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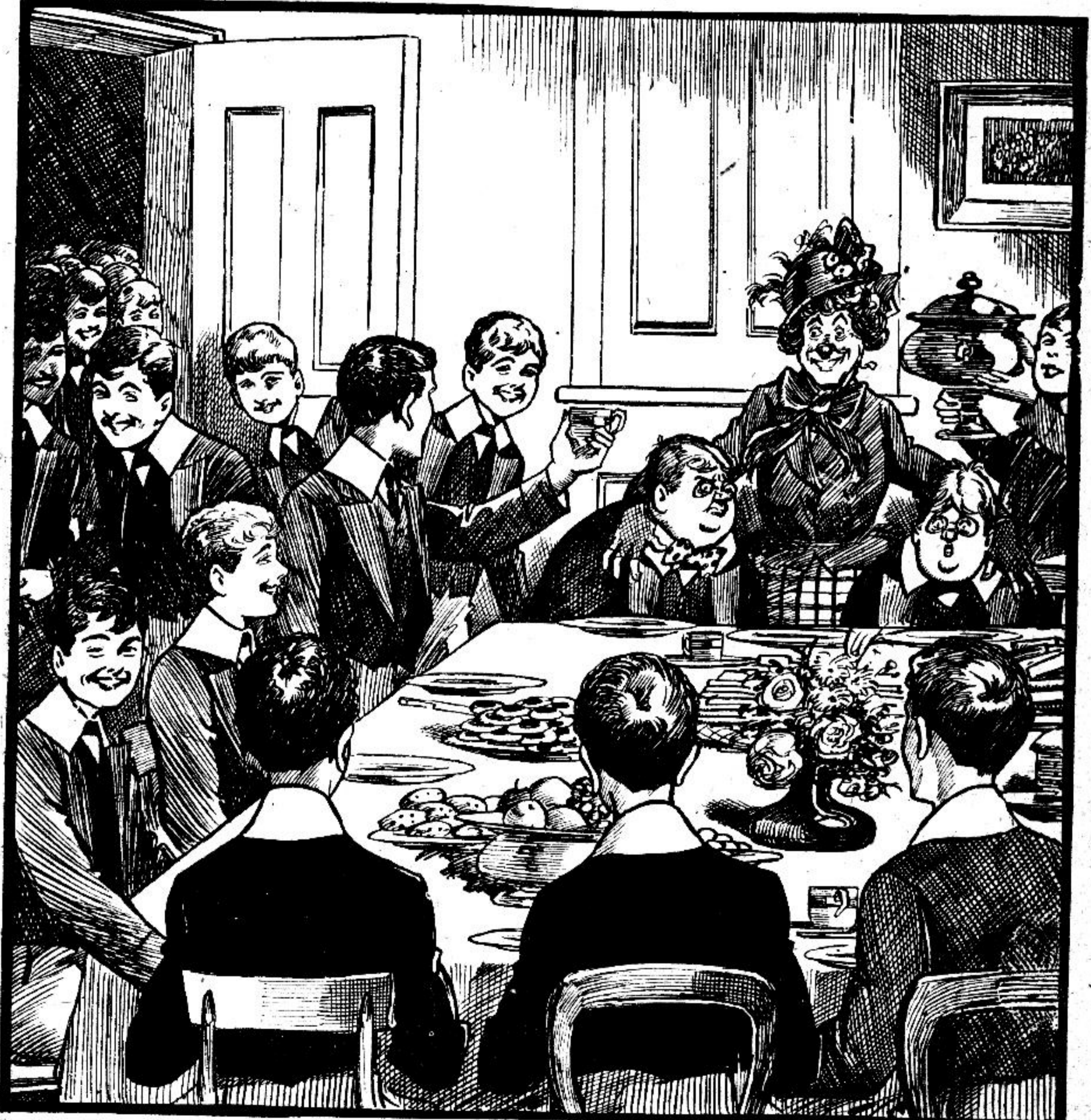
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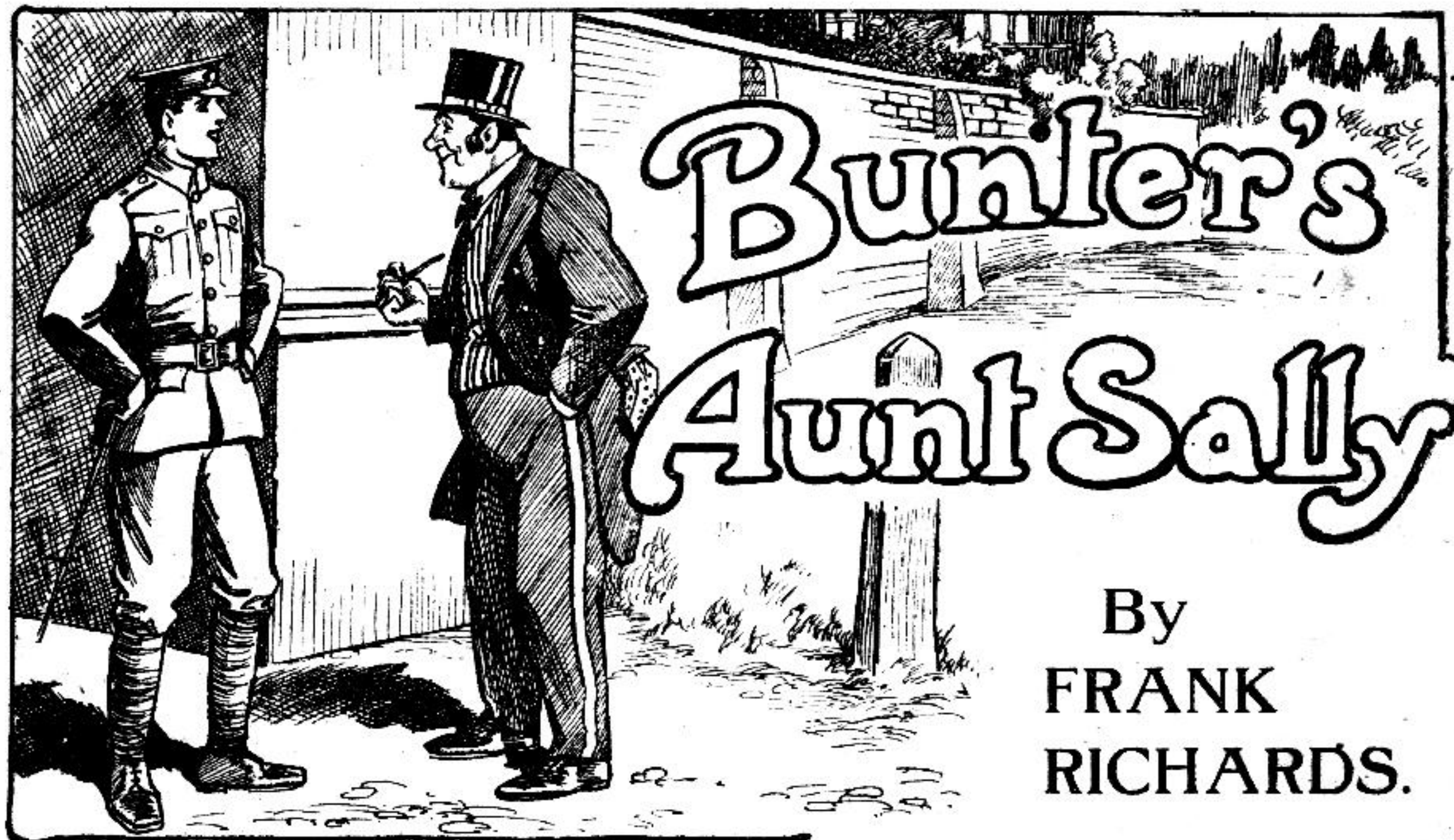
August 2nd, 1919.

BUNTER'S AUNT SALLY!



BUNTER'S AUNT PRESIDES OVER THE STUDY TEA PARTY!

(An Amusing Scene in the Magnificent Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.) 2-8-19



By
FRANK
RICHARDS.

A Magnificent Long, Complete School Tale of HARRY WHARTON & CO.
AT GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Wib's Visitor.

"IS this Greyfriars School?"
A khaki-clad figure had approached the gates of Greyfriars.

The soldier addressed his question to Gosling, the school porter.

Gosling stared at him in surprise. Gosling rubbed his eyes and gasped.

He was amazed.

The new-comer was an ordinary British Tommy enough, except that he looked rather youthful for the khaki suit he was wearing. His face was healthy and smiling, and his eyes, as they regarded the old school through the gates, and the playing-fields beyond, sparkled keenly.

His figure was well set-up and sturdy, and he wore the bloom of youthfulness and health.

But Gosling evidently had great difficulty in believing the evidence of his eyes as he blinked at the young soldier at the gates.

"My heye!" ejaculated Gosling.

The youngster in khaki grinned.

"This is Greyfriars, isn't it?" he inquired.

"Which it is!" gasped the amazed porter.

"Then is it possible for me to see Harold Wibley of the Remove?"

"Harold Wibley!" stuttered Gosling, blinking incredulously at the soldier.

The stranger burst into a hearty laugh.

"Oh, you are wondering at my resemblance to Wibley?" he asked.

"He and I are cousins, you see. Can I see him?"

"Yes, sir," said Gosling, evidently relieved that his fears regarding the effect of a certain gin-bottle upon his mental functions were without foundation.

"The young gents will be comin' out of school in a minute. It's gone four, and—why, 'ere they come!"

There was a ringing, boisterous shout

from across the quadrangle, and a troop of schoolboys dashed down the school-house steps into the quadrangle. They had just been dismissed from lessons, and were now revelling in the fresh air.

The soldier regarded the shouting boys with great interest. It was a long, long time since he had been to a school like this.

Suddenly his eyes danced with pleasure, and he took an eager step forward. For the figure of a schoolboy was dashing across the quadrangle in the direction of the gates, waving a hand frantically.

Wibley dashed up breathlessly, and simply grabbed at the soldier's hand.

"George, old man!" breathed Wibley huskily. "It's really you, old boy!"

"Yes, I'm here all right," replied his cousin, with a smile. "Did you get my letter?"

"Of course I did!" exclaimed Wibley.

"Why didn't you tell me what time you were coming, and I'd have met you at the station?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that," replied George Wibley. "But, anyway, here I am, and—"

"And come inside, old chap!" said Wibley of the Remove, almost dragging his cousin through the gates. There was a lump in his throat as he said: "We—we thought you were dead, George, until you wrote to me from Belgium—"

"Yes," interposed George Wibley.

"I was taken prisoner in the retreat of March, 1918, but contrived to get away all right in October. I'm as right as rain now."

Harold Wibley took his cousin's arm, and led him across the rapidly-filling quadrangle.

"Come and see the school, old chap!" he said. "I've told some of the fellows you are coming, and we've got up a special spread in your favour. Come along!"

Wibley of the Remove did the honours of the tea-table, and joined with Harry Wharton & Co in entertaining his cousin.

George Wibley proved a bright, witty fellow, and with his cheerful flow of conversation he made that tea-party as merry as one could possibly wish for. He gave the Greyfriars juniors some accounts of life in the Army, and of German prison experiences; and afterwards he and Wibley of the Remove kept Harry Wharton & Co. in roars of laughter recounting to them their exploits together when they were at the same school.

George Wibley, it appeared, had the same inherent powers of imitation and of acting as his notorious cousin, Harold Wibley of the Remove. The two, before George joined up, and his cousin came to Greyfriars, had pulled off many a deception together, and it was the narration of these that kept the ball of conversation and of laughter rolling at Wib's tea-table that afternoon.

And when, at last, it was time for Harry Wharton & Co. to depart in order to get on with their preparation, and they said good-bye to George Wibley, it was with genuine regret that they felt they had seen the last of Wibley's cousin.

He was, they thought, a jolly good fellow—one of the best—and dearly would they have liked him to stop at Greyfriars.

When Harry Wharton & Co. had gone Wibley, who was excused prep that evening on account of his cousin's visit, took his cousin down into the quadrangle to show him the school. There he was introduced to a good many of the fellows, and he made quite a good impression.

By the time the two cousins were by themselves, viewing the cloisters

together, it was dusk, and the evening shadows were falling.

George Wibley's eyes were keen and bright, and he was enjoying his visit to Greyfriars immensely.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Wibley's Great Wheeze!

"WELL, old chap, I—I suppose I must be going."

George Wibley spoke ruefully.

He and his cousin had finished their tour of Greyfriars. Wibley of the Remove had spent an hour showing George the many interesting features and beauties of the old school, and George had been lost in wonder and admiration.

But when, later on, the time came for the two cousins to part, they felt a sudden dampening of their spirits.

Harold Wibley growled.

"I don't want you to go, George!" he said.

A look of anxiety overspread the features of his cousin.

"I don't want to go, either," he said quietly. "As a matter of fact, Harold, I—I'm blessed if I know where to go for the next few days!"

Wibley of the Remove looked at his cousin in surprise.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

They were now strolling along together in the cloisters, the dusky shadows falling around them on all sides. George Wibley's voice was calm and firm as he replied:

"If I go home to-night," he said, "father will keep me there, and make arrangements for me to go back to school. I—I love school—especially a place like this. But, after army life, it would be—well, I should feel rather unsettled, wouldn't I?"

Wibley of the Remove grinned. It was not hard to realise that the sudden change from army life to school life would be intolerable.

"Therefore, I am not going home to dad for another couple of days or so," resumed George Wibley. "I haven't told you before, old chap, that whilst in the German prison camp at Baden a chum and I were engaged on inventing a new type of passenger aeroplane which, if successful, would bring common-place air traffic into reality. Well, he and I escaped together, and we've still got our plans complete. His father is the manager of a large aeroplane works in the Midlands, and Stevenson—that's my chum's name—has laid our plans before him. We've succeeded so far that his pater's firm have taken our invention up, and Mr. Stevenson is at the moment completing arrangements for me to take a position in the firm to help direct operations. That's why I don't want to go back to school. I am waiting to hear from Mr. Stevenson—he promised a letter in a few days—and then, when it is all settled, I can safely beard the pater in his den. Before then, as you know, it will be hopeless to argue with father. So I am not going home to him until I hear from Mr. Stevenson. I—"

"Would you like to stop here, George?" interrupted Wibley eagerly.

