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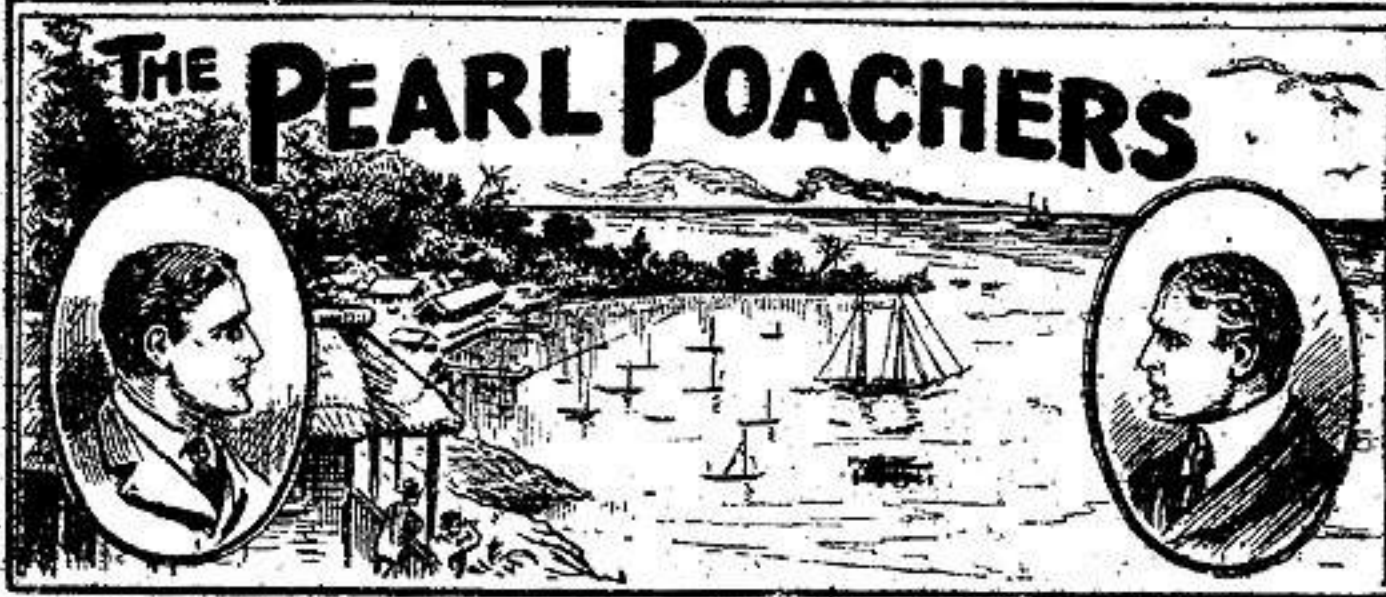


DAVID JACK, of Bolton Wanderers, in Action.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE SNOB OF THE REMOVE!

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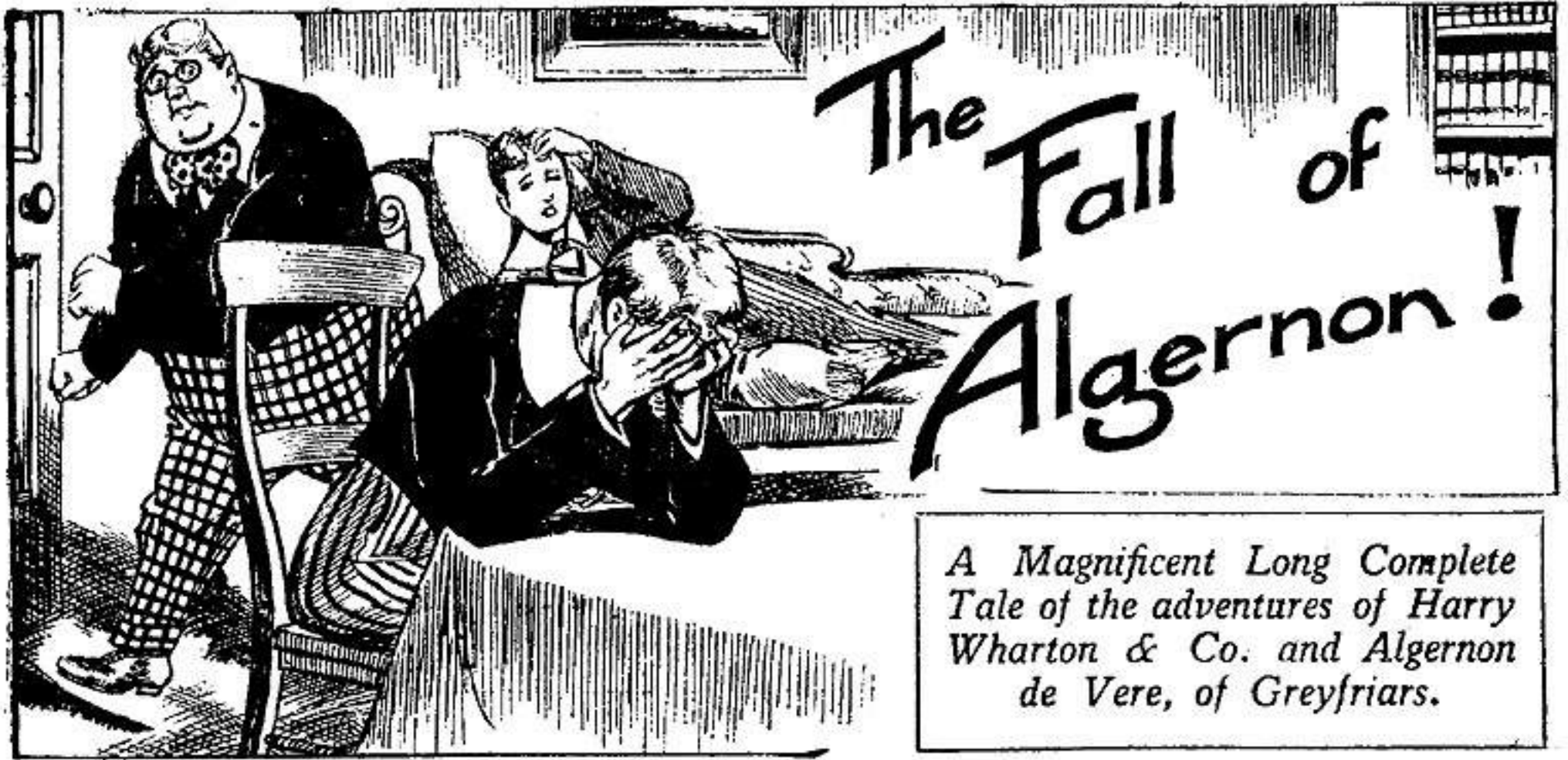
ANOTHER TALE OF FERRERS LORD, THE FAMOUS MILLIONAIRE ADVENTURER.



IN THE **POPULAR**
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28 Pages.



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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Algeron Asks For It!

"BOB!"
"Pot!"
"But I say, Bob, old fellow, he—"

"You can say what you like, Marky," said Bob Cherry, "but I'm going to pull his nose the minute he comes into the Common-room!"

Bob Cherry's face, generally as bright and genial as the sun at noonday, was darkly clouded. His eyes gleamed with anger.

It was so seldom that Bob was seen looking anything but good-tempered that a dozen fellows in the junior Common-room glanced round at him. Certainly he was not looking good-tempered now. He was evidently in a towering rage.

Mark Linley laid a detaining hand on his arm. Mark was looking worried and distressed.

"Bob, old chap—" he murmured.

"I've a jolly good mind to punch your nose, Marky!" said Bob Cherry.

"Mino?" ejaculated Mark.

"Yes, for not punching his!"

Mark Linley smiled faintly.

"What's the good of punching De Vere's nose?" he said. "The fellow can't help being a silly ass."

"He can help it! And I'm going to help him help it!" said Bob. "If you won't punch his nose, I'll pull it—hard!"

"But—"

"Rats!"

Bob Cherry evidently was not to be reasoned with. His eyes were on the doorway, waiting for the elegant figure of Algeron de Vere, the dandy of the Remove, to appear there. It was the aristocratic nose of Algeron that Bob intended to pull.

There were footsteps in the passage, and Bob's eyes glinted, and he made a step forward. But it was Harry Wharton who came in, and Bob stopped. Wharton glanced at him, and raised his eyebrows a little at the expression on Bob's rugged face.

"What's the row?" he asked, coming across to Bob and Mark Linley.

"Not exactly a row," said Bob. "I'm going to pull De Vere's nose, that's all."

"What has he done now?" asked the captain of the Remove, with a laugh.

"Nothing!" interjected Mark Linley hastily. "Bob is getting his wool off over nothing."

"Fathead!" said Bob. "That sneaking worm—"

"Who?" asked Wharton.

"De Vere, of course! That horrid worm, that sneaking snob, that—that unspeakable toad—" gasped Bob.

"Go it!" chimed in Peter Todd. "Never heard you so eloquent before, Bob! Pile in!"

"That crawling tailor's dummy—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Oh, shut up, Toddy! You know he's a worm—"

"The wormfulness is terrific, as Inky would say!" agreed Peter. "But why should you pull a worm's nose?"

Bob Cherry breathed hard.

"It's on Marky's account," he said. "You know, ever since he's been at Greysfriars he's treated Marky to his silly snob-bishness. Marky won't punch him for it—"

"Do chuck it, old fellow!" urged Mark Linley. "What does it matter?"

"It does matter!" roared Bob Cherry.

"He's not worth licking."

"Very likely. But he's asked for it a dozen times, and you ought to hand it out. If you won't I will!"

"But what has he said, anyhow?" inquired Wharton.

"I don't mind it," said Mark Linley.

"I've had enough of it from Bunter and Skinner and some more fellows. De Vere can't help being a silly snob; he knows no better. He's said that a chap who's worked in a factory ought not to be admitted at Greysfriars, and—some more nice things like that. Well, if I don't mind, Bob needn't."

"But I do!" roared Bob.

Harry Wharton's brow darkened.

"I think a good many fellows are getting fed up with De Vere and his

airs and graces," he remarked. "But if he goes to the length of making himself offensive he ought to be licked. Why the thump don't you lick him, Linley?"

"What's the good?" said Mark impatiently. "Besides, I can make allowances for the fellow. He's been brought up among rich people. His name's De Vere. Very likely he's been toadied to ever since he could walk. Can't expect too much common-sense from him. So long as you fellows think I'm good enough for Greysfriars, I don't mind what De Vere may think."

"Well, I mind!" said Bob. "And I'm going to pull his nose. It's time it was pulled."

"High time, if he's talking in that strain!" said Wharton.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, dry up, Bunter!"

"Here comes De Vere!"

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Bob.

The exceedingly well-dressed figure of Algeron de Vere came gracefully in at the doorway. Angel of the Fourth came with him. Aubrey Angel was the only fellow Algeron had made friends with at Greysfriars—not a valuable friend for any fellow to make. But Angel was rich, he spent a great deal on clothes, and he cultivated an air of superb disdain towards the universe in general—qualities which recommended him to Algeron de Vere as no others could have done.

Bob Cherry strode towards the two elegant juniors, and they came to a stop. Angel backed away a pace or two, looking uneasy. He was not a fighting man, and Bob was plainly on the warpath. But Algeron de Vere did not recede an inch. He was, as the Removites said, a queer fish—for, with a snobbish soul and offensive manners, he combined plenty of pluck; a very useful combination. But for that saving quality Algeron would have had a very hard time in the Greysfriars Remove. But he was quite prepared to put his well-kept hands up at any time, and he was so redoubtable a boxer that even Bolsover major let him alone.

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He stared coolly at Bob Cherry's flushed and wrathful face.

"You're in the way, Cherry!" he remarked with the carefully cultivated drawl that irritated most of the Removites.

"I'm staying in the way till I've pulled your nose!" returned Bob.

"By gad! Anythin' the matter?"

"You've insulted my pal, Mark Linley, and I'm going to pull your nose as a lesson in manners, you rotter!"

Bob Cherry strode towards the cool, smiling dandy of the Fourth; and De Vere's hands went up like lightning. A moment more, and there would have been a terrific scrap raging in the Common-room. But Mark Linley caught Bob by the arm and dragged him back by main force.

"Let go, you ass!" roared Bob.

"Stand back!" said Mark. "This is

Bob Cherry gasped with wrath. "Hear him!" he stuttered. "Marky, if you don't thrash him, I'll jolly well punch you!"

"I'm ready when you are, De Vere," said Mark Linley quietly, looking at the dandy of the Remove.

De Vere put his hands into his pockets. "I'm not!" he said. "I don't care to soil my hands on a fellow of your description!"

Smack!

The words were barely out of De Vere's mouth when Mark's open palm smote him across that mouth with a smack that rang through the Common-room.

"Is that enough for you?" asked the Lancashire-lad quietly.

Evidently it was enough, for Algernon de Vere made a furious spring forward, and the next moment the two juniors were fighting fiercely.

watched the fight. It was much against his wish that he had landed his chum in that scrap, but he had done it. It came into his head—rather late—that perhaps Marky was right in treating the snob's impertinence with disdain, and taking no further heed of it. But now that it had come to fighting, Mark had thrown aside all pacific thoughts, and was putting his beef into it. De Vere was the first down, and he went down with a crash.

But he was up again like a cat, and rushing on to his adversary.

"Two to one on De Vere!" said Aubrey Angel, looking round. "Quids, if anybody likes!"

"Shut up, you dashed blackguard!" growled Bob Cherry.

"I'll take you on, Angel!" howled Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, lend me a quid!"

Crash!

Mark Linley was on the floor, 'aid there

DAVID JACK, the Inside-Right of Bolton Wanderers.

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

THAT there is real romance in this game of football is clear when we think of David Jack, the inside-right of Bolton Wanderers, who came second in the list of goal-scorers in English football last season. Twenty years or more ago, Bolton Wanderers had a famous outside-left named Robert Jack, and while he was there his wife presented him with a bouncing boy, who was given the name David Bone Nightingale.

When his period of usefulness as an outside-left with Bolton Wanderers was over, Robert Jack went to Plymouth to manage the Argyle team of that place. Meantime, David Jack grew up, played first for Plymouth Argyle, his father's team, and was, during the 1920-21 season, transferred to Bolton Wanderers. Thus David Jack is now a member of the club of the town where he was born, and of the same club for which his father played in the olden days.

Young Jack—he is now only twenty-two years of age—is a really first-class footballer, and it cannot be very long before recognition comes his way from the International selection authorities.

Indeed, he was mentioned several times last season as a possible candidate for the inside-right berth in the England team, but he can well afford to wait his opportunity, which is bound to come if he has any sort of luck.

It was the desire to get on in the football world that induced David Jack to leave his father's club at Plymouth, and there were many big organisations ready to sign him on, including Chelsea. But he had a natural sort of feeling that if he left Plymouth there was no club he would so much like to play for as that for which his father had done so many brilliant things in the past. That was why he went to Bolton instead of to Chelsea, who were ready to pay a big fee to obtain his services.

At the age of seventeen David Jack joined the Navy, and he duly appeared in several representative Service matches at Plymouth. He is a fine all-round sportsman, too, having quite a big bag of prizes as the results of his efforts at local athletic meetings. It is as a footballer, though, that he is mostly likely to earn lasting fame, for he plays a really clever

game. Subtlety is his strong suit, and he often bamboozles opponents by swerving in one direction when they expect him to go quite the opposite way. He is also deadly with the ball at his toe, and in League matches only he had a most successful time last season, finding the net on no fewer than twenty-four occasions. This was quite a lot better than anything he had previously accomplished for Plymouth Argyle, which is proof that he is developing along the right lines. There is every reason why he should develop, too, for he is built on ideal lines for a footballer, standing five feet eleven inches and weighing eleven stone ten pounds.

