BOUNDER

AND

CAPTAIN

BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Pal that Palled!

"Smity! old chap!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, seemed deaf.

At all events, if he heard Billy Bunter's fat voice, he heeded it not.

"Smity!" roared Bunter.
The Bounder was walking rather fast.

Like Felix, he kept on walking.
The Greyfriars Remove had been dismissed for "break.

A cheery crowd of juniors streamed out into the bright spring sunshine in the quad.

Billy Bunter, as soon as he was out of the Form-room, blinked round through his big spectacles for Smithy.

Bunter wanted to see Smithy. Smithy, on the other hand, did not want to see Bunter. It had never been on record that anybody, ever, did want to see Bunter. And of late—in the peculiar state of affairs in the Greyfriars Remove—Smithy had seen altogether too much of Bunter.

Deaf to the voice of the charmer, the Bounder walked out of the House, leaving Billy Bunter to waste his sweetness on the desert air.

"Smity!" hooted Bunter.

Smithy was gone.

"Blast!"

Billy Bunter rolled in pursuit.

Outside the House, Harry Wharton & Co. were already plotting a footman about. The Famous Five were to be seen, and plenty of other Remove fellows. But the Bounder seemed to have vanished.

Billy Bunter blinked round with an exasperated blink.

"I say, you fellows—"

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"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Join up, Bunter!"

"Rats! I say, seen my pal Smithy?

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter's question seemed to entertain the Remove fellows. Bunter of late, had constituted himself Smithy's pal; and the Bounder, for reasons of his own, did not say him nay. But there was no doubt that the less Smithy saw of his pal the better he liked it.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" smothered the fat Owl. "Look here, I'm looking for Smithy—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Which way did he go?"

"The whilom he was here I think!"

"Chuckled Hurroe Jamset Ram Singh."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Stop that ball, Bunter!" shouted Bob.

"Rats!"

Bunter, like the deep and dark blue ocean in the poem, rolled on. He had no time to waste on footer. The school shop was open during morning break. Break lasted only a quarter of an hour. So Bunter had to find his pal before fifteen minutes had expired. It was really urgent.

"Look out, Bunter—"

"Look out, fathead—"

Bunter did not look out. He had no intention of stopping the ball. But—owing to the fact that he did not look out—he stopped it unintentionally.

Crash.

"Oooh!"

"Goaf!" chortled Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter sat down.

He sat down suddenly and hard. For a moment he did not know what had happened, unless it was an earthquake.

But it was not an earthquake. It was only a whizzing football landing on a fat ear.

"Oooh! Ow! Waaaaah!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well stopped!"

"Ow! Wow!" Bunter sobbed and roared. "Oh crikey! Ow! Who banged that footer at me? Ow! You've cracked my head—"

"That's all right, old bean," said Bob Cherry cheerily. "It's always been more or less cracked."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! Ow! Give a fellow a hand up!" roared Bunter. "Can't you help a fellow up after knocking him down, you beast!"

"Certainly! Here goes!"

Bob Cherry stooped over the fat Owl of the Remove and took a grasp upon his ears.

The ears were extensive and gave him a good hold.

"Up you go—"

"Yaroom!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Legs say ears, you beast!" shrieked Bunter. "You're pulling them out of my head! Ow! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Stop pulling my ears!" raved Bunter. "I jolly well won't vote for you in the election now!"

"Let me catch you voting for me!" jeered Bob. "I'll jolly well kick you if you do!"

"Why, you cheeky beast—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Legs—Ow—ow—ow!"

Billy Bunter scrambled frantically to his feet, and Bob released his crimson ears. The fat junior glared at him with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.
"All right now?" asked Bob cheerily.

"Ow! Wow!" Burner rubbed his fat ears. "You awful rotter! I've got my game on, my man. Hold on with you! I was thinking of voting for you in the form election! Now I jolly well won't! See!"

"Kick him!" said Frank Nugent.

"Beast!"

Billy Bulter dodged and rolled away, still rubbing his ears. The Famous Five pursued the ball, passing the owl of the Remoove by like the idle wind which they regarded not.

Bunter snorted with indignation as he rolled by.

By a peculiar concatenation of circumstances Billy Bulter, hitherto the most negligible member of the Greyfriars Remoove, had suddenly become the most important fellow in the Form—in his own fat estimation, at least.

Harry Wharton had resigned the captaincy of the Remoove, and a Form election was pending. The election had already been held, and the voting had tied; Billy Bulter, the odd man out, being absent on the occasion.

The election was to be held all over again on Saturday, and as nobody had changed sides, it was evident that Billy Bulter would be able to decide the result.

Bunter had the casting vote that was needed to decide the contest one way or the other, and in these circumstances Bulter fully realised his own importance.

Bob Cherry and his friends, however, were not the fellows to acknowledge it.

So far from admitting the enormous importance of William George Bulter, Bob seemed more disposed to kick him for putting on airs.

The cheeky beast!" grumbled Bulter. "If you like, I'll make him captain of the Remoove if I jolly well like; and he pulls a fellow's ears! I'll jolly well show him! Oh, here you are! I say, Smithy!"

He sighted Vernon-Smith under the elms.

The Bounder looked round—or, rather, glared round.

Bunter was rather more tactful than Bob in the matter of vote-catching. He had a due sense of the new and extraordinary importance of W. G. Bulter. He had even submitted to palling on to him. But there was no doubt that his pal had, so to speak, pulled! A pal like Bunter was liable to pall on any fellow in a very short time.

And Smithy's temper was rather uncertain. On this particular morning it was particularly uncertain, as Mr. George Bulter had had time to get over all the lines of the Remoove. The Bounder was in no mood for Bunter, as his look plainly showed. He was in a mood to give the fat Owl what he felt he really been asking for for some days.

Bunter rolled up to him, frowning. The Bounder was not in a good temper, and he was after establishing contact with the footer. A football on a fat ear was never grateful nor comforting.

"Hold on, Smithy! Don't walk away while I'm telling you!" snarled Bunter. "Look here, I've been looking for you!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snapped the Bounder.

"Dedging a fellow!" exclaimed Bunter, with an accusing blink through his big spectacles. "You jolly well heard me call you, Smithy! If that's what you can—"

"You fat owl!"

"Oh, really, Smithy, I can jolly well tell you what I'm doing the right way to bag my vote at the election on Saturday!" said Bunter impressively. "The whole thing's in my hands, as you jolly well know; I've got my fifteen votes, and Cherry's got his fifteen. And if I don't vote for you, where will you be?"

Harbert Vernon-Smith made a motion with his foot.

Doubtless Billy Bulter was a very important fellow in the present state of affairs. But you or he, his immense importance only inspired both the rival candidates with an intense desire to kick him.

"I'll hang it there!" said Bunter, blinking at him slyly. "I've been thinking it over, Smithy, and I'm not at all sure that I can give you my vote. Bulter is the fellow to make the most of the situation. His happy idea was to keep both candidates on tenderhooks.

"I'm willing to talk it over," he went on, more amicably. "Let's go along to the tuckshop and talk it over. Smithy, Mrs. Minchin has got me a lot of junk in the dinner, and I'm willing to give you a hearing, and—perhaps I may decide in your favour, after all, Smithy. Mind, I'm not making any promises, but I think I could go so far as to say—"

promises, but I think I could go so far as to say— Yow-yow-yow-yow-yow-yow..."

For several days the Bounder had been longing to kick Bulter. Now that longing suddenly got the better of him. A sudden grasp on his collar spun Bulter around and he found himself on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars.

Bunter flew.

"Whoa-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

Bunter. "Oh crikey! Why, you beast— Yarowow! I jolly well won't vote for you now! Oh crumbs! Ow! Leave off kicking me, you beast!" yelled Bunter, squirming frantically.

"Having taken one kick, Smithy seemed to think that he might as well keep it up!"

Smithy, the most important member of the Remoove squirmed and roared and yelled.

"Ow! Wow! Yow! Stop it! Oh eh!"

Bunter scrambled up and fled for his fat life. The Bounder stalked away, feeling better. Bulter, on the other hand, felt the recoveries were drawbacks, after all, even to being the most important fellow in the Remoove.

The SECOND CHAPTER.

Johnny Bull Speaks His Mind!

"It's rotten!" growled Bob Cherry.

"The rottenness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"That fat idiot—" said Johnny Bull.

for terms the Bounder of Greyfriars has cast covetous eyes on the junior captaincy of the school. Now comes his chance to step into power—but the Bounder is soon made to realise that the job of junior captain is anything but a bed of roses!
THE MAGNET

I'm swatting for a scholarship examination, and if I don't get through I shall not be able to come back to Greyfriars next term. I've got to go out all to have a chance and let footslide a good deal for the rest of this term. I shan't be able to play in the matches, even if our new skipper asks me. I'm not likely, if it turns out, to be Smithy."


"What's the thump you do mean, Bull?" he demanded.

"I mean what I say," answered Johnny Bull. He was slow, stolid way.

"You've told us anything about your quarrel with your uncle, Colonel Wharton, though I suppose Nugent knows. You've been here a good bit and I'm asking no questions. But I jolly well know you're in the wrong," Wharton started, and his face flushed.

"And how the thump do you know that when you know nothing of the matter?" he snapped.

"Because I'm foiled," answered Wharton calmly. "You've got some row on with your uncle; you've refused to take an allowance from him, or to stay at some place somewhere; you've even closed out of gates to avoid him when he came down to see you. You think you've got a jolly good reason, but you have. You'll really upset bad, won't you?"

"Johnny, old man!" murmured Bob.

The flush died out of Harry Wharton's face and he paled with anger. There was a deep, unconscious silence in Study No. 1.

Harry Wharton broke it.

"I hope you think your family affairs are any business of yours, Bull! The less you say about them the better!"

"I'm your friend, I hope," said Johnny Bull calmly, "and it's my duty to tell a fellow when he's playing the goat and help to set him right. I don't know anything about the matter, except what Bunter got hold of and taffled up and down the Form. But I know this—"

"you're in the wrong, and you're acting badly, and it's up to your pals to tell you you're wrong," Johnny Bull paused, and looked at Wharton, quite unmoved by the concentrated anger in his face.

"That's what I think, and that's what I'm going to say, too, to Wharton."

"I've got it off my chest now. You're making a fool of yourself! Whatever it is you've got up against Colonel Wharton, you've got to see him and get it off your chest, and then you'll jolly well find that it's all moonshine! And that's all!"

"Confound your impudence!" broke out Bunter.

"It's not that," said Bunter, "it's that it's all wrong."

Johnny Bull arose from the table.

"Chuck it at that!" he said. "I'm not going to row with you, old bean—you're just getting on with me."

"I'm not going to row with you, old bean—" said Bunter, walking out.

"I'm not going to row with you, ox, and I wish you joy of it. Now I'll get out before you kick up a shindy, old chap."

And that, Johnny Bull marched out of Study No. 1.

Harry Wharton half rose from the table. Frank Nugent's hand dropped on his shoulder and pushed him back into his chair.

The door closed after Johnny Bull. Harry Wharton breathed hard as he

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"Look out, Bunter!" shouted Bob Cherry, as the football sailed through the air in the direction of the Owl of the Remove. Bunter heeded him not, however, and the leather landed full on his fat ear. Crash! "Oooh-ooh!" roared Bunter, while the footballers howled with laughter.

"Where's the jam?" he asked.
"Isn't! There isn't any jam, old chap! Have some more toast?" "I think you might have had some jam! You know I like jam," said Bunter. "This is a pretty mess, I mean to ask a fellow to. You've been on jolly short commons in this study lately—I suppose because Wharton's hard up now! He, he, he! Must be rotten to be hard up, Harry, old chap! I can't say I've ever been through it myself—but it must be pretty rotten! You're looking jolly down in the mouth, too."

"You fat chump!"
"Oh, really, Wharton—"
Harry Wharton rose from the table and moved to the window. Bunter blinked after him and grinned at Nugent and Hurree Singh.

"Hard lines on poor old Wharton, his uncle turning him down like that, what?" said Bunter agreeably. "Frugally touchy, isn't he? Fellow make jokes about his temper up and down the Form, you know. Skinner says—"

"Never mind what Skinner says," interrupted Frank hastily, as Wharton made a movement. "So you've made up your mind how you're going to vote to-morrow, Bunter?"

"Well, I don't see how I can back up that beast Smithy," said the fat Owl. "He's mean, for one thing; and he kicked me, for another. And you fellows have always been my pals, haven't you?"

"Oh! Ah! Yes."

"The palfullness," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh solemnly, "has been terrible. The esteemed Bunter's ridiculous friendship is a boonful blessing." Billy Bunter finished the last slice of toast, and rose from the table.

"Well, you're my pals, and you can rely on me," he said. "Of course, I shall expect you to treat me decently. One good turn deserves another, what?"

"Um."

"By the way," added Bunter casually, "did I mention to you fellows that I was expecting a postal order?"

"I think you did," gasped Nugent.

"I—I want to remember something of the sort."

"The rememberingness is propitious."

