and tremble in the dust at my feet.

O all ye Shell-fish, whom I utterly despise, being in a higher Form; come into my presence with fear and trembling, with nervous tremors and internal quakings, and do my bidding.

O all ye fellows in the Upper Fourth, ye followers of Cecil Reginald Temple, come and grovel on my study carpet, and kiss my hand, and salaam, and pay me the homage that is due to me.

O all ye cheeky brats in the Remove, against whom I am always at war, take note that I intend to give thee socks.

I will blacken the eyes of Wharton thy leader; I will cause the nasal organ of Nugent to swell exceedingly.

I will thicken the ears of Bull; and I will shake the nigger, Hurree Singh, until his teeth rattle.

I will cause havoc and destruction throughout the Remove Form. I will plan japes, and feuds, and fights; and the followers of Harry Wharton shall be laid low.

For am I not the Mighty Horace? Am I not far and away the most important personage at Greyfriars?

Those who do my bidding, and respect me, and look up to me, and acknowledge that I am "If"—these will I spare, in my generosity.

But those who refuse to knuckle under to me, and to carry out my orders, they shall be smitten hip and thigh. I will not bestow unto them the quality of mercy.

Beware, and take heed, O ye fags of the Remove; for I am indeed the Giant of Greyfriars, and will smite and spare not.

And ye other fags in the Lower Forms, take these my words to heart; and give heed unto my war-cry.

Who shall stand against the Mighty Horace? Who shall lift up a finger against him?

Verily, all ye tribes of Greyfriars, I mean business! And if ye doubt the truth of my words, consult Potter and Greene, my two lieutenants.

(This cheeky kollum was smuggled into the paper without my nollidge, or I should certainly have scrapped it.—ED.)

KANDID KOMMUNICATIONS!

By HORACE COKER.

To HARRY WHARTON, Kaptin of the Remove.

Dear Wharton,—It's about time you gave me the GREYFRIARS HERALD to edit for one week. I mean to show Greyfriars what real jernalism is.

I don't want to swank—I abomminate konseet in any shape or form—but if this number of mine duzzent lick any of yours into a kocked hat—well, my name's not
HORACE COKER.

To BUNTER MAJOR of the Remove.

Prize Porpuss,—I understand that you have dessended to the low-down pracktiss of ordering goods from the tuckshop in my name. Only the other day you obtained a current-cake and a bag of bools-eyes by false pretenses.

I have told Mrs. Mible not to serve anything in future without my eggsspress orthority. This will put a stop to your funny trix. And if I have any more nonsense from you I'll tan your fat hide with a kricket-stump. Take warning!
HORACE COKER.

To CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE of the Upper Forth.

Insolent Jackernapes,—You have had the ordassity to pay a vissit to my study in my absence and to scrawl across the mirror over the mantlepeace the following inskription:

"ASYLUM FOR THE MENTALLY DEFICIENT!"

If you dare to insinewate, by word or look or deed, that I am a loonatick, I'll use you as a punching-bawl! I'll scalp you! I'll scragg you! I'll eggsterninate you!

Don't you dare to vissit my 4's any more with your insulting messidges!
HORACE COKER.

To DOCKTER LOCKE, Headmaster of Greyfriars.

Worthy And Illustrious Sir,—Mite I suggest, with all dow respectt, that it is high time I got a lift from the Fifth Form to the Sixth?

I have been stuck in the Fifth for a long time now, and it seems a shame that such a brilliyunt skoller should be stuck in a groove.

You will be able to judge from this letter what a clever chap I am. I never miss-spell a word, and my nollidge of the langwidge is perfeckt.

I hope, dear sir, you will see your way clear to eggsalt me to a higher plain. I'm fed-up with being in the Fifth. It makes me a sort of larding-stock. Please see what you can do for
Your obedient servant,
HORACE COKER.

HORACE COKER— Editor!

By CEDRIC HILTON.
(Fifth Form.)

"At last!" said Coker. Potter and Greene looked up inquiringly from the tea-table.

"At last that cheeky fag Wharton has handed over his paper to me," Coker went on.

"My hat!" ejaculated Potter. "Wharton's actually given you the GREYFRIARS HERALD? For good?"

"No—for ill, if Coker gets hold of it!" said Greene.

Coker glared. "None of your cheek, William Greene!" he said sharply. "I'm a full-blown editor now, you know. True, it's only for one week, but in that short space of time I mean to make history. I'm going to get out a really gilt-edged, eighteen-carat issue. And I look to you two fellows to help me."

"You can look," said Potter. "That's about as far as you'll get!"

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"We're not going to make giddy laughing-stocks of ourselves. We know what your sort of editing will be like. Why, you'll convert the 'Herald' into a sort of 'Billy Bunter's Weekly'—only worse!"

"Look here—" began Coker wrathfully.

"You can edit the rag off your own bat!" said Greene. "We're not going to have a finger in the pie!"

Coker snorted.

"I was counting on your writing a pirate story, Greene," he said, trying to keep his temper. "Will you tackle it?"

"Not on your life!"

"What about you, Potter? You're a bit of a poet, I believe. Not such a genius as me—that would be too much to expect—still, you can stfing verses together. I want you to do an Ode to a Drooping Dandelion."

Potter shook his head.

"I'm washing my hands of the whole business," he said. "I'm not going to have any poems of mine appearing check by jowl with your ill-spelt articles!"

That was too much for Coker. His wrath had been smoldering for some time. And now it bubbled over like Vesuvius in eruption.

Coker had confidently counted upon getting the support of Potter and Greene. And their emphatic refusal to assist him goaded Coker to a state of ungovernable fury. He sprang to his feet.

"Don't let's have any violence," muttered Greene in alarm.

But violence was precisely what Coker meant to create. He began by up-ending the table.

A shower of crockery was deposited in Potter's lap, and the inverted teapot discharged its scalding contents down Potter's trousers.

Coker paused, panting.

"Are you rotters going to help me or are you not?" he demanded. "Speak now, before I make mincemeat of the pair of you!"

Potter charged wildly towards the door. And Greene followed suit. Both had come to the conclusion that Coker was stark, staring mad.

And Horace Coker was left to tackle the GREYFRIARS HERALD on his lonesome.
[Supplement is.

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IN BORROWED PLUMES!

(Continued from page 8.)

could from Perkins and that meant that it would be shouted from the house-tops. De Vere shuddered.

He had held his head high at Greyfriars—so high that a good many fellows yearned to lower it a little for him! It would be brought low enough if the Greyfriars fellows knew what Tom Perkins could tell them.

He had followed a blind instinct in fleeing from the scene—in getting away from the sight of Perkins. He realised now that it would have been wiser to linger—to attempt, somehow, to close Perkins' mouth. Tom had not been a bad chap, he remembered. He would laugh, perhaps, but he would hold his tongue, if he knew the terrible harm that would be done by talking. Then the thought that Tom would not talk came into his mind, and it brought relief.

De Vere walked to the window, and stood looking out. Tom Perkins—cousin Tom—would not talk, he felt certain. Tom had always been a sensible chap, given to thinking before he chattered. De Vere remembered that with gratitude now. Tom would be silent. The relief was so great that De Vere felt almost giddy with it.

Mauleverer knew but he was silent. Tom Perkins knew, but the Perkinses could be cleared out of Courtfield, somehow, anyhow, before it came out that they were relations of his—before it could leak out that Algernon de Vere, the rich and superb dandy of the Remove, had once been Timothy Perkins, son of an underfootman at a country house, who had unexpectedly come into a fortune. If that came out— But it never should come out. The Perkinses—hang them!—could be got rid of. His father was reeking with money, and money could do anything. Lucky for him that it was only cousin Tom! Suppose it had been cousin Larry who had found him out—the matter would not have been easy to arrange then. After all, bad as it was, he was having a lucky escape!