Jack might even have been the leading goal-getter in England last season had not circumstances compelled him to play for the Wanderers on several occasions at outside-right. The inside position is much better suited to his abilities, however, and his many inches and cleverness with his head enable him to turn many high centres past opposing goalkeepers. Altogether a player on whom it would be just as well to keep an eye, for a lot is sure to be heard of him in the future.

my affair, Bob! If there's going to be a scrap, I'm the man!"

"Look here, Marky——"

"Keep out of it!"

"Linley's right," said Harry Wharton. "Leave it to him, Bob! It's his row, not yours."

Bob Cherry hesitated. His intention had been to punish De Vere for his insolence, not to land his chum in a fight. But it was clear that Mark had the right to take the affair into his own hands—and equally clear that he intended to do so, now that the matter had come to fisticuffs. Bob Cherry stepped back reluctantly.

"I suppose it's as you like, Marky," he said. "I don't much care, anyhow, so long as the cad is licked."

"But I do, a little," drawled Algernon de Vere. "I don't care a rap whether I fight you or not, Cherry; in fact, I'd rather like a little exercise, don't you know. But I've a strong objection to scrappin' with this factory fellow."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

After the Fight!

FRANK NUGENT ran hastily to the door and closed it. The Remove fellows gathered in an excited ring round Mark Linley and Algernon de Vere. They were fighting hard, almost savagely, without pausing for rounds or time-keeping. Harry Wharton & Co. looked on keenly, anxiously. They hoped fervently to see Mark victorious and the dandy of the Remove thrashed for his insolence. And their feelings were shared by almost every other fellow present. Even fellows who did not like Mark liked De Vere less, and wanted to see him licked. Billy Bunter would have given his celebrated postal-order to behold such a welcome sight. Marky was sturdy, and he was plucky; his courage was well known. But Algernon de Vere seemed to be at the top of his form, and the outcome was very doubtful.

Bob Cherry had a worried look as he

by a terrific drive. The Remove fellows looked on, staring. Where the force behind that blow came from seemed a mystery; the slim and elegant dandy of the Remove did not look as if he had it in him.

Bob jumped forward to help up his chum.

Mark staggered to his feet, looking dazed. That heavy blow had told upon him severely.

He tried to smile as he met Bob's troubled, anxious glance.

"Going on?" whispered Bob.

Linley nodded. He wanted all his breath, and he did not speak. Algernon de Vere looked on with a cool, disdainful smile.

"I'm waitin'!" he yawned.

"Marky's ready, you rotter!" growled Bob.

The Lancashire lad stood up to his enemy again, and he was still putting up a good fight. But a good many of the onlookers could see that he was playing a losing game now. That knock-out drive

had dazed him, and he had no time to recover. His defence was a little wild, and his attack erratic. It was only unbounded pluck and determination that kept him going at all.

Bob Cherry saw it, with a heavy heart. He saw that Mark was getting the worst of it, that he was booked for a defeat—a defeat of one of the best and most decent fellows in the Remove at the hands of a supercilious snob! And it was his—Bob's—fault, as his conscience told him. Bob would have given all his possessions just then to take Mark's place and deal with the sneering dandy of the Remove. But it was impossible, and he could only look on, with a clouded brow and a sinking heart.

Crash!

It was a left drive on the point of the chin, and it sent Mark Linley spinning.

Twice he made an effort to rise, but the room was reeling round him, and he sank back again.

He was done.

Algernon de Vere looked down at him and waited a few moments. Bob dropped on his knees beside Mark.

"Is that the finish?" asked De Vere.

Nobody answered.

"Am I to go on waitin'?"

"It's finished!" snapped Harry Wharton. "Shut up!"

De Vere shrugged his slim shoulders and turned away. Aubrey Angel came to him at once with smiling congratulations. He was the only fellow that felt inclined to say a word to De Vere.

"Good man!" he said. "Well done, old bean! Better come and bathe your nose. You've got a mark or two—not much."

And De Vere walked out of the Common-room with Angel of the Fourth.

A hiss from some of the Remove fellows followed him. He had fought well, and he had been victorious; but his victory made him more unpopular than before, if possible.

Mark Linley left the Common-room a few minutes later, leaning on Bob's arm.

The two juniors hurried away as fast as they could to avoid the sight of the masters and prefects. Mark's face was not in a state to be seen by the eye of authority just then.

Bob was the picture of misery as he helped his chum to bathe his injuries in the dormitory. He seemed to take the result of the fight much more to heart than Mark Linley himself. Mark smiled at him faintly, as he finished towelling.

"It's all right, Bob!"

"It was my fault!" said Bob. "Why didn't you let me tackle the cad, Marky? I wanted to."

"I can't let you fight my battles, old chap—if it's necessary to fight them at all."

"And I suppose it wasn't," said Bob. "I dare say you were right to take no notice of the cad. I rushed you into it."

"That's all right!"

The two juniors went down to No. 13 in the Remove. It was a half-holiday that day, but Bob was not thinking much about his half-holiday. As he looked at Mark's swollen nose and bruised face he felt more miserable than he remembered ever to have felt before. His feelings towards Algernon de Vere were bitterness itself. Mark, who had intended to spend his half-holiday in study, with a little cricket practice thrown in before tea-time, did not feel much disposed for either study or cricket. But he sat down at the table and drew his Greek books towards

him. He was in the running for the Head's Greek prize, though the happenings of that afternoon were not likely to improve his chances. The Greek letters almost danced before his eyes as he opened his books.

The door of Study No. 13 was pushed open, and the fat face of Billy Bunter appeared. His big spectacles glimmered at Mark, and he grinned a fat grin, apparently entertained by the signs of combat on Linley's face.

Bob Cherry made a gesture.

"Get out!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Don't bother now, Bunter," said Mark quietly.

"Well, I like that, when I've come in here to do you a good turn!" said Billy Bunter warmly. "You needn't be so

"Cut off, Bunter!"

"I haven't finished yet. Perkins called him Timothy, and De Vere is awfully wild if anybody calls him Timothy. He's as like the greengrocer chap as two peas. They must be relations. Don't you think so?"

"I don't care a rap! Ring off!"

"A lot of us went down to the greengrocer's shop to get the news, and they wouldn't tell us anything," pursued Bunter, unheeding. "De Vere had squared them to keep their mouths shut, of course. He's afraid of it all coming out. It ought to come out! What a show-up for the cad, if it came out that his people were greengrocers!"

"Do you see the door, Bunter?"

"Eh? Yes! What about it!"



DOWN FOR THE COUNT! Mark Linley stood up to his enemy again. But a good many of the onlookers could see that he was playing a losing game now. His defence was wild, and his attack erratic. Crash! It was a left drive on the point of the chin, and it sent the Lancashire lad spinning. It seemed a certain victory for De Vere. (See Chapter 2.)

jolly ratty because you've been licked, Linley! If you like, I'll take on De Vere myself, and give him a jolly good hiding!"

"Fathead!"

"I'm going to tell you how to get even with him," said Bunter.

"You needn't trouble!" said Mark dryly.

"No trouble at all, old chap. We all know that there is something fishy about De Vere, with all his airs and graces," said Bunter. "Lord Mauleverer knows it, though he won't tell a fellow what he knows. You remember how De Vere bolted the day of the Courtfield match, when he met that greengrocer fellow Perkins in the Courtfield team? Perkins spoke to him as 'Timothy.' He, he, he—"

"Get on the other side of it!"

Snort from Bunter.

"Oh, you've got no spirit!" he said.

"Yah!"

"I certainly should not try to nose out a fellow's private affairs, and shout them from the house-tops, because he got the better of me in a fair fight!" said Mark contemptuously.

"Rot! What you want is spirit," said Bunter. "The fact is, Linley, that De Vere's right to a certain extent—you're rather low, you know—I—I say, leggo! Cherry, you beast, wharrer marrer— Leggo! Yaroooooh!"

Bump!

The study door closed on Billy Bunter sitting in the passage and gasping for breath.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Bob Cherry!

"CRICKET, old chap?"
Bob Cherry shook his head. Wharton and Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Janset Ram Singh were going down to Little Side together, with Vernon-Smith and Tom Brown, when Bob came out of the School House.

It was a sunny afternoon, and in ordinary circumstances Bob would have joined his chums on the cricket-ground with great zest. But he was feeling "down" now, and for the moment the great summer game had lost its attraction.

"I'll join up later," he said. "I'm going for a bit of a stroll."

"How's Marky?"

"Oh, he's sticking to Greek! Ta-ta!"
The Co. walked on to the cricket-ground, and Bob Cherry went down to the gates, with his hands driven deep into his pockets.

In the quadrangle he passed Algernon de Vere, sauntering in a graceful, leisurely way with Angel of the Fourth.

There were few marks of the combat about De Vere, and he looked his usual superb and lofty self. Bob's heart swelled with anger as he looked at him, and contrasted his cool, handsome face with the marked visage of his chum in the study. Mark, with aching head and uneasy nerves, was grinding at Greek, while De Vere sauntered in the quad, apparently without a care in the world.

Angry as he was, and bitterly as he disliked the snob of the Remove, Bob could not very well walk up to the fellow and pick a quarrel with him, as he felt inclined to do. He turned his glance away, and walked out rather quickly at the gates.

It was unusual for Bob to feel down—he was too thoroughly healthy to suffer from depression of spirits. But he was feeling down now with a vengeance. He hoped that a quick walk would make him feel better, and he went along the road towards Courtfield Common with long strides. It was all his fault, he told himself miserably.

Mark, who was very keen on the Greek prize, had been swotting hard of late, and was not in his best form—an injudicious time for tackling an adversary like De Vere. He had bagged a licking from a fellow he despised.

"If only I hadn't butted in!" growled Bob half a dozen times, as he tramped on swiftly and savagely in the sunny afternoon.

"Hi!"
Bob glanced round. That "Hi!" was evidently addressed to him. It came from a youth who was coming from the direction of Courtfield. Apparently he wanted to ask his way, and Bob stopped, though he did not much like the stranger's looks.

"Hi! Is this right for Greyfriars School?"

Bob looked at him with more attention. The youth did not seem more than eighteen; but he was smoking a cigarette, and his fingers were brown with the stain of tobacco. He was dressed in tweeds of a striking pattern, his boots were of a bright yellow, his tie of many colours, all striking, and his straw hat, with a brilliant band, was tilted on one side of his head, giving a view of oily hair. If ever there was a "bouncer," this was it; and Bob could only wonder what such a merchant could possibly want at Greyfriars.

"Well, got a tongue?" asked the youth, taking the cigarette from his mouth, and blowing out a cloud of smoke.

"Yes. Straight on to Greyfriars!" said Bob curtly.

"Thanks!" Through the cigarette-smoke, the loud-looking youth eyed the junior. "You look like a schoolboy. P'r'aps you belong to Greyfriars?"

"Yes."

Bob made a movement to walk on.

"Old on a minute! Know a young feller at the school named De Vere?"

Bob started.
His eyes searched the "bouncer's" face again. There was something that struck him as familiar in the features. He remembered Tom Perkins, the green-grocer's son, who was so strikingly like De Vere that all the Remove had remarked on it. This loud youth was like both of them. The likeness to the dandy of the Remove was not so apparent as in Perkins' case, but it was there, and it was unmistakable. The fellow looked like a vulgarised edition of the dandy of the Remove.

"Know 'im—what?" said the stranger.

"Yes."

"P'r'aps you can tell me whether he's at 'ome now—what?"

"I don't see why I should tell you anything at all about him," answered Bob

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coldly. "I don't know who you are, or what you want."

"That's easy said, my pippin. I'm Larry Perkins, and I want to see Master De Vere."

"Larry Perkins!" said Bob, taken aback.

"That's my name! Anything the matter with it?" demanded the youth aggressively.

"I know a chap named Perkins in Courtfield," said Bob—"Tom Perkins. He plays for the Courtfield junior team."

"That's my cousin," said Larry Perkins. "Come down to stay with Uncle Perkins, I have." He grinned. "Looking up all my relations while I'm in these 'ere parts."

He chuckled, as though he found something very humorous in his own remark.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "I've got to see Tim—I mean De Vere! It's important. But look here, I'd rather see him outside. You belong to the school. Will you run in and tell him I want him?"

"I'm going for a walk."

"Well, you might oblige a feller," said Larry Perkins persuasively. "I don't know whether De Vere is a friend of yours. If he is, you'd be obliging 'im as well as me."

"He's not a friend of mine!" said Bob grimly.

Larry grinned.

"I catch on!" he said. "Same old tale. It's awfully queer how old Timothy makes himself hated wherever he goes, ever since he was a little nipper. Sort of uppish—what? Stand-offish! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why do you call him Timothy when his name's Algernon?"

Larry gave a start.

"Did I? Sort of slipped out," he said. "I—I mean Algernon, of course. Sort of nickname, you know. But I say, do me a good turn, and cut in and tell him he's wanted. Otherwise I shall 'ave to go in and see 'im, and I can tell you it may be awkward for somebody."

Bob hesitated.

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

"Good old bean!"
Master Larry sat on the fence beside the common, pushed his straw hat a little further on one side, and lighted a fresh cigarette at the end of the last one. Bob, glad to turn his back upon that unattractive youth, walked back to Greyfriars, half-amused and half-versed to find himself performing a service for the junior whose handsome face he yearned to punch with his hardest punch.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Algernon Receives a Shock!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. were at cricket when Bob came in at the gates. Bob glanced in the direction of the playing-fields as he went towards the School House. He had already "walked off" a good deal of his despondency, and he decided that he would join in the cricket, after all; but he had his message to deliver first. He had a strong repugnance to speaking to Algernon de Vere, or seeking him out; but that could not be helped now. He met Newland of the Remove in the quad, and asked him if he had seen De Vere—that superb youth not being in sight.

Newland smiled.
"Fight?" he asked.
"N-n-o!" said Bob, half-laughing.
"I've got a message for the chap, that's all. Seen him about?"

"I think he went into the house some time ago."

"Right-ho!"

Bob Cherry entered the School House, and glanced round there for De Vere. Billy Bunter was adorning a hall window with his plump person, and looking morose and dissatisfied. Anybody who knew Bunter could have guessed, from his expression, that he was expecting a postal-order that had not arrived; and that he had not succeeded in finding anyone trustful enough to cash it in advance.

His fat face brightened up, however, as he caught Bob Cherry's roaming eye.

"Looking for me, old top?" he asked eagerly.

"No!"

"Hem! Well, here I am," said Bunter. "I'm down on my luck, old chap."

"Bother!"

"I'm expecting a postal-order—"

"I know—I know—can it!" said Bob.

"Have you seen De Vere about?"

Bunter's eyes glinted behind his spectacles.

"That rotter?" he asked.

"Yes, yes!"

"In Angel's study, in the Fourth," said Bunter. "He went up with Angel. They're awfully pally; pair of beastly snobs, you know. I say, Bob, old

chap—" Bob went towards the staircase with his long strides, and Bunter toddled after him, his fat legs going like clockwork to keep pace. "I say, if you're going to see him, give him a punch for me. I say, I looked in on Linley, and his eyes going black—"

"Is it?" said Bob gruffly.

"Yes; and he's trying to do Greek with a headache," said Bunter. "I offered to help him, if he would cash my postal-order, and he only called me names, you know. He looks awfully rotten. If he was a pal of mine, I'd thrash De Vere for handling him like that."

"Oh, dry up!" grunted Bob.

Bob Cherry reached the Fourth Form passage, and went along rapidly to Aubrey Angel's study, taking no heed of Billy Bunter. That fat youth blinked after him dismally. Next to the cashing of his postal-order, Bunter would have liked to see Algernon de Vere facing Bob's hammering fists. But both pleasures were to be denied him, and Bunter felt that it was hard. He had only one consolation—Bob Cherry's seeking the dandy of the Remove for any purpose but to punch him was rather surprising, and Bunter was curious about it. After eating and sleeping, inquisitiveness ranked third among Bunter's charming qualities, and he determined to know what was "up" between Bob Cherry and the Remove dandy. It did not concern William George Bunter in the least—which was all the more reason why he wanted to know.