"It hasn't come," said Bunter. "It's from one of my titled relations, you know, so there's no doubt about it. But there's been some delay in the post, and it—it hasn't come. It leaves me in rather a hole."

Billy Bunter paused, like Brutus, for a reply. Like Brutus, he did not get one.

"The fact is, I'm actually short of money at the present moment!" continued the fat Owl, blinking seriously at Nugent and Hurree Singh. "It's rather ridiculous—but there it is! I suppose you fellows could lend me the five bob—I mean the ten bob—that is to say, the pound—I suppose you could lend me the pound, till my postal order comes."

Again Bunter paused for a reply. Again there was none.

"Don't all speak at once!" said Bunter sarcastically.

The three juniors in Study No. 1 did not all speak at once. They did not speak at all. They only gazed at Bunter. "Well, what about it?" asked Bunter. "I'm no doubt Smithy would lend me the quid, if I asked him—only I don't care to ask the fellow. He would expect me to vote for him, if I did. Still, a fellow expects his pals to treat him like a pal, you know. What about it?"

"Oh, get out, you fat frump!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. Bunter blinked at him. "I'm not asking you, Wharton! I know you're hard up—you haven't a bean. He, he, he! Franky, old chap—"

Frank Nugent roso, and opened the door.

"Travel!" he said, briefly.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Roll away, you fat chump!"

"If you're too jolly to lend a fellow a quid when he's been disappointed about a postal order, you can hardly expect him to back you up, Nugent! I shall have to think again about voting for you next term," said Bunter, shaking his head. "In fact, I hardly think that Bob Cherry is the right man—"

Harry Wharton came across the study from the window. Billy Bunter gave him one blink, and rolled out of the doorway hastily. But he did not roll quite quickly enough. There was a thud as a foot landed on a pair of tight trousers, and Bunter shot into the passage with a yell.

"Yaroom!"

The study door slammed after the fat Owl. Evidently that study was done with electoneering, so far as William George Bunter was concerned.

"Ow! Beast!" yelled Bunter through the keyhole. "Yah! Beast! I'm jolly glad you're hard up, and I jolly well..."

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THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Buttering Quelch!

Mr. Quelch, the following morning, glanced over his class several times, with a rather grim eye.

That morning there was a good deal of suppressed excitement in the Remove. The Form election was in full swing.

Never had the classic tongue of Virgil and Horace appealed less to the Greyfriars Remove.

Even studious fellows like Mark Linley and Ponfoid, found it difficult to give due attention to the words of wisdom that fell from their Form master's ample lips. Even Harry Hardman, one of the worst workers in the Form, found his thoughts wandering.

Mr. Quelch, no doubt, knew that a Form election impended. But he took the view—natural to a beak—that in the Form-room, Form work should fill the minds of his pupils, to the exclusion of all extraneous matters.

Lines fell rather thickly in the Remove that morning. In fact, they fell like leaves in ancient Vellumbrosa.

Fellows persisted in whispering to one another; and whatever they were whispering about, it certainly was not Latin grammar.

"Bolsover!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"You were speaking to Skinner.
Take fifty lines.
Five minutes later:
"Bunter:" "Oh! Yes, sir! I wasn't speaking, sir!"

"Bunter," gasped the Owl of the Remove. "I was only saying to Wibley—"

"Take fifty lines."

"But—but I wasn't speaking, sir!"

protested Bunter in dismay. "I—I never said a word, sir! Wibley will tell you, sir! He heard me!"

"Hm, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Take a hundred lines, Bunter."

"Oh lor !"

Third school had never seemed so long to the Lower Form. Mr. Quelch was doing his worst, using deponent verbs; which had an appeal to few—very few—members of his Form. Those irrating verbs, which are passive in form but active in meaning, bored most of the Remove inexpressibly—especially on election day.

"Mauleverer!"

"Oh! Yaas, sir!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer.

"You are not giving me your attention, Mauleverer!"

"Oh! Yaas! I—I heard all you fellows were saying—I mean, I was listening to every word, sir!"

"Bunter!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh lor!"

"Do not utter ridiculous ejaculations in the Form-room, Bunter!" thundered the Remove master. "Bunter, you are worse than—You are giving no attention to this lesson, Bunter."

"Oh! Yes, sir! I—I'm rather fond of deponent verbs, sir—"

"Bunter. You will define a deponent verb."

Really, that was an easy one! But nothing in the way of knowledge was easier to Bunter.

"Oh, certainly, sir! A—a—a deponent verb is—"

"Is what?" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"Is—is—is nominative in form—"

"What?"

"And—and accusative in meaning, sir—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Remove.

"Bunter!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "How dare you, sir? I repeat, how dare you—"

"Oh crickey! Isn't that right, sir?" groaned Bunter. "I—I meant to say, sir, that a deponent verb is—is—is—"

Bunter cudgelled his fat brains, trying to remember what a deponent verb was. "It—it's something-or-other in form, sir, and—and what-does-you-call-it in meaning."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter, you utterly obseous boy."

"I—I mean—"

"Bunter, you will write out a hundred times that a deponent verb is passive in form but active in meaning."

"Oh crickey!"

"If there is any more whispering in this class," said Mr. Quelch portentously, "every boy who whispers will be detained for the half-holiday."

"Oh!"

There was no more whispering in the Remove. Fellows almost clamped their jaws shut. Detention for the afternoon meant missing the Form election.

Never had there been a more orderly andsummersett class at Greyfriars School than the Remove during the remainder of third lesson. A pin might have been heard to drop in the Form-room, so quiet they hung to every word of Mr. Quelch's words as if they were pearls of price.

But they were glad when it was over. The time for dismissal came at last, and the Remove marched out.

The Bounder joined Bunter as that fat and faduous youth rolled down the Form-room passage. Smiby was smiling his most agreeable smile. With the election now so close at hand, the Bounder was, apparently, prepared to
acknowledge Bunter once more as a "
"Coming out, old fellow?" asked Smithy.
Billy Bunter came to a halt and fixed
himself on his legs like a stone for
the kicking of the previous day.
He blinked at Smithy's feet and
allowed his blink to rise slowly till
it reached Smithy's face. Then it
dropped again to the bottom of
Bunter's feet and again ascended to
his face.
This was what Bunter called look-
ning a fellow up and down, and it was
instituted as the beginning with
Smithy's face.
"Who are you calling old fellow?" asked Bunter, with more dignity than
grammar.
"W. Smithy compressed his lips.
Several fellows stopped to look on,
appearently amused.
"You can keep your distance, Vernon-
Smith," said Bunter, with aYE! Owl, with crush-
ing dignity. "I'm done with you."
"Look here!" muttered the Bounder,
biting his lip.
Bunter waved a fat hand at him.
"That's nothing, from you!" he said.
"I don't want to have anything to say
to you, Smithy! Sheer off!"
And Bunter turned his back and
rolled away contemptuously, his very
spirits elevating him.
Vernon-Smith stared after him, he
felt an almost irresistible inclination to
assist Bunter's departure with a hefty kick.
But he restrained that inclination. He felt that he had, in
fact, kicked Bunter already not wisely
but too well. Obviously, it was more
judicious not to kick him till after the
election.
At dinner that day Skinner & Co.
were very attentive to Bunter. Skinner
and his friends were backing up the
Bounder for all they were worth.
They passed him things, and Skinner even
refrained from making a remark when
Bunter annexed his helping of pie.
After dinner Skinner and Snoop
walked out with Bunter, one on
either side of the important Owl.
"You won't be late for the elec-
tion this time, old man?" asked Skinner
affectionately.
"Oh, I shall be on time!" answered
Bunter.
"You're voting for our man, of
course?"
Bunter grinned.
"If Smithy gets in," remarked Snoop
casually, "it means an easier time all
round. Smithy isn't the man to report a
coup for cutting games practice."
"And you know what Cherry's like?"
observed Skinner.
"Something in that," agreed Bunter
thoughtfully. "I'm thinking it over.
The fact is, I don't think much of either
candidate. A pair of rotteners, if you ask
me. But I'll tell you what. Let's
take it over and put our heads to
it in Qech before the election. If
you fellows like to help me—"
"Hallo, there's Stock calling me!"
said Bunter, who was walking away.
Skinner hesitated. He was very keen
on bagging Bunter's vote for his can-
didate. But he was not keen on writing
out Bunter's name.
"I'll be jolly glad to help you, old
chap," began Skinner.
"Good man!"
"Only, I'm afraid Queelly would
spoil this," added Skinner, shaking
his head.
"I'll chance that," said Bunter
calmly.
"Well—you see—"
"Oh, it's all right!" said Bunter
alively. "I dare say Teddy will do the
imp!" for us. Ted's rather keen on
having his fair share of the election."
"Come up to the study, old fellow," said Skinner, making up his mind.
Billy Bunter grinned complacently as
he rolled after Skinner.
It was not uncommon for one fellow
to help another with an impot, though
it was very uncommon for Harold
Bunter to do so. But Bunter's vote
in the election was one of the first things
he was thinking about.
"I'll do the first six lines, and give
you a start, old chap?" said Bunter
generously, as they entered Study No. 7.
Helping Bunter, apparently, was to take the form of
writing ninety-four lines to Bunter's last
discovery.
The fat Owl blinked at him.
"If you don't want to help a chap,
Skinner—"
"Skinner changed the scowl into a grin.
"That's all right, old bean! Let's
get going."
Bunter scrawled half a dozen
lines. Then he reposed comfortably in
the study armchair and sucked a tooth-
while Skinner did the rest, in a colour-
ful imitation of Bunter's almost illegible
scrawl.
Skinner was tired of deponent verbs
by the time he had finished, though
doubtless he was never likely to forget
that those interesting verbs were passive
in their own right.
"There you are, Bunter!" he said,
last. "I fancy that will pass all
right with Queelly."
Bunter heaved his weight out of the
chair and blinked at the imposition.
"Right as rain," he said.
He picked up the lines and rolled
out of the study. Skinner followed him.
And you're going to vote for Smithy, old chap, he said.
"Mind you don't forget to turn up in
the Rag."
"Oh, yes, voting for Smithy—"
"I never said I'd vote for Smithy, did I?" asked Bunter, blinking at him.
Harold Skinner breathed hard and
didn't answer.
"Look here, Bunter, now I've done
your lines—"
"Oh, really, Skinner—"
"I didn't vote, general—"
"If you're going to call a fellow
names, Skinner—"
"I—I mean, look here, old chap,
Bunter—"
"You've helped me with my lines," said Bunter, with dignity. "I hope
you don't think that's going to make
any difference to my voting in the Form
next year. A fellow has to vote according
to his conscience."
"His conscience, old chap! I
dare say you're not quite so particular
as I am, Skinner. Most fellows aren't.
But I'm jolly well going to tell you that I'm not a fellow to
be bribed."
"Look here—" said Skinner.
Bunter waved a fat hand at him.
"That's enough!" he said. "I shall
turn up in the election. I haven't
decided how to vote yet. You needn't
say any more."
Bunter rolled away with the lines.
Skinner glanced after him with an
almost homesick glare. The fat Owl
had a narrow escape of having that
imposition jammmed down his back
and his bultes head banged on the wall of
the Remove passage.
But Skinner restrained his feelings.
Bunter's vote was still, so to speak, on
the list of the gods, and his head was
not to be bunged—not till after the election!

Until the election was over Bunter
had to be on his best behaviour.
Afterwards, Skinner mentally promised him all sorts of things afterwards!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Billy Bunter Makes Up His Mind!

Bunter, old bean?" asked Bunter
serenely.
A fat Owl was loathing in the
quad, and the wrinkle in his polgy
brow indicated that he was thinking.
Bunter, in fact, had food for thought.
It was the middle of the morning
and no one had made an offering.

There were pros and cons in the case.
Bunter liked neither candidate. Both,
in fact, were beasts! In the first place
they had been his rivals and his support and his
friendship on the Bounder—but the
Bounder had been distinctly ungrateful
in the extent of kicking Bunter.
There has to be something to
Bunter had promptly turned the
Bounder down, with the intention of
carrying his valuable support over to
the other side.

On the other hand, Bob Cherry had
kicked him, too!

So far as that went, matters were
equal. Both the rival candidates,
instead of basking in Bunter's smiles, and
acknowledging his vast importance, had
kicked him! Both of them, he must admit
I suppose, were yearning to kick him again!

Really, there was not a pin to choose
between them! Bunter had not yet made up his mind. His friends and
fellows, certainly, were willing to help
him make up his mind. The Remove were still
very busy; it may be that it would become a point of
honour with the fellows to
vote the same side they had adopted; nobody
was going to change sides. Which meant
that the voting would tie again—unless Bunter
had decided on the matter. All sorts of blandishments had been
wasted on Bunter—but the oracle, so to speak,
was still dumb.

