

THIS IS THE SCHOOL-STORY PAPER YOU ARE LOOKING FOR!

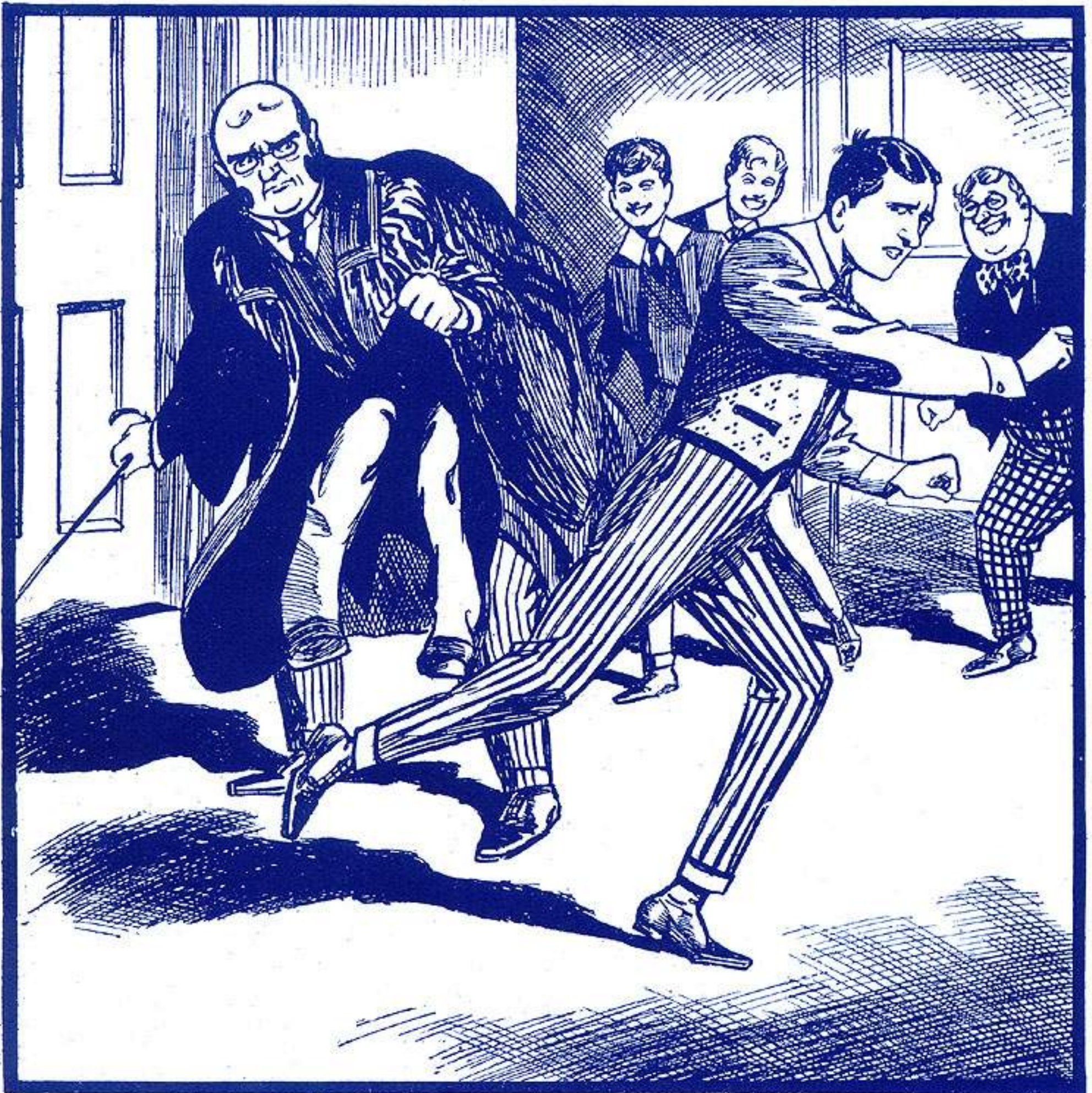
No. 763. Vol. XXII. Week Ending Sept. 23rd, 1922.

# The Magnet <sup>1 1/2</sup> Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



This Week's Story: "THE PERSECUTION OF MR. PROUT!" By Frank Richards.



**MR. PROUT ON THE WARPETH!**

(A humorous incident from the long complete school story 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

### FOR NEXT MONDAY!

Included in the splendid programme for next week's issue there will be another grand, long, complete story dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greystriars, entitled:

#### "FISHY THE FOOTBALLER!"

By Frank Richards.

Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, gets it into his head that when the Remove play their next match he must be in the team. The next fixture is against Highcliffe on the same day that Fishy's "popper" intends to pay his son a visit at the school. This fact makes Fishy all the more keen to be included in the Remove Eleven on the coming Saturday. To get into the team at any cost is the one thought in his mind for several days, and at last he hits upon a plan, a trifle below par, of insinuating himself into the eleven.

Harry Wharton & Co. unconsciously walk into his deep-laid trap, and Fishy extracts a promise from them to play him in the team on Saturday. But the cute junior had not looked far enough ahead in his schemings. Harry Wharton finds—but, 'nuff said!

### THE SUPPLEMENT!

There will be the usual supplement to be found in the centre of the book, and Harry Wharton, the editor, tells me that his latest issue of the "Greystriars Herald" is one of the best he has produced for some time. A rather humorous feature in next week's number, Harry says, is Wun Lung's attempt at a poem, "Ode to Greystriars School!" and Vernon-Smith's Sporting Column is particularly interesting, for it deals with the first football matches of the season. There are other features and stories which I am sure all my chums will enjoy reading.

### THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT!

The third meeting of the Greystriars Parliament will be recorded in next week's issue, and there are many interesting and instructive speeches by the Remove fellows. At the present moment I have not had time to publish letters or speeches from my readers, but later on I hope to fill the page right out with "Speeches" sent in from outside members of the Parliament. Are you going to join the Parliament? All you have to do is to send in a short letter giving your opinion of any matter such as sport, hobbies, or anything of that nature. For all "Speeches" published I am giving five shillings. What about it? Are you joining? Good! Then sit down now and draft out your next letter to the Greystriars Parliament—you might win five shillings!

### THE COMPETITION.

There will be another part of our grand "Silhouettes" competition, in which big money prizes are being offered!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 763.

### "HISTORIES OF FAMOUS FOOTBALL CLUBS."

Perhaps the outstanding feature in next week's issue is the new series of football articles dealing with the history of famous English football clubs. Many of my readers are keen supporters of the great game of football, and also keen supporters of the football clubs in their town. I remember one reader writing up and telling me that he knew all the members of the Spurs Club, their positions in the field, and all about their past history, and all the matches they have played. That fellow was an ardent supporter of the Spurs, because he lived near their ground. Then another reader told me, only recently, that he went to see every match the Southampton Football Club played in, and cheered them at every appearance. He lives in Southampton, and is one of the many thousands of supporters of the Southampton F.C.

So this series of "Histories of Famous Football Clubs" will be greeted very cordially by those many football club supporters. They will be able to read all about the history of their favourite club, of its many battles and victories, and of its most prominent players.

Next week there will be the "History of the Famous Huddersfield Football Club," and a special cartoon of W. H. Smith, one of the club's most distinguished members and players. Tell all your chums about this new series of articles, and get them to buy the MAGNET Library every week.

### "THE NORVIC AMATEUR."

Compliments are called for in the case of the smart little magazine a copy of which has been sent to me by Harry Fulcher, 87, Carrow Road, Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich. I liked especially the sound and sage article on the cost of running an amateur magazine. It is a word to the wise.

### A TIP FROM WARWICKSHIRE.

My chum, Jack Lippold, writing from Leamington Spa, tells me that he sends the back numbers of Companion Papers to the secretary of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John Hospital Library, 48, Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate, London, W.2. There are many institutions where copies of the C.P.'s would be gratefully received.

### BACK HANDERS.

I have just read a letter from a victim to what is known as a common or garden set-back. I do not know whether to feel sorry for the sufferer. Set-backs do no end of good. They harden the fibre, as it were. If the world is all soft going, with everybody saying nice, persuasive things to you all the time, one is apt to get flabby, and to cease trying. Take it from me, there's nothing so all round useful as a snub. I know a chap who pretty nearly always grouches at everything and everybody. I am inclined to think that he has been dumped into the world so as to keep the other fellows up to the scratch. My chum has been growled at, and he feels sorry for himself. He should not feel anything of the sort. We all get snubbed; there is the cut-the-ground-from-underneath-your-feet snub, the bitter and sarcastic snub (it is a simple brute), and the snub which is like a broadside from an artillery battery. But, in the main, these experiences do no end of good. They keep down conceit, and put a fellow on his mettle.

### NOTICES.

#### Football.

Kingsley Sports Club (Football Section) have a few vacancies for members. Ground: Regent's Park. Apply for all particulars, Hon. Sec., Victor Rae, 3, Kingsley Road, Kilburn, N.W. 6.

### Correspondence.

Keith Godkin, Court House, Darlinghurst, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to hear from readers interested in baseball.

George Ramsbottom, 86, Witton Parade, Blackburn, Lancs, wishes to correspond with readers, age 19-22, either sex, at home or abroad, with a view to exchanging postcard views and papers. All letters answered.

R. G. Garrard, 103, Grove Road, Norwich, would like readers for his amateur magazine, the "Boys' Companion," price 2½d. Stamped addressed envelope for particulars.

L. Berry, 26, Green Street, Sunbury-on-Thames, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere with a view to purchasing and exchanging Pinnacle photos and cigarette cards.

E. Garland, 53, Seymour Avenue, Lipson, Plymouth, wishes to correspond with readers that are interested in sport, and will exchange Pinnacle photos. Age 9-11.

W. Hands, 53, Victoria Road, Luton, Chatham, Kent, wishes to correspond with readers interested in stamps and wireless. All letters answered.

Robert Parle, 92, Boundary Street, Southport, Lancs, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, especially overseas, who are interested in foreign stamps, and also any other topic.

L. Wildsmith, 75, Mill House, Kimberworth, near Rotherham, Yorks, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere in the British Empire interested in stamp collecting.

H. O. Connor, 78, Boleyn Road, Upton Manor, Essex, E.7, wishes to hear from readers who are interested in sports.

F. Ward, 6, Albemarle Street, Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers interested in stamp collecting. All letters answered.

William E. Skelton, 25, High Street, Plumstead, S.E.18, wants stories and articles upon any subject for his amateur magazine, the "Boys' Favourite."

F. Jacquier, 40, Whiteley Road, Gipsy Hill, Norwood, S.E.19, wishes to correspond with readers keen on football photos.

L. Digby, 15, Queen Street, Colchester, wishes to correspond with readers in Kilmarnock, Kirkcaldy, Kinver, Dover, Colne, Nelson, Bury, and Isle of Wight.

Norman Klass, Central Hotel, Britstown, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers interested in stamps; all over the world.

William Krauss, 102, Franklin Avenue, Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, U.S.A., wishes to receive letters from readers in England and Africa. All letters answered.

Miss Senga Kain, Tregair, Dunlop, Ayrshire, N.B., wishes to correspond with readers in India, South Africa, and Italy; ages, twenty upwards.

## Your Editor.

A Wonderful New Story  
of the North—



By  
JAMES S.  
MELLALIEU,

appears in our world-famous  
companion paper,

## THE "BOYS' FRIEND."

On Sale Every Monday.  
Price Three-Halfpence.

WHY NOT GET A COPY OF  
THE "BOYS' FRIEND"  
TO-DAY?





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

## By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Mr Prout is Wrathful!

"OLD Prout—"  
Vernon-Smith, of the Remove, began that sentence, but he never finished it.

He was speaking to Harry Wharton & Co. and several other Removites at the foot of the big staircase. Apparently the Bouncer of Greyfriars was about to make some observation on the subject of Mr. Paul Prout, the master of the Fifth Form.

He was interrupted.

A portly figure was coming along the passage, unnoticed by the group of juniors. It was the ample figure of Mr. Prout himself.

"What?"

Mr. Prout uttered that ejaculation.

The Bouncer ceased at once. He reddened a little as he turned towards the Fifth Form master. Evidently Mr. Prout had heard him—had heard the allusion to himself as "old Prout."

There was wrath in Mr. Prout's visage. The allusion was disrespectful. But it was worse than that, for it implied that Mr. Prout was old. Now, Mr. Prout was not old. He was verging that way, and the nearer he verged, the less he liked it. The thinner the hair grew upon the summit of Mr. Prout, the more carefully he brushed what remained across the bald places. And the mirror told him a flattering tale—that he did not, as a matter of fact, look anything like his age. And his age was not exactly old at the worst. Elderly, perhaps, but most decidedly not old.

It was quite natural that a youngish gentleman who did not look anything like his age should be annoyed at hearing himself described as "old Prout."

"Vernon-Smith," said the Fifth Form master, in a rumbling voice, "I heard your remark."

"Sorry, sir!" said the Bouncer.

"You were alluding to me, Vernon-Smith?"

"Hem!"

"Were you alluding to me, Vernon-Smith, or were you not?" asked Mr. Prout categorically.

The Bouncer hesitated. Harry Wharton & Co. gave him sympathetic looks. It was evident that Smithy was "for it." The Famous Five could feel sympathetic, because on occasion they had alluded to Mr. Prout as "old Prout" themselves. No offence was meant; it was just thoughtlessness. Between fifteen and fifty-five there was a great gulf fixed; and to juniors in the Lower Fourth Mr. Prout really did seem old, young as he was.

"I require an answer, Vernon-Smith!" said Mr. Prout majestically.

"I—I—I—" murmured Smithy.

"Smithy didn't know you could hear him, sir," ventured Bob Cherry in the hope of placating Mr. Prout.

"I am aware of that, Cherry. Doubtless you are all in the habit of alluding thus disrespectfully to masters in this school among yourselves," said Mr. Prout crushingly. "Probably you allude to your own Form-master as 'old Quelch.'"

Harry Wharton & Co. were silent. It was a true bill. Sometimes they did.

"Vernon-Smith, you will answer 'yes' or 'no' to my question."

"Yes, sir," said the Bouncer at last.

"You alluded to me, Vernon-Smith, as 'old Prout'?"

"I've said so, sir."

"Do you consider, Vernon-Smith, that that is a seemly and respectful way in which to allude to a member of Dr. Locke's staff?"

"N-n-no, sir."

"You confess, then, to the unseemliness and impropriety of your remark, Vernon-Smith?" said Mr. Prout, in his most magisterial manner.

"Ye-e-es," stammered the unfortunate Vernon-Smith.

"And do you think, Vernon-Smith," continued Mr. Prout, who really seemed to be wound up, as it were, "do you think that I shall allow this unseemliness and disrespect to pass unpunished?"

"I—I hope so, sir."

"Then you are mistaken, Vernon-Smith. If you were in my Form I should cane you severely."

"Then I'm glad I'm not in your Form, sir," said Smithy.

"What! Is it your object to add insolence to impertinence, Vernon-Smith?"

The Bouncer shrugged his shoulders. He was growing tired of Mr. Prout's solemnity.

"I think you're making a mountain out of a molehill, sir," he said.

"Shurrup, you ass!" whispered Johnny Bull.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Prout, scarcely believing his ears. "You—you—you think I am making a mountain out of a molehill? Bless my soul!"

"I shouldn't mind if you alluded to me as 'young Vernon-Smith,' sir," said the Bouncer, with cheerful impertinence.

Some of the juniors grinned.

Mr. Prout seemed on the point of choking for a moment. Then his heavy hand descended on Smithy's shoulder.

"Come with me!" he gasped. "I am sorry you are not in my Form, Vernon-Smith. I should punish your impertinence in the most exemplary manner. As the matter stands, I shall take you to your Form-master. Come!"

Vernon-Smith was marched away towards Mr. Quelch's study, with the Fifth Form master's heavy hand on his shoulder.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked after them rather anxiously.

"Trouble for Smithy!" murmured Frank Nugent.

"The wrath of the esteemed old Prout is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"He, he, he!" came from Billy Bunter. "Smithy's for it!"

"That's not a laughing matter, you fat chump!" growled Bob Cherry.

"He, he, he!"

Bunter apparently found something entertaining in it, whether it was a laughing matter or not.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 763.



Mr. Prout tapped at the Remove master's door, and opened it. Mr. Quelch rose politely as his colleague came in, and glanced rather curiously at Herbert Vernon-Smith.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Prout?" he asked. He was not slow to read the signs of Olympian wrath in the countenance of the Fifth Form master.

"Yes, sir," rumbled Mr. Prout. "I have brought this insolent boy to you, Mr. Quelch, and I trust that you will deal with him as he deserves."

"Certainly, if Vernon-Smith has been insolent I shall deal with him as he deserves," said Mr. Quelch, frowning. "Vernon-Smith, is it possible that you have so far forgotten yourself as to be insolent to Mr. Prout?"

"No, sir," said the Bounder coolly. "Please tell me what has happened, Mr. Prout."

"The boy has been guilty of the most unexampled insolence," gasped Mr. Prout. "In all my career as a master in a public school, sir, I have never encountered an example of such deliberate and studied insolence!"

Mr. Prout's booming voice came to the juniors in the passage. They looked at one another and grinned. They could not help thinking that "old Prout" was pitching it rather strong.

Mr. Quelch's frown deepened, and he picked up a cane.

"You had better tell me what Vernon-Smith has done, sir," he said. "I assure you that his offence will not pass unpunished."

"I expected that of you, Mr. Quelch. I was sure that you would not pass over such an example of calculated insolence."