Bob tapped at the door of Angel's study, and entered. The door closed after him; and Billy Bunter rolled on as far as the door—and stopped there!

Algernon de Vere and Aubrey Angel were in the study, discussing iced lemonade, and chatting. Angel was smoking a cigarette, but De Vere had not followed his example. With all his faults, he had not imitated the dingy viciousness of his chum; Angel had not been able to interest him in cigarettes, or nap, or banker, or "gee-gees." Both the elegant juniors looked up in surprise as Bob Cherry came in.

"What on earth do you want?" asked Aubrey Angel, without wasting any politeness on the caller.

"To speak to De Vere," answered Bob.

"Pal of yours, Algy?" grinned Angel.

"Certainly not!" said De Vere haughtily. "If you've come here to speak to me, Cherry, you can cut. If you're looking for a row, I suppose you've got decency enough not to kick up a shindy in another fellow's study."

Bob Cherry set his lips.

This was the fellow for whom he was performing a service—a fellow who could not even wait to hear what he had to say before he insulted him. Bob wished for the moment that his good-nature had failed him, and that he had left Larry Perkins to his own devices.

Having spoken, De Vere moved his chair a little, so as to turn his back on Bob. Angel laughed.

"I've come here to give you a message, De Vere," said Bob, speaking as calmly as he could.

"Oh, thanks! Don't say old Quelchy wants me!" yawned De Vere.

"I met a fellow outside the school who—"

"Eh?"

"Who wants to speak to you?"

"What utter rot! Tell him to go and eat coke!"

"I've got a message," said Bob. "If



A VISITOR FOR DE VERE! " 'Old on a minute! Know a young feller at the school named De Vere?" asked the loud-looking youth with the cigarette. "Yes!" said Bob Cherry, shortly. "P'raps you'll tell him that I want to see him!" said the youth. "I'm Larry Perkins, tell him that! I'll be waiting outside for him!" (See Chapter 3.)

you'll step out into the passage with me. De Vere, I'll deliver it to you privately."

De Vere did not move.

"Do you hear me?" rapped out Bob, his anger rising fast.

Algernon de Vere turned to look at him at last. His face was calm, cool, insulting in its look.

"Once for all," he said, "I want you to understand that I want nothing to do with you, Cherry! Personally, I might pass you, but your choice of friends is a little too thick for my taste. You needn't ramp. I'm not goin' to say a word about Linley; the subject's beneath my notice. But a fellow who knows him can't know me."

"Hear, hear!" murmured Aubrey Angel.

"So you can cut," said De Vere.

"Don't speak to me, and don't come to me with a cock-and-bull story about a message as an excuse for buttin' into a study where you're not wanted. Is that clear?"

Bob Cherry gasped.

"Quite!" he managed to articulate.

"Well, there's the door!" And the dandy of the Remove lazily turned his back again.

Angel looked rather uneasy. He half-expected Bob to stride forward and jerk De Vere out of his chair, and pitch into him there and then. But De Vere, at least, had plenty of nerve. He turned his back on Bob with perfect calmness.

"I've said I'd deliver the message," said Bob, as calmly as he could speak. "For that reason I'll deliver it. If you choose to hear it in Angel's presence it's your own look-out."

De Vere yawned, and did not answer.

"A fellow named Larry Perkins—"

De Vere moved quickly enough at that. Like a cloak dropping, his nonchalance fell from him. He was out of his chair with a startled bound.

"What?" he almost shouted.

"A fellow who gave me his name as Larry Perkins said he wants to see you. He's waiting on the fence on Courtfield Common, by the road, and if you don't go to see him he's coming to see you. That's all! I was a fool to bring you the message; but there it is! And now you can go and eat coke!"

With that Bob Cherry dragged the door open, strode into the passage, and slammed the door behind him. And Billy Bunter had barely time to leap back before there was a collision. A fat ear had been at the keyhole, and Bunter had had a narrow escape of being run down, as it were, by Bob's sudden exit from the study.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

Bob gave him a look of contempt, and strode away down the passage to the stairs. Bunter grinned after him. Looks of contempt did not worry Bunter. He was only too glad to escape without a kick.

"Larry Perkins!" murmured Bunter. "Oh, my hat! Another of 'em! On the fence on Courtfield Common, is he? Oh gad! This is rich, very rich!"

And William George Bunter, more pleased than he would have been even by the cashing of his postal-order, rolled away, chuckling a fat chuckle. The Owl of the Remove looked in high feather as he trundled out of the school

gates a couple of minutes later, and took the road for Courtfield, apparently keen to get a view of the interesting youth who wanted to see Algernon de Vere, and who gave his name as Larry Perkins.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Shadow of Fear!

AUBREY ANGEL glanced curiously at his chum. The slam of the door was followed by dead silence in Angel's study.

Algernon de Vere stood as if rooted to Angel's expensive carpet, his face white and startled, his eyes with a haunted look in them.

He seemed forgetful of Angel's presence, and utterly oblivious of the curious gaze bent on him.

The name of Larry Perkins had startled him out of his coolness and superb self-possession. For some moments, at least, De Vere was no longer master of himself.

Aubrey Angel's look was curious, searching, suspicious. Angel had heard the talk in the Lower School, of course, upon the subject of De Vere, his amazing likeness to a greengrocer's son named Perkins, whose people had recently bought a shop in Courtfield, and settled there; the strange way in which De Vere had "cut" a cricket-match on finding Tom Perkins in the other team; the extremely odd fact that Tom Perkins had seemed to know him personally, and had been heard to speak to him by the name of Timothy. Angel had heard it all, and wondered what there was in it. But De Vere's evident wealth, his distinguished looks, and his insolence, had imposed on Angel, and the dandy of the Fourth had decided that there was "nothin'" in it.

He was revising that opinion now.

If ever there was terror in a fellow's face, there was terror in De Vere's now. What was he afraid of?

Instead of there being "nothin'" in the rumour that De Vere was, with all his swank, some sort of an impostor? Angel could not help thinking that, after all, there was "somethin'" in it.

Suddenly De Vere caught Angel's eyes upon him, and remembered. The effort he made to pull himself together was painful to witness. A slightly sarcastic smile curved Angel's lips.

"What the merry thump's the matter?" he asked.

"The—the matter?" panted De Vere, as if striving to gain time while he collected his thoughts.

"You look knocked into a cocked hat."

"What rot!" said De Vere.

With an effort that was almost terrible, the wretched impostor regained his nerve. He realised the keenness of the eyes that were upon him. He knew only too well that Aubrey Angel would cut him dead without the slightest compunction once he knew, or suspected, half the truth. Already Angel's sarcastic smile was deepening into a sneer.

His impulse was strong to rush from the study, to speed as fast as he could go to where Larry was waiting for him, to keep that threatening visitor at a distance from the school somehow, anyhow, at any price. Every second was priceless now. If Larry should come on to the school—De Vere turned almost sick at the thought. Somehow, anyhow, he must be kept away. He was not like Tom Perkins and his father, the green-

grocer. They had their pride, and the knowledge that their newly-rich relation did not want to know them was enough for them. They kept their distance, despising Algernon a good deal more than he despised them. Larry was different. Larry had always been a worthless outsider. Larry had always been a thick-skinned fellow, ready to "butt in," without caring whether he was welcome; always a hard-up slacker, keen to borrow money wherever he could get it. Once he had found his rich relation out, he would stick like a leech; and if angered, he would not hesitate to proclaim the facts to all Greyfriars—at the top of his voice in the middle of the quad, if need were! That was the kind of unspeakable outsider Larry was.

To get to him, to muzzle him somehow, to get rid of him, that was the pressing need of the moment—to clear him off before any Greyfriars fellow could see him. Bob Cherry had seen him. Fortunately, Cherry was not of the tattling kind. He had cause enough to dislike the dandy of the Remove, but he was not the fellow to act meanly towards the bitterest enemy. De Vere knew that. It was a comfort. He longed to flee from the study, but he was chained there by Angel's mocking face. What would Angel think? With an effort that brought the perspiration out on his brow, Algernon de Vere threw himself into his chair again.

"Not goin'?" There was a sardonic inflection in Aubrey Angel's voice, an inflection which showed plainly enough what he would have thought had De Vere acted on his impulse to obey the summons instantly.

"Goin'!" repeated De Vere. "Not unless you're tired of my company, old bean."

"I mean, to see the fellow Cherry mentioned."

Algernon de Vere laughed, with a groan in his heart.

"Not likely!" he answered.

"You don't know him?"

"How the merry deuce should I know the fellow?"

Angel's eyes were searching his face, but the dandy of the Remove was master of himself now. He was cool, smiling, debonair. His calmness deceived even Angel, keen as he was.

"Jolly odd, his sendin' you a message if you don't know him, though," said Angel, with lingering suspicion.

De Vere shrugged his slim shoulders.

"Some beggar, perhaps, who's heard that I'm a chap with money," he said carelessly. "My pater gets about a hundred beggin' letters every day."

Angel nodded.

"Same name as that chap at Courtfield that they say is like you," he observed.

"Yass. It's all rot about the likeness, of course. They say that in the Remove to chip me," said De Vere. "They might as well say you were like the butcher's boy!"

Aubrey Angel laughed.

"Fellows will say anythin', if a chap snubs them, and keeps them in their place," he agreed.

"Probably there isn't any fellow askin' for me at all," added De Vere, with a reflective look. "As likely as not Cherry invented the whole thing—rottin

with me, you know, because of that silly Perkins story. I'm takin' no notice of it, anyhow."

"Best thing," agreed Angel. "Let's see, I was tellin' you about my pater's place when that rhinoceros butted in."

Aubrey Angel rattled on in his carefully cultivated drawl, but De Vere hardly heard a word. His thoughts were not with Angel's "place," and the distinguished people who gathered there for the "huntin', shootin', and fishin'." His thoughts were with the loudly dressed, vulgarly familiar, hopelessly ill-bred fellow who was waiting for him on Courtfield Common, and who would come on to the school, if he were not prevented.

There was time to make terms somehow—that was proved by the fact that Larry had sent in a message, instead of coming personally.

He could be bribed to go away. Money, at least, was plentiful with Algernon, and he could guess that it was money that Larry wanted. If only he could get away! How he hated Angel at that moment, with his cool, drawling voice and affected accent, torturing him! How was he to get away in time without giving himself away to his worthy chum? Better Angel's doubts and suspicions than the awful risk of Larry slouching into the quadrangle, with his hat on the side of his head, and his cheap cigarette between his ill-kept teeth!

Better anything than that. De Vere resolved to make some excuse—even if Angel saw through it—and go, when the study door opened, and Kenney, Angel's study-mate, came in. It was a pretext for going, and De Vere rose to his feet.

"Don't go, old bean!" said Kenney.

Algernon smiled.

"You fellows are goin' to talk horses," he said. "Excuse me. See you another time."

And he lounged elegantly out of the study.

He was still lounging, in a leisurely way, as he went down the stairs, and out into the quadrangle, pausing for a moment for his silk hat. In the quad, he would gladly have broken into a run for the gates. But he did not. He remembered that Angel was sitting at his study-window, with a view of the quad. And Angel was the kind of friend who would watch. With fear and misgiving and chill, cold dismay in his breast, Algernon de Vere strolled across the quad, looking as if he had not a care in the world. Lord Mauleverer was coming towards him; his lordship turned another way. That would have given the impostor a pang at any other time, now he hardly heeded it.

He strolled in a leisurely way till he was out of sight of the gates of Greyfriars. He was safe now. If Larry was coming on to the school, they would meet on the road.

But once out of sight of the school Algernon broke into a trot. The farther away from Greyfriars that he met his obnoxious cousin the better. The road crossed Courtfield Common. There were fences on either side, with trees and bushes growing behind them in some spots. Algernon's eyes were open for the figure he would know at a glance—the figure which, he knew, would be conspicuously dressed, and an offence to a fastidious eye.

He sighted it at last.

That loud figure was seated on the top rail of a fence, with legs swinging. The loud, light tweeds showed up glaringly

(Continued on page 13.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

NEXT MONDAY! **"BUNTER'S RAFFLE!"**
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 752.

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



The GREYFRIARS HERALD

Harry Wharton
Editor

Supplement No. 80.

Week Ending July 8th, 1922.

CUT OFF BY THE TIDE!

BY MARK LINLEY



CUT OFF! A shower of spray was flung into the juniors' faces. The sea began to break and roar. Suddenly a big wave crashed upon the ledge on which Skinner and Bolsover stood. It nearly swept them into the seething cauldron beneath.

"I'm going on," said Skinner.
"I'm going back," said Bolsover major.
"Look here——"
"Look here——"

The two juniors faced each other. They stood on the shingle, practically on the water's edge. Giant cliffs towered above them. Save for the swishing of the water among the stones and pebbles, all was silent.

Skinner and Bolsover had tramped miles and miles along the rocky, uneven coast.

Skinner had heard of a cave, situated a long way from Greyfriars—a small, un-frequented cave, which was alleged to contain buried treasure.

Burrowing in the school library, Skinner had unearthed a document relating to the treasure, which had been concealed in the cave by smugglers a hundred years since.

Of course, it was quite possible that the treasure had already been found. On the other hand, there was just a chance that nobody else knew of its existence.

Skinner, very excited, took Bolsover major into his confidence. They had set out together on the next half-holiday, armed with spades and picks.

After a long and arduous tramp, they had failed to locate the cave. Bolsover major began to doubt its existence. He was tired and footsore, and, to use his own words, "fed up to the hilt." The fact that dusk

Supplement i.]

was falling did not add to his cheerfulness. On the contrary.

"I'm going on!" repeated Skinner.
"I'm going back!" repeated Bolsover.
"Look here, we've got to find this giddy cave——"

"Then you can jolly well find it alone!" growled Bolsover. "You've brought me out on a wild-goose chase. I'm convinced that the cave is a myth—likewise the treasure."

Skinner sneered.
"Why not tell the truth, and admit that you're funky of going on, because it's getting dark?" he said.

That insinuation of cowardice whipped Bolsover to fury. Any suggestion that he was a funk always infuriated him. Clenching his fist, he dashed it into Skinner's face.

Skinner fell like a log.
For a moment Bolsover stood glaring down at him. Then he turned on his heel, and retraced his steps along the shore.

By the time he had proceeded a couple of miles, Bolsover cooled down. He began to reproach himself for having lost his temper so easily.

He recalled the blow he had dealt Skinner. It had been a smashing drive, straight from the shoulder.

What if he had knocked the cad of the Remove senseless?

Bolsover shivered a little at the thought. Then came another thought—a truly terrifying one.

In the excitement of their search for the

smugglers' cave, it had not occurred to either Bolsover or Skinner that the tide was coming in.

Bolsover realised that fact now with overwhelming suddenness.

Only a narrow strip of shingle divided the base of the cliffs from the water's edge. And that narrow strip was narrowing still more.

It was not a rough sea. It did not break and roar; but it was none the less deadly.

Bolsover watched the water as it sucked away the stones and pebbles near his feet.

Presently the encroaching sea would reach the base of the cliffs. Then the water would rise. It would rise higher and higher, and there was no way of escape!

Bolsover examined the sheer wall of cliff. The high-water mark was just above his head. He knew what this meant. When the tide was at the full it would submerge him. He was trapped by the tide, and Skinner also!

Bolsover was shaking from head to foot now, as if with the ague.

Which ever way he went, he would not be able to race the tide. He stood several miles from safety.

What should he do? Should he remain where he was, and await the end? Or should he go back to Skinner—to the fellow he had left prostrate on the shingle?

Bolsover decided to go back. Which ever way he went was danger—deadly danger. But

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Bolsover felt the need of human companionship. He could not face death alone.

As he walked back, picking his way with difficulty in the gathering gloom, he noticed that the water was creeping closer and closer towards the base of the cliffs. Presently it covered his shoes. And by the time he rejoined Skinner it was almost up to his knees.