Bunter grinned a fat grin as Teddy
came along and addressed him in
affectation tones, such as he might have
used to a long-lost brother. Bunter knew what
Teddy was up to. He had sought out
his fat study-mate merely for the
pleasure of his fascinating company.
"Chuck it, old man," said Bunter,
"I've got something to ask you, Teddy."
Teddy forbore to ask him what he was
doing it with.
"I've been looking for you, old chap!"
his mate.
"Well, now you've found me!" said Bunter,
with calm dignity.
"You're backing up our man, what?"
cuddled Teddy. "About time we got along
to the Rag! Come along with me, old
fellow."
Bunter did not stir.
Teddy was in a hurry to get along
to the Rag. Besides, from where he stood,
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leaning on the trunk of an elm, he had an eagle's eye for news. He was facing the window of the school shop.

"I’m thinking it out, Toddy," he answered, without looking up. "Can’t say they think much of the beasts much! Of course, in some ways, Smithy would make a better Form captain than Cherry.

"How do you make that out, fathead— I mean, old fellow?"

"Well, Skinner thinks that if Smithy gets in, a man will be able to dodge gags and dodge the fellows without being reported to Wingate."

"Oh crumbs!"

That consideration, evidently, had a strong hold on Mr. Bunter.

"Still, Cherry’s not a bad chap in some ways," said the fat Owl. "He’s a good deal more civil than Smithy, if a fellow drops into his study to tea.

"Oh!" gasped Toddy.

"And— he’s not recking with money like Smithy, but he’s a jolly good deal easier to touch for a small loan when a fellow’s been disappointed about a postal order," added Bunter thoughtfully.

Peter Todd gazed at him. Bunter evidently had some original ideas about the qualities that were required in a Form captain!

"Look here, old fat bean," said Toddy. "You’re not making any over study! Dutton’s voting for Bob, and so am I."

"Well, Dutton’s a rather silly ass," said Bunter. And so are you, Toddy, if you don’t mind my mentioning it.

Peter Todd suppressed his emotions. Skinner had refrained from banging Bunter’s bullet head on the passage wall after the fat Owl had coughed it on the elm. Quite an unusual amount of self-control was being exercised in the Greyfriars Remoove these days.

"At any rate, Toddy," said Bunter calmly, "I’m going to think it out. I may vote for your man. I may vote for Smithy! I haven’t made up my mind yet."

"You frabjous fool idiot—"

"That’s enough, Toddy! You can shoot off.

"I mean—"

"I know what you mean!" chuckled Bunter. "Sheer off, I tell you! Your face worries me, Toddy.

"I assure you, and with my emphasis, Peter Todd sheered off. Billy Bunter grinned after him cheerfully as he went. The fact that Toddy was pining to kick him, and could not venture, in the circumstances, to kick him, had an entertaining effect on Bunter. He was quite enjoying the situation."

He crossed again as he saw the Bounder coming along. He fully expected blandishments from the Bounder —and he was prepared to look him up and down, to flash at him and leave him on toerentbooks. Rather to his surprise, Smithy passed him unregarding, and walked into the bookshop.

Bunter was not following Smithy as he disappeared within that attractive establishment. He detached himself from the tree-trunk and rolled after Vernon-Smith down the steep flight of the bookshop. Smithy was standing at the counter, giving orders on a lavish scale.

"Two of those plum cakes—the large ones."

"Yes, sir!" said Mrs. Mimbie in her most honeyed tones. The Bounder was an ever-welcome customer in the school shop. Smithy was evidently spreading himself to an unusual extent.

"Four pots of jam—"

"Yes, sir!"

"Six dozen jam tarts—"

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Bunter’s eyes opened wide behind his huge spectacles.

"Three dozen doughnuts—"

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bunter. "Two dozen chocolate eclairs—"

"A pound of coconut ice—"

"Smithy, old chap—"

The Bounder did not heed Bunter, or seem aware of his presence. He continued to stack up the goods on the counter, with her sweetest smile.

Billy Bunter eyed that growing stack with ravenous eyes. Smithy was spending pounds—actually pounds! Evidently there was going to be a spend on an unusual scale; such a spread as had seldom or never been seen in the Greyfriars Remoove.

Bunter jerked at the Bounder’s sleeve.

"I—I say, Smithy, old chap—"

"He gasped.

The Bounder glanced at him at last.

"Don’t bother, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"What do you want?" snapped Vernon-Smith.

"N-n-nothing, old chap! Only I— I say, Smithy, are you standing a spread, old chap?"

"There’s going to be tea in my study after the election," answered Smithy.

"All the fellows who vote for me are coming. I’m going to celebrate the occasion," he added carelessly away from the fat Owl. "Let’s see—oh, a couple of dozen merengues, ma’am."

Bunter’s fat mouth watered.

Will readers please note that next week’s MAGNET will be on sale Thursday, March 24th, instead of Saturday, March 26th.

"And a box of chocolate creams—that big box will do," Bunter gasped.

"That’s the job," said the Bounder. He crossed the five-pound note on the counter. "Change that, will you?"

"I—I say, Smithy, I—I’ll help you carry the things to your study, if you like.

"Don’t bother, Bunter! I want those things delivered to my study at four exactly, Mr. Mimbie."

"Certainly, sir!"

The Bounder took his change and strolled to the door, still unconscious of the Bounder. Bunter rolled after him.

"I—I— I’m going to vote for you, old chap.

"Are you?" said the Bounder indifferently.

"The fact is, Smithy, I—I’ve always thought you ought to be captain of the Remove," gasped Bunter. "There never was a fellow more suited for the job. Old chap! I’ve been a better man than Wharton, any day; and as for Bob Cherry—pah! You’re the man, Smithy!"

"I—I’ve thought so all along, old chap."

"Well, if you still think so at half past three, turn up in the Rag and vote," said the Bounder carelessly, and he took his change.

Bunter blinked after him.

He did not like the Bounder’s manners a little bit. The fellow was rather shifty. But he had made up his fat mind.

With that gorgeous spread in prospect for all Smithy’s supporters, Bunter Bunter was only too anxious for the election to take place, and to record his vote in favour of the candidate who was so obviously the best man for the job.

The die was cast!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Election!

ARRY WHARTON & CO. came into the Rag together. Bob Cherry was looking, as usual, clumpier and more god-humoured, apparently not worrying about the result of the election. Most of the Remove fellows were already there, and they were conscious that a man would miss the voting. Lord Maulercker, it was true, had forgotten the important function that impended; but Johnny Bull had rooted his horde out of his study, and Maudy was there. Billy Bunter was there, too, with the Bounder’s party, which seemed to indicate that the Bounder did not wish to support Smithy. Billy Bunter was, in fact, now one of the Bounder’s most loyal supporters. He was eager for the election to be over, in order that the more important function—the spread in Smithy’s study—might follow.

"I say, you fellows, it’s time Wingate was here for his squeaking, as the Famous Five came in.

Five minutes yet," said Skinner.

"We’re all here, then," said Bunter, turning with an ungraceful gleam at the rival party. "If that fat idiot Bunter has made up his mind—"

"Oh, really, Bolsover—"

"I’ve made up my mind—such as it is!" grinned Wilby.

"I’m voting for Smithy," said Bunter, with dignity. "I’ve thought it out, and Smithy’s spread has got nothing to do with it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at," said Wilby. "Such a spread would come in and get it over! What’s the good of wasting time?"

Herbert Vernon-Smith stalked over to the Four Fat Fives. They eyed him rather grumpily.

"Cheerio, old bean!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob cheerfully.

"Last time we voted for ourselves," said the Bounder. "But—"

"You mean, you voted for yourself," said Maudy. "I’ve heard that we jolly well made Bob do the same!"

"Just as you like, Wilby. It’s rather a rotten idea for a candidate to vote for himself," said Smithy. "I’ll cut it out if you don’t do the same, Cherry. It comes to the same thing."

"Done!" said Bob at once. "It comes to being the same thing, as you say, but it looks better."

"You’ve got Bunter, after all, it seems!" grunted Johnny Bull.

Vernon-Smith.

"I think Bunter decided to vote for me," he asserted. "I dare say he knows who is the right man."

"He knows that well enough, the fat trump!" said Frank Nugent. "But he won’t be voting for him if he votes for Smithy.

"Smithy, have you tipped him for his vote?"

"I don’t think anything else," growled Johnny. "The fat bounder oughtn’t to be allowed to vote at all! He jolly well was not allowed to, either, if Wingate knew that you had squared him!"

"But I haven’t squared him, old bean."

The Bounder raised his eyebrows.

"Surely you don’t think I would tip a man for a five?"

"I don’t think anything else!"
"You get on with my impot, Skinner," said Bunter, "and I'll vote for your candidate in the election." Skinner scowled, but set to work, while Bunter reposed comfortably in the study armchair, sucking toffee.

"Oh, cut it out, Smithy!" said Harry Wharton, in disgust. "We've heard all about the celebration in your study after the election!"

"There's no law against a celebration in a study, is there?" asked the Bouncer innocently. "Aren't you just a little suspicious, old man? Besides, I don't think Bunter will be present at the celebration. I rather think he will not."

"Not!" ejaculated Johnny Bull. "Not!" assented the Bouncer.

"Then what the dickens is he voting for you for?" asked Bob Cherry. The Bouncer laughed.

"Because he thinks I'm the best man for the job, I suppose. What other reason could he have?"

"Oh, rats!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here come the jolly old prefects!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as Wingate and Gwynne came into the Rag. The Bouncer strode back to his own party.

All the Remove had come in by this time. The Lower Fourth was a numerous Form, numbering thirty-one fellows altogether. The way the junior prefects took the hall was the same at the meeting. The junior prefects were seated on the steps, and the junior fellows on the floor. The Form was filled with excitement. Bunter, the odd man out, was now counted in Smithy's fold. Fourteen fellows were grouped round Bob Cherry; fifteen round the Bouncer. If the fat Owl of the Remove really had made up his mind at last, the matter was already settled, and the counting of votes was only a matter of form.

"Well, here we are again!" said the Greyfriars captain, with a smile. "All here this time?"

"The all-fulness is terrific, venerable Wingate!" said Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh.

"We're all here, Wingate," said the Bouncer. "Every man in the Form has rolled up this time."

"Then let's get going!" said the Greyfriars captain. "Same candidates as before — what! — Vernon-Smith and Cherry?"

The matter that was of such thrilling importance to the Remove was quite a trivial affair to the captain of the school. Wingate and Gwynne had kindly come in to superintend the proceedings — chiefly, perhaps, to restrain the presence of any outbreak of noise preening on the part of the rival candidates and their backers. They certainly seemed unaware that this was a great crisis in the history of Greyfriars School.

"Well, then, hands up for Cherry!" said Wingate.

Fourteen hands went promptly up, and the two prefects counted them, and agreed the number at fourteen.

"Hands up for Vernon-Smith!"

Fifteen hands went up.

One of them was conspicuous by his dignified and grubbiness. It was the fat paw of William George Bunter. Neither candidate had voted for himself on this occasion. It came to the same thing, as each was prepared to do so if the other didn't.

"Fifteen!" said Wingate.

"Fifteen!" agreed Gwynne.

There was a pause.

"Fourteen votes for Cherry!" said Wingate. "Fifteen for Vernon-Smith! Vernon-Smith is elected captain of the Remove!"

"Hurrah!" roared the Bouncer's party with one voice.

"Good old Smithy!" yelled Hazel. "Smithy's the man!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Bunter!" grunted Johnny Bull. "The rottenness is terrific!"

"Can't be helped!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "If the majority want Smithy, they can have him, with my blessing!"

"That fat villain Bunter — Hurrah! " roared Bolsover major.

"Hip-pip! Down with the old gang! Hurrah!"

"I say, you fellows, we've beaten them!" squeaked Billy Bull. "I say, we've got our man in! I say, Smithy, let's get along to the study..."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows..."

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Smithy!"

"Well, the matter's settled this time," said Wingate. And he left the Rag with Gwynne.

The Famous Five followed them out. Bob Cherry was not looking greatly perturbed, but his friends were disappointed. Johnny Bull paused in the doorway.

"Let's kick Bunter before we go!" he said.

"The kickfulness is the proper caption," assented Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh, "and the kickfulness should be terrific!"

"Oh, come on!" said Bob. "Bunter had a right to vote how he liked, duffer! Look here, we've still got time for some footers!"

"If you say, you fellows, you're licked," yelled Bunter, as the Famous Five departed — "licked to the wide! He, he, he!"

"Thus are the jolly old mighty fallen!" chuckled Skinner.

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Quite an army followed the Bounder from the Rag. In the van marched Billy Bunter. There was a happy grin of anticipation on Bunter’s fat face. Even the most obscure anticipations were not, alas, destined to be realised. A cheering crowd marched along the Remove passage to Vernon-Smith’s study. At the door Smithy paused and turned to Bunter with aly expression that even Bunter could not imagine was hospitable or welcoming.

"Well, let’s sit," said tersely. Bunter blinked at him. "Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Skinner, old man—"

"Here," said Skinner.

"Would you mind elevating Bunter round?"

"Pleasure, old chap!"—I say, you fellows—I say—leggo—roared Bunter in the ear of the man who had voted for you, didn’t I? I say—Leggo—"

"Ha, ha, ha—"

Skinner seized Bunter by one fat shoulder. Snoop grasped him with the other. He was "slewed" round, with his back to Vernon-Smith, and he fairly wriggled with horror and apprehension.

