

BUY THIS WEEK'S GREATLY ENLARGED "CHUCKLES."

No. 764. Vol. XXII. Week ending Sept. 30th, 1922.

The Magnet ^{1 1/2}

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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



This Week's Story: "FISHY THE FOOTBALLER!" By Frank Richards.



A "FAMOUS" FOOTBALLER IN ACTION ON THE FIELD OF PLAY!

What happened when Fisher T. Fish played football for the Remove!

(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!

"THE FOOTBALLERS' FOE!"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand, long, complete story of the chums of the Remove Form at Greyfriars. It is a story which is certain to appeal to all my readers, for Billy Bunter plays a big part, and the cads of Highcliffe are introduced.

Cecil Ponsonby, of the Highcliffe Fourth, takes it into his head to cause trouble between Harry Wharton & Co. and Frank Courtenay & Co. of Highcliffe, who have arranged a match to be played at Greyfriars. To carry out his plans, Ponsonby has to call in the aid of the rather obtuse Billy Bunter, and Billy does his work well—too well!

In the end, De Courcy of Highcliffe—otherwise known as the Caterpillar—solves a point or two which have been troublesome, and the result is that

"THE FOOTBALLERS' FOE!"

"gets it in the neck!"

This is a grand sporting story, my chums, and one you should on no account miss.

MRS. MIMBLE'S SUPPLEMENT.

Something quite extra special in the way of supplements will be placed before you next Monday in the MAGNET Library. Mrs. Mimble, who keeps the tuckshop at Greyfriars, has been persuaded to edit Harry Wharton's school magazine, and the good dame's lack of journalistic knowledge has led to an issue which can only be called a "scream." The stories, articles, and poems are all extremely humorous, and you will laugh loud and long when you read

MRS. MIMBLE'S SPECIAL NUMBER OF THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD!"

OTHER FEATURES.

To assist to make next week's number of the MAGNET Library one of the finest of the year, I have added many fine features. There will be another report of a meeting of the "Greyfriars Parliament," in which I hope shortly to publish some of my readers' own speeches. There will also be another of the fine series, "Histories of Famous Football Clubs," Preston North End F.C. being the club under discussion.

A further set of pictures in our splendid, easy competition will bring you very nearly to the end of the series, when you will be told where and when to send in your solutions.

Altogether, my chums, next week's issue is a bumper number, and I make no apologies for once again telling you to order your copy well in advance. To be late is to risk disappointment—to order is to avoid it!

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL!"

I expected a few letters concerning this year's number of the "Holiday Annual."

I've received hundreds of letters, and I'm sorry I cannot answer each one personally.

I simply cannot answer all these glowing letters through the medium of the post. I have got to take advantage of my page to thank all the hundreds of readers who have written to me in praise of what to me is, always has been, and always will be, a pure pleasure. I have a particular liking for the "Holiday Annual." I make no effort to hide the fact that its three hundred and sixty pages take me the greater part of a year to gather together; and even then I have to call upon an already busy staff to assist me.

These letters of praise, however, afford both myself and my staff the greatest pleasure, for they show that our work is appreciated. Certainly, and I write it without a blush—there is no volume like the "Holiday Annual" which can really be designated a rival. It stands alone—unapproachable. Why? Simply because in my capacity as Editor of the famous Companion Papers, I know just exactly what the boys and girls of this country—and the Colonies—want. And in the "Holiday Annual" I can give it to them in what my office-boy calls "lumps!"

However, this paragraph was originally intended to convey my heartiest thanks to all those readers who have been good enough to write to me about this year's issue of the "Holiday Annual," and this I do now.

Please write again! And to those readers who have not written, I suggest they do so now—for letters are most helpful. They help me to come to a decision as to the contents of my papers, and any letter about the "Holiday Annual" receives the most careful attention.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

A little while ago there appeared in the pages of the "Greyfriars Herald" a pleasing little story by Peter Todd. It bore the above title, and it was well calculated to set anybody thinking deeply of certain things. We all get castles in the air. It may, by some cynics, be regarded as a sort of complaint, like measles, or mumps, to fall a victim to such dreaming, but to a crowd of intelligent fellows it all means something tons better. I would recommend every chap to start building castles in the air; when he has run up a respectable-looking chateau, as the French call it, let him build underneath, and insist on having solid foundations to the affair. Pretty well every fellow who has made a name for himself in the world, and been of some value to his countrymen, has commenced operations by building castles among the clouds. Gradually the heavy brick and stone work underneath is added.

But that was not really the point. Peter Todd struck lucky with his story, and he got home comfortably on Loder of the Sixth. The world is chockful of Loders—individuals of his kind, the jump-to-conclusions type, the chaps who judge by appearances, and can't for the life of them see farther than their noses. A few lines out of Einstein would give them a shock. It is so easy to be obvious, to get the wrong grunter by the ear. Half the trouble which plagues us in this rum old world springs from this fatal weakness for saying the first thing that comes, and believing the bad rumour about somebody else.

Your Editor.

BEST Boys' Books on the Market.

<p>THE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY</p> <p>Fourpence Per Volume</p>	<p>No. 630.—THE BLACK BUCCANEERS. A splendid long complete yarn of the footer field. By J. W. Wheway.</p> <p>No. 631.—RAILWAY AND RING. A grand long complete story of the boxing ring. By Reginald Wray, author of "The Hidden World," etc., etc.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p>
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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 764.



Fishy the Footballer!

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.

Fishy the Ambitious!

FISHER T. FISH put his thin, keen face and long nose into the doorway of Study No. 1 in the Remove.

A discussion was going on in that study.

The Famous Five of the Remove were there, at tea; and Nugent minor, of the Second Form, was there also. The Famous Five were all grinning, and Nugent minor was looking rather excited.

"Of all the conceited asses—" Nugent minor was saying, as the American junior appeared in the doorway.

"Go it, kid!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

Nugent minor "went it."

"Of all the swanking chumps—"

"Hear, hear!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"The hear-hearfulness is terrific," chortled Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Look here, you cheeky asses!" shouted Nugent minor.

"Getting eloquent, isn't he?" said Johnny Bull. "Franky, is this the way you teach your minor to address his elders and betters?"

Frank Nugent laughed.

"I'm fed up with your Remove swank," said Nugent minor, before his major could speak. "Now, I want a plain answer, Wharton. The Second Form Football Club are challenging you to a football match. I don't see anything to cackle at, myself, in that."

"We do!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you think we can't play football—" roared Nugent minor, in great wrath and indignation.

"You can play Second Form footer, old kid," said Harry Wharton soothingly. "But—"

"But what?" snorted the fag.

"Well, if we played you, suppose we should tread on you?" said Wharton.

"What?"

"Then what would become of the Second Form Football Club?" asked the captain of the Remove, with great

gravity. "We might tread on your team without noticing it."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co.

Nugent minor stood almost speechless with indignation. It was true that the heroes of the Second Form were diminutive, so far as size went. But size wasn't everything in football. What the fags lacked in quantity they made up in quality; at all events, they were sure that they did.

And diminutive as they were, there really was no danger of the Second Form footballers being trodden on, unnoticed, by the Remove players. That was an exaggeration.

"You—you—you—" spluttered Nugent minor at last.

Fisher T. Fish, in the doorway, chortled.

"I guess you had better can it, young Nugent," he remarked. "Absquatulate, will you? I've come here to talk to these galoots."

Fisher T. Fish came into the study. Nugent minor, with a last flare of wrath and scorn at the Famous Five, stalked out of the study and closed the door after him with a slam that rang from end to end of the Remove passage.

The chums of the Remove chuckled. Sometimes the Remove played the Third; but playing the Second Form was really too much of a good thing. It was like the cheek of the fags to think that they could challenge the Remove—a team that had beaten the Fourth and the Shell, and would not have hesitated to tackle the Fifth.

"I guess that cheeky young galoot takes the bun," remarked Fisher T. Fish.

"He do—he does," agreed Bob Cherry.

"The Second wouldn't have much chance against us, Fishy—unless Wharton played you on our team. Then they might have a look in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, can it!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Can it and solder it up! I guess I've come here to talk to you galoots on this very subject. I haven't given very much time to football—too busy, you know,

with so many irons in the fire. I'm going to take it up."

"You're going to take up football?" ejaculated Harry Wharton in astonishment.

"Yep!"

"What on earth for?" asked Bob Cherry. "There's no money in it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess that's the reason why I've never wasted time on it," said Fisher T. Fish coolly. "I don't see any catch in working for nothing. I rather calculate that I should want to be paid by the hour if I expended any energy in chasing a ball across a field. But circumstances alter cases, you know—and I want to play next Saturday."

The Famous Five blinked at Fisher T. Fish.

Next Saturday was the date of the first important Remove fixture—the match with Highcliffe School.

The match with Courtenay & Co. of Highcliffe was one of the toughest on the Remove list; and the selection of players for the team was a knotty problem for Harry Wharton and his committee.

On such an occasion, Wharton went over the team again and again, seeking to improve it at every possible point; and nobody who was not in topmost form had a chance of getting selected.

That the American junior, who hardly ever turned up for football practice unless a prefect took him by the collar, should dream of playing in the Highcliffe match, was a surprise.

Fisher T. Fish did not seem to observe the astonishment of the Co. He rattled on cheerily.

"I daresay you galoots wonder why I'm willing to waste an afternoon playing football. Well, I'll explain. The popper's coming down to Greyfriars on Saturday."

"The what?" asked Nugent.

"Popper."

"What's a popper?" asked Johnny Bull. "How does it pop?"

"Oh, come off!" said Fisher T. Fish.

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"I guess you know what a popper is. Now, my father's in England at present, and, of course, he's coming down to the school to see me. Naturally, he wants to see me while he's in the old country."

"No accounting for tastes," remarked Bob.

"Can it!" urged Fisher T. Fish. "Now, I never have much time for games and such trifles. But I don't want the popper to think that I'm out of things. He will naturally expect to see me, taking a leading place—the Fishes, sir, are accustomed to coming to the fore. In Noo Yark, sir, where I was raised, I guess the Fish family are IT. Now, you catch on—what? The popper's going to see me play in the match—that's what I want."

"Oh," gasped Wharton, "that's what you want!"

"Sure!"

"And you dreamed that you were going to get it?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"I guess you'll want me in your eleven, Wharton, if you've got any hoss-sense. You don't often get an offer from a galoot like me."

"Oh, I've had offers from footballers of your quality," said Harry. "Bunter has offered."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bury it!" said Fish. "Now, is it a trade? I guess I've not had much time to waste in practice; but I'm a good man at anything I set my mind to. You can rely on me to be all there. You want to beat Highcliffe? Waal, I reckon I shall beat them for you. Mind, I don't undertake to play regularly for your club."

"Oh! You don't?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Nope! Haven't the time to cut to waste. I jest want to play in Saturday's match, while the popper's here. That's all."

"Sure that's all?" gurgled Bob Cherry. "You don't want to captain the team, Crinistance?"

"I'm not particular," said Fishy. "I'll skipper the team with pleasure, if you like. Perhaps that would be best."

"The perhapsfulness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is it a trade, Wharton?"

"Eh? No, not quite!" said Harry. "You silly chump, you can't play footer for toffee! I'd as soon play Billy Bunter. Stick to practice for about fifteen years, and then perhaps you'll be in form to play the Second. Good-bye!"

"But I guess—"

"Good-bye, Fishy!" roared the Famous Five.

"I calculate—"

Bob Cherry rose from the tea-table, and took Fisher T. Fish by one of his long ears. Gently but firmly Bob led him out into the Remove passage.

"Travel!" he said. "You're funny, Fishy—very funny! If there's many more at home like you, 'Noo Yark' must be a gay place. But we're fed-up, Fishy, so travel!"

"Leggo my year!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "Do you want me to make potato-scrappings of you, Bob Cherry?"

"Certainly, old top!" grinned Bob.

Fisher T. Fish jerked himself away, rubbing his ear. Bob waited a moment, grinning. But Fishy did not proceed to make "potato-scrappings" of him, for reasons best known to himself. So Bob went back into Study No. 1 and closed the door.

The door opened the next minute, however, and the long nose of Fisher

Tarleton Fish was projected into the study.

"Look hyer, you galoots—" he recommenced.

"Travel!"

"I guess I'm playing in Saturday's match—just a few!" said Fisher T. Fish emphatically. "Why, I've set my mind on it! I guess I've already writ the popper that he'll see me playing footer when he's arrove hyer. You see, I've got to play. It's a cinch!"

Whiz!

A loaf came across the study, hurled with unerring aim by Johnny Bull. It caught the American junior fairly on the tip of his somewhat lengthy nose.

"Gee whiz! Yooop! Oooooop!"

Fisher T. Fish disappeared into the passage, and there was the sound of a loud bump as he sat down. And the Famous Five, chuckling, went on with their tea, untroubled further by the enterprising junior from "Noo Yark."

THIS IS THE STORY-BOOK FOR YOU!

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THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Put Wise!

"SQUIFF or Hazeldene?"

Harry Wharton made that remark thoughtfully. The Famous Five were sauntering in the quadrangle after tea, and their thoughts were upon the subject that was now all-important to the Greyfriars Remove—Saturday's match with Highcliffe. Harry Wharton, as football skipper, had unlimited responsibility on his youthful shoulders.

"It's a question of goal," said Harry thoughtfully. "Squiff's shown up remarkably well in goal. I really think that, on the whole, he's cut out for a goalkeeper. As Bulstrode hasn't come back this term, it's between Squiff and Hazel. Hazel has his qualities—"

"Yes—he's Marjorie's brother!" remarked Frank Nugent, very thoughtfully.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I shall have to settle on Squiff," he said. And Harry took his well-thumbed football list from his pocket and wrote down the name of "S. Q. I. Field" in pencil. "That's settled. We've got a jolly strong team, and I think we shall give the Highcliffe chaps all they want."

"And a little over," said Bob Cherry. Frank Nugent glanced over the list in his chum's hand. He made a slight grimace; his own name was not there. Nugent was Wharton's oldest and best chum; but in Remove football it was not a case of "kissing goes by favour." Wharton's business was to beat Highcliffe, and there were better footballers available than Frank—and that settled the point.

"Squiff; Johnny Bull, Mark Linley; Tom Brown, Peter Todd, Bob Cherry; Vernon-Smith, Penfold, Wharton, Hurree Singh, Redwing," Nugent read out. "No room for little me—what!"

"You don't mind, Frank, old man?"

"Of course I don't, fathead."

"I think I ought to give Redwing a chance," said Harry. "And—"

"Bow wow!" said Frank cheerily. "Never mind; you'll put me in if we play my minor's terrific eleven!"

The Famous Five chuckled. The great men of the Remove were not likely to play Nugent minor's team.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's your giddy minor, Frank," said Bob Cherry. "He's been gathering up trouble again."

Nugent frowned. Dicky Nugent came into view under the elms, and he was rubbing a very red ear. The chums of the Remove bore down on him.

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

"Nothing!" grunted the fag. "Only that beast Loder. The beast pulled my ear! Ow!"