George Wibley's eyes shone.

"Rather!" he said. "Just for a few days—before I enter real, serious life, you know. I am still well up in my studies, and I should love the opportunity of having just a little while at Greyfriars."

"Then, I'll ask Mr. Quelch if you can be put up," said Wibley.

George shook his head.

"No," he said hastily. "I am a soldier, you must remember, and among schoolboys, I couldn't do that. I—I

suppose I shall have to go to London, after all."

Wibley of the Remove was silent, and in silence the two cousins walked on together for some moments. Harold Wibley was thinking deeply, however.

His mind went back to that episode in his study that afternoon when Bunter had so ingeniously deceived them, and he ground his teeth. That suggested a new train of thought, and Wibley pursued it thoroughly.

Then, when his cogitations had made a definite plan, Wibley of the Remove gave a deep chuckle, and slapped his cousin heartily on the back.

"George, old man," he cried, "I've got the broth of a wheeze!"

They stopped, and his cousin looked at Wibley inquiringly.

"I've got an idea to enable you to stop at Greyfriars until you hear from Mr. Stevenson," said Wibley, his eyes agog with excitement. "You'd like to stop here, George?"

George Wibley nodded his head vigorously.

"Of course," he said. "But—"

"Well, listen to me!" chuckled Wibley of the Remove. "I want to pay that cad Bunter out for a dirty trick he played on us, and I think I can work that into my wheeze. I want you to change places with me for a few days."

"What!"

"Look here, old son! You and I are exactly alike, except that you do your hair different to mine," urged Wibley. "And you are still as fond of a lark as ever, I suppose?"

"Well?" asked George Wibley, puzzled.

"Well," exclaimed Wibley enthusiastically, "you've just got to change places with me to-night, and stop here as me! Harry Wharton & Co. can be let into the wheeze. They are the best of fellows, and they'll show you the ropes."

"But you—" demanded his cousin.

Wibley chuckled.

"I shall appear on the scene later!" he said. "I'm coming as Bunter's aunt!"

"What-at!"

Wibley of the Remove chortled at his grand idea.

"Look here, George!" he said. "You know how I can act?"

"I should say so!" grinned his cousin.

"I'm a dab at acting!" said Wibley, rubbing his hands. "Anything connected with acting and imitating and deception is just in my line!"

Wibley did not speak boastfully when he said that. There was no mistaking the fact that Wibley of the Remove could act. Grease-paint, wigs, false noses, and stage "props" generally were Wibley's chief articles of delight, and he knew how to use them, too. He was a born actor. It was Wibley's forte, and his powers of masquerading were consummate.

George Wibley gazed wonderingly at his cousin.

"Do you mean—" he began.

Wibley nodded.

"Of course, you see through it now!" he chuckled. "I shall travel up to London to-night, and send a letter straight away from there to Bunter here, a letter supposed to have been written by an unknown aunt, and saying that she will see him on Wednesday. To-day is Monday, so there will be plenty of time. I'll toddle down here on Wednesday afternoon, rigged up in feminine clobber, and claim Bunter as my nephew, and, my word, won't I put him through it!"

Wibley spoke these last words vehemently. George Wibley's eyes were dancing with enthusiasm.

"And I'll carry on here as you—eh?" he chuckled. "Why, that's the very thing, if you've the nerve—"

"Of course I've the nerve!" said Wibley warmly. "What about yourself?"

"Oh, rely on me!" said George Wibley, with conviction. "It will just fit in nicely; for if I let Mr. Stevenson know my new address to-night I dare say he'll have the arrangements all ready for me to leave here on Wednesday night. Are you sure you can do it?"

Wibley of the Remove, the amateur actor of Greyfriars, gave a deep, confident chortle of delight.

"With my eyes shut almost!" he said. "Come along and acquaint Wharton of our wheeze, for I shall have to be going soon, George!"

The two cousins, chuckling with glee, walked swiftly into the House, and made their way to Study No. 1.

Harry Wharton & Co. glanced at them in surprise when they came in.

"Wharton, old chap," began Wibley of the Remove, "I've got the dandiest little wheeze of the season to tell you of. It's an absolute corker!"

"Go ahead!" said Wharton wonderingly.

Then, amid many outbursts of merriment from all, Wibley explained his great wheeze in detail.

"There you are!" said Wibley triumphantly when he finished. "What do you think of that for an idea?"

Harry Wharton & Co. were chuckling. "My hat!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "It's a corker!"

The captain of the Remove grinned.

"I think it's a regular ripping wheeze to get your cousin out of a difficulty and at the same time have a game with Bunter," he said. "If—if you've got the neck to pull it off!"

"We're both hot stuff at the game, I tell you!" replied Wibley. "Ain't we, George?"

"Rather!" grinned George Wibley.

"Then it's settled!" said Wibley briskly. "We'll work the giddy wheeze at once, you chaps! Come up to the dorm, George, and we'll change identities!"

The two cousins left the study, and the Famous Five looked at each other, smiling hugely.

"Well," said Frank Nugent, "if that doesn't beat the band! Poor old Bunter. Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I reckon Wib can do it, too!" said Johnny Bull decisively. "He's done trickier jobs than that before."

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled, and waited for the Wibleys return.

When, ten minutes later, they did return, Harry Wharton and his chums gasped.

"You surely haven't changed!" exclaimed Harry.

The Wibley in khaki chuckled.

"Yes, we have, old bean!" he said. "I used to be what George is now—see? He'd pass muster, wouldn't he?"

The chums of the Remove looked searchingly at George Wibley, now in his cousin's Etons. For all the world they could tell no difference between him and Wibley, their fellow-Removite, with whom he had changed places.

"Well, carry me home to die, somebody!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Wibley, you're the limit!"

The pseudo-soldier gave a chuckle.

"Thanks!" he said. "And now I must be off! I'm going to an actor friend's house to-night in the Adelphi. So-long, you chaps, and when I return as Bunter's aunt don't give the game away, will you?"

With which Wibley took his leave of his cousin and Harry Wharton & Co., and departed from Greyfriars.

George Wibley remained as Wibley of

the Remove Form at Greyfriars. The real Wibley caught the first train to London, looking forward keenly to a game that would call forth all his powers of masquerading and acting—those things most dear to his heart.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter's Remittance.

IT was the following evening; the time, half-past seven. The post had come, and there was a busy crowd round the letter-rack at Greyfriars.

Billy Bunter had been engaged in an argument with Vernon-Smith, in which he beseeched an advance upon a postal-order which was sure to come that evening, because, so Bunter asserted, he had dreamt of its coming last night.

Vernon-Smith, politely telling Bunter to "go and eat coke," had strode away, leaving Bunter glaring after him, and commenting, under his breath, upon the uncharitableness of humanity in general, and of the Bounder in particular.

Suddenly Bob Cherry gave a shout.

"Bunter! Bunter! Porpoise! Owl!"

William George Bunter pricked up his ears. He was used to that method of address, and he knew it was meant for him.

"I say, Bunter!" yelled Bob. "Here's a letter for you!"

"Oh, good!" said Bunter.

He rolled over to the letter-rack.

The fellows in the vicinity grinned.

"Surely your postal-order can't have arrived, Bunty?" exclaimed Squiff.

Frank Nugent shook his head.

"Nunno!" he said. "The age of miracles is past and gone, you know, Squiffy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter glared.

"Oh, really!" he bleated, groping for his letter. "This is sure to be my postal-order. From one of my titled relations, I expect!"

"Or a dividend from the family fried-fish shop!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter had secured his letter. After giving the humorous Bob a defiant glare, he blinked at the envelope.

"From London!" he said. "That's from my uncle in Park Lane!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Which seat in the park does he occupy, Bunty?" inquired Bob Cherry sweetly.

"Oh, rats!" snapped Bunter, opening his letter.

He extracted a folded sheet of paper. There were three stamps attached to the paper, but that was all.

There was no postal-order.

Bunter blinked into the envelope, and turned it inside-out.

He drew blank.

"Oh!" ejaculated Bunter.

The Removites roared with laughter. "Hasn't the postal-order come, Bunty?" chortled the Bounder. "Don't say your dream hasn't come true, Bunter!"

"I—I can't make it out!" muttered Bunter disappointedly. "I—I expect my uncle forgot to put it in the letter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There are some stamps, anyway," observed Bob Cherry. "Lemme see, there are two ha'penny and a penny one. That's tuppence, Bunty!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked at the twopennyworth of stamps and growled. He unfolded the letter and glared at it.

His little round eyes opened wide behind his spectacles as he read. The

letter made Billy Bunter gasp spasmodically.

This is what he read:

"My Dere Little Willie,—Having laity arived in Livverpool from a brord, I am now in England. I hav herd sutch a lott about yew from yor dere farther, and I fele that I must kum and sea yew, just too sea if awl wot he sez about yew is troo. I shall therefoar taik the opper-toonity of paying yew a visitt at yor skewl on Wensday arfternoon, so please ekspect me bye the too-therty trane. If I doan't kum bi that, I shall proberbli kum in anuther. Yew will bee at the stashun to meat me, woa'n't yew, my dear Little Willie? Giv my luv to yore little bruther Sammy, and plese bring him along with yew to meat me at the stashion. I ham sending yew sum stampps, mi dere nevyew, sew that yew may by yorself a nise bunn.

"Hoaping too sea yawer dere, chubbi fase on Wensday,

"Fromm yor luying Arnt,

"SALLY BUNTER."

"p.s.—Bee shure yew giv Sammy harf of the bunn!"

"Mum-my word!" gasped Bunter.

"What is it, Bunty?" inquired Bob Cherry. "A summons?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked at that letter like one in a dream.

The expression upon his face was so utterly ludicrous that the fellows absolutely roared.

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Bunter. "Who—who is she, I wonder?"

"Oh, a love-letter!" chortled Harold Skinner, the cad of the Remove. "Here, let's have a look at it, Bunter!"

Whilst Billy Bunter was still regarding that letter of his in a mechanical state of wonder, Skinner, with a deft movement, snatched it from his hand.

"Hi! Leggo!" roared Bunter furiously. "That's my letter!"

"You've no right to receive love-letters from unknown women!" chuckled Skinner. "I'm shocked, Bunter! I must read it, to satisfy my conscience!"

In spite of Bunter's yells and threats and wild entreaties, Skinner read the letter from Sally Bunter.

He burst into a howl of laughter as he read it.

"Oh, my only Aunt Jemima!" shrieked Skinner, staggering back and sobbing with laughter. "Ha, ha, ha! Just listen to this, you fellows!"

"Gimme my letter!" wailed Bunter.

"Not much!" chuckled Skinner. "Wait till I've read it out, Bunter, and the fellows have seen the beautiful spelling!"

And, dodging Bunter and hiding behind Bolsover major, Harold Skinner read out Bunter's letter aloud, emphasising the queer spelling.

The fellows simply shrieked with merriment as Skinner proceeded.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter dashed at Skinner and snatched his letter back.

"You rotters!" he roared. "You cads!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner. "So Aunt Sally is coming here to-morrow! Bunter's Aunt Sally—the latest exponent of phonetic spelling! Ha, ha, ha!"

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

Billy Bunter glared at the hilarious crowd as if he would like to eat them. As for the fellows who were there, and who had heard Skinner read Aunt Sally's letter, they were simply on the verge of hysterics.

"And she's sent him tuppence for a bun!" sobbed Hazeldene. "Oh, my hat! What next!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Just at that moment another fat figure rolled up and pushed itself through the crowd.

"I say, you chaps—"

It was Sammy Bunter of the Second, the younger brother of William George.

The crowd made way for Sammy Bunter.

Bunter minor blinked at his major and at the letter he held in his hand.

"What's the game, Billy?" he demanded. "Whose is that letter?"

"Go it, Sammy!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Billy's received some money from your old Aunt Sally! Claim halves, Sammy!"

Sammy blinked at his major.

"That right?" he demanded. "Halves, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You rotters!" howled Billy Bunter, ignoring his minor. "I'll tell Wingate—I—I'll—"

"Lemme have a look at the letter!" howled Bunter minor. "Gimme it, Billy!"

Sammy, however, did not wait for his major to give him Sally Bunter's letter. He grabbed it.

Sammy Bunter devoured the contents of that letter at first eagerly, then in perplexity, and finally in deep disgust.

The crowd watched with intense interest the varying expressions upon Sammy Bunter's face.

"Mum-my word!" gasped Sammy.

"Mum-my aunt!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Claim halves, Sammy!"

"It's up to you, Bunter!" chortled Bolsover major. "Hand Sammy over his share!"

"I—I—I—"

"Give him a ha'penny stamp at least, Bunty!" chuckled Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He can keep his rotten stamps!" snorted Sammy Bunter in disgust.

"Yah!"

And Sammy Bunter rolled away, grunting with disappointment.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Going To Meet Aunty!

THE news of Miss Sally Bunter's visit had spread.

A letter such as Bunter had received could not possibly have failed to attract more than usual notice, and all Greyfriars chuckled over the idea of Bunter's aunt.

Dicky Nugent & Co. of the Second delighted especially in chipping Sammy Bunter. Sammy was fed up over the whole business.

He'd never heard of an Aunt Sally, and—in view of that horrible letter she had sent—he had no wish to see her.

But that, on account of the universal publicity, was impossible.

The fellows at Greyfriars simply would not let the Bunters forget about Aunt Sally.

They chipped Billy Bunter and Sammy right and left until the unfortunate pair felt utterly exasperated.

But there was no getting away from the fact that they would have to go down to the station that afternoon to meet her. They were continually reminded of that, and nearly half the junior school announced their intention of going to the station also to see Aunt Sally when she arrived.

They reckoned that there would be some fun when she did arrive. If she was anything like her nephews, then the fellows of Greyfriars predicted some high old times.