"I say, look here, Bunter, you beast—"

"I say—Yarooooooh!

Vernon-Smith’s boot landed on Bunter’s tight trousers with a sound that would call a swooning thud. There was a yelp and Bunter flew.

"Ha, ha, ha—"

"Yow-ow-ow! Beast! I say, you fellows—"

There was another thud as Skinner’s boot landed, and another fearful yell from Bunter.

"Here, give a fellow a chance! exclaiming Bolsover major.

Thud!

"Scoooop—"

"Ha, ha, ha—"

William George Bunter, lately the most important fellow in the Remove, seemed rather at a discount now. Like the younger Son of the Morning, he had fallen from his high estate, and great was the fall thereof! The importance of Billy Bunter during the past few days had become ne plus ultra. Then he was happily a fellow in the Form who had not longed to kick him. Now they let themselves go.

"Give him one more—"

"Here, give a fellow a room—"

"Ha, ha, ha—"

"Yaroooooh! Help! Oh crikey!"

Bunter fled for his life. His wild yells faded away down the Remove staircase.

In the Bounder’s study, and in the passage adjoining, numerous and hilarious party celebrated the glorious victory; what time Bunter’s fall came out the figures became disconsolate, and rubbed the places where many a head had landed.

Bunter had sold his birthright for a mess of Bolsover. He had not bagged the mess of pottage. He had bagged the licking of his fate, which he had not expected; though certainly he might have expected it. And the fat Owl, like Rebacl of ancient times, moaned and found no comfort.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Smithy!

HARRY WHARTON came into the study after classes on Monday and stared a little as he saw Herbert Vernon-Smith sitting on the edge of the study table, apparently studying for him there.

He gave the Bounder a grim look.

The Co. had gone out of gates after class; but Wharton, as was usual with him now, was putting in time as "free." If Bunter had been helping him in his work for the Founders’ Scholarship examination, had drawn up a Latin exercise which the late captain of the Remove had to work out before ten. It was not a life task, and Wharton was not looking very merry or bright.

Since the Form election he had had nothing to say to the late captain of the Remove. He wondered, rather sarcastically, how it would turn out. He was well aware that the new skipper was born to be a skibber, with a good many of his followers to whom he settled down to business. But it was no concern of his, and he had other matters to occupy his mind. Rather to his surprise the Bounder, whom he had friendly need as he came into the study.

"What’s the news?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Harry curtly, "and I’ve no time to spare."

"Give me a few minutes—"

"I could give you a few minutes, Vernon-Smith, I like your room better than your company!" said Wharton bluntly. "We’re not friends, and I don’t want to see you in my study."

"Oh, quite!" assented the Bounder, unmoved. "If you’d rather see me later, I’ll come along again—"

"I’d rather not see you at all," said Wharton grimly. "I mean you, not the maniac, is there, old bean?" said Smithy agreeing.

"A fellow always knows where to have you."

Wharton made no reply to that. He was there to work, not to bandy words with the Bounder. He laid down his exercise and drew a chair to the table.

"I’ve got something to say, you know—"

"If you’d rather I left it till later—"

"I’ve got something to say, get off your chest—and cut it short. I’ve told you I’ve no time to waste."

"Right! About St. Jude’s on Wednesday—"

"That’s in my hands now, I’m skipper. It’s the last big fixture of the football season, and we want to win it."

"Go ahead and win it, then," said Harry. "I don’t quite see how you’re going to pull it off with the crowd you’ve promised places in the team. But I wish you luck."

"I’ve no promises," said the Bounder airily. "Some fellows seem to think that there’s going to be a lot of changes; but, of course, as skipper, I say who can win. Anybody who fancies anyone else is going to be disappointed."

Wharton’s lip curled. "You mean you’re going to let down the fellows who voted for you," he said. "Well, I suppose you would."

The Bounder winced a little.

"I’ve made no promises," he repeated stubbornly. "If fellows get silly—"
"We've had a row," said the Bounder. "I tried to do you a good turn when you were down on your luck, and you checked it back in my teeth. If I've given you a fall in return; you're checked, and you failed to get your pal in as skipper in your place. Well, we're even now—so let's call it a day and start fresh. What?"

"I've no wish to keep on, dragging, certainly," said Wharton. "I'm more than willing to do everything I can to back things up; I certainly don't want to see the ship be washed out at games. But I had more than one reason for resigning the captaincy. One was that the fellows had his back up and wanted me to chuck it. The other was that now I'm swotting for an exam I haven't the time for games. Leave me out.

The Bounder opened his eyes.
"You're not chucking football?" he exclaimed.
"Just that!"
"Oh, my hat!"

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"Lancashire lad: 'Fred.' "

"Cockney: 'Fred? That ain't a mouth-that's what yer new buttons on wi'!"

Send in YOUR funny story
today!

So that's that," said Wharton. "I'm keeping up games practice of course, a fellow has to keep up. But matches are another matter. A fellow ought to be at the top of his form to play for his school—and a man can't serve two masters! I shan't have the time of my life in the half-back way till the end of this term, I shall be mugging up this purd, Latin. I'm not losing a chance if I can help it."

"Oh, my hat!" repeated the Bounder. "But—"

"Sorry, if you want me," said Harry. "But there it is! I've not got my back up—I'd play for the Remove under your captaincy, or any other man's—I was keeping it on. But I'm not."

"You'll be badly missed from the team."-

"Thanks!"

"Look here, Wharton—"

"That's the lot," said Harry. He sat down at the table and dipped a pen into the ink. "Sorry—I've no more time to spare."

The Bounder went slowly to the door. He paused there, and looked back at the late captain of the Remove, Wharton, with his head bent over the exercise, was already deep in Latin. Vernon-Smith compressed his lips.

"Look here, Wharton—" he said. No reply.

"I suppose you know what the fellows will say?" snapped the Bounder savagely. "They'll say you've got your silly back up till you've been checked out of the captaincy."

"They can say what they like! You prefer swotting, like that smug Willoughby, to the Fourth, to playing football!" snarled the Bounder. "It's not a matter of choice with me.

"Oh, rot!"

"Shut the door after you!" said Wharton, over his shoulder. The Bounder's eyes glittered at the back of the bent head.

"You're letting me down, and letting the Form down!" he snarled. "You'd jolly well like to see me begin with a kicking at Scooper, I suppose. It's what I might have expected.

"Think so?"

"As for swotting, what does it come to? Your silly row with your uncle has been the talk of the Form! You've got your head back up, but I can jolly well tell you that every man in the Remove thinks you're making a fool of yourself. Your own pals think so, if they don't say so!"

"Wharton rose from the table, his face pale with anger. That's enough from you, Vernon-Smith! Another word like that and you're out of this study on your neck!"

The Bounder gave him a fierce look. Then, with an angry snarl, he swung out of the study and slammed the door.

**THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.**

Bolsiver is Worthy!...

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! What's the jolly old trouble?"

"Not any, thank you—tuesday evening, and prep was over. Bob Cherry was standing in the doorway of Study No. 1, talking to Nugent and Wharton. When Bolsiver came tramping up the Remove staircase, with a crimson face of wrath, Bob stared at him.

"Bolsiver!"

"Bo, the dickens—"

Bolsiver did not answer him, or look at him. He tramped on along the passage, and stopped at the door of Study No. 4. He gave that door a tap. There was no answer from inside."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob. "Looks like a row! You men know what's up with Bolsiver?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I suppose the Study's list is up in ten and a half times," he said. " Probably he's seen it."

Bob whistled.

"Poor old Smithy! If he's picking out the world, what he will have some trouble with the men who backed him up in the election."

"Serve him jolly well right!" remarked Frank Nugent.

"Well football comes before friendship," said Bob. "But I'm afraid Smithy let a lot of fellows fancy a lot of things, from what I hear. Hallo, hallo! Is that an alarm-clock going off?"

"He, he, he!"

"Oh, it's Bunter! Wherefore that horrid cackhussion, my fat tupp."

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man,” said the Bounder calmly.
“Reddy was present—he can hear me out,”

Redwing was silent and frowning.
Bolsover, major certainly had asked to his friends there was no doubt that the Bounder had pulled it with utter unscrupulousness.
“You—you—you rotter!” gasped Bolsover,

Yet as good as said—"
He brandished a clenched fist at the Bounder.
“Taking a fellow in! Pulling
a fellow’s leg! Bagging a man’s
tale with his retching lies! How Bolsover brandished both. “I think I’d voted for you if I’d known you were going to let me down like this? You—you rotten outsider!”

And Billy Bunter chortled.
“I’ve a jolly good mind to mop up this study with you! I’ve a jolly good

Vernon-Smith rose to his feet.
“Better travel,” he suggested.
“You—you rotter! You—you—you,”

Bolsover major stouter.
“I’ve taken you into it—You—you—
Do you think you’re going to get away with this? Why, the team you’ve got down to play is the same old gang, except that you’ve bunged your own pal in, leaving a better man out. Is that your idea of a rook?”

There’s the door,” said the Bounder
ccooly.
Bolsover major looked as if he would rush at the new skipper of the Remove, but the newcomer stood before him and faced him with perfect coolness, and Redwing stood ready to lend a hand. But the burly Removite stopped short of

“You—you—you worm!” he gasped.
“You—you rotter! Making a fool of a chap! You’ve told me a dozen times
what Wharton ought to have played me...

Words failed the indignant Bolsover.
He shook his list in the Bounder’s face again and tramped out of the study.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Unpopular!

ARRY WHARTON & CO. came down to the Rag, where most of the Remove were now gathered.
They expected to find some excitement there, and their expectations were fulfilled. A crowd of fellows were gathered before the paper the Bounder had posted in the Rag, and there was a thick of angry and indignant voices.

Hazel and Wibbye and Micky Desdem., and other fellows, who had fully expected to see their names in the football list, seemed hardly able to believe their eyes. Everyone was consumed by both loud and deep. They seemed hardly able to realize that the unscrupulous Bounder had deliberately taken away the support at the Form election. Certainly, they could not say that Vernon Smith had made any fellow definite promises. But he had deceived them and he had allowed them to deceive them-
selves, which came to very much the same thing.

Now whose game was second or third-rate could not be expected to realize that fact very clearly. They had doubted Wharton’s judgment in leaving them out of big fixtures; and they had been only too willing to believe that the Bounder knew better. And Smithy’s campaign against what he was pleased to call the “old gang” had naturally led fellows to suppose that he intended to make a clean sweep of that “gang” as soon as the possibility was in his hands.

Instead of which, Vernon-Smith was picking out men exactly, or almost exactly, as Wharton would have done.

And with this fact the fellows hardly do anything else if he wanted a winning

But the fellows whose hopes he had raised could not be expected to see anything was going on the same as before.

They were electing a new skipper, Wibbye inquired.
And the answer evidently was, all.

So far as these indignant fellows were concerned, they might as well have remained skipper, or Bob Cherry might as well have been elected in his place. The Bounder was no better than the others.

A whole lot of them would certainly have left Wibbye and Micky and the rest out of the St. Jude’s match. But so had the Bounder.

“It’s a swindle!” said William Wibbye.

“That ass Wharton never gave a fellow a chance. Cherry wouldn’t have given the others a chance, and they had the cheek to tell me that he would play me against St. Jude’s if they played marbles, not Soccer. So, of course, they backed up Smithy. And now—”

“Well, you’re not really much good,” said Hazel.

“But—but Smithy as good as promised that I should keep goal—”

“Keep your goal!” snorted Wibbye.

“Vernon-Smith’s an ass—what’s about all you can keep!”

“Faith, we’ve been spoofed entirely!” said Micky Desmond.

“I thought I was playing half,” said Bob Cherry.

“Now bell-boy’s all right,” said Wibbye.

“But—”

“Well, the front line’s all right except that Wharton ought to be in it,” said Micky. “You wouldn’t be much use at St. Jude’s, you know.”

With regard to one another’s claims there was considerable division of opinion among the disappointed football players. They all agreed in condemning the Bounder, but it was not at all clear that Bolsover major was not wanted at back in a hard game; Bolsover could see that Hazel was not a man for rough play. But both were well aware that William Wibbye would be little more than a passenger in the front line, and that Hazel had not a great deal of much use to St. Jude’s as to Grevfria, or more. But that did not alter the fact that the Bounder had taken them both in their hopes, and disappointed them cruelly.

Smithy, really, had had no choice, unless he wanted to begin his captaincy by doing a double-act field—which he certainly did not. But that was no excuse for his duplicity—for it undoubtedly amounted to duplicity.

Five fellows sat in a corner of the room in a sort of discussion without joining in it. They and the footballers whose names were in the list had to give Smithy Wibbye’s commission. It was a hard business for they had been so much used to his inexplicable ways, and, indeed, had not been sure he was, in fact, bound to do as football captain. He could hardly have taken a duel eleven over to St. Jude’s to be beaten in. The younger fellows had in their own opinion of him, and could not help sympathising, to some extent, with the angry and irritated crowd of dissatisfied fellows.

“Smithy’s woke up a jolly old hornet’s nest!” murmured Bob. “He must really have no end of a nerve! He must certainly have some sort of nerve!”

