

THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME!
OUR GRAND FOOTBALL COMPETITION! (See inside.)

No. 820. Vol. XXIV. Week ending October 27th, 1923.

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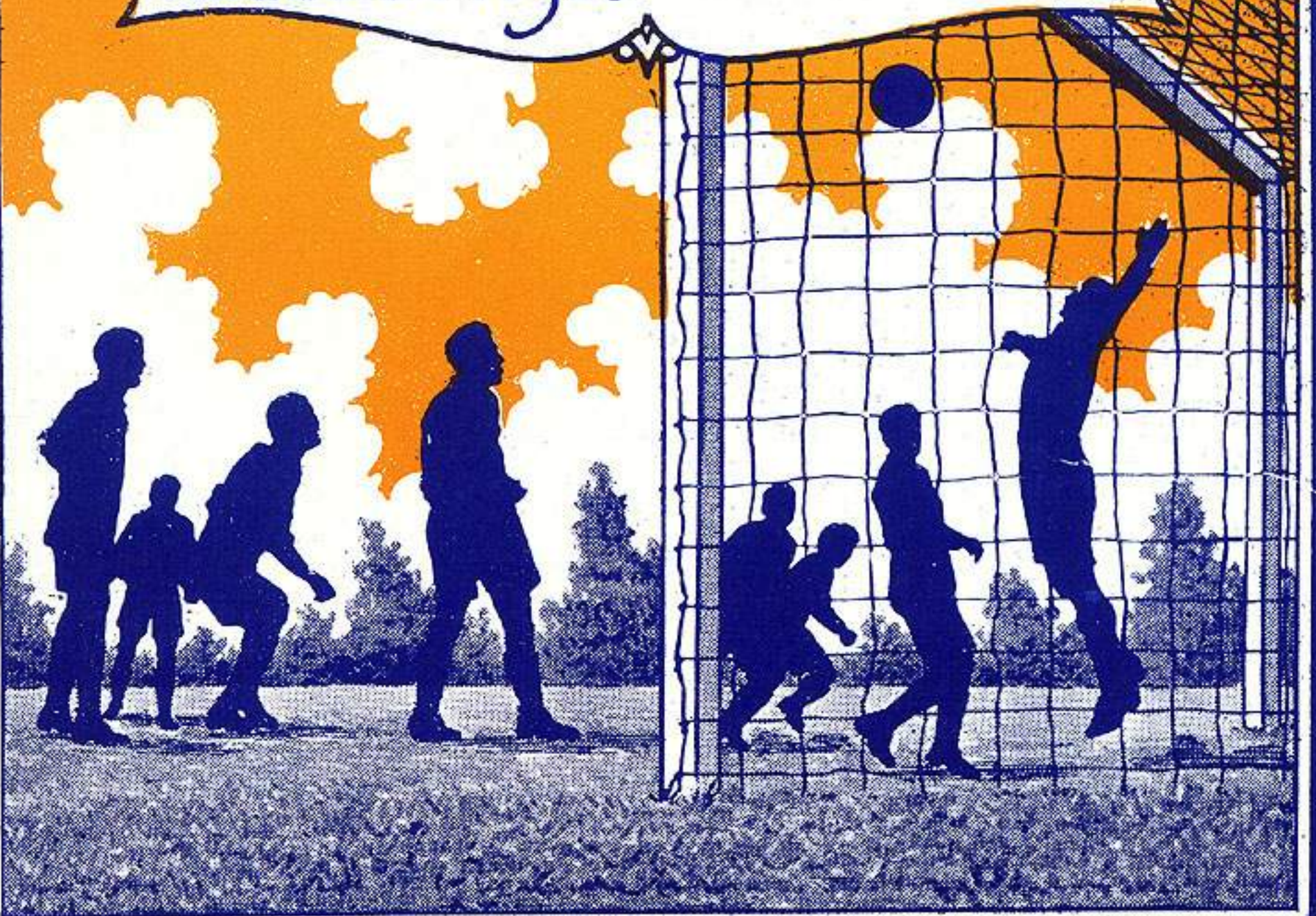
EVERY MONDAY.

School & Detective Stories.

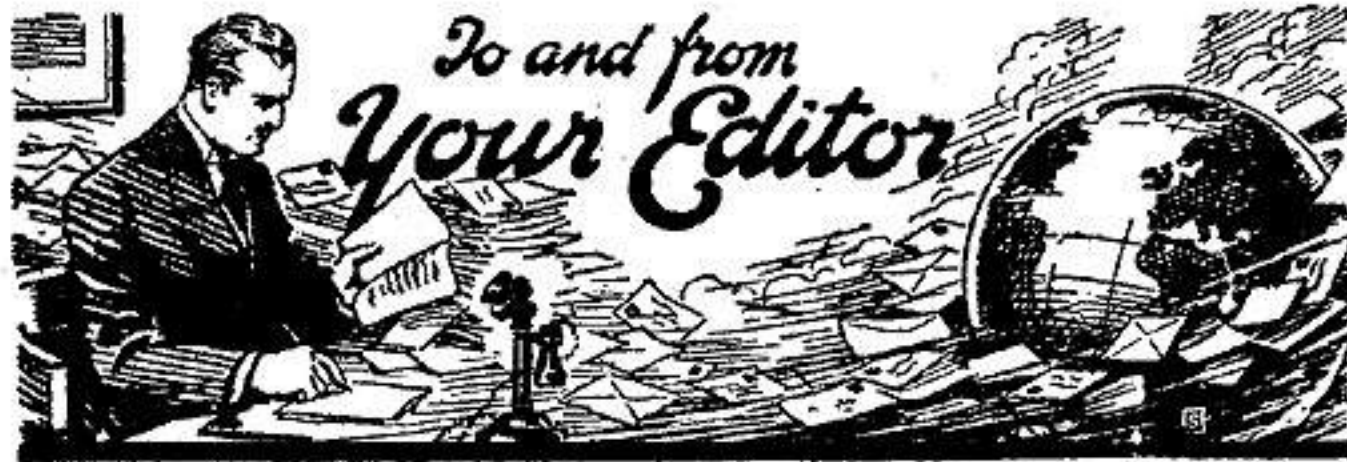
GRAND

"Footballers' Names"
COMPETITION.

Hundreds of Valuable Prizes **START TODAY!**



"THE GIPSY SCHOOLBOY!"—this week's magnificent story of Harry Wharton & Co.



THE GREATEST EVER!

OUR magnificent Football Competition has started with a bang. It did not require any music as a send-off. It is just one of those superb offers which call for no extra special celebration. The whole thing speaks for itself. Here you have an opportunity which is something more than golden. There is a grand chance of becoming the lucky owner of a splendidly-equipped Motor Bike, or a tip-top James cycle, or any other useful and attractive prize figuring in the marvellous list.

GET GOING!

That is all there is to it. Skill and power of keen observation are called for, also a knowledge of the game. But these are not uncommon things. You will find the pictures more and more interesting. Get your solutions ready, and keep them by you until the time comes due to send in your entries. This is the chance of the season, and there is not the least occasion for anybody to turn faint-hearted and say that there is no possibility of his pulling off anything. The chances are innumerable, so just wire in and do your best. Fellows who do that bring off more than they realise at the moment. I refer all my chums to the details, given on another page of this week's stunning issue of the *MAGNET*. There is something down on the fabulous list of prizes which will suit every one of you.

A GRIPPING FOOTBALL SERIAL!

Next on my list comes another bit of good news. Very shortly the *MAGNET* special football serial will start. It is something quite out of the ordinary—a real thriller, with the famous sleuth, Ferrers Locke, playing an important role. Look out for this story. It is a treat. We have met the celebrated detective in many parts, but he is a sportsman first, last, and all the time, and the new serial will add much to his reputation. This coming story will get you.

"MICK THE UNTAMABLE!"

By Frank Richards.

Mick, the gipsy lad, is creating a furore. Next week's spirited yarn deals with some of his actions which are just a trifle beyond the mark for Greyfriars. Not that the old school has been noted for stodgy tranquillity. Ever since Greyfriars loomed up on the horizon life has hummed there.

Mick makes things hum more than ever!

He is a tough proposition, and his earlier training rebels against the rules and regulations of a public school. The ructions and riots the arrival of this young nomad from the Rómany camps has created provides Greyfriars with plenty to think about. Coker's red face comes into the picture, so to speak, next Monday, and we see him plunging his mighty intellect into a horrible bloomer. He comes a cropper this time with a vengeance, indirectly through the latest piece of mischief of the gipsy schoolboy. Dear old Coker has ever blundered along his lone furrow of obstinacy and egotism, and trouble always stares him in the face. But he comes up smiling, likewise does Mick the Untameable. Look out for this yarn, chums—it is a real tip-topper.

"GALLOPING DICK!"

Another quick-firer in this series next week! The gallant hero of the road figures in an astounding episode which surpasses

anything yet. This free lance of the highway has made his name with *MAGNET* readers as a brave champion of the oppressed. Next Monday's yarn rings up the curtain on a particularly dashing bit of history. The fine record of Galloping Dick proves incontrovertibly once again that there are heaps of good lessons to be learned amidst the limbo of the bygone.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE WHITE HEATHER!"

This great serial is represented by a specially fascinating instalment next week. Red Mask is up against it. He knows a bit more than is good for his peace of mind. The fact that the President of the Brotherhood is none other than the powerful Englishman of many disguises, Ferrers Locke himself, has brought sleepless nights to Count Heinrich, who has met his match. He always had his doubts, but these did not take shape. In the new instalment Locke is seen working hand-in-glove with fifteen unfortunate victims of the tyranny of Count Heinrich. Ferrers Locke has sworn to rescue them, and once he has set himself a task the great detective never draws back.

WHEN WINTER COMES!

That topping book, the "Holiday Annual," is welcome at all seasons, but now that winter is a-coming on, the cheery volume is more than ever just the thing that's wanted. I hope all *MAGNET* chums will secure copies of this admirable companion. It is now on sale.

OUR ALLIED PAPERS!

Keep an eye on the "Boys' Friend." "Fed-up with Football," by John W. Wheway, is not a thing to miss, nor are Michael Poole's stories of Jolly Roger.

The "Gem" contains another sparkling yarn of St. Jim's, and a footer serial by Jack Crichton.

The "Popular" has a winning lead with its four complete school tales, and a budget of other attractions.

A GREYFRIARS MODEL.

My chum, F. Cook, of Harborne, Birmingham, tells me he has made a model of Greyfriars School which covers a full-size table. Everybody says it is a splendid piece of work, and, from his description, I am of the same opinion, but shall be in a better position to judge when I receive the photograph this correspondent says he will send. Models of a school like Greyfriars call for no end of cleverness and ingenuity.

THE EDITOR.

The following list contains the actual names of the footballers represented in the pictures in our grand "Footballers' Names" Contest. Turn to pages 14 and 15.

Ashurst, Anderson, Armstrong, Aitken, Adams, Amos, Alderson, Allen, Armitage, Archibald, Ashmore.
Brett, Broadhead, Blyth, Boreham, Blackburn, Bradford, Bassnett, Brittan, Blair, Ball, Barkas, Birrell, Bradley, Barnes, Bulling, Burton, Branston, Buchan, Blake, Bowser, Bishop, Barras, Braithwaite, Bullock, Bliss, Bateman, Best, Bagge, Barson, Broadhurst, Broad, Bolam, Brelsford, Bleunkinsopp, Beedle, Birch, Rellamy, Bainbridge, Bowen, Burnham, Boyle, Blackwell, Bennie, Ballantyne, Buchanan, Bamber,

Byers, Banks, Brooks, Blood, Baker, Bird, Bromilow.

Cockle, Crosbie, Cross, Clennell, Cameron, Chedzoy, Cook, Chadwick, Clough, Curry, Cookson, Cope, Cook, Crilly, Chaplin, Collier, Crockford, Campbell, Crown, Chance, Chipperfield, Crompton, Charlton, Conner, Craig, Cosgrove, Cherrett, Crossley, Carter, Clarke, Cotton, Cunningham, Cairns, Clunas, Connolly, Cassidy, Carr, Cowan, Chapman, Chambers, Clay, Cresswell.

Duan, Dickson, Dorrell, Dawson, Davies, Donaldson, Dinsdale, Dimmock, Duckett, Duncan, Doiny, Davison, Duckworth, Dockray, Danskin, Dreyer, Denoon, Denyer, Duffus, Dunlop, Dixon, Doyle, Doran, Dale.

Emerson, Evans, Ellerington, England, Ellis, Edleston, Edgley, Eggo, Elliott, Edge, Edwards, Emmett, Ewart.

French, Ferguson, Ford, Forshaw, Fletcher, Flood, Flint, Feebury, Fleming, Fleetwood, Flynn, Fox, Foxall, Fort, Forbes, Fowler, Fazackerley, Findlay, Featherstone, Forsythe, Frame, Fyfe, Finney, Forster, Fitton, Fairclough, Fern.

Grimshaw, Gill, Gilchrist, Gough, Gillespie, Grimsdell, Gittins, Gibson, Graham, Goldthorpe, Grundy, Gallogley, Gibbon, Gomm, Gregory, George, Getwood, Groves, Greig, Gardner, Gallagher, Glancy, Greenshields, Gourlay, Goodchild.

Howarth, Haworth, Hampton, Harrow, Harland, Hopkin, Hudspeth, Harris, Hamill, Hill, Hardy, Hamilton, Hawes, Handley, Hufton, Hine, Hughes, Heap, Higginbotham, Hoddinott, Hebden, Hilditch, Howson, Hunter, Hayes, Hutchins, Hannaford, Harrold, Howie, Henshall, Hodges, Halstead, Hugall, Hogg, Henderson, Harper, Hulston, Hillhouse, Hair, Hart, Haines, Hole.

Irvine, Islip, Iremonger, Irwin.

Jennings, Jack, Jackson, Johnson, Kirton, Kelly, Kneeshaw, Keenor, Kay, Knowles, Kaue, Keenlyside, Kidd, Kilpatrick, Kean.

Linfoot, Longworth, Low, Lindsay, Little, Lonsdale, Lockhead, Longmuir, Lea, Lievesley, Lane, Lockett, Legge, Lofthouse, Lenny, Lyner, Lawson, Lambie, Lacey.

Moss, Mort, Mosscrop, Meehan, Maitland, Mitchell, Murphy, Morgan, Milton, Mercer, Marshall, Magee, Moore, Martin, Mills, Mason, Mew, Matthews, Moule, Myers, Marsden, Middleton, Maidment, Nehaffy, Mee, Moody, Musgrove, Malcolm, Morton, Manderson, Meiklejohn, Muirhead, Moffat, Mutch, Meredith, Marriott, Mackie, Menlove, Mitton, Marks, Marsh, M'Intyre, M'Neil, M'Kinlay, M'Nabb, M'Intosh, M'Donald, M'Call, M'Grory, M'Cluggage, M'Lean, M'Candless, M'Coll, M'Lacklan, M'Stey, M'Alpine, M'Kenna, M'Inally, M'Nair, M'Minn, McBain, McCracken.

Nuttall, Neesam, Neil, Ncedham, Nash, Nisbet, Nelson.

Osborne, Ormston, Orr, O'Hare.

Pym, Pringle, Price, Parker, Poole, Paterson, Pearson, Penn, Plum, Page, Preston, Probert, Pagnam, Peel, Potts, Palmer, Prouse, Puddefoot, Pender, Pape, Peacock, Pantling, Partridge, Peers.

Quantrill, Quinn.

Robson, Rollo, Raitt, Richardson, Rawlings, Ruffell, Robbie, Rigg, Radford, Ridley, Reay, Ramsay, Robb, Ritchie, Rauskin, Reed, Rooke, Roe.

Spiers, Smart, Stephenson, Seddon, Sewell, Smelt, Smith, Scott, Slade, Spencer, Seymour, Spaven, Sampy, Seed, Storer, Stage, Shea, Steele, Simms, Smailes, Symes, Sturgess, Sayles, Spottiswood, Scattergood, Sinclair, Stuart, Sayer, Sutcliffe, Salt, Summerfield, Shaw, Sillito, Sneddon, Sommerville, Shone, Streets, Sampey, Stannard, Skinner, Sage.

Townrow, Turnbull, Tremelling, Thain, Troup, Tunstall, Tresadern, Tonner, Thoms, Torrance, Tompkin, Titmuss, Tempest, Timmins, Thorpe, Templeton, Townsley, Toner.

Urwin.

Voysey, Vizard, Vallie, Voisey, Vigrass.

Womack, Walsh, Weaver, Wilding, Whitton, Wadsworth, Woosnam, Woodhouse, Walters, Walden, Watson, Waincoat, Wood, Williams, Winship, Wolfe, Whitehouse, Whalley, Whipp, Wolstenholme, Waterall, Worrall, Williamson, Weston, Wigglesworth, Ward, Webster, Whitehurst, Waddell, Wright, Wilson, Wren, Widdowson, Wylie, White, Welsh, Walker.

York.

The opportunity of a lifetime for *MAGNET* readers! Turn to pages 14 and 15!

In his endeavour to give Mick a proper start in life, Sir Hilton Popper little reckons with that wild and lawless spirit which is deep-rooted in the lad who has saved his life. Mick is clad in Etons; he is a member of a highly respectable public school; but at heart he is still Mick the Gipsy.



A stirring story of
Harry Wharton & Co.
of Greyfriars. Told by
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Guilty Conscience!

"IT'S old Popper!"

In that rather disrespectful manner Bob Cherry alluded to Sir Hilton Popper, Baronet, of Popper Court, Kent, and Cadogan Place, London:

Bob Cherry was seated in the window seat of Study No. 1 in the Remove, peeling an apple. It was a nice ripe apple, but Bob was not giving it his whole attention. He had an eye on the quadrangle, part of which could be seen from the window of Study No. 1, and so it came about that he observed the tall, stout figure of Sir Hilton Popper, Baronet, striding along from the school gates.

Fellows in the quad "capped" Sir Hilton as he passed. He was a governor of Greyfriars, and the school governors had to be capped. Bob Cherry, being out of the range of Sir Hilton's observation, was under no necessity of capping him; instead, he alluded to him cheerfully as "old Popper."

"Old Popper!" repeated Harry Wharton, looking up from Euclid at the study table.

"Old Popper!" said Frank Nugent, who, like Bob, was busy peeling an apple. "I wonder what he wants?"

"Oh crumbs!"

That ejaculation came from Billy Bunter.

Bunter was in Study No. 1—eating an apple. There seemed to be plenty of apples about in the Remove that afternoon. Two of Bunter's pockets were bulging, concealing apples, and he was burying his active jaws in a particularly large, fine, and ripe specimen. But he withdrew his jaws from the apple, and blinked in dismay, as Bob Cherry announced the visitor.

"Old Popper!" exclaimed Bunter.

"The jolly old boy himself," said Bob. "He's come to worry the Head about something. I say, I could catch him on the napper with this apple from the window!"

"Waste of an apple!" said Nugent.

"You ass!" exclaimed Wharton, in

alarm. "If you plug an apple at a governor of the school—"

"All right, I won't!" said Bob. "It's a temptation, but I won't. After all, old Popper's got his good points. Didn't he stand by that gipsy kid, Mick, when the farmer was going to make a jolly old example of him?"

"Well, the kid saved his life," said Wharton. "Even old Popper was bound to play up after that."

"Oh lor'!" groaned Bunter.

The rich, ripe apple seemed to have lost its flavour. Bunter had left off eating. It was a remarkable circumstance for Billy Bunter to leave off eating while anything was left to eat. It concentrated the attention of Harry Wharton & Co. upon the Owl of the Remove.

"What's the trouble?" asked Bob.

"Oh dear!"

"Got a little pain?" asked Bob sympathetically. "I think that's about the eleventh apple you've bolted—"

"Only the seventh," said Bunter. "Tain't that!"

"Bunter can stand seven apples," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "A mere bagatelle to Bunter!"

"Oh jeminy!"

"Give it a name, kid," said Bob Cherry encouragingly. "Like me to pat you on the back?"

"Ow! No!"

"Sure a thump wouldn't do you good?"

"No, you ass!" howled Bunter. "I say, are you sure that is old Popper down below?"

"Of course! I'd know his jolly old figurehead anywhere."

"Wha-a-at do you think he's come for?"

"Complain about somebody," said Bob cheerily. "What does he ever come for? Somebody's been fishing in his preserves on the river, or picnicking on his old island, or coming between the wind and his nobility in one way or another."

"Oh dear!"

"My hat! Are you the guilty party?" demanded Bob.

Bunter gave a groan.

"How did the beast know?" he asked.

"Know what? What have you been up to, you fat bounder?"

"Nothing! I—I suppose the Head will take my word, won't he?" asked Bunter anxiously. "The actual fact is that I haven't been out of gates to-day, and—"

"Why, you fat Ananias, we met you coming in, when you brought in those ripping apples!" said Bob.