Feeling greatly relieved, De Vere left the study, and sauntered down the passage.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Perkins' Win!

"HOT stuff!" said Bob Cherry. Harree Singh remarked that the hotfulness of the esteemed stuff was terrific.

Perkins was bowling for Courtfield. The Courtfielders were all down for 60, and Harry Wharton and Herbert Vernon-Smith had opened the Greyfriars innings.

Grakame had bowled the first over, against Wharton; and then the new recruit, Perkins, was given the ball against Vernon-Smith, Wharton having made 4. Smithy had heard so much about the new bowler that he was very much on his guard, and he looked quite serious when the first ball came down. He looked still more serious at the second, which whipped the off-stump out of the ground.

"How's that?" asked several sweet Courtfield voices.

"Oh, my hat!" said the Bounder.

The Bounder looked at his wicket, and

looked at Tom Perkins, and walked away with all the philosophy he could muster for the occasion. Johnny Bull took his place.

From some of the fellows standing about the field there came an inquiry as to the market value of duck's eggs. But the Bounder did not heed.

"That chap knows how to bowl," he told Bob Cherry. "Trumper's got a prize-packet there. His style's a good deal like De Vere's."

"He's a good deal like De Vere in more ways than one," remarked Bob.

"That's so," assented Smithy. "Seems a much more decent chap, though."

"The muchfulness is great," said Harree Singh; and Bob Cherry nodded assent.

He rather liked young Perkins at first sight, and certainly his feeling towards Algernon de Vere was not one of liking.

That Perkins was some sort of a relation to De Vere was a thought that was in the minds of all the fellows. The likeness between them was noticeable at a glance, and both of them were first-rate bowlers, as if it was a sort of family gift. Perkins, in his style of delivery, looked a good deal like De Vere, though the contrast between his carefully-mended working clothes and De Vere's expensive and spotless flannels was striking enough. If they were relations, it was obvious that Perkins was a poor relation, and equally obvious that the rich relation wanted to have nothing to do with him.

That added to the dislike De Vere had already inspired in Harry Wharton & Co. For anybody could see that Perkins was a decent fellow, not likely to be pushing or intrusive. There was no reason why De Vere should cut him, excepting a snobbish reason.

Tom Perkins' bowling was far away ahead of anything the Courtfielders had put up before in their matches with Greyfriars and it told heavily against the visitors. But the Removites were good sportsmen, and they could admire quality in an adversary.

Wharton fell to Perkins' bowling, after bagging 15, and Bob Cherry was caught out by him to Trumper's bowling. The handsome greengrocer seemed here, there, and everywhere when he was in the field, and when he was on the bowler's crease his bowling was deadly. He was easily the best man in Trumper's

eleven, and Trumper's honest face glowed with satisfaction as he watched his successes.

Harry Wharton looked rather serious as he watched the tail-end of the innings. Wharton had bagged fifteen runs, which was nothing like the score he was accustomed to, but it seemed a pretty good score compared with the others, and the general low figure was chiefly due to Perkins. Smithy had marked a duck's egg. Even Bob Cherry, the mighty hitter, had only 9 to his credit. Peter Todd put another 9, and Mark Linley came nearest to Wharton's figure with 10. Squiff put on 3, Tom Brown 4, Nugent had 2, Hurree Janset Ram Singh was dismissed for 1. Johnny Bull, whose stone-walling tactics seemed to defy even the new bowler, stuck to the wickets, and Hazeldene was last man in with him. Johnny Bull had taken only 2 runs, but he seemed set at the wicket, and able to keep the innings open so long as he had a partner.

The Greyfriars score stood at 58 when Hazeldene went in to join Johnny Bull. The latter had the bowling now, and he stone-walled steadily till the end of the over, taking no risks. Two only were wanted to tie, three to win, and Hazel, when he was at his best, was rather a brilliant bat. So Johnny left it to his partner. But all the Remove fellows looked anxious when Tom Perkins came on to bowl the next over against Hazeldene.

Hazel did his best. He was in good form, and he knew that the game depended on him. He stopped one ball, and cut away another, but did not venture to run. The third ball was his undoing. Somehow or other it curled round his bat, and the wicket flew.

"How's that?" yelled all Courtfield.

"Out!"

Harry Wharton made rather a grimace. He had cut detention that afternoon to help his side to win; and his side had been beaten by two runs. But it couldn't be helped; and he was too good a sportsman to look glum over it. He smiled as hard as he could.

It was a single innings game, and it was over, with a win for Courtfield.

Dick Trumper thumped Perkins on the back.

"Your win, old top!" he told him.

"Rot!" said Perkins cheerfully.

"You've got a jolly good bowler there, Trumper," said Harry Wharton. "I congratulate you. I'm not surprised you beat Highcliffe."

"Ain't he a giddy prize-packet!" smiled Trumper.

"The prizefulness of the packet is terrific," said Harree Janset Ram Singh, and Perkins grinned. The nabob's English always had an entertaining effect upon strangers.

"Well, we're licked; and that's all there is about it," said Bob Cherry, as the Removites prepared to depart. "But if that rotter De Vere had stood by us, it would have been different. The Courtfielders would have lost their wickets a bit faster in their innings. He's as good a bowler as Perkins any day."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"It would most likely have made all the difference," he said. "With De Vere to change with Inky and Brown, I think we should have knocked them out well under sixty runs."

"I'm sure of it."

"The rotter ought to be jolly well ragged for leaving us in the lurch," growled the Bounder.

"He won't have a chance to play for

TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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the Remove again, at all events," said Harry quietly. "Once is enough."

The Greyfriars juniors walked homewards, a cheery crowd, in spite of the Courtfield victory. It had been a good and hard-contested game, in glorious weather, and that was enough to make them cheery. Naturally their talk ran a good deal on the youthful greengrocer who had contributed so materially to their defeat, and naturally, in connection with him, the topic of De Vere's strange conduct came up.

"They're relations, and the giddy Algernon has cut Perkins because he's a poor relation," said Vernon-Smith. "That's plain enough for anybody to see. Perkins is worth half a dozen of him, too."

"It's jolly odd," said Squiff, the junior from New South Wales. "We don't go much on this stuff where I come from; but in this little island of yours, isn't it rather unusual for a Perkins to have relations named De Vere?"

"A little," said Bob, laughing. "At least, I believe so. But Smiths have relations named Vernon—don't they, Smithy?"

"They do!" answered Vernon-Smith. "I have! Lots! The Vernons borrow no end of money of the Smiths, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's the other way round with the Perkinses and the giddy De Veres," remarked Nugent. "Algernon has the money as well as the swank. I wonder—" Nugent broke off.

"Well, what do you wonder, old top?"

"Whether the noble Algernon started in life as Perkins!" said Nugent, with a laugh. "People change their names sometimes when they come into money. And Algernon's swank looks sometimes as if he belonged to the noble army of the new rich."

"My hat!"

"By Jove!" roared the Bounder. "Nugent's hit it. Perkins knew the chap at sight, but the name De Vere wasn't known to him, you all saw that. Ten to one in quids that when he knew the noble Algernon he was a merry Perkins."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove cricketers chortled at the idea.

"But would a chap be ass enough to play a silly game like that?" said Squiff doubtfully.

"My dear man, this isn't New South Wales," chuckled Bob Cherry. "We've got plenty of that kind of ass in our little island. You pay a fee to somebody somewhere, and if you're a Snooks or a Hookes, you can become a Montague or a Capulet if you like."

