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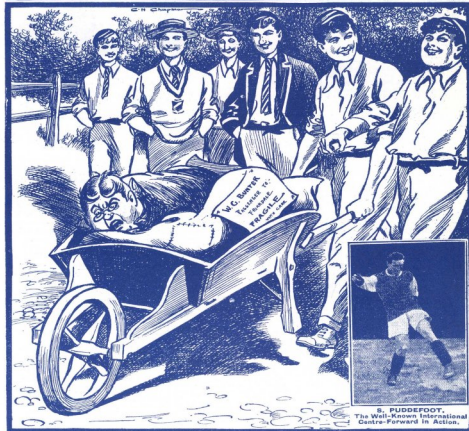


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The Magnet ^{Magazine} Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



S. PUDEFOOT,
The Well-Known International
Centre-Forward in Action.

RETURNING BILLY BUNTER TO GREYFRIARS IN STYLE!

(An amusing incident from the long complete tale inside.)





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

OUR COMPANION PAPERS.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" Every Monday
 "THE MAGNET" Every Monday
 "THE POPULAR" Every Tuesday
 "THE GEM" Every Wednesday
 "CHUCKLES" Every Thursday
 "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL" Published Yearly

OUR FREE GIFTS.

Before I tell you anything about the grand programme of stories I have in preparation for next week's issue, I must say something of the nature of the Splendid Photos and Plate given away in this week's issue of the Companion Papers.

This week you will have obtained a FREE REAL ACTION PHOTO OF SYD PUDEFOOT, the famous English International footballer, with your copy of the MAGNET. Next Monday's issue will contain TWO REAL PHOTOS—one of TOM CAIRNS, of Glasgow Rangers, and the other of SAM CHIEGDZOFF, of Everton. These two photos will make a splendid addition to your fine collection, so make certain of obtaining them by ordering next week's issue TO-DAY!

In the current issue of the "Boys' Friend," you can obtain yet another FREE REAL PHOTO of a rising boxing star, DICK SMITH, the famous English champion. Next week the "Boys' Friend" is presenting every reader with another Free Real Photo, and the subject of this grand gift will

be the well-known French boxer, EUGENE CRIQUEL.

To-morrow's issue of the "Popular" will give you yet another magnificent COLOURED ENGINE PLATE, which will depict a famous locomotive of the South Manchuria Railway. Next Tuesday there will be another coloured engine plate to add to your wonderful collection. Keep a look-out for these.

Wednesday is the day the "Gem" will be on sale, and in it you will find TWO REAL PHOTOS OF GEORGE WILSON, of the Wednesday, and J. FORT, of Millwall. There is bound to be a rush for this famous school-story paper, so go to your newsagent-to-day and order your copy of the "Gem." You will then make certain of this week's bumper issue of our Wednesday Companion Paper. Next week, in the same paper, you will find a FREE REAL ACTION PHOTO OF C. M. BUCHAN, the famous English International footballer.

Readers are strongly advised to order their copies of these famous periodicals WELL IN ADVANCE! Only by doing that will they be certain of a copy.

NEXT WEEK'S STORY.

"MAULY'S PALS!"

By Frank Richards.

This is the title of next week's grand long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars. Lord Maulvever has always been a popular

figure in the Remove, and, in fact, in the other Forms at Greyfriars; but in this story, when the news gets round that Mauly is going on a yachting tour for the summer, and intends to take a few pals with him, he becomes more than just popular! "Pals" from all over the school spring up like mushrooms, and Mauly is flooded out with claims of friendship from the fellows who are keen on having their name added to the list of guests for this yachting party. The slacker's popularity seems above the tree-tops, but no one is so persistent in pushing forward his claims as Billy Bunter, the fat junior of the Remove. Bunter becomes Mauly's very shadow during the last days of the summer term, and if pertinacity has any say in the matter, Bunter would have every right to be one of the party!

A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.

Next week's issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" is something quite extra special. Harry Wharton once more vacates the Editorial chair to give one of his chums a chance to shine. Harree Jamsat Ram Singh, better known as Inky, takes over the "Herald" for next week, and you may expect great things to come.

On no account must you miss reading this, in Inky's words, "Esteemed and Judicious Numberful issue of the 'Herald'!"

Correspondence.

Bert Eastlake, 100, Deilbridge Street, North Fitzroy, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with English readers with a view to exchange books and postcards.

Faul Smith, c/o, H. Hodder & Co., 5, Nelson Street, Bristol, would like to hear from readers who are interested in stamp collecting. He wishes to exchange with correspondents overseas.

Your Editor.

S. C. PUDEFOOT, the Falkirk and English International Centre-Forward!

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

IN some respects the West Ham United Football Club has not made as big a stir in the football world as the renowned supporters of the team would have liked. But in our respect, at any rate, the West Ham club has created a record in recent years of which any club would have a perfect right to be proud—it has produced three centre-forwards who have all played for England—George Hilsdon, George Webb, and Sydney S. Puddefoot.

When it is remembered that for some time past really good centre-forwards have been exceedingly scarce, the pride of West Ham over this feat of producing three can be well understood. Incidentally, these three footballers mentioned above stand as a striking example of what the schools can do in the way of producing efficient footballers, for each one of the players given was really a product of West Ham school football.

It was in the school-boys teams of West Ham that Sydney Charles Puddefoot—known to every football follower as "Syd"—first began to score goals from the centre-forward position. Later he played sometimes at inside-right and sometimes at inside-right on behalf of two other teams of his district—Conder

Abbotie and Limehouse Town. It was while he was with the latter club that the manager of the West Ham F.C. took an interest in him, and drew to the promise of Puddefoot, and in the season of 1913-15 he became a regular member of the Southern League team.

The rapidity with which he progressed, once he started his career, is shown by the fact that in the following season he actually led the forward line of the Southern League against the chosen of the Football League. In the days before the war, he once scored five goals in a Cup-tie, while in 1918, playing for West Ham in a London Combination match against Crystal Palace, he sent the ball whizzing past the opposing goalkeeper seven times in the course of ninety minutes' play. That, as our readers will realize, is a feat of which very few footballers can boast, but right through his career Syd Puddefoot has been famed far and wide as a goalscorer of the very first order.

He is more than a mere shooting machine, though. His all-round ability as a centre-forward has for a long time been recognized, and it is safe to say that if he had played for a club which came more into the limelight than the

Hammers, he would have gained more honours. However, immediately after the war was over, he had the honour of playing for England in Victory International matches against both Scotland and Wales.

During the war, when Puddefoot was serving his country, he played some football with the Falkirk club, who were much impressed with his ability, and who forthwith angled for his services for a long time. Eventually, in the latter days of last season, Puddefoot thought he would like to try his luck in Scotland, so the West Ham club agreed to transfer him to the Falkirk club for a transfer fee of five thousand pounds. This is as much as any player has changed his club for, and is certainly easily a record so far as the price paid by a Scottish club for an English player is concerned.

Whether Puddefoot made a mistake in going to Scotland, remains to be seen. For years he has been a capable club cricketer, and this season has gone one better in making his debut as an Essex County man.



Bravo, Bulstrode!

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bulstrode Loses His Temper!

BANG! Crash! Thud!
"Dear me!" murmured Alonzo Todd of the Remove, hovering outside the door of Study No. 2.

Alonzo halted outside the door of Study No. 2.
Strange sounds came from within—sounds of destruction and devastation—sounds which made Alonzo's hair stand almost on end.

"What a wonder what is going on in there?" murmured the duffer of the Remove.

He wanted to turn and flee, but a strange fascination rooted him to the spot.

"Cr-r-rush! Zoek!
Alonzo Todd shuddered.
He could no longer doubt that in Study No. 2 somebody was committing assault and battery.

Alonzo conjured up in his mind's eye a terrible picture. He seemed to see a hapless fag lying on the floor in an almost unconscious state, while some sturdy brute—possibly Bulstrode of the Remove—pelted him with articles of furniture.

Study No. 2 was shared by Tom Brown, Bulstrode, and Hazeldene.

Tom Brown was far too decent a fellow to resort to violent tactics of this kind. And Hazeldene was too tame and timorous.

This left only Bulstrode. And George Bulstrode, one-time captain of the Remove Form, was known to possess an ugly temper. It did not assert itself very often, but when it did there were ructions!

The banging and crashing and thudding continued. Alonzo Todd, hovering outside the door of Study No. 2, grew more and more alarmed.

Presently he mustered up sufficient courage to tap on the door. But his timid tap was drowned by the uproar which prevailed inside the study. Alonzo stooped down and applied his lips to the keyhole.

"Bulstrode!"

No answer.

Alonzo voiced the name in a louder key.

"My dear Bulstrode!"

"Br-r-r!" came the snarling response.

"I have been listening for some time to the terrifying sounds which emanated from this study," said Alonzo.

"It seems that you are attacking some smaller and weaker spirit, who is too overcome to offer any resistance!"

Snarl from within.

"I implore you to desist, my dear Bulstrode!"

Snarl!

"Do not let your hands be stained with—er—faglaughter!"

"Buzz off, you silly chump!" hooted Bulstrode.

"I feel it my duty to investigate—"

"If you poke your nose inside the study," said Bulstrode in measured tones, "you'll go out on your neck!"

Alonzo was feeling rather bolder now. His Uncle Benjamin had always impressed upon him the necessity of keeping cool in a crisis. He recalled Uncle Henry's wise words, pulled himself together, turned the handle of the study door, and gave a push.

But before Alonzo could discover what was going on inside the study a whirlwind seemed to descend upon him. He was seized by the collar and whirled about. Then a well-shod foot clamped upon the rear portion of his anatomy, and he shot out into the passage.

"Yaroooooh!"

Alonzo came hurtling forth like a stone from a catapult. He brought up with a crash against the opposite wall of the passage. There he sank to the floor, dazed and bewildered.

The sullen, scowling face of George Bulstrode glared at him from the doorway of Study No. 2.

"I warned you," said Bulstrode.

"Now travel!"

Alonzo scrambled to his feet, with a gasp of terror, and "travelled."

In his hot fight he bumped into Tom Brown and Hazeldene. The two juniors regarded him in amazement.

"Anything wrong, Lonzy?" inquired Tom Brown.

"Yes! Go to your study at once! Bulstrode has taken leave of his senses! He has just treated me with gross brutality! And there is no knowing what the poor victim in his study may be suffering. It is truly terrible!"

Alonzo spoke wildly. But Tom Brown and Hazeldene felt that there were some grounds for his panic. So they hurried along to their study.

Tom Brown threw open the door and entered. Hazel followed at a discreet distance.

An appalling scene met the juniors' gaze.

There was no human victim of Bulstrode's wrath. He had vented it upon the study furniture.

The table was overturned. Chairs lay lopsided on the floor. The mantelpiece was swept clear of ornaments. The coal-scuttle was on its beam ends, so to speak.

And in the midst of the chaos stood Bulstrode, his face dark with anger.

"My—my only aunt!" stammered Tom Brown. "Has there been a free fight in here?"

"No!" snapped Bulstrode.

"Then what the thump—"

"I wanted to let off steam," explained Bulstrode. "I felt savage. I'm afraid I've done a bit of damage."

"You certainly have!" said Tom Brown. "A bull in a china shop could hardly have done more. What's the cause of all this?"

Bulstrode pointed to the cause. It was a letter that lay on the floor.

"From my father," he explained. "He threatens to cut down my allowance of pocket money by half."

"What on earth for?" asked Hazel dene.

Bulstrode thrust his hands deeply into his trousers pockets, and paced to and fro in the disordered study.

"The par says I'm a failure," he growled. "He says that in the old days, when I was captain of the Remove, he used to get glowing reports of me. I was a good cricketer, a fellow of weight and influence—a power in the local."

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Now, according to the pater, I'm a back number. And he doesn't like it. Wants me to do something to distinguish myself. Says if I don't do it during this term, he'll cut down my allowance. Wark it all! I'm only getting five bob a week as it is!"

Tom Brown nodded sympathetically. "Rough luck!" he said. "But there's a lot in what your pater says, you know. You used to be one of the shining lights of the Remove. You're on the shelf now. Other fellows have pushed their way past you, and left you standing. You're not even in the cricket eleven."

"It's not my fault!" snorted Bulstrode. "I'm not so sure. You don't seem to have made any effort these last few terms. You've been content to drift. You're no longer a bully like Bobover, or a worm like Skinner. You're a decent sort. But you've been marking time, and letting other fellows forge ahead of you. Don't deny it. You know jolly well it's true."

"So you're putting yourself on my pater's side!" said Bulstrode bitterly. "Not at all. But I should like to see you go into action again, and cover yourself with glory, and all that sort of thing. You've got it in you. You could do it if you tried."

"Yes, rather!" said Hazeldene. Bulstrode threw himself into a chair—the only one left standing. For a long time he gave himself up to reflection. And he gradually came to the conclusion that his pater had a just grievance.

Tom Brown was right. He had been content to drift. He had marked time, while the more ambitious fellows in the Remove had elbowed their way past him. The Remove Form had done great things of late. They had got into the Public Schools cricket final, to be played at Lord's. They had won cups and championships, triumphs and trophies. And what share had Bulstrode had in these things? None. He was a back number. He was just one of the rank and file of the Remove.

His study-mates watched him in

sympathetic silence as he sat there, immersed in gloomy reflection.

Presently Bulstrode sprang to his feet; a new light shone in his eyes.

"I'm going to do it!" he exclaimed. "I'm going to show the pater that I'm not a back number—that there's life in the old dog yet!"

"Good!" said Tom Brown. "And how do you intend to start?"

"Come and see!" said Bulstrode. He left the study with an elastic step. Tom Brown and Hazeldene, exchanging smiling glances, followed. Bulstrode evidently meant to astonish the natives. And his study-mates were pleased to think that, like Rip Van Winkle, their schoolfellow had awakened from his long sleep.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Firework Display!