"But exactly what has the boy done?" inquired the Remove master, a little perplexed.

"It is not what he has done, sir, but what he has said."

"May I ask what he has said?" "He alluded, sir, in the most disrespectful manner, to the fact that—that I am not so young as I was at one time, sir!" gasped Mr. Prout.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured the Bounder.

Mr. Prout was putting it in his own ponderous way, and Smithy hardly recognised his own offence described in Mr. Prout's manner.

"Vernon-Smith!" exclaimed the Remove master. "How dare you—"

"But—but I didn't, sir! I just mentioned old Prout—I mean Mr. Prout, sir, as—as old Prout! Only a way of speaking, sir!"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Quelch. "Such a remark would be disrespectful, but Mr. Prout would not be so annoyed by a trifle—"

"A trifle, sir!" thundered Mr. Prout. "I do not call it a trifle!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, considerably taken aback. "Is—is the matter, then, as Vernon-Smith states?"

"Certainly it is!" "Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Quelch. He laid down the cane.

"Am I to be alluded to, sir, as 'old Prout,' by the disrespectful young rascals in the Lower Fourth Form?"

"Ahem! Certainly not!" said Mr. Quelch. "Most—most improper, and—and most—most unseemly! Vernon-Smith, you should be more careful!"

"I will, sir!" said the Bounder.

"You will apologise to Mr. Prout on the spot, and I have no doubt that he will let the matter drop," said Mr. Quelch.

"Certainly, sir!" said the Bounder

meekly. "I apologise, sir—I'm really awfully sorry—"

"Enough!" snorted Mr. Prout. "Mr. Quelch, am I to understand that you do not intend to punish Vernon-Smith for his insolence?"

"If you insist, sir," said the Remove master coldly.

"I do, most emphatically!"

"Very well! Vernon-Smith, you will take fifty lines of Virgil!"

"Yes, sir!"

Mr. Prout almost exploded.

"Fifty lines, sir! Is not the impertinent young rascal to be caned?"

"Really, Mr. Prout, you might be content to leave the boy's punishment to my judgment, as he is in my Form," said the Remove master acidly.

"I shall do nothing of the kind, Mr. Quelch. I am sorry—sincerely sorry—to dispute with a colleague—a colleague, sir, for whom I have the greatest respect. But I cannot allow this matter to rest where it is. In the circumstances, sir, I feel bound to lay a complaint before the Head."

And with that Mr. Prout almost flounced out of the Remove master's study. Mr. Quelch blinked after him. There was a lurking grin on the Bounder's face, but it vanished as Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon him.

"The matter is now out of my hands, Vernon-Smith," said Mr. Quelch. "You need not do the fifty lines. Dr. Locke will deal with the matter."

"Yes, sir!"

Vernon-Smith left the study, and Mr. Quelch sat down impatiently to his work again. If Mr. Prout chose to make himself ridiculous by carrying such a complaint before the headmaster, that was his own affair; and Mr. Quelch washed his hands of it.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Rough on Mr. Prout!

"SILLY ass!"

That was Smithy's comment when he rejoined the juniors, and they went out into the quadrangle together.

The Bounder did not seem much disturbed at the prospect of being reported to the Head for impertinence. It was, indeed, fairly certain that the Head would refer the matter to the delinquent's Form-master, which would bring it back to Mr. Quelch again. Mr. Prout's towering wrath over what was, in actual fact, the merest trifle, struck the Remove fellows as comic. They were aware that Mr. Prout was "touchy" on the subject of his age; but they were not aware how extremely touchy a gentleman could be when he was on the border-line between "elderly" and "old."

Mr. Prout had, in fact, received a shock. He would not have been surprised at any allusion to "old Quelch" although Mr. Quelch was a few years the younger of the two. But "old Prout" both surprised and shocked him. It was bad enough to be falling into the sere and yellow leaf, without having the horrid fact "rubbed in" by a thoughtless youngster. "Fat Prout" would not have offended the Fifth Form master to any such extent. But "old Prout" was beyond pardon.

Football practice was beginning at Greyfriars, and the Bounder went down to Little Side with the Famous Five, and soon forgot the very existence of Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout, master of the Fifth Form.

It was when the chums of the Remove came off the football-ground that Billy

Bunter joined them with a grin on his fat face.

"I say, you fellows!" began Bunter. "I say, old Prout—"

Bob Cherry held up a warning finger. "Who?" he demanded.

"Old Prout!"

"Are you not aware, Bunter, that that is an extremely unseemly and improper way to allude to a member of Dr. Locke's staff?" demanded Bob Cherry, in playful imitation of Mr. Prout's ponderous style.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you know," chuckled Bunter. "Old Prout's in a fearful wax, and—"

"The waxfulness is probably terrific," remarked Hurree Singh. "The excellent vials of wrath will be poured upon Smithy's ridiculous head."

"Has he sent you for me, Bunter?" asked Smithy, rather anxiously.

"Oh, no! I say, he's been to the Head," said Bunter. "The Head didn't give him any change! He, he hel' Pooh-poohed it, you know."

"We don't know!" said Harry Wharton. "And how do you know?"

"I happened to be near the Head's door. Old Locke—"

"Are you referring to Dr. Locke in that unseemly manner, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes. Old Locke told old Prout to see old Quelch about it," said Bunter, chuckling. "Old Prout said he'd already spoken to old Quelch—"

"Yes; I can hear him saying that!" chuckled Vernon-Smith.

"He said Mr. Quelch, of course. And old Locke said he considered it judicious to leave the correction of a Remove boy—that's you, Smithy—in the hands of the Remove master. I thought old Prout was going to have a fit. I heard him gurgle—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He came fairly stamping out of the Head's study," said Bunter. "I just dodged into the alcove in time. He might have thought I was listening if he'd seen me—"

"And weren't you, you fat toad?" snapped Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You're well out of it, Smithy," said Bob. "The Head won't take it up, and Prouty—I mean old Prout—that is, Mr. Prout—won't go back to Quelchy. But, remember, my young friend, not to allude to Prouty in such an unseemly manner again—at least, not when he's just behind you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you must give him a giddy adjective, don't call him old Prout—just speak of him as middle-aged Prout," said Bob. "Even old Prout couldn't mind being taken for middle-aged."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove fellows chuckled as they cleared off the football-ground. They refrained from kicking Bunter for his keyhole method of obtaining information. It was a relief to know that the absurd affair was not to go any further.

As a matter of fact, the chums of the Remove were quite mistaken in supposing that the matter was at an end. Mr. Prout had drawn the Head blank, as it were; but his wrath was still simmering. It was added to by the fact that the fuss he had made had drawn attention to the incident. Two or three score fellows grinned over it—and in those very moments, Skinner of the Remove, a humorous youth, was holding a discussion with Snoop quite near Mr. Prout's study window—the subject of the



discussion being "at what age does a man become old." Skinner opined that it was at forty. Snoop suggested forty-five as an outside limit, and Skinner, in a thoughtful way, remarked that people sometimes lived to the age of fifty-five, at which point Mr. Prout's window was heard to shut sharply and suddenly.

Skinner strolled away, greatly pleased with his success in pulling "old Prout's leg," and related the episode to a chuckling crowd of juniors in the Common-room.

Billy Bunter listened to Skinner's story and was filled with the desire to emulate the Remove humorist. The Owl of the Remove proceeded to Mr. Prout's study with a Latin exercise, and asked the Fifth Form master to explain to him the precise meaning of the word "senex."

Mr. Prout looked at Bunter as if he would eat him.

"Bunter! You impertinent young rascal—"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Do you mean to say, Bunter, that you do not know the meaning of the Latin word senex?" demanded Mr. Prout sulphurously.

"I—I—" stammered Bunter. "D-does it mean 'old,' or only just 'middle-aged,' sir?"

There was a sound of a chuckle in the passage outside Mr. Prout's study. Half a dozen fellows had followed Bunter to observe the results of pulling Prout's leg in his own study—bearding the lion in his den, as it were.

That chuckle was enough for Mr. Prout—even if he had not known that Bunter was "spoofing."

"In cases of obtuse and crass ignorance, Bunter, you should go to your own Form-master for enlightenment," rumbled Mr. Prout.

"Yes, sir; but you're so kind, sir—"

"Very good, Bunter! I will give you the information you desire. Senex as an adjective, Bunter, means old. As a substantive it means an old man."

"Thank you, sir!" gasped Bunter, backing to the door. He did not like the look in Mr. Prout's eye.

"I will also give you something else, Bunter."

"W-w-will you, sir?"

"Yes, Bunter. Punishment for your impertinence!"

Smack!

Billy Bunter gave a loud roar as Mr. Prout boxed his ears.

"Oh! Whoop! Yooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the passage.

Mr. Prout made a stride to the door and glared out. There was a patter of rapidly retreating footsteps. He turned back into the study, and glared at Bunter.

"Leave my study, Bunter!" he snapped.

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter, wishing from the bottom of his podgy heart that he had not been so humorous.

"Do you hear me, Bunter?"

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"Go!" thundered Mr. Prout.

Bunter was quite anxious to go, but to go he had to pass within hitting distance of Mr. Prout at the doorway. And he was afraid of another box on his fat ear.

"Do you hear me, boy? Go!"

"Oh—ah! Yes, sir!" stuttered Bunter.

He made a rush for it.

Smack!

His forebodings were realised. There was another box on the ear as he passed the incensed gentleman, and Bunter yelled with anguish as he fled into the passage.



Professor Punter bowed to Mr. Prout, who half-rose from his chair. "Mr. Prout, I presume?" said the professor. "I am a hair specialist, sir. You are the elderly gentleman, growing bald, who seeks professional advice? May I see your head, sir?" (See Chapter 8.)

Mr. Prout slammed the door after him. Bunter's adventure made the Removites roar—and Bunter, too, for that matter, though in a different way. The juniors agreed that Prout was the joke of the season, and that it was no end of a lark to pull his venerable leg; but no one was venturesome enough to visit Mr. Prout's study and ask for a definition of "senex."

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Coker Butts In!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH was chatting over the tea-table in Study No. 4 in the Remove with his study-mate, Tom Redwing, when there was a heavy tramp of feet in the passage. The door of Study No. 4 was thrown wide open, and Smithy and Redwing looked round, to behold the burly form of Coker of the Fifth in the doorway.

Coker of the Fifth was frowning, and he carried under his arm an ashplant—apparently borrowed from a prefect's study. He tramped in.

"Oh, you're here!" he said.

"What the thump do you want?" inquired the Bounder testily. "Don't you know that dogs and Fifth-Formers are not admitted here?"

"None of your cheek!" roared Coker.

"What are you doing with that cane?" asked Smithy. "Have they made you a prefect by any chance, Horace?"

"I've come here to lick you!" said Coker.

"Why, you cheeky ass—"

"You've checked my Form-master," said Coker.

"Go hon!"

"I'm not allowing it," explained Coker. "Prout's my Form-master, and I'm not going to have fags pulling his silly old leg. I know how to keep cheeky fags in order, if Mr. Quelch doesn't! Stand up, Smithy!"

Vernon-Smith jumped up.

"Look here, you Fifth Form fathead, I—"

"Hold out your hand!" snapped Coker.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Hold out your hand! Sharp!"

Vernon-Smith simply blinked at Coker. Coker of the Fifth had what he called a short way with fags, and he fully believed that Dr. Locke ought to have made him a prefect. He often told Potter and Greene so. Still, the fact remained that Dr. Locke didn't see eye to eye with the great Horace, and certainly hadn't made him a prefect; and Coker had no more right to cane the Bounder than the Bounder had to cane Coker.

But a trifle of that kind did not worry Horace Coker. He was taking the authority upon himself; one of the little ways he had.

"You hear me, Smithy?" snapped Coker.

"You—you cheeky chump!" gasped the Bounder. "Get out of my study before you're chucked out."

"Will you hold out your hand?" thundered Coker.

"Chuck it, Coker!" exclaimed Redwing. "You're not a prefect, you know."

"You shut up, Redwing! In the

NEXT MONDAY!

"FISHY THE FOOTBALLER!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. :: By FRANK RICHARDS. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 763.



present instance I'm acting as a prefect," said Coker loftily. "Now, Smith, are you holding out your hand, or shall I take you by the collar and wallop you?"

"I suppose I'm dreaming this!" said the Bounder, staring blankly at Coker of the Fifth.

"Then I'll jolly soon wake you up!" grinned Coker. And he rushed at Vernon-Smith and caught him by the collar.

Swish!  
The cane came down over Smithy's shoulders.

The next instant Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing both had hold of Horace Coker, and he came to the floor with a crash.

"Ow!" roared Coker.  
"Rescue! Rescue!" yelled Vernon-Smith. "Fifth Form raid! Rescue!"

There was an answering shout in the passage.

"Roll up, Remove!"  
Coker was struggling furiously, and he was so burly and muscular that the two juniors had more than their hands full with him. There would have been havoc in Smithy's study; but rescue was at hand. Bob Cherry was the first to arrive, and he jumped on Coker without stopping to ask questions. Bolsover major and Tom Brown, Squiff and Johnny Bull rushed in, and then Peter Todd and Harry Wharton, Nugent, Hurree Singh, and several more fellows.

Every fellow as he arrived laid hold of Coker, till there wasn't much left of Coker to lay hold of.

Coker wriggled and roared.

As was so often the case with Coker of the Fifth, the great Horace had bitten off more than he could masticate. The Removites did not ask what Coker wanted there—they did not want to know. A Fifth-Former raiding the Remove passage had to be dealt with promptly and effectively—and Coker was dealt with.

How he got out of the study Coker hardly knew. He knew that the cane was jammed down his back; it was rather painful. He knew that hilarious juniors had hold of his arms and legs and neck and hair and ears. He knew he was bumping on the floor at a great rate, and colliding with door-posts.

It seemed like a dreadful nightmare to Coker. He realised that he was rolling downstairs; and he came to himself, as it were, on the landing below the Remove staircase.

He was sitting there, gasping and spluttering, minus collar and tie, and with his coat split up the back, and his hair like a mop. And the Remove staircase was crammed with yelling juniors.

"Come on, Coker!"  
"This way, Horace!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Groogh!" spluttered Coker. "I—I'll smash you! I'll—Groogh! Ooogh!"

"What is all this?" Coker! What are you doing here, Coker?"

It was Mr. Prout's voice. The Fifth Form master came up the lower stairs and halted on the landing, staring at Coker. The yelling of the triumphant Removites died away. Mr. Prout was not their Form-master, still, he was a master. They wondered, too, what Mr. Prout could possibly want in the Remove quarters.

Coker staggered up.

"I—I—I—" he stuttered. "I—I came here to cane Vernon-Smith, sir."

"What?"  
"Cheeky cad!" yelled Bolsover major from above.

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Prout.

**NEXT MONDAY! "FISHY THE FOOTBALLER!"**

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 763.

Bolsover major nearly said "Rats!" but fortunately he restrained himself in time.

"Coker, what do you mean?"  
"My duty, sir!" gasped Coker. "I'm not going to have cheeky fags making fun of my Form-master."

"Wha-a-a-t?"  
"It reflects on the Fifth, sir," said Coker. "That's how I look at it. So I came here to cane Vernon-Smith, and—"

"You should have done nothing of the sort, Coker! The punishment of Vernon-Smith is in my hands. You may go."

Coker went. Possibly he was glad of an excuse to retreat; even the great Coker would have hesitated to charge up the Remove staircase in the face of a score of Removites. Mr. Prout stood on

## A Sensational Success!

HAVE YOU GOT A COPY OF THIS WONDERFUL STORY-BOOK



ON SALE EVERYWHERE?

Famous all over the world as the BEST on the market.

the landing and blinked at the Remove crowd over his glasses.

"So you have been making fun of a Form-master?" he said.

"Certainly not, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "That's only Coker's rot, sir. He can't help being a silly ass."

"We were bound to chuck him out, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"Silence! Is Vernon-Smith there?"  
"I'm here, sir!" said the Bounder.

"I have come here to deal with you!" said Mr. Prout.

He came up the Remove staircase. There was a cane under his arm.

And the Remove fellows, as they made way for him, exchanged startled glances. Mr. Prout had no right whatever to cane a Remove boy—if he had come there to cane the Bounder, he was exceeding his authority very seriously. And it was manifest that that was what he had come for. There was trouble ahead!

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### The High Hand!

**V**ERNON-SMITH!

Mr. Prout faced the Bounder of Greyfriars, cane in hand, in the Remove passage. Nearly all the Remove were gathered round, with bated breath, looking on with intense interest.

There was wrath and resentment in every face. To be called to order by any master but their own Form-master went very much against the grain with the Remove. To the Head, of course, they yielded implicit obedience; but they seldom came in contact with the Head. Mr. Quelch was the fount of authority for them. Mr. Prout had not more right to "butt in" than had Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth, or Mr. Twigg, the master of the Third. And Vernon-Smith was about the last fellow at Greyfriars to take a caning from anyone who was not clothed in the requisite authority.

There was a steely glitter in the Bounder's eyes as he faced the Fifth Form master.

"Adsum!" he said, as if he were answering to his name at call-over, and some of the juniors grinned. The Bounder was contriving to infuse impertinence into his manner, while preserving the outward form of respect.

"Vernon-Smith, you have been guilty of outrageous impertinence to me, a master in this school. Your Form-master has declined to punish you as you deserve, doubtless for good reasons of his own. I am therefore taking the matter into my own hands."

"Indeed, sir?" drawled the Bounder.

"Hold out your hand, Vernon-Smith."