"What's the matter with Snooks?"

"Nothing at all, old top; but when you buy a baronial hall and a set of painted ancestors to hang in it, you fancy a name to match. At least, some people do," chuckled Bob. "When I become a millionaire, for instance, I may chuck up Cherry, and find out that I am of Norman descent, and that my name really is De Cerise. Jolly queer thing that giddy Norman descent, too," added Bob thoughtfully. "In France they don't think much of the Normans, where they live. They say 'As stingy as a Norman' when they want to describe a mean chap. And the Normans who came over with giddy old William must have been rather a scratch crew, a lot of hungry blighters shoving into a country where they weren't wanted, on the make. Mustn't say that to De Vere, though."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

NEXT
MONDAY!

"THE FALL OF ALGERNON!"

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The Greyfriars crowd came in at the school gates, laughing, some of them already intending to pull Algernon de Vere's leg on the subject of his relationship to the Perkinses, real or supposed. But Harry Wharton was looking rather grave among the merry crowd. For it was nearly seven o'clock, and he had Mr. Quelch to face. After the feast came the reckoning, and the reckoning in this case was likely to be rather serious.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Unexpected!

"YOU'RE for it!"

Billy Bunter made that cheering remark to the captain of the Remove, as he entered the School House.

"Quelch in?" asked Harry.

"Yes, rather; he came in at five."

"He went to the Form-room, I suppose?"

"What do you think?" grinned Bunter. "I saw him, and he looked as ratty as a Hun. De Vere's been to his study already. I say, you fellows, do you know that De Vere's front name is Timothy. I heard that fellow Perkins call him Timothy. He, he, he!"

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"POPULAR"?

"Sure?" asked the Bounder, with interest.

"You bet! Called him 'Tim!'" chortled Bunter. "They're relations, you know. First cousins, I expect! Brothers very likely! He, he, he! Fancy Algernon having a relation in the greengrocery line! He, he, he!"

"We'll jolly well have it out of him in the Common-room this evening," grinned Hazeldene. "We'll pull his leg! Dash it all! What's he been swanking over a fellow for, if his relations are jolly old greengrocers?"

"That's what Mauleverer knew, and wouldn't tell us," said Bunter. "I'm sure of it now. Isn't that it, Toddy?"

"What does it matter, anyhow?" said Peter Todd. "Why not mind your own business, Bunter?"

"Yah!" was Bunter's reply to that question.

It was the kind of suggestion that William George Bunter was never likely to act upon.

Harry Wharton left the cheery crowd of Removites, and made his way to Mr. Quelch's study. He had a very painful interview to go through, and the sooner it was over the better. He knew that the least he had to expect was a severe caning and detention; it was quite possible that he would be reported to the Head for a flogging. Now that the cricket match was over, Wharton realised more and more clearly the seriousness of the step he had so

recklessly taken; and realised, too, more clearly, that he ought not to have taken it.

It was an additional worry that it had been futile, the match had not been won after all. But that was due to De Vere leaving the team in the lurch, after practically taunting Wharton into breaking detention, too. Harry's feelings towards the dandy of the Remove were bitter enough, as he made his way with slow steps to his Form-master, to get the suspense over.

He tapped at the door, and entered; and to his surprise, did not find a deep frown on Mr. Quelch's brow. The Remove master was looking severe, but nothing like so angry as the junior had expected.

"So you have returned, Wharton?" he said grimly.

"Yes, sir."

"You did not do your detention task?"

"No, sir."

"How long did you remain in the Form-room?"

"I—I think about a quarter of an hour, sir!"

"After I had directed you to remain till five o'clock?"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry quietly.

"Have you any excuse to offer?"

"None—excepting what I told you, sir!" said Harry. "I—I was wanted at the cricket match at Courtfield, and—"

"And you consider that a sufficient reason for flouting your Form-master's authority?"

"No, sir!" said Harry, his cheeks reddening. "I—I suppose I did wrong."

"You only suppose so, Wharton? You do not know it?"

Wharton shifted uncomfortably.

"Well, I do know it, sir, and I'm sorry!" he said. "But—but I'm ready to take my punishment!"

"You have no other excuse to offer, Wharton, besides the cricket?"

"No, sir!"

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure, sir!" said Harry in wonder.

"Very good. Then it is fortunate for you that De Vere has already been here and told me the facts!" said Mr. Quelch.

"I—I don't understand!" faltered Harry.

"I was very angry when I returned and found neither of you in the Form-room, and your tasks undone," said Mr. Quelch. "De Vere I should have caned, but as you are head boy of the Remove, Wharton, I should have dealt more severely with you. I should have reported you to the Head for a flogging!"

"I'm ready, sir!" said Harry in a low voice, wondering. The Form-master's words seemed to imply that there was a doubt in the matter.

"You are not on good terms personally with De Vere?" said Mr. Quelch. "You were fighting with him the other day, which was indeed the cause of your detention this afternoon."

"We—we don't like each other, sir!"

"Then it is all the more to De Vere's credit that he has spoken up for you, and apprised me of the facts of the case."

Wharton could only stare. That De Vere should speak in his favour was surprising enough, and what De Vere could have to say in his favour was rather a problem to Harry. The Remove master proceeded to enlighten him.

"De Vere came to me, and, after I had administered his punishment—not before—he explained to me what had taken place," said Mr. Quelch. "It

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

seems that it was De Vere who urged you to break detention, Wharton."

"Did he tell you so, sir?"

"He did! Is it not correct?"

"Well, yes, sir! I shouldn't have said so, but as he's told you—I—I don't quite see why he told you that, sir."

"You answered him that as head of the Form, you were bound to obey your Form-master, and not set an example of disobedience, or words to that effect!"

"I—I—"

"Did you or did you not, Wharton?"

"Well, yes, sir!" said Harry, his colour deepening. He was utterly bewildered at this strange turn the interview was taking.

"Then De Vere taunted you with being afraid to follow his example and break detention. Is it not so?"

"Well, sir—"

"Yes or no?"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry reluctantly.

"Well, Wharton, De Vere's very frank and manly explanation to me has saved you from a most exemplary punishment," said Mr. Quelch. "You have been guilty of weakness—foolish weakness—in allowing a childish taunt to draw you into disrespect towards your Form-master. But that is a very different matter from a flagrant defiance of authority, such as I at first supposed you had been guilty of. In the circumstances, Wharton, I shall pardon your conduct, with the assurance that a little reflection will convince you of its foolishness. You may go!"

Wharton gasped.

"Thank you, sir!"

He hardly knew how he got out of the Form-master's study. He was still in a dazed state when he ran into the Co. at the end of the corridor. Bob Cherry caught him by the arm.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Licked?"

"Nunno!" gasped Wharton.

"Flogging to come, old chap?" asked Frank Nugent anxiously.

"N-n-no."

"Then what's the verdict?"

"Not let off with a caution?" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

Wharton nodded.

"Well, my only sainted Sam!" said Bob blankly.

"The sainted Samfulness is terrific!" ejaculated the Nabob of Bhanipur. "Is the esteemed Quelchy going rocky in his excellent crumpet?"

"It beats me!" said Wharton, with a deep breath. "That chap De Vere has played up like a brick!"

"De Vere has? What the thump?"

"I can't understand it!" said Harry. "He's a cad! I—I mean I've always thought him a cad!"

"So he is!" grunted Johnny Bull.

