

ENGINE PLATES FOR "POPULAR" READERS!

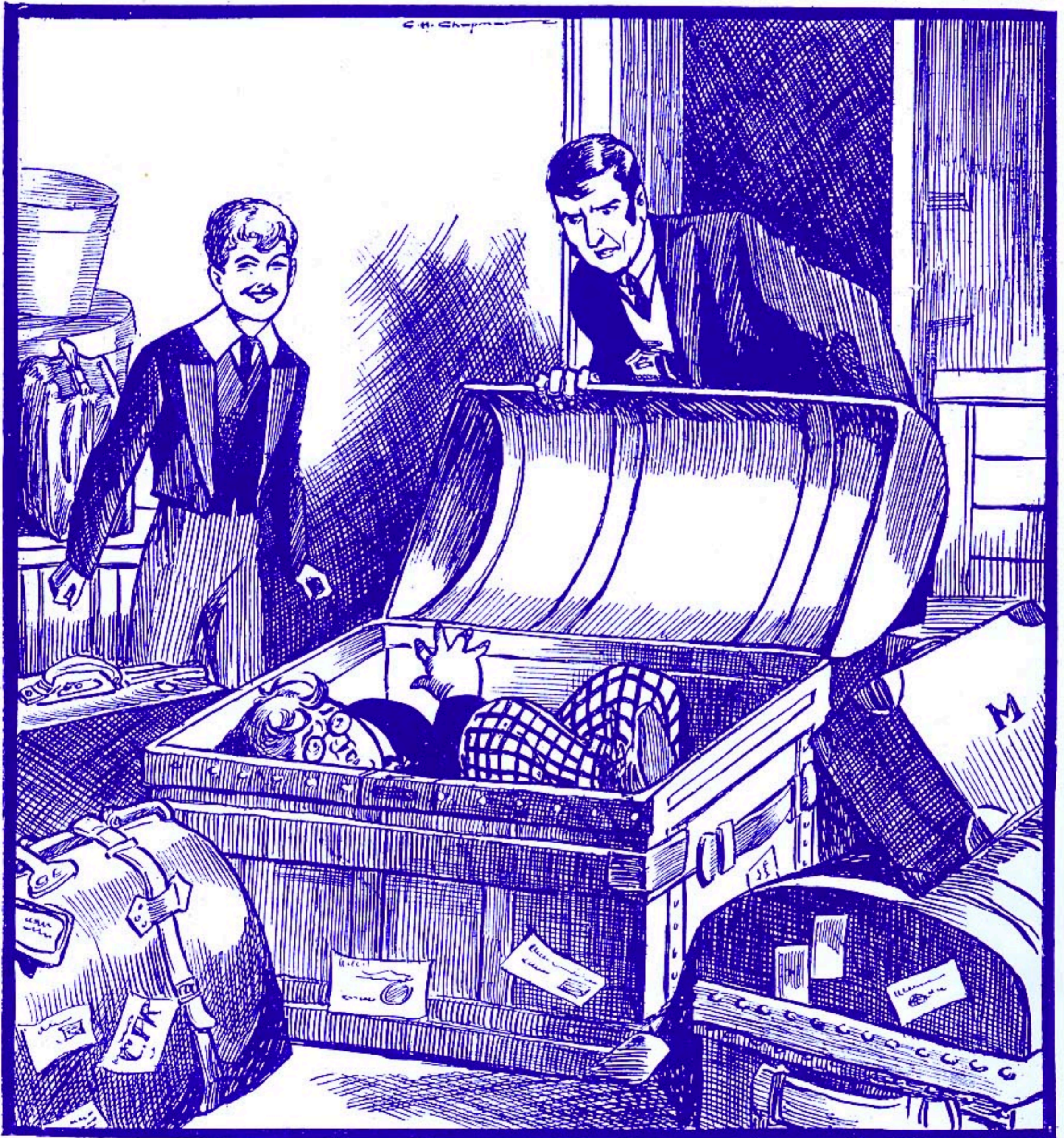
(See Page 2.)

No. 737. Vol. XXI. Week Ending March 25th, 1922.

The Magnet 1^{1/2}

Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



BILLY BUNTER IS DISCOVERED BY THE WRATHFUL FORM-MASTER!

(An exciting incident from the long, complete story inside)

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.





Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

"HUNTING BUNTER!"

By Frank Richards.

This is the title of our next grand long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, and William George Bunter—who ought to be at Greyfriars, but who is not there!

You have read this week how Bunter bolts from the school. The fat junior certainly deserves twice as much as threatens him—but he never did like trouble, although, goodness knows, he has enough of it!

Wharton and his chums go after Bunter, and they get him at last, and set out for Greyfriars with the apprehensive Owl decidedly crestfallen.

But Billy Bunter takes good care that others beside Harry Wharton & Co. know that he has bolted from Greyfriars before the Famous Five at last run him down; and the story of Bunter's escapades is told as only Mr. Frank Richards can tell a story.

There will also be another splendid supplement in our next issue, which will again be devoted to the "Greyfriars Herald." There will be many interesting articles, stories, and poems, and another of Frank Nugent's really clever cartoons.

Writing me of cartoons reminds me of a letter I have received from a chum in Nottingham. He wants to know the best way to save these cartoons without destroying the paper by cutting them out.

The answer is really very simple. My chums will have noticed that the "Greyfriars Herald" is always in the centre

of the MAGNET LIBRARY, so my readers can remove the "Herald" from the rest of the paper, and keep it quite separate. In fact, I have in mind one very enthusiastic admirer of Harry Wharton & Co.'s work who has detached the "Herald" every week, and had the issued bound in a smart leather case. It looks very nice, too.

Alternatively, a cartoon can be pasted in an album.

COLLECTING PICTURES!

Readers all over the country are collecting pictures to-day. Some have collections of cigarette pictures, some have collections of postcards which they call pictures. But the vast majority of readers are collecting the GRAND SERIES OF COLOURED PLATES OF FAMOUS RAILWAY ENGINES now being given away IN THE "POPULAR."

The plates have received a truly wonderful reception from boys and girls all over the country, and I am intensely pleased to know that. Nothing pleases me more than the knowledge that I am pleasing my chums—and readers of the "Popular" are my chums, because that paper forms one of the group now famous all over the world as THE COMPANION PAPERS, which I control.

Have you started to collect the railway plates? To quote from a kindly letter from a man who has had thirty years experience of railway locomotives: "For the first time an accurate plate of a railway-engine has been produced, and I hasten to tender my congratulations, for many have failed where you have succeeded." Praise from a source like

that is praise indeed, and I have written as much to my correspondent.

Need I say more concerning the plates?

There are four long complete school stories, a magnificent serial story, a Grand New Competition with BIG MONEY PRIZES, and "Billy Bunter's Weekly"! Twenty-eight pages—large pages, too—and the price is only two-pence!

GET A COPY OF THE "POPULAR" TO-DAY!

SPECIAL NOTICE!

J. Holland, of Wokingham.

Will the above-named reader please send me his address? I want to write to him concerning his recent letter to me—a letter which does him much credit.

NOTICES.

Correspondence.

F. Bottomley, 48, Downhills Park Road, Tottenham, N.15, would like to hear from readers willing to form a sports club in or near his district.

Arthur Sellors, 119, Monton Road, Eccles, nr. Manchester, wishes to hear from readers of the Companion Papers willing to join a correspondence club.

William Payne, 9, Little Newenham Street, Limerick, Ireland, wishes to correspond with readers in England, America, and Australia, ages 18-20.

Henry G. Kellman, c.o. K. E. Kellman, P.O. Box 163, Georgetown, British Guiana, South America, wishes to correspond in shorthand, Pitman's system, with Companion Paper readers, ages 15-18. He also wishes to hear from readers keen on stamp collecting, in England, Australia, and New Zealand.

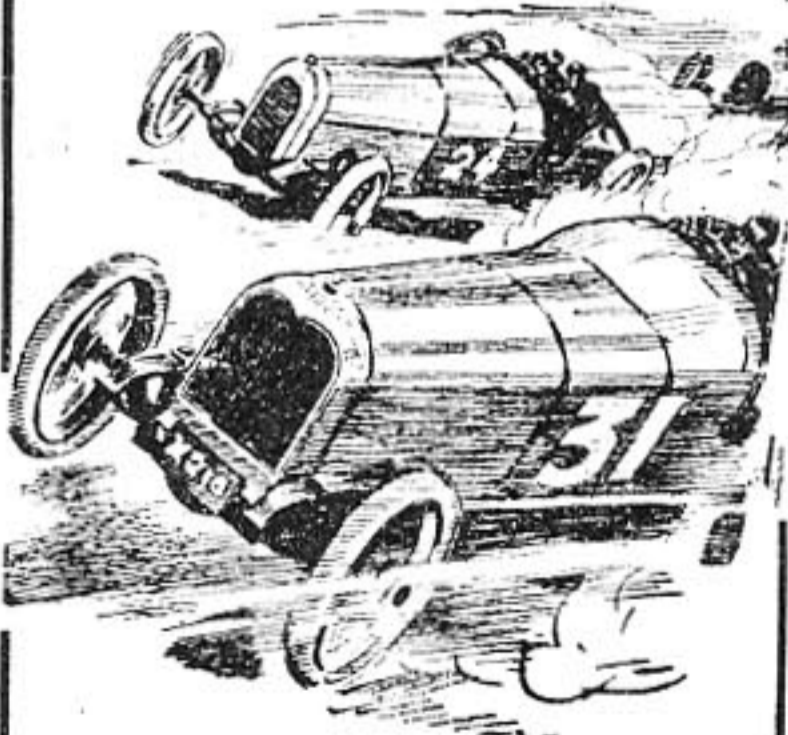
A Correspondence League.

Companion Papers Circulation and Correspondence League. New members wanted all over the Empire, ages 15-18.—Joseph Denton, 33, Cranworth Street, Bootle, Liverpool.

Your Editor.

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By Captain Malcolm Arnold.



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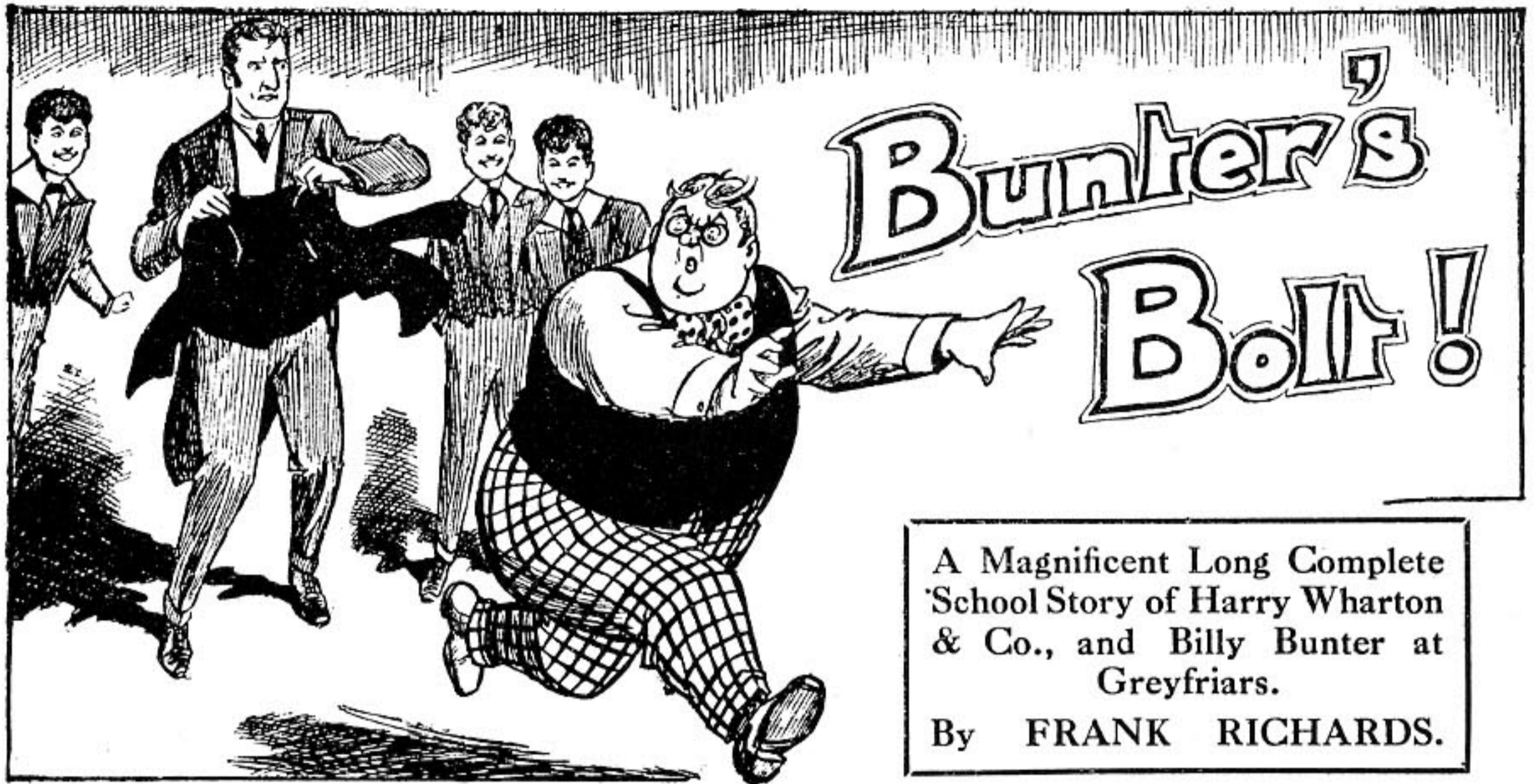
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A Magnificent Long Complete
 'School Story of Harry Wharton
 & Co., and Billy Bunter at
 Greyfriars.
 By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter on the Warpath!

“WHAT’S the game?” Peter Todd asked that question, as he looked into Study No. 7 in the Remove at Greyfriars.

Billy Bunter was busy there. There was a large tin bowl on the study table, and Bunter was mixing its contents with a big wooden spoon.

Peter’s first impression was that Bunter was mixing a pudding. But if Bunter had been mixing a pudding his fat face would have worn an expression of happy anticipation. Instead of which, it wore a scowl of the deepest, blackest wrath. And the stuff did not look like a pudding. It was thick and black and sticky, and rather smelly. So Peter inquired what the game was.

Bunter gave a jump as he was addressed. He had been too busy to hear Peter’s approaching footsteps.

“Oh! Is that— Oh, it’s only you, Peter! What do you want to startle a chap for, butting in like that?”

“I suppose a chap can butt into his own study,” said Peter Todd, coming in. “What on earth are you mixing that muck for?”

“Coker!”
 “What?”
 “Coker of the Fifth!” said Bunter. “My hat! Has Coker asked you to mix a compound like that for him?”

Bunter’s black scowl was replaced, for a moment, by a fat grin.

“No, ass! Coker doesn’t know yet. I thought for a minute it might be that beast looking for me! I’m mixing this for Coker; he’s going to have it on his napper!”

Peter whistled.
 “If Coker gets that lot on his napper, Bunter, there will be a dead porpoise lying about soon afterwards,” he said. “Take my tip, and leave Coker’s napper alone.”

“He kicked me.”
 “Most likely you asked for it.”
 “I was in his study,” said Bunter. “The beast actually thought I was there after his cake!”

“Now, I wonder what could possibly have put such an idea into Coker’s head?” remarked Peter, with sarcasm.

“I’ve got it all cut and dried,” said

Bunter. “That corner where the stairs turn, at the Fifth Form passage, you know. I mop it on him over the banisters, and cut away by the garret stairs, before the beast knows what has hit him. See? He won’t get this stuff off in a hurry,” added Bunter, blinking through his big spectacles at the mixture in the tin bowl. “There’s pyro in it. I’ve borrowed Penfold’s pyro—the stuff he uses for his silly photography, you know.”