"What did he pull your esteemed and honourable ear for, my worthy Dicky?" inquired the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Dicky Nugent grunted. "Because Coker of the Fifth called him an ass," he answered.

"Eh? I don't quite see the connection," said Bob Cherry, with a stare.

"Coker's too big for him to rag," growled Dicky. "He wanted to rag somebody, so he ragged me!"

"Well, that's Loder all over," agreed Bob. "Shall we go and look for Loder of the Sixth, you chaps, and bump him?"

"I guess—"

"Oh dear, here's Fishy!" groaned Wharton. "Don't talk football, Fishy!"

"I guess I've come to speak to you on that very subject," said Fisher T. Fish. "Never mind that fag. I dare say he deserved to have his year pulled. He's cheeked me before now."

"Who cares for you, you fathead?" said Nugent minor, disrespectfully; and he walked away, still rubbing his ear.

Frank Nugent was frowning.

"That rotten bully, Loder, ought to have a lesson," he said. "The Head wouldn't let him rag the fags as he does, if he knew."

"Well, we can't tell the Head," said Bob. "Let's drop on Loder ourselves, and strew the hungry churchyard with his bones—what?"

"Ass!" said Nugent. "I've a jolly good mind—" He paused. Nugent was the best-tempered fellow in the Remove, but an injury to his minor was always certain to rouse his temper.

Fisher T. Fish looked at him curiously.

"You want to rag Loder?" he asked.

"Yes—if there was a chance," growled Nugent. "I've a jolly good mind to go to his study and talk to him now, by Jove!"

"Easy does it, Frank, old man," said

Wharton. "It's rather too serious a bizney to handle a prefect, you know."

"I know. But—" "I guess I can put you wise, if you like," said Fisher T. Fish, with a peculiar gleam in his sharp, narrow eyes. "What price catching Loder by the short hairs—what? I guess you galoots know that Loder of the Sixth goes out of bounds sometimes after lights-out—"

"The fellows say so, anyhow," said Wharton. "But what—"

"Suppose you could catch him out?" suggested Fish. "I guess if you handled Loder outside his study window at about eleven o'clock at night, Loder wouldn't dare to make a rumpus. The Head would want to know what he was doing out of doors."

"What a ripping wheeze!" said Bob Cherry sarcastically. "I suppose Loder will let us know in time next time he goes playing the giddy goat?"

"Didn't I say I could put you wise?" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I've heard something. Loder was telling Carne this afternoon—" He paused. "Look here, Wharton, one good turn deserves another. I can put you wise, and tell you exactly when to drop on Loder when he won't dare to howl. In return, I want you to play me in Saturday's match."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" was Wharton's reply.

"Isn't it a trade?" demanded Fishy.

"No, you ass!" "Look here, if you can give us a tip about Loder, go ahead, without any of your Shylock bargaining!" growled Johnny Bull.

"I guess—" "Oh, bump him!" said Bob Cherry.

Fisher T. Fish jumped back.

"Hold on, you galoots! Don't get your mad up! I reckon I'm going to put you wise. Loder told Carne that he was going down to the Cross Keys to see a man at eleven o'clock."

The Famous Five exchanged glances. They had old long scores against Loder, the bully of the Sixth. Frank Nugent's eyes gleamed.

"Is that certain?" he asked.

"I guess I heard Loder tell Carne so. He asked Carne if he would come, and Carne said it was too risky. I guess Loder will be scooting out of his study window at eleven."

"To-night?" asked Wharton.

Fisher T. Fish hesitated a second, and then he nodded.

"Looks like a catch for us!" murmured Bob Cherry. "We could slip out of the dorm, drop out of the box-room window, and collar Loder in the quad. Franky can pull his ears—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Make the punishment fit the crime, you know," chuckled Bob. "It would be no end of a joke on Loder. He would never dare make a fuss—a prefect, too. The chopper would come down if the Head knew of his little games. Now, all you fellows agree that any chap who dares to lay a lawless finger on Franky's minor ought to be made an example of!"

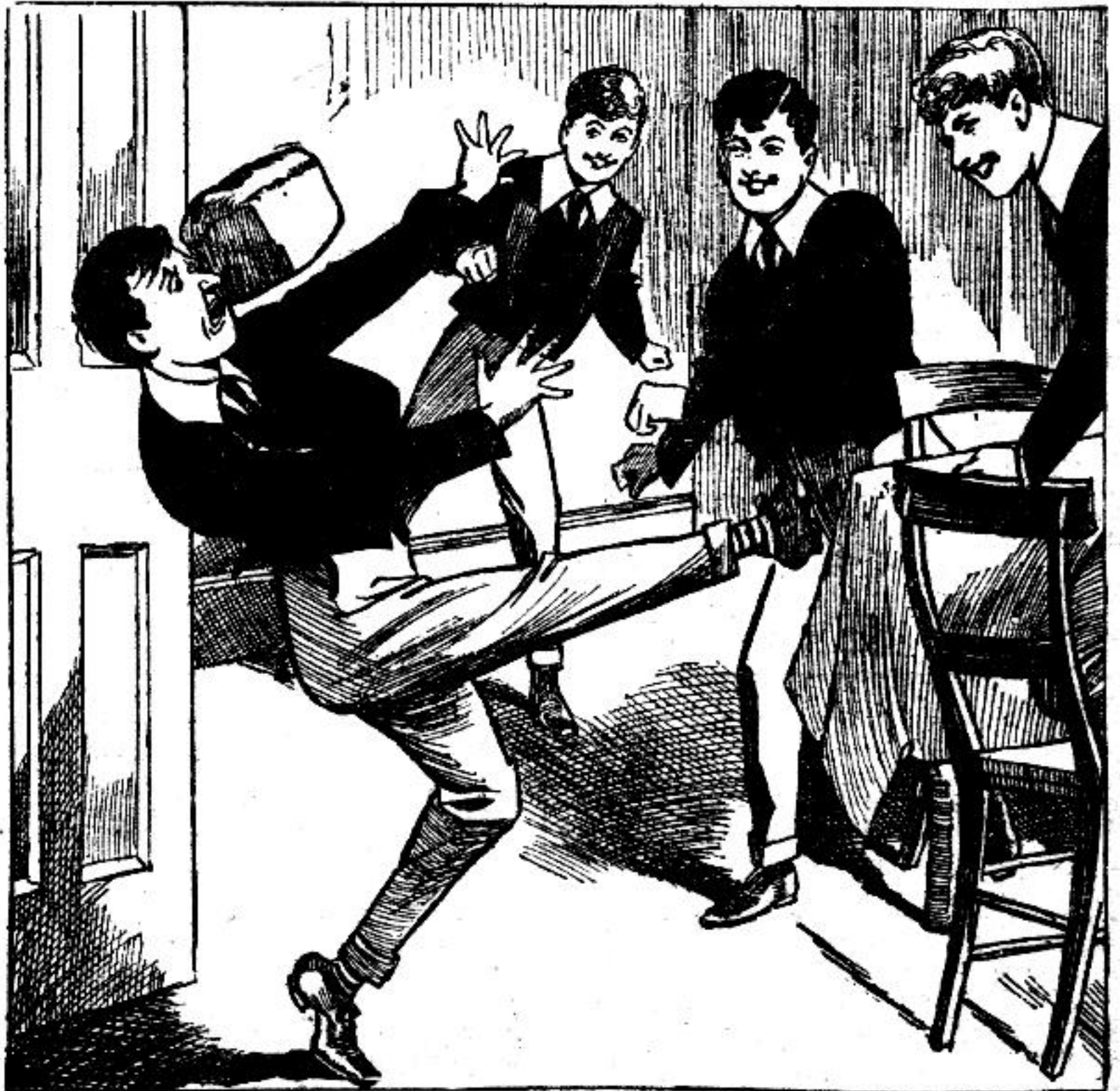
The Removites chuckled.

"I'm going!" said Frank Nugent determinedly. "I'm going to tackle that rotten bully; you fellows can come if you like!"

"My dear chap, the whole merry family will come," said Bob.

And the Famous Five walked down the passage, discussing now their plans for dealing with Loder of the Sixth.

Fisher T. Fish looked after them with a curious glimmer in his eyes. His demand for a place in the Remove



"I guess I'm playing in Saturday's match—" began Fishy. Whizz! A loaf came across the study, hurled with unerring aim by Johnny Bull. It caught the American junior fairly on the tip of his somewhat lengthy nose. "Gee-whizz! Ooooooop! Yoooooop!" Fishy disappeared into the passage. (See Chapter 1.)

eleven was still refused; but the transatlantic junior seemed very well satisfied, all the same.

"I guess those innocent lambs can't keep their end up with a galoot that was raised in Noo Yark!" murmured Fisher T. Fish. "I kinder reckon that the popper will see me playing in Saturday's match—some! I reckon this is where I smile—just a few!"

And Fisher T. Fish smiled.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Out of Bounds!

WINGATE of the Sixth saw lights out for the Remove that night. The Greyfriars captain saw nothing to arouse his suspicions that there was anything "on" in the Remove. Harry Wharton & Co. had their plans for the night cut and dried; but they had not said a word on the subject. Even Peter Todd and Vernon-Smith were not confided in. It was rather a serious matter to break dormitory bounds—even for a good object. Ragging Loder of the Sixth was, of course, a good object. But the Famous Five realised that Mr. Quelch, their Form-master, would not agree with them on that point. Form-masters did not always see eye to eye with their Forms. So it was certain that a still tongue, in this case, showed a wise head; or, as Hurree Jamset Ram Singh put it in his wonderful English, a still tongue was the stitch in time that saved the cracked pitcher from going to the well.

By ten o'clock, the last murmur had died away in the Remove dormitory; and the Lower Fourth were sleeping the sleep

of the just. Only Harry Wharton remained awake, to call his comrades at half-past ten.

At that hour, the captain of the Remove turned quietly out of bed. The dormitory was still and silent save for the snore of William George Bunter. Wharton call the Co. one after another, and they yawned and turned out. There was, perhaps, a little less enthusiasm now for the expedition; bed was very warm and comfortable, and the night was cold. But the Famous Five heroically turned out, and dressed themselves in the faint glimmer of starlight from the high windows.

"Quiet!" murmured Wharton, as Bob Cherry clumped against a bed. And on tiptoe the five juniors crept to the door. There was a slight sound in the dormitory—the creak of a bed as a junior moved. Wharton stopped and listened.

"You fellows asleep?" he breathed. There was no reply.

"It's all serene," whispered Johnny Bull. "Don't wake anybody up; if there's any jaw it may be heard—"

"Yes; quiet, Wharton!" grinned Bob Cherry.

Wharton led the way out of the dormitory, and drew the door shut after his comrades were in the corridor.

All was dark round them; though in the direction of the great staircase there was a faint glimmer of light from downstairs. Excepting for some of the masters, and a few of the Sixth, all Greyfriars had turned in at that hour.

The junior quarters were wrapped in gloom; but the chums of the Remove knew their way well enough in the dark. They groped along the corridor to the stairs, and descended as far as the

Remove passage, and groped in the darkness to the box-room at the end. In a few minutes they were safe in the box-room.

There was a pattering of raindrops on the window.

"Rain!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Nice!"

"Only a shower," said Frank Nugent.

"Anyhow, we're not turning back now."

"No fear!"

Harry Wharton pushed up the lower sash of the box-room window.

to the ground, and stole round the School House.

Lights glimmered in the curtained windows of the Head's study. Dr. Locke was still up. There was a light in one Sixth Form window—Loder's study. All other windows were in darkness.

At a dozen paces from Loder's study window the Famous Five halted, in the shadow of a tree.

From that spot they could watch for the prefect's exit from his window.

"Well, we're in time for Loder, anyhow."

The juniors waited. It was ten minutes later—it seemed like an hour—that eleven chimed out from the clock-tower. They watched Loder's window anxiously. According to the information they had received from Fisher T. Fish, it was now the hour when Loder was to sally forth on his nocturnal visit to the Cross Keys at Friardale. The juniors were feeling both chilly and sleepy; but they grinned as they thought of the

Histories of Famous Football Clubs.

No. 1.—Huddersfield Town F.C.

No. 1 OF A SPLENDID NEW SERIES OF FOOTBALL ARTICLES.

IT seems but a fitting tribute to the Cup-holders that I should deal with them first in the series of club histories that I am going to publish in these columns during the course of the season.

One of the most talked-of teams of recent years, Huddersfield's beginning, which dates back fourteen years, was the outcome of enthusiasm for the Soccer game on the part of two gentlemen, Messrs. J. H. R. Appleyard and Amos Hirst, the last-named being the present vice-chairman.

Their first job was to obtain the Leeds Road enclosure, and a company designated as the Huddersfield Town Association Ground Co., Ltd., was formed in 1907. The following year the Athletic Football Club was formed and started on its playing career.

In 1910 the football club took over the ground club, so this year can be written down as the start of the now famous Huddersfield Town Football Club.

From this time onwards their passage has not been all a bed of roses, for they were up against some stiff opposition in the nature of the town Rugby Football club, which had a tremendous following.

However, perseverance was their watchword, and their reward came along in due course, for last season, besides winning the much-coveted English Cup, they won the West Riding Cup and the Football Association Charity Shield.

At the start of their career they played in the North Eastern, then the Midland League, and in the year 1910 they were admitted to the Second Division of the English League.

While in this select company they always enjoyed a fair measure of success, and eventually, at the end

of the 1919-20 season, they accompanied Tottenham Hotspur into the premier division.

Strangely enough, the season 1919-20 was their worst financially, and it was not until an urgent appeal was made to the townsfolk that it was realised that Huddersfield boasted a really first-class team.

The successes which they have gained since they joined the ranks of the English League are all the more meritorious when it is taken into consideration that they have had very few first-class men on the books; in fact, it is said that up to last season they could only boast of one first-class reserve.

The outstanding feature of their success is that they are a genuine team of triers, for the stars of the team can easily be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Each man has played the game for the game's sake, and not for individual glory.

Last season Clem Stephenson, of Aston Villa fame, greatly strengthened them.

They are very optimistic of winning the League in the near future, and with this object in view they have signed on, among others, E. Taylor, from Oldham, and W. Cowell, the schoolboy international, both being goalkeepers.

They reached the final stage for the English Cup in 1920, but were beaten by Aston Villa, and on this occasion they were without their star performer, W. H. Smith, who was under a period of suspension.

When finance was troubling them they parted with Jack Cock to Chelsea for the sum of £2,500.

As you are all aware of the nature of the game for last year's Cup Final I will not deal with this point, but will pass on to a few figures concerning the competition.

In all they played 9 games and scored 20 goals against 6, the scorers being C. Stephenson 6, F. D. Mann 5, E. Islip 4, W. H. Smith 3, Richardson and Watson 1 each.

W. H. Smith, by the way, was capped three times last season.

For such a successful club, and a young one at that, they have very little history, but there is not the slightest shadow of doubt that this is a team that will very soon make history.

(Don't miss next week's splendid article dealing with the history of Preston North End F.C.)