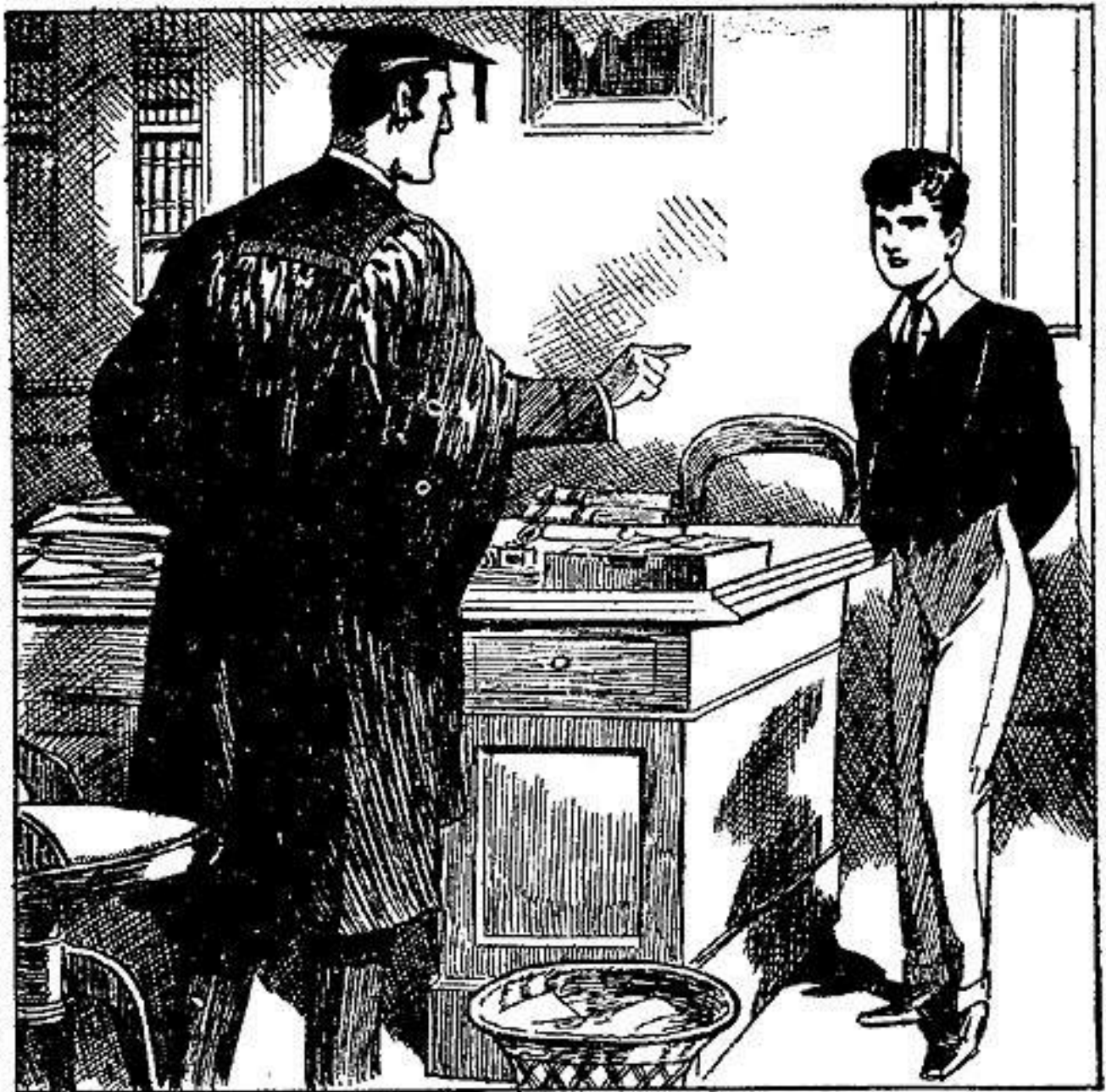
"He's saved me a flogging, at any rate!" said the captain of the Remove.

"Eh? What? How?"

Harry Wharton explained. The Co. listened with utter wonder. It was about the last thing they had expected to hear, and the story surprised them as much as it had surprised Harry.

"You could have told Quelchy all those giddy extenuating circumstances yourself, old bean!" Bob Cherry remarked with a chuckle.

"I couldn't, of course. He made me feel like a blessed Good Little Georgie as it was," said Harry. "Besides, I'd forgotten. But it was ripping of De Vere to put it to him. He'd had his own licking, too. What the thump did



THE UNEXPECTED! "De Vere came to me, and, after I had administered his punishment—not before—he explained to me what had taken place," said Mr. Quelch. "It seems that it was De Vere who urged you to break detention, Wharton, and, in the circumstances, I shall pardon your conduct!"
(See Chapter 7.)

he do me this good turn for? It's not like him!"

"Well, he's got his good points," said Bob considerably. "You remember the way he got Bunter's sister off the line at the level crossing. It was awfully risky, and he did it. He's got pluck, though he's a silly snob. Anyhow, he's done you a good turn this time. A Head's flogging—phew!"

"He must have some decency in him somewhere," said Nugent. "I'm jolly glad you've got off, anyhow, Harry."

"Same here!" said Wharton with a faint smile. "It was quite unexpected, and I feel that I owe it to De Vere. Some of the fellows are talking about ragging him on the subject of his blessed Perkinses—"

"I'm one of them!" grinned Bob.

"Keep off it, old chap, after this. He's done a decent thing, and we, at any rate, can let his Perkinses rest."

"It's the joke of the term!" said Bob regretfully. "Never mind, let it go! He will get a powerful dose of Perkinses from other quarters, and if he don't like the flavour, he won't need any from us. Let him rip!"

And the Famous Five repaired to Study No. 1 for a rather late tea in an unexpectedly cheerful state of spirits. In spite of De Vere having left the team in the lurch that afternoon, they could not help feeling rather kindly towards him, in the circumstances. A Head's flogging was no joke, and undoubtedly De Vere's frank explanation to the Remove master had saved Wharton from that infliction. And the five agreed that there was something decent somewhere in the snob of the Remove.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Rough on Algernon!

"IS the rotter here?"

Billy Bunter blinked into Study No. 1 after the late tea. Wharton and Frank Nugent were at prep. Bunter was not devoting his valuable time to preparation, apparently.

"He! Whom?" asked Harry, looking up.

"Timothy!" grinned Bunter.

"Fathead!" answered Wharton, and he dropped his eyes to his work again.

"The boulder seems to have vanished," said Bunter. "We were going to pull his leg, you know; but he's not been seen since call-over!"

"Possibly he doesn't care for your entertaining company!" suggested Nugent with sarcasm.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"I don't, anyway!" added Frank. "Why the dickens don't you do your prep instead of interrupting other fellows? Buzz off!"

"I'm looking for Timothy!" said Bunter. "Bolsover major wants him, too. He's going to ask him whether he was born Perkins. You see, the beast would punch me if I asked him. But he can't punch Bolsover. He, he, he!"

Wharton and Nugent resumed their work regardless of Bunter. They did not want trouble with Mr. Quelch in the morning. The Owl of the Remove, after a scornful blink at them, rolled out discontentedly. Bunter was very anxious to find Algernon de Vere that evening, and so were a good many other

Removites. Vernon-Smith and Hazeldene, members of the cricket eleven, were mischievously looking forward to chipping him, and Bolsover major was quite keen on it, while Skinner was doubly keen. Skinner, the black sheep of the Remove, was very bitter against the lofty Algernon, who had contemptuously declined to join in a little game of banker in Skinner's study. Both by his good and his bad actions Algernon had succeeded in making enemies.