Harold Skinner was on his feet. He was standing with his back to the wall of the cliff. His eyes were fixed on the encroaching tide. There was a glassy expression of terror in them.

"Skinny, old man"—Bolsover's voice was very shaky—"I—I'm sorry I hit you like that. I got my wool off—"

"Never mind that," said Skinner. "We've other things to think about. The tide's coming in fast. Oh, we were fools, fools to have forgotten it! It's too late now. We're caught like rats in a trap!"

"Not quite," said Bolsover, becoming suddenly hopeful. "Look! There's a ledge in the cliff, just above your head."

Skinner looked, and saw that Bolsover spoke truly.

There was certainly a ledge in the face of the cliff, just above the high-water mark. But the ledge was a very narrow one.

"We shall have to hoist ourselves on to it, somehow!" muttered Bolsover.

"But there's only room for one—"

"Then up you go!"

Bolsover had partially conquered his cowardice. His nerves were calmer; his confidence was returning to him.

Skinner suddenly found himself swung off his feet.

Bolsover was possessed of great strength, and Skinner was a light-weight.

In a few seconds Skinner was seated safely on the ledge, beyond the reach of the rising water.

Had the sea been rough the junior's position would have been pretty hopeless, for he would have been swept off his perch. But the sea was calm. When the tide was at the full, it would wash his dangling legs, and that was all.

Skinner squeezed himself to one side of the ledge.

"I—I think there's just about room for two, after all!" he muttered. "Better hoist yourself up, Bolsy. I'll give you a hand."

Bolsover major was in an unenviable plight. The rising water had now reached his waist. The coldness of it caught his breath. He felt his terror returning.

It was with extreme difficulty that the burly Removite hauled himself up on to the ledge beside Skinner. The latter tugged at his arms, and very nearly overbalanced in so doing. But at last, after a desperate struggle, Bolsover succeeded in gaining the ledge.

It was a very tight squeeze.

The two juniors sat huddled together in the darkness. Bolsover's right arm, and Skinner's left, were interlocked. They gazed out upon the dark waters.

"Are we safe, d'ye think?" muttered Skinner, with chattering teeth.

"I think so," was the reply. "The water never rises above this ledge."

"Thank Heaven for that!"

"All the same, the outlook isn't a happy one," said Bolsover. "We shall have to stick here until the tide goes out. And that won't be for a long time yet."

Evening had now merged into night. There was no sign of a vessel on those dark waters. There was no help at hand.

And the tide rose higher and yet higher. The water lapped against the juniors' legs. They wondered fearfully whether it would rise sufficiently high to sweep them from their perch.

Then, to their horror, a sudden wind sprang up. The water, hitherto so calm and placid, was lashed into foam.

Bolsover felt his companion trembling, and a tremor ran through his own frame.

"It—it's getting rough!" he muttered.

Skinner nodded without speaking.

A shower of spray was flung into the juniors' faces. The sea began to break and roar.

Suddenly a big wave crashed upon the ledge on which Skinner and Bolsover sat. It nearly swept them down into the seething cauldron beneath.

Skinner gave a frightened shriek. Bolsover set his teeth.

Another wave came, drenching the juniors

to the skin. But they, miraculously managed to hang on.

"This can't last much longer!" muttered Bolsover. "It—it's the beginning of the end, Skinny!"

Skinner was scared stiff. He had lost the power of speech.

"Help!"

Bolsover raised the shout, in the forlorn hope that it might be heard.

There was no response.

"Help!" repeated Bolsover, putting all his lung-power into the cry.

Then he strained his ears to listen, and, to his immense joy, an answer was borne to him on the wings of the wind.

"Ahoy, there!"

A large boat, manned by a crew of Sea Scouts, came speeding over the water. It could not advance too close to the cliff, for fear of being dashed against the solid wall of rock; but it came to within a rope's throw. And presently Skinner and Bolsover found themselves clutching a stout rope. There was a lifebelt on the end.

"You go first, Skinny," said Bolsover, releasing his hold of the rope.

"Hurry up, there!" sang out the leader of the Sea Scouts. "We want to get you ashore before the storm gets up."

The rescue of Skinner having been accomplished, the rope was sent out once more to Bolsover major. And presently the Greyfriars juniors were safely on board.

It was then a case of a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together. And the patrol boat was soon leaping through the water in the direction of Pegg.

The landing was accomplished in the nick of time, for soon the storm was raging in all its fury.

Skinner and Bolsover thanked their rescuers profusely, and staggered away to Greyfriars, there to thrill the Remov dormitory with details of their grim adventure.

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

We have had tremendous excitement at Greyfriars this week.

Treasure-hunters had the time of their lives. For five golden sovereigns were hidden in various parts of the school precincts, and the lucky finders were entitled to keep them. The contest was promoted by the GREYFRIARS HERALD, and the five sovereigns came out of our funds.

A whole afternoon was set apart for the search. There was a time-limit. The "treasure" had to be found by seven o'clock in the evening.

One of the sovereigns was discovered within ten minutes, by the astute Peter Todd.

Toddy went along to the gym, swung himself up on the trapeze, and discovered the glittering coin on one of the rafters. He pocketed it with a whoop of delight, and declared his intention of finding the other four. He wasn't greedy, he said, but he liked a lot.

However, Toddy didn't find any more. Vernon-Smith located the next. It was reposing on the top of a cricket-stump on Little Side. Many fellows had walked past the three stumps without noticing that there was anything on the centre one. But Vernon-Smith's keen eye did not miss the glistening coin.

There was an interval of nearly a couple of hours before the third sovereign was found. Indeed, it was little short of a miracle that it was found at all. For it was hidden in a bird's nest, in one of the old elms in the Close! Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, was the lucky

(Continued at foot of next column.)

Treasure Trove!

By Dick Penfold.

In days of old, when knights were bold,

And smugglers sailed the seas,

Many a secret hoard of gold

Was dumped in spots like these.

Gold and silver, jewels rare,

And wealth beyond all measure;

But, really, I am in despair

Of finding hidden treasure!

Though Captain Kidd his treasure hid

Upon the Kentish coast,

I cannot find a single quid,

Though I've searched more than most.

I've wandered by the sad sea waves

On afternoons of leisure;

But, though I've ransacked all the caves,

I cannot spot the treasure!

When Smuggler Bill contrived to kill

Some wealthy Spanish lord,

He dug and burrowed with a will,

And hid his hefty hoard.

If I could find that old oak chest

'Twould fill my soul with pleasure;

But I must give the smuggler best;

I can't locate his treasure!

With pick and spade I've often strayed

Along this rocky shore.

No golden capture have I made.

I'm sorry, sick, and sore.

The weary search has worn me out,

And filled me with displeasure.

I'll be an old man with the gout

Before I find that treasure!

EDITORIAL.

(Continued from previous column.)

finder. He climbed the tree more for the fun of the thing than anything else. Then he discovered the nest, and, as a natural sequel, the sovereign.

The fourth sovereign fell to Dick Penfold. It had been concealed in the basin of the fountain.

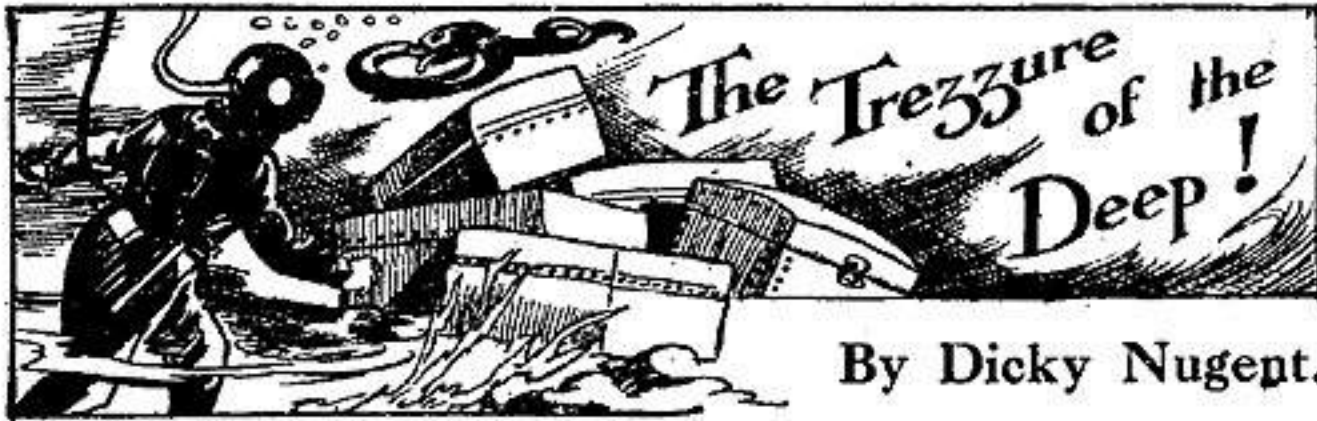
The search for the only remaining sovereign proved exciting in the extreme. Everybody entered into the hunt with zest. Every nook and cranny was carefully explored, but with no result. The fact was, this particular coin had been placed in a most conspicuous place. It lay invitingly on the Common-room table! Of course, nobody expected it to be in such an exposed position. Consequently, the search went on for hours before Micky Desmond, squatting on the Common-room table for a rest, discovered that a golden sovereign lay beside him!

The treasure-hunt proved an enormous success. I personally was debarred from entering. It was my job to hide the sovereigns.

I have no doubt that this Special Treasure-hunting Number will make a great appeal to you all.

HARRY WHARTON.

[Supplement is.



By Dicky Nugent.

A Sea Story, and therefore it won't be "dry."

"CAST the anchor, there!"
 Dick Diver, the youthful skipper of the good ship Goldfinder, wrapped out the sharp kommand. The anchor was cast overboard and dropt into the sea.
 Billy Bowspritt, the first mate, came up to Dick Diver, and saluted.
 "What now, kap'n?" he asked.
 "Help me en with my diving-suit, will you?" said Dick.
 "I, I, sir!"
 "It was at this very spot that the Spanish galleon was wrecked, hundreds of years ago," said Dick Diver. "Vast trezure is konseled in the bed of the ocean. There is gold, and silver, and joolery, and all sorts of vauelable stuff."
 "Are you going to dive for it, kap'n?" inkwired Billy Bowspritt.
 "Of corse, fathead! What do you suppose I'm putting my diving kit on for? To play cricket?"
 "Be careful of the sharx, kap'n. They are plentiful in these waters."
 "Bah!" said Dick skornfully. "If all the sharx of the Passifick were to attack us now, I should not turn a hare!"
 Even as Dick spoke, the sea began to swell violently, and the ship was tost about like a cork.
 "Oh crumms!" gasped the first mate. "It-it's a wail!"
 Sure enuff, it was a large wail that had attacked the ship.
 Pannick broke out among the crew. Only Dick Diver remained calm.
 "Fetch my harpoon!" he cried.
 "I, I, kap'n!"
 Dick seazed the harpoon, and, leaning over the rail of the 4-deck, he plunged it—the harpoon, not the deck—full into the brest of the gigantick creature.
 "Ha, ha! That's got you!" eggscclaimed Dick.
 The next minnit a krimson stane spread over the water.
 The wail gave one eggspiring bellow, and then sank like a stone.
 "Bravvo, kap'n!" cried Billy Bowspritt. "That was as neet a peace of work as I've ever seen."
 Dick smiled.
 "Having put the wail out of its mizzery," he said, "I will prosed to dive for the trezure. Lower me gently."
 "I, I, kap'n!"
 Our hero was then lowered over the side of the vessel.
 Down and down he went. And a lot of bubbles rose to the surfiss.
 The sea was many fathoms deep at that spot, and Dick had a long way to go. He encountered all sorts of terribul creatures—inhabitants of the mity deep—but he manidged to dodge them.
 At last, after what seemed an eternity, he reached the bed of the ocean.
 There lay the trezure, piled up in heaps. There were half a duzzen old oak chests, crammed with loot.
 Dick Diver was now getting short of breth. He could not hold out much longer. He tied one of the chests on to the end of his rope, and then gave the kommand through the speaking-tube:
 "Haul up, me harties!"
 Dick was hauled rappidly to the surfiss, and the chest of trezure was dumped on to the deck.
 Then Dick made five more eggscursions to the bed of the ocean, and in dew corse the hole of the trezure was depossited on board.
 Billy Bowspritt's eyes were sparkling with delite.
 "We're in luek's way, kap'n, and no mistaik!" said he. "How much do you reckon that trezure is worth?"
 "Oh, about twenty millions," said Dick off-handedly. "Of corse, the Guvverment will
 Supplement iii.]

claim about nineteen and a half millions, and then there will be income-tacks to pay on the remainder. Still, we might have enuff left at the finnish to take a cottage in the country. Will you come and live with me, Billy, and be my valley?"
 "I, I, kap'n!"
 "We will now set sale for England," said Dick Diver.
 And then he wrapped out a variety of orders.
 "Hoist the starboard port! Man the life-boats! Heeve the main deck overboard!"
 The good ship Goldfinder was soon speeding over the plassid waters, bound for England.
 For a cupple of days all went well. And then the ship was attacked by a pirate vessel, and a fierce fight ensued.
 The pirates knew all about the trezure, and their one idear was to board the Goldfinder, massaker the crew, and coller the plunder.
 Little did they dream that Dick Diver had a twelve-pounder gun on board.
 Dick called his gun-crew into ackshun.
 "Pepper them, my lads!" he eggscclaimed.
 "I, I, kap'n!" cried an old salt.
 There was a fierce bombardment, and the pirates were blown into eternality. As for their vessel, it was smashed to attoms.

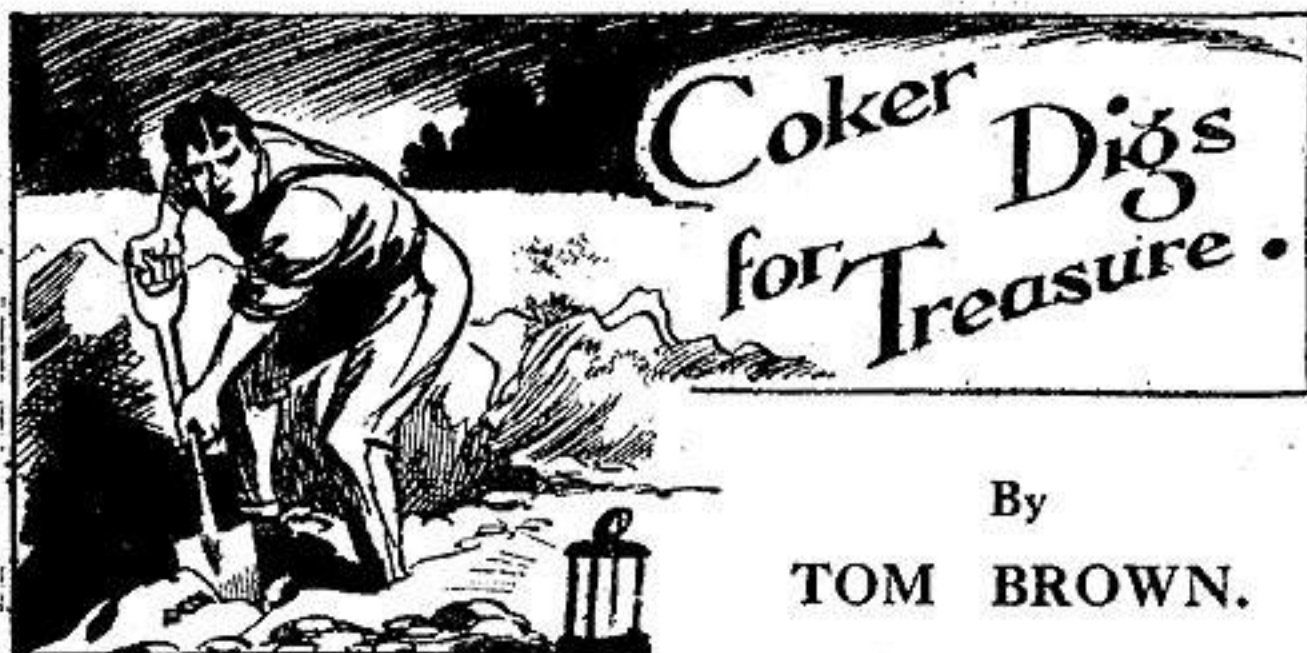


There was a fierce bombardment, and the pirates were blown into eternality.