BULSTRODE had changed into his cricket flannels. And it was to Little Side that he wended his way.

Harry Wharton & Co. were practising at the nets. They were in high spirits.

Early in the season, a Public Schools' cricket tournament had been arranged on the knock-out principle. And Greyfriars had fought their way through to the final. They were to meet Grandcourt, one of the greatest schools in the country, at Lord's. And practice—strenuous practice—was the order of the day.

Harry Wharton was batting. Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, and Vernon-Smith were bowling to him in turn. And Wharton gave a masterly display.

Bulstrode slipped off his blazer, and took his place among the fielders. Presently Wharton sent the ball speeding in his direction at a terrific pace, just above the ground.

Bulstrode's right hand shot out. There was a click. The ball reposed safely in his grasp.

"Oh, well held, sir!"

All eyes were on Bulstrode. "That was a ripping catch!" said Bob Cherry heartily.

"Oh, rats!"

The practice continued. Bulstrode was lower and alert. He was on tiptoe the whole time. When the ball came in his direction, he smartly whipped it up, and returned it to the bowler. He was not a member of the Remove eleven, but he was endeavouring to prove that he deserved to be.

Half an hour passed; then Harry Wharton signalled to Bulstrode.

"Four runs to bat," he said. Looking very grim, Bulstrode advanced to the wicket. He had to face the Remove's best bowlers, but he was undismayed.

Hurree Singh sent down one of his speediest and deadliest balls. Bulstrode ran out at it, opened his shoulders, and the ball went speeding away through space.

"Well hit, sir!" Harry Wharton opened his eyes. "Bulstrode's in form," he remarked. "Yes, rather!" said Frank Nugent. "Look at that!"

Vernon-Smith had sent down a fast, averring ball—the sort of ball that would make the average batsman tremble.

Bulstrode didn't tremble. He gave the ball a sounding clump, and it went whizzing through the knot of fielders.

Tom Brown turned to Hazeldene. "Bulstrode means business," he remarked.

Hazel nodded. "Hazel no use. I'm afraid," he said. "The eleven for Lord's has already been chosen."

"But Bulstrode means to squeeze in, if there's half a chance," said Tom Brown. "Jolly good luck to him! Wharton can't ignore this display."

Bulstrode continued to hit. He was right on the top of his form. The bowlers tried all the tricks of their trade, but they could not shift him.

Just as the village blacksmith swung his heavy sledge, so Bulstrode swung his bat. He was afraid of nothing. Daring and defiance seemed to be his motto. The expression on his face seemed to say:

"Call yourselves bowlers? This is sorry stuff; it simply asks for punishment!"

Only Tom Brown and Hazeldene knew the reason for Bulstrode's sudden burst of energy. His father had rebuked him for being a dead letter. Bulstrode was setting out to prove that he was nothing of the sort. After successfully defying the Remove bowlers for a quarter of an hour, Bulstrode took off his pads.

Harry Wharton beckoned to him. "I should like to see you at five o'clock, in my study," he said. "Come and join us at tea."

Bulstrode nodded. When the practice was over, he treated himself to a cold bath. Then, refreshed and hungry, he presented himself in Study No. 1.

The Famous Five were present. When tea and buttered scones had been distributed, Harry Wharton turned to Bulstrode.

"You played like a Trojan this afternoon," he said. "It's a thousand pities you didn't show the same form at the beginning of the season. On present form you're worth a place in the eleven; but the team to meet Grandcourt at Lord's has already been chosen."



In the midst of the wrecked study stood Bulstrode, his face dark with anger. "My aunt!" sluttered Tom Brown. "Has there been a free fight here?" "No!" snapped Bulstrode. "I felt savage. I wanted to let off steam. I'm afraid I've done a bit of damage!" (See Chapter 1.)

Bulstrode groaned.
"There's no chance of your squeezing me in?" he said.

"Afraid not! I want to be perfectly fair. And it's only right that the eleven that won its way through to the final should be left unchanged. Five of that eleven are present in this study; the others are Mark Lenley, Vernon-Smith, Peter Todd, Spuff, Penfold, and Howell. It wouldn't be fair to drop any single one of them."

"I suppose not," agreed Bulstrode, "but—"

"Well?"

"I'd give anything to get a place in the eleven!"

"I'll tell you what I propose to do," said Harry Wharton. "I can't overlook your form of this afternoon. Now, the Head has given permission for the Remove eleven to go away to camp for a week, in order to get fit for the tussle at Lord's. We're going to Pinehaven-on-Sea; and I'm allowed to take two reserves, in case anybody in the regular team gets crooked. Tom Brown is first reserve, and I intend to make you second reserve, Bulstrode."

Bulstrode felt inclined to say, "Thank you, for nothing," but he refrained.

Second reserve! What earthly use would that be? All very well if a couple of the regular eleven got crooked; but was that likely? The Remove team showed a clean bill of health; everybody was fighting fit. What chance, then, for George Bulstrode? He would go down to camp with the rest of the players, but his services would not be called upon.

Second reserve! The irony of it! "What do you say, Bulstrode?" said the captain of the Remove.

"Thanks!" said Bulstrode dully. "You never know your luck, you know," said Bob Chorry. "Accidents will happen in the best regulated cricket teams. I might get the mumps. Franky here might develop German measles. Johnny Bull might pitch headlong down the stairs and dislocate his neck. Wharton might wake up on the morning of the match with flu."

Bulstrode grunted.
"There's too much 'might' about that for my liking," he said. "Still, I'm grateful to Wharton for finding me a place as reserve. If a miracle happens and my services are required, you can rely on me not to let the side down."

"Good!" said Wharton.

"When are you going away to camp? This is the first I've heard of it."

"We're off to-morrow."

"My hat!"

"We've arranged about the tents, and Pinehaven's a ripping place. We're going to get plenty of bathing and boating and cricket. And we shall go up to Lord's feeling as fit as fiddle."

"We shall need to," said Johnny Bull grimly. "Grandcourt has won every single match this season; and not only won it, but won by an innings in each case. So you can see what the Remove is up against. I saw an article in the 'Daily Sportsman,' which said that Greyfriars wouldn't have a look-in."

Bulstrode neither said "yes" nor "no." "Thanks for giving me a look-in," he said. And he quitted the study.

But he felt far from satisfied as he went into Study No. 2.

Second reserve! He might just as well be twentieth reserve, for all the benefit he would receive.

He would have no chance to distinguish himself—no opportunity of proving to his father that he was not a back number.



The procession of juniors crowded into the spare tent, and stood looking down at the sleeping figure with amazement. Billy Bunter lay deep in slumber, and his reverberating snore fairly made the canvas flutter. "Well I'm jiggered!" gasped Wharton. "How did this porpoise get here—and when?" (See Chapter 4.)

He would travel down to camp with the Greyfriars team, he would travel up to Lord's with them; but he would just be a spare part. The odds were heavily against his being called upon.

Second reserve! The thing was a mockery.

George Bulstrode spent the evening putting his study to rights. The furniture had been sent disarranged. In the outburst of temper which had followed the receipt of his father's letter, he had done a lot of damage. He was busy a long time setting things shipshape. Then he threw himself into the armchair, where he remained till bed time, moodily engrossed in his own thoughts.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter Gets a Lift!

SATURDAY morning dawned bright and clear.

The sun bathed the old Close of Greyfriars in its splendour.

Harry Wharton & Co. were up betimes. And by ten o'clock they were ready for their trip to Pinehaven.

Three large tents had been hired, and these had been sent down to the station in advance. There was also a spare tent in case of emergency.

The cricketers were in high spirits. Tom Brown and Bulstrode were the only members of the party who were not thoroughly cheery. They foresaw no chance of taking part in the great game at Lord's. They felt that they were mere lookers-on in Vienna.

Quite a crowd of fellows saw the team off, and wished them luck.

"Good-bye, Wharton!"

"Go easy with the training!"

"Don't overdo it!"

Harry Wharton & Co. shouldered their baggage and marched smilingly away.

A loud cheer followed them. Greyfriars hoped that they would return to the school victorious, happy, and glorious.

Among those who had taken no part in the send-off was Billy Bunter.

The fat junior was moaning disconsolately in Study No. 7. He had been left out of the team, he declared, through personal jealousy. Wharton was a beast! The Famous Five were beasts! The whole of the eleven were beasts! Suddenly the door of Study No. 7 opened, and Skinner came in, grinning broadly. He gave Billy Bunter a sounding slap on the back.

"Congratulations, Bunt!" he said affably.

"Eh?"

"You've been selected to go with the team as second reserve."

"Fact," said Skinner. "Go and have a look at the notice-board."

Bunter leapt high in Billy Bunter's breast. He was on his feet in a twinkling. Ragerly he made his way to the notice-board in the Hall, and he saw that Skinner had spoken truly.

The names of the eleven had been posted up. And underneath appeared the magic words:

"First Reserve: Tom Brown.
Second Reserve: W. G. Bunter."

Billy Bunter gave a shrill whoop of delight. It did not occur to him that he was the victim of a practical joke.

The list had been made out in pencil. It had therefore been an easy matter for Skinner to erase Bulstrode's name and substitute Billy Bunter's.

The fat junior imagined that Harry Wharton had relented at the last moment and given him a place as reserve—not, perhaps, on account of his cricketering abilities, but because he would come in very useful at the camp as a cook.

"Oh, this is great!" chorled Bunter.

"But why didn't Skinner tell me before? I shall be too late to catch the train now. Never mind, I can take the next."

Then an awkward problem arose—the problem of raising the fare.

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
BY FRANK RICHARDS.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 754.

NEXT MONDAY:

"MAULY'S PALS!"

Billy Bunter plunged his hand into his pocket, and brought forth the anything but princely sum of fourpence-halfpenny. He would want a good many fourpence-halfpennies to take him to Pinchaven, which was a long way distant.

"I must raise the wind somehow!" muttered Bunter.

He made a round of the Remove studies, humbly requesting loans. But there was nothing doing. Billy Bunter received plenty of kicks, but no pence.

From the majority of studies he was ejected with violence. The only person who treated him kindly was Lord Maul-evever. But Masly resolutely refused to turn himself into a moneylender on Billy Bunter's behalf.

In desperation Billy called on Coker of the Fifth.

"I say, Coker—" he began.

"Get out!" growled Coker.

"I want you to lend me a quid—"

"What?"

"For the honour of the school, you know."

Coker stared.

"The honour of the school! What are you talking about?"

"I've been selected to play for the Remove, at Lord's." The falsehood came glibly to Bunter's lips. "And I'm going into training with the rest of the fellows, at Pinchaven. Owing to a temporary embarrassment, I haven't the money to pay for my fare. You're an awfully generous chap, Coker, and I thought you might help me out."

Coker looked grim.

"I'll help you out all right!" he said. He rose to his feet, cricket-stump in hand.

Bunter saw the stump, and fled.

"Too late!" The stump smote upon his plump person—once, twice, three times. And Billy Bunter fled shrieking into the passage.

In his blind flight from Coker's study,

the fat junior bumped into Wingate of the Sixth. The captain of Greyfriars staggered under the force of the concussion.

"Ow! Why don't you look where you're going, you clumsy young ass?"

"Sorry, Wingate!"

"Bless your sorrow!"

"I say! Will you advance me a quid?"

Wingate gasped, and glared. This was adding insult to injury with a vengeance. Billy Bunter had barged into his sacred person in the passage. He had followed it up by calmly requesting the loan of a quid!

"I'll advance you a thick ear!" growled Wingate.

And he gave Bunter a clump which sent him spinning.

The Owl of the Remove spun round like a human whirlpool. He wondered whether he was on his head or his heels.

Wingate strode away. And he failed to reach the savage "Beast!" which Billy Bunter threw after him.

The fat junior realised that his luck was dead out. It was useless to go round soliciting alms. There were plenty of people with money, but they were not disposed to part with any of it to Billy Bunter.

Billy however, was quite determined to join the cricketers at Pinchaven, even if he had to resort to the desperate plan of travelling without paying his fare.

He went up to the Remove dormitory, and changed into his Sunday best. Then he strolled down to the school gates.

"Whither bound, porpoise?" inquired Russell.

"I'm going to Pinchaven, you know, to join the team!" said Bunter. "I'm second reserve!"

"Rate!"

"It's a fact! I expect you fellows feel awfully jealous about it. I've been selected over your heads, and you're left in the cart. He, he, ho!"

"Stop! Stop!" he shouted.

The driver applied the brakes. The van rumbled to a halt.

"I say! Will you give me a lift to Pinchaven?" asked Billy Bunter.

"Right you are!" said the driver good-humouredly. "If you can find room inside, that is!"

The van was crammed with furniture. Billy Bunter clambered in at the back, and found himself sandwiched between a washstand and a chest of drawers.

It was a nightmare journey. Billy was bruised and bumped by the heavy furniture on either side of him. He felt as if he was in a vice.

The van jolted and swayed; and the inside passenger, hemmed in by the washstand and the chest of drawers, groaned aloud in anguish of spirit. He wondered if the journey would ever come to an end.

The motor-van stopped at various places on the way. Darkness had fallen when it reached its destination.

Billy Bunter was infinitely relieved to get out and stretch his cramped limbs.

"I feel as if I've been through a blessed agony!" he groaned. "Is this Pinchaven?" he added, turning to the driver.

The man nodded. Expectantly he

looked at the driver.

"I shall have to hoof it!" he muttered. "There's nothing else for it!"

But Pinchaven was a good thirty miles distant. And the great, greasy, icy chill into Bunter's heart. Nevertheless, he had quite made up his mind to join Harry Wharton & Co. in their seaside encampment.