But the eager group of japers were disappointed—Algernon was not to be found. They looked for him in every study in the Remove passage—in the Common-room—even in Angel's study in the Fourth. Certainly, at that hour in the evening, De Vere ought to have been about the school somewhere. But he wasn't.

"He's gone out!" said Skinner, at last. "Out of bounds, by gad! That's rather rich—breakin' detention in the afternoon, and going out of bounds in the same evening."

"Dodging us!" grinned the Bounder. "Well, I'm goin' to do my prep. Algernon-Timothy-De-Vere-Perkins can wait till to-morrow."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
But Harold Skinner was thinking it out. It was odd enough for De Vere to be out of bounds; it was a risky proceeding. But certainly he was somewhere outside the school.

"I've got it!" Skinner told his comrades. "He's gone to see his giddy relations!"

"What relations?" asked Hazeldene. "The merry Perkinses!" said Skinner triumphantly. "You see, from what we hear, he met his jolly old relation Perkins to-day at Courtfield; and by the way he acted, it's fairly clear that the meeting was unexpected—he didn't know the Perkinses had come."

"That was clear enough," grinned Hazel. "You should have seen his face when he saw Perkins in Trumper's crowd."

"Now he's calling on them," said Skinner, with conviction. "He's gone to ask them not to give away the relationship."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors. "Of course, nobody's specially noticed a new greengrocer's shop in Courtfield."

continued Skinner. "But after this, I fancy every fellow at Greyfriars will give it a look-in. I know I shall drop in to-morrow for some potatoes."

"I'll get some giddy apples there!" roared Bolsover major, in great glee. "I'll show 'em to De Vere, and tell him they're supplied by his family."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, let's all go after lessons to-morrow!" exclaimed Billy Bunter eagerly. "If you buy a lot of stuff—apples and oranges and things—I'll take them off your hands. You'll have to buy something if you go into the shop, you know. Well, you can hand the things over to me, and I'll settle for them out of my postal-order. What?"

"Bless you and your postal-order!" sniffed Skinner. "Go and eat coke! But we'll all go; we'll go in a crowd, you fellows!"

"Good egg!"
"What a merry jape!" chuckled Hazeldene. "We'll tell De Vere we're going to deal with his people, because he's a Greyfriars chap."

The juniors shrieked. They could imagine the effect of that information upon the superb Algernon.

"Better than that," said Skinner coolly, "we'll ask him to come. We'll tell him we want to know his people; he can introduce us. He hasn't asked us to De Vere Manor yet; but the greengrocer's will do to go on with!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The japers dispersed for prep in quite a joyous humour. The prospect of taking down the lofty Algernon was a happy one to them. Later on, in the Common-room, there was a discussion on the subject—De Vere being still absent. Harry Wharton & Co. heard their schemings with mixed feelings.

They could have little sympathy for the snob who had brought this upon himself by his uppish manners and customs, but they were not inclined to take part in the persecution. Wharton declined curtly enough Skinner's genial invitation to make one of the party to jape the snob on the morrow.

"Better come," urged Skinner. "We want all the Remove to go; you ought to come, as captain, you know. You don't

like the fellow I suppose, as you were fighting with him the other day."

"Let him alone!" answered Wharton. "He's done me a good turn to-day, anyhow."

"By leaving the cricket team in the lurch?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"No, you ass! I'm down on him for that. But—"

"He couldn't face his merry relation," grinned Skinner. "Unfeeling, I call it; wantin' in proper family affection."

"You don't know that Perkins is his relation."

"Pretty plain, I think."

"He called him Tim!" chortled Billy Bunter. "Perkins called him Tim. His name's Timothy! And they look alike as two peas."

"Perhaps he's got two Christian names," suggested Wharton. "He may be named Algernon Timothy."

"We've only heard the Algernon here," grinned Skinner. "What the thump are you backing up the fellow for, Wharton, all of a sudden? If he's done you a good turn, as you say, I dare say it was a dodge to keep the captain of the Form from joining up against him. You're jolly simple!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Of course it was," said Vernon-Smith. "Dash it all, the fellow's put on more airs since he's been here than a giddy duke! I feel jolly well inclined to let him have his greengrocery right in the neck!"

"Well, leave me out," said Harry.

"We can do without you," said Skinner. "But if you feel so jolly friendly with De Vere, you might send your next order for apples or onions to his relations."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Skinner & Co., in great glee, proceeded to elaborate their little plot for the morrow, with many chuckles and chortles.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Algernon's People!

A LGERNON DE VERE stopped in a dusky side-street, off Courtfield High Street, and looked uneasily about him. He wore a dark overcoat over his school clothes, and a common cloth cap pulled down over his forehead. He was anxious to escape chance recognition, as he stopped before the little shop, over the front of which was painted in gilt letters:

**"PERKINS AND SON!
FRUITERERS AND GREEN-
GROCERS!"**

The shop was closed at that hour; the shutters up. De Vere was glad enough of that. There was a side-door next to the shop; the lighted windows above showed that the Perkinses resided over their place of business. The dandy of Greyfriars hesitated long before he knocked at the door; thrice he raised his hand to the knocker, and lowered it again. But he knocked at last.

Knock!
There was a shuffle of feet after a minute or so, in the passage inside. The door opened.

A man in his shirtsleeves and slippers looked out. Algernon de Vere quivered at the sight of him.

"Mr. Perkins?" he asked.
"That's me. What's wanted?" asked the greengrocer. "Can't serve you at this time of night."

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"You don't know me?" asked De Vere, in a low voice, coming closer to the greengrocer.

Mr. Perkins looked at him in surprise. Then he nodded and smiled genially.

"Timothy!" he exclaimed. "Tom told me about meeting you this afternoon at the cricket. Very kind of you to give us a look in, old lad. Trot right in, and welcome!"

He held the door wide open, and De Vere passed him, into the narrow passage. The door closed.

"Missus!" bawled Mr. Perkins. "It's Timothy!"

"Bring him up, 'Arry!" came a cheery feminine voice from above.

"Up them stairs, Tim," said Mr. Perkins. "Old on a minute while I get a light. There's a gas 'ere."

Mr. Perkins lighted a flaring gas-burner, and Algernon de Vere picked his way up the staircase at the end of the passage. On the landing above a plump, buxom dame met him, and shook hands with him, and kissed him quite affectionately. Tom Perkins looked out of a lighted sitting-room, with a smile of welcome, though he looked surprised. He had not expected a visit from his cousin.

"Come along, old scout!" exclaimed Tom. "Just in time for supper."

"If you don't turn up your nose at bread and cheese, Timothy, eh?" grinned Mr. Perkins. "You get somethin' better nor that at the big school, I suppose?"

De Vere nodded absently, looking about him. The sitting-room over the shop was small, but it was neat and clean and cosy. Supper was set on the table—bread and cheese, and a cup of cocoa for Tom, and a jug of beer for his father. Tom had evidently been at work after returning from the cricket match on the common, and he looked tired, though good-humoured and cheerful.

All three of the Perkinses welcomed the visitor cordially. They were undoubtedly surprised, but they were pleased by this visit from their distinguished relation.

De Vere tried to smile. He wanted to keep on the right side of these terrible relations—and there was an awkward interview to come. Their presence in the neighbourhood of Greyfriars was a constant terror to him—a haunting anxiety. But there was a certain delicacy required in the matter—it was necessary to be diplomatic.

"Thanks, I—I've had supper," he stammered. "I—I just dropped in for a little chat."