"What I mean is, I haven't been anywhere near old Popper's land," said Bunter. "As for getting into his orchard, I never thought of such a thing!"

"Oh holy smoke!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Is that where you got these apples from?"

"Certainly not! I've just said it isn't!"

"I wondered where the fat bounder had bagged them," said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"So you've been robbing old Popper's orchards!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Not at all! I told you I'd had a postal-order to-day, and that I bought those apples in Courtfield," said Bunter indignantly.

"Yes, and from that we ought to have known that you'd pinched them," said Bob, in disgust. "What the thump do you mean by pinching old Popper's apples and bringing your loot to us?"

"If that's what you call gratitude, Bob Cherry, after a fellow's given you a jolly good apple for nothing—"

"Catch!" said Bob.

He whizzed the apple he had been peeling at William George Bunter. Bunter caught it with his fat chin and gave a roar.

"Ow!"

"Catch!" grinned Nugent.

Whiz!

Bunter caught Nugent's apple with his ear, and there was another roar.

"Yaroooh! Beast!"

"Bunter must have been seen in the orchard, for old Popper to come along so promptly," remarked Harry Wharton.

"There was no one about!" gasped Bunter. "Besides, I wasn't there! Old

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Popper is making a mistake. Very likely it was that gipsy who robbed his orchard."

"Why, you fat villain, here are the apples!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Well, I gave you one, and I gave Nugent one," said Bunter desperately. "You're in it, too! I think you ought to own up."

"Own up!" gasped Bob.

"Yes. Go to the Head before old Popper speaks to him, and own up in a straightforward, manly way," said Bunter.

"But we didn't pinch the apples!" shrieked Nugent. "We never knew you had pinched them, you fat villain, till this minute!"

"I didn't pinch them!" gasped Bunter. "Do you think the Head will believe old Popper, if I give him my word that I never did? I—I might mention that I saw that gipsy chap pinching them—what?"

"Why, you—you—" ejaculated Wharton.

"Of course, I might have been seen," groaned Bunter. "I'm rather short-sighted, you know. Somebody may have been watching me, and I never spotted him. I say, you fellows, what ought a fellow to do?"

"Take a licking," said Bob. "You'll have to take it, anyhow, when old Popper has pitched his tale of woe to the Head."

"And serve you jolly well right!" said Wharton. "Why can't you keep your podgy paws from picking and stealing?"

"Well, the apples looked so jolly nice, and there were lots of them," mumbled Bunter; "and somebody had left a ladder there. I only took about twenty. I wouldn't be greedy. Besides, I couldn't carry any more."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Ten to one the Head will take old Popper's word against mine!" groaned Bunter. "I've often found the Head suspicious. I don't think that sort of thing is right in a headmaster. It's low to be suspicious. He's doubted my word more than once!"

Vernon-Smith of the Remove looked into the study.

"Old Popper's just blown in!" he remarked. "I wonder who's booked for the carpet now? It always means a row when he blows in!"

"I—I say, Smithy—"

"Hallo, porpoise!"

"Like some apples?" asked Bunter. "I—I've got a lot. I—I'd like to give them all to you, Smithy!"

"Wha-a-a-t?" ejaculated the Bounder in amazement.

"Stolen goods!" explained Bob Cherry. "Bunter wants to hide the body!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Like the lot, Smithy?" asked Bunter eagerly. "I never bagged them off old Popper's orchard, and I don't believe Popper's come here to complain. I'm not trying to land it on you, old chap!"

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

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh looked in.

"Anybody here been poaching on old Popper's land?" asked Johnny Bull. "If so, if you have tears, prepare to shed them now!"

"The esteemed and ludicrous Popper has gone into the excellent Head's study," said Hurree Singh. "There is troublefulness ahead for somebody."

CONCERNING YOU!

In addition to its usual list of "good things" the "MAGNET" offers hundreds of magnificent prizes in connection with its "Footballers' Names" competition on pages 14 and 15.

NOW'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO WIN SOMETHING REALLY GOOD.

START TO-DAY!

"Ow!" groaned Bunter. "I—I say, Inky, like a lot of apples—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, what's a fellow to do?" exclaimed Bunter, in desperation. "It will be six at least, if old Popper makes the Head think that I bagged his apples! Mean old brute, you know, to grudge a fellow a few apples! And I'm prepared to swear that I never touched them—"

"Better not have your pockets full of them while you're swearing that, Bunter!" chuckled the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh dear!" Billy Bunter hastily turned out his pockets. "I say, Harry, old chap, what would you do in my place?"

"I shouldn't be in your place," answered the captain of the Remove. "I don't bag other people's property!"

"Best! What would you advise a fellow to do?" howled Bunter. "It's no good telling old Popper that I saw that gipsy chap robbing his orchard if somebody saw me doing it, is it?"

"You fat villain!"

"Look here—"

"Better cut off and own up before old Popper pitches his tale," said Johnny Bull.

"If you like to own up, Johnny, old chap—"

"I!" roared Johnny Bull. "How can I own up when I had nothing to do with it, you fat frog?"

"You might stretch a point to oblige a pal!" urged Bunter.

"I'll stretch your ear instead!"

"Yaroooh!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of Study No. 1. There was no help for him, there—nobody, evidently, was inclined to own up to what he hadn't done, even in order to oblige such a pal as Bunter. Billy Bunter rolled away to the Head's study, undecided whether to own up or to give his valuable word that he wasn't guilty. In any case, he felt that it would be wiser to present himself there before he was sent for; but it was with deep misgivings that the Owl of the Remove tapped at the Head's door.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Little Too Previous!

"PRAY be seated, Sir Hilton!" Dr. Locke spoke courteously. No one would have guessed from his manner that Sir Hilton Popper was the very last gentleman he would have wished to see in his study.

The autocrat of Popper Court was not really a pleasant gentleman to deal with. As a governor of Greyfriars he aired opinions on the Board with which the Head was seldom in agreement. As a land-owner in the vicinity of Greyfriars he frequently had complaints to make of unruly fellows belonging to the school, who fished where Sir Hilton forbade fishing, or used old footpaths which Sir Hilton had closed up on his own lofty responsibility.

When Sir Hilton was announced the Head sighed deeply, and it needed all his urbanity to carry him courteously through the interview. He had no doubt whatever that he was to hear another complaint—some Remove fellows had picnicked on the island in the Sark, or a reckless Fourth-Former had walked through Popper Park, or something of the kind. Concealing his feelings, the Head of Greyfriars prepared to listen as patiently as possible to the old, old tale.

But Sir Hilton did not plunge into emphatic explanation with his usual gruff impetuosity. He sat and stared at the Head with his eyeglass jammed in a wrinkled eye, and coughed. Then he coughed again, more loudly than before. It really seemed as if the baronet did not know how to begin.

Tap!

The knock came at the study door before Sir Hilton could get going, as it were.

The door opened.

A fat face and a pair of spectacles glimmered into the Head's study. Dr. Locke bestowed a frown on the Owl of the Remove.

"Bunter! Go away at once!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"You are aware that I am engaged at the present moment!" exclaimed the Head. "You should not interrupt me, Bunter!"

"Oh, no, sir! But—"

"Well, leave my study, you stupid boy!"

"But old Pop—I—I mean, Sir Hilton, sir!" gurgled Bunter. "I—I know what he's come about, sir."

"What!"

"I—I think I ought to assure Sir Hilton, sir, that I had nothing whatever to do with it!" gasped Bunter.

Bunter had arrived at the study door undecided whether to own up or not. One glimpse of the old baronet's hard, grim face decided him—not to own up!

Sir Hilton turned his eyeglass on Bunter. He was not pleased by the interruption, and he did not like Bunter's looks. He gave the fat junior a stare that made him wriggle with apprehension.

"What—what!" snapped Sir Hilton.

"It wasn't me, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"What!"

"I never touched them, sir."

"Is the boy insane?" asked Sir Hilton Popper, addressing space.

Dr. Locke smiled faintly.

"I presume that Bunter is aware of being the cause of the complaint you are about to make, Sir Hilton!" he said. "He has doubtless come here to confess his delinquency, whatever it is."

"Mick the Untamable!"—next Monday's long complete yarn—

"Complaint, sir!"-hooted Sir Hilton. "Upon my soul, I fail to understand why it should be supposed that I have called to make a complaint."

"Oh!" ejaculated the Head. "I-I supposed—"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"I have called, sir," boomed Sir Hilton, "to speak to you, and discuss with you certain plans I have formed with regard to a gipsy boy now at Popper Court!"

"Bless my soul!" said the Head.

Billy Bunter could have kicked himself hard. Even upon his fat and obtuse brain it dawned that Sir Hilton Popper's visit was not, after all, in connection with his fat self, or with the raid on the orchard—of which probably Sir Hilton knew nothing. Bunter backed to the doorway, longing to escape before any questions were asked. But it was easier to enter the lions' den than to back out of it.

Sir Hilton's gleaming eyeglass fixed on Bunter, and he made an arresting gesture with his hand.

"Stop!" he snapped.

"Oh, sir, I—I'm interrupting the Head!" gasped Bunter.

"What have you done?"

"Nothing, sir."

"You have been trespassing on my land, I presume, and you supposed that I had called to lay the matter before your headmaster!" thundered Sir Hilton.

"Not at all, sir! I haven't been near the orchard on the Home Farm, sir. I—I didn't know you had an orchard, sir."

"What?"

"As for taking any apples, sir, I hope you don't think me capable of such a thing!" gasped Bunter. "I—I never eat apples, sir. My—my doctor has ordered me never to touch them!"

"You have been stealing apples in my orchard!"

"Oh, no, sir! I—I've just said I haven't!" groaned Bunter. "It was most likely that gipsy kid."

"What?"

"That gipsy kid, Mick, sir, that Bob Cherry got friendly with. I wouldn't speak to him, of course. My kind

masters wouldn't like me to speak to a low fellow like that."

"Upon my soul!" said Sir Hilton. "Pretty behaviour, I must say! Dr. Locke, this boy—this young scoundrel—confesses that he has been stealing apples from the orchard at Popper Court."

"Not at all, sir—"

"Bunter!" said the Head sternly.

"I assure you, sir, that I haven't!" howled Bunter. "I've never been near the orchard, and I haven't left the apples in the study, sir, and I don't know anything about it, and I asked that beast Cherry to own up, and he wouldn't, and—"

"Silence!"

"I trust, sir," said Sir Hilton, in a rumbling voice—"I trust that this boy will be adequately punished for his rascality!"

"Most certainly!" said the Head. "Bunter, I shall give you a note to take to your Form master, who will cane you."

"Ow!"

Dr. Locke dipped pen in ink and scribbled a brief note. He placed it in an envelope, and handed it to Bunter.

"Take that to Mr. Quelch, Bunter."

"Mum-mum-Mr. Quelch is gone out, sir."

"Then hand it to him immediately he returns!" snapped the Head. "Leave my study, Bunter."

"Oh dear!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of the study in dismay, the note in his fat fingers. It is said that a guilty conscience needs no accuser; and Bunter's guilty conscience had given him away, with a vengeance. Outside the Head's study, with the door closed, Billy Bunter shook a fat fist at the baronet—the solid oak screening that proceeding from Sir Hilton's eyes.

"Well, what's that game, Bunter?"

Wingate of the Sixth, coming along the corridor, stopped to stare at Bunter. The fat junior swung round.

"Oh! Ah! I—I—I—"

"What are you up to?" demanded the captain of Greyfriars.

"N-n-nothing! I—I wasn't shaking my fist. I—I was brushing a fly off—off my nose!" gasped Bunter.

"You were—what?"

"I—I mean—" stuttered Bunter, remembering that the last fly of summer was faded and gone. "I—I mean to say—"

"Any whopper that comes into your silly head—what?" asked the prefect genially.

"Oh dear! I mean—"

"Come along," said Wingate, taking the fat junior by one ear.

"Ow! Wow!"

Bunter was led away by his fat ear to the end of the corridor. There, Wingate gently applied his boot to Bunter's tight trousers, and the Owl of the Remove departed with a howl, in a great hurry. The great man of the Sixth walked away laughing; Billy Bunter rolled away dismally, only consoled by the prospect of retrieving the apples and devouring them. And when he arrived in the Remove passage he found a crowd of merry Removites just finishing the apples!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Chance for Mick!

SIR HILTON POPPER grunted, and jammed his eyeglass a little more securely into his wrinkled old eye, and stared at the Head. The Head, after a surreptitious glance at the clock, devoted his best attention to the baronet.

"It is rather a peculiar matter, sir!" said Sir Hilton, at last. "A—a curious combination of circumstances."

"Indeed!"

"Possibly you are aware that a tribe, or gang, of gipsies have been encamped for some time on Courtfield Common."

"I believe I have observed their camp," said the Head, astonished. He could not see what the gipsy camp on Courtfield Common had to do with him or with Sir Hilton Popper.

"A rascally gang, sir," said Sir Hilton. "Their leader is a brutal ruffian called Bavenbro, who has refused to obey my order to quit the place at once."

"Oh!"



"Mick's left his clobber," said Skinner. "What price chucking it into the water!" "He, he, he!" chuckled Snoop. The two young rascals picked up the bundle of clothes and pitched it into the middle of the stream. (See Chapter 5.)

"However, it is of the boy Mick that I wish to speak."

"The—who?"

"A gipsy boy, called Mick—he seems to have no other name. He belongs, or belonged, to that gang of gipsies."

"Yes," said the astonished Head.

"This gipsy boy seems to have met some boys belonging to this school—Wharton, and Cherry, and some others, and to some extent to have made friends with them," said the baronet.

"Bless my soul!" said the Head. "The matter shall certainly be looked into at once. I am obliged to you for bringing it to my notice, Sir Hilton."

Dr. Locke was so accustomed to "grousing" from Sir Hilton, whenever he came into contact with that gentleman, that he could not quite get it out of his head that the baronet was intending to lay a complaint of some kind.

Sir Hilton, rather taken aback, coughed.

"I—I do not make myself quite clear," he said. "I am not reporting the boys to you, Dr. Locke. I do not disapprove of their having shown kindness to this outcast."

"Oh!"

"The fact is, this gipsy boy saved my life—"

"Bless my soul!"

"I should have been drowned, sir, in the Sark, had not that lad, with really unusual courage, risked his life to help me."

"Dear me!" said the Head, no longer even trying to guess what the baronet was driving at.

"Wharton and his friends helped him," said Sir Hilton. "But for their aid, the boy would have been drowned with me."

"You—you don't say so!"

"I do say so, sir," said Sir Hilton. "Naturally, having saved my life, this boy—this Mick—has a claim on my gratitude."

"Undoubtedly," assented the Head, his eye straying to the clock again. Dr. Locke's time was of value, though Sir Hilton did not seem aware of it. If Mick the gipsy had saved Sir Hilton's life, doubtless he had a claim on the baronet's gratitude. But why Sir Hilton should call at Greyfriars to tell Dr. Locke so was a deep mystery.

"The boy is now at Popper Court," said Sir Hilton.

"Ye-es!"

"I requested him to state what I could do for him. Somewhat to my surprise, he expressed a desire to go to school."

"That was very meritorious," said the Head, slightly interested at last. As a schoolmaster, he approved.

"Quite so. But the boy asked to be sent to Bob Cherry's school."

"Oh!"

"Cherry seems to have made an impression on the boy. Of course, this—this Mick does not know or realise the extravagance of his request. He does not even understand the difference between a public school and any other school. He thinks that Greyfriars is simply a place where boys are sent to be educated."

"That is one, at least, of the objects of Greyfriars!" murmured the Head, with a touch of sarcasm.

"The boy can read and write," said the baronet, "but his ignorance is abysmal. He has never heard of the dead languages, and does not know the difference between Latin and Greek."

"Bless my soul!" said the startled Head.

"He seems to have lived like a savage.

He hardly seems to realise that it is wrong to snare birds and rabbits."

"Is it possible?"

"But he has his good points, sir. I have learned from him that he has been cruelly beaten because he has refused to become a thief, as that ruffian Barengro desired."

"Poor lad!" said the Head.

"He knows, you see, the difference between right and wrong in major matters. I have found him extremely truthful, too."

"That is a good point," said the Head.

"Now, sir," said Sir Hilton, "I desire to hear your opinion. The boy's desire to be educated is meritorious. He has good qualities, and he seems to have made friends with some boys here, who, though somewhat unruly young rascals, are the kind of boys whose friendship will benefit a lad in his position. I have decided to send him to Greyfriars."

"Sir Hilton!"

"I am quite aware of the objections to such a course, sir. It is fairly well known that I am not prone to pamper the lower classes, or to approve of any low person who attempts to rise out of his proper station," said Sir Hilton, with a snort. "I entirely disapprove of practically

RESULT OF OUR GRAND CRICKET COMPETITION!

£300 in Cash Prizes!

IS YOUR NAME HERE?

In this competition twenty-one competitors correctly forecasted the order in which the seventeen County Cricket Clubs finished up at the end of the season. The First Prize of £100 has therefore been divided among:

Rosa Acworth, 8, Clieff Road, Wandsworth; G. Bees, 80, Old Street, Clevedon, Somerset; Leslie S. Brown, 16, Fulham Street, Beeston, Leeds; Arthur J. Collison, 70, St. Olave's Road, East Ham, E. 6; B. Cook, 17, Greenhill Avenue, Allerton, Liverpool; L. F. Dalby, 7, Spring Road, Ipswich; H. Edwards, Westminster Bank, Fishponds, Bristol; W. Fincher, 16, Bishop Street, Wolverhampton; William Hibbert, 9, Hardwick Street, Hunslet Carr, Leeds; Arthur F. Jones, 60, Beversbrook Road, Tufnell Park, N. 19; Jack Kirk, 2, Westwood Terrace, Far Headingley, Leeds; Wm. Milnes, 30, Dolly Lane, Newtown, Leeds; L. Oakley, 215, Warwick Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham; S. S. Perkes, 37, Back Street, Dudley; F. G. Pickwick, 9, Cicely Road, Peckham, S.E. 15; Arthur E. Tomlinson, The Common, West Hallam, near Derby; Charles Walter, 10, Curzon Road, Maidstone, Kent; Robert Ward, Old Post Office, Pontrhydyrun, near Newport, Mon.; Miss D. Welch, 103, Chesterfield Road, Bristol; A. N. Wells, 95, College Avenue, Gillingham, Kent; F. Whittington, The Cambria, Cambria Road, Loughboro' Junction, S.E. 5.

So many competitors qualified for the third and fourth grades of prizes that division amongst them of the amounts offered was impracticable. The Second Prize of £50, the Third Prize of £30, and the one hundred and twenty prizes of £1 each have therefore been added together and divided among one hundred and sixty-seven competitors whose lists contained each two errors. The names and addresses of these prizewinners can be seen at the MAGNET Offices.

Correct Order of Finishing:

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Yorkshire. | 10. Derbyshire. |
| 2. Nottinghamshire. | 11. Gloucestershire. |
| 3. Lancashire. | 12. Warwickshire. |
| 4. Surrey. | 13. Essex. |
| 5. Kent. | 14. Leicestershire. |
| 6. Sussex. | 15. Worcestershire. |
| 7. Hampshire. | 16. Glamorgan. |
| 8. Middlesex. | 17. Northamptonshire. |
| 9. Somerset. | |

everything that has happened in this country during the last fifty years."

"Oh!" said the Head.

"Yes, sir," said the baronet. "Nevertheless, I have decided to do what can be done for this boy, and I desire to hear your views."

"Really, Sir Hilton," said the Head somewhat tartly. "You tell me that this boy is a savage, that he has been brought up among thieves and vagabonds, and you ask me to admit him to this school to associate with the boys here. It is the very last request I should have expected to hear from you."

"No doubt," assented the baronet.

"I fear that it is impossible."

Sir Hilton's square jaw grew squarer. He was an extremely obstinate old gentleman. In befriending the gipsy boy he had departed from all his usual manners and customs. Probably he would have had the most emphatic condemnation for anyone else who had proposed to send a gipsy vagrant to the school of which he was a governor. But the gipsy's pluck and devotion had touched a chord somewhere in Sir Hilton's heart, and he had taken a liking to the boy. Having thrown his own principles overboard, as it were, the autocratic old gentleman expected the Head of Greyfriars to follow his example. Opposition only made him more determined.

"I cannot see how it can be done," said the Head. "The parents of the other boys would have a natural right to object."

Grunt! from Sir Hilton.

"The boy is no fit associate—"

"He can be made so, sir," said Sir Hilton.

"He is not, obviously, capable of passing the simplest entrance examination."

"That is true."

"How old is he?"

"Between fourteen and fifteen."

"And he lacks the necessary knowledge to be placed in the Second Form with boys of twelve," said the Head.

"No doubt."