“Does Penfold know?”
 “I haven’t mentioned it to him yet. There’s liquid boot polish, too—that was Bob Cherry’s. And gum—I’ve borrowed Nugent’s gum. And ink—Wharton luckily had a new bottle of black ink in his study.”

“So Bob Cherry and Nugent and Wharton have been supplying the goods?”

“They don’t know yet. I haven’t had time to speak to them about it. I’ve got some golden syrup, too—Johnny Bull happened to have a tin. It’s a bit sticky. And Inky’s marmalade has gone in.”

“My hat!”
 “You needn’t mention it to Inky, if you hear him inquiring after his marmalade. The beast mightn’t like it.”

Peter Todd looked fixedly at his fat study-mate.

“Anything of mine gone in?” he asked.

“Only your red ink.”

“Oh!”
 “And your indelible marking-ink.”

“What?”
 “And the stuff out of your colour-box.”

“Eh?”
 “There were only six or seven tubes of paint,” said Bunter. “I thought I’d better use the lot. You don’t mind, do you?”

“Why, you—you—”

“I’ll pay for them, if you like,” said Bunter. “I’m expecting a postal-order to-morrow.”

“You fat villain!” roared Peter Todd.

“Oh, really, Peter—”

“I’ve a jolly good mind to bonnet you with that dashed dish of horrors!” said Peter Todd, in measured tones. “You fat burglar!”

“I had to put something in,” said Bunter. “I had to use what came to hand, of course. I’m going to make

Coker sit up! I’ve still got an ache where he kicked me. I thought of complaining to Mr. Quelch, but he’s a beast, too. He would have asked me what I was doing in Coker’s study, and he wouldn’t have believed that I simply went there to have a look at Coker’s Latin dictionary.”

“Oh, my hat!” said Peter Todd.

Billy Bunter went on mixing, with a vengeful gleam in the little round eyes behind his big glasses. Evidently Bunter was on the war-path. Bunter had been kicked before—many a time and oft; but apparently Coker’s kick had been a specially hefty one, and Bunter wanted vengeance—and wanted it badly.

Peter sat down in the study armchair, but he jumped up the next moment, and gave a howl.

“You fat duffer! What’s this in the armchair?”

“Only some of the marmalade; I spilled some.”

“Only!” gasped Peter, mopping at his trousers.

“That’s all. It doesn’t matter. I’ve got plenty in the mixture.”

Peter seemed to think that it mattered, somehow. Bunter was very near at that moment to getting again what he had already received from Coker of the Fifth. Peter scraped and rubbed marmalade off his trousers, and looked very carefully at the next chair before he sat down. He had come to the study to do lines, and he gave a howl as he dipped a pen into the inkpot.

“There’s no ink here.”

“Used it all in the mixture,” said Bunter.

“You fat idiot, my impot paper is smothered with treacle!” shrieked Peter Todd.

“I wish you wouldn’t keep on grumbling, Peter,” said Bunter peevishly.

“I hadn’t a tin opener, and the lid wouldn’t come off, so I had to biff it with the poker. Some of it was bound to be spilt. I couldn’t help it going over your inpot paper, any more than I could help the marking-ink running on your Latin grammar.”

“The—the marking-ink on my Latin grammar!” stuttered Toddy.

“It was fairly swimming in it,” said Bunter. “Unlucky that it happened to be open, wasn’t it? You won’t be able

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 737.

to read the verbs any more, I'm sorry to say; it's quite blotted out all the conjugations. But never mind; refer to me when you want to conjugate a verb. I'm rather a dab at Latin, you know."

Peter Todd did not answer. He seemed to be past words. He gripped Bunter by the back of the neck, and jerked him away from his mixture. With his other hand, he took the wooden spoon, and dabbed it on Bunter's fat little nose.

"Ooooooch!" roared Bunter.

"I've a jolly good mind to pour the lot down your neck!" said Peter savagely. "Get out of the study with it!"

"Look here—Ow!"

"I give you one minute!" roared Peter Todd. "After that, it goes over your fat head!"

"Yah!"

Peter took out his watch.

"I can mix the stuff in my own study if I like, I suppose!" howled Bunter.

"Three seconds gone."

"I'm not going to shift to please you!"

"Ten seconds!"

"If you give me any of your cheek, Peter Todd, I'll jolly well lick you!"

"Fifteen seconds!"

"You beast! I'm staying here."

"Twenty-five seconds!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Half a minute gone!"

"I'm staying here!" roared Bunter. "It's my study, ain't it? You're a cheeky, skinny rotter, Peter Todd, and I'm not going to take orders from you, so don't you suppose I am. See?"

"Fifty seconds," said Peter Todd calmly. "Ten more, and the muck goes over your napper!"

"I'm not shifting for you!"

"Fifty-five—"

Billy Bunter grasped his tin bowl and scudded to the door. When the sixtieth second had elapsed, Bunter had elapsed, too.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Up Against It!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

Five juniors were at tea in Study No. 1, when William George Bunter presented himself in the doorway of that famous apartment.

Wharton and Nugent, to whom the study belonged, were entertaining Johnny Bull, Bob Cherry, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. All the Famous Five stared at Bunter. They were not surprised to see him—at tea-time—nobody was ever surprised to see Bunter in the offing when there was a spread going. But they were surprised to see him with a tin bowl of mixture in his fat hands, and a sticky daub on his fat nose.

"I say, you fellows, I haven't come to tea," said Bunter hastily.

"Quite right; you haven't!" agreed Harry Wharton. "Travel-on, and shut the door after you."

"That beast Toddy has turned me out of my study—"

"Surprising he stands you there so much as he does, isn't it?" remarked Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, you fellows, I'm mixing this stuff up for Coker's napper—"

"My only hat!"

"Toddy won't let me mix it in my own study," said Bunter pathetically. "You

fellows won't mind my mixing it here, will you? Toddy's making a fuss over some marmalade in the chair, and some ink over his books and things. You know what a beast he is! I shall want the table. I suppose you fellows can take your plates and cups and saucers on your knees."

"You suppose that, do you?" asked Nugent.

"Yes, old fellow."

"Then your supposer's out of gear. Travel along and take your smelly muck with you!"

"Outside!" said the captain of the Remove.

Wharton took Bunter gently, but firmly, by the ear, and led him into the passage. Then he closed the door on him.

"Yah! Beasts!" was Bunter's farewell, through the keyhole.

Then the fat junior tramped disconsolately away with his bowl of mixture. He stopped at Study No. 2, and blinked in at Hazeldene and Tom Brown.

"You fellows mind if I come in—Yah!" He just dodged a dictionary, and retired.

For some reason, the fat junior and his unearthly mixture did not seem to be welcome in the Remove studies. Study after study gave a scornful refusal, till Bunter arrived at Study No. 12. There he found Lord Mauleverer. Mauly stared at Bunter and his mixture.

"What the jolly dickens—" he began.

"I'll come in, if you don't mind," said Bunter. "I've got to get this stuff mixed. You don't mind, Mauly?"

"Yaas."

"Thanks, old chap!" said Bunter. He landed the bowl on the table, and began stirring industriously. "It won't take long to mix. Did I splash you, Mauly?"

"Yaas!" gasped his lordship.

"Sorry! Never mind."

"You're splashing over the table—over my books—"

"Can't be helped," said Bunter; "the tin's rather full, you know. Never mind!"

Lord Mauleverer was the easiest-going fellow at Greyfriars; but he seemed to mind. He detached himself from his chair, looked round the study, and picked up a cricket-stump. Bunter blinked at him rather uneasily.

"Wha-a-at are you going to do with that stump, Mauly?" he asked.

"Thrash you!"

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Like this!"

"Yaroooh!"

"And this—"

"Yow-ow! Beast! I'm going, ain't I?" howled Bunter. "Stoppit! Oh dear! Yoop!"

Billy Bunter fled. It was by sheer ill-luck that Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, was coming along the Remove passage just as Bunter bolted out of the study with his bowl of mixture. The bowl collided with Smithy's waistcoat, and a good third of the contents went over Smithy. He staggered back.

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter, in great wrath. "You've made me waste half this stuff—"

Vernon-Smith did not speak for a moment. He gazed down at his waistcoat and trousers. There was a howl of laughter from Skinner of the Remove along the passage.

"Ha, ha, ha! You've got it, Smithy!"

"My—my hat!" ejaculated Smithy at last.

"Look here, you'll have to give me some stuff to put in now," said Bunter. "I shall want some more ink and some more gum—"

Billy Bunter did not finish stating his wants. The Bounder made a spring at him, and Bunter decided not to wait. He fled along the passage, with the Bounder behind him in fierce pursuit. Smithy let out either foot alternately as he pursued, with a series of crashes on Bunter, and fairly dribbled the fat junior along the Remove passage. Wild yells rose from Bunter as he fled, and great splashes of mixture were strewn on either side of him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Skinner.

Skinner almost doubled up with merriment. But his merriment ceased suddenly as Bunter fled past him and a splash of the mixture landed on Skinner's neck.

"Ooooooch!" roared Skinner.

"Oh dear! Keep off, you beast! Ow! Wow!"

"I—I—I'll—" spluttered Skinner.

Bunter fled for his life. He dodged into the box-room and slammed the door and turned the key just in time. Outside, Vernon-Smith and Skinner raged for gore. Inside, Billy Bunter finished stirring what was left of his mixture breathlessly. And he did not venture out of the box-room till the besiegers had tired of waiting for him and disappeared.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Kind of Skinner!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Scat!"

"Who's going to help?" demanded Bunter.

The guests had departed after tea, and Wharton and Nugent were alone in Study No. 1, when Bunter blinked in. He was without his mixture now.

"I want one of you to lend a hand," continued Bunter. "You see, I'm going to lie—"

"Of course you are!" assented Wharton. "You seldom tell the truth, at all events!"

"I'm going to lie—"

"I tell you we know that!"

"I'm going to lie in wait for Coker!" roared Bunter. "Top of the Fifth Form staircase, you know. I shall want somebody to let me know when he's coming up. I don't want to waste it on Potter or Greene or Fitzgerald or Hilton, or any of those chaps. It's taken me a long time to mix the stuff up, and I'm not going to risk wasting it. Which of you fellows will hang out on the stairs and give me a signal when Coker is coming?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I've got prep to do, ass!"

"I'm leaving my prep!" said Bunter.

"Well, I don't want Quelchy to scalp me in the morning, if you do, fathead! Chuck up the whole silly wheeze. Coker was quite right to kick you out of his study when you were trying to burgle his cake. You'd have got the same in this study."

"Just the same!" assented Nugent.

"If you fellows are afraid of Coker, I—"

"Shut the door after you!"

"You mayn't have to wait on the staircase more than half an hour or so and—"

"Is that all?" asked the captain of the Remove sarcastically. "I can see myself sitting on a draughty staircase

NEXT MONDAY!

"HUNTING BUNTER!"

A SPLENDID TALE

OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 737.

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By

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for half an hour waiting for Coker—I don't think!"

"Beast!" said Bunter. "Nobody's giving me any backing! I had to stick in the box-room for nearly an hour with that beast Smithy rooting after me—after he'd wasted a lot of my mixture, too. I shouldn't have had enough for Coker, only I found Ogilvy's carbide of calcium and mixed it in. Makes it niff a bit. Coker will remember it for a long time when he gets it. Lucky that Gosling left some creosote in the box-room. I've put that in, too."

"Ye gods!" said Wharton, staring at the fat junior. Billy Bunter was certainly on the war-path with a vengeance! "If you get creosote on Coker he will be stained for days, or weeks—"

"Serve him jolly well right!"

"Chuck it up!"

"Yah!"

There was no help to be had in Study No. 1, and Bunter rolled away in search of it. He met Skinner in the passage. Skinner was smiling; he had been lounging outside Study No. 1, and he had heard Bunter's request for aid.

Bunter backed away at the sight of him.

"Look here—" he began.

"All serene!" said Skinner. "I'm not scalping you. You want somebody to help you in that stunt."

"You'll do it?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"Little me!" assented Skinner, with a smile.

"Good man!" said Bunter, greatly relieved.

Bunter was surprised as well as relieved. Only an hour ago Skinner had been thirsting for his gore, so to speak. Now he was not only in a forgiving mood, but willing to help! It really was surprising. If William George Bunter had been a little less obtuse he might have suspected Skinner of having an axe to grind.

But William George did not think of that. He was glad to find Skinner in so amicable and helpful a mood.

"It will be no end of a catch on Coker," said Skinner, smiling cheerfully. "You get lurking at the top of the staircase—just where it turns on the landing and—"

"That's it!" said Bunter.

"I'll be in the passage underneath, and when Coker comes along I'll begin to whistle 'Rule, Britannia—'"

"Good!"

"You'll douse the light on the stairs," said Skinner. "Safer, you know, in case anybody spots you."

"I thought of that," said Bunter.

"I'll give you some wax to shove in the burner, so that the Fifth chaps won't be able to light up, if you want to."

"Good!"

"Coker's in the gym now," continued Skinner. "I fancy he's coming in fairly soon. Better get going."

"Right-ho, old man!" said Bunter.

Bunter got going.

With great care and caution Bunter "doused" the light on the Fifth Form stair, and waxed the burner. Then, with still greater care and caution, he conveyed his tin bowl of mixture to the landing. There he stood on the watch in the dark, waiting for footsteps on the stairs and the signal from Skinner that Horace Coker was coming.

There was a stumbling footstep and a voice. But there was no signal, and Bunter lay "doggo."

"What silly owl's turned this light out?" It was the voice of Blundell of the Fifth.

Bunter grinned in the darkness.

A match scratched, and he saw Blundell at the burner. But the gas did not light.

"Something wrong with the dashed thing," said Bland. "Come on!"

The match went out, and the two Fifth-Formers passed on.

Bunter waited.

Meanwhile, Skinner of the Remove was chatting with his pals, Snoop and Stott, in the Remove passage. Skinner seemed in no hurry to take up his position as watchman. He seemed also in a mood of great hilarity.

"What I like about Bunter," he told his pals, "is his trusting nature. He smothered me with muck in the passage an hour or two ago, and locked himself in the box-room before I could skin him. Now he's waiting for me to signal him when Coker comes in, so that he can drench Coker with his merry mixture."

"Not a bad idea," said Snoop. "Coker's a beast! Let him have it!"

"Well, I've thought of some improvements on the scheme," said Skinner casually. "Coker's got an exeat, for one thing, and he's gone to Courtfield with Potter and Greene, and won't be back for hours. Bunter doesn't know that—there's lots of things that Bunter doesn't know. But dear old Quelch—"

"What about Quelch?" asked Stott.

Skinner smiled serenely.

"The dear man gave me two hundred lines to-day. He told me I was a slacker. Said it was deceitful to use a crib. Me deceitful, you know!"

"He knows you, doesn't he?" murmured Snoop.

"The dear man!" said Skinner, smiling. "I never forget compliments

or benefits; I've a grateful, remembering sort of nature. I thought of Bunter, and thought of killing two birds with one stone. He wants help, so I'm helping him. So long as he catches somebody with his merry mixture, he can't complain—he won't have had his trouble for nothing. And if Quelch catches it—"

Snoop and Stott gave a simultaneous jump.

"Quelch!"

"It will be a sad accident," said Skinner. "Happening to know that Quelch is going to call in Hilton's study at eight, I thought of putting two and two together, you know. Just about eight, dear old Quelch goes ambling up to the Fifth Form passage. Bunter's all in the dark—there's a turn at the top of the staircase. Wasn't it lucky I heard Quelch tell Hilton of the Fifth that he would see him in his study at eight? Giving him a lift with Livy, you know—Quelch's so good. Virtue is always rewarded—Quelch's going to get his reward on this occasion, right on the napper." Skinner looked at his watch. "Five minutes to eight! Time I carried on!"

He strolled away smiling. Snoop and Stott looked at one another.