And so, at two o'clock, when Billy Bunter and Sammy started out from



"Scoundrel!" shrieked Miss Bunter. "Rascal! Worm! How dare you take advantage of a defenceless female! Take that!" "Run for it, Gossy!" cried Bob Cherry. "Put a spurt on, man!" (See Chapter 7.)

Greyfriars to meet Aunt Sally, an immense crowd of chortling fellows followed in their wake.

In vain did Bunter protest. Skinner, Bolsover & Co. of the Remove were leading the procession, and some of the remarks they made in Bunter's hearing simply chilled his blood.

Harry Wharton & Co., with George Wibley, were behind. As Bob Cherry remarked, they wouldn't have missed Aunt Sally's arrival for worlds!

And in the rear came a motley collection of Removites, Third and Second Formers, not to mention a few Upper Fourth-Formers, and some merry members of the Fifth.

Billy Bunter was washed and brushed to receive his unknown aunt.

So was Sammy.

Trotting along beside each other towards Friardale, the faces of Billy and Sammy Bunter were crimson with shame. Howl and remonstrate as they would, the crowd hung on like limpets.

Billy Bunter was deeply indignant.

"The rotters!" he snorted. "Why can't they mind their own business? Ugh!"

Sammy Bunter growled. Dearly would he have loved to hide himself in some secluded spot at Greyfriars that afternoon and remain in hiding until Aunt Sally had departed.

"Blow Aunt Sally!" snorted Sammy Bunter. "Who is she, anyway? Tuppence for a bun! Br-r-r!"

The station was eventually reached, and the Bunters rolled on to the platform. The crowd behind them lost no time in following, and by the time they were all on the old station platform at Friardale was crowded.

Billy Bunter glared round at his tormentors.

"Clear off, you rotters!" he howled.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Harold Skinner. "We're out for some fun, Bunt!"

"You—you—you—"

The unhappy Owl of the Remove was speechless with wrath.

Soon there came a shrill whistle in the distance, and the train was seen approaching round the curve.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Look out for Aunt Sally, you chaps!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

William George Bunter groaned.

"Beasts!" he stuttered. "What will Aunt Sally think?"

Sammy gave an emphatic snort.

"Bust Aunt Sally!" he snapped.

"And bust the blinking lot of 'em!" The train rolled into the station, and with a clatter came to a standstill at the platform.

All eyes were eagerly focused upon the opening doors of the carriages. Billy Bunter by now had given up the idea as a bad job of driving off the tormenting sightseers. He also watched the descending passengers very anxiously.

"She's sure to come first-class, Sammy," he murmured, blinking at the train. "She must be worth some tin, you know."

"Oh, rats!" sported Sammy in disgust. There was no sign of Aunt Sally yet.

Billy Bunter blinked in perplexity at the train, and there was some commotion in the crowd of expectant fellows behind.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" murmured Bob Cherry softly. "Surely Wib hasn't missed the train!"

William George Bunter and his minor blinked up and down the platform at the various farmers and working people who had emerged from the train, but no signs of a possible Aunt Sally were visible.

"Why, what a fraud!" exclaimed Harold Skinner in disappointment. "If she doesn't come we shall have to bump Bunter for bringing us all the way down here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Suddenly there was the sound of a terrific bump on the platform, and, turning towards whence the sound came, the fellows saw a trunk, which had probably been hurled forcibly from the luggage-van, rolling a little way along the platform.

Simultaneously with the bump there came from the interior of the luggage-van the loud shriek of a female's voice raised in high-pitched accents of anger.

"My hat!" exclaimed Bunter.

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Then there arose such a screeching and yelling and bawling, coming from the luggage-van, that the Greyfriars fellows simply gasped in wonder.

"My word!" gasped Bolsover major. "Surely that can't be Bunter's aunt rowing with the guard?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Skinner. "That's her, right enough! Come on, Bunter! Your aunt's in the guard's van having a row with the guard. Hark at her!"

Wonderingly the crowd, with Bunter major and minor in front of them, made their way down to the rear of the train, whence those wild sounds of oral battle were proceeding.

They reached the guard's van, and, stopping there, gazed within.

They drew back as they did so, and one long, spasmodic gasp arose from all their throats.

They blinked into the guard's van again, and several rubbed their eyes.

"Mum-my only topper!" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

Inside the luggage-van, bawling at the guard at the top of her unmusical voice, was the figure of a female.

But such a female!

The fellows of Greyfriars looked at her and gasped.

Then a mighty howl of laughter arose.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Aunt Sally!

"**H**A, ha, ha!" It was a roar of uncontrollable mirth, proceeding from every junior present except two.

And those two were William George Bunter and Sammy Bunter, his minor.

"Mum-my hat!" gasped Bunter, blinking inside the luggage-van like one in a dream.

"Great Scott!" stuttered Sammy.

Their eyes, behind their spectacles, nearly goggled out of their heads.

If this was their Aunt Sally—

A weird and wonderful apparition was inside the guard's van.

She was, unlike Billy and Sammy Bunter, rather slim, and extremely upright. Her attire was truly a sight to see and wonder at, for it consisted of a dress which might have originated in the early seventies, or thereabouts. She wore a flaming blue coat, which, being cut in drastically at the waist, bulging out below like a small parachute, fitted her tightly wherever it touched, and looked really remarkable.

The skirt was of a pattern which combined vivid red and yellow stripes, and, being extremely short, displayed below her knees a liberal portion of brilliantly-striped stockings—so far as her spats reached, at any rate.

For Miss Bunter wore white spats that reached half-way up her legs, and, contrasted with her rainbow-coloured stockings, gave a truly remarkable effect.

Miss Bunter's face was one calculated, as Bulstrode was heard to remark, to make gods and men and even little fishes stare. Never did comic artist devise a countenance so comical.

Her nose was red—indeed, quite an art shade in scarlet which bordered dangerously upon the inflammable. Her cheeks were also red, but it was apparent that the lady had been endeavouring to improve her complexion by the addition of face-powder.

The effect was somewhat strange.

Upon Miss Bunter's head was perched a little pudding-basin bonnet, at the back of which wobbled a huge bow of flaming colour. The remainder of the hat was

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trimmed with several scraggy feathers, appertaining to which birds it was impossible to determine.

Her hair, which was bobbed, was red, and it scintillated in the sunlight, vying with her bow and her skirt and her stockings to give a "dazzle" effect of startling colour.

This amazing female wore huge boots beneath her spats, which, to say the least of it, were extremely the worse for wear and remarkably large.

Her feet—to quote the humorous Bob Cherry—seemed in sympathy with her features! Everything about her was "monstrous!"

She carried in her hands, which were adorned by a pair of black, threadbare mittens, a green parasol which looked rather the worse for wear.

The amazed glance of the Greyfriars fellows wandered from this amazing specimen of womanhood towards the sundry boxes which bestrewed the luggage-van.

The box which had just been hurled upon the platform bore the initials "S. B."

This, then, was Sally Bunter—Billy Bunter's aunt!

The crowd regarded her and gasped. Billy and Sammy Bunter blinked in utter stupefaction at their aunt.

"Mum-my hat!" gurgled Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the Greyfriars fellows, unable to contain their mirth.

"My only summer chapeau!" gasped Delarey, rubbing his eyes for the third time. "What, in the name of thunder and lightning, is it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Skinner hilariously. "It's Bunter's Aunt Sally! Look at her, Bunter! Ain't she lovely?"

The crowd—with the exception of Billy and Sammy Bunter—were simply doubled up with mirth.

Harry Wharton & Co., in particular, were more than ever flabbergasted at the apparition of "Miss Sally Bunter."

"Good lor'!" gurgled Bob Cherry, wiping salt tears of merriment from his eyes. "Surely that can't be Wib!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" gasped Harry Wharton. "It's more likely to be Wib than a real, live woman!"

Miss Sally—for it could be none other—was engaged in a violent altercation with the guard, who was a small, weary-looking individual.

He mopped his forehead, and blinked sorrowfully at the boys as they came up.

Miss Bunter, also seeing them, waved her parasol frantically, and pointed at the unhappy guard.

"Yes, you may well laugh!" she shrieked, in shrill falsetto. "Look at 'im! Look at it! Call it a man? Yah!"

"Boo!" retorted the guard. "Call yerself a woman?"

Miss Bunter made a dive at the guard with her parasol, but just missed him.

Miss Bunter turned and addressed the chortling crowd.

"That man is a drunkard!" she said. "I am positive he's been at that bottle of—er—cod-liver oil that is in my box!"

"Which I hain't!" howled the guard.

"Git houter this 'ere train, or I—I'll chuck yer out!"

Miss Bunter drew herself up haughtily, and stared with withering contempt at the guard.

"Man!" she rumbled. "Insect!"

The "insect" jumped out of the radius of her swinging parasol.

"It would take a man, not a monkey, to remove me from this van!" shouted Miss Bunter vehemently.

"Did I put that box of mine in your van for you to 'elp yourself to the contents of that bottle?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the Greyfriars fellows, tickled to death at the delicate way in which Miss Bunter referred to her bottle.

"Which I haven't touched yer bloom-in' bottle!" hooted the guard.

"I don't believe you!" snapped Miss Bunter. "Why, if it 'ad been soap, I'm sure you'd 'ave stolen it! Fortunately, I never use soap!"

"Oh, my word!" gasped Billy Bunter.

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

Miss Bunter glared truculently at the guard.

"Remove my parcels!" she ordered.

The guard sprang with alacrity, and proceeded to hurl his tormentor's parcels out one by one. He seemed only too glad to get rid of them.

"Careful!" howled Aunt Sally.

"You'll break that bottle!"

The irate female seemed extremely anxious about that particular bottle.

Indeed, the Greyfriars fellows had more than a suspicion that it contained something much stronger than cod-liver oil, as Miss Bunter had alleged its contents to be.

At last all the property of Miss Bunter was removed from the van, and Miss Bunter herself stood upon the platform.

"If you have broken that bottle, or I find any of the—er—cod-liver oil missing," said Miss Bunter, glaring venomously at the guard, "I shall have you locked up!"

"Yah!" snorted the guard, making a strategic retreat into the interior of his van. And, leaning out of the window, he blew his whistle.

As the train rolled out of the station the guard leaned out of his carriage window and shook his fist at Aunt Sally.

That militant female, in retaliation, stood on the edge of the platform and continued to swipe the air violently with her parasol until no more guard could be seen.

"Oh, carry me home to die, somebody!" gurgled Squiff, leaning on Tom Brown's arm for support. "If this doesn't absolutely take the biscuit! Fancy that image being Bunter's aunt! Great cats!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" was the chorus of yells from the boys on the platform.

A little apart from the rest, Harry Wharton & Co., and George Wibley were simply bursting with merriment.

"It's too rich for words!" gasped Harry Wharton breathlessly. "Can it really be old Wib?"

"It must be!" said Johnny Bull.

"Of course it is!" put in George Wibley, chuckling. "He's in his element now. The fur is going to fly this afternoon, you bet!"

"Poor old Bunter!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "I wouldn't be in his shoes for worlds!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Rather not!" responded the rest of the Co.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Aunt Makes Things Lively!

"**O**H dear!" groaned Billy Bunter.

"Gug-good lor'!" gurgled Sammy, his minor.

The two brothers were feeling decidedly unhappy. And who could be surprised, when they were confronted with an aunt like Miss Sally?

Their faces were as crimson as the stripes on Aunt Sally's skirt.

Miss Bunter's eyes twinkled quizzically as she surveyed the chortling crowd, and a beam shone upon her odd features which almost sent the Greyfriars fellows into hysterics.

"Young gents," chirped aunty, and her voice was like unto that of a nutmeg-grater—"young gents, you are from Willy's school, as I see. 'Ave you seen 'im or Sam-uel?"

"What-ho!" chortled Harold Skinner, pointing at the shame-faced Bunters.

"There are your loving nephews, ma'am!"

Aunt Sally's eyes lighted upon her "nephews," and her comical features wreathed in grotesque smiles.

"Billy!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"And Samuel!"

Billy and Samuel Bunter, thus addressed, gave vent to hollow groans.

Dearly would they have loved to be able to slink away and hide themselves from all this indignity and shame.

Miss Sally, however, was upon them sooner than they expected. She made a frantic dart at William George Bunter, and, clasping him tenaciously round the neck, hugged him to her breast.

There was a series of resounding smacks as Aunt Sally rained a volley of kisses upon the Remove porpoise's fat cheeks.

"My own, dear nevey Will-u-um!" shrieked Miss Bunter hysterically. "Oh, when did I see you last, my Willy? Was it playin' on the steps of yer father's fried-fish shop, or—"

"Grooogh!" howled Bunter, struggling desperately to get out of Miss Bunter's strong embrace, and also out of range of her effusive kisses. "Wharrer you up to? You—you—you—"

Aunt Sally let Billy Bunter go suddenly, and the gasping Owl staggered back, keeping his feet with great difficulty.

Miss Bunter gazed at him, and clasped her mitted hands together in admiring ecstasy.

"My! Ain't he grown fat since I last saw 'im!" she cried. "Fried fish ain't done that, I bet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the onlookers. Bunter mopped his face, which, though red with shame and anger, was plastered here and there with blobs of face-powder, which Miss Bunter, in her clinching embrace, had transferred to him.

"Groooh-hoo!" gasped Bunter, blinking in horror at this outrageous specimen of an aunt.

"Ho, ho, ho!" shrieked Skinner, shoving poor Sammy Bunter forward. "Don't forget little Samuel, ma'am! He's longing to greet you!"

"Oh, the dear, dimpled darlin'!" trilled Aunt Sally, skipping towards the struggling Sammy. "Come to me arms, Sammy, and lemme kiss you!"

Smack! Smack!

"My word, hark at the splashes!" gasped Trevor.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leggo!" wailed Sammy Bunter, kicking out with his fat little legs. "Lemme alone, you—you—you old fogey!"

These breathless words acted like an electric shock upon Aunt Sally. She let go Sammy with a jerk and blinked in horror at him.