"You will see, Sir Hilton—"

"I see that the matter is difficult, sir," said the baronet. "Doubtless he can acquire knowledge. That is not the most important point. I have long ago forgotten all the Latin and Greek I learned at Greyfriars—and I have never yet met a public school man who could construe Livy a few years after he had left school, unless he had become a schoolmaster or a parson. I want this boy to have a chance in life, and I care little whether he acquires useless knowledge."

Dr. Locke knitted his brows. Sir Hilton's ruthless condemnation of the Greyfriars curriculum did not gratify him.

"But I do not ask you to admit the boy as an ordinary scholar," went on the baronet. "The lowest Form at Greyfriars would be far beyond him. It is necessary for him to mix with boys of his own age, of course. I suggest that he should be placed in the Remove—"

"But—"

"Without sharing in the Form work," explained Sir Hilton. "The Remove master may set him such tasks as he thinks fit. He should not, of course, be left idle. He will, apart from mere knowledge, learn all that is essential—to play cricket, to play the game, to clean his teeth, and to wash himself all over in the morning—"

"Bless my soul!"

"Naturally, considering his early training, it will be necessary to keep him under observation," said Sir Hilton.

The advent of Mick, the gipsy, in the ranks of the Remove—

"But I believe the boy is quite honest and straight."

"I trust so. But—"

"After a few weeks, if you consider the experiment a failure you can send him away."

"That is true," said the Head thoughtfully.

"At all events, let me send the boy here, and judge for yourself," said the baronet.

"I shall have to leave the decision to Mr. Quelch, as master of the Remove," said Dr. Locke at last. "Certainly I am desirous of doing anything that can be done for such a boy, if he is worthy as you believe. I will consult Mr. Quelch on the matter, and you may send the boy to him for inspection."

Sir Hilton rose.

"Thank you, sir. I trust Mr. Quelch will be able to meet my views."

"I trust so," said the Head rather dryly.

And Sir Hilton Popper took his leave.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

By Order!

PETER TODD looked into Study No. 1 in the Remove, and found the Famous Five there.

There was a grin on Peter's expressive face.

"Pull up your socks, you fellows!" he said. "You're wanted!"

"How's that?"

"Not jolly old Loder?" asked Bob Cherry. "He can't possibly have found the treacle in his slippers yet."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No; jolly old Popper!" said Peter.

"Oh, Popper doesn't want us," said Bob cheerily. "He didn't even want Bunter, if Bunty had only known it, as it turns out. Besides, Popper's gone. I saw him from the window."

"And now you're to go," grinned Peter.

"What the dickens—" began Wharton.

"The Popper-bird spoke to me as he went out," explained Toddy. "Told me to tell you you were wanted. You're to go over to Popper Court at once."

"What!" roared the Famous Five together.

"We jolly well won't!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly. "Does old Popper think he can come here and give orders to the Remove?"

"The thinkfulness is asinine," remarked Hurree Janset Singh. "There will be no gofulness."

"No jolly fear!" said Johnny Bull emphatically.

Five indignant juniors glared at the grinning Toddy. Well the heroes of the Remove knew Sir Hilton Popper's autocratic manners and customs. But this was the limit. Even a governor of the school couldn't be allowed to butt in like this.

"And what the thump can he want us for?" said Harry Wharton.

"Can't be your charm," said Peter.

"If that was it, he would have asked me."

"Fathead!"

"Oh, give it a name!" said Nugent.

"I suppose the old scout gave a reason for wanting us to buzz over."

"Asking us to tea, perhaps," suggested Bob, as an afterthought.

"He didn't mention tea," said Toddy.

"He mentioned that gipsy kid, Nick, or Dick, or Mick—"

"Mick!" said Bob Cherry. "I believe



A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY!

Bob Cherry, in Mick's rags and tatters, suddenly felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Caught!" grinned Barendro. Bob was quick to act. Instead of tackling his formidable assailant he slipped out of the coat and ran. (See Chapter 7.)

the kid is staying at Popper Court now. What about Mick?"

"You're to fetch him here."

"Fetch him here!" exclaimed Bob.

"So the Popper-bird said. He's to be taken to Mr. Quelch, and you're to take him."

"What on earth for?"

"Popper didn't mention that. Simply told me to tell you," grinned Peter. "He thought he could fag a Remove chap. I nearly told him to go and chop chips. But I thought I'd give the old boy his head. Governors have to be humoured."

"Well, he might have asked us civilly," said Wharton.

"Does he ever do anything civilly?" asked Nugent, laughing. "He thinks that the statement of his giddy wishes is enough for anybody."

"That's a little mistake of his."

"The mistakefulness is—"

"Terrific!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Not to say horrific. All the same, as it's Mick. I think we might go. Not because that egregious old duffer has told us to, but because Mick isn't a bad chap, and we may be some use to the kid. If he's coming here to see Quelch we can make it a bit easier for him, perhaps."

"That's so," said Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "Some of the fellows might rag him. Skinner and that set, for instance. Or some of the Fourth—Angel or Kenney. We'll look after him."

"Hear, hear!"

"But what the thump is he going to see Quelch for?" said Johnny Bull.

"Can't be going to give Quelch any tips about poaching chickens."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're going?" asked Peter.

"We are."

"What about the giddy dignity of the

Remove?" inquired Peter. "I expected you to get your ears up."

"Well, we've met this gipsy kid—Mick—and we rather like him," said Bob. "We're going on Mick's account, not on Popper's. Buck up with your tea, you chaps!"

The Famous Five finished their tea and left the School House. They were rather puzzled by that summons to Popper Court, and still more puzzled by the coming interview between the gipsy boy and their Form master, Mr. Quelch. But they were quite pleased to see the gipsy again. The outcast had excited their interest and sympathy.

They wheeled out their bicycles, and pedalled over to Popper Court. They reached that stately mansion, and the machines were left with the lodgekeeper, and the five juniors walked up to the house.

Packer, the butler, let them in.

Evidently he was expecting them. He showed them at once into the library, where they found Sir Hilton Popper.

Sir Hilton did not shake hands with his visitors. He gave them rather a gracious nod, however.

"Ah, yes! Wharton, Cherry. Quite so. I told a boy to send you here," he said.

"Please, we've come!" said Bob Cherry meekly.

Sir Hilton gave him a sharp glance.

"The comeliness is terrific, honoured sahib!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"We are at your esteemed orders. The hearfulness is the obeyfulness."

"Oh gad!" said Sir Hilton. "What—what?"

"Our honourable ears are open to listen to the august commands," said the nabob.

"Oh, quite so! You may remain,

—has created something of a sensation! Result—see next week!

Packer. Now, my boys, I desire you to take the boy—Mick, as he is called—to Greyfriars. You will take him in to Mr. Quelch. Mr. Quelch is to examine him, with a view to his being admitted at Greyfriars' School."

"Oh!" ejaculated the five.

That statement took them utterly by surprise.

"Probably you are surprised," said Sir Hilton. "I have, however, decided upon this. I understand that you boys have met this—this Mick, and made friends with him."

"In a way, sir," assented Wharton. "We rather like the chap."

"Very good. I trust you will stand his friends if he should be admitted as a Greyfriars boy."

"Oh, yes, certainly!"

"If you can give him any advice or assistance with regard to his interview with your Form master I am sure you will do so. In fact, it is my wish that you should do so."

"Oh!"

"Packer!"

"Yes, Sir Hilton."

"Send the boy Mick here at once."

"Yes, Sir Hilton."

The butler retired. Sir Hilton sat stiff and pompous, in lofty and freezing silence. He had forgotten, apparently, to ask the juniors to sit down, and they stood at attention, as it were, while they awaited the arrival of Mick.

But Mick did not appear. Packer came back alone.

"Where is the boy?" demanded Sir Hilton, fixing a portentous frown upon the butler.

"He has left the house, Sir Hilton."

"Upon my soul! Where is he?"

"I think he must be in the grounds somewhere, Sir Hilton. He seems to dislike remaining indoors."

"Pah! The boy is wanted at once!" snapped Sir Hilton. "If he is wandering about the grounds—Really—"

"We could look for him, sir," suggested Wharton, anxious to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"Yes, yes; quite so. Go and look for him at once!" said the baronet. "Take him away with you to Greyfriars. Mr. Quelch will be expecting him. You need not return here unless you fail to find him."

In that graceful way, and with a wave of the hand, Sir Hilton dismissed his visitors. The juniors exchanged glances as the butler showed them out. After that cavalier dismissal they had no intention of returning, whether they found Mick or not: Sir Hilton was labouring under a delusion in supposing that he could give autocratic orders to the independent young gentlemen of the Greyfriars Remove.

Packer's face wore its professional stolidity as he showed the juniors out. But in the great doorway he unbent.

"Excuse me, young gentlemen," he said. "I think you may find the gipsy by the stream in the park. He's fond of that spot."

"Thank you!" said Wharton.

"And"—the butler lowered his voice—"I wouldn't mention it before Sir Hilton, but when he goes into the park he generally changes into his old clothes. Sir Hilton ordered new clothes for him, but the boy does not seem to like them. So you will most likely find him looking like a ragged robin."

"Oh, my hat!" said Harry, in dismay. "But we've got to take him to Greyfriars."

"He will have his other clothes with

WAITING TO BE WON!

100 MAGNIFICENT "JAMES" COMET CYCLES

(ready for the road).



CAN YOU SOLVE THE PICTURES ON PAGES 14 and 15?

him. He puts them on again to come back to the house."

"Oh, I see! Thanks!"

And Harry Wharton & Co. quitted Popper Court, and walked into the spacious park to look for Mick the gipsy.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bob's Way!

SKINNER of the Remove chuckled softly.

"That's the gipsy scarecrow, Snoopey," he said.

Skinner and Snoop of the Remove were improving the shining hour by trespassing in Popper Park. They were taking a short cut across the park from the river, keeping a wary eye open for Sir Hilton's keepers, as they followed the bank of the stream which ran through the park, and emptied farther on into the river. On the bank of the stream they sighted Mick the gipsy.

Under a bush lay the suit of clothes with which the baronet had provided his protegee. Mick was dressed in the torn and tattered rags he had worn as a member of Barengro's wandering gang of vagrants. It was with the keenest relief that the gipsy discarded his new clothes and his stiff collar and tie to get back to his tatters. It could not be said that Mick had enjoyed the few days he had spent at Popper Court.

He was safe there from his old tyrant Barengro. He had ample to eat and drink, and he was free from the old uncertainty as to where his next meal was coming from. But the loss of his freedom irked him sorely.

He had been too long accustomed to the roving, irresponsible life of a vagrant to take kindly to the ways of the house-dwellers.

Sir Hilton, who never understood boys, and least of all a boy like poor Mick, would have been very angry if he had known of the little waif's ways. But he did not know. Many of the servants at the Court had observed Mick in his hours of freedom, but they did not mention the circumstances to Sir Hilton.

Mick had a good deal of respect for his protector, mingled with awe and dread. But that alone would not have held him to Popper Court. Peace and plenty reigned there, but he was already longing for the old roving life. It was the dazzling possibility of going to Bob Cherry's school that held him.

The gipsy was feeling quite comfortable at the present moment. Clad in his tatters, he was fishing in the stream with a string tied to a whittled branch. He

had dismissed the thought of the great house and the silent-footed servants and the pompous old baronet from his mind, and for the hour he was Mick, the vagrant, again.

"Filthy lookin' cad!" commented Snoop. "So that's the blighter that Study No. 1 has been taking up!"

"That's the blighter," said Skinner.

"He's trespassing here."

"Oh, no! It seems that he makes out that he did something for that old fool Popper, and the old donkey has given him a home," sneered Skinner. "He's staying at the Court."

"Great pip! In those trousers?"

"Can't you see he's taken his decent clothes off? A low rotter like that is only happy in rags."

Snoop grinned.

"What would old Popper think if he could see him now I wonder?"

"Might kick him out," said Skinner. "Good thing, too. I don't believe in taking up these vagrants and pampering them. He ought to be in the work-house, not a country mansion."

"Hear, hear!" said Snoop.

They were speaking in low voices, but the gipsy's hearing was keen. He glanced round, and at sight of the two well-dressed schoolboys rose to his feet. His face brightened for a moment, perhaps with the thought that he was seeing Bob Cherry again. But at a glance at the faces of Skinner and Snoop his look became indifferent again, and he turned away his head.

"Hallo, ragged Dick!" called out Skinner.

"What price those tatters?" chortled Snoop.

The gipsy flushed and walked away up the stream. He did not answer the taunts of the two cads of the Remove. Skinner and Snoop watched him disappear into the trees.

There was scorn in the way the gipsy had turned his back, and Skinner bit his lip.

"Cheeky cad!" he said. "Let's go after him and kick him!"

"He looks rather hefty," hesitated Snoop, "and we don't want to make a shindy here. We're trespassing, you know."

"He's left his clobber," whispered Skinner. "What price chucking it into the water. He'll have to go back to the house in those rags."

"He, he, he!"

The two young rascals scudded along the bank to the spot where Mick had left his forgotten clothes. Skinner seized them in a bundle and pitched them into the middle of the stream.

"Boots and all," said Skinner, chuckling; and the boots followed the clothes.

Then Skinner and Snoop walked on their way, feeling eminently satisfied with themselves. Five minutes later a familiar voice hailed them.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"My hat! Those rotters," said Skinner, halting as Harry Wharton & Co. came speeding up.

"You kids trespassing?" asked Harry.

"What are you doing?" sneered Skinner.

"We're looking for Mick, the gipsy. Seen anything of him?" asked Harry Wharton.

Skinner grinned.

"He's in the wood yonder. He looks rather a dandy! Come on, Snoop, let's get out of this!"

Skinner and Snoop went on their way rather hurriedly, and escaped from the park. They did not want to be called to account for the loss of Mick's new clothes.

Referring to sensations—"The Holiday Annual" is the talk of the world!

Bob Cherry stared after them suspiciously.

"Those two outsiders have been up to something," he growled. "If they've been playing tricks on Mick I'll jolly well kick them when we get back to Greyfriars."

"Let's look in the wood," said Nugent. "Skinner said the kid's there."

The juniors entered the trees. Bob Cherry shouted:

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Mick, Mick!"

There came an answering call. The thickets rustled, and Mick, the gipsy, tattered and torn, stood before the Greyfriars juniors.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here you are!" exclaimed Bob cheerily. "We've been hunting for you, Mick."

The gipsy smiled. "I'm glad to see you," he said. "You— you wanted to see me?"

"We're to take you to Greyfriars to see our Form master."

Mick started.

"There's an idea of making you into a Greyfriars chap, it seems," said Harry Wharton, looking curiously at the gipsy.

"Yes," said Mick.

"Like the idea?" asked Bob.

"Yes."

"It will be a bit of a change for you," said Johnny Bull.

Mick's dusky face flushed.

"I—I want to come, if I may," he stammered, "but if you do not want me—"

"Why shouldn't we want you?" said Bob cheerily. "I'm jolly glad you've got a chance."

"The gladfulness is terrific, my esteemed Mick."

"But you'll have to change your clobber to visit Mr. Quelch," said Harry Wharton, with a smile. "Where are your other clothes?"

"I left them by the stream."

"Buck up then."

Mick led the way back to the spot where his clothes had been left. A handkerchief, overlooked by Skinner, lay in the grass. Of the rest of the gipsy's clothes there was no sign.

The gipsy set his lips.

"Someone has taken them or hidden them," he said. "Those two fellows—they've taken them."

"Skinner and Snoop," growled Bob. "I knew they were up to something. Perhaps they've only hidden them. Let's look."

The juniors searched in the thickets by the stream. But they did not find the missing clothes. And the sight of a boot stranded in the rushes further down the stream was a pretty clear indication of the way the clothes had gone.

Bob Cherry gritted his teeth.

"The cads!" he said. "They've chucked the clobber into the water. The clothes are in the Sark by this time. What on earth's going to be done? Have you any more up at the house, Mick?"

Mick shook his head.

"I—I couldn't go up to the house like this, anyhow," he said uneasily. "Sir Hilton would be angry."

"I fancy he would," said Nugent.

"You are a young ass, and no mistake!"

Mick was silent.

"What the thump's going to be done?" asked Bob Cherry, in dismay. "Mr. Quelch is expecting Mick; he can't be kept waiting."

"We shall have to take him as he is," said Harry Wharton at last. "It can't be helped."

"I'm ready," said Mick quietly.

It was a dismaying state of affairs. But there was evidently nothing else to be done. Yet the idea of taking Mick, in

rags and tatters, across the quad at Greyfriars, was unnerving. Every eye in the school would be fixed on him, and what was likely to be the impression on Mr. Quelch? True, the gipsy could explain, but first impressions counted for a great deal. And the explanation that he had chosen to discard decent clothes and change into his rags and tatters, was not likely to make a favourable impression upon a Form master. And Mick's future fate was in Mr. Quelch's hands.

"We—we can't do it," muttered Bob.

"Only there's nothing else to be done," said Wharton. "If Mr. Quelch is kept waiting, and doesn't see Mick at all—"

Bob Cherry uttered a sudden exclamation.

"I've got it!"

"What?"

"The wheeze, old infant—the giddy wheeze!" exclaimed Bob triumphantly.

"I'm rather bigger than Mick—but a close fit doesn't matter. Get into the trees, kid, and strip off those rags. You're going to Greyfriars in my clothes!"

Mick's eyes opened wide.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Wharton.

"You couldn't wear these rags, sir!"

exclaimed Mick, crimsoning.

"Rot! Shake them off!"

"But—but—"

"I shall have to wear something, fat-head," said Bob. "We're not living in the jolly old South Sea Islands. Buck up and change!"

"But—" stammered Mick.

"Buck up, you ass, or I'll punch your head!"

Bob Cherry dragged the gipsy into the thicket. Five minutes later Mick, the gipsy, emerged, looking extremely natty and well-dressed in an Eton suit and collar. Bob Cherry, in rags and tatters, grinned out of the foliage at his chums.

"Hike off, you fellows! I'm not going to disgrace you with my clothes. I'll wait for dusk and follow on."

"Oh, Bob, you ass—"

"Hike off, I tell you!"

"Well, I suppose it's the only way," said Wharton. "Come on, Mick!"

Four of the Co. returned to the Lodge for their bicycles. Mick, in Bob Cherry's clothes, mounted Bob Cherry's machine. He pedalled away with the chums of the Remove to Greyfriars. And in the thicket in Popper Park Bob Cherry, in rags and tatters, lurked, waiting for the shades of evening to fall and cover his retreat.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Gipsy at Greyfriars!

"NEW kid?"

Coker of the Fifth asked that question as Harry Wharton & Co. came into the School House at Greyfriars with Mick, the gipsy.

The juniors smiled.

In Bob Cherry's clothes, though they were rather baggy for him, Mick looked remarkably unlike the outcast of Barengro's gipsy-camp. He looked, indeed, like any other Greyfriars junior, excepting for the dark sunburn in his handsome face. Coker of the Fifth, eyeing him, had no suspicion that he was anything but what he looked.

"Something of the sort, Coker," answered the captain of the Remove.

Coker frowned.

"There's too many of you cheeky fags around now!" he said. "This kid looks cheeky. What's your name, young 'un?"

"Mick."

"Mick what?"

"Mick nothing."

"Mick Nothing?" said Coker, perplexed. "Well, that's a dashed queer name! Never heard of a kid named Nothing before. Are you trying to pull my leg? I don't allow fags to pull my leg!"

"Dear old man, you were born to have your leg pulled!" said Johnny Bull. "Run away and play, Coker!"

The Co. led Mick onward. They led him away to get a wash before he was



Yelling and struggling furiously, Barengro was bumped on the fags by the Famous Five. "Hullo! What the thump is going on here?" demanded Wingate, suddenly arriving on the scene with Gwynne of the Sixth. (See Chapter 8.)

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presented to Mr. Quelch, and they gave him a brush-down and lent him a comb for his rather untidy hair. Then, Mick, being as presentable as he could possibly be made, they led him to Mr. Quelch's study. On the way thither they encountered Skinner of the Remove. Harold Skinner stared blankly at Mick.

"The gipsy!" he ejaculated.

"Buzz off, Skinner!"

"What have you brought that vagrant to Greyfriars for?" demanded Skinner. "Where did you steal those clothes? Yaroooooh!"

Skinner sat down suddenly, with the assistance of a hefty shove from Johnny Bull. Harry Wharton & Co. walked on with Mick, and left him yelling.

Wharton tapped at Mr. Quelch's door.

"Come in!"

The juniors marched Mick into the study.

Mr. Quelch rose from his table and fixed his eyes on Mick. A talk with the Head had prepared him for his visitor. That talk had not very favourably impressed the Remove master. And certainly if Mick, the gipsy, had turned up for the interview in his vagrant rags, it is probable that Mr. Quelch would have declined, in any circumstances, to take so extremely queer a character into his Form. The Head had left it to Mr. Quelch to decide, and the decision could scarcely have been in the gipsy's favour.