Penniless, and with no prospect of obtaining a feed on the way, Billy Bunter started on the long, long trail.

The fat junior's walking pace was not more than three miles an hour. For upwards of three hours he tramped, and then he sank down by the wayside, utterly exhausted. His legs ached; he was unspeakably weary; and, worst of all, he was famished. In a bitter mood, on the fact that he had been allowed only three rashers of bacon for breakfast.

An hour passed—two hours. The afternoon was merging into evening.

Billy Bunter was beginning to abandon all hope of getting to Pinchaven. He was almost in tears.

And then came relief, in the form of a motor-van. It came tearing down the road in a cloud of dust, and it bore the name of a furniture removing firm at Pinchaven.

Billy Bunter sprang to his feet. He advanced to the middle of the roadway, and stood waving his hands like wind-mills.

"Stop! Stop!" he shouted.

The driver applied the brakes. The van rumbled to a halt.

"I say! Will you give me a lift to Pinchaven?" asked Billy Bunter.

"Right you are!" said the driver good-humouredly. "If you can find room inside, that is!"

The van was crammed with furniture. Billy Bunter clambered in at the back, and found himself sandwiched between a washstand and a chest of drawers.



With startling suddenness the storm broke forth. A deafening crash of thunder came. It was followed by another, and yet another. "We must turn back!" shouted Wharton. He hailed Vernon-Smith, who was in charge of the other boat. "Back, Smithy, for dear life!" (See Chapter 3.)

peered at Billy Bunter through the gloom. Evidently he imagined that the fat junior would give him a handsome tip. If so, he imagined a vain thing!

"Thanks for the lift!" said the Owl of the Remove. "It was a rough passage, but I've got here, and that's all that matters!"

He rolled away through the darkness. The driver shouted something of an uncomplimentary nature after him. But Billy Bunter neither heard nor heeded. The next thing was to fasten the canvas. Bunter blundered along for miles before he sighted it—four white tents glistening in the gloom, like ghostly sentinels.

The tents had been pitched on the top of a down, not far from the sea.

There was no camp-fire visible—no sign of activity. Harry Wharton & Co. had evidently turned in for the night.

Billy Bunter was dog-tired. His one desire was to throw himself down and sleep. His limbs ached, his eyes were heavy.

He stumbled towards the nearest tent. He unfastened the flap; stepped inside. No sound came from within. The tent was unattended. It happened to be the spare one.

There were some blankets on the ground-sheets. Without troubling to undress, Billy Bunter threw himself upon them. He gave a long, drowsy yawn, curled himself up like a dormouse, and the arms of Morpheus stole about him. Bunter slept.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Returned With Thanks!

"**H**ALL, smiling mora!"

Thus Bob Cherry, as he threw aside the blankets, and peered through the opening of the tent which he shared with the other members of the Famous Five.

It was a glorious morning. The sunshine streamed down upon the Greyfriars camp. From the near distance came the sound of the waves plashing upon the shore.

Harry Wharton opened his eyes, and sat up. Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh awakened from a refreshing sleep. Johnny Bull, a heavy sleeper, still slumbered. But not for long. Bob Cherry aroused him by the simple method of tweaking his nose.

"Yoosop!" yelled Johnny.

"Tumble out, slacker!" said Bob Cherry, "and come for an early morning dip."

Groawling, and cursing his damaged nasal organ, Johnny prepared to rise.

The Famous Five donned their flannels and tennis shoes.

Bob Cherry, stepping out into the sunshine, hailed the fellows in the other tents.

"Smithy! Toddy! Murky!"

Cherry's responses came from the neighbouring tents.

"We're just going for a dip," said Bob.

"All serene."

"We'll be with you in two ticks," came Vernon-Smith's voice.

Bob Cherry stepped back into his tent. "Everybody in the camp awake, Bob?" inquired Wharton.

"Yes."

"Then how do you account for that row? Listen!"

The Famous Five stood stock still. From close at hand came stertorous sounds of snoring.

Loud and trumpet-like the snore boomed out on the morning air.

"They're on the sandbank," said the skipper. "We shall save them!" Ropes were cast out into the darkness, with a life-belt fitted to the end of each. One by one, the juniors on the sandbank were brought to safety. (See Chapter 7.)



The juniors exchanged glances. There was something familiar about the sound. "Somebody still asleep," said Nugent. "And advertising the fact, too!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "What a row! It's enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus!"

"Let's go and investigate," said Harry Wharton.

The Famous Five started to explore the other tents. In the first one they came to they discovered Vernon-Smith, Squiff, Peter Todd, and Archie Howell in the act of dressing. In the farther tent were Mark Linsley, Dick Penfold, and the two reserves, Brown and Bulstrode. All were awake.

"Top of the morning, you fellows!" said Tom Brown cheerfully.

Harry Wharton looked perplexed. "Have you heard anybody snoring?" he asked.

"Nobody, except Bulstrode," said Tom Brown; "and I cured him with a slipper."

"Listen!"

The juniors paused, straining their ears. There was no need to do so, for the sound of a snore came to them with remarkable distinctness.

"My hat!" ejaculated Mark Linsley. "That comes from the spare tent."

"But there's nobody there," protested Wharton.

"Somebody must have got in—some tramp I expect—during the night."

Harry Wharton looked grim. "In that case, he'll go out on his neck!" he said. "This way, you fellows!"

A procession of juniors headed towards the spare tent.

The front was unfastened. Bob Cherry parted the canvas, and peered within. Then he stood motionless, as if turned to stone.

For there, curled up in the position he had adopted overnight, lay William George Bunter!

"Anybody there, Bob?" came several inquiring voices from behind Bob Cherry.

"Yes. But it's no tramp. It's Bunter!"

"What!"

"Billy Bunter!"

The Greyfriars juniors were fairly staggered. They were so incredulous that they were obliged to look into the tent for themselves. Then they saw that their chum had spoken truly.

Billy Bunter lay deep in slumber, and his reverberating snore fairly made the canvas flutter.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Harry Wharton. "How did this porpoise get here—and when?"

"Better ask him," said Bob Cherry.

He stepped into the tent, and proceeded to tickle Billy Bunter in the ribs with his boot.

The fat junior started up out of sleep. He blinked at Bob Cherry in bewilderment.

"Wasup?" he muttered drowsily. "Rising-bell hasn't gone yet, has it?"

"Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry. "What are you doing here?"

Billy Bunter blinked at the inquiring faces—slowly recollected where he was.

"I—I say, you fellows! Why didn't you wait for me yesterday?"

"Eh?"

"Why didn't you tell me, Wharton, that my name was down as a reserve?"

Harry Wharton gazed blankly at his fat schoolfellow.

"You're talking absolute tommy-rot!" he exclaimed. "Your name wasn't down as a reserve."

"But Skinner said—"

"Skinner was saying you on toast, you frightful chump!" said Peter Todd. "Oh crumbs! But then, I saw my name on the notice-board. 'Second reserve—W. G. Bunter.'"

"Then Skinner must have crossed out Bulstrode's name, and substituted yours," said Mark Linsley.

"Oh!" "How did you get here?" asked Wharton.

"A chap gave me a lift in a motor-van."

"And we were asleep when you arrived at the camp?"

"I suppose so."

Billy Bunter threw aside the blankets; sleep started to dress.

"Well, all's well that ends well," he said. "Now that I'm here, I suppose I can stop. You'll be wanting a cook—a fellow to take charge of all the catering. I'll take it on for a small consideration—say, a bob a day."

"You must return to Greyfriars at once!" said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really—"

"There's a train from Pinehaven at nine-forty."

Billy Bunter glared at the captain of the Remove.

"I can see you want to get rid of me," he said; "but I'm not going. I haven't fagged all the way down here—thirty miles on foot—for nothing."

"You said you came by motor-van."

"Ahem! That—that was merely a figure of speech."

"You'll catch the nine-forty, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton sternly. "And I'll get through to Mr. Quek on the telephone, and tell him what time to expect you."

"Beast! Here I am, and here I'll stick!" said Bunter obstinately. "In that case, we shall have to resort to drastic measures," said Harry Wharton.

The captain of the Remove was in earnest. He knew that if Billy Bunter remained in the camp there would be serious trouble for the cricketers. It was Wharton's duty to handle Billy Bunter back to Greyfriars with all speed. And he did not intend to shirk that duty.

Billy Bunter very determinedly sat down on the tent boards, and refused to budge. He hurled violent abuse at his schoolfellows—told them they could jolly well go and eat coke!

"I'm staying," he said elaborately.

"Going!" corrected Bob Cherry.

Time passed quickly, and it invariably does in the mornings. A distant church clock chimed the hour of five.

Harry Wharton turned to Bunter.

"For the last time, porpoise," he said, "are you going quietly?"

"I'm not going at all! Yah!"

"Then the drastic measures must be employed. There's a sack in our tent, Franky. Would you mind fetching it?"

Frank Nugent darted away; returned a moment later with a bulging sack.

Kicking and struggling and protesting, Billy Bunter was squeezed into the sack. A piece of string was tied tightly around the middle, giving Bunter the appearance of a gigantic roly-poly pudding, wrapped in its cloth.

Only Bunter's face—a very red and wrathful face—was visible.

Meanwhile, Vee-Smith obtained a sheet of white cardboard. He inscribed the following words upon it, and pinned it to the sack:

"W. G. BUNTER,

Passenger to Friar-dale,
FRAGILE—WITH CARE."

"Toddy," said Harry Wharton, "pop down to yonder farmhouse, and ask for the loan of a wheelbarrow."

"Certainly!" said Peter, with a grin.

The wheelbarrow was duly obtained. Billy Bunter, squeezed into the sack, was pushed on board. Willing hands

propelled the wheelbarrow in the direction of the railway station.

The juniors had a whip-round in order to pay for Bunter's fare. Then they lifted him off the barrow, and when the train came in they heaved him into the goods van.

"Keep an eye on this prize porker," said Bob Cherry, addressing a railway servant, who was in the van. "It ought to go by cattle-train, really. Pigs aren't usually taken on board passenger trains. But we feel sure you will stretch a point in this case."

The railway servant grinned, and cheerfully pocketed the tip Bob Cherry tendered to him.

"Which I'll see 'im safely to Friar-dale, sir," he said, nodding towards the sack.

"Thanks!"

Billy Bunter kicked and wriggled as he lay among the luggage. But he was a helpless prisoner.

The guard waved his flag; the train moved forward.

"Good bye, Bluebell!" sang out Bob Cherry, kissing his hand in farewell.

"Beast!"

"Our love to all at Greyfriars!" said Wharton.

"Tyran't!"

"His, ha, ha!"

The train gathered speed; disappeared from view round a curve.

Still Going Strong!

MORE FREE REAL
PHOTOS OF FAMOUS
FOOTBALLERS TO
COME! See Page 2.

On board was W. G. Bunter, jealously guarded by a railway servant.

Two hours later a strange object in a sack was delivered at the gates of Greyfriars. And the fellows who witnessed its arrival laughed loud and long.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Adventure by Night!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. found life very enjoyable during the next few days. Their daily programme was a healthy and an energetic one.

Up with the lark, for an early morning dip; breakfast in camp; cricket practice until dinner-time; long rambles in the afternoon. Early to bed, feeling deliciously tired, and wonderfully fit.

Only one member of the party was unhappy.

As the day of the great match at Lord's drew near, George Bulstrode realised that his chances of playing for Greyfriars grew more and more remote.

Every member of the eleven was fit. Every member was likely to remain fit. What chance, then, for a second reserve? What chance for Bulstrode to cover himself with glory—to prove to his stern parent that he was still a power in the land, a force to be reckoned with?

Harry Wharton & Co. were very decent to Bulstrode. They knew what

he was thinking and feeling. Willingly would Wharton have helped him, if possible. But he could not honestly see his way to drop anybody from the regular eleven. That same eleven had carried Greyfriars through to the final, and, as every captain knows, it is a disastrous policy to chop and change with a winning combination.

The days in camp passed rapidly, as if on wings.

On the last evening but one, the juniors felt less tired than usual. And Harry Wharton had a suggestion to make.

"It's a topping night!" he said.

"Glorious," said Nugent.

"What do you fellows say to a moonlight sailing expedition?"

"But there's no moon!" protested Dick Penfold.

"It'll be up later. We can hire a couple of sailing-boats, and go for a cruise. It will be great sport!"

"Yes, rather."

"The moonfulness will be terrific!"

Harry Wharton's idea caught on. There was a spice of adventure about the enterprise.

A moonlight sail on placid waters, on a glorious summer night. What could be more romantic?

Bulstrode was the only fellow to whom the suggestion made no appeal.

"You can count me out," he said.

"I'm feeling rather fagged. Think I'll turn in."

"Oh, don't be a wet blanket!" said Bob Cherry.

"I'm sorry. But I don't feel in the mood for this stunt. Besides, somebody ought to stay in camp."

"That's true," said Harry Wharton.

"We'll excuse you, Bulstrode."

A party of twelve set out for the shore. Bulstrode alone remained behind.

In the ordinary way, Bulstrode would have enjoyed the adventure as much as anybody. But he was not feeling in a sociable mood. He decided to turn in early.

It was very silent and desolate in the camp, after Harry Wharton & Co. had gone. The wind made ghostly whispers in the trees. Apart from that, and the faint plashing of the waves in the distance, there was no sound. Truly, the little camp might have been haunted.

By Bulstrode was not highly-strung. He didn't believe in ghosts. He turned in without any feeling of uneasiness; and he was soon sleeping soundly.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton & Co. were making their way with rapid strides to the shore.

They found that the boatmen had returned for the night. But a couple of sailing-boats were beached on the shore. They stood a long way back from the sea, as if the boatmen expected a storm.