"Good!" said Dick Diver. "Now we can set sale for England once more."
 Next day a fearful storm arose. It was the worst storm that any marriner had ever known.
 Grate waves swept over the decks, and Dick Diver had to strapp himself to the mast. It was fortunate that he did so, for all the members of his crew were swept overboard, and it was only Dick's prescence of mind that saved him from a simmler fate.
 All day and all night the storm raged, and the ship seemed certain to sink. However, she jist manidged to keep afloat, and when the storm at last abbated, Dick saw, to his delite, that the trezure was still intact.
 Our hero landed at Plymouth Ho a week later. He handed over his trezure to the Guvverment, and they gave him a usefule sum for himself.
 Dick Diver has now given up a kareer of adveucher. He has taken a small cottage on the coast of Rutlandshire (since when has Rutlandshire been by the sea?—Ed.), and he will spend the evening of his days in piece.
 We will now bid good-bye to our gallent hero, who so klevverly kapchered the trezure of the deep!

FORTUNE FINDING!
 By Mr. H. H. QUELCH, M.A.

Most stories of hidden treasures are myths. They have no foundation in fact. Those who go searching after this imaginary treasure are merely chasing a will-o'-the-wisp.
 At the same time, there are a few genuine cases of hidden treasure, and during the last generation several fortunate people have found a fortune.
 The monks of old left much wealth in the vicinity of Greyfriars School, which was formerly a monastery. Some of this wealth has been discovered; the remainder is still securely hidden.
 The smugglers, too, used to be very active on the Kentish coast. And treasure is reputed to be buried beneath some of the old smugglers' caves.
 In the year 1875, a Friardale labourer, employed on the coast of Pegg, happened upon a casket of treasure which was buried beneath the sand. The British Government claimed a share of this treasure trove; the labourer enjoyed the proceeds of the remainder.
 Several years later a remarkable document was discovered in an old volume in the library at Greyfriars. The document was in cipher, and one of the Form-masters of that time succeeded in deciphering the jumbled words.
 The musty old parchment referred to a treasure which was alleged to be concealed beneath the crypt at Greyfriars. But, although diligent search was made, and the basement of the crypt was dug up, no trace of treasure was discovered.
 In 1896, a great sensation was caused in the district by the discovery of an oak chest, packet with treasure, in a field adjoining the parish churchyard of Friardale. It was found necessary to extend the churchyard, and a party of gravediggers came across the treasure. There was a good deal of bickering among them as to how it should be distributed, and the matter had to be settled in Court.
 Coming to more recent years, a number of Greyfriars juniors unearthed a treasure which had been concealed for over a hundred years in one of the caves. The fortunate juniors were considerably enriched by their discovery.
 Apart from the instances I have quoted, however there have been no discoveries of note.
 The search for doubloons and pieces of eight and precious stones still goes on, but without tangible result. The district has been scoured over and over again, but it seems hopeless.
 In my "History of Greyfriars"—to be published in twenty-four volumes, and now nearing completion—I shall have quite a lot to say on the subject of treasure trove.
 There is no doubt that treasure-hunting is a most fascinating pastime. It is also a very heartbreaking one at times. The finding of fortunes is not always the simple affair that many people imagine.
 I sincerely trust that it may be the good fortune of somebody belonging to the present generation of Greyfriars boys to locate some of the treasure which still lies waiting to be discovered. Indeed, I should have no objection to finding a hoard of gold myself! It would greatly increase my credit balance at the Courtfield branch of the London and Kentish Bank!
 THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 752.



By
TOM BROWN.

"I'll keep it to myself," said Coker. "After all, why should I tell Potter and Greene? They happen to share my study, but that's no reason why I should take 'em into my confidence. And a secret, once you've confided it to others, is a secret no longer."

Coker had come into possession of a mysterious old parchment.

Going to his study bookcase, he came across an ancient volume which had got there in some unaccountable fashion. It certainly did not belong to him.

The book was written in Old English, and it dealt with Greyfriars in bygone days.

Turning over the leaves of this musty old volume, Coker had discovered a folded document, which was worded as follows:

"Ye monks' treasure hath been concealed in ye earth, by order of Friar Green. Seek diligently, and ye shall fynde it. Stand thou on ye old stone which covereth ye entrance to ye crypt; then take five hundred goodly paces to the westward. After which thou shalt take one hundred paces to ye south. Then digge, at ye spot to which thou comest, and thou shalt light upon ye treasure."

Now, anybody but Coker would have known that the document was not genuine. Anybody but Coker would have said: "This is the work of some practical joker."

But the great Horace was convinced that he had made a wonderful capture. And he decided to keep the discovery to himself, and to dig for the treasure when opportunity offered.

His first action was to carry out the instructions contained in the old parchment.

Coker took up his position on the stone which was rolled over the entrance to the crypt. Then he started to stride in a westerly direction.

Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove watched Coker's antics in astonishment.

"What's the merry game, Coker?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Seems to imaglue he's a hobby on his beat!" said Johnny Bull.

"Go easy, Coker!" sang out Frank Nugent.

"You're not waiking from London to Brighton!"

Coker swung round irritably upon the juniors.

"Dry up, you fags!" he growled. "You'll make me lose count in a minute. Lemme see. Where was I? Ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight—"

And so on.

Having taken "five hundred goodly paces" to the westward, Coker took a further hundred in a southerly direction.

He found himself on the cricket-field—on the First Eleven playing-pitch, to be precise.

"So this is where the treasure is buried!" he muttered, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "I shall have to come here in the middle of the night and dig. I'd like to make a start now, but that's impossible, with all these fags spying on me."

Coker surreptitiously drew a piece of chalk out of his pocket, and marked the spot on which he stood, so that he would know it again. Then he strolled away, trying to look unconcerned.

He could do nothing further until midnight. And the hours seemed to pass on leaden wings.

It was as much as Coker could do to conceal his excitement that night in the Fifth-

Form dormitory. But he managed it somehow.

No thought of sleep entered Coker's mind. He lay in a state of wakefulness until midnight; then he slipped quietly out of bed.

"Anybody awake?" he murmured.

Potter uttered a loud snore; Blundell grunted in his sleep. There was no response to Coker's softly-uttered question.

Coker donned a cricket-shirt and a pair of trousers, also a pair of rubber shoes. Then he embarked on his nocturnal adventure.

From the gardener's hut he obtained a spade and pick. These useful implements he conveyed to the cricket-ground. On his way he picked up a lantern from the woodshed.

Then the task of digging began.

With rolled-up sleeves, Coker set to work with the pick.

The Fifth-Former was as strong as a horse, and he was well fitted for manual exercise of this sort.

For upwards of an hour he delved and dug, until he had made a yawning hole in the centre of the pitch.

At any moment he expected the spade or the pick to come into contact with a hard object—the chest containing the treasure.

Coker's luck, however, was dead out.

He took a brief rest, and then had another go, making the hole deeper and wider, but all to no purpose.

Coker toiled on until two o'clock boomed out from the old tower, and then he sank down, utterly exhausted. He could go on no longer.

"I must have measured out the distance wrongly," he muttered. "Either my strides were too long or too short. Anyway, there's no sign of the treasure."

It was as much as Coker could do to drag himself back to his dormitory. He was utterly worn out in body and spirit, and he was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

Next morning, George Wingate, skipper of the First Eleven, strolled out to examine the playing-pitch, for the First had a match with Courtfield Crusaders that day.

When he found that the pitch was utterly demolished—that there was a gaping chasm in the middle of it—Wingate had several sorts of a fit.

"What mad villain—what raving lunatic—has done this?" hooted the captain of Greyfriars.

The question was soon answered.

During his midnight operations Coker had dropped his handkerchief. Wingate stooped and picked it up and noted the letters "H. C." in the corner.

"Coker!" he ejaculated. "The demented chump! He'll be made to pay dearly for this!"

The match with Courtfield was not cancelled, but it had to be played on another and inferior pitch.

As for Coker, he was hauled up before a special assembly of prefects, and was sentenced—despite his size and age—to receive a round dozen with a cricket-stump.

In vain Coker expostulated. In vain he produced the old parchment relating to the treasure. The punishment was administered without mercy.

It came out afterwards that Skinner of the Remove had been responsible for the hoax.

It was Skinner who had placed that ancient volume in Coker's bookcase. And Coker did unto Skinner as the Sixth-Formers had done unto Coker! Which was the only consolation the great Horace received as the result of his treasure-hunt.

BERRIED TREZZURE!

By Billy 'Bunter.

Roomer has it that there is lots of trezzure konseeled within the presinks of Greyfriars School.

Roomer is often a lying jade. But I don't think she lies on this occasion. It is the trezzure that lies—hidden from mortle view.

I have often lain awake at nights and planned what I should do if it were my good fortune to discover an old oak chest, full of dubloons and peaces of 8.

I think I must have been born under an unlucky star. The day of the week must have been Friday, and the day of the munth the 13th. Bekawse, although I have often gone fourth with spade and pick to dig for berried trezzure, I've never had the luck to find any.

"Seek, and ye shall find," says the ancient proverb. But alas! I seek in vane.

However, there is always the possibility that one of these days—or nights—I shall make a grand coop. (This has nothing to do with hens; I mean a coop of gold and silver and preshuns stoans.)

There is lots of trezzure lying about waiting to be found. Sumboddy's got to find it, and why shouldn't that sum-boddy be W. G. B.?

I can imagine lots of my readers saying: "If you found a trezzure, Billy, what would you do with it?"

Konvert it into kash, of kourse!

Natcherally, the British Guvverment would claim a share. The rest would be my own.

Can't you pickcher me with the sum of twenty thowsand pounds in my possession? Why, that would be enuff to get me out of debt, and to leave a hansom margin!

I should buy a cupple of cars, and a sharrabong. I should buy a grammer-phon. I should buy a grand piano. I should buy a plot of land in the vissinity of Greyfriars, and erect a tuckshopp on it. The tuckshopp would be for my own use. I should get in as much stock as the plaice would hold, and konnaume the whole jolly lot off my own bat! I should, in fact, have the time of my life.

In addition, I should become the proud owner of a number of racehorses. Every man who comes into munney generally treats himself to a few racehorses.

How ripping it would be to read the rezult of the Derby, as follows:

Mr. W. G. Bunter's THE GORGER 1.

Mr. Brown's LAZYBONES . . . 2.

Mr. Smith's CRAWLER . . . 3.

Betting: 100-1: 5-4; 3-1.

(Winner trained by the owner at his private stables.)

Dreems, idle dreems! I am afraid I shall never get munney enuff to keep a tame rabbit or a set of white mice, let alone a number of racehorses.

Still, we never know our luck in life. Sooner or later, when I forridge around for hidden trezzure, I shall find what I have been looking for for years!

And when that happy day dorns, I shall be able to buy up a few of these millyunaire's sons, like Vernon-Smith!

I will konklood by kwoting the korus of the old song:

"When I get some munney,

I'll be in the Upper Ten;

When I get some munney,

When, when, when, when, when!"

[Supplement iv.]

THE FALL OF ALGERNON!

(Continued from page 8.)

against the background of hawthorn-bush behind. A dozen cigarette-ends littered the grass by Larry's feet with half as many burnt matches. He was smoking, apparently, his thirteenth cigarette as Algernon came up the road. He took it from his loose mouth, and waved it at the dandy of Greystriars, and grinned.

"How do, cousin Timothy?" he shouted.

And a fat junior, who was squatting, with wide-open ears, among the hawthorn behind the fence, grinned, unseen, unsuspected by either Larry Perkins or his cousin Timothy.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Treat for Billy Bunter!

A LGERNON DE VERE hurried on. His cousin's bawling voice greeted him while he was still at a distance, as he appeared on the road. Algernon was in a hurry to silence him.

What horrible ill-luck had brought the fellow there? How had he found Algernon out? Careful—very careful—had the elder De Vere been, since his accession to wealth, to keep his personal affairs from the knowledge of his undesirable relations. If they knew that Timothy had been sent to a public school, that was all they could know—certainly not a whisper of Greystriars could have reached them. Yet here was Larry—the most undesirable of the whole crowd—waving a cheap cigarette at him, bawling his name! It seemed like an evil dream to the dandy of the Remove.

He came up almost breathless, and leaned on the fence. Larry put out a hot, grubby hand, which the Greystriars junior did not seem to see.

"Ow are you, old covey?" asked Larry.

"You here?" gasped Algernon.

"Ain't you going to shake hands?"

There was mockery in Larry's look, but there was a threat as well. De Vere hastily shook hands with him. Larry gave him a powerful grip, which left a stain on his elegant glove.

"Ain't ashamed to come and meet a poor relation, Tim?" said Larry. "My! What a swell you are! Them clothes cost you something!"

"Yes, yes."

"Anybody would take you for a gentleman, Tim, to look at you—almost!" said Larry.

De Vere shuddered.

"How did you—" he began, and halted.

Larry grinned.

"Ow did I find you out?" he asked.

"Well, I never did find you out. If you think your relations have been 'unting for you, you're making a mistake. I wouldn't 'ave taken the trouble."

"Then how—"

"Jest a glorious chance," smiled Larry. "You could 'ave knocked me down with a 'ammer when uncle told me. You see, I came down 'ere to stay a few days with Uncle Perkins. I ain't above speaking to a greengrocer. That's the 'ow of it."

De Vere nodded miserably. It was simple enough. He realised that, now the Perkins were settled in Courtfield, they would probably be visited by one relation after another, everyone of whom would learn, in turn, that Timothy Perkins was now Algernon de Vere of the Lower Fourth Form at Greystriars. Larry, the worst, had happened to come first—that was all.

"Jest mentioned you in conversation," said Larry, "and then out comes uncle with it. He says as 'ow you're ashamed of your relations, and had asked him and Tom to keep clear—and they was keeping clear, right enough, and never would say a word. Proud old gent, Uncle Perkins, though he's only a greengrocer. You 'urt his feelings, Tim."

De Vere did not speak.

"He warns me," continued Larry, with a grin, "to keep clear, too. Staying in his 'ouse, he says, he wants me to play the game—keep clear of you, and not let you down afore your swell friends. He expected that of me, he says; otherwise, the door for me." Larry chuckled. "I says to him, 'Right-ho! But there's no 'arm in having a look at a dear relation—cousin, too! Ain't seen you for a long time, Tim—not since you was at Holly House, polishing the brass, where you father was under-footman."

"Why have you come here?"

"Ain't I said I wanted to see you? You was always proud and stand-offish," said Larry, with a shake of the head. "So you was in them days when I came to the back door at Holly House to see you; you didn't like the other servants to see me me bein' a bit down at 'eel. Hurried me away, you did, before your master could catch sight of me; though I'd have liked to 'ave a look at the old gent—a baronet, too. You was always stuck-up, Tim!"

Algernon de Vere breathed hard, as if he were choking.

If Greystriars knew all this!

"Don't you worry," continued Larry.

"I'm not going to give you away. You ain't told them at the big school about Holly House?"

"No," said De Vere faintly.

"Or about cleaning the bell-'andles?"

"For goodness' sake—"

"Don't like to think about it now—"

what?" asked Larry sympathetically, though there was keen enjoyment in his eyes. "You was always a toff, wasn't you, Tim? Always up and haughty, even when you was waiting on the gentlemen—always picking up little ways from your master and his guests, and making the other servants hate you by trying to speak the way they did, and snubbing them as if you was a gentleman yourself. I bet you they was all glad when your father made his money, and cleared out of Holly House with you."