But Mr. Quelch's brows rose in surprise as he looked at the boy. He saw before him a clean, tidy, well-dressed lad who looked little different from any of the Removites.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Quelch. "Is this—is this the gipsy boy?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton. "It's Mick, sir."

"I—I was expecting someone a— a little different," said the Remove master.

"I—I— You boys may go."

The chums of the Remove left the study. They could see that Mr. Quelch had been favourably impressed by Mick, and they were relieved.

The Co. would have given a good deal to witness the interview between the gipsy and the Form master; they could not help wondering how it would turn out. Mr. Quelch had had to examine many new boys in his time, but most assuredly he had never had to deal

with a boy like Mick before. Even Billy Bunter was a monument of knowledge compared with Mick, so far as school subjects went.

Mick not only did not know a word of Latin, but was scarcely aware that such a language had ever existed; his knowledge even of English was limited, and his arithmetic was certain to prove of an extremely elementary nature. He was no fool, as the chums of the Remove had already observed; but no opportunity had come his way; he was as Barendro's training, or, rather, want of training, had made him.

Obviously he was unsuitable to take his place in any Form at Greyfriars—even the lowest—on the same footing with the other boys.

What Mr. Quelch would think of him, what he would decide to do with him, were interesting problems to the Co. And other fellows were interested, too, though not in so kindly a way.

Skinner looked for the chums of the Remove as they came away from Mr. Quelch's quarters. Skinner was angry and suspicious.

"Hallo! Want to sit down again?" asked Johnny Bull.

Skinner backed off warily.

"I want to know what you've brought that gipsy to the school for!" he snapped.

"Find out!" grunted Johnny Bull. Johnny had no politeness to waste on the cad of the Remove.

"Whose clothes was he in?" demanded Skinner. "They were Greyfriars clobber."

"No bizney of yours."

"Cherry's not with you," said Skinner. "My hat! Has he been ass enough to lend that outsider his clothes to come here in?"

"You wouldn't be ass enough to help a lame dog over a stile, would you, Skinner?" asked Nugent, with sarcasm.

"Somebody chucked the gipsy's clothes into the water," said Wharton, with a grim look at Skinner.

"Dear me! Did they?"

"I believe it was you did it. You were there."

"Dear man, you're welcome to believe anything you like!" said Skinner agreeably. "It's a free country. But what's the idea of bringing that frowsy outsider here in Bob Cherry's clothes? What does Quelch want to see him for?"

"Better ask Quelch."

Skinner set his thin lips.

"It looks to me as if there's some scheme for planting him at Greyfriars," he said.

"Go hon!"

"So that's it!" sneered Skinner. "My hat! If they have the neck to put that ruffian in the Tower School here we'll make him jolly glad to clear off again! What's Greyfriars coming to, I wonder? You fellows don't seem to care much about the school being disgraced!"

"Oh, we do!" said Harry. "We think you ought to be kicked out, Skinner. You're a disgrace to the school, you know."

Skinner sniffed and stalked away. He was in a state of great disgust and indignation. It was clear that if Mick, the gipsy, found a footing at Greyfriars, he would find an enemy in Harold Skinner. And Skinner was not the only one who was indignant. Harry Wharton & Co. went up to the study, and a few minutes later Billy Bunter blinked in. Bunter was not in a good temper. He had delivered the Head's note to Mr. Quelch shortly before the arrival of Mick; and the purloining of Sir Hilton's apples had been paid for—and Bunter's fat palms were still tingling.

"I say, you fellows," Bunter's voice thrilled with indignation. "I hear from Skinner—"

"Buzz off!"

"I hear from Skinner——" roared Bunter.

"Well, we don't want to hear from Skinner, too. Go and tell some other study!" suggested Nugent.

"I hear from Skinner that that low gipsy rotter is going to be shoved into this school."

"Take a run, Bunter!"

"The first time I saw that low beast he cheeked me—kicked me, in fact," said Bunter.

"I dare say he'll kick you again."

"You silly ass! I can tell you, if that brute is stuck into this school, I sha'n't stand it."

"What will you do?" asked Nugent.

"Sack the Head?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or give Mr. Quelch the push?"

"I shall write to my father to take me away!" announced Bunter.

"You mean that?"

"Certainly. Mind, if that gipsy cad comes to Greyfriars I shall leave! I mean it!"

"Then let's all hope that he will come!" said Wharton. "Why, it will be a boon and a blessing to all the Remove! Stick to that, Bunter!"

"Stick to it, old fat bean!" grinned Nugent.

"Let the stickfulness be terrific, my esteemed podgy Bunter!" chuckled the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" roared Bunter.

And with that elegant and intellectual rejoinder, the Owl of the Remove rolled away, to air his indignation up and down the Remove passage.

"There'll be some trouble for the gipsy here if he comes, I'm afraid," Harry Wharton remarked thoughtfully.

"We'll stand by him, if he's decent," said Johnny Bull.

"I think he's decent."

"Then we'll stand by him. Skinner and his set can go and eat coke!"

"He's not likely to be put in the Remove," said Nugent. "He couldn't touch the Form work, it stands to reason."

"Well, I don't suppose he could touch

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"Mick remains here," said the Head. "I shall not hand him over to you er—Barengro!" "I'll have the law on you," grated the gipsy, savagely. "The law is at your disposal," replied Dr. Loeke, coldly. "Invoke it—I shall not fear to abide by the consequences. You may go!" "Burn you!" cried Barengro, fiercely. "I'll not go without that boy!"
(See Chapter 9.)

the Form work in the Second, if you come to that," said Harry. "It's a queer business. But I wish the kid luck."

"Same here."

"The samefulness is terrific."

Aubrey Angel of the Fourth Form looked into the study. There was a sneer on the face of the elegant dandy of the Fourth.

"What's this talk I hear about a gipsy comin' to the school?" he asked. "I hear that you fellows have been makin' friends with some gipsy cad, and—"

"Then your hearing is at fault," said Wharton politely. "We never make friends with cads. You, for instance, we always keep at arm's length."

Angel scowled.

"I don't see how you could get the Head to let such a brute into the school," he said. "But Skinner says—"

"Bother Skinner! And bother you!" said Nugent.

"Well, if he comes we'll send him to Coventry," said Angel. "No decent fellow will speak to him."

"You won't, anyway," said Wharton coolly. "We shall feel bound to see that the new kid doesn't make undesirable and disreputable acquaintances."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Aubrey Angel departed and slammed the door.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Hot Chase!

BARENGRO, the gipsy, drew a deep breath, and his black eyes glittered. In the autumn dusk the swarthy ruffian lurked by the river, where it was bordered by the wall of Popper Park. For several days, and nights, the ruffian had lurked about Sir Hilton Popper's residence, in the hope of catching sight of Mick. It had not taken the gipsy long to learn Mick's whereabouts; but getting at the runaway was a different matter.

Mick did not leave the grounds of Popper Court until the time came for

Harry Wharton & Co. to fetch him to the school; and Barengro dared not venture within the park walls to seek for him. But now it seemed at last luck was in the ruffian's way. Sooner or later, he hoped, the gipsy boy would venture outside the walls; and it seemed now that his hope was to be realized.

There was a sound within the park wall of someone climbing a tree. Then in the deep dusk a climbing figure came into dim view.

Barengro crouched among the rushes by the river-bank, and watched, with a triumphant glitter in his black eyes.

He was not close enough at hand to make out the boy's features in the dusk. But he would have known Mick's tattered clothes anywhere—the man's coat cut clumsily into a jacket, the old check trousers cut short into a kind of knickerbockers. It was probable that in the wide county of Kent there was no one else dressed quite like that.

Of what had happened an hour earlier by the stream in the park Barengro, of course, had no knowledge. That Mick was gone, in Bob Cherry's clothes, and was now at Greyfriars, he naturally did not dream. That a public schoolboy had changed into Mick's rags was not likely to occur to him.

Not for an instant did he doubt that the boy clad in those weird garments was Mick.

He lay low and made no sound.

The tattered youth in the tree looked up and down the path by the river cautiously.

Barengro grinned.

He wondered why Mick was leaving his new home in this surreptitious manner. Doubtless he was irked by the restrictions of Popper Court: perhaps even he had committed a theft and was stealing away with his plunder hidden in his rags. Barengro, judging the boy by himself, thought that quite probable. But whatever the reason, here was the boy, about to drop almost into the ruffian's hands.

Bob Cherry looked up and down the path, and then clambered over the wall.

He had willingly changed clothes with Mick, to do the gipsy boy a good turn; but, naturally, he did not want to be seen in that extraordinary attire. So he had waited for dusk, and decided to return to Greyfriars by the towing-path, which was generally deserted at nightfall. He had no suspicion of the gipsy crouching in the rushes and watching him.

"All clear!" murmured Bob.

He dropped from the wall, and started at a trot down the river towards the Greyfriars boathouse.

With a spring like a tiger, Barengro came out of his cover and leaped on the schoolboy.

His grasp was on the shoulder of the old coat.

"Caught!" he grinned.

Bob Cherry gave a startled gasp. It was too dark for him to see Barengro's face clearly, but he knew that it was the gipsy tyrant whose brutality had driven Mick into flight. He had encountered the ruffian before—when the Famous Five had collared Barengro and prevented him from recapturing the runaway. It did not occur to Bob for the moment that Barengro mistook him for Mick. He supposed that the ruffian's object was vengeance.

Bob was quick to act.

Sturdy as he was, he was nothing like a match for the muscular ruffian, and Barengro's cudgel was already rising for a blow.

Instead of tackling his formidable assailant, Bob Cherry slipped out of the coat Barengro had grasped—easily enough, as it was a good many sizes too large for him.

The stick whistled down, but a quick jump saved Bob from the blow, and he broke into a run along the towpath.

Barengro was left with the ancient coat in his hand, for the moment taken quite aback.

Bob Cherry ran hard.

A dangerous ruffian, armed with a cudgel, in a dark and lonely place, was a person to be avoided.

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"Stop!" roared Barengro furiously. "Burn you! Stop!"

He threw aside the old coat and dashed in pursuit of the junior.

Bob heard the heavy footsteps trampling behind him, and put on speed.

He knew what to expect if the ruffian ran him down on the lonely towing-path. But Bob was a good sprinter, and quite able to hold his own in a stern chase.

The tow-path fairly flew under his feet. Behind him came the gipsy, running hard and panting. Not a person was passed on the tow-path, as Bob sprinted for the school. All the way the heavy footsteps rang behind in pursuit.

The Greyfriars boathouse, looming up by the river in the dark, was a glad sight to Bob Cherry's eyes. He dodged round it and ran for the school.

Barengro panted after him. He had gained scarcely a yard in the hot chase, and his fury had intensified at every step. He did not suspect for a moment that it was not Mick whom he was chasing.

Bob Cherry paused near the school and looked back.

He could not see his pursuer, but he heard the heavy footsteps and the laboured, panting breathing.

"By gum, he's a sticker!" murmured Bob breathlessly. "I wonder if he'll have the neck to follow me right on to Greyfriars?"

The junior ran on. "Stop!" panted Barengro. "Mick, you young cub, I'll kill you for this! Stop, I tell you!"

Bob Cherry gave a breathless chuckle. For the first time he realised that Mick's rags and tatters had hidden his identity, and that his pursuer fancied that he was chasing the runaway gipsy boy. But he did not stop.

"The silly ass!" murmured Bob, and he ran on.

In his present attire Bob had no intention of presenting himself at the school gates. His intention was to climb the wall into the Cloisters, and thence gain the back of the School House unseen. He knew that one of his chums would have unfastened the box-room window for him.

The wall was not easy to negotiate—impossible for a stranger. But the Greyfriars junior knew a spot where a cavity gave a foothold, and a projecting stone a hold for the hands. More than once, as a matter of fact, Bob Cherry and his chums had used that way of ingress. To Barengro's astonishment, he suddenly saw the fugitive rise, as if by magic, up a stone wall and clamber over the top.

Barengro halted at the wall, panting. The tattered youth had dropped within, he knew that. It amazed him that Mick should have taken refuge within the walls of the school. But he remembered that the outcast seemed to have made friends, somehow, with some of the Greyfriars boys. Still, it was surprising that the fugitive should have chosen such a refuge.

Barengro stood, panting, for some minutes at a loss.

"Burn him!" he muttered. "He's hiding inside the wall, waiting for a chance to dodge out. Burn him! I'm going after him!"

And the gipsy, with some difficulty, clambered over the wall and dropped inside.

"Mick!" he called. The Cloisters echoed his savage voice. Bob Cherry heard it, and grinned. The

gipsy called again, and then began to search in the shadowy Cloisters, as Bob vanished in the darkness towards the School House.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Looking After Barengro!

"**T**HAT you, Bob?" Harry Wharton asked the question at the dim window of the lower box-room. There was a chuckle from a shadowy figure on the leads outside.

"Little me," answered Bob. "Hop in!"

Bob Cherry clambered into the box-room, and Wharton closed the window.

"I've got some of your clothes here, Bob. You can change in the dark."

"You bet."

"Here they are!"

Bob Cherry gladly enough discarded the tattered raiment and the broken old boots. He changed rapidly.

"How's Mick getting on?" he asked.

"We left him with Quelchy," answered the captain of the Remove. "Now Quelchy's taken him to the Head, and they're confabbing in Dr. Locke's study—or were—when I went down a quarter of an hour ago."

"Then you don't know how it's turned out yet?"

"Not yet. I wish the kid luck."

"What ho!" said Bob. "Where's the collar and tie? Oh, here they are! I say, I've dropped on that giddy brute Barengro. He took me for Mick, in those rags, and chased me home."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"But that isn't all," said Bob. "He still thinks I'm Mick, and he's got over the wall after me. I left him rooting round the Cloisters."

"My hat! Inside Greyfriars?"

"Yes."

"The cheeky rotter!"

"My idea is to give him a lesson," said Bob. "No hurry for me to show up. I suppose I was missed at call-over?"

"That's all right! Wingate took the roll, and I told him you were detained at Popper Court."

"Good! Call the other fellows, and let's go out and talk to Barengro."

"Good egg!" said Wharton, with a laugh.

In three minutes Nugent and Johnny Bull and Hurree Ram Singh were in the box-room. They were quite keen on the interview with Barengro the gipsy.

Bob had finished changing by that time. Mick's rags were put out of sight in an empty box.

One after another the Famous Five dropped from the box-room window upon the leads, and thence to the ground.

Bob Cherry led the way to the Cloisters.

That part of Greyfriars was deserted after dark; indeed, it was out of bounds after lock-up. In the distance, figures could be seen moving by the lighted facade of the School House, but the Cloisters were dark and silent.

A muttering, savage voice greeted the five juniors as they entered the old Cloisters.

"Burn him! Where is he? He can't have gone up to the school—he'd never dare! Burn him!"

"That's jolly old Barengro!" grinned Bob. "This way!"

The Famous Five trod softly in the direction of the muttering voice.

Barengro the gipsy stood staring about him in the gloom, at a loss and in a savage temper. He was loth to go without the runaway. But a search in the dark through the dim old Cloisters was an extensive task.

Suddenly there came a rush of feet, and Barengro swung round, gripping his stick.

"Mick! You— Oh!"

He had no time to use the stick. Five pairs of hands grasped him, and he came down with a crash on the stone flags.

The yell that Barengro gave rang far and wide. It echoed through the old Cloisters with a sound almost like thunder.

"Got him!" gasped Bob.

"Bump him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Barengro struggled furiously. Johnny Bull staggered from a savage blow, but Barengro had no time for another. His swarthy wrists were seized and held in an iron grasp.

"Take it quietly," grinned Bob Cherry. "We've got you, old bird, and now you're going through it!"

"The thoroughness will be terrific, my esteemed and disgusting Barengro."

"Burn you! I—"

"Bump the brute!"

Barengro bumped on the flags, and yelled furiously, and struggled again. There was a sound of footsteps.

"What the thump is going on here?"

It was the voice of Wingate of the Sixth. He came running into the Cloisters with another Sixth-Former, Gwynne. They almost stumbled over the struggling gipsy and the juniors.

"Who—what—"

"It's all right, Wingate!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Only a jolly old trespasser, and we're dealing with him."

Wingate struck a match.

"Who's this man?" he snapped.

"A gipsy; his name's Barengro."

"What is he doing here?"

"Looking for trouble," said Bob.

"And finding it," added Nugent.

"Let him alone." Wingate took a strong grasp on Barengro's shoulder.

"Take his other fin, Gwynne. He looks a regular ruffian. Now, my man, what are you doing here?"

Barengro spat out an oath.

"I'm looking for my boy Mick, what's run away!" he snarled. "These young cubs are hiding him here somewhere."

"Your boy Mick!" said Wingate blankly. "Is that the boy who is with the Head now, Wharton?"

"Ye-e-es."

"He's run away from my camp," snarled Barengro. "He's a young thief!"

"That's a lie!" said Bob Cherry promptly. "He ran away because you beat him for not being a thief, you scoundrel!"

"The Head can settle this," said Wingate. "I'll take you to the headmaster, my man, and you can pitch him your yarn."

"Let go my arms!" snarled the gipsy.

"You're safer held," answered Wingate coolly. "This way."

And Barengro, cursing, was led away towards the School House between the two stalwart Sixth-Formers. Harry Wharton & Co., rather breathless after the struggle, followed more slowly.

"Rotten luck!" murmured Bob. "Why don't prefects understand when they're

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not wanted to chip in? The Sixth are always butting in, in the wrong place."

"It may do the kid some harm, if the Head and Quelch see that beastly ruffian!" said Nugent.

"I—I'm afraid so," muttered Bob. "It's rotten!"

And the Famous Five were feeling a good many misgivings, as they followed on to the School House, where half Greyfriars stared in amazement at Barengro as he was led in between the two Sixth-Formers.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Mick's Luck!

MICK stood before the Head. He stood silent, waiting. He knew that his fate was in the balance. The interview in Mr. Quelch's study had been long. What impression it had made on the Remove master Mick did not know. Now Mr. Quelch had brought him to the Head, and the Head had talked with him. He had asked the waif many questions, each of which Mick had answered quietly and truthfully. The boy's looks had impressed the Head favourably. Dressed like a Greyfriars junior, fortunately, Mick bore hardly any resemblance to his old wild self.

But it was a difficult problem. The gipsy could not take an ordinary place at Greyfriars, that was certain. To take him in on the lines suggested by Sir Hilton Popper would be a strange experiment. It was no wonder that the Head hesitated, and that, while anxious to do something for the benefit of the little waif, he felt that he could not admit him as a Greyfriars boy.

There was a long silence, and it seemed to Mick that he could read, in the Head's kind old face, a reluctant decision against him.

He set his lips a little, and waited. After all, he felt that it had been too good to be true. From his earliest years he had been the sport of a hard fortune. He had never had even a father to care for him. Blows and curses had been his daily lot. His life had been that of a roaming savage. And to change that life for the sheltered life of plenty within the walls of Greyfriars—it was too much for the outcast to expect.

He waited. In the uncomfortable silence, while the Head was preparing to deliver judgment, there came a knock at the door.

Dr. Locke made a slight gesture of irritation. His train of thought was interrupted.

Mr. Quelch stepped to the door. He started at the sight of Wingate and Gwynne, with the ruffianly-looking gipsy between them.

"What—what—?" exclaimed the Remove master.

"This man claims to be here looking for the boy now with the Head, sir," said Wingate. "I thought Dr. Locke had better see him."

"Bless my soul!" said the startled Form master. "Quite so. But—but who is the man?"

"My name's Barengro," said the gipsy sullenly. "I'm arter that boy Mick, the young rascal! He's run away from my camp."

Mr. Quelch stared. "He belongs to my tribe, he does," said Barengro. "An imp of mischief he is—a regular limb of Satan, sir. He dodged into this here school to get away from me, and I want him."

"Come into this room," said the Remove master coldly.

Barengro entered the Head's study in the grasp of Wingate and Gwynne. Mr. Quelch made the two prefects a sign to release the man, but to remain at hand.

Dr. Locke had heard all that was said outside his door. He fixed his eyes upon Barengro.