The estimate Smithy will be scolded I.

“I wonder how many votes he would beg if the election were held over again.

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this evening?” said Frank Nagoni, with
a laugh.
“Only his own, I think!” chuckled
Bob.
“It’s rather thick!” said Johnny Bull.
“Still, Smyth’s done the right thing, so
far as the team’s concerned. I never
expected him to have so much sense
really.”
“Smithy’s out to win matches, any-
how,” said Harry. “That’s so much to
the good. These fellows who are groan-
ing now would be groaning to-morrow
if St. Jude’s mopped them up with a
dozen goals to nil.”
It was rather late when Vernon-Smith
appeared at last in the Rag. Probably
he was unwilling to face the storm he
had raised, but he came in at last with
Redwing. His manner was perfectly
cool as he strode into the Rag, what-
soever his feelings were. There was an
outburst at once.
“Here he is!” exclaimed Wiblay.
“Here’s the rotter!”
“Here’s the cheeky sweep!”
“Look here, Smyth, you cad——”
“Look here, you worm.”
“Don’t all speak at once!” suggested
the Boun der calmly. “Take it in turns.
Anything the matter, Hazel?”
“Oh, nothing!” said Hazel bitterly.
“Making a fool of a fellow and letting
him down is nothing to you, is it?”
“I can’t help it if a fellow makes a
fool of himself,” said Smyth cheer-
fully. “What’s bitin’ you? Are you
really keen on standin’ in the goal to-
morrow to watch St. Jude’s getin’ the
ball by?”
“You cheeky rotter!”
“You next, Wib! You’re lookin’
excited about somethin’,” drawled
in played half-back as you do, old bean,
his name wouldn’t be in that list?”
“I, why, you spalpeen!” gasped Micky.
“If I can’t play half, I can jolly well
punch your cheeky nose!”
And he made a rush at the Boun der.
Three or four fellows interposed and
shoved back the excited Micky.
“Easy does it, old bean!” grinned
Bob Cherry. “Can’t punch your
skipper’s nose for leaving you out. That
ain’t fair!”
Bolsover major came back into the
Rag. Vernon-Smith kept a wary eye on
him, but the bully of the Remove only
gave him a grim look. Bolsover seemed
to realise that punching was of no use
in this matter. He spoke to the
Boun der, but in a quiet tone.
“I’ve told you what I think of you,
Smyth——”
“Quito! Don’t tell me again!”

“Come on, you fellows,” said Vernon-Smith, “we’ll celebrate my victory with a study feed!” A cheering crowd followed.

At the door of the study the Boun der fixed his eyes on William George Bunter, with an expression that was far from welcoming.

“Buzz!” he said tersely.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Trapped!

H. ERBERT VERNON SMITH had a bright and cherry face the following morning.
The new captain of the Remove seemed satisfied with himself and with things generally.

He was decidedly unpopular with a (Continued on page 16.)

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looked for the former captain of the Remove. He found him on his way to his study, with two or three books under his arm. His eyes dwelt on the books for a moment sarcastically. But his manner was as civil as he could make it as he spoke.

"And on a minute, Wharton! The brake's coming round at two—"

"Well?"

"If you'd like to back us up to-day, your place is still open."

Wharton shook his head.

"I've given you my answer already!" he said, and he went on to his study before the Bounder could speak again. Windrake, who was standing behind Smith, loud enough for Wharton to hear. But the former captain of the Remove gave no sign of hearing as he went inside.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders and walked away. After all, he could win without the help of his old rival. Still, one was coming up the Remove staircase as Smithy went down. There was a dark and sullen expression on Hazel's face, and he gave the Bounder a glowering stare when he passed him on the stairs.

"You're going to go to Quelch's study, Vernon-Smith!" he snapped, and passed on without waiting for an answer.

The Bounder turned to go after him.

"Quelch! Quelch's gone out," he answered. "What do you mean, Hazel? I saw Quelch go out after dinner."

"He's gone, all right," answered Hazel over his shoulder, and he went up the Remove passage and disappeared.

The Bounder gave an angry grunt. All the Remove knew that Mr. Quelch had gone out for the afternoon; and Smithy had seen him leave after dinner. Apparently he had come back, and was at the stairs when the Bounder arrived.

Still, there was plenty of time to see Quelch, and have done with him, before the brake came round to bear the football team to the stables. Smithy hurried away to Masters' Studies. He tapped on Mr. Quelch's door, and entered.

"You sent for me, sir!"

Slam! The study door suddenly closed behind the Bounder.

He stared round him in amazement. Mr. Quelch was always the three Remove fellows were there—Bolesover Major, Micky Desmond, and William Wibley. One of them had been brought to the door, and he had slammed it after the Bounder's entrance. Now all three of them were between the Bounder and the door.

Micky was grinning. Bolesover scowling, and Wibley, looking grim and determined. The Bounder stared at them blankly.

"What the dickens game is this?" he snarled. "What do you want?"

"I fancy he's in the train for London," answered Bolesover major coolly.

"Didn't you know Quelch was going to London today?"

"And sure he won't be back till calling over I grinned Micky Desmond.

You silly oun! Hazel gave me a message—"

"And you thought it was from Quelch?" said Bolesover major, with a nod. "Well, it wasn't—it was from me."

"From you, you howling ass! Is this what you call a jape?" snapped the Bounder.

"Playing silly kids' tricks."

He strode towards the door. Bolesover major made a sign to his comrades, and like one man they leaped on the Bounder.

Dum!

Vernon-Smith went heavily to the floor. "What—what the thump—— he gasped.

"Good, yet, the Bounder did not guess what was coming. He supposed that it was a rag; though it was amazing that the three should have selected a Formmaster so as to make the scene of a ragging. But he was soon to understand.

"Hold the cad!" muttered Bolesover major.

"You bit!"

The Bounder struggled savagely. "You silly fools! Let me go!" he hissed. "What the thunder do you think you are up to? I'll—groove—"

He broke off, as Bolesover major crammed a folded duster into his mouth. He gurgled.

"Now, I'll shut you up!" said Bolesover. "Mind you don't let him go until I get him safe."

"Urrrrrrrrgh!" came in a horrible gag from the new captain of the Remove.

Bolesover major crammed the duster well home, and cooled proceded to wind a length of it round Smithy's neck, keeping the gag safely in position.

A glimmering of what was intended dawned on the Bounder now. With all his strength, he strove to tear himself free. But in the grip of Bolesover major, for some moments the three had their hands full. But it was in vain, and the Bounder, crimson, exhausted, sank down with a grip on either arm and Bolesover major's one plant on his chest.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A held by the Enemy!

"OT him!" panted Bolesover. The Bounder lay breathless, unable to speak; his eyes blazing. He could guess now what was on the cards. It was not merely for a rag that Bolesover & Co. had trapped him in the study.

He knew that he had fallen into a trap—or rather, walked into it with his eyes opened. He knew in the hands of the fellows he had fooled and flouted; and in less than half an hour the footballers were due to start for St. Jude's. One or two of them might have been there, but that he was not intended to start with them—that was what Bolesover & Co. had planned. The new captain of the Remove had played an unscrupulous game; and his unscrupulousness had come home to roost.

The hapless Bounder was still attempting to resist, but it was futile. Wibley had one arm across his chest, Bolesover the other, and Bolesover's heavy knee pinned him to the floor. He would have shouted for help, had it been possible; but Bolesover had taken care of that. The duster crammed in his mouth effectively silenced him.

He glared at the three, maddened with rage. Although he guessed now what was intended, he could hardly believe that the bully of the Remove would dare to carry out such a scheme. But the dogged expression on Bolesover's rugged face was enough to assure him.

"Put his paws together!" muttered Bolesover.

Vernon-Smith resisted in vain. Micky and Wibley dragged his wrists together, and Bolesover bound them with a twisted duster.

Then, jerking away the Bounder's own bandkerchief, he twisted it, and thrust it round Smithy's ankles.

Smithy was a helpless prisoner now.
The three rose to their feet, breathing hard. Heavy as the odds had been against the Bounder, he had given them a hard struggle.

Wibley glanced at Mr. Quelch's clock.

"Twenty to two!" he murmured. "They'll be starting in twenty minutes now, you men."

"Smithy won't!" grinned Micky Desmond.

"No fear!" said Bolsover major. "I fancy your jolly old captain will be missing when they go."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quiet!" muttered Bolsover.

"Quelch's safe till call-over—but some other beak might hear—"

"Better lock the door!" murmured Wibley. "If some beak should butt in—"

"Oh, my hat! Look it—quick!"

Wibley stepped to the door and turned the key softly.

The Bounder, his face crimson, was making frantic efforts to eject the gag. Other masters' studies were near at hand—and Smithy would have been glad to bring even a beak on the scene—even the Head himself, in his desperate extremity.

But it was in vain; he was securely gagged, and hardly the faintest gurgle escaped him.

"Got him!" repeated Bolsover. He looked down at the prostrate Bounder, with a sour grin. "I'm not playing at St. Jude's to-day, old bean—after you fooled me to the top of my bent! Well, you're not playing, either."

"They won't see me in the front line!" grinned Wibley. "And I rather fancy they won't see you there, Smithy."

"Faith, we're keepin' you company, old man—and I hope you'll be enjoying it," chuckled Micky.

The Bounder ceased his useless efforts. He was helpless in the hands of the Philippines; and he knew it. He lay breathing hard through his nose, his eyes burning at the three.

He had no chance of getting loose or getting away. He turned over desperately in his mind what chances he had of being found and released in time for the football match.

Little or none, as he had to realize. Mr. Quelch was gone to London that afternoon, and was not to return till calling-over at the earliest; that, of course, was why Bolsover major had selected his Form master's study for the ambush. No fellow was likely to come to that study during Mr. Quelch's absence.

A beak might drop in, if unaware that Mr. Quelch had gone out for the afternoon; there was at least a chance. But the amateur kidnappers had guarded against that by locking the door.

If the fellows looked for him—

They were certain to look for him when the time came to start for St. Jude's and he did not turn up. But it was equally certain that they would never dream of looking for him in his Form master's study. That was the very last place in which they would think of looking.

Only Hazel knew that he had come there; and Hazel was in the plot. The Bounder writhed with rage as he thought how easily he had been tricked and trapped.

(Continued on next page.)

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Goal !!!

The score's now even, 2 all... the whistle blown for half-time. Half-time for a brief rest and a refresher. That means Wrigley's... of course. Nothing like a piece of Wrigley's to refresh you during the game. It keeps the mouth fresh... makes you feel alert. Wrigley's helps the digestion, too, and cleanses the teeth. Use it "after every meal."

In two flavours—P.K., pure double-distilled peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet, worth many times more for the good it does you.

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

Wrigley's CHEWING GUM

MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM

1d PER PACKET
"That's all right. They won't catch
us here.

Two o'clock boomed from the clock
tower, at last.

"Time!" grinned Bolsover major.

"I'll cut out now—you fellows stay with
Smithy—till we're ready to go. Lock the
door after me, Wib!"

"Right-o!"

Bolsover major peered warily out
before leaving the shee. The chain
was clear, and he slipped quickly out,
and Wibley closed and locked the door
after him. Bolsover strolled away; and
Wibley and Micky sat on Mr. Quelch's
table, a pensive picture of the palace.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

MAN MISSING!

S

EE

N Smithy?

"No!"

"Where does the dickens is the
man?"

Quite a number of fellows were asking
that question.

The brake that was to convey the
Remove footballers to St. Jude's was
waiting. It was time to start; more tunes
were the Remove footballers, and other fellows who were going with
them, were ready. But—inexpiably—
Vernon-Smith was not to be seen.

When the smoke cleared away, it was
nobody knew or cared till the time came for
starting. Now, of course, they cared;
but still nobody knew.

Redwing, the Bounder's chum, was
assembling his men on all sides. But
Redwing knew no more than any other
man. He was quite puzzled by the
Bounder's unaccountable absence.

Hazel stood, backing on, his hands in
his pockets, a sour smile on his face.
Hazel could have enlightened the
puzzled footballers, had he chosen to
do; but he did not choose.

"I say, fellows, perhaps he's gone on
the razzle?"

"You silly ass!

"Well, you know the Bounder?" asked
Bunty. "He'd rather play billiards at the Cross Keys than footer,
any day.

"Dry up, you silly ow!" growled
Redwing.

"Bunty blinked at him.

"Oh, really, Redwing! I fancy
you'll find that Smithy has gone on
the ran-dan! If he hasn't, where is he?

The wantoness is terrific," re-
marked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"The esteemed Smithy seems to
have performed the absurd vanishing
trick."

"Well, he must be somewhere," said
Souff. "He can't have gone out and
forgotten the match, I suppose.

"Rot!" said Redwing. "He's about
somewhere."

"Well, where?" asked Samson
Quincy Iffley Field tartly. "We can't
hang about all the afternoon if we're
going to play St. Jude's. Why
the thing isn't a match!"

"Can't start without him!" re-
marked Peter Todd.

"Well, hardly; but why the dickens
is he here?"

"Goodness knows,"

Bolsover major came out of the
House and two or three of the foot-
ballers called to him.