"You are going to cane me, sir?" asked the Bounder, raising his eyebrows.

"Certainly!"

"I decline, sir!"

"What?" rapped Mr. Prout.

"I am ready to answer to my own master, or to the Head, sir," said the Bounder coolly. "That's all."

"Will you hold out your hand, Vernon-Smith, when I command you?" thundered Mr. Prout.

There was a breathless hush in the Remove passage. Vernon-Smith was within his strict rights in refusing. All the same, it was a serious matter to bid open defiance to a master in the school.

The Bounder's answer came very distinctly.

"No, sir!"

"Good for you, Smithy!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Bravo, Smithy!"

"Back up, Smithy!"

It was quite a roar in the Remove passage. And from behind the crowd there came a defiant squeak from Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, let's roll Prout down the stairs."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Prout. "Vernon-Smith, once more I command you—"

"Nothing doing, sir," said the Bounder, with refreshing coolness.

Mr. Prout spluttered at that answer.

As a matter of fact, it was not only Smithy's original offence—the allusion to him as "old Prout," that made the Form-master angry. Since then, he had suffered from Skinner's misdirected sense of humour, and Bunter's inquiry into the precise definition of "senex." Mr. Prout realised that he had, for the moment at least, become a mock among the

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. :: BY FRANK RICHARDS



juniors—which was a very painful realisation for a portly and ponderous gentleman like Mr. Prout. Vernon-Smith had not only to answer for his own original sin, but for the sins of others. Mr. Prout's wrath had gradually been heated up to boiling-point; and now it was boiling over—and it was upon Smithy's devoted head that the vials of wrath were to be poured.

Vernon-Smith put his hands behind him as a very plain indication that he did not intend to be caned by the Fifth Form master. There was a breathless pause.

But Mr. Prout had gone too far for retreat—if he thought of retreat. He could not take "No!" for an answer, in the circumstances, and walk away, like that famous king of old, who, with ten thousand men, marched up a hill and then marched down again. Mr. Prout had come there to punish Smithy, and he really had left himself no retreat.

He strode towards the junior and grasped him by the collar.

"Let go!" roared the Bounder furiously.

"Will you submit to your just punishment, Smithy?"

"No, I won't!" shouted the Bounder. "Let go my collar, or I'll hack your shins."

That was more than enough for Mr. Prout.

He gripped the Bounder in a grip of iron, and the cane came down on Vernon-Smith's shoulders in a regular shower of lashes.

Whack! whack! whack! whack!

The whacking of the cane rang along the assage like pistol-shots. The Removites looked on blankly. They had handled Coker of the Fifth fast enough, but handling the master of the Fifth was quite a different matter. Smithy roared and struggled, but he did not hack Mr. Prout's shins as he had threatened. There was a limit, even when a Form-master had lost his temper and was exceeding his authority.

Whack! whack! whack! whack!

With a terrific effort, Vernon-Smith tore himself away, leaving his jacket in Mr. Prout's grasp.

He made a jump into his study and slammed the door.

"Come back!" roared Mr. Prout.

"Rats!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Rats! Go and eat coke!"

Mr. Prout swept down on Study No. 4 at the charge.

Click! A key turned in the lock inside. Mr. Prout thundered at the door.

"Vernon-Smith!" he gasped.

"Rats!"

"Open this door at once!"

"Go and chop chips!"

"I—I—I—"

"Cut off and call Mr. Quelch, somebody!" called out Skinner.

Mr. Prout started as he heard that. He came to himself, as it were.

If Mr. Quelch had arrived on the scene, the situation would have been very awkward and painful; Mr. Quelch certainly never would have allowed any other master to encroach upon his authority. Mr. Prout realised that he had put his foot in it, so to speak. His wrath had carried him beyond the bounds of discretion.

"Very well!" he gasped. "Very well! I—I think you are sufficiently punished for this time, Vernon-Smith. I hope you will take warning by this."

And Mr. Prout beat a retreat to the staircase.

The Removites gave him a deep groan

as he went; Mr. Prout affected not to hear the groan

"I say, you fellows, shy a footer after him!" exclaimed Bunter.

"Good egg!" said Bolsover major, and he rushed into his study for a missile.

He came out with a cushion in his hand, as Mr. Prout turned down the lower staircase. Harry Wharton caught Bolsover's arm just in time.

"Stop it, you ass!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"Leggo! I'm going to knock his mortar-board off!" gasped Bolsover major. "He can't do anything—he simply daren't call in Quelch—"

"Stop it!"

Harry Wharton was as angry as any other Remove fellow at the assumption of authority over the Form by the Fifth Form master. It was an insult to the Remove, and all the fellows resented it keenly. Even Billy Bunter was indignant. But there was a fitness of things; knocking off Mr. Prout's cap because, in the circumstances, it was safe to do so, was beyond the limit. So the captain of the Remove kept a grip on Bolsover major's arm till Mr. Prout had vanished from sight.

"You sawney chump!" roared Bolsover. "Afraid to back up against a meddling old ass!"

"Rot!" said Harry curtly. "Prout's an old donkey, if you like, and he's chipped in where he had no right; but there's such a thing as decency. Don't play the fool!"

"Oh, rats to you!" grunted Bolsover

major, and he stamped away in great dudgeon.

For once, most of the fellows were rather in favour of the bully of the Remove. They were "wild" at Mr. Prout's invasion of their passage, and his awful "cheek" in caning a member of their Form. Long after Mr. Prout had vanished, they sent hoots and cat-calls after him; till Wingate of the Sixth came up the stairs, cane in hand, to inquire what the row was about. And then at last there was quiet in the Remove passage.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Wrathy!

"SOFT!" said Bolsover major.

"Funky!" said Skinner.

"Cowardly!" commented Snoop.

"Sawney!" said Stott.

Those opinions, and some more of the same kind, were passed in the Remove the next day, on the conduct of Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars.

Smithy, apparently, for reasons of his own, was taking his injuries "lying down"; like Good Little Georgie in the good little book.

The Bounder was about the last fellow at Greyfriars to take an injury in that manner; but the facts seemed to speak for themselves. Better fellows than Skinner & Co. were glad to see Smithy acting with patience and self-restraint.

as he went; Mr. Prout affected not to hear the groan

"I say, you fellows, shy a footer after him!" exclaimed Bunter.

"Good egg!" said Bolsover major, and he rushed into his study for a missile.

He came out with a cushion in his hand, as Mr. Prout turned down the lower staircase. Harry Wharton caught Bolsover's arm just in time.

"Stop it, you ass!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"Leggo! I'm going to knock his mortar-board off!" gasped Bolsover major. "He can't do anything—he simply daren't call in Quelch—"

"Stop it!"

Harry Wharton was as angry as any other Remove fellow at the assumption of authority over the Form by the Fifth Form master. It was an insult to the Remove, and all the fellows resented it keenly. Even Billy Bunter was indignant. But there was a fitness of things; knocking off Mr. Prout's cap because, in the circumstances, it was safe to do so, was beyond the limit. So the captain of the Remove kept a grip on Bolsover major's arm till Mr. Prout had vanished from sight.

"You sawney chump!" roared Bolsover. "Afraid to back up against a meddling old ass!"

"Rot!" said Harry curtly. "Prout's an old donkey, if you like, and he's chipped in where he had no right; but there's such a thing as decency. Don't play the fool!"

"Oh, rats to you!" grunted Bolsover

major, and he stamped away in great dudgeon.

For once, most of the fellows were rather in favour of the bully of the Remove. They were "wild" at Mr. Prout's invasion of their passage, and his awful "cheek" in caning a member of their Form. Long after Mr. Prout had vanished, they sent hoots and cat-calls after him; till Wingate of the Sixth came up the stairs, cane in hand, to inquire what the row was about. And then at last there was quiet in the Remove passage.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Wrathy!

"SOFT!" said Bolsover major.

"Funky!" said Skinner.

"Cowardly!" commented Snoop.

"Sawney!" said Stott.

Those opinions, and some more of the same kind, were passed in the Remove the next day, on the conduct of Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars.

Smithy, apparently, for reasons of his own, was taking his injuries "lying down"; like Good Little Georgie in the good little book.

The Bounder was about the last fellow at Greyfriars to take an injury in that manner; but the facts seemed to speak for themselves. Better fellows than Skinner & Co. were glad to see Smithy acting with patience and self-restraint.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Wrathy!

"SOFT!" said Bolsover major.

"Funky!" said Skinner.

"Cowardly!" commented Snoop.

"Sawney!" said Stott.

Those opinions, and some more of the same kind, were passed in the Remove the next day, on the conduct of Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars.

Smithy, apparently, for reasons of his own, was taking his injuries "lying down"; like Good Little Georgie in the good little book.

The Bounder was about the last fellow at Greyfriars to take an injury in that manner; but the facts seemed to speak for themselves. Better fellows than Skinner & Co. were glad to see Smithy acting with patience and self-restraint.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Wrathy!

"SOFT!" said Bolsover major.

"Funky!" said Skinner.

"Cowardly!" commented Snoop.

"Sawney!" said Stott.

Those opinions, and some more of the same kind, were passed in the Remove the next day, on the conduct of Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars.

Smithy, apparently, for reasons of his own, was taking his injuries "lying down"; like Good Little Georgie in the good little book.

The Bounder was about the last fellow at Greyfriars to take an injury in that manner; but the facts seemed to speak for themselves. Better fellows than Skinner & Co. were glad to see Smithy acting with patience and self-restraint.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Wrathy!

"SOFT!" said Bolsover major.

"Funky!" said Skinner.

"Cowardly!" commented Snoop.

"Sawney!" said Stott.

Those opinions, and some more of the same kind, were passed in the Remove the next day, on the conduct of Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars.

Smithy, apparently, for reasons of his own, was taking his injuries "lying down"; like Good Little Georgie in the good little book.

The Bounder was about the last fellow at Greyfriars to take an injury in that manner; but the facts seemed to speak for themselves. Better fellows than Skinner & Co. were glad to see Smithy acting with patience and self-restraint.



Miss Sharples, reaching across the table, smote the Fifth Form master with her umbrella. "That, sir, for your insolence!" she exclaimed wrathfully. "How dare you, sir? You have brought me here on a fool's errand—and you dare to call me a woman!" (See Chapter 9.)



They were not qualities for which he was conspicuous, by any means.

At the same time all the Remove felt that the matter couldn't rest where it was. The dignity and independence of the Remove had been outraged—and the Remove was a very important Form, in the eyes of the Removites at least.

Every Remove fellow felt that it was up to the Remove to show Prouty that he couldn't "butt in" in this high-handed manner; though most of the Form agreed that Smithy was acting decently in keeping the masters out of it. The dignity of the Remove had to be vindicated by making Mr. Prout sit up and take notice, as it were.

That day, as a matter of fact, Paul Pontifex Prout was feeling very uneasy and disturbed.

The calm had followed the storm; and when Mr. Prout was cool again, he was worried over his indiscretion.

He fully expected Vernon-Smith to lay a formal complaint before his own master; which would have led to a very painful explanation with Mr. Quelch.

Mr. Prout was only too well aware how indignant and wrathful he would have been himself had Mr. Quelch assumed authority over the Fifth Form.

To his surprise and relief, he found that Mr. Quelch was obviously in ignorance of the whole occurrence.

Vernon-Smith had laid no complaint.

It was a great relief to Mr. Prout; for if he had been taxed on the matter by the Remove master, the result could not have failed to be very humiliating to him.

Probably Mr. Prout would have dismissed the affair from his mind, and all would have been, so to speak, calm and bright. But the absurd affair was too entertaining to some of the fellows for it to be allowed to die an easy death. And Mr. Prout was so very sensitive that he fancied fellows were thinking of it when their thoughts were miles away from the subject of Mr. Prout.

Even in the Fifth Form the fellows found it amusing, and there was much chuckling in the Fifth Form studies. In the Fifth Form room, when Mr. Prout came in to take his class that afternoon, there was a sound of laughter, which died away when the master entered.

Mr. Prout glanced very sourly at his class.

Like the gentleman in the old comedy, who was convinced that certain persons were talking about him because they "laughed consumedly," Mr. Prout was sure that the Fifth had been discussing him before he entered.

As a matter of fact, the Fifth had been discussing football as played by Horace Coker—a topic which, as Fitzgerald said, would have made a cat laugh.

"This Form-room," said Mr. Prout to the Fifth, "is not a bear-garden! At all events, I desire to keep it as far as possible from resembling a bear-garden! The whole Form will take an imposition of fifty lines of Horace."

Whereat the hapless Fifth simply glared at Mr. Prout.

Coker rose to his feet. Coker of the Fifth could always be relied upon to rush in where angels feared to tread.

"If you please, sir—" began Coker.

"Shurrup!" whispered Greene.

"You may sit down, Coker!" snapped Mr. Prout.

"I feel bound to speak, sir!" said Coker sturdily. "You've given us an imposition, sir—"

"In your case, Coker, it is doubled."

"Oh, my hat! I—I mean, you're mak-

ing a mistake, sir," explained Coker. "The fellows weren't laughing at you, sir—"

"What!" "They weren't laughing at you, Mr. Prout, I assure you!" said the tactful Coker. "You see—"

"Coker!" roared Mr. Prout. "Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Coker, quite alarmed by the expression on Mr. Prout's face.

"You will write out the whole of the 'Ars Poetica,' Coker, from end to end."

"Great Scott!" stuttered Coker.

"And if you say another word I shall cane you!"

Coker did not say another word. He fairly collapsed into his seat. That afternoon the Fifth Form were as good as gold; they paid their Form-master a respectful attention that was really touching. When Mr. Prout was in a mood to hand out impositions of that tremendous extent, Mr. Prout was a gentleman to be placated with the most assiduous care.

Coker was almost stunned; he was, as he told Potter and Greene afterwards, fairly flabbergasted. The "Ars Poetica" was a great work, with which Coker had no desire whatever to become more closely acquainted. It contained a total of nearly five hundred lines—every one of which was, in Coker's opinion, utter rot.

After lessons that day, the hapless Coker started with "Humano Capiti" and many groans.

It was quite a terrific imposition; and Coker had the sympathy of all the Fifth—and, indeed, of the Fourth and the Remove as well, when they heard of it. Of course they heard of it, and chortled over it as well as sympathising. And it helped to keep alive the joke about Mr. Prout, for everyone was aware why Coker had bagged that fearful impot.

That evening, when Mr. Prout bustled along the corridor, he found Potter and Fitzgerald discussing the probable time it would take Coker to get through his impot. Fitzgerald declared that Coker would be about fifty-five by the time he had finished it; and Potter said that he would be awfully old, anyway. Mr. Prout was perfectly well aware that the two cheerful youths knew that he could hear them; but there was nothing in their remarks to which he could take exception. He swept by them like a thundercloud, and left them grinning happily.

When he arrived at his study he found that his name had been chalked on the door in Latin:

"PAULUS PROUTUS SENEX."

Mr. Prout glared at the inscription, and trembled with wrath. He had no doubt that Coker had done it in return for his imposition.

He swept away to Coker's study. Coker was labouring through the "Ars Poetica" with a gloomy brow, filled with a deep and bitter animosity towards Q. Horatius Flaccus and all other known classical authors.

He jumped as Mr. Prout glared in. "Coker," gasped Mr. Prout, "you have dared—"

"Eh?" said Coker.

"You have chalked an insulting in-

scription upon my study door!" thundered Mr. Prout.

"I—I haven't! I—I didn't! I—I—" stuttered Coker.

"I shall cane you, Coker!"

"Oh, my hat!" Swish!

Mr. Prout departed, leaving Coker in an almost homicidal mood. It was really very rough on Coker of the Fifth; because at that time Skinner was telling the fellows in the Remove passage about the classical inscription he had put on Mr. Prout's door, and the Removites were chortling over it. And when it was learned, later, that Coker had been caned for Skinner's classical inscription, the juniors howled with merriment. It was agreed that Prouty was getting dangerous.

And when, the following day, Vernon-Smith came across Mr. Prout in the quadrangle, and smiled—merely smiled, as any fellow had a perfect right to do in the quadrangle—the Fifth Form master bore down upon him with a thunderous brow, with the manifest intention of boxing his ears. Smithy fled in time, and only a sense of his ponderous dignity prevented Mr. Prout from chasing him across the quad.

Smithy was called into Mr. Quelch's study later.

"You will take a hundred lines for impertinence to Mr. Prout, Vernon-Smith!" said the Remove master.

"What have I done, sir?" asked the Bounder meekly.

But Mr. Quelch was not to be drawn. Like a god on high Olympus, he dispensed justice without condescending to give reasons to mere mortals.

He dismissed Smithy with a gesture.

Vernon-Smith decided not to smile when he met Mr. Prout in the quad next time.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### The Bounder's Jape!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were chatting at the school gates when Vernon-Smith wheeled his bicycle out, a day or two later. The Famous Five bestowed cordial nods on the Bounder.

"Going for a spin?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes. I've got to get to Courtfield," said Vernon-Smith, with a grin. "I'm taking a leaf out of the book of Good Little Georgie."

"How's that?" asked Wharton.

"I'm going to do Prout a good turn."

"Good!" said Frank Nugent, eyeing the Bounder rather doubtfully, however.

"That's a good idea, Smithy—if you mean it."

"The meanness does not seem to me great," said Hurree Singh, shaking his dusky head. "I do not like the look in the ridiculous eye of the esteemed Smithy!"

The Bounder laughed.

"Straight goods!" he said. "Prouty is goin' to get no end of benefit out of this. I've thought it out, you know, and I'm going to spend three shillings on him."

