

ROUND THE CAMP FIRE! SEE No. 1 OF A NEW SERIES OF GRAND ARTICLES IN THIS ISSUE.



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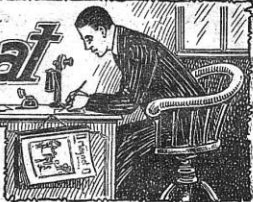
With which is incorporated
The Greyfriars Herald.

No. 691. Vol. XVIII. May 7th, 1921.



THE STRANGER'S GALLANT RESCUE!
(A Thrilling Episode 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 splendid long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. and the Remove Form at Greyfriars, when Mr. Frank Richards relates the story of

"MAULEVERER'S PERIL!"

The first part of the story deals with an adventure which befalls Billy Bunter through poking his nose into other peoples' business. He is taken for Lord Mauleverer, and he's very sorry he is! However, he finds himself at the mercy of a gang of American crooks, who do not think very much of Billy Bunter when they find they have mistaken him for Lord Mauleverer. They get the noble earl at last, and it is left to the Famous Five to save him from a very serious trouble.

You must read this story, boys and girls, for it is one of the best Mr. Richards has given us for some time.

GRAND NEWS!

Next week's issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" is simply grand! Not only is it a grand number, but it contains some novel contributions from Sixth-Formers. I think the funniest and the most clever

feature is a parody on a well-known song. I can hardly keep from laughing as I read to mind the wonderful thing. Dick Penfold will go up by leaps and bounds in the estimation of my chums when they read "The Midnight Prowler!"

There are many other interesting features, of course, and I do hope every one of you will make sure of your copy by ordering next week's MAGNET LIBRARY now.

The story is good, and the supplement is extra good!

MY OFFER TO READERS.

Last week I offered a prize of ten shillings to the reader who made up the most words out of the word "CONSTANTINOPLÉ." Two prizes of Five Shillings will be awarded to the runners-up. Now this is what you have to do:

Study the word "Constantinople." Out of that you can make up—how many words? Constant, tin, ant, to—and how many more? Write your words neatly on separate sheets of paper, using one side of the paper only. When you have found all the words you can, write at the bottom the number. Thus, your paper should end:

"Eighty-five words. I agree to accept

the Editor's decision as final and legally binding. James Carew, 14, Rothdale Street, Monkston."

Is that clear? Mind, I'm not saying that I have found eighty-five words in the word "Constantinople." I have just taken that figure haphazard to show you what to do.

Address your envelope, "Words," The MAGNET LIBRARY, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.4. No entries will be considered after the last post on Monday next, May 9th.

Get busy, boys and girls, if you have not already made up your mind to enter this interesting competition!

Correspondence.

Edward Black, 31, Davenport Terrace, Wayville, Adelaide, South Australia, wishes to correspond with readers.

Tom Auston, 14, Clough Street, Bury, Lancs, would like to correspond with readers, preferably those in his own district.

Frank Powell, 52, Edward Road, East Croydon, Surrey, wishes to correspond with MAGNET chums.

Miss Lily Norman, 23, Norman Road, Luton, Beds, wishes to correspond with MAGNET readers, ages 15-17.

John Cowan, 5, Gayfield Street, Edinburgh, wishes to correspond with readers who will tell him something about England, for this correspondent has lived all his life over the Border in Bonnie Scotland.

Fred Olding, 410, Raf, Bosman Cottages, De Aar, Cape Province, South Africa, would like to hear from readers, 15-18, interested in stamps.

F. Trussler, c/o. Sutton Works, Holborn Hill, Aston, Birmingham, wishes to correspond with readers, ages about 14, interested in stamps.

Miss Althea Wallace, Sparta, 60, Cross Street, Double Bay, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, would like to hear from a girl reader, aged 13-15.

J. W. Spencer, F.E.S., 5, Dogford Road, Rayton, near Oldham, Lancs, will be glad to hear from readers seeking information about entomology, and collecting butterflies and moths.

L. W. Lees, 33, Perkins Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-15.

Mrs. Kathleen Dolman (nee Megson) would like to correspond with a few of her old pen chums, girls with whom she exchanged letters a few years back, also Australian girls. P.O. Box 178, Windhoek, South-West Africa, South Africa.

W. A. Warren, 33, South Street, Greenwich, S.E.10, wishes to correspond with a reader in Sydney or district, aged about 18.

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Now on Sale Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!

Your Editor.



The Schoolboy Film Stars!

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Film Fame!

"HURRAH! Here it is, Harry, and it's better even than I expected!" shouted Bob Cherry, rushing into Study No. 1 on the Remove passage at Greyfriars.

He flourished a letter above his head as he shouted.

Frank Nugent tried to snatch the letter, but Bob dodged him.

"Don't hurry him, Franky! Let him tell us in his own good time. You know Bob can't keep anything back more than five seconds," said Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, smiling.

"Oh, can't I! What about last week?"

"You nearly got me sacked through keeping a secret then," replied Harry.

Bob looked rather upset for a moment. Then he brightened up.

"That's all right," he said. "The Head couldn't afford to give you the boot. Quikky wouldn't know how to run the Form without you. And, anyway, some good's come out of last week's trouble, for old Jamfrey's been to see the Head, and they seem to have got quite pally. Interesting old bird, Jamfrey, and I dare say the Head's all right that way for anyone who isn't too well used to him."

Bob stopped for want of breath. It was seldom he made so long a speech as this.

"Now that you've done orating," said Frank Nugent drily, "let's hear the news. It's getting stale while you spout!"

"If you have ears, prepare to hear me now!" said Bob dramatically. "We five and a number of other scholars of this ancient and renowned college—don't hit me, that's what Jamfrey calls it!—are invited to become film actors!"

"Who are the other fellows?" asked Frank.

"That's one of the best things about it! We're to choose them. Jamfrey gives me some sort of notion as to what he wants, and leaves it to me—that's us,

you know—to pick out the right types. He calls 'em types. Does he mean chaps like Peter Todd and Alonzo and Bunter—comic sort of merchants, you know—or—"

"I should think they might all come in, if the film's to be a schoolboy one that—"

"It is, old top! And Jamfrey specially requests your collaboration in the scenario. I told him about your play, you see."

Harry Wharton looked very pleased indeed.

"That's nice of him," he said, "and jolly decent of you, Bob! We ought to be able to fix up among us a school film play that would fairly bring down the house at any cinema. But we won't have a fat boy part in it. I bar taking Bunter along after the way the podgy rotter behaved last week!"

"Beast!" muttered Billy Bunter, with his ear to the keyhole.

He had rolled along in Bob's wake, and was satisfying his curiosity about Bob's news in his usual way. When Bob Cherry had news to tell he seldom left those he met in much doubt of the fact; and Bunter had seen him open that letter, though Bob had not known that Bunter was near.

"I don't want the bloated Owl," said Bob now. "We'll leave him out, whoever goes! But Squiff was keen; we'll have old Squiff."

"Oh, really! That's always the way! Anyone but me!" groaned Bunter.

"Wibley won't like it if he's left out," said Frank.

"We'll have Wib all right, though I'm not sure that his style is so suitable to the films as it might be," answered Bob, naturally inclined to pose a bit as an authority on film acting, though, in point of fact, he knew no more about it than his chums.

But he had come to be very friendly with the little company of film actors staying at Friarale, and really felt that he was better up in matters of this sort than anyone else at Greyfriars could be.

"How many does he want?" Harry inquired.

"He's not sure yet. That's to be settled after you and he have put your wooden heads together over the story. But he wants to get in two or three good crowd scenes, and that means we can get pretty nearly as many as we like for those, though we can't provide name parts for every chap who would like one. He wants a dandy—"

"Mauly," said Harry at once.

Bob looked doubtful.

"Can we get him! It's a bit too much like work for Mauly, I fancy," he said.

For Herbert, Lord Maulover, of the Remove, was by long odds the laziest fellow at Greyfriars.

Johnny Bell and Hurree Jamsel Ram Singh, Nabob of Bhanipur, who made up with Harry, Bob, and Frank the brotherhood known as the Famous Five, appeared in the doorway at this moment.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" cried Bob.

"Come along, you fellows! We've news for you!"

"Has that fat end been in here?" asked Johnny.

"Meaning Bunter?" said Harry.

"Of course I mean Bunter! Don't ask silly questions!"

"No, he hasn't been in here," answered Bob.

"Then he was listening at the keyhole, you bet! We saw him coming away from this door, didn't we, Inky!"

Inky nodded.

"Well, if you didn't see him with his fat ear to the keyhole, you can't prove anything against him," Frank said.

"And it's no great odds, for our news won't be a secret long."

"What is the news?" queried Johnny.

He got it, though the fact that three were telling him all at once made it rather more difficult to get than it might have been.

Johnny beamed, and Inky looked pleased. Johnny's part was not likely to be a big one, but Mr. Jamfrey had indicated that he would like Inky to play a prominent role.

"Fetch Squiff, somebody!" said Bob.
 "And Manly," added Harry.
 "And Wib," said Frank.
 "Fetch 'em, Inky," Johnny said.
 "These fellows seem to think they can order someone about, and as that someone isn't me, it must be you."

"I will proceedfully depart to do the bidding of my honourable and ludicrous pals," replied the good-natured Inky.
 "But I will not undertakefully engage to produce the corpus of the Magful and snotfaintful Manly, who may be too steepfully inclined to lend ear to my pleasfulness."
 And Inky "proceedfully departed" to return in a few minutes with quite a small crowd at his heels.

"I urgefully represented to sashy honourable members now present that upon occasion the roomfulness was better than the companionfulness," he said, in the weird and wonderful English that he professed to have learned from the best native masters in his far-off country. "But the attentfulness to my thusful representation was not terrific!"

The fact that nothing could be settled at that meeting did not seem to reach the minds of those present. They clamoured for immediate engagement. Except for Wibley, who naturally expected something big, they were all content to take small parts; but they were not content to have any doubt existing as to whether their services were wanted.

It was not for filthy lucre that they yearned. No one seemed to consider that an important question. It was fame they hungered for.

"I can't tell you anything that amounts to anything till Harry's seen Mr. Jamfrey and talked it over with him," said Bob.

"What's Wharton doing here, when he ought to be talking to Jammy, or whatever the chap's name is, then?" demanded Dick Rake indignantly.

"Ought to be ashamed of himself! He'd be an 'also ran' in a race with any healthy slug!" chimed in Wibley.

"Why don't you take him by the neck and march him off to see Jammy, Bob?" asked Tom Brown, winking.

"Here, drop that!" snapped Harry. "Why should I be rushed off that way? It isn't ten minutes since I first heard of it."

"But you oughtn't to waste ten minutes!" replied Squiff solemnly.
 "It's nearly tea-time, anyway," objected Wharton.

"What does your blessed tea matter?" returned Ogley.

"Take him off, Bob!" said Russell. "He can have tea with Jammy. If there isn't any cake it won't matter. There'll be jam enough!"

"Grrr!" growled Johnny Bull. "You'll have to get out if you make jokes like that here, Russell. But it's not a bad notion, all the same, Bob. Why don't you two cut off at once? No good letting the grass grow under one's feet, you know."

"That, as the English proverb has it, was the causefulness of the regretful demise of the aged cow," put in Inky.

"You're mixing 'em again!" Bob answered. "It was the fiddle that killed the cow."

"How could that be, when the fiddlefulness induced the ancient quadruped to leapfully jump over the moon?"

"We'd better go, Harry," said Bob, with a grin.

They went, and they were not back till just on time for locking up.

Harry had had to be forced into going, but he came back quite backed at the reception he had had. Mr. Jamfrey had treasured his ideas on the subject of a school film play with seriousness, and had

commended them. And he and Bob and Mrs. Jamfrey had all had tea with the ladies of the company—Mrs. Peters, whose stage name was Laura Laurel, and her little daughter, who was always called the Kid, and Mrs. Elliston, who played mothers and aunts and all that kind of thing.

"Mr. Jammy's going to screw a whole holiday for the Remove out of the Head," Harry told Frank Nugent during prep. "He doesn't seem a bit in doubt about getting it. He says Dr. Locke is the right sort, no high-brow pedant, but a man."

"Well, that's right enough," replied Frank. "But I'm not dead sure he'll get anything out of the Head by telling him so. In fact, I'm not so certain as some of you seem to be that the Head will cotton to the scheme at all, when he hears how big it is."

"You croaker! If you say another thing like that I'll fling this lexicon at your napper!" replied Harry. "You don't suppose we're going to be done out of it now, do you?"

Frank grinned. There was no possible, probable shadow of doubt that the film fever had got Harry Wharton.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter, the Stowaway!

"IT'S so good, Bunter. We're not going to take you!" said Bob firmly.

"Oh, really, Bob, old pal! When more than half the Remove are going, and we've all got a holiday because of it, what am I going to do here all by myself, do you suppose?"

"You won't be all by yourself, porpoise. There are other fellows who are out of it. And I dare say if you asked Queeky very prettily he'd give up his day off and take you in the Form as usual."

"Oh, really, Cherry, don't be an ass! As if anyone could bear to be in the Form-room all day while you fellows are enjoying yourselves! I've a jolly good mind to go and speak to the Head about it."

"It should if I were you," replied Bob. "It was the day upon which the first scenes in the great school film play were to be shot—a Thursday, and the Head had given the Remove the whole holiday that Mr. Jammy had asked for on their behalf, as so many of them were wanted that it would not have been worth while to give the few left class-work."

Mr. Jammy appeared to have made quite a hit with Dr. Locke. He had been to Greyfriars to dine, and it was said that he and the Head set up quite late, talking about film plays, with special reference to their educational influence.

But it was little wonder that Dr. Locke had taken a liking to James H. Jammy. Though a trifle eccentric, James H. was a gentleman; though a trifle short-tempered, he was thoroughly genial, and he knew the film business from A to Z, and could talk of it in the most enthralling manner.

Harry Wharton thought there was no one like him. Their collaboration had gone on like a house on fire, Mr. Jammy taking tea in Study No. 1 on the Wednesday afternoon, after spending two hours or more with Harry over the scenario. And after tea they had put in another three hours, prep being off that evening for the captain of the Remove, by special permission of Mr. Queeky, who, also, in his dry way, appeared to approve of and like James H.

Now the great day had come, and a couple of dozen of the Remove were going to Blisworth, twenty miles away, in a motor-bus specially hired for the

day by the film director. Somehow or other, Mr. Royce's horse-dealing establishment had strayed into the school scenario, as well as into that of the other play on which Mr. Jammy was busy, and Bob's hearty horse-dealing friend had told James H. that he could bring over half Greyfriars if he liked. Joe Royce had also taken to Jammy.

It was before breakfast that Bunter had approached Bob with that last pathetic appeal, having already tried his luck with Wharton.

Harry might have yielded had he not known that Bob felt very strongly on the subject. Bob, who never cherished resentment on his own account, had not yet forgiven the Owl for scaring Kid Peters into the Sark, and he was certain that none of the film people would welcome Bunter.

But Bunter had made up his mind that he would not be out of the fun.

The motor-bus was due directly after breakfast. Bunter hoped that it might be early on the scene.

