

"BOB CHERRY'S LUCK!" A Long Complete School Story Inside.

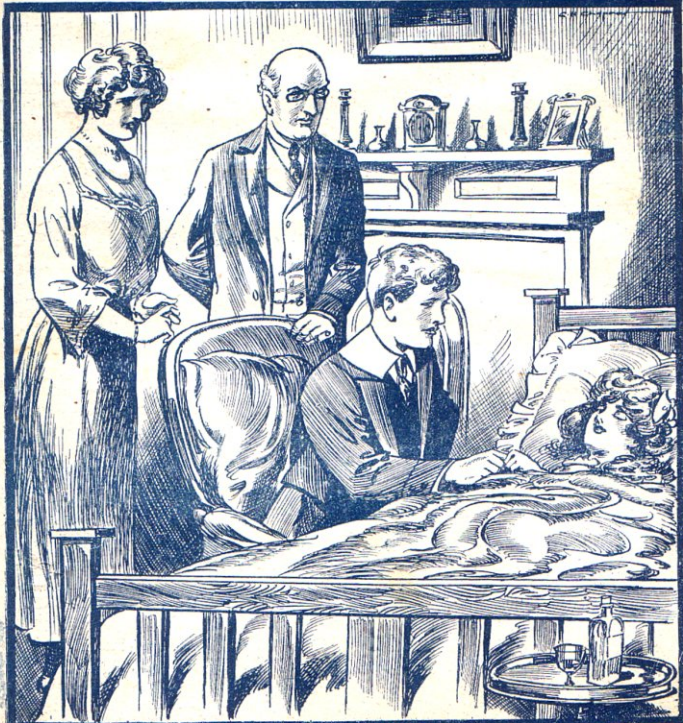
The Magnet Library

With which is incorporated
The Greyfriars Herald.

1^{1d}
12.

No. 690. Vol. XVIII.

April 30th, 1921.



BOB CHERRY WATCHES OVER HIS LITTLE CHUM!

(A Dramatic Moment in the Long Complete School Tale inside.)

The Editor's Chat



Address all your letters to:
The Editor, "The Magnet Library,"
The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.
I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

We have another magnificent story of Harry Wharton & Co. for next week's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY. It is entitled:

"THE SCHOOLBOY FILM STARS!"

By Frank Richards.

A story of this nature is always spoiled if one is told all about it before it can be read. I am not going to spoil your pleasure by telling you a lot about "The Schoolboy Film Stars!" for that reason. However, this much I will tell. As hinted in the story entitled "Bob Cherry's Luck!" the Famous Five get a chance to act in a picture-play. And Billy Bunter, the fat junior of the Remove, takes a part—and few of you, I am sure, have given the great William George the credit of being an actor!

Order your copy of next week's MAGNET LIBRARY now, my chums.

THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD" SUPPLEMENT.

There will be another splendid supplement in our next issue, and, having seen the "copy," I am able to say that it is to be a fine number.

"This week I have again been asked by Harry Wharton does not answer his letters promptly. May I point out that Harry Wharton, like the other Removites, has lessons to do, and can't give all his time to the "Greyfriars Herald," like I can with my famous Companion Papers? All letters will be answered in due course—the majority of them in the "Herald." If you have written to Harry—look out for his reply!

In the meantime, you might do me a favour by telling all your chums that the "Greyfriars Herald" appears every Monday in the MAGNET LIBRARY.

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

This week's issue of the "Popular" is really a splendid budget of reading matter, my chums, and I do want you all to get a copy and read the fine stories contained therein.

From the point of view of fun and humour, I do not think there is anything to beat the "Popular's" Supplement—namely, "Billy Bunter's Weekly." William George has weird ideas as to how a paper should be run—but he manages to get some really splendid contributions. Boys of St. Jim's, Greyfriars, and Rookwood write for Billy's "Weekly"—perhaps that is because Bunter has four subs working for him—Fatty Wynne and Baggy Trimble, of St. Jim's, Tubby Muffin, of Rookwood, and Sammy Bunter, of Greyfriars.

Then there is a long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., which deals with THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 690.

the Removites' fight with the prefects on the question of fagging.

Jimmy Silver & Co., known as the Fistical Four at Rookwood, have always been popular with my chums. Well, there is a long complete story of the Rookwood chaps in the "Popular" every Friday. 'Nuff said on that point!

Five Shilling prizes are offered in connection with a simple competition, for which you require only a postcard, and a little common-sense, to enter. Readers of the "Popular" are getting prizes—why shouldn't you? Have a try this week. You can get the latest copy of the "Popular" now, and still have several days in which to think out your "Poplets"—which is the name given to the competition.

Quite one of the best features in the "Popular" is the one which occupies the smallest amount of space. I refer to "Popular Favourites," which gives a brief history of juniors of all three schools, together with their portraits.

A splendid serial, "The Daresville Schoolboy," completes a magnificent programme—so, if you are not already a reader of the "Popular," get a copy to-day!

Replies in Brief.

"Dimples" (East Ham).—Thanks for your letter—I liked it immensely! I do not think that either Harry Wharton or Tom Merry has really been in love. If they have, they haven't told me anything about it! A competition in the MAGNET LIBRARY or "Gem"? Yes; I think we shall have one soon. The art plate in question is rather difficult to answer. I will see what can be done.

"Augusta-Wind" (Rhyll).—Yours was a funny letter! Glad to have it, though!

The early schooldays of the Greyfriars boys are being related week by week in the "Popular." Bob Cherry says that the answer to your P.S. is—"Catch 'em in a bunch, tie 'em in a knot, soak 'em in vinegar, count three, and you're cured!"

To Model Makers.

Don't forget that the second part of the model of the "Magic Room" appears in "Chuckles," on sale next Friday morning. When you go for the "Popular," be sure and ask for our champion coloured comic paper—"Chuckles."

Correspondence.

Richard Murray, 19, Royal Street, Gronock, Renfrew, Scotland, wants a friend to write to.

Albert Heywood, 1224, Angus Street, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, would like to hear from readers, ages 10-22, with a view to exchanging Canadian cards, views, etc., of Canada, against those of France and England.

Arthur Pullen, Coachman's Cottage, Turkey Mill, Maidstone, Kent, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Harold F. Hall, 26, West Street, Newcastle, Staffs, wishes to correspond with readers—13-15—in Canada, Australia, and India. All letters answered.

Miss Hilda M. Lees, 459, London Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey, wishes to correspond with readers at home and abroad—17-19.

Miss Nora Dainly, "Cromer," 5, Stratford Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey, wishes to correspond with readers—18-20.

Miss Violet Andrews, "Westerleigh," D'Albigh Road, Luton, Beds., and Miss Lily Norman, 23, Norman Road, Luton, Beds., wish to correspond with readers, ages 15-16.

R. Meredith, 3, Arthur Place, Peel Street, Winson Green, Birmingham, wishes to correspond with readers interested in foreign stamps. All letters answered.

Miss E. Bentley, Green Mount, Barrow, Whalley, near Blackburn, Lancs., wishes to correspond with an English schoolgirl—13-14.

Miscellaneous.

F. C. Marlow, 164, Ropleingham Road, Southfields, S.W.18, wishes to join a good class amateur athletic club within a radius of seven miles; cricket, cycling, etc.; 17-18 years of age.

Fred G. Bissenden, 36, Nightingale Road, Dover, wishes to hear from readers interested in amateur journalism. He is issuing a capital magazine called the "Magpie."

S. Dacre, 4, Nowell Avenue, Harehills Lane, Leeds, has joined his Star Correspondence Club with a similar club in America, and another in Canada. The clubs offer exceptional advantages. S. Dacre will supply all information.

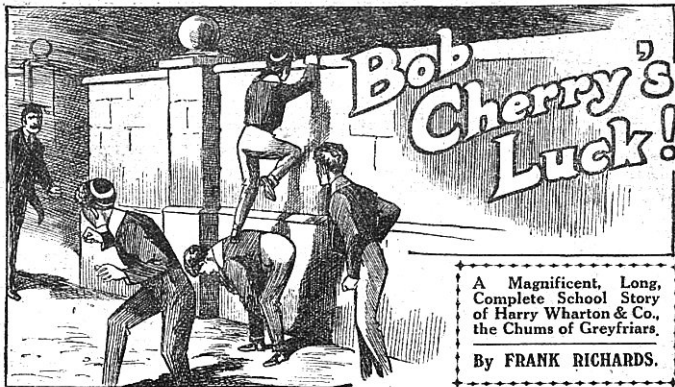
Try Your Skill!

A week or so ago I published a paragraph in the Chat page which informed you that a reader had made seventy-nine words out of the word "alteration." I have had many letters from my chums on this subject, many of whom have succeeded in making more than a hundred words out of "alteration."

Well, to encourage you all to try your skill, take the word "Constantinople," and see how many words you can make out of that. I will give a prize of Ten Shillings to the reader who succeeds in getting the most words out of "Constantinople," and two other prizes of Five Shillings each to the runners-up.

Get busy, and I'll tell you what to do with your "words" next Monday!

Your Editor,



Bob Cherry's Luck!

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Story of Harry Wharton & Co., the Chums of Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bob Makes Two New Friends!

"STOP him!" The loud yell sounded down the village street of Friarade, and Bob Cherry, of the Greyfriars Remove, riding back to the school from the post office, turned his head as he heard it.

Bob was alone, for once. It did not often chance that any member of the Famous Five went anywhere alone. But it happened that to-day Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh, commonly known as Inky, were all busy with a rehearsal of a play about to be produced by the Remove Amateur Dramatic Society, and since there would be no tea for anyone unless a postal-order—Inky's, not Bob's—were cashed, Bob had ridden in to catch it.

He jumped from his bicycle, thrusting it hard from him, to fall by the side of the road as he jumped.

There was no time to be wasted. A runaway horse, not twenty yards from him, galloping hard, the light trap in its rear swaying.

"Don't stand right in its way, you young idiot!" shouted someone, apparently from the window of the inn hard by.

But Bob was not a young idiot, and he knew perfectly well what he was about. He had stopped runaway horses before.

If he stood so far out as to be quite clear of the wheels should he miss he might as well make up his mind to failure. He did not mean to miss, and, though pulse and heart might beat a trifle faster, he was not in the least afraid.

The horse was almost upon him as he made his leap for the reins. It swerved slightly, as he had expected, and away from him, as he had also expected.

He grabbed, beld, jerked hard and suddenly on the stout leather, pulling the animal's head down and sideways, and checked its speed at once, though he did not stop it altogether.

For a breathless second he was swing-

off his feet. But he came down again, and in coming down gave another lusty jerk that had the effect of decreasing the speed still further.

Then, with aching arms and flying feet, he ran alongside for some forty or fifty yards, still dragging the horse's head down.

And, on a sudden, the runaway stopped dead. Perhaps Bob had made him take thought. Perhaps he regarded the strain upon his mouth as discounting too much any pleasure he was getting out of his bolt. Anyway, he stopped.

He turned his eyes upon Bob, and Bob stroked his nostrils and patted his head.

"That's right! Good old boy!" said Bob.

The horse, if he thought at all, could hardly have imagined that he deserved these kindly words; but he seemed to like them, nevertheless.

"The brute! I'll teach him to bolt like that, confound him!" roared a red-faced man, hurrying up.

"Here, don't take your whip to him!" expostulated Bob. "I won't hold him while you whip him, that's straight! He'll only run away again. I don't suppose it was his fault, either. You probably left him without anyone to hold him, and something or other frightened the poor fellow."

"Yes, that dashed thing frightened him," answered the horse's owner, pointing to a camera which was being carried along the village street towards them.

"Click, click, click—enough to frighten any horse!"

"Well, then, it wasn't his fault," said Bob. "And, as it wasn't his fault, you can't reasonably punish him for it, can you?"

"What did it click, click, click like that for?" inquired the man, taking the reins from Bob. "I never heard one of those things do like before, not that way."

"That's a film camera," replied Bob. "I say, that's jolly interesting! They must be filming scenes round here. Wonder what it's for?"

"You mean taking pictures for shows like that one at Courtfield?" the man returned. "I went there once. Wonder to me how they did it all, but I reckoned

there was a lot of silly stuff in it—love-making and all that sort of twopenny twaddle. I'd have liked it better if they'd cut the gal part out an' give more of the losses. Leading man was Bill—no, Tom Mix—an', my word, he could ride!"

"I know. I like him myself," answered Bob.

Bob also liked the red-faced man now that he had given up his notion of thrashing his horse for running away. He was evidently a man who had spent most of his life among horses, and he had some judgment, too.

"Well, I know that you, being Greyfriars, wouldn't take kindly to the idea of a reward, so I ain't going to put my foot in it by offering one," he said. "But thank you kindly, and if ever you find yourself out my way—I'm Joe Royce, boss-dealer, of Wakehams, Blistworth, about a score miles from here—you give me a look-in, an' see my hosses, an' ride some of 'em, too, if you've a mind to it, for I'm sure a lad so handy with a boss as you can ride. An' bring your friends along, as many of 'em as you like. The missus an' me, we never had a boy of our own, wuss luck, but we like boys."

"I say, that's good of you, Mr. Royce! We might come some holiday. They'd all like it. There are five of us, though—it's rather a crowd."

"The more the merrier! Hope Rattler's little game hasn't damaged your bike, now."

Bob examined the machine. "No, it's all right," he said. "My name's Cherry—Bob Cherry, by the way."

They shook hands and said good-bye, and Mr. Royce mounted nimbly to the high seat of his light trap and drove away.

"That was a very lefty stop of yours, young man," said a voice behind Bob.

He turned to see another stranger, quite unlike Mr. Royce, except in one respect. This gentleman also was rather red-faced. But he looked of the town, not the country, and there was no trace of the town about Joe Royce.

"Was it you who sang out to me?" asked Bob, grinning.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 693.

"It was. Foolish thing to do. I ought to have known better."

"Mr. Jamfrey! I say, sir!" shouted the man with the camera at this instant.

"Come here if you want me, Barrow! You can put your camera down. They don't know enough here to steal it!" shouted back Bob's new acquaintance.

"Why, you must be what they call the director, sir," said Bob eagerly.

"I am; and that was why I spoke to you, apart from a natural desire to congratulate you on your luck."

Bob could not quite understand that. He did not see why the fact of Mr. Jamfrey's being a film director should cause him to speak to Bob Cherry.

Unless—but surely that was too good to be possible.

Like all boys, Bob would dearly have liked a chance to figure in a film play. But Mr. Jamfrey's next words dashed his vague hopes.

"Can you tell me who that horse-looking individual is?" said the film director. "I've a great notion about him. We are down in this delightful neighbourhood shooting some scenes for a play. I am writing the scenario myself, and it's not too late to incorporate new notions."

"It never is, according to you, sir," growled Barrow, the camera-man, who had come up in time to hear this.

"Don't crouch, Barrow! That man, with a background of stables, would make two or three excellent scenes. Heroine has fled—is being chased—takes refuge with the wife of the horse gentleman, and—"

"That's all right, sir," said Bob. "He told me he had a wife. But I don't think he'd let her act, and I don't feel dead sure he'd cotton to the heroine bizney. He told me that he'd like the Tom Mix stuff better if they cut 'the gal part' out."

Mr. Jamfrey roared at that.

"We shouldn't want Mrs. Royce to act," he said. "The part of the wife would be taken by our Mrs. Elliott. And Royce would have nothing to do but just to look his own, sturdy, John Bull self."

"Why didn't you ask him?" said Bob.

"My dear fellow, it wouldn't have been diplomatic. He blames my camera-man here for his horse's bolting, and was hardly in the mood for granting favours."

"I think he might do it, though," Bob said, "especially if you talk to him about Tom Mix. I'm sure he'd like to see his own horse on the film. He's a Mr. Royce of Wakhamms, Blistworth, but he's twenty miles or so from here."

"Twenty miles is a trifle. I have my car down here. What do you want to say, Barrow?"

"I say, sir, I wish we could have snapped that stoppage of Mrs. Royce's horse. It would go no end well. And this young gent—if he'll excuse me—would show up properly on the film. Beautiful curly hair, frank, engaging expression—"

"Oh, cheese that!" protested Bob, flushing.

"Barrow's not joking," said Mr. Jamfrey. "He objects strongly to any of that sort of thing."

"Too busy," growled Barrow.

"It's a fact that you have a good film face," the director went on. "Would you care to do that stopping all over again with the camera on you? Barrow, we want Kid Peters in this. He snatches her up from under the very hoofs of the horse, or from in front of the car with a helpless idiot at the wheel—see?"

"Of course, I see, sir. That was the very way I'd figured it out."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Engaged for Film Acting!

WOULD Bob care to do it? That seemed to Bob an utterly absurd question.