"Quelch!" murmured Snoop.

"On his napper!" breathed Stott.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Snoop and Stott hurried away to their study to begin prep. They wanted to be well off the scene when the catastrophe occurred.

Skinner loafed about at the foot of



In the gloom, Bunter caught a faint glimpse of a shadowy form on the stairs, directly below him. He tilted the bowl and the mixture shot out in a stream. It landed right on the head of Mr. Quelch. "Why—what—oooooch!" gasped the Form-master. (See Chapter 4.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"HUNTING BUNTER!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 737.

the Fifth Form staircase till Mr. Quelch came in sight.

The Remove master had a ponderous volume under his arm, and Skinner smiled as he noted it. He did not think that Titus Livius would get much attention from Mr. Quelch that evening.

The Remove master mounted the stairs.

Skinner began to whistle "Rule Britannia." And on the landing above, William George Bunter heaved his bowl of fearful mixture up to the banisters, and stood ready!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Done in the Dark!

BILLY BUNTER blinked over the banisters in the darkness, with the bowl of mixture ready. There was mixture on his fat hands, some on his waistcoat, some on his trousers, and a considerable quantity on the banisters and the landing. In the dark, Bunter could not see how much he had spilt; but he was leaving enough clues behind him, and carrying enough about him, to convict him about a hundred times. But he was not thinking of that—he was thinking of the lingering ache that reminded him of Coker's heavy boot—he was thinking of Coker mounting the stairs in the dark, coming with every step nearer to his doom! The soft whistle from below, and the sound of footsteps, were enough for Bunter. Naturally, he could not see in the dark, and he had not the remotest suspicion that it was Mr. Quelch, his own Form-master, who was coming up. He blinked ferociously over the banisters, and stood ready.

The footsteps mounted.

In the gloom, Bunter caught a faint glimpse of a shadowy form on the stairs, directly below him.

It was enough!

He tilted over the tin bowl, and the mixture shot out of it in a stream. Right on the head below it landed.

Splash!

Swoooooosh!

"Why—what—ooooch—yurrrrrgggh!" As a rule, Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, made his remarks in a clear, distinct, metallic voice. On the present occasion, however, his remarks were very indistinct indeed.

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter breathlessly.

"Yurrrrrggghhhhhhhhh!"

Skinner had ceased to whistle below—Skinner was gone. He went to his study with a smiling countenance, having killed his two birds with one stone. On the stairs, Mr. Quelch staggered, and gasped, and gurgled, and gugged. On the landing, William George Bunter felt that it was time to be going. And he went. He scudded along the Fifth Form passage towards the garret stairs at the end—his line of retreat. And he rushed into Blundell of the Fifth, who was coming out of his study, attracted by the astonishing din on the staircase.

Blundell staggered, and caught the fat junior by the collar. The tin bowl went to the floor with a clatter.

"Hallo! What—"

"Ow! Leggo!" gasped Bunter.

"Who—what—"

"I'm Wharton—leggo!"

Bunter tore himself loose and dashed on.

"Bunter!" shouted Blundell.

But the Owl of the Remove was gone. The wild and whirling splutterings on

the staircase reached every ear in the Fifth Form passage, and doors were opening far and wide. Nine or ten seniors rushed out to inquire.

"What's the row?"

"What's happened?"

"Yurrrrrggghhh! Gug-gug-guggg!" came from the staircase.

"Sounds like somebody in a fit," said Hilton. "Somebody on the stairs."

"Light the gas!"

"Something's wrong with the burner," said Blundell. "Bring a light of some sort—"

"I've got an electric torch," said Fitzgerald. "My hat! It sounds like apoplexy, or collywobbles, or something!"

"Yooooogggh! Gurrrrrrgggh!"

Fitzgerald hurried up with his electric torch. The Fifth-Formers gathered round the weird figure that staggered up from the staircase to the landing.

They did not recognise Mr. Quelch at first.

Only by his gown could they see that he was a master.

He was smothered—drenched—streaming with fearful mixture. Ink and gum, marking-ink and pyro, blotted out his well-known features, and oozed in his mouth, his nose, and his eyes. Carbide of calcium lent a powerful scent to him; creosote added a deeper, richer tint to his complexion. The Fifth-Formers fairly blinked at him.

"Who—who—who—" stammered Blundell.

"What—what—what—" blethered Hilton.

"Groooooogh! This outrage—Hilton, do—"

"It's Mr. Quelch!" gasped Hilton.

"Great Scott!"

"What on earth's happened?"

Mr. Quelch gouged mixture from his eyes, and glared at the astounded seniors.

"This is an outrage!" he roared.

"Someone has thrown this—this—this stuff over my—my head!"

"Oh, sir!"

"I am—am—drenched! I—I am soaking!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "It is—unheard-of! The wretch who has done this shall be expelled from Greyfriars! That a Fifth Form boy should—"

"It wasn't one of the Fifth, sir!" gasped Hilton. "Some silly idiot of a junior—"

"Bunter was here!" exclaimed Blundell. "I met him scooting away—he dropped a tin bowl—"

"Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in a terrifying voice. "Bunter—of my Form?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Is it possible? He—he has had the audacity! Good heavens! The state I am in—groooooogh!"

"The potty young idiot!" murmured Blundell to Bland. "Bunter's for it this time!"

"Serve him jolly well right!"

"Yes, rather!"

Mr. Quelch dabbed frantically at his streaming face with his handkerchief.

"Find Bunter!" he gasped. "Send him to my study! I—I must go and—clean this—this. But find Bunter at once! Oh dear! Tell him that he shall be flogged and expelled from the school; that I shall request Dr. Locke to flog him and expel him without mercy! Oooooch!"

"Yes, sir," said Blundell.

Mr. Quelch faded away down the staircase. He did not even stop to pick up Livy. He had forgotten even Titus Livius. He felt the pressing need of hot

water, plenty of it, and soap—lots of it. He faded away into the nearest bathroom.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Triumph!

"**H**E, he, he!" Peter Todd glanced up from prep as Bunter rolled into Study No. 7. Bunter was in high feather.

He chuckled gleefully.

"Done it!" he announced.

"Done what?" asked Peter.

"Swamped Coker!"

Peter Todd whistled.

"You've really mopped that fearful muck over Coker's napper?" he ejaculated.

Bunter nodded and grinned.

"Yes, rather! Right on his chump, you know! Smothered the beast from head to foot! Right on his onion!"

"You've got a good bit about you," said Peter Todd. "Did Coker see you?"

"No fear! Too jolly careful for that," said Bunter complacently. "I'd turned out the light, you see."

"Well, I hope it was Coker's chump that got it, and not somebody else's chump," said Peter. "You're as blind as an owl in the light, and there's no telling what you might do in the dark. Let's hope you haven't mopped it over Wingate of the Sixth, or the Head."

"I'll jolly well teach Coker to kick me!" said Bunter. "He, he, he!"

"Coker may inquire after the author of that merry mixture," suggested Peter Todd. "You've got enough evidence about you to hang a dozen people! Hadn't you better get a wash? Not that creosote will wash off in a hurry."

Bunter blinked in the glass.

There was a daub of creosote on his fat little nose, a patch of ink on his chin, and gum, and ink, and creosote, and other things, clinging to his clothes. His boots squelched mixture on the study carpet.

"I—I must have spilled some!" he said, rather dismayed.

Peter chuckled.

"You must have," he agreed. "And if Coker goes on the trail he will be able to follow you by the scent."

"I fancy Coker's rather too busy just now," grinned Bunter. "He won't get that mixture off much before bed-time."

Tom Dutton came into the study for prep. He glanced at Bunter, apparently surprised by his piebald appearance.

"Seen Coker?" asked Bunter, with a fat grin.

"Eh?"

"Seen Coker?" roared Bunter.

The deaf junior put his hand to his ear.

"Joker?" he repeated. "Is it a joke, mucking up your face like that? Bless if I see the jcke!"

"Coker!" howled Bunter.

"Coker! He's not come back yet, I think. Do you want Coker?"

"Not come back?" repeated Bunter. He blinked at the deaf Removeite. "What do you mean?"

"Seen—seen Coker, do you mean? How could I see him when he's at Court-field?"

Bunter felt a sudden misgiving.

"Coker at Courtfield! What rot!"

Peter Todd broke into a sudden chuckle.

"Are you sure it was Coker you mucked, Bunter?" he asked.

"Of—of course I am! I didn't see him in the dark, of course; but Skinner gave the signal when he started up the Fifth Form staircase—"

"Skinner did?" smiled Peter. "I don't think I should quite trust Skinner on a very particular occasion. Skinner has a rather queer sense of humour. I wonder if you've put your foot in it, you fat duffer?"

Bunter felt a tremor.

"Rot!" he snapped. "It was Coker all right! How could Coker be in Courtfield an hour after lock-up?"

"How do you know Coker's at Courtfield, Dutton?" bawled Peter.

"Eh? I heard him tell Potter he'd got the exeat from Mr. Prout for three. He's gone with Potter and Greene."

"Phew!" murmured Peter. "Now, I wonder, Bunter, whose napper got that mixture? It's quite an interesting question, isn't it?"

"Oh, rot!" said Bunter. "If it was some other Fifth Form rotter it doesn't matter, only it's wasted the mixture! I—I say, here's Blundell."

Blundell of the Fifth looked into the study. His gaze settled grimly on the Owl of the Remove.

"So you're here!" he said.

"Do you want Toddy?" asked Bunter.

"I want you!"

"If Coker says—"

"Coker?" repeated Blundell. "It's nothing to do with Coker. Coker's out of gates, isn't he?"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

It was you who had that bowl of stuff in the Fifth Form passage, Bunter—"

"It wasn't!"

"What?"

"I haven't been near the Fifth Form passage to-day," said Bunter, blinking at the captain of the Fifth. "I hope you can take my word, Blundell."

"My only hat! Why, you ran into me, scooting along the passage!" roared Blundell.

"I didn't! It wasn't me—"

"I knew your voice."

"I told you plainly it was Wharton."

"What?"

"I—I mean—"

"You've got the stuff all over you now," said Blundell. "I'm afraid you can't crawl out of this, Bunter. You're for it!"

"I—I've spilt some ink," said Bunter hastily. "Toddy saw me. Didn't you, Toddy? Toddy can bear witness that I haven't been out of this study since tea-time, can't you, Toddy?"

Peter Todd stared blankly at Bunter, without replying. He was not likely to bear false witness to that extent, even if it had been of any use. And evidently it was useless.

"I'm sorry for you," said Blundell. "I think you must be off your silly chump! Chucking stuff like that over a Form-master—"

Bunter jumped.

"A—a—a Form-master!" he babbled.

"Yes, you young ass!"

Bunter staggered, and sat in the arm-chair. He was quite overcome.

"Was it—was it Mr. Prout?" he breathed.

Blundell stared at him.

"Didn't you know it was Mr. Quelch?" he demanded.

"Mum-mum-mum-Mr. Quelch!" said Bunter faintly.

"Yes; your Form-master."

"Oh dear!"

"You awful ass!" gasped Peter. "You've done it now!"

"Ow!"



Coker jerked up the tablecloth. "Bunter!" he ejaculated. The Owl of the Remove was squatting under the table. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Potter. "So that's where he is—under our study table. Out you come, you fat bounder!" (See Chapter 8.)

"Mr. Quelch says you're to go to his study," said Blundell. "You're to be flogged and expelled."

"Yaroooh!"

"Blessed if I don't think you ought to be sent to a home for idiots!" said Blundell, in wonder. "Didn't you know what to expect if you handled your Form-master like that?"

"I—I didn't! I wasn't! It was Coker—"

"Coker?"

"The fat idiot meant it for Coker," said Peter Todd. "How on earth did Mr. Quelch come to catch it?"

"Oh," said Blundell, "that explains! But Mr. Quelch got it, and he's raging! If he believes that it was a mistake, Bunter may get off with the flogging without being sacked. I hope so. Anyhow, you're to go to your Form-master's study and wait for him there, Bunter." And the captain of the Fifth turned to go.

"Hold on!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, Blundell, would you—would you mind explaining to Mr. Quelch that it wasn't me—"

"Eh?"

"Tell him I've been in the study since tea-time. Toddy can witness it. I—I'll get a lot of witnesses to swear to it!" gasped Bunter. "Wharton will do it if I ask him—"

"Well, my hat!"

"Tell him I wasn't there!" spluttered Bunter. "Tell him I give him my word! That ought to satisfy him!"

"You young idiot!" roared Blundell. "He knows it was you already, and you've got about a gallon of evidence about you now!"

"Oh dear! I—I'll get it cleaned off before Quelchy sees me—sec? Besides, it wasn't me! One of the Fifth Form chaps most likely."

"Wha-at?"

"Very likely Fitzgerald, or Hilton!" gasped Bunter. "Perhaps it was you, Blundell."

"Me?" gasped Blundell.

"Yes. I'll stand up for you, old chap. You swear that it wasn't me, and I'll swear that it wasn't you."

"Well, my word!" said Blundell blankly. "You—you—you frabjous young potty dummy, go to Mr. Quelch's study and wait there, and you'd better not try telling him any lies!"

And Blundell strode away.

Billy Bunter blinked helplessly at Peter Todd. Peter was serious enough now. It was a serious state of affairs—for Bunter, at least.

"I—I say, Peter," groaned Bunter. "Do—do—do you think Quelchy will believe it was me?"

"He will know it was you, fathead!" growled Peter.

"But—but wouldn't he take my word that—"

"Ass!"

"I—I say, Peter, you might help a chap out. We're study-mates, you know. I've done a lot for you."

"Blessed if I know what you've done, beside bagging my grub!"

"I've been a good pal," pleaded Bunter. "You—you can help me now, Peter. Suppose—suppose you say you did it?"

"Wha-at?"

"Own up to it, you know in a—a frank and manly way," stuttered Bunter.

"Quelchy will—will be so—so pleased, he will very likely lay his hand on your shoulder and—say—say that you're a really upright boy, and he will forgive you. I read of a schoolmaster in a story doing that."

"That schoolmaster wasn't Quelchy's sort!" said Peter Todd. "Quelchy is more lifelike than that. Quelchy will march the giddy culprit off to the Head for a flogging, if not for the sack."

"If—if you're sacked for it, Peter—"

"If I'm sacked for it?" repeated Toddy dazedly.

"Yes; if you're sacked for it, I'll stand by you afterwards. I'll be your friend for life. You're going to be a solicitor, Toddy, and I'll give you lots of work when I—I come into my estates, and—make your fortune, Toddy!"

"What an inducement to go to Quelchy, and tell him a string of lies, and get the boot!" said Peter Todd sarcastically. "You're too generous, Bunty."

"I—I mean to be generous, Peter, to an old pal like you!" said Bunter affectionately. "You'll do it?"

"Not quite," said Peter. "Ask next door."

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Get off to Quelchy's study, fathead, and—"

"You won't do that for me, Peter—not for an old pal, after all I've done for you?"

"Ass!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of the study. But he did not start for Mr. Quelch's quarters. Nothing short of a team of wild horses would have dragged William George Bunter to his Form-master's study.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Witnesses Wanted!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. had finished prep. There was a fire in Study No. 1, and the Famous Five were gathered round it, chatting cheerily. They continued to chat cheerily as the door opened and a fat, dismayed face looked in.

Billy Bunter came quickly into the study and closed the door after him. Then he stood gasping.

The Co. bestowed their attention upon him for once. It was only too clear, from Bunter's look, that something had happened.

"I say, you fellows!" groaned Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Something up?"

"Yes," groaned Bunter.

"Bailiffs in at Bunter Court?" asked Bob Cherry genially. "Have they taken the grand piano, and the gilt-edged frying-pans, and the diamond-studded coke-hammer—"

"Oh dear!"

Bunter gave a deep, deep groan. Even Bob Cherry became serious at that, and ceased to chip the fat junior.

"Come and take a pew, old yellow bird," he said, giving up his own chair. "Squat down, and tell us what's the matter!"