He did not go in to breakfast. Those who thought about him at all fancied he must be feeling ill. But no one worried.

Bunter did not often miss a meal. He only missed that one in a purely technical sense. That is to say, though he did not partake of the breakfast provided by the school management, he did not go without.

He hid in a box-room till the quiet of the corridors, following upon the breakfast-bell's summons, told him that the coast was clear.

Then he stole out, and made a round of the Remove studies.

There was nothing worth lifting in Study No. 1. He might have known that if he had thought about it, for quite a small crowd had been invited to meet Mr. Jammy, and preponder was bound to be scarce after that.

"Meanly beasts!" said Bunter.

And he rolled on.

From Vernon-Smith's study he bagged a tin of herrings in tomato sauce and half a pound of sausages. The apartment which Johnny Bull, Squiff, and Fisher T. Fish shared supplied him with a nearly new and nearly whole loaf, a tin of cocoa, and a large box of chocolates, which had been intended by Johnny for consumption on the road. From the plentiful store which he found in the cupboard of Lord Maulerever he extracted a tongue and a tin of pineapple chunks. Then he felt that he had enough, and he went to Study No. 7, and used the study tin-opener.

While the sausages were frying he ate pineapple and tongue together, with a chocolate now and then for a change. The half-pound of sausages disappeared as if by magic, washed down by copious draughts of cocoa. The herrings followed. Then Bunter put the chocolates and what remained of the tongue and bread into a brief-bag that belonged to Peter Todd, drank the syrup from the tin of pineapple, and hurried downstairs.

He was in luck. Just as he reached the quad the motor-bus drove up to the gates.

The driver would have driven through, but Gosling barred his way, with a hand held up imperiously.

"Can't nohow be done!" said Gosling. "Nothin' don't come through 'ere on wheels without it's for the 'Bad 'issel, or bringin' of a visitor to 'in."

"All right, old cockalorum!" replied the driver cheerily. "What did you do in the Great War, by the way? Put in the time painting that conk of yours—eh?"

"Bein' too hold for hactive service myself, I sent my nevy," answered Gosling, with dignity.



The sergeant collared Bunter, yanked him up, and shook him until his teeth chattered. "You fat young rascal! You do know where George Royce is hiding! He's at Wakehams, ain't he!" he shouted. "Leggo!" cried the Owl of the Remove. "I won't tell you anything. You can't threaten me like this!" (See Chapter 8.)

"And very noble of you, I'm sure. Same name as yours?"

"The same! Did you know 'im?"

"I might or I might not. What was his moniker?"

"Which I says again as I said afore—same as mine—Gasking."

"Why, he was the best pal I had! And you're his uncle, are you? Blowed if I don't feel all the same as if you were mine! I say, I suppose you haven't got such a thing as a coffee-pot on the hob, have you?"

"Which, as it happens, I ave. Come in an' partake, my lad!"

Bunter, hiding as much of himself as possible behind a buttress, had heard every word of this conversation, and knew that he had not been spotted. He chuckled to himself as Gasking and the driver went into the lodge together.

Now was his chance!

He rolled out of the gates, scrambled into the bus, and dodged under a seat.

There he had just time to stick Peter Todd's bag close to his head, open, so that he could reach into it for the chocolates, and to make sure that no part of his too-ample person protruded—to make quite sure he lay on his stomach—before he heard the sound of merry voices in the quad.

If the bus had been only three minutes later he would have missed it. For there would have been no chance of his getting in while Bob Cherry was present, he knew.

The driver appeared at the door of the lodge, and the Remove, practically en masse, surged up to the gates. Even those who were not going were there, among them Skinner and Stolt, looking very sour, and Bolsover major, looking savage. For Bolsover, thinking that he would have no chance of being asked, had given it out that he would not go

if asked, and had heard later that they had intended to invite him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" cried Bob Cherry. "All ready, Bill!"

"All ready, sir, and can start the minute you are. But how did you know my name?"

"Guessed it. You look a Bill. Bills are generally good, honest, jolly kind of chaps."

"What about Bunter?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Nobody ever called the Owl 'Bill,'" said Souff. "He's Billy when he's silly, and William—well, I'm hanged if I know when, because he's silly all the time, even when he's knavish!"

"Beast!" muttered Bunter.

He put two large chocolates in his mouth to comfort himself under the Australian junior's vile aspersions.

"Did you bring those chocs along, Squiff?" asked Johnny Bull.

Bunter trembled like a big jelly.

"No, old thing! They were yours, and it would have been taking a liberty, I never even thought of bringing them."

"Oh, hang it! Somebody's had them, then. They weren't where I put them, and as you'd come and gone, I thought you'd taken them to make sure they shouldn't be left behind."

"Bunter wasn't in to breakfast," remarked Skinner, with a malicious grin—the maisee half for Johnny, half for the Owl.

"All right, Skinnay, you rotter! Wait till I catch you bending!" muttered Bunter.

"The porpoise wouldn't stay away from brekker for chocs," said Peter Todd. "He'd wolf brekker first, and the chocs afterwards!"

"Can't go back for them," said Johnny. "I shall have to stop in Friar-

dale and get some more. They were for the Kid mostly, you know, Bob."

Miss Gwendoline Futars, known as the Kid, was a young lady of eight or thereabouts, who regarded Bob as her own particular property, but had also room in a heart that was large for her size for the rest of the Famous Five and several more of the Remove. She had insisted upon travelling on the bus with the boys, and was to be picked up in the village.

"Line up in queue!" cried Bob, himself well to the front, with the rest of the five. "No pushing! Behave like gentlemen, even if it's for this day only!"

"Aren't you coming, Daisy?" inquired Wharton.

Bolsover major stared.

"I haven't been asked," he replied dully.

"Don't be an ass! Haven't I asked you?"

"Oh, I'll come like a shot!" bellowed Bolsover.

"Well, don't come like a battering-ram!" retorted Tom Brown, as the burly junior tried to push his way through to the front.

He could not manage that. He was one of those who had to go inside.

The Famous Five, Squiff, Tom Brown, Delaroy, Vernon-Smith, Russell, Ogilvy, Peter Todd, Rake, Morgan, Desmond, Balstrode, Wibley, and Dutton got to the top. Mark Linley and Tom Redwing, Wun Lung, Sir Jimmy Vivian, Maal-evever, Bolsover, and a few others had to be content with inside places.

"Bette! if it laim," said Wun Lung philosophically.

"Now, we're off!" came the stentorian voice of Bob Cherry from the top—and a front seat—as the bus started.

"Just my luck!" whined Bunter to

himself. "They're the biggest feet in the Remove—bigger than that beast Cherry's—as big as blessed canal barges!"

For Bolsover major had taken his seat just above Bunter, and had at once given the Owl one painful rap with his right heel on the chest and another with his left heel a little lower.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Secret Passenger!

"STOP just near the Crown and Anchor!" shouted Bob, leaning over the front of the bus as they reached Friarale.

"Right-ho, colonel!" replied the driver gaily.

He pulled up near the little inn, and Bob was down before the bus had stopped, and running to meet the Kid, who ran to meet him, while her mother and Mrs. Elliston stood smiling at the door of the cottage in which they were staying.

"Oh, Bob, I thought you never would come!" cried the Kid. "I had breakfast ages ago, and it's hours since the bus went by to fetch you!"

And she flitted up to the top shed of Bob.

Only then was it realised that they had not left a seat for the Kid; and as once the eighteen on the top rose as one man, each offering her his.

"But I can't sit everywhere!" she said. "Oh, I'll tell you what to do! Just put that board across the front seats, and I'll sit between Bob and Inky. That's right!"

"You've forgotten the chocolates, Johnny," said Squiff.

"What a perfectly droll thing to do!" said the Kid severely.

"Here, hold on, Bill! Just wait till I run into a shop!" yelled Johnny. Bill held on. Johnny bolted down. The Kid stood up and took stock of her surroundings.

Her glance fell upon Peter Todd.

Now the Kid had taken Alonzo into favour. She had not seen Peter till now, but she had heard of his likeness to Lony.

"Good-morning!" she said. "Are you Lony or his cousin?"

"Good-morning, Your Majesty," replied Peter. "I am his cousin, if it please Your Majesty."

"Yes, I know you are now, because Lony would never have thought of saying that. But you are very much like him, and especially in the nose. Where is he?"

"Inside, may it please Your Royal Highness."

"It does not please me at all! Wouldn't he like to ride outside?"

"I think it possible that he would, O Queen of the Fairies!"

"Then I think you might be a kind cousin, for once!"

Peter got up. Peter bowed. Peter went down. No one laughed at him. He behaved as though a royal command had been issued to him, and he had no choice but to obey.

"He's nice," whispered the Kid to Bob.

"Todd's one of the very best," answered Bob.

Peter came up again. Behind him was Alonzo, looking rather more sheepish than usual, which is saying something; and behind Alonzo came Johnny, with a box of chocolates.

"Good-morning, Miss Peters," said Lony humbly.

"Peter says 'Your Majesty,'" replied the Kid. "But you needn't if it

would make you feel silly. I expect it would. Wouldn't you like to ride on top, Lony? Because if you would, Peter will let you have his place, and you can sit near me—just behind, really, but quite near."

"Oh, really, it's very kind of you, I'm sure, Miss—Your Peters—I mean, Miss Majesty! But I would much rather not deprive Peter of his seat, and I am quite comfortable inside, I assure you," Alonzo answered confusedly.

"Right-ho!" The Kid had picked that word up from Bob. "It's your funeral, I suppose." That was one of James H. Jamfrey's favourite phrases. "I think Peter's more fun," she whispered to Bob. And that was the Kid's own.

The bus had started again, and Alonzo stumbled and swayed as he made his way to the rear. The rest were cheering and waving their hats or caps to the two ladies and the men of the company, who had just come out of the Crown and Anchor.

No one but the Kid paid any heed to Lony. She slipped under the board which formed her seat, and flitted after him.

Lony was two steps down when the bus lurched, and he slipped. Lony was always clumsy.

The Kid clutched him, and they would have plunged off together had it not been for Squiff, who noticed just in time what was happening.

Lony was a light-weight, but he was more than a small girl of eight could hope to hold up. But the Australian, clinging with one hand to the rail, threw his other arm round them both, and the last that Mrs. Elliston and the Kid's mother saw of them was just as Lony regained his balance and went on his way, while Squiff held the little lady high in his arms that she might have good-bye.

"That child!" said Mrs. Elliston. "She must fairly bring your heart into your mouth, Laura! Only the other day, too, we were almost afraid she was dying, and there she is now with life enough for twenty!"

"It's wonderful, isn't it, Margaret? But I'm not a bit nervous about her to-day. Nothing will happen to her with a bodyguard of knights like those."

"What is your name?" asked the Kid gravely, as Squiff put her down.

"Sampson Quincy Hilley Field—Squiff, for short," replied the Australian.

"I shall call you Squiff, for I like you. But I don't consider it was really quite proper to hold me up in your arms before we were introduced, do you know?"

"I humbly beg Your Majesty's pardon. Accept my earnest assurances that it was done in all respect."

"Right-ho!" said the Kid.

"And now will you have the gracious goodness to come and sit by me?" Squiff asked.

"Certainly not! I did not mean that I like you so much as that. I mean to sit by Bob, all the time, of course!"

And the Kid went to Bob at once, tripping along the gangway, with small, dainty feet—a dainty little figure altogether, with her red-gold hair and her white dress and stockings and shoes.

The road to Blistworth was one on which there was no great amount of traffic, and the bus sped along it at a good pace. Across open commons, where the gorse bloomed and geese hissed at them as they passed, over bridges that gave vistas of rippling streams, now with woods on either side, then up a steep hill and rocking down again, once in a way through a sleepy village, where dogs and cats basked in the sun, and women

came to cottage doors to see the bus pass—on they sped.

It was all very jolly for those on top, and quite all right for those inside—all except Bunter.

Wun Lung appeared to be asleep in one corner. Manly was quite certainly asleep in another. Tom Redwing and Mark Linsley were chatting together. Alonzo read an instructive volume. But Bolsover was fidgety, and Bunter, in bitterness of spirit, counted up to twenty-five more or less nasty kids Bolsover had given him, and then lost count.

But for Bolsover's presence Bunter would have disclosed himself before this. But Bolsover owed him a thrashing, and had spent half an hour the day before seeking him in wrath. Bunter knew that the burly fellow would not forget that.

At last a suspicion dawned upon Bolsover's slow brain that his heels were meeting something under the seat.

He peered down.

"My hat! Bunter!" he cried. "Come out of it, you fat worm!"

Wun Lung's almond eyes opened. Napoleon Dupont grinned delightedly. Hilary and Mark Linsley and Redwing were all interested. But Alonzo was shocked, and Manly slept on.

"Moi, I go to inform re chaps aloft, see eet not?" said Napoleon, scrambling up the staircase like a monkey.

"I am ashamed of you, Bunter! It is positively indecent of you to thrust yourself in where you were well aware that you were not wanted. And I am quite sure that you were aware of that fact," said Alonzo reprovingly. "You are in a very dusty condition, too—"

Alonzo was cut short by an invasion of the interior. Bob, Harry, Johnny Bull, and Peter Todd came, and with them was the Kid.

"You fat spoofer!" cried Bob.

"Really, porpoise, this is too utterly uted!" said Peter.

"Well, I felt sure you fellows would be sorry that you'd left me behind when you got there," whined Bunter.

"Twasn't fair, anyway; it wasn't, really. Oh, really, do be decent about it! Speak to them, Kid—"

"I will not have you call me 'Kid'!" said Miss Peters sternly.

"I—I beg your pardon; I—I'll call you anything you like," burred Bunter, looking as if he would rather call the small lady quite a number of things she would not like. "But do speak to them for me! Tell them I've simply got to come!"

"I don't see why you should. I think you ought to be put out and made to walk back."

"Good idea, Kid!" said Bob Cherry.

"My bag, I think, porpoise," said Peter Todd, retrieving his property from under the seat.

"I knew you wouldn't mind, Toddy," replied the Owl.

"You always know so much more than I do," Peter said, opening the bag.

"My chocolates!" snorted Johnny Bull.

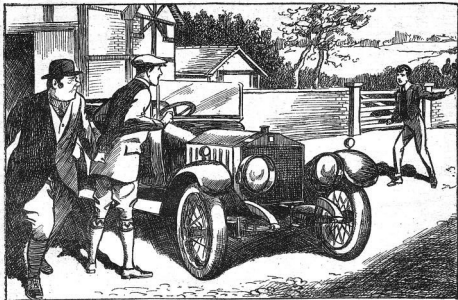
"Your mistake," returned Peter. "Not a chocolate here, dear boy!"

"That's what they were in," Johnny said wrathfully, indicating the box.

"And that's what they are in now," said Peter, pointing to Bunter.

"He is the wickedest fat boy I ever saw, and I think we ought to hand him over to a policeman," the Kid said severely.

"Oh, really! I don't call that at all a ladylike thing to say!" burred Bunter.