"Which I take it kindly that you did," said Mr. Perkins. "We ain't seen anything of your father, Tim, since he came into his money. Not that I ever did see much of my brother Bill since he got the job as footman—it made him that 'aughty. No offence, you know," he added, mistaking the flush that passed over De Vere's face. "I ain't blaming Bill. Along with butlers and such in a big servants' 'all in a big 'ouse, he naterally got a bit windy in the head, and looked down on his own people. Besides, Bill was always a 'igh-class chap—above his station. We was always proud of Billy, though he put on airs ever since he could walk."

De Vere shivered. "But he's chucked the footman job now, of course," continued the talkative Mr. Perkins, after a deep draught from the jug and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "I can tell you, Tim, we was glad when he made all that money. Wasn't we, missus?"

"We was!" assented Mrs. Perkins. "Not that we want to touch any of his money. We can keep ourselves."

"Pore but honest!" said Mr. Perkins.

"I—I was surprised to see Tom today!" gasped De Vere at last, interrupting his uncle.

"Same as 'e was to see you," said Mr. Perkins. "Bill never told us his boy was at school in these 'ere parts—in fact, it's a long time since we've 'eard from Bill at all. You could 'ave knocked me down with a 'ammer when Tom told me he'd seen cousin Timothy 'ere in that swell Greyfriars crowd. Brother Bill is up in the world, and no mistake, I says to 'im. Didn't I, Tom?"

"How was it you came to Courtfield, uncle?" asked De Vere, in a choking voice.

"Jest 'appened," answered Mr. Perkins. "Might 'ave landed anywhere. The business was advertised for sale, and we'd got a little bit of the ready put by. 'Adn't we, missus?"

"We 'ad, 'Arry."

"Course, I come down 'ere and looked round a bit," said the cautious Mr. Perkins. "No buying a pig in a poke for me. But Brown—that was the greengrocer 'ere afore us—he was going to Australia, and was sollin' reasonable. I put up at the Rose and Crown for a few days and looked round. Good business can be worked up 'ere, I thinks to myself. And the missus will be all the better for country air, I thinks. So I closed with Brown at last, and 'ere we are, 'appy and glorious, as you might say, 'in a manner of speakin'."

And Mr. Perkins had recourse to the beer-jug again.

"Course, we ain't making a fortune," he went on. "But we're paying our way. Ain't we, missus? With hanything like luck, I shall be able to take a young man on, and give Tom some time off for his evening classes, and for his cricket, too. Tom's as keen on cricket as you was, Timothy. I 'spose you play a lot of cricket at the swell school. But fancy you and Tom meeting unexpected-like at a cricket match! Beats me, that does! Small world, arter all, ain't it?"

"Uncle—" panted De Vere. "Yes, my boy? You ain't told us anything about your big school yet. Go on, old lad!"

"Would you mind telling me how much you gave for the business?"

"Not at all! 'Under and seventy-five," said Mr. Perkins.

"Would you sell it again for twice as much?"

Mr. Perkins stared.

"Eh? What? Course I would! Nobody ain't likely to offer it, though. What are you getting at, young Tim?"

"My father would give it," said De Vere. "I'll ask him. Uncle, I—I hardly know how to put it; you—you're so kind to me. But—but if the fellows at Greyfriars find out about my—my uncle keeping a shop, my life won't be worth living at the school."

"Why not?" "You—you see—" De Vere stammered.

Mr. Perkins took a final draught that emptied the jug. A dogged and offended look settled on his rugged face.



DE VERE'S RELATIVES! "We will not disgrace you," said Mr. Perkins. "Keep away from us, Tim, and we'll keep away from you. Nobody 'ere is going to say a word about the relationship if you don't want. The young fellows at the school won't know from us—take that from me!"
(See Chapter 9.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE FALL OF ALGERNON!"

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"You take arter your father, young Timothy!" he said at last. "He was that proud when he got to be a footman in a gentleman's 'ouse that there was no 'olding 'im. Now you're looking down on your own flesh an' blood because you've got money. So that's why you came in this evening; not a friendly visit, as I s'posed, but to ask me to get out, when I ain't been settled a week 'ere, 'cause you think you're disgraced by your relations. I don't take that kindly, young Tim."

De Vere's face was crimson.

"Don't misunderstand me, uncle," he faltered. "It's not myself! But the other fellows—"

"Snobs, I call 'em!" said Mr. Perkins. "'Ow would they get their vegetables if there wasn't any greengrocers in Courtfield?"

"It's the way they look at things, uncle—"

"Then they ought to be brought up better," said Mr. Perkins. "Their 'ead-master ought to see to it."

De Vere suppressed a groan. Tom Perkins' clear eyes were on his face, and Tom looked kind and sympathetic. He could see things a little more clearly than

the indignant old gentleman. "Keep away from us, and we'll keep away from you. Nobody 'ere is going to say a word about the relationship, if you don't want. We'd scorn it. The young fellers at your school won't know from us. Take that from me. I don't see why they should guess from the name, either; there's plenty of Perkinses about."

"Uncle William has changed his name, father," said Tom. "That will be all right. You can rely on us, Tim; we wouldn't say a word to do you any harm at your school."

"Not a word," said Mrs. Perkins, with a compassionate look at De Vere's white, drawn face. "Keep your 'eart up, Timothy, lad. I think you're a young donkey, and I think you misjudge the young gentlemen being a footman's son yourself, and not knowing their ways. But there won't be a word spoken from here about us being relations."

"Not a syllable!" said Mr. Perkins. "And if that's any comfort to you, Timothy, you're welcome to it. But as for taking Bill's money, and clearing hout as if we 'ad something to be ashamed of, that I never will! 'Ere we

school wall, and slipped quietly into the School House. He hoped that he had not been missed, blissfully unaware of the fact that all the Remove had missed him, and of the conclusions Skinner & Co. had drawn therefrom. He went to his study, and passed several fellows in the Remove passage, who grinned and winked at one another.

In the Remove dormitory, after lights out, there was a buzz of talk from bed to bed, and there was one topic—greengrocers and potatoes and Perkinses. Algernon de Vere lay silent, apparently asleep, but he was not sleeping. It was late before slumber visited the eyes of the unhappy snob of the Remove.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape!

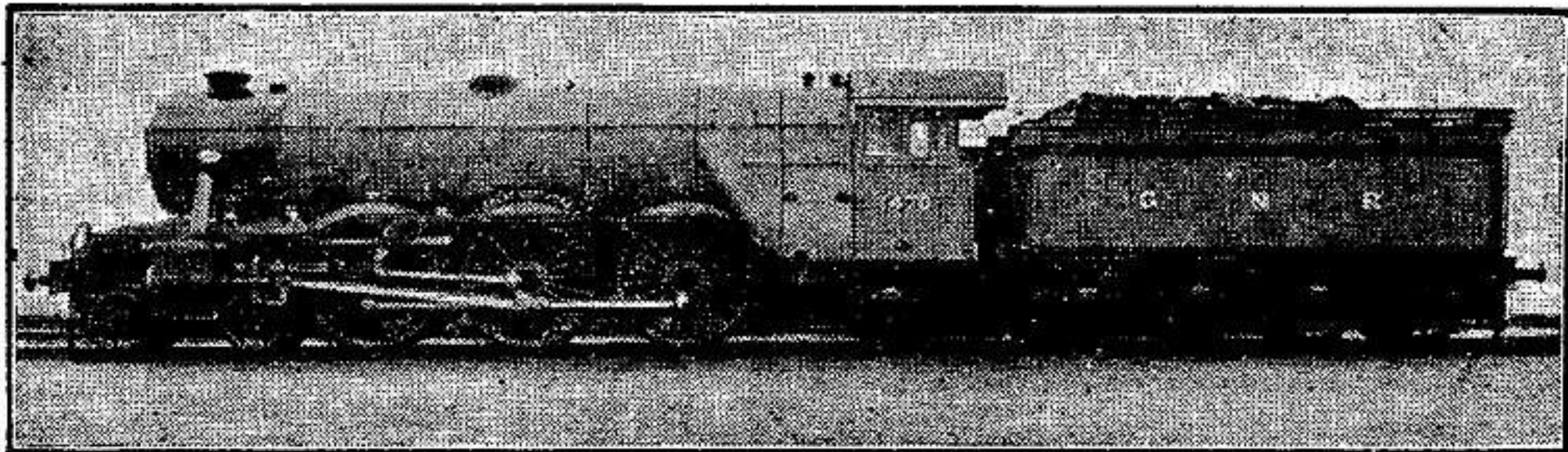
"I SAY, you fellows, are you coming?"