"How jolly absurd, to beach the boats right back here!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"There's no sign of a storm."

"No; but there might be a full tide during the night," said Harry Wharton. "And if the sailing-boats weren't dragged well out of the danger-zone, they might be swept out to sea."

"Well, it's too late to hire the boats, dear boys," said Archie Howell, "so we'll take French leave, an' borrow them."

"Yes, rather!"

The sailing-boats were dragged down to the water's edge.

The Famous Five and Mark Linley clambered into one, and their chums

(Continued on page 13.)

The GREYFRIARS HERALD

Supplement No. 22.

Week Ending July 22nd, 1922.

THE RIVAL PERFORMERS!



by H. Vernon Smith

BILLY BUNTER ON THE WAR-PATH! "I've got a wheeze for getting rid of Wharton's Minstrels, and having the field to ourselves!" said Bunter. The members of Billy Bunter's concert party passed out into the Close. Underneath the old elm a number of juniors in pierrot costumes were holding an open-air concert.

"H. E. he, he!" Billy Bunter was responsible for that unimpeachable cackle.

Billy was in the woodshed with the members of his concert-party—"Billy Bunter's Burlesques."

Sammy Hunter and Skinner and Bolsover, Wu Lung and Fisher T. Fish and Alonso Todd, were present.

"We shall be able to give a show this evening, after all," said Billy Bunter. "How do you make that out?" growled Bolsover major. "Wharton's Merry Minstrels are performing this evening in the Close. And we can't have two shows going at the same time."

"I've thought of a wheeze for getting rid of Wharton's Minstrels, and having the field to ourselves," explained Bunter.

"Oh!"

"What's the wheeze?" asked Skinner eagerly.

"Follow your Uncle Bill, and you'll see." The members of Billy Bunter's concert-party passed out into the Close.

Underneath the old elm a number of juniors in pierrot costumes had assembled. These were the Merry Minstrels, organised and conducted by Harry Wharton.

The Minstrels were about to commence an open-air performance, and fellows were flocking up from all sides.

Midway through the show an interval had been arranged, so that Wharton could go round with the hat and collect a shilling

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from each of the spectators. The sum of money thus collected was to go to the Courfield Cottage Hospital. There had been some talk of the hospital having to close down through lack of funds, and Harry Wharton & Co. had decided to rally round and save the situation.

When the crowd had grown to gigantic proportions the show began. The opening chorus rang out on the summer air:

"We are the Merry Minstrels,
We are, we are, we are!
Of all the jolly pierrots
We are the best by far!
So roll up in your thousands
And give us your support;
We promise you enjoyment
And revlry and sport!"

The singers paused. And as they did so a stern voice hailed them.

"Wharton! Cherry! Nugent! What is the meaning of this unseemly uproar?"

The pierrots exchanged glances of dismay. "Queelchy!" muttered Bob Cherry.

"Dash it all, I don't see why he should object!" growled Harry Wharton. "We're doing this for charity."

The voice—which appeared to come from the window of Mr. Queelch's study—continued:

"The boys who are clad in those ridiculous pierrot costumes will go indoors at once! I

will not tolerate such a disturbance in the Close."

All eyes were turned towards the window of Mr. Queelch's study.

There was no sign of the Remove master. It was presumed that, having given his orders for the concert to cease, Mr. Queelch had settled down once more at his typewriter.

"I suppose we'd better pack up and go in," muttered Nugent.

Wharton nodded.

"We can't stay out here and defy Queelchy," he said.

Feeling deeply disappointed, the Merry Minstrels went indoors.

No sooner had they departed, than Billy Bunter's Burlesques collared their pitch.

Billy Bunter & Co. were also attired in pierrot costumes, and they were chuckling.

"You worked it a treat, Bunt!" murmured Bolsover major. "That was as neat a bit of ventriloquism as I've ever heard."

Billy Bunter gave a chuckle.

"Now we'll get on with the washing," he said. "Go round with the hat, Sammy, while the rest of us sing the opening chorus."

"I say, Bunter," called Peter Todd, "you can't give a show here. Queelchy has just cleared one party off."

"Bite."

Billy Bunter was in high spirits. By an ingenious ruse, he had got the Merry Minstrels out of the way, and he now had the field to himself.

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The crowd had not melted away, and Billy Hunter had visions of raking in scores of shillings.

Under Billy's direction, the Burlesques started their opening chorus, and Sammy Todd, with his own's hat and went round in search of contributions.

Then came disaster, with swift, relentless feet.

The skies seemed suddenly to open, and a deluge of rain splattered down.

It was a very heavy downpour, and a sort of panic broke out among the audience.

They began to stampede towards the building.

Billy Hunter's Burlesques went on singing, in the faint hope that their tuneful efforts would bring the crowd back.

The rain splashed in great drops upon the singers, and their pierrot costumes were soon thoroughly drenched.

The opening chorus trailed off to a miserable climax.

Billy Hunter gazed round him, and, behold, the audience had completely vanished!

"How the heastly rain!" growled Buster.

"Bother it!" snarled Skinner.

"Just as we were getting into our stride, too!" said Bolver major.

"I guess there's nothing for it but to pack up and go indoors," said Fisher T. Fish.

"I am soaked to the skin, my dear fellows," wailed Alonzo Todd.

"I am certain I shall contract influenza or pneumonia or pleurisy—probably all three! Oh dear! This is truly terrible!"

"We think we had better transfer the show to the Common-room," said Wun Lung.

Billy Hunter nodded.

"This way, you fellows!" he said. "No use staying out here in this confounded rain."

The Burlesques, looking more like drowned rats than pierrots, made their way to the junior Common-room.

When they got there they received a rude salute.

Harry Wharton & Co. had forestalled them. The Merry Minstrels had hastily erected a platform at the end of the long room, and they were performing in a crock house.

Billy Hunter & Co. were promptly ponced upon by Dick Russell, the doorkeeper.

"A bob each for admission!" said Russell cheerfully.

Billy Hunter clenched his fat fists.

"Look here, you rattle—"

"A bob each," repeated Russell, "or out you go!"

Billy Wharton gave a sheek from the platform.

"Don't turn them out, Russell! Let them stay in the doorway, and they'll hear something to their advantage."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Hunter's Burlesques, baffled and furious, remained in the doorway. And then Bob Cherry, standing in the centre of the platform, bowed to the audience and started to sing. His ditty was entitled, "The Greyfriars Zoo."

"The animals came in two by two,
There's one more river to cross.
The Hunter Brothers were looking blue—
There's one more river to cross.
Bolver major tore his hair,
And Skinner was snarling in despair,
For the Minstrels had foiled them, I de-
There's one more river to cross!"

"Yah! Beasts!" hooted Billy Hunter.

"You've baffled our show!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go ahead, Cherry!"

"Keep the pot boiling!"

Bob Cherry grinned, and proceeded with the second verse.

"The animals came in two by two,
There's one more river to cross.
We've some wonderful beasts in the Grey-
friars Zoo.
There's one more river to cross.
Alonzo Todd is an ass, you see,
And Fishy's a sort of a chimpanzee:
While Skinner's a snake, you'll all agree—
There's one more river to cross!"

"I sorter guess and calculate that those gaboats are libelling us!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"We think this is where we get left!" said Wun Lung.

"Let's rush the platform!" cried Bolver major wrathfully.

The members of Billy Hunter's Burlesques charged forward in mass formation. They

might as well have charged a brick wall. For the audience rose to their feet, and sent the attackers whirling back.

Again the Burlesques charged, only to be beaten back once more. And on this occasion they were sent spinning through the doorway of the Common-rooms.

Skinner whizzed out into the passage with the velocity of a stone from a catapult.

Bolver major came crashing on top of him. And Billy Hunter crashed on to them both.

There was a chorus of agonised yells as the members of the Burlesques started to sort themselves out.

"Ow!"

"Geroop me chest!"

It was a long time before the struggling mass of humanity resolved itself into separate human beings. And when at last the members of Billy Hunter's court-party found their feet, they discovered that the door of the Common-room was locked against them.

Thus, in spite of Billy Hunter's scheming, the Merry Minstrels won the day:

THE END.

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

THE fun waxes fast and furious this week.

Pierrot troupes and concert parties have sprung up like mushrooms at Greyfriars.

We have the Merry Minstrels over whom I preside.

There are Billy Hunter's Burlesques, and Coker's Comic Cards.

In this issue we deal with the exploits of these three shows; and this number should provide one long laugh.

The Merry Minstrels are really an off-shoot of the Remove Amateur Dramatic Society.

There are seven of us in all—the Famous Five, Tom Brown, and Squiff.

Our object is to provide popular entertainments, and to give the proceeds to charity.

Vernon-Smith's amusing story, "The Rival Performers," will show how far we have succeeded.

Billy Hunter's Burlesques are a weird and wonderful party of pierrots.

Banster himself is head cook and bottle-washer, and his assistants are Sammy Hunter, Skinner, Bolver major, Wun Lung, Fisher T. Fish, and the guileless Alonzo Todd.

Billy Hunter's object is also to raise funds for charity—the charity in this case being W. G. Bunter!

Coker's Comic Cards are comprised of three fellows only—Coker, Potter, and Greene of the Fifth.

Coker is a comedian in the natural order of things, so there is really no need for him to don a pierrot costume.

We have witnessed a performance by his Comic Cards, and it was one long scream.

This is a very reasonable time for pierrot-making. Many of my chums, holiday-marking at the various seaside resorts, will be seeing some delightful shows.

I only wish you could all come to Greyfriars to see the Merry Minstrels, Coker's Comic Cards, and Billy Hunter's Burlesques.

You would have no lack of enjoyment, I warrant you!

Next week I shall be taking a back seat once more, and the HERALD will be given over to the tender mercies of—

But I won't tell you who is going to edit next week's number. You will be able to have a guessing competition among yourselves!

HARRY WHARTON.

THE MERRY MINSTRELS!

By Dick Penfold.

Come and hear the Merry Minstrels,

Come, comrades, come!

Singing daisy, laughing gaily,

Never sad or glum.

Come and hear us, come and cheer us,

Proudly we perform;

To hear the Minstrels, the merry, merry

Minstrels

All the fellows swarm!

Come and hear Bob Cherry sing,

"Down in Tennessee."

Hear old Wharton rendering

"Red Devon by the Sea."

Hear them humming, hear them

strumming,

Hear the cymbals clash!

To hear the Minstrels, the merry, merry

Minstrels

All the fellows dash!

Come and hear the Bull that bellows

"Abe, My Boy."

Come and share with all the fellows

Jollity and joy.

Hear old Franky, nearly cranky,

Singing, "Farmer Giles."

To hear the Minstrels, the merry, merry

Minstrels

Fellows flock for miles!

Come and hear the Merry Minstrels,

While you've got the chance!

Hear them singing, see them springing,

Watch them gaily dance!

Pay one shilling, and we're willing

To give some ripping turns;

To hear the Minstrels, the merry, merry

Minstrels

Everybody yearns!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



VAL MORNINGTON

(Bookwood.)

[Supplement 4.]



CANDID CONFESSIONS!

By Our Special Representative.

WILLIAM WIBLEY.

of plant. Let me see. You're very good at making up, aren't you?"
 "What do you mean—making up exercises, or making up my face?"
 "Your chivy, of course. They say you are a born impersonator."
 "Well, all impersonators are born."
 "But they say that you are a giddy genius."
 Wibley grinned.

"I don't see why a genius should be giddy, unless he happens to be a sea-saw," he said.
 "Oh, don't keep tripping me up. Look here, Wibley, I should very much like to see some of your wonderful impersonations."
 "Right you are! Who would you like me to impersonate?"
 "The Head."
 Wibley nodded. He rose to his feet and popped behind the screen, where his wardrobe was kept.

In about three minutes he reappeared, attired in gown and mortar-board, and wearing a false beard, a wig, and a pair of spectacles. By some means he had contrived to add a curl to his stature—he wore special boots, I believe—and he looked Dr. Locke to the life.

I could not refrain from clapping my hands in my enthusiasm.

"Bravo, Wibley! That's splendid!"
 At that moment the door of the study opened, and Billy Hunter blinked in. He gave one startled glance at Wibley, whom he took to be the Head, and then he scuttled away down the passage like a frightened rabbit.

"Ha, ha, ha!" I roared. "You deceived Hunter beautifully. Now let me see you impersonate Gosling, the porter."
 Again Wibley retired behind the screen. When he emerged he was the living image of William Gosling. He even carried a broom, which gave the finishing touch to the impersonation.

"That's simply great!" I exclaimed. "It would deceive Gosling himself! Now let me see you disguise yourself as a broken-down tramp."

Once again Wibley obliged. When he came forth from behind the screen he was in rags and tatters, and he had decorated his face in some way so that he appeared to have several days' growth of beard. When he spoke, too, it was in the whining tones usually adopted by a tramp.
 "Got a crust o' bread to spare, mider?"
 I was about to compliment Wibley on the excellence of his disguise, when the study door again opened.

This time it was Loder of the Sixth who looked in.
 The prefect glared at the ragged, unkempt figure. Then he turned to me.

"So you're entertaining a tramp in your study—what?" he exclaimed.
 "It isn't my study, Loder. And it isn't a tramp—"

Loder sneered.
 "Don't try to pretend that it's a member of the aristocracy!" he said. "Your Form-master will have something to say about this. Juniors are expressly forbidden to entertain shady customers of this sort. This seedy merchant may be a burglar, for all we know. I'm going to fetch Mr. Quebeh."

I gave a startled gasp, and was about to exclaim "It's Wibley!" when I happened to notice Wibley's eyes, and detected a sly twinkle in them.

"Let Loder go ahead!" was the message that Wif flashed to me.