Harry Wharton came rushing into the stable yard just as Royce was starting the car. "Quick, get off, two bobbies are coming!" he cried excitedly. "Bob's with them. He'll try to lead them wrong. If all hangs on him now, and if it can be done, he's the chap to do it!" (See Chapter 9.)

"What's Bill pulling up for?" asked Frank Nugent.

"It's Uncle Jimmy!" cried the Kid. "Now I can see him thrash the fat boy! That will be nice. I missed it last time."

"I think you have a very cruel nature, for a child," remarked Bunter sorrowfully.

Mr. Jamfrey was in a car with Borrow, the camera man, and Rignald, who took the villainous parts. Harry Samson, the leading man, was driving the two ladies in another car, which was not yet in sight.

"What's the trouble?" asked the film director.

"A stowaway, sir," answered Harry, grinning.

"What, our fat friend? I'd forgotten all about him. I declare! Why didn't you remind me, Wharton? We must have a fat boy in the play, as well as a bully. He'll do for the bully to operate on."

And Mr. Jamfrey looked hard at Bolsover major, who shuffled his feet and looked sullen. That was the part Wharton had for him, then!

"We'll take him if you say so, sir," said Bob.

"I don't see what else you can do with him now," replied Mr. Jamfrey.

"Give him to me," suggested Rignald, with his most bloodthirsty look. "It would be nothing to me to make away with a fat fellow like that, who never will be missed. Swear secrecy, all of you; hand the blasted scoundrel into my charge, and—exit Bunter!"

The Owl turned pale, and Alonzo looked at Rignald with horror. But everyone else laughed.

"Oh, bogud, let the fat villain come!" drawled Lord Maseleyover, waking up.

"The voice of the sleeping oracle," said Harry. "We'll bring him, Mr. Jamfrey. Tell Bill to proceed, Bob."

The car shot forward past the bus.

"Get a move on you, Bill!" yelled Bob.

The bus went on, with Bunter inside.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Another Passenger!

A TRAIN was just steaming out of a wayside railway-station, within four miles or so of Blisworth, as they passed, and a stout, rather red-faced man, wearing a big pair of smoked glasses, who had just come out of the station, hailed them.

"Hi! If you're going my way I'd be glad of a lift!" he called.

Bill pulled up.

"What is your way?" he asked.

"Blisworth—Wakehams, Blisworth," replied the stout man, about whom there was something that Bob Cherry found vaguely familiar.

"Just where we're going. Any objection to another passenger, gentlemen?" said Bill.

"Oh, none at all!" replied Harry.

"I'm much obliged," said the stout man, stopping in the road and looking up at the top of the bus. "I didn't tumble to it that this wasn't a public conveyance when I called to you."

"That's all right, sir," said Bob. "Hop inside!"

The stout man hopped inside, but first he cast a hurried glance around him, and it struck Peter Todd that there was something furtive in that glance.

Blisworth had no railway-station. This—Welling Road—was the nearest to it. There was nothing suspicious in the fact of a stout man who wanted to reach

Blisworth getting out at Welling Road and seizing the chance of a lift on his way. But Peter was a keen observer, and he could not help seeing something like a desire to get out of sight as speedily as possible, and if possible unseen, in that furtive glance round.

Within five minutes Peter went down to speak to Alonzo. That was what he pretended to go for, anyway.

He took stock of the new passenger. It seemed to him that the man had worn a board until very recently, had shaved it off himself, and had not done his work too well. It also seemed to him that the smoked glasses were unnecessary, for the man who wore them had taken a paper out of his pocket, and was reading it, not through them, but under them.

In the village of Welling, a squire and a half from the station, a large policeman stalked past the bus and looked inside as he passed. The stranger saw him, and ducked at once. He dropped his paper, and was very slow in picking it up. But Peter noticed that he ducked first and dropped the paper afterwards.

That he was anxious not to be seen by the constable Peter was sure.

He said nothing to anyone about it, not even when he went back to the top.

But when the bus unloaded in Mr. Joe Royce's spacious courtyard, Peter kept his eyes on the stranger.

"Here you are, then!" cried the horse-dealer. "Glad I am to see you all, I'm sure!"

The greeting was hearty and genuine, yet even as Mr. Royce spoke it he was making a signal behind his back, and that signal was made to the extra passenger, who next moment disappeared round a corner towards the back of the house, without a word to Royce.

Peter noted that. Something else

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struck him at the same moment. Royce and the stranger were very much alike. In figure they were almost as like as two peas; but Joe Royce had the redder face of the two, and was more closely shaven.

Were they brothers? If so, there was nothing to be surprised at in the other fellow's going in by the back way. But next moment Bob Cherry said:

"Now I know who it was our passenger reminded me of! Was that your brother who got off the bus just now, Mr. Royce?"

The horse-dealer's red face went redder still, and Peter fancied he looked rather annoyed.

"My brother? Where?" he asked. But Peter was sure he had seen the other red-faced man, and had made a signal to him.

It was all very mysterious. But Joe Royce did not seem to Peter at all the sort of man to have a guilty secret.

No one else seemed to think about the extra passenger at all; and at this moment a diversion was made by the arrival of the second car, with Samson, Mrs. Peters, and Mrs. Elliston.

"Here's my mums!" cried the Kid gleefully.

"I'm quite pleased," said her mother. "I was a little bit afraid you might fall out and no one think it worth while to stop the bus. But I've been keeping my eyes on all the way for you."

"Oh, that's silly, mums! Do you know what they call me? 'Your Majesty'! That doesn't look as if they'd drop me out, does it?"

And the Kid fairly gurgled with joy.

Then her face changed, and she said, in lower tones:

"That nasty fat boy's here, mums!"

"Well, my Gwen isn't afraid of any fat boy, I'm sure!" said her mother consolingly.

"Not afraid, of course! But I do think he rather spoils things. Oh, I say, when he got out, there was a big boy with a not very nice face—they call him 'Bolsy'; I don't know him—who took the fat boy by the collar and pushed him behind with his knee. And the fat boy squealed like a pig!"

"Perhaps the fat boy isn't so bad as you think him, Gwen. I'm sure he didn't mean to throw you into the river!"

"No; I don't think he did. But he is a spy—Bob says so—and I hate spies. I say, it was a treat for Harry Samson driving you, mums! I was a little bit nervous about it, though, till I saw that there weren't many other cars on the road. Sometimes when he gets looking at you, Harry forgets all about anything else, you know."

"Really, Gwen!" protested Mrs. Peters, fushing.

It was quite an open secret that either Harry Samson or Rignold would have liked nothing in the world better than becoming the Kid's stepfather, though not entirely for the Kid's sake.

Now Mrs. Royce came out to welcome the ladies and take them indoors. She was a jolly, motherly person, but Peter Todd fancied that there was rather a worried expression on her face just then, though her welcome, like her husband's, was hearty.

The Kid went in with her mother and Mrs. Elliston, but was out again within three minutes, demanding of Peter where Bob was.

Then Peter realised that he had stood in the yard meditating till he had felt everyone but Bill clear off.

"Oh, well! Find him, Your Majesty!" he said. "I think they've all gone to look at the horses."

"I say, Peter, you know that man who

got on near the little railway-station?" said the Kid. "He's in the house now, I didn't know he was coming here. Mrs. Royce took us upstairs, and I saw him look out of a door and then pop his head in again as if he didn't want us to see him. I wonder why, Peter?"

"Perhaps he didn't care about being seen till he'd washed himself," suggested Peter, doing a little wondering on his own account.

"Well, it doesn't matter much, anyway, and, though he's fat, too, I think he looked nicer than that Billy Bunter. Fancy that piggy thing stealing Johnny Bull's chocs that he'd got mostly for me! The limit, I call it!"

Bob came up now, and took the small girl off with him to look at the horses.

There were some fine animals. Joe Royce was a breeder as well as a dealer, and he was very proud of his horses. Everybody but Bunter was interested. Even Bill, though he shared the feeling most motoring men have that a horse ought to be an almost extinct animal, looked at them with approving eyes.

But Bunter did not care about horses. He sought the more congenial society of the pigs. There were only three of these; however—three besides Bunter, that is—and the thoughts of streaky bacon and well-cured ham that they conjured up in the mind of the Owl made him quite peckish.

He looked round. The rest had passed on to the paddocks, and even their voices came but faintly to his ears. Then he saw Mrs. Royce with Mrs. Peters, and Mrs. Elliston in the garden.

The sight gave Bunter an idea. It was not a new idea exactly.

It was, in fact, Bunter's ruling idea—get grub—honestly if possible—by begging rather than by stealing; but anyway and anyhow, get grub!

He stole into the house. As a guest—though not an invited one, strictly speaking—he felt that he had a right to go in. Besides, no one was likely to see him. He heard the voices of two maids in the kitchen, and he did not think it probable the Royces kept more than two.

He looked into a drawing-room—rather an old-fashioned one, but with fresh air and flowers in it—and sniffed. He did not sniff at the fresh air or the flowers, for he cared about neither; he merely sniffed in sign of his utter contempt for a room that seemed to offer no chance of grub.

But the next door he opened disclosed to his greedy eyes a spectacle that made his mouth water—made him feel as though he were in Paradise—the very material kind of paradise suited to the Bunters of this world.

A long table ran down the middle of the room, and it was flanked on each side by a shorter one. And on those three tables was such a cold collation as Bunter had often dreamed of but seldom seen.

Chickens, hams, rounds of beef, tongues, sausage-rolls, pork-pies, tarts, custards, trifles, jellies, cheese-cakes, fruit, lemonade, ginger-beer, elder. Bunter's eyes goggled greedily behind his big glasses.

He shut the door, and watched a sausage-roll. That went in three bites, though it was a big one. He collared a pork-pie—enough for half a dozen moderate eaters—and went at it like a cannibal. He was almost delicious at the sight of so much good provender. And he paid no heed to the fact that he was bestrewn the floor plentifully with fragments of crust and meat.

The pork-pie had disappeared into the interior, and Bunter was stretching out a greedy and greedy hand for a bottle of lemonade when he heard voices in the hall. He scuttled under the table at once.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Putting Bunter Out!

TWO red-faced men had entered. But Bunter could only see their boots, not their faces.

"It's a bad job, George," said one of them. "And, by my reckonin', you've done the wrong thing. You ought to have stayed an' faced it out, bein' innocent."

"You've no proof that I'm innocent," Joe, said the other man, whose voice Bunter recognised as that of his strange fellow-passenger in the bus.

"You're my brother, George, an' you've always been straight. I ain't goin' to believe you guilty till you tell me you are."

"I sha'n't tell you that, Joe," replied the visitor.

"You ought to have stayed," repeated Joe Royce.

"I'd have been locked up before now if I had. And then what chance would I have had of proving anything at all?"

"How do you reckon you're going to do it here? I'm sayin' nothin' at all agin' your comin'." Me an' the missus both felt the same about that. "George has always been a good friend of ours, Joe," she said. "If he wasn't your brother he'd be welcome, an' blood's thicker than water, an' we're no young 'uns to worry about if trouble comes of it. That's what the missus said, George."

"Bless her heart! She's a good woman, Maria is," replied George, and his voice was a trifle husky.

"It was unchancy things turnin' out as they did, an' us with a party, like—these film folk an' the Greyfriars boys. But when I got your letter it was too late to put them off. You might have knocked me down with a crowbar, though, when you turned up with them."

"I never thought about the bus coming right here, Joe. Well, if I haven't been tracked, I can make a fresh start from here after I've had time to collect my thoughts a bit, and plan out some way of putting the blame on Fowling's shoulders, where it belongs."

"What would they call it now, George?" asked Joe Royce.

"Embezzlement, I suppose. Some nasty name, you may lay your life for, not that anything could be too nasty for Fowling. But for a Royce—we've always been honest folk, Joe, and though I never had your pluck, I've been straight."

The man's voice was husky again. But Bunter thought that mere pretence. Bunter believed George Royce guilty.

Then something happened that changed the situation for the Owl in a second.

"Hallo! What's this! Somebody's made a mess on the floor, an' Maria won't like that, though I told her that with a crowd of boys about she couldn't expect but there'd be crumbs enough to feed a chicken or two."

"Somebody's been at the grub, Joe," said George Royce. "And he had dirty boots, too. I don't see any marks of them going out of the room, neither, though they're plain enough coming in."

Bunter gave a loud snore. He had laid his head on his arm directly the conversation had begun to point to the possibility of his being detected in his hiding-place. Now he sat up, bringing his head with a thwack against the table. He had meant to rub his eyes; but the tumbling of his spectacles reminded him that he could not well have done that with them on. He rubbed his head instead.

(Continued on page 9.)

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 19.

Week Ending May 7th, 1921.



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

Harry Wharton
Editor

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

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

As we are in the midst of a big boxing boom at Greyfriars, I thought I could not do better than bring out a Special Boxing Number of the "Greyfriars Herald."

Billy Bunter declares that I couldn't do worse; but then Bunter's talking out of the back of his neck—as usual!

I suppose that over fifty per cent. of my chums are fond of boxing. Even some of my girl readers seem to have taken it up. As for those who do not indulge in the noble art themselves, they are generally fond of reading about fistic encounters, so I don't think anybody will quarrel with me for producing this special number.

By the way, crowds of fellows have written to ask me who is the best boxer in the Remove, and, incidentally, who is the worst. Evidently these fellows are not readers of the "Holiday Annual," in which is set forth a list of the Remove fighting-men, in order of merit. Bob Cherry is rightly at the top, and Mark Linley and I come next, bracketed together, though I shouldn't care to back myself to lick such fine boxers as Dick Russell, Peter Todd, and Tom Redwing unless I was feeling in absolutely tip-top form.

The list in question was drawn up by the Editor of the Companion Papers, and it is amusing to note that he places Billy Bunter at the bottom, in company with Wun Lung and the inoffensive Peter Todd. Bunter declares that a mistake was made, and that the order ought to be reversed! Just like Billy! He greatly fancies himself as a fighting-man, as you will have seen if you read his article on boxing in last week's issue.

I have received quite a crowd of contributions for this number from Removites who can box, and Removites who think they can. Many of the articles and verses have had to be consigned to the yawning depths of the W.P.B. Others I have managed to find room for, and I feel sure they will raise many hearty laughs among Heraldites all the world over.

Harry Wharton

BOXING BRIEFLETS!

By Bob Cherry.

Bolsover minor intends to write an article on "Boxing for the Young." We consider that Bolsover minor is too young for the boxing!

Gosling, the porter, declares that he is not too old to stand up in the ring with the best of 'em. Has Gossy had an injection of monkey-gland?

Billy Bunter is challenging anybody of his own weight to a twelve-round contest in the gym. We will wait until we have put on another six stone before we accept the challenge!

Harry Wharton is generous enough to say that I am champion of the Remove. I shall make it my business to see that nobody removes the champion!

Bolsover major boasts that he will lick "Wharton, Linley, myself, and the whole issue." When will Bolsover realise that he can't lick the whole "issue," as he's a "back number"?

The rumour that I am to meet Jack Johnson at the Holborn Stadium on Wednesday next is incorrect!

THE GREYFRIARS GALLERY!



"PERCY BOLSOVER."

CHALLENGES!