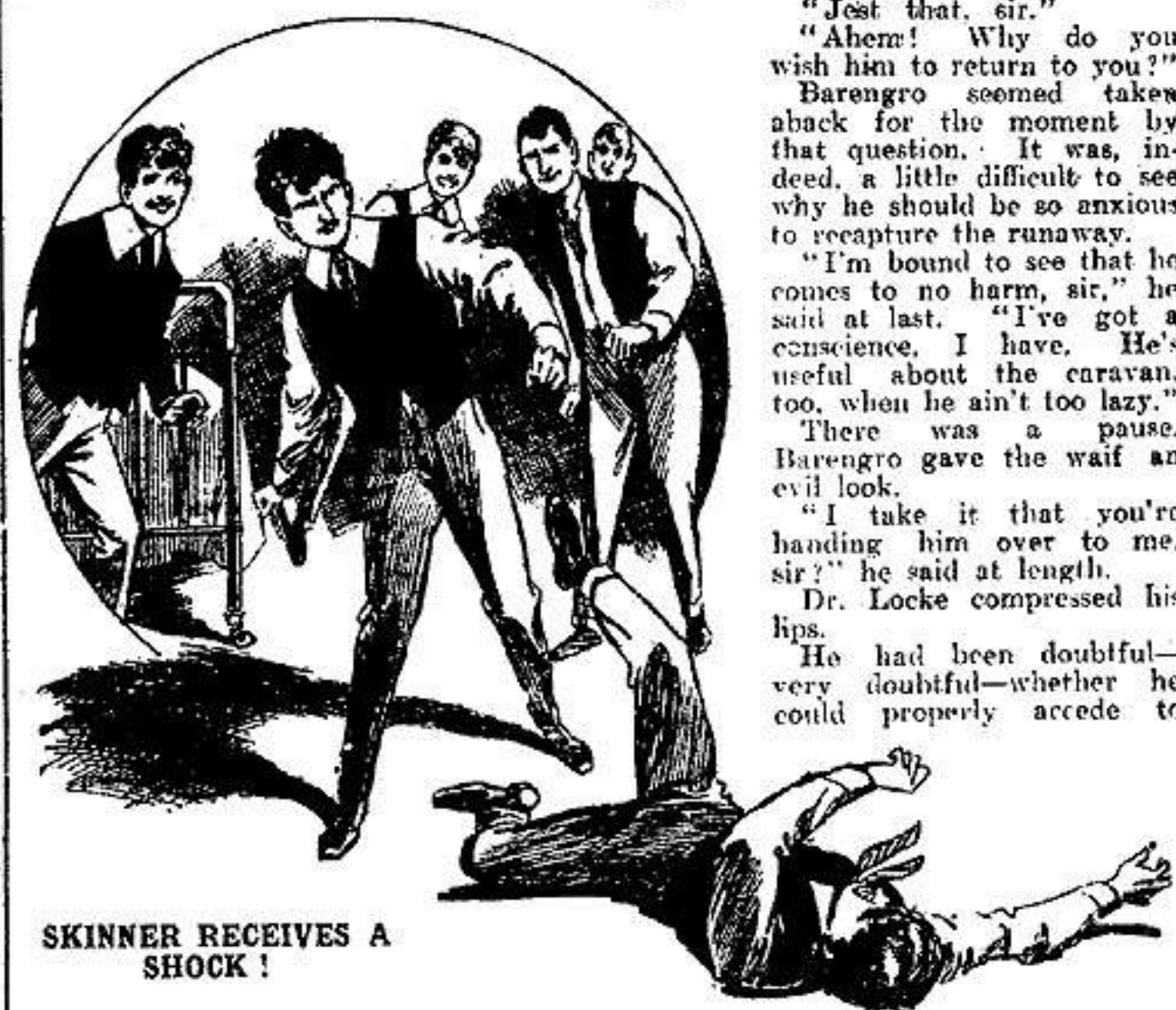
Mick backed away a few paces. A hunted, desperate look came into the waif's face. He glanced round him, as if seeking a way of escape. His looks did not escape the Head and the Form master, and they exchanged a quick glance.

"Fear nothing while you are here, my boy," said Mr. Quelch kindly.

Mick did not answer. His eyes, gleaming like those of a cornered animal, were fixed on Barengro.

"So I've found you, Mick," said the gipsy. "You've got new clothes on—eh? Fine feathers make fine birds."

"So I've found you, Mick," said the gipsy. "You've got new clothes on—eh? Fine feathers make fine birds."



SKINNER RECEIVES A SHOCK!

Skinner grasped the gipsy and whirled him to the door. The next moment Skinner, in a tenacious grip, was whirled off the floor. Before he knew what was happening he was flung sprawling. "Pitch into him, Skinner. Don't let a dashed gipsy shove you about," grinned Bolsover major. (See Chapter 10.)

You'll be turning up your nose at the camp and the caravans next."

"I'll never come back to your camp, Barengro!" said Mick between his teeth.

"Barengro—if that is your name," said Dr. Locke—"what claim have you to this boy, whom I understand to be under Sir Hilton Popper's protection?"

Barengro fumbled with his hat. It was his cue to be as civil as he could here, though civility came hard to his dodged, brutal nature.

"I've brought that boy up, sir," he said. "He's been with me all his days. He's turned on me, ungrateful young rascal. I've had to thrash him for dishonesty, sir, and he's run away."

"Liar!" said Mick.

"Hush!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Them's the names he calls his elders, sir," said Barengro. "A thorough bad lot, that boy Mick!"

"You are not his father?" said the Head.

"No, I ain't."

"A relative?" Barengro hesitated a moment.

"He is no relative of mine, sir," said Mick. "He has told me so often enough, when he has taunted me with being a beggar and an outcast."

"He was left on my hands, sir," said Barengro at last. "I've kept him and fed him all his days."

"Beaten me and starved me, you mean," said the waif bitterly.

"You know his name, I presume, if you have had him in charge all his life?" said the Head.

"He ain't got any name," said Barengro derisively. "A beggar's brat left in the fields, that's what he is."

"And you, then, took him in charge from motives of humanity, as he has no claim of relationship upon you?" said the Head, regarding the ruffian intently over his glasses.

"Jest that, sir." "Ahem! Why do you wish him to return to you?"

Barengro seemed taken aback for the moment by that question. It was, indeed, a little difficult to see why he should be so anxious to recapture the runaway.

"I'm bound to see that he comes to no harm, sir," he said at last. "I've got a conscience, I have. He's useful about the caravan, too, when he ain't too lazy."

There was a pause. Barengro gave the waif an evil look.

"I take it that you're handing him over to me, sir?" he said at length.

Dr. Locke compressed his lips.

He had been doubtful—very doubtful—whether he could properly accede to

Sir Hilton's request, and open the doors of Greyfriars to the gipsy outcast. The sight of Barengro had decided him—not against the waif, but in his favour. The beetling brows, the evil, gleaming eyes, the hangdog, criminal look of the ruffian, all helped to decide him. He felt that only absolute necessity, the absence of any other resource, could justify him in allowing that brutal ruffian to get his clutches on the runaway again.

Greyfriars was a safe refuge for the boy—it would save him from Barengro. The Head felt that he was bound to give the unhappy boy a chance.

"No!" he said, very clearly and distinctly. "I shall not hand over the boy to you!"

"What?"

"He remains here. On your own showing, you have no legal claim upon him. You state that you have beaten

(Continued on page 16.)

Dick Langley is going to create a big surprise shortly!

THE GIPSY SCHOOLBOY!

(Continued from page 13.)

him for dishonesty. The boy states that you have beaten him to turn him into a thief and pilferer. I believe the boy's statement."

Barengro's evil face flushed with rage. "He's my boy," he said thickly. "You keep him away from me, old gentleman, and I'll have the law on you!"

The Head smiled contemptuously. "The law is at your disposal," he said. "Invoke the law, and I shall not fear to abide by the consequences. For the present the boy remains here. You may go."

"I'm not going without that boy Mick!" roared Barengro.

"Leave this study!"
"Burn you! Not without him!"
The ruffian made a stride at the boy and grasped him.

"Wingate! Gwynne!" called out Mr. Quelch.

In a twinkling the two big prefects were in the study, and the ruffian was struggling in their grasp. He was whirled out of the room with a speed that made him breathless.

"Will you see him off the premises, please?" said the Remove master.

"Certainly, sir. This way, my man!"
"I'll out you!" yelled Barengro, struggling furiously.

The two prefects propelled him down the passage. Stalwart as they were, they had their hands full with the enraged ruffian. Five juniors who were waiting at the corner of the corridor rushed to lend their aid.

"Collar him!" grasped Bob Cherry.
"Scrag the brute!"

Barengro went whirling out of the School House into the quad. He did not remain there long. Struggling and howling and cursing, he was hustled down to the gates, and Gosling came out with a startled face to open them. Barengro landed in a heap in the road outside.

He scrambled up, shaking his fist, and yelling imprecations.

"Better clear!" said Wingate.
A curse answered.

The captain of Greyfriars stepped outside the gates. He advanced on the gipsy with his hands up, and his rugged face grim.

"Are you going?"
"No!" yelled Barengro, and he leaped at the Greyfriars captain.

Crash!

What seemed to the gipsy like a lump of iron crashed between his eyes. He went down like a log.

"Going now?" asked Wingate pleasantly.

Barengro crawled away. That terrific drive had been enough for him; he did not want another. The gates slammed; Gosling turned the key. And in the darkness the gipsy limped away, with curses on his lips.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Skinner Does Not Approve!

"ANOTHER bed here—"
"It's a new kid!"
"Not that gipsy?"
"Phew!"

There was a buzz in the Remove dormitory. Skinner & Co. were amazed

and indignant; Billy Bunter boiled with indignation. All the fellows were curious.

"Does the Head think that we'll stand it!" exclaimed Skinner.

"The cheek of it!" said Snoop.
"I guess it's rather thick!" remarked Fisher T. Fish.

"Angel of the Fourth says he's going to complain to his people, if that vagrant comes here," observed Stott.

"I say, you fellows, isn't it rotten?" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "Pretty disgrace for the school. The fellow will be pinching our watches while we're asleep."

"Here come these rotters!" said Skinner.

The "rotters" alluded to were the Famous Five. Harry Wharton & Co. came into the dormitory, and they brought Mick with them.

Mr. Quelch had had a serious talk with Wharton on the subject. He had asked him, as head boy of the Remove, to do what he could for the newcomer. Wharton had been only too willing to comply.

That Mick was a rather "queer fish" the chums of the Remove knew well enough. How he would get on at Greyfriars was a problem. But they were quite prepared to stand by him and help him through—and the Famous Five were acknowledged leaders of the Form. Their friendship meant a very great deal for the waif.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, here we are again!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully as he came in. "That's your bed, Mick."
"So that rat's staying here!" howled Skinner.

"This new chap is."
"New chap!" scoffed Skinner.

"Pretty new chap for Greyfriars! Has he ever washed?"

"Ever had a bath in his life?" hooted Bunter.

"Well, you're not so jolly keen on a bath, Bunt," said Bob. "We had to give you one ourselves once, and you found a shirt you'd lost."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I didn't!" yelled Bunter.

"The Head must be potty!" said Snoop.

"Better tell him so," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Never mind that chap, Mick. You'll find bad manners everywhere, you know."

Mick nodded.

He was not surprised at this reception from a section of the Remove—he would not have been surprised if the condemnation had been more general. But only a few of the fellows looked hostile; and Mick was keen enough to see that they were not fellows who were respected in the Form.

He was not surprised; and he did not look resentful. After the blows and curses of Barengro, Skinner's talk did not hurt him very much.

"The Form ought to combine against this," said Skinner. "The ruffian will be sent to Coventry, of course. You're backing us up in this, Smithy?"

The Bouncer gave him a look.

"Backing you up?" he repeated. "I don't think."

"Are you backing up that gipsy thief?"

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm minding my own business," he remarked. "I advise you to do the same, Skinner."

"What do you think, Mauly?" asked Snoop.

Lord Mauleverer smiled.

"Too much trouble to think, dear boy. What's the matter with the kid? Glad to see you, Dick. Is your name Dick?"

"Mick," said the gipsy.

"Then I'm glad to see you, Mick. I hope you'll get on jolly well at Greyfriars."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Good old Mauly! Skinner, old bean, you'd better chuck it. Mick is going to have a chance here."

"Well, I sha'n't speak to him!" sniffed Skinner.

"Your luck's in, Mick," said Tom Brown. And there was a laugh.

"That's all very well!" boomed Bolsover major. "But I must say I agree with Skinner. Greyfriars isn't a home for roughs."

"Then what the thump are you doing here?" asked Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Kick him out of the dorm, Skinner," said Snoop.

"There'll be a prefect up here in a minute," said Hazeldene.

"No prefect in sight," said Snoop, looking out of the doorway. "Kick him out, Skinner, old man!"

"Blessed if I don't!" said Skinner.

He advanced on the new boy. Mick's quietness and pacific manner rather deceived Skinner. That afternoon, in Popper Park, the gipsy had avoided trouble—now he seemed to want to avoid it again. That was enough for Skinner.

He saw a chance of reaping a little cheap glory in the fighting line, and it was but seldom that Skinner annexed any glory in that line.

"Let me alone, will you?" said Mick.

Skinner grinned.

"You're not wanted here," he said.

"You're going out of this dormitory on your neck!"

"Look here, Skinner—" began Wharton angrily.

"Oh, let him rip!" said Bob Cherry, with a grin. Bob remembered his own encounter with the gipsy, and how stoutly Mick had stood up to him. He knew that there was a surprise in store for Skinner.

"Out you go!" said Skinner.

He grasped the gipsy, and whirled him to the door. The next moment Skinner, in a tenacious grip, was whirled off the floor. Before he knew what was happening he was flung sprawling.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Snoop, staring at the scene.

Skinner sat up.

"Oh! Ah! Ow! What!"

"Pitch into him, Skinner!" bawled Bolsover major. "Don't let a dashed gipsy chuck you about!"

Skinner picked himself up dazedly. He did not approach Mick again. He had not the slightest desire to "pitch" into the gipsy schoolboy. He realised that Mick was too much for him, and he did not want to put the matter to a further test.

He was glad that just then there was a warning of "Prefect!" Wingate of the Sixth was coming along the passage.

"Now then, turn in, kids!" said Wingate, looking in at the door.

And Skinner walked away to his bed.

The Remove turned in, and when Wingate came back to turn the lights out, all was peaceful. After the prefect was gone, however, Billy Bunter sat up in bed.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"We're going to rag that new cad,"

I said Bunter. "Who's going to lend a hand, you fellows?"

Something to look forward to—our new football and detective serial—

"Shut up!" roared Bob Cherry.
 "Yah! You, Skinner! I say, Skinner, are you asleep? Snoop! Fishy! I say, Bolsover—"
 "Oh, shut up!" said Bolsover major.
 "Get out and rag him yourself!"
 "Oh, really, Bolsover—"
 "Yes; let's see Bunter rag him," chuckled Peter Todd. "Go it, Bunter! I'll light a candle for you!"
 "I wouldn't soil my hands on the fellow."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "But I think—"
 "No you don't; you only jaw," said Peter. "Chuck it before I come over to you with a bolster."
 "Yah!"
 And Bunter chucked it.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Mick of the Remove!

THE gipsy schoolboy took his place in the Remove Form-room the following day.

Skinner & Co. treated him to sneering looks, but they did not venture upon more active measures. Harry Wharton & Co. were quite ready to stop any ragging, and for single-handed combats with a hefty adversary Skinner & Co. had no taste.

Skinner rejoiced in the fact that Mick had been "planted" in Study No. 1, with Wharton and Nugent. He was a rather curious study-mate for them; there was no doubt about that.

"I wonder how they'll like having their slummy pal shoved in their study?" grinned Skinner.

But Wharton and Nugent did not seem to mind.

As he sat in the Form-room that morning, Mick looked about him with earnest, inquiring eyes, that often wandered to the high windows, where the blue sky could be seen.

He was taking no part in the Form work.

Mr. Quelch, having made up his mind to it, gave the gipsy his kind attention conscientiously. He was set a task that was up to his capacity, but not beyond it. At that task he worked while the other fellows went on in the usual way. The chief thing was for Mick to learn the manners and customs of his new surroundings, and that was being effected. He was to live with the Remove and mix with them at work and at play; and as for his studies, that was a matter that required time to adjust.

There were few fellows who were hostile to him. Certainly not more than three or four. Others were curious, and still more indifferent. The Famous Five were friendly—Bob Cherry especially so. Bob had befriended the gipsy before—after fighting with him—and so he felt that Mick was, to some extent, under his protection. He was prepared to do everything he could.

Sir Hilton Popper had provided for the gipsy schoolboy generously enough. That day his box arrived from Courtfield, and Mick was as well supplied as most fellows in the Remove. He no longer needed a borrowed suit of Bob Cherry's.

Undoubtedly his first days in the Remove were a strange experience for Mick.

He was very subdued.

Of the fierce, wild spirit the juniors had noticed in him when first they had made his acquaintance, he showed hardly a sign.

Wharton wondered a little whether he was, at heart, really glad that Sir Hilton Popper had succeeded in placing him at Greyfriars. The change from his old roaming life of wild freedom was immense, and though the change was for the better, all the gipsy's instincts were against it.

For the present he was quiet, dutiful, subdued, evidently striving to accommodate himself to his new and strange surroundings. It remained to be seen whether he would succeed, or whether he would break out under the unaccustomed restraints.

The gipsy schoolboy had been some days at Greyfriars when Bob Cherry remembered the existence of the rags that had been put out of sight in the empty box in the lower box-room. It occurred to Bob that the sooner they were disposed of, the better; and he proceeded to the box-room to make them into a bundle to be consigned to the dustman.

The box where they had reposed was empty.

"It won't do, Mick, old man," said Harry Wharton gravely. "Mr. Quelch would be in no end of a wax if he found you playing the giddy gipsy at Greyfriars. You don't want to make him waxy."

"N-no," said Mick.
 "You haven't dressed in those rags since you've been here, kid, have you?" exclaimed Nugent, in amazement.

Mick's colour deepened.
 "Only once," he faltered.
 "We never saw you—"

"It was at night."
 "At night!" exclaimed Wharton.
 "But at night you're asleep in the dorm—or ought to be. You've been breaking bounds!"

The gipsy schoolboy's lip quivered.
 "Only once," he pleaded. "It—it came over me—so strong I couldn't resist it. I'm so used to the open air."
 "And you dressed in those tatters and went out of bounds?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.



Skinner helped the dandy of the Fourth to his feet. "I'm finished," panted Angel in a choking voice. He pointed a shaking finger at Mick. "I'll make you sorry for this—I'll get you kicked out of Greyfriars—you gipsy thief!" (See Chapter 12.)

Bob stared into it. The tatters were gone—the ancient trousers, the ragged shirt, the broken boots—all had vanished. Bob whistled.

He made his way to Study No. 1 in the Remove, where Wharton and Nugent had started prep, and the gipsy schoolboy sat by the fire reading a history-book.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" greeted Bob.
 "Mick, you bounder what have you been up to?"

The gipsy started.
 "You mustn't play games here as you did at Popper Court, you know," admonished Bob. "Where's your old clobber?"

Mick crimsoned.
 "You bagged it out of the box-room?" asked Bob, grinning.

"I—I knew where you'd put it," stammered Mick. "I—I—"
 "You've bagged it?"

"Ye-es."
 "What for?"
 Mick was silent.

"Yes. I—I went to have a look at the camp on Courtfield Common. The gipsy camp is still there."

"My only hat?"
 "Dash it all, this won't do!" said Bob seriously. "Fellows are flogged, or sacked for going out of school bounds at night, Mick."

"I—I know."
 "And there are fellows here who would say you went out poaching," said Bob. "It's not good enough, Mick. Where's that clobber?"

"I—I—"

"We're going to put you out of the way of giddy temptation," said Bob. "Now, where is it? You've got to hand it over!"

There was evidently a struggle in the gipsy's breast. But he rose at last, without a word, and followed Bob from the study. The tatters were hidden in a disused attic at the top of the School House, and Bob Cherry promptly

—introducing the world-famous sleuth, Ferrers Locke! The goods!

annexed them. He rolled them into a bundle, and very soon afterwards they were deep in a dustbin. That particular association with his old life was gone, now, for the gipsy schoolboy; but his dark face was darker when he returned to Study No. 1.

He knew that Bob had acted for his good, and out of real friendship; but that severing of a tie with the past affected him in a way the Greyfriars juniors were scarcely likely to understand.

And the Co. realised that the quiet gipsy, the most silent fellow in the Remove, had changed only outwardly—at heart he was the roving waif he had always been—and they wondered whether even the outward change would last.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Like and Unlike!

"LIKE as two peas!" said Skinner.

"What rot!"

"It's so!" said Snoop.

Aubrey Angel of the Fourth affected to yawn, but he gave the two Remove fellows an evil look.

"Of course, you're older," said Skinner. "I should say you were a year older than the gipsy. The rotter doesn't even know his own age any more than he knows his name. But excepting for that you might be twins."

Angel of the Fourth turned on his heel and walked away. Skinner and Snoop exchanged a grin. They were not the only fellows who had remarked on the likeness between Aubrey Angel and the gipsy schoolboy—a likeness that caught the eye at once, and that was known to Angel and was gall and worm-wood to him.

It delighted the amiable Skinner to "rub" it in. He was a friend of Angel's, but Skinner's ideas of friendship were all his own. And it spurred on the Fourth-Former against the gipsy, which was all to the good from Skinner's point of view. Angel had great connections, among them a governor of the school, and he fully shared Skinner's snobbish scorn for the waif. He was not, however, disposed of his own accord to take active measures; he affected a lofty nonchalant disdain.