There was not a fellow of his age living, he fancied, who would not catch at the chance. No doubt he was wrong there, for he had more relish for taking risks than some boys have. But it was a fact that any of his chums would have caught at the opportunity, and that William Wibley, though he, sometimes pretended to despise the pictures, would almost have given his ears for it.

"I'd like it no end, sir!" he said eagerly.

"Then you may consider yourself engaged. Let me see, Barrow! Shall it be a horse, or shall it be a motor-car? A horse is the more spectacular, I think; but, on the other hand, a car is more manageable. I don't suppose anything could've very well go wrong. But I really shouldn't like anything to happen either to the Kid or to our young friend here, whose name I haven't the pleasure of knowing."

For the second time within ten minutes Bob gave his name, this time with more than half a notion that the near future was going to see that name made famous.

"You needn't bother about me, Mr. Jamfrey," he added. "I'm willing to take what risk there is. But I can't stop the horse and snatch up the Kid—the young lady at the same time. I've only two arms, you know."

"Kid Peters is a very young lady; indeed, though she has already had considerable experience of film acting," Mr. Jamfrey said, smiling.

"Seven years and three months!" growled Barrow. "An' as full of mischief as any boy twice her age. But all right if you take her the right way an' she takes to you. She will to Mr. Cherry here. The Kid has a weakness for curly hair. Wouldn't wonder if she pulled it at the critical moment, though. You'll have to look out for that."

Bob Cherry felt that Barrow was inclined to talk too much about his curly hair. But it was plain that he had no wish to be offensive.

"Come along and see the Kid!" said Mr. Jamfrey. "There she is at the window, with her fond mamma, who is our leading lady, the heroine, you know. Think Mr. Royce would object to befriending her for the purpose of the story—eh, Cherry?"

"He couldn't object to her on the score of her looks, anyway," said Bob. "But he seems to have a down on all 'gals,' as he calls them, in connection with film plays."

"We'll see if the Kid can't come over that," replied the film director. "She can come over most people when she chooses. Hi, Laura, my angel! Come along here, and meet my friend Mr. Cherry, and bring the Kid with you!"

A musical laugh answered, and the charming face which Bob had seen at the window of the inn coffee-room disappeared.

Next moment Mrs. Peters—she was a war-widow, Bob learned later, a very young one, he thought, for she did not look nearly old enough to be the Kid's mother—appeared in the village street, and with her came the Kid.

It is hardly too much to say that the Kid and Bob fell in love with each other at first sight. Certainly Bob had never seen a prettier, smaller girl. Her hair was curlier than his own, and seemed full of sunlight. It was neither red nor golden, but something between the two that seemed more golden than gold itself, and it was just like her mother's.

"This is Mr. Cherry, Laura," said Jamfrey. "He's the latest addition to our company, though only a temporary one, I fear, not yet having completed his education at Greyfriars, the big school near here. Cherry, this is Mrs. Peters, otherwise Laura Laurel, the prettiest film actress in the British Isles or anywhere else!"

"That, Mr. Jamfrey, ought to be at least ten pounds a week added to my salary," Mrs. Peters said. "But I know you better than to expect it. Are you really going to act with us, Mr. Cherry? I'm sure you'll do it well, if you're half as good at acting as you are at stopping runaway horses! We saw what you did just now."

"The fellows say I'm a dud at acting," replied Bob frankly, taking the slim little hand which the actress extended. "Mr. Jamfrey doesn't really want me to act, you know."

"Just to snatch the Kid up from in front of a runaway, that's all, Miss Laurel," explained Barrow.

"I'm glad someone has 'membered me, if it is only Barrow," spoke the Kid.

"But I can't have her given anything dangerous to do," protested the young mother.

"Rats, mums!" said the Kid. "I don't mind. Uncle Jimmy, are you ever going to introduce the curly-headed boy to me?"

Mr. Jamfrey made the Kid a low bow, his hand upon his heart.

"My profound apologies, Miss Peters!" he said humbly. "Still, you must allow that your mother should come first. She is older than you are, though she seldom looks it and never talks like it."

"Somebody," remarked the Kid, "does a lot of very silly talking."

"Your pardon again, highness! Miss Peters, Mr. Cherry—Mr. Cherry, Miss Peters."

The Kid held out a tiny hand, which Bob's hard-paw fairly swallowed up.

"How do you do?" she said demurely.

"I saw you stop the horse, and you did it very nicely, indeed. I don't a bit mind having you snatch me up. I am sure you wouldn't let me drop. And mummy will think better of it when she has had time to consider. I have my career to think of, you know, mummy, and I have quite made up my mind that stunts are what suit me best."

Jamfrey laughed. But Bob did not, and Mrs. Peters did not, and Barrow's face was solemn. It was queer to hear this child of seven talking about her career, but she was very much in earnest.

"I'd be careful with you," answered Bob, flushing. "I'd never forgive myself if anything happened to—such a—such a jolly kid as you!"

"There, you don't get them all, mums! I don't suppose you ever had anything nicer than that said to you. And I know he meant it, because he went red when he said it."

Bob went redder still at that. Mrs. Peters said:

"I know someone else best," she said. "Jimmy who talks a trifle too much, my daughter! Come along, now! I dare say there is business talk to come, and we must not get in the way of that."

"But Uncle Jimmy," said the Kid, "does talk such dreffle piffle!"

Even Barrow's serious face relaxed at that.

Mrs. Peters and the Kid turned as they reached the door, and smiled at Bob. He would have felt disappointed if they had not looked back.

"We might talk business now," said Jamfrey. "There's no time like the present. In the first place, is there likely to be any trouble at the school for you about taking on this job?"



The trunk rolled over again and the Kid screamed. The next moment there was a splash, and Miss Peters was in the Sark. Bob Cherry did not even wait to throw off his jacket. Just as he was, he sprang to the rescue. (See Chapter 5.)

"Shouldn't say anything to anyone who mattered until it was all over, and only then if I had to," answered Bob.

"I wouldn't like to get you into a row, but for the life of me I can't see any harm in your giving us a helping hand," returned the film director. "So perhaps the best way would be not to say anything at all to anyone for the present."

"Oh, but I'd like to tell my chums!" Bob replied.

"Is it necessary? Why not keep it dark from them till they see you on the films?"

"But that would be months and months, wouldn't it?"

Mr. Jamfrey shook his head.

"We're hard up against that system," he said. "Things are moving now, my son. This film will be released within three months, I can promise you that. And you and your friends should have tickets for the trade show, if you happened to be in town at the time."

"Well, I won't say anything yet," agreed Bob. "The real difficulty is that we always knock about together—five of us, you know. But I guess I can manage to dodge the other four for an hour or two to-morrow."

"Five of you—oh? Now, what are the other four like?"

"Look here, sir: you'll be overcrowding this story, you know!" protested Barrow. "He's always like that, Mr. Chery. Everything suggests something to him, and he wants to work it in at once. Now he's got hold of the notion of bringing in a small crowd of nice-looking boys from school to figure in one or two scenes."

"I've noticed before that you're a bit of a thought-reader, Barrow," said Mr. Jamfrey.

"It don't take a lot of that to get on to you, sir. Don't you encourage him in the idea, Mr. Chery!"

"I don't know. The other fellows would like it no end," said Bob. "What are they like?" asked Mr. Jamfrey.

"Tell him they've got faces like dirty frying-pans!" whispered Barrow in Bob's ear.

"You dry up, Barrow!" snapped Barrow's boss.

"I'm not much of a hand at description," said Bob. "But Wharton and Nugent are both good-looking chaps, in different ways. Frank's rather girlish and delicate in the face. And you wouldn't call Johnny a bad-looker, either, though he's got a plainer face than either of them. And Inky—that is Herree Singh—is a Hindu—Nabob of Bhanipur when he's at home."

"That's done it!" muttered Barrow gloomily.

"Good contrast—very good contrast indeed!" said Mr. Jamfrey, looking pleased. "A real live nabob, too! We'll certainly think it over, Mr. Chery, though you had better say nothing to your pals yet. As for your special stunt, I can offer you three pounds for that if it comes off all right—two, in any case."

"Oh, I don't want paying! I never thought of that," replied Bob, in haste, and with another flush.

"And would your pals hold similar views?" asked Jamfrey.

"I'm sure they would."

"That's done it!" muttered Barrow again.

"Shut up, you death's-head! Did you ever know me to be mean?"

"I wouldn't say that of you, either. But if you're feeling as open-hearted as all that comes to, I could do with another couple of pounds on my salary straightaway. In the States first-class camera men—"

"We're not talking about the States, or about first-class camera men, Barrow!

Now, don't look savage; you're as good as any Yank, I'm sure, and if you really want another couple of pounds a week you—"

"If! Lot of 'if' there is about that!" asserted the photographer.

"You can have it," finished the director. "I was going to give you it, anyway."

"I'll say 'Thank you!' for that, an' I'll say more. If you want to drag forty or fifty curly-headed schoolboys into this story I'm not kicking. That's fair, I think?"

"Rot! I'm not even dreaming of forty or fifty—only five. Now, see here, Chery, we shall be in Friarale over the week-end, anyway. I haven't the whole company here; we don't need them for the scenes we're shooting down in Kent, Laura and the Kid; Mrs. Eliaton, who plays the mother parts; and a couple of the men—that's all. This part of the story is where the heroine does a bunk from home. See? We sha'n't move on before Monday at earliest, and to-day's Thursday. Can you report here to-morrow after twelve, or between four and five?"

"I'll come directly after twelve," answered Bob.

"Right-ho! If we're out, any of us, the Kid and her mother will probably be here, and they'll be glad to see you. I'll tell the Kid to watch out for you. I may run over to Blistworth in the morning to see this Mr. Royce. If he cottons to the idea we'll shoot the scenes at his place on Saturday—w.p. Then, if your chums are wanted, we may be able to fix up with you and them for Monday. But not a word to them till I see you again."

Then Bob picked up his bike, shook hands with both Mr. Jamfrey and the saturnine Barrow, and peddled hard for Greyfriars.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bob With a Secret!

"YOU'VE got something on your mind, Bob," said Harry Wharton.

Tea was just over in Study No. 1 on the Remove passage, where the Famous Five usually congregated for that pleasant meal, though only two of them shared the apartment.

It was just over, but it was very thoroughly over. Everything that Bob had hurried across from the tuckshop with had gone the rightful way of good provender.

Empty sardine-tins graced—or disgraced—the board. Crumbs of cake and flakes of pastry were to be seen. But these were not the signs that an adequate—just adequate—spread had been. It had been, but was not.

"There's something in having a mind to have it on," replied Bob.

"I don't think much of the sort of mind you have just now," said Harry, with the charming candour that the Famous Five used among themselves. "You aren't a bit interested in the play."

"Well, it is rather a tame play, you know, old chap."

"Tame?" snorted Harry. "Tame, you fatted-up chump? When I wrote it myself, and—"

"Not enough movement in it," Bob said. "Now, if—"

"Not enough movement? When there's a murder in the first act, and an escape from the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat in the second, and a big fight with swords in the third—"

"All very well in their way, I dare say. But you ought to have a horse running away and being stopped just before it runs over—over someone, you know," Bob said.

"Ass! You couldn't do that at Drury Lane, let alone on our stage!"

"Well, no. That's where the pictures score. They aren't tied down by having a poky little stage for everything."

"There's something on Bob's jacket, as well as on his mind," put in Johnny. "And we know he has a jacket, whereas I'm not so sure that there's any evidence as to his having a mind. Where did you pick up all that dust, Bob?"

The dust had come from Rattler's coat, no doubt. There had been plenty of it moving on the roads. Bob had not been down, and had not thought of the likelihood of that dust arousing suspicions.

"Give me a brush, someone," he said. "You're keeping something from us, you bouncer!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

"Bob, my esteemed and ludicrous pal, the secretfulness from your honoured chums is the most improper caper," said Diky.

"Oh rats!" answered Bob.

The door opened, and the fat face of William George Bunter beamed in upon the five.

"Seat, Owl!" said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull, I think you might be—"

"He can come in if he wants to," Harry said. "There isn't a mouthful of grub left."

Bunter no longer beamed.

"Really, you fellows, I should be sorry to call you greedy—"

"You would—sorry for yourself!" said Johnny pointedly.

"But I think you might have given an old pal an invitation," went on the Owl, blinking pathetically. "It was a measly tea in our study. But I really looked in to inquire whether my old pal Bob was hurt this afternoon."

"Scat! Shureup! If you call me your old pal again I'll giddy well slay you!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 690.

snapped Bob, letting the brush Frank had passed him fall.

"Hurt? Why should he be hurt? What's he been doing to get hurt?" asked Harry.

"If you don't go, Bunter—"

"None of that, Bob! We don't usually encourage the porpoise; but if you're keeping anything dark from us we're willing to listen even to a depraved bladder of lard about it," Frank said.

"Yow!" howled Bunter.

Bob had snatched up the clothes-brush again, and had lurked it at the Owl.

His aim was good. The brush smote Bunter on his fat little nose, dislodging his glasses.

"Now will you go?" roared Bob.

"Owl! If you've broken my glasses you'll jolly well have to pay for them, Bob Cherry! Stop him, you fellows! I want to tell you, I do, really; but how can I when he treats me like that?"

Frank Nugent picked up Bunter's glasses, for which the Owl was groping about the floor, and settled them back on his nose. Johnny and Inky put themselves between the fat junior and the irate Bob.

"Now, what's Bob been doing?" asked Harry.

"If you tell them anything, porpoise, I'll— But there, what's it matter, anyway? Anything you do tell them is sure to be a lie!"

"That's not good enough, Bob!" said Harry. "There is something, or you wouldn't be so anxious to keep Bunter's mouth shut!"

"I suppose you think it's something I'm ashamed of?" said Bob hotly.

"Don't be an idiot! We know it's not!"

"Go on, oyster!" said Johnny encouragingly.

"Bob Cherry stopped a runaway horse in Friarshade-to-day!" announced Bunter. "They're making out it was something heroic. But that's all rot! Anybody might have done it. I've stopped plenty of runaway horses in my time!"

"Bunter lies in the road in front of them, and, of course, they have to stop! There might be a chance for an elephant with the Owl there, but a horse is only a horse!" Frank said solemnly.

"Who told you?" asked Johnny. "It's true—easy enough to see that—and I don't see why old Bob should want to keep it dark. But who told you?"

"Marjorie," replied Bunter, with a fat smirk.

"That's a lie, anyway," snapped Wharton. "She wouldn't speak to you! Marjorie's got as much patience as anyone I know, but you've gone past it!"

"All right! Don't believe me if you don't want to!" returned Bunter crossly.

"I know this isn't true! The Cliff House girls all bar you, and she bars you more than any of the rest, because you've so often insulted her by your silly talk about her being gone on you!"

"She is!" said Bunter fatuously. "She may prefer to disguise it, but she is!"

"Stand out of the way, Johnny! I'm going to lemme him take that lie back!"

"Yow! Lemme he, Wharton! Lemme go, Inky! What do you want to stop a fellow for when—when he's got an important engagement?"

"With Marjorie Hazeldene?" inquired Johnny Bull grinning.

"Drop it, Johnny! I don't care about that sort of thing, even in joke, you know! Bunter's just a joke when he gets annoying girls who can't stand the sight of him!"

"Don't get your wool off, Harry, old top! I'd sly Bunter with pleasure if

he got talking like that before anyone else! It doesn't matter much here, because we all know better."

"Yow! Leggo my collar, Wharton! I didn't think you were a bully!"

"Who told you that yarn?" demanded Wharton, shaking the Owl.

"Hazel; and his sister told him! There! That's just the same thing as if she'd told me herself! Any ass can see that, I should think!"

"Yes, any ass might!" agreed Frank. "All the same, though you're a fat ass, you know jolly well it isn't so!"

"How did Marjorie know?" asked Bob. "She wasn't there."

"One of the maids from Cliff House saw it, and told her and Clara Trevlyn. If you ask me, Bob Cherry—"

"I don't!" growled Bob.

"There's a heap too much fuss being made over a very small matter!" went on Bunter. "I don't suppose you took any risk at all. I— What's that for, Bull?"

Johnny had opened the door again, and given Bunter a push towards it.

"That's a hint," replied Johnny. "If not taken, the next proceeding will be a kick, and I haven't my slippers on, porpoise!"

"I never saw such beasts as you fellows are!" said Bunter, when once he was outside. "You needn't expect me to come and tell you anything again, because I shan't do it! Yah!"

Then Bunter fled.

"You might have told us, Bob!" said Harry reproachfully.

"It wasn't worth talking about," replied Bob, with some constraint.

"Whose was the horse?" inquired Johnny.

"Chap named Royce owned it. I think he's a horse-dealer. He lives at Blistworth. I say, he asked me to go over and see him one day, and take any of my pals I liked. I told him there were four of you, but he didn't flinch—said the more the merrier! He's a good sort!"

"And you didn't think that worth telling us!" said Frank.