W. H. Smith, of Huddersfield.

Outside were the leads of an out-building, from which it was easy to reach the ground, even in the dark.

Wharton dropped lightly on the leads.

His comrades followed one by one, till they were all outside; and then the captain of the Remove carefully closed the sash again, leaving it about half an inch up at the bottom. That was sufficient for reopening it when they returned.

The Famous Five dropped one by one

They had no doubt that Gerald Loder would leave by way of his window. It was his easiest mode of exit, and quite secure. He could not, of course, have left by the door at that hour.

"What's the time, Wharton?" murmured Bob, as the juniors gathered under the tree, with raindrops falling on them through the branches.

"Not far off eleven," said Harry.

"We shall hear it strike soon."

surprise in store for the black sheep of the Sixth. Loder's feelings, when he dropped from the window and felt himself collared by unseen foes, could hardly be imagined, but certainly they would not be agreeable.

The light in Loder's window was suddenly gone. Darkness reigned.

"He's ready to start!" murmured Bob.

"Or going to bed!" mumbled Johnny

Bull. "I hope we haven't come out here on a fool's errand."

"Well, Fishy said plainly—"

"Well, it's past eleven," said Johnny.

The juniors waited. They had little or no doubt that Loder had turned out his light preparatory to dropping from his window. But the window did not open.

The quarter chimed out.

Steadily from the branches over the five juniors the raindrops pattered—lightly, but persistently. It was not a pleasant night for waiting under a tree. They were strongly tempted to abandon their plans, but they had a natural disinclination to give in at this stage. They waited, murmuring under their breaths.

"There goes the half-hour!" muttered Frank Nugent, as there was another chime from the clock-tower.

Bob Cherry shivered.

"I—I say, he's altered his mind and gone to bed!" he mumbled. "Perhaps he didn't like the rain."

"Or—" said Johnny Bull.

"Or what?"

"Or that blessed Fishy was pulling our legs!" growled Johnny. "We've only his word for it that Loder was going out at all; and what's his word worth?"

"Nothing," said Wharton—"nothing, if he had any reason for spoofing us, but he hasn't."

"By gum!" said Bob, with a deep breath. "If Fishy's spoofed us, I'll hammer him till his popper won't know him on Saturday. I—I—I'll—"

"He knows that," said Wharton. "It's all right. Let's give Loder another ten minutes."

"Oh, all right!"

The juniors waited and shivered for ten minutes. The light in the Head's window was out now. All was dark in the great facade of the Greyfriars School House. It was pretty clear, at last, either that Loder had changed his mind, or that Fisher T. Fish, for some unknown reason, had been "spoofing" the Famous Five.

"Let's get back!" growled Johnny Bull at last. "It's a spoof! I'll smash Fishy for this! Lucky if we don't catch cold!"

And the Famous Five, with feelings almost too deep for words, quitted the spot, and made their way dimly round the School House. In grim silence they climbed to the leads, and Harry Wharton reached up to the box-room window to push up the lower sash.

Then he uttered a suppressed, startled exclamation.

"Great Scott!"

"What's up?" asked Bob a little peevishly. "For goodness' sake get the window open, and let's get back to bed!"

"It won't open!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"The window's fastened inside," said Harry Wharton quietly.

"Try if you like," said Wharton tartly. "It's fastened."

Johnny Bull tried the window. The sash, which had been left half an inch up, was jammed tightly shut. Johnny Bull breathed hard.

"I'll try it with my pocket-knife!" he said. "It may have fallen shut."

"It couldn't!"

"Well, I'll try!"

The juniors waited while Johnny Bull opened the strongest blade of his pocket-knife, and strove to insert it under the sash. He tried again and again, but the blade would not enter. The sash would not yield the fraction of an inch, and it became clear that the window was fastened inside.

"Done!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"The donefulness is terrific!" groaned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "We are booked for fearful and ludicrous walloping!"

Wharton knitted his brows.

"I can't understand it," he said.

"Who the thump has fastened the window?"

"Some giddy prefect making a late round," groaned Bob Cherry. "Or perhaps Quelchy overdoing his duty. Of course, anybody who found the window open would fasten it."

"Yes, but—" Harry Wharton shook his head.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's somebody inside!" breathed Bob.

The Famous Five, startled, stared up at the window. Against the glass they could see the whitened tip of a nose that was pressed against the pane inside. Dimly they made out a face looking out at them. They stared at it in wonder.

It was impossible that a master or a prefect who had discovered that they were out of bounds would shut them out and look at them through the window. They realised that the fellow in the box-room must be a junior, and that they were the victims of a practical joke or a trick, at all events.

"I believe I know that snout," said Bob. "It's Fishy!"

"Fishy!" ejaculated Wharton.

Bob gritted his teeth.

"He's pulling our legs. He's shut us out to give us a start," he said. "Nobody else knew we were out of dorm. My hat! I'll give him a new set of features for this!"

Wharton tapped on the window.

To their great relief the juniors heard the catch pushed back within, and the lower sash moved.

It was raised about two inches, and then it stopped again. From the opening there came a whispering voice.

"You galoots there—what?"

"We're here!" said Wharton savagely.

"Open this window, you fool! Is this your idea of a joke?"

"I guess this hyer window isn't opening yet!"

"Let us in!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"It's raining, you dummy!"

There was an unmusical chuckle from Fisher T. Fish in the box-room. Outside, in the dropping rain, the chums of the Remove fairly trembled with rage. They were quite at the mercy of the American junior, so long as he chose to keep them out. But they resolved to make Fisher T. Fish pay dearly for this sample of misdirected humour when once they were safely inside.



"Before I let you in you must agree to my terms," explained Fisher T. Fish coolly. "You've got to give me your promise, honour bright, to play me in the Remove eleven on Saturday, or else you don't come in! You all stay out on the roof all night, Harry Wharton!" (See Chapter 4.)

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Fisher T. Fish Makes Terms!

"FASTENED!"
 "My only hat!"
 "It—it can't be—"
 "Oh, scissors!"

The Famous Five, standing in the dropping rain on the leads, stared at one another in utter dismay. Wharton stepped back from the window, his lips tightly compressed.

"Fastened!" murmured Bob. "We're shut out! But—"

"Let me try!" granted Johnny Bull.

NEXT MONDAY! "THE FOOTBALLERS' FOE!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
 By FRANK RICHARDS.
 THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 764.

Johnny Bull inserted a thumb under the sash, and tried to raise it. The next moment he gave a yelp of pain.

"Sorry!" came Fishy's voice. "I've got a pin here to stick into any paw that touches this hyer window."

Johnny Bull sucked his thumb in silent fury.

"What's this game, you bony idiot?" hissed Bob Cherry. "What are you keeping us out for? Don't you know that we shall smash every skinny bone in your apology for a body, after this?"

"I guess not!" chuckled Fishy.

"Will you open the window, Fish?" asked Wharton, as calmly as he could.

"I guess so, if you agree to my terms."

"Terms! What do you mean, you dummy?"

"I reckon I've asked you for a place in the eleven for Saturday's match, Wharton."

"Don't talk about that now, you duffer!"

"That's the pesky subject before the meeting, you see!" explained Fisher T. Fish coolly. "Do I play on Saturday?"

"No!" hissed the captain of the Remove.

"Then I calculate you're booked for a night out."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Deaf?" asked Fisher T. Fish cheerily.

"Don't I speak plain? Don't you get me? You've got to give me your promise, honour bright, to play me in the Remove eleven on Saturday, or else you don't come in."

"You rotter—"

"You sneaking cad!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"You — you — you rotten worm!" breathed Nugent.

"Go it!" said Fisher T. Fish, with perfect coolness. "Hard words break no bones, likewise soft words butter no parsnips. If it's any comfort to you to slang a galoot, slang away. I don't mind! You can't shock my years. Is it a trade, Wharton?"

"No, you rotter!"

"Better think it over. You see, you're out of bounds, and you can't get in. If you stay out all night, you know what to expect from Quelch and the Head, when you're found out in the morning. Catch on?"

"I'll smash you!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"You awful rotter!" said Wharton, hardly believing that the American junior could be in earnest. "Even if I agreed, I suppose you know that you'd be fairly thrashed within an inch of your life afterwards!"

"The thrashfulness would be terrific!"

Fisher T. Fish laughed softly.

"I guess not!" he answered. "You see, you're going to make it pax before I let you in."

"I—I—I—"

"You'll promise to play me on Saturday, and you'll promise to make it pax, and let the matter drop," chuckled Fisher T. Fish. "I've got you by the short hairs, Wharton, and you may as well give in soon as late. I'm bound to play in the Highcliffe match; I've told my popper he'll see me in the eleven. What are you grumbling at? Ain't I going to help you to win?"

"You dummy, you can't play footer, and you know it, or ought to know it!"

"I guess I'm satisfied, anyhow. Now, is it a trade?"

"You rotter!" breathed Wharton.

"You spoofed us into going out to-night, to play this dirty trick on us!"

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

"I guess I did pull the wool over your

eyes, some," he admitted. "You see, I reckoned it was up to me to bag a place in the eleven on Saturday, and I'm not the galoot to take no for an answer. I heard Loder tell Carne he was going out at eleven, same as I told you; I can't say he specified to-night. But what's the odds? I'm offering you the services of a footballer who can make rings round the lot of you. Once I get going, you'll be pesky glad you've got me in the team!"

"You crass idiot!"

"Like to blow off steam a little?" asked Fisher T. Fish affably. "I don't mind! I'll give you ten minutes, and come back for your answer."

"Fishy—"

The window closed.

Dimly through the glass, the juniors saw Fisher T. Fish fasten the catch. Then he vanished from the window.

Harry Wharton & Co. stood on the leads, heedless of the rain, yearning with a deep yearning to be within hitting distance of Fisher Tarleton Fish's long nose. From the distant clock-tower came the echoing strokes of midnight.

Midnight! All Greyfriars was sleeping now, save the five shivering juniors on the leads, and the trickster who had so cunningly landed them into that unenviable position. And enraged as they were by the American junior's trickery, the Famous Five were more dismayed than enraged. Staying out all night was simply impossible; while agreeing to Fish's terms seemed still more impossible. The ten minutes' grace expired, and the face of the transatlantic junior glimmered at the window again, and Harry Wharton & Co. could only glare at it in speechless wrath and scorn. The sash was raised a couple of inches, and the sharp, unmusical voice of Fisher T. Fish inquired:

"Waal! Is it a trade?"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Fishy's Triumph!

HARRY WHARTON restrained the angry words that rose to his lips. Talking to Fisher T.

Fish was not of much use; appealing to him as a sportsman was worse than useless. Fisher T. Fish had been endowed by nature with unlimited cuteness; but sportsmanship had been conspicuously left out of his composition. Fishy was amenable only to considerations of a severely practical character. He held the whip-hand, and he meant to use it without ruth.

"Made up your little mind, old bean?" he asked cheerily.

Fisher T. Fish grinned. He had the captain of the Remove by the short hairs, as he would have described it. He was master of the situation.

It went bitterly against the grain with Wharton to make any terms with the unscrupulous young rascal.

But it was no use blinking the fact that Fisher T. Fish held the whip-hand. Staying out all night was asking for severe trouble in the morning. It was not merely a caning or a flogging; Wharton would have accepted that cheerfully rather than have made terms with the American junior. But he knew that

it would mean detention for several half-holidays, at least—beginning with Saturday, the date of the Highcliffe match. Fisher T. Fish knew it, too, and that, of course, was what he was counting upon. Four of the Famous Five were members of the eleven, and if they did not play in the match, the Highcliffe game would be lost much more surely than by playing a "dud" like Fishy in the team.

Wharton turned it over savagely in his mind; but there was no way out. No way—unless the Yankee junior could be persuaded to act decently. Harry would almost rather have bitten off his tongue than have condescended to argue with Fishy on the subject; but there was no help for it—he had to think of the Highcliffe match, for which he was responsible as football captain.

"I can't play you on Saturday, Fish," he said, at last. "But I'll do what I can. The Second has challenged us to a game. I'll take it on, and put you in the Remove team—say on Wednesday next week. You could get your father to come Wednesday instead of Saturday, I suppose?"

"Sure!"

"Well, then, let it go at that."

Fisher T. Fish laughed.

"I guess I wouldn't be found dead playing in a match with the Second Form," he answered. "Do you figure it out I'd let my popper see me playing with a gang of tuppenny little fags like Nugent minor and Gatty and Myers? I guess I should look a fool."

"Well, you are a fool!" said Bob Cherry.

"And a rascal, too!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, bury it!" urged Fishy. "What's the good of chin-wag? Popper's coming Saturday, and he's going to see me playing in a big match. That's the programme."

"It's impossible, you utter dummy!" said Harry. "We shall have all our work cut out to beat Highcliffe, without playing a dud in the team."

"Do you think the Remove will beat Highcliffe, with you left out of the front line, Wharton, and Cherry out of the second line?" grinned Fishy. "Not to mention Bull and Inky."

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"No!" he said.

"The game will be a goner with four of the best left out—what?"

"Yes."

"Waal, then, chew on it," said Fisher T. Fish. "You know you'll get detention for taking a night out—most likely half a dozen half-holidays. Anyhow, you'll be booked on Saturday. You know that."

"Yes," muttered Wharton again.

"Chew on it!" advised Fisher T. Fish.

There was no need for the Famous Five to "chew on it." They knew that the matter was as Fish stated. It was a choice between playing a dud in the Remove eleven and risking it, or letting the match go as a walk-over for the visitors.

There was a long silence. Bob Cherry reached up to the window-sash, but withdrew his hand hastily as he felt the pin. It was impossible to raise the sash with Fishy holding it inside.

"Well?" said Bob Cherry at last.

Wharton gritted his teeth.

"We're up against it," he said in a low voice. "You know what Quelch will give us for this if we're caught—detention for at least three half-holidays. That mucks up the Highcliffe match, and the St. Jude's match, too, afterwards."

(Continued on page 13.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:



EDITORIAL!
By Harry Wharton.

ODE TO GREYFRIARS SCHOOL!
(Penned in the Best Pidgin English.)
By WUN LUNG.

OUR SPORTS COLUMN!
(Conducted by H. VERNON-SMITH, Sports Editor.)

DICK PENFOLD, the official bard of the GREYFRIARS HERALD, will have to look to his laurels.

It's really surprising how many Greyfriars fellows have broken out into poetry just lately. A few weeks ago, we had a weird and wonderful poem from the pen of Hurree Singh; and this week a pigtailed poet has sprung up, in the person of Wun Lung. Verse-writing is becoming quite fashionable in the ranks of the Remove.

I anticipate that others will follow in the footsteps of Inky and Wun Lung. We shall have Donald Ogilvy, the Scot, trying to emulate Robert Burns. We shall have Micky Desmond trotting out some Irish ballads, in the approved Tom Moore style. And if we are not careful, we shall find Fisher T. Fish inflicting a poem upon us, written in the best American language.