WELL-KNOWN PUGILIST, having administered the knock-out to fifteen fags and several aged men (including Gosling, the porter) in one day, seeks fresh worlds to conquer. He will be pleased to take on any of the so-called fighting-men of the Remove, and paste, punch, pommel, paralyse, and pulverise them! They should apply in person to P. Bolsover, Study No. 10, and provide their own strapping-plaster and surgical bandages!

NOTISS I will fite any fello in the sekond with or without gloves at any time or place he chooses in the jim or behind the chapple in the close i don't care wear it is so long as i can demmonstrate that i am a sort of joe beckett and bombardier wells rolled into one.—**DICKY NUGENT**, 2nd Form.

I kinder sorter guess and calculate that I can lick anything on two legs! If any galoot doubts my word, guess he'd better toddle around to Study No. 14, and I'll knock spots off the guy! Yep!—**FISHER T. FISH** (Fly-weight champion of New York).

ME not know velly muchee about boxing, but me velly goodee at ju-jitsu, and will put any chapee on the floor before he can say "Ow!" If you no believe clever little Chinee, come round to Study No. 13.—**WUN LUNG**.

If any fellow would care for the esteemed fistic scrappfulness, I shall be pleased to dustfully wipe up the floor with him, and strew the hungry churchyard with his bonefulness, as Shakespeare remarks. No hulking louts in higher Forms need reply to this worthy challenge. Removites and fags only.—**HURRER SINGH**, Study No. 13.

LOOK HEAR, YOU CHERKY REMOVE FAGGS! I'll undestake to give you a jolly good licking all round for taking my name in vano in yore skurrilus paper!—**HORACE COKER**.

(The only things you're capable of licking, Coker, are stamps!—Ed.)

IN reply to a challenge I have received from Bolsover major, I would point out that boxing is a degrading and brutalising pastime, and I decline to meet Bolsover in fistic combat. If he should attempt to strike me I will turn the other cheek, and if he should persist in his aggressiveness I shall have no alternative but to place myself under police protection!—**ALONZO TODD**.

THE REMOVE BOXING TOURNAMENT!

Held on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of Last Week.

DRAW FOR THE FIRST ROUND.

TOM BROWN v. G. BULSTRODE. Brown won on points.

TOM REDWING v. TOM DUTTON. Redwing won in the 2nd round.

DICK RUSSELL v. PETER TODD. Russell won on points.

FRANK NUGENT v. S. Q. I. FIELD. Field won in the 6th round.

P. BOLSOVER v. H. SKINNER. Skinner "scratched," and was disqualified!

MARK LANLEY v. H. WHARTON. A draw. Wharton won at the second attempt, on points.

R. CHERRY v. W. G. BUNTER. Bunter disappeared half an hour before the contest!

P. DELARY v. H. VERNON-SMITH. Vernon-Smith won sensationally in the first minute.

M. NEWLAND v. JOHNNY BELL. Bull won on points.

HURREE SINGH v. R. PENFOLD. Penfold won in the 5th round.

D. OGLIVY v. W. STOTT. Stott developed whooping-cough just before the fight was due to take place!

WEN LUNG v. ALONZO TODD. Both failed to appear!

M. DESMOND v. FISHER T. FISH. Guess Fish was fried to a frazzle!

R. RAKE v. W. WISLEY. Rake won on points.

R. HILLARY v. LORD MACLEVERER. His lordship was put to sleep in the 2nd round!

P. HAZELDEN v. SIR JIMMY VIVIAN. Sir Jimmy won on points.

Drake and Rodney were unable to take part in the contest, being in the senny.

DRAW FOR THE SECOND ROUND.

JOHNNY BELL v. M. DESMOND. Bull won in the 6th round. Desmond fought gamely.

R. PENFOLD v. D. OGLIVY. Penfold won in the 4th round.

H. WHARTON v. R. HILLARY. Wharton won in the 2nd round.

SIR JIMMY VIVIAN v. DICK RUSSELL. Russell won in the 1st round.

P. BOLSOVER v. R. CHERRY. Cherry won in the 3rd round.

T. REDWING v. H. VERNON-SMITH. Vernon-Smith gained a narrow victory on points.

R. RAKE v. S. Q. I. FIELD. Field won in the 4th round.

Tom Brown drew a bye.

DRAW FOR THE THIRD ROUND.

S. Q. I. FIELD v. TOM BROWN. Field won a great fight on points.

R. RUSSELL v. J. BULL. Russell won in the 6th round.

H. VERNON-SMITH v. H. WHARTON. Wharton won on points.

R. CHERRY v. R. PENFOLD. Cherry won in the 5th round. Penfold died game.

SEMI-FINAL.

DICK RUSSELL beat S. Q. I. FIELD in the 3rd round.

R. CHERRY beat H. WHARTON on points.

FINAL.

R. CHERRY beat DICK RUSSELL in the 6th round, after one of the greatest displays ever seen at Greyfriars.

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Boxers in the Making!

By BILLY BUNTER.

In last week's issue, the odder swore—I don't mean that he used bad language!—that I would not be allowed to contribute any more articles on the subject of boxing.

—Since then, however, Wharton has realized what an outcry their wood be from readers of the "Greyfriars Herald" if W. G. B. didn't figger in it. It's only my business and right to keep the serkulashun of the "Herald" fat and substantial—like myself!

My readers will be interested to hear that I have formed a School of Boxing in the Remove. I am not only the principal of the School, but the chief instructor. My fees are very reasonable, and kwite a lot of fellows have past threw my hands already.

After beating Bob Cherry in the ring—Squiff describes the contest in this issue—I felt that I could not do better than start a school of instructulshun, so that other fellows in the Form mite become neerly as brilliyunt as myself.

My first pupill was Fisher T. Fish. I put him threw his paces, and tort him how to hit, side-step, and faint. He was kwite good at the last-named by the time I had nooked him down a few times!

Fishy showed grate-intelligence, and if he kontinues to take lessons from me, he will become a champpyun one of these days. —The only drawback is that he has grate, rather a prominent nose, which makes a good target for his opponents.

My neckt pupill was Wan Lung. I found him a very difficult handfod, bekwase he wood insist on slashing me with his pig-tale. I told him that if he did that in a reel boxing kontest he wood be diskwified for fowling, and at last I have succeeded in braking him of the habbit. I'm afraid Wan Lung will never make a grate name for himself as a boxer. If he had two lungs instead of one, it wood be different!

Alonzo Todd was my third pupill. I had an orful job to get him to take lessons, bekwase he objects to boxing on prinsiple, whatever that means. He said that only savvidge fits, and that boxing was a brootal and degradng thing. But I said to him, "Look hear, Lonzy! The time may come when it will be necessary for you to proteckt yourself. Sum rough 'un mite attack you on a dark nite, and if you were unable to use your fets, you'd be in a dilemme."

After a lot of argewment, Alonzo began to see reason, and he decided to take up boxing. I could do nothing with him for a long time, bekwase he has no curridge and no stammerin. But I persevered with him, and soon he will be one of the best boxers in the Remove.

My other pupills have not been so successful, and they have knused me a lot of trouble and inkonvenience. I offered to teach Johnny Bull how to deliver a strate left, and he promptly nooked me down! "You'll never make a boxer unless you can keep yore temper, Bull!" I said, picking myself up. "If you karn't keep a cool head in a krisis, you'll never make a Joe Beckett." Wear-upton, he nooked me down agane, and I was kompelled to give him up as a hopeless case!

Tom Redwing, too, was very ruff and klamy. I had a frendly scrapp with him, just to show him how it was dun, and he hit me with grate vigor all over my anatomy. So did Bolsover major, when it came to his term. You karn't do

KING OF THE RING!

A Bold, Bad, Boxing Ballad.

By Dick Penfold.

I'm a cute and clever boxer; you will have an awful shock, sir.

If you ever try to force a fight on me! For I'm equal to Joe Beckett, and your face I'll surely wreck it, And for days you'll find it jolly hard to see!

I've such splendid skill and science that I treat with bold defiance All the other boxing experts in the Form.

Wharton, Bull, Bolsover major—I could lick the lot I wager.

And when Penfold sets the pace, they'll find it warm!

It's a curious whim of Percy's* that a chap who scribbles verses

Isn't good at any other occupations.

If the fathead cares to meet me, in a rash attempt to beat me,

I will show him many stars and constellations!

I will punch his nasal organ (I've just done the same to Morgan),

I'll present him with two beautiful black eyes!

And methinks that poor old Percy will be bellowing for mercy,

For he'll think that I'm Jack Johnson in disguise!

I have beaten Rake and Russell in full many a thrilling tussle,

I have held my own with Snithy and with Toddy.

I'm the marvel of the nation, and it's no exaggeration

When I say that I could wallop anybody!

You may say that I'm a swanker, but I'm really a front-ranker,

And of boxers I'm the champion and the king.

I am such a sturdy smiter, such a fine and fearless fighter,

I can overcome all rivals in the ring!

Bulstrode, Brown, and Bull and Bunter—every single schoolboy stunter—

Claims that he's the finest fighting man—nuff said!

So I'm blowing my own trumpet; I'm afraid you'll have to lump it,

For the tender age of modesty is fled.

And if other chaps are swanky, and delight in hanky-panky,

Then I really fail to understand—why, blow it!

Why I shouldn't pen this ditty, and let every town and city

Know I'm just as good a boxer as a poet!

* Bolsover major.

BOXER IN THE MAKING!—Continued.

anything with ruff fellows like that. Nature intended them to be prizefighters—not scientific boxers.

Sum of my pupills have driven me to despair. But I shall persevere with Fishy and Alonzo Todd, bekwase they show reel prommis. Besides, they pay their fees regularly—and that's the mane thing!

It is eggestromely unlikely that any of my pupills will ever attain such a high degree of eggcellence as myself. After beating Bob Cherry in the Jim, I consider myself the best jowiner boxer at Greyfriars. And I eggsket I could give sum of the seniors a run for their nunnery, too!

THE STORY OF SAM THE SLOGGER!

By H. VERNON SMITH.

(Few of our readers will be able to devour this poignant, soul-stirring story of Smithy's without a tear coming into their throat or a lump into their eyes, as myself was shaken with sobs for over an hour after reading the manuscript, and Bob Cherry had to administer smelling-salts—Ed.)

I.

WILL you marry me, Milly?" Sam Sturdee—known in boxing circles as Sam the Slogger—uttered the words in a low, cracked voice.

Seated on a stile, kicking her feet poodle-sock against a small pointer-dog, was a slim, good-looking girl of thirty-five. Cosmetics, however, in the form of paint and powder, made her look at least twenty years younger. Let us take a good look at this girl, dear readers, for she will figure largely in our narrative. It was she who caused the terrible tragedy that befell Sam the Slogger; it was she who broke his heart, and made him "broke" in another sense as well. But we will come to that later.

Millicent Milligan was becomingly attired in garters and a snood. She had staid a lady during the Great War, and she continued to wear her manly uniform, in order to remind the public that she was one of the women who won the war. Her hair had been "bobbed" in a drastic manner, and was parted in the middle. She wore no hat. On her graceful feet was a pair of huge hob-nailed boots, as supplied to the troops in war-time.

Millicent had been keeping company with Sam Sturdee for quite a number of days, and Sam now considered that the time was ripe for him to press his suit—for his coat was rumpled and his trousers were worn at the knees.

"Will you marry me, Milly?" In the same low, cracked voice Sam repeated the question.

"There was no response, save for a curt 'How-wow!' from the poodle-dog.

Sam Sturdee hesitated. He could see that he had made no impression on the fair young thing who was seated on the stile, so he decided to put his question in a different form.

"Milly, will you marry me?"

No answer.

"Marry me, Milly, will you?"

Still no answer.

"You will marry me, Milly?"

The girl, who had been pondering deeply, looked up at last.

"I can't quite make up my mind, Sam," she said.

"Would you—er—mind telling me how much money you've put in the bank?"

"None, at the time of going to press," was the reply. "But I have excellent prospects."

"Excellent prospects won't keep a home going," said Millicent curtly.

"But, my dear girl, you don't understand! I'm making great strides as a boxer."

"Another year or so my name will be bracketed with those of Joe Beckett, and Georges Scharponteay. I shall be fighting every night for large and hefty purses. Even if I get licked, I shall receive several thousand quid—er—pounds in a boxing game these days. Our ancestors used to fight with bare knuckles for a fiver. Now, when two men give an exhibition, padded with gloves and chest-protectors, they refuse to step into the ring until they've been paid these days ten thousand. Think of it, Milly! Isn't it enough to make you flush beneath your nose?"

For some moments the girl was silent.

When she spoke her voice was low and sweet—like Annie Laurie's.

"I will give you my decision to-night, Sam," she said, "after you have fought with Battling Bifski, the Bolshevik boxer."

"And if I beat him?"

"Then I shall be yours—till debt us do part."

Sam's heart gave a bound which would have turned a champion high-jumper green with envy.

The next moment there was a noise like a

suction-pump, as he implanted a kiss on Millicent's brow.

"Beat Battling Bifski?" he cried joyfully.

"Why, I—I'll pulverise him! I can already picture the attendants picking up the pieces! Will you be there to see the show, Milly?"

"Of course! And you shall have my answer immediately afterwards."

"Oh, good!" chorled Sam gleefully.

And he strode away from his trying-place with a light heart, and an even lighter pocket—for the charming Millicent had "touched" him for a fiver!

II.

Our scene now changes, dear readers. We are in the Public Hall at Pumpington.

The place is as closely packed as a tin of sardines, for the great contest between Sam the Slogger and Battling Bifski has been the talk of the place for weeks past.

A good many sporting gents had "put their shirt on" Sam, with the result that they felt rather chilly.

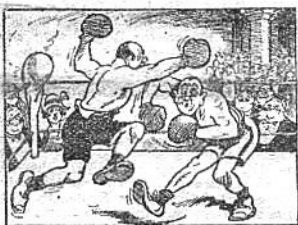
Sam himself was in the pink of condition. He had been training at the Blue Boar, where the whiskey was of pre-war quality. Moreover, he had abstained from cigarette-smoking, and taken to light shag.

As Sam was ushered on to the platform a great shout arose from the multitude.

"Here ho is!"

"Good old Sam!"

"He's going to bash the Bolshevik!"



In the third round, Sam spent all his time in dodging and ducking, and Battling Bifski was baffled.

When Battling Bifski came on the scene there was a great deal of booing and misanthropic throwing. For Battling Bifski was not popular, possibly owing to his nationality. Nobody could deny, however, that he was an awfully good-looking fellow. His face had a sort of rosy beauty, like you see in Cornwall, and his muscles were wonderfully developed.

Cold shivers ran down Sam the Slogger's spine as he surveyed his opponent.

"I shall have all my work cut out to put this merchant on his back," he muttered.

Then, glancing towards the audience, he caught sight of Millicent Milligan. She was seated in the front row, and she gave him a winsome smile.

That smile caused Sam to retain all his senses, notwithstanding that Battling Bifski was Battling Bifski! He'd put the beggar on the floor before the word "Time" was out of the referee's mouth!

The referee was a man of quick speech.

"And the great fight had begun!"