"The matterfulness must be terrific. To judge by the woeful and benighted dial of the esteemed Bunter!" remarked Hurree Singh.

Bunter sank into Bob Cherry's chair.

He groaned again.

"Pain in your little inside?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Nunno!"

"Not over-stuffing this time?" asked Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton!"

"Well, give it a name!" said Bob Cherry. "Anything but a disappointment over a postal-order! We're fed up on that!"

"The fedfulness is great!" murmured Hurree Singh. "Give the esteemed postal-order a rest, my excellent fat Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Inky—"

"Carry on!" encouraged Bob.

"We're waiting."

Groan!

"I'm for it!" said Bunter, in a tone of the deepest anguish.

"For what?"

"The sack!"

"Great piplets! What have you done?"

"I've sugared Quelch!" groaned Bunter. "I—I took him for Coker in the dark, and sugared him."

"Holy smoke!"

The Famous Five stared at Bunter. They remembered the mixture—that fearsome mixture which had been destined to make Horace Coker of the Fifth sit up and take notice. Apparently it had missed its destiny—unfortunately it had not missed Mr. Quelch.

"That stuff!" said Nugent faintly.

"You've mopped it—"

"Over Quelchy?"

"Great Christopher Columbus!"

"Oh, Bunter! You awful ass, Bunter!"

It was a chorus of concern and dismay from the Famous Five. For once they could sympathise with Bunter in his woes. True, he had brought the calamity on himself—as he generally did with his calamities. But this time they could feel for him. Bunter had blundered, but his intention had been good. Mopping the mixture over Coker of the Fifth was, in itself, a good deed. It was a blunder, and not a crime, that the Owl of the Remove had to answer for.

"Well," said Harry Wharton, with a deep breath, "you've done it, and no mistake! Quelchy must be wild."

"Mad as a hatter, I should say," said Johnny Bull. "I know I should be, if I got that stuff on my napper!"

"Same here," assented Nugent.

"The samefulness is terrific."

"And Quelchy's nob is more august and important than our nob—at least, he thinks so," said Bob. "Poor old Bunter!"

Groan!

"He's sent Blundell to tell me to go to his study," said Bunter. "I'm not going, of course. I'd rather face a lion in his den!"

"But—"

"He says it's a flogging and the sack," said Bunter. "The sack's bad enough—but a flogging! I couldn't stand a flogging. I'm not strong, you know. I never really eat enough—"

"Eh?"

"I never eat enough to keep up my strength," said Bunter pathetically.

"I'm sure I couldn't stand a flogging. I know I don't want to. As for the sack, that would be rotten; but, of course, a fellow like me would be welcomed in any other school."

"Oh!"

"They'd be glad enough to have me at Eton or Harrow or Winchester," said Bunter. "That doesn't matter so much. It would serve Greyfriars right to lose me, in some ways. I've never been properly appreciated here. But the flogging, you see. What's a fellow to do? I—I was thinking that you fellows might help."

"We'll do anything we can," said

Harry. "But I don't see anything doing. Quelchy knows it was you, I suppose?"

"Blundell says so. The beast saw me scudding after I sugared Quelchy, so it's evidence against me," said Bunter. "But there's evidence and evidence. Toddy refuses to swear that I was in his study at the time."

"I suppose he does, as you weren't there."

"I'd swear to anything for a pal," said Bunter. "I—I was thinking that you fellows might bear witness that I was here at the time."

"Here!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Yes; in this study, you know. You can mention that I was coaching you in your Latin."

"My hat!"

"All of you swear together," continued Bunter hopefully. "Quelchy knows you're truthful chaps—like me!"

"You fat rotter!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull!"

"Do you think we're going to roll out a stack of lies for you, you fat villain?" howled Johnny.

"Shush!" said Bob. "Bunter can't help bunting. We can't do that, Bunty; and it wouldn't be any good if we could, if Blundell saw you."

"You could make out that Blundell was lying."

"Eh?"

"Or mistaken," said Bunter. "Mistaken will do. Or—or you could swear that you were on the spot, and—"

"On the spot?"

"Yes, and saw Blundell chuck the stuff over Quelchy."

"Saw him?" said Bob Cherry dazedly.

"Yes. Evidence like that would take the wind right out of his sails, wouldn't it?" said Bunter eagerly.

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed at Bunter. They sympathised with him in his calamity. But they felt greatly inclined to take him by the scruff of the neck and rub his fat little nose in the coal-locker.

"Well, you toad!" said Johnny Bull at last.

"You awful rogue!" said Nugent indignantly.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Ring off, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry.

"You'd better skate off to Quelchy's study at once. Tell him you mistook him for Coker, and that ought to make a difference."

"He mightn't believe me."

"H'm! I suppose he mightn't. You're really such an awful liar—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You'll have to chance it," said Harry Wharton. "There's nothing else doing, Bunter. For goodness' sake, don't think of piling up lies. Quelchy will see right through your gammon with one eye."

There was a tap at the door, and it opened. Wingate of the Sixth looked in. His face was very grave.

"I'm looking for Bunter," he said. "Oh, here you are! Bunter, Mr. Quelch has gone to his study now, and he's waiting for you."

"Ow!"

"Come at once," said Wingate.

"Follow me, Bunter."

"I—I can't move, Wingate!"

"What?"

"I—I'm ill!" gasped Bunter. "I—I've twisted my ankle in—in the gym. I was in the gym, you know, when I threw that stuff over Quelchy—I mean, when

(Continued on page 13.)



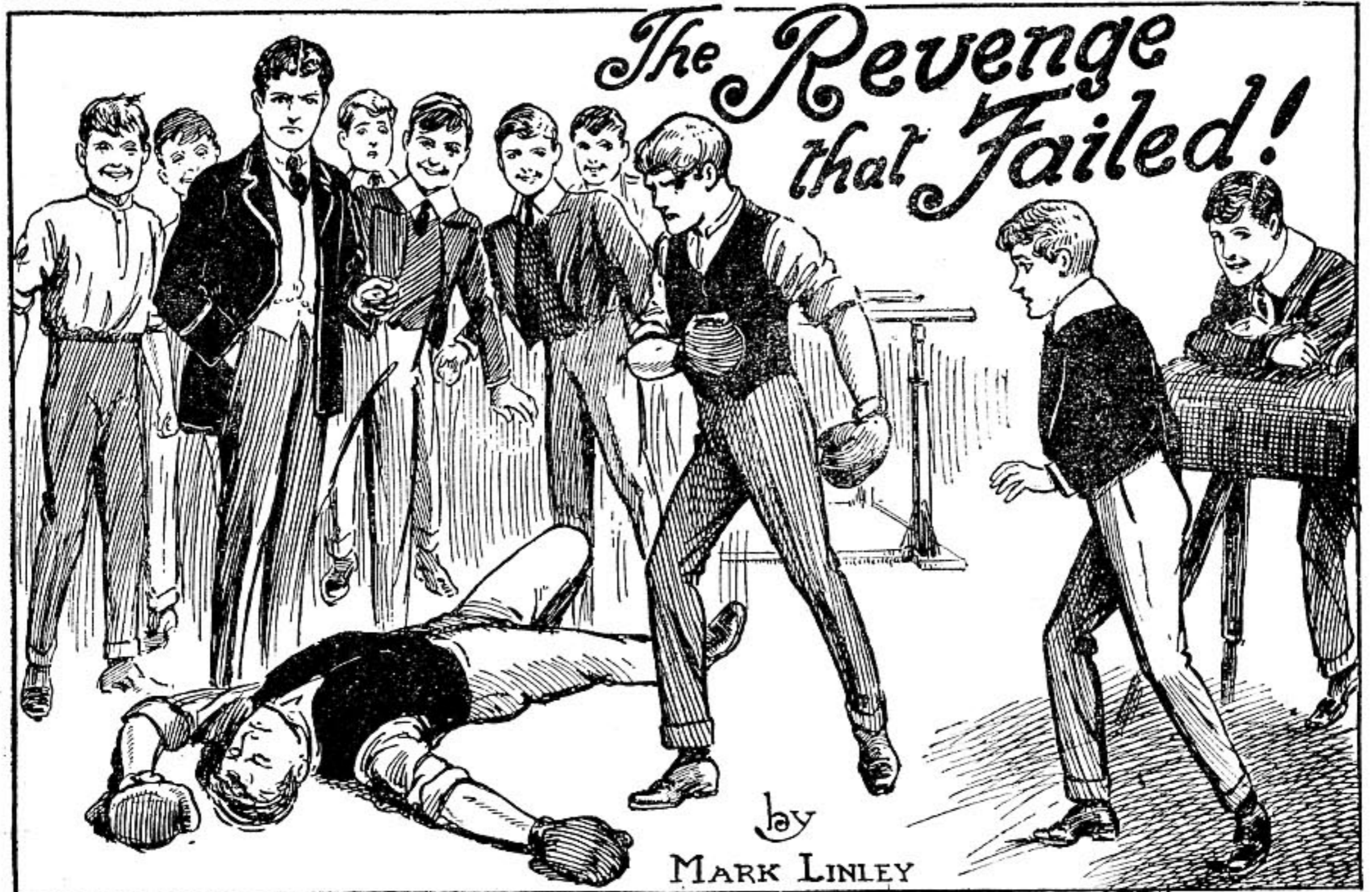
The GREYFRIARS HERALD

THE SCHOOL HOUSE

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Harry Wharton
Editor

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THE BULLY KNOCKED OUT! Bolsover gasped and panted as an avalanche of blows rained upon him. "This is what you would have done to Hazel!" said Bob Cherry grimly. Before three minutes had expired, Bolsover lay limp and inert on the floor.

"W HITHER bound?" Bolsover major asked the question of Hazeldene of the Remove.

Hazel, attired in his Sunday best, was walking towards the school gates.

"I'm going to Cliff House to tea," said Hazeldene shortly.

"Then I'm coming along, too!" said Bolsover, falling into step with his school-fellow.

Hazel halted.

"You'll oblige me by keeping off the grass!" he said. "The invitation from my sister was meant for me, and me only. Twice this week you've come over and had tea with my sister without invitation. Marjorie doesn't like you—she's never pretended to—and it's bad form on your part to keep barging in where you're not wanted!"

Hazeldene spoke with unusual spirit.

As a rule, he was afraid of Bolsover, and tamely submitted to the bully's demands.

But he felt that the bully of the Remove was going altogether too far, and that the time had come for plain speaking.

Bolsover scowled. There was an unpleasant glitter in his eyes.

"I'll come over to Cliff House if I want to," he said. "Who's going to stop me, I should like to know?"

"I am!"

"You?" Bolsover laughed scornfully.

"Why, you can't say 'Bo!' to a goose!"

"I can't fight you, if that's what you mean," was the reply. "I'm no match for

you. But I can take steps to prevent you following me every time I go over to Cliff House."

"Really?" sneered Bolsover. "And what steps will you take?"

"I shall mention the matter to Wingate."

"You sneak!"

"There are cases where a fellow's justified in sneaking," said Hazel. "This is one of them. I'm asking you not to force your society on my sister when it isn't wanted. I object to your dogging my steps every time I go over to Cliff House. If you won't drop it when I ask you to, I must get protection."

Bolsover laughed harshly.

"Lead on, Maeduff!" he said, waving his hand towards the roadway. "I'm coming over to Cliff House, whether you like it or not!"

"You're not coming!" said Hazeldene angrily.

"Your mistake," was the cool reply. "I am."

At that moment the tall form of Wingate of the Sixth bore down upon the two juniors.

"What's all the rumpus about?" demanded the captain of Greyfriars.

Hazeldene explained the situation as briefly as possible. And Wingate promptly took his part.

"You've no right to keep making yourself a nuisance in this way, Bolsover," he said. "You can't go to a girls' school for tea without invitation. It's shocking bad form. Cut off, Hazeldene! I'll see that Bolsover doesn't follow!"

Hazel nodded gratefully, and went on his way.

Wingate then gave instructions to Gosling, the porter, that Bolsover was not to proceed out of gates for at least an hour.

The bully of the Remove was simply furious.

One thought burned in his brain.

Revenge!

Hazeldene must be made to pay a heavy penalty for having played the sneak.

Bolsover paced to and fro in the Close, with clenched hands and gleaming eyes. He was in a dangerous mood—a mood which boded ill for Peter Hazeldene.

Try as he would, however, he could think of no suitable plan whereby he could get his own back.

It was not until the following afternoon that an opportunity occurred—a really glorious opportunity.

When afternoon school was over, the Remove assembled in the gym for a boxing lesson.

A prefect usually supervised these friendly bouts, and on this particular afternoon the prefect happened to be Loder.

The usual procedure was for the juniors to be paired off, in turn, and for friendly boxing bouts, of three minutes' duration, to take place.

Now, a fair-minded prefect always made it a point to see that the boxers were evenly matched. He would not, for instance, set Alonzo Todd to face Johnny Bull. The strong had to face the strong, and the

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weak had to stand up to the weak. Which was only fair.

Loder, however, was not a fair-minded prefect. And when Bolsover major whispered in his ear: "Pair me off with Hazeldene; I've an old score to pay off!" Loder grinned and nodded.

"Now we'll get to business," he said, addressing the class. "First pair—Brown and Penfold. On with the gloves."

For the space of three minutes Tom Brown and Dick Penfold pummelled one another vigorously, but with no animosity.

It was an interesting bout, with nothing to choose between the two boxers.

"Time!" said Loder, at length. "Russell and Todd next."

"My dear Loder—" quavered the gentle Alonzo.

"I don't mean you, ass! I mean that gorilla-faced cousin of yours!"

Peter Todd and Dick Russell stepped into the ring, and exchanged handshakes, then a fusillade of blows.

Russell had slightly the better of the argument, and he did a certain amount of damage to Peter Todd's countenance. But Peter took it quite in good part.

When the bout had finished, Bolsover major caught Loder's eye.

The prefect smiled grimly.

"Bolsover and Hazeldene next!" he commanded.

There was a loud murmur of protest.

"Stow it, Loder!" said Harry Wharton. "Hazel's no match for Bolsover, and you know it!"

"Silence!" snapped the prefect.

But he was unable to quell the loud murmur of "Shame!" which arose.

There was a very menacing expression on Bolsover's heavy face as he donned the gloves.

Here was his golden opportunity.

For the space of three minutes he would use Hazeldene as a punching-ball. He would not spare him. He would be blind and deaf to the quality of mercy. His enemy had been delivered into his hands. Joyous thought!

Hazeldene was pale and trembling.

There was reason for his pallor and his shaking limbs. He knew that this would be no friendly bout—no kid-glove affair. Bolsover would set out to smash him. And Loder would not interfere.

Hazel hadn't the ghost of a chance against the burly Bolsover. In strength and girth and ringcraft, Bolsover was immeasurably his superior.

"Come, Hazeldene!" said Loder sharply. "On with the gloves!"

And then, whilst Hazel stood hesitating, looking very much like a hunted animal, the door of the gym opened and Wingate came in.

"The Head wants you, Loder," he said. "I'll take charge of this show in your absence."

Loder, with a snarl of annoyance, strode from the gym.

"Now," said Wingate, surveying the class, "whose turn is it? Why—Great Scott!"

The captain of Greyfriars frowned when he saw that Bolsover and Hazeldene had been paired together.

"There is some trickery here!" he said sternly. "I suppose you arranged this with Loder, Bolsover? You wanted to get your own back on Hazeldene for what happened yesterday—isn't that so? Well, you're going to be disappointed. Take off those gloves, Hazeldene. The next pair will be Bolsover and Cherry."

The Removites were furious when they heard of Bolsover's conduct. He had displayed a mean and revengeful spirit.

But for the timely intervention of Wingate, Hazeldene would have been knocked silly.

Bob Cherry understood what was required of him, and carried it through very thoroughly.