"Boo!" hooted Sammy Bunter, incensed beyond all control, when he saw Dick Nugent & Co. chortling at his discomfort. "You let me alone, you horrible old freak! You ain't my aunt—Yah!"

Aunt Sally withdrew an immense crimson handkerchief from her bosom, and, burying her face within its ample depths, she commenced to sob violently.

"Do I 'ear aright?" wailed Aunt Sally. "Do my hears deceive me, or was it my nevey Sammy wot spoke them cruel words? Boo-hoo!"

Sammy Bunter gave an emphatic snort.

"Wot 'ave I done to deserve it?" shrilled Aunt Sally, lifting her voice unto the heavens. "Sammy calls me names. Me—Sally Bunter, who has helped his old father with the fried-fish business many an' many a time! Boo-hoo! Me called names—who 'as been out to America to find a 'usband, and never found one—boo-hoo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the crowd, unable to restrain its mirth.

"Yes—larf at me!" wailed the broken-hearted female. "I'm a poor, down-trodden maiden, I am! Boo-hoo! Nobody loves me—not even me own nevey Samuel—nor Billy, either, I don't believe!"

Billy Bunter, at this juncture, sniffed in disdain.

Miss Bunter raised her arms in an appealing gesture towards the Owl of the Remove.

"Willy, say you love me!" she pleaded. "Say you love your old Aunt Sally, wot 'elped your father with the fried-fish business—"

"Don't tell lies!" howled Bunter, exasperated and furious. "My father hasn't got a fried-fish business—you know that! You old fossil, you—you old fraud—you—"

Miss Bunter gave a wild shriek, and her shoulders shook with emotion.

"Shame!" roared Bolsover major.

"Shame, Bunter!"

The crowd surveyed the Bunters with lowering brows. This lack of chivalry on Bunter's part made them angry.

The unhappy Owl of the Remove turned an appealing countenance towards his schoolfellows.

"It's a get-up!" shrieked Bunter wildly. "This ain't my aunt at all! It—it's Wibley, or—or—"

"Don't tell lies, Bunter!" hooted Hazeldene. "Wibley's over there. Look at him!"

George Wibley chuckled, and Billy Bunter almost collapsed with dismay.

"It's not my aunt, I tell you!" he shrieked desperately. "She's an old fraud!"

At this Miss Bunter sent up a wail of despair and staggered. Wibley was just in time to catch her.

The Greyfriars fellows gave Bunter dark looks.

"Yah!" hooted Skinner. "Shame, Bunter—shame!"

"Boo-hoo!" sobbed Miss Bunter, buried in the depths of her crimson handkerchief. "I know I'm not wanted. I'm not good enough for him, now 'e's among the toffs! 'E don't want his old Aunt Sally. Boo-hoo!"

Billy Bunter's face was crimson. As for Sammy, he stood aloof in sulky silence.

Bolsover major strode up to Bunter, and laid a hand heavily on his shoulder.

"Go and apologise to your aunt, Bunter!" he hissed. "If you don't, I'll—I'll wipe the platform up with you!"

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter. "I tell you—"

"Apologise to her!" growled Bolsover ominously. "If you don't—"

The perspiration standing out in beads upon his brow, Billy Bunter choked something down in his throat, and advanced falteringly towards his grief-stricken "aunt," who, by the way, had been engaged in a whispered conversation with George Wibley.

"I—I'm sorry, aunt!" he said. "I—I didn't mean anything, and—"

With a cry of joy, Aunt Sally sprang up from Wibley's arms and clasped Billy Bunter fondly to her.

"Billy!" she cried. "My own Billy! Of course, he was only playin'. I forgive you, Billy! And Sammy, too!"

Sammy's response to this act of magnanimity was a growl of disbelief.

Miss Bunter made an elaborate show of drying her tears, and then, apparently feeling better, she grasped the arms of Billy and Sammy Bunter and dragged them along the platform.

"Let me see your big school, Billy!" she cried loudly. "I 'ear you're at a

swanky school among all the toffs. Ain't it all right?"

"I—I—I—" stuttered Bunter.

"Yes," went on Aunt Sally, glancing round at the crowd of Greyfriars fellows who were following. "And these are you schoolfellows, ain't they, Billy?"

"Hear, hear!" chortled Skinner. "We're all pals of Bunter's, ma'am!"

"And they ain't a bit stuck up over it, neither!" exclaimed Aunt Sally delightedly. "They seem to treat you just like one of themselves, don't they, Billy? I'm sure I love every one of them!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Skinner, the idea of being loved by such a female making him turn quite pale.

"Must—must we g-go to the school, aunt?" faltered Bunter miserably.

"Not 'arf!" chuckled Aunt Sally. "Kim on, Billy and Sammy!"

And, lugged along by their atrocious "aunt," William George Bunter and Sammy had to go.

Harry Wharton & Co. saw that the porter attended to "Miss Bunter's" luggage. As George Wibley had guessed, those boxes contained his own khaki suit and Wib's own clobber.

The procession moved through the barrier, past the astounded stationmaster, and came to a halt in the station-yard.

Billy Bunter turned appealingly to Harry Wharton.

"Shall we t-take a cab, Wharton?" he asked.

Thinking that to concede thus far to the unhappy Owl would be an act of human kindness, Harry Wharton beckoned Old George, the Friardale cabby.

Old George switched his weary old horse in to the kerb where the group was standing.

He rubbed his bleary eyes when he saw aunty, and it was some moments before the astonished man could get down from his dickey and see to Miss Bunter's luggage.

Harry Wharton & Co. bundled aunty and her two unfortunate "nephews" into the cab; and, after many persuasions on the part of Old George to his horse, the cab moved off.

As it proceeded to Greyfriars School the crowd followed on behind. Old George's horse did not exert itself over the journey in the least, so the Greyfriars fellows had not the slightest difficulty in keeping up with the cab.

They were all chortling with delight over this afternoon's adventure.

With the exception of Billy and Sammy, the boys of Greyfriars were enjoying the merry antics of Aunt Sally immensely.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Rough on Gossy!

"HA, ha, ha!"

A roaring, hooting crowd turned out at the gates of Greyfriars to greet Aunt Sally as she drove up in Old George's cab.

The crowd in the road had arrived at the school in advance, and spread the news of her coming.

Billy Bunter's much-looked-forward-to Aunt Sally was at Greyfriars.

Gosling, the school porter, turned out of his little lodge as the cab drew up, and when he saw that weird and wonderful apparition of a female descend he fell back in amazement.

"My honly 'at!" gasped Gosling. Aunt Sally had by now descended, and her luggage was removed from the cab.

With the lugubrious William George Bunter and Sammy behind her, Aunt Sally sailed in at the gates.

There was a huge crowd round her, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 599.

but she seemed to have wonderful presence of mind, and any amount of cheek. She walked as if she owned Greyfriars!

Gosling blinked at her in stupefaction as she approached.

Aunt Sally's gaze became riveted upon the porter, and their eyes met.

"My heye!" ejaculated the startled Gosling.

Aunt Sally gave a smirk, and clasped her hands in coy confusion.

"Oh, la, la!" she trilled. "I do believe that saucy boy has got his eye on me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the crowd.

Miss Bunter wagged her parasol playfully before Gosling's nose.

"Oh, fie on you, young man!" she cried. "I am ashamed of you, you saucy dear!"

Gosling gave a queer kind of gurgle in his throat, and stared fixedly at Aunt Sally. He could hardly believe the evidence of his own eyes. He began to wonder whether the common or garden teacup wasn't better for the health, after all, than the more seductive gin-bottle.

Aunt Sally gave Gosling a playful dig in the ribs, and then skipped playfully back.

"Oh, he's got his eye on me!" she chirruped. "Isn't he a sweet boy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the crowd round the gates.

Gosling seemed to awake with a jerk from a state of lethargy.

"My heye!" he gurgled. "W-w-what is it?"

The Greyfriars fellows almost wept.

Gosling turned appealing to them, a look of deep consternation on his rugged features.

"Which ham I dreamin', young gents," he gasped bewilderedly, "or is it alive?"

Miss Bunter regarded Gosling for a moment in speechless wrath. Then, her eyes flashing fire, she gave a wild shriek.

"What do you mean, sir?" shrieked Aunt Sally, waving her parasol dangerously in the air. "How dare you—after making eyes at me!"

Gosling passed a hand across his forehead and gulped.

"Me makes heyes at you?" he gasped.

"Why, you—you hugly old freak, I—"

"Wha-at?" shrilled Aunt Sally.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Vernon-Smith.

"He doesn't mean anything, ma'am. The poor chap suffers from his eyes, you know."

"Hi should think I did," said Gosling, "if I made heyes at that 'ere specimen! Good 'evens!"

Miss Sally emitted a sound like that of steam escaping from a boiler. Then, grasping her parasol, she made a dart at Gosling.

"'Ere, 'old on!" roared Gosling, backing away in alarm. "Wharrer you up to?"

"Scoundrel!" shrieked Miss Bunter.

"Rascal! Worm! How dare you take advantage of a defenceless female! Take that!"

She swiped away energetically with her gamp at Gosling.

"Yarough!" howled Gosling, turning on his heel and fleeing before those sledge-hammer strokes. "Stoppit, you 'orrible old cat— Woogh! 'Elp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the fellows standing around.

"Run for it, Gossy!" cried Bob Cherry. "Put a spurt on, man!"

Gossy did put a spurt on. He had had enough of Aunt Sally's gamp. He made a wild dive for the front door of his lodge. With surprising agility for a

man of his years, Gosling darted through the doorway, and jammed the door tight just as Aunt Sally came rushing up.

"Come out!" shrieked Aunt Sally, swiping the door with her parasol.

"Come out and take a thrashing, you—you cowardly old rascal, you!"

"Yah!" came the voice of Gosling from the other side of the door. "Go and fry yer face, you old cat! Fetch a perliceman, somebody! Yah!"

Convulsed with laughter, the crowd surged forward and prevented Aunt Sally from doing any more damage.

A big figure stepped forward, and Faulkner of the Sixth tapped the excited Aunt Sally on the arm.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said quietly, "but I am afraid you are creating too much of a distrubance. Bunter," he said, turning to the crimson-faced Owl of the Remove, "take your aunt to your study."

Aunt Sally blinked at the stalwart prefect, and then she made a low, humble bow.

"I'm extremely sorry, sir!" she said with meek humility. "But I'm a poor, defenceless maiden, you know, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd, tickled by Aunt Sally's description of herself as a maiden.

Faulkner burst into a roar of uncontrollable laughter and walked away.

Aunt Sally blinked after him, and then she grabbed Bunter's arm.

"Take me indoors, Billy," she said.

"That young swell said so, so I am sure we must obey him. Lor', Willy, fancy that old scoundrel in that 'ouse trying to get off with me! Lawks, what's life comin' to?"

"Ha, ha ha!"

Still soliloquising in the same strain, Aunt Sally tucked her parasol under her arm and trotted across the quadrangle, being led very unwillingly by William George Bunter and his exasperated minor.

There was a commotion in the quadrangle at the sight of aunty.

Fellows came, they saw, and they blinked at the strange female in wonderment. And when they were informed that this was Billy Bunter's aunt they almost sank to the earth with amazement.

Never in all the history of Greyfriars had such a dreadful female been admitted within its gates.

Seeming to have shrunk visibly under the weight of his humiliation and shame, William George Bunter piloted his strange aunt up to the Remove passage.

The sooner he got her out of the way of public view the better, he reasoned.

"Here we are, aunt!" groaned Billy Bunter as they arrived outside the door of Study No. 7. "C-come right in!"

"Go it, Bunty! Don't funk it!"

And, relieved somewhat that his terrible aunt was at least within doors, Billy Bunter opened the door of Study No. 7 for his aunt to go in.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Tea In Study No. 7.

PETER TODD, who shared Study No. 7 with Billy Bunter, Alonzo, and Tom Dutton, was amazed at Bunter's aunt.

His amazement, however, was quite overcome by his amusement, and he was one of the first to enter Study No. 7 after Billy Bunter and his aunt.

As they entered, a figure stood up from the fireplace and mopped its perspiring brow.

It was Alonzo Todd, the Duffer of Greyfriars.

Alonzo had been getting tea ready. He had managed to pile up a huge fire, and the atmosphere in Study No. 7 was almost tropical.

Alonzo Todd blinked at Aunt Sally in wonder.

"Dud-dear me!" murmured Alonzo.

Aunt Sally beamed at Alonzo, and then turned to Billy Bunter.

"Willy!" she exclaimed. "Who is that dear, nice boy with the long nose?"

"It—it's Alonzo Todd!" stammered Bunter.

Aunt Sally gave a smirk, and playfully chucked Alonzo under the chin.

There was a crash as the Duffer, in his amazement, let go the frying-pan in which several rashers of bacon were sizzling in fat.

Crash!

There was a fiendish howl from Skinner, who was standing by.

"Yarough!" howled Skinner. "Ow! My legs!"

The hot fat was streaming down his legs, and the rashers of bacon bestowed the carpet.

Alonzo heard not. He was too amazed to speak.

"What a sweet youth!" giggled Aunt Sally, ogling Alonzo Todd in a comical manner. "He's almost as good looking as you, Billy!"

"Ha ha, ha!"

Alonzo grasped the edge of the table for support, and blinked stupidly at aunty.

Read

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Wibley of the Remove removed his facial disguise, and, shying the red hair on his bed, he grinned affably at his form-fellows. "Billy," he trilled, still in a high-pitched feminine voice, "come to me arms and kiss me, dearest!" (See Chapter 12.)

"Gug-good gracious!" gasped Alonzo.

"And the sweet little lovey-dukey has got tea ready?" trilled aunty. "Oh, dear, I must kiss him!"

And, skipping over to the dumbfounded Duffer, Aunt Sally clasped him to her, and bestowed upon his cheek a resounding kiss.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Removites.

Aunty, having performed that feat, turned, and at that moment she caught sight of the chuckling Peter Todd.