"Oh, well, I was going to tell you later, of course! No hurry, was there? We'll go some day, won't we?"

"Where are you off to, Bob?"

"I want to see Squiff before prep, Harry."

Bob wanted to get away from his chums, that was all. Having a secret bothered him.

"He hasn't told us everything," said Harry, when he had gone.

"Oh, leave him alone!" answered Johnny Bull. "Twenty-four hours is about old Bob's limit for keeping anything dark. And it was just like him not to brag about what he had done."

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter in His Favourite Role!

"AREN'T you coming to the net, Bob?"

It was Harry Wharton who asked that question, after morning classes next day. Bob was making in the direction of the bicycle shed when, according to Harry's notions, he should have been going up to change for cricket.

"Not to-day, old chap," replied Bob.

"I'm not going to ask you where you're off to, for I suppose you're not willing to tell me, but—"

"Oh, look here, Harry, old fellow, you know—"

"I know you're keeping back something. But I should have thought that if you were in any sort of trouble—"

"But I'm not! Why should I be?"



As Bob came running round the corner of the inn he saw Bunter in the grip of a man. Mr. Jamfrey had the Owl by the collar, and was laying a supple cane round his fat shoulders with great vigour. "Hallo!" cried Bob. "What's it all about?" "I caught this young villain tampering with Barrow's camera!" (See Chapter 7.)

"Right-ho! Don't tell me if you don't want to."

And Harry went off in something very like a huff.

Bob looked after him.

"I don't want to—at least, I don't want to just yet," he muttered to himself. "But I hope Jamfrey will soon settle things one way or the other, so that I can tell them all. I never had any use for keeping things dark."

At the gates Bob found Bunter—with a bike.

Bunter must have indulged in what the newspaper people call intelligent anticipation, though usually Bunter's intelligence was not very conspicuous. He had seen Bob making for the bike-shed, and had witnessed his stoppage by Wharton, and he had rolled off ahead of Bob, and was now waiting for him.

"If you're going to Friardale, I'll ride along with you, Bob, old pal!" said the Owl affably.

"You won't!" replied Bob, not at all affably.

"Well, the road's free to me, just as it is to you, and you can't stop me from going!" said Bunter.

"I dare say I could if I wanted to; and I can certainly stop you from riding with me. No use I can ride right way from you in the first hundred yards," Bob answered. "But it's no concern of mine where you go. I bar your company, that's all. Go and boil yourself, if you like!"

"Really, Cherry, I think it's too bad of you to talk like that! I don't blame you a bit for not telling Wharton and those fellows everything; but you might confide in an old pal!"

"Who's the old pal?" snapped Bob.

"Me, of course!"

"If I'd a secret—and I'm not saying that I have or that I haven't—I would

just as soon think of writing it down and sticking up the paper on the school notice-board as of telling you, you worm!"

"It looks to me," said Bunter, apparently more in sorrow than in anger, "as if you don't want to be friendly!"

"Got that?" returned Bob. "Go up one, Bunter! You've shown a sign of intelligence!"

And with that Bob mounted and rode off.

Bunter glanced at his bike—which was so far from actually being his bike that he had not known whose it was. He had taken the first that came to hand. There might be a row about it; some of the fellows were very unreasonable about their machines. Bunter considered.

But curiosity triumphed over prudence. Bunter rode after Bob, and risked the row.

The Owl's best pace was hardly more than half that of Bob Cherry, and Bob had reached Friardale almost before the sleuth-bound on his track was beyond sight from the gates of Greyfriars.

Bob sprang from his saddle before the Crown and Anchor, the quiet, decent little inn at which Mr. Jamfrey had got accommodation for the members of his company. He had hoped to see Jamfrey and Barrow outside; but they were not there.

The Crown and Anchor, though there was nothing at all against its reputation, was out of bounds for Greyfriars, of course. All public-houses were. But Bob, who would have had to be impelled by some strong motive to enter the Cross Keys, only hesitated a moment before walking into this place. There was no real harm in it that he could see.

He inquired of the rosy-faced landlady

whether Mrs. Peters was in, and was conducted to the coffee-room, where Laura Laurel, as most people called the film-actress, and the Kid joined him within a minute.

"We were in the garden," said the small girl. "Mrs. Brown might just as well have told you to come-out to us. But I suppose she didn't think. They are nice people, but I don't think they think very quickly, do you—Mama, what ought I to call him? Because it's so silly to say 'Mr. Cherry,' isn't it?"

"You can call me Bob, if you like," said the Removite.

"I do like, then, and mummy can call you Bob, too, mummy's she?"

"Of course, if she cares to."

"I do," said Mrs. Peters, smiling. "Do you know, Bob, the Kid has already made up her mind that you are to be a great pal of hers? She suggests that you should run away from school and join us after we leave here, so that the friendship should not be ended then."

"I consider it's worth thinking about," said the Kid, in the very manner of Mr. James Jamfrey.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do," Bob answered.

"Oh, but we can settle that later on! Uncle Jimmy and Barrow have gone to a place named Bisters or something like that, and Rignald and Harry Samson are playing billiards, and Mrs. Elliston is stopping at Courtfield, so you won't see anyone but mums and me this morning, unless those two get back pretty soon. I think you had better take me for a walk, don't you?"

"I'd like to, if you care about it," answered Bob, looking down admiringly at the golden-haired child who talked in such grown-up fashion, and yet had

such a charming child-face. "Perhaps Mrs. Peters would come, too?"

"Oh, no! Mums is an awfully good sort, but two's much better company than three. Don't you think so?"

"I'm turned down, you see," said Laura Lauree with another of her priceless smiles. "If you don't mind, Bob, it would be quite a rest for me that you should take charge of the Kid for half an hour or so."

"That's the way we have to let her talk, you know," said the Kid, when they were outside together. "Of course, it's silly. I can look after myself. But mothers are like that."

"What's your real name?" asked Bob. "I haven't heard, you know, and perhaps you won't like it if I call you 'Kid.'"

"Everybody does. It's no matter. But then you aren't quite like everybody else. But you can't guess my name, and you couldn't say it properly even if you could guess it. Is that your bike?"

"Yes. Like a ride?"

"Oh, rather! I can't reach the pedals, but you can wheel me. It will look a bit childish, but there aren't many people here to see—only one fat, ugly boy!"

Bob glanced round, and saw Bunter sniggering in a most objectionable manner.

"I say, Bob, old pal—"

"So!" ejaculated Bob.

The Kid laughed gleefully. She had taken an instinctive dislike to Bunter.

"Oh, really, Bob, you needn't be so unfriendly! I'll help you give the little girl a ride, if you like. Perhaps she'd rather have me wheel her. Kids do take to me most amazingly, you know. And I've got a bike."

The Kid was guilty of a breach of good manners in her reply to that.

"She put out a small pink tongue at Bunter."

"There's your answer!" said Bob.

"Now bunk!"

Bunter rolled away disconsolately.

The Kid soon tired of being pushed along on a bike.

"It's time," she said. "If I could ride it properly— But, of course, I couldn't, even if you put the saddle down as low as ever it would go. You haven't guessed my name yet. Lift me down, please!"

Bob obeyed.

"Let's go down to the river," said the Kid. "You can leave your bike here. I like to look at the water, but mums doesn't like me to go alone. She's afraid of my falling in."

"Well, you might fall in," replied Bob.

"Oh, rais!"

Bob got rid of his bike, and he and the Kid walked together through the meadows, gay with the flowers of early summer, to the bank of the Sark. Bob was kept guessing on the way.

"Give it up," he said at last, after about twenty shots.

"Thought you would!" answered the Kid, with a gurgle of delight. "It's Gwendlan."

"Never heard it before. But it's pretty, like you," said Bob.

"Say it!"

Bob tried, and got his tongue fairly twisted in a knot in his attempt to articulate the "ll," which Morgan had often told his schoolfellows was not "double l" at all when it occurred in Welsh. And the Kid said that her name was Welsh.

So occupied with one another were they that neither observed that they were being dogged by Bunter.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 690.

The Owl had made a few inquiries in the village, and had learned that the people staying at the Crown and Anchor were film-actors. That had given a keener edge to his curiosity, already quite keen enough.

Bob and the Kid reached a place where the Sark runs rippling between high, sloping banks.

"Let's sit down here and look at the water going past," said the Kid. "It's silly of mums to mind me coming alone, because it makes me feel good to watch the water. I don't know why, but it does—all good inside. I'm not always so very good," added the Kid candidly.

Bunter congratulated himself that luck was with him. He stole up to the other side of the bank, and lying there, with his big spectacles blinking over the top every now and then, he could hear all that Bob and the Kid said.

"I really think it would be quite a good idea that you should run away so that you can be always with us," said the Kid. "I don't know if you'd care about marrying me when I grow up, and, of course, there's lots of time yet to think about it; but we might be engaged, anyway."

She took Bob's hand paw, and gazed up into his face with soulful eyes.

Bunter thought he had never heard anything so absurd. Bob saw the absurdity of it as clearly as he did; but Bob did not share Bunter's scorn.

The child had taken a strong fancy to Bob, and already he was very fond of her. Little girls of seven or eight often do say such things as this, and, though the Kid was beyond her years in many ways she was still all the small child where her affections were concerned.

"That would be quite nice, Gwen," replied Bob gently. "Of course, as you say, it's early days yet. As for running away from Greyfriars, it would need more thinking about than the other notion. For there are a lot of people who would be badly upset about it, whereas when the time came for getting married, you know—well, no one could say that it would be possible for me to have a prettier little wife than you're sure to be."

"I don't know about little. I intend to be as tall as mums, anyway. There's Mary Pickford—oh, and Marguerite Clark—they're very small; and it would be nice to look like them. But mums is inches taller than they are, and I think she's the nicest of all."

Bunter fidgeted. He wanted to hear more about Bob's notion of running away. The Owl was altogether too obtuse to grasp the fact that Bob had no notion of doing anything of the kind—that he was merely humouring the Kid by not refusing flatly.

"Then someone hailed Bob from the other bank. It was Tom Dutton, the deaf junior who shared Study No. 7 with the cousins Todd and Bunter.

"I say, Cherry," yelled Dutton.

"Well, what do you say?" sang back Bob.

"I know it's a fine day. That wasn't what I wanted to tell you."

"He's deaf, isn't he?" said the Kid.

"About the deafest ever!" answered Bob, grinning.

"I think you had better go across and speak to him. That's quite a nice boy—not like that fat one. And perhaps he doesn't want me to hear. Or he may be shy—boys often are. There's a bridge not far away."

There was a kind of bridge some twenty yards upstream. The Sark just here is narrow, and a fallen tree had bridged it. Bob guessed that the Kid wanted to see him cross that bridge, and he did not mind.

"I'm coming across, Dutton!" he roared.

"I don't see why you should be cross," replied Dutton. "I only want to speak to you. There's no harm in that, is there?"

"Isn't he just deaf?" gurgled the Kid delightedly.

Bob pointed to the tree-bridge, and Dutton understood, though he did not grasp what was meant until too late to forestall Bob.

"What is it, old chap?" said Bob, when they met.

"Eh? Oh, I only wanted to ask you if you'd seen Lonzy. He said he was coming along here, and I haven't seen him yet. I don't suppose he's fallen in and got drowned; but you never know with Lonzy."

"Lonzy can swim," answered Bob.

"Oh, you haven't seen him? Well, I only hope he isn't in the river, that's all."

It was very difficult indeed to conduct a conversation with Dutton, who was apt to mishear one word and to run a whole sentence round that word out of his own imagination.

But just at this moment Lonzy hove in sight. And Bob heard a scream, and turned to see something that fairly brought his heart into his mouth.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Two in Cold Water—One in Hot!

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER had heard perfectly well the uncomplimentary things said about him by Miss Gwendlan Peters. Yet, such was his ineffable self-conceit, he felt certain he could exercise his famous powers of fascination upon that very young lady. And he made up his mind to do so not because he had any of Bob's weakness for pretty children, but because he wanted to cut Bob out.

He showed his fat face, embellished with a smirk and a large pair of spectacles, above the top of the bank, and called loudly:

"Hallo, Kid!"

Miss Gwendlan Peters looked round. Her mother, clever as she was, though she was, could not have expressed more absolute disdain in her face than did the Kid in here as she fronted the "gracious Owl."

"Never mind about Bob Cherry. Let him go. I'll take care of you," said Bunter loftily. "But," he added, with an excess—and an excess—of caution, "I won't promise to marry you, you know! I don't want a breach of promise case! He, he, he!"

"I shouldn't think of marrying a pig!" replied Miss Peters, with her small nose in the air.

"What? I say, really, you know! Oh, really, you shouldn't talk like that when a few's trying to be civil to you—you really shouldn't!"

"If anything could increase the number of Miss Peters' expression, that might be the very thing calculated to do it."

"I don't know you, and I don't want to know you!" she said, stamping a foot a trifle bigger than a good-sized walnut. "You are fat and ugly, and not at all a nice boy!"

"Well, I'm—I'm—"

"If you say naughty words I shall ask Bob to thrash you!"

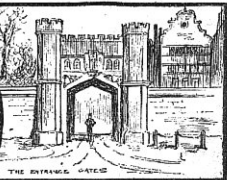
Bunter had not meant to say a naughty word, but he was very near doing it when he heard that.

"Why—why, you talk as if you were

(Continued on page 9.)

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 18.
Week Ending April 30th, 1921.



Assisted by BOB CHERRY (Fighting E. dicit),
VERNON-SMITH (Sports Editor), MARK
LINLEY, TOM BROWN, and FRANK NUGENT.

Address all letters to HARRY WHARTON,
c/o The Magnet Library, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

GOING GREAT GUNS!

Billy Bunter is a poor prophet. He predicted that the "Greyfriars Herald" would fade out of existence within six weeks of its publication as a special supplement.

That was eighteen weeks ago; yet here we are, still alive and kicking, and every bit as eagerly sought after by British boys as "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

I would deny that Billy's journal is popular. It causes vast amusement to thousands of readers, and its perusal evokes roars of laughter in Study No. 1.

The real reason why "Billy Bunter's Weekly" has caught on is because it is so utterly farcical and grotesque. I told Billy this, and he was most indignant about it; but it's the cold truth.

Billy stoutly declares that the articles and stories in his paper reach a high literary standard. But opinions differ!

So far as our own production is concerned, letters of praise continue to pour in. There are a few letters of criticism, of course; but I always welcome these, provided the criticism is fair and just, and not sheer abuse. Some fellows seem to think there is not enough sport in the "Herald." Others say there is too much. Some say there is not enough Bunter. Others complain that Bunter shouldn't have a finger in the pie at all!

All this is very bewildering; but I will do my level best to keep the scales evenly balanced, and to complete the difficult task of pleasing everybody.

SUNDAY GAMES!

This question of Sunday games is cropping up all over the country, and will soon have to be seriously tackled by the authorities.

Ronald M., of Ramsgate, has written to ask my opinion on the subject. Well, to be quite frank, I think it would be preposterous for a fellow in a junior Form to express an opinion.

There are many things to be said in favour of Sunday games; on the other hand, there are many objections. A lot of people are dead against turning our Sunday into a sort of "Continental Sunday" day of amusement, sport, and revelry. Whether the opinions of these good people will prevail, or whether they will be overruled, remains to be seen.

My Ramsgate chum says that no biblical objection is raised to Sunday games, for it is recorded that a certain Apostle "stood up with the eleven and was bold"! Ronald M. evidently possesses a sense of humour.

Au revoir till next week!

HARRY WHARTON.

"BULL—ETS!"

By Johnny Bull.

It was recently suggested that if a special Gardening Number of the "Greyfriars Herald" were published it should be edited by Rake. We would suggest that it should contain a special article on fruit-growing by Cherry.

A special Musical Number would, of course, be edited by Singh, and a special Fishing Number by Fish; whilst an issue dealing with bathing would be left in the hands of Tub.

If Tom Merry contemplates a special Blood-and-thunder Number of "Tom Merry's Weekly," he can't do better than hand the job over to Gore. A special Shooting Number could be produced by Gunna, and a special Botany Number could be tackled by Redfern.

If the Rookwood fellows should bring a new paper on the market, here are a few "tips" for special articles: "How to Make Money," by Jimmy Silver; "Afternoon Tea," by R. Muffin; "How to Dry Oneself Properly," by Towle; "How to Swot for an Exam," by Kingsley Brayne.

An article on creepy, crawly things could be well written by Skinner, because he's a worm!

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.



"SCOTT!"

WINGATE'S WARNING!

WHEREAS some person or persons unknown did enter my study on Saturday afternoon, between the hours of three and five, whilst I was playing cricket on Big Side; and whereas the aforesaid person or persons did take, pinch, purloin, appropriate, and make off with

A PERFECTLY PRICELESS PLUM-CAKE

(Not from Mrs. Mumble's oven), I, GEORGE WINGATE, lord of the manor of Greyfriars, do hereby command the young pirate in question to confess his crime. Failing which, the aid of Terros Shocke, detective, will be invoked, and finger-prints will be taken, thereby ensuring that the young rascal who looted my cake be brought to book.