Then we shall have David Morgan writing poems in Welsh. Help! If Morgan includes a few jaw-breaking words like the names of Welsh railway-stations, it will take weeks of study to puzzle them out.

There is no limit to what might happen in the near future, if the poetry fever spreads. We shall have Mr. Prout, the versatile master of the Fifth, giving us an "Ode to a Loaded Pop-Gun." And Mr. Quelch will possibly favour us with a "Sonnet to a Broken-down Type-writer." Then we shall have Gosling the porter singing of the glories of sweeping up leaves. Trotter the page may blossom forth with the "Ballad of a Brass Button."

I was chatting to Dick Penfold about these possibilities, but he merely laughed.

"Rivals may spring up like giddy mushrooms, for all I care," he said. "I sha'n't suffer any sleepless nights on that score. Of course, if you start rejecting any poems that I submit to the HERALD, I shall write exclusively for 'Billy Bunter's Weekly.'"

I hastened to assure Pen that I had no intention of boycotting him.

"But it's only right that some of the other poets should have a show now and again," I added. "It gives variety to the paper."

That is why we have a poem of Wun Lung's in this issue. But we're not going to have Chinese ditties every week. Oh dear, no! Enough is as good as a feast!

HARRY WHARTON.

There is a place called Greyfriars School,
Me velly muchee likee;
On sunny day the games we play
Or ridee on the bikee.
Me velly muchee good at sport
And also in the classee;
And Quelch never say to me,
"Wun Lung, you are an assee!"

With Chelly and with Hullee Singh
Me share a nicee study;
They both look black when me come in
And makee carpet muddy.
Mark Linley also shares the room,
He is a fearful swottee;
But if me tell him to his face
Me catch it good and hottee!

Me likee not the masters here,
They always swishy-swishy;
Me likee meals in dining-hall
And eatee every dishee.
Me likee Wharton and his chums,
Me hatee Halold Skinner;
And Billy Bunter make me laugh,
He never gettee thinner!

Me now lay down my fountain-pen
Because it start to leakee;
Me wrote ten thousand lines with it
For Mr. Quelch this weeke.
Me hopee Greyfriars School will long
Maintain its high traditions.
But do away with swishy-swish,
And likewise impositions!

Football is in full swing at Greyfriars. The Remove team has played seven matches to date, and our record looks quite rosy. Here it is:

	Ply'd	Won	Dr'n	Lost	Goals For	Ag'st.
	7	5	1	1	22	6

Earlier in the season we were beaten by St. Jim's on their own ground. But when they came to Greyfriars last Saturday we took a glorious revenge.

The Saints gave us a hard game. At half-time they led by a goal to nothing. But the Remove found their shooting-boots after the interval, and after Wharton had brought the scores level, Frank Nugent scored the winning goal with a wonderful shot.

On Wednesday we defeated the Upper Fourth by four goals to nil. If only this form can be maintained, we shall have a great season. All praise is due to Bulstrode for his magnificent work in the Remove goal. The two backs, Johnny Bull and Tom Brown, have also proved themselves to be pillars of strength. I won't say much about the forward line, because I'm in it myself, and it might sound like self-glory.

Other things have been going on besides football. During the week there was a grand cross-country race, organised by Major Thresher, who lives within a stone's throw of Greyfriars. The race was open to everybody, but the seniors had to start from scratch, whereas juniors and fags were given substantial starts.

It was a five miles race, and the Second and Third Formers had half a mile start. Removites were given a start of a quarter of a mile. In spite of this, however, the race was won in gallant style by Gwynne of the Sixth, who started from scratch. Linley of the Remove came in second, and Fitzgerald of the Fifth was third. Major Thresher presented gold, silver, and bronze medals to the first three home. It is worthy of mention that little Dicky Nugent came in fourth.

The Remove Chess Tournament has been won by Oliver Kipps, who got into the final with Hurree Singh, and defeated him after a dour struggle. Kipps is a fine chess player, and he will be one of the giants of the game when he grows up. The world-famous Capablanca will have to look to his laurels!

On Saturday next we play Highcliffe at footer. Brake leaves Greyfriars at two-thirty sharp. It is hoped that we shall add yet another victory to our list.

YOU MUST GET THIS WEEK'S GREATLY ENLARGED 'CHUCKLES!'

£50 In Prizes in a Grand Painting Competition.

Next Week's Number of the "Herald" will be Edited by Mrs. Mimble!

CANDID CONFESSIONS!

By OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.

This Week: **Dick Penfold.**

(Penfold answered our representative's questions in rhyme.)

Good morning, Penfold! Just a tick!

I'm very busy, so be quick!

I want to ask some questions, please.

All right; just let me take my case.

What's your ambition? Do you know it?

To be Old England's premier poet!

What is your favourite sport, old chap?

A game of footer, or a scrap!

And who's your favourite poet, Pen?

Shakespeare I love above all men.

How many poems have you done?

A hundred thousand, all but one!

Does Harry Wharton pay you well?

No; poems are a beastly sell!

What do you think of Greyfriars School?

It's pretty decent, as a rule.

What is your favourite time for working?

At midnight, when the ghosts are lurking.

Do you consume much midnight oil?

A gallon, every time I toil!

Why do you write such awful rot?

Be careful, or your nose I'll dot!

Your verse is stale, and dry, and flat.

You cheeky ass! Take that--and that!

Yaroooooh! You've flattened out my nose!

And now I'll black your eyes! Here goes!

Help! Dragimoff! He's going mad!

I'll teach you to be rude, my lad!

Mercy! I feel a total wreck!

Go forth, base creature, on your neck!

(EXIT THE SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.)

Extracts From Current Literature!

By **PETER TODD.**

"The Head swept the room with his eyes."
Thereby saving the maidservant a job
next morning!

* * *

"Harry Wharton sat in a brown study."
We were always under the impression that
the colour scheme of Study No. 1 was white!

* * *

"Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes on Billy
Bunter."
So the fat junior possesses two pairs
now!

* * *

"He threw a startled glance at his chum."
Who ducked his head in the nick of time!

* * *

"Sammy Bunter sat in the corner, devouring
his major's 'Weekly.'"
Then he must indeed have been peckish!

* * *

"Bob Cherry breathed hard through his
nose."
Part of his physical culture training, we
presume!

* * *

"Loder of the Sixth looked black."
Evidently some practical joker had thrown
some soot over him!

* * *

"Mr. Quelch gazed sternly at Skinner. The
latter, unable to meet the Form-master's
glance, dropped his eyes."
Anyone who finds same, and returns them
to Harold Skinner, will be suitably rewarded!

* * *

"Monty Newland was discovered taking
photographs."
We hope he acted like an honourable fellow
and put them back again!

* * *

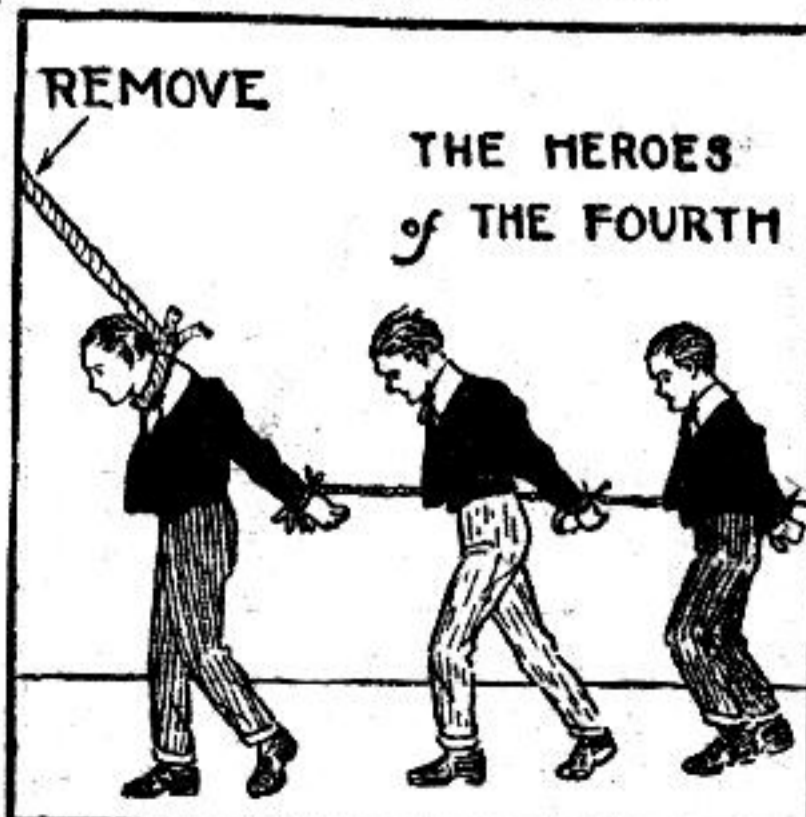
"Billy Bunter has been sent to Coventry
for a week."
Bad luck on the inhabitants of that city!

* * *

"Lord Mauleverer was caught napping."
He always is, the born-tired slacker!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By **Frank Nugent.**



TEMPLE, DABNEY & CO.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS!

By **HARRY WHARTON.**

"Teddy" (Marlow-on-Thames).—"Why don't you let Billy Bunter run a special number of the GREYFRIARS HERALD?"—We've got the welfare of the paper to consider. Besides, Bunter's time is fully taken up with his weird and wonderful "Weekly."

"Ambitious" (Paisley).—"When I grow up I am going to be a football referee."—Plucky fellow! Tell us which hospital you've decided to go into, and we'll come and visit you!

"Gay Sport" (West Bromwich).—"We never hear anything of the First Eleven footer team, these days."—Wingate of the Sixth has asked me to state that it's still alive and—kicking!

Muriel R. (Rochester).—"I think Bunter is quite the nicest boy in the Remove Form."—Well, well. There's no accounting for tastes!

"Admirer" (Felixstowe).—"I am sending you a sample of my home-made toffee."—We have fed it to the kitchen cat. At the time of writing, it is still alive!

"Curious" (Wandsworth).—"How many hours a day does Lord Mauleverer sleep?"—Oh, about twenty-three!

"Indignant" (Rochdale).—"You can tell Loder from me that he's a cad and a bully."—We'd rather you told him yourself!

B. H. P. (Sheffield).—"Who is going to win the Football Cup this season?"—We have a strong fancy for the Spurs, Aston Villa, Burnley, Chelsea, Sunderland, Preston North End, Southampton, Swindon, and Cardiff City. Pay your money and take your choice!

"Billy" (Bermondsey).—"Will you be wanting a sub-editor, Harry?"—I've got about ninety-nine already, thanks! I'll let you know when they've all retired on a pension, or got the sack!

A. M. K. (Hull).—"I have been a staunch reader of the GREYFRIARS HERALD for some days."—Bravo! You are one of the veterans!

"Budding Poet" (Richmond).—"Can you find room for the enclosed 'Sonnet to a Soused Mackerel'?"—No; but the waste-paper basket can! We don't use fishy contributions!

B. Lyon (Bath).—"Your paper fairly makes me roar."—The correct thing for a Lyon to do!

Always Something New and Bright Every Week!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 764.

[Supplement 11.]



Billy stood blinking at the brand-new machine in astonishment. It was quite obvious that he was not expecting it.

"BICYCLE for Master Bunter!"

Gosling, the porter, came wheeling the machine across the Close. Harry Wharton & Co. ceased punting a football about, and stared in surprise at the bicycle. But they were not more surprised than Billy Bunter himself.

Billy stood blinking at the brand-new machine in profound astonishment. It was quite obvious to everyone that he had not been expecting it.

The fat junior supposed, at first, that Gosling had made a mistake.

"It can't be a leg-pulling stunt," murmured Bunter. "Gosling's too old and crotchety to go about pulling people's legs."

There was a label attached to the handle-bars. Bunter examined it. It bore the brief inscription:

"W. G. BUNTER,
Remove Form,
Greyfriars School."

"That's me!" said Bunter delightedly. And he relieved Gosling of the machine. Harry Wharton & Co. still stood and stared.

"A new bike, by Jove!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Who on earth sent you that, porpoise?"

Billy Bunter told the truth for once.

"I don't know," he confessed.

"What!"

"I haven't the foggiest notion where it came from. But it's addressed to me, so it's my property all right. I shall be able to have some ripping joy-rides now!"

So saying, Billy Bunter mounted the machine, and rode away unsteadily in the direction of the cycle-shed.

The Famous Five gazed after the fat junior.

"That must be a jolly good bike," said Nugent, "or it would have collapsed under Bunter's weight!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The puzzle is," said Harry Wharton, "where did it come from?"

"Ask me another!"

"There's only one explanation," said Johnny Bull. "It must be a present from an anonymous donor."

"Wish a few anonymous donors would start showering presents on me!" said Bob Cherry.

And the Famous Five, having watched Billy Bunter stow his machine away in the shed, resumed their game of football.

The arrival of the bicycle caused a big sensation in the Greyfriars Remove.

It was not often that Billy Bunter received presents. He was continually boast-

A SHOWER OF PRESENTS!

By GEORGE BULSTRODE.

ing about his titled relations, but the latter—if they existed—never went out of their way to send presents to Bunter.

Had a new bicycle arrived for Lord Mauleverer or Vernon-Smith, it would have been quite a commonplace event. But for Billy Bunter to receive such a gift was passing strange.

Bunter, of course, was full of it.

"It's a ripping machine!" he confided to a group of juniors in the Common-room. "It's got a three-speed gear, an oil-bath, and a cyclometer. I saw the same sort of bike in a shop window in Courtfield, and the sale price was twenty-four guineas. Goodness knows where this bike came from, but it's mine all right. If it had been intended for any other fellow, he'd have claimed it by now."

Bunter had no opportunity of riding his machine that evening. He had been given five hundred lines by Mr. Quelch for falling asleep in the Form-room, and the impot kept him busy. Bunter proposed to cycle over to Courtfield next day, in order to give the machine a good test.

But when the morrow came, the fat junior's thoughts were turned into other channels.

After morning lessons a small packing-case arrived at the school for him. It was addressed to him in exactly the same way as the bicycle had been addressed, and it was found to contain a gramophone.

Billy Bunter had wanted a gramophone for a long, long time. He had once "borrowed" Tom Brown's, and Brown had chastised him with a cricket-stump.

Tom Brown's gramophone was a good one, but it could not compare with the one which had just arrived for Bunter.

The arrival of the gramophone produced an even greater sensation than the arrival of the bicycle.

"Bunter's in clover, and no mistake!" said Bob Cherry. "Who is the Good Samaritan, I wonder!"

"I can't see why anybody should want to turn himself into a giddy Santa Claus for Bunter's benefit," said Nugent. "The fat Owl doesn't deserve to have all these presents lavished on him!"

Billy Bunter bore the gramophone away to his study in great glee. A number of records had arrived with it. There were all sorts of songs, from Caruso's downwards.

"Yah! I've got a gramophone that licks yours into fits!" declared Billy to Tom Brown. "Yours sounds like somebody beating an old tin can, but mine gives forth some topping music!"

Tom Brown said nothing. He could only gasp, and wonder who Bunter's mysterious benefactor was.