But the gipsy's likeness to him was a bitter pill to swallow—it turned Angel's snobbish contempt into hatred. Billy Bunter had even asked Angel whether he had any gipsy relations—a question that earned the Owl of the Remove a hefty kick from Aubrey's well-fitting boot.

Angel brooded moodily on it as he walked away. It was a strange and unaccountable thing—strange and puzzling. Why should this unknown vagrant of the highways and byways resemble him?

Angel of the Fourth felt it as a personal insult.

It was not merely a passing resemblance, it was a striking likeness. On Mick's first day at Greyfriars some of the fellows had noticed it. In his rags and tatters, with his hair tangled and face unwashed, it had not been very noticeable; but clean and neat, in Etons, looking his best, he was amazingly like the dandy of the Fourth.

"Dear old Aubrey doesn't like it," grinned Skinner. "Well, a chap can't swank so much as Angel without being taken down a peg when a fellow gets a chance. I'm not going to let him forget the giddy gipsy."

"He, he, he!" chuckled Snoop. "After all, the fellow doesn't know his name. He may be some sort of a poor relation of Angel's."

"We'll let Aubrey think we think so, anyhow."

"He, he, he!"

Angel strode away in an angry and savage mood. At the corner of the path he collided with a junior coming towards the School House.

"You clumsy ass!" he snarled. "Look where you're goin'!"

"Your fault!" said Mick.

"Oh, it's you!"

Mick would have passed on, but Angel stopped him. The dandy of the Fourth looked hard into the sunburnt face.

"The fellows say you're like me to look at!" he said.

"I've heard them."

"It's all rot, of course."

"I'm not flattered, anyway!" said the gipsy coolly.

Angel clenched his hands.

"You outside cad!" he said between his teeth. "You ought not to be here at all. You're not fit to be here, and you know it. The Head must have been mad to let you into the school. It's a disgrace."

Mick stood quiet, but his dark eyes gleamed.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"I'm going to write to my people about it," said Angel savagely. "You're makin' a mistake if you think you're a fixture here. My people have influence with the governors. Why can't you go back to the thieving gang you belong to, you outsider?"

"That's enough!" said Mick, breathing hard.

Angel sneered.

"You're goin' to get more than that, you gipsy thief!"

Smack!

"Oh!" roared Angel.

He reeled back from the slap of the gipsy's brown hand, that left a red mark across his handsome face. The next

moment he was springing at Mick like a tiger, hitting out.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! A scrap!" roared Bob Cherry; and there was a rush from all sides.

"Go it, Angel!" shouted Skinner.

"Play up, Mick!"

Angel, with rage and hatred running riot in his breast, attacked the gipsy with savage energy. Mick stood up to him, as once before he had stood up to Bob Cherry; but he was facing a much less formidable adversary now.

There was a stream of red from his nose where Angel had struck, but he was hitting hard in return now. Angel of the Fourth, who had counted on a victory as certain, was driven back, and he realised, with renewed fury, that he had met more than his match.

The bare thought of defeat at the hands of the gipsy vagabond spurred on Angel to unaccustomed fighting energy. It was the first time Greyfriars had seen Aubrey Angel put up a good fight.

But the gipsy schoolboy more than held his own.

Crash!

Aubrey Angel went down at last—knocked fairly out. Mick, the gipsy, stood panting, looking down at him.

"Is that enough?" he panted.

"Looks like it!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Dear old Aubrey—always biting off more than he can chew."

Skinner helped the dandy of the Fourth to his feet.

"Get on with it, old bean," he murmured encouragingly.

Angel gave him an evil look.

"I'm finished," he said, pointing a shaking hand at the gipsy schoolboy. "I'll make you sorry for this! I'll get you kicked out of Greyfriars—you gipsy thief! I'll get you turned out of the school, and turned back to the thieving gang you belong to. I'll—"

"That will do," said Harry Wharton. "Another word of that, Angel, and we'll duck you in the fountain."

Angel of the Fourth turned away without another word. Mick gave a shrug of the shoulders, and walked away with his friends.

Bob Cherry looked thoughtfully at Mick as they entered Study No. 1.

Mick's face was still flushed, and his eyes were glimmering.

"You'll have to mind your giddy p's and q's now, Mick," said Bob slowly. "Aubrey Angel isn't a fellow who fights in the open, you know. He isn't particular, like other fellows. Hit when you can, and how you can. That's his motto, in a case like this."

Mick shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't suppose he means anything—he was wild, and will forget all about it in a few hours," he said carelessly.

Bob Cherry shook his head, and the others looked doubtful.

Mick had made an enemy at Greyfriars—an enemy far more treacherous than Skinner & Co. And Aubrey Angel's enmity was to have strange and unexpected results for the gipsy schoolboy.

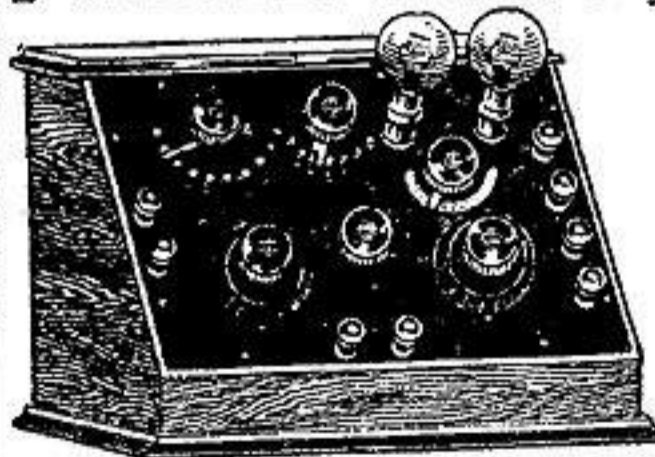
THE END.

(There will be another splendid story of Greyfriars next Monday in the MAGNET LIBRARY. More will be heard of Mick the Gipsy and Aubrey Angel. "Mick the Untamable!" is a story full of thrills and adventure, and will add even more lustre to the fame of Frank Richards. Order your copy now, boys, or you may be disappointed.)

Broadcast the News, Chums!

10

Magnificent Two-Valve
WIRELESS SETS



MUST BE WON

in our Grand

"FOOTBALLERS' NAMES"
CONTEST.

GET BUSY TO-DAY.

The 5th of November is drawing near, and Harry Wharton & Co.—

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD



Supplement No. 147.

HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR

Week ending October 27th, 1923.

My Biggest Prize!



All the Winners tell of their triumphs, and the Losers tell of their tribulations.

BOB CHERRY:

I've never won a really big prize in a competition. I'm not a brainy fellow, like Mark Linley or Dick Penfold. All the same, I've netted quite a lot of five-bobs and half-crowns since I started going in for competitions. I'm hoping to get a really big brain-wave one of these days, which will result in my winning a fortune. How ripping it would be to pick up a paper and turn to the competition result, and read:

"The First Prize of One Thousand Pounds has been awarded to:
ROBERT CHERRY,
Greyfriars School,
Friardale, Kent."

At such a blissful moment I should be prepared to hug my worst enemy!

MARK LINLEY:

I once won fifty pounds in a football forecast competition. It was a red-letter day for me when the cheque came, for I was in low water at the time. There are people who scoff and sneer at competitions, and call them "beastly swindles," but I can assure the doubting Thomases that competitions are conducted on perfectly straightforward lines nowadays. Any journal which resorted to trickery or unfairness would be acting against its own interests. Personally, I take a keen delight in going in for competitions, and I hope to land another big prize in the near future.

HORACE COKER:

Competitions would be quite all right if only they had intelligent judges, who could tell a good effort from a feeble one. I have often gone in for Limericks and sent in the smartest "last lines" you could ever wish to see; but I've never won a penny piece! Last month the following Limerick appeared in a weekly paper:

"There was a young man of Madrid,
Whose motor-bike started to skid.
He had a bad spill
When descending a hill,
My last line was: "I don't know what
on earth made him do it, but he did!"
I think that was a perfect gem of an effort—don't you? I fully expected to get the First Prize with it; but, alas, I got nicks!

DICK PENFOLD:

The biggest prize I ever won was twenty golden quid. I don't know how the deed was done, for I was but a kid. And when the cheque arrived one day, I clapped my hands with glee; I shouted "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!" I felt so bucked, you see! These competitions prove, I find, a pastime keen and healthy; they broaden intellect and mind, and make a fellow wealthy. I hope to win a further prize, for I'm a brainy chappie; and by the sparkle in my eyes, you'll tell I'm wildly happy!

WILLIAM GOSLING:

Which I must say as 'ow I do hold with these here competitions. I once went in for a competition where you had to guess how many peas there was in a glass jar, and—would you believe it?—my hestimate was the correct one. It takes a brainy cove to win in these competitions, said the chap wot 'anded me the prize, but I don't perless to be brainy. If I was, I'd be the Prime Minister by now, instead of a humble porter!

MR. QUELCH:

I am a great believer in competitions, although, personally, I have never been fortunate enough to win a really big prize. This new "Footballers' Names" Competition in the MAGNET should attract my pupils. The prize list is something of a record, and I hope someone in the Remove will be skilful enough to catch the judge's eye.

EDITORIAL.

By Harry Wharton.

COMPETITIONS have ever been a source of enjoyment and fascination to the majority of the Greyfriars fellows.

I can vividly remember the time when the whole school, from Wingate of the Sixth down to the smallest fag, was caught in the grip of the competition craze. In fact, Mr. Frank Richards wrote a story at the time entitled "The Competition Craze at Greyfriars!"

The craze has now returned! There is evidence of it everywhere. You have only to peep into any junior study at Greyfriars, and you will find the occupants busily engaged in solving footer picture-puzzles, writing last lines to limericks, and so forth.

Even the high-and-mighty prefects have been "bitten" by the craze; and I know for a fact that some of our masters take a keen interest in competitions. Did not Mr. Prout win half-a-crown the other day for a limerick last line? And did not Mr. Larry Lascelles win a good round sum for a correct football forecast? The answers are in the affirmative. Competitions have a charm of their own. They make many an hour pass pleasantly, even if one never has the good fortune to land a big prize.

This special number of ours deals with the light and bright side of competitions. All sorts of people air their views on this fascinating topic, and much merriment will be caused by the bright and breezy ramblings of our contributors.

The Companion Papers have always been well to the fore in promoting competitions. There have been picture-puzzles, limerick contests, and cricket and football contests; and the entries have been enormous.

This latest "footer" competition in the MAGNET is the biggest I've ever struck in my humble career. Its prize list is simply colossal.

The greatest lesson competitions teach us is perseverance. The faint-hearted fellow, having made a few attempts and failed, gives up. The "sticker" carries on doggedly until he has the glorious satisfaction of seeing his name in print at the top of the prize-list.

As in the great game of life, so in competitions—"the race is to the swift." When you enter a competition put your whole heart and soul into it, and don't despair if you fall at the first hurdle. Keep pegging away, and sooner or later you are bound to reach the goal of triumph.

Go in and win!
HARRY WHARTON.

—are specially preparing a Guy Fawkes Supplement! Look out for it!



Castles in Spain!

By
**MONTY
NEWLAND.**

FOOTBALL competitions are a snare and a delusion. Billy Bunter thinks so, anyway. Fortunately for the promoters of football competitions, the majority of people are not of Bunter's way of thinking!

When the "Weekly Wonder" came out with its startling offer of a magnificent touring car as first prize in a simple football contest, Billy Bunter grew wildly excited.

"I say, you fellows, I'm going to have a shot at this!" he exclaimed, rolling into the junior Common-room, and flourishing a copy of the "Weekly Wonder."

"Meaning the footer competition?" said Harry Wharton.

"Yes."

"But you don't know anything about the form of the teams—"

"He's therefore bound to win the prize!" said Vernon-Smith, with a sardonic grin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here," said Bunter, "there's only ten matches to be forecasted. It's as easy as falling off a form. I can tell the results at a glance. Easthampton will lick Granchester United; Puddleton Rovers will wallop the Pink Crusaders; and Duffield Wednesday will draw with Pumpington Argyle. I'm absolutely certain I shall win this touring car—so certain, in fact, that I'm going to write to the editor, giving him instructions how to send the car to Greyfriars."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellows can cackle," growled Bunter, "but I mean business! I shall send in half a dozen coupons, so as to make absolutely sure of winning."

"Why, you burbling duffer!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "To make absolutely certain, you'd have to send in thousands! As a matter of fact, experts have worked it out, and they find that in a ten-match contest you can vary your attempts in 50,149 different ways. You're not going to buy fifty thousand copies of the 'Weekly Wonder,' I suppose?" added Bob sarcastically.

"Of course not!" said Bunter. "I can easily pull off the prize with half a dozen attempts."

Billy Bunter then went in search of copies of the "Weekly Wonder." He had one already, and he wanted five more. These he succeeded in cadging, after a great deal of trouble.

Now came the task of cutting out the coupons, filling them in, taking copies of them, and despatching them.

Bunter tackled the task cheerfully enough, and he managed to borrow a postage-stamp from Peter Todd.

Greatly elated with his chances of winning the first prize of a motor-car,

Billy Bunter generously invited his Form-fellows to "a spin in the country"—when the car arrived. He backed up this generous offer with a request for a small loan on the strength of sundry postal-orders that had been delayed in the post.

As, however, the Removites failed to share in Billy Bunter's conviction that he would win the first prize "off his head," and, moreover, had heard the story of the delayed postal-order until they were heartily sick of it, the "spin in the country" was ungraciously refused.

Still confident of success, however, Billy Bunter ambled up to the Remove dormitory that night and was soon held fast in the arms of Morpheus.

"Well I'm blessed!"

"Good old Bunter!"

"I say, Bunter, old fellow—"

A swarm of excited Removites surrounded Billy Bunter in the quad two days later. A delivery van was just

COMPETITIONS!

By Dick Penfold.

I know a hobby, good and grand
Pursued by folk in all positions
The finest pastime in the land—
'Tis competitions!

All sorts of folk, in every clime,
Peruvians, Persians, and Parisians,
Love to devote their leisure time
To competitions!

Some fellows pass their time away
By setting forth on various missions;
But I am busy, night and day,
On competitions!

Some sit up reading half the night
Big bulky tomes, or rare editions;
But as for me, I take delight
In competitions!

Some sit around the fire and chat
Of spooks and gruesome apparitions;
I know a game worth two of that—
'Tis competitions!

Some like to work out teasing sums,
Long tots, subtractions, and additions;
But I prefer to stick, my chums,
To competitions!

When working puzzles out in class
I'm oft awarded impositions,
No matter! Nothing can surpass
Our competitions!

departing through the gates of Greyfriars.

It had delivered the goods, as Skinner humorously put it.

A magnificent touring-car—the first prize in the Football Competition promoted by the proprietors of the "Weekly Wonder"—was standing in the quad, a group of amazed juniors regarding it and its lucky owner in wonder.

The Competition Editor of the "Weekly Wonder" was graciously shaking hands with Billy Bunter, and congratulating him on his success.

Bunter had won the first prize!

Everyone marvelled at his success—everyone with the exception of William George Bunter himself. The result of the Football Competition had been a foregone conclusion to him.

"I say, Bunter, old chap," said Harry Wharton, "how on earth did you do it?"

"Oh, there was nothing in it to a fellow of my capabilities!" replied the Owl, with his usual modesty. "But don't try to be pally, Wharton, you beast! You refused to cash a postal-order for me the other day. Don't think that you're going to sponge on me now that I've got a car."

"Ahem!" coughed Wharton. "But I say, Billy, old chap, it must have been a matter of misunderstanding between us. Of course, I'd be only too delighted to cash a postal-order for you."

"Same here!" said Bob Cherry.

"Count on me!" chimed in Nugent.

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed.

"Well, if you put it like that, you fellows, I'll overlook your meanness," he said graciously. "If you care to let me have a quid in advance, Wharton—I'm expecting a postal-order for that amount by the next post—I'll—Yaroo! Yowp!"

Billy Bunter sat up in bed.

"Yow-ow! Grough!" he moaned.

"There's another slipper here, old fat tulip!" roared Bob Cherry. "How the deuce can a fellow sleep with the awful din you've been making? You snore like a fat pig! Two hours I've been lying awake listening to your awful row! Shut up!"

Billy Bunter blinked in the darkness of the dormitory, and rubbed his head where Bob Cherry's slipper had landed. That same slipper had brought him back to earth, so to speak, with a bump.

There was no handsome car in sight, and no crowd of Removites ready to advance him a small amount in lieu of an expected postal-order.

But there was a decided bump on Bunter's head!

"Oh, lor'!" groaned the fat junior. "I've been dreaming. I haven't won the beastly car after all! I say, Cherry, old chap—"

Grunt!

"Bob, old man—"

"Shut up!" roared Cherry. "For goodness' sake go to sleep! Another word and I'll scalp you!"

And Billy Bunter disconsolately turned on his side and was fast asleep again in two minutes.

With the next morning's post came the newspapers containing the results of the footer matches. But needless to say, however, Billy Bunter's forecasts were wide of the mark!

Poor old Bunter! His castles in the air had come crashing down to earth with a vengeance, and he went about with a face like a fiddle for days afterwards.

Music hath charms! 20 magnificent gramophones must be won!

COMPETITION CHAT!

By Bob Cherry.

COMPETITIONS are all the rage at Greyfriars just now. Dozens of fellows are making out football forecasts, solving picture-puzzles, inventing clever phrases, and writing last lines to limericks. It's the biggest competition "boom" we've ever had. And all because Russell of the Remove happened to win a "fiver" in a word-making competition!

The news of Dick Russell's success spread through the school like wildfire. And everybody began to sit up and take notice. Fellows were saying, "Why, I've got a better brain than Russell, and if he can pick up a fiver in a competition, there's no reason why I shouldn't win a thousand quids!" The result was that everybody started going in for "comps," and everybody is hoping for fat cheques and rich rewards. But alas! Success in competitions is often a long time coming. It's a game that requires patience and perseverance, and only the "stickers" will reap any reward for their labours.

I'm not exactly a genius at the game myself, but I'm very interested in picture-puzzles, and I'm trying to solve a set now. There are twelve pictures, representing the names of racehorses. The worst of it is, I've found about a dozen possible solutions to one single picture! It shows a fellow strolling through a field, and there is a church spire in the distance. Whether this is "Sunday Rambler," "Strolling Saint," "Meandering," or "Roamer," I will leave you to judge! All I know is that an hour's hard swotting at the pictures

has given me a splitting headache! Still, if I win a prize it will be worth all the swotting and the headache thrown in.

"Who is the cleverest competitor in the Remove?" I am anticipating this question from my readers, and will do my best to answer it. I should say that Mark Linley has the honour. He has already netted several big money prizes in competitions, and he hopes to win many more. Other "big guns" in the competition world are Dick Penfold, Frank Nugent, and Monty Newland. Lord Mauleverer would win a few prizes, but for his incurable laziness.

I think competitions are splendid fun, and ought to be encouraged. Why doesn't Mr. Quelch cut out the Latin lesson, and devote the time to competitions? Morning lessons would pass very pleasantly then.

THE ART OF WRITING LIMERICKS!

By Tom Brown.

HAVING won a prize of five guineas in a recent Limerick competition, I have been selected by the editor as a suitable person to give advice in the writing of "last lines."

Now, suppose you were asked to complete the following verse:

"There was a young fellow named Rake,
Whose molar once started to ache.
To the dentist he flew,
And he said, looking blue

.....
You must make your last line scan

with the first two. That's the most important thing to consider in completing a Limerick.

Billy Bunter would finish the above verse after this fashion:

"This beastly tooth is giving me socks,
and no mistake!"

Such a line would be about a yard too long. A more suitable last line would be:

"Pull it quickly, for charity's sake!"

I don't claim that this is a clever line, but it scans correctly with the first two, and therefore fulfils the requirements of a Limerick.

Another point is—don't try to be too clever. A simple but forceful line is what is wanted. Of course, you must make it rhyme, as well as metrically scan, with the first two lines. Your last line to the verse quoted above must rhyme with "Rake," and not "flew" and "blue."

Neat handwriting is necessary when sending in any competition coupons. The judges cannot be expected to decipher writing which looks like the work of a many-legged spider! Neither are they interpreters or thought-readers. If they cannot make head or tail of your writing, you must expect to be among the "also rans" in the competition.


Don't forget, also, to fill in your name and address. "Bill Smith, Birmingham," is not sufficient. It is just possible there may be more than one Bill Smith in Birmingham.

Switching on to a totally different yet just as interesting a competition, I hope you will all enter for the gigantic "Footballers' Names" contest in the MAGNET LIBRARY. You cannot all win the first prize, of course, but you can make up your minds to have a jolly good shot at the hundreds of other magnificent awards. To the victors the spoils; and here's wishing you the best of luck!