There was nothing of a friendly nature in his bout with Bolsover major. He attacked fiercely from the outset, driving the bully of the Remove into a corner.

Bolsover fought wildly, but unavailingly. He was at Bob Cherry's mercy.

Bob drove his fists against the bully's ribs in sledgehammer fashion.

The onlookers cheered.

"That's the way, Bob!"

"Give him beans!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 737.

Bolsover gasped and panted as an avalanche of blows rained upon him.

"Go easy, Cherry!" he muttered.

Bob looked grim.

"This is what you would have done to Hazel!" he said.

And then he resumed his hurricane attack. Before the three minutes had expired, Bolsover lay limp and inert on the floor.

Bob Cherry's punishing blows had savoured almost of ferocity. Seldom had anybody seen Bob in such a mood. He had set out to smash Bolsover, and he had succeeded, in just the same way as Bolsover would have succeeded against Hazeldene.

Wingate had not interfered. He knew that the bully of the Remove was only getting his just deserts.

When Bolsover had sufficiently recovered to be able to understand what was said to him, Wingate warned him not to molest Hazeldene any further.

And Bolsover won't—not for some considerable time, at any rate!

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

This week our opening story is by Mark Linley. And it deals with an incident which actually occurred at Greyfriars.

We do not usually go out of our way to point a moral at the end of our stories. At the same time, there is an excellent moral to be gleaned from Linley's latest.

The moral is this: It doesn't pay to be revengeful!

Revenge is an ugly word. And it's an ugly thing. It is generally carried out in the dark, and it takes its victim unawares, like a blow suddenly delivered from behind.

Sometimes revenge fails, as was the case in Mark Linley's story. At other times it succeeds. But it is a very paltry success—a very mean and petty triumph.

If a fellow did you an injury—real or imaginary—and you laid in wait for him in the dark, and tripped him up and rolled him in the dirt without giving him a chance to defend himself, you wouldn't feel particularly happy about it afterwards. It would only yield you a very poor measure of satisfaction. Moreover, you would suffer for your action in the long run. Emphatically, it doesn't pay to be revengeful!

I am not suggesting for one moment that if a fellow comes up and hits you, you should calmly turn the other cheek. Hit him back, by all means—and put a little more power into your punch than he put into his. There is a great deal of difference between revenge and justifiable retaliation.

What I am deprecating is the snake-in-the-grass behaviour of some fellows who harbour feelings of revenge. It does not seem to occur to them to meet their man in the open. In most cases, they are too cowardly to do that, and revenge is only another name for cowardice. No healthy-minded sportsman wishes to go out of his way to injure another.

These remarks of mine won't please Bolsover major, I warrant. In fact, they will rattle him, and I shouldn't be surprised to see him come charging into Study No. 1, thirsting for my gore, to put it melodramatically.

But I am not afraid of Bolsover. Nor am I afraid to speak my mind when the occasion demands it. And if the bully of the Remove doesn't like this straight-from-the-shoulder chat of mine, he can do the other thing!

HARRY WHARTON.

YOU MUST NOT MISS
NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER
OF "THE GREYFRIARS
HERALD"!
IT'S GRAND!

THE OLD RUSTIC BRIDGE!

(Adapted from the famous song.)

By DICK PENFOLD.

There's an old rustic bridge, and it's not far away,

And it bends o'er the murmuring Sark.

It was there, Loder dear, that I gave a loud cheer

When I saw you capsize after dark.

'Twas there I first saw you; the light of your eyes

Was just like a glowering spark.

And if looks could have killed, I'd have died, had you willed,

On that old rustic bridge by the Sark.

Refrain.

Around it the stream gently rippled,

Beside it the dogs used to bark.

Though it's not far away, still my thoughts fondly stray

To the old rustic bridge by the Sark.

On that old rustic bridge, which is not far away,

I stood, and I saw you go under.

You gave a wild yelp, and a scream of "Help!"

And your brow was as black as thunder.

I snatched up a punt-pole, and hauled you out,

It was then that I heard you remark:

"Oh, never again shall I be so insane
As to go for a row after dark!"

Refrain.

Around you a pool gently trickled,

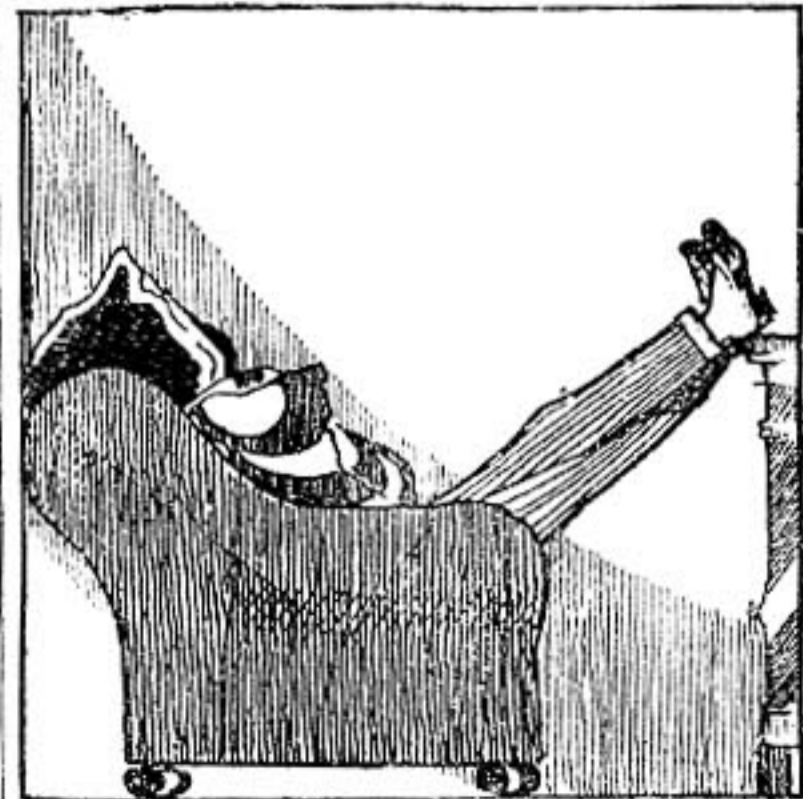
And you showed all your fangs, like a shark.

I am ready to bet you will not soon forget

The old rustic bridge by the Sark.

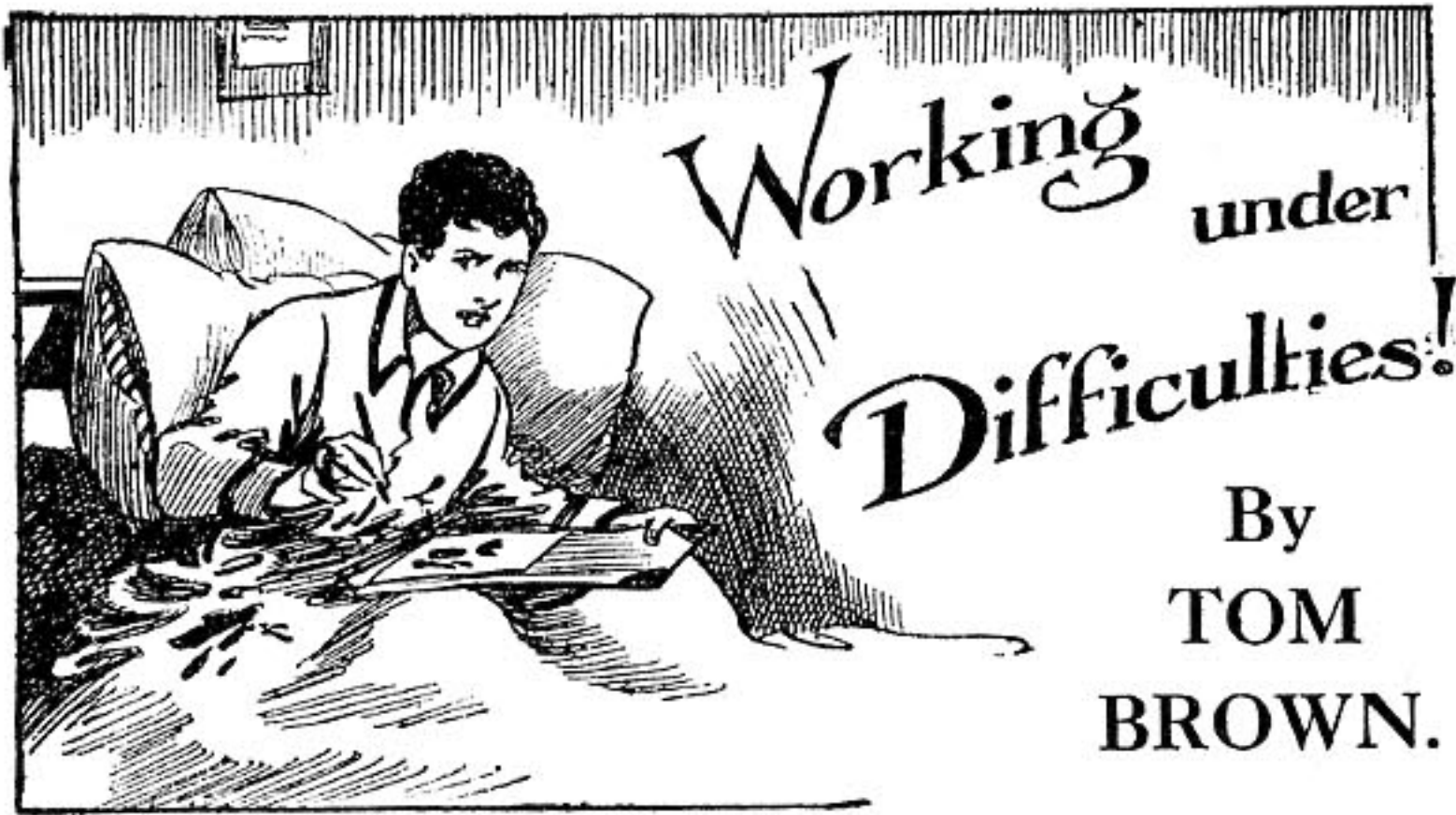
HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



LORD MAULEVERER.

[Supplement ii.]



By
**TOM
BROWN.**

BLESS my soul, boy! What ever are you sitting up in bed for?"

"It was the matron who spoke. She had just come into the sick-room, and she gazed at me in surprise and alarm.

"I've got some work to do, matron," I murmured faintly.

"Work! With a temperature of a hundred and three!" The matron's voice rose almost to a scream. "Lie down at once!"

"But I've got to do my article for the 'Greyfriars Herald'—"

"You are in no state to write articles," said the matron grimly. "Your condition is serious. You must take things very quietly, or this influenza may develop into pneumonia."

"But that's all rot, matron!" I protested. "I know I'm a bit queer, but the work of the world must go on. Never let it be said that Tom Brown laid down his pen because of a piffling illness. What will the readers of the 'Herald' say if the paper comes out without my article? They'll take no excuse. Duty must be done. 'Men must work and women must weep'—"

"And boys with high temperatures must rest!" said the matron firmly, as she deftly arranged my pillows. "There! Is that more comfortable? I'll bring you in some gruel in a moment."

"Gruel!"

"Did you speak, Brown?"

"I said, 'Do!'"

The matron smiled.

"You have had no nourishment for several hours, and the gruel will do you a world of good," she said.

Then she fluttered from the room.

I have no clear recollection of what happened after that.

My mind, like the cartridge in Mr. Prout's rifle, was a blank.

It seemed that I dozed, but I was afterwards informed that I was unconscious.

The beastly 'flu had reached its crisis, and it now remained to be seen whether I should turn the corner.

When I came round I was astonished to find that a new day had dawned.

Dr. Short was at the bedside, and he smiled and nodded approvingly.

"You'll do all right, my boy," he said. "Now have a nice long sleep, and you'll feel like a giant refreshed when you awake."

I certainly felt heaps better twelve hours later. I had turned the corner in brilliant style, thanks to a sturdy constitution.

Instead of the hateful gruel the matron began to bring me milk-puddings, which were much more palatable.

"Now that I'm on the mend, matron," I said, "I want to start work."

"Very well. But you must not overdo it."

"Would you mind getting me a writing-pad, and the fountain-pen out of my coat-pocket?"

The matron fetched the required articles, and propped me up on the pillows. Then she left me to myself.

The first thing I discovered was that the beastly fountain-pen wouldn't write. It had apparently gone on strike. I scratched and scratched, but the ink refused to flow.

I lost my temper. And when I lose my temper there's generally trouble.

I gave the pen a savage shake. And then the ink came forth—with unexpected force

and suddenness. It splashed upon the counterpane, and upon the wall, and upon the floor. It seemed to fly in all directions. It was as if a cistern had suddenly burst. You never saw such a mess in your natural!

I attempted to write. Huge blobs of ink descended upon the writing-pad. It was impossible to form a legible letter. There seemed to be a gallon of ink in that pen, for it simply wouldn't stop flowing.

Feeling almost homicidal, I hurled the pen savagely from me. It struck the electric-light shade with a terrific concussion, and a shower of glass spattered to the floor.

The crash brought the matron on the scene.

"You—you destructive boy!" she exclaimed, aghast. "Look what you've done!"

"It's that fountain-pen, matron," I said apologetically. "The beastly thing puts years on me!"

The matron wrung her hands.

"You have caused considerable damage, Brown," she said. "You will have to pay for it!"

"All right, matron! But for goodness' sake lend me a fountain-pen that doesn't shed a gallon of ink every time I go to use it!"

"You shall not have another pen," said the matron firmly. "You have done quite enough damage already. I will lend you an indelible pencil."

She did so, and I set to work to write my article.

Writing articles on top of a severe attack of 'flu is no easy matter. The thoughts simply won't come. I sat chewing the end of the pencil for nearly half an hour before I really got going.

I was frequently tempted to lay my task aside. But I conquered the temptation, and went steadily on with it.

Harry Wharton came along to see me that evening. He smuggled some tuck into the sick-room, much to my delight. Gruel and milk-puddings form a monotonous diet, and one welcomes a change.

"Sorry you've had such a rough time, Brown," said Wharton. "You must take things easy for a week or two. Don't attempt to do any more stuff for the 'Herald' yet awhile."

"My dear fellow," I said, "I've already written my article for this week."

"My hat!"

"Can't allow you to publish a Brownless number, you know. Your readers would never forgive you."

"Well, I'm dashed if I know how you managed it," said Wharton, taking the article. "By the way, who's been having an ink bath?"

"That's my handiwork," I said ruefully. "Beastly fountain-pen refused to work."

"Looks as if it's worked overtime!" said Wharton, with a grin.

Before leaving the sanny I was presented with the following bill:

To Master Tom Brown,	
Damage to counterpane	2 0
" " sheets	1 0
" " walls	1 6
" " carpet	1 6
" " electric-light shade	2 0
	8 0

Another eight bob gone west! Pity the poor journalist who gets stricken down with 'flu!

MY QUARREL WITH QUELCHY!

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

I have got a bone to pick with Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

As a sort of supplement to his "History of Greyfriars," he has drawn up a "Greyfriars Who's Who."

Whilst Quelch was out golfing the other afternoon I took the liberty of eggsporing his studdy.

The "Who's Who" was alreddy drafted out, and it was lying on his desk. I gave a breek descriphun of all the most important persons at Greyfriars. And—would you beleeve it, dear readers?—Quelch had left me out.

Just think of it! Fanny the grate W. G. B. being omitted from a "Who's Who of Greyfriars"! Duzzent it make your blood boyle?

There was a parragraff about Harry Wharton. It ran as follows:

"WHARTON, H.—Captain of the Remove, and an excellent boy in every way. Somewhat proud in temperament, but an admirable leader, and a valuable sportsman."

Then there was a paragraph about Bob Cherry:

"CHERRY, R.—A close chum of Wharfon's, and a boy with a sunny disposition. Has rather a liking for practical jokes, but is a most likeable boy."