Further, if WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER knows anything of this matter, he is ordered to own up forthwith and instantly, in order that his fat hide may be tanned, in accordance with Para. 99 of Prefect's Regulations (Flogging of Porpoises Act).

If the said WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER has no knowledge of the burglary, and merely had a slice of the cake given him by the thief, he is requested to say nothing, and for ever hold his piece!

Should the aforementioned podgy youth be questioned as to what he took from my study, his answer will be, "Oh crumbs!"

It has been suggested that the cake in question hopped out of my cupboard, and I walked out of the study. Well, I've often seen a cake-walk, but I am certain that this particular cake was incapable of doing so, because it had been badly cut about, and was on its last legs.

I feel convinced that the aforementioned WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER, C.C.C.

(COMRADE OF THE CAKE-STEALING CLUB),

can throw some light on this matter, and I shall expect him to come rolling into my study, in sackcloth and ashes, with a confession oozing from his fat lips. In which event I shall be pleased to address him—first with my tongue, and afterwards with an aspersion!

Given under my hand and seal, this unpeppery day of April, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-one.

GEORGE WINGATE.
(Head Cook and Bottle-washer),
and duly witnessed by his first lieutenant,
L. FAULKNER and P. GWYNNE.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 690.

The Art of Going to Sleep!

By TOM BROWN.

Some time ago I wrote an article for the "Greyfriars Herald" entitled "How to Cure Sleeplessness."

That article was read by thousands of fellows who had been suffering from insomnia, and they all wrote and told me that they had tried my methods, and were completely cured. Many of the letters bore distinct traces of tears which had been shed by the grateful writers. (Stow it, Brownie! Are you trying to out-Bunter Bunter in the fibbing line?—Ed.) There was one infallible cure for sleeplessness which I omitted from my previous article. It is a cure which has never been known to fail. If you are anxious to obtain forty winks, all you have to do is to wink forty times. (This cure is copyright in the United States of America, and has been protected by British and foreign patents.)

Having exhausted the subject of cures, let me talk about the art of sleeping peacefully, gracefully, silently.

Noisy sleepers are an abomination. They keep other fellows awake half the night, and are responsible for quite a lot of lost slippers.

Your sleep should never be noisy or irregular, or marred by hideous nightmares. It should be, in the words of the poet Keats: "Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

I should never include on my list of friends a fellow who snores or chatters in his sleep, or grunts, or snorts, or hops out of bed and goes sleepwalking all over the building. That sort of thing is disgusting. It isn't done. At least, it is done, but it ought not to be.

Some fellows say: "Oh, but I can't help snoring. I've got no control over myself while I'm asleep, and if I happen to grunt, or snort, or shout the roof off, it isn't my fault."

But it is. Fellows who do those sort of things have not practised the art of going to sleep. They generally begin by lying on their backs. This is a most fatal procedure. If you are misguided enough to lie on your back you will snore, shout, bark, sing, whistle, and holler, to the annoyance of the dormitory at large. You will also be visited by hideous nightmares, and dream most unpleasant dreams. Moreover, your awakening will be rude. A volley of slippers will come whizzing through the air, and you will go about next day with your napper swathed in bandages.

Moral: Never lie on your back. Sleep on your side. And don't forget that the right side is the right side.

Some fellows sleep with their toes poking out from beneath the bedclothes. This is a most dangerous habit. It's all right in winter, when the weather is warm, but in our chilly English summers you are likely to get frost-bite! Therefore see that your toes are tucked in before composing yourself for the night.

There is no reason why you should not look graceful in bed. Recline lightly and easily on your side, with your head resting upon your right arm. Wear plain pyjamas, and keep your hair carefully brushed and parted, so that it doesn't straggle into your eyes. Keep the mouth closed, and breathe quietly and naturally. Always keep a loaded catapult under your pillow, in case of emergency.

Perhaps one of these days I shall write an article on "How to keep awake."

CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING!

By Professor S. Q. I. Field.

(Send a specimen of your handwriting to Professor Field, together with twopence in stamps, and he will size up your character accordingly. If you are not satisfied with his summing-up, send him another twopence, and you may have better luck next time!—Ed.)

W. G. B. (Remove).—Your handwriting reveals the fact that you are a great athlete and a jolly good all-rounder. You never tell a fib; you never boast about postal-orders that have been on their way since the Flood; you are as honest as the day, and judging by your spelling, you would make a first-class journalist. Yes, my podgy friend, you will go far—especially if someone ignites some dynamite underneath you.

P. Bólserow (Remove).—The way you dot your i's suggests that you are very fond of dotting other people's eyes, too. Your handwriting is that of a beastly, bullying Bolshy, and your crooked downstrokes imply that you yourself are inclined to be crooked. No doubt you will try to lick me to a jelly on reading these lines, but I warn you that it's you who'll get your desert!

Alonzo Todd (Remove).—Judging by the quarts of ink you have spilt over your letter, you are of a lavishly generous disposition. You would give your last crust of bread to one of the starving savages in the Golly-Wolly Islands, and he, in turn, would probably devour you with gratitude.

Wun Lung (Remove).—Me no savvy your fistee at all. Looks to me like a weird collection of pothooks and hangers. Or perhaps it's a Chinese puzzle.

Horace C. (Fifth Form).—I am still trying to puzzle out why a fellow who writes so shockingly and can't spell for monkey-nuts should still be on the wrong side of the wall of Colobny Hatch!

Peter Todd (Remove).—Your handwriting shows that you possess great talents. Among other things, you would make a first-class detective. But mind you don't pervert your talents and stoop to the profession of a Cabinet Minister! Scotland Yard's your mark, Toddy.

Fisher T. Fish (Remove).—You are a smart, enterprising young hustler, and you believe in "doing" others even as they "do" you—when they get half a chance.

Dicky Nugent (Second Form).—The various fishy smudges on your letter show that you are an expert in the art of frying bloaters.

Micky Desmond (Remove).—Your fountain-pen has a tendency to leak, so much so that I can't decipher a single line of your handwriting. Try again, and don't forget to enclose another twopence.

Bob Cherry (Remove).—You are a very warm-hearted sort of fellow, and you intend to invite me to a study feed this afternoon. What hopes?

Sammy Bunter (Second Form).—I am unable to make head or tail of your letter. At the time of writing it you were probably under the influence of food.

The Advantages of Being Deaf!

By TOM DUTTON.

Of course, I'm not really-deaf—just a trifle hard of hearing.

Toddy, my study-mate, is always exclaiming: "A megaphone! A megaphone! My kingdom for a megaphone!" But Toddy's a silly ass. It isn't necessary for fellows to talk to me through a megaphone, so long as they speak distinctly, and don't mutter. When a fellow mumbles in my ear, "Come for a ramble to Pegg, along the coast, Dutton?" it sounds for all the world like, "Will you have scrambled eggs or roast mutton?" And you can't be surprised at my failing to understand.

Mumbling is a bad habit. No fellow should mumble—unless he happens to live in the town of Mumbles, in which case, of course, he's privileged.

Although, as I said before, I'm not really deaf, I find it an excellent plan to act as if I were as deaf as a doornail.

The other day, in class, Quelch asked me how many wives Henry the Eighth had. Well, I'd forgotten whether it was nine or ninety-nine, and, not wishing to betray my ignorance, I put my hand to my ear and said:

"Would you mind raising your voice, sir? I'm a trifle hard of hearing."

Quelch grew nearly purple.

"How many wives did Henry the Eighth have?" he roared.

"Eh? Excuse me, sir, but I didn't quite catch what you said."

"Answer my question!" hooted Quelch. "Surely you know your history, Dutton? Was it eight, wives, or nine wives, or ten wives—?"

"Penknives, sir?" I said, in amazement. "Yes, I've got a couple, if you'd like to borrow them."

"You—you—" spluttered Quelch, almost foaming at the mouth.

And then he gave it up.

When I was a fag in the Third, I found it jolly convenient to be deaf. Loder of the Sixth would bellow "Fag!" at the top of his voice, and I would stroll calmly past, pretending not to have heard.

If asked to perform some thankless task, I always contrive to be stone-deaf, and wriggle out of the ordeal that way. But if Harry Wharton were to invite me to a study feed, or ask me to play for the Remove eleven, I should promptly hear him, even though he spoke in a whisper!

There are heaps of advantages of being deaf. In the Remove dormitory, Billy Bunter keeps his long-suffering school-fellows awake hour after hour with his thunderous snoring. But the din doesn't worry me.

And when Hoskins of the Shell starts performing on his cornet, or the piano, how ripping it is not to be able to hear a single note!

Another advantage of being deaf is that one never hears Toddy's flow of eloquence when he comes into the study and finds that we've started tea without him! I've always been taught never to use such dreadful words as "Botho," "Blow!" and "Dash!" and it is a great joy not to hear other people use them.

Toddy declares that my deafness is my affliction, not only to myself, but to everybody else. But, of course, he's talking out of the back of his neck.

The only way in which I could possibly be cured of my deafness would be for a crowd of twenty thousand people to thunder at me, at the top of their lungs: "Hear, hear!"

THE ARTFUL DODGER!

Showing how Jeremy Jiggers, of St. Jake's, defied all comers and carried off the Founders' Prize. By TOM BROWN.

SCRATCH! Scratch! Scratch!
It was not a rat in the wainscoting that caused the sound. It was the pen of Jeremy Jiggers, of the Fourth, who was seated in his study.

A wet towel was tied round Jeremy's forehead, and a lump of ice was balanced on the top of his curly cranium. And he was muttering to himself, over and over again:

"Two times one are two,
Three times one are three,
Four times one are six!"

From these facts, the intelligent reader will deduce that Jeremy Jiggers was sweating. (The unintelligent reader will probably think that he was wandering in his mind.)

Seated on the window-sill, anxiously watching their chums, were Billy Higgs and Ben Burrows. They dared not speak; they dared not even give the flicker of an eyelash. For Jeremy Jiggers could not stand interruptions. Twice that evening he had hurried a bust of Julius Cæsar at his chums. On the first occasion the bust had come into violent contact with Billy Higgs' nose; on the second occasion the bust had bust! And Ben Burrows had been bombarded with small shrapnel.

The clock on the mantelpiece pointed to midnight, but the two chums dared not re-mind Jeremy Jiggers that it was long past bed-time. Neither could they go to bed themselves, for at the first movement they made a Greek grammar or a Latin primer would be buzzed at their heads.

So they sat perfectly still, scarcely daring to breathe, while Jeremy Jiggers went on scribbling as if for a wager.

Slowly the night wore on.

Dawn crept in at the study window before Jeremy Jiggers closed his books with a series of bangs, and leapt to his feet.

Billy Higgs, who had dozed off to sleep with his head on his chest, looked up quickly.

"Finished for the night, Jeremy?" he inquired.

"I've finished for ever!" said Jeremy savagely. "It's not a bit of use. I could go on sweating till the cows come home, but I shouldn't stand an earthly chance of bagging the Founders' Prize! If only I could remember what I've been sweating, it would be different. But I can't. There's a leakage in my memory-tank, and I can't remember a thing for more than two minutes together."

"You were an ass to start this sweating stunt, Jeremy!" said Ben Burrows. "Nature never intended a bullet-headed fellow like you to be a student. You're a mighty fine athlete, but as a swot, why, you're simply hopeless."

"But I've got to win the Founders' Prize somehow!" cried Jeremy Jiggers, in desperation. "If I don't, my pater's going to take me away from St. Jake's, and I shall finish my education at a reformatory! Grow!"

"There are other ways of winning an exam than by sweating for it," said Billy Higgs.

"Name them."

"You could kidnap the rest of the candidates."

"Rubbish! That's much too clumsy. It would excite suspicion at once, and I should be sacked."

"You could bribe the Head to put you at the top of the list," suggested Ben Burrows.

"Ass! As if the Head would allow himself to be bribed by a junior!"

Ben Burrows shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, we've given you the best advice we can," he said. "And if you won't act on it, you must think of a way out yourself."

"Hear, hear!" said Billy Higgs.

Suddenly a yell of laughter rang through the study.

Jeremy Jiggers seemed to be immensely tickled by something.

"I've got it!" he cried jubilantly. "I've thought of a stunning, gilt-edged wheeze for winning the Founders' Prize!"

"Get it off your chest!" said Ben Burrows. But Jeremy, although pressed for information, refused to tell his chums anything concerning his plans.

Rising-bell rang out shortly afterwards, so the three chums did not deem it worth while to go to bed. They washed their necks in the nearest bath-room, and went in to breakfast.

From that time onwards Jeremy Jiggers did no sweating. Being a great athlete, he kept up his games of nap and poker, and he enjoyed a quiet whiff occasionally in some safe retreat. But nobody ever saw him with a book in his hand, or with a lump of ice melting on his cranium.

Most of the fellows thought that Jeremy had abandoned all hope of winning the Founders' Prize.



Jeremy's chums seized his hands and shook them like pump-handles. "How did you wangle it, Jeremy?" they asked.

But they did not know their Jeremy! The day of the examination dawned at length, and the rival competitors spent a busy morning. Ink was splashed about by the bucketful, and more paper was wasted in a couple of hours than a Government department would waste in a whole day!

It was generally believed that the prize would be carried off by Bertie Bookworm or Sammy Swotting. Both these fellows had been in strict training for the past six months, burning gallons of midnight oil.

All the afternoon, while the examination-papers were being checked, St. Jake's was in a state of seething excitement.

At last the bell rang for the whole school to assemble in Big Hall.

"Now you'll hear the worst, Jeremy!" said Billy Higgs.

"On the contrary," said Jeremy, with a bland smile, "I think I shall hear the best!"

"What! You surely don't suppose you've won?"

"I'm sure of it, dear boy!"

"But you're such a hopeless dunce! You could never beat brainy fellows like Bookworm and Swotting!"

"The gentlemen whose names you have just mentioned," said Jeremy cheerfully, "will be 'also ran.'"

Rank by rank, file by file, the St. Jake's fellows trooped into their places. There was a solemn hush as the Head swept into Big Hall, accompanied by a fierce frown and the results of the examination.

"My boys," he announced, "with the assistance of the masters, I have just finished checking the examination-papers in connection with the Founders' Prize."

The silence was so intense that one could have heard a pear-drop.

"I may say that I am shocked and disgusted with the results as a whole!" the Head went on. "Only one boy—the winner—obtained a high standard of merit, gaining two hundred and forty-nine marks out of a possible two hundred and fifty."

"That's me!" murmured Jeremy Jiggers, nudging Ben Burrows in the ribs.

"The remainder of the papers," continued the Head, "displayed shocking and appalling ignorance! Never have I seen such a whole-sale batch of failures!"

There was a snigger from Bertie Bookworm.

"I thought all the others would come a cropper, sir!" he said. "There was nobody who could hold a candle to me!"

"Silence, wretched boy!" thundered the Head. "You are one of those who 'came a cropper,' as you call it!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"And I'm the winner, I suppose, sir?" smirked Sammy Swotting.

The Head frowned.

"Your supposition, Swotting, is incorrect. You are at the bottom of the list."

"My only Aunt Emuraturtle!"

"The winner of the examination," said the Head, "is Jeremy Jiggers!"

"Hurrah!"

Jeremy's chums seized his hands and shook them like pump-handles; and there were unprecedented scenes in Big Hall.

Jeremy bore his blinding honours thick upon him, and he received a nice fat cheque for his efforts, together with a substantial 'tip' from his delighted pater.

"How did you wangle it, Jeremy?" asked Billy Higgs, when the excitement had died down.

Jeremy gave his chum a knowing wink.

"It was easy enough," he said. "I broke into the Head's study, and stole a peep at the examination-papers. I saw that last year's papers were in the safe as well, so I stuck them in a prominent place, and hid this year's papers underneath."

"And then?"

"Why, I sent anonymous letters to all the other candidates, telling them that if they wanted to win the exam they would find the papers in the Head's safe, at the top of the bundle. Result—they broke into the Head's study at various times, and made copies of the examination-papers. But the ones they had were last year's."

"And, ha, ha!"

"Has he got all came a cropper in the exam, and did awfully badly, while I carried off the honours," said Jeremy Jiggers, with a grin. "Trust your Uncle Jeremy to think of a deep dodge like that!"

"And now you're a rich man!" said Ben Burrows enviously.

"Rich beyond the dreams of avarice!" chuckled Jeremy. "Come along to the tuck-shop, my priceless old beans, and drink my health in foaming ginger-pop!"

The three chums made their way joyously to the school shop, and Jeremy nipped out orders.