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE WHITE HEATHER



The day is gradually but surely dawning his atrocities. The sword of retribution, England's wonder-detective, is raised work to be accomplished ere Moscow's This fine instalment shows the their wits against

when Red Mask will have to account for in the shape of FERRERS LOCKE, aloft. But there is a lot of dangerous evil influence is brought to his knees, mettle of the men who have pltted Red Mask.

The Five-Days' Journey!

THE broad-shouldered, cloaked figure of Red Mask strode into the shed. A tight-fitting fur cap was pulled down over his head, and below it gleamed the great red mask, covering him to the chin. Behind him came two men, one of whom wore European clothes, and the other a short reefer jacket and loose trousers slipped into heavy top-boots.

"Where is your man? Why is he not here, Snazine?"

That gruff, commanding voice seemed to fill the shed, and the man in European attire strode to the doorway, pointing across the river.

"He has gone across to—to the cage, Excellency," Snazine returned. "He will be back in a moment. I see the launch."

Red Mask stepped to Snazine's side and followed his directing finger. Then he turned again, and, going to the table, flung himself on to it.

"Now, Captain Galz," the deep voice said, as Red Mask turned to the man in the reefer coat, "listen to my instructions! You're quite ready, I suppose?"

"Yes, Excellency. I've been waiting with steam up for three days," the captain returned.

"Then you need delay no longer," said Red Mask. "To-night you will leave your mooring and come down here. You will pick up the guards, and will set off at once. You know your destination, and what you have to do?"

Captain Galz, a tall, tanned man, with a bushy, black beard, smiled.

"It will not be the first time that I have towed a cage to Perm, Excellency," he said. "But I may be stopped or questioned."

Red Mask rapped out an imprecation. "No one will dare to stop or question you, Captain Galz! Here is your authority."

From his capacious pocket Red Mask drew out a number of folded sheets of paper and held them to the sailor.

"You must arrange to reach Perm by dawn," Red Mask went on. "You will halt at the Government wharf. There will be men there waiting to relieve you of your charges. You must see to it that you are not delayed. You understand?"

The captain took the sheets of paper, glanced through them, and stowed them away in his coat. He gave Red Mask a stiff salute.

"I understand, Excellency."

He drew aside then, and Red Mask, crossing to Snazine, spoke to him for a few moments. Then the steady "chug-chug" of the returning motor-launch sounded, and a few moments later its pilot appeared.

"His Excellency desires to visit the barge," Snazine said to the man. "We will go on board now."

Captain Galz leaned forward.

"There is no need for me to go with you, Excellency," he said. "I want to get back to my boat, so that everything may be ready for the start to-night."

"Very well, you may go."

Red Mask strode out of the door of the shed, and Snazine and the others followed him. Then the two listeners heard the door lock. Then, with a swift movement, Ferrers Locke emerged from his hiding-place, followed by Boris.

"The window—quick!" said Ferrers Locke.

In less time than it takes to tell the window was opened, and the two had slipped through it. Locke and Boris, hurrying across the narrow courtyard, halted in the muddy lane, and looked back at the river. They saw the squat shape of the launch appear as it headed swiftly for the opposite shore.

To the left of the shed they could see the closed car standing, and presently the tall figure of Captain Galz came round the end of the car and began to pace across the courtyard.

"Listen, Boris!" said Ferrers Locke, in a whisper. "This is where you and I will have to separate for a moment. I'm going to keep in touch with the captain.

I want to find out where he is going, for I'm going to make use of him. You watch until Red Mask returns, and try to find out where he is staying. We shall meet again at Prince Michel's this afternoon. Be prepared for a swift move, because I think we shall all leave Nijni-Novgorod to-night."

Captain Galz swung past the two figures lounging against the wall of the lane, giving them only a casual glance. The wharves and docks of Nijni-Novgorod were haunted by out-of-work sailors at that time, and there was nothing in these two to excite suspicion.

When the captain swung out of the lane Ferrers Locke took up his task, and Boris watched the tall figure until it had vanished. Then he turned, and paced casually back across the courtyard, sauntering on to the wharf. With hands thrust in his pockets he slouched on, until he halted by the car.

"Good-day, brother!"

Boris nodded to the man at the wheel, and received a nod in reply. Then, in a casual way, the driver lifted his hand to the lapel of his coat and turned it. Boris had difficulty in repressing a whoop of joy as he saw, under the lapel, a little sprig of white heather.

Instantly Boris slipped a hand into his pocket and drew out his badge, revealing it in the hollow of his palm.

"I thought as much, brother," the driver said. "Well, what is it you want with me?"

"Where have you come from, and what are your orders?" Boris demanded.

"I am employed by the governor of the Kremlin," the driver said. "This morning I was ordered to go to the station and pick up Snazine and a friend of his. I do not know who the friend was. He came secretly into the car with a hood over his face. Snazine and the other man followed him. We drove first to Snazine's house, and then came on here."

"But how does it come, brother, that you work for our enemy?" Boris asked. The driver grinned.

A man in a thousand—Ferrers Locke I—

"I was once Prince Michel's chauffeur," he said. "It was the prince who bade me take his service. We all serve who wear the white heather. And what matters if I drive our enemies or not if it is for the good of the cause?"

"Very well. Now, listen to me, brother!" said Boris. "You must come to Prince Michel's house and let me know where you take those men to. See to it that you do not fail, for much depends upon it."

The driver touched his cap.

"I will not fail you," he said. "You may trust me."

It was with a lighter heart that Boris headed for the lonely house in the quiet square where the prince lived. He found Jack Drake waiting for him impatiently, and the youngster poured out a flood of questions.

Boris held up his hand.

"All in good time, Jack," he said. "You've only to wait until to-night and your turn will come. There are big things ahead for us, and we leave the town this evening, unless I'm very much mistaken."

The long hours of the afternoon dragged past, and somewhere about dusk one of the prince's servants came to Boris, followed by the chauffeur, who made his report swiftly. He had taken Red Mask back to the Kremlin and heard Red Mask give his orders to a subordinate there. Six men, under an officer, had been sent off to Snazine's wharf, and they had been ordered to take with them sufficient food and provisions for the five-days' journey.

"I have been ordered to return to the Kremlin at eight o'clock to-night," the man reported. "And I've been told to look up the road to Perm. It seems that I have a long journey in front of me."

Boris listened in silence, and now, when the man had finished speaking, he leaned forward.

"Give me the address where your car is garaged. It may be that we shall need another service from you, brother, before you start to-night."

The information was duly given. Then the man hurried away, and Boris turned to Jack.

"Things are moving," he said. "Red Mask is evidently going to Perm, and he must have some strong reason for that. I wish your master would return. I'm beginning to get a bit anxious about him."

It was an hour later before Locke returned to the house, and Prince Michel came in with him to the room where Boris and Jack were waiting.

"I have asked his Highness to be here and give us his advice," Ferrers Locke commenced. "Now listen!"

He gave them a swift report of his movements. He had followed Captain Galz to the Government wharf, and had seen him go on board a powerful tug—the Liberty. A lorry, laden with goods, had arrived on the wharf, and Ferrers Locke, taking the opportunity of helping to unload the goods, carried them aboard the tug. He had been present when Captain Galz called his men aft and told them of the arrangements.

"One or two of the men grumbled," said Ferrers Locke, "for they had not expected to leave so soon. I got in touch with two of them—a fireman and a deck-hand—and I've arranged that we should take their places."

He nodded across to Jack.

"The fireman's job is for you, young un," he said. "You'll be all right down there, for there'll be no need for you to

talk. I shall take the place of the deck-hand, and we haven't much time to lose. The tug will leave its mooring about ten o'clock, and we'll have to be aboard before then."

Prince Michel leaned forward.

"You are taking a grave risk, Mr. Locke, for once you leave Nijni-Novgorod the Brotherhood will not be able to help you."

Ferrers Locke nodded.

"We will have to risk that, your Highness," he said. "There is no other way."

It was Boris' turn then to give Locke details of what had taken place in his absence; and when he came to an end he made his quiet suggestion.

"I shall arrange with the chauffeur to let me accompany him," he said. "It is a far cry to Perm, and it will be easy enough for the chauffeur to explain to Red Mask that he cannot do the long journey single-handed. In a driver's coat I don't suppose Red Mask will recognise me. Anyhow, I'll take the chance."

He smiled grimly as he rose to his feet.

"So I will meet you at Perm, Locke," the tall Russian said, as he held out his hand. "Let us hope that we shall have something interesting to tell each other."

They exchanged grips. Then Boris shook hands with Jack Drake, and a few moments later they left the quiet house. Prince Michel drew Locke aside and placed a hand on his arm.

"You are facing grave danger, my son," he said. "But I know why you do it. I sit here in my little study, listening—listening; and I have learned that to-night a number of prisoners will go another stage on a dread journey. You know what that barge holds?"

Locke nodded.

"Yes, I know, your Highness," he returned. "It is for that reason I am going. By hook or by crook I mean to save them."

The prince was silent for a moment. Then he shook his head.

"I wish you luck; but I fear—I fear," he said at last. "You're alone and friendless, and your enemy is all-powerful."

Then his eyes rested for a moment on the clean-cut, strong face, and he nodded.

"Yes, you have courage, and you are clever; perhaps a miracle may happen, Mr. Locke. The brotherhood will wait and listen for your tidings."

The Brotherhood Keeps Its Word!

I AM fed up with this, gov'nor. How long is it going to last, d'you think?"

A smoke-grimed, dishevelled youngster, lying squat under the shelter of a small boat that hung over the stern of the powerful tug, whispered this question to a man lounging against the taffrail.

It was night, and ahead of them loomed the wide, deep river running through the Steppe land.

For four long days that powerful tug had been cutting its way steadily up the river, towing the squat barge. It had passed villages, very few and far between, and occasionally a grey-stoned fortress. Now and again a handful of spectators would gather on the muddy banks of the river to watch the passing of the tugboat; but, with the solitary exception of innumerable timber rafts drifting lazily downstream, they met no other vessels; nor was the tugboat halted or challenged at any of the towns. It simply plodded onwards at full speed; the great columns of smoke pouring from its tall funnel.

Jack Drake, toiling in the engine-room, had found his task a laborious one. Ferrers Locke and his young assistant had had no difficulty in getting on board the tug, for Locke's story of taking the place of the other two men had been received without question by the surly captain. It did not matter



A ragged line of figures, chained together like wild animals, greeted the eyes of Locke and Jack Drake. (See page 24.)

—No one realises that more than the sinister "Red Mask"!

to Captain Galz who composed his crew, so long as they were there and obeyed his commands.

Jack's smattering of Russian was all that was required by him, for it was evident that the entire crew were suspicious of each other, each man tackling his job in silence. There was an air of furtive suspicion about them all that did not escape the quiet notice of Locke.

Attached to the tugboat by a strong steel cable was the covered-in barge. There was a good twenty yards' gap between the barge and the tugboat, and never once during the long journey had that gap been shortened, nor did any communication take place between the handful of men on the barge and those on the tugboat.

So far as Locke could see there were always two sentries on the barge—one on the bow, and one in the broad stern. They changed regularly, and it was only when passing the villages that they vanished from sight, disappearing into the boarded-up interior.

Jack's sleeping-quarters were aft, in an evil-smelling, unventilated lazaret, and it was only at night-time that he and his governor could exchange a few words.

Ferrers Locke was on duty now. He had been posted on the stern to keep his eye on the steel cable, and report if any signal came from the barge.

In a narrow, lighted cabin behind the wheel Captain Galz had taken up his quarters, and, together with his first-mate—an evil-looking man—had spent the greater part of his time lounging in the tiny shelter.

Now and again he would come reeling out on to the deck, and his half-drunken voice would bark out a torrent of orders, sending his handful of crew hurrying here and there.

"It's the absolute limit, gov'nor! I've never been on such a ship in my life! Where are we going to? And how long are we going to hang on like this?"

Locke glanced along the broad deck of the tug. There was a solitary figure in the bow, and he could see the broad back of the man at the wheel, but beyond these the deck was deserted.

"You're going to have something to do in a moment now, Jack," Ferrers Locke said. "I have waited until to-night, for there was no use making a move before. To-morrow morning we are due at Perm, and between then and now, old chap, you and I have got to get on the barge back there."

Jack sat up sharply, staring at his governor.

"Going on board the barge, gov'nor?"

"Yes. I've got to communicate with our friend. Much has to happen between now and Perm, young 'un."

He crossed to the port side of the stern, and Jack followed him. Attached to one of the stanchions was a stout rope, and Locke indicated a little skiff that was rocking and swaying at the other end of the line.

"There are about sixty yards of rope in the bow of that skiff," he explained. "When we get into it we can easily pay out until we come abreast of the barge. We shall have to make a start in another hour or so; it will be pitch-dark, and I know that the men on the barge have a meal then. It's a risk, Jack, but we'll have to take it. We are going to float down to the barge and get aboard, old chap."

He returned to his duty, and Jack settled down once again, and a long hour dragged slowly past. Jack caught

a movement from amidships, and a man appeared, carrying a tray. He entered the lighted cabin, to return and disappear a moment or two later.

"All right, Jack!" Ferrers Locke whispered. "No chance of Captain Galz disturbing us now. Come along, my lad."

Jack crept out of his hiding-place and followed his master. Locke climbed over the rails and drew the skiff forward. The tugboat rode low in the water, and there was only a drop of five or six feet, which Locke negotiated.

He landed in the skiff lightly, then Drake followed him; and, stepping over to the pile of rope, Locke began to let it out coil by coil. The skiff danced and tugged at the end of the line, until it dropped back yard by yard, and Jack saw the steel cable swaying overhead. Quietly and carefully Ferrers Locke carried out his task.

Finally the little skiff swung inward and thudded softly against the squat bow of the barge. Leaning out, Jack gripped a projection and clung to it for a moment. Ferrers Locke caught at another length of rope and fastened the skiff to the great, lumbering barge; then climbed on to the narrow strip of deck, to vanish for a moment, while Jack waited, with his pulses drumming.

"All right, Jack! Come along!"

Jack climbed out of the skiff, and made his way through the darkness to where Locke was waiting for him in the narrow space in the bow. The superstructure rose like a solid wall behind him; and, reaching for the edge of the roof, Locke drew himself on to it. Jack was after him in a moment, and on their hands and knees they crept forward.

Half-way down they found a square skylight covered with a sheet of tarpaulin. Locke removed the fastenings from one corner of it, and Jack saw a faint glow of light appear. He

thrust his head and shoulders under the tarpaulin, wriggling close to his master, and peered down through the grimed glass.

The sight that met his eyes brought a faint gasp of horror to the youngster's lips.

He was looking into a cage. On either side ran a long grille of steel bars, which the outside panellings of woodwork had hidden from view. Down the centre of the cage there was a wide plank-bed, and chained to it, side by side, like so many wild beasts, were a double line of ragged, gaunt figures. An oil-lamp swinging from the roof shed a sickly yellow glow over the scene.

Jack stared with horror-filled eyes; then a touch on his arm roused him.

"We are looking at Red Mask's victims, young 'un," Ferrers Locke whispered. "These are the unfortunate wretches whom we have got to save—and we've got to do it before we reach Perm."

The rasp of a bolt sounded, and, with a quick movement Locke and his assistant drew out from under the tarpaulin. From the stern of the barge an armed figure appeared and came pacing down the narrow deck.

With a word to Jack, Ferrers Locke began to worm his way to the edge of the roof of the cage. Jack saw the top of the sentry's furled cap as the man made his way onward. He drew opposite where Locke was crouched. Then, with a noiseless leap, the detective dropped over the edge of the roof full on the back of the sentry.

The two figures vanished.

Ferrers Locke was taking no chances. That sudden, noiseless attack on the armed sentry was the beginning of a desperate adventure, and a mistake then would have meant the end of his schemes.

The detective caught at the thick throat, choking back the cry that rose to the sentry's lips.

They fell together on the narrow strip of deck, Locke uppermost. The sentry was handicapped by his thick coat, and the unexpectedness of the attack had given Locke an advantage which he made the most of.

In silence they wrestled, the armed man trying to break away from those strong, remorseless fingers. Once a fierce effort saw them roll over to the edge of the barge, and Locke found himself peering down on the black waters as they gurgled past. He twisted his man away again, pinning him against the thick woodwork that concealed the iron bars of the great cage. The round fur cap fell from the sentry's head, revealing the shock of thick hair.

Again the silent wrestle began. Locke could feel the powerful body of his antagonist straining and twisting beneath him. The man was trying to reach for some concealed weapon now.

Putting all his strength into the effort, Locke raised the sentry's head and shoulders, then drove him down against the outjutting ledge of the panelling, a swift, fierce effort that saw the huge figure crumple suddenly under Locke's steel-like grip.

Lying flat on the roof, Jack held his breath, listening intently. Then, as the moments passed, and there was no sound, he drew himself forward and gained the edge of the roof and peered down into the dark space below.

He was just in time to see a tall figure rise silently to its feet, while a huddled

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE WHITE HEATHER



THE CURTAIN RINGS UP ON

FERRERS LOCKE, England's premier detective, who has journeyed to Moscow and founded a secret society known as the Brotherhood of the White Heather. Its governing object is to stamp out the tyrannical power of Red Mask, alias Count Heinrich, who holds some mysterious sway over the destinies of distressed Moscow.

JACK DRAKE, the detective's young and able assistant.

BORIS SAROV, a prominent member of the Brotherhood, who is Locke's right-hand man.

Already the great detective has been instrumental in rescuing three of Red Mask's victims. By a strategic impersonation, the sleuth and Boris, in company with Jack Drake, arrive in Nijni-Novgorod. Coming to a shed on the wharf, Locke is surprised to see a message scrawled on the wall in English. It reads: "There are fifteen of us left. Heaven help us!"—JAMES KERSHAW.

Suddenly a pattering of footsteps announce the approach of a party of men. The three members of the Brotherhood immediately take shelter behind some bales of hides. A towering figure appears on the threshold of the shed. It is Red Mask!

(Now read on.)

The Brotherhood are in for some exciting adventures before the curtain—

shape lay sprawling on the deck beneath it.

"All right, Jack! Come along!"

The youngster slid over the edge of the roof and dropped into the narrow space below. Locke lifted the unconscious sentry by the shoulders, and Jack grabbed at the feet. Together they carted the man round to the narrow gap in the bows. The detective stooped over the fellow, tying him up hand and foot: then he thrust a gag between the thick lips, and rolled him into a coil of rope, leaving him there.

A jangle of keys sounded, and Locke stood up again.

"Go back and get his rifle, young'un," he said to his assistant; "and come here, quick."

Jack slid off, found the rifle, and returned. Locke was bending over the heavily-barred door of the cage, and Jack heard the rasp as the key was turned.

"You must wait here, and keep a sharp look-out, my lad," the detective whispered. "You've got to warn me if anyone comes for'ard."

The door slid open, revealing a faint light; then Locke stepped quietly through it, closing the barrier behind him again.

He was inside the cage with its manacled, wearied prisoners. Most of them were asprawl the hard, wooden platform; huddled up in a corner was one figure, which turned its head and stared hard at the newcomer.

"Don't make a sound, gentlemen," Ferrers Locke said, speaking in clear English. "You were told that the Brotherhood of White Heather would rescue you; and I am here as their representative."

The quiet voice carried to every corner of the roomy cage, and shape after shape started up, to blink and peer at the grimy figure in the blue overall.

"The—the White Brotherhood?"

Someone's voice rose thin and clear. Locke raised his hand.

"You must be silent," he warned. "If your guards hear, your chance of escape has gone."

A Game of Bluff!

THE huddled figures settled themselves along the edge of the wooden platform, turning their gaunt faces towards the man at the top of the cage. All of them wore the same stamp—the pallor of hunger, the subdued fear of men who have lost their courage. It was almost more than Locke could bear to look at them, and he felt a great anger rise in his heart.

Penned like animals—countrymen of his own!

He moved down the long cabin, and the silent prisoners leaned forward to watch him. The tall, ragged individual in the corner at the end of the line arose to his feet, and Locke noted the clear, steel-blue eyes and grim-set jaw.

"You are Captain Barlowe, I believe?"

"Yes; that's my name."

"Then I'm going to rely on you to help me, Barlowe," the detective went on. "Have you any idea how many men there are guarding the barge?"

"Seven altogether—six men and an officer. They are quartered aft."

Ferrers Locke drew the bunch of keys forward, and, after searching for a moment, he discovered the one that unlocked the heavy manacles around the captain's wrists. He loosened them, and the tall ex-officer, stepping out of his



Putting all his strength into the effort, Locke raised the sentry's head and shoulders and drove them against the panelling. Lying flat on the roof, Drake peered over and watched the silent struggle. (See page 24.)

shackles, braced his long body and drew a breath of deep satisfaction.