Next day there was a further sensation for the Greyfriars Remove.

An elderly gentleman, with straggling white locks and bushy eyebrows, arrived at the school. He was rather strange in his manner, and he refused to tell anybody his name. He simply said that he wanted to see Bunter.

Billy Bunter rolled out into the Close to interview the unknown visitor.

"My boy," said the elderly gentleman, handing Bunter a large brown-paper parcel, "I have brought you a model airship. I did not care to send it by rail, as it would probably receive rough treatment at the hands of the porters. It is a magnificent model, and I trust you will derive great enjoyment from it."

So saying, the elderly stranger withdrew, walking with quick, jerky steps in the direction of the school gates.

Billy Bunter stood flabbergasted, with the bulky parcel in his hands. He had been given no opportunity of expressing his thanks, and he had no idea as to the elderly gentleman's identity.

The Close was thronged with juniors at the time, and murmurs of amazement arose on every side.

"Who was that old buffer?"

"Where did he spring from?"

"Why is he making such a fuss of Bunter?"

It was Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, who first threw light upon the matter.

"That gentleman," said Mr. Quelch, "is an old boy of this school. His name is Strangeways. He is a great philanthropist, and, unfortunately, he suffers from a mild form of insanity. He bestows his money and his gifts freely, without discrimination, though I fail to see why he should select Bunter as a subject for his generosity."

Then Skinner of the Remove had something to say.

"I met that old gent a few days ago in Courtfield," he said. "He asked me who was the most popular boy in the Remove. Just for a lark, I told him that Bunter was."

"My hat!"

"That accounts for this giddy shower of gifts!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!"

Billy Bunter was now the proud possessor of a bicycle, a gramophone, and a model airship. He was the darling of fortune, and he was in high spirits. He looked forward to having a high old time.

But, alas! for Bunter's hopes. They were rudely dashed by Mr. Quelch a few hours later.

"I have spoken to Dr. Locke on the subject of these gifts you have received, Bunter," said the master of the Remove. "It appears that you are heavily in debt with certain of your Form-fellows. You have borrowed sums of money from time to time, and have not refunded them!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"In the circumstances, Bunter, the head-master has decided that this bicycle and gramophone shall be put up for sale by auction, and with the proceeds you are to discharge your debts! You will be allowed to keep the model airship!"

Bunter's jaw dropped. This was indeed a bombshell!

"I—I don't think Mr. Strangeways would approve of this, sir," he said.

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"Unfortunately Mr. Strangeways is not responsible for his actions," he said. "Besides, when he made you these presents he did so in the belief—the false belief—that you were the most popular boy in the Remove Form!"

"So I am, sir!"

"Nonsense, Bunter! If a vote as to popularity were taken, you would find yourself a long way down the list. In any case, it is dishonourable to incur debts, and to make no effort to pay back the money! Both Dr. Locke and myself think it is a wise plan to sell these two things by auction. You will then be absolved from debt."

Billy Bunter started to blub, and to entreat Mr. Quelch not to carry out the Head's plan, but the Form-master was adamant.

Shortly afterwards the bicycle and the gramophone were put up for auction, and were purchased.

Billy Bunter's debts were duly discharged, and it was found that there was quite a nice sum of money left over. This sum was handed to Bunter, with instructions to put it in the Post Office Savings Bank.

The fat junior went into Courtfield for this purpose, but somehow he mistook the Elysian Cafe for the post-office. And his little nest-egg, instead of being invested in the savings bank, was invested in a good feed.

As for Mr. Strangeways, the mad philanthropist, he paid no more visits to Greyfriars. And there were no further staggering surprises in the shape of bicycles, gramophones, and model airships!

THE END.

The "Herald" is Like a Tuck Hamper—Full of Good Things!

Supplement iii.]

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 764.

An Amazing Success Already! Join the Parliament and Get Your Speech Ready!



AT the usual Monday sitting of the House, William George Bunter asked permission to offer a few remarks on speechmaking.

The Speaker: "There is grave doubt whether the member for Pufftown is qualified for the task, but the House, being indulgent, will hear the hon. member."

W. G. Bunter: "I may say I have made more speeches than most fellows, and they are always interesting. You want to know a lot more than you say. (Hear hear!) I make it a rule to work up any subject upon which I have to speak. You should never hum and haw, and you want to go right to the point at once."

The Speaker: "That being the case, may I ask the hon. member to follow his own advice?"

W. G. Bunter: "I am coming to that matter. My point is this—letters reach me in my editorial sanctum, asking me to write speeches for fellows. That is pure laziness on their part, but I am amiable, and I always oblige. Now we are in for the winter there will be lots more speechmaking, and the more the better. I am in favour of debating societies. Fellows get together, often enough, and merely mumble away to themselves. They would find it ever so much jollier and more amusing, if they started a debate, each chap present having to make a short speech about three minutes long. To my mind there has not been half enough of this kind of thing. Of course, you can't all expect to be born orators like I am. If I had lived in the piping times of old Demosthenes—well, I will say no more for fear of making his shade jealous. But my suggestion is that debating clubs should be formed. They would help a fellow no end, show him how to use his words, and also how to tuck up a subject neatly in a few minutes' address."

W. G. Bunter sat down to a round of applause.

The Speaker: "I was glad to hear the member for Pufftown, and beg to congratulate him on the tenor of his speech."

Bunter started to his feet, but was sharply called to order. It was believed that the mention of the word "tenor," which he obviously misinterpreted, had struck a chord in his being.

Monty Newland: "I should like to ask the House a question on the subject of winter camping. We hear a good deal about camping out in summer-time, but the real test of an open-air life is surely to face the inclement season under canvas. In the fairly open winters which we experience now there would be plenty of pleasure to be derived from a few days out in the woods and fields, seeing Nature when the leaves are off the trees, and new impressions are to be gained."

Bob Cherry: "It's rather like asking for colds in the head."

Monty Newland: "Not if there has been a proper hardening off. One reads of more or less tame hermits who live out of doors all the year round."

W. G. Bunter: "They never wash themselves."

The Speaker: "The question before the House is as to the advisability of camping out in winter. Of course, it has been done. Mr. Newland has the attention of the House. I beg hon. members to permit him to proceed."

Monty Newland: "I am not advocating any special risk. You can have your fire

and plenty of warm clothing. You find yourself more up against the real thing if you sally forth in winter, and see what is to be seen. If you are given to natural history there is no end to appeal to you."

The Speaker exercised his authority to good effect during the discussion which ensued. There were remarks about cold feet, addressed to various objectors to winter camping. The dissentients based their opposition principally because of the risk of chilblains, rheumatism, 'flu, and kindred complaints. The debate stood adjourned.

Lord Mauleverer: "I have not the least notion why anybody should ask my advice on the subject of spindle shanks, but a chap I know who gets called by that name appealed to me for advice. I was fortunate enough to find a cure for the trouble. Perhaps the House will listen to it. If you suffer from wispy calves, take to cycling or running. Nothing like those sports for bringing about an improvement. Or take the following simple exercise each morning: Stand with the heels together, body erect. Then bend the knees and sit on the heels, afterwards gradually rising to a standing position. Repeat this exercise ten or twenty times."

George Wingate, M.P., who said he could only spare a few minutes, made a suggestion about drawing.

"I should like to see chaps handy with a pencil," he said. "At present, pretty nearly every fellow who can manage to outline a profile which bears some slight resemblance to a human face, starts thinking that he is out to be a real artist, and that editors will clamour for his work. Now, of course, that's all nonsense. A chap ought to be able to draw; he should be able to express himself with his pencil. That sort of thing doesn't make him an artist. In the ancient times folks used to draw what they wanted. The man who said he was hungry, and wasn't understood, just drew a loaf of bread, or a cutlet, and the waiter tumbled to the idea at once. To my mind this question of drawing is not half well enough understood. I have been told that Bunter can draw. So he may—the long bow!"

W. G. Bunter rose in his place, but his intended protest was ruled out of order before uttered, and the Speaker added a few words without interruption.

George Wingate: "It is not the difficult thing sometimes imagined to be handy with your pencil. Some fellows manage all right, and they enliven their letters home with thumbnail drawings. I am personally strongly in favour of encouragement to sketching. It is as helpful as photography. Next time you are on tramp take a sketch-book with you."

Mr. Speaker: "I am thoroughly in favour of the idea. I am glad to see that many members are taking notes. I propose next Monday to deal with certain developments which are as inevitable as they are necessary. Hobbies have never had a chance until now. If you will allow me, I will read a few notes which the Editor of the MAGNET was good enough to leave me. He has set down here such subjects as keeping an aquarium. He points out that it is a mistake to overlook the value of what are called quiet hobbies—though, as he points out, the study of one Martin, the naturalist, in the famous story of another Tom Brown, was

not specially tranquil. To sum up, the Editor considers that, while any tips as to cricket and football, any new-style shot at the winter game, any fresh wheeze on the cricket-field, should receive full attention, there should likewise be scope for those fellows who are deeply read—for the naturalists, for the chaps who dabble in chemistry and understand batteries. Questions reach the MAGNET from all quarters of the world regarding science and history, and a crowd of literary matters—which last, however, we may prefer to leave alone."

An Hon. Member: "Do I understand, Mr. Speaker, that these questions have been answered by the Editor?"

Mr. Speaker: "That is so."

The Hon. Member: "Then this department of the MAGNET has never as much as been touched on by the 'Greyfriars Herald'?"

Mr. Speaker: "In the nature of the case, it was out of the question; but, as the Editor says, now that we have a Parliament for the free discussion of such subjects, the utility of the MAGNET correspondence will be tremendously increased. The Editor says he will continue to deal with all letters, but he proposes that all interrogations of outstanding import shall be laid before this House, and, where space permits, be also published in the journals of the House and in the 'Greyfriars Herald.' (Hear, hear!)"

Peter Todd: "I should like to lay before the House the advisability of assisting stamp collectors. There should be a large club to serve the interests of collectors overseas, bringing them into touch with chums at home. There never was a time more prolific in opportunities for philatelists than the present, for the fresh issues are legion, and every month sees additions to the designs. In stamps you find history, and the enthusiastic collector is brought into touch with a myriad subjects of the most fascinating kind."

Mr. Wibley, M.P. recommended fellows who had any music in their souls to get busy this coming winter. He said: "You can't be always playing footer, and even if you could there is the evening when players want a bright hour or so with some cheery entertainment. The fellow who can knock off a lively tune on the piano is always in request. How often one hears the remark, 'I can't play,' and things of that kind. But there is no reason why a chap should not make a point of mastering some instrument, even if it be only a concertina. (Murmurs of dissent.) I repeat, a concertina—most maligned of instruments. Just listen to a master get such melody out of one that you start feeling squizzly about the eyes. I should like to see the formation of a Greyfriars Orchestra. What is more, I am convinced that the neglect of music in this country is not so much indifference to it, as because there has been lack of opportunity, and, above all, encouragement. Anything the Greyfriars Parliament can do to foster musical instruments, I trust will be done."

Mr. Speaker: "I can go with the hon. member some portion of the way, but I can easily understand the unpopularity anybody is likely to incur by practising the bagpipes, say, at inconvenient seasons."

The debate was continued in somewhat rambling fashion, several members expressing their opinions of the Jew's harp, the flute, the banjo, and the tin-whistle.

The House adjourned till Monday next.

Are You a Member of the Greyfriars Parliament? If Not, Why Not?

FISHY THE FOOTBALLER!

(Continued from page 8.)

But we can't give in to that dishonourable rotter."

"If I could only get at him!" breathed Johnny Bull.

Nugent shivered in the rain.

"We're up against it," he said. "He's got us, Harry. After all, you may beat Highcliffe with one dud in the team. Stick the fool where he'll do least harm."

Wharton looked at his comrades.

"You fellows think—" he asked.

There was a general nodding of heads. The captain of the Remove turned to Fishy again.

"Yes, you cad!" he said, with an effort.

Fisher T. Fish opened the sash a few more inches and grinned out at five furious faces.

"Let's have this clear," he said coolly. "You agree to play me in the Remove eleven on Saturday this week?"

Fishy put it categorically. He did not mean to leave any room for misapprehension.

"Yes!" gasped Wharton.

"And you make it pax?"

"Yes!"

"No ragging—what?"

"No!"

"Honour bright, all of you?"

"Honour bright!" said the Famous Five grimly. There was no help for it, and it was futile to argue longer.

"I guess that's good enough," said Fisher T. Fish agreeably. "You won't be sorry, Wharton—you get a good recruit, you know."

"Oh shut up, you dummy, and let us in."

"Roll in, old beans!"

Fisher T. Fish opened the window wide and vanished from sight. The Famous Five had made it pax, and he knew that they were fellows of their word—he was safe from vengeance. But perhaps he deemed it judicious to keep out or reach for the moment.

Harry Wharton & Co. climbed in at the window, one after another, and dropped into the box-room. The window was re-fastened and the five juniors groped their way back to their dormitory.

They turned in in silence.

From the direction of Fishy's bed came a cheery voice:

"Good-night, you galoots! Pleasant dreams!"

Harry Wharton & Co. made no reply to that. It was only their promise that held them from dragging the American junior out of bed and giving him the thrashing of his life, there and then. But Fisher T. Fish did not mind their silence; he chuckled and turned over to go to sleep, and slept the sleep of the just.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.**Wharton is Worried!**

HARRY WHARTON & Co. did not look so cheerful as usual when they turned out of the dormitory the following morning.

Fisher T. Fish seemed as gay as a lark. It was not only that he had gained his point; but the fact that he had gained it by successful trickery, that "bucked" the worthy Fishy. He had demonstrated his wonderful cuteness; and as for any honourable considerations

in the matter, Fishy did not waste time thinking of such things. Such considerations "made him tired," as he would have expressed it.

He nodded a cheery good-morning to the Famous Five, and smiled as they passed him with black looks.

He joined Harry Wharton & Co. in the quadrangle before breakfast.

"Keep a smile on, old fellow!" he advised. "What's the good of getting your mad up because you've come out at the little end of the horn?"

"Let me alone, you rotter!" snapped Wharton.

"Fain't business!" urged Fishy.

"You couldn't expect to keep your end up against a galoot that was raised in New York; now could you? Be reasonable! Why, there's more cuteness in my little finger than in all the rest of Greyfriars lumped together! I should smile!"

"And more rascality!" said Wharton.

"Oh can it!" remonstrated Fishy.

"If I hadn't made it pax—" breathed Bob Cherry.

He clenched his hands savagely. Fisher T. Fish smiled and walked away. It was pax, but Fishy did not wish to expose Bob to temptation. And Bob was longing to plant his knuckles full on the American junior's bony nose.

During lessons that day, Harry Wharton was thinking quite as much about the Highcliffe match as about the instruction he was receiving from Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

Indeed, the Remove master was down on him several times that morning, and Wharton earned fifty lines for carelessness. Not that he really was careless; but he was worried.

After dinner Billy Bunter joined the captain of the Remove with a very serious expression on his fat face.