Peter was exactly like his cousin Alonzo—so far as features, form, and height went, at any rate.

An elaborate expression of amazement overspread Aunt Sally's comical features.

"Gug-good gracious!" she ejaculated, rubbing her eyes. "I—I've got 'em again!"

There was a roar of laughter from the onlookers, and Peter Todd ceased to grin.

"Oh dear!" gasped Aunt Sally, evidently in great dismay. "I can see double! There are two of 'em! Oh, that Government beer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Willy, get me a glass of water, quick!" shrieked Aunt Sally. "I'll never touch another drop of Government ale—I swear I won't!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter Todd, his face crimson, stepped forward.

"Look here, ma'am," he said gruffly, "I'm alive all right. This fellow is my cousin!"

Aunty made a great show of inspecting the two Todds, and then she heaved a heavy sigh of relief.

"Oh, thank goodness!" she said. "I thought it couldn't be that Government beer. I don't believe a barrel of that stuff would affect me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My Billy!" exclaimed Aunt Sally, turning to Bunter. "You ought to see your old dad swill that stuff! More like a camel, he is, and it don't affect him, neither!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooogh!" spluttered Billy Bunter, choking in dismay at the laughter of the other fellows. "Shall we have tea—er— Aunt?"

Aunt Sally blinked at the tea-table.

"What have you got to drink?" she queried.

"Oh—er—tea, you know, or—or ginger-beer, or lemonade—"

Aunt Sally gave an emphatic snort of disgust.

"Help!" she exclaimed. "You've neglected me, Billy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the other fellows.

"Never mind," said Aunt Sally magnanimously. "I'll have tea, Billy. I don't mind—just for once!"

And, groaning in mental anguish, Billy Bunter lent a hand with the preparation of tea.

Willing hands laid the table, and soon everything was ready.

Needless to say, Study No. 7 was crowded to overflowing, and those who couldn't get into the room surged in the passage outside.

Aunty insisted that the door should be kept open, for Alonzo Todd had stoked the fire up to such a heat that the atmosphere of the room was almost unbearable.

Sitting at the head of the table, with her "nephews" at either side of her, Aunt Sally presided over the tea.

Fellows stood round, chortling and making humorous remarks. Aunty didn't seem to mind a bit—in fact, she encouraged them all to be merry.

And everybody was merry—with the exception of William George Bunter and his minor, Sammy.

Bunter found some consolation in the good things that were on the festive board, however, until aunty seemed to discover that he had had enough.

She laid a hand on Bunter's arm as he reached for some more cake, and detained him.

"Steady on, Billy!" said aunty sternly. "Don't make a pig of yourself! You are not at home, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here," howled Bunter furiously, "I—I'm hungry!"

"You've eaten enough for three already, Billy!" said Aunt Sally.

"But I want some more!" hooted Bunter. "Lemme alone!"

Aunt Sally surveyed Billy Bunter's fat proportions.

"Willy," she said, "you are too fat!"

"Hear, hear!" chortled a voice in the crowd. "Especially about the head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Aunt Sally fished about in her pocket for something, and drew therefrom a small bottle.

"Willy," she said, "this stuff reduced my fat. I used to be as fat as you—and I believe that is why I was never asked to marry—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But this stuff, which is called 'Professor Ponker's Priceless Potion for Podgy People,' reduced me to the perfect figure I am now," went on Aunt Sally. "Look at me, Willy. Beautiful figure, ain't it? I'm proud of my figure, I am, Willy, and I am sure you are proud of me!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bunter, in a tone that gave the impression that he was the very opposite to proud of his atrocious aunt.

"Now, I want you to take this at once," said Aunt Sally, holding out the bottle containing that Priceless Potion for Podgy People. "Kim on, Willy! Down with it!"

"I—I won't!" spluttered Bunter, eyeing the crowd in misery. "I don't want the stuff!"

"But you must take it, Willy!" said Aunt Sally. "It will reduce your fat, you know!"

"I ain't fat!" hooted Bunter furiously. "Give it to Sammy if you want to dose anybody!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, Sammy can have his share afterwards," said Aunt Sally.

There was a dismal groan from Sammy Bunter.

"Now, just drink that," said aunty. "Then you can eat as much as you like, Willy. There you are!"

Seeing that escape was hopeless, and tempted by aunty's promise that he could carry on with his gastronomic performance afterwards, Billy Bunter took the bottle gingerly, and, raising it to his lips, he took a swig at the Priceless Potion for Podgy People.

He gave a wild splutter. As he did so he made some truly horrible grimaces.

"Yah! Oh! Grooogh!"

"I'm afraid it's not nice," remarked aunty. "But it will do you good. Have you taken it all?"

"Gerrugh! Ow! Yes, I have!" howled Bunter, making a grab at a bottle of currant-wine to take the taste of that Priceless Potion for Podginess away.

"Good!" said aunty. "Now you, Samuel!"

Sammy howled, and beseeched, and protested, but he was at last forced to swallow a dose of Professor Ponker's Priceless Potion. It went down Sammy's throat with a gurgle, and Sammy's face, after he had taken it, was screwed up into all manner of weird contortions.

"Grooogh! Yah! Wow!" gasped Sammy.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the convulsed crowd.

"You'll feel much better after that!" said aunty, smiling benignly at the crowd. "Would any of you little boys like some?"

There was an emphatic chorus of dissent.

"No, thanks!" yelled Harold Skinner.

"Try some yourself, aunty!"

Aunt Sally glared at Skinner.

"Don't be cheeky, young jackanapes!" she snapped. "I've already had some, and—look at me now! A perfect woman!"

Skinner chuckled.

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"Does it give your face a ruddy complexion, ma'am?" he inquired sweetly.

"Of course it does!" said aunty. "It raises the bloom of youth on your cheeks."

"Oh, my mistake!" said Skinner. "I thought it was cod-liver oil that brought the red tint."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the crowd at that reference to the bottle that Miss Bunter had been so careful of at the station, and which she alleged to contain cod-liver oil.

Aunt Sally's eyes glinted.

"I take cod-liver oil for my health!" she snapped. "Not for my face!"

Skinner, with the laughter of the other fellows to back him up, felt brave.

"Oh! Ah! Yes, of course, ma'am!" he said. "Some people take it in water, don't they?"

Aunt Sally, with a freezing look on her face, rose to her feet.

"Boy!" she rumbled, pointing an accusing forefinger at Skinner. "Do you mean to insinuate that I drink?"

Skinner backed away hastily.

"Oh, nunno, not at all!" he said.

"Nothing of the sort, ma'am!"

"You did!" shrieked Aunt Sally. "You wicked, unprincipled boy! Take that!"

Aunt Sally, with a deft movement, picked up a pat of butter, and, without any warning, sent it hurling at Skinner.

It was a good shot, and the butter struck Skinner full on the nose.

"Yarooogh!" shrieked Skinner, staggering back and mauling at his face.

"Gerugh! Gug-gug!"

The butter, having alighted on his prominent nose, spread in a thick mass all over his face.

It went in his eyes, in his mouth, down his chin, in his hair—everywhere!

The fellows looked at the unholy spectacle Harold Skinner presented, and they roared with laughter.

Skinner, gouging butter out of his eyes and spluttering it out of his mouth, shook his fist violently at Aunt Sally.

"You old freak!" screamed Skinner in sepulchral tones. "I—I—"

Whiz!

With unerring aim Aunt Sally sent a loaf hurtling at Skinner, and it caught that infuriated youth on top of the head.

Bump!

"Yarooogh!" wailed Skinner, staggering back and claspng his head. "Ow, ow, ow!"

Aunt Sally sprang to her feet, and made a frantic lunge at Skinner with a ginger-beer bottle.

"Get out of this room!" roared the warlike lady. "You young jackanapes, I—"

A burly figure pushed its way through the crowd.

It was Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars.

"What's all this noise about?" demanded Wingate, in anger.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Bolsover major. "Go in there and see! It's Bunter's aunt! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter's aunt!" ejaculated Wingate.

He strode into Study No. 7, and blinked around.

Aunt Sally stared at Wingate.

"What does all this commotion mean?" demanded Wingate, frowning. "I've never heard such a noise in all my life! May I ask you to—er—desist?"

"Oh, certainly, sir!" said Aunt Sally, all humility at once. "I didn't mean no 'arm, really! I just come over to see my nephews, which I haven't seen for years—ever since they was babies playin' on the steps of the fried-fish shop. Having

been abroad to find a 'usband—which I haven't found one yet—I—"

Aunty broke off, and, dragging into evidence her scarlet handkerchief, she wiped her eyes as if overcome with emotion.

Wingate stared hard at Bunter's aunt. He was amazed.

"Oh, all right, ma'am!" he said, with an effort. "Er—it's getting late, you kids. Get off and do your prep now. Sharp!"

Wingate's brow was frowning as he herded off the crowd to their various studies. Wingate didn't like it a bit.

He gradually cleared the Remove passage of sightseers, and soon Aunt Sally was left alone with her nephews and Harry Wharton & Co. in Study No. 7.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Skinner's Discovery.

"Ow!" groaned Skinner.

The cad of the Remove was standing at the steps leading into the quadrangle.

His cronies, Snoop and Stott, were with him.

Skinner was not feeling happy at the moment, and his heart was savage within him.

He had just emerged from the bathroom, where he had spent an unpleasant quarter of an hour washing butter from his face and hair.

Snoop and Stott had looked on in keen enjoyment of their study-mate's misfortune, although to Skinner himself they were the epitome of sympathy and condolence.

The two were inwardly chortling over Skinner's rough handling at the hands of Miss Sally Bunter; and whenever they contemplated the huge bump that had arisen on Skinner's forehead, they ill suppressed their merriment at the recollection of Skinner receiving that well-aimed loaf upon his cranium.

"Ow!" groaned Skinner again, rubbing that particular bump with scrupulous tenderness.

Snoop and Stott winked at each other, and then looked sympathetically at Skinner.

"Hard lines, old chap!" said Stott. "She's a perfect terror, isn't she?"

Skinner gritted his teeth.

"The—the old vixen!" he snarled. "My, I wouldn't half like to get my own back on her!"

Snoop grinned.

"You couldn't!" he said positively. "She's a hot 'un, Skinner! A bit too hot for you, I reckon!"

Skinner's eyes gleamed maliciously.

"I know of a way to show her up!" he said. "You remember that bottle of hers in her box—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Stott and Snoop. "The cod-liver oil bottle—eh, what?"

Skinner snorted.

"Cod-liver oil be hanged!" he said. "There's beer, or gin, or whisky in that bottle, and it's up to us to show the old freak up, and get her kicked off the premises!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Stott. "That wouldn't half be a come-down for her!"

Skinner set his teeth hard, and into his eyes there came a gleam of determination.

"Come on!" he said. "I'll open that box, get the bottle, and take it to the Head."

"Whew!" gasped Stott. "I say, Skinner—"

"It's only a cheap padlock she's got on that box," said Skinner swiftly. "I've got a key that will open it, I think."

Anyway, I'm going to try, so come upstairs!"

Skinner led the way up to the Remove dormitory, where Aunt Sally's luggage—by Wibley's special request—had been deposited.

The three young rascals of the Remove crept in, and Skinner bent down and examined the padlock of Miss Bunter's box.

"An 'Argosy' padlock!" he ejaculated. "The same type as I've got on my locker. Good! I've got a key to fit that!"

The cad of the Remove extracted a bunch of keys from his pocket, and, selecting one, he applied it to the padlock on Miss Bunter's box.

The key turned easily, and the three Removites gave ejaculations of satisfaction when the padlock gave way.

"Now for the merry gin-bottle!" chuckled Harold Skinner, lifting up the lid of the box. "Why—My hat, you chaps! Look!"

The lid of Miss Bunter's box was now completely open, and the three young rascals stared at the contents of the box in stupefaction.

"Wha-a-at—"

Instead of feminine attire, the box contained a khaki suit! It was the uniform of a soldier!

"Gug-good lor!" ejaculated Skinner, gazing blankly at the contents of the box. "A-an army uniform! In Miss Bunter's box!"

"Wh-what does it mean?" stammered Snoop.

The three stood there blinking bewilderedly at each other and at the box for some moments.

Then suddenly Harold Skinner gave a low whistle, and his eyes were gleaming with tense excitement.

"Don't you see the trick now?" he exclaimed. "Miss Bunter's a hoax—a fraud! It's not a woman, but a soldier!"

Snoop and Stott gaped confusedly at their leader.

"B-but," stammered Stott, "who on earth can it be?"

"A deserter!" said Skinner slowly. "Though how he knows Bunter, goodness only knows!"

"Are you going to tell the Head?" demanded Stott.

Skinner pondered awhile.

"No!" he said. "That would be too tame! We'll go the whole hog, and let the rotter be locked up! Come on, you fellows, we'll run and fetch in old Tozer!"

Snoop and Stott gave chuckles of delight. Anything of a sensational character like that appealed to them.

Feeling that they would be sure to reap some cheap glory, the three cads of the Remove hurried downstairs, and, crossing the quadrangle, they left Greyfriars and made their way down the lane to where they knew P.-c. Tozer, the village constable, paraded his beat.

A heavy step sounded on the footway, and the portly form of P.-c. Tozer rumbled into view.

The three excited Removites hailed him, and, greatly wondering, the worthy police-constable came to a halt.

"Ho!" said he. "Wot's hup?"

Hastily Skinner explained that an Army deserter was masquerading at the school in the guise of a woman, and that the law must be summoned at once.

P.-c. Tozer swelled visibly with importance as he heard Skinner's story, and, grasping his truncheon with great firmness, he started post-haste for Greyfriars.

Harold Skinner and his two chums followed, chuckling to themselves.

The cad of the Remove was congratulating himself that he had brought off a lovely "coup" this time!

He was looking forward to the unmasking of Bunter's Aunt Sally.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise For Wibley!

"BILLY," said Aunt Sally, "I want to talk with you in private. Also, I very much want to see your lovely school. Will you take me out?"