"But how—what—" asked Bob Cherry.

"Look at that!"

Vernon-Smith opened his pocket-book and displayed a written page. What was written was evidently an advertisement, apparently to be inserted in a newspaper.

Harry Wharton & Co., in some perplexity, glanced at it. Then they stared

(Continued on page 13.)

**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:  
**FOOTBALLER!"**

NEXT MONDAY! "FISHY THE FOOTBALLER!"  
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 763.

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





**EDITORIAL!**  
By Harry Wharton.

**D**o ghosts exist? Judging by some of the articles which appear in this issue, they certainly do; though, personally, I am inclined to doubt it.

However, I don't intend to start a fierce argument on this much-discussed topic. One of my readers has suggested that a Special Ghost Number would fire the popular imagination—so here it is.

Greyfriars is supposed to have a special ghost of its own. Once upon a time the school used to be a monkey-house—I beg pardon, a monastery—and one of the old monks, or rather, his shade, is supposed to haunt those precincts. Personally, I have never encountered him, and I shouldn't care to do so on a dark night!

I think you will vote this number one of the funniest we have had as yet. It is good to be back in the editorial chair once more, after other people have had a go at editing. I believe the Head's Number last week met with a great reception. I shall tell him it did, anyway, to console him for his editorial labours.

People keep asking me when I am going to allow Billy Bunter to edit the GREYFRIARS HERALD for one week only. The answer is: Never! Billy is busy enough with his own weekly. Besides, once he occupied the editorial chair of the HERALD, he might not give it up. And the thought of Billy Bunter as permanent editor of the HERALD is too terrible to contemplate!

More special numbers will shortly appear, edited by various persons, but Billy Bunter won't be one of them. I don't mind Billy weighing in with an occasional article; but there it must stop.

I ought just to mention this week that I have had scores of letters in praise of the "Holiday Annual." It is agreed on all sides that the 1923 issue is the finest which has yet appeared. If you are not already the proud possessor of the "Annual," it is still possible to obtain one from your newsagent. And you should do this without delay. No reader of the GREYFRIARS HERALD should miss this wonderful six-shillingworth of fun and fiction. Several of the Greyfriars fellows have contributed to it, and the "Holiday Annual" is, indeed, a feast for the gods!

Au revoir for a short while.  
HARRY WHARTON.

**THE GREYFRIARS GHOST!**  
By Dick Penfold.

I am the Ghost of Greyfriars School—  
Tremble!  
I haunt the place on evenings cool—  
Tremble!  
I hustle here, I rustle there,  
I'm hustling, rustling everywhere,  
Gouging my victims to despair.  
Tremble!

I walk the corridors by night—  
Tremble!  
I make the fellows quake with fright—  
Tremble!  
They all stampede like frightened sheep  
When I my nightly vigil keep.  
And juniors, even when asleep,  
Tremble!

I'm clad in white from top to toe—  
Tremble!  
I wail and screech where'er I go—  
Tremble!  
When Loder comes in late at night,  
I see his face go ghostly white.  
And then he bolts, in fearful flight.  
Tremble!

Then draw the sheets about your head—  
Tremble!  
And shake and shiver in your bed—  
Tremble!  
The Greyfriars Ghost is prowling round,  
He makes a melancholy sound.  
His chains are clanking on the ground—  
Tremble!

**GHOSTLY GOSSIP!**  
By Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter was very indignant because we wouldn't give him the part of Ghost in "Hamlet." We would gently point out to Billy that a ghost is supposed to be of slender dimensions. We couldn't bear to see an inflated barrel of lard rolling about on the stage!

\* \* \*

Loder of the Sixth asserts that on his way home from the village the other evening he encountered a spectre. It was probably an in-spectre—of police!

\* \* \*

We little suspected that the kitchen cat carried a ghost about with him. But it appears he did, for when he expired in the Close the other day, he "gave up the ghost!"

\* \* \*

Ghostly wailings have been heard in the Shell passage, greatly alarming the study-owners in that vicinity. But there is really no cause for alarm. The ghostly wailings are caused by Claude Hoskins playing his violin!

\* \* \*

**HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!**  
By Frank Nugent.



GEORGE BULSTRODE.  
(Remove Eleven's Goalie.)

The editor tells me that Billy Bunter submitted a story for this issue, entitled, "The Ghost of Skareham Towers." Owing to the fact that Bunter's story was fifty thousand words in length, it will have to be held over until the size of the GREYFRIARS HERALD is equivalent to that of the "Holiday Annual."

\* \* \*

"How can I make up as a ghost?" writes Alonzo Todd. No disguise is necessary, Lonzy. You are sufficiently skinny, as it is!

\* \* \*

The tuckshop is reported to be haunted. We can quite believe it. It is haunted every day by Billy Bunter!

\* \* \*

Skinner of the Remove declares that while walking in his sleep he saw a ghost. We shall be wise to Skinner's "sleepwalking" stunts in future!

**Next Week! Another Special Number! Don't Miss It!**



# CANDID CONFESSIONS!

By Our Special Representative.

This Week - - - THE GREYFRIARS GHOST.

**W**HEN the editor told me to go and interview the Ghost of Greyfriars, I concluded that he was "off his rocker."

"How can I interview something that doesn't exist?" I demanded.

"It does exist," said the editor. "You'll find the merry ghost down in the crypt. Roll away the stone, go down the steps, and you'll come face to face with the apparition."

"Groo!"

"Talk to it nicely, and try and wring a few confessions out of it," the editor went on.

Accordingly, I made my way to the crypt. Dusk had fallen, and it was with many inward quakings that I rolled away the stone which covers the entrance to the gloomy crypt.

I am not a coward: Far from it. I come of a fine fighting family. My pater won the V.C. whilst making munitions, and he afterwards received the Distinguished Flying Cross, having been blown sky-high by an explosion. As for my ancestors, they covered themselves with glory on many a battlefield.

But I confess that my knees were fairly knocking together as I descended the stone steps into the crypt.

When I got to the bottom, I was practically in darkness. But I could distinguish a ghostly figure close at hand.

My self-control nearly deserted me, and I was about to retrace my steps, when a voice ran through the gloomy vaults:

"Fear not! I will not harm a single hair of thy napper!"

"Who—what are you?" I gasped.

"I am the Ghost of Greyfriars. I am the shade of one of the ancient monks."

"Are you a real ghost?"

"Yea, verily! I have haunted this crypt for centuries!"

"My hat!"

The white figure which I could discern in the gloom did not move, but stood absolutely motionless.

"I—I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Ghost!" I faltered. "How—how is Mrs. Ghost, and all the little spooks?"

"Prithee, do not jest with me!" came the reply. "Who art thou?"

"I am the special representative of the 'Greyfriars Herald.'"

"I know it not."

"It is our official organ—"

"Barrel organ?"

"Nunno! The official organ of Greyfriars School. Strictly speaking, it's the unofficial organ. But its streets better than the official school magazine."

"Dost thou wish me to inscribe a ghostly article in thy pages?"

"No, thanks!" I said hastily. "We've got quite enough human contributors, without wanting any inhuman ones!"

"But I can compose poetry! Listen to this, thou saucy varlet!"

And the Greyfriars Ghost proceeded to recite:

"When midnight tolls from the old school tower,

I revel in the witching hour.

And I go gliding through the gloom,

Visiting every sleeping-room.

I make my victims quake and start,

Strike terror into every heart,

And cause that awful "creepy" feeling,

When through the building I go stealing.

Billy Bunter cries 'Preserve us!'

Even Vernon-Smith is nervous.

Harold Skinner shrieks with terror;

Wharton's funky, and no error!

They tremble 'neath the nightly rule

Of the Ghost of Greyfriars School!"

"What thinkest thou of that?" asked the ghost.

"It fairly gives me the creeps!" I said.

"Still, I'm not quite so terrified as when I first saw you. I'm going to ask you to



*The ghost, which had stood as motionless as a statue during our conversation, came rushing at me.*

make a few confessions. It's too dark to jot them down in my notebook, but I'll try and remember everything you say."

"Proceed!" said the ghost.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Sidney Spook."

"And you were once a monkey?"

"Nay, varlet! A monk."

"How old are you?"

"Roughly speaking, a thousand years."

"And what is your chief occupation?"

"Scaring people out of their wits."

"What do you feed on?"

"I live on air."

"Then I don't envy you. It's had enough having to live on the grub we get in the dining-hall! But I shouldn't fancy living on air."

The ghost gave a grunt.

"Hast any further questions to ask me?" he demanded.

"Can you sing?"

"I can wail."

"Can you box?"

"Yea, verily."

I laughed aloud. There was something utterly ridiculous in the idea of a ghost being able to box.

"Sorry, Mr. Ghost, but I can't quite picture you punching anybody on the nose!" I chuckled.

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than the ghost, which had stood as motionless as a statue during our conversation, came rushing at me through the gloom.

Bliff!

I received a smashing blow on the nasal organ, and landed, with a loud concussion, on the floor of the crypt.

Then a peal of laughter rang out, and an electric torch was flashed on the scene. By its rays, I was able to see my assailant. And it wasn't the Greyfriars Ghost at all. It was Peter Todd, shrouded in a sheet!

You couldn't have knocked me down with a feather, because I was already down. But I was fairly flabbergasted, I can tell you. And what I said to the humorous Toddy wouldn't bear repetition!

# HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH HAUNTED!

By Tom Brown.

**I** COULD never understand why people are afraid of ghosts.

Personally, I would rather meet a ghost on a dark night than a hefty human burglar, armed to the teeth.

After all, what is there to fear from a ghost? It doesn't bite. It doesn't scratch. And I've never heard of a ghost punching anybody on the nose or administering a thick ear.

You have nothing to fear from a ghost. In fact, some of them are quite charming and amiable.

I remember the time when my study—No. 2 in the Remove passage—was reported to be haunted. My study-mates, Bulstrode and Hazeldene, promptly hopped out of it. They couldn't stick ghosts at any price.

I stayed in the study alone, and I was dozing in the armchair in the twilight, when the ghost came in.

I confess I felt a fluttering at the heart when the phantom glided into the study. But I soon found that there was nothing to be afraid of.

That ghost was a most companionable ghost. It sat down in the chair opposite and chatted away quite cheerfully.

"Who won the football match on Saturday?" it inquired.

"The Remove," I answered. "We licked the Upper Fourth by three goals to one."

"Good! I shall have to drift down to the football-ground and see the next match."

"You'd better not let anybody see you," I said, "or you will cause a panic!"

"That's all right!" said the ghost cheerfully. "I shall be quite invisible. I shall be in the tree-tops with the wind, you know. When you hear the wind howling, you'll know that it's me applauding."

"It's awfully decent of you to take an interest in Remove football, Mr. Ghost," I said. "By the way, can I get you something to eat?"

"Ghosts don't eat."

"Something to drink, then?"

"We don't drink, either."

"That's a pity. Are you going to visit anybody to-night?"

"Yes. I am going to haunt Mr. Quelch's bed-room."

"Oh, good! I should love old Quelch to have a scare. May I come along and see the fun?"

"With pleasure! Take up your position on the landing at midnight, and you will hear Mr. Quelch's shrieks of alarm."

True to its word, the ghost invaded Mr. Quelch's sleeping-quarters that night, and the master of the Remove was scared out of his wits.

I have never seen that particular ghost since. But I have met others, and they have been jolly decent spooks.

I expect other people will continue to be afraid of ghosts. But I sha'n't! I'd rather have ghosts about the house than rats, any day!

I don't mind haunted places a bit. In fact, I revel in 'em. And I am eagerly looking forward to a further interview with the spook who scared Mr. Quelch. I want to congratulate him, and to ask him to give Mr. Prout a turn!

**More Special Numbers Coming Along!**



# THE HAUNTED STUDY!

A Short Story of Greyfriars.

By DONALD OGILVY.



*A shrill laugh rang out through the gloom, and the juniors saw a vague white form moving about near the door.*

**S**LACKER! Arise!"

Lord Mauleverer bestirred himself. He sat up on his study couch and blinked around him through the surrounding gloom.

How long he had slept he did not know. But he knew it must have been some time, for it had been broad daylight when he had thrown himself on to the couch. And now all was dark, save for a faint flicker from the fireplace, where a few dying embers remained.

"Slacker! Dost hear my command? Arise!"

Mauly had sat up when the voice had first hailed him. He now rose to his feet.

There was something very uncanny about that voice. It seemed to come from inside the study, though Mauly could not be certain from which part of the room it proceeded.

The schoolboy earl was no coward. Yet for the life of him he could not keep his teeth from chattering.

"Oh, begad!" he murmured. "Who is that speakin'?"

"Varlet! I am the Ghost of Greyfriars!"

Mauly gave a jump. He wondered if he had heard aright.

"Tremble!" continued the voice.

The command was unnecessary. Lord Mauleverer was trembling already. Although, as we have said, he was no coward, you must remember that the study was in darkness, and the voice, coming out of the gloom, was uncanny in the extreme.

There was a clanking sound as of chains rattling.

Lord Mauleverer tried to speak calmly.

"If you are really the Ghost of Greyfriars, what's your object in comin' here?" he asked.

"My object, knave, is to give thee a solemn warning!"

"Begad!"

"From this time forth, I intend to take possession of this study of thine. I am weary of gliding through the corridors by night, and of making ghostly wailings in the Cloisters. I would fain abide here, and rest my skinny limbs."

"Well, carry on!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm not stoppin' you, am I?"

"Before I take up my abode here I wish thee to evacuate this study and find other quarters."

"My hat! I—I'm afraid that can't be done, you know," stammered Mauly.

"Base varlet! Dost thou presume to defy me? Obey my commands, or, verily, I will cast an evil spell over thee!"

"Goo!"

"I will give thee one hour to quit this apartment."

Lord Mauleverer gave a nervous laugh.

"I'm afraid my study-mates, Delarey an' Vivian, will have somethin' to say about that," he said.

"They will go with thee, or I will bewitch them! I give thee one hour to do my bidding. This is my final warning!"

There was a fluttering sound, and the ghostly voice ceased.

Lord Mauleverer groped his way towards the electric light switch.

Click!

Instantly the darkened study became fully illuminated.

Mauly blinked around him in the strong light. But there was no sign of his ghostly visitant. Everything was perfectly normal.

"I must have been dreamin'!" murmured his lordship.

There was a tramping of feet in the passage. A couple of ruddy-faced juniors stepped into the study. They were Piet Delarey and Sir Jimmy Vivian.

"Hallo, Mauly!" said the former. "Why, great Scott, man, what's the matter? You look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

"So I have," said Mauly. "At least, I've not seen one, but I've heard it. I've just had a visit from the Ghost of Greyfriars."

"What utter rot!" exclaimed Jimmy Vivian.

"The fact of the matter is, you've been to sleep and had a nightmare," said Delarey.

"I tell you I've had a visit from the Ghost of Greyfriars, dear boy."

"Don't be absurd!"

"I've been ordered to clear out of this study in an hour, because the ghost wants to take possession of it," said Mauly.

Delarey and Vivian laughed outright.

"I never heard such piffle in all my natural!" said the former. "Do you honestly expect us to believe— Hallo, the giddy light's gone out!"

Unseen by the juniors, a hand had insinuated itself into the study—the door being slightly ajar—and the hand had switched off the light.

The study was plunged into darkness. The flickering embers in the grate cast sinister shadows in the corners of the study.

"Tremble, base varlets!" came a ghostly voice—a voice that was guaranteed to make a fellow's flesh creep.

"What the thump—" began Delarey in amazement.

Sir Jimmy Vivian trembled violently. He had a wholesome dread of the supernatural.

Piet Delarey was a trifle more self-possessed.

"Where are you?" he demanded.

"Here, in this apartment. Do as I command, and I will molest thee not. Fail me, and I will enslave thee with my evil spell! Ha, ha!"

A shrill laugh rang out through the gloom, and the juniors saw a vague white form moving about near the door. It appeared for a moment, and then seemed to disappear into thin air.

"I give thee one hour to evacuate these premises," came the ghostly voice. "I will brook no delay."

Jimmy Vivian clutched at Delarey's arm.

"Let's get out of this!" he muttered. "I—I can't stick it!"

Delarey groped his way across the study and switched on the light. He half-expected to find a practical joker in the study. But there was no sign of one.

"Well, this is a queer go, and no mistake!" said Delarey. "It goes against the grain to have to give in to a ghost, but I think it will be wise if we clear out of this study for a bit. Just for a few days, you know. The ghost might have got other quarters by then."

Lord Mauleverer nodded.

There was a great sensation in the Greyfriars Remove when the news was made known.

Several fellows scouted the idea that Study No. 12 was haunted.

"It's absolute rot!" declared Bolsover major.

"Well, you're welcome to occupy the study yourself," said Delarey.

"No, thanks!" said Bolsover hastily. "I'm quite comfy where I am."

Only one person had sufficient courage to take up his quarters in the haunted study. And that was the very last person from whom courage would have been expected. It was Billy Bunter!

"I'm not afraid of ghosts in the least," said the fat junior.

Mauly's study was the most sumptuous apartment at Greyfriars. Not even the masters' studies could compare with it. Billy Bunter made himself at home on the luxurious couch, and he thoroughly enjoyed himself.

In their hurried flight from the haunted apartment, Mauly and his study-mates had left behind, in the cupboard, a goodly store of provisions. Billy Bunter promptly "piled in," and had the feed of his life.

He continued to occupy the haunted study for a couple of days. And at the end of that time he was ejected with violence.

It was Sammy Bunter who brought about Billy's expulsion from Study No. 12.