"I say you fellows—" he began.

"Oh, cut off, Bunter!" snapped Wharton. His worry had made him irritable.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Buzz off!"

"I'm going to ask you a question," said Bunter with dignity. "You've refused my services for the Highcliffe match, Wharton—"

"Don't be a silly ass!" exclaimed Harry impatiently.

"And now," continued Bunter, unheeding—"now Fishy is saying that you

are going to play him on Saturday. Is there anything in it?"

Wharton did not answer.

He knew that there would be something like a storm in the Remove when it became known that Fisher T. Fish was to be included in Saturday's team. The captain of the Remove was not keen to face that. He nourished a lingering hope that perhaps, at long last, the American junior might do the decent thing and withdraw his egregious claim. If Fishy played up decently, even at the last moment, there was no need for anything to be said.

It was the faintest of faint hopes, but it was all that Wharton had to comfort him in the peculiar circumstances.

But now it was evident that though the Famous Five had been silent, Fisher T. Fish had been giving his bony chin its accustomed exercise. He was already bragging of his selection for Saturday.

Bunter blinked at the captain of the Remove through his big spectacles severely.

"If you're playing Fishy, there'll be a row," he said impressively. "I sha'n't stand it, Wharton!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" rapped Wharton; and he strode away.

Bunter was got rid of; but other fellows wanted to know. Bolsover major bore down on Wharton in the quad.

"What's this about that skinny fool, Fish, playing on Saturday?" he demanded, in his most aggressive manner.

"Better ask Fish!" snapped Harry.

"Is it true?" bawled Bolsover major.

"Have you left me out to put in a dummy like that? If you have, look out for trouble!"

"Rats!"

There was some solace in shutting up the bully of the Remove without an answer. But when Wharton came in to afternoon lessons, Russell and Ogilvy tackled him; and they could not very well be dealt with like Bunter or Bolsover major.

"That idiot Fishy is swanking about being in the team for Saturday," said Ogilvy. "Nothing in it, of course?"

"He's lying, of course?" asked Russell.

Wharton paused. Ogilvy and Russell had a right to know; they were good and reliable players of the Remove club, and either of them was worth a hundred of Fishy in a football match. They looked at the captain of the Remove very curiously as he reddened and did not answer.

"Well?" they asked together.

"The fact is—" said Wharton haltingly. He paused again.

"Well, what's the giddy fact?" asked Ogilvy, rather dryly.

"I'm putting up the final list on Saturday," said Harry Wharton at last. "Until then I'd rather not jaw about it, if you don't mind."

"Oh!" said the two juniors.

It was an unsatisfactory answer, and Wharton hurried into the Form-room to escape further questioning.

But that afternoon the rumour was all over the Remove that Fisher T. Fish was "down" to play in Saturday's great match, and it caused great excitement and indignation. Fishy's manner was lofty and full of swank; if he had been selected to play on account of his own transcendent merits, he could not have swanked more. And every fellow in the form was prepared to scalp Wharton if the rumour turned out to be true—and it looked now as if it was true.

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NEXT MONDAY!

"THE FOOTBALLERS' FOE!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 764.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Footer for Fishy!

"GET out, bother you!"

It was tea-time in Study No. 1 when Nugent minor, of the Second Form, presented himself there. Wharton and Nugent were at tea, and the brow of the Remove captain was clouded.

Dicky Nugent grinned. The frowns of the captain of the Remove had no terrors for the cheeky fag.

"Come off!" he retorted independently. "I say, Franky, is that the right way to treat your young brother when he gives you a look-in?"

Frank Nugent coloured a little.

"Sorry, Frank!" said Wharton at once, his cheeks reddening. "But it's your blessed minor that's the cause of all the trouble."

"It wasn't Dicky's fault," said Nugent mildly.

"I know it wasn't. But he's the cause of it, all the same."

"What are you burbling about, old top?" asked the fag. "What's the jolly old trouble?"

Wharton grunted without replying.

"You haven't been tackling Loder because he pulled my ear yesterday, have you, Frank?" grinned Dicky.

"Something of the sort," said Frank.

"Never mind."

"Well, you must be an ass!" commented Nugent minor. "I didn't ask you to chip in, did I? Never wanted you to, in fact! I've put some gum in Loder's slippers, and got even with the beast. You shouldn't butt in, Franky, and get into trouble."

Nugent made no reply to that.

"But I've come here to talk about the match," resumed Nugent minor. "You fellows have a vacant date on Wednesday—I know that. I've told the chaps in the Second that I'm fixing up a match with the Remove—"

"Oh, dry up!" said Harry.

"If you're afraid of getting licked by the Second—"

"Don't be a young ass, Dicky!" said Nugent. "Cut off, there's a good kid."

There was a tramp of feet in the passage, and three members of the Co. came along. Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh looked into Study No. 1.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob. "Coming down to the footer? I've got an idea. If Fishy is going to be a footballer, Fishy is going to have some footer practice. We'll take him down to Little Side and put him through it—what?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Not a bad idea," he assented.

"Look here—" bawled Nugent minor.

But the fag was not heeded; the Famous Five tramped away up the Remove passage to Study No. 14 to call for Fisher T. Fish.

They found that cute and cheerful youth there, with Squiff, who had the doubtful honour of being his study-mate. Sampson Quincy Ifley Field gave Wharton a curious look as he came in.

"What's this stuff about Fishy playing on Saturday?" he asked. "He's gassing about playing against Highcliffe."

"I guess it's straight goods," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Rot!" said the Australian junior.

"I calculate it's about time you posted up my name, Wharton," said Fisher T. Fish. "The galoots don't believe what I tell them!"

"Well, nobody ever does believe what you tell them. That's nothing new!" said Bob Cherry.

"I guess—"

"We've called for you, Fishy," said Wharton. "Footer practice, you know."

Fisher T. Fish shook his head.

"I guess I'm not keen on practice," he answered. "No time for it. I'm a busy galoot."

"Fishy's making up a list of what you fellows owe him in the Remove," said Squiff sarcastically.

"I guess I have to keep my accounts," said Fish. "There's young Snoop hasn't paid me the interest on the loan I made him last week. I guess I've got to see Snoop."

"Never mind Snoop now," said Bob. "If you're going to stagger humanity with football, Fishy, you're going to practise."

"Don't I keep on telling you I've no time?" demanded Fishy. "I guess I shall make rings round you on Saturday. That's near enough."

"Not quite. Come on!"

"I'm not coming!"

"Your mistake; you are!"

Bob Cherry grasped the American junior by the collar, and bounced him out of his chair. Several sheets of impot paper, covered with figures, that Fishy had been poring over, were scattered far and wide on the study carpet.

"Leggo!" roared Fisher T. Fish indignantly. "If I get my mad up, Bob Cherry, I opine that I shall make potato-scrappings of you!"

"This way!" grinned Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish went struggling and scrambling out of the study in Bob's powerful grasp. He yelled and howled as he was piloted down the Remove passage to the stairs.

Harry Wharton & Co. followed, grinning. If Fishy was resolved to "shove" himself into the Remove team on Saturday, it was manifest that Fishy was bound to put in some practice with the rest of the eleven. And the practice was likely to be of an energetic nature.

Fisher T. Fish loudly protested as he was marched out of the School House in the midst of the Famous Five.

"Hallo! What on earth have you brought Fishy here for?" exclaimed Vernon-Smith, when the chums of the Remove arrived with the unwilling recruit on Little Side.

"Footer!" answered Nugent.

The Bounder grinned.

"Fishy—and footer!" he said. "What on earth's the game? There's nothing in that yarn about Fishy playing on Saturday, Wharton?"

The captain of the Remove turned a deaf ear to that question. He helped to propel Fishy upon the field.

"Look hyer, you galoots, I've got to change if I'm going to play footer!" howled Fisher T. Fish.

"Bolt, you mean!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Play as you are."

"I guess—"

"Chuck the ball this way, Brownny," said Harry Wharton, and Tom Brown kicked over the practice ball. "Now, Fishy, let's see you kick for goal, as a start. Get in goal, Squiff!"

"Oh, I guess I can do that!" said Fisher T. Fish, who had been dreading a rough-and-tumble on the football-field.

He kicked cheerfully for goal, and there was a roar of laughter as the ball whizzed into touch. Fishy's kicking was a thing that, once seen, was not to be forgotten in a hurry.

"My hat! He calls that kicking!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess—"

"You're going to have a chance of showing your quality, Fishy," said the captain of the Remove, and he proceeded to pick up sides. Vernon-Smith took command of one side, Wharton of the other, with six a side. Fisher T. Fish was put in the front line of Smithy's side.

The ball was kicked off, and the practice started with considerable energy. Fellows crowded round the field from all quarters, to see Fisher T. Fish show his quality as a footballer.

Fishy displayed one useful footballing quality—speed. He made a break for the ropes, and fled.

"Stop him!" roared Bob Cherry.

In a few seconds Fishy was collared and dragged back, roaring.

"Now play up, you slacker," said Bob.

"Yaroooh!"

Fisher T. Fish had to play up. In a very few minutes he was thoroughly winded. He staggered to and fro among the players, hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels.

He could never either stop or dodge a charge, and he was bowled over about a score of times in half as many minutes. Harry Wharton & Co. seemed rather to be playing Fishy than playing football. And Smithy's merry men shoved and pushed him unceremoniously when he staggered in their way.

In a quarter of an hour, the ambitious Fishy was feeling that life was not worth living. He was charged over at last by Bob Cherry, and refused to rise from the ground. He lay there and gasped, amid howls of laughter from the spectators.

"Go it, Fishy!" yelled a dozen voices.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish groaned and crawled away. The rush of the footballers passed over him half a dozen times before the hapless Fishy was able to crawl into touch.

There he lay for about ten minutes, gasping and gasping as if he would never leave off. He was picking himself up wearily, when the footballers came off the ground.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life?" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Wow! I swow!" groaned Fisher T. Fish.

"Do you still want to play on Saturday?" asked Johnny Bull, with a chortle. "You'll get some more of the same, you know."

"The samefulness will be terrific!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Hadn't you better chuck it, Fishy?" asked Harry Wharton. "It's not really in your line, you know."

Fisher T. Fish gasped.

"I guess I'm playing on Saturday!" he stammered. "I guess I'm sticking on, just a few! Wow-wow-wow! You slab-sided mugwumps, you can't choke off a galoot as easy as all that! Groooogh! Put me down to play on Saturday, Wharton! Ow!"

And Fisher T. Fish limped away, feeling what he would have described as "used-up"; but still quite determined to distinguish himself under his popper's eyes in the great match on Saturday. Fisher T. Fish was no footballer; but he was a sticker!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Hurree Singh to the Rescue!

"MY ludicrous chum—"
Harry Wharton was looking worried, but he smiled as the Nabob of Bhanipur addressed him. Hurree Singh's weird variety of the English language would, according to Bob Cherry, have made a gargoyle smile.

The dusky nabob had dropped into Study No. 1 after the football practice, with a thoughtful look on his bronze face, and a glimmer in his dark eyes. The nabob had been thinking over the Highcliffe problem; and the thoughtfulness, as he would have called it, had been very deep.

"Well, Inky, old chap?" said Harry.

"I have been cogitating in the recesses of my ridiculous intellect," said the nabob. "I have smitten upon a wheezy good idea, and I am going to make a suggestive remark."

Wharton grinned.

"If you mean a suggestion, Inky—"

"Go it," said Frank Nugent. "Is it about the Highcliffe match?"

"That's so."

"Nothing doing," said Wharton dismally. "Fishy has us in a cleft stick, and he doesn't mean to let us off. The fellows have been badgering me about it, and I can't keep on putting them off. I may as well stick the rotter's name in the list at once."

Hurree Janset Ram Singh shook his dusky head, and smiled.

"My wheezy idea is the dishfulness of the honourable disgusting Fish," he explained.

"But how?" asked Harry. "I know you don't mean that we're to break our word to the cad!"

"Not at all-fully! Honourable word is honourable bond, and the breakfulness would place esteemed Wharton on the same level as disgusting Fishy. Honourable promise must be kept."

"Well, then—"

"But what did esteemed Wharton promise?"

"Eh! You heard me? I promised to play that rotter in the Remove eleven on Saturday."

"Exactly. But you did not promise to play esteemed rotter in Highcliffe match!"

"That follows, as the Highcliffe match is on Saturday," said the captain of the Remove.

"That is where my terrific thoughtfulness turns up triumphfully," said the nabob. "Suppose Highcliffe match does not take place on Saturday—"

"But it's a fixture."

"Fixtures are sometimes postponed for esteemed good reasons. Honourable Courtenay of Highcliffe is good chap. Suppose you ask him to postpone match till Wednesday."

"Oh!" exclaimed Wharton.

"We have vacant date Wednesday," said the nabob. "Also it is so with esteemed Highcliffians, as they are coming to pay us a visit on that day and to have hospitable tea."

Frank Nugent whistled.

"By Jove!" he murmured. "Inky, old man, you're a giddy genius! But—but a match was promised Fishy; if the match doesn't take place, he can't play in the Remove eleven, and that was the agreement."

"I have not finishfully concluded," said Hurree Singh mildly. "Fishy is promised place in Remove eleven for Saturday's match, not for Highcliffe match."



The juniors hustled Fisher T. Fish on to the football field. "Look hyer, you galoots, I've got to change if I'm going to play footer!" howled Fishy. "Bolt, you mean," chuckled Bob Cherry. "Play as you are. Now, Fishy, let's see you kick for goal as a start!" (See Chapter 7.)

"That's so," said Wharton. "But—"
"Honourable Second Form have challenged us to football match," said the nabob.

"Bother the honourable Second Form!"

"But if we take up the challenge, and fix Saturday for the match—" murmured the nabob.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Then match takes place on Saturday. Esteemed Wharton has promised Fishy place in Remove eleven for Saturday's match. That is all disgusting Fishy can claim. Esteemed Wharton made no promise concerning what team we should be playing."

Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"By Jove, that's so!" he said, with a deep breath. "I promised the cad a place in the team on Saturday. We are at liberty to play any team we like on that date; there was no bargain made on that point."

"Hurrah!" chirruped Nugent.

The nabob smiled a beaming smile. "Honourable Fishy is very cute," he remarked. "Sometimes the cutefulness leads to over-reachfulness—what?"

Wharton jumped up, with excitement in his face. He had worried and pondered over the difficulty Fishy's rascality had placed him in, but this simple solution of the problem had not occurred to his mind.

"Inky, old chap, you're a genius!" he exclaimed. "I never thought of it; but the cunning rascal has over-reached himself—as he often does. If he had specified the Highcliffe match—"

"But he didn't!" grinned Nugent. "He specified Saturday's match."

"And honourable Remove club is at liberty to arrange any match, or cancel any match, for any date it pleases?" remarked Hurree Singh.

Wharton nodded.

"Good old Inky! Not a word about this yet, though. I'll buzz over to Highcliffe on my bike and speak to Courtenay. I've no doubt he will make it Wednesday for the match if I tell him I've got a particular reason for postponing it."