"Do come, Wharton!"

"Join up, Cherry!"

Harry Wharton frowned, and Bob Cherry grinned. Skinner & Co. seemed to impress them in rather different ways.

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his bluff parent. In his heart he despised his cousin Timothy, but he was feeling sorry for him.

"As for chucking up 'ere," pursued Mr. Perkins indignantly, "that ain't to be thought of!"

"My father—"

Mr. Perkins rapped the table.

"Leave Bill's money out of it," he said. "I don't want any of Bill's money, and the missus don't, and young Tom don't. We wouldn't touch it. You can look down on honest tradesmen if you like, nephew Timothy; but I can tell you that money made sellin' taters at a fair price is cleaner money than a fortune made like your father made it. I'd rather have my money than his, though there's less of it, I know. Cut that out!"

"Uncle—"

"And let me tell you this, Timothy! If you want to pass yourself orf as a real gentleman—as I s'pose you do—don't you be too uppish and lookin' down on folks. Gentlemen don't do that—not the genooine article. If you're too bloomin' 'aughty, fellers will guess that there's a manservant in the family somewhere."

De Vere bit his lip till it almost bled.

"As for us disgracing you," continued

are, and 'ere we stay, as we've every right."

Algernon de Vere rose to his feet. The misery in his face touched even the justly indignant Mr. Perkins. He clapped the junior on the shoulder.

"Keep your pecker up," he said. "There's no 'arm done—nothing to be afraid of. We ain't giving you away. We're pore, but we're honest, I 'ope, Timothy. Don't look so down in the mouth. Sure you won't 'ave some bread and cheese and onions afore you go?"

De Vere shook his head. He uttered hardly a word before he found himself in the street again.

With a white face he tramped back to Greyfriars. He had failed; he hardly expected to succeed. His father, perhaps, might have better fortune, when he knew, later. In the meantime, the greengrocers were a fixture at Courtfield, and a dozen fellows at least suspected the connection. At least he had gained something. The greengrocers would be silent; he knew he could trust them that far. Inquiring youths from the school would learn nothing from them. That was so much to the good. But—

Algernon de Vere dropped in from the

It was after lessons on the day following the cricket-match and Skinner & Co. were ready for the walk to Courtfield.

The Famous Five had no hand in the proceedings, and the Bounder was standing out, perhaps regarding this jape as unworthy of his attention. Mark Linley and Tom Brown and Squiff refused to have anything to do with it. But there were plenty of Removites ready to join up, fellows who had been irritated by De Vere's lofty airs. They gathered in a grinning crowd in the quadrangle after lessons.

"Sure you won't come, Wharton?" asked Skinner.

"Yes, fathead! No time to waste," answered the captain of the Remove.

"Well, we've got lots," grinned Skinner. "Where's De Vere? Where's Algernon de Perkins, you fellows?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Algernon de Vere came out of the School House with his arm linked in that of Aubrey Angel of the Fourth. There was a shout at once from Skinner & Co.

"Are you coming, De Vere?"

De Vere glanced round haughtily.

"What's on?" he asked.

"We're going shopping," explained Skinner.

"Well, I've got no shoppin' to do. What do you mean?"

"We want you to come and put in a word for us, so that Perkins will let us have the greengrocery cheap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

De Vere stared at Skinner, but he had himself well under control, and he gave no sign of the wretched misgivings in his breast.

"I don't follow," he said.

"We're going to your giddy relations," said Skinner, to make it clear. "Perkins, you know, the new greengrocer in Courtfield!"

"By gad!" said Angel of the Fourth, with a stare. "What does he mean by that, De Vere?"

Algernon shrugged his shoulders.

"Haven't the faintest idea," he answered. "Some sort of a fag joke, I suppose. Come on, Aubrey!"

And De Vere walked away with the Fourth-Former, leaving Skinner & Co. rather nettled. Their little jape had fallen a little flat. Algernon had not even winced.

"Well, come on!" said Bolsover major. "If Timothy won't come, we'll go without Timothy. We'll mention his name."

And the ragers started. Near the gates they passed De Vere and Aubrey Angel, who were taking a stroll. Skinner waved his hand airily to De Vere, and the little crowd went on towards Courtfield. De Vere followed them with his glance, his well-cut lips set hard. Angel spoke to him twice without getting a reply, and then the astonished Fourth-Former tapped him on the arm.

"Star-gazin' or wool-gatherin'?" he asked.

De Vere started.

"I—I— Sorry! Did you speak?"

"Are we goin' for a walk?" said Angel. "That's what we came out for."

"Oh! Yes. Right-ho!"

"Anythin' up?" asked the Fourth-Former, with a curious look at his companion.

"Nothin'!"

But, though "nothin'" was up, Aubrey Angel found his companion very distraught during that walk. De Vere answered him almost at random when he talked, and a less keen fellow than Aubrey Angel would have seen that he had something on his mind—something that weighed heavily.

The cool nonchalance on which the upstart prided himself had quite deserted him now. His thoughts were with Skinner's party, arrived by that time at the little greengrocer's. His relations would not give him away. They were simple, good-hearted people, and Tom especially was loyal and considerate. But a word let out by accident—a careless remark. And Skinner would ask direct questions, which would be difficult to parry. What if the whole truth came out—if Skinner & Co. came back to Greyfriars knowing all there was to learn about the antecedents of the dandy of the Remove? The thought was like ice to De Vere's heart.

With such a dread on his mind he was in no mood for talk, and he was glad when Angel of the Fourth became "fed up" at last, and left him to his own devices. De Vere walked back to Greyfriars with a wrinkled brow, but as he came into the quad he contrived to clear

his face of trouble, and assume an air of carelessness. He lounged into the School House, wondering if Skinner & Co. had yet returned. He came on Bob Cherry, and the slightly humorous twinkle in Bob's eye, as it fell upon him, gave him a pang. What did Bob know?

De Vere passed him hastily, and went up the staircase. Harry Wharton and Nugent were chatting at the door of Study No. 1, and Wharton gave the new junior a nod. De Vere went on to his own study, where he found Lord Mauleverer and Sir Jimmy Vivian finishing tea. Sir Jimmy gave the dandy of the Remove a grin.

"What price onions?" he asked cheerily.

Lord Mauleverer gave his young relative a warning look.

"What's the matter, Mauly?" asked the schoolboy baronet. "Can't I ask a bloke the price of onions?"

"Shut up, Jimmy! Let's take a walk—walk's good after tea," said his lordship.

And the two juniors left the study. Algernon de Vere was left to himself, in a far from enviable frame of mind. He had schooled himself to endure Lord Mauleverer's knowledge of the facts; but, if a crowd of the Remove came to know—if all the school came to know? Already, in his mind's eye, De Vere could see Aubrey Angel's shrug of the shoulders—he knew that Angel, his special chum, would cut him if he knew. Not that—that would matter much—if the truth came out, he would have to get out of Greyfriars, he would never be able to live down the ridicule he had brought upon himself. But—would the school know? Would Skinner never come back? Anything was better than this suspense.