There was also a descriphun of Smithy and Toddy and Mark Linley. There was even a paragraph about Skinner. But the name of W. G. Bunter was not mentioned.

I shall have to speak very seriously to Quelch about this. Surely he cannot have forgotten my eggistence?

I am far and away the most important person in the Remove, and I deserve a page of the "Who's Who" to myself.

If I were compiling the thing, I should write a parragraff something like this:

"BUNTER, W. G.—The plumpest and most popular person at Greyfriars. Excels at all forms of sport, and could easily become captain of the Remove if he wished; but he doesn't want to hurt the feelings of Harry Wharton. Bunter is very smart at lessons, besides being a skilful ventriloquist and a talented journalist. He has a great future before him, and will go far."

That's just a ruff outline of what I should put. But Quelch, the beast, ignores me altogether! Not a word either of praise or blame. He just treats me as if I were a zephyr, or is it cipher?

I'll go along and ask Quelch what he means by it. And if he refuses to inklood me in his "Who's Who" I shall compile one of my own, and see that my miner, Sammy, and myself get plenty of limelight.

That's the best way to deal with the situation. Don't you think so, dear readers?

(My own opinion is that Mr. Quelch has done the right thing in regarding our corpulent friend as a nonentity. Billy Bunter ought not to have a place in "Who's Who" but in "Whose Zoo?"—Ed.)

THE EARLY BIRD!

By Lord Mauleverer.

I am not referring to the lark or the linnet, begad! I refer to the merchant who springs out of bed at daybreak, bursting with energy and vitality.

You find him in every school and in every dormitory. He is always active, always alert—never seems to sleep, by Jove!

We've got a fellow of this ilk in the Remove dormitory. His name is Bob Cherry. The name is familiar to you, perhaps.

This fellow Cherry behaves as if he were a bundle of springs. Can't sit still a minute, don't you know. Always up and doing. Packed to the brim with energy; fairly overflowing with it!

If there's a jape going forward Bob Cherry's in it. If there's a footer match being played, trust Bob to be there! If there's a snow fight or a pillow fight, or any other sort of fight, Bob Cherry's in the thick of it!

I've never seen Bob Cherry tired. Never seen him yawn, or take forty winks.

Last night there was a midnight feast in the Remove dormitory. The banquet lasted till one in the morning, and Harry Wharton suggested bed.

"Bed?" echoed Bob Cherry. "Why, the night's young yet! Let's arm ourselves to the teeth with pillows and bolsters, and go up and raid the Fifth!"

The suggestion was carried out. A crowd of fellows invaded the Fifth Form dormitory, and a strenuous fight took place. It lasted over half an hour. The Remove gained a handsome victory, but they had to fight tooth and nail; and when they came back to their own dorm the majority of them were dead beat. Just managed to crawl to their beds, and lay there like logs.

But Bob Cherry wasn't whacked. Great Scott, no! He came prancing into the dorm, his face flushed with the joy of battle.

"What's the time, Wharton?" he inquired.

"Twenty to two."

"That all? There's still several hours to kill. Let's go and raid the Upper Fourth!"

"No jolly fear!" growled Wharton. "We've had enough exertion for one night."

Bob Cherry went reluctantly to bed.

That morning nearly everybody overslept, which was not altogether surprising, in the circles.

But Bob Cherry, instead of oversleeping, underslept a good deal. He was up long before rising-bell, carrying out a series of gymnastic exercises. He couldn't have had more than five hours' sleep, yet he was as lively as a cricket.

"Out of it, Mauly!" he cried, hurling my bedclothes into space. "Shake off dull sloth, and come and join me in a sprint in the Close!"

I had no alternative but to obey.

I hate violent exercise, but Bob Cherry rushed me down the stairs in whirlwind fashion, and made me sprint six times round the Close. Wonder I didn't collapse with heart failure, begad!

Already I've got grey hairs coming, thanks to Bob Cherry's ill-treatment.

They say that the early bird catches the worm. Very true. But it is equally true that even a worm will turn. So Bob Cherry had better mind his eye, to use his own phrase!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 737.

THE LATEST CRAZE!

By TOM REDWING.

SUCH games as put-and-take are not permitted at Greyfriars. And rightly so. It would put a premium on gambling.

But we have to have something to occupy our spare moments. Skinner's uncle realised this, when he sent his hopeful nephew a dartboard, complete with a set of feathered darts.

Skinner opened the cardboard box with a flutter of excitement.

"Darts, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "Now we shall have some sport!"

"It's a nice board," commented Stott. "Where are you going to hang it—on the study door?"

"No jolly fear! The study isn't spacious enough for a player to stand far enough away from the board. I shall hang the board on the door of the Rag."

"Let's go and have a game now," suggested Snoop.

Bolsover major, who was present, shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't believe dart-playing is allowed," he said.

"There's no law against it, to my knowledge," said Skinner. "We'll jolly soon find out, anyway. Link your arm in mine, Bolsy, and let's go and have a peep at the school rules."

The rules of the school were hung in the Hall. They were framed.

Skinner went carefully down the list with a bony forefinger.

"Nothing against dart-playing, that I can see," he said. "Rule 13 is the nearest approach to it."

The rule in question ran as follows:

"Gambling in any form is strictly prohibited. No card games or games of chance are permitted. Any breach of this rule will be severely punished."

"Darts isn't a game of chance," said Skinner, "so we're not putting ourselves within the pale of the law."

Having satisfied themselves that they were not contravening the school regulations, Skinner & Co. went along to the Rag. Skinner hugged the dart-board to his chest as if it were a shield against some vulnerable attack.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, coming along with Wharton, Bull, and Nugent. "What have you got there, Skinner?"

"The royal and ancient game of darts," said Skinner. "We're going to display our skill in the Rag."

"Tell you what, Skinner," said Johnny Bull. "We'll challenge you four to a game."

"Done!" said Skinner promptly. "We'll play a thousand up. What are the stakes?"

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Drop that!" he said sharply. "We'll play for the love of the thing."

The eight juniors went into the Rag.

Frank Nugent obtained some screws and a screwdriver, and secured the dart-board to the door.

Hurree Singh came along shortly afterwards, and, seeing what was afoot, undertook to "recordfully keep the esteemed scorefulness."

A chalk line was marked on the floor at a convenient distance from the board, and behind this chalk line the competitors had to stand.

Skinner took the privilege of going first.

He was a shocking shot. The first dart he threw found a billet in one of the door panels. The second dart failed to carry, and it fell with a thud to the floor, just short of the door.

Then, by a most amazing fluke, Skinner pitched a dart to alight in the centre of the bullseye.

"Good old Robin Hood!" said Bob Cherry. "That's fifty points."

Five of Skinner's darts had completely missed the target. But the remaining one had pierced the bullseye, and Skinner seemed highly satisfied.

His satisfaction vanished when Harry Wharton took his turn.

Wharton threw his darts with deadly accuracy, and scored 175.

"Bravo, Harry!" said Johnny Bull. "You've given us a jolly good lead!"

As the game went on, Skinner & Co. were completely outplayed.

Harry Wharton & Co. reached their 1,000 when their opponents had scored barely 300.

The overwhelming victory was not altogether surprising. The chums of the Remove could be relied upon to defeat Skinner & Co. at any sort of sport, from footer down to noughts-and-crosses.

"I say, you fellows—"

The door opened, and Billy Bunter rolled into the Rag. He blinked at the darts, and expressed a desire to "have a go."

"Here you are, then," said Skinner, thrusting the darts into the fat junior's hand.

Billy Bunter stationed himself behind the chalk line, and carefully measured the distance with his eye. Then he threw his first dart. It travelled a foot wide of the target, and embedded itself in the door.

"Oh crumbs! It—it slipped out of my hand, you know!" explained Bunter, in defence of his erratic marksmanship.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fat junior proceeded to perforate the door. His shots were hopelessly off the mark. His schoolfellows, gurgling with merriment, stood watching him.

Billy Bunter took deliberate aim with his last dart.

No sooner had it left his hand than the door opened, and Mr. Quelch came in, just as the dart crashed into the woodwork of the doorpost. The shock of it caused Mr. Quelch to jump a couple of inches clear of the floor.

For a moment there was a stupefied silence. Then Mr. Quelch plucked the dart from the doorpost.

Mr. Quelch gazed at the dart-board and frowned.

"Whose property is this?" he inquired.

"Mine, sir," said Skinner.

"Then I shall confiscate it. This is a highly dangerous game, and you have no right to be playing it."

"There's no rule against dart-playing, sir," said Bolsover major.

"Then I will see that such a rule is framed at once!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "The safety of the community must not be imperilled."

So poor old Skinner had to forfeit his dart-board. Further, he and Bunter had to pay for damaging the door of the Rag.

Skinner wrote to his uncle, stating that the dart-board had been confiscated, and asking for its cash equivalent. He posted the letter, and waited impatiently for a reply.

He is still waiting!

If you want to read the Best Stories you should read :

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TAKE THE TIP FROM YOUR OLD PAL—WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER
(Eddite.)

[Supplement iv.]

BUNTER'S BOLT!

(Continued from page 8.)

that stuff was thrown over Quelchy—and—"

"Come at once, you young ass!"

"My left leg's sprained."

"Throw that fat duffer over here, you fags!" said Wingate.

"Get a move on, Bunter, you duffer."

Billy Bunter gave a deep groan, and followed Wingate from the study. Harry Wharton & Co. gathered in the doorway and watched him go. They were sorry for Bunter, but there was nothing they could do to help. Wingate strode to the stairs, and Bunter followed him slowly.

George Wingate began to descend the stairs, and Bunter stopped on the landing. There he hesitated a second, and then, cutting across the landing to the other side, he scuttled into the Fourth Form passage. Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another.

"Bunked!" said Bob Cherry.

"Get back into the study," said Harry Wharton hastily. "We don't want to be asked which way he went, the young ass!"

"Right-ho!"

The Famous Five backed into the study and closed the door. Wingate of the Sixth had reached the lower landing when he glanced back for Bunter, to make sure that he was following, and found that he was not following. With an exclamation of impatience, the prefect turned back up the Remove staircase.

"Bunter!" he shouted.

No answer. Bunter had vanished.

"Bunter!" roared Wingate.

Two or three juniors looked out of their studies in surprise.

"Bunter's wanted!" called out Wingate. "Find Bunter, some of you, and send him to Mr. Quelch's study at once."

And Wingate went downstairs to report to the Remove master that Bunter had dodged him, which did not help to ameliorate the state of almost Hunnish frightfulness that Mr. Quelch was already in.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Hunting Bunter!

"ANYBODY seen Bunter?"

That question was being asked up and down Greyfriars.

Mr. Quelch—looking rather piebald, even after a plentiful application of hot water and soap—was waiting in his study for Bunter.

Bunter, evidently, was waiting somewhere else. Mr. Quelch was simply yearning to see him. But Bunter was lying very low, under-studying the celebrated Brer Fox.

The fiat had gone forth that Bunter was to be found at once. Wingate of the Sixth looked for him. It was really outrageous that the captain of the school, head of the games, and head prefect, should have to waste his valuable time hunting for a fag of the Lower Fourth. But he had to, and he did it grumbling wrathfully. He commanded the Remove to help, and the juniors left their prep to hunt for Bunter. They were not unwilling to leave prep, but they were not specially keen on finding Bunter and handing him over to the tender mercies of the Form-master whom he had "sugared." But they joined in the hunt, and they shouted

Bunter's name, and bawled it and yelled it, up and down the Remove passage and the staircases, and in the dormitories and the box-rooms.

And still Bunter did not appear.

The fat junior was evidently lying very low. Whether it was a flogging, or a caning, or an expulsion, or any or all of them, that he had to expect, Bunter did not want to face the music. Perhaps he hoped that Mr. Quelch's wrath would die away with the process of time. If that was the case, Bunter was "off-side" very considerably. As he waited and fumed in his study, Mr. Quelch's wrath intensified. Every time he glanced in the glass and found streaks and spots of marking-ink and creosote on his scholarly countenance he breathed fury. Like old wine, Mr. Quelch's wrath improved in quality the longer it remained bottled.

"Anybody seen Bunter?"

The question was asked scores of times. Skinner, indeed, began to chant in the Remove passage: "Has anybody seen our cat?" an ancient comic song which he deemed appropriate to the circumstances—until Wingate, who was getting short-tempered, cuffed him, which reduced Harold Skinner to seriousness.

Bob Cherry, rooting in the box-room near the Remove passage, had his attention drawn to a huge trunk belonging to Lord Mauleverer. His attention was drawn to it by the sound of a grunt within.

Bob chuckled.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There he is!"

Bob considerably closed the box-room door before opening the lid of the big trunk. He was looking for Bunter, according to orders, but he had not undertaken to hand him over when found. He threw back the lid of the trunk, and there was a startled yelp.

"Ow! I'm not here!"

"Hallo, hallo hallo!"

"Oh, it's you, you beast! I say, Cherry, is Quelch around?" gasped Billy Bunter.

"Not just here," grinned Bob. "I'm hunting for you—so are all the Remove. Quelch is pining for you!"

"D-d-don't give me away, old chap!"

"Of course not, ass! You fit into that trunk like an oyster into a shell," said

Bob. "Think you'll be able to get out again?"

"Oh dear!"

Bunter started as footsteps approached the door.

"Look out, somebody's coming—"

Bob hurriedly closed the lid of the trunk, and sat on it. Wingate of the Sixth came striding in with a frowning brow.

"Found him?" he exclaimed, and, without waiting for an answer, he went on: "What are you loafing about for, Cherry? I've told you to find Bunter, haven't I?"

"Just sitting down a minute," said Bob.

"Well, get up and carry on," said Wingate. "The fat idiot's got to be found. I'll warn him for giving me all this trouble. Have you any idea where he might be, Cherry?"

"Right out of sight, I think," said Bob.

"I know that, you young ass! He's been looked for everywhere. I'm getting fed-up with this!" growled Wingate.

"Wingate!"

It was Mr. Quelch's voice from the passage. The prefect spun round, turning rather red.

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"Have you found him?" asked Mr. Quelch, putting a somewhat zebra-like countenance into the box-room.

"Not yet, sir! He seems to have disappeared entirely!"

"It is very remarkable," said Mr. Quelch. "It occurred to me that he might be hiding here among the boxes, Cherry!"

"Yes, sir!" murmured Bob.

"Where are your manners, boy?" snapped Mr. Quelch. "How dare you, Cherry, remain seated in your Form-master's presence?"

"Oh, sir! Sorry, sir!" stammered Bob.

He detached himself from Mauly's big trunk. The lid was half an inch open, Bunter having wedged in a piece of wood to keep it from closing—a necessary precaution, as the trunk was not otherwise ventilated. Bob Cherry hoped fervently that Mr. Quelch would not notice it.

The Form-master glanced round the room, and Wingate stepped into the passage to continue his search in other directions. Both the master and the prefect were in a state of great exasperation.

If a junior was wanted for a licking, it was simply colossal "nerve" on the part of that junior to lie "doggo" in some obscure corner, and waste the time of his elders and betters. Mr. Quelch was now in the same state as a suppressed volcano.

His gimlet eyes fairly glittered round for traces of Bunter.

Bob Cherry began rooting among some old packing-cases with an air of industrious energy.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Quelch suddenly.

Bob looked round apprehensively. He wondered whether the Remove master had noted Mauly's big trunk.

"To whom does that large trunk belong, Cherry?"

"M-in-mauly, sir!"

"Do you mean Lord Mauleverer?"

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"If you mean Lord Mauleverer, Cherry, why do you not say Lord Mauleverer?" said Mr. Quelch frostily. "You will have the kindness not to answer me in ridiculous abbreviations."

"Oh, yes, sir!" murmured Bob. Really, Mr. Quelch seemed greatly to

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resemble a lion seeking whom he might devour just then.

"That tray, I presume, belongs to that trunk!" said Mr. Quelch, pointing to it.