"Free! Free! By heavens!" he muttered to himself.

A movement ran through the long line of prisoners. Manacled hands were stretched out towards Locke, and he raised his head for a moment.

"Listen, gentlemen," he said. "I am here with a youngster. We travelled with you all the way from Nijni-Novgorod, waiting for this opportunity. Now you will have to help. We must meet cunning with cunning, and this is my plan. I want six of you to take part in the scheme, and I will leave it to Captain Barlowe whom to choose. Our first need is to overcome those ruffians who are guarding the barge, and the six who are chosen will have to take their places."

He turned to the captain by his side.

"I want you to pick out among your friends, those who will be able to take the part of the men we are going to tackle," he explained; "for it's a big game of bluff we've got to play."

A murmur broke out. Those unfortunate wretches had suffered torment, and the low voices clamoured eagerly to be released from their chains. In a quiet voice Ferrers Locke revealed his scheme, talking rapidly, and gradually their murmurs died away, and one man in the line rose to his feet.

"We must trust this man, my friends," he said. "He has come here—appeared like a very deliverer—let us do as he bids us. Surely we can suffer for a few hours longer if liberty, for us all, awaits us at the end."

He seated himself again, clasping his manacled hands over his chest.

"I, for one, am content to wait," he added.

Locke signalled to Captain Barlowe,

and, moving down the line, they commenced to make their choice. Man after man Locke spoke to, until at last five had been selected, and, moving quietly to the door, the detective opened it. Jack Drake, on sentry outside, saw figure after figure emerge, followed by his master.

Then the door was closed again, and Locke signalled to his assistant, reaching for the rifle which he took from the youngster's hand.

"You will come with me, Captain Barlowe," he said. "And you, Jack, must keep behind. Three will take to one side of the deck, and the remainder on the other. You must wait until you get a signal from me, then move, and move swiftly."

He turned, and, slipping round the end of the cage, began to move down the narrow strip of deck with the captain at his heels. Behind them came Jack Drake. He realised what was going to happen, and his heart was in his mouth as they crept stealthily aft.

Ferrers Locke reached the end of the tall cage and peered across the stern. He saw the lighted companion-way, that led down to the quarters occupied by the guard. An armed man was leaning against the companion-way, looking down-stream.

With a warning signal, Locke moved out from his hiding-place. Jack, reaching the side of the captain, peered at the dim figure of his master. He saw Locke reach within a yard of the sentry, then a swift movement saw the rifle in the detective's hand rammed against the broad back. A quiet whisper in Russian sounded.

"A move, and you're a dead man!"

The burly figure started, then went limp again. The sentry, not being able to turn his head, clutched at the side of

—falls on the tyrannical power of Red Mask! Look out for thrills!

the companion-way to steady himself. With a quick run, Captain Barlowe left Jack Drake's side, and the next moment had snatched the second rifle away from the nervous grasp of its owner.

The sentry swung round, and, as he did so, the captain caught at him with his disengaged hand, his powerful fingers closing round the thick throat. A moment later the man was sprawling on his back on the deck, and eager hands tightened on him.

Jack Drake, running forward, helped in a swift trussing-up, and had the satisfaction of thrusting a ragged strip of his woollen jersey between the man's thick lips.

"Are you ready, captain?"

"Yes."

Locke had risen to his feet, and was standing at the top of the short companion-way, the rifle and bayonet glinting in his hand. The ex-officer dropped into his place behind him; then, as though at a given signal, the two men swung down the companion-way in one swift dive.

Drake heard a gasp of amazement as he pelted after them, and found himself in a low-panelled cabin, with two lights shining from the roof. At a square table four boarded men were seated, while on the table lay a number of dice. Across the top of the table was a bayonet and rifle, under Ferrers Locke's strong wrist. It was straight at the chest of the younger man who had fallen back in his chair, his hands above his head.

"Make a move, and you're a dead man!" Ferrers Locke warned.

The other men at the table were sitting rigid in the same pose as their superior, and for a long moment the tableau held. Then the detective gave a quiet call. There was a rush of feet, and down the companion-way came the released prisoners, to sweep past the two armed figures and fling themselves on the discomfited guard.

Captain Barlowe dropped his rifle, and, turning to Locke, held out his hand.

"The miracle has happened," he said. "We have captured the barge. Let me release the rest of my friends."

Locke's clean-cut face widened into a quiet smile for a moment, then he shook his head.

"We dare not do that yet, captain," he said. "You are still a long way from freedom. Even if I were to release your friends now, and we managed to get ashore, what chance would you have of getting away from here? You are in the heart of Russia, with enemies on every side of you. Where could you go? Where could you hide? Before a day was over Red Mask and his associates would have tracked you down one by one."

He leaned forward and laid his hand on Barlowe's arm.

"I've sworn to deliver all of you out of the hands of that merciless brute," he went on. "But if I'm to do so, you must obey my orders. There is a way to freedom, but we must first reach Perm."

He climbed the companion-way on to the deck again, followed by the ex-officer and Drake. They paced side by side up to the bow, and stood there listening for a moment, but all was quiet save for the heavy rhythmic beat of the tug-boat ahead.

"Captain Galz has been told to tow this barge to the railway wharf at Perm," said Ferrers Locke. "He has to reach it before dawn to-morrow, so that he may hand his prisoners over. He

will see his prisoners land under a guard, and then make his report to his master. He will not know that you and your friends are the escorts. See to it that your prisoners are grouped among the rest of your friends, and warn them that if they make an attempt to reveal the trick you will kill them. The captain of the tug-boat does not know the guard or its officer, and I am trusting to you to play your part."

He crossed to the bow, signalled to Jack Drake, and reached for the rope that held the skiff in place.

"You've a big job on, Captain Barlowe," he added. "Just a quiet game of bluff that will soon be over. Drill your friends in the part they've got to play, and watch those prisoners. You'll win through, and I shall be there to see it."

He dropped into the skiff, and Jack followed him, leaving the tall figure of the ex-officer standing in the bow. Jack reached for the long tow-rope and began to draw it in, hand over hand. The skiff glided forward with each pull, and at long last it reached the stern of the tug-boat and was made fast.



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Ferrers Locke helped his young assistant over the stern and climbed after him, and for a moment they stood there, peering at the dark, squat shape of the barge behind.

"By James, gov'nor, it's a brainy notion. But I wonder if those fellows can carry it through?" Jack Drake said at last.

To the youngster there was a grim comedy in the position of affairs now. That great, black prison barge, rolling along in the wake of the tug, would hide its secret well enough.

Even as they watched they saw the tall figure, with a rifle slung over its shoulder, appear for a moment as it paced across the bows. Captain Barlowe was setting his new guard to work, and Jack Drake chuckled softly to himself.

"My hat! But I wouldn't like to be any of those sentries now!" he muttered. "Chained up in a den of wolves would be a picnic compared to what they'll go through, I'll bet."

A warning sound from Ferrers Locke made the youngster dive under a boat, and a moment later another deck-hand appeared with a muttered salute.

"No trouble over there, brother, I suppose?" the man demanded.

Locke shrugged his shoulders.

"No trouble, brother," he returned, as he paced quietly away.

Jack, wriggling out of his hiding-place, followed his master, and a grin crossed his face as he looked back and saw the new watchman take up his stand in the stern.

"I don't know how it's going to end," the lad muttered to himself, "but by James, it's a dandy scheme, and it deserves to win through."

An hour before nightfall a mud-splashed, closed car swung down the long, rutted road that ran beside the river, and came in sight of the huddled city of Perm, that lonely terminus of the Ural railway.

The principal part of the city stood on a steep cliff overlooking the river. The streets were broad and well laid-out, and the houses substantial structures of brick and stone. But as the car moved through the main thoroughfare a tall man seated beside the driver turned his wearied eyes to right and left, noting that the streets were almost deserted, and many of the shops were shuttered and barred.

The car drove on past a long line of quays, then, swinging sharply to the right, it ran under a high, arched gateway and came to a halt. Boris, for it was he, slipped from his seat beside the driver and, descending, opened the door. The broad-shouldered figure of Count Heinrich stepped out and crossed to the gate. Boris reached to the interior of the vehicle and lifted out a couple of heavy valises, following the giant figure. A servant in white opened the door, and Boris saw him bow to Red Mask.

"My master is waiting for you," he reported.

Red Mask turned to Boris.

"Leave those valises. I will not need you again to-night. You will return here again at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

Boris handed over his burden, saluted, and walked back to the second chauffeur.

"He does not require us again, my friend," Boris drawled. "But that does not follow that we may not require him. Quick! Find some place where we can leave this car, and let it be as near here as possible."

They found a convenient shed beside an inn near by. The car was duly garaged, and Boris booked a room for himself at the inn. Count Heinrich little knew that the men who had driven him all the way from Nijni-Novgorod were brothers of the White Heather.

They were served with a meal by the host of the inn, then the chauffeur began to question Boris.

"So far I have moved in the dark," he said. "What's brought you here to Perm?"

"Nothing that I need trouble you about, my friend," Boris returned quietly. "You have done me a good service, and that is sufficient. My work from now onwards is dangerous, and I would not have you share it."

There was a look of relief on the other man's face, and he leaned back in his chair. He had kept faith with his vow to the Brotherhood, but he knew the power of the man whom Boris was tracking.

"I have not your steel-like courage," he said at last. "I do but drive a car. It is sufficient for me."

When the meal was over Boris slipped up to his room and unpacked the small valise that he had brought with him. It was a splendid uniform that he dressed himself in. The Russian Army was of a somewhat nondescript type, and Boris, in a close-fitting blue tunic, loose trousers, and the peaked hat, knew that he could pass himself off as a member of the Russian staff.

The papers that he had slipped into the pocket of the coat identified him as Captain Roustam Salz, of the Railway Corps.

He knew that the house the count had entered was occupied by the Government official in charge of the railway. He also knew that the tug-boat and barge were due to arrive at the Government wharf close to the railway station.

What had happened during that long voyage? How could he get in touch with Ferrers Locke again?

Boris emerged into the quiet streets of Perm, and headed for a certain address that he had been given. It was an old store situated near to a line of trees, and the proprietor, obviously a Greek, gave Boris the sign of the Brotherhood.

Boris began to question the man, but he gained very little information.

"I have kept watch on the railway, as desired, brother," he explained. "All I can tell you is that this afternoon a long, closed coach has been run into the siding beside the Government wharf, and I have heard that one of the most powerful engines had been taken off the general service, and is waiting in readiness for some important mission. But they have posted guards all round the railway siding to-day, and no man may emerge or enter without a special permit."

"Then there is no way of getting into the Government wharf without coming in contact with the sentries?"

The Greek looked at his companion for a moment without speaking.

"There is a way," he said at last, "but it's risky. There was a time when I found it useful."

"Then your way will be my way," said Boris, "risky or otherwise."

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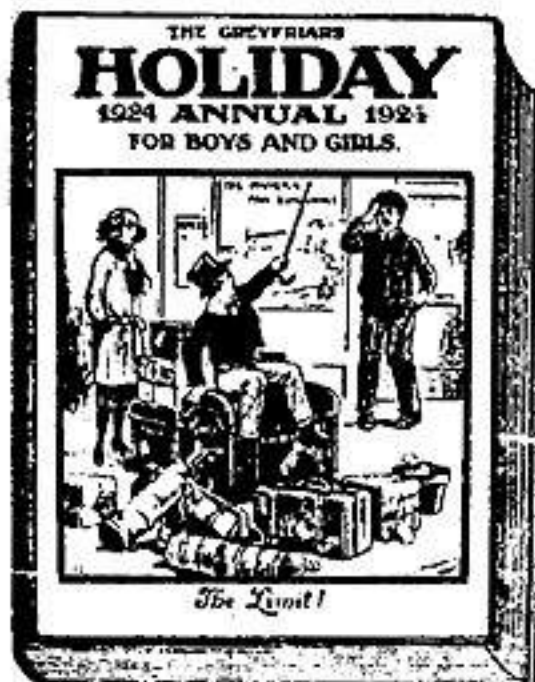
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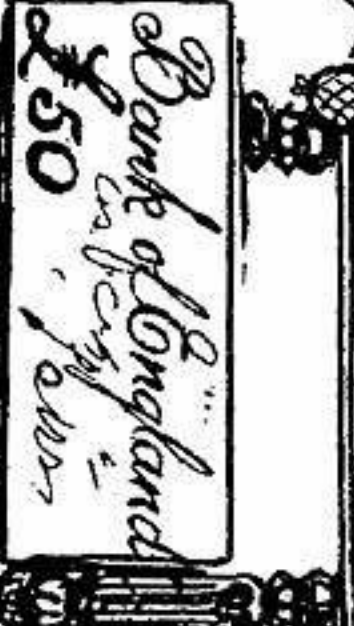
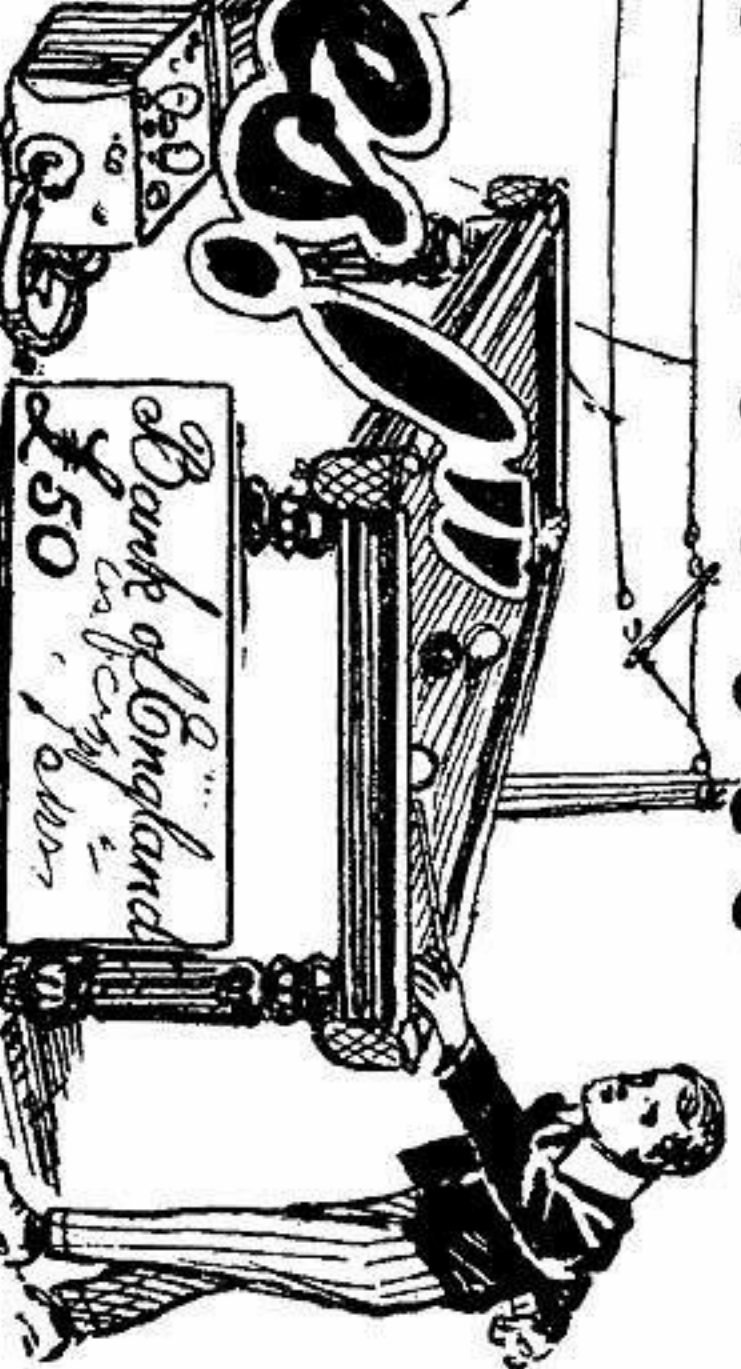
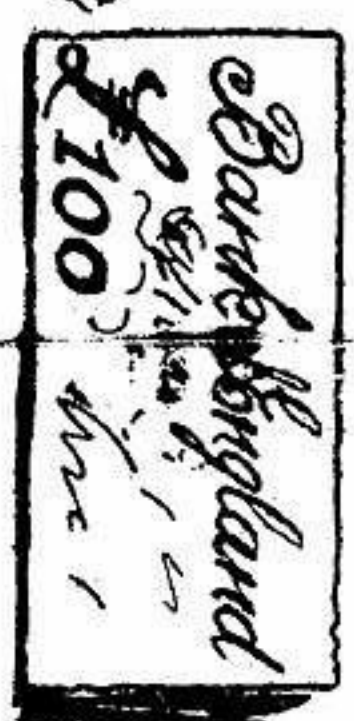
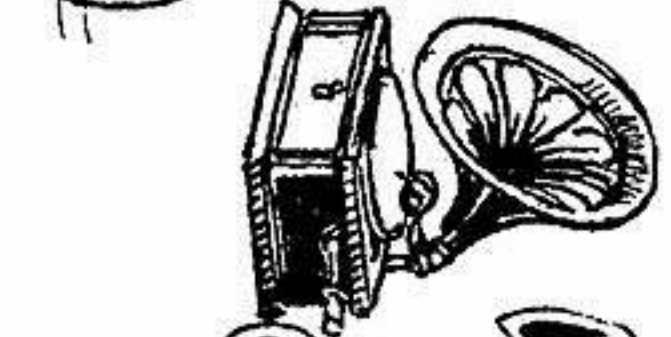
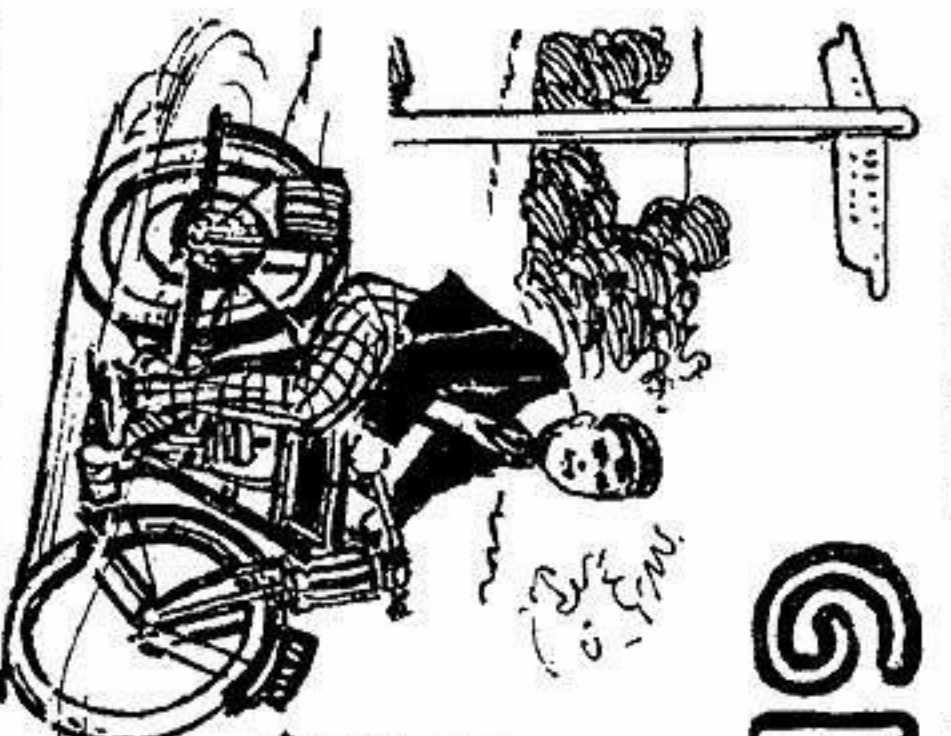
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- 2.—The Second Prize of £50, and the others in the splendid variety of prizes will be awarded in order of merit.
- 3.—All the prizes will be awarded. If two or more competitors tie, however, the prize or prizes, or their value, will be divided, and the Editor reserves full rights in this respect.
- 4.—No solutions may be sent in until all the sets of the pictures and the necessary coupon have been published. Full directions will then be given.
- 5.—The names under the pictures must be written IN INK.

- 6.—Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.
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10	 ER	11	 B	12	 ER
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ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to write IN INK in the allotted space under each of the puzzle-pictures the name of the Footballer which you think the picture represents. Thus with No. 1, in the first set of pictures shown again below, the picture clearly means BALL. In the same way you have to discover the names indicated by the other pictures.

In all there will be EIGHT SETS OF PICTURES, so keep your solutions until the other sets appear.

DO NOT SEND YOUR ENTRIES YET.

To help you still further there is a list containing the names of prominent footballers to choose from on page 2, columns 2 and 3.

For the benefit of those who missed the first set of pictures we reproduce them here.

4		5		6	
7		8		9	