Billy Bunter blinked wearily at his preposterous "aunt." That afternoon's ordeal had tried him to the uttermost, and even Peter Todd, hard taskmaster as he was, felt rather compassionate for the unfortunate Owl under the circumstances.

Bunter's cup of misery was now full—almost to overflowing!

Aunt Sally grabbed Bunter roughly, and dragged him out of the armchair of Study No. 7.

"Kim on, Willy!" she ordered peremptorily. "Let's take a walk all on our own. Come, don't neglect your poor old aunt!"

Bunter staggered back and groaned.

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"Ow!" he said. "I—I'm not feeling very well, I tell you!"

"Ah!" said Aunt Sally, wagging a reproving forefinger at him. "I told you that you had been eating too much, Willy!"

William George Bunter gave an emphatic snort.

"Eating be blowed!" he howled. "It's that rotten muck you dosed me with at tea-time that's making me feel queer! Oooch!"

Peter Todd, who was also in the study, chuckled softly.

Aunt Sally evidently felt no pity for Bunter, for she grabbed him ere he could sink once again into the armchair.

"Fresh air will do you good, Billy!" she declared. "Kim on!"

And, groaning in anguish, Billy Bunter simply had to go.

Most of the fellows were indoors doing their prep, so they did not meet many people on their way down. They reached the quadrangle, and Aunt Sally dragged Billy Bunter along until they were under the shady old elms.

By that time the Owl of the Remove could hardly crawl. He was simply doubled up with nasty internal pains, that gave him the impression that great knives and garden rakes were stabbing at him.

Bunter leaned up against a tree and writhed.

"Yarooogh!" he roared, claspings the region of his waistcoat. "Ow-ow! My innards!"

His face turned an ashen hue, and then it went a vivid green.

Bunter glared with a watery look at his aunt, and, claspings one hand to his waistcoat, he shook his fist with the other.

"You—you cruel old cat!" moaned Bunter. "Ow-ow! You did this for me, you—Ooooch!"

Poor Bunter nearly collapsed.

Aunt Sally laid a gentle hand upon his shoulders.

"Never mind, Willy!" she said. "You'll soon be better! I think you must have been eating too much."

"Wow!" moaned Bunter. "I haven't!"

"You had better go indoors and see a doctor, or something," observed Aunt Sally callously. "You want some medicine, Willy!"

Bunter's face went white at the bare thought of medicine.

The Priceless Potion for Podgy People was wreaking dire effects upon his digestive organs.

Bunter detached himself from the tree and staggered away.

Aunt Sally stood, her hands upon her hips, staring after the retreating form of the suffering Owl with a grin upon her comical features.

Then, as Bunter's groans and whoops of pains became inaudible, "Aunt Sally" turned, and, holding "her" sides, rocked to and fro with uncontrolled laughter.

This remarkable thing was taking place when a dark figure detached itself from the neighbouring shadows and approached the mirthful "female" swiftly.

It was George Wibley, alias Wibley of the Remove—pro tem.

"Aunt Sally" turned when George Wibley came up, and fell upon that chuckling youth's neck, and there commenced to sob with merriment.

"Oh! Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Wibley—the real Wibley of Greyfriars. "What a merry game, George! I've hoaxed 'em all!"

"Taken the whole school in, and had poor old Bunter on a bit of string! My, you should have seen his face when that stuff of mine started working!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared George Wibley. "The poor blighter hasn't half been put through it one way and another! I hope he deserves it!"

Wibley set his bonnet on straight and wiped his eyes.

"Of course he does!" he said. "I don't reckon Bunter will make so much noise at this school after this! Ha, ha, ha! And nobody twigs, either!"

George Wibley withdrew a letter from his pocket.

"I got this from Stevenson this evening," he said. "I'm expected at Warwick to-morrow morning, so that means me leaving Greyfriars to-night, Harold."

"Oh!" said the pseudo Aunt Sally.

"I'll go home to-night and break the news to the pater," said George Wibley. "Everything has happened just all right—hasn't it, Harold? I've enjoyed myself here, and you've enjoyed your little game as well as any of us."

"Better!" put in the amateur actor of the Remove, with a chuckle.

George Wibley grinned.

"Well, old man," he said, "you can take your real place in the Remove

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to-night. Things have worked splendidly, and nobody—except Harry Wharton & Co.—guess that I'm not you. Have you brought my clobber?"

"Up in the dorm," replied Wibley. "We'll change soon, then, Harold, and— My hat! Wh-what's this e-coming?"

The two gazed blankly in the direction of the school gates.

The figures of P.-c. Tozer and Harold Skinner & Co. had appeared.

The two Wibleys surveyed each other in alarm and consternation.

"A policeman!" ejaculated George Wibley. "We're discovered!"

Wibley of the Remove peered at the new-comers.

"Skinner and his two cads!" he said. "I expect they've got wind that something's wrong, and they've called the copper in."

"Oh, great Scott!" gasped George Wibley. "What's to be done, old man?"

Wibley's brain acted quickly, and he soon devised a scheme.

"Hop up to the dorm as quick as you can, and change into your own clobber!" he said swiftly. "I'll lead old Tozer a pretty dance, and then I'll come up after you. Wait there for me—won't you?"

"Right-ho!" said George. And he scampered off.

Wibley looked furtively round him.

He must, by hook or by crook, divert the policeman and his informers from the Remove dormitory whilst George was changing.

It meant that he must show himself, and give them a run for their money.

So Wibley, attired in the atrocious garments of Bunter's Aunt Sally, skipped blithely into the open, and made a dash for the gymnasium.

There was a shout from Skinner as he caught sight of the fleeing female figure.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Aunty at Bay!

"THERE she goes!" howled Skinner, pointing excitedly towards the fast-disappearing Wibley. "Quick, Tozer, before she gets away!"

"Ho!" roared Tozer, tightening his belt, and whirling round upon his heel. "Where is the villain?"

"Gone behind the gym!" screeched Skinner. "Come on, you fellows!"

And the three juniors shoved P.-c. Tozer forward, and together the four dashed at the gymnasium in search of the masquerader.

The excited shouts of Skinner, Snoop, and Stott brought many other fellows crowding to the scene, and quite a crowd of roaring boys, with P.-c. Tozer in front, scampered across the quadrangle in the direction of the gymnasium.

Arriving there, they found the door shut, but a scuffling noise inside told that their quarry was in there.

"Ho!" roared P.-c. Tozer at the top of his unmusical voice. "Hopen this door in the name of the lor!"

"Rats!" came the reply from inside. "Go and boil your side-whiskers, you ugly old copper!"

"Wha-at!" stuttered the worthy constable, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Go and fry your funny old face, old barrel o' beer!" came the facetious retort from the interior of the gymnasium. "Go and whitewash your great red nose, you—you cheeky old bloater!"

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

P.-c. Tozer choked something down in his throat.

There came a derisive chuckle from the gymnasium.

"You impudent old hussy!" roared P.-c. Tozer, almost on the verge of apoplexy. "Hare you comin' hout, or hare you not?"

"Hi ham not!" yelled the denizen of the gym. "Hi ham not, old funny face, with a capital Hi and a capital Ha and a capital Hen!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fellows of Greyfriars, of whom a considerable number had by now collected, looked at each other in surprise intermixed with amusement.

"Who on earth is it?" demanded Cecil Reginald Temple of the Upper Fourth.

"Who's that old Tozer is after?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Trevor of the Remove. "It's Bunter's Aunt Sally!"

"Wha-at!"

"Mum-my hat!"

"Great cats!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Peter Todd, who had come down to see the fun. "Go it, Tozer! Have her out, old son! Surround the blighter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" P.-c. Tozer grasped his truncheon, and rapped peremptorily on the gymnasium door.

"Hopen this 'ere door Hi say!" he shrieked, his face going as red as a beetroot. "Everythin' you say will be used as hevidence against you!"

"Will it really?" retorted the voice of the fraudulent Aunt Sally.

"Then here goes, old son, and take it down, won't you?"

"I—I—"

"You are a silly, fat-headed, red-nosed, winkle-eyed old son of a giddy old gun!" said the voice in the gymnasium. "Got that down as hevidence?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Also, you might note that, as a blue-bottle, there is more bottle about you than anything else!" continued the facetious marauder of the gym. "Moreover, as a policeman—well, you ought to be locked up! Got that, old bean?"

"Which wot I says is this 'ere—" began the stupefied constable, blinking helplessly at the closed door. "I—I—I—"

"Jay, jay, jay!" mimicked the voice of Tozer's enemy. "You're a perfect jay, Tozer, old billygoat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the crowd, suffocated with laughter at the discomfiture of the worthy police-constable.

As for P.-c. Tozer he could hardly speak for rage.

When he did find his voice he poured out a volley of abuse and anathema upon the devoted head of the elusive "female" within.

Suddenly a bonnet appeared at one of the windows, and a parasol waved in the air above.

"He, he!" came a voice mockingly. "Chase me, Charley! You're 'He,' old dear! Ain't you wild you can't get at me? He, he!"

It was indeed tantalising for poor P.-c. Tozer. The poor old chap could only dance with rage, and shake his fist at the bobbing bonnet at the window.

"I'll arrest yer!" he howled. "I'll run you in! I'll get yer six months for this! I—I—"

"Catch me first, ducky!" replied the voice. "Just watch me wag my head!"

P.-c. Tozer gazed with anger-suffused eyes at the bobbing bonnet at the gymnasium window.

And down below fifty schoolboy voices sent up a roar of laughter, so that the voices of both P.-c. Tozer and the bogus Aunt Sally were drowned.

Meanwhile, in the gymnasium, Wibley of the Remove held his sides, and almost wept with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he roared. "What a rich game! Here, I must get out of this before Tozer does really cop me! Oh, I've got a wheeze!"

Going to the side of the gym, Wibley swiftly lowered one set of ropes. Fixing one of these ropes so that it swung in front of the window, he attached the bonnet he was wearing to it, and leaving it to swing gently to and fro in front of the window, he scuttled to the rear of the gymnasium and quitted by the back door.

It was now getting towards dusk, and all that was visible to the crowd in the quadrangle below was Aunt Sally's bonnet bobbing up and down before the window every now and then as the rope within swung to and fro.

"She's still in there!" howled Skinner frantically. "Bust the door open, you chaps!"

"That's it!" said P.-c. Tozer majestically. "I call upon you to assist me in

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the execution of my dooty, in the name of the lor!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

One or two fellows rushed across to the woodshed in order to procure something with which to batter in the gymnasium door.

Bulstrode and Hazeldene secured a ladder, and bore it back in triumph.

Amidst loud shouts the ladder was raised, ready to batter in the gym door, when all of a sudden a loud, angry voice broke upon them.

"What on earth is going on here?" exclaimed Wingate wrathfully. "What are you doing to that door?"

"Bunter's aunt—the spoofer—is in there, Wingate!" shrieked Skinner. "She's locked herself in, so we—we're battering the door in!"

Wingate looked at P.-c. Tozer, and his lips curled amusedly.

Then he withdrew a key from his pocket, and going forward he quietly unlocked the gymnasium door.

With a wild howl the crowd poured forward, eager to be first in.

Wingate and P.-c. Tozer to the fore dashed into the gym.

"There she is!" roared Bolsover.

"Why—Great snakes!"

They all came to an abrupt halt as they saw the bonnet swinging on the rope.

There was a wild chorus of amazement and laughter.

"She—she's 'opped it!" stuttered P.-c. Tozer. "Well, my 'at!"

"Gug-good lor!"

The crowd looked at each other blankly, whilst P.-c. Tozer seemed to have some difficulty in breathing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Peter Todd.

"Diddled, dished, and done!"

Harry Wharton, who had been an amused but extremely anxious onlooker, walked up to Wingate and whispered a few words in his ear.

Wingate gave Wharton a startled, incredulous look, and then turned to P.-c. Tozer.

"Come with me, Tozer!" he said. "I want to speak to you!"

Wonderingly the village constable followed Wingate from the gym, and Harry Wharton accompanied them.

Outside, Wingate turned to Tozer.

"There's nothing at all to trouble about, Tozer," he said quietly. "This—this appears to be a prank of some of the juniors!"

"Eh?"

Wingate laughed grimly.

"I'll settle with the perpetrators of this trick!" he said. "You need not bother, Tozer; I will deal with the matter!"

"But, look 'ere!" howled the incensed constable wrathfully. "D'you mean to say I've been 'oodwinked? 'Aving a game with me, hare they? I—I—"

Harry Wharton laid a hand restrainingly on Tozer's arm, and pressed something into the horny palm of the infuriated policeman.

P.-c. Tozer's attitude changed at once.

He almost beamed, and touched his hat respectfully.

"Wery well, then, sir," said he, "I'll leave you to deal with them young rips! Ought to be drowned, they did! If I was their master I'd wallop 'em all day long! Fact I would!"

"They'll be walloped all right!" laughed Wingate. "Don't bother, Tozer!"

And, still mumbling about "them young rips," P.-c. Tozer clutched the coin Harry Wharton had bestowed upon him, and setting his helmet straight, he rumbled on his way towards the gates, and finally disappeared.

Then Wingate turned on his heel and strode towards the school building.

There was anger on his brow, but at the corners of his mouth one might have seen a lurking grin.

Wingate could see the humorous side of Wibley's escapade, after all!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The End of the Business!

"GOOD!"

Wibley of the Remove, still attired in the preposterous garb of Bunter's "Aunt Sally," climbed in at the window of the Remove dormitory and joined his cousin George, who was at that moment doing his hair in front of a mirror.

George had divested himself of his cousin's Etons, and was now garbed in his khaki suit.

He turned, and met his cousin with a grin as that enterprising youth strolled towards him.

"Oh, here you are!" he said. "So you managed it?"

Wibley gave a chuckle.

"Not half!" he said. "I left old Tozer and a whole crowd of 'em banging at the gym door, thinking I was inside.

Rigged up a saucy little ruse to keep 'em there, and while they were looking at the front window I hopped out of the rear.

Ha, ha, ha!"