Sam the Slogger forced matters at the start, and he dealt his opponent a powerful blow on the hair. In doing so he overreached himself, with the result that Battling Bifski had matters all his own way. With a series of sledgehammer blows, he battered Sam's face until it was scarcely recognisable; and there was a feminine shriek of alarm from the front row.

Sam tried hard to pull himself together,

while Battling Bifski tried equally hard to pull him to pieces.

Only the call of "Time" saved our hero from an easy death. And nobody could deny that Battling Bifski had had the best of the first round. Those who had put their shirts on Sam were beginning to feel uncomfortable as well as chilly.

During the interval Sam's face was adorned with large strips of strapping-plaster, and but for the fact that he had lost the sight of one eye, he felt quite fit again.

In the next round Sam managed to keep his burly opponent at bay. But he was too much occupied with defensive work to do any attacking. He spent all his time in dodging Battling Bifski round the ring. More than once he experienced a desire to take to his heels. But his knuck that if he did that he would be mobbed by the crowd. Besides, he would lose the hand and heart of Millicent.

In the third round the game of hide-and-sock continued. Sam spent all his time in dodging and ducking, and Battling Bifski was baffled.

The onlookers began to get fed-up.

"What are you playin' at, Sam?" they shouted. "This is a boxin'-match, not kiss-in-the-rain."

Sam tried to attack in the fourth round, with fatal results. Once again he put his head in chancery, and his opponent battered him to a pulp.

But at this point Battling Bifski made a bad blunder. He having pounded Sam's face until it looked like a jam omelette, he sought for fresh words to conquer, and dealt his opponent a terrific blow in the small of the back.

"Sod blow!" cried the referee at once.

"Battling Bifski, you are disqualified! I award the fight to Sam the Slogger!"

And Sam had not struck a single blow—with the exception of that punch on the hair in the first round!

Overjoyed at his success, Sam hobbled down from the platform, and advanced towards the fair Millicent.

"Milly dear, he's numbed toothlessly. I have won! Not only the fight, but you into the bargain! Come to my arms!"

Millicent shrank back in her seat like a startled fawn.

"Don't," she gasped. "If you have a spark of manliness in your make-up, I implore you to take your face away!"

"Eh?"

"It worries me. I've never seen such a dreadful sight!"

"But—but they are honourable scars!" protested Sam.

"Ugh! As if I could ever marry a man with a face like that!"

A wild howl came into Sam's left eye. (The other was closed.)

"Milly, I'm so scared hoarsely, 'you—you are going to jilt me!"

"Call it what you like," said the girl, rising to her feet. "I'm off! I'm going to propose to Battling Bifski! He is the handsomest man I ever saw!"

Sam's senses seemed to swim. He stood as if turned to stone, while the thudding of Millicent's hob-nailed boots was like a hammer beating in his brain.

She was gone! She was to become the blushing bride of Battling Bifski!

At last, when he had recovered the power of movement, Sam the Slogger limped back to his training quarters at the Blue Boar, and promptly poisoned himself by consuming dozens of pints of Government ale right off the reel.

Next morning the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst of unsound mind."

"Poor old Sam! If only he had lived, I might have been able to drag him into future stories.

But he is gone—gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns.

Ho-ho! I—I really can't go on.

Seen my handkerchief, Todd?"

THE END.

BILLY BUNTER versus BOB CHERRY!

A Graphic Description of a Recent Great Fight at Greyfriars,

By S. Q. I. FIELD.

The gym was packed to its utmost capacity when these two famous boxers met to settle their differences.

Even standing room could not be obtained for love or money, and some enthusiasts, who were determined to see the encounter at all costs, suspended themselves from the ceiling!

There was a marked contrast between the two opponents as they stepped into the ring. Bob Cherry enjoyed the advantage of height and reach; but Billy Bunter was several stone heavier, and it seemed a sheer impossibility to knock him down.

After a careful examination of the two boxers, I decided to back Billy Bunter to the extent of fourpence-halfpenny. Harold Skiener, the well-known book-maker, was present, and he duly recorded my bet.

Cheer upon cheer, jeer upon jeer, rang out as the contestants squared up to each other.

Wingate of the Sixth, who was boss of the show, ordered the seconds out of the ring, and then requested Bob Cherry and Billy Bunter to get on with the washing.

Judging by the remarks that were made, it was easy to tell that Bob Cherry was a hot favourite.

"Go it, Bob!"

"Give him a sock!"

"Bury your fists in his rolls of fat!"

"Wipe him off the earth!"

Wingate raised his hand for order, and the silence became so intense that, as Gosling the porter remarked afterwards, you could hear a gin-drop!

The great fight had begun!

ROUND 1.—Bob Cherry led off with a straight left to the referee's nose. The fight was suspended for a few seconds, while Wingate dabbed at his damaged nasal organ. When the scrap was resumed, Bob Cherry became very aggressive. He dashed into the midst of the spectators, hitting out right and left. Billy Bunter, who was untouched so far, chortled gleefully. The round finished with Bob Cherry on the floor, mixed up with a crowd of arms and legs—the property of the indignant spectators!

ROUND 2.—Bob Cherry rushed at his plump opponent, who rolled to one side, with the result that Bob attacked the box-horse. He dealt it such a severe blow that he sprained his left wrist. It was thought at first that he would have to be carried off the field—I mean, out of the ring; but he pluckily resumed. Billy Bunter attacked for the first time, dealing his opponent a smashing blow on the watch-chain. Bob Cherry rallied, but was unable to get to close quarters with Bunter. This was undoubtedly Bunter's round, and Gosling was heard to declare that the fat junior would gain the verdict on points!

ROUND 3.—Billy Bunter went ahead in great style. He shot out both fists at once, and Bob Cherry received them in the chest, and was so severely shaken up that Harry Wharton was obliged to administer a coughdrop. Following up his advantage, Bunter continued to have the better of the argument, and I began to

feel sorry that I hadn't backed him for a liver, instead of fourpence-halfpenny!

ROUND 4.—Urged on by his chums, Bob Cherry made desperate efforts to get to grips with his opponent. But he always missed his objective, and rained blows upon the spectators, some of whom retaliated, until poor old Bob was in a sorry plight. Both of his eyes were closed, and his nose took a direct turn to the left!

ROUND 5.—Billy Bunter stopped, in order to take nourishment in the form of chicken sandwiches; and Wingate pulled him up for "fowl"ing. The snack evidently did Bunter a power of good, for on the resumption he gave his opponent no peace. So far, Bob Cherry had not landed a single blow, and Bunter was doing all the attacking. He fought with great fury, and there was a dramatic hush as Bob Cherry was lifted clean off his feet. Wingate began to count, and when he got to "Nine!" Bob Cherry, with an effort, managed to scramble on to his big feet—a big feat!

ROUND 6.—The beginning of the end. We could see that Bob Cherry wouldn't last much longer, for Billy Bunter was knocking him all round the ring. Bob's chums implored him to pull himself together, but he was helpless. A hefty blow on the napper caused him to spin round and round like a windmill in a gale. Billy Bunter was putting plenty of beef into his punches, and Bob Cherry took them like a lamb, and could re-veal no skill or science in return. His chances of victory were as dead as mutton, and we expected the porky Bunter to land the knock-out blow at any moment.

ROUND 7.—Billy Bunter administered the knock-out blow amid a storm of cheering. Everybody agreed that it was a fair knock-out! For Bunter had not been expected to win. Bob Cherry lay motionless on his back, and artificial respiration had to be employed to bring him round. Billy Bunter rolled out of the gym with his nose in the air, and was heard to remark that he was now the champion boxer of the Remove.

Sounds like a fairy-tale, doesn't it? But it's perfectly true.

There is just one point I omitted to mention, though. Bob Cherry fought blindfolded, and with his right arm tied behind his back! Perhaps that may account for Billy Bunter's amazing victory.

But Bunter doesn't think so! He's going round telling everybody that he won on his merits.

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FAGS I HAVE FOUGHT!

By Bolsover Major.



When I look back upon my record as a fighting-man a blush of pride comes over my handsome but somewhat battered countenance.

In the course of my career as a pugilist I have knocked out scores and scores of fellows. The majority of them have been fags in the Second and Third, of course. I always believe in tackling people who are smaller than myself. They can't retaliate! Whereas if one takes on a hefty lout with a four-point-creep punch—well, one is simply asking for trouble!

I always select my opponent very carefully. If he is deformed or crippled, or has bow legs or a weak spine, it is all to my advantage. I can generally manage to put him on his back in next to no time.

On one occasion, however, I got a rude shock. I chose as my opponent a fellow who hobbled about on crutches, and as soon as the fight began he started laying into me with a cut-throat, until I was bruised all over, and obliged to bow for mercy.

I think the most exciting scrap I ever had was with young Tubb. I thought it would be a walk-over for me, as I was two feet taller, a couple of stone heavier, and much bigger in the hips. But my opponent had a habit of darting between my legs, and he was so agile that for some time I was unable to land a single blow on his anatomy. Meanwhile, Tubb beat a merry tattoo on my ribs, causing me to howl with pain. It wasn't until the tenth round that I managed to come face to face with my elusive opponent. Going down on my knees, I shot out my left with smashing force. Young Tubb turned about a dozen somersaults, and landed on his back on the gravel. It was thought at first that his back was broken, so powerful was my blow. But it turned out that he had merely fractured his thigh, and a few months in the sunny weather sufficient to set him on his feet.

Another fierce contest I had was with young Paget. I crept up behind him while he was frying a herring in the fags' Common-room, and dealt him a powerful blow in the back. The young hert fell in the fire, and there would have been an unpleasant odour of roast Paget if I hadn't heaved him away from the hungry flames. We then had a good old set-to. I used my fists, and my opponent brandished a coasting-fork. Of course, I won all right at the finish, but not before I had been badly punctured all over my anatomy.

Then there was the famous occasion when I fought Sammy Bunter. He beat me in the fifteenth round—but I ought to point out that the contest consisted in consuming rounds of toast!

Have I ever mentioned fag-laughter? you will ask. No, I haven't got to that stage yet. Several of the fags I have encountered at various times are now permanently bed-ridden, several others have lost the sight of their eyes, but I have not yet succeeded in putting anybody completely out of action.

Still, I am not yet at the zenith of my fame, and there is no knowing what may happen before I finally quit the boxing-ring.

"The Schoolboy Film Stars!"

(Continued from page 8.)

"Where am I?" he asked plaintively. "Come out of it!" snapped Mr. Joseph Royce.

Mr. George Royce was looking scared. That was the first thing Bunter noticed when he had crawled out from under the table and had adjusted his glasses.

"I must have fallen asleep," said the Owl.

"Ah!" said the horse-dealer. "Well, Joe, he certainly did snore," remarked his brother.

"He'd rather believe I was asleep," thought Bunter. "Well, I'd much rather they both did, I know that. I wonder whether they'd swallow it if I said it in the pork-pie in my sleep?"

"Stand up on your hind legs and explain yourself!" rumbled Joe Royce.

Bunter got up, his knees trembling under him. He had a wild thought of threatening to tell the police unless all was forgiven and forgotten. But to make that threat needed more audacity than he could summon up at the moment.

"I was hungry," he whined. "I didn't have any proper breakfast!"

"Why, it's the stowaway!" said George Royce. "The other lads were chipping him about it in the bus. He's a bad lot, seemingly!"

"No more than you are!" retorted Bunter sullenly.

"He would have said more had he dared."

"I heard about him," said the horse-dealer. "Same bad young 'un that tipped the little fairy queen into the water. Oh, I know your name, an' your nater, Master Bunter!"

"I didn't think you'd mind my having a snack," whined the Owl. "But I was so tired I couldn't eat much. So I got up under the table and fell asleep."

"Fell asleep, did you? Never heard us come in!"

"No, I didn't know anything till you lifted the tablecloth. Then I seemed to smell beer all of a sudden," answered Bunter.

Joe Royce looked angry. He had had a glass of beer—he always did have one about that time in the morning—but he did not like being told that he smelled of it.

"It was my own beer I drank, anyway," he said pointedly.

"I don't mind," replied Bunter. "I drink beer myself sometimes. I'm a bit sporty, you know. But I like ginger-pop better."

"I've a dashed good mind to waltz you!" said Joe Royce.

"You'd better not!" snarled Bunter.

"What do you mean by that, you overfed young pig?"

"I—I'd kick your shins! I'd report you to the Head! I'd—"

Bunter had meant to say that he would go and report to the police. But he did not get a chance. He had awakened Joe Royce's quick temper; and he found himself seized by the collar and hauled partly off his feet.

"Get me a stick, George! There's an ash-pit in the hall—nice and tickle-ome!"

"Yow! Ow! Yow! Don't you dare!"

But Mr. Joseph Royce did dare. Bunter had roused in him a desire to make Bunter smart; and, though he might be sorry for it afterwards, Mr. Royce was very much in the way of letting such desires prevail.

Mr. George Royce seemed doubtful—whether from pity or from policy, Bunter

could only guess. He brought the asphalt, much such a weapon as the Greyfriars prefects used sometimes. But he said:

"D'yo know, I'm not sure I would, Joe. After all, he's one of your visitors, in a way—"

"After all, he's a dirty, sly, dishonest young rascal, and he deserves all I'm going to give him, an' more!" snapped Joseph.

Bunter howled and blubbered like the coward he was, and only a very real fear of Joe Royce prevented him from threatening to make things hot for George.

"You didn't kick my shins!" panted Joe, when he had finished.

"I'll do worse than that to you!" warned Bunter.

"Get up and get out, you fat young criminal!"

Bunter had cast himself on the carpet, writhing. But Joe Royce yanked him up, and he came limply, with fragments of pork-pie adhering to his over-full waistcoat.

He was shot out of the door, and rolled slyly out of the house.

"D'ye think he heard anything that matters, Joe?" asked George Royce nervously.

"Not sure—not a bit sure. But I'm certain of one thing, George—if he did, the only way to throw him off the scent is to come out along with me an' join the rest of them. Then young Fatty, who ain't over an' above bright, I should say, will see that you ain't hidin'; an' even if he heard, he may not twig the lay of the land. Anyway, you're in no more danger so than hidin' in the hoose."

"All right, Joe, I'll wish," said the fugitive meekly. "I wish I could have faced it out; but I've thought all along, an' I do still think, that being arrested would be the finish of me in business. The felas I have to deal with ain't got much sense, and to see me between two bobbies would just about put the lid on it, whereas, if Fowling is taken, as he ought to be, with the information, I sent along to the police before I bolted, I'm safe."

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

An Unexpected Hero!

"I SAY, Bob, there's the fat merchant who asked us for a lift,"

said Frank Nugent, as the brothers Royce joined the throng in one of the paddocks, where some of Joe Royce's men were horsebreaking.

"That's queer," muttered Bob. "Mr. Royce made out he didn't see him when he got out of the bus, and now—"

He broke off. He had been speaking rather to himself than to Frank, and, anyway, Frank was not listening. Some- thing else had distracted his attention.

The Kid had left Bob for a minute or two to speak to her mother, by whose side was Harry Samson. Rignald was not far off. But Rignald looked almost out of the running.

Someone had heard Bob, though, for a voice spoke in his ear.