The prefect strode away with knitted brows. He returned in a few moments, accompanied by Mr. Quebeh.

The Remove-master looked very severe. He turned to Wibley.

"What are you doing on the school premises, my man?" he demanded.

"I have a perfect right to be here, sir," was the reply, in Wibley's natural voice.

Mr. Quebeh gasped.

"Why, bless my soul, it is Wibley!"

"Yes, just a little impersonation," explained Wif, cheerfully.

Mr. Quebeh pursed up his lips.

"You have brought me here on a fool's errand, Loder," he said testily.

Loder looked very sheepish.

"I—I had no idea that it was a disguise, sir," he stammered.

"You should have made proper inquiries before coming to me and interrupting me when I was in the middle of an important task," snapped Mr. Quebeh.

And he strode away with rustling gown.

Loder strode away also, snorting with fury. As for Wibley and myself, we laughed loud and long at the prefect's discomfiture.

Wif is certainly a wonderful impersonator. In that particular line he has no equal at Greyfriars.

So long as William Wibley is a member of the Remove Form there will be no lack of fun!

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

BILLY BUNTER'S BURLESQUES! (Owned, Trained, and Driven by W. G. Bunter.)

Will Give A Series of Open-air Concerts In the Common room On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of Next Week.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING! (Respect to Billy Bunter's pals, who can come in for nicks!)

ALL THE PROPHETS WILL GO TO CHARRITY!

NO EARLY DOORS!
 NO SMOKING ALOUD!
 DOGS NOT ADMITTED!
 NO BAD EGGS OR OTHER MISSILES TO BE BROUGHT IN.

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1. OPENING KORUSS.	
2. SONG	"The Minor's Dreams of Home" ... Sammy Bunter.
3. RESSITATION	"Come And Sob Upon My Shoulder" Alonzo Todd.
4. VENTRILLOQUIAL TRIX	W. G. Bunter.
5. SONG "Don't go down the mine, daddy, let it come up to you"	H. Skinner.
6. SONG	"A Frail Little Fellow Am I" P. Bolsover.
7. EXHIBITION	"How to Eat Your Dinner with Chopsticks" Won Lung.
8. SONG "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo"	Fisher T. Fish.
9. SONG	"Pail Hands I Love" Alonzo Todd.
10. CONJURING TRIX (with other fellows' property)	W. G. Bunter.
11. DUET	"How to Endure The Eat Wave" The Bunter Brothers.
12. KONKLOODING KORUSS.	

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W. G. Bunter.

Stage Manager:
W. G. Bunter.

Lirick Writer:
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Composer:
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Pinched from the
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quarters.

ROLL UP,
EVERYBODY!

MY PEERO TROOP!

By DICKY NUGENT (of the Second Form).

EVERYBODY at Greyfriars seemed to be getting up Peero Troops, so I thought I would do the same.

I said to yung Gatty, "What about it?" He said, "I'm game. Kount me in."

I said to yung Myers, "What about it?" He said, "Ditto."

I said to yung Bunter, "What about it?" He said, "Sorry I can't offer you my services, but I'm booked up with Billy's Barbesques."

However, I persuaded Wingate miner and Bolsover miner and Hop Hi to join my Troop, and we were soon discussing the arrangements.

"What shall we call ourselves?" I asked.

"The Gay Doggs," suggested Gatty. "The Larfing Hyeenas," proposed Myers.

"The Jolly Joakers," chimed in Wingate miner.

"The Side-Splitters," said yung Bolsover.

And then I suggested "The Frivverlus Fags," and everybody jumped at it.

We borrowed some clown's costumes, and had a fool-dress rehearsal.

It took me some time to lick my Peeros into shape. But I stuck to it.

"When is the first performance coming off, Dicky?" inquired Gatty.

"Next week," I replied, "we shall be going strong."

I then put an announcement on the notice board to the effect that "The Frivverlus Fags" would positively appear on the following Wednesday. I urged the Greyfriars fellows to roll up in their thousands—or in their Rolls-Royce cars.

In the meantime, we had several more rehearsals, and under my tuition my Peeros improved out of all noodge.

At last Wednesday came. It would be a red-letter day in my career. So I thought, anyway.

During the afternoon, however, a number of krushing kalamities came about.

First of all, I had a note from Gatty.

"Dear Dicky,—Regrett I sha'n't be able to turn up to-night, owing to a soar throat."

Now, Gatty was my right-hand man, so this was a knock out blow.

I had barely recovered from the shock when a fellow came rushing up to me, and grabbed me eggstically by the arm.

"Have you heard the news, Dicky?"

"What news?" I asked, with a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Yung Myers has met with an accident on the cricket-field. He won't be able to take part in to-night's performance."

"Help!"

I was pretty well prostrated by this time, I can tell you.

But there was worse to follow. As Shakespeare says, "When troubles come, they come not in single spies, but in battalions."

From Bolsover miner I received the following note:

"Dear Dicky,—When practising singing this afternoon, I strained my larynxes. It wouldn't be any use my

trying to sing to-night, as my voice is so hoarse. Awfully sorry."

On receipt of this information, I felt like nashing my teeth and tearing my hair.

There are times, dear readers, when you feel that Fate is conspiring against you. And that's eggstically how I felt on this occasion.

I had been to grate panes to bring my Peero Troop up to the scratch, and now all my performers were letting me down.

While I sat pondering on the situation, up came Hop Hi.

"Me velly sooly me can't turn up to-night," he said.

"Grate pip!" I gasped. "Don't tell me you're ill!"

"Yes. Me got an attack of Chinese measles."

"Get out of my site!" I roared, in eggasperation. "I've no simperthy with you and your beestly measles!"

And Hop Hi hopped away.

"There's only two of us left," I said to Wingate miner. "We shall have to tackle the show on our own."

"All serene, Dicky."

And then came the last straw.

While we were fixing up the stage in the fags' common-room, Wingate miner was foolish enuff to fall from the top of a pear of steps. He landed on his nut, and had to be taken to the sanby.

Woe upon woe! Misfortune upon misfortune!

I rung my hands in despair. There was now nothing for it but to give the show all on my own.

I dreaded lest some accident should befall me, and I should be added to the list of victims. Fortunately, however, I managed to survive until the evening.

I eggspose you are on tenterhooks to know how the concert went off. Let me quote you the following eggextract from the "Courtfield Clarion":

"GRAND CONCERT AT GREY-FRIARS!
A ONE-MAN SHOW.

"At Greyfriars, on Wednesday evening, a Grand Concert was given by the Frivverlus Fags.

"Owing to a series of accidents, none of the performers were able to appear, with the exception of the star artist, Master Richard Nugent. This energetic youth carried the entertainment on his shoulders, and filled all the parts of his absent colleagues.

"The result was a huge personal triumph for Master Nugent. He sang delightfully, and his conjuring tricks and recitations fairly brought down the house.

"Master Nugent worked like a Trojan, and he did not desist from his efforts until compelled to do so by sheer huskiness.

"The audience consisted of two persons—our special representative, and a youth named Tubb. Our representative, being a member of the Press, was admitted free, and Tubb, being a juvenile, had a half-price ticket. The gross takings were sixpence.

"The entertainment was a huge success in every way."

It mite have been if two hundred people had been prezant, instead of two!

PIERROT PATTER!

By Bob Cherry.

(Member of the "Merry Minstrels.")

Pierrot parties have been the order of the day just lately. Harry Wharton's Merry Minstrels have warded off the attentions of their rivals, and given several successful shows. No less a sum than £12 7s. has been collected on behalf of the Courtfield Cottage Hospital.

Dick Penfold's original lyrics, set to popular tunes, have proved a big attraction. I had the pleasure of singing "The Greyfriars Zoo," two verses from which appear in Vernon-Smith's story. I cannot refrain from quoting another of the verses:

"The animals came in two by two,
There's one more river to cross.
Coker and Potter are in our Zoo,
There's one more river to cross
Coker's a camel—be's got the bunp,
And Potter, you know, is a dry old chump;
That's why we checked him at the pump!
There's one more river to cross."

Billy Bunter's Barbesques are the most curious collection of comedies you ever clipped eyes on. I readily admit that Billy's ventriloquist turns are ripping; but as for the rest of the show—well, it beggars description! Bolsover major has a voice like a foghorn, and when Skinner starts to sing—why, you'd imagine a pig was being killed! As for Pishy, I kinder guess and calculate that you'd have to go a long way to find a worse comedian.

Coker's Comic Cards are too comic for words! Coker, when they are performing, seems to spend all his time rebuking Potter and Greenc. This is how Coker sang the chorus of "Asleep in the Deep":

"Loudly the bell in the old tower rings,
(Don't keep grinning, Potter!)
Bidding us list to the warning it brings.
(Dry up, Greenc, you rotter!)
Sailor, take care! (Potter, you're giggling!)
Sailor, take care! (Greenc, leave off wriggling!)
Danger is near there, beware, beware!
Many true hearts are asleep in the deep.
(Potter and Greenc, you make me weep!)
So beware, beware!"

I hear, unofficially, that Billy Bunter managed to raise the enormous sum of ninepence for charity. I'm not sure which charity the money went to; but, judging by the sneers of lam on Billy's cheeks, I can hazard a pretty shrewd guess!

**SOMETHING TO
LOOK FORWARD
TO:**

**TWO RIPPING
REAL PHOTOS**

OF

**SAM CHEDCZOF OF EVERTON, AND
TOM CAIRNS OF GLASGOW RANGERS**

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Next Week's Issue!

Any chap who fails to order next
Men ay's "Magnet" in advance
must be potty!
HARRY WHARTON.

BRAVO, BULSTRODE!

(Continued from page 8.)

gave them a hearty push off. Then they got into the other. Soon the two sailing-boats were gliding along, side by side, over a calm, untroubled sea.

The sailing-boats glided on through the gloom. The shore was left farther and farther behind.

Songs were sung; the crews of the rival boats exchanged good-humoured banter; and the night wore on, though the Greyfriars juniors had lost all count of time.

And then, with startling suddenness, a storm broke forth.

A deafening crash of thunder came. It was followed by another, and yet another. The heavens had opened their loud artillery. And the singers' voices were drowned by those appalling thunder-claps.

"My hat!" muttered Bob Cherry. "A storm!"

"We must turn back!" shouted Wharton.

Then he hailed Vernon-Smith, who commanded the other boat.

"Back, Smithy, for dear life!"

The sea was no longer placid and peaceful. It began to heave and swell ominously.

The storm gathered in fury. Jagged flashes of lightning struck across the sky. The crashing of the thunder continued.

With difficulty, the juniors turned their boats towards the shore.

They were fairly cool, considering the dreadful emergency. Among weaker spirits, panic would have broken out.

"How far out are we, do you think, Harry?" inquired Frank Nugent.

"At least a mile."

"Oh cranks!"

"The sea's getting like a giddy cauldron!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "No boat will be able to live in it, soon!"

Harry Wharton stood beside the sail, and frowned across the angry waters.

"We don't seem to be making any progress," he remarked. "The tide's against us."

"What chumps we were to come all this way out!" said Johnny Bull remorsefully.

"And what a storm!" said Nugent, with a shudder. "No sign of it getting better."

It was, in fact, getting very much worse.

The thunder crashed incessantly, the crashes growing louder and louder. The lightning lit up the awful scene, and revealed the two sailing-boats scurrying before the storm.

The sea was getting more boisterous at each moment. Soon no craft would be able to live in it.

But what worried the Greyfriars juniors more than anything else was the fact that they were being driven farther and farther out to sea. They tried hard to steer for the shore; but the conditions would not allow of it.

Even the bravest of them became solemn. Bob Cherry, usually light-hearted in a crisis, was silent now. For this was no ordinary crisis. It involved the safety, the lives, of twelve fellows.

Harry Wharton made a megaphone of his hands, and shouted through the storm.

"You all right, Smithy?"

NEXT MONDAY!

From Vernon-Smith's boat came a response.

"Yes! But we're being beaten out to sea. Are you aware of that, Wharton?"

Harry replied that he was.

"Let's try and keep close together!" he shouted.

"All serene," replied Vernon-Smith—probably the coolest fellow there.

Harry Wharton turned back to his duties. He felt a tap on his shoulder. Harroo Singh was by his side.

"Afraid this means the doomfulness, my worthy chum," said the dusky junior.

"Well, I won't pretend we're not in an awful hole," answered Wharton. "It's impossible to get back to shore, in this storm. But we stand a fair chance of being seen and picked up by some passing vessel."

"We were all our esteemed rockers, to come out all this distance."

"True! But it's no use talking of that now. We must hang on as long as we can, and if it should be death—"

Harry Wharton stood erect; squared his shoulders. He had no desire to die, but he was not afraid. Young though he was, he had fronted death on several occasions, and he knew how to bear himself with composure in such an emergency.

Boom! Crash!

The heavy artillery of thunder continued. The storm gained in violence.

On the bosom of the sea, the two sailing-boats were tossed about like corks.

Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith, at their respective posts beside the sails, could scarcely keep their feet.

And ever and anon, amid the thunder-crashes and the lightning-flashes, the juniors strained their eyes across the water, in the hope of locating the lights of a passing vessel.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.**Marooned!**

HALF an hour passed—a half-hour that seemed like an eternity to the Greyfriars juniors.

During that period they had had many narrow escapes.

They were still in frightful danger. Giant waves had dashed over them, swamping the boats.



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The Great Cinema Adventure Paper.

All the juniors, with the exception of Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith, were busily engaged in bailing out the water with their school caps.

They worked like Trojans. But it was a heartbreaking business. In dribs and drabs they got rid of the water, only to find it pouring in again faster than ever. Their backs and their arms ached with the strain. They were well-nigh exhausted.

Shouts for help had proved futile. The rain had drowned them. In any case, nobody was at hand to hear them.