Billy informed his minor, in strict confidence, that it was he who had impersonated the Greyfriars Ghost by means of his ventriloquism. He had stood just outside the door, and had made the ghostly voice appear to come from inside the apartment. And then he had thrust a white sheet at the end of a pole through the doorway to make the ghostly white form. Billy's object in doing this was to clear Lord Mauleverer & Co. out and claim the study for himself.

As soon as Billy Bunter had told Sammy all this, in strict confidence, Sammy went and told Dicky Nugent—also in strict confidence. And Dicky Nugent, in the same strict confidence, told his major. And directly Frank Nugent knew, the fat was in the fire with a vengeance.

Billy Bunter was thrown out of Study No. 12 "on his neck." And Lord Mauleverer and his two study-mates resumed possession of the "haunted" study.



*Billy Bunter was thrown out of study No. 12 "on his neck."*

**Everyone says the "Herald" is the Best Schoolboy Journal Supplement!**

Supplement iii.]

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 763.



A Page of Interesting and Instructive Notes on the Second Meeting of the Parliament!



# The Greyfriars Parliament.



**H**ARRY WHARTON took the chair when the Greyfriars Parliament met last Monday. He said he was most anxious for readers of the **MAGNET** to understand that contributions were invited.

The report follows:

Mr. Speaker: "I know there has so far been no time for our friends outside to roll up with suggestions. They will do so. I am sure. Meantime, I call upon Bob Cherry to give us his views on the vexed question: 'Is boxing brutal?'"

Bob Cherry: "The answer to this question, Mr. Speaker, is in the negative. Properly conducted, scientific boxing cannot be brushed aside as a brutal sport. Of course, there are rough moments in the sport. But who would give a bean for a sport which was all soft going? Boxing hardens the muscles, makes a man of one, enables a fellow to hold his own in the world. *Si vis pacem para bellum*. It is always true. Boxing is one of the arts of peace. It extinguishes the bully; it infuses a sense of manhood into anybody. We have no wish to live wrapped up in cotton-wool before a fire. Let us be in a position to take our own part when need be."

Mr. Speaker: "Mr. Peter Todd has handed me a question regarding lighting-up time. Mr. Todd has the parole."

Peter Todd: "I want to ask the House whether members deem it permissible to hook an electric torch in front of one's bike when one is overtaken by night and has forgotten to take a lamp? One of my friends assures me this is not so. He says that a lamp must show white in front, red behind. That is the new rule since the removal of the tail-lamp regulation. I feel myself that no policeman would worry so long as a cyclist showed a bright light in front."

Tom Brown: "That depends on the policeman." (Laughter.) "You might meet a very zealous constable. I admit I was fortunate in this respect, for the other night I missed my way, and rode six miles minus any light but the moon, which does not count. I advise members to keep their lamps on their machines, and see that such lamps are in good going order. Better be sure than sorry. One cannot always expect the luck which fell to my lot, for I got through without mishap."

Hurree Singh: "I wish to ask you, Mr. Speaker, if you can recommend a good book on model aeroplanes?"

The Speaker: "Certainly. I can recommend the work by E. Twining, published by Percival Marshall & Co., 66, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. I have had sundry questions sent to me privately, which I have pleasure in answering. One of our Form inquires about a book on chess. 'The People's Chess Book,' any bookseller. Another asks me about record kicks at football. The longest place-kick of a Rugby football, with a run, made in Great Britain was by R. Young, at Glasgow, July 2nd, 1881. Distance: 187 ft. 10 ins. On April 14th, 1900, Charles Williams, Manchester City's goalkeeper, scored a goal for his side at Sunderland by kicking the ball from his own goalposts into Sunderland's nets. I have been asked for a cure for freckles. My reply is: Leave them alone. Freckles don't need curing. Hams are different. A question as to a useful embrocation is easily answered. Take a raw egg, well beaten, half a pint of vinegar, one ounce of spirits of turpentine, a quarter of an ounce of spirits of wine, a quarter of an ounce of

camphor. Place in a bottle, shake well, and you have as good an embrocation as could be wished."

H. Vernon-Smith: "I rise to a point of order. Several members have been referring to me by a nickname which I can only stigmatise as opprobrious." (Cries of "Question!") "I object to the term which has been fastened on me for some considerable time."

Mr. Speaker: "It seems to me the hon. member has endured in silence for so long that the custom has been established. I would remind him that nicknames are, as a rule, a sign of popularity. No fellow who is called by his front name, for instance, is unpopular. I consider Mr. Vernon-Smith is wasting the time of the House."

Harold Skinner put forward a motion that a full description of various games not much heard of in the South should be placed on the journals of the House. He pointed out that such sports as peggy, knurr and spell ought to be better patronised.

There was some laughter following his suggestion that archery, which he called toxophilism, should be practised; but the idea received the warm support of Hurree Singh and other members.

Dicky Nugent claimed the indulgence of the House in regard to his attempt last autumn, when at home, to run a pass-round magazine.

"When I say attempt," he continued, "I suppose I am conveying the impression that it was only an attempt. A sort of tri-weekly—tried to come out one week and failed. But things were not like that at all. I consider my pass-round magazine was a hit. The chum who helped me is a bit older than I am, and he writes the smallest, neatest, and clearest hand I ever saw. We started with a committee meeting—one or two friends who were interested in the notion. One of them was an old fellow of thirty-five—a journalist, I fancy—and he said he would be glad enough to contribute to our paper."

"So he did. He sent in a comic short story, of about five hundred words, about a man who went fishing and got sucked under by his float. There was a bull in it, also a washing-line, and plenty of funny stunts about the village, where everybody snoozed all the afternoon and then talked till midnight, feeling fresh and lively after their siesta."

"My chum copied this story into the mag; also the other contributions. I must say he made the whole thing look jolly fine. Made one think of the old monks who spent weeks and months and years writing a manuscript in the old days, all the capital letters in red and blue, and so on."

"What I mean to say is that there is no need to worry about printers, or even hectographs, when you first start a magazine. Just get the stuff, and have it written up neatly, and everybody is delighted to look at the stories. I wrote the editorial. It was short. I wanted to make it long; but my chum said: 'Keep it brief,' so I had to, as he was going to make up the paper. But somehow I believe in an editor having a roomy sort of old chat page, just like the Editor of the **MAGNET** used to do before space gave out. He gave us some mighty interesting facts about all kinds of things in those old days. You have a glance at the back copies of the **MAGNET**, and see if I am not right."

"Our magazine went well. It had a brown-paper cover, and did not get soiled. The ancient fellow of thirty-five told me it was

real smart. He also said that some of the biggest authors who are netting cool thousands to-day started first by contributing to a pass-round magazine."

Mr. Speaker: "I think the House owes a good deal to the speaker who has just sat down. He has voiced the opinions of many of us here."

Alonzo Todd rose in his place, and said he wished to urge the cause of philosophy and science. These subjects were not adequately treated by the popular magazines.

Mr. Speaker: "If you call science a subject and bracket it with philosophy, I am inclined to think the popular papers give as much of each as the public will stand. A little science goes a long way. It is very easy to bore the reading public stiff. My view is this: That there is a wide field open for development in the way of popularising such matters, giving experimentalists a chance to air their views, and to explain how they carried out any ideas which struck them—such as how to bind a book, how they preserved football-boots through the summer, the manner in which a cricket-bat was put away in cold storage, etc."

The House adjourned for supper, and the evening sitting was devoted to the consideration of school budgets—how much pocket-money was necessary to allow a fellow to carry on in a suitable manner. A good many speakers took part, including the younger Bunter, though his remarks were, for the most part, inaudible in the Press Gallery.

Lord Mauleverer said that he was satisfied so long as he had a tenner or two in his pocket. His lordship's remarks were not received seriously, the House giving way to frank hilarity on one occasion, when he said that money was a curse, as witness the way in which his recent yachting trip in the Silver Scud was spoiled by the intrigues of the so-called Gidcon Gaunt. The light comedy of the debate was supplied by William George Bunter, the always-laughable member for Pufftown. Bunter held that he ought to receive a five-pound note every Monday just for being there. He provoked cries of "Order!" and a severe admonition from the Speaker for addressing the House as "you fellows," which was plainly unparliamentary. The discussion drifted away at last into side issues which hardly bore on the subject at all.

It was not generally known that Johnny Bull had given way to natural history, but in a maiden speech he laid before the House some extremely interesting facts concerning the engaging habits of the water-spider.

"I have recently invested in a microscope," he said, "and, I must say, the things one finds out when one goes on a country ramble are fairly amazing."

At this stage William Bunter seized his hat, and said he was off, as he did not want to hear anything about water-spiders. He said the ordinary variety was had enough at a picnic, when it dropped down your neck.

Johnny Bull continued his subject. He said the water-spider made its web under the water, not a food-collecting web so much as a habitat. The water-spider lived under water in a kind of diving-bell. It spun its web beneath the surface, filling it with air-bubbles until all the water was expelled. As a rule, the larder of the water-spider was supplied by insects dragged down from the surface water. The speaker grew poetic over the entrancing effect of the water-spider's nest, shining like diamonds in the water.

**New Members Wanted for the Greyfriars Parliament! Join To-day!**



**The Persecution of Mr. Prout!**

(Continued from page 8.)

at the Bounder, who was smiling cheerily.

"Smithy, you're not—"

"I am, dear boy."

"In the Courtfield paper?"

"Exactly!"

Harry Wharton whistled.

The advertisement which Vernon-Smith intended to insert in the "Courtfield Times" was a striking one. It ran:

"**ELDERLY GENTLEMAN**, growing bald, seeks Professional Advice. Will be glad to hear of a genuine reliable Hair Restorer, or of a really effective Treatment for Thin and Fading Hair. Call personally on P. Prout, Greyfriars School, near Courtfield, any Wednesday afternoon between three and five."

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at the advertisement, and stared at Smithy. They could not help grinning.

"But—" said Frank Nugent.

"But—" said Johnny Bull.

"The butfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurreo Janset Ram Singh.

"Smithy, old man—" murmured Wharton.

The Bounder raised his eyebrows in mild surprise.

"You don't approve of my doing Prouty an act of kindness, in return for the licking he gave me?" he asked.

Wharton laughed.

"It's too thick!" he said.

"The thickfulness is—"

"Terrific!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Why, when Prouty sees that he will simply dance."

"I don't suppose he will see it. Prouty can't be a regular reader of the advertisements in the Courtfield paper," said the Bounder coolly. "All Prouty will see will be the chaps who answer the advertisement and call personally next Wednesday."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Smithy, old man," said Nugent seriously, "that advert is enough to bring along every blessed rogue and spoofer in the county."

"The more the merrier," smiled the Bounder.

"Hair-restorers are all rot," said Nugent. "When a chap's mop goes, it goes. But there are plenty of people who make a living by selling bottles of stuff to rub on the crumpeet, and every chap of that kind who reads this will think he's got hold of a champion mug, and will rush in to see Prout."

"Oh, how do you know?" said Vernon-Smith airily. "There may be a genuine hair-restorer; and, if there is, I'm sure you'll agree that Mr. Prout ought to hear about it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"When his hair begins to grow as long as a giddy poet's or Socialist's, he will look young again, and then he will be happy," said the Bounder. "My object, of course, is to make him happy—in return for licking me."

"But—" chuckled Bob.

"Later on, we may get into the way of speaking of him as young Prout, instead of old Prout," explained the Bounder. "Then it won't matter if he happens to overhear a chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's been no end of trouble on this sore point," the Bounder continued. "Coker of the Fifth has been catching it

hot, so have other fellows. Coker is still burrowing through his impot. Temple of the Fourth had his ear pulled yesterday, simply because Prouty heard him making a quotation from Shakespeare—something about grave and reverend seniors. And Skinner's been reported to Quelch for impertinence, because he made another quotation from Shakespeare—something about youth and crabbed age. Things are getting pretty serious when fellows can't quote a respectable poet like Shakespeare without having their ears pulled."

The Famous Five chuckled.

"I fancy Prouty was intended to overhear those giddy quotations," remarked Nugent.

"Still, it's time the matter was set at rest. If this advertisement brings Prouty a genuine specialist in mop-raising, it will relieve his mind and set his little heart at rest. I'm sure I hope so. I'm rather disappointed at you fellows not approving of my kindness towards a man who has licked me."

"Well, he ought to be made to sit up, for his cheek," chuckled Johnny Bull.

"But—"

"My dear men, you're as full of buts as a billygoat. I'm going ahead with the good deed."

"But suppose Prouty spots you?" said Wharton. "It would mean no end of a row."

"He couldn't! You see, I'm like the chap who did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame," said Vernon-Smith.

"I'm going to tip a man a bob or two to take this advertisement into the office of the 'Courtfield Times.' I sha'n't appear in the matter personally at all. I'm doing Prouty a good turn. But I don't want his thanks."

And with that, Herbert Vernon-Smith mounted his bicycle and rode away cheerfully in the direction of Courtfield.

The Famous Five looked at one another.

"It's funny," said Bob, laughing, "but it's too thick. Prouty's age has become a standard joke, and his hair will be the next merry jest. It's too thick!"

"Not his hair!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, what's the joke?" Billy Bunter rolled up, inquisitive, as usual. "Something funny going on?"

"No; it's just stopped," said Bob.

"Eh? What? What's just stopped?" asked Bunter, puzzled.

"You have!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter.

The Famous Five strolled away, grinning. They could not help grinning over Smithy's remarkable wheeze. But they agreed that it was too "thick." And they wondered—perhaps with anticipation—what would happen on the Wednesday following the appearance of that advertisement in the "Courtfield Times."

**THE SEVENTH CHAPTER,**

**Great Expectations!**

"**H**A, ha, ha!"

Skinner of the Remove put back his head and roared.

Skinner was in his study, and he had in his hands a copy of the Courtfield local paper.

Snoop and Stott stared at him in surprised inquiry.

Skinner had been looking down the advertisement columns of the Courtfield paper, it being Skinner's desire to secure a second-hand bike at a bargain. The advertisement columns of a country paper were not, as a rule, provocative of merriment. But Skinner burst into a terrific roar, as if he had been reading "Chuckles" instead of the "Courtfield Times."

"What on earth—" said Snoop.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Skinner.

"What's the joke?" demanded Stott.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Skinner gurgled. "Old Prout advertising—ha, ha, ha!—for a hair-restorer."

"Rot!"

"Bosh!"

"Here it is!" said Skinner, wiping away his tears. "Genuine, my sons! I say, he must be going off his chump to put this into the paper. Why, anybody at Greyfriars might see it! The Head might see it! What would the Head think!"

Snoop and Stott stared at the advertisement: It fairly took their breath away.

"Must be going off his rocker!" said Snoop in wonder. "There's been plenty of jokes about old Prout, but this will put the lid on!"

Skinner jumped up.

"This is too good to keep!" he exclaimed. "I must show the fellows this!"

And Harold Skinner marched out into the Remove passage, the paper in his hands. It was Tuesday evening, and most of the Remove fellows were in their studies at prep.

Skinner kicked open Vernon-Smith's door, and held up the paper.

"Look at this!" he trilled.

"Anythin' in the local rag?" drawled Smithy.

"Prout!" gasped Skinner.

"Prout! What about Prout?" asked Redwing.

"Look!" gurgled Skinner.

Tom Redwing stared at the advertisement blankly. Vernon-Smith read it through, and smiled.

"This is what comes of chipping Prouty!" he said. "This is really your fault, Skinner! You've driven the poor man to this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Skinner. "I say, the whole school will be cackling over this, Smithy!"

"Better not let Prouty hear you cackle!" said the Bounder warningly. "He might get wild."

"Pretty sure he would," chortled

**Free**



**COLOURED CARICATURES (POSTCARD SIZE) Of Famous FOOTBALLERS**

Inside Every Copy of

**Football FAVOURITE and Football Special**

EVERY WEDNESDAY 2d

EVERY FRIDAY 2d

**NEXT MONDAY! "FISHY THE FOOTBALLER!"**

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 763.



Skinner. "Did the awful old ass think he could put this in the paper without any Greyfriars chap seeing it? Why, Gosling, the porter, reads this paper—in fact, this is his copy that I've borrowed. Anybody might see it. The school will be howling over it by to-morrow. Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner went on down the passage, opening every study door in turn to display his discovery. There were howls of merriment from one end of the Remove passage to the other when Skinner had finished his peregrinations.

Meanwhile, Tom Redwing was eyeing the Bounder very curiously. Vernon-Smith went on calmly with his prep.

"Smithy?" said Redwing at last.

"Yes?" The Bounder looked up.

"Do you know anything about that ridiculous advertisement?"

"Funny, isn't it?" said Smithy.

"Very funny. Is it genuine?"

"Genuine? Better ask Prouty."

Tom Redwing laughed.

"I'm not likely to ask Prouty. I say, Smithy, surely it's impossible that Mr. Prout could be so silly! Smithy, old man, I can't help thinking that you——" Redwing paused.

"Think away, old top," said the Bounder imperturbably. "But keep your thoughts inside this study, won't you? I don't want a flogging."

"It's too bad!" said Redwing, laughing.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders and resumed his prep. Apparently he did not think that it was too bad.

Redwing was the only fellow in the Remove—apart from the Famous Five, who knew the secret already—who suspected the Bounder. It had not even occurred to Skinner, sharp as he was, that the advertisement was "spoof." Prep was rather neglected in the Remove studies that evening, while the juniors chortled over Mr. Prout's advertisement.