De Vere's very lips were white as he listened. He knew that the fellow was deliberately tormenting him—that this was Larry's revenge for many a snubbing in the old days. He could only hope that Larry's long-pent malice would exhaust itself in words, and that afterwards he would be in a more amicable mood.

"Don't you worry, old chap," continued Larry. "I'm not saying anything agin Algernon de Vere, even if he is my own cousin, Timothy Perkins!" grinned Larry. "Being poor, I can rub along with Perkins for a bit. I say, Tim, 'ow would you like the 'ole family to come round? Aunt Eliza, who does washing, and Uncle Peter, who keeps the fishshop, and cousin Bert, the barman, and Aunt Martha, whose 'usband drinks—"

"Shut up!" hissed De Vere.

"They're all your relations, you know, though their name ain't De Vere," chortled Larry. "They all owe your father a grudge, for putting on such airs because he was a manservant in a gentleman's 'ouse. Never knowed he would ever set up to be a gentleman himself. Ha, ha, ha!"

De Vere's face was almost haggard.

He could have relished planting his fist full in the mocking, pimply face so near him, and sending Larry spinning over the fence into the clustering hawthorns behind him.

But he dared not.

"Well, I've had my say, Tim," said Larry amiably. "Now tell us the noos. 'Ow are you gettin' on among the swells?"

"Quite all right!" muttered De Vere.

"Do they take you for a swell yourself?" asked Larry curiously.

"Yes," said De Vere, with writhing lips.

"Well, you look the part, if you don't put on too much swank," said Larry. "That's your old weakness, Tim. If you put on too much side they'll find you out. And I'll bet you do. I reckon I'd lay two to one that most of the young gents hate you about as much as the servants used to at Holly House. Ain't that so?"

"Mind your own business!" hissed De Vere.

Larry chuckled.

"Sore spot—what?" he asked. "Well, let it alone! But I'm glad to see you again, Tim—looking so prosperous! Rolling in it—what?—and all out of a lucky fluke! All through a blessed footman listening to a talk between City gents at his master's 'ouse, and getting the tip to buy some shares—that was it, wasn't it?"

De Vere did not reply.

"It was smart," said Larry. "Your father must 'ave had some money laid by, I s'pose, and he risked it. S'pose the City gent had turned out to be mistaken—or s'pose he'd known that the footman was listening, and was just pulling his leg! But it turned out all right



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just a lucky speculation, and it turned out a winner! But your father must have had some nerve to go in for it, and risk his savings. But you always had plenty of neck—you and your father! It was a gamble, and no mistake; but he got home. It wouldn't 'appen twice in a century. Fancy a little thing like that taking you out of service, Tim, and making a gentleman of you!"

De Vere's hands were clenched almost convulsively. He unclenched them again, and tried to clear his brow. At any cost, he must speak to this fellow fair.

"I shall have to get back to the school to tea, or I shall be missed," he muttered.

"Can you take a near relation in to tea?"

"No, no!"

"Liar!" said Larry coolly. "You don't want to—what? I didn't expect you would. That's why you come and see me 'ere—you was afraid I should come up to the school!"

There was resentment in the wastrel's look and tone. He had enjoyed himself to the full gibing at his upstart cousin; but under it all was the bitterness of the despised poor relation—the consciousness, perhaps, of inferiority to the fellow he gibed at.

"It wouldn't do," said De Vere. "Dash it all, Larry, you can see it wouldn't do! Your clothes—"

"I can't afford clobber like yours," said Larry sullenly. "My father never got listening to City men talking over their wine, and getting tips about a Stock Exchange speculation."

"Never mind about that," said De Vere, dreading the fellow more in his resentful mood than in his previous mood of mocking irony. "Don't get ratty about nothin'."

"Who's ratty?"

"Well, suppose you tell me what I can do for you," said De Vere. "I—I suppose you're hard up?"

"Ain't I always 'ard up?" said Larry. "I s'pose you think I came arter your money, Tim?"

De Vere knew perfectly well that the fellow had come after his money, prepared to demand it with threats, if needs be. But he shook his head, and smiled amicably—as amicably as he could.

"If you're hard up, Larry, I can help you. If a five-pound note would be any good—"

"Keep it!" said Larry bitterly. "You rolling in money, and you offer me five pun'! Keep it!"

"A tenner—"

"Keep it!" sneered Larry.

"What do you want, then?" asked De Vere, with a deep breath.

Larry lighted another cheap cigarette. He blew out a cloud of rancid smoke before he replied.

"I don't know as I want anything. I think I'd like to 'ave a look at Greyfriars—jest out of curiosity."

"I can't take you there; you know I can't, Larry."

"Who's asking you?" said Larry coolly.

"But you—you said—"

"I s'pose I can walk to the place without your 'elp. Don't they allow travelers to walk round the place and look at the buildings?" grinned Larry. "They do in some big schools. You tip the porter—what?"

De Vere repressed the angry outburst that rose to his lips. He understood that this was a threat. His offer had to be raised.

"I'll write to my father," he said.

"I'll ask him to send you fifty pounds, Larry."

Larry looked a little less resentful.

"Mind, I ain't asking you for the money," he said. "I ain't a blackmailer, I 'ope. But fifty quids would come in useful to a feller down on his luck."

"And—?" De Vere hesitated. "You will keep away, Larry! After that you won't do me an ill turn?"

"I ain't the feller to come where I ain't wanted," said Larry Perkins. "Ow long afore your guv'nor dubs up?"

"I'll write to him at once. Give me your address—"

"Uncle's, in Courtfield."

"No need to stay on there till—"

"I'm staying there till I 'ear from Uncle de Vere!" grinned Larry. "Arter that I'm goin' back to London—and glad to get there, too. If you want to see the last of me, better give your father a hint to get moving. See? If I don't 'ear from him by Saturday I may be taking a stroll around Greyfriars—and next time I sha'n't send in a message to you to meet me outside. Got that, Timothy?"

It was blackmail undisguised now.

"I won't fail you!" said De Vere.

"Let's part now—"

"I'm quite as tired of your company as you can be of mine," said Larry independently. "I may be a poor relation,

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but I ain't a blinking upstart, sailing under false colours, anyhow. You've got more to be ashamed of than I have, Master Timothy Perkins de Vere."

Larry slid off the fence, lighted another cigarette—his appetite for cigarettes seemed inexhaustible—and, with a surly nod to the well-dressed junior, walked jauntily away towards Courtfield.

Algernon de Vere stood looking after him for a minute or so, and then, with a clouded brow and a heavy heart, turned back to Greyfriars.

His footsteps had died away along the road when a fat face and a pair of glimmering spectacles showed among the hawthorns, and Billy Bunter blinked out over the fence into the road.

"He, he, he!"

Bunter chuckled with glee—with a glee that welled up from the depths of his fat soul. Bunter had enjoyed his afternoon. The cashing of a dozen postal-orders could not have delighted him so much as the overhearing of that conversation between the cousins Perkins. Bunter knew it all now—what nobody else at Greyfriars knew, unless it was Lord Mauleverer; Bunter knew—and he rejoiced. Many a blighting word and contemptuous look had Algernon de Vere to pay for—and he was going to pay for them all now! Billy Bunter was the happiest as well as the fattest fellow in the county as he rolled back to school.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

In Lord Mauleverer's Study!

LORD MAULEVERER loafed into Study No. 12, and made a slight, involuntary grimace as he saw De Vere there. He had hoped to find his other study-mate, Sir Jimmy Vivian; but Sir Jimmy was not there, and De Vere was. The dandy of the Remove stood before the glass, giving a touch to a slight abrasion on his face, a relic of the fight in the Common-room. He glanced round, and Lord Mauleverer made a movement to retire from the study. It was his own room, but since De Vere had come to Greyfriars, Lord Mauleverer had seemed to prefer any other study to his own, either at tea-time or for prep afterwards. Changing his mind, however, his lordship entered the study and closed the door after him.

De Vere did not speak. Time had been when he had paid sedulous court to the schoolboy earl; but since he had learned that Mauleverer knew his secret he had been glad to be avoided by him. Even Algernon's brazen effrontery "wilted" a little under Lord Mauleverer's clear gaze. Since that time, too, De Vere's insolence towards Vivian, the third member of the study, had abated—though it found vent in other quarters as a compensation. He did not dare to provoke the fellow whose word could have brought his card-castle of imposture tumbling down about his ears.

"A word with you, De Vere!" said Lord Mauleverer, taking his favourite seat on the sofa. He spoke with more seriousness than was habitual to him.

Algernon looked at him inquiringly.

"I've not said a word about what you know I know," said Lord Mauleverer. "I didn't think myself at liberty to give a fellow away, even if he was an impostor or—"

De Vere's eyes glittered.

"An impostor!" he repeated. "Take care, Mauleverer!"

His lordship's look remained placid.

"I'm callin' a spade a spade," he said. "Your name's Perkins, and you call yourself De Vere. That's imposture."

"I've told you that the name was legally changed."

"That doesn't alter the fact. But it's no bizney of mine—I've put it right out of my head," said Lord Mauleverer. "It was by accident that I saw you in your former state when I was visitin' a country house. I felt that it wouldn't be playin' the game to show you up, and I've held my tongue. The swank you put on is a bit more than silly, in the circles, and really gives you away itself if the fellows could see it. But that's neither here nor there. It's about Mark Linley that I'm goin' to speak."

"I don't want to listen to anythin' about him."

"I think you'd better," said Lord Mauleverer, with gentle insistence. "You've insulted Linley—and it's got to stop."

"It's got to?" repeated De Vere.

"Yaas."

"Is the factory cad a friend of yours?" sneered Algernon.

"Yaas."

De Vere shrugged his shoulders.

"He's a chap I respect," said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "I don't know what views may be taken in the quarter where you had your early trainin', but I respect a fellow who's worked for his bread, and helped his father and mother, before he had the luck to bag a scholarship and come along here. I wish I had as much

grit in me, by gad! Linley doesn't take any notice of your caddish sneerin'—"

"My what?" broke out De Vere fiercely.

"Caddish sneerin'," said his lordship placidly. "He wouldn't have rowed with you to-day, only Bob Cherry lost his temper, an' Linley couldn't let his pal fight his battles for him. I'm not grousin' at your lickin' the chap in a fair fight—I wish Linley had licked you, as you deserved—but it was a fair scrap, and that's nothin' to grouse about. What I won't stand is your caddish sneerin' at the chap, as I've just called it. You're a miserable sort of a snob—"

"What!"

De Vere stared at his lordship more in amazement than in anger. It was utterly unlike Mauleverer to come out like this. Hardly ever was his lordship heard to utter a disagreeable word, even to Bunter or Fisher T. Fish. But when his lordship did get going, he certainly had a way of hitting out from the shoulder.

"If you were a gentleman," pursued Mauleverer ruthlessly, "you wouldn't see anythin' to be ashamed of in a chap workin' in a factory. If you were a decent workin' man you wouldn't. It's because you're neither—but a jumped-up snob—that you take these views. Well, it's a free country, an' every fellow has a right to be as big a fool and a cad as he dashed well chooses. But keep it quiet! Don't say any more nasty things about Linley or Penfold."

"A factory hand and a cobbler!" sneered De Vere.

"Yaas! An' as good as a footman's son, or a giddy belted earl," said Lord Mauleverer. "Us two, you know."

De Vere bit his lip till the blood almost came.

His lofty pretences had become a kind of second nature to him; he hardly knew himself whether they were genuine or not. Even in Lord Mauleverer's presence, though Mauly knew the facts, De Vere could not wholly subdue his superciliousness—and this was the first time that Mauly had taken the trouble to hit.

"Mark Linley's a friend of mine," continued his lordship. "He's a quiet chap, but he's sensitive. You're not goin' to hurt his feelin's any more by your snobbish rot!"

"Who's goin' to stop me?"

"I am!" said Lord Mauleverer calmly. "I shall be sorry to give you away, but if you say another sneakin', rotten thing about old Marky, I shall have to consider whether to let Linley know you in your true colours. Cut it out, old top! Don't drive me to do an unpleasant thing."

Algernon de Vere stood breathing hard, looking at his placid lordship with rage and bitterness in his glance.

The study door opened, in the silence that followed, and Lord Mauleverer glanced round, expecting to see Vivian. But it was William George Bunter who appeared.

The fat junior grinned, and nodded at the schoolboy earl on the sofa. For the moment he did not see De Vere, who was on the other side of the room.

"I say, Mauly—" began Bunter.

"Don't!" said his lordship. "Run away, Bunt! If you see Vivian, tell him I'm waitin' for him."

"I know what it was you wouldn't tell us, Mauly!" trilled Bunter triumphantly. "I've found it all out!"

"My gad!" ejaculated Mauleverer.

"Ever been to a place called Holly

House, Mauly?" asked Billy Bunter, with a fat chuckle.

"Yaas," faltered Mauleverer. "I—I was there once in the holidays."

"Was that where you knew Perkins?"

"P-p-p-Perkins?"

"The swanking cad who calls himself De Vere at Greyfriars!" chortled Bunter. "He, he, he!"

"Oh, gad!" murmured Mauleverer.

Bunter was standing with his back to De Vere, not conscious of his presence. De Vere looked very ill; and his handsome face had gone white. Mauleverer's glance passed Bunter, and rested on his study's mate's face. With all his scorn for the pretentious snob, Mauleverer felt a pang of compassion for him then.

"You knew all the time, and wouldn't tell us, Mauly!" said Bunter reproachfully. "I asked you, as a pal, what you knew about De Vere, and you wouldn't say a word."

"Get out!" said Mauleverer.

Still De Vere did not move. He stood like a statue, as though turned to stone.

"Well, I'm not going to keep rotten secrets," said Bunter. "I think you ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself, Mauly, keeping the fellows in the dark like this. I'm not that sort! Not secretive, you know!"

"Bunter, you fat rotter—"

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"If you've spied anythin' out about a chap," said Mauleverer, "it's up to you not to talk about it. Be decent for once, Bunter."

The fat junior sniffed.

"I don't approve of keeping rotten secrets," he said. "I hope I've got rather higher principles than that."

"Oh, gad!" said Lord Mauleverer. Bunter's high principles almost overcame his lordship.

"As for spying," continued Bunter, "I'd disdain it! Scorn it, you know! If you weren't my pal, Mauly, I'd punch you for suggesting such a thing. I suppose a fellow could happen to be near Angel's study, couldn't he, quite by chance, and happen to hear a few words?"

"Eh?"

"As for listening to anything on the common," said Bunter, "I never even thought of such a thing. I wouldn't! I may have lain down to take a rest, the weather being hot, in the hawthorns along the common by the road. I may have picked a spot just behind the rotter who was sitting on the fence. I may, or I may not. I may have been there, resting, when another fellow came along and talked to him. Any harm in that, I'd like to know?" Bunter looked indignant. "If fellows don't want to be heard, they shouldn't jaw within six feet of a chap who's taking a bit of a rest in the hawthorns, should they?"

"Oh, gad!" was all Lord Mauleverer could say.

"I'm afraid you haven't been so carefully brought up as I have been, Mauly. Not the same kind of moral atmosphere in your home, I'm afraid," said Bunter, shaking his head. "I've got some principles, I hope. Now I know that that swanking rotter De Vere is really



ALGERNON'S NERVE! "Don't speak to me, and don't come to me with a cock-and-bull story about a message as an excuse for buttin' into a study where you're not wanted!" said De Vere. "There's the door!" And the dandy of the Remove lazily turned his back on the astonished Bob. (See Chapter 4.)

named Timothy Perkins, and that his father was the under footman at Holly House—"

Bunter broke off, as a sudden sound reached his ears, and made him spin round, discovering at last that there was someone else in the study. The sound was a groan—a sound of utter anguish and misery forced from the wretched impostor whose secret was a secret no longer. Bunter's round eyes almost started through his spectacles as he saw Algernon de Vere on the other side of the room.