He looked out of the study window, and at last he saw a little crowd of juniors coming across the quad, Skinner and Bolsover major among them. Bolsover seemed to have gathered up some personal damages during his walk abroad—his nose was swollen, and one of his eyes was shadowed. The crowd disappeared from sight as they came into the School House.

De Vere waited in his study, the door half-open. He heard the tramp of many feet on the Remove staircase. Then he heard the booming tones of Bob Cherry in the passage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! So you're back?"

"Yes, we're back!" growled Skinner. Skinner's tone did not sound as if he came back successful and satisfied.

"Bagged the onions?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"What's the giddy verdict?" inquired Johnny Bull. "Did Perkins tell you all about it—or wasn't there anything to tell?"

"They're a set of rotten, cheeky shopkeepers!" growled Bolsover major. "I believe they're relations of that swanking cad De Vere. They wouldn't tell us anything!"

"Perhaps there was nothing to tell!" suggested Harry Wharton.

"Rot!" snarled Skinner. "De Vere put them on their guard—that's where he was last night!"

"Of course it was!" said Snoop.

"Might have expected it!"

"I dare say he squared them!" said Stott.

"I say, you fellows, he must have

squared them!" said Billy Bunter. "They'd naturally brag of having a relation at Greyfriars. And the cheeky old greengrocer only said that if we'd come to buy things, he was ready to serve us, and hadn't any time to answer silly questions!"

Algernon de Vere began to breathe more freely. He listened with almost panting eagerness to the voices in the passage.

"So there's nothing in it?" said Wharton.

"There's something in it, I'm jolly sure of that!" said Hazeldene. "If old Perkins hadn't any relation at Greyfriars, he could have said so. But he just refused to answer any questions."

"That's it!" said Skinner. "He was put up to it! Paid to shut his mouth, I dare say! In fact, I'm sure! And the young cad was as cheeky as the old cad. I offered him a tip of half-a-crown to tell us the whole yarn."

"I hope he punched your head!" said the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snarled Skinner. "I suppose I can tip a greengrocer if I jolly well choose. The cheeky cad chucked the half-crown at me, and when I told him what I thought of him, he chucked a cabbage after it, the rotter!"

"Caught Skinner fairly on the boko!" grinned Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And Bolsover pitched into the cheeky young sweep," continued Bunter, "and he came out of the shop and chucked Bolsover into the road—young Perkins, you know—and when Bolsover jumped up and went for him, he fairly knocked him spinning! Bolsover soon had enough—hadn't you, old chap? Yow-ow-woooooop!"

A back-hander from Bolsover major caused Billy Bunter to sit down suddenly in the Remove passage. Apparently his defeat was not a pleasing topic to the bully of the Remove.

"So you've had your jolly little walk for nothing!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Except Bolsover—he's bagged a prize nose and a lovely eye!"

"Oh, rats!" grunted Bolsover; and he tramped away to his study in a savage temper.

Algernon de Vere softly closed the door of Study No. 12. His face was clear now—the bitter fear had passed. Whatever the Removites suspected, they could prove nothing, and the story would die away. At least, he hoped it would. His card castles of swank and imposture had almost fallen around him, but he had escaped—he was not found out. The fellows would soon find something else to think about, and, somehow, his father would find means of clearing the Perkinses out of the neighbourhood. He breathed more freely in his relief and renewed hope.

When he appeared in the Common-room that evening, Algernon de Vere held his lofty head as high as usual. If anything, his superb superiority was more pronounced than ever. But it was said of old that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. The days of Algernon de Vere's imposture were numbered.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY'S GRAND STORY:

"THE FALL OF ALGERNON!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR YOUNG ATHLETES.

HOW TO WIN THE 220-YARDS RACE!

By Percy Longhurst.

MOST good 100 yds. runners are also sound at 220 yds., which is really only a long-drawn-out 100 yds. You need to keep going at full speed practically the whole time. At the same time, there are many athletes who are a lot better at 220 yds. than at 100 yds. They have not the turn of speed which enables them to run a winning 100 yds., but they possess greater staying power. This is to their advantage in the longer race. The runner who can finish a stiff 100 yds., and still feel himself full of strength, though yards behind the winner, is likely to turn out a good 220 yds. man.

For which event a runner is best fitted he will find out only by experience. The methods of training for the two races are so very much alike that the young athlete is not likely to spoil himself for either by entering for both. This he should do, and after a few races he should know pretty well which it suits him best.

Now and again occur exceptional runners who are able to hold their own against the best at both distances. C. W. Paddock, the American flying wonder, for instance, not only shares the world's record of 9 3/5 secs. for 100 yds., but is also the amateur record holder at 220 yds. W. R. Applegarth, the Englishman, also holds the amateur records of his country at both distances.

To race at top speed for 220 yds. necessarily is a bigger strain upon the physical stamina than to cover 100 yds., so that while the general scheme of training

advised in the previous article for 100 yds. holds good for the 220 yds., it is necessary to add some kind of practice which shall develop the ability to hold the runner at his pace over the greater distance.

This is to be gained by occasional runs of the full distance, twice a week, say, at a fair, jogging pace. Once a week a full-speed run of 150 yds. should be made; and it is not at all a bad plan, once in the week to run out the full distance. But this last should on no account be taken more than once in the week.

Breathing is a matter of great concern to the 220 yds. runner. At the shorter distance a deep, full breath taken when the start is made will carry the runner over more than half the distance, when there is no need to take in more than a couple of breaths. The case is different for the 220 yds. Here again the full breath at the start is necessary, and when breathing begins again care should be taken that the air is not taken in in short, sharp snatches which only fill the top part of the lungs. By frequent practice it is quite possible to get the knack of breathing in through the nose, even while racing. Such breaths should be as deep as possible. A final long breath should be taken when about thirty yards from the winning post, and this should see one to the end of the race.

Here is another word of advice. In the first article the instruction was given to warm up the muscles of the legs just before going on the mark. This is of great

importance. Run for a couple of minutes, taking very short steps. Then stop and well stretch the legs, taking a number of long strides, which will benefit both muscles and joints. Then it is well to have a pipe opener. Get on the course, and run about twenty yards, full speed, breathing deeply. Take a couple of long breaths at the finish, and you will be quite fit to race. If the starter isn't ready to set the runners on their marks, just run about, short steps only, for a while. Give the calf muscles a bit of rubbing.

Again, at the finish, don't try to pull up dead five yards beyond the tape. The jerk is bad for legs, and the consequent jar does the feet no good. Continue for another twenty yards, easing down gradually. Then indulge in a half-dozen breaths, as long as you can make them, throwing out the arms. Breathe through the nose, and expel all the air you can when exhaling. This will help to reduce flow of blood and heart's action.

More even than the 100 yds. does the 220 require preliminary attention to the daily deep breathing exercises, and the exercises for generally strengthening of the body. Twice a day full exercise—about a dozen deep breaths—should be taken. The "100-up" and the skipping must not be neglected. A few minutes before breakfast may also be given to such exercises as alternate knees raising to the chest, deep knee bending, and bringing up the straight leg forward, so that the toes will tightly kick the outstretched hand. These exercises are valuable for muscle stretching and joint loosening.

Another good exercise for 100 yds. and 220 yds. runners is to place one foot on a low bench or table, stool, or box, and quickly lift oneself upright. This exercise—both legs should have it, of course—specially strengthens the muscles used in sprinting.

(Another grand article next week.)



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