"I—I suppose so, sir!"

"It is very careless of Lord Maul- everer to leave his trunk with the tray outside!"

"'Uml' murmured Bob. He knew why the tray was outside the trunk, though Mr. Quelch did not.

"Replace it, Cherry!"

"Oh! Ah! Yes, sir!" stammered Bob.

Bob picked up the extensive tray, and approached the trunk. He had to raise the lid to put the tray in place, and any hesitation would certainly have awakened Mr. Quelch's suspicions. Bob stood between the Form-master and the trunk as he raised the lid cautiously.

Bunter, crouched almost on his back in the huge trunk, blinked up at him imploringly.

Two or three steps nearer, and Mr. Quelch could have seen into the trunk. But for the moment Bunter was still out of sight.

Bob lifted in the tray, and Bunter blinked at him. There was no help for it—the tray had to be laid over Bunter. But there was no room for it to fit down into its place. It rested on Bunter's fat nose, and not on the ledges made for its support. There was a faint gasp from Bunter. Bob gave a hasty cough.

"Close the trunk, Cherry!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "Do not be lazy and slovenly, Cherry."

"Oh, no, sir—yes, sir!" stammered Bob.

He lowered the lid of the big trunk. But with the tray above its place, the lid only half-closed.

Mr. Quelch looked round the packing-cases, and then, looking about him again, he noted Mauly's trunk, half-closed. His gimlet eye glittered at the unhappy Bob.

"Cherry! Close that trunk at once!" he snapped. "Bless my soul! I have never seen such idleness and carelessness. Are you not aware, Cherry, that a trunk left open in a box-room is liable to accumulate dust, and perhaps spiders?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

Bob handled the trunk lid. But it simply would not close. As he pressed it down, it forced the tray lower, squashing on Bunter's nose. There was a sound of spluttering inside the trunk.

Mr. Quelch gave quite a jump.

"What—what is that? Is there something—somebody inside that trunk, Cherry?" he exclaimed.

"Oh dear!" groaned Bob.

"Is it possible that—that——" Mr. Quelch was more than suspicious now. "Upon my word!"

He strode to the trunk, threw back the lid, and jerked out the tray. Billy Bunter, wedged on his back in the huge trunk, lay exposed to his view, crimson and breathless.

"Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Ow!"

"Bunter! You young rascal——"

"I—I'm not here! I—I——"

"Cherry! You knew that Bunter was there!"

"I—I——" stammered Bob.

"You were concealing him, sir!" thundered Mr. Quelch in towering wrath. "You were aware, sir, that I was searching for him, and you were concealing him, sir, under my very eyes!"

Bob was silent. There was no denying that self-evident fact.

"Cherry, go to my study! I shall cane you severely!"

"Yes, sir!" mumbled Bob.

NEXT MONDAY! "HUNTING BUNTER!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 737.

"Bunter, get out of that trunk at once!"

"Ow! Wow!"

"Do you hear me, Bunter?"

"I—I c-c-can't, sir!"

"What?"

"I—I—I'm stuck in, sir!" spluttered Bunter. "I—I can't get out!"

"Pooooh!"

Mr. Quelch stooped and grasped Bunter by the collar. With a long pull and a strong pull he dislodged the well-packed fat junior. Bunter came out of the trunk like a cork out of a bottle. He collapsed on the floor of the box-room, gasping.

Mr. Quelch breathed hard.

"Now follow me, Bunter—or, rather, come with me," he said sternly. "I shall not give you another opportunity for playing such an insolent trick. You have deliberately avoided my presence, after committing an outrageous assault on your Form-master unprecedented in the annals of Greyfriars."

"Oh dear!" gasped Bunter. Put into those words, his offence seemed more alarming than ever.

"I am going to take you," resumed Mr. Quelch, "to your headmaster. I have already requested Dr. Locke to administer a flogging——"

"Ooooooh!"

"And to expel you from Greyfriars for——"

"Oh lor'!"

"Come!"

Mr. Quelch grasped Bunter by the collar, jerked him to his feet, and led him out of the box-room. There was a buzz in the Remove passage as the Form-master appeared, with his grip on the collar of Bunter's jacket.

"Got him!" remarked Skinner.

"Hoc habet!" remarked the Bounder, with a grin.

Bunter blinked mournfully at the crowd of Removites as he was led past. Down the Remove staircase they went. Mr. Quelch's face was set like iron. On the landing Bunter stopped.

Mr. Quelch jerked at his collar.

"Come!" he snapped.

But Bunter was desperate. He turned, and with a wrench twisted out of his jacket. The next instant he was in full and frantic flight, leaving Mr. Quelch with a jacket in his hand, and an extraordinary expression on his face.

"Bless my soul!" stammered the Remove master. "Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the staircase above. Mr. Quelch glared round.

"Boys, how dare you laugh! Take a hundred lines each!"

The laughter died away quite suddenly.

"Bunter! Come back at once, Bunter!"

But William George Bunter, going strong, had vanished round the nearest corner.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Coker!

HORACE COKER of the Fifth Form came into his study with Potter and Greene, his study-mates. The three Fifth-Formers were grinning. They were just back from Courtfield, but they had already heard of the startling occurrence in the Fifth Form passage that evening. Like

the rest of the Fifth, Coker & Co. seemed to discern a comic element in Mr. Quelch's disastrous adventure.

"Blundell states that that fat idiot says he meant it for me," said Coker. "Lying in wait for me, you know! By Jove! If he had mopped that stuff over me I'd have slaughtered him. Lucky it was only Quelch!"

"Jolly lucky, especially for Quelch!" chuckled Potter. "Let's hope Quelch sees it in that light!"

"It's Bunter for the long jump, I fancy!" remarked Greene. "They say the fat ass is hiding out of sight. Quelch collared him once, and he bolted."

"If I were Quelch," said Coker, "I'd skin him! I fancy he will, anyhow. But never mind Bunter. What about supper?"

"Hear, hear!" said Potter and Greene together.

Coker had brought in a bundle with him from Courtfield. There were good things in that bundle, and Potter and Greene proceeded to lay the study table, to do justice to Coker's good things. Coker's study table was rather a large one for a study, and there was a handsome flowery cover draped over it—one of Coker's many presents from his affectionate Aunt Judy. Over that cover Potter spread the tablecloth, and then the spread was set out, and the three heroes of the Fifth sat down to supper. Coker stretched his long legs under the table, and uttered an exclamation.

"Potter, old man, don't spread your hoofs all over the show," he said. "Give a chap room for his feet!"

"Eh! Who's spreading his hoofs?" said Potter.

"If it's your hoofs, Greeney, move 'em!"

"My feet are under my chair!" said Greene.

"You've left something under the table, then," said Coker. "My foot bunged against something. There it is again! Is that your hoof, Potter?"

"Not mine!"

"Why, it's moving!" exclaimed Coker, startled. "I distinctly felt it move. Is there some blessed dog under the table?"

"Kick it and see."

Coker lunged out with his boot under the table. There was a wild and terrific howl.

"Yaroooooh!"

"My hat!" Horace Coker jumped up. "It—it's somebody——"

"Some blessed fag——"

Coker jerked up the table-cover.

"Bunter!" he ejaculated.

There he was! The Owl of the Remove was squatting under the table, making himself as small as possible to keep out of the way of six feet. But Bunter could not make himself very small, his circumference was against it.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Potter. "So that's where he is—hiding under our study table."

"Come out, you fat bounder!" said Greene.

"Ow! You've bunged me in the eye with your boot!" groaned Bunter.

"I'll bung you in the ribs next, if you don't roll out!" said Coker. "Cheeky young ass—squatting under my table! Get out!"

"Oh dear!"

Billy Bunter groaned in anguish of spirit. He had taken refuge in a deserted study, and had lain undiscovered for a time. But his luck was out again. Coker of the Fifth stooped beside the table, cricket-stump in hand, with a grin on his face. Coker had no compassion

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By FRANK RICHARDS.

to waste on the hapless Owl of the Remove. Bunter, apparently, had intended his fearful mixture for Coker's own important head. That alone placed him outside the pale of civilisation, as it were. True, the mixture had "only landed on Mr. Quelch's head." But it might have landed on Coker's. Flogging, sacking, even boiling in oil were scarcely adequate as a punishment for Bunter's intentions, in Horace Coker's opinion.

"Out you go, you fat frog!" said Coker, lunging with the business end of the stump.

"Yaroooh!"

Another lunge.

"Yow-ow! Stoppit, you beast! You're puncturing me!" yelled Bunter.

"Roll out and be kicked, then," said Coker.

"Beast!"

Coker lunged again.

"Yow-ow! Oooooop! Whoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Open the door, Potter, and stand ready to boot him as he goes!" said Coker.

"Give him a jolly good lift, you know."

"What-ho!" said Potter.

"Now, then, Bunter—"

"Beast!"

Another lunge from the stump! It was too much for Bunter. He jumped up, butting up at the table. There was a roar from Coker.

"Look out, you fat idiot, you'll have the table over!"

As a matter of fact, that was exactly what Bunter intended. So he did not take the trouble to look out.

Up he came, and the table up-ended as he rose under it, and there was a terrific crash as crockery and tuck went shooting off in a shower.

"My hat! I—"

"Look out!"

Coker was in the way as the table up-ended. He caught a pork-pie with his chin, and a jam-pot with his waistcoat. Bunter dodged out as the table rocked over, and jumped for the door. Potter made a flying kick and missed, and the Owl of the Remove fled into the passage.

"Oh, my hat! Look at the crocks!" gasped Greene.

"And the grub—"

"I—I—I'm jammy all over!" spluttered Coker. "I—I've got two or three pounds of jam on my waistcoat! I'll I'll—"

He grasped the stump, and rushed into the Fifth Form passage. But Bunter was gone.

Once more the Owl of the Remove was on his travels.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Happy Prospect!

"BED-TIME!" said Wingate gruffly.

There was a buzz of excited talk in the junior Common-room as the prefect looked in.

One topic alone interested the Remove fellows—the remarkable adventures of William George Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove had not been found.

He had last been heard of in Coker's study, in the Fifth; since then, he had vanished, as if he had melted into thin air.

Most of the fellows were chuckling over it; though Bob Cherry looked rather serious. Bob had an ache in his palms after his visit to Mr. Quelch's study. The Remove master had not spared the rod; indeed, he had given

Bob some for himself, and some for Bunter! So for the present the humour of the situation was a little lost on Robert Cherry. Bunter was still being looked for by the prefects, in rather a desultory way probably. But the wrath he had so far escaped was not in the least placated. Mr. Quelch had let the sun go down on his wrath, and was evidently going to let the moon go down upon it also; and it was probable that the sun would rise upon it again, unabated, if Bunter was not dealt with in the meantime. Mr. Quelch was not likely to forget and forgive, so long as his scanty hair was sticky with gum, and his august countenance streaky with creosote and indelible ink, and the lingering scent of carbide of calcium clung lovingly around him.

So far, Bunter had escaped; but he was only putting off the evil hour. He was bound to turn up at bed-time in the Remove dormitory—at all events, so the juniors considered. Then he would be "lagged," and the last state of William George Bunter would be worse than his first.

"Silly ass not to go through with it and get it over," Skinner remarked. "He's got to have it."

"You had something to do with it, Skinner," remarked Peter Todd. "You seem to have made Bunter sugar Quelch by mistake—"

"I!" ejaculated Skinner.

"Yes, you! You gave him a signal—you whistled, or something—and Bunter thought it was Coker coming—"

"My dear man," said Skinner blandly, "I'm not responsible for what Bunter may have thought. Goodness knows

what he might or mightn't think, with a brain like his! I may have been whistling—I often do. Of course, Bunter may have intended that mixture for Coker of the Fifth—"

"We know he did!" said Harry Wharton.

"How jolly unlucky he should have made such a mistake, then," said Skinner, with a bland smile. "Poor old Bunter!"

"You seem to have planted it on him," grunted Johnny Bull.

Skinner shrugged his shoulders.

"Bed-time!" Wingate's voice interrupted the discussion. "Now, then, get a move on!"

Wingate was gruffer than usual. The hunt for Billy Bunter had wasted a good deal of his evening, and annoyed him considerably. And Mr. Quelch had talked to him rather sharply. On this special evening, Mr. Quelch's tongue had its very keenest edge on it.

"Found Bunter?" asked Skinner.

"No!" grunted Wingate. "Get off to the dorm."

The Removites marched off to their dormitory, keeping a look-out for Bunter. But Bunter was not there; and he did not join the Form. The Remove turned in, with an empty bed in the dormitory. Wingate, after putting out the light, repaired to Mr. Quelch's study to report that Bunter had not gone to bed with the rest of the Form. The Owl of the Remove was still in hiding.

In the Remove dormitory, a buzz of talk ran from bed to bed. Bunter was the topic. Where on earth was the Owl of the Remove—and how was he going to spend the night?



The table up-ended as Billy Bunter rose under it, and there was a terrific crash as the crockery and tuck went shooting off in a shower. "My hat, look out!" Bunter dodged out as the table rocked over, and jumped for the door. (See Chapter 8.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"HUNTING BUNTER!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 737.

"The fat duffer!" said Peter Todd, really concerned about his study-mate. "He's only making it worse for himself! Quelchy is getting waxier and waxier; I could see that in his chivvy."

"He'll turn up in the morning," said Skinner. "He will be caught at breakfast-time. Bunter may miss dorm, but he'll never miss brekker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Skinner, you ought to go to Quelchy and own up that you planted this on Bunter!" said the captain of the Remove.

"So I would, like a shot, if I had anything to do with it," said Skinner calmly.

"Well, hadn't you?"

"Not a thing, old bean! If I had, I don't remember it. I'm really quite sorry for Bunter, you know. Full of compassion."

"According to Bunter—" began Peter Todd suspiciously.

"Oh, Bunter would say anything!" said Skinner.

"Well, that's so!" admitted Peter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's somebody at the door!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, sitting up in bed.

"Shush!" came a breathless whisper.

"Bunter!"

"The giddy prodigal's come home!" chuckled Skinner.

"I say, you fellows, keep quiet!" came Bunter's voice in the darkness. He closed the door cautiously. "I say, don't give me away, you know. They won't come here after lights out. I say, I've been hiding in the boot-room, and it was jolly cold. Grooogh! Any of you fellows got anything to eat? I'm jolly hungry!"

"Turn in, you fat duffer!" said Peter Todd. "What have you been playing the goat for? You might have got the flogging over by this time."

"Oh, really, Peter, I'm jolly well not going to be flogged!" said Bunter. "It was all Skinner's fault, too. Besides, I never did it. And I meant it for Coker all the time."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter turned in, and gave a grunt of comfort as he tucked himself in bed. It was a pleasant, reposeful refuge after his exciting adventures. In a very short time his deep snore was audible in the dormitory. Most of the Removites were asleep when the door opened and the light was turned on.

Mr. Quelch entered the dormitory.

He crossed directly to Bunter's bed, and stood looking down on the fat face there with a grim expression. Some of the juniors awoke and stared at Mr. Quelch. Evidently the Remove master had guessed that Bunter would turn up for bed.

"Bunter!"

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter, awakening suddenly.

"You wretched boy!"

Snore!

"Do not pretend to be asleep. Bunter! At this late hour," continued Mr. Quelch, "I shall not deal with you! You will be dealt with by the Head in the morning, Bunter!"

"I—I didn't do it, sir!"

"What?"

"I wasn't there at all, sir! It was Coker of the Fifth! A lot of fellows saw him swamp the stuff over you, sir."

"How dare you make such a baseless accusation against Coker, Bunter?"

"I—I mean it was Blundell, sir."

"Bunter!"

"A lot of fellows saw him."

"Bless my soul!"

"I—I hope you'll let the matter drop, sir, now that my innocence is proved," stuttered Bunter.

"Bunter, your mendacity passes all bounds. To-morrow morning you will be flogged by Dr. Locke!"