Later in the evening Skinner dropped into Coker's study, in the Fifth Form passage. He found the great Horace still labouring at the tail-end of his big impot, which had already kept him busily occupied in his spare time for days on end. Horace Coker was not in a good temper. Potter and Greene were sympathetic, but their sympathy did not take the practical form of helping with the lines, so it was not of much use to Coker.

Coker of the Fifth frowned at the junior, and pointed to the doorway with his pen.

"Hook it!" he said, with great brevity and emphasis.

"Look at this!" answered Skinner.

Coker & Co. looked and gasped. The clouds departed from the brow of Horace James Coker. He chuckled.

"The awful ass!" he ejaculated.

"Well, Prouty's fairly given himself away!" chortled Potter. "Why, he may get a dozen men along here to-morrow with Thatcho and Scratcho and Patcho. I say, Coker, get your impot done, and we'll all take it in together while Prouty's got a giddy visitor telling him all about restoring his hair."

Coker roared.

"Ha, ha, ha! Good!"

"Lend me that paper, Skinner," said Potter. "I want to show it to some fellows up the passage."

By the time the newspaper was returned to Skinner all the Fifth were in possession of the joke, and the Fifth Form studies were as hilarious as the Remove passage on the subject. Skinner, in the kindness of his heart, went along to tell the Fourth and the Shell, and by the time the news had spread there it was bed-

time. Skinner went to his dormitory feeling very pleased with himself. He had spread the glad news far and wide, and no doubt his conscience approved that beneficent action.

By the following morning most of the Lower School at Greyfriars had seen the advertisement, or heard of it, and most of the seniors, too.

When Mr. Prout took his class in the morning, the Fifth Form were bubbling with suppressed merriment.

Mr. Prout could not help observing it.

His glare subdued the Fifth, and they tried to be serious. Mr. Prout was in a very irritable temper. He had found that miserable word "senex" chalked on his study looking-glass, and it had annoyed him. Lessons that morning in the Fifth Form room passed in a thunderous atmosphere, and the Fifth were very glad when they were dismissed.

And after dinner Coker laboured manfully at the remnant of his long imposition, to have it all ready to take in to Mr. Prout as soon as there was a hair-restoring specialist in the Fifth Form master's study.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### A Visitor for Mr. Prout!

**A**FTER dinner that day there was a great deal of anticipation among a considerable section of Greyfriars.

Many of the fellows were curious to see whether Mr. Prout would have any callers in answer to his advertisement, and to see them if they came. And the fellows in the secret were still more curious and anticipative. It was practically certain that there would be callers—probably a great many. And Harry Wharton & Co. wondered almost breathlessly how Mr. Prout would take it, Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout being still in sublime ignorance of the advertisement and of the fact that he was to receive any hair specialists at all.

Quite a number of juniors hung about the corridor early in the afternoon. Football practice was off even for the Famous Five, generally the most strenuous members of their Form. A score of pairs of eyes watched Mr. Prout, when he went to his study, almost hungrily. Mr. Prout was the cynosure of all eyes, the observed of all observers. His afternoon's business deeply interested half the school.

Skinner, who had "neck" enough for a dozen fellows, strolled coolly along to Mr. Prout's door soon after three o'clock, and tapped. A rather gruff voice bade him enter.

Skinner smiled his meekest smile when he entered.

Mr. Prout was smoking his big pipe while he cleaned one of his old rifles—a favourite occupation with Mr. Prout, who had been a great hunter in the far-off days when he had been able to see his knees. It was always possible to "draw" Mr. Prout on the subject of his adventures as a hunter of big game. Fellows in his form sometimes got off impots by inquiring into the history of some relic of the chase nailed up on the study walls. Though Potter of the Fifth had declared—not in Mr. Prout's hearing, of course—that one of Prouty's long-winded yarns was worse than a hundred lines.

"What is it, Skinner?" asked Mr. Prout, frowning.

"Excuse me, sir," said Skinner

meechly. "You were telling Bunter, the other day, about the time you shot the Pawnees in the Rocky Mountains, sir."

"Well?"

"I—I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me about it, sir, if—if you're not very busy this afternoon," cooed Skinner.

Mr. Prout thawed visibly.

"Well, my boy, I can talk while I clean my rifle," he said. "I don't mind telling you the story, if you are curious to hear it. You may sit down, Skinner."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said Skinner demurely.

He sat down.

Mr. Prout plunged at once into an account of the terrific casualties he had inflicted upon the Pawnee tribe on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion in the wilds of the Rockies. He warmed to his narrative, and became quite animated. Skinner manfully stifled his yawns. He was not interested in Pawnees, dead or alive, but he was very interested in being present when the hair-restoring specialists arrived. He wanted to hear as much as he could of the first interview, to retail it later in the Remove passage.

Mr. Prout was going strong, when there was a tap at his door, and Trotter, the page, put his head in.

"Gen'lman to see you, sir!" announced Trotter.

Mr. Prout glanced at the card Trotter presented to him. It bore the inscription:

"PROFESSOR PUNTER,  
SPECIALIST."

Mr. Prout seemed a little puzzled. He had never, so far as he knew, heard of Professor Punter, and had not the faintest idea what subject the professor specialised in.

"You may show him in, Trotter," he said.

"Yessir!"

Mr. Prout resumed his narrative, Skinner listening with deep attention, not to the narrative, but to the approaching footsteps of Professor Punter. Skinner was rather surprised. He had expected Mr. Prout to "shoo" him off as soon as a visitor was announced, and had wondered by what trick he could contrive to remain on the spot and witness the interview. But Mr. Prout did not shoo him off. He evidently regarded the visit as an annoying interruption.

Trotter showed the caller into the study.

Professor Punter was a little stout gentleman. He was dressed in a tight-fitting black frock-coat, rather shiny at the seams, and carried a highly polished silk hat in his hand.

He bowed to Mr. Prout, who half-rose.

"Mr. Prout, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Prout, eyeing his visitor with no great favour. "What is your business with me, please?"

Skinner was more and more surprised. Mr. Prout had not even told him to go. Mr. Prout, as a matter of fact, was anxious to be rid of the visitor and to get back to the Pawnees.

"You have read my card, sir," said the professor. "I am a specialist, sir—a hair specialist."

"A—a what?"

"Hair specialist. May I see your head, sir?"

"My—my head?" stuttered Mr. Prout.

"Yes. A preliminary examination——"

Mr. Prout started to his feet.



"Are you out of your senses, sir?" he bawled.

The professor jumped.

"Sir!" he ejaculated.

Skinner stared on. He could only stare. Mr. Prout's voice was heard along the passage, and there was a buzz among twenty youths gathered there.

"There is some misunderstanding!" stammered the professor. "I—I do not follow, sir! You are Mr. Prout?"

"Certainly I am Mr. Prout!" snapped the Fifth Form master.

"You are the elderly gentleman——"

"What?"

"Growing bald——"

"Eh?"

"Who seeks professional advice——"

"Sir!" yelled Mr. Prout. "What do you mean? Have you been drinking, sir? How dare you come here——"

"I have come here, sir, in the way of business!" exclaimed Professor Punter, beginning to get angry himself. "I trust, sir, that I am not wasting my time in calling upon you. My fees are reasonable, and my treatment is guaranteed. Thin and fading hair——"

"Thin and fading hair!" repeated Mr. Prout dazedly.

"Yes, sir; thin and fading hair yields at once to my special treatment——"

"How dare you!" gasped Mr. Prout.

"Do you imagine for one moment, sir, that I require your nostrums—that I am in any need of hair restorers, sir?"

The professor blinked at him.

"Most certainly," he replied. "Judging by appearances, Mr. Prout, I should reply most decidedly in the affirmative. That bald spot——"

"Wh-a-at?"

"That extreme thinness——"

"You—you—you——" spluttered Mr. Prout.

Up to that very moment Mr. Prout had fondly believed that the bald spot was scarcely noticeable, and that the way he brushed his hair concealed the thinness thereof. He was making painful discoveries now.

"Come, sir," said the professor soothingly. "I see no reason for this extraordinary excitement—none at all. Pray allow me to examine the hirsute growth upon your cranium, sir——"

"I will allow you to do nothing of the sort!" roared Mr. Prout. "Leave this room!"

"Sir!"

"Trotter!" bawled Mr. Prout.

"Yessir!" gasped Trotter, putting a scared face into the doorway.

"Show this—this—this person out at once."

"Yessir! This way, sir!"

Professor Punter glared at Mr. Prout. "Am I to understand, sir, that you do not require my services?" he demanded angrily.

"Certainly! Most decidedly! Leave my study!"

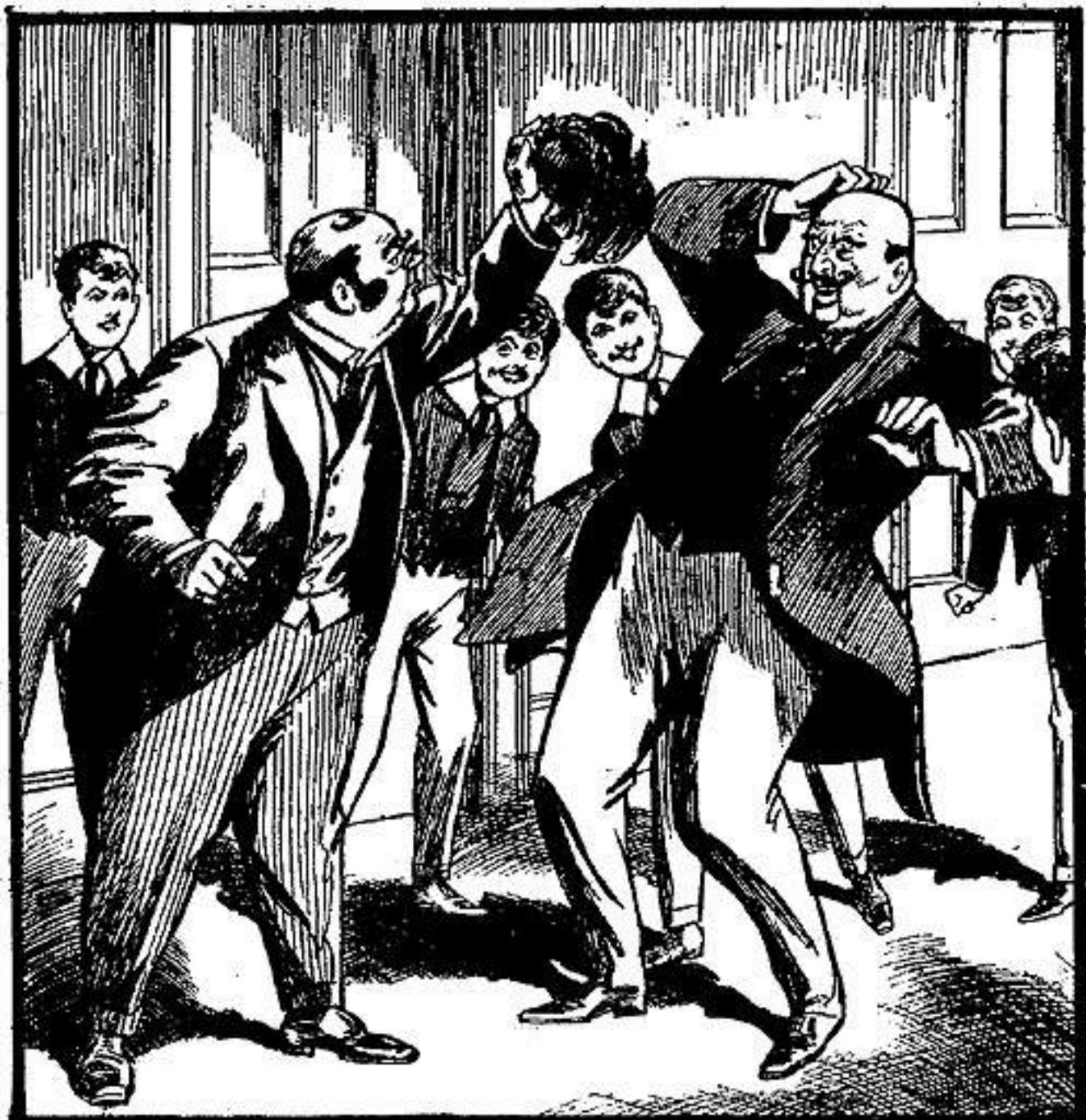
"Then I have wasted my time in calling here! Sir, you are an elderly man, old enough to have more sense!"

"What—what?"

"You are a trifle, sir!" boomed the angry professor. "You are a foolish trifle! I will not now, sir, allow you to experience my special treatment for the restoration of thin and faded hair, on any terms whatever, sir! Pah!"

And the angry gentleman whisked out of the study and departed. Mr. Prout gasped and dropped back into his chair. He caught the sound of a chortle in the passage—and then he caught a grin on the face of Harold Skinner. He jumped up.

"Skinner!" he roared.



Dr. Dubbs tore himself away, and leaped to his feet. There was a yell from the Greyfriars crowd. In the struggle with Mr. Prout, Dr. Dubbs had lost that wonderful head of hair. The specialist stood gasping, and Mr. Prout stared at the wig in his hand in amazement. (See Chapter 10.)

"Ye-e-es, sir!" gasped Skinner, jumping up, too.

"What are you laughing at, Skinner?"

"I—I—I wasn't—I didn't—I never—— Yoooooop!" roared Skinner, as the incensed Form-master smote.

Skinner fled out of the study without even thinking of waiting to hear the conclusion of the Pawnee story. Mr. Prout slammed the door after him with a slam that rang the length of the corridor. And from the end of the passage, from a growing crowd of members of the Lower School, there came a howl:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

### THE NINTH CHAPTER.

#### Painful for Mr. Prout!

"PROUTY'S potty!" Skinner gasped out that startling statement, as he rubbed his crimson ears. The Remove humorist was sorry by that time that he had contrived to be present when Mr. Prout's visitor arrived. Certainly he had not expected the interview to turn out anything like this.

"Simply potty!" gasped Skinner. "He's forgotten all about putting that advertisement in—his mind's a perfect blank about it. He didn't even expect a man to call."

"Extraordinary!" said Vernon-Smith

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

"It's jolly queer!" remarked Squiff, puzzled. "We all heard him booming at the poor man. Why should he, when

he advertised for a hair specialist to call on him?"

"The whyfulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Singh.

"Looks as if he's going off his giddy rocker," said Peter Todd. "Or else——" Peter paused thoughtfully.

"Or else what?" asked Smithy.

"Well, or else that giddy advertisement is a spoof, and somebody shoved it into the paper to pull Prouty's leg," said Peter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner jumped. "Oh! Oh, that's it, of course!" he exclaimed. "Never thought of that. I did think it was rather queer of Prout."

"The queerfulness would be terrific."

"That's it!" said Squiff, with a nod. "But who could have done it? Coker of the Fifth, perhaps."

"Coker's awfully wild with Prout," agreed Peter Todd. "But would Coker have brains enough for a jape like that?"

"I—I don't think it was Coker," murmured the Bounder, shaking his head. "Coker isn't bright enough."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Talk of angels!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Here comes jolly old Horace!"

Horace Coker came along the corridor with Potter and Greene, and with a stack of scrawled impot paper in his hand. It was the imposition—finished at last, and ready for delivery. Coker & Co. were smiling.

"I hear that Prouty's had one visitor," said Coker, glancing at the juniors.



"That's right," said Harry Wharton. "The gentleman didn't stay long. He didn't seem pleased with Prouty."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I meant to drop in while he was there. Never mind—I dare say there'll be another soon," remarked Coker.

"Plenty, very likely!" said the Bounder. "In fact, I can see one coming."

There was a hush of expectation.

From the corner of the masters' corridor, the crowd of fellows had a view of the big doorway of the School House, and they could see Trotter, the page, speaking to a caller.

"Can't be for Prout!" murmured Bob. "It's a lady this time!"

"There are lady specialists in hair!" said the Bounder.

"Oh, my hat!"

The juniors were almost breathless now. Trotter conducted the lady caller towards them—it was clear that she was a visitor for the Fifth Form master. She was a rather tall and thin lady, with gold-rimmed glasses perched upon the prominent bridge of a sharp nose. She had a determined manner, and carried a stout umbrella, and trod with a heavy and resolute tread. She passed the group in the passage, and stopped at Mr. Prout's door, where Trotter tapped.

"Come on," murmured Potter. "This is where we weigh in. We want to see Prouty with the merry specialist."

Coker & Co. followed on.

Some of the juniors ventured nearer Mr. Prout's door. The impression had spread that the advertisement in the "Courtfield Times" was a "spoof," and in that case, of course, it was obvious that Mr. Prout could not know anything about it, and could not be expecting any specialists in the restoration of hair. How he would deal with the lady caller was a question of almost breathless interest.

Mr. Prout—by no means restored to equanimity yet—gave Trotter a glare as he opened the door.

"Miss Sharples to see you, sir!" said Trotter.

And Trotter held the door open for the lady, and retired, closing it after she had entered the study.

Mr. Prout rose to his feet, and blinked at Miss Sharples. He was annoyed, but he was civil. He had never even heard of Miss Sharples, and he supposed that she was the collector for some local charity, or something of the kind. That was the only reason he could think of for her call.

"Mr. Prout?" asked Miss Sharples.

"Yes, madam! Pray be seated!" said the Fifth Form master, repressing his annoyance manfully. "For what reason, madam—"

Miss Sharples was blinking at him over her glasses—not exactly at Mr. Prout, but at the top of Mr. Prout's head. She seemed interested in the clear spot there, whence the surrounding growth had receded.

"Doubtless you are acquainted with my name, Mr. Prout," she began.