George Wibley paused to slap his cousin on the back.

"Good for you, old son!" he chuckled.

"And now get into your real togs as soon as you can, for I must be off. My train goes at eight-seventeen!"

"Right-ho!" responded Wibley, proceeding to rid himself of his feminine attire. "I sha'n't be sorry, in a way, to get out of this giddy clobber. Bust that skirt! How ever women can walk about in those things I'm blessed if I know! Ow! Bother that safety-pin! Good! That's done it!"

Wibley washed the grease-paint off his face, ridded himself of his false hair and eyebrows, and then hastily scrambled into his Etons.

In ten minutes the two cousins stood in the Remove dormitory—George Wibley in his uniform, and Wibley once again a Removite of Greyfriars.

The "Sally Bunter" swindle was finished!

Suddenly the handle of the door was turned, and ere George Wibley had time to hide, Wingate and Harry Wharton strode into the room.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wibley, in dismay.

Wingate looked grimly from one cousin to the other. Harry Wharton caught Harold Wibley's eye, and could not suppress a chuckle.

"Well, Wibley," began the captain of Greyfriars, "what have you to say for yourself over this affair?"

Wibley gazed blankly at Wharton, and addressed him fiercely.

"Wharton!" he exclaimed. "Surely you didn't sneak?"

"I had to tell Wingate, to save the bother with the police," retorted Harry Wharton quietly. "You see, Wib! Couldn't you have cleared off without causing all that rumpus?"

"It couldn't be helped," said Wibley.

"Somebody—Skinner, I believe—came up here and tampered with my box, and discovered George's clobber in there. That gave the game away, and George would have been arrested and detained if I hadn't thrown them off the scent. Has—has old Tozer cleared off?"

Wingate here interposed.

"Yes, Wibley, he has!" said the captain grimly. "I should like an explanation, or else I might consider this a matter for the Head to deal with."

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Wibley, in dismay. "I—I'll tell you, Wingate!"

And, taking it in turns to tell their story, Harold and George Wibley explained the whole affair.

When it came to George Wibley's turn to speak, Wingate was evidently favourably impressed by the young soldier's confession, and when his reasons for wishing to remain away from home until that night were disclosed, Wingate's eyes bore an admiring, kindly light.

"Well," said Wingate quietly, when both had finished and were anxiously awaiting his decision, "for real, sheer, unvarnished cheek and impudence, Wibley, I think you take the cake!"

"Thanks, Wingate!" said Wibley of the Remove ruefully.

"You are in the main responsible for this affair, I think," said Wingate grimly, "and I shall punish you accordingly for creating all this disturbance."

Wibley gave a gasp of relief.

Wingate then turned to George Wibley.

"I suppose you took a grave risk in doing what you did," remarked the Greyfriars captain good-humouredly. "But it's not within my power—or my inclination—to punish you. Anyway, your cousin will be caned for the commotion he has caused here this afternoon, and I advise you to clear out as soon as possible, in case you are—er—discovered."

"Oh, thanks awfully!" exclaimed George Wibley gratefully. "You've acted like a sport!"

Wingate grinned slightly, and held out his hand frankly to the soldier.

"I'll leave you to get away from Greyfriars as best you can," said the captain kindly. "Good-bye, and good luck!"

There was a queer lump in George Wibley's throat as he returned Wingate's hearty handshake.

Wingate then turned, before leaving, and addressed Wibley.

"You may see your cousin off at the station," he said. "Here's a pass out of gates, and then I leave you upon your honour to come to me this evening for your punishment. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, Wingate!" replied Wibley quietly. "Wallop me as much as you like. You're a brick to let us off like this!"

Wingate made no response, but, nodding to George Wibley, he turned and walked out of the dormitory.

Wibley turned to Harry Wharton.

"All serene!" he said. "Wingate will let the matter rest there, and—it was worth a caning. I suppose George and I had better be going to the station?"

Wharton nodded, and held his hand out to George Wibley.

"Good-bye!" he said. "Glad you enjoyed your stay at Greyfriars, and I hope you'll make good where you are going. The best of luck, old man!"

Wib's cousin, and the captain of the Remove shook hands in farewell, and then the two Wibleys stole out of the dormitory, made their way secretly to the box-room, and thence to the darkened quadrangle.

Whilst Wibley was engaged arguing with Gosling over the pass, George Wibley slipped through the gates, and a moment later his Greyfriars cousin joined him.

Together they walked to the station, and, the train being just in, they just had time enough to take an affectionate farewell of each other, and then George Wibley left Friardale.

Wibley's voice, as he spoke a good-night to the porter, was husky, and he walked back to Greyfriars heavy-hearted at the departure of his cousin chum, but glad that George was going into a new life to make good.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 599.

Arriving at Greyfriars, he went straight to Wingate's study.

Wingate was kind, but very just, and the next few minutes were very painful ones for Wibley, and the results lingered on his palms far into the evening.

But Wibley bore his punishment with great fortitude, knowing full well that his daring escapade merited a much sterner penalty.

Harry Wharton & Co. offered him all the condolence they could, but they were emphatic, if not callous, in calling him a "silly duffer."

But Wibley grinned and bore it in great good humour.

When prep was finished, he again sought out Harry Wharton & Co., and as he spoke to them eagerly for a few moments there was again an excited, eager gleam in his eye.

The chums of the Remove roared over what he conveyed to them; and whilst Wibley scuttled up to the Remove dormitory about ten minutes before bed-time, they sought out Billy Bunter in Study No. 7, and inquired blandly what had become of his aunt.

"Gerraway!" snorted Bunter mournfully.

Peter Todd chuckled.

"Aunt has disappeared!" he said. "I reckon she hopped it back to London quick as soon as she saw old Tozer. Poor old Bunt has been having a high old time this evening. Aunt Sally's Priceless Potion for Podginess has been getting the poor blighter down! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooogh!" moaned Bunter, whose face still was ashen pale. "I—I'd like to murder that old hag! Wait till tomorrow! I'll write to my pater. I don't believe she's an aunt of mine at all. It's all spoo. Yah! Ow-ow!"

Harry Wharton & Co. laughed mightily, and remarked that it was time they went to bed.

Wingate, who was seeing lights out in the Remove that night, came along soon after, and the Remove—with the exception of Wibley—was herded off to the dormitory.

Having got there, they began to undress, and Wingate went out.

"Where's Wibley?" inquired Piet Delarey, looking at the empty bed.

There were many inquiries as to the absent Wibley, but nobody seemed to have known where he was.

Suddenly there came a tap at the door, and a high-pitched female voice inquired:

"May I come in?"

The Removes gazed at each other in horror.

"A—a woman!" ejaculated Tom Brown. "And—and it sounds like Bunter's aunt!"

"Oh crumbs!"

The door opened, and who should sail in but Aunt Sally!

"G-good lor'!"

"Into bed, quick, you chaps!"

There was a hurried scramble as the boys scuttled for their beds. Modesty could not allow them to encounter a lady in their dishevelled attire.

Aunt Sally sailed right in, and, closing the door behind her, she surveyed the scared faces that looked up from underneath the bedclothes with a quiet smile.

"Hallo, b-boys!" she cried amiably. "Where's Billy? Oh, there's the little dear! And how are your pains, Billy?"

"Gerraway!" howled Bunter, glaring viciously at his "aunt."

The Removes—with the exception of the Famous Five, who were chuckling—blinked in consternation at Aunt Sally.

"Get out, ma'am!" yelled Bolsover major.

Aunt Sally gave a chuckle, and, going over to the washstand, took her bonnet off, and proceeded to undress.

There were glares of horror from the Removes, until there came a sudden yell from Skinner.

"It's the spoofer!" howled Skinner. "At him, boys! Collar the rotter!"

Then the Removes remembered Skinner saying that he had discovered some soldier's clothes in Aunt Sally's box, and at once there was a wild scramble in the direction of "aunt."

That female gave a yell, and tore at her head.

Her red, hopped hair came away, and the fellows fell back, and gazed at her in astonishment.

Then Wibley of the Remove removed his facial disguise, and, slinging the red hair on his bed, he grinned affably at his Form-fellows.

"Billy," he trilled, still in a high-pitched feminine voice, "come to me arms and kiss me, dearest!"

"Mum-my word!"

The boys of the Remove gazed at Wibley like boys in a dream. As for Billy Bunter, he gazed at Wibley as if his eyes would gog suddenly out of his head and drop on the floor.

"Gug-good lor'!" he ejaculated.

Wibley then proceeded to divest himself of all his female raiment.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he roared, and he caught Billy Bunter a lovely one in the mouth with the gaudily-striped skirt. "Ever been had, you fellows? Sa-ally! That's me-ee!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A mighty wave of laughter arose from the Removes; and even Skinner had to gasp first and then burst into laughter at the recollection of that day's happenings.

"Wibley!" screeched Bunter. "It—it can't be you, Wibley! How on earth did you do it?"

Wibley chuckled, and stuffed his disguise under the bed.

"That's my secret," he said. "Poor old Bunt! I got my own back on you for boning my grub, didn't I? How did you enjoy the Potion for Podginess?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was quite possible that Bunter, in the extremity of his rage and chagrin, would have gone for Wibley, had not Wingate at that moment walked in to turn lights out.

Wingate curtly told the Remove to stop giggling and get to bed.

Bursting with suppressed laughter, they did so; but as soon as Winate had gone candles were lighted, and voices demanded of Wibley to explain his little game.

Then, amidst many outbursts of laughter, Wibley told the Remove of his hoax, leaving out the vital motive of his cousin in staying at Greyfriars.

Ripples of merriment came from every bed except William George Bunter's.

The effects of that Priceless Potion had not quite worn off, and the Owl of the Remove felt utterly miserable.

Many were the taunts and bland inquiries launched at him by the chortling Remove; and, almost on the verge of suffocating with fury, Bunter rolled himself up in his bedclothes and tried to get to sleep.

Sleep was impossible for some time, and when it did come Bunter spent a restless night dreaming of that atrocious aunt of his, who had made that afternoon an ordeal of torment to him.

Next morning the news got abroad. Bunter had to hide his diminished head, and sit tight, whilst the others chortled over Wibley's magnificent game of bluff.

Greyfriars laughed loud and long over the affair, and for many weeks afterwards the sole topic of conversation at the school was "Bunter's Aunt Sally."

THE END.

(Don't miss "THE HERO'S HOME-COMING!"—next Monday's Grand, Long, Complete Story of Greyfriars School—by FRANK RICHARDS.)

NOTICES.

FOOTBALL.

Wanted matches for next season; average age 16.—G. Bowman, 22, Cressington Road, Stoke Newington, N. 16.

CRICKET

Ellerman's Wilson Line Third Eleven: 16½. Grounds, Woods Lane, Cottingham. Any dates, Saturdays or evenings.—Ronald Tadmán, Telegraph Dept., Ellerman's Wilson Line, Limited, Hull.

Earlsmead A.C. want matches, home and away, preferably in North London district. Also two or three good players, 15-17.—Apply Secretary, 45, Lennox Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. 4.

Correspondence, etc., Wanted.

Miss Priscilla Davies, 11, Stafford Place, Griffithstown, Newport, Mon., Wales, wishes to hear from her chum, A. D. Clark, late of Adelaide High School, Australia.

F. H. Whitehouse, 18, Wolsey Road, Mildmay Park Islington, N. 1, offers Meccano outfit, second-hand, equal in value to No. 5, £2 10s. Apply Mondays, after 7 p.m.

Geo. Buntler, 20, Britannia Row, London, N. 1—with readers interested in draughts. Agent of a New York boys' magazine, wants English supporters. Stamped envelope to Percy R. Attwood, 246, Glyn Road, Clapton, E. 5.

Miss Elise Crutchley, 3, York Road, South Farnborough, Hants—with girl readers anywhere.

Back Numbers Wanted.

Harold Peters, 34, Enville Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, near Manchester, offers a large number of back numbers of the Companion Papers.

Reggie Irvine, 13, Taylor's Road, Carrickfergus, co. Antrim, Ireland—"Magnets" with Bob Cherry, Vergon-Smith, Bolsover, Wingate, Squiff, and Mauleverer in the Gallery. Write first.

Cyril Neesome, 13, Ellesmere Place, Longsight, Manchester, will exchange a pair of ice-skates, in good condition, for twenty-five "Gems" or "Magnets" more than four years old.

Ronald Tompkins, Horse and Groom, St. Leonards-on-Sea—"Penny Populars" before 1918.

A. Dallow, 2/52, Bordesley Park Road, Small Heath, Birmingham—"Magnets," 1-450; "Gems," 1-450. Write first, stating price.

Alfred Goundry, 28, Tennyson Terrace, Crook, Durham—"Magnets" and "Gems" below 300. "Boys' Friend" Library below 300.

E. H. Nelson, 71, Shortmarket Street, Cape Town, South Africa—"Gem" and "Magnet" Christmas Numbers, 1917. 3d. each offered.

Miss Peggy M. Read, Maindee Park, Newport, Mon.—the story in "Magnet" in which Tom Redwing first meets the Bounder.



Goggs, Grammarian

By Richard Randolph

SYNOPSIS.

Johnny Goggs comes to Rylcombe Grammar School from Franklingham with his chums Trickett, Blount, and Waters.

Goggs is a jiu-jitsu expert, a clever impersonator, and the organiser of many brilliant japes. He leads an expedition of Grammarians to St. Jim's, and accomplishes one of the most daring night raids ever perpetrated.

Gerald Cutts of St. Jim's falls foul of Bingo, the butcher, and after a scrap, in which Cutts is worsted, Bingo picks a quarrel with Goggs.

The fight takes place a few days later in the presence of quite a crowd, Kildare, the St. Jim's skipper, acting as referee.

(Now read on.)

Fighting It Out!

DARREL, as good a judge as any there, remarked to Rushden:

"There's one thing I notice—that though the butcher's got a good reach for a fellow of his stocky build, he hasn't a better reach than that Grammarian kid. Look at the length of the young beggar's arms!"