"Hear, hear!" chortled Nugent.

Harry Wharton hurried out of the study. A minute later he was wheeling his bicycle down to the gates. There was still time to run across to Highcliffe and speak to Courtenay before lock-up.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull looked into Study No. 1, and seemed rather surprised to find two smiling and merry faces there.

"Where's Wharton?" asked Bob.

"Gone to see Courtenay," answered Nugent. "Come in and shut the door—there's a giddy wheeze."

Somewhat mystified, the two juniors came in and Bob closed the door. Then Nugent explained.

"Hurrah!" chortled Bob Cherry when he comprehended. "Inky, old man, you're a giddy black diamond!"

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Why, the rotter fairly dished himself, as it turns out. You remember he put it quite straight to Wharton. I remember his words—'You agree to play me

in the Remove eleven on Saturday this week." They were his words.

"I remember," grinned Bob Cherry. "Well, the rotter shall play in the Remove eleven on Saturday this week."

"Against the Second Form fags!" chuckled Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If Wharton can fix it with Courtenay to postpone the Highcliffe match till next week," said Johnny Bull; "that will be all right, I fancy."

"The rightfulness will be terrific."

The four juniors waited rather anxiously for the return of Harry Wharton. It was unlikely that Highcliffe would raise any objection to the alteration of date; but they were anxious to know. Billy Bunter blinked in at the doorway of Study No. 1 inquiringly.

"Where's Wharton?" he asked. "I say, a lot of the fellows want to see him. Bolsover major says he's going to make him say plainly whether that dummy Fishy is playing on Saturday."

"Tell Bolsover major to go and eat coke!" grunted Johnny Bull.

There was a tramp of feet in the passage, and a moment later Bolsover major, with seven or eight Removites behind him, stared in.

"Now, we want to know—" growled Bolsover. "Hallo! Where's Wharton?"

"Out of gates!" grinned Bob.

"Sneaked out because he knew we were coming?" suggested Skinner.

Bob Cherry pushed back his cuffs and made an advance upon Harold Skinner. That youth backed promptly into the Remove passage.

"Look here, we want to know about Saturday's match!" roared Bolsover major. "Wharton ought to be here to answer up. We want to know whether there's anything in Fishy's brag that he's playing Highcliffe, and Wharton ought—"

"Hallo, who's taking my giddy name in vain?" asked a cheery voice from the passage.

Bolsover major spun round.

"Oh, here you are!" he exclaimed gruffly.

"Here I am!" answered Harry Wharton cheerily, as he walked into the study. "You fellows want anything?"

"We want to know—" began Skinner.

"We jolly well want to know—" said Passell.

"Shut up and leave it to me," said Bolsover major autocratically. "Look here, Wharton, Fishy is bragging about being picked for the Highcliffe match, and you know it. Fellows have asked you about it, and you don't make a plain answer. We're a deputation of the Remove, and we've come for the facts."

"Trot out the facts, Wharton!" said Ogilvy. "No reason why you can't say yes or no, that I can see."

"Perfectly correct!" remarked Hazeldene. "You've left me out if the team, Wharton. I'm not grumbling if you've got a better man. But it's no use telling me that Fishy is a better man."

"No good at all!" snorted Bolsover.

"I say, you fellows, make him own up!" squeaked Billy Bunter, from the passage. "I've offered to play centre-forward."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" snorted Bunter. "I'm a better footballer than Fishy, anyhow."

"Not much worse!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Well, we want to know—" hooted Bolsover major.

Wharton held up his hand. His cheery,

smiling face was a sufficient assurance to his chums that he had been able to arrange matters satisfactorily with Frank Courtenay at Highcliffe.

"Give a chap a chance to speak," said Wharton placably. "You want to know whether Fishy is going to play in the Highcliffe match? Well, as the chin-wag merchants in the House of Commons would say, the answer is in the negative."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bolsover major. The bully of the Remove really looked rather disappointed. Perhaps he was sorry to be deprived of his grievance.

"He's not?" exclaimed Ogilvy.

"Not in the least! When Fishy plays in a match against Highcliffe, you can kick me out of the captaincy, and put on your heaviest footer boots to do it!" answered Wharton cheerfully.

"Hear, hear!"

"Good egg!"

"All right, then," said Skinner. "But I don't see why you couldn't have said so plainly before, Wharton."

"There are lots of things you don't see, Skinner," answered the captain of the Remove affably. "You don't see why you shouldn't smoke cigarettes in the study. You don't see why you shouldn't butt into a fellow's study with a set of features that ought to be put behind a mask. You don't see—"

"Oh, cheese it!" growled Skinner, and he tramped away disappointed.

But most of the deputation departed satisfied. The rumour, which had gained ground, and spread far and wide, had been knocked on the head; Wharton had given a plain answer at last. It was, as the Bounder said in his slangy way, "information straight from the horse's mouth." Fisher T. Fish, in spite of his bragging, was not to play in the Highcliffe match, and all the Remove were glad to hear it—excepting Fisher Tarleton Fish. It was startling and disconcerting news for Fishy, when it reached his long ears, and it had the effect of getting his "mad up."

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Fishy is Satisfied!

"I GUESS—"

The juniors were going into Hall for call-over, when Fisher T. Fish clutched Wharton's arm in a bony hand. His thin face was full of excitement, and his sharp eyes glittered.

"Let go!" snapped Wharton.

"I guess I want to know—" howled Fisher T. Fish.

Wharton shook off the bony hand, and passed into Hall with his chums. Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, was taking call-over.

Fisher T. Fish had to suppress his angry impatience and alarm while the Fifth Form master was calling the roll. He stood restlessly with the Removites, shifting from one bony leg to the other, unable to keep still. Bob Cherry likened him to a hen on hot bricks. There was terrific wrath on Fishy's face, and he wanted to "have it out" with the captain of the Remove. Harry Wharton had given his pledge that the American junior should play in Saturday's match, and it had not even occurred to Fishy that that word might be broken. He had no great regard himself for his own word, but he knew that Wharton's word was his bond, and that he would keep a promise, even one into which he had been unfairly tricked. At least, he had felt certain of it. Now it looked as if his

own rascality was being retorted upon him—which naturally made Fishy extremely indignant.

Nothing exasperates a rascal so much as rascality in others.

After calling-over Harry Wharton & Co. left Hall in a smiling crowd, and Fisher T. Fish sped in pursuit. But he was stopped in the passage by Bolsover major, who caught him by the collar.

"Leggo!" roared Fishy impatiently.

"You spoofing worm!" said Bolsover, shaking him. "What did you mean by bragging that you'd been picked for the Highcliffe match?"

"So I have!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "I'm playing on Saturday, I tell you!"

"Wharton says you're not."

"He's a liar, then!" howled Fishy.

And he tore himself away from Bolsover major, and rushed down the corridor. It was Fishy's ill-luck that Mr. Quelch came round the corner as he reached it. The American junior crashed into the Remove master with a heavy crash.

"Oh, hokey!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, staggering back from the concussion.

Mr. Quelch reeled against the wall.

"Fish!" he gasped.

"Ow! I guess I'm sorry, sir—"

"How dare you rush into me, Fish?" thundered the Remove master.

"I—I was in a hurry, sir, to speak to a galoot—"

"Follow me to my study, Fish!" said Mr. Quelch, gasping for breath.

"Oh, what luck!" groaned Fisher T. Fish in dismay.

He followed Mr. Quelch to his study, with a dismal face. From that study there proceeded the sound of two heavy swishes, and two loud yells. Fisher T. Fish came out with his hands squeezed under his arms, apparently trying to tie his bony person into a sailor's knot.

He proceeded to Study No. 1 in the Remove in a more towering rage than ever. He found the Famous Five gathered in that celebrated apartment in a hilarious mood.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Fishy!" roared Bob Cherry. "Roll in, Fishy!"

Fisher T. Fish rolled in.

"I guess I want to know!" he gasped. "Wharton, you mugwump, you slabsided jay, are you keeping your promise or not?"

"Do you want a thick ear?" asked Wharton.

"I want an answer!" roared the enraged Fish. "I want to know if you're keeping your word."

"You ought to know without asking," answered the captain of the Remove. "I am keeping my word."

"Oh, then I'm playing on Saturday?"

"Certainly!"

Fisher T. Fish gasped with relief. "Good man!" he said. "The galoots have been telling me it was off. They say you told them so."

And Fisher T. Fish retired from the study, greatly relieved at finding that he was the only rascal concerned in the matter. Bob Cherry kicked the door shut after him, and the Famous Five smiled at one another.

"You're not going to tell him?" asked Bob.

Wharton shook his head.

"No. It can dawn on him on Saturday."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll explain to the members of the eleven," added Harry, with a laugh. "They're entitled to know. Most of them won't want to play on Saturday against the Second. Any old team will

do—even with Fishy in it! But the change in the programme can be kept dark for the present. It will be worth while to watch Fishy's face on Saturday afternoon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll fix it up with Nugent minor tomorrow. I've no doubt the Second will condescend to give us a match this week."

And the chums of the Remove chuckled.

After prep, when the Famous Five came down to the Common-room, they found a discussion going on. Half a dozen voices called to the captain of the Remove.

"Wharton! Fishy says—"

"He's still saying—"

"My dear chaps, I'm not responsible for what Fishy says!" answered Wharton patiently. "Let him say what he likes! I can't see that it makes any difference."

"He's not playing Highcliffe, anyhow?" asked the Bounder.

"No!"

"That's good enough!"

"He still seems to think that he is playing," said Squiff, with a puzzled look.

"Let him!" said Harry.

He glanced round. There were perplexed faces on all sides, especially among the members of the Remove football eleven.

"All members of the eleven are wanted to turn up to a meeting in Study No. 1," said Harry.

It was a perplexed party of juniors that gathered in Study No. 1 for the meeting. Seven members of the eleven did not know what to make of it.

Fishy's positive statement that Wharton had promised to play him on Saturday was hard to reconcile with Wharton's statement that Fishy was not to play in the Highcliffe match. Vernon-Smith and Mark Linley, Tom Brown and Peter Todd, Squiff and Penfold and Redwing, were all anxious to be enlightened, and the captain of the Remove proceeded to enlighten them. There was a general gasp from seven juniors when Wharton explained how the matter stood.

"The cringing rotter!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith indignantly. "You'd be justified in cancelling a promise got out of you like that."

"I don't quite agree with that," said Mark Linley. "But—"

"But it's all right, owing to Inky's giddy genius," chuckled Bob Cherry. "The promise to play Fishy in Saturday's match will be kept. He can disport himself playing football with tiny fags."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This eleven will stand over unaltered till Wednesday, for the Highcliffe match," said Wharton. "I've fixed it up with Courtenay for that date. Anybody who doesn't want to play the Second can stand out on Saturday."

"I'm not keen on it," said the Bounder. "Leave me out."

"And me," said Peter Todd. "Might put Bunter in. Even Bunter can play the Second."

"Chance for Skinner," grinned Tom Brown. "He can have my place."

"Snoop can have mine," said Redwing, laughing.

"Give mine to Stott," said Bob Cherry.

"Little Jimmy Vivian, too, and Mauleverer," said Johnny Bull. "Any old thing will do."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But keep it quiet till Saturday," said Wharton, laughing.

"What-ho!"

After the meeting the Bounder strolled into the Common-room and tapped Fisher T. Fish on the shoulder, with a very serious face.

"Congratulations, Fishy," he said. "I hope you'll play the game of your life on Saturday."

"I guess you'll find me all there," said Fisher T. Fish complacently. "You watch out, and you'll see some genuine football. Just a few!"

"It won't be an ordinary sort of match," said the Bounder. "Saturday's game will be a bit out of the common, you know."

"I guess I shall fill the bill all right."

"I'm sure you will," said the Bounder cordially. And he chuckled as he walked away.

On the following day Harry Wharton sought an interview with Nugent minor of the Second Form. After the refusals—not polite—which he had hitherto met, Nugent minor was rather surprised by the offer of a match from the captain of the Remove. But he jumped at it.

"Date?" he asked, in a business-like way.

"Can you leave that open for a bit?" asked Wharton, with the seriousness that such an important fixture required. "Suppose anything should happen to keep the Highcliffe lot from coming over to-morrow. Would Saturday suit you?"

"Right! I'll fix it. But ain't Highcliffe coming?" asked Dicky Nugent.

"You can never tell," answered Wharton diplomatically. "I just wanted to know whether the Second would

play us if the date was left open, after all?"

"Like a bird!" answered Nugent minor.

"Good!"

Fisher T. Fish gave the captain of the Remove a cheery grin when he came into the Common-room. He was feeling quite pleased with himself and things generally.

"Don't forget Saturday, Fishy!" said the captain of the Remove. "We're relying on you, you know. Don't forget!"

And Fisher T. Fish promised that he wouldn't!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Change in the Programme!

"W HITHER bound, Fishy?" Bob Cherry asked that question after dinner on Saturday. Fisher T. Fish came out of the School House clad in his best, with his shiniest topper perched on his bullet head. He gave Bob a cheery grin.

"I guess I'm going to meet my popper at the station," he explained.

"You won't be late for the match, I hope?" asked Bob solemnly.

"I sure won't," said Fisher T. Fish emphatically. "Kick off at three o'clock, I guess?"

"That's so."

"Highcliffe won't be here before a quarter to three—what?"

"Eh? No, I'm certain they won't."

"Good enough. Depend on me to be ready for the kick-off," said Fisher T. Fish. "I'm not missing this match."



Fishy clutched Wharton's arm with a bony hand. "What's that crew doing on the field—Bolsover and that lot?" "That's the Remove team to-day, and those fags are waiting for you to start. You're playing them!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully. (See Chapter 11.)

I'm bringing the popper down to the field to watch, some. So long!"

And Fisher T. Fish marched off in the greatest of spirits. Bob looked after him with a grin.

There was a surprise in store for the cute junior that afternoon, but as yet Fisher T. Fish had not the faintest suspicion of it. Bob Cherry strolled into the School House with a smiling face.

"George Washington's cleared off," he said. "He will be back in time for the match. He wouldn't miss it for worlds."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then I'll give Nugent minor the tip," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You tell the fellows to come into the Rag, and that recruits are wanted for the Remove Eleven."

"Right-ho!"

Harry Wharton proceeded to look for Nugent minor, and he apprised that ambitious youth of the fact that the date was, after all, open, and that the Remove were prepared to meet the mighty men of the Second Form on the stricken field. Nugent minor received the news with satisfaction. He had told the fags of the Second that somehow he was going to fix up a match with the Remove, and there had been many Doubting Thomases in the Second Form. Now, Nugent minor was going to make his boast good, which was a great source of satisfaction to him. The news was received with satisfaction by the fags, and Gatty, Myers and the rest were soon making great preparations for the great match.

Meanwhile, the Remove fellows were crowding into the Rag. Fisher T. Fish being safely off the scene, the time had come to explain. The news that recruits were wanted for the Remove Eleven was more than enough to bring the fellows crowding in. Even slackers like Skinner and Snoop would have been glad to bag the distinction of playing in the Highcliffe match. Harry Wharton stood on a chair to address a crowded meeting.