The juniors had no means of sending up distress signals. They were at the complete mercy of the sea and the storm.

They thought of Bulstrode, back in the Greyfriars camp. Lucky fellow! In refusing to join the party he had been spared a terrible experience.

Presently Harry Wharton gave a shout.

"There's some lights twinkling ahead of us! I believe it's a Channel steamer, you fellows! Let's give a shout!"

The fellows who had been bailing out desisted from their labours.

"Ship ahoy!"

The cry was taken up by those in Vernon-Smith's boat.

At the top of their lungs the juniors shouted.

"Ahoj, there! Ship ahoy!"

"They might have saved their breath. The Channel steamer was too far away for those on board to hear them."

The twinkling lights, instead of getting nearer, drew away into the distance.

Harry Wharton gave a groan.

"No go!" he muttered.

"That's our last hope, I reckon!" said Johnny Bull. "We sha'n't be able to hold our much longer!"

Even as Johnny spoke, a mountainous billow dashed over the boat, engulfing it for a moment.

The juniors, gasping and spluttering, as the water drenched them, imagined that the end had come.

The side rail had drunk drunkenly on its side and refused to right itself. Weighted with water, it seemed likely to capsize at any moment.

"No use bailing out any longer, you fellows!" came Harry Wharton's voice.

"This is good-bye!"

And then an amazing thing happened.

A mighty roller came rushing up behind the boat and literally hurled it forward on to what appeared to be solid ground.

The juniors were thrown in all directions by the impact. Some of them were badly bruised, but there were no serious injuries.

"We—we've struck a rock!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"No we haven't!" replied Harry Wharton joyfully. "This is a sand-bank!"

"My hat!"

"I remember to have seen it on the map," said the captain of the Remore.

"It lies a mile and a half out to sea. We shall be saved!"

"Where's the other boat?" panted Mark Linley.

In the excitement and bewilderment of recent events the juniors had temporarily forgotten the existence of Vernon-Smith's boat. It was now borne in upon their minds, with dreadful conviction, that the boat was lost.

But no!

The noble fortune which had smiled on Harry Wharton & Co. had smiled also on Vernon-Smith and his crew. They, too, had gained the comparative safety of the sandbank.

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

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 75A.

"MAULY'S PALS!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

Both boats had been terribly damaged. It would be impossible to set out in them again.

The juniors, exhausted and utterly worn out, crawled towards the highest point of the sandbank, where the hungry waves did not encroach.

"Sale—for a time, at any rate!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

Everyone was present, which was surprising, almost miraculous, in the circumstances.

"We must try and hang on here until dawn," said the captain of the Remove. "Then the storm will have passed, and we shall be seen by the first vessel that comes along."

The prospect of remaining on the sandbank for several hours was an appalling one.

The juniors were soaked to the skin. They were utterly exhausted. They were cold and hungry. And there were many minor injuries which needed attention.

But the situation might well have been worse.

If the boats had not been swept on to the sandbank—the juniors shuddered as they conjured up the grim possibilities.

For a long time no one spoke.

The storm raged on. The roaring of the sea mingled with the roaring of the thunder. A vivid flash of lightning illuminated the crouching forms on the sandbank.

The juniors imagined that their position was fairly safe, until Bob Cherry made a tragic discovery.

"The water's rising!" he exclaimed.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Supposing this sandbank's covered at full tide?"

It was a ghastly supposition. But it was possible, nay, probable.

The shipwrecked juniors had merely picked out of the fringing sea into the fire. Their fate had been postponed, that was all.

"Heaven help us!" muttered Frank Nugent with chattering teeth.

Yes, the water was rising! That was now patent to everybody.

How long would it be before the sandbank was submerged? An hour, perhaps. Possibly less than that.

Hope was now dead in the breasts of the marooned juniors. Stranded and helpless, there was nothing for it but to await their fate.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bulstrode Gets Busy!

CRASH!

George Bulstrode stirred uneasily in his sleep.

Crash! Boon! Bulstrode opened his eyes and sat up. He blinked around, expecting to find himself in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars.

The rustling of canvas assured him that this was not the case. He was in camp.

"What's that awful row!" he murmured. "There it goes again! By Jove! It's thunder!"

He groped for his electric torch, and flashed it.

He saw that he was alone in the tent. His schoolfellows had not returned.

A feeling of alarm gripped the junior. He glanced at the watch on his wrist.

Midnight!

Several hours before, Harry Wharton & Co. had set forth on their sailing expedition. They were still absent.

Bulstrode sprang to his feet. He was wide awake now.

Hastily he dressed himself, and stepped out into the storm.

Two of the tents, he observed, had blown down. It was a wild night. Fiercely the tempest raged around him. It seemed almost incredible that when he had gone to bed all had been calm and peaceful.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "Those fellows are out at sea in this!"

The thought stunned him. He could not see the sea from where he stood, but he could hear it. And he could tell that it was lashed into fury—that it was a sea in which no sailing-boat could survive.

For a moment Bulstrode stood irresolute, with his head bared to the storm.

Then pulling himself together, he set off as fast as he could go in the direction of the shore.

He found himself confronted by one of the roughest seas he had ever seen.

Giant breakers dashed themselves upon the shore. A shower of spray spattered into his face.

Bulstrode peered out to sea. There was no sign of a vessel.

"It's just possible," he muttered, "that the fellows got in before the storm started, and they're taking shelter in one of the boatmen's cottages. I'll go and see."

He battled his way to the nearest cottage. It was in darkness, as were the others. This fact alone was sufficient to freeze the hope which had formed in his mind.

He beat a loud tattoo on the door of the cottage.

There was no response.

Bulstrode gave an impatient growl, and drove his boot against the door. Great was his agitation, greater still the fear that gripped him.

He came very near to breaking the door down. His hofty kicks caused the woodwork to groan and quiver.

At last there was a response. A head appeared at an upper window.

"Who's there?" came a guttural voice.

"Twelve fellows—school-mates of mine—went out for a sail before this storm came on!" shouted Bulstrode. "Have you seen anything of them?"

"Mercy, no!"

"Then they're still out at sea! Come quickly!"

"They're in Davy Jones' locker by this time, most likely!" said the old boatman.

"I'll be down in a minute. But I can't see as I can do anything."

Within a couple of minutes the man had joined Bulstrode. It seemed a couple of hours to the agitated junior.

"Have you a lifeboat here?" he demanded.

The boatman shook his head.

"What? No lifeboat in a place like this?"

"We used to have one, but they've scrapped it. There's a motor lifeboat three miles along the coast, at Rockcastle."

"When it must be called out at once! There's not a minute to lose. Is there a telephone here?"

Bulstrode might as well have inquired if there was a fleet of airships handy. Pinehaven was a place which had not moved with the times. Telephones were unknown.

"The boatman shook his head.

"There's no way of gettin' the lifeboat," he said, "except by goin' over to Rockcastle."

"Then I'm going!"

"Half a minute! Are you positive that there's twelve of your pals out at sea?"

"Well, they haven't come back to camp, and they don't seem to be in any of the cottages."

"Let's come and see if the sailin'-boats are on the beach."

Bulstrode followed impatiently in the boatman's wake. There was no sign of the boats.

"They've gone!" said the boatman.

He spoke with an air of finality, as if the crews of those sailing boats had gone, too.

Bulstrode shuddered.

"This is awful!" he muttered. "Those boats will be chucked about like cockle-shells in this sea!"

"They're smashed to bits, I deesay," said the boatman. This man was no optimist.

Bulstrode turned away.

There was a splendid tale of the juniors of Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

11

BEST Boys' Books on the Market.

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Now on Sale. Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!

"MAULY'S PALS!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS. 11

"Where does Rockcastle lie?" he required.

"Over yonder," said the boatman, indicating the direction with his hand. "But look here, young shaver—"

Bulstrode did not linger to argue the point. He sped away at the greatest speed he could command.

On and on he went—now stumbling over a loose stone, now buffeted by the fierce wind—until he reached his goal.

The boatman had told him that Rockcastle was three miles from Pinehaven. To Bulstrode the distance seemed nearer.

A tall form loomed up in the darkness. "Who goes there?" demanded a stern voice.

Bulstrode peered through the gloom, recognized the uniform of a coastguard.

In hurried, broken sentences he explained the situation.

The coastguard looked grave. "I'll arrange for the lifeboat to be sent out at once," he said. "But I'm afraid it's a forlorn hope. This storm's been raging for hours!"

Bulstrode choked back a sob.

"Can I go with the lifeboat?" he asked.

"See what the skipper says. This way!"

The coastguard was a man of action. He lost no time in getting to the lifeboat station and rousing the crew.

The lifeboat was a magnificent craft. It had successfully weathered many rough seas. It was now called upon to do battle with another.

Bulstrode was allowed to join the crew. In a matter of moments the lifeboat was launched. It surged and ploughed its way through the angry waters; and the crew, clad in their oilskins, kept a sharp look-out on either side.

"It's pretty hopeless," said the skipper. "The boats must have foundered long ago."

"There's just a chance," said one of the men, "that they drifted on to the sandbank."

"Just a chance, yes, but a faint one. Still, we'll investigate."

The boat sped on—now lifted upon the crest of a giant wave, now plunging down into a valley of foam.

The experience sickened Bulstrode. He clung to the side of the boat, felt terribly giddy, and wondered vaguely how long he would be able to hold out.

Presently he gave a violent start.

Faintly on the wings of the storm came a cry.

"Help! Help!"

The others heard that cry.

"Thank Heaven!" said the skipper fervently. "They're on the sandbank. We shall save them!"

Ropes were got ready. Presently the lifeboat slackened its speed.

The ropes were cast out into the darkness. Bulstrode watched the proceedings like one in a dream.

A lifebelt was fitted to the end of each rope. Soon they were being hoisted in.

One by one the juniors on the sandbank were brought to safety.

They were in a sorry plight. Some were barely conscious. All were weakened and smothered by exhaustion and exposure.

Familiar faces greeted Bulstrode's gaze. Vernon-Smith, Bob Cherry, Peter Todd, Dick Penfold—he recognised each of the juniors as they were hoisted on board.

Harry Wharton came last. He had

NEXT
MONDAY!

MAULY'S PALS!



At last there was a response to Bulstrode's cries on the door. "Who's there?" came a guttural voice, and a head appeared at an upper window of the cottage. "Twelve fellows went out for a sail before this storm came on," shouted Bulstrode, "and they haven't come back!" (See Chapter 2.)

insisted on remaining on the sandbank until all his comrades were saved.

"All here?" inquired the captain of the lifeboat.

Wharton nodded.

"You arrived in the nick of time," he said. "We couldn't have held out any longer."

"We're ever so grateful—" began Mark Linley.

The skipper pointed to Bulstrode.

"Your gratitude should go in that direction," he said. "It was your mate, here, who summoned the lifeboat. He did a sort of marathon race, from Pinehaven to Rockcastle."

Grateful glances were turned upon George Bulstrode. It was to his energy and resource that Harry Wharton & Co. owed their lives.

The lifeboat sped shorewards through the angry waters. But all danger was past now.

Willing hands helped to beach the boat. And then the exhausted Greyfriars fellows were taken to the coastguard station, and made comfortable for the night—or what remained of it.

They divested themselves of their drenched clothing, and were wrapped in warm blankets. Mugs of steaming coffee were handed round. In their rough-and-ready way, the coastguard authorities did all they could to help.

Bulstrode lent a hand in ministering to his schoolfellows.

"You chaps have been through a ghastly time," he said. "You won't get over it in a hurry."

"We don't be fit for the cricket final. That's the galling part," said Harry Wharton.

Bulstrode gave a gasp.

"Not one of you will be fit?"

"Afraid not. We shall be lucky if we get through without a serious illness."

Wharton glanced round at the pale faces of his chums.

Some of them were "wacked to the wids," Frank Nugent had only just

regained consciousness. Archie Howell and Dick Penfold lay like logs, without any clear idea of what was happening. Peter Todd was delicious. Even the sturdy Johnny Bull lay weak and helpless.

Harry Wharton, Vernon-Smith, and Mark Linley—these three were the least affected by the ordeal through which they had just passed. And even these three would not be fit to play cricket for some time.

"What's going to happen?" asked Bulstrode. "About the match, I mean."

"Either it will have to be cancelled, or a second eleven will have to face Grandcourt," said Harry Wharton.

A gleam came into Bulstrode's eyes.

"A second eleven?" he echoed.

"Yes. They'd be licked to a frazzle, of course. But it would be better than disappointing Grandcourt. Why don't you get up a team, Bulstrode, and make some sort of a fight of it?"

"Just what I was thinking!" was the reply. "But there won't be time for the team to go into training—"

"Never mind. You'll have to do the best you can. It's no going to sleep now. Never been so fagged out in my life. Good-night, Bulstrode!"

"Good-night!"

The captain of the Remove sank into a heavy slumber.

Bulstrode stayed at the coastguard station for the remainder of the night. He didn't fancy going back to camp alone, especially as his tent would probably have been blown down in his absence.

He did not go to sleep. He kept watch over his shuddering schoolfellows, anxiously hoping they would all recover from their grim adventure.

Bulstrode was thinking, also, of the match with Grandcourt.

He had waited long for a chance to distinguish himself.

His chance had come!

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

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 754.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER,

The New Eleven!

DAWN flushed up over sea and land.
The storm, which had wrought considerable havoc through the countryside, and on the high seas, had abated.

Bulstrode, standing at the window of the coastguard station at Rockcastle, looked out upon a clear sunny prospect. His schoolfellows were still sleeping. They would sleep for some hours yet.

Bulstrode asked that they might not be disturbed. Then he requested the use of the telephone.