"It is queer, old chap! Just come aside a moment, will you? I don't want anyone else to hear."

The voice was that of Peter Todd, and Bob moved with Peter away from the rest.

"I don't know who that chap is," said Peter. "He seems to be a pal of Mr. Royce's, and that's in his favour. But—"

"I can't help believing he's his brother," broke in Bob. "You look at them, Teddy. They're as much alike as you and Loney, really."

"Yes, they do look like brothers, though I hope I don't look quite so much like a sauce-bot of melted butter as Loney does, Cherry! There's something really queer about that fellow, I'm sure."

And Peter proceeded to relate, in a matter-of-fact way that carried conviction, what he had noticed on the journey, after the stranger had joined them. He did not lay undue stress on his own suspicions; he told Bob what he had seen, and let him judge for himself what it meant.

"It does look dashed queer," agreed Bob. "I do hope there's nothing wrong, for I like Mr. Royce no end."

"He's one of the best, I should say," answered Peter. "But if there's anything fishy it's not with him. It's the other man."

"And if the other man's his brother it's almost as bad, Teddy. It would be a rare nasty knock for him to have his brother walked off by the police with all the crowd of us here."

"So it would. But perhaps there's less chance of it with such a crowd about. Even if the bobbies came he might dodge them."

"He might, I say, I shall have to go and look after the Kid. She gets too near the horses for my liking."

"She's with her mother," said Peter, "though I admit her mother's got other things to think of just now. It's looking a long way forward, Bob, but how do you think you'd fancy that good-looking actor merchant as a step-father-in-law—oh!"

"Rats!" replied Bob, as he hurried off.

A line of posts and rails separated the horsebreaking enclosure from the rest of the paddock, and nearly all Joe Royce's visitors were strung along the rails, watching. A couple of young horses, with plenty of spirit, one of them with more than a touch of vice, were being broken; and the process was decidedly interesting to all the spectators.

It was absolutely absorbing to the Kid. In the fascination it exerted over her she had even forgotten Bob Cherry.

"Better take Rakehell in, Smithers!" called Mr. Royce. "He's showin' the whites of his eyes more than I fancy."

"Bein' watched seems to git on his nerves a bit, sir," answered Smithers pantingly. "Steady, Rakehell! Whoa, boy! Oh, by the Lord Harry!"

The long plunging-rein had snapped at a sudden vicious tug by the young horse, and Rakehell was free!

Smithers grabbed wildly at him, and the horse lashed out with his heels at Smithers. The man went down groaning. His knee had been struck by one of the flying hoofs, and, though he did not taken its full force, he was put out of action for the moment.

Then the Kid shrieked in fear. She had slipped under the rail to get nearer while the rein was yet unbroken, and until she saw Rakehell rushing down upon her she had been too absorbed in what was happening to think of possible danger.

Bob Cherry dodged under the rail at once. But Bolsener tried to do the same thing at the same moment, and his shoulder met Bob's. Both sprawled, and Bob, his heart fairly in his mouth, could only watch what chanced next as he tried to scramble up.

Harry Samson had gone to the rescue at once. Rignald, Peter Todd, Harry Wharton, Squiff, two or three more who were near enough, were hard on his heels.

But it was none of these who effected the rescue.

It was the stranger—the stout man who had asked for a lift—the man of THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 621.

mystery to Bob and Peter Todd—George Royce to Bunter!

He slipped under the rails and darted at the Kid. He had only a few yards to make, but it was a race.

For Rakehell, looking like a mad horse—and he was almost mad, for he had not taken kindly to his breaking, and he had never seen so many people at a time before—was rushing down upon the Kid with teeth bared and eyes gleaming.

George Royce snatched her up from under his very nostrils, and thrust her into Samson's arms. Then he went down, with a great piece torn right out of the shoulder of his coat. Rakehell had savaged him.

His fore hoofs would have come down upon the prostrate man's body; but in the very nick of time Bob and Peter seized the broken rein together, and slowed Rakehell round, while Harry Wharton, Rignald, and Bolsolver dragged the heavy man under the rail into safety. Smithers was up again, limping; Joe Royce had Rakehell's head now, and Squiff was near to help if needed. The danger was over, and none had shown the white feather. But it was that most unheroic-looking stout man who had played the hero's part.

"Stand back, all of you but Smithers and young Cherry!" called Joe Royce. "Well back, for he may let out. Here, you—you look hefty—take Ginger there from Bloom, an' let Bloom come here!"

That was to Squiff, who obeyed at once, though he would rather have had a share in dealing with Rakehell.

But he had no light task, and it was well that he knew how to handle horses. For no sooner had Bloom handed over Ginger's reins to him than Ginger began to give trouble.

"You're not hurt, George, are you?" yelled Joe Royce.

"Not a bit, Joe!" replied his brother stoutly.

George Royce might be something of a coward in a moral sense; but he was anything but a coward physically. "The little lady!" panted Mr. Royce, too busy with Rakehell to be able to look for himself.

"She's all right!" sang out Harry Samson.

"Thank Heaven!" gasped Joe Royce. "That's right, men, get him round this way! Stand well back, everybody!"

And Rakehell, plucking and rearing, was got away by the horse-dealer and his men, while Bob, told he could go, ran to the Kid.

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," faltered Mrs. Peters.

"No need for thanks, ma'am," answered George Royce. "Anybody would have done as much for your pretty little girl, I'm sure!"

"And it ought to have been Bob who did it—it was in Bob's part, that was!" piped up the Kid.

"I did try, Gwen," said Bob humbly.

"I know you did—I saw you. The big boy tumbled you over. But he couldn't help it—he was trying, too."

Bolsolver's heavy face brightened up at this.

"I'm sorry, Cherry!" he murmured.

"Not your fault, old chap," replied Bob.

"Did Barrow go it?" demanded the Kid, and Mrs. Elliston, whose face was as white as a sheet, laughed almost hysterically. It was so like the Kid to think of business just then. She might have been badly frightened for the moment; but next moment she was thinking what a film scene that must have made.

Mrs. Elliston's face was white, and so was that of the Kid's mother; but Barrow's was very nearly green. The camera man worshipped the Kid, though

he never let her see it; and her peril had unnerved him.

"I didn't—didn't even think about it—I was so afraid of you, Kid!" he stammered.

"You are a duffer, Barrow! Well, it doesn't matter so very much, as it wasn't Bob, and this gentleman isn't in the story. But if it's to be done all over again it must be a different horse," said the Kid. "I don't think Rakehell is really nice-tempered enough."

At that everyone laughed, and the strain relaxed.

Mrs. Royce, coming along to fetch them into lunch a few minutes later, did not even guess that anything had been wrong until she was told.

"Toddy," said Bob, "if the police do come trying to nab that good chap I shall feel inclined to stay them with this good right hand of mine!"

"And I'd help 'em," returned Peter. "He's all right!"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Making Films!

BUNTER was hanging round, looking exceedingly woe-begone, when the rest came along to lunch. His back still smarted, and he had not forgotten Mr. Royce; but he had no notion of letting his resentment carry him to the length of refusing to eat in Royce's house.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Here's the porpoise! Where have you been, fatty?"

"That's no business of yours, Cherry," replied Bunter.

"Well, you're on the spot for the item in the programme that suits you best, anyway!" Johnny Bull said.

Bunter was slipping in with them when he saw that Joe Royce's eyes were upon him. For a moment he hesitated, almost afraid to go on. Then he ventured, and Joe Royce's usually smiling grimly.

Mr. Jamfrey came bustling up. He had been absent during the exciting scene in the paddock, and had only just heard about it.

"Where's the gentleman who saved the Kid's life?" he demanded. "Oh, here you are, sir! I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name, but I wish to offer you my congratulations on your courage, and the thanks of us all for your rescue of the young lady who is one day to be Britain's greatest film actress!"

"Oh, Uncle Jimmy!" cried the Kid, in rapture.

"Hear, hear!" roared the crowd.

Only Bunter kept silence. Bunter did not want the Kid killed, of course; but he felt that a good deal too much fuss was being made about her. She was always getting into dangerous positions and making trouble for other people, Bunter considered.

Lunch made him feel less bitter. He ate enough for half a dozen, and neither made conversation nor listened to it.

Directly after lunch Mr. Jamfrey announced that they really must get to business. Standing up on the right of Mrs. Royce at one end of the long table, he mapped out the afternoon's programme. Lunch had been taken early and there was still lots of time.

"We shall begin with the shooting of the scenes in which Alice Wedderburn, the heroine of my story—The Man She Married—takes refuge with the kind-hearted trainer—that's you, Mr. Royce—and his wife—that's Mrs. Elliston—only for the time being, of course, my dear Mrs. Royce!"

"That's all right, Mr. Jamfrey. I'm not jealous. And Joe will have a really handsome wife for a few minutes. I

know he's always wanted one," replied the mistress of Wakebama.

"I don't think any man could want a nicer one every way than he has," said Mrs. Elliston, smiling at the compliment.

"Don't talk, ladies, please! I hold the floor at the moment," protested Mr. Jamfrey. "Alice is running away from her worthless husband. That's you, Rignald."

Did Rignald murmur, "Wish it was?" Certainly he murmured something, and Harry Wharton, who sat next to him, fancied it was just that.

"Samson's up, as the deserving young man who marries Alice after the worthless one has duly pegged out, don't come in at all in these scenes, and we only brought you along lest you should get into mischief if left alone at Friarale."

"Can't he peg out to-day, Jammy?" asked Samson.

"That's like you, Harry!" grumbled Rignald. "You grudge me even my short and obscure earnings!"

"Boys—boys, didn't you hear what I said to the ladies? Now, after what has happened this morning I propose to defer the shooting of the scene in which my friend Cherry here is to effect a sensational rescue of Miss Gwendolyn Peters till another day. I think that two rescues in one day may be too much for the nerves of Miss Peters."

"Rats!" said the Kid.

"But we have quite a lot more to do. In conjunction with that rising young dramatist, Mr. Harry Wharton, and with Mr. William Wibley, whom Wharton and I have co-opted to our labours—"

He paused. Wibley beamed and Harry smiled. Wibley had not liked being in the back seats a bit; but he felt happy now.

"I have practically settled the scenario of the great schoolboy drama in which you will all take part, while Messrs. Cherry, Wibley, Wharton, and Bolsolver—as the bully—his Highness the Nabob of Bhanipur—Mr. Jamfrey rolled the title on his tongue as though he relished it—and two or three more will have roles of some importance."

"I say, sir, I don't know—"

Bolsolver had begun a protest. But Peter Todd struck in.

"Don't worry, Bolsy! You haven't got any real acting to do. Just be your own sweet self—twist chaps' arms behind them, and punch them on the biceps while you're got 'em twisted—all that sort of thing, you know. Don't think about the camera at all. All you have to do is to enjoy yourself in the manner indicated."

Bolsolver flushed scarlet, and looked as though inclined to refuse. Perhaps it was rather cruel of Peter. But Bolsolver had deserved it.

"Ah, I forgot our stout friend!" went on Mr. Jamfrey, who seemed to have forgiven Bunter, though Bunter was not quite sure that he had forgiven Mr. Jamfrey. "He will be the bully's victim."

"Oh, really! I don't know so much about that!" objected Bunter. "Bolsy hurts, I can tell you. Look here! I'd rather be the hero. I don't see why you shouldn't have a hero with a plump, well-proportioned figure, Mr. Jamfrey!"

—But there was nothing heroic doing for Billy Bunter. It was made quite clear to that aspiring individual that he was the victim or he was nothing.

"And that's better than you deserve," said Bob.

"All right! Only don't you be too sure you've got me!" grumbled Bunter.

"I didn't bargain for having Bolsy punch me on the biceps while he's got my arm twisted. I shouldn't have come at all if I'd known that was what you were bringing me for."

"My hat! What nerve!" gasped Frank Nugent.

"The indications of the precise kind of torture to be inflicted were not official," said Mr. Jamsrey. "Our friend Bolsover will not really hurt you."

"Oh, won't he? You bet he will if I give him the chance," muttered the Owl. "I know Bolsoy."

"I propose to utilize Mr. Royce's premises for some scenes of the school play, as well as for some in 'The Man She Married,'" continued the film director. "Our reason I hope to shoot at Greyfriars itself, with the permission of your reverend Head, of course. For these I shall put you through brief rehearsals to-day."

"What's the name of the school play, sir?" asked Delarey.

"We have not quite settled that yet, but I may say that it will include dormitory scenes, the kidnapping of his Highness the Nabob by unscrupulous rascals, who design to hold him to ransom, a horse race between two of Mr. Royce's animals, with Messrs. Cherry and Squiff up—"

There was a hum of applause at this. "I'll beat you, Bob, if the director will let me!" said Squiff.

"You know more about the game than I do," answered Bob. "But I'm not so sure about your licking me, unless you have the better horse."

The story was not very clearly outlined as yet. It was not very clear in Mr. Jamsrey's mind, perhaps. All the members of his company knew that he worked on a system of his own, which did not look like a system at all to anyone else. But he turned out good stuff for all that.

Some of them had fancied that a film play was taken straight through, in the order of the scenes as they would finally appear. But they soon learned otherwise. The scenes were done in any old order, as Rignald told them, and were pieced together afterwards. Lots of them were scrapped. Uncle Jimmy always got a lot more than would go over into a six-reeler. Some of these—the more important—were often taken—"shot," was the word the film people always used—several times over.

One and all were interested to watch the filming of the scenes in which Alice Wedderburn, bolting from her worthless husband—one of the best chaps going, really," as Bob said—reached Wakeham, and was taken in by Mr. Royce—who was told that he needed not to act at all, but just to look himself—and Mrs. Elliston as his wife. The Kid, who in the story was her niece, arrived with her in a motor-car, and Bill, much to his delight, was pressed into service as the chauffeur.

"Look here, sir!" said Bill to Mr. Jamsrey. "You say I needn't act. But I've got the hang of the story from what you've said, and what I'd like to know is, whether there's anything against me looking sorry and sympathetic for the lady and the little girl?"

"Nothing at all, if you can do it. But don't screw your face about," replied Mr. Jamsrey.

"Oh, I can do it, and I won't screw my face about. That ain't the way a man that is a man looks when he feels like that," said Bill.

And he did it well—so well that Mr. Jamsrey inquired at once whether he would be available if wanted again.

Mr. Royce, standing by a stable door in the first scene, afterwards at the door of his house, then inside, simply looked Joe Royce all through. His face expressed nothing in particular except Joe Royce; but as Joe Royce was a good fellow at heart, that was all James H. needed.

Mrs. Elliston, Laura Laurel, and the Kid had quite a lot of acting to do.

"Now, Laura, register fatigue, trouble, mental strain—all that sort of thing," James H. would say, and Laura Laurel would "register"—that is to say, would show by her face what she was supposed to be feeling.

"Register sympathy, Mrs. Elliston! Let it increase as Alice tells so much of her story as she would be likely to tell to a stranger at the outset. Show that you are fascinated by the Kid." But the Kid did not have to be told to "register." Uncle Jimmy had found out that the Kid, once she knew what the story was, played her part in it exactly as if it were real. She was only a child, but she was a genius.