"Seen Smithy?"

"Smithy!" repeated Bolsover, with
a choking note. "Have you lost him?"

"He's not here!" grunted Tom
Brown.

"I say, fellows, you needn't wait
for Smithy!" chortled Billy Bunty.

"I'll pass the Cross Keys going over
to St. Jude's. Stop there and pick him
up."

"Shut up, you silly ow!" roared Bob
Cherry.

"He, he, he!"

"Where the dump can the man be?"

growled Bob. "Must be off his rocker.
I think. Can't you find him anywhere,
Red?"

Redwing shook his head. He was
utterly puzzled and mystified.

"He's not in the study," he said.
"I've locked the door. I can't find him,
or any fellow who's seen him. I can't make it out."

"Look again!" suggested Johnny
Bull.

Redwing went back into the House.

"Well, I think this takes the jolly old
cake!" said Bob Cherry. "Quarter past
two. We shall be late at St. Jude's, at
that. I shan't play. I'm going to play foot-
ball, or he isn't!"

"Some skipper!" grunted Johnny
Bull.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunty!"

"Boast!"

"Smithy can't have gone out and cut
the match without telling anybody,
said Bob. "That's impossible! He was as keen on the game as
any man here, too. Blessed if I
understand it!"

"I say, how on earth?" growled Todd.

"Some of us would have seen him. He
must be in the House."

"Well, what's he up to, then?"

"Oh, ask me another."

There was a general deal of irritation
among the footballers by this time,
which was not very surprising. It
was a long run to St. Jude's, and nobody
wanted to spend the afternoon in it.

But it was hardly possible for the team
to start without their captain. On
the other hand, it was hardly possible
to wait for him much longer if the match
were to be played at all. Tempers were
rising on all sides.

"I say, you fellows, he's let you down,
you know," said Billy Bunty cheer-
fully. "Smithy's the man to let fellows
down. He'd let me down after voting for
him."

"Oh, ring off, fathead!"

"He let a lot of fellows down! Now
he's let you down. Look here, you men,
you don't want Smithy really. Wash
him out and take a better man."

"Wharton's not in the team now,
ass!"

"I'm not speaking of Wharton—"

"Who do you mean, then, fathead?"

"Me!"

"What-nt?"

"Me!" said Billy Bunty, with
dignity. "I'm willing to play—"

"You frabulous ass!" roared Bob
Cherry. "Is this a time for your idiot
jokes! Roll away before I kick you!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I'm not joking

"Show up!" said Bob, swinging up his
foot; and Billy Bunty departed hastily
before it could land.

Tom Redwing came out of the House
again, looking more worried and
mystified than ever. He came alone.

"You haven't found him?"

Redwing shook his head.

"The silly ass!" said Bob, breathing
hard. "He calls himself captain of the
Remove, and he clears off without a word when we’re starting for a football match. We can’t wait any longer.”

“Who can’t go without Smithy?” exclaimed Redwing.

“Are we going to play at all?” hoisted Bob. “Are we going to get to St. Jude’s when they’ve given us up? My hat! If I knew where Smithy was I’d jolly well go and kick him. He must have gone out.”

“Must have,” said Johnny Bull. “Some awfully important appointment at the Cross Keys, I suppose. The races are on at Wapsicote to-day, too! Perhaps that’s it.”

“That’s not it, and you know it!” exclaimed Redwing sharply.

his place. He couldn’t refuse, in the circumstances.”

“Oh!” said Bob, rather taken aback. He had not expected that “tip” from Bolsover major.

As a matter of fact, many of the footballers were already thinking of Wharton. If the Bounder did not turn up—and apparently he was not turning up—the team had to go without him, and a man had to be taken in his place. No better man, evidently, could be found than the former captain of the Remove, if he would consent. That was the doubtful point, however.

“It’s nearly half-past,” said Frank Nugent at last. “We can’t wait any longer. I don’t know what Smithy’s up to, but it’s pretty clear that he’s not coming.”

Johnny Bull gave an emphatic grunt. “We’re not cutting the match, or not,” he said. “That’s what it comes to. If we’re not going, we’d better send a telegram—”

“We’re going!” roared Bob. “We’re not cancelling a match because that fool Smithy has let us down.”

“If we’re going, we’ve got to start!” said Snuff.

“If Wharton will play—” muttered Bob.

“He’s swotting in the study!” said Frank slowly. “How the dickens can we ask him? He was turned out—”

“Well, in the circumstances,” said Teddy.

“Look here, if Smithy hasn’t turned up at half-past two we’re going without him,” growled Bol; “and we’ll ask Wharton, and if he doesn’t consent we’ll jolly well rank him out of his study by his jolly old car— that’s that!”

And “that,” being “that,” and half-past two having chimed without any sign of the Bounder, a crowd of the footballers tramped into the House and up to the Remove passage.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

What is demanded Johnny?

Harry Wharton sat at his study table, deep in Latin, and with a far from cheerful expression on his face. Hard as he tried to pin his attention on his task he could not help his thoughts wandering.

“Swotting” was a necessity with him now, and he had made up his mind to it. But it was neither grateful nor comforting. Wharton had always had a good place in Form, and Mr. Quoch, as a rule, was quite satisfied with him. But swotting for an examination was another matter, as he had very soon found.

He was not the fellow to look back after setting his hand to the plough. The task he had set himself was hard and weary, but he was determined to carry it through. If he failed it should be by no want of effort on his own part, he was resolved upon that.

But the hard task seemed harder than ever this bright spring afternoon, and

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he could not help his thoughts wandering from the grind to the football field. In other circumstances he would have been with the Remove footballers at St. Jude's; captaining the team, enjoying the game, perhaps winning one more victory for Greyfriars. He could not help thinking of it with a heavy heart. He heard the half-hour chime, and suppressed a sigh. The footballers would be well on their way now, a merry crowd in the brak, and he longed to be with them. He shook himself, as if shaking off troublesome thoughts, and settled resolutely down to work again. Then there came the tramp of many feet in the Remove passage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

The door was hurled open.

Wharton sprang to his feet and stared in astonishment at the crowd of fellows in the doorway. He had supposed them to be nearly at St. Jude's by that time.

"What the dickens—" he exclaimed.

"Haven't you started yet? You'll be late for the match."

"You're wanted, old man!" said Bob Cherry.

"The wantfulness is terrific!"

"Come on!"

"Get a move on!"

Most of the fellows were speaking at once. The late captain of the Remove could only stare.

"Smithy cleared off somewhere, that's for certain," Frank Nugent explained. "He's left us in the lurch. You'll have to play up, Harry."

"The playfulness must be—"

"Preposterous!" grinned Bob.

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Wharton blankly. "Smithy can't have cleared off. That's rot! I can't play this afternoon. I'm not in the team—"

"We want you!" roared Johnny Bull.

"That's rubbish!" said Wharton.

"It's for Smithy to say, as he's skipper, even if I were from Mars, "Smithy's bunked!""

"Mizzled—"

"Cleared off—"

"Left us in the lurch—"

"Without a word—not a jolly old syllable! Just left us to stew in our juice!" growled Squiff.

"I can't understand that—"

"Nobody here can understand it. But it's happened," said Bob. "We've either got to chuck the match at St. Jude's—which we're jolly well not do— or get another man to skipper the team. And you're jolly well going to do it, see?"

"Move on!" said Tom Brown. Harry Wharton shook his head.

"I certainly can't take Smithy's place without Smithy asking me, at least," he replied.

"But he's going to ask you, when he's not here—when he's mizzled—bunked, vanished, disappeared!" roared Bob.

"But he can't have—"

"He has!" boomed Johnny Bull.

"Well, I can't make that out," said Harry. "But—"

"Never mind making it out. Smithy's left us in the lurch and you've got to weigh in. We want you. You can't let us down."

"Play up, Wharton!"

"Play up, old man!"

Harry Wharton opened his lips, and closed them again. The whole team had arrived at Studio No 1 by this time, all in a state of excitement, and all the disappearance of the Bounder, at such a moment, was absolutely incredible. Still, there was no doubt about the fact. The Bounder was to lead the Remove footballers. Every voice was raised to call on Wharton to take his old place.

It was difficult for him to refuse. His heart was with his comrades, not with the work that lay on the table.

But he shook his head again.

"If Smithy's missing—and I suppose he is, as you say so—Bob can skipper the team—"

"Rats!" said Bob. "We want another man anyhow. And we want you. And if you play, you're going to play as skipper—"

"Hear, hear!"

"The hear-heartfulness is terrific!"

"You're wasting time," said Teddy. "Come on, Wharton. You must simply must!"

"But—but—" Wharton looked at the unfinished work on the study table.

"I'm standing out of games now, you know that. I've got to work—"

"You can cut that—for once."

"You can't let us down!"

"You look here! We've got to play!"

Wharton hesitated. After all, even if he had to sit out for that dismal exam, one afternoon might not make a great deal of difference. He longed to be with the footballers, and though he was no longer captain of the Form, though the Remove had practically turned him out, that made no difference to his keenness to back his old man on the football field. And yet—and yet—he had laid down his programme of hard work, and if he abandoned it at the last moment he was sorely perplexed.

"Are you coming?" bawled Johnny Bull.

"You—you see—"

"I see," said Bob. "You can't make up your jolly old mind. We'll help you. Lend a hand, you men!"

"Good egg—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—" exclaimed Wharton.

Three or four of the footballers closed round the former captain of the Remove and marched him along the passage to the stairs. Harry Wharton went. It was useless to resist. In the midst of a surging crowd he was dragged down the stairs.

"Made up your mind yet, old bean?" grinned Bob.

"Look here—"

"Do you want to be chuckked into the brak?"

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"All right, you ass! I'll come."

"Hurrah!

"Good man!"

The question was settled. "Swotting" was off for the day, and Harry Wharton took his place in the brak. Bolivar moved away a cheerily hand as the crowded vehicle rolled away.

"Best of luck!" he shouted.

The footballers were off at last. In Mr. Queech's study, the Bounder, writhing with fury, heard them go.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.
The Last Chance!

"HAVE a good time, old bean," grinned Micky Desmond, grinning.

"We'll come back in an hour!" chuckled Micky Desmond, grinning.

"An old leaund loose—"

"When it's too late for you to butt in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The game was gone. From Mr. Queech's study window Wibley and Micky had watched it go. They grinned down cheerily at the writhing Bounder.

"You needs' worry about the game, old pippin!" chortled Wibley. "Wharton's gone with them—I saw him in the brak."

A glare of dumb fury was the Bounder's answer. That information was of little comfort to him.

Wibley and Micky, with grinning faces, left the study, Wibley locking the door after him and taking away the
GREYFRIARS HEROES.
No. 23.

This week’s poem by the Greyfriars Rhymester is devoted to Percy Bovislor’s hero—"Battling" Joe, whose motto is: "a sock in the eye's worth two on the feet."

BURLY, bashing, beefy bruisers.
These are Bovislor’s delight;
Chest expanders, weight-"rince.
Occupy him half the night.
For, like most unspoiling losers,
He must always win the fight.

In each wild and whirling tussle
Bosly knocks his man about.
Exercising every muscle
With his heavy-handed clout;
Only Cherry and Dick Russell
Can knock burly Bosly out.

And his hero is a boxer.
Name of Slusher—"Battling Joe."
Six feet seven in his socks, sir,
‘Weighing’ fourteen stone or so.
When he hits, look out for shocks, sir
Sudden death in every blow!

One straight left from Mr. Slusher
Always drops you on the floor;
A twenty-ton hydraulic crusher
Really couldn’t hurt you more;
He’ll knock you from here to Russia,
Just by way of making sure.

He drinks nothing else but cocoa
While in training for a scrap;
On this diet he gives toco
To some poor misguided chape,
Honds him one upon the boko,
Then goes home and has a nap.

Out of training, he’s no longer
Tied to cocoa sweet and hot.
He drinks something rather stronger;
Yes—and drinks it quite a lot;
But as we do not want to wrong
A man like Joe—we won’t say what.

Battling Joe’s classic features
Are not pleasant—that’s a fact;
He’s the ugliest of creatures
That be perfectly exact.
But he’s not one of those saccereers
Who turn tail when they’re attacked;

And he’s Bosly’s hero—so
Here’s the health of Battling Joe !

major, Hazeldene, Micky and Wibley, were standing in a group. Some remark of Bovislor’s caused a fresh outbreak of laughter.

It was unlucky for the Bother that they were there, in sight. Likely enough they might try to collar him again even in the town plaza. Now that they could get away with it; but it meant delay—more delay! The Bother set his teeth, and his eyes blazed. If they laid a finger on him—

He dragged up the window.
At the sound of the opening window, all four fellows stared in his direction. They stared blankly as the Bother scrambled out and leapt to the ground.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wibley. "He’s got loose!"
"Golly him!" bawled Bovislor major.
"Look out!"

The Bother ran straight at them.
Bovislor major was the only one who had the presence of mind to attempt to stop him. And a fierce drive from Smitty landed on his chest, and sent him spinning.

The buntzomervite went down with a crunch and a yell.