"Oh!" he gasped.

Bunter gave one blink at the white face and burning eyes. He was an obtuse fellow enough, but the look on De Vere's tortured face startled and frightened him. He backed away hurriedly towards the door, glad that it was open.

"I—I say—" he panted.

De Vere made a movement; whether it was to assail him or not, Bunter never knew. He turned in the doorway, and bolted like a rabbit.

De Vere leaned heavily on the study table, his head in his arms. A dry sob shook him from head to foot. There was only compassion in Lord Mauleverer's good-natured face now.

"I—I'm sorry!" he stammered awkwardly.

De Vere looked up at him.

"It's a lie!" he said thickly. "You're glad! They'll all be glad! They'll all—" He choked.

Lord Mauleverer did not heed his bitter words. He could feel nothing but pity for the unhappy wretch.

With all his disgust for the fellow's pretentious humbug, Mauly would have helped him—if help had been possible. But the game of pretence—of swank and imposture—was up, Bunter knew, and it was only a question of time before all the school would know. Mauly knew that, and he was silent, sorry enough for the poor wretch, but knowing that no words could bring comfort to the pretender whose fabric of falsehood and imposture was coming down with such a crash. De Vere, leaning on the table, stared at Mauleverer, almost unseeing, but with hate in his eyes. At that moment he hated all the world—

himself, and the school, and his father, whose childish ambition had landed him in this, and the money which had been the cause of it—everything and everybody. The mockery he had to face—the sneers and jeers from fellows he had snubbed—the contempt of all; it was almost more than he could bear.

He longed to get away—anywhere—away from the mocking and scornful eyes that would watch him—away from the bitter jests that he knew were coming. And it was impossible! Gladly, at that moment, he would have been Timothy Perkins again, below stairs at Holly House. But he was Algernon de Vere now, of Greyfriars, and he had to face the music.

A chubby face appeared in the doorway—that of Sir Jimmy Vivian. He came in cheerily.

"Ready for tea, Mauly, old bird?" he asked.

"Eh! Yaas! No!" stammered Mauleverer.

Sir Jimmy saw De Vere, and cast a swift look of dislike at him. Many a cutting word and scornful glance had Vivian had to endure from the snob of the Remove. Lord Mauleverer hastily rose from the sofa.

"Let's get out, Mauly!" said Sir Jimmy. "If that bloke's staying in to tea, we'll feed somewhere else—what?"

"Hush, old chap!" muttered Mauleverer.

"What's the row?" asked Sir Jimmy, with a stare.

"N-n-nothin'! Dry up, Jimmy!" Lord Mauleverer stole a look at the white-faced, desperate junior, by the table. "Will you have tea with us, De Vere?" he asked.

Algernon de Vere did not trouble to answer the kind question. He stared with savage eyes for a moment at Mauleverer and Vivian, and then tramped out of the study.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Down and Out!

THERE was a buzz of excited voices in the junior Common-room, and a sound of laughter. Algernon de Vere stopped in the window recess in the passage, and listened.

There was no one in the corridor; all the fellows seemed to have been drawn into the Common-room, where many voices were speaking at once, and something of an extremely interesting nature was evidently going on.

De Vere had left his study, with his brain in a whirl. He had passed Ogilvy of the Remove on the stairs, and Ogilvy had given him a cheery nod—not yet, it was evident, in possession of the news that Bunter could have given him. On the landing he had passed the Bounder; and Vernon-Smith's glance had been one of ironic dislike—his usual look when he happened to look at De Vere. But there was no change in it; Smithy had not heard yet. How would he look when he knew—how would Ogilvy look? Some vague idea was working in De Vere's confused mind, of getting hold of Bunter—of making him, somehow, hold his tattling tongue, by threats, by bribery—by any method. Where was Bunter? As he approached the Common-room, he knew. Bunter's loud voice and fat chuckle were audible in the general buzz there.

De Vere listened with a feeling of giddiness. The disaster that had happened to him was so complete, so crushing, that it seemed like the end of all things. He could scarcely believe in its reality, and yet it was terribly real. He listened, without the words he heard conveying sense to his dazed mind.

There was a tramping of feet on the stairs, a sound of cheery voices. Harry Wharton & Co. came along with Mark Linley; coming down to the Common-room after tea. The Co. looked cheery. Mark's disfigured face was cheerful, too. They came past the window recess, and saw De Vere standing there as they passed. He caught, for a second, the involuntary look of dislike; but they did not know yet. He could see that they did not know. Well, they would know soon enough.

Bunter was there, with nearly all the Remove, he guessed. There was no getting at Bunter. It was too late to stop him, even if the tattling fellow could have been stopped. Indeed it was pretty clear that he had already told what he knew, or part of it—enough to ruin everything. The wretched junior, almost crouching, listened, concentrating his attention to hear the worst.

"He, he, he!" It was Bunter's fat cackle. "Mauly knew all the time. We all knew he knew, and he wouldn't say! He, he, he!"

"But is it straight?" demanded the voice of Bolsover major. "If you're trying to pull our leg, you fat bounder, I'll—"

"He, he, he! Straight as a string! His name's Perkins—"

"Didn't we guess it from his likeness to the merry greengrocer?" chuckled Skinner. "Couldn't be proved, but I knew it."

"Oh, it was plain enough!" said Snoop. "Somehow he made the greengrocers agree to keep it dark."

"What was the merry cousin like to look at, Bunter?"

"The last word in bounders," answered Bunter. "You could see the pattern of his clothes a mile off. And his boots—oh, my hat!—his boots! And his tie! He, he, he! Like De Vere—I mean, Timothy—in features, not in clobber! He, he, he!"

"And he said—" asked Stott.

"Let's have it straight!" said Skinner, in great enjoyment. Only an hour ago Skinner had been severely "cut" in the

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NEXT MONDAY! THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 752.

"BUNTER'S RAFFLE!"

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

quadrangle by the lofty Algernon in sight of a dozen fellows. Skinner was feeling quite joyful. The time had come now for him to cut Algernon when he saw him again. Skinner was going to enjoy that process. "Let's have it straight, Bunter! Under-footman, did you say?"

"That's it—at Holly House. I don't know where that is; but Mauly's been there visiting. He knows. Larry Perkins used to come to the back door to see his cousin Timothy. He, he, he!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites. "Old Perkins—I mean, De Vere, of De Vere Manor—made his money in a speculation on the Stock Exchange," continued Bunter. "He got a tip about shares by listening to some visitors at Holly House—City men—when he was waiting on them as a manservant! He, he, he!"

There was another roar. "Algernon—dear old Algernon—was just as swanky when he was a servant there, as he is now. Larry Perkins said so. Looked down on his relations, because he was a manservant, and they only kept fried-fish shops and took in washing!" howled Bunter, in great glee.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, this is too rich!" shrieked Skinner. "This takes the whole giddy cake, this does! That's the chap who's turned up his nose at half Greyfriars. Why, only to-day he was fighting Linley because he couldn't stand a chap who had worked in a factory! I think I should prefer a factory to high life below stairs! Ha, ha, ha!"

"And the way he's sneered at Pen because Pen's father cobbles!" roared Russell. "Why, it's really too good to be true!"

"It's the catch of the season!" almost sobbed Skinner. "I say, what about getting cousin Larry to come here and meet him."

There was a yell of laughter. "Easy as falling off a form!" gasped Skinner. "That greengrocer chap is a bit obstinate, but Larry would oblige. Larry seems just the chap, from Bunter's description. Why, he'd enjoy being brought here, and having his leg pulled. And we'll make him tell the whole story—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Bunter says Timothy has paid him to keep clear, though," said Bolsover major.

"Offered him five and then ten," said Bunter. "And the chap wouldn't let him off under fifty! Timothy's going to write to his pater to send him the fifty. He said so. He, he, he!"

"Blackmail!" said Peter Todd. "What a nice family!"

"Well, it was worth fifty to keep him off. I should say!" remarked Hazeldene. "I fancy he would have sprung fifty to keep Bunter from spinning this yarn, if he'd known."

"I guess he would!" chuckled Fisher T. Fish.

Billy Bunter jumped. "Wha-a-at?" he ejaculated.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Peter Todd. "Bunter's sorry he spoke now! Bunter wishes he had tipped Algernon the wink first."

"Oh, really, Toddy! Of—of course I wouldn't have touched his money!" said Bunter.

"You've tried to touch it often enough, you fat bounder!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Not that it would have done Timothy any good. Bunter can't help



AN AMAZING REVELATION! As Algernon came up the road the loud-looking youth took his cigarette from his mouth and waved it at the dandy of Greyfriars. "How do, Cousin Timothy!" he shouted. And the fat junior, who was squatting, with wide-open ears, among the hawthorn behind the fence, grinned—unseen, unsuspected by either Larry Perkins or his cousin Timothy. (See Chapter 5.)

tattling," said Bolsover major. "I say, where is the chap now? I want to see him."

Harry Wharton's quiet voice broke in. "Let him alone, Bolsover!"

"What utter rot!" exclaimed Bolsover major. "You're not going to stand up for the lying cad, I suppose? You've disliked him ever since he came to Greyfriars."

"I know that. But—"

"He's down on his luck now," said Bob. "Let the poor rotter alone."

"The downfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "It is not sporting to kick an esteemed as when he is down."

"Rot!" roared Skinner. "Was it sporting of him, then, to turn up his nose at fellows better than himself? He's insulted your own pal Linley—"

"You can leave me out!" said Mark Linley quietly. "I don't bear the fellow any malice. I'm sorry for him now, goodness knows!"

"Well, I'm not!" said Skinner. "I'm going to let him know what I think! I've had enough of his cheeky swank, and I'm going to rub this in—hard!"

"My esteemed mean Skinner—"

"Rot!" snorted Bolsover major. "He's going to be talked to plain. He ought to get out of Greyfriars. A footman's son, by Jove!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Harry.

"Nothing for him to be ashamed of in

that, if he'd only had sense enough to see it."

"Well, that's so," said Bolsover major. "I'm not a snob, I hope; not like Algernon, anyway. But all his thundering lies, and his turning up his nose at other fellows— Why, he said that Linley oughtn't to have been admitted to the school, said so only yesterday in the hearing of half a dozen fellows—"

"I heard him," chirruped Bunter.

"He's going to have the merry old footman till he's tired of the subject," said Skinner.

"He will soon get tired!" chuckled Snoop.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's go and look for him!" roared Bolsover major.

"Better let him alone," said the captain of the Remove. "He must be feeling pretty rotten—"

"Well, liars and humbugs ought to be made to feel rotten," said Skinner virtuously.

"Let him alone!" said Bob Cherry.

"And only to-day you wanted to pull his nose for his swank!" sneered Skinner.

"He wasn't down on his luck then!" growled Bob.

"Rats! Come on, you fellows, and let's hunt Algernon up!" said Skinner.

"I want to see his face."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A crowd of fellows surged towards the doorway. Harry Wharton & Co.

exchanged glances. Mingled with contempt and disgust, they felt compassion for the hapless upstart, overwhelmed now with shame and humiliation. But there was nothing they could do. The Removites wanted to see Algernon; they wanted to see him badly. Not only fellows like Skinner, bitter and resentful, but other fellows who looked on the whole affair as a shrieking joke. They saw no reason why a blatant humbug should not be shown up.

With a face as white as chalk, Algernon de Vere stood in the window recess in the passage. He heard them coming. He would have sunk into the floor willingly to escape them. But there was no escape for the wretched fellow. Some of the crowd passed without seeing him there—but Skinner spotted him, and shouted

"Here he is!"
 "Here's Algernon!" chortled Snoop.
 "I say, you fellows, here's Timothy Perkins!" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Algernon de Vere faced a sea of laughing faces, of mocking eyes. His eyes seemed to burn in a deadly white face. In that moment of bitter shame, the

face began to work, his lips trembled and twitched. A wild sob broke from him, and he backed away to the wall, covering his face with his hands.

Even Skinner was checked at last. A taunt died on his mocking lips.

"Here, come away!" growled Bolsover major. "Let the fellow alone; you chaps! Let him alone, Skinner!"

And the bully of the Remove turned away, the rest following. Algernon de Vere was left in solitude. He sank into the window-seat, his face still covered with his hands. Through his fingers the bitter tears were trickling fast.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Algernon Departs!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

Three juniors were taking a trot round the quadrangle in the summer dusk. Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Mark Linley. They came to a stop near the gates; the school gates were open, and a cab was about to pass out. There were boxes on the cab—and a single figure sat inside. It was Algernon de Vere, the dandy of the Remove.

"I say the same, if you care for my good wishes," said Mark Linley.

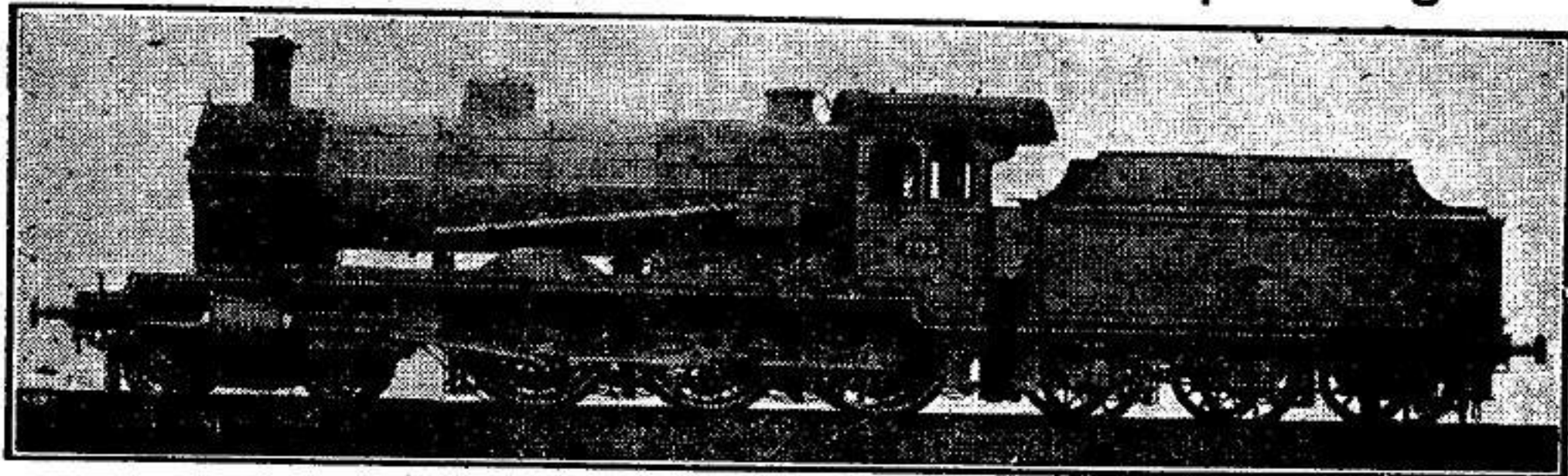
De Vere looked at them. He had not expected that. The hard, bitter look on his handsome face softened. There was good in the fellow—good qualities if he had only himself given them a chance. Possibly the bitter lesson he had had, had done him good.

"Thank you!" he said quietly. "I'm—I'm sorry, Linley—sorry I offended you! Sorry for a lot of things I've said and done. I've been a fool. I can see now what a fool I've been. But—but there's some excuse for me, if you fellows could see it. Getting rich all of a sudden isn't always a benefit as people think. It may throw a fellow off his balance, and make a fool of him. And it's sure to bring out any rotten qualities he's got in him, and make them worse. If—if—" A look of suffering passed over his pale face. "It's too late now. Good-bye!"

"Too late here, perhaps," said Harry Wharton. "And yet, if you stayed—"

De Vere shook his head.
 "I couldn't! I—I went to the Head, and he's telegraphed to my father. The Head understood, though he doesn't know all. I couldn't tell him all!"