Dr. Locke, of Greyfriars, paying an early-morning visit to his study in dressing-gown and slippers, was surprised to hear the telephone-bell ring.

He picked up the receiver.

"Yes. Who is that?"

"Bulstrode speaking, sir, from Rockcastle."

The Head gave a start.

It was very unusual for a fellow in a junior Form to ring up his headmaster, especially first thing in the morning.

"What does this mean, Bulstrode? I trust nothing is amiss?"

"There's been rather a calamity down here, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

"They're sound asleep at the moment, sir. Some of them have taken chill, but they are being well looked after."

"I am relieved to hear that. I will communicate with the coastguard authorities, and make arrangements for the boys to remain there a few days. In the meantime, Bulstrode, you will clear up the camp and return to the school."

"Very good, sir!"

Bulstrode rang off. Then he walked over to the camp at Pinehaven, packed up the tents and various impedimenta, and had them put on rail for Friardale.

This done, he returned to Rockcastle, saw that Harry Wharton & Co. were as comfortable as possible, and then caught the midday train.

Afternoon lessons were over when Bulstrode arrived at Greyfriars. His appearance caused considerable excitement. A big crowd collected.

"Faith, an' why have ye come back alone, Bulstrode darlint!" inquired Micky Desmond.

"What have you done with the rest of the family, begad?" asked Lord Maulreaver.

Bulstrode described in detail the events of the previous night. But he made no reference to the part which he himself had played in the rescue.

"I've got to raise a second eleven to go to Lord's," he said.

will travel to Lord's (to-morrow to represent Greyfriars:

G. BULSTRODE (Captain).

T. REDWING.

K. E. RUSSELL.

M. NEWLAND.

R. D. OGLIVY.

M. DESMOND.

R. RAKE.

W. WIBLEY.

D. MORGAN.

R. HILARY.

P. DELARBY.

Reserve: Tom Dutton.

"Every fellow is expected to play the game of his life, and not to be daunted by the great reputation of Grandcourt. Let us prove to the public that the Remove Second Eleven is not far behind the First!"

"(Signed) G. BULSTRODE
"Captain."

It was generally agreed that Bulstrode had drawn up the best possible eleven, in the circumstances.

One or two fellows felt sore—notably, Billy Bunter and Kalsover junior. But the loud lamentations of these two juniors went unheeded.

After tea Bulstrode mustered his men and led them to the nets for practice.

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SAM CHEDZOY, of Everton.



TOM CAIRNS, of Glasgow Rangers.

"All the fellows, except myself, went for a sail last night. A fearful storm came on—"

The Head turned pale.

"Bulstrode! You—you do not mean to tell me—"

"It's all right, sir. No lives lost. But the fellows have been through a terrible time. They were marooned on a sandbank for hours, and eventually they were picked up by the lifeboat."

"Where are they now?"

"They're being looked after at the coastguard station, sir. They are absolutely worn out, and won't be able to travel for a few days. Not one of them is fit enough to take part in the cricket final."

"Dear me!"

"Wharton suggests that a second eleven goes up to Lord's, sir."

"A second eleven? Why, that would convert the match into a farce."

"Better than disappointing Grandcourt, sir. And the public, too. Quite a big crowd have arranged to see the match."

The Head was silent for a moment.
"I can see your point, Bulstrode," he said presently, "and I think you are right. Who will organise this second eleven?"

"I, sir!" said Bulstrode eagerly.

"Very well. You had better return to Greyfriars without delay. Meanwhile, how are Wharton and the others progressing?"

NEXT MONDAY:

"MAULY'S

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 754.

"My hat!"

The excitement grew apace.

"Count me in, Bulstrode!"

"And me!"

"Faith an' if ye want a fast bowler, I'm your man!"

"I say, Bulstrode," chimed in Billy Bunter, "don't forget your old pal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode grinned.

"I'm going along to my study to draw up the team," he said. "I don't want to be disturbed. You'll find the names of the selected eleven on the notice-board, in half an hour's time."

Bulstrode strolled away.

Seated alone in his study, he drew up with infinite care and deliberation what he considered to be the finest eleven available.

Shortly afterwards a crowd of fellows jostled and shoved their way to the notice-board, where the following announcement greeted their gaze:

"PUBLIC SCHOOLS

CRICKET FINAL.

Greyfriars v. Grandcourt.

"Owing to a mishap which has befallen the regular eleven, the following team

ANSWERS

EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2!

"MAULY'S PALS!"

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

Every fellow played up keenly. Each realised what would be expected of him on the morrow.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

At Lord's!

BULSTRODE'S eleven, with Tom Dutton as reserve, stepped off the train at Charing Cross.

A couple of taxicabs conveyed them to Lord's Cricket Ground—the scene of so many thrilling tussles.

The great match was to start at eleven, and the Greyfriars juniors were on the ground at half-past ten.

Cheerful though they were, they saw several signs that made them nervous.

In the first place, a large crowd had already assembled. At least two thousand people were present. And the juniors had been accustomed to playing before hundreds, not thousands.

Another disconcerting sight was that of the Grandcourt eleven at practice.

Tall and athletic were these Grandcourt men, with their blue-and-white caps. Cricketers every inch of them. The way they slung at the wickets testified to that. And their bowling—it was deadly, terrific.

"Better not wench 'em any longer," advised Bulstrode, "or we shall work ourselves into a state of blue funk. Let's go and change."

There were many public school men in the pavilion.

Wingate and Gwynne and Faulkner had travelled up from Greyfriars. Kildare of St. Jim's was there, and Bulkeley of Rookwood. There were many old boys, too, both of Grandcourt and Greyfriars.

Wingate drew Bulstrode aside for a confab.

"You're up against it, kid," he said. "Grandcourt haven't been licked this season, and it's jolly doubtful whether the regular Remove eleven would have managed it, let alone a reserve team. Nobody expects you to win. It will be no disgrace to be beaten by Grandcourt. But we want to see you make a fight of it. No matter if the game goes dead against you, play up all you know."

Bulstrode squared his jaw.

"We're going all out, Wingate," he said resolutely. "We mean to lower Grandcourt's colours."

The captain of Greyfriars smiled.

"Nothing like optimism," he said. "I don't think you won't succeed in licking Grandcourt. But if you make 'em fight every inch of the way it will be a match worth seeing."

Shortly afterwards Bulstrode was introduced to the Grandcourt skipper—a mighty personage who towered over the Greyfriars junior. His name was Grace. He did not belong to the famous family of cricketers, but he was a batsman worthy of his name.

"Sorry to hear about the mishap to your first eleven," said Grace. "Jolly rough luck! It was good of you to scrape together another team to save disappointing us."

Bulstrode stammered a conventional reply. He felt strangely uneasy in the presence of this great man.

They went out on to the pavilion steps. Grace spun a coin.

"Tails!" said Bulstrode.

Grace stooped down to examine the coin.

"Tails it is!"

"We'll bat," said Bulstrode.

He went back into the pavilion to acquaint his schoolfellows with his decision. Then he dictated the order of batting to the scorer.

"Get your pads on, Russell," he said. "You're coming in first with me."

"Oh crumps!"

Russell looked far from comfortable. "Pull yourself together," said Bulstrode. "Forget the crowd. Forget everything except the fact that we've got to get runs."

They put on their pads. Suddenly a bell rang. The umpires ambled leisurely on to the field, followed by the Grandcourt fieldsmen.

The great match was due to commence. When the Greyfriars pair walked out side by side the crowd gave a cheer. It was a sympathetic cheer, as if to say, "You're going to be hopelessly licked, you know. Hard lines!"

Bulstrode kept his eyes straight in front of him. He dared not look at the crowd. Neither did Russell.

It seemed an unending journey to the wickets.

Bulstrode arrived at his crease at last. He took his guard, patted the turf with his bat, then faced the bowler.

A long, lanky youth was this bowler. He was smiling, as if in anticipation of capturing a wicket.

A short, sharp run on the part of the bowler, and the ball came whizzing down.

Bulstrode snicked it through the slips; started to run.

"Get back!" shouted Dick Russell. The ball had been beautifully fielded.

Bulstrode stopped the second ball dead, likewise the third. The fourth pitched a trifle short. Bulstrode opened his shoulders to it and drove with tremendous power.

"Come on!" he exclaimed. "The batsmen crossed twice. The crowd cheered."

Having broken the ice, Bulstrode began to hit confidently.

The bowling was good—very good indeed. Bulstrode, on the principle of auto-suggestion, told himself it was sorry stuff and deserved to be punished. He punished it.

Dick Russell backed up well. At first he had been all at sea. It had seemed like a nightmare, with a crowd of grinning fieldsmen around him, waiting to snap up a catch.

Russell had missed badly on two occasions, but fortune had favoured him. He gained confidence—started to hit out.

Confidence is everything, or nearly everything, in cricket. If a batsman imagines he is at the bowler's mercy, it is soon all up with him. If, on the other hand, he tells himself that the bowling is quite ordinary, and plays it fearlessly, runs come thick and fast.

So it was with Russell and Bulstrode. They took the score to forty before Bulstrode was bowled off his pads.

The Greyfriars junior walked back to the pavilion amid cheers. He had made twenty-five. Wingate advanced to meet him and clapped him on the back.

"Jolly well played, kid!"

Bulstrode grinned breathlessly.

"I enjoyed that knock!" he said. "The bowling isn't so terrible after all!"

"Afraid some of the other batsmen will find it so," rejoined Wingate.

Tom Redwing went in next. He collected a dozen of the best before being cleverly caught at the wicket.

After this, Greyfriars fared badly for a time.

Dick Russell, in snatching a single, was run out. Ogilvy and Morgan were dismissed without any addition to the score. Wibley hit a boundary, and was clean bowled in attempting to repeat the performance.

Fifty-seven for six wickets. "Doubt if they'll reach the hundred," remarked Wingate to Gwynne and Faulkner. "The rot has set in."

Then came an exhibition of fireworks. The fellows responsible for it were Micky Desmond and Monty Newland. They hit out valiantly, and the score rose apace. It was a merry partnership.

Grandcourt tried fresh bowlers. Desmond and Newland hit all the harder. Grandcourt became desperate, Greyfriars hilarious.

The hundred went up to the tune of thunderous applause. Still Monty Newland and the Irish junior were together. Micky Desmond was at last caught in the long-field. He had rattled up a brilliant twenty-two.

Newland stayed on, receiving valuable support from Hilary and Delaney, and the Greyfriars first innings closed for 144.

Only ten minutes remained before the luncheon interval.

In that short period Grandcourt lost a couple of valuable wickets for only eight runs. There was joy in the Greyfriars camp.

"You kids are doing awfully well!" said Wingate, his face glowing. "Keep it up! If you lick Grandcourt, it will be the greatest thing that has happened for ages!"

Bulstrode and his men were in high spirits. When the game was resumed, they went out on to the field brimful of confidence.

Micky Desmond and Piet Delaney shared the bowling. They kept a good length, and gave the batsmen no end of trouble.

But Grace was a tower of strength for Grandcourt. He scored at a rapid rate. The bowling had no terrors for him. Once he hit a ball from Desmond clean out of the ground.



There was a click, and the ball reposed in Bulstrode's sound right hand. He lost his balance, and fell heavily, his hand upraised in triumph. Greyfriars had defeated Grandcourt by four runs. (See Chapter 10.)

Grace, however, received but scant support from his colleagues. Wickets fell with almost monotonous regularity. And keen Greyfriars fielding helped to keep the runs down. Every fellow was on tiptoe. There were several smart catches, and the Grandcourt total did not get beyond eighty-four.

Greyfriars held a lead of sixty runs on the first innings. They almost hugged each other in their delight.

"We're well on the way to victory, you fellows!" said Balstrode.

"Yes, rather."

"Faith, an' who'd have thought we should have skilted Grandcourt out so cheaply?" said Micky Desmond.

"Wonder what Wharton and the others would think about it if they knew?" said Ogilvy.

"They'd be awfully backed, of course!" said Dick Russell. "But they're too far away to know how the match is going."

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bravo, Balstrode!

GREAT excitement prevailed at Lord's. Greyfriars started on their second innings in dashing style. They were on top; they meant to stay there.

to his side. A spasm of pain shot across his face.

The bowler ran forward, anxious and dismayed.

"I say, old man, I'm awfully sorry!" he exclaimed.

Balstrode forced a smile.

"It's all right," he muttered. "You weren't to know the ball would behave like that."

"It's crooked you, hasn't it?" Balstrode nodded ruefully. He tried to grip his bat-handle, and the effort tortured him. Had it been humanly possible, he would have batted on. But it was hopeless.

The Greyfriars junior walked slowly back to the pavilion. The scorers were entering in their books:

"G. Balstrode, retired hurt, 50." The cheer that greeted the retiring batsman might have been heard a mile off.

Balstrode's innings had been of immense value to his side. He had played the true sporting game. He had not been afraid to hit. The Grandcourt fieldmen clapped him as he went out.

After Balstrode's departure wickets fell cheaply, and the Greyfriars second innings closed for 119.

Then came the tea interval. Grace, of Grandcourt, looked very subdued as he munched a buttered scone.

Runs were rattled up at an enormous rate. Thirty, forty, fifty, and still only one wicket down.

Balstrode began to look worried.

"You'd better go on in place of Desmond," he said to Micky Newland.

"And Wibley, you can relieve Delaroy."

The change of bowlers only served to quicken the rate of scoring.

Grace was like a giant. He dominated the bowling—thrashed it and smashed it all over the field.

The Grandcourt spectators cheered joyously. There was hope for their side yet!

Higher and higher rose the score. Deeper and deeper sank the hopes of Greyfriars.