Vernon-Smith dashed on; the other three staring after him.

With a speed he knew was never shown on the tender-path, the Bother ran, vanishing from their startled, staring eyes.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Wibley. "He—he’s gone! Anyway, he’s too late—he can’t—"

Bovislor major staggered up.
chirrup of glee from Bolsover major behind; echoed by Wibley as he resumed the chase once more.

The Bounder staggered up dizzily, Bolsover major was not twenty yards away.

Smithy, setting his teeth, grasped his bicycle and righted it and threw his legs over. He was aching and breathless from the fall, but he drove on furiously. There was a clinking and clanking from his machine, the crash had damaged it. One of the pedals and perhaps a few of the screws had worked loose. The Bindle's foot, it sagged awkwardly, and lessened his speed. He heard Bolsover major coming closer and closer behind.

"Oh, you rotten feller!" yelled Bolsover.

Smithy-plunged on.

His face was crimson with exertion and rage. In escaping from the study he had supposed, as a matter of course, that all he had before him was a hard ride to St. Jude's, to get there as soon as the clock. He had never dreamed for a moment that the depth of the bitter animosity his treachery had aroused in Bolsover's breast. He realised it now.

His damaged machine rocked and creaked and clanked. The burly Removite behind was coming up hand over fist now.

He was abreast of the Bounder at last.

"Stop, you cad!" panted Bolsover.

And as the Bolsover did not heed, Bolsover major rode close and grabbed at his wheel.

The result was inevitable. Both bikes were crashing, and both riders were sprawling.

"Oh, my hat!" "Oooohoo!"

The Bounder was first on his feet. But as he grabbed at his machine Bolsover major scooted aside and rode off behind. "No, you don't!" gasped Bolsover.

"Keep off, you rotter!" yelled the Bounder.

"By the fear!" grinned Bolsover.

Bever-Smith turned on him, like a tiger. His face flamed as he leaped at the burly Removite, hitting out right and left.

Bolsover major met him willingly enough. In a moment they were fighting hammer and tongs.

The Bolsover was hardly a match, physically, for the burly Bolsover. But he had his drive Bolsover back. In his rage there was solace in punching the fellow who had kept him away from the football match; and his punches were hard and hearty. Bolsover major blinked and strained, but he stood up to them grimly, and gave back very nearly as good as he received.

They were fighting hard when Wibley came up.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Wibley.

He stood gulping in breath and watching the fierce affray.

With furious desperation the Bounder pressed his adversary, and Bolsover major rode the ridge of mud and fell down. Instantly the Bounder was springing back to his machine.

But Wibley was in the way. Bolsover major did not ride more than a few seconds—Vernon-Smith's whirlwind attack sent him spinning. But it gave Bolsover major time to get on his stool and catch his breath. He had an idea, almost on his bike when Bolsover grasped him, and dragged him over, machine and all.

Crash! Clatter! Clang! "Lend a hand, Wib!" gasped Bolsover.

"Or! Oh, my nose!" groaned Wibley.

But he leant a hand, and sat on Vernon-Smith's clods as Bolsover held him down.

The Bounder panted:

"You roatters! You roatters! Let me go! I'll smash you for this! I'll—"

"Will you?" grinned Bolsover major.

"I fancy I'll do as much smashing as you. You've got to St. Jude's, anyhow."

"Not to-day!" chuckled Wibley.

"Might as well have stayed in Quivy tonight!"

Bolsover major got a good grip of Wibley's stool and brought Bolsover. "But here you are—and here you stop!"

The Bounder cast a desperate glance round, but there was only light on the lonely cart-track across the pasture-land. He was at the mercy of his captors.

He was tired, and he seemed to find his seat on the Burlier's chest a comfortable one. He sat there and rested, grinning down at Smithy's in-furiated face. The Bounder wriggled and squirmed, and Wibley, sitting cross-legged on his chest and Bolsover grasping his wrists he was powerless. The game was up.

"They'll be at St. Jude's now!" remarked Bolsover major at last. "Let's see—it's about seven miles from here. Smithy will butt in by the time they find out he walks it. He can walk, if he likes."

"Oh, you rotters!" panted Smithy.

"I like that—from you!" grinned Bolsover major.

"If there's one thing his name is Smith! Chuck it, Wibley's got off, and take the cad's jigger with us."

Vernon-Smith sat up, panting, as the two started back across the field, Bolsover wheeling Smithy's bike as well as his own.

The Bounder staggered to his feet. Spent as he was, he would have made an effort to recapture his bike, had there been a possibility of success. But there was none; and with a black brow he turned for the road. As he loitered he heard a couple of Removites disappeared in the distance.

He was left alone—on foot, miles from anywhere. He had hated the idea of going back, but it did not seem much use going on. The football match was already starting, that was certain; even if he tramped as far as the field. And before he had thought of a lift, he could not arrive till the game was over, or almost over.

There was nothing doing. Slowly, wearily, the football went on, the sight of the hotel down the road, the thought of the other fellows had settled for him.

Now that he was on the St. Jude's ground, with the Remove footballers, he had no doubt that he was enjoying himself; and he was playing a great game.

St. Jude's were a good team; but the Greyfriars men held the ball and in the first half there was no score for either side. The Remove men missed the Bounder, and Frank Nugent could not flatter himself that he filled Smithy's

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Winning Goal!

"OAL!"

"Bravo, Wharton!"

"Good man!"

Harry Wharton's face was bright and cheery.

Whether he ought to have been swotting in his study, instead of playing football, was the other fellows had settled for him.

Now that he was on the St. Jude's ground, with the Remove footballers, and half his doubt that he was enjoying himself; and he was playing a great game.

St. Jude's were a good team; but the Greyfriars men held the ball and in the first half there was no score for either side. The Remove men missed the Bounder, and Frank Nugent could not flatter himself that he filled Smithy's
place to perfection; but there was no
doubt that Wharton was of more value
to the side than Smithy would have been.
So no one in the team—with
perhaps the exception of Tom Redwing
regretted that Vernon-Smith had been
left behind, as they had Wharton in-
stead. If it was a choice between the
two, the Remove footballers plumped
for their former captain every time. Bob
Cherry remarked at half-time that what-
ever had been Smithy’s mysterious
motive for missing the match, it was all
to the good, as it had turned out; and
the other fellows agreed.
The second half was hard and fast,
and almost up to the final whistle there
was no score, till the leather went in
from Wharton’s feat. Then there was
a roar from the Remove men, and from
the fellows who had followed them over
to St. Jude’s.
“Goal!”
“Hurrah!”
“Our win!” grinned Bob Cherry, as

“Stop, you cad!” panted Bolsover. Vernon-Smith did not heed, and Bolsover caught him round the waist. The result was inevitable. Both bikes went crashing, and both riders went sprawling. “Oh, my hat!” “Ooowww!”

You fellows should see what he looks like! He, he, he!”

“Well, my hat!” said Harry Wharton blankly.

Tom Redwing hurried away. The rest of the fellows followed him, curious to know what had happened to Smithy. Billy Bunter was left Rachinishing.

“Hallo, hallo! Bob Cherry
trumped into Study No. 4, with a crowd behind him. “Hallo—- Why—what—
oh, my hat! Have you been under a lorry, Smithy?”

Herbert Vernon-Smith was there.

He was in the armchair, but he rose
to his feet as the footballers crowded
into the doorway.

He looked considerably damaged.

The Bouncer had returned to Grey-
riars breathing vengeance. Apparently
he had exacted vengeance, but four
scraps, one after another, had been so
big an order. The Bouncer looked
and felt—a wreck.

(Continued on page 27.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 1,233.
WINGS OF WAR!

By HEDLEY SCOTT.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.
BRUCE THORBURN, A YOUNG FLYING OFFICER OF 228 SQUADRON, IS SHOT DOWN OVER GERMAN TERRITORY IN HIS FIRST ENGAGEMENT WITH THE ENEMY. HE SETS FIRE TO HIS WRECKED MACHINE, AND THEN UNEXPECTEDLY FINDS HIMSELF BEFRIENDED BY ADOLPH MENILLE, A PEASANT WHO IS IN REALITY, FERRENS LOCKE, A BRITISH SECRET SERVICE AGENT. LOCKE HIDES THORBURN IN THE LOFT OF THE FARMHOUSE, WHERE THE YOUNGSTER OVERHEARS TWO GERMAN FLYING OFFICERS DISCUSSING PLANS TO LAY A MINE AT THE BRITISH HEADQUARTERS RAILHEAD. THE TWO GERMANS ARE MADE PRISONERS, HOWEVER, AND LOCKE AND THORBURN ARE ABOUT TO VAGATE THE FARMHOUSE IN THE GUARD OF THEIR TWO CAPTIVES WHEN THEY ARE CONFRONTED BY A GERMAN LIEUTENANT AND A SQUAD OF INFANTRYMEN WHO HAVE BEEN ORDERED BY THE COMMANDANT TO SEARCH FOR, AND ARREST, ADOLPH MENILLE.

Full Speed Ahead!

"Zo!" said Locke, with a sneer. "And are you thinking, ober-lieutenant, that I have the miserable son of a dog in my pocket, that you do not order your men to make way?"

"No, no!" came the quick response. "But my orders are that no one is to leave this farm until Adolph Menille is found."

"Really," sneered Locke, whilst Thorburn's heartbeats sounded so thunderous in his own ears that he wondered he didn't give the whole show away on the spot. "And since when, my pretty soldier, has a highly connected haupman of the Imperial Flying Service to take orders from a miserable lieutenant of foot? Ach! Out of my way!"

"Again a thousand pardons, herr haupman! But I am a soldier, and my orders are —"

"Silence, dog! Orders! Wee betide you when I make my report! Do you know that you are hindering the Fatherland in this pig-snoozing talk of orders? Know, then, we are on a special mission which means victory for The Maugery Library. — No, 1,258.

the Fatherland, and that five minutes wasted here may mean another weary year of this accursed war?"

The ober-lieutenant faltered. The Secret Service men of the Imperial Flying Service were great gods in the eyes of the common-or-garden troops. He shuddered to think of the reprimand that would fall on his youthful shoulders if the captain opened his mouth in high places. Yet orders were orders—

"But where is this Adolph Menille, herr captain?" he asked. "If I can lay my hands on him, my orders do not then run counter to your wishes. But the commandant swore by a thousand pigs that no one, not even the Haupman von Wieselburg, nor his companion the Haupman von Kaufman, was to leave this farm until the dog of a peasant was under arrest."

Locke smiled, although his heart was beating with almost the same measure of anxiety that troubled Thorburn.

"Your commandant is one big fool! The all-highest is not so pleased with his services that he would stop twice to think of stripping him of his rank. One word from me to his Imperial Majesty — here came a stiff salute — and your dolt of a commandant would be disgraced. Not only that," added Locke, "but all his blundering officers disgraced with him. In short, ober-lieutenant, while you are delaying the plans of the Fatherland, upon which I and my comrades are engaged, your foot of a peasant, Adolph Menille, is at this very moment in the presence of your dolt of a commandant!"

"What? But herr captain, how do you know that?"

Locke smiled and threw his final shot. "Because, idiot, I sent him there with a special message but a quarter of an hour since. Now stand your men aside!"

"Most certainly!"

The lieutenant nearly fell over himself to oblige. But why, he kept asking himself, had not this haughty, but powerful captain, of the Imperial Flying Service not said as much at the beginning? Now, one word to the high command under which he served, and he, the ober-lieutenant, but lately promoted, would be degraded.

Locke read his thoughts.

"Ober-lieutenant —"

"Herr Haupman von Wieselburg! — and a salute."

"You are a good soldier, if an overzealous one. I will forget your lapses. Good morning!"
Hardly crediting their luck, Thorburn stalked at the heels of Farrant Locke. Instinct prompted him to break into a run, but Locke's restraining hand was upon him. "Keep it up, son," he whispered. "In a moment we shall be galloping like mad for the aerodrome."

"On real horses," smiled Locke. "On the horses of the two estimable gentlemen we are impersonating. Scarey did you think that was?"

"No, sir," the youth replied. "I was telling you I shall feel a deal easier in mind when I see Hangar No. 4 with the jolly old De Havilland bus outside it, ticking over."

Locke led the way to the stables, sharply ordered one of the lieutenant's orderlies to saddle up the two horses that were bedded there, and as calmly mounted himself.

"Ready, Herr Kaufman?" he asked gruffly in German.

"Ja, Herr Wisselidow!" answered Thorburn, dusting off a slightly-smudged perfect reproduction of the same language.

The horses broke into a trot. Away in the east the first flushes of dawn were beginning to tint the horizon, a russet glow where ahead in the shadows, two miles distant, lay Haraschel Aerodrome.

Behind them now the age-old barn burned up in the morning sun. Another turn in the road would hide the farm which had sheltered them both so successfully. But before that welcoming turn drew near, Locke glanced back over his shoulder. His eagle eye saw that the lamp in the upstairs bed-room had been relighted.

As the two horses, spurred into a gallop, reached the turn in the road, there came to the ears of the two fugitives such a commotion that there could be no possible doubt as to what had happened.