"You called me a hopeless dunce this afternoon, Billy Higgs," said Jeremy. "But I think you will now agree that, like this glass of ginger-pop, I've got a head on me! Cheers!"

"Good health!" said Billy Higgs. "Thank you, sir!"

And thus the three chums celebrated the success of the Artful Dodger!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 690.

MY DIARY FOR THE WEEK!

By DICK PENFOLD.

(Poet Laureate of the Remove.)

MONDAY.

I rose this morning with the lark; the atmosphere was chill and dark. But though I felt a total wreck, I briskly washed my swan-like neck! Then down the stairs I nimbly sped, and took my jigger from the shed. I biked along the country lanes, to clear the cobwebs from my brains. The blackbirds twittered in the boughs; I heard the moo-ing of the cows. It was a simply ripping morning; then suddenly, without a warning, my braastly tyre went pop-pop-pop! Reluctantly, I had to stop. I hobbled back (the roads were sticky!) and got a hundred lines from Quelchy! And now I hardly think my bike'll be used in future as a cycle!

TUESDAY.

I've nothing to relate of Tuesday; you see, it can't be called a news day!

WEDNESDAY.

Played footer against Highbelfe School. We always lick them, as a rule. This afternoon our luck was out, and we were promptly put to rout. We played in deep and muddy ruts; our forwards couldn't shoot for nuts. I did my best to bag a goal; but 'twas no use, upon my soul. I'll now give up my footer habits, and take to keeping mice or rabbits!

THURSDAY.

The village pond was frozen over. Our fellows, therefore, were in clover. For hours we skidded, slipped, and skated; and for our puns were promptly "gated." Because, you see, we lacked permission to go upon our skating island. And Quelchy frowned at us, and swore (a la the raven) "Never more!" Our feelings I don't dare to mention; we're all been sentenced to detention. "Quelchy's a beast!" (they're shouting wildly. Methinks that's putting it quite mildly. I'll breathe it in a whisper (just!) that Quelchy is a Bolshevik!

FRIDAY.

A pretty putrid sort of day. Dick Penfold thought so, anyway! Instead of passing, shooting, dribbling, he spent the precious hours in scribbling! My fortunes would have been imperilled, if I'd not written for the "Herald." A dozen times did Wharton shriek: "Send in your 'Diary for the Week'!" 'Twas awful! For I had, you see, to write out from memory. However, I did persevere; my task is finished. Pass the—lemonade!

SATURDAY.

The grandest day of all for me! I went to Cliff House School to tea. I sat with Marjorie and Clara. What human pleasure could be rarer? And Colker, like a clumsy cur, went and spilt the tea upon Flap Derwent! But still, we had a ripping time. The cakes and tarts were simply prime! And when we'd scoffed a stunning tea, we had some mirth and melody. When Bessie Bunter warbled "Thora," her fair companions tried to floor her! Although not chivalrous to slate her, her voice was like a nutmeg-grater! Alas, poor Bessie! she's as silly—and just as plump—as brother Billy!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 690.

MY BOXING KOLLUM!

By Billy Bunter.

I expect a grate menny readers will rubb their eyes on seeing this title and say: "What does Billy Bunter no about boxing? He woedn't be able to hold his own in fistick kombat with a lame sparrow!"

Woedn't I, by Jove! Evidently you have not herd of my latest fecht. I noked out Bolslover majer, one of the biggest fitting-men in the Remove, in ninety rounds!

Of course, I could have polished Bolslover off in the first round, but I preferred to toy with him, like a cat toys with a mouse. I played to the gallery, so to speak, and my wonderful boxing amazed and delited the speeked taters who were prezant.

Now, I don't want you to run away with the idear that I am a pewglist or a prize-fiter. I am a highly scientiffick boxer who has studded all the finer points of the game.

If I want to hit my opponent on the nose, I deliver the blow in such a skill-fol manner that he little nose it's coming. Then suddingly the water rushes to his eyes, and his nose is flattened out like a fride tomatar. Har, har! No fello in the Remove can stand up to W. G. B.!

Some of you will be saying: "Why did you fite Bolslover majer?"

I firt him, deer readers, bekwase one nite, in the dorm, he had the ordasity to chuck a boot at my head. If you are readers of my "Weekly" you will be famgular with the incident. If you are not readers of my "Weekly"—on sail every Friday—then I don't want anything to do with you. You're no friends of mine unless you purchiss the "Poplar," wich contains my wonderful perduction. So heit!

But I am wandering from the pint, as Gosling said when he left his mug of ale on the table and shuffled out of his lodge to lick the gates.

When the scrapp with Bolslover majer commenced everybody larked, and Bob Cherry shouted:

"Hit him wear you like, Bolsy! You karn't possibly missa yore man. Their's too much of him!"

But that was wear Bob Cherry was rong. I was as slippy as a heel, upon my sole! I led Bolslover majer the dickens of a danse, and the first time he hit me he mist me! The sekond time he hit me in the same place!

Meenwhile, I was doing dedly work with my fists, and my opponent was punckered all over his berly boddy.

Poor old Bolslover! I felt almost sorry for him as I glarced at his battered chivvy. But I could not find it in my hart to forgive him for saying that look at my napper; and for ninety rounds I pated him, until he was kempelled to chuck up the spurje.

He fell to the floor with a dull thudd, and I left him lying there. (Strikes no Bolslover wasn't the only one who was lying!—Ed.)

Of course, I am always jennerus to a fallen foe, so I assisted Bolslover to the sanny, and helped the matron to bandidge him up.

I don't think Bolslover will throw another boot at my head in a hurry. He nose what a klevver boxer I am, having had a taste of my kwality!

Neckst week, deer readers, I will kontinew my Boxing Kollum. (Possibly, but not in this paper, Billy!—Ed.)

THE BAZAAR, EXCHANGE, AND MART.

(This column is for the benefit of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood fellows. Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of 2d. per line. If you want to buy, sell, gadge, or borrow anything, here's your chance!—Ed.)

STUDY to let, furnished. Every modern convenience. Owner expecting to be expelled shortly. He spent at least four bob on furnishing the place, which is in excellent repair. Commanding view of the bike-shed. If anybody borrows your jigger without permission you'll be able to spot him from your study window. Study is situated next-door to a bath-room. Will let at a bob a week to reliable tenant.—Apply, Harold Skinner, Greyfriars Remove.

ADVERTISER is willing to exchange his white mine—all alive and kicking!—for a bicycle, a gramophone, and a respectable collection of stamps. Don't all speak at once! First offer opened will be accepted—Jimmy Silver, Rookwood.

TALENTED MUSICIAN, who feels very hot after composing a new sonata, will give away his cornet in exchange for an ice-cream one.—Aply, Claude Hoskins, Shell Form, Greyfriars.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING! Fisher T. Fish will give the nothing, provided some generous galoot is prepared to give the something.—F. T. Fish, Greyfriars Remove.

TWO TAME RABBITS for Sale. Will make excellent ingredients for rabbit-pies. They were exhibited at the St. Jim's Cattle Show, and took second and third prizes respectively. Only one other rabbit was entered. Will sell for a mere song, provided the song doesn't happen to be one of Gussy's tenor solos.—Batty Wynn, New House, St. Jim's.

POSTLE-ORDER eggspeckled daily. Who will lend me five nobb until it turns up?—W. G. Banter, Greyfriars Remove.

ANY OLD IRON? If you have a motor-bike or push-bike to dispose of, I shall be pleased to take it off your hands. I sha'n't charge a fee for so doing. Forward your machine by parcel post to Tommy Dodd, Rookwood.

NOO-LADE HEGGSS! **NOO-LADE HEGGSS!** I buys 'em every day at 4d. each, and shall be pleased to sell 'em to any young gens at six shillings a dozen. No profiteering!—Ephraim Taggles, Gate-porter, St. Jim's.

MUNCH MRS. MIMBLE'S MAGNIFICENT MACAROONS! Many monotonous months making macaroons make me marvellously meritorious. Most modern macaroons made.—Mrs. Mimble, The Bazaar, Greyfriars.

ADVERTISER is willing to exchange his wonderful eight-bladed penknife—only six blades broken—for a brand-new camera and photographic utensils.—Apply, H. Manners, St. Jim's.

I WILL GIVE ALL MY POSSESSIONS in exchange for a fag which'll guarantee not to smash more than 12 articles of crockery per week. It should be forwarded, duly muzzled, and with his name on his collar—to George Bulkeley, captain of Rookwood.

TAME MUNKEY FOR SAIL. Dress up to all sorts of munkey trix, and will pervide no end of fun and eggitement. Shut him in yore Form-master's desk, and see what happens! Don't be a silly habboon and let this grate chance slip, but send a check for ninepence at once to Wally D'Arcy, Third Form, St. Jim's.

"BOB CHERRY'S LUCK!"

(Continued from page 8.)

a hundred and one instead of about six and a half!" he spluttered.

"Only a boy without any manners would make remarks about a lady's age!" was the crushing rebuff.

"You little wizen!" snorted the Owl. "How dare you talk to me like that?" And he lumbered a step or two towards her.

The Kid would not have flinched had this been a film stunt. She would have held her ground resolutely against the fat villain, knowing that he would not be allowed to harm her. But she thought Bunter meant assault in earnest, and she fled.

She did not scream. It might have been better if she had screamed, for then Bob's attention would have been attracted.

She bolted for the tree-bridge and Bob's protection.

Now, William George Bunter was not exactly the swiftest of thinkers. But he did see at once that there was risk in so small a girl using that bridge. But he was at least as angry with her for thinking of doing so, as he was troubled about her danger, and as he pursued her he blew and puffed in what seemed to the Kid a very menacing manner.

She ran her hardest, and she ran faster than Bunter.

When she reached the end of the bridge she was half way across, and still Bob and Tom Dutton, both with their backs turned, had seen nothing.

Bunter set one foot on the bridge. Bunter was always clumsy. Bob had run across easily, and the light feet of the child had not disturbed the unstable equilibrium of the fallen tree.

But one foot of Bunter's served to do that. The trunk heeled slightly, and the Kid screamed.

Bob swung round. Bunter hastily drew back his foot, and the tree heeled again.

Next moment there was a splash, and the Kid was in the Sark!

Bob did not even wait to throw off his jacket. Just as he was he sprang in to the rescue.

"Don't clutch me, Kid!" he said. "Just let me take hold of you, and we'll have you out in half a jiffy!"

The Kid was full of pluck in spite of her fear of Bunter. She obeyed.

Alonzo came running up, and he and Dutton stretched out their hands and took the little girl from Bob. Then they helped him out, while Bunter stood on the other side, his fat face perspiring with fear.

"Don't you go! Don't you dare to bolt!" yelled Bob. "Let me get at you!"

That was enough for Bunter. He bolted at once.

Over the tree-bridge Bob darted in pursuit, and Tom Dutton followed Bob, leaving Alonzo to console the maiden in distress. But the maiden was in no very great distress; in fact, she gave Alonzo, who was shaking with nervousness, the impression that this was just the sort of thing she liked best.

Bunter was run down within fifty yards. He howled with dread as the hands of Bob and Tom Dutton grasped him.

"I—I didn't do anything!" he burlied. "She did it herself! I—I only meant to stop her!" I—oh, really, you fellows, 'tain't fair!"

And from Bunter's point of view it really was not, for Bunter saw no harm in spying or in rudeness, and he had been guilty of no more. It was quite an accident that he had precipitated the Kid into the river.

"I'm going across!" said the Kid to Alonzo. "You needn't come unless you like. You're not wet, you see. I am; and, of course, if I fall in again Bob will fetch me out again. So it won't matter a bit."

"My dear chi—that is, my dear young lady!" protested Alonzo, who had no idea whether little Miss Peters was four or fourteen. "I—really, I don't think you ought to! I couldn't take such a liberty as to hold you back, but I do implore you—"

It was no use. The Kid was already on her way. Alonzo, though he did not fancy the passage a bit, followed her.

"I don't think you had better do anything to him," said a calm little voice behind Bob. "He will make a noise like pigs being slaughtered—they were doing that this morning at Friardale, and it didn't sound nice at all."

"I didn't mean to kill him," answered Bob. "But he's not going to get off scot free. How did you cross, Kid?"

"The same way as you did, of course, Bob."

"Oh, well, you had Lonzy to hold your hand."

"Is his name Lonzy? How funny! He looks funny, too; he has such a very long nose. But I think he's nice, and the deaf boy as well. You might know that I shouldn't let him hold my hand, though, Bob, when I'm engaged to you!"

Alonzo stared in amazement at that. Tom Dutton, with his hand to his ear, caught the words spoken by the clear little voice, but hearing aghast, fancied for once that he must have heard wrongly. Bunter was indiscreet enough to suggest.

Bob shook Bunter till the Owl's teeth rattled.

"That's nothing to what you'll get if I have any more of your rotten sniggering!" he said hotly.

"You'd better be careful, Cherry! I'll tell everyone that you're going to run away so as to get on the films, if you're not careful!" bleated Bunter.

The Kid clapped her hands. "You shall have to imprison him somewhere, like they did the man who was a traitor—no, traitor, I mean—in a play we did a few weeks ago. Lonzy or the deaf boy can let him out after you've gone. You would, wouldn't you, Lonzy?"

"My dear young lady, I fear that I could not countenance—"

"Well, you wouldn't tell tales, anyway. Nice boys don't, and I'm sure you're nice, though you aren't so very much to look at. I don't mind your nose, really, but I think some people might say it was a little bit too long."

Bunter sniggered again. Alonzo thoughtfully caressed his nasal organ. But the recollection that his cousin Peter's nose was at least as long gave him some comfort, and Miss Peters' opinion of him, apart from the matter of personal attractions, gave him more.

"What were you spying for, you fat worm?" demanded Bob.

"He was behind us. His nasty fat face popped up like—a slug in spectacles!" said the Kid, glaring at Bunter. "Can't a fellow come down to the river if he likes?" replied Bunter sulkily. "I never saw anyone like you, Cherry. You don't own the Sark, do you? And just you remember that I've got the whip hand of you! If I tell all I know—"

"Tell all you like, you bloated Paul Pry!" roared Bob, shaking him again.

"I don't care what you tell! But you'll have to reckon with me afterwards. Now you can go. I must hurry this ki—Miss Peters, I mean, off to her mother, or she'll catch cold."

"I should give him a hiding, Cherry," said Tom Dutton.

"My dear Dutton! Not before a lady!" objected Alonzo, looking shocked. "You needn't mind me," said the Kid, with decision.

But Bunter was allowed to go. The last warning Bob gave him made him think hard, however.

"You'd better pick the audience for your yarn, Owl," said Bob. "Skinner and Stott may think it a joke to chuck a girl-kid into the river, but I don't fancy most of the fellows will. And if they hear the rest of the yarn, you bet they shall hear that bit!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Looking After Bob!

MRS. PETERS was very decent about it, Bob, considered. She was quite sure that it was not in any way his fault, though she

did not accept fully her daughter's theory that it was all Bunter's. She laughed when Bob said woefully that he was afraid that she would never trust him with Gwen again. And then, to Bob's utter surprise—not to his annoyance, though it did make him blush, and though Alonzo and Dutton were witnesses—she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"That's for jumping in after my little treasure," she said. "She's more to me than all the rest of the world, Bob, since I lost her father, bad child though she is."

"She isn't a bit bad," replied Bob stoutly. "I think she's quite good, and she is such a lovely kid! I—I—if I thought I'd done anything worth a reward, Mrs. Peters, I should think I'd been paid a hundred times over!"

And Bob blushed more redly than ever at making the most gallant speech he had ever made in all his life.

"If that means mums kissed you, I consider she's taking liberties," spoke the calm voice of the Kid from the door of the Crown and Anchor. "Just you remember Bob belongs to me, mums!"

"I must say, Cherry, that I never in all my existence saw anyone so amazing as that very pretty little girl!" remarked Alonzo, when they were on their way to Greyfriars, Tom Dutton wheeling the bicycle borrowed by the Owl, which had been left with Bob's. Dutton recognised it as the property of Dick Rake.

"She's all right!" growled Bob. "I like the kid no end, and she likes me. Here, I suppose I'd better explain to you fellows who they are. Do try to hear, Dutton, there's a good chap!"

"Beer? No, I never touch it," replied Tom Dutton. "But the Crown and Anchor's all right. No real harm in going inside there, if it is against the rules."

"I was going to say that Dutton had better ride Rake's machine, and you get on my step, Lonzy," Bob said. "But if I'm ever to make him understand, we shall have to walk a bit farther, for there isn't a dog's chance of doing it riding."

"If you will tell me, my dear Cherry, I will tell Dutton," answered the mild Alonzo. "He can generally hear my voice."

And in that manner the story was told to Tom Dutton—as much of the story as Bob thought necessary, that is. Both the deaf junior and the guileless Alonzo promised secrecy even from Peter's told.

"But Bunter will probably tell Cousin Peter," Alonzo said.