Mr. Jamsrey was more than satisfied that vigorous thrashing, and to learn that he was now to be put through it by Bolsover for the benefit of Mr. Jamsrey, who had a few days earlier given him just such another thrashing, Bunter was badly disgruntled.

"I don't see why I should," he mumbled. "Tain't as though I was to be a hero. Everybody who sees the play on the films will laugh at me."

"Who could help laughing at you, you object?" asked Squiff.

"We see why you should, anyway; and we're going to see that you do," said Bob.

And Bob and Squiff led off the victim. "Don't try to look pleasant, Bolsover," said Mr. Jamsrey. "You will only spoil your face if you do. I would suggest that your natural expression, perhaps a



"Someone's been in here and eaten the grub!" said Mr. Royce. "You can see his dirty footmarks!" Suddenly he caught sight of a boot under the table. He lifted the edge of the cloth and glanced underneath. "Come out of it!" he snapped. Billy Bunter, looking very sheepish, crawled from his hiding-place. (See Chapter 5.)

with the start of operations. He dealt with three or four more scenes in which the horses were prominent. Then he insisted in shooting the first meeting between the Kid and Bob, who in the play was the trainer's son.

Bob, behaving naturally, got through his task with credit.

"Now we'll get on to the schoolboy stuff," said the director. "Where's that fat fellow? I've a notion to shoot the bullying scene first."

Bunter had to be sought for. He was discovered asleep in the straw of one of the outhouses. He came reluctantly, for he had been dreaming; and in his dream he had been given a reward of one hundred pounds sterling for providing the police with information that led to the arrest of George Royce on a charge of embezzlement.

When he was awakened, to find his back still smarting from the effects of

little intensified, will do very well indeed."

It was not too complimentary; but Bolsover took it all right. He had a vague sort of resolve not to behave in future so that he should be picked out at once for a bully's part; but at the same time he had a notion, not in the very least vague, that this was quite a good chance to get even with the Owl.

"He's not going to hurt you, Bunter; but you must look as if he's hurting you," said Mr. Jamsrey.

"I'll see that he looks it all right!" muttered Bolsover.

"I—I—I don't like this a bit! I know he'll hurt me!" wailed Bunter.

"Be a man!" snapped Joe Royce. "He's not going to hurt you, Bunter; Bolsover looked round. The ladies had gone into the house. He was glad of that. They might pity Bunter if they THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 691.

and despise his persecutor; but from those present Bolsover expected neither pity for Bunter nor contempt for him for seeing that Bunter "registered" pain.

And Bunter did that all right! There were no half measures about Percy Bolsover, who had something to avenge.

"Good! Oh, good! Keep the camera on him, Barrow!" yelled James H., as Bunter tore himself from Bolsover's grasp and threw himself down, writhing and yelling, his fat face contorted with anguish, his fat hands waving.

"I say, Bolsover, you must have—" "Well, wasn't I supposed to, Wharton?" snapped the burly junior. "You know Bunter can't act. I had to hurt the pig! What's it matter, anyway?"

"Besides, I don't suppose he's really hurt!" growled Joe Royce. "He made just that kind of fuss when I gave him a lick or two for helping himself too freely."

"You snotter, Bunter!" growled Johnny Bull.

Bunter, answering not, rolled away.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Making Mischief!

BUNTER was not without spite; but spite was far from being his ruling passion.

If he did not forgive easily, he forgot pretty quickly. Thoughts of grub pushed thoughts of injuries—real or supposed out of his mind.

He felt very bitter with everyone in general, and Joe Royce in particular just then; but it is unlikely that he would have done what he did but for two things—his dream in the straw, and his meeting with the Blastworth police-sergeant.

Before he met the sergeant, he met Peter Todd, however.

Peter was not without interest in the film-making. But he was more interested in George Royce and the mystery surrounding him. It may have been illogical in Peter to make up his mind that the fugitive was innocent, mainly because he had shown himself plucky; but even a budding lawyer of over fifteen cannot always be logical.

Peter, like the rest of the Greystriars fellows, was disgusted with the Owl.

It was disgraceful that the fat fellow, after pushing himself in where he knew he was not wanted, should discredit the manners and morals of Greystriars by stealing food. They all understood that that was what he had done.

"Where are you off to, you loathsome fat vagabond?" inquired Peter.

"I don't know. I'm not going to stay here, anyway. I haven't been treated as a gentleman expects to be. I think I'll walk to that station and go back. Lend me five bob, Toddy!"

"I wouldn't lend you five bob to save you from perishing!" snapped Peter. "You're a fat black spot on the fair face of Greystriars, and I'm ashamed that you belong to my study! You're a dishonest porpoise!"

"Oh, really, Toddy, I think you ought to know me well enough not to call me things like that! And, if it comes to dishonesty, everybody else here ain't so absolutely above suspicion. What about that fat chap? I don't mean the film beast or the horse-dealer brute. I mean the other one—he's the horse-dealer's brother."

"Well, what about him?" asked Peter. Bunter laid a fat and dirty forefinger against the side of his fat little nose.

"That's tellings," he said darkly.

"And I don't mean to tell you, Peter. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 691.

Todd. You're no pal of mine, after talking to me like that. If I tell anybody, it will be—never mind!"

Bunter rolled away, looking crafty and mysterious; and Peter stared after him, feeling worried.

But Peter Todd thought that the fact of Bunter's being in strange territory went far to discount any damage he might try to do. So Peter went back to his chums, getting those just in time to see the race between Bob Cherry and Squiff.

Squiff had done a lot more riding than Bob. So, like a sportsman, he insisted on Bob's having the more easily manageable mount. But he put up a good race, and Bob's victory by a length was according to programme, but hardly what might have happened had Squiff gone all out at the finish.

The character of the course used made it impossible to get "close-ups" of the whole race in the usual way, which is from a speedy motor-car travelling alongside the horses. But there were three cameras, and Rignald and Mr. Jumfrey were both pretty expert at their use. So the start, the finish, and one intermediate stage were filmed; and James H. said that they were all good—especially the finish, which he himself shot.

When rehearsals began Peter slipped away. He did not feel that he was necessary; and he did feel a good deal worried about what Bunter might do.

It would be a base return indeed for all the bounteous hospitality of Joe Royce if Bunter played the traitor and got his brother arrested.

Meanwhile Bunter had rolled a couple of hundred yards or so towards the village, and had then begun to feel faint and sick.

Even Bunter could not put down the faintness to lack of sustenance. He had lunched for six. To that latter fact might be attributed the sickness.

But Bunter preferred to believe it due to the brutality of Bolsover, for which Bolsover was not alone accountable. They had all convined at it—bellies, all of them!

The Owl sat himself down on a grassy bank, with his feet dangling over a dry ditch. How long he had been sitting there when the sergeant of police came along he could not have said. But he had begun to feel less sick, though there was in his mind a sort of hazy feeling.

"Hallo!" said the sergeant doubtfully.

Bunter's clothes looked better—cleaner than Bunter, in spite of the grease marks upon them. The sergeant half suspected him of having come into possession of those clothes illegally. The Owl was not at all his notion of a public school-boy.

"Hallo!" replied Bunter faintly. "What are you doing here?" inquired the sergeant, standing over him.

"Nothing. I didn't feel very well, that's all. I'm better now."

"Where do you live?" "I'm a Greystriars fellow. Some of us are at Royce's place for the day—the horse-dealer, you know. They insisted on my coming. Now I wish I hadn't. But that's the worst of being so popular."

"Oh! Ah, yes!" said the sergeant. "You would be popular, of course. There ain't many of your sort about."

In the fat mind of William George Bunter ideas were buzzing. There was bitterness in his heart, and in his brain the memory of that dream of his still lurked. So hazy was he that he was not sure that it was a dream. It seemed quite as real as sitting here on a bank by a strange road, with a strange police sergeant towering above him.

It must have been Bunter, for it could not have been the sergeant, though Bunter was hardly conscious of speaking, and declared afterwards that he did not know just what he said, who spoke the words:

"Is there a reward?"

"Reward! Whaffer!"

Something moved Bunter to answer:

"For George Royce, the embezzler!"

"What? What'd ye mean? Bless my soul and breeches, this looks as if—Do you know where George Royce is?"

It was plain that the sergeant knew something of the case. As he realised that Billy Bunter had a sudden spasm of repentance.

"No," he replied.

The sergeant collared him, yanked him up, and shook him until his teeth chattered.

"You fat young rascal! You wouldn't have asked about a reward if you hadn't known something! He's at Wakehams, ain't he?"

"Leggo! You can't treat me like this, if you are a blessed bobby! I don't know anything about it, I tell you!"

"Don't you stir from there! I'm going to fetch my man Wilkes. We'll have him! I'm sorry for Joe Royce, but duty's duty."

And the sergeant hurried off towards the village just as Peter Todd came round the corner, too late to avert the mischief.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Arrest of Bob Cherry!

"**W**HAT have you done now, you scandalous porpoise?" demanded Peter.

"Nothing, Toddy, really.

At least, I didn't mean to do anything. It was all the sergeant's fault. He fairly forced me out of me!"

Bunter was huddled up on the bank, a picture of woe. He felt quite ill as he contemplated what he had done. Moreover, it did not look at all as though he would get any reward. If there was one, the sergeant would nab it, he was sure.

"Forced what out of you?" snapped Peter.

"About that chap Royce being at Wakehams. He's an embezzler, you know."

"You gave him away, after what he

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did this morning?" asked Peter wonderingly.

"I don't see that that was my affair. He didn't do anything for me. And I think that Peters kid is a perfect little beast, though you do all make so much of her."

"You told the bobby Royce was at Wakehams?"

"Yes," groaned Bunter. "It's no good getting mad with me, Peter, Don't I tell you he forced it out of me?"

"Where's the bobby gone now?"

"To fetch his man, he said. You can't do anything, Teddy. You'd much better not meddle."

Peter gave Bunter one glare of unmitigated scorn, and then bolted.

He ran as hard as ever he had run in his life. And at the gate of Wakehams he had the good fortune to meet Bob Cherry.

"Where's Bunter?" asked Bob.

"Somebody's told me he was missing. The fat sweep's no good; but I suppose he's got to be looked after."

"Fity we didn't think of that sooner, Cherry," returned Peter. "Oh, it's more my fault than yours; but Bunter has done about the dirtiest trick that even Bunter ever did! He's given Mr. Royce's brother away to the police!"

"What? You're joking, Royce?"

"I look as if I was joking, don't I! See here, Bob, we've got to do something! It will be no end of a disgrace to Greyfriars if Royce is taken through Bunter's blabbing, you know. I'll get old Jamfrey, he's not the sort to stick at anything, because it isn't quite legal, when a chap he likes is concerned, I'm sure. And Bill or Rignald would drive."

"I twig! Get him away in one of the cars, eh? That's the dodge, Toddy! But where are the hobbies?"

"They may be here any minute. We mustn't waste time."

"You cut off and tell Royce—both the Royces—and Jamfrey, Toddy. You're better at telling anything clearly than I am, you know. I'll stay here, and if the hobbies come before the car's gone, I'll find some way to diddle them!"

It was a bold scheme, but Peter had no time to criticise or improve upon it. He rushed off, and Bob waited, not at the gate, but a little way inside.

"I must keep cool!" Peter told himself.

He looked anything but cool outwardly when he got the brothers Royce and James H. Jamfrey apart to tell them; but he told them with such clear brevity that not a second was wasted in the story.

"You want to get away, George?" asked Joe Royce.

"Yes. I can't bear the notion of being arrested here, Joe."

"What do you say, Mr. Jamfrey? It's asking a lot, but—"

"My dear sir! It's nothing for so good a pal as you and for a hero like your brother! I say a car, Harry Samson to drive. They've fixed it up between them to-day, he and Laura; he wouldn't like anyone else to take on this job; but I'm gassing when I ought to be acting. Come along! Find Samson, will you, Toddy? He'll be somewhere near the petticoat contingent, for certain."

Peter rushed off. Within three minutes the car was ready; Bill saw that that. Within four minutes George Royce was in it; and Harry Samson at the wheel.

Then came a scout to report peril in the offing. It was Harry Wharton, to whom Peter had told something, and who had volunteered to go towards the gate.

"Two hobbies coming!" he said excitedly. "Bob's with them. He'll try to lead them wrong, of course."

"Any way out otherwise than by that gate, Royce?" asked Samson.

"No. It all hangs on Bob Cherry now, and if it can be put right he's the boy to do it!" replied the horse-dealer.

The yard in which the car stood was not in sight from the gate. Bob led the two constables along the path to the stables.

"Yes, Mr. George Royce is here, I believe," he had told them, looking the picture of curly-headed innocence. "Did you want to speak to him? This way. They're all be looking at the horses, so we shall have to go to the stables."

It was touch and go, and Bob knew it. But he kept his head faculty.

He never once thought about himself, or what the result of his trick might be for him. George Royce had saved the Kid's life; that was enough for Bob.

The big loose box he had seen empty; if he could only get them in there, shut them in, fasten the door till the car was clear away!

And he did it. He looked so very innocent, and the sergeant was so keen on making the arrest, and the constable was so stupid, that he did it quite easily.

"In here," he said, and he stood back to let them pass before him.

It was dark in the loose box after the brilliant sunshine outside. Neither sergeant nor constable perceived that the place was empty.

Next moment it was darker. Bob had slammed the door to.

But there was no bolt outside. He yelled to some of the other fellows, visible through the door of the stable-yard.

"Squiff! Johnny! Bolsbeer! Here, to me!"

They came with a rush. At Bob's command they set their weight against the door. They asked no questions, but did as they were bidden.

"Cut off to the big yard, Frank! Tell them to get the car away at once! I've got the enemy here, but I can't hold them long!"

"Let us out! Do you hear? You'll pay dearly for this game, my boy!" bellowed the sergeant.

Bob did not answer. It was no use making his case worse by cheek.

Frank almost flew. He did not understand; but he, too, obeyed.

He rushed up to the group in the big yard.

"Bob's got 'em penned!" he panted. "You're to start at once!"

Next moment the car shot out of the gates. Samson gave a wild cheer as he turned it into the road, and Mr. Jamfrey and Peter and Harry yelled as with one voice:

"Good luck!"

But Joe Royce was silent.

"I wouldn't have had this happen for five hundred pounds," he said. "King will make trouble for that boy Bob, and I fairly love that boy!"

Sergeant King did make trouble. He was a very wrathful sergeant indeed. He insisted upon arresting Bob for interfering with the police in the execution of their duty; and he refused to believe the very ingenious lie which the ready-witted James H. Jamfrey invented to account for Bob's wrongful deed. According to James H. what Bob had done was all part of what he had been instructed to do in the course of some scenes in a film play, and the boy had not known that they were really policemen at all, but

had imagined them to be supers dressed to represent policemen.

"I don't know much about your film acting and such," said the sergeant; "but that's all bunkum. All my eye and Betty Martin, that is!"

It was all bunkum; but the unregenerate James H. seemed rather proud of it even after it had failed.

"You're never goin' to put the handcuffs on the lad, King, are you?" said Joe Royce.