"Gallop!" urged Locke tensely.

"Faster, faster! That officious lieutenant has obviously made a search of the barn, honey!" shouted Thorburn, two pairs of eyes widening.

"Good gad!" gasped Thorburn.

"Then the game's up!"

"Not quite," retorted Locke, with a lightning speed turn. "A mile or two at a nicely steady start of pursuit. Put on steam!"

Crack, crack, crack! A haphazard, drawn-out burst of rifle fire echoed out behind them. Pursuit was already at their heels. The horses thundered on.

A Bid for Liberty!

The flashing hooves of the horses rang a musical tattoo on the road as Locke and Thorburn urged the animals to greater efforts. The sun's first rays lay in the dusky outlines of the hangars of Haraschel aerodrome, peculiarly peaceful and quiet in those few moments before the skies blazed to the advent of darkness. Thorburn glanced across at Locke as he turned in his saddle, but there was no sign of pursuit. He knew, however, that within a quarter of a mile in their rear galloped two exceedingly wrathful officers, determined to prevent their escape.

"Before breakfast ride I've had in my life!" spluttered Thorburn with forced gaiety, as he was jerked hither and thither in the saddle of his galloping steed. "But I prefer a jolly old bus; doesn't jump your liver about so much!"

Locke grinned. He had formed a great liking for this carefree young flying officer, whose nerves seemed to desert him in the worst of moments.

"It may be your last ride, young 'un!" he observed lightly. "So get all the fun you can out of it."

Then, as they neared the building on the outskirts of the aerodrome.

" Ease up!" said Locke. "We don't want any unnecessary suspicion. Thorburn—only too thankful to comply, steadied his mount into a cantor, letting Locke take up a position slightly in front, as beffited his seniority.

Suddenly a sentry's voice rang out sharp and peremptory, and Thorburn caught sight of a steel-hatted infantryman. The sentry on guard duty for the night had warned his sentries to expect the arrival of the two officers, and had given strict orders not to hinder them. All the same for that, Thorburn breathed with relief when that sentry was passed.

His sense of hearing, keenly attuned, detected the faint rustle of horses' hoofs. Not far behind, now, were the pursuers. He confided as much to Farrant Locke.

"Don't know anything about that, young 'un!" said Locke. "Keep your eyes skinned for Hangar No. 4 and the British plane. Ah!"

Thorburn broke into an exclamation of satisfaction as from a spot to their left came the thunderous roar of an aeroplane engine being given full throttle. The sound, he knew, was peculiarly British in tone, Locke told him. And he was not wrong. In front of a hangar, all ready turned and facing the wind for a take-off, stood the captives' captor.

"Bad luck!" Locke turned away. Around it a squadron of mechanics were working the final touches to braking wires. In the front cockpit sat a huge, bespectacled officer, who was warming up the engine by giving it full bursts of power from the throttle. At sight of the two horsemen he barked an order to his horse, pulled out of the cockpit, and slammed a terrific salute.

Locke returned it stiffly.

"Is all in readiness, Sergeant Wulf?" "Everything, Herr Major," acknowledged Sergeant Wulf. The engine was running as well as any Englisher engine can." "Good!"

Two mechanics sprang to hold the horses' heads as Locke and Thorburn dismounted. Instinctively, Thorburn clambered up into the front cockpit, while Locke quickly jumped behind him in the rear cockpit when Sergeant Wulf saluted and intervened.

"Pardon, herr Hauptmann!" His voice was deep-throated hum of the engine. "But you are getting in the observer's cockpit?"

Locke bit his lip. He realised that he had been recognised, and as such should occupy the front cockpit. But before he could explain away that small detail satisfactorily, his horse, sensing the change between himself and the plane, worked a furious shouting from the region of the gateway, where stood the sentry on guard.

"Stop them!" Exorted German voices rang out on all sides. "Stop that plane!"

Sergeant Wulf was not a particularly bright specimen of the German military machine, but his dull wits were plain to see. For there was only one machine on the tarmac—the one by which he now stood—this was obviously the plane that had to be stopped.

"Stop!"

Out on to the aerodrome itself galloped two horsemen. Crack, crack, crack! Three more revolvers shot hissed and spanged on the machine itself as the two officers, the first being a person than Captain von Kaufman—dismounted, took hurried aim, then made a flying leap at the tail of the plane, quite successfully with the idea of hanging on to it.

"Quick, young 'un!" breathed Locke. But Thorburn needed no urging. He had his horse ready. He had seen Locke's desperate blow to the sergeant's jaw, and was but waiting for Locke to get aboard. The engine was running, and among the wireless reports of the revolver shots that spattered all round the plane.

Yet, even as the undercarriage wheels gathered speed, Thorburn knew that his calculations were correct. The machine was heavy and sluggish—it would never take the air. What the younger did not know, however, was that a German machine could be moved by a man, and it sprawled across the near-side elevator! Locke drew his revolver. It went against the grain to shoot down a man in such circumstances, but war for he's only got a Blightly one."

In the beacon

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Thorburn looked round and grinned. "Ta-ta, old sausage-eaters!" he chirruped. "Sorry we couldn't stay for lunch." He kissed his hand in farewell, set the nose of the plane towards southwest, and climbed on, gaining height rapidly. Above him the dawn was now breaking in a full majesty of crimson and gold, and he was feeling the liberty and reunion with his two chums to the young Scotsman. But to Locke, standing upright in the rear cockpit and gazing down on the Haraschel Aeroplane, liberty was a long way off. Signs of great activity below told him that they were to be pursued once again, for out of the Herreschewang came the graceful shapes of twenty German Albatross machines!

**COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!**

_Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address: The Editor, The 'Magnet' Library, The Amalgamated Press Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.A._

**HERE is a question which ought to interest you fellows. It comes from Teddy Barlock, of King's Lynn. He wants to know which is THE OLDEST GAME IN THE WORLD!**

Well, I should say that football is the game you mean, but, for not only do civilised people play it, but it is also found amongst savage communities who could not possibly have learned it from us.

Just recently I was reading an account of a game of football which is played by the Farcas Indians in the wilds of South America. But these particular savages play football with their heads! They have two teams, who line up pretty much the same as our second teams. The player "heads" the ball by getting down on the ground and bumping the ball with his head. The next player also heads the ball, and so on, and the player raising the ball until it is in the air.

After the game starts in earnest, and the two teams keep holding the ball, striving to send it far behind the opposing teamwork. I am told, it is so far that no one can catch it and head it back, a "goal" has been scored, and the players "kick-off" again with their heads! A fellow has to be pretty nippy to play centre-forward in a Farcas Indian-team!

**SCORING GOALS WITH SKULLS**, however, is not a new idea—even in this country! I dare say you have heard of some of the traditional games of football which are still played in the north of England. They are kickers and the centre of the main street, and the townspeople divide themselves into two teams—and then the Downers. Then the ball is played through the streets and occasionally through houses!

This particular game is said to be a survival from the days when England and Scotland were constantly at war. After a battle the victorious side would play football with the heads of their fallen enemies!

**Daredevil Britons!**

_The commandant of Haraschel aerodrome made a blunder. His blazed faced and dark-rimmed eyes told of an imprudent liking for his beloved Rheinian wine. His head and his eyes told him that he had imbied more than was good for him in the mess the previous evening. In deed, the le commandant had not retired to the bunks until a quarter of an hour after he was told to do so by the air corps doctor. He had not been particularly rowdy when he was called to order by shaking him by the shoulder before dawn had lightened his well-furnished hut.

"Ten thousand curses, Schaffel!" he roared, hanging one of his field-boots and belabouring the unfortunate orderly lustily about his close-cropped head. "You wake me at dawn to tell me that a pig of a captain demands audience with me!"

He raised his ponderous bulk in his bed and gave the orderly another lusty clout.

"I will have you shot for this, you miserable pig!"

"But," began the orderly, "it is a matter of highest importance—"

"Importance?" retorted the commandant, "Is anything of importance enough to wake me at this accursed hour? Begone, dog! Place yourself in the guard-room—you will be court-martialed if the pig of a captain to drown himself!"

The commandant added a string of curses to his commands and then settled himself on his side. But his eyes were no longer on the door of his hut opened again and this time a German captain in the Imperial Flying Service stampeded in.

It was Major von Wiesludorg! His breathing was laboured, his eyes were furious with anger, and his face was white and strained.

"What the devil—" began the commandant, making him the instant realization of his visitor, he held himself in hand. "What brings you here?"

"There will be the dickens to pay for this night's business!" panted the outraged visitor after he had recovered himself.

"I have arrested one of all that haraschel commandant of all that has befallen him. Those pig Englanders must be stopped at all costs—"

"Stopped?" exploded the commandant, "You have not a man!" He has crawled out of his bed and was hurriedly inserting his bulk into his uniform. "How can I stop them?"

Karl von Wiesludorg shrugged his shoulders.

"You are commandant of this aerodrome. You have twenty planes at your command. You can hit a little with the flying officers. There will be court-martials all round if nothing is done."

"Donner und blitzen!"

The commandant did not stop to button his tunic, but rushed out, roaring orders at the top of his voice.

On all sides came officers and men, in various stages of undress. In the thick of the "blitzkrieg" roared the commandant. "See that British plane! Stop it! Shoot it down! Hurry, you fools! Hurry!"

In a tree the mechanics were rushing to their machines and wrestling with the engines.

The officers scrambled into their seats, regardless of flying helmets and suits. The commandant was a royal tempest. They knew
BOUNDER and CAPTAIN!  
(Continued from page 25.)

"Smithy, old man—" said Redwing.

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Whatnall.

The Bounder gave the crowd a bitter look.

"How's it gone?" he asked.

"We've beaten them," said Redwing.

"No we haven't, Smithy!" said Johnny Bull grimly.

"I dare say you didn't miss me," said the Bounder bitterly. Whatnall was sitting down, ready to butt in. I dare say he had a hand in the trick those rotters played on me—"

"What trick?" asked Whatnall querulously.

"Four of them—they bagged me and kept me away. They had me in Quell's study when you started—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And if you had a hand in it—" snarled the Bounder.

Whatnall gave him a glance of quiet contempt, and, without troubling to reply, walked out of the study.

"You silly chump!" said Bob Cherry. "You don't think anything of the kind. We had to drag Whatnall to the brake. He's played up for us and bagged the winning goal, too, when you let us down."

"I tell you I was collared and kept away."

"Well, you shouldn't have been," said Johnny Bull, "and you wouldn't have been, but for your own dirty tricks, from what I can make out. And it doesn't make a twopenny, anyhow—you weren't wanted!"

A savage torrent of words from the Bounder replied, and the footballers who were in the study left it alone. It was not a happy evening for the new captain of the Remove.

There was much discussion and a good deal of laughter in the Remove when it was learned what had happened to Smithy. There was much sympathy for the old man at the back of the study.

"It was a rotten trick," said Bob Cherry, "but Smithy asked for it! In fact, sat up and begged for it—and he got what he asked for. And that, my beloved 'earers, is that!"

And the Remove generally agreed that that was that!

THE END.

(As looks as if the Bounder's book for a very rough passage in his new position as junior captain of Greyfriars. Watch out next week for "THE SWOT OF THE REMOVE!"

the next vamping yarn in this grand new series.)

BINDER AND CAPTAIN!  
(Continued from page 25.)

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"I tell you I was collared and kept away."

"Well, you shouldn't have been," said Johnny Bull, "and you wouldn't have been, but for your own dirty tricks, from what I can make out. And it doesn't make a twopenny, anyhow—you weren't wanted!"

A savage torrent of words from the Bounder replied, and the footballers who were in the study left it alone. It was not a happy evening for the new captain of the Remove.

There was much discussion and a good deal of laughter in the Remove when it was learned what had happened to Smithy. There was much sympathy for the old man at the back of the study.

"It was a rotten trick," said Bob Cherry, "but Smithy asked for it! In fact, sat up and begged for it—and he got what he asked for. And that, my beloved 'earers, is that!"

And the Remove generally agreed that that was that!

THE END.

(As looks as if the Bounder's book for a very rough passage in his new position as junior captain of Greyfriars. Watch out next week for "THE SWOT OF THE REMOVE!"

the next vamping yarn in this grand new series.)

BINDER AND CAPTAIN!  
(Continued from page 25.)

"Smithy, old man—" said Redwing.

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Whatnall.

The Bounder gave the crowd a bitter look.

"How's it gone?" he asked.

"We've beaten them," said Redwing.

"No we haven't, Smithy!" said Johnny Bull grimly.

"I dare say you didn't miss me," said the Bounder bitterly. Whatnall was sitting down, ready to butt in. I dare say he had a hand in the trick those rotters played on me—"

"What trick?" asked Whatnall querulously.

"Four of them—they bagged me and kept me away. They had me in Quell's study when you started—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And if you had a hand in it—" snarled the Bounder.

Whatnall gave him a glance of quiet contempt, and, without troubling to reply, walked out of the study.

"You silly chump!" said Bob Cherry. "You don't think anything of the kind. We had to drag Whatnall to the brake. He's played up for us and bagged the winning goal, too, when you let us down."

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