"Bunter will probably tell everybody if he isn't afraid to," replied Bob. "What I'm banking on is that he will be afraid to. He didn't show up very well, and I rather fancy even he sees that."

Then they mounted, Alonzo on Bob's step, and reached Greyfriars just in time to scramble in at the rear of the procession into Hall for dinner.

All that afternoon in classes Bunter was thinking hard, though he never once let his attention be diverted to his Form-work. His thoughts concerned Bob's secret and his own chances of turning it to advantage.

When half-past four came he had made up his mind to tell Wharton.

The moment classes were over Bob bolted. He had not seen Mr. Jamfrey yet, and he was particularly anxious to see that gentleman—almost as anxious as he was to avoid being questioned by his chums till he should be able to answer their queries frankly.

Harry was looking for Bob when he came upon Peter Todd and Bunter together.

"Seen Bob Cherry, Toddy?" he asked, ignoring Bunter.

"Yes. Saw him take his bike and skedaddle along to the gate as if someone was chasing him," replied Peter.

"Oh!"

"Anything wrong with the dear Bob, Wharton?" Peter inquired.

"No—yes—I mean, I don't know. There can't be anything really wrong, I should think. But he isn't quite like himself, and he's keeping something dark from us."

"My tame porpoise, here, claims to know what that something is."

Harry looked at Bunter scornfully.

"He's such a beastly liar!" he said. "You don't believe him, do you, Toddy?"

"As a general principle I certainly don't. When Bunter says a thing is so, I've a tendency to believe it to be essentially otherwise. But in this particular case I'm inclined to credit more of what he says than usual, because Lonzy and Dutton have testified that some of it is true, though I can't get much out of them. It looks to me as though our pal Cherry had sworn them to secrecy."

Peter Todd was very shrewd—Wharton knew that—and he seemed to have taken Bunter's yarn seriously.

"Come along to our study, both of you," said Harry. "Frank's there, but, of course, you don't mind his hearing."

"I do not mind anyone's hearing," said Bunter loftily. "I am merely anxious to do my duty. At the same time I do not wish Cherry to know that I have moved in the matter."

"That's the way he's talking," said Peter cheerily. "You'd hardly know my tame porpoise, full of such high motives, would you?"

"I've known him to pretend high motives before," answered Harry, "but I never knew it to be anything more than a pretence."

"Oh, really, Wharton! If you're going to talk like that I'm not sure that I'll tell you at all!"

"Do as you like, you fat prevaricator!"

But Bunter came along to tell his yarn, and Peter Todd came with him.

It took a long time in the telling. Bunter had designed it to take longer. He had hoped to spin it out long enough to get an invitation to tea in Study No. 1. But he failed in that, and consoled himself with the thought that, all things considered, taking tea with Bob

Cherry after the story had been told might have been awkward.

As a matter of fact, Bob failed to turn up to tea in Study No. 1, and in his absence there was quite a lot of discussion as to what should be done in the matter.

"If you ask me, it's all rot," said Johnny Bull. "That fat idiot says Bob's going to marry a film actress! Who ever heard such twaddle? Lonzy and Dutton say that the supposed film actress is a kid of about seven, but Bunter sticks to his yarn. Then he says Bob's going to do a bunk from Greyfriars to join the film company. That's unlikely enough anyway, but the other story shows it up so clearly for a giddy lie that I can't begin to believe it."

"Peter Todd thinks there may be something in the running away yarn," said Frank Nugent thoughtfully.

"And the sublime and ludicrous Peter is of the terrific shrewdness, my dear pals," put in Inky.

"Well, I'm not prepared to say that it's all utter rot if Toddy thinks there's something in it," growled Johnny. "What I say is, that it all hangs on Bunter's yarn, and—"

"But it doesn't all hang on Bunter's yarn!" Harry broke in. "Bunter couldn't make Bob keep things dark, and be out like this without saying a word to us. And fellows—even good chaps like Bob—have run away from school before now out of silly notions such as this film-making bizny. It's no good our saying anything to Bob, I suppose, but I do think that as his chums would ought to see that he doesn't go making an ass of himself."

"As far as that goes, I'm agreed," said Johnny. "I'm not sure we can stop him if he's made up his mind to it. But we can try."

"We shall have to take it in turns to lie awake so that we can make sure he doesn't clear out in the night," said Frank.

"Worst of it is that we can take it for certain Bob won't be grateful to us," said Johnny.

"It isn't his gratitude we want. It's just to save him from himself," replied Harry.

"Brrrrr!" growled Johnny.

Something had to be done, of course; but Johnny Bull did not like the notion of it a bit.

It was a fair question whether any of them was more worried than Bob himself, however.

Again he failed to see Mr. Jamfrey, and he found the Kid irritable and obviously not quite well.

"I'm afraid she's taken a chill from the ducking," he said.

"Rats!" said the Kid.

"As she has taken a chill, it wasn't really from the wetting," the Kid's mother said. "You know it wasn't, kiddie! You were a naughty girl afterwards, running about in your little pjamas till you were tired out and fell asleep with nothing over you. That was what did it."

"Mums," replied the Kid, "let's talk about something else. Shall we ask Bob to stay to tea?"

Bob had to stay, though on the whole he would have preferred not to. And the Kid, though she wanted him, failed to get much change out of his presence, for her head ached, and soon her flow of conversation dried up completely, and she actually sat in her mother's lap to be comforted, as if she were a mere baby, and not an engaged young lady.

"Does Mr. Jamfrey change his mind much?" Bob asked Mrs. Peters, trying to get a line on the problem whether the suggestion to use all the Famous Five in one or two scenes was likely to come to

anything. It would have been a tremendous relief to Bob if he could have felt sure that something good to tell his chums would be at the end of all this wretched secrecy.

"I'm afraid he does, rather, answered the Kid's mother. "You see, Bob, he's so very keen and so full of ideas. He always wants to crowd any amount into every story we do. Then Barrow, who is much more prudent and level-headed, raises objections; and often Uncle Jimmy gives way."

There was little comfort here for Bob. Certainly Barrow had withdrawn his protest against the employment of a small crowd of schoolboys. But he was not keen on the notion, and it seemed likely enough Mr. Jamfrey would give it up.

"I do hope she'll be better in the morning!" Bob said, when he took leave of Mrs. Peters, the Kid then being asleep in her mother's arms.

"I think she will. Bob, I do believe you're really fond of my little daughter already."

"Rather!" replied Bob. "I don't see how anyone could help being!"

He stooped and kissed the hot little forehead.

None of the other four said anything to Bob about his absence at ten-time. But that night Johnny Bull lay awake till two o'clock, and then roused Wharton to keep watch for the next four hours or so.

Bob Cherry's pals were looking after him!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. More Mysterious Than Ever!

IT proved nothing to them that he was still there in the morning. If he meant to run away he would hardly go till the film people had left Friar-dale, they supposed.

Bob had a letter that made him knit his brows. It was from Mr. Jamfrey, and it read thus:

"My Dear Fellow,—Very sorry I missed you both times yesterday—not my fault. I do assure you.

"I have not given up the idea of using your pals as well as yourself in two or three scenes, but I really can't say anything definite yet, and I take it that it won't hurt you to keep silence a little longer.

"We may be staying on some days longer than I thought, and I have found diggings for Laura and the Kid and Mrs. Elliston at a cottage near the inn—not that there is anything wrong with the Crown and Anchor, but I thought it would be nicer for them. Sorry to say that the Kid seems rather queer. You are blameless, I am sure; but that fat fellow I hear about wants horawinning.

"Your friend Royce has consented. Very good fellow when taken in the right mood. Fixes Wednesday next as the day, and has an idea of asking you, and your little crowd over then. Would be quite a pleasant party, if possible. But say nothing to them yet.

"Yours very sincere!

"JAS. H. J. FREY."

It was a friendly and pleasant letter. But it still kept Bob danging, and it made him more worried than ever about the Kid, though he knew that it must have been written only three hours or so at latest after he had left her.

Mr. Quelch had cause to drop on Bob more than once during classes. After they were over, Bob sought out Harry Wharton.

"Harry, old chap," he said, "I'd rather not play in the match this afternoon, if you don't mind."

"But I do mind!" replied Harry sharply. "You've promised to play, and I'm going to hold you to it, unless you say straight out that you won't. I admit I can't make you play, as far as that goes."

"If you hold me to it, that settles it," said Bob, in a low, troubled voice. "But I'm afraid I shall be very little use. And Russell's showing very decent form, and would be glad of a chance."

"Russell's not going to play unless you refuse."

"I've said I sha'n't refuse."

Bob turned away without any show of resentment. Harry, looking after him, almost wished he had let him off. But if he had done that Bob would have been free from any surveillance for the whole afternoon, for the rest of the Famous Five were all in the eleven against Courtfield Wanderers.

Bunter went off out of gates alone directly after dinner, and, as it chanced, Bob saw him go, and felt vaguely troubled about it. As far as he could gather, the Owl had said nothing about the happenings of the day before, and that was suspicious in itself, for it was not at all like Bunter to keep a closed mouth.

The Courtfield Wanderers was a team recruited mainly from boys and old boys of the Courtfield Council School. Dick Trumper was its skipper, and Solly Lazarus, Grahame, and several more whom the Greyfriars fellows knew well, were included.

Wharton won the toss, and sent in the Bounder and Bob to start the innings. He wanted to please Bob, and it did not occur to him that he was doing anything risky—not risky from a cricket point of view, but from the standpoint of his desire to keep Bob under his eye.

The Bounder was at his best, and Bob, always a hard hitter, slogged away recklessly, not minding how soon he got out. The Courtfield bowlers were heavily punished, and when at last Bob skied one which fell into the safe hands of Grahame in the long field, seventy-five had been made in about three-quarters of an hour, Bob's share being forty-eight.

Wharton was next in. He had not reached the vacated wicket before Bob was on his way off the ground.

Bob's success had pleased him. He did not often make as many runs as he had done this time. But he had only stared when Johnny Bull told him that it was hard lines he should have missed his fifty. The difference between forty-eight and fifty seemed a thing of no account to Bob just then.

"Where are you off to, old chap?" asked Frank Nugent.

"It's all right, I shall be back before the innings is over," Bob answered.

"More mystery?" said Frank to Inky.

"The mysteryfulness of the honoured Bob is terrific. But the straightfulness of our esteemed chum is also terrific," replied Jabob of Bhanipur.

Bob led to the bike-shed, got out his and ran it to the gates, and peddled hardest to Friarade.

He thought that he must know how the Kid was getting on.

As he drew near the Crown and Anchor he heard a familiar voice lifted in tones of anguish.

"Don't! Yow! Owe! You'll have to pay for this! Tain't legal, I tell you! It's against the law for you to lay a finger on me, and my pater knows lots of lawyers; he'll make it hot for you! Yow! Oweyww!"

It was Bunter, of course. And now Bob saw what was happening.

In the garden which ran down past one

side of the Crown and Anchor were Mr. Jamfrey, Barrow, two young men whom Bob did not know, and Bunter.

The two young men stood by, grinning. Barrow stood by also, but he looked grim, not amused. Mr. Jamfrey had the Owl by the collar, and was laying a supple cane round his fat back with vigour.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" cried Bob. "What's all this about?"

The cane ceased to rise and fall; but the hold on Bunter's collar was not relaxed.

"I caught this fat urchin spying," said Mr. Jamfrey. "He was actually tampering with Barrow's camera!"

"I—I—oh, really, it was only scientific curiosity! You oughtn't to call it spying. Tell him what a scientific mind I

righteousness. He may lose his temper and hit out hard, but it's always on the side of the angels, y'know."

The villain laughed cheerily. Bob liked both of them at once. It seemed that Mr. Jamfrey's film company did indeed form a happy family.

"If he touches me again I'll tell everyone that you've joined his company and mean to run away, Bob Cherry! That'll put the kibosh on you!" barked Bunter.

"Give it him hot, Mr. Jamfrey, please!" Bob said.

Again the cane rose and fell. Bunter howled for mercy.

Then the cane broke upon his back.

"Twenty-five shillings due to me from you, Jam!" said Rignald.

"Not likely!" replied the film director,



The horse was almost upon Bob Cherry as he made his leap for the reins. He grabbed, held, jerked hard and suddenly on the stout leather, and for a breathless second he was swung off his feet. (See Chapter 1.)

have, Bob, old pal! I'm sure you don't want to see me treated like this!"

"I'm not so sure," replied Bob. "Your scientific mind is as big a lie as the rest of the things you say, and I don't believe it was only to look at the camera that you snuck in. Unless you think he's had enough, Mr. Jamfrey, please go on! Don't mind me."

"You must be the Kid's pal, Bob," said the darker and slimmer of the two young men, holding out his hand to the newcomer as he advanced into the garden. "My name's Rignald, and I'm pleased to meet you."

"The latest addition to our happy family, eh?" said the other young man, with a very winning smile. "Shake with me, too, old fellow! I'm better company for you than this chap, because he's a villain, a persecutor of beautiful damsels, a doper of horses, a callous adventurer—that's Cyril Rignald! Now everybody who-knows the best British films is aware that Harry Samson is the acme of

releasing Bunter to mop his own heated brow. "You offered me the stick, and you've had your fun."

"Just like a villain!" said Samson. "Delighting in cruelty! You're wicked fellows, you and Jam, too, and Barrow's not much better."

Bunter had flung himself to the grass, and lay groaning, while fat tears coursed down his woeful countenance. By him lay his spectacles, which had fallen off during the well-deserved thrashing.

Harry Samson stepped up to him with a face full of pretended sympathy.

"My poor, poor lad!" he said. "Do you suffer much? Here, let me replace your glasses, having first wiped your streaming eyes. Did he draw you the infamous bully?"

"Ye-es!" wailed the Owl. "My back's a mass of gory weals!"

"Come inside with me, and I'll rub salt and pepper in it!" answered Samson, his manner suddenly changing.

"Wow! You heast!" howled Bunter. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed everyone else, when the solemn Barrow.

Bunter got heavily to his feet. "You haven't heard the last of this, I can tell you!" he howled at Jamfrey. "The Head will take it up, you bet!"

"I shall be very happy to explain the circumstances to your headmaster," replied the film director. "I understand that he is a gentleman as well as a schoolmaster. As a schoolmaster he will agree with the castigation of an impertinent, fat lout. As a gentleman he will agree with the punishment of an unmannerly sneak and a terroriser of little girls."

Bob's heart sank at that. Somehow he felt sure that the Kid was worse—much worse. None of these fellows was really cruel, he was certain. There was something behind their pleasure at seeing the Owl hurt; and that something must be the fact that he had caused the Kid, whom they all adored and petted, to incur grave danger.

"As for you, Bob Cherry—"

"If you say another word, Bunter, I'll fairly slay you," roared Bob.

Bunter said not another word. He slunk off, wriggling.

"Is the Kid worse?" asked Bob huskily.

"Yes," replied Mr. Jamfrey. "She's really queer—lungs affected, I'm afraid. Oh, don't think she's going to peg out, my boy! The Kid's too full of life for that, you bet! But—well, she is ill, and—and we're all a bit worried."

"I wonder whether I might see her?" said Bob.

"Take him along, Harry. I fancy Laura may be able to bear the sight of you better than that of any of the rest of us," Jamfrey said.

"I—I'm not so sure," replied Samson. "She's badly upset. Cherry must go, of course. The youngster's been asking for him."

"I'll go if you funk it," Rignald said eagerly.

"No, I will," answer Samson.

And Bob—not specially quick in such matters as this usually, yet somehow understood that both these young men thought more of the Kid's mother than of anyone else in the world, and that, though friends, they were rivals.

"I won't come in," Samson said, when they had reached the cottage to which the Kid and her mother had moved overnight. "But give my love to the Kid, and—and tell her mother if there's anything that I—that any of us—can do, we're waiting to do it."

Bob was more than half fearful that by this time Mrs. Peters must have come to put some share of the blame upon him, and his tap at the door was timid.

A tall, middle-aged lady, with a mass of fine snow-white hair, opened to him. "You must be Mrs. Elliston," said Bob.

"Why, you're the Kid's Bob," of course; you need to tell me that. Come in, the child will be ever so glad to see you, and so will her mother. So am I, I may say."

Then he was not being blamed! That was a real relief to Bob.

Mrs. Elliston took him upstairs, and the Kid greeted him with joy.

"It's done her good already to see you," said Laura Laurel.

The child's hot little hand had closed round Bob's forefingers as he sat by the side of the bed, and her eyes shone again. She was very feverish, it was evident.

Bob could not answer for the lump in his throat. The two ladies stole softly out of the room. They were expecting the doctor any moment.

Bob sat motionless. His thoughts flew to the cricket field. Harry and the rest would be looking for his return, and he had said he would be back before the innings was over.

There was little chance of that now, and Bob hated breaking a promise. But if his presence could do the Kid any good he was going to break that one!