"Look at the thinness of them, though!" returned Rushden.

They were thin. They hardly seemed to have biceps at all, compared with Bingo's. But that again was deceptive. Goggs' muscles made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. That wiry frame of his was like steel and whipcord.

The gloves were fastened; the usual preliminaries were gone through; Kildare, at Bingo's request, gravely stating that "hanky-panky was barred," though he was not at all sure what the butcher meant by hanky-panky, the combatants shook hands, and the fight began.

The rounds were fixed at three minutes each, with one minute intervals, and the combat was understood to be to a finish.

There was nothing much in the first round to indicate a speedy victory for the favourite. He seemed to have the best of it, for he kept Goggs on the defence; but he failed to score any particular success.

And it was plain that Goggs' defensive tactics were not to his liking.

He muttered things about "bloomin' runnin' matches" as he stalked to his corner at the end of the round.

"The butcher's quick on his feet—quicker than you'd expect of a fellow of his build. But Goggs has the legs of him," was Darrel's comment.

"Legs won't win a fight!" said Monteith.

"I've known them to, used in the right way," replied Darrel. "I don't say they'll win this one, though. The butcher is a fit specimen."

Round two saw Bingo again attacking hotly. But this time Goggs' tactics had changed. He did less retreating, and more ducking and guarding. And Bingo, who had found it so easy to play rat-tat on the countenances of the village lads, grew quite annoyed when he discovered how very elusive that very solemn face of Goggs' was.

"By Jove, young Goggs is clever!" said Delamere, the Grammar School captain. "Who would have fancied he had it in him? Cutts, I consider it's rather lucky for you that betting bizney was stopped. It's no five to one on the butcher, in my opinion."

"Not sure that it's two to one," answered Gilmore, as Cutts did not seem disposed to answer. "Goggs is getting the butcher's goat. Oh, by jingo!"

"Hurrah!
Well hit, Goggles!"
"My hat!"

Bingo was down on his back, gazing up at the blue vault of heaven, and wondering what could have happened to him.

Yet what had happened to him was very simple.

As Gilmore had truly observed, Goggs had got his goat. In other words, Bingo had suffered himself to lose his temper, and had thus given away an advantage.

It was foolish of him, but it was not surprising.

For Goggs' elusiveness really was a trifle hard for a fellow who had been used to faces that waited to be punched.

Bingo was very far indeed from being a duffer. When he punched, he punched hard and straight.

But he was up against certainly the coolest and possibly the cleverest boxer he had ever encountered.

Bags and Tricks and Wagtail knew how extraordinarily smart Goggs was in those slight movements, quick almost as thought itself, which carry a punch intended for the countenance over the shoulder. Perfect timing, akin to that which enables a first-rate batsman to glance balls to leg, comes into that, and such timing calls for coolness beyond the ordinary as well as for extreme quickness.

Goggs was as cool a customer as any there present had ever seen, and he had learned to box almost as early as he had learned to read. His movements seemed—and to some extent were—instinctive. It is possible that the country might have been searched in vain for any fellow of his own age and weight who would have had the slightest chance of licking him.

"That kid has the makings of a champion light-weight in him," said Darrel, as Goggs stood, with hands by his sides, waiting for Bingo to rise.

He had no doubt that the butcher would get up. That was no knock-out blow. There had been force enough in it to put Bingo on his back, but there had not been the full force that dwelt in Goggs' left.

"Go for him!" howled Carboy, as Bingo scrambled up.

But Goggs paid no heed to that advice. He let Bingo rise unmolested. And something in the heavy face of the butcher told that he recognised his opponent's chivalry.

"Ow on earth did you come to let him do that to you?" inquired Wraggle at the end of the round.

The expressions on the faces of most of the village lads when Bingo crashed down had been of a kind that suggested that they almost thought Goggs guilty of something sinful.

They had never before seen the mighty Binks floored.

"Got mad with him 'cause I couldn't get 'ome on his dial, an' forgot me guard!" growled Bingo. It's no odds; I ain't 'urt. But that skinny-lookin' specimen's a boxer, lemme tell you. An' he's a good sort, too; he wouldn't 'it me when I was gettin' up. Well, I'll treat 'im as he treated me!"

That prospective generosity seemed to argue greater confidence on the part of Bingo than was justified. But the butcher was still sure that he could win.

And Goggs shook his head when his enthusiastic supporters assured him that he had as good as won.

"Not at all," he said. "Our friend Binks forgot himself for the moment. He will not so easily forget again. I anticipate more punching at my body in the next round or two, and I cannot so easily avoid that."

He was right. Bingo came up to the scratch again not

in the least rattled by his fall. It seemed to have done him good. He smiled, and he was more cautious.

"By Jove, I've seen worse shows at the N.S.C. than this!" said Darrel, in the course of the third round.

"You think they're really good class?" asked Monteith.

"Can't you see it; man? The butcher chap is a fighter, and no bad boxer, either; but that wispy-looking Goggs, who might be blown away by a hard puff of wind, you'd fancy, is one of the cleverest boxers I ever saw, and a fighter to boot!"

"I don't see that he's doing much fighting yet!" growled Knox.

But if Knox could not see that, Bingo could feel it.

Goggs seldom punched without getting home. His uncle, one of the best amateur boxers of his day, had taught him the value of economy of effort. A moderate boxer cannot afford that. Unless he is attacking pretty constantly he is forced to meet his antagonist's attacks in a manner which means the adoption and maintenance of defensive tactics likely to tie him up.

But, given exceptional coolness and cleverness, the man who possesses those attributes can wait his time. Defence in his case does not mean being forced to play his opponent's game. He lets that opponent imagine that he can play that game, lures him on, and then takes advantage on the instant of any flaw in his defence—and some such flaw there is bound to be in the case of a man who is attacking hard.

If Bingo had had nothing but his strength and ordinary boxing skill he would have been in a hopeless case.

But Bingo had a great deal more than that.

In the round bullet-head of the butcher lad there was the right sort of brain for a fighting-man. Just as Bingo's footwork was far quicker and cleverer than anyone could have expected from his somewhat heavy build, so his brain was far quicker and cleverer—for this one job, if for no other—than his face promised.

He had no delusions now about his task being a light one. He knew that every hit Goggs registered counted, tough as were the face and body on which those hits were registered. The power behind the punches amazed him at first, but it never daunted him. And he knew that he punched at least as hard, if he did not get home as often in proportion to the attempts he made.

Bingo counted now chiefly on his undoubtedly greater strength and his supposed greater endurance.

He thought that he could go on punching longer than Goggs could, and take more punishment than a fellow so slim as Goggs possibly could.

It remained to be seen whether he was right.

The third, fourth, and fifth rounds were very much alike.

Bingo was attacking most of the time. Sometimes Goggs retreated, and drew him on until he saw a chance of getting in a telling punch. At other times he stood up to him, and trusted to his quickness in dodging to avoid blows in the face. Those he took on the body—and Bingo got through his guard now and then—did not seem to bother him much. Once in a way he would take a turn at attacking, and then the sturdy Bingo would have to give ground a bit.

(There will be another splendid long instalment of this grand school story in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET. Order your copy in advance.)

The Editor's Chat.

The Companion Papers are:

THE MAGNET. THE GEM. THE BOYS' FRIEND. CHUCKLES. THE PENNY POPULAR.
Every Monday. Every Wed. Every Monday. Every Friday. Every Friday.

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS.

For Next Monday :

"THE HERO'S HOME-COMING!"

By Frank Richards.

Next week's story deals with the adventures of an old favourite, to wit, Lieutenant Lascelles. Having done his duty to his King and Country, this popular fellow returns to Greyfriars, and Harry Wharton & Co. see that his return is made worthy of the occasion—although the chums of the Remove Form are in for a great surprise before they are able to properly receive their "Larry" Lascelles.

A REPROOF FROM LEWISHAM.

There has been a pretty general impression that the "Penny Popular," with all new stories, was just exactly IT. But my friend from Lewisham says, that though he likes the new tales he considers the "Penny Popular" would have done better by sticking to the old ones. Well, opinions differ. There is nothing against the old stories in all this, but I found that the majority of my friends wanted something brand new. And now they have got it. The "Penny Popular" is going on its upward way, and I cannot dream of obliging my friend from Lewisham in this matter. As he likes things as they are, with only one "only," as it were to his criticism, perhaps he will settle down and be satisfied. I hope so.

A HAMPSHIRE CRICKETER—AND THE PRINTER.

An anonymous correspondent asks me whether a champion who came into a story in the "Penny Popular" was Kennedy, the Hampshire cricketer. The answer is in the negative. Real people are never introduced as characters into my yarns. It would not do at all. By the way, the writer who asks me this question suggests that the "Annual" will be a first-rate companion for his old age. It will be more than that, I am sure. Is this a sly hint that the great volume is not being hurried forward with sufficient celerity? Perhaps not; but in any case I am doing my best; though even then there is a lot to push forward. There is the printer, good, affable old soul that he is, who has to be reckoned with. I dare say some of you have not met a printer. As a rule, the printer lives like a violet—in shady dells, or, at least, in out-of-the-way corners of the old world, and seldom goes home until after dark. He is far too busy to keep early hours. He lives amidst his brevier and his nonpariel types, and the happy-go-lucky minion, and he likes to have a hurried supper off small pica and long prima, or any other light and interesting delicacy which happens to be going. The printer is not as other men.

When I first went down to see the worthy and aged gentleman on the subject of the new "Annual" he took off his little black cap, stroked his leonine silvery locks, and said he was really afraid he was too busy to undertake such a gigantesque scheme. The printer loves long words, you know, something strange and out of the way. The printing office cat—a bright ginger variety of the species, by the way—strolled out of the office at that minute, and had to be spoken to.

"Oh, come now, you are not really too busy!" I said.

"It's a big job," replied the printer, as he rubbed the cat's nasal appendage thoughtfully. "I have got my allotment to look after, and the potatoes are doing somewhat indifferently. I seldom, even as things are, get to work with the spade and hoe until long after midnight. Then there are the hardy annuals which want watering."

That was my cue, and I took it—just as a billiard-player, or a cinema-actor, or any other sort of actor will.

"Annuals!" I cried. "But this is an 'Annual.' You are fond of your annuals. Would you prevent ten million readers of the Companion Papers enjoying their 'Annual'? That would be inconsiderate, unkind, not to say slightly on the selfish side. Never let the unthinking have a chance of saying that a printer was lacking in courtesy towards the waiting myriads of his fellow-men!"

Well, at last, after much argument, the printer saw the point. Like the goodly, chivalrous personage he is, he said the supporters of the Companion Papers should have their wished-for "Annual"—ay, even if he, the hard-worked printer, had to dally amidst his machinery till the dewy hours of the dawn!

I am always glad to let my friends see a glimpse of the inner working of the business. I trust they will accept the foregoing as a proof of the zeal and enthusiasm with which the "Annual" is being carried forward to the triumph that awaits it.

A SUGGESTION.

Mr. Frederick Harrold, president and founder of Hardrey's Club, writes to me from 51, Morrison Street, Lavender Hill, Battersea, S.W., and says his club is making grand headway. He feels, however, that he has been forestalled by the president of the South London "Magnet" League. For my part, I think there is room for all, and I am a little doubtful whether it is a feasible thing, as my correspondent suggests, to unite all the clubs under a central office. Mr. Harrold goes on to say:

"We are getting ready the first issue of the 'Hardrey's Magazine,' which is going to be conducted somewhat after the style that H. D. S. suggests to you. We are not in any way put out at being forestalled, and wish

our friend the best of luck, and we should like to help him if we could. I myself am a resident of Brixton—that is, of course, in South London; also our central office is South London—and if it would not be a breach of confidence on your part, could you let me have the address of H. D. S. so that I can get into communication with him, and try to bring about an amalgamation, to our benefit and those whom we represent, more or less, for the Southern part of England. I do not know if you have noticed that the Southern part of England is not so well organised or combined as the Northern. In the North there are one or two clubs which deserve an enthusiastic backing."

It is a good letter, and with such force behind it any scheme must succeed. I wish my chum the best of luck.

GREYFRIARS FOR EVER!

A Glasgow correspondent wants to see a Greyfriars Library. I have long had this notion at the back of my brain, but what with one thing and another—chiefly another—it has had to be postponed. The name of Greyfriars is one to conjure with all the world over, as we all know, and many of my supporters up and down the world, in the farthest corners of the Empire, look back to the famous yarns which have served to make Greyfriars seem a real place. In a sense it is, for it concentrates in itself most of the finest and most inspiring traditions of British Public Schools. But a Library devoted entirely to the doings of the school has yet to be. I trust it will materialise some time. There are many other plans, though, in the forming, and one has to take one at a time. And if a Greyfriars Library, why not a Bunter one? Bunter gets his share of abuse for being greedy, but he is so incorrigibly amusing that his defects are overlooked. Somehow you never associate the fat fellow with books, or think of him as a bibliophile, but all the same his Sublime Ponderosity helps to make books, and extremely entertaining they are.

THE AMATEUR.

It has been whispered to me that I might do more in the way of encouraging contributions from readers. I am a little loth to do this as much disappointment is caused. Moreover, there is the asset of Father Time to be considered. It takes hours, and then more hours, of steady slogging to go through and edit the praiseworthy but generally inexperienced efforts of the good fellows who are starting to write. Where there are bright ideas to be considered, it is worth while, i.e., of dealing with subjects which an ordinary common or garden journalist has at his finger-tips—the labour is apt to be thrown away. But ideas I want—real ideas, not mere happy thoughts such as may come in a train journey and fly away again, but actual notions which will bear scrutiny and analysis.

YOUR EDITOR.

Back Numbers Wanted.

V. E. Levy, c/o Asiatic Commercial Company, Shanghai, China—"Penny Popular" and "Gems," before 1918.

J. Rich, 12, Queen's Row, Walworth, S.E. 17—"Greyfriars Herald," 1d. each. Write first.

Geo. Butler, 20, Britannia Row, N. 1—Back numbers Companion Papers. Write first.

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