"I—I fear not, madam—"

"It is fairly well known in Courtfield and the surrounding district, sir," said Miss Sharples. "I have very many clients."

"Clients!" repeated Mr. Prout.

"I hope to add you to the list, sir," said Miss Sharples, with a winning smile. "It is obvious, at a glance, that you are in need of my ministrations. We must hope that the decay has not gone too far."

"Eh?"

"But I do not think so," said Miss Sharples brightly. "The most obstinate case yields readily to my treatment."

"Treatment!" babbled Mr. Prout.

"Even if your baldness, sir, was in a more advanced stage, I do not doubt that—"

"Baldness?"

"Yes. It is on account of your baldness that I have called, naturally," said Miss Sharples, a little perplexed.

"Madam!" stuttered Mr. Prout.

"My treatment," said Miss Sharples, while the amazed Form-master stared at her blankly, "is simple, but efficacious—extremely efficacious. Will it be convenient for me to call twice a week—"

"Tut-tut—twice a week—"

"Yes. My treatment is administered personally," explained Miss Sharples. "On the present occasion I will make an examination of your head, and ascertain whether—"

"You—you will what—" said Mr. Prout faintly.

"Kindly bend forward—"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Lean your head forward, Mr. Prout, and—"

"I will do nothing of the kind!" hooted Mr. Prout. "Madam, I—I regard this—this familiarity as most—most improper, and—"

"Sir!" ejaculated Miss Sharples.

"I refuse to allow you to touch me!" shrieked Mr. Prout. "Keep your distance, madam!"

"My dear sir, I do not understand you. How can I administer my treatment for the restoration of your hair without touching your head?" exclaimed the astonished Miss Sharples.

"Woman—"

"Sir!"

"Have you, an elderly female, come here to play an absurd joke?" thundered Mr. Prout. "How dare you, madam?"

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Miss Sharples. "Am I to understand, sir, that you object to my treating you—"

"Yes, certainly! Most decidedly! I—I—"

"I think I understand," said Miss Sharples more calmly. "You have an old-fashioned prejudice against the work of women; you think that my treatment will be less efficacious than that of a male specialist. I assure you, Mr. Prout—"

"Trotter!" roared Mr. Prout.

There was a tap at the study door, and it opened. But it was not Trotter who appeared; it was Coker of the Fifth. Potter and Greene were behind Horace Coker.

"Show this person— Why—what— it is you, Coker! How dare you enter my study now, Coker?"

"My imposition, sir!" said Coker genially. "I've finished it, sir."

He laid his scrawled version of the "Ars Poetica" on the table at Mr. Prout's elbow.

"Nonsense! You should not worry me now! Ah, I think I see it!" exclaimed Mr. Prout, who was not blind to the suppressed merriment in the faces of Coker & Co. "You have a hand in this, Coker."

"In—in what, sir?" stammered Coker, taken aback.

"You have caused this—this absurd, elderly female to call here and annoy me—"

"I, sir?" gasped Coker, fairly astounded by that unexpected accusation.

"Yes, sir, you!" roared Mr. Prout furiously. "It is a trick—a practical joke— Here, what—how— Keep off!"

Miss Sharples had jumped up and

taken a businesslike grip on her umbrella. It was easy for the lady to see that she was going to do no business with Mr. Prout, and she was disappointed and angry. On top of that, she was alluded to as an elderly female! It was rather too much for the patience of Miss Sharples.

She advanced on Mr. Prout with her umbrella raised, and a look in her eyes that made the alarmed Form-master dodge round the study table in a great hurry.

"Madam, go away! Keep off! Oh! Yooooop!" roared Mr. Prout, as Miss Sharples, reaching across the table, smote with the umbrella.

It was upon the bald spot that the umbrella landed. It was that spot which Miss Sharples had intended to subject to her treatment; but certainly it was not likely to be improved by treatment of this kind!

Crash!

"Woooooooop!" spluttered Mr. Prout. He staggered back. Miss Sharples glared at him across the table.

"That, sir, for your insolence!" she exclaimed wrathfully. "How dare you, sir? You have brought me here on a fool's errand, and you dare to add insult to injury—"

"Help! Police! Trotter! Woman—go!" shrieked Mr. Prout.

"How dare you call me a woman!" exclaimed Miss Sharples in increasing wrath, and she came round the table.

"Go! Help! Oh, goodness gracious! Coker, stop her! Help!" yelled Mr. Prout, dodging wildly round the study.

Whack!

"Yaroooh!" howled Mr. Prout, as the umbrella landed on his plump shoulders with a concussion that burst several ribs.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Coker.

Coker of the Fifth had come to the study expecting to see some fun. He hadn't expected this!

Miss Sharples, with an angry and disdainful glare at Mr. Prout, marched out of the study. The crowd in the passage opened for her to pass, fairly yelling with merriment. But they yelled in a different way as the angry lady swept a circle round her with the umbrella. Apparently she was not pleased by the general hilarity.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Oh, my hat!"

"Run for it!"

"Keep off!"

"Yarooop!"

Miss Sharples stamped on, and disappeared out of the School House. The juniors were glad to see her go.

"Oh dear! I'm brained!" groaned Billy Bunter. "Ow, ow, ow! What did she hit me for? Wow, wow!"

"Oh, my napper!" gasped Skinner.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There goes Prouty again!" gasped Bob Cherry. Mr. Prout's booming voice was heard in tones of fury.

"Coker! Coker! You, a senior boy—you have dared—you have had the audacity to play this trick on your Form-master! You shall be flogged, sir—expelled—"

"I—I haven't—I wasn't—" spluttered the hapless Coker.

Potter and Greene were beating a strategic retreat. They had come there for fun, but matters were getting awfully serious. Mr. Prout dimly realised that he was somehow the victim of a practical joke, and he had no doubt that Coker was somehow the perpetrator. The fact



was, that he was boiling with fury, and needed a victim. And Coker was at hand—Coker having, as usual, rushed in where angels feared to tread.

"It was you, sir!" roared Mr. Prout. "You shall be expelled! Coker, I shall take you to the Head at once—"

"But I—I—I—"

Trotter appeared in the doorway.

"Gen'l'man to see you, sir—"

"I refuse to see anyone!" roared Mr. Prout. "I decline—"

"He's 'ere, sir!"

And Coker of the Fifth, in a dazed state of mind, dodged out of the study and escaped as the new visitor was shown in.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Terrific!

**M**R. PROUT tried to calm himself. Infuriated as he was, he realised that a stranger ought not to be allowed to see a public school Form-master in a state of raving wrath. The gentleman, shown into the study by Trotter, was staring at him in surprise. He was a rather oily-complexioned gentleman, with an enormous head of thick hair. If he was a hair specialist, that head of hair was a standing advertisement to his skill.

"I have perhaps called at an inopportune moment, Mr. Prout!" said the oily-looking gentleman, raising his eyebrows. "I am sorry, but you did not state exactly—"

"Who—who are you, sir?" stuttered Mr. Prout. "I—I am rather busy this afternoon. Pray state your business."

"There is my card, sir! Dr. Dubbs, sir, specialist in hair growth."

"Hair growth!" shrieked Mr. Prout.

It was the last straw. Evidently this was another hair specialist—the third to persecute Mr. Prout this afternoon. It was some more of the practical joke of which the astounded Form-master was the victim. Mr. Prout gave the doctor a glare that startled him.

"Pray calm yourself, sir," said Dr. Dubbs. "I cannot quite understand what is the matter. Even if my call is inopportune—"

"You—you—you have called—"

stuttered Mr. Prout. "To acquaint you with my treatment for the hair," said Dr. Dubbs. "Look at me, sir!"

Mr. Prout was already looking at him with the eyes of a basilisk.

The worthy doctor made a gesture towards his own ample locks.

"The result of my treatment, sir!" he said proudly. "Two years ago, sir, I was bald—bald—bald—than you are at the present moment, Mr. Prout!"

"Sir! You—you—I—I—"

"In six months, sir," said Dr. Dubbs impressively, "the scantiness of my hair had yielded to my wonderful treatment. It's discovery is a secret of my own. In my own person, sir, I offer a proof of the efficacy of my treatment. My fees are—"

"Leave my study, sir!"

"I was about to state that my fees are reasonable. Twelve applications should be sufficient, and at a guinea per application—"

"Trotter!"

"Oh dear! Yessir?"

"Show this man out!"

"This way, sir!" groaned Trotter.

Trotter did not know whether Mr. Prout had been drinking, or whether he had become suddenly insane, but Trotter was growing very worried.

"Excuse me, Mr. Prout," said the doctor firmly. "I regret very much if I have called at an inopportune moment; but the fault is not mine. You stated between three and five—"

"I stated?" shrieked Mr. Prout.

"Certainly you did! It is now four o'clock, so—"

"Do you dare to say that I requested you to come here, sir, and offer me your absurd and dishonest nostrums!" roared Mr. Prout.

"Sir! How dare you characterise my treatment with such expressions? Calm yourself, sir—calm yourself! Try my treatment, sir; it speaks for itself! Look at my own head of hair, sir! With a month of my wonderful treatment that bald patch on your head, sir, will completely disappear! You will look years younger; you will be able to pass yourself off, sir, as a man of fifty or fifty-five, instead of looking sixty-five as at present—"

"Rascal!" roared Mr. Prout.

"Wha-a-t?"

"Insulting blackguard!"

"Is the man mad?" gasped Dr. Dubbs.

"Sir, what—what—what— Sir, you are speaking to Dr. Dubbs, the celebrated specialist—"

"I do not believe that you are a doctor, sir; I believe that you are an impertinent and swindling charlatan!" raved Mr. Prout. "You have come here for a ridiculous practical joke! I believe you have been paid to do so, sir, by a rascally boy—"

"Mad as a hatter!" ejaculated Dr. Dubbs. "Why, I—"

"Leave my study!" Mr. Prout was

quite beyond control now. "Scoundrel, go! I will eject you with my own hands!"

"Great Scott!"

The startled Dr. Dubbs had little doubt now that he had to do with a lunatic. He backed in alarm to the door.

Mr. Prout, beside himself with wrath, rushed right on him. He could not deal in this drastic way with Miss Sharples; but he could deal as drastically as he liked with Dr. Dubbs, and he did.

He grasped the worthy doctor with both hands, and spun him into the doorway.

"Help!" yelled the specialist. "Oh, thunder! He's mad! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was no help for the hapless visitor. The crowd in the passage were rocking with laughter.

In desperation, Dr. Dubbs grappled with Mr. Prout, and they struggled in the doorway.

There was a crash as they went to the floor together.

Dr. Dubbs tore himself away, and leaped to his feet. There was an almost hysterical yell from the Greyfriars crowd then. For in the struggle with Mr. Prout Dr. Dubbs had lost that wonderful head of hair which was so telling a proof of the efficacy of his treatment.

Mr. Prout had grasped it, and it was now in Mr. Prout's hand instead of upon Dr. Dubbs' head. That wonderful head of hair was the work, not of a hair-restorer, but of a wig-maker!

The juniors shrieked.

Dr. Dubbs stood gasping, the sunshine from the corridor window gleaming upon



"An undignified step—really, sir!" said the Head. "And in the circumstances, Mr. Prout, I utterly fail to see why you should attribute to Coker what is manifestly only the natural result of your own extraordinary advertisement in this paper—"

"I haven't—I didn't—"

spluttered Mr. Prout. "It is a malicious trick, sir!" (See Chapter 11.)



his head—almost as bare and smooth as a billiard-ball.

Mr. Prout staggered up, staring at the trophy in his hand in great amazement. For one dreadful moment, he thought he had scalped the hapless victim, in his blind wrath.

Then he realised the truth.

"Impostor! Rascal! Charlatan!" he roared, and he hurled the wig at Dr. Dubbs. "Go! I will have you given into custody if you remain here another minute!"

Dr. Dubbs caught the wig. His face was crimson with wrath. The corridor rang with yells of laughter.

"Go!" roared Mr. Prout. And he advanced upon the "specialist."

And Dr. Dubbs turned and fairly fled—with his hat in one hand, and his wig in the other!

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Prout turned on the yelling juniors.

"You—you young rascals——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hook it!" yelled Bob Cherry, as Mr. Prout made a rush at his tormentors.

After that, Trotter informed all callers that Mr. Prout was engaged, and could see no one. Not for a year's wages in a lump sum would Trotter have gone to Mr. Prout's study again that afternoon to announce a visitor.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Some Person or Persons Unknown!

"COKER!"

"Coker's wanted!" Harry Wharton & Co. were wiping their eyes, feeling quite weak with laughter. There was a grin on the face of Wingate of the Sixth, as he came out inquiring for Coker.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You're wanted, Coker!" bawled Bob Cherry.

Coker of the Fifth came up.

"Head's study!" said Wingate tersely.

"Mr. Prout's there! Cut in, Coker!"

"Is old Prout accusing me——" began Coker.

"Better go and see!"

Horace Coker proceeded to the Head's

study. He found his Form-master there with Dr. Locke. Mr. Prout still showed traces of excitement. The Head was very stern.

"Coker! It appears that you have played an extraordinary prank on your Form-master this afternoon!" said the Head.

"No fear, sir! I mean, certainly not!"

"Mr. Prout believes——"

"I am absolutely assured that Coker hired those—those rascally characters to persecute me!" gasped Mr. Prout. "Why else should they have come? I have had occasion to punish Coker, and so——"

Dr. Locke held up his hand soothingly.

"We must proceed by proof, Mr. Prout. Coker, do you deny having had a hand in these curious proceedings?"

"Of course, sir!" said Coker. "I can't imagine what Mr. Prout is thinking of, sir. Everybody at Greyfriars knows why those johnnies came here to see Mr. Prout."

"Indeed! Then you can explain their reason?" said the Head.

"Certainly, sir! They came in answer to Mr. Prout's advertisement," said Coker.

"To—to—to what?"

"Mr. Prout advertised in the 'Courtfield Times' for a hair specialist, sir, so, naturally, they came——"

"Bless my soul! Mr. Prout, is—is this——"

"It is false, sir!" gurgled Mr. Prout.

"A baseless statement, sir—a most transparent falsehood——"

"Coker! How dare you——"

"I've got the paper here, sir!" shrieked Coker.

"What?"

Coker fumbled in his pocket for the "Courtfield Times." A dozen copies of that paper were going about Greyfriars now, and Coker had one of them. He tore it open, and displayed the advertisement column to the amazed Head.

Dr. Locke adjusted his glasses, and blinked at the advertisement.

"Elderly gentleman, growing bald—bless my soul!—seeks professional advice—upon my word! Goodness gracious, Mr. Prout! What—what—what does this mean?"

"Sir, I have inserted no advertisement——"

"Look at this, Mr. Prout."

Mr. Prout looked, and his head swam. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his startled eyes.

"Good heavens!" he articulated.

Dr. Locke frowned.

"Really, Mr. Prout, a most undignified step—really, sir! And in the circumstances, Mr. Prout, I utterly fail to see why you should attribute to Coker what is manifestly only the natural result of your own very extraordinary advertisement in this paper——"

"Mum—mum—my advertisement!" babbled Mr. Prout. "I never—I did not—I never—never was—did not——" Mr. Prout was growing incoherent. "It is a trick—a malicious trick! Sir, do you imagine for one moment that I could be so lost to all considerations of dignity as to insert such an advertisement in any paper?"

"It is here, however," said the Head dryly.

"It was inserted without my knowledge," roared Mr. Prout. "Coker, this is your work, Coker."

Coker almost fell down.

"Mine?" he stuttered.

"Yes, yours! You——"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Coker. "I never even saw it till a Remove kid showed it to me. Dr. Locke, you don't believe I'd do such a thing—I, a fellow in the Fifth Form? Why, I—I—I——" Coker babbled.

"I do not believe anything of the kind," said the Head. It was easy for Dr. Locke to see that Coker, at least, was innocent. "If this is a trick, Mr. Prout, there is no reason whatever for supposing that Coker had anything to do with it. You may go, Coker."

And he went, and a minute or two later was explaining to all the Fifth that old Prout was hopelessly, awfully, undoubtedly, and ravingly potty.

"You had better—— Ahem!" The Head coughed. "You had better endeavour to ascertain from the office of the paper, Mr. Prout, the name of the—the individual who inserted this—this amazing advertisement."

"Yes, sir!" said Mr. Prout weakly.

He limped out of the study with the "Courtfield Times" in his hand. In the corridor he passed Vernon-Smith of the Remove. The Bounder smiled. On this occasion Mr. Prout did not even notice his smile. He limped away to his study almost in a state of collapse.

Mr. Prout did inquire at the office of the paper, and learned nothing. The Bounder had been too careful for that. Mr. Prout was fairly well satisfied that Coker was innocent, and possibly his suspicions, ranging far and wide, fell upon the Bounder. But there could be no proof. And Mr. Prout realised that the sooner the incident was forgotten the better; and he judiciously let it drop.

But it was quite a long time before it was forgotten. All Greyfriars howled over it, from the Second to the Sixth; and it was agreed in the Remove, with many chortles, that the persecution of Mr. Prout was the jape of the term.

THE END.

(There will be another grand long complete story of Greyfriars next Monday, entitled "Fishy The Footballer!" by Frank Richards. Order your copy early.)

## BEST Boys' Books on the Market.

THE  
BOYS'  
FRIEND  
LIBRARY

Fourpence  
Per Volume

No. 630.—THE BLACK BUCCANERS.

A splendid long complete yarn of the footer field. By J. W. Whisway.

No. 631.—RAILWAY AND RING.