Mrs. Peters came back, and Bob whispered Harry Samson's message to her.

The doctor came, greeted Bob with a smile, took the Kid's temperature and felt her pulse, gave her mother some directions that Bob did not hear, and went softly out again.

Through the open window the balmy air of May came in, laden with the scent of grass and flowers. Again and again Bob thought of Little Side, and his chums there, wondering how they were faring. But he wondered in a strangely far-off way, hardly as if he were concerned with the match. He had a feeling that everything else was of little account just then compared with the golden-headed child whose tiny hand still gripped his fingers. Cramp came to him—pins and needles—he would not stir, lest the Kid should be awakened. She slept now, and he was pretty sure that sleep was good for her.

The match was over, tea was over, and it was close on time for closing the gates when Bob got back to Greyfriars. He had hoped to see Mr. Jamfrey, and get from him permission to tell his chums what had kept him; but the time he had had to spare had not allowed of his finding the film director, and he was forced to go back without the word or tip that would have freed him from the weight of that secret.

Meanwhile his chums had made up their minds that he had let them down badly, and that his conduct was more reprehensibly mysterious than ever.

Wharton had wanted to go and look for him, and Frank Nugent had agreed. But Johnny Dull was dead against that, and Inky backed him, with the result that Harry spoke hasty words to them both.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Lucky Bob!

"HOW did you get on, Inky? Did we win?" asked Bob, coming into his study just before prep.

"I say, Bob, you oughtn't to have cut the game like that, you know," said Mark Lisle.



REMEMBER

that Constable Cuddiecock, the Pride of the Force, and Bobbie, the Terrier Tec, are out to capture new readers. The Constable Couple are on duty every week in

Jester

Buy It NOW! 1d.

"I know that, Marky. But I couldn't help it. And the worst of it is that I can't explain."

Bob's face was very troubled. Mark Linley, one of those good friends who have faith, answered:

"If you tell me you couldn't help it that's good enough for me, Bob. But Wharton's taking it rather hard, and, of course, as he's skipper he has a better right to ask questions than I have."

"Is he mad about it? I suppose was lost, then?"

"On the contrary, my esteemed Bob, the winfulness was of the largeness," said Inky gravely.

"Innings and twenty runs," said Mark. "The Courtfield fellows couldn't look at Inky's bowling; Vernon-Smith, made over eighty; and I got a few. So did Toddy and Wharton and Squiff."

"The modestfulness of the revered Marky is terrific," Inky put in. "His butfulness was likewise terrific. He made seventy-six of what your English poet Shakespeare calls the very best."

"Hallo! You've got back, then?" Wharton spoke from the door. He seemed reluctant to come in.

"I'm back all right," answered Bob. "I'm sorry, Harry—"

"You owe me an explanation as well as an apology, I think, Bob," Wharton broke in. His tone was not ill-tempered, but Bob could guess that he was putting constraint upon himself to keep down his anger.

"I was apologising. But I can't explain," Bob said.

"Oh, I can guess! Your film friends wanted you, so you cut your old pals for them, and forgot all about the match!"

"Has Bunter been yarning to you?" snapped Bob.

He had to labour to keep down his temper now.

"Haven't seen Bunter since dinner. What's he got to do with it, anyway?"

"Not much, really, but—"

"What Bunter may know I should think you might tell your pals!"

"I didn't tell Bunter," Bob said.

"But you seem to know something, and I fancy that you might have got it from him."

Then he turned his back on Wharton, and Harry went, little guessing how sore Bob's loyal, simple heart was.

Frank Nugent and Inky shared the watch that night. Each confessed in the morning that he had dozed more than once. But it did not matter; Bob was still there.

He disappeared after chapel, but was in his place at dinner, though he seemed to have no appetite. In the afternoon he was absent again.

"Now do you believe?" asked Harry of Johnny Bull. "Those people seem to have fascinated him completely. Anything may happen to a fellow who gets like that."

"Well, it is queer," admitted Johnny. "But if they could even have guessed what Bob was doing they'd have felt no bitterness."

Bob spent the greater part of that bright April Sunday in the care of a sick child, who did not leave him at times, when the fever was most urgent upon her, but always seemed to wane when she had a lucid interval.

Nothing will ever persuade Laura Peters or Mrs. Elliston that there can be at Greyfriars—or in any other school in the whole country—another boy as tender-hearted or as devoted as Bob Cherry. Bob knows better; he knows that when he did Harry Wharton—and not Harry only—would have done ungrudgingly in similar circumstances. But it was Bob who did it, and did it with a

heavy burden to bear because of the trouble with his chums.

He did not try to speak to Mr. Jamfrey on the Sunday. What did it matter, if the Kid was going to die?

And throughout those sunny Sabbath hours the life of the Kid hung in the balance.

She had taken a turn for the better before Bob had to go; but the doctor would not pronounce her out of danger, and Bob went very unwillingly.

He was dog-tired, and he fell asleep that night almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. All day he had spoken to none of his chums except Inky, and Harry and Frank had markedly avoided him.

Harry was keeping watch for the first spell. He lay awake till past twelve, then, in spite of his resolution, dozed off.

Bob awoke from a horrible dream just as the clock was striking one.

He had dreamed of the Kid's funeral. All the film folk were following her little fairy-like body to its last long rest, and Barrow had a crape band on his hat that reached right down to his heels, and Bunter was there, blubbering and protesting that it was not his fault.

Bob could not stay in bed. So vivid was that dream that it was hard for him to persuade himself that it was not true.

It wasn't, of course! It was a mere dream. But—but what could a fellow do but go and find out how the Kid really was?

So Bob dressed in haste, and stole downstairs, and made his way over the wall, and ran every yard of the distance to the cottage in Friarale.

There were lights, both upstairs and down. He hesitated to knock, but even while he hesitated the door opened, and he saw the Kid's mother, a lighted candle in her hand.

"Oh! I you, Bob? I was praying that you would come, though I didn't think it possible. (Gwenie's asking for you again, and all at once I had a feeling that you were near, and I came to the door—and here you are!)"

Bob did not answer a word. He could not. He stole upstairs, and at the sight of him the Kid gave a little cry of joy and sat up in bed.

They say he saved her life. The doctor

allows that it may have been so, and the Kid's mother and Mrs. Elliston are certain it was so. Perhaps they are right. In life-and-death crises there are things that matter more than medicine; and brief as had been the acquaintance of the boy and the small girl, the bond between them was a curiously strong one.

Bob stayed till the morning. When he started back for Greyfriars between seven and eight he went light-heartedly. For the doctor was sure now that the Kid would get better, and Mr. Jamfrey had told Bob that he might relate the whole story to his chums if he wanted to, and tell them that their debut as film actors might be made the next Wednesday.

It was half-past one when Harry Wharton awoke, with a feeling of self-disgust that he should have slept while on watch. Any other member of the Famous Five might do that without rendering Harry censorious, but he could not pardon himself for doing it.

He got out at once. Bob's bed was empty.

Within a minute Frank, Johnny, and Inky were shaken out of slumber. Within ten minutes the four were on their way across the quad to the wall.

"Give me a back, Johnny!" said Harry.

"Wharton, is that your voice I hear?" spoke the familiar tones of Mr. Quelch.

But Johnny had stooped, and Harry had grasped the top of the wall.

He had no time to think things out coolly. It seemed to him at the moment that unless he defied his Form-master all was up with Bob. For Bob's sake he risked defiance, trouble—probable expulsion.

He dropped on the other side of the wall.

"Come back!" cried Mr. Quelch angrily.

The only answer was the pattering of Harry's rubber-soled shoes down the road.

"Who are you?" demanded the master. Johnny, Frank, and Inky spoke each his own name.

"Is not Cherry with you?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"No, sir," replied Johnny.

"Where were you going?"

"None of the three replied. To answer would be to give away Bob, and that they could not do.

"Why did Wharton disobey me?" snapped Mr. Quelch.

A splitting headache had driven him from his bed into the quad to breathe the cool air of night, and a splitting headache is not conducive to good temper at any time. But there was enough in this affair to rouse the ire of any master.

No one answered that question. As the three saw it, they could only keep silence. So—not otherwise—could they share Harry's danger and Bob's.

"You will have to account for this in the morning," said the master grimly.

He went up with them to the dormitory, and they were sure that he noted Bob's empty bed, though he made no remark upon the subject.

Then he went down again to the quad, let himself out by the small side gate, and strode towards Friarale.

An hour or so later he brought Wharton back—silent, sullen, as it seemed to Mr. Quelch, and in black disgrace.

"You've done it now, Bob Cherry!" squeaked Bunter, when he met Bob coming into the School House.

"I don't think I've done anything that the Head won't forgive me for when he knows all about it, and I'm going to tell him," answered Bob, so weary that he did not feel like giving even the Owl the rough side of his tongue.

"You may sneak out of it by cooking up some yarn for the Head. My principles wouldn't allow me to do such a thing, but I dare say you're not above it," replied Bunter loftily.

"But Wharton's hooked for the sack, and I say serve him jolly well right, though I'd rather it was you. Wharton's a beast, but he don't associate with low film actors—I'll say that much for him!"

"What's this fat ass burbling about, Smithy?" asked Bob of the Bounder, who chanced to saunter up just then.

"What have you been up to, Cherry?" returned the Bounder. "The rest of the family missed you last night, went out to seek you, and were dropped on by the reveled Quelchy, who was walking a sore head about the quad, it seems. Wharton gave him the slip, and they do say Wharton's number's up, though I can't think the Head will go that length."

"My hat!" gasped Bob. "I never thought of anything like that. I suppose they thought I'd run away, the silly fathods!"

"Well, it wasn't altogether surprising," drawled Vernon-Smith. "You are coming in with the milk, as it were, even now, aren't you?"

"I can't explain, Smithy, but you'd see that I couldn't help it if I did. I'm going to see the Head at once."

"I don't know whether it will help the cause much to barge into his bed-room," replied the Bounder. "Perhaps it might be as well if you saw Wharton and the rest of them first, eh?"

"Come along, and you can hear, too!" Bob said.

"Right—ho—that is, if I'm not intruding." They're all in Study No. 1, I believe.

They were—the four—and with them Peter Todd, Mark Linty, Squiff, and Tom Brown, all worried.

It was a bigger audience than Bob had counted upon. But he did not much mind.

"Oh, here you are!" growled Johnny Bull. "You've been and gone and done it this time, Cherry! If Harry gets off

Grand Value for Money Story Books

BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY
4^{cts} each

- No. 550.—**THE BROTHERS OF BORDEN.** A thrilling yarn of schoolboy life and spy. By Jack North.
- No. 551.—**TRACKED THROUGH RUSSIA.** Thrilling story of Russia before the Revolution. Alfred Arnold.
- No. 552.—**THE RIVAL FORWARDS.** Superb tale of the lower field. By H. Gregory Hill.
- No. 553.—**THE GOLDEN ORB.** A fascinating tale of battling and clever detection. Splendid adventure yarn. By Norman Owen.

SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY
4^{cts} each

- No. 168.—**THE CASE OF THE CINEMA STAR.** A thrilling tale of the Movies, introducing Sexton Blake, Tinker, and John Lawless.
- No. 169.—**THE SECRET OF THE SIX BLACK DOT.** A tale of the Secret Service, introducing Sexton Blake, Tinker, and Mademoiselle Julie.
- No. 170.—**THE AFFAIR OF THE FAMILY DIAMONDS.** A fascinating tale of battling and clever detection, featuring Sexton Blake and Tinker. By the author of "The Marble Arch Mystery," etc.
- No. 171.—**AT THE SHRINE OF BUDDHA; or, THE CHINAMAN'S VOW.** A mystery tale of the great Chinese Crime Syndicate in London, featuring Sexton Blake and Tinker—is one of their most baffling cases.

NUCKET LIBRARY
3^{cts} each

- No. 47.—**THE BRIDGE BUILDERS.** A thrilling novel of detective work, introducing Nelson Lee and Nipper and the American detective, Trouble Nantucket.
- No. 48.—**THE EYES OF THE RED CLAW.** Entrancing detective romance, introducing Nelson Lee, Nipper, and the Hindu barrister, Chunda Ghau.

Now on Sale Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!

The Case of the Lost Sapphire!

A Splendid Complete Story of Herlock Sholmes, the Detective.

By DOCTOR JOTSON.

I.

Mrs. Spudson placed the fish knives and forks and two cracked wing-tosses on the supper-table, and then brought in the "bottle-and-squeak" and a large jug of cold water. While, with practised dexterity, my friend, Mr. Herlock Sholmes, apportioned this former delicacy, our amiable landlady launched into the story of all the offers of marriage she had had during the last twenty years of her existence.

"By the way, Mrs. Spudson," interrupted Herlock Sholmes, as he liberally sprinkled the cocaine over his bubble-and-squeak, "how are the chickens?"

Mrs. Spudson's jaw dropped with a click like the trapdoor in a pantomime. "Must confess, too, that I started back in surprise. While I was extracting the forkful of bubble-and-squeak which had slipped between my collar and neck, Mrs. Spudson recovered herself somewhat.

"You're a fair cough-drop, Mr. Sholmes!" she said admiringly. "How you knew I was keeping fowls I really don't know! Why, I only bought 'em yesterday!"

"A showy squab spread over my amazing friend's hatchet face."

"It is not often I am led on a fowl scent, Mrs. Spudson," he murmured, sniffing the air significantly, "but as I was passing out of the house this morning I was drawn irresistibly in the direction of your backyard. There I saw your recent purchases, including the setting hen."

"Ay, and a fine one that broody hen is, Mr. Sholmes," said Mrs. Spudson. "Kine eggs fresh from the green," she has under her, so there'll be plenty o' young pullets for Sunday dinners soon. I hopes that you and Dr. Jotson hear will—"

"She stopped short as a violent peal sounded on the front-door bell.

"An impatient patient, I expect," I murmured jocularly.

"I'm afraid not, my dear Jotson," replied Sholmes. "The visitor arrived in a taxi, which drew up outside a few moments ago. As none of your patients is able to stir abroad save in an ambulance, I deduce that the caller is a prospective client of mine. But kindly answer the door, Mrs. Spudson."

A minute later Mrs. Spudson returned, and ushered in a stout, florid gentleman fashionably attired in a green-and-yellow check sports suit and purple socks with spots. The visitor was evidently labouring under some intense emotion. Both Sholmes and I recognized him instantly. He was none other than Sir Digory Dugg, the man who had made a fortune supplying upholstered nosebags for Army mules during the war.

"Mr. Sholmes!" gasped the newcomer. "Thank 'eavins you're here!"

"Thank 'eavins you're here!" Herlock Sholmes repeated the remains of the bubble-and-squeak with a gulp, and indicated the armchair.

"Pray he seated, Sir Digory," he said. "You may speak quite freely before my friend and colleague, Dr. Jotson."

"Thank you, Mr. Sholmes," said our visitor, as he burst the last two springs in the armchair. "You can't have no idea of the rick it'll be to get my troubles off my chest. This afternoon I had a round of golf with my friend, Lord Shovel, at the Posh Hill Club, and I lost—"

"And Lord Shovel won?" I put in.

Sir Digory Dugg glared furiously in my direction.

"That's nothin' to do with it, drat you, sir!" he snapped. "I was about to say I lost my famous Jollimore sapphire—a wonderful white stone as big as a pigeon's egg!" Herlock Sholmes leaned back in his chair with his finger-tips together.

"You hit me, Sir Digory," he mused.

"I remember reading in the 'Morning

Mean' about your purchase of that unique Indian gem. Take a pinch of cocaine, and tell me all the circumstances of the loss."

Sir Digory helped himself liberally from the cask by the fireplace, and continued in a calmer tone.

"Well, it was like this 'ere," he said. "When Lord Shovel called for me this afternoon in his Rolls-Royce I slipped the sapphire into my vest-pocket, intending to take it to a gentleman named Solomon Shentpersant after the game. You see, Mr. Sholmes, I spent a holiday and about ten thousand pounds round the Crown-and-Anchor boards at Monte Carlo last season. I wanted to raise a bit on the stone. To my 'orror, 'owever, after the golf match I found the sapphire was no longer in my pocket. It is serious; the loss o' the stone renders me stony."

Sir Digory Dugg buried his purple face in his red handkerchief, and gave a gasp like an expiring buffalo.

"And did you institute a search for the sapphire?" asked Sholmes.



"Mr. Sholmes!" gasped the newcomer. "Thank 'eavins you're here!"

"No. Natchurally, I became very excited, an 'old Shovel o' my loss. He strongly advised me not to say a word to anyone, pointin' out that if the caddies got wind of the affair I might never get the stone back again. Anyway, it would 'ave been like lookin' for a needle in a 'aystack. So I 'ired a taxi and came straight 'ere for your advice an' 'elp."