"Don't you bother, Mr. Royce. I don't mind much," said Bob.

He held out his hands, and the handcuffs were snapped on to his wrists.

Mr. Royce, Mr. Jamfrey, Harry, Frank, and Peter Todd all accompanied him to the little police-station, which was the first house in the village, so that Bob had not to march through Blistworth in handcuffs, luckily.

And at the police-station they had good news—the best news. A wire had come for the sergeant. As he opened it and read his face changed.

"Look here, Mr. Royce, I'm glad of this—real glad, I am!" the sergeant said. "I've a wire here that says I'm not to arrest your brother. I'd heard before that he was spotted heading this way, and was on the look-out for him. But now they've arrested another man, and it's clear Mr. George is innocent."

"I was sure of that all along, King," said Joe Royce very quietly. "And now you won't go any further in the matter against this brave lad here, will you?"

The sergeant scratched his head, looked at Bob, looked at Joe Royce, then said:

"No; hang me if I do! Wilkes, he never arrested anyone this afternoon. Understand? This was just a bit of fun, like!"

"Yes, sergeant; that's all right!" said Wilkes.

.....

They picked up Bunter on the way back to Wakehams—a very sad and repentant Bunter, who tried very hard indeed to make out that he was not to blame, in the intervals of saying how sorry he was. But William George never had been a model of consistency.

Much more might be told of the great school film, and how some of its scenes were shot at Greyfriars, by permission of the Head, and what a huge success it was.

It was a sad day for others besides Bob Cherry when Mr. Jamfrey and his folk left Friaralee. Even the Head and Mr. Quelch seemed sorry. But Bob felt it most.

The Kid cried, and her mother said that not since she was four had she cried at saying "Good-bye" to anyone.

"But it isn't really, really 'Good-bye,' is it, Bob?" whispered the child.

"No, Green dear; of course it's not," Bob whispered back.

"Glad you didn't say 'Kid,' then. I don't mind the others; but I like yours and you to say 'Green.'"

Then the big car shot forward, and Bob stood in the road till it was out of sight, though before that he had seen the last of the little figure that stood up on the back seat, waving a tiny handkerchief. And there was a big lump in Bob's throat. To his chums, what mattered most was that the Famous Five—though under names not their own—should make a hit on the films. But that was not what mattered most to Bob Cherry!

THE END.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 691.

THE CASE OF THE HAUNTED COAL-SHED!

An Amazing Case of Mr. HERLOCK SHOLMES, the Famous Detective.

Recorded by DR. JOTSON.

"IT is positively ludicrous, Sholmes!" "What is, my dear Jotson? Your face?"

I looked up with a frown from the newspaper which I had been perusing.

"No!" I snapped. "This account in the 'Evening Muse,' about the haunted coal-shed."

"Ah, the Peckham house mystery!" exclaimed Herlock Sholmes. "I read a short account of it in the 'Morning Moon.' What has the 'Muse' to say about the affair?"

My famous friend, Mr. Herlock Sholmes, and I were spending an evening together in our rooms in Shaker Street. Having exploited to the full the uproarious jest of Tiddy-Winks and Beggar-John-Neighbour with him, I had picked up the evening paper Mrs. Spudson, our landlady, had brought in. At once my eyes had been attracted by a column report headed: "Uncanny Coal-shed—Dark Mystery of Moving Lights at Peckham!"

"The whole affair is most ridiculous on the face of it, Sholmes," I said. "A man named Nathaniel Nobson and his wife, living at a small villa in Runner's Walk, Peckham, claim to have witnessed the most astounding occult phenomena while engaged in the task of getting coals in from their shed. According to them, pieces of coal, stick, and old vegetables have moved in the most uncanny manner. Once a lighted candle moved unaided from one side of the shed to the other. The Ghost Research Society are investigating the affair. Personally, I consider that a competent physician like myself should be called in to examine the people who claim to see such things. It is positively ludicrous that great scientists like Sir Gulliver Dodge should be taken in by the hallucinations of ill-balanced folk such as the Nobsons."

Sholmes rose from his seat, drew aside the blinds, and peered out of the window.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, my dear Jotson," he said quietly, "here is Nathaniel Nobson himself!"

"Almost incredulous, I joined Sholmes at the window. On the pavement, staring about him, was a small man, whose highly-coloured nose and mutton-chop whiskers would have made him a distinguished personage in any assembly.

"Really, Sholmes," I exclaimed, "how do you know that is the man whose exploits with the ghosts have caused so much comment in the Press?"

Sholmes smiled in that superior fashion of his.

"By simple deduction, my dear Jotson," he said. "From the way the gentleman staggered in the direction of our front door, it was obvious that he had been associating with spirits. But we shall be able to inspect him at closer quarters in a few moments. Ah, he has found the bell!"

A loud peal resounded through the house, and ten minutes later the shuffling feet of Mrs. Spudson were en route for the door. Another few minutes elapsed, during which time

sounds of animated conversation proceeded from the hall. Then our landlady ushered in our visitor. It was obvious that Mrs. Spudson had given way against her better judgment. She folded her arms, and gave a loud sniff.

"A jussen to see you about some goats, Mr. Sholmes," she said.

"Ghosts!" corrected Sholmes. He raved Mrs. Spudson aside, and beckoned to the little man in the mutton-chop whiskers. "Come in and take a seat, Mr. Nobson."

Mr. Nobson staggered into the arm-chair, and drained Sholmes' tankard of cocaine before the latter could put it out of his reach.

"I—I don't know how you knew my name, Mr.—bio!—Sholmes," he said, wiping his mouth. "And how did you guess I'd come to see you about the g-r-g-ghosts? It's 'stordinary, 'pos my word!"

"It may seem extraordinary to you, Mr. Nobson," said Herlock Sholmes easily, "but it is my business to get to know things. You have come here to solicit my help?"

"That's it," said Mr. Nobson; "I want you to find out the names of these spooks who get up to their monkey-tricks in my coal-shed. Sir Gulliver Dodge and the Ghost Research Society have been nosing about the place for days with cameras, taking flashlight photographs. They say there must be the shades of former tenants hanging round. But they haven't had a shade of success yet. The photographs have given only negative results."

"What other means have been taken to lay these spooks by the heel—if spooks they be?" asked Sholmes.

"I've been to the fire-brigade and the p'lice-station," replied Mr. Nobson huskily, "but all I get out of 'em was the address of a veterinary surgeon."

"They thought you wore a little 'hoarse,' perhaps?" suggested Sholmes, with a twinkle in his deep-set, green eyes. Suddenly he brought his hatchet jaws together with a smart click. I sat up expectantly, for I knew that this little mannerism on the part of my amazing friend meant business.

"But joking apart, Mr. Nobson," Sholmes continued, "this mystery greatly interests me. I should like to examine your coal-shed."

"Then come with me now, Mr. Sholmes," pleaded our visitor. "Only this very evening, when I went there to get a quantity of Derby Brights, a most 'stordinary thing happened. I put a lighted candle down a chunk of coal, and turned to find the hammer for breaking up some pieces. Imagine my surprise when I turned round again to see that candle slowly walking across the shed! That's the second time I've seen that done! It gave me the cold shivers. I dropped the hammer, put on a cap, and came to you at top speed, only stopping five times for refreshment on the way."

A few minutes later, Sholmes and I, together with Mr. Nobson, were seated in a taxi, bowling along in the direction of Peckham.

Alighting from the cab, Herlock Sholmes slipped his hand into Mr. Nobson's pocket, and generously gave the taxi-driver double the correct fare. "Now," he said genially, turning to our client again, "lead us to this dark mystery of the coal-shed."

After some difficulty, Mr. Nobson unlocked the front door and led us through the house. He explained that his spouse was away attending a whist-drive in aid of the Fund for Supplying Tatcho to Baldheaded Bashibazooks. The coal-shed was situated in the small garden at the back of the Nobson residence. From the shed a faint, ghostly light flickered. A cold shiver ran down my spine.

"I—I must have left the c-candle burning," stammered Mr. Nobson. "It might have set the place on fire."

He took a step forward, and peered into the coal-shed. A moment later he staggered back with a gurgling cry. His face was the colour of the best cream cheese, and only a vestige of pink remained in his bulbous proboscis.

"Look!" he gasped hoarsely. "The c-candle! It's moving again!"

With commendable presence of mind, Herlock Sholmes pushed me forward and peered over my shoulder. Incredulous as it may sound, a small stub of lighted candle set among the coal was awaying slowly as though imbued with life.

"What do you think of that now?" demanded Mr. Nobson, in a hoarse whisper. "There you are—a candle, stuck on a chunk of coal, moved by invisible hands!"

Suddenly, Sholmes pushed me aside and dropped to his knees at the entrance to the coal-shed. Then, to our astonishment, he grabbed an old cabbage-top that was lying on the ground near by, and began to drag it along the coal a short distance before the candle. My hair stood bolt upright as the lump on which the candle was set, detached itself from the rest of the pieces in the coal-shed and slowly moved forward, the candle flickering unsteadily the while. A moment later Sholmes reached out both his hands. He whipped off the candle, and picked up the object on which it had stood.

"Here is your ghost, Mr. Nobson!" he cried triumphantly.

And he held up before our astonished eyes a common or garden tortoise!

Before Mr. Nobson was able to recover from his surprise, Sholmes had extracted the liver foe from him.

"This poor creature is so covered with coal-dust and grime," murmured my amazing friend, returning to the tortoise, "that he was quite undistinguishable from the lump of coal in the shed. He was responsible for all the ghostly phenomena you witnessed. Place him in a box in a safe place. To-morrow, make inquiries among your neighbours as to which of them has lost a valuable garden tortoise. You may get a reward for returning it—though perhaps not as much as a fever. Come, Jotson, let us seek the gaiety of a fish-and-chips emporium!"

THE END.

ROUND THE CAMP FIRE!

No. 1 of an Interesting, Chatty, and Instructive Article on
Camp Life.

By AN OLD HAND.

The Start!

DID you ever pack up a bit of grub, stuff a tent into a rucksack, sling a ground-sheet and a couple of blankets over your shoulder, and make tracks for the open road and the green fields? Never? Jumpin' tadpoles! You've gone and missed half the fun out of life, my boy—a good half!

Don't matter where I'm hung out, when the spring comes round again each year I can't stay still. Don't you feel that way? Sort of restless-like? It's camp-fever. I've got to lump my pack and hit the trail.

Maybe, there's some of you fellows would like to do the same, eh? But you don't quite know how—is that it? Well,

matter whether it's to be a cycle camp, a tramp camp, a week-end, or standing camp, there are certain things you must have before you can set off for the open road.

Here's a list:

1. A good strong rucksack, or haversack, that you can sling over your shoulders.
 2. An old Army ground-sheet.
 3. Two coloured blankets.
 4. A cooking-pot or mess-tin, to cook your grub in over the camp-fire.
 5. A knife, fork, and spoon.
 6. A small, lightweight tent.
 7. A broad smile and a stout heart.
- No. 7 is the most important, next to which comes No. 6—the tent. Now, about this tent. To buy ready-made, they're expensive items—£8 or £10, maybe. So that's no go.

Comes to this—you'll have to set to and make one for yourself. Oh, yes, it can be done, if you know how. I'll enlighten you on this point.

For making your one-man tent, use any closely woven calico. Dope it with a thin coating of warm linseed oil to make it weather-proof.

This diagram shows you how to cut it out, and the size you want it.

The pole can be of bamboo or of ash, 2ft. 3in. high, with a hole bored or burnt through the top for the cord to go through.

Four small pegs will be wanted. Good strong metal meat-skewers are as good as anything.

Diagram No. 2 shows you the tent finished and pitched.

Now, when your tent is ready, you must get busy with the rest of your kit; and as you have to lump it on your shoulders for many a long mile, you must cut down your belongings to the last ounce.

Besides the things I've told you about, you'll want matches for lighting your camp-fires. As for food, if you take it all with you in your rucksack, you'll have a very heavy pack. It's best to take some things, and buy others as you go along. The village shop will generally have a supply. Bread is heavy to carry, so call in at a baker's on the way.

If you keep your matches in a small bottle (rooked) they won't get damp. Damp matches are useless, and to arrive on your camp-site unable to light a cooking-fire is no fun. So keep your matches dry.

Now, just a word about catching colds. The only person who ever caught a cold through going to camp was the person who "didn't know how." The old camper knows how to camp and does not get cold. Fresh air does not give you a

cold. Getting wet through will give you a cold if you don't know what to do.

If you get wet through keep on walking till you're dry again. If you have a change of clothes—change at once. If you haven't, keep on going. Then you won't get a cold. If your boots and stockings are soaking, take 'em off and go barefoot. That will stop you getting a cold. It's safer to go barefoot than to sit about in wet stockings and boots.

It's almost certain you'll want a tin-opener with you. So put one in your rucksack before you start. Likewise, you will require soap, towel, toothbrush, comb.

It's wonderful how much you can stow away in a large rucksack if you pack it carefully.

Pack the things you'll want to use first at the top. You'll need your tent first? so pack it last.

Don't let your blankets get wet. Roll them inside the ground-sheet, and sling it over your shoulders with the ends strapped like a bandolier. The next thing to do is where to go camping, and what to do when you get there.

Next week I will give you some advice on this point.

Packing Your Kit!

Unless you're going to cycle, you'll have to lump your pack when you hit the trail for the open country. The thing to remember is this—travel light. Before you make a start you should spread all the tackle you want to take with you, and go over it in this sort of way:

"Tent—must have a tent. Pegs—must have them. Ground-sheet—most important.

And so on, till you've got your kit down to the bare essentials. And don't forget that the bare essentials always mean:

1. Food. 2. Fire. 3. Shelter.

Given those three—the Big Three!—you can get on quite snug on top of a mountain or in a ditch.

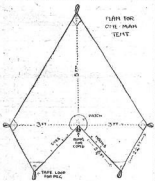


Diagram No. 1.—How to cut the shapes for the one-man, or trapper's tent.

I'll lend a hand. I'll tell you. I'll tip you the wink, so to speak.

Maybe, you live in a big city or a town? But you get week-ends and a bit of a holiday? Good! Make it a camping holiday, and you'll come back to school or work as fit as a fiddle, sun-tanned, and smilin' with joy like a Cheshire cat with a red herring!

There's nothin' like the outdoor life for laughter and good health. Better than punk pills or halfpenny comics. Lots! Cooped up like a caged tiger all the week—what's better than to take your cycle, or a 'bus, or a train (or the R33!) an' get away where the wind blows free over the downs, and the dragonflies loop-loop over the backwaters of some river?

Come now—first an' foremost, let's settle about your camp outfit. No



Diagram No. 2.

Now, when it comes to packin' your outfit, what are you goin' to pack it in? A big rucksack, if you can get it. If you can't, an old Army pack will do very well.

The great secret is, pack neatly and tightly, so that the side of the pack that rests against your back is flat. If you pack badly, you'll get the handle of a cooking-pot sticking into your spinal column, which is not so vastly amusing after the first ten miles or so!

So the old hand camper travels light, and packs flat and tight.

(Another splendid article in next week's issue.)



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