A grand long complete story of the boxing ring. By Reginald Wray,

author of "The Kidd'n World," etc., etc.

No. 632.—THE SCHOOLBOY MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.

A topping tale of schoolboy fun and adventure. By Victor Nelson,

author of "The Boy With Fifty Millions," etc.

No. 633.—THE IDOL OF ST. FRANK'S.

A magnificent school yarn, introducing Nelson Lee, Nipper & Co.,

Handforth & Co., Timothy Tucker, and the other juniors at St. Frank's.

No. 634.—THE IMPOSSIBLE CHANCE.

A superb long complete story of life and adventure on the racecourse.

By John Hunter, author of "The Smasher," etc., etc.

THE  
SEXTON  
BLAKE  
LIBRARY

Fourpence  
Per Volume

No. 248.—THE GOLDEN GODDESS.

A magnificent story of London and the East, introducing GUNGA DASS.

No. 249.—THE CASE OF THE BOGUS LAIRD; or, The

Mystery of Dunstreathy Castle.

A story of SEXTON BLAKE v. GEORGE MARSDEN PLUMMER.

No. 250.—FINGERPRINTS OF FATE.

A wonderful story of baffling mystery. By the author of "The House

of Ghosts; or, The Case of the Spurious Spiritualist."

No. 251.—THE BRIGAND'S SECRET.

A fascinating story of SEXTON BLAKE and TINKER in Italy and

London. By the author of "The Lama's Secret."

No. 252.—THE MYSTERY OF THE CLOCK.

A tale of thrilling adventure, featuring SEXTON BLAKE, PROFESSOR

KEW, COUNT IVOR CARLBO, and ADRIAN STEELE, Newspaper

Correspondent.

Now on Sale. Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!



**THE BROAD  
HIGHWAY!  
ROUND THE CAMP-FIRE  
WITH THE GREYFRIARS  
SCOUTS.**

**"GET STARTED."**

By Harry Wharton.

**T**WO weeks ago I published an article by Frank Nugent dealing with the organisation of a Camping Club, at the request of one of my ardent supporters.

The club commences with the meeting of a few chaps who arrange the officers of the club, form the programmes, codes, and names, etc. I will not say too much about the subject here for fear of repeating Franky's statements; but I will say this: Start a camping club if you can, even if there are only a few of you at first. Once organised, you will be surprised at the rapidity of its development. That's a thing to remember and bear in mind all the time. Start small and rise up slowly afterwards. If you show the fellows the way they will soon flock round and shove their weight to the wheel, as it were.

So don't let smallness of numbers hinder you in the least. Anyway, if your club is big in its membership, you will not all go, or need not, to the same camp at the same time. Each week you do it differently. Like this: If your membership is one dozen strong, four will go on a cycle camp, four will take a tramp camp into the country, and the rest will have a standing camp somewhere near at hand.

Then, when the next week-end comes round, you change over, and afterwards compare notes on the experiences at the various camps.

Franky, in his accompanying article, mentions week-end programmes, which are fixed at club meetings. That's a thing which I have found very useful. Being the leader of the Greyfriars Scouts, it has been my pleasant duty to arrange outings, rambles, and camps, and I have done it on the week-end programme system.

Whether or not the rumour is correct, I have just received information to the effect that something of the camping club wheeze is taking form in the high-and-mighty ranks of the Fifth and Sixth, and, being so, I feel I must pat myself on the back gently, for being responsible for the circulation of the idea through Greyfriars.

However, whether or not it was really my doing, I am very pleased, very pleased indeed, to hear of it. For I am quite sure that the chaps will be glad they started the club.

Strike the iron while it is hot, and after reading how it is done, go and organise a camping club in your district. Get to camp and have a good time, and don't forget that I always love to hear from my chums of the camps they have attended, and what happens. Drop me a line and tell me what you think of it all; and if there's anything I can help you in, you know I am always willing to give you my advice and a helping hand.

H.W.

(Continued on page 20.)

# "SILHOUETTES"

A Simple New Competition!

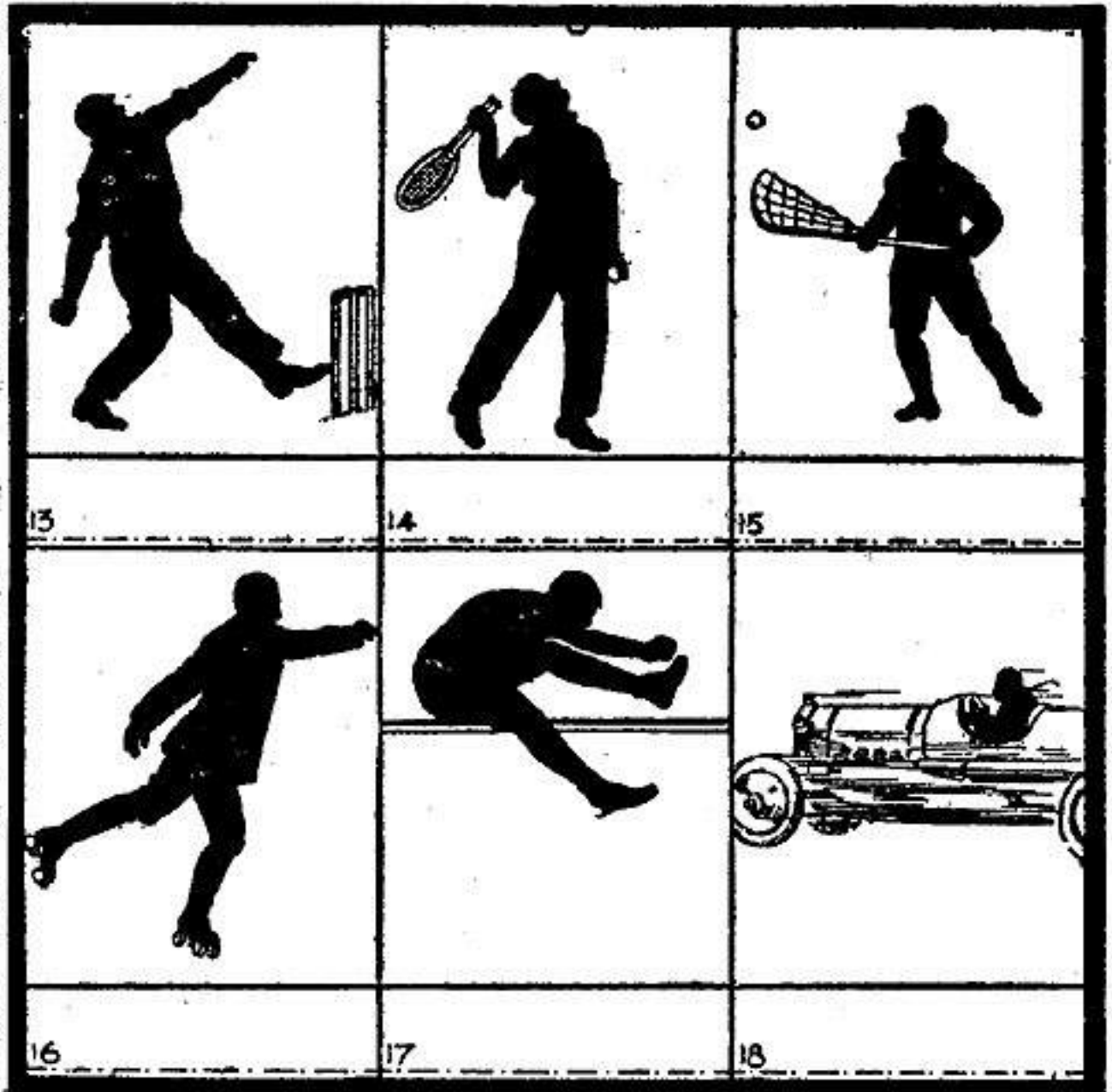
**FIRST PRIZE,**

**£25**

**Ten Prizes of £1, and**

**Twenty Prizes of 10/-.**

Third Set.



## WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Here is a splendid opportunity for you to win one of these generous prizes.

On this page you will find six silhouettes, each showing a person doing something, and what you have to do is to write in the space under the picture the exact action portrayed. All the actions can be described in one or two words. But not more than two words.

When you have solved this week's picture-puzzles, keep them by you in some safe place. There will be six sets in all, and when the final set appears you will be told where and when to send your efforts.

You may send as many complete sets of efforts as you please.

The First Prize of £25 will be awarded

to the reader who succeeds in submitting a set of solutions exactly the same as, or nearest to, the set of solutions in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties, the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. No competitor will be awarded more than one share of the prizes.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Boys' Friend," the "Gem," and the "Popular," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

It must be distinctly understood that the decision of the Editor is final and binding.



## THE BROAD HIGHWAY!

(Continued from previous page.)

### A CAMPING CLUB—continued.

By Frank Nugent.

HAVING finally come to a settlement concerning the election of the club leader, scribe, and equipment-keeper, the name of the club and crest, special call or whistle, code and handshake, your next job is deciding, or coming to some agreement about, the camping programme for the coming month.

It is a good plan to make out a programme beforehand, as you will find later on, when your club is in full swing. Work it something like this:

1. A tramp camp to — thirty miles away, passing through Avon Forest, and along the old Roman road and ruins. Camp for last two days.

2. A cycle camp, touring through so-and-so county. Two days.

3. Standing camp on Rayncoombe Common. Two days. Bus ride of six miles, and walk of three to camp. Permission obtained.

4. Riverside camp on River Owen. Boat obtained at small cost. Starting Saturday morning, 6.30 a.m. Returning Sunday evening, 9.30 p.m. Etc., etc., etc.

Having put down the details of forthcoming camps, the equipment Johnnie makes his preparations, and you all wait eagerly for the week-end to arrive. Study the map and mark all places easy to get at in a short time. Then get off and see something of the country. It's simple!

The way in which you hold these week-end camps counts a great deal towards the success of the club. Don't laze about; that's the first thing to remember. Having got through the meals, which you all have a go at—that is, help in cooking—fasten up the flap of the tent and take a ramble into the woods, spend a few hours nature-studying, visit places of interest, or stay in camp and make things to improve your position. There are little kinks and tips which you can do to make the camp interesting. Many arts and crafts with which to occupy yourselves.

Then there is a little job for the scribe to do; to name the camp and set down under it all that has happened there in his log-book. If at one camp you notice a bunch of tall pines near at hand, you can name that camp, "Circle of Pines Camp." Then the others could be called: "Hollow Oak Camp," "Double Stream

"Camp," "Camp of Many Laughs," "Lonely Ash Camp," "Broken-Peg Camp," "Camp of Many Wasps."

The names of these camps are put down in the log-book, and you can turn them up and read all about what happened at that particular camp, and whether it is possible to return another time to it.

Such things as candlesticks, grills, cooking-forks, carved walking-sticks and staffs, totems, and many other things coming under the heading of camp woodwork, can be made. If there happens to be an artist among you, set him to work painting highly coloured designs on the tents and other equipment—pictures of animals and birds make splendid friezes for the bottom of the tent.

When in camp it is a very good idea to wear a special camp shirt, made of some coarse green material that is not easy to tear. On this shirt can be sewn the emblem of the club.

Any other little stunt that occurs to you to improve the club make or do at once. Do it either at your next camp, or at home. In time you will find yourselves longing for the week-end to come round, when you meet your club, and then—away into the fresh air. It's much better than mooching about doing nothing, and much better than staying indoors.

Gather the clan together, you fellows, and take the trail for the open country.

THE END.

# 12/9 Monthly

WITH  
26  
TUNES

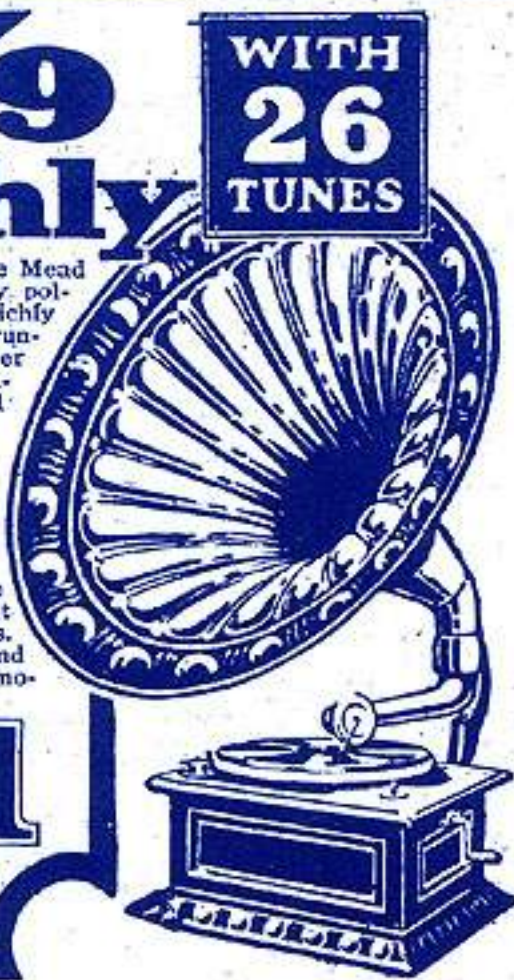
is all you pay for a superbly made Mead Gramophone with massive, highly polished solid oak cabinet; gigantic richly coloured horn; extra large silent running motor, unusually loud rubber insulated Sound Reproducer; brilliantly nickelled seamless tapered tone arm and all other up-to-date improvements. Sent packed free and carriage paid with 26 Tunes and 200 Silver Steel Needles on

### 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Exquisitely designed Portable Hornless, Table Grands and Drawing Room Cabinet Models at 40% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for the biggest and most beautifully illustrated gramophone catalogue in the world.

# Mead

Company (Dept. G105),  
Balsall-Heath,  
Birmingham.



## STAMMERING.

"HOW TO CURE YOURSELF." Book FREE.—FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, Southampton Row, LONDON, W.C. 1.

1,000 EXCITING SAMPLE FILMS! Send P.O. 9d. for our 35 ft. Film, in neat tin box. Ask for Bargain Lists of Cinemas and Films.—A. E. MAXWELL (Dept. 1.S.), George Street, Hastings.

BLUSHING.—Famous Doctor's recipe for this most distressing complaint, 6d. (P.O.). Never fails. Testimonials daily.—MR. P. GEORGE, Fairhaven, Clevedon, Somerset.

FUN FOR ALL!—Ventriloquist's Voice Instrument. Invisible. Astonishes, Mystifies. Imitate Birds, Beasts, etc. 1/- P.O. (Ventriloquism Treatise included).—Ideal Co., Clevedon, Som.

## CUT THIS OUT

"The Magnet." PEN COUPON. Value 2d.

Send 7 of these coupons with only 2/9 direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4. You will receive by return a Splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6 (Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib). If only 1 coupon is sent, the price is 3/9, 2d. being allowed for each extra coupon up to 6. (Pocket Clip, 4d.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Special New Offer—Your own name in gilt letters on either pen for 1/- extra.

Lever Self-Filling Model, with Safety Cap, 2/- extra.

DN

## 11-IN-1 HANDY TOOLS

Hammer, Saw, Chisels, Gimlet, Gouge, Nail Lifter, Bradawl, Screwdriver, Etc. 7 ins. Case encloses 10.2

forms Handle for all 11 Only 1/3.

Postage 4d.

Worth Double. Delight or Money Back. New

Illus. Cat. Free. Big

Bargains. 7d. to 70/-

PAIN'S Presents House, Dept. 9T, HASTINGS



WHY BE SHORT?—If a few extra inches are what you need, commence the Girvan Scientific Treatment at once. Carried out in your own home, quite privately. Your friends will be astonished at the improvement in your appearance. Students report from 2 to 5 inches increase. You will work, eat, and sleep better. Send P.C. for particulars and £100 guarantee to ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.P., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N. 4.

MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—T. W. HARRISON, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N. 1.

MOVIES AT HOME.—Projectors and Real Cinema Films. Lists Free.—Desk E. DEAN CINEMA CO., 94, Drayton Avenue, West Ealing, London, W. 13.

## NERVOUSNESS

is the greatest drawback in life to any man or woman. If you are nervous, timid, low-spirited, lack self-confidence, will power, mind concentration, blush or feel awkward in the presence of others, send three penny stamps for particulars of the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment, used in the Navy from Vice-Admiral to Seaman, and in the Army from Colonel to Private, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s, M.M.'s, and D.C.M.'s.—GODFRY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 522, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

FREE FUN! Our Funny Novelty, causing roars of laughter, FREE to all sending 1/- for 70 Cute Conjuring Tricks, 12 Jolly Joke Tricks, 6 Catchy Coin Tricks, 5 Cunning Card Tricks, 5 Mystifying Magic Tricks, 250 Riddles, 18 Games, 10 Funny Readings, 5 Funny Recitations, 21 Monologues, 73 Toasts, 52 Wealth Secrets, Easy Ventriloquism Secret, and 1,001 Stupendous Attractions. Thousands delighted! Great Fun!—C. HUGHES, 15, Wood St., Edgbaston, Birmingham.

## YOU CAN BE TALLER.

Get more attention, respect, and admiration from the opposite sex. You can add 2, 3, or more inches to your height. It's simple, harmless. Write for full particulars FREE.—C. B. Edison, 51, Church St., South Shore, Blackpool.



CHAIN FREE.

YOURS for 1/- This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 1/-. After approval send 1/- more, the balance may then be paid by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each. Guaranteed 5 years. Chain offered Free with every watch. Cash returned in full if dissatisfied. Send 1/- now to Simpson's Ltd. (Dept. 2) 94, Queen Rd., Brighton, Sussex