Herlock Sholmes nodded approvingly. Then he rose and crossed to a cabinet on the far side of the room. From a drawer he fetched out a plan of the Posh Hill Golf Course.

"You see, Sir Digory," he remarked, with a smile, "I keep the plans of all the golf courses in the country close to hand. Owing to the regularity with which I have had to investigate cases of slaughtered caddies, I have found it saves time to do so. Now, can you point out the course you took round the course?"

Sir Digory Dugg took a pencil from his pocket and drew curious zigzag lines all over the plan. Apparently his memory was as good as his golf had been had.

"Thank you," said Sholmes. "It is too late to undertake any investigations to-night, but I shall begin first thing to-morrow."

II.

At five o'clock on the following morning Herlock Sholmes playfully took hold of my ear with the fire-tongs and dragged me out of bed.

"Come, Jotty," he piped merrily; "let us away to the Posh Hill Club! When you have dressed, go into Shaker Street and find a taxi."

Half an hour later Sholmes joined me in the vehicle, clasping a bulky bundle under his greatcoat. As the cab bowled on its way to the golf club curious chuckings proceeded from under my companion's coat, and once the head of an indignant fowl protruded. Astonished as I was, I asked no questions.

In less than an hour we arrived at the golf course, which was situated some miles out of town. So intent was Sholmes on the problem of the lost sapphire that he absent-mindedly left me to buy the ten guineas demanded by the taxi-driver.

When I rejoined my amazing friend I found him standing on the edge of a sea of gorse on the deserted golf course. In his right hand he held the plan which delineated the extensive Sir Digory Dugg's made "among the wee bonnie heather" during the previous afternoon. Then Sholmes began the most astounding performance I had seen him give since he lassoed the missing link with a strand of the lost chord. From under his greatcoat he drew a plump and motherly-looking hen with a long piece of string tied to its leg, and set her running in the gorse. Suddenly the fowl stopped, cocked exuberant, shook her feathers, and sat down. Sholmes stooped to the bird, drew a small white object from under her, and placed it in his pocket.

Again the hen ran off, and repeated her former antics. Again my amazing friend collected a white object. Altogether, this astounding performance was repeated two or three dozen times, until we had zigzagged our way a quarter of the distance round the course. Then, as Herlock Sholmes stooped to retrieve the thirty-seventh object, a little cry of satisfaction left his lips. He grasped the hen thrust her under his coat, and, looking his stick in my ear, made for the exit-gates as the first golfers arrived.

"We returned to town by train. At the door of our lodgings in Shaker Street we met Mrs. Spudson, who was evidently in a state of great agitation.

"Mr. Sholmes," she cried, "you're the werry one I've bin lookin' for! I want your 'elp, sir. My broody hen—it's gone, and—"

With a dramatic gesture Sholmes brought the hen to rest, and the brooded creature from beneath his greatcoat.

"Here is your broody hen, Mrs. Spudson," he murmured soothingly. "No, don't thank me for findin' it for you. An extra kipper for breakfast to-morrow will amply repay me for my time and trouble."

Sholmes led me to our parlour on the first floor. Then from his pockets he drew out three dozen golf-balls!

"Now, my dear Jotson," he said, "you see how useful a brood hen can be as a detective's assistant. The poor soul was anxious to do her best hatching out eggs. Naturally, when I let her run on the golf course, she thought each white object she scraped into view was an egg. Thus I have become the possessor of the not only of these golf-balls, for which we can obtain at least fourpence each, but also of Sir Digory Dugg's lost sapphire! I shall return the gem to him before noon to-day as I promised."

As Herlock Sholmes drew from an inside pocket the beautiful white Jollimore sapphire I could only gasp my admiration for his genius!

THE END.

"BOB CHERRY'S LUCK!"

(Continued from page 13.)

without the sack it's as much as he'll do."

"Rats!" answered Bob, speaking like his old cheery self, though he looked pale and washed out. He laid his hand on Harry's shoulder, and said: "Not one of you fellows will blame me when you know the whole truth, and I'm sure the Head won't. I'm going to him, and I'm going to Quelch, and if anyone's to be sacked it's me, but I don't reckon to get sacked this time. Now, listen!"

With many interruptions, many queries, many exclamations, he told the story of the last few days, making it

clear that he had felt himself bound in honour not to tell it till Mr. Jamfrey gave him leave.

"And the little girl-kid's going to get well, and her mother says you've saved her life, and you're to act for the cinema, Bob?" cried Frank Nugent. "My only Sunday hat, if you aren't a lucky bargee!"

Bob looked puzzled. He had not thought himself lucky. Certainly he had not been having a joyful time.

But Wharton understood. "Old Bob's been through it," he said gently. "I don't think we've had all the trouble. And he's right. I, for one, don't blame him a bit for anything."

"Good!" replied Bob. "And now I'm going to speak to Quelch. He's sure to be up, if the Head isn't. After that the Head, and I don't mind owning

that I dread him less than I do our old bird."

But Mr. Quelch did not prove at all difficult. The Famous Five had records clean of anything worse than mischief, and the Form-master held them all in high regard, Wharton especially.

"I shall expect an apology from Wharton," he said. "There, as far as I am concerned, the matter will end. And I do not think Dr. Locke will be severe. I am very glad, Cherry, that the child pulled through."

Mr. Quelch was right. The story of the Kid's illness went a long way to render the Head merciful. Nominal punishments were inflicted upon all five, that was all.

As for the film acting, and what came of Mr. Jamfrey's idea of using Greyfriars boys as actors, that may be told later.

THE END.

The Money-Saving Sweet



AT the cost of only 1/2d. you can enjoy an hour or more of Sweet enjoyment.

EVERY 2d. Packet of WRIGLEY'S 3 FLAVOURS contains 6 LONG-LASTING Bars of Concentrated Sweetness.

THERE are 3 Flavours, and you can enjoy them in turn or keep to which one of these you like the best:

JUICY FRUIT is a revelation of the delicious flavour of crushed ripe fruits. Every "bite" is like a sip of the juices of the fruits.

SPEARMINT has the Mild Mint flavour that moistens the mouth and refreshes the feelings.

DOUBLEMINT gives you the full flavour of the nectar-like Creme-de-Menthe Liqueur.

TRY WRIGLEY'S 3 FLAVOURS ONCE and you will understand why they have the Largest Net Sale of any Sweet in the World.

WRIGLEY'S is the greatest little pick-me-up in the world, and it is also unrivalled for whitening the teeth, cleaning the tongue, and sweetening the breath. Enjoy a bar whenever you feel "dry" and whenever you feel tired, whether at work or during play.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

WRIGLEY'S

COSTS LITTLE LASTS LONG

Wrigley's, Ltd., 235, Westminster Edg. Rd., London, S.E.1.

Don't Wear a Truss!



Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together and binds them so that you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can have it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people in this way for ten years. Remember we have no sales, no harness, no "one-up" takes. We just give you a straight price. Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.

Indispensable to all persons afflicted with...

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
1830C, 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.



FACTORY TO RIDER

Packed Free. Carriage Paid. *Eighteen Days' Free Trial.*
LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.
Prompt delivery. Save Dealer's Profits. Big Bargains in Shop Sold and Second-hand Cycles. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Write for Monitor Book *Free of Charge* to Dept. of Sample Bicycles.
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Inceport, Dept. B 607, BIRMINGHAM.

DO YOU LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE? Do you suffer from nervous debility, lack of energy, or will power? You can acquire strength, which will give you absolute self-confidence, by using the "Mead's" Treatment. Used by Vice Admiral to Seaman, Colonel to Private, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s, M.M.'s, and D.C.M.'s. Merely send 3 penny stamps for particulars.—GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

BECOME BIG NOW. The plums of business and social life belong to the man who has height, and carriage by the "Grixon Scientific Treatment." 9 years' unbroken record. £100 guarantee of genuine improvement. Particulars for prospect.—ENQUIRY DEPT., 3 A.M.P., 17, STOUR GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N.4.

CRICKET BATS.—All Cane Handle. 10/6; Full size, 12/6; size, 15/6. STUMPS, 5/6; Full size, 7/6. Brass Taps, 7/6 & 9/6. Steel Shoes, 2/- extra. **COMPO BALLS: 1, 1/3, 1/6, 2/-.** List post free. Money refunded. **TOM CARPENTER, 49, MORCAMBE STREET, WALWORTH, S.E.11.**

ELECTRIC LIGHT!
BATTERY, WIRE, SWITCH, REFLECTOR, LAMP, INSTRUCTIONS, Ac. 5/- & 9/- POST PAID.
HARBORNE SMALL POWER CO., 38 A.P., Queen's Road, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM. Illustrated Cat. 5d.

"CURLY HAIR!" "Mine curled once," writes Major. Thousands of testimonials, proof sent. Summers' "Curly" curls, straightens hair. 1/5, 2/6 (stamps accepted).—SUMMERS (Dept. M.C.), Upper Russell St., Brighton.

TOBACCO HABIT POSITIVELY CURED IN THREE DAYS.—Famous Specialist's prescription, 1/6.—H. HUBBES Box B.P.J., HTLME, MANCHESTER.

STAMPS. Free packet unused to applicants for approval, enclosing 5d. 100 stamps (used), 8d.
LORD, COWLEY, OXFORD.

All Applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Department, UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.1.
THE MARKET LIBRARY—No. 690.

A SWIMMING LESSON!

A Short Story of
Greyfriars School.
By PIET DELAREY.

"LEGGO my ear, Cherry, you beast! Yow-ow-stoppit!"

Thus William George Hunter, who was vainly struggling in the grasp of Bob Cherry.

It was a splendid afternoon, and the Famous Five, having decided to devote the half-holiday to giving Bunter a swimming lesson, were putting their plans into execution.

Bunter objected. In his own opinion, he was already a first-class swimmer. Certainly he could float, a fat always does. But with that his aquatic abilities ended.

The little party was nearing the bathing place when Bunter made another desperate attempt to bluff the chums of the Remove.

"Really, you fellows, you know what a dab I am at swimming?"

"We do."

"Well, I've a rather important engagement to keep this afternoon, and— Yow-ow-varroogh! Lennae go!"

Bob Cherry had tightened his grip upon Bunter's ear; he had no intention of letting that fat youth go. Harry Wharton assisted with an occasional foothold from behind, which spurred Bunter on the way he should go.

They arrived at the bathing place, and Billy Bunter cast an anxious look round. There was no way of escape, and with a despairing sigh, he slowly commenced to wade.

The Famous Five were soon clad in their swimming costumes, and they looked round for Bunter.

There he was, arrayed in a startling coloured swimming costume, rather like a zebra, which threatened to burst at any minute.

Harry Wharton rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"Hold me up, someone!" he gasped faintly.

"Behold the walking grate polish advertisement!" grinned Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you ready, Tubby?" asked Bob Cherry.

Bunter's fat knees were knocking together; but he said he was ready, and gingerly stepped towards the edge of the bath. He was not fond of water, and he

hesitated; but a push from Johnny Bull decided for him. Waving his arms wildly in the air, in a vain endeavour to keep his balance, he tumbled over with a terrific splash into the water, where he bobbed up and down like a huge porpoise.

"Oooh! Geerook!" he gurgled, as a few quarts of water went inside.

"Help! Help!"

The chums dived in to his rescue, and fished him out. Once out of the water, Billy Bunter made off at a pace that surprised his rescuers. But he did not go far. Somehow his legs got entangled, and with another terrific splash, he flopped sideways into the water. He was more fortunate this time, as he landed fair and square upon Monzo Todd, who let out a will yell, and disappeared, gurgling like a bottle of ginger beer half-opened.

They were hauled out none the worse for their ducking, and after some hesitation Billy Bunter agreed to be towed round the bath by means of a belt attached to a pole. But when the belt was brought, it was found to be much too small to fasten around his middle, so that idea was abandoned.

Then he feigned a cramp, so the Co. commenced to punch, slap, and massage him, with the result that the cramp disappeared suddenly.

His next remark fairly staggered the Removees.

"I bet you fellows that I'll beat you in a hundred yards race!"

"Why, you fat ass, you can't swim for toffee!" said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton?"

"Never mind, let him try," said Frank Nugent. "He may be a dark horse, Almon!"

"Line up!" yelled Bob.

The juniors lined up. Monzo Todd agreed to be starter.

"Are you ready?"

"Go!"

The Famous Five plunged in and swam off at a terrific pace. Bunter was nowhere to be seen. At least, not in the water! He had not dived in, but had made a grab at his clothes and a towel, and was soon bolting as fast as his little fat legs would carry him.

Harry Wharton and his chums did not notice his absence at first, but Johnny Bull, looking back, just caught sight of a fleeing figure in the distance, which he easily recognised as that of Bunter.

"Why, the fat spoofer didn't come in at all!" he exclaimed.

"My hat! After him!"

And the chums swam back. But Billy Bunter had made himself scarce. He was nowhere to be found, so the Five went back, and soon forgot all about Bunter in a bracing game of water-polo.

But they were soon to remember him later, for hardly had half an hour elapsed when a fat figure crept stealthily into the swimming bath. It was Bunter.

With many chuckles, he collected the clothes of the Famous Five, and made off with them, unnoticed by anyone.

The swimmers came out of the water. They looked round for their clothes.

Their clothes were gone.

"Where's my clothes?" asked Bob Cherry.

"And mine?"

The Five looked at each other in blank amazement.

"That fat beast has been and boxed them!"

"My hat! I'll scarp him!" roared Bob Cherry. "What are we going to do— stand here all day 'til rotting on—"

"We shall have to leg it back to school," said Frank Nugent. "It's getting jolly late."

"What like this?"

"Well, it's either that or leg here." And the chums decided to leg it. A crowd of fellows awaited them. Billy Bunter had lost no time in reacquainting the Removees of the job, and quite a goodly number had turned out to see the fun. A howl of laughter went up on all sides as the scantily-clad Co. dashed in at the gates, their faces red and furious.

They reached their dormitory without encountering a master or prefect, and found their clothes in a bundle on one of the beds.

Then they proceeded to hunt for William George Bunter. It was not easy to find him. But he was soon down at last, and spent quite a lively time at the hands of the ferrous juniors. He was bumped, frog-marched, ducked in the fountain, and then bumped again; and when he eventually did escape he crawled away to canvas and rub his injured person.

As for the Famous Five, they have given up the idea of teaching Bunter to swim.

THE END.

THIS
FINE
NEW

'PICTURESCOPE'

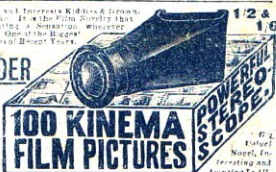
IT CONSISTS OF

A POWERFUL STEREOSCOPE & PICTURE HOLDER

over 21 in. long, made of Black Metal, Has Powerful Lens, and is complete with 100 actuals. It is the most complete set of REAL KINEMA FILMS that have actually been shown at various Picture-Palaces. Each Picture in Holder. Focus to suit (21) and holds in the light, the result will Astonish and Delight You. All the 100 Pictures are different and the subjects widely assorted. Our Special Price, complete in Set, Box, 1 1/2 or with 50 PICTURES, ONLY 1 1/2. Either Post Free, Complete or Money Back. Illustrated Catalogue, Gratis and Post. (Pocket Slip, 5d. extra.) Also far the most modern, Cheap, Gramophone, Jewellery, Plate, Cutlery, Leather and Fancy Goods, Novelties, Toys, and all the latest Goods. Etc. Etc. Established 1874.

PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 43P, HASTINGS.

Amused and Interested Killis & Brown,
No. 25, St. Martin Street, that
it is "Sporting a Nonpareil Whisker"
Shown. One of the Biggest
Novelties of Recent Years.



CUT THIS OUT

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

Send this coupon, with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the First Post Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. In return you will receive post free a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Felt Fountain Pen (No. 10, 11, or 12) You save 12 further coupons, each will entitle you to 2d. off the price, so you may save 15 coupons and only 5/-. (Pocket Slip, 5d. extra.) Also far the most modern, Cheap, Gramophone, Jewellery, Plate, Cutlery, Leather and Fancy Goods, Novelties, Toys, and all the latest Goods. Etc. Etc. Established 1874.

MAKE THIS!

Set of Parts for making Electric Shocking Ltd 1 1/2 Post Free.

MARBORNE Small Post Co., 38 A.P., Queen's Rd., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM. Illustrated Catalogue, 5d.

"GURLY HAIR!"—It's wonderful," writes E.M. Testimonials received daily. Copies sent. Ross' WAVE-IT-CURLS—straight hair, 1 1/2 (stamps accepted).—RUSS (Dept. M.T.), 173, New North Rd., London, N.1.

FREE! Start collecting STAMPS today with FREE! ABSOLUTELY FREE! Send postcard and instantly receive postcard—FLORIAN STAMP COMPANY, 173, ASYLUM ROAD, PROGRAM, LONDON.