"I say, you fellows, put me down!" roared Billy Bunter.

"Certainly," said Bob Cherry. He took the fat junior by the back of the collar, and sat him down with a bump.

"Yarooocoh!"

"That all right?" asked Bob.

"Yow-ow! Beast! Wharrer you bumping me over for?" roared Bunter.

"Didn't you ask me to put you down?" demanded Bob, in surprise.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! I meant put my name down!" howled Bunter, scrambling up in great wrath. "Put me down for the match."

"Right-ho!" said Wharton.

Billy Bunter blinked at the captain of the Remove through his big spectacles in amazement. Bunter was fully convinced that his demand ought to be acceded to. But he had never had the remotest expectation that it would be. He could scarcely believe his fat ears.

"You—you're playing me?" he gasped.

"Yes."

"Oh, good! We'll beat Highcliffe."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Playing Bunter against Highcliffe?" bellowed Bolsover major. "Are you mad, Wharton?"

"I hope not," answered Harry. "Lend me your ears, you fellows. The Highcliffe match is postponed till Wednesday."

"Oh!"

"This afternoon the Remove are playing the Second."

"What utter rot!"

"Playing a gang of tuppenny-ha'penny fags!" exclaimed Ogilvy.

"Nugent minor doesn't think they're tuppenny-ha'penny fags. He thinks they're threepenny ones at least."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Many regular members of the eleven are standing out to give the other fellows a chance," said the captain of the Remove. "Bolsover, you've told the fellows some odd millions of times that you ought to be captain of the Remove team. I'm prepared to retire in your favour this afternoon, on condition that Fisher T. Fish plays in the match. You can select the rest of the team as you like."

Bolsover major grunted.

"Catch me captaining a team against two-inch fags!" he said.

"Thank you for nothing!"

"Any offers?" asked Wharton, looking round.

There was a burst of laughter. Apparently the Second Form match was not taken seriously by the Removites. Which would have moved the deep indignation of Dicky Nugent & Co. had they been present. Fortunately, they were not present.

There was no rush of volunteers for places in the eleven. Fellows who could play good footer were not keen to exhibit their powers against so absurd a team of opponents. But, as Skinner remarked to Snoop, a fellow who played for the Form, played for the Form, even if the opposing team was composed of babies in arms. And a match that was to be a walk-over appealed to Skinner; he did not like exertion. So Harold Skinner came forward, and Snoop followed him, and Stott followed Snoop. Sir Jimmy Vivian, the smallest fellow in the Remove, joined up; and Bolsover major, on second thoughts, decided that he would accept Wharton's offer. The match could hardly be called a match; but it was something to be able to say that he had captained the Form eleven!

Bolsover's team was made up at last; and it was not what Bob Cherry would have called a winning team. But there was no doubt that it would walk all over the diminutive fags of the Second. Skinner, Snoop, and Stott were in it, and Jimmy Vivian, and Billy Bunter, and Kipps, and little Wun Lung, the Chinese, and Dupont, the French junior, and Hazeldene. The last-named could be trusted to keep out any shots the Second put near the goal; and what the others did, or didn't do, did not matter very much. Bolsover major would have grumbled at making Fisher T. Fish his eleventh man; but that was a sine qua non; moreover, nobody offered for the eleventh place. That distinguished place was open for Fisher T. Fish when he returned with his popper.

The crowd in the Rag broke up, and Bolsover major led his flock away to change for the match.

Harry Wharton & Co. were to be only spectators on this occasion—rather a rare experience for the Famous Five when a Remove match was on. But it was an opportunity to give the slackers and duds a chance to show what they could do; and the mighty men of the Remove preferred to be spectators on this unique occasion.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here come the giddy Fishes!" said Bob Cherry, look-

ing out of the School House doorway a little later.

Fisher T. Fish came in at the gates, with a tall, angular gentleman by his side—a bony gentleman whose hatchet features were strikingly like those of the hopeful Fish. Evidently this was Hiram K. Fish, of New York, now honouring the Old Country with a visit.

The Famous Five, on the steps, capped the American gentleman respectfully.

"Lots of time, what?" asked Fisher T. Fish.

"Lots!" answered Bob.

"Highcliffe not here yet?"

"Highcliffe! Oh, no!"

"I guess I'll hustle in and change," said Fisher T. Fish. "You galoots haven't changed yet."

"We're standing out, to give the other fellows a chance," explained Harry Wharton.

"Oh, hokey!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish. "I say, isn't that risking the match?"

"Not at all."

"You see, you're in the team," said Bob Cherry gravely. "You're a giddy host in yourself, you know, Fishy."

"I guess that's a cinch!" agreed Fisher T. Fish. "Come in, popper!"

Fisher T. Fish piloted his parent into the house, and the Famous Five, with smiling faces, strolled down to the football ground.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Catching Fish!

FISHER T. FISH looked perplexed.

His powerful transatlantic intellect, cute as it was, did not seem to "catch on."

With a coat and muffler on over his football rig, Fishy walked down to Little Side with his popper. That angular gentleman was accommodated with a chair, in a favourable position to view his hopeful son's exploits on the footer-field.

It was then that Fisher T. Fish sat up and took notice, so to speak.

There was no sign of a Highcliffe team, and no sign of the usual Remove eleven. Bolsover & Co. were chatting on the field, and eleven diminutive fags of the Second Form were there in football garb. Fisher T. Fish blinked at the scene in great perplexity.

"Come on, Fishy!" bawled Bolsover major. "We're waiting for you, you dummy!"

"Hustle, my boy—hustle!" said Hiram K. Fish. "I guess your friends are waiting for you."

"I—I guess I don't catch on," stammered the perplexed Fish. He hurried over to the Famous Five, who stood in a group near at hand.

"Are you coming, Fish?" shouted Bolsover major.

Fishy clutched at Wharton's arm with a bony hand.

"What's this game?" he demanded.

"Football."

"I—I mean, what's up?" howled Fisher T. Fish. "What's that crew doing in the field—Bolsover and that lot of duffers?"

"They're the Remove team to-day." "Jumping Jehosaphat! And what are those fags doing there?"

"Waiting for you."

"I guess I don't tumble! Where are the Highcliffe chaps?"

"At Highcliffe, probably."

"Ain't they playing us to-day?" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, no!"

"Why, you—you—you—I guess I'm not playing in a match with tiny fags!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "You—you mugwump! Didn't you engage to play me in the Highcliffe match?"

"Not in the least," said Wharton coolly. "You screwed out of me a promise to play you in Saturday's match. To-day is Saturday, and there's the match."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co.

Fishy's face was a study. It was, as Bob Cherry remarked, worth a guinea a box. His lean jaw dropped, and his eyes seemed to be starting from his head.

"Jevver get left, Fishy?" asked Nugent affably.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I guess—" stuttered Fisher T. Fish. "I—I guess I've been done! Look hyer, has the Highcliffe match been put off?"

"Just so!" assented Wharton.

"You—you slabsided jay!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "You've done this to let me out."

"Right on the wicket!" agreed Wharton.

"When I said Saturday's match I meant the Highcliffe match, and you know it!" screeched Fisher T. Fish.

"Certainly! But you said Saturday's match, and I agreed to Saturday's match, and this is Saturday's match!" said the captain of the Remove cheerfully. "Go in and win!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major came striding to the edge of the field.

"We're waiting for that skinny fool!" he roared. "If you don't come on at once, Fish, you're not playing!"

"Go it, Fishy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fishy gave a deep groan. It was not only his disappointment, not only that he had brought his "popper" down to the school to see him play in an absurd match that could only be ridiculous. But he had been out-maneuvred. With all his cuteness, he had left one point unguarded, and on that point he had been caught. All his cunning, scheming, and unscrupulous rascality had brought him was this, a chance of playing in a match with the Second Form fags, which he could have had for the asking, and certainly did not want.

He glanced towards his "popper." He decided that it was wiser to play in the match, such as it was, than to stand out. But it was with a dismal face that he joined Bolsover major's team in the field.

Dabney of the Fourth was referee. He blew the whistle, and the ball rolled. The game started, and in a few minutes there were roars of laughter round the field. Slackers and duds the Remove champions might be, but in size, age, and weight they had such an advantage that Dicky Nugent & Co. had no chance whatever against them. Bolsover major could almost have played the Second on his own, and certainly they had no remote chance of getting the ball past Hazel in goal.

Even Dicky Nugent realised, after ten minutes, that he had bitten off more than he could possibly masticate. He was thankful, from the bottom of his heart, that he was not playing the great men of the Remove. But he very soon realised that Bolsover's team was not only too much for him, but much too much. Hazel, in the Remove goal, leaned on a goalpost, and chuckled. He

(Continued on page 20.)

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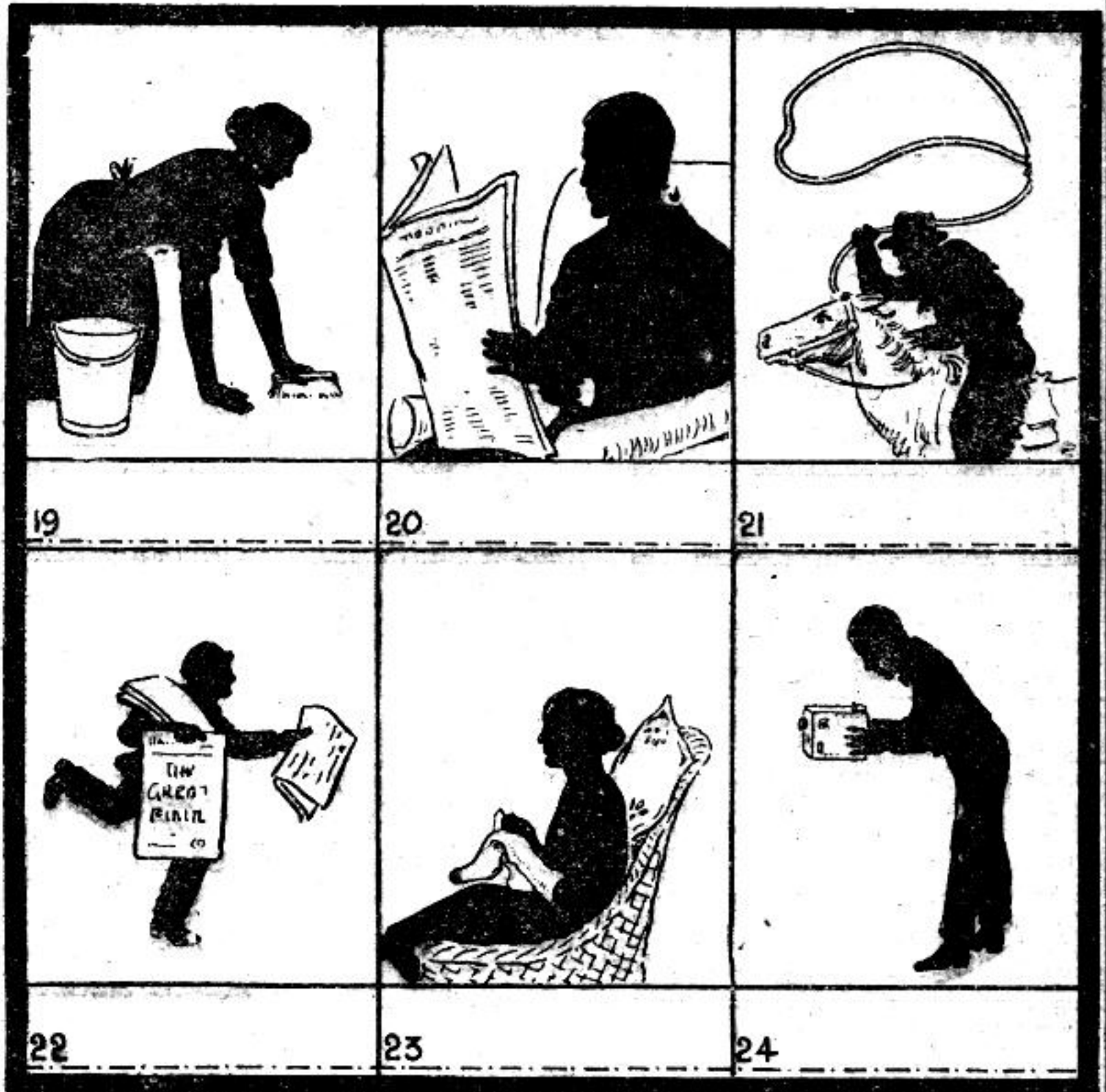
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(Continued from page 19.)

had nothing else to do. The hapless fags never approached the goal. They were seldom over the half-way line at all.

"Franky, old chap," said Bob Cherry, "this will be a lesson for your merry minor. He won't check the Remove after this by challenging them to football matches."

And Frank Nugent chuckled.

It was probable that the lesson would not be lost on Dicky Nugent. Certainly it was not lost on his comrades. In ten minutes Bolsover major had put the ball in twice, and half the fag team were sprawling, breathless, on the ground. In the next five minutes three or four of the fags, charged out of breath and almost out of their wits, had limped off the field, amid howls of laughter.

There were two players on the Remove side who suffered a little—Bunter and Fisher T. Fish. The rest chortled as they charged and rolled the fags. Twenty minutes of the first half had elapsed, when Bolsover & Co. came

down the field in a mighty charge, and the Second Form heroes, what were left of them, fairly ran for it. Three or four sprawled over on the ground, and the rest scuttled off the field. Bolsover major put the ball in. He might have put it in a dozen times if he had liked, as the goalkeeper was gone. Dicky Nugent staggered up breathlessly, to find himself left alone on the field, the last of the Mohicans, as it were. He gasped for breath.

"Oh crumbs!" was his remark.

Nugent minor was an ambitious youth, and he had been very anxious to play the Remove. But even Dicky Nugent realised that he couldn't play the Remove single-handed. His team were gone, and Dicky followed them, a sadder and wiser fag.

Bolsover major gave an angry snort as he was left in the position of conquering hero. He regretted by this time that he had taken on the match, and he marched off the field in great dudgeon.

Hiram K. Fish's face wore a very curious expression as he watched the

amazing game. When, after twenty minutes of play, the field was clear, Fisher T. Fish sneaked back to where his "popper" was sitting. Mr. Fish eyed him.

"I guess I'm not wise to English games," he remarked; "but this—what do you call this? Is it over?"

"Yep," mumbled Fishy.

"Is this the big match you told me about, the tough scrap you were specially selected for?" asked Mr. Fish. "I guess you have been pulling my leg, some!"

Mr. Fish stamped away. Fisher T. Fish limped after him with a dismal face.

Exactly what explanation Fisher T. Fish made to his "popper" the chums of the Remove did not know. They saw Mr. Fish depart with a frowning brow, and they noticed that Fishy looked very dismal afterwards. And there was a plentiful lack of sympathy for Fishy the Footballer.

THE END.

(There is very important information on page 2.)

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