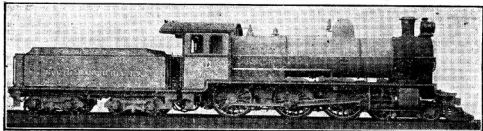
Grandcourt, outplayed in the first innings, were now showing their mettle. It was not until Dick Russell took a turn with the ball that a change came over the game.

Russell bowled slow leg-breaks. They looked simple enough to the crowd, looking on; but they had the batsmen tied up in knots.

A sensation was caused by Dick Russell taking three wickets in one over.

But Grace, the hope of Grandcourt, was still at the wickets. And while Grace was there, the Grandcourt supporters did not need to abandon hope.

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Balstrode and Russell, already the heroes of one brilliant partnership, now combined in another.

Balstrode played fine, forceful cricket. Harry Wharton himself could not have played better. What Balstrode lacked in style and finesse he made up for by power and vigour. He was particularly strong on the leg side. Twice in succession he clamped the ball to the boundary.

Russell, too, played a fine game, but he was beaten eventually by a swerving ball, which curled right in and wrecked his wicket.

Other batsmen came and went but Balstrode remained. He was well set, and there seemed to be no shifting him.

The score rose steadily.

Sixty for four wickets, eighty for five, one hundred for six. And Balstrode still batting. He had made fifty.

Then came disaster. The Grandcourt fast bowler sent down a fast, rising ball, which struck the batsman with terrific force on the wrist.

Balstrode's left hand dropped limply

"We want a hundred and eighty to win," he said. "It's a tall order."

"But it's got to be done!" said the fellow on Grace's right.

"And it will be done!" said the fellow on Grace's left.

Greyfriars were now hot favourites. The injury to Balstrode would handicap them in the field. But Grandcourt had been set a formidable task. They required 180 to win; and as their skipper had said, it was a tall order.

They started badly, too. Micky Desmond captured a wicket with his first ball. The middle stump was knocked clean out of the ground, and the batsman, with a dazed expression on his face, started on the long trail to the pavilion.

After this calamity, Grandcourt pulled themselves together.

Grace came to their rescue, and he set his comrades an example by lurch and splendid hitting. Everything came alike to him. Fast balls, slow balls, swerving balls, long hops—he batted them defiantly to the boundary.

As the game progressed, the excitement grew.

The crowd sat tense and silent. Pipes went out, cigarettes were thrown away; all eyes were fixed on the drama that was being enacted on the playing-pitch.

One hundred and forty for eight wickets; 160 for nine.

Twenty runs wanted—one more wicket to fall!

Grandcourt's last man emerged from the pavilion. He was a sturdy, rugged youth, who knew how to keep his head in an emergency. That was why he had been reserved till last.

Dick Russell was still bowling. Dick made up his mind to capture this stolid-looking youth's wicket. The stolid-looking youth made up his mind otherwise. He stopped every ball dead.

Then came Grace's turn.

The Grandcourt skipper continued to hit out. He made a dozen runs in one over.

Only eight wanted.

(Continued on page 20.)



EDITOR'S NOTE.—All my readers who are interested in the "Broad Highway" series, will find this little series of articles full of useful tips.

THE CALL OF THE RIVER!
By Harry Wharton.

FOR this week we will leave the delights of the highways and byways and say something of camping on the river.

Here is another method of getting out into the Great Outdoors and enjoying the fresh air. I don't know if you have tried it, but if you haven't been on a river camp, take it from me, you're missing a great treat. You'll come back from such a camp feeling as fit as a fiddle, sun-tanned and smiling with joy.

Three of our fellows recently returned from a river camp, and they will tell you how they enjoyed it. I am giving you an extract from Johnny Bush's log-book which he kept during the trip, in which is chronicled how they started their journey up the river, and adventures they met with. In the autobiography of their journey there are many very useful hints which may be of some use to those of you who intend going on a river camp.

I could tell you heaps of things about one of these camps; what we have done, and—mark this well—the best of adventures with which we have met.

Yes, adventure with a capital "A." Can't you imagine the glorious feeling of propelling a boat across the smooth, murmuring surface of the river, passing wonderful scenes, coming up against queer people, and yet strange adventures? Well, that's the way, you fellows! Just read what Johnny has to say about it.

I'd have gone on the trip with them, but I was due somewhere else with the "Hurry." We were going. But that's for another time. I'll tell you all about what we did when we left Greyfriars early one morning—some morning as those other fellows.

CAMPING ON THE RIVER!

By Johnny Bull.

From the Log-Book of the Lion Patrol. An account of a camp held on the River Sark, 19th, 1922.

I'M not going to take all the credit for the idea of a camping week on the river, for it really originated from a remark from Franky. He was struck with the brain-wave on a Wednesday afternoon, just before the departure of the "Whitbus" holiday.

ARE YOU FOLLOWING UP THESE SPLENDID ATHLETIC ARTICLES?

HOW TO WIN THE HALF-MILE!

By Percy Longhurst.

ODDLY enough, the half-mile is not one of the popular track events; for some reason or other, the entries for the quarter and the mile will usually be greater than those for the 250 yds. when all three events are running on the programme at an athletic meeting.

Why this is so, it is hard to say. Not only is the half-mile a very pretty race, but there must be many runners, fellows who are not speedy enough to be good quarter-mileers and who haven't the staying-power to last a mile, who would do well at it. In America, this is not the case, and first-class half-mileers are hard to find. But in this country the half is a race greatly favoured by the crack quarter-mile men, runners who have a great turn of speed allied with considerable staying power.

Now, to know whether you are likely to make a good half-miler? It is an interesting question. There could be found several first-class quarter-mileers and as many ordinary mileers, who, if they would give up these distances and try a hand at the middle distances, might have a pleasant

The proposal was that we should get permission from the Head to borrow one of the boys' bathhouses, to use as a school, and the three of us—Franky, Luky, and myself—should spend an enjoyable week gliding on the smooth, calm surface of the Sark, that was how it started.

So far as obtaining the boat, we were not quite so lucky as we had anticipated. Not that the Head wouldn't give us permission to borrow the boat, but, unfortunately he couldn't, the reason being the bathhouse had been raided by an army of workmen, who were repairing and redecorating every boat for the coming season, and no one was available at the time we wanted it.

That put the plans rather out a bit. However, Franky came to the rescue by suggesting we should hire a boat from a builder or stevedore a few miles down the river. As it happened, we were quite successful here. The boat-owner had a topping skiff, which he told us had been used many times for the same purpose as we wanted it. He was pleased to let us have it, and at a very reasonable rate, too. The hiring fee was eight bob a head for the three of us for the seven days, and we closed with the bargain at once.

The preparations for the camp were very slight and were finished before the eve of breaking camp. It had been a long time before, I knew something of the nature of the things that we should require. They were very simple, and were as follows: One good tent (we had decided to sleep on the shore, and not in the boat). One ground-sheet, blankets, change of clothing (we were making the trip in white ducks and sweaters). One cooking and eating utensils, bathing-columne, maps, medicine-chest, and log-book. We were, as you see, only taking the bare necessities. Remember that if you pack what you enjoy yourself far more than if you are hampered with baggage and trappings.

That evening we took out the map and studied the course of the river and the route which we should take. We made notes of the various villages on the way, for the grub had to be obtained at these places. We also noticed that, leaving the sea, the River had a tendency to bear towards the north—making a wavy winding course through the most beautiful parts of Kent, "The Garden of England," as it has been called so often. That course inland we were going to explore, because, as you see, we were going to explore the coast, and

we looked forward with keen expectations for the morrow.

It seemed that we were embarking on some great adventure, like the Crusades of the olden days, and we found it. But that's another story. Meantime—

The next day dawned bright and clear—a typical beautiful morning. The air was filled with the cries of the rooks in the old chimneys, and laden with the scent of flowers from the Head's garden across the Close. We were all in the boat for the trip.

It was yet quite early when we slipped our traps and lent over our shoulders and bade farewell to Greyfriars, and took the road for the river, where the boat lay moored up in the bushes.

As we slipped the oars into the rowlocks, and Franky gave the boat a shove into the deeper water, Luky turned to me.

"Now the esteemed and ludicrous adventure has commenced, what now?"

"Hear, hear!" I replied, carefully watching the swooping flight of a beautifully coloured kingfisher on the farther side of the waters.

The Evening.

It is now the end of the first day, and I take with me the first of the dosages of the beginning of our trip up the Sark. Really, little of any note has happened, and so far we have arrived some miles to the northward of Greyfriars. During the day we have passed many fine spots, and at one or two places we have pulled up to the bank whilst Franky, our prize artist, has taken his book and sketched the most impressive scenes.

We have not advanced very far along the river course, but that is not worrying us at all. I think that if you mark out a certain number of miles a day to accomplish, you lose more than half the enjoyment of the trip or tour. We have just travelled along almost with the current, stopping at one or two small villages, either for grub or to look round. That's much the best way of doing it.

Nearing sundown we found a splendid site for the first evening's camp on the shore. We pitched the tent and prepared to pitch the tent. About twenty yards from the actual bank of the river we discovered a piece of dry ground on the edge of a small coppice of trees. It was a very good spot, dry, and well provided with the two great essentials for camping—wood and water. The tent pitched and fire lit, we sat round a meal of cocoa, scones, and cheese, and the remains of a tin of tongue.

The shadows of the trees lengthened, and the night birds and beasts took up their cries across the water and over in the woods at the back of the camp. Franky had just been telling us a yarn—the hands of the clock moved slowly round to ten. We doctored the fire, and, after seeing the gypsies were sketched a little, turned in!

perfectly useless leading the field for half the race, and the determination to win an ideal you have hardly sufficient strength to crawl the next 400 yds.

Another stem in the successful half-miler's mind is his determination to win an ideal going on at his best even when the tape is close at hand and there are a couple of rivals ahead.

I have said that the successful half-miler needs to be able to do a sound quarter. If he can do that in somewhere about a minute, and there is no fear of his staying, then he ought to get among the prize-winners.

A clever idea of how to make your time is a big help in training for the half mile. Say you are clocked to cover the quarter in two seconds over the minute; then you should be able to do the half in, say, 2 min. 20 secs.—very fair time.

And if you can run a half in that time, then the best part of your training should be given to trying to stick to 1 min. 5 secs. or thereabouts, by doing the half in 1 min. 40 secs. For, as you'll expect, the first quarter should be run in less time than the second.

So it is evident that the main object of training is to ensure staying power. When you are difficult by feeling you are giving your attention to improving speed—and speed over the first half of the race.

(There will be another splendid article on running in next week's issue.)

BRAVO, BULSTRODE!

(Continued from page 10.)

Heads were craned forward; eyes were gazed to the ground. The stolid-looking youth was again called upon to face Dick Russell.

Dick bowled six perfect balls; the batsman stonewalled, and stopped them all.

It seemed that Greyfriars' last chance had gone; for it was now Grace's turn, and Grace was well set, and playing at the top of his form.

He threw himself into a fighting attitude. The expression on his face seemed to say:

"I'm going to win the match in this over."

The first ball was too good to take liberties with; Grace carefully tapped it back to the bowler.

The second ball pitched short, Grace grained—and hit. The ball, like a live thing, went speeding to the boundary.

The next ball was a real beauty. It missed the batsman's off-stump by the fraction of an inch. A lucky escape for Grandcourt!

The fourth ball of the over was the ball which decided the match.

Grace ran out to meet it—sent it soaring to the boundary.

The Greyfriars fellows groaned. All was lost!

But wait!

A white cloud figure was dashing frantically after the ball; his left arm was hoop and inert, his right arm was outstretched.

Bulstrode sprinted as he had never sprinted in his life before.

"If he gets there in time," panted Wingate, gripping Guyanote by the arm, "it'll be a miracle!"

But the miracle happened.

There was a click, and the ball reposed in Bulstrode's soulful right hand. Greyfriars had defeated Grandcourt by four runs!

Bulstrode lost his balance, and fell heavily, his right hand upraised in astonishment.

Instantly he was surrounded by his jubilant schoolfellows. He was hoisted on to the shoulders of Micky Desmond and Monty Newland, and carried off the field. And when they set him down on the pavilion steps, whom should he encounter but his father!

"My boy, my dear boy,"—Mr. Bulstrode's face was working convulsively—"I am indeed proud of you!"

"Father! You have seen the match?"

"From the beginning."

"But I—I didn't know you were here!"

"I did not mean you to know. The knowledge might possibly have made you over-anxious, and put you off your game. My boy, you played magnificently! I can clearly see, now, that you did not merit the rebuke contained in my letter. I hinted that you were a back number. I threatened to curtail your allowance of pocket-money; after this exhibition, I shall increase it—I shall double it!"

"Oh!" gasped Bulstrode.

He was too overcome to say more.

This was the crowning moment of Bulstrode's triumph. His opportunity had come; he had embraced it for all he was worth.

The sporting scribes had a good deal to say in the evening papers concerning the match at Lord's.

One of the papers found its way to the seaside resort of Rockcastle, where Harry Wharton & Co. were eagerly awaiting news.

Bob Cherry was the first to see the result. He robbed his eyes and gasped,

"Do I dream? Do I wonder and

doubt? Is things what they seem; or is visions about?" he murmured.

"The result—the result, man!" cried Vernon-Smith eagerly.

"Greyfriars won by four runs! Bulstrode made fifty, and—"

"Hurrah!"

A mighty cheer arose—a cheer that caused the coastguards to wonder if the Greyfriars juniors had suddenly gone mad.

"The reserves have licked Grandcourt!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "I doubt if we should have done it ourselves! By Jove, we'll celebrate this when we get back to Greyfriars!"

And they did!

When they had fully recovered and returned to the old school, Harry Wharton & Co. organised a bumper celebration. And George Bulstrode, ex-captain of the Remove, and true sportsman, was the guest of honour.

THE END.

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