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snob of Greyfriars suffered for all his sins. A derisive chorus deafened him.

"Timothy, old bean—"
 "How's Aunt Eliza and the washing—"

"And Uncle Peter at the fried fish-shop—"

"And cousin Bert, the barman!" shrieked Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This chap ought to be cleaning our boots!" said Skinner. "Look here, if he hangs on at Greyfriars, let's ask the Head to put him into the boot-room!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Buck up, Algernon!" roared Bolsover major. "Where's your swank gone? Why don't you turn up your nose?"

"Good old Perkins de Vere!" shrieked Stott.

Algernon de Vere stood silent, staring stonily at the mocking crowd. The white misery in his face might have touched a heart of stone—and some of the fellows, as they saw it, backed out of the crowd, wishing they had taken Wharton's advice to let the fellow alone. To the Remove it was a "lark"; but it was no lark to the wretched impostor. What was sport to them was death to him.

And suddenly Algernon's set, white

"Leaving!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Poor chap!" murmured Mark compassionately. "Perhaps it's the best thing he can do!"

"It's jolly sudden!" said Bob.

But he understood. Now that all was known, the exposed pretender could not remain; he could not even face the Form in the dormitory for one night more. The three chums paused a moment or two, then came up to the cab. It stopped in the gateway.

A white, bitter face looked at them from the vehicle. Algernon de Vere's face quivered.

"Going?" asked Harry.

"Yes."
 De Vere's eyes burned.

"You might have let me off this!" he said. "I'm going as quietly as I can. You'll never see me again! But, go it, say anythin' you like. I'm down now, right at the bottom. I can stand a little more."

The juniors flushed.

"You're mistaken," said Harry. "We just spotted you by chance, and—and we'd like to say good-bye. That's all!"

"Oh!"

"Good-bye, and good luck!" said Bob Cherry.

"You'll make a fresh start somewhere else," said Harry. "We've not been friends, De Vere, but—but I wish you well! If you'll let me give you a tip" he paused, and De Vere did not speak—"you've got some jolly good stuff in you, old fellow, no end of pluck, and you play a good game of cricket; you've got every chance of making good. You only want to give yourself a chance!"

De Vere nodded.

"I'll try!" he said, in a low voice.

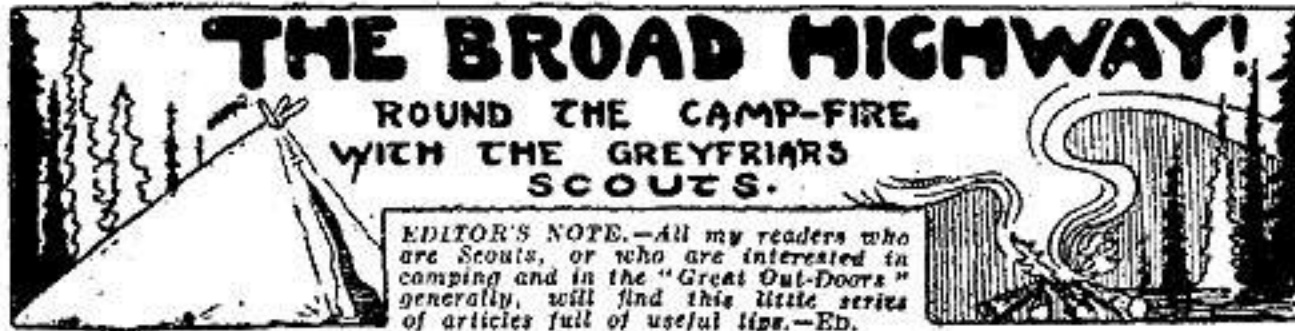
Wharton held out his hand, and Bob Cherry and Mark Linley shook hands with De Vere after him. The cab rolled on out of the gates. The three juniors stood looking after it till it was swallowed up in the dusk, and Gosling came to close the gates.

Then they turned back to the School House in a thoughtful mood.

"There was good stuff in him somewhere," said Bob Cherry at last. "He's better away from Greyfriars, but I hope he'll have good luck!"

THE END.

(There will be another long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, entitled "Bunter's Raffle!" by Frank Richards, in next week's splendid bumper number.)



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

"THE GREAT QUESTION!"

By Harry Wharton (Leader of the Lions).

WHAT shall we do for a summer holiday? That seems to be the great question of the year, and one which is not always successfully answered.

The first thing that suggests itself to most people is the seaside. We shall go to the seaside! And those in the position to afford it do so. Consequently, we have thousands crowding out the resorts along the coast, all bent on enjoying themselves, and "doing" as much of the place as they possibly can in their short stay.

Personally I never think of holiday and seaside together like that. There's only one other thing which suggests itself at the mere thought of holiday, and that single word is "camping." That is the whole secret of a successful holiday. Don't think of a place to go to first, and how you intend to spend it. But think first of how you intend to spend your holiday, then where you will go.

Having finally and definitely ascertained exactly how, or the nature, of the summer holiday, your next thought is money. What will it cost?

If it is your intention to stay at the seaside hotel or boarding-house, you look at the paper ads., and find out how much it will cost to stay at so-and-so a place, or if it will be cheaper to go to "thingummy" resort. That may be all right, but it's going to cost a whole heap of money, and you are not always certain of getting your money's worth. Later you may regret having spent so much, and reason whether it was worth it. On the other hand— But that is what we are coming to directly.

Has it ever occurred to you that you may spend a more enjoyable and delightful holiday "under canvas" than stewing in hotels and other such places in crowded-out seaside resorts? That is the greatest question of

the year. Shall we camp this summer? The answer, if you wish to have a highly successful holiday, should be yes.

I wonder how many chaps, since the war, have answered "the call of the open," who have gone on a camping summer holiday? Thousands and thousands, I should say. And what is their impression on the return journey? "What a really topping holiday we have had. I feel as fit as a fiddle, and, by Jove, how little it cost!"

Three great impressions, all of which I should like to underline, and mostly emphasise the last. How little it cost! There's food for thought for anyone.

We take the first impression. How topping a hot! That should, in itself, be a big enough recommendation for you fellows. The delights of camping, of the great outdoors, of the country and the quiet seaside, the fresh air, the smoothness and calm running of life around, and yet there is ever excitement in it; but it's of a vastly different kind than that which you experience on the coastal towns.

Then the fitness after a long camp is something which is indeed well worth considering. Out in the open all day, you reap the full benefit of the fresh air and the change.

Now we come to that last thought—the cost. Isn't that enough to make you look twice at it? It's rather surprising what the cost of a holiday is when you come to consider it up. Take the hotels at resorts where you are paying "through the nose," as it were, for everything. But not so with camping. It's by far the cheapest holiday.

We will presume that you have decided upon camping this summer. Unlike short camps, upon which we have already dealt in these columns, it requires more consideration and thought on two very big subjects. They are—how, and where? You must first of all dwell on the question of "How."

There are various methods, all of which have been proved very successful, and they are as follows:

Standing Camps.—(1) Under canvas in the country; (2) under canvas at the seaside.

Touring Camps.—(3) Camping on the river; (4) caravan touring; (5) barge touring up the country canals; (6) canoe touring on rivers and lakes; (7) cycling tours through the country; (8) tramp camps.

Here you have a delightful variety of ways of spending your summer holidays.

Having perused the list, and settled on your method or mode of camping, you then look about for places where you can hire your caravan, boats, or barge, etc. This is the most important question to solve.

People who have caravans or boats or barges for hire will advertise in the daily or weekly newspapers, and here you should be able to find out the cost of the hire of these things. The Holiday Bureau, 110, Craven Park, Harlesden, London, N.W., will send you full particulars of holiday accommodation in the country, or at the seaside, and provide you with information concerning the hiring of boats and caravans. There are also others who advertise in the newspapers, especially in "Dalton's Weekly," these things for hire at very reasonable rates. When dealing with the methods of camping holidays, as they will appear in subsequent articles, I will quote prices of the caravans, etc.

The next question is "where" to spend your camp. Here you take out your map, and study the country carefully. For your standing camps in the country you look for what appears to be the most suitable situation, that is, for convenience.

For the seaside camp it is best to look for a quiet village along the coast, or, if you wish, a few miles from a town. For the river trip you can either choose the place from the map, or wait until you find out where you can hire a boat.

For practically all land tours it is advisable to study the lay or characteristics of the country beforehand; then, having well acquainted yourself with the geographical situation, you can then pick out over what ground your tour will be carried.

Perhaps the biggest question is the hire of caravans and boats; but, with a little thought this will be quickly overcome.

In the forthcoming articles, dealing in greater detail with the methods of camping, you will find that they are really extracts from diaries of fellows who have already been on these camps, and will tell you how they started, methods of touring, and give many useful hints.

H. W.

How to Win the 220-yds. and Quarter-Mile.

By Percy Longhurst.

How to Win the 220 Yds.

(Continued from last week.)

A FEW movements for strengthening the stomach and abdominal muscles are also most useful.

An instruction as to passing a runner ahead will not be out of place. At most big athletic meetings the 220 yds. is run in strings, as is the 100 yds.; but this is not the invariable rule, and where strings are not in use care in overtaking is necessary.

A good rule is never to pass a runner on the inside—at least, not unless he has left a distance of a good two yards between himself and the inner edge of the track, which he is hardly likely to be mug enough to do. Always pass him on the outside, and, if a collision should take place, you will not be the one to blame. Always provided that you do not make the attempt to cut across him to the inside immediately you have passed him. Such a trick is not sportsmanlike.

A straight 220 yds. course seldom happens. Most running tracks being circular, part of the 220 yds. will be on the curve. When you do pass the leader—and your final dash for the post should happen about 30 yds. away from it try to arrange so that the passing does not take place at a curve, but where the course is straight.

All running races are not won by sheer speed and stamina; head work, judgment, enters largely into the result. By this is meant the knowing when to make your effort, when to cut down a leader, during how much of the race it is well to be behind. In the sprints there is hardly time for this; the pace throughout is too hot. All are going

their hardest all the time. But bear this in mind—it is not always advisable to get the lead and try to keep it. To a strong finisher, second place, and not too far behind the leaders, is good. If a wind is blowing he will keep some of it off you, and it is an advantage to have him making the pace for you, unless he chooses to make it slow. In that case, go ahead yourself. Get the lead, and try to hold it, not forgetting that in the last twenty or thirty yards you may be challenged, so keep a bit in hand. If you're the challenger, don't leave your effort too late.

How to Win a Quarter-Mile.

EVERY athlete admits that this is one of the stiffest events to tackle, if not, indeed, the most punishing of all track races. The reason is that the pace at which the runner has to move is so great. Indeed, it is commonly said that the runner has to be going at top speed all the way.

Actually, this is not so. If it were, the ¼-mile record would be about four and a half times that for the 100 yds. But it is not. A champion 100-yds. man will do 10 secs. dead—the record is 3.8th sec. inside this—but no runner alive or dead has ever succeeded in covering ¼ mile in 44 secs. J. E. Meredith, the American crack and world's record-holder, has done 47 2.5th secs.—1 sec. less than the British record—and this is not likely to be beaten yet awhile.

To stand the grueling of the pace over so long a distance a chap needs to have plenty of stamina. His lungs must be sound

and well developed, to give him the staying power, as well as his body having plenty of strength. This being so, the quarter-miler in training should give earnest attention to practising deep-breathing exercises, spending fully ten minutes daily upon them. He should not neglect, also, the chest-expanding movements with deep breathing, skipping, the "100 up," the knees-raising-to-chest exercise, and also those ground exercises which have for their object the strengthening of the abdominal and stomach muscles. To exercise thus daily gives him a bigger chance of becoming a track-winner.

Speed plus stamina the quarter-miler must have, and one of these will almost certainly be inferior to the other. He may be able to last out the distance all right, but at a speed which does not give him a chance of breaking the tape first. Or he may have plenty of pace, speed to carry him to the front and keep him there for 300 or 400 yds., but not enough stamina to prevent his being run out just at the point when the big effort to get to the tape first is to be made.

If stamina is wanting he should get into his schedule at least twice a week jogging runs of ½ mile and occasional fast runs of 500 or even 600 yards. To do this he will have to cut out some of the shorter sprints included in the schedule given in this article. These are intended to promote speed, and more of these must be taken by the runner who can stay the distance all right, but is not speedy enough ever to get on terms with the leaders in a race.

This second type of runner should run 200 yds. at full speed two or three times a week—not more often—and certainly twice a week 300 yds. at his ¼ mile racing pace.

(Another splendid article on running in next week's issue.)



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

THIS WEEK'S PRESENTATIONS.

This week the Companion Papers are again presenting readers with magnificent photos and a splendid coloured plate.

In this issue you will have received a magnificent action photo of David Jack, the famous Bolton footballer. Next Monday, in the MAGNET Library, there will be presented TWO REAL FREE PHOTOS of two more famous footballers—J. T. Brittleton, of Stoke, and George Butcher, of Luton Town. Readers who want to make certain of these photos must order their copy in advance.

In the "Boys' Friend," now on sale at all newsagents' and bookstalls, there is a splendid FREE REAL PHOTO of Arthur Wyus, one of the cleverest boxers of the day. Next Monday, in the same paper, there will yet be another of the fine series of "Rising Boxing Stars" given away—Tommy Harrison.

The "Popular" will be on sale tomorrow, and in it you will find yet another splendid COLOURED ENGINE PLATE. This is of an express locomotive of the Netherlands State Railway, which, as you will know, is Holland. You should get this plate and compare the engine with those of our country. Next week there will be another plate for readers of the "Popular," and the subject will be the giant engines of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Wednesday is "Gem" day, and that famous school-story companion paper of ours is giving every reader TWO REAL PHOTOS of Charles Flood, of Bolton, and James Torrance, of Fulham. Next

week there will be a special action photo of Tommy Browell in the "Gem" Library.

Take my advice again, and get copies of all the Companion Papers!

"MAGNET" ALBUMS.

Readers desirous of obtaining albums for their free photos can do so by sending a postal order for sixpence or four three-halfpenny stamps to

The MAGNET Office,
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Don't forget to put your names and addresses on your letters of application! Albums will be despatched as quickly as possible.

NEXT MONDAY'S STORY.

Our next story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars is entitled:

"BUNTER'S RAFFLE."

By Frank Richards.

Billy gets a birthday present—so he says—and raffles it. Fisher Tarleton Fish, who prides himself on his business abilities, thinks he sees a fine chance to make something out of Bunter's raffle, and gets to work. The result is rather different to his anticipations, and somewhat different to Billy's.

The story of

"BUNTER'S RAFFLE."

is extremely funny, and every reader of

the MAGNET Library loves a Billy Bunter yarn. Well, next week's is a special one!

LONZY HAS A TRY.

Alonzo Todd, the junior who always wants to do somebody a good turn, has a shot at editing the "Greyfriars Herald," and his issue will be published next week.

Lonzy, as Cousin Peter calls him, has weird ideas. The supplement is full of them, and is one scream from beginning to end.

Which is only one more reason why you should make certain of your copy of the MAGNET Library by ordering it well in advance!

NOTICES.

Correspondence.

S. G. Lawson, 15, High Street, Penarth, Glam., wishes to hear from those interested in his "Magnet Pals" Magazine." All letters answered promptly.

H. Bedman, 9, Rose Hill Street, Derby, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; stamp collecting, views, and photos of footballers.

Frank Geldard, Barley Mow, 183, Featherstall Road, Oldham, Lancs., wishes to correspond with readers; all letters answered.

A. Brown, jun., 54, Commerce Street, Tradeston, Glasgow, would like to contribute humorous articles to an amateur magazine.

F. E. Grey, 16, Clarence Road, West Croydon, Surrey, wishes to hear from readers who are interested in the wireless and radio telegraphy. His aim to found a MAGNET and "Gem" Wireless Society, and his programme includes the rendering of assistance to all amateurs who are faced with the technical difficulties of the business.

Your Editor.

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