"Ow!"

"And sent away from the school!" said Mr. Quelch. "That is the only adequate punishment for a wilful and ruffianly assault upon your Form-master!"

"Crumbs!"

"If you please, sir," began Peter Todd, "Bunter didn't mean—"

"Were you concerned in the outrage, Todd?"

"Oh, no, sir! But—"

"Were you present with Bunter at the time?"

"Nunno! But—"

"Then you can know nothing about the matter, Todd!"

"But I—I think—"

"What you think, Todd, is a matter of no moment," said Mr. Quelch. "Kindly be silent. Bunter, I shall take you to the Head in the morning. That is all. Good-night, boys!"

"Good-night, sir!" murmured the Removites, in subdued tones.

Mr. Quelch put out the light and left the dormitory. Billy Bunter quaked for several minutes as he thought of the morning. But the fourth or fifth minute he was asleep again, and his deep, unmusical snore echoed through the dormitory. And in spite of the sword of Damocles that hung over his devoted head, there was a fat smile on his face as he slept. He was dreaming that his postal-order had arrived, and that he was expending it on unlimited tarts and ginger-pop. But the clang of the rising-bell in the morning brought William George Bunter back to the dreadful reality.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

For It!

"O H crumbs!"

That was the remark with which William George Bunter greeted the rosy morn.

He sat up in bed, and blinked at the other fellows as they turned out at the clang of the rising-bell.

Getting up in the morning never was a pleasing task to Bunter. On the present occasion it was less pleasing than ever. His prospect that morning was not an exhilarating one. A flogging—and perhaps the "push"! Never had the Owl of the Remove awakened to such a dismal prospect.

"Hallo hallo, hallo! Turn out, old fat bean!" called out Bob Cherry. "Shall I come and help you?"

"Beast!"

"I'll lend you a squeeze of my sponge, if you like."

"Yah!"

Bunter did not rise in a hurry. He was trying to think out the situation.

He was quite determined upon one point—that he was not going to be flogged. Being sent home was a less important matter in Bunter's estimation. In that the trouble would fall chiefly upon his parents. But a flogging would fall upon William George himself—quite a different and more important matter! Besides, Bunter felt that he couldn't stand the flogging. He never did like pain. And floggings were painful. Anything was better than going through such an infliction.

"Buck up, old tulip!" said Peter Todd encouragingly. "It won't be the sack,

most likely! I'm going to catch Quelchy when he's a bit calmer, and explain how you mistook him for Coker. If he gets to know that, he will be satisfied with a flogging. Sure to be, in fact!"

"I'm not going to be flogged!" roared Bunter.

"I'm afraid that's a sine qua non!" said Peter, with a shake of the head. "Better make up your mind to it and get it over."

"Beast!"

"Dash it all, Bunter! Fellows have been flogged before and survived it," said Bob Cherry. "Why, I've been flogged in my time!"

"I haven't got a hide like a rhinoceros like some fellows!" said Bunter sourly. "Besides, it's a question of dignity!"

"Whatter?"

"Dignity! Too much of a come-down for me to be flogged! It doesn't matter so much about a commonplace chap!"

"Well, my hat!" said Bob. "You're really a nice fellow to sympathise with, Bunter! Really nice and charming!"

"The question is," said Bunter, "will the brute take me to the Head before brekker? If it's after brekker, I can dodge him after I've fed—that's important!"

"So you're going to begin dodging again?" grinned Skinner.

"I'm not going to be flogged!"

"Look here, Bunter!" began Harry Wharton seriously.

Billy Bunter sniffed.

"No good jawing," he said. "I can't stand floggings. Besides, if I'm going to be sent home, may as well go of my own accord without waiting for the flogging first. Can't say I should be specially sorry to leave. I've never had justice here! Look at me now—condemned to a flogging on flimsy circumstantial evidence, and my accusations against Coker and Blundell not even listened to! Call that justice! I can tell you fellows I sha'n't be sorry to change Greyfriars for another school. I'll ask my pater to send me to St. Jim's, where I've got friends. Or Rookwood—Jimmy Silver would jump at me for a study-mate! I don't care if I'm sacked. But a flogging is a different matter. If you don't mind a flogging, Wharton, why can't you own up and have it yourself? You've only got to tell Quelchy you sugared him—in a frank and manly way."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fathead!" said Harry; and he let it drop at that. It really was not of much use wasting good advice upon Bunter.

Billy Bunter rolled out of bed at last, and performed his sparing ablutions. He was the last out of bed, but the first to finish washing. Such trifles light as air never delayed Bunter long.

He blinked round him very uneasily when he went down with the Removites. Coker of the Fifth grinned at him in the lower passage.

"You're for it, Bunter!" he observed.

"Yah!" was Bunter's answer.

The Owl of the Remove turned up to breakfast with a watchful and anxious fat face. Mr. Quelch was not at the breakfast-table; his place was taken by Wingate of the Sixth. The Remove master was unwilling to show his piebald countenance in public more than was absolutely essential. He breakfasted that morning in his study, and Bunter, at least, bore his absence with great equanimity.

After breakfast, as Bunter was dodging out with the rest of the Remove, Wingate dropped a hand of iron on his shoulder.

NEXT
MONDAY!

"HUNTING BUNTER!"

A SPLENDID TALE

OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 732

"You're wanted, Bunter!" he said tersely.

"Leggo!"

"This way!" said Wingate.

"I—I want to speak to a—a chap—"

"Come on!"

"I've left my diamond stud in the dorm, Wingate! I'll cut back. Sha'n't be a minute or two—"

"You're not dodging me again, Bunter!" said the Greyfriars captain grimly. And he led the Owl of the Remove away to the Head's study.

Bunter submitted to his fate with a groan. Breakfast had been the bait with which the Owl of the Remove had been caught!

George Wingate marched him off to the Head's study. Dr. Locke was not yet there.

"You'll stay here till the Head comes, Bunter," said Wingate.

"Oh, yes! All right! I—I shouldn't even think of cutting off as soon as your back's turned, Wingate!" said Bunter eagerly.

"In case you should," remarked Wingate, "I'll turn the key in the lock on the outside."

"Oh, I say, Wingate—"

Click!

Wingate was gone, and the door was locked on the outside. Billy Bunter blinked at the door and blinked at the window. The latter was open a foot or so to let in the fresh morning air.

Bunter rolled to it and blinked out into the quadrangle. It was not yet time for classes, and there was a crowd of fellows to be seen. Bunter pushed the window a little wider open, but he hesitated. Removites and Fourth-Formers certainly would not have interfered with his flight; but several of the Fifth could be seen—and there might have been a prefect within a dozen yards, for all the shortsighted Owl knew to the contrary.

Flight from the study by the window was too risky; by the door it was impossible; and remaining till the Head came was both risky and impossible. Billy Bunter was really between the Gentleman in Black and the deep sea!

The dreaded flogging was coming nearer with every tick of the clock. Bunter was desperate.

As he heard a familiar, stately tread in the passage he blinked round the study in desperation, and squeezed himself into a corner behind the high back of an armchair.

There he crouched, palpitating, as the key turned in the lock, and the door opened.

Dr. Locke entered, followed a moment or two later by Mr. Quelch. The bell for classes was ringing now.

Dr. Locke glanced round the study.

"I understood that Bunter was here!" he said. "I will deal with him without delay, my dear Quelch. But—"

Mr. Quelch uttered a sharp exclamation.

"The wretched boy has eluded us again!" he snapped. "The window! He has gone by the window—"

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Quelch crossed to the window with long strides, and fairly glared out into the quad. There were only a few fellows in sight now, hurrying for the different class-rooms.

"Really this is very trying!" exclaimed the Head. "I cannot very well keep the Sixth Form waiting, my dear Quelch. And your Form will now be attending for you—"

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"I will speak to Gosling, and warn him to see that the wretched boy does not pass out of gates," he said.



Bunter blinked down at Gosling. He drew up his legs out of the porter's reach. "Yah!" he said. "I'm going. I've left a note on the Head's table, and I'm going home. I haven't the remotest idea of going to St. Jim's to see D'Arcy—not the slightest. Yah!" (See Chapter 11.)

"Very good! When he is seen again it would be advisable to confine him to the punishment-room until he can be dealt with."

The two masters left the study.

But it was not till Billy Bunter felt sure that they were safely engaged in their respective class-rooms that he emerged from behind the armchair in the corner of the study.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bolted!

"BEASTS!"

Billy Bunter applied that disrespectful expression to both his Form-master and his head-master. Bunter was no respecter of persons.

"Awful beasts!" murmured Bunter. "Locked in the punishment-room—I don't think! Precious lot I should get to eat there! If Quelch thinks he is going to see me flogged, Quelch is jolly well mistaken! Perhaps he'll be sorry when I'm gone; he will realise that he's robbed Greyfriars of the only fellow who really does the school any credit! Beast!"

Bunter sat in the armchair to consider.

It being settled—in Bunter's fat mind—that he wasn't going to be flogged, it only remained to decide upon an alternative. And minutes were precious.

He went to the Head's desk at last, picked up the Head's pen, and took a sheet of paper. With a frowning brow, Billy Bunter indited his letter of fare-

well—an epistle to the Philistines, as it were! It was quite an interesting document when Bunter had finished it.

"Dr. Locke.

"Sir,—Having been deeply roned, I am going to shaik the dust of Greyfriars from my fete. I hope my innocence will be proved in the corse of time. It wasn't me, and I wasn't there, and I never knew anything about it at all, and I also sware that I ment it for Coker of the Fifth. Sum day you will know the trooth.

"Your depely-ronged pewpil,
"W. G. BUNTER."

Billy Bunter blinked at that document with considerable satisfaction. He felt that he had expressed himself well—indeed, eloquently. He only hoped that when the Head and Mr. Quelch saw that farewell letter they would realise how hard they had been, and what a wronged youth W. G. Bunter really was.

Bunter laid a paperweight on the letter on the Head's desk, and left it there to meet Dr. Locke's eyes when he came back to the study. Then he opened the door cautiously and peered into the corridor.

It was deserted.

All Greyfriars was at classes, and there was nothing for Bunter to fear. He tiptoed cautiously down the corridor.

Keeping well away from the Form-rooms, he tiptoed his way to the Remove passage, into his study—Study No. 7. There he selected two or three things to take with him—and thoughtfully packed a cake belonging to Peter Todd,

and a bag of bullseyes that was the property of Tom Dutton.

From Study No. 7 he dropped into two or three other studies; and by the time he had finished his round he was well provided with tuck for his journey. With great thoughtfulness, too, he borrowed an overcoat belonging to Vernon-Smith, and Lord Mauleverer's best umbrella. Feeling now prepared to face the world, William George Bunter rolled away, and descended the stairs again with great caution.

In the quadrangle, he blinked round him. There was nobody to be seen but Gosling, who was near the gates. Gosling turned a wary eye on Bunter as the fat junior came along.

"Open the gates at once, Gosling!" said Bunter. "Important message from the Head—"

"I don't think!" remarked Gosling.

"I'm going for the doctor," said Bunter hastily. "The Head's been taken with a fit in the Sixth Form room."

"Go hon!" said Gosling.

"There isn't a minute to waste—"

"I dessay not!" grinned Gosling. "But you ain't going out, Master Bunter. Wot I says is this 'ete—"

"You let me out!" howled Bunter. "I—I—I'll give you a shilling, Gosling!"

"I don't think!"

"I'll make it five bob!" said Bunter desperately. "I—I'll hand you five bob the minute I come in. There!"

"I'll mention to the 'Ead that you was trying to bribe and corrupt me, Master Bunter," said Gosling virtuously. "You go back into the 'ouse, you young rascalion, you! Nice goings hon!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, leaving Gosling grinning. Gosling was too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and there

was no escape for Bunter by way of the gates. The fat junior prowled round the quadrangle, and finally stopped by the wall behind the elms. It was a quarter of an hour before Bunter succeeded in negotiating the wall, but he negotiated it at last, and sat on top to rest. He almost fell off as he was suddenly startled by a voice below:

"Ere, you come down outer that there, Master Bunter!"

"You beast, Gosling!" gasped Bunter.

"Come down, I tell you! I'm keeping a heye on you!"

Bunter blinked down at him. He drew up his fat little legs out of Gosling's reach, and gave a scornful sniff.

"Yah!" he answered. "I'm going! I've left a note for the Head in his study—and I'm going! If the Head wants to know where I'm gone, you can say I'm gone home! I haven't the remotest idea in my head of going to St. Jim's to see D'Arcy—not the slightest! I haven't even thought of it! Yah!"

With that, Bunter slipped outside the wall, and dropped into the road.

"My heye!" ejaculated Gosling.

The ancient porter started at a run for the gates, to get outside and intercept the fleeing junior. But long before Gosling had the gate open William George Bunter had vanished. Gosling blinked up and down the road and ejaculated again:

"My heye!"

Then he ambled away to the School House to report Bunter's departure to the Head.

In the Remove-room, Harry Wharton & Co. were grinding Latin under the gimlet eye of Mr. Quelch. They wondered where Bunter was, and what he

was doing—but certainly they did not guess. They found Mr. Quelch rather trying that morning. His temper was not good. He was still angry, and, like the prophet of old, he felt that he did well to be angry. It was rather rough on the Remove.

It was some time before morning lessons were over that Mr. Quelch was called suddenly out of the Form-room. And when he came back his brow was like thunder. The Removites kept their eyes on their desks; nobody wanted to catch Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye when he looked like that.

"Boys!" Mr. Quelch's voice rumbled like thunder. "Was anyone present aware that it was Bunter's intention to run away from school?"

"Great Scott!"

"Oh!"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Does anyone present know where he has gone?"

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped the Removites.

"Very good!" said Mr. Quelch, compressing his lips. "We will resume! Kindly give me your attention."

The Remove fellows kindly gave Mr. Quelch their attention. Nobody wanted to be caught just then. But it was with great difficulty that they attended to the valuable instruction imparted by their Form-master. There was one subject uppermost in all minds—and that was Bunter's Bolt!

THE END.

(There will be another long, complete story dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter at Greyfriars, entitled "Hunting Bunter!" next Monday. Get your order in at once!)

THE CASE OF CHRISTOPHER CHICKWEED!

A Humorous Short Story of Herlock Sholmes. By Dr. JOTSON.

IT was ten o'clock at night. I laid aside the "Notes on Warts" which I had been compiling, and yawned loudly. Herlock Sholmes glanced at the clock, and returned his valuable Vadistrarius violin to its case. Then he got out his album containing the photographs of all the notorious criminals he had helped to lay by the heels.

"I've not been sleeping any too well lately, my dear Jotson," he explained. "Perhaps a perusal of the kind, though dishonest, faces of 'Ripper' Roger and company will ease my mind and soothe my eyes."

I shook my head sadly.

"Ah, you have been overworking again, my dear Sholmes!" I said. "I have noticed, too, the frequency with which you delve into the cocaine-cask. When the temptation to work comes to you, resist it nobly like a paid Labour agitator. When the cocaine-cask calls to you, suck a bullseye instead."

Barely had I finished speaking, when the front-door bell rang. Two minutes later Mrs. Spudson ushered in a stout, middle-aged man, wearing swathes of bandages round his portly neck.

"H'm, I see you have got it in the neck, sir!" I said smartly, deducing the fact after the finished manner of my famous friend. "You require my assistance?"

The visitor, who appeared greatly agitated, gazed at me angrily.

"Who the dickens are you, sir?" he snapped. "I have come to consult Mr. Sholmes."

Herlock Sholmes closed his album with a snap, and rose to his full height of six-feet-five in his carpet slippers.

"Allow me to introduce you to my friend, Dr. Jotson Mr—"

"Chickweed—Christopher Chickweed's my name," supplied the client. "How are you, Mr. Sholmes?"

"Better than you are, I should imagine!" replied Herlock Sholmes, eyeing the bandages round our visitor's neck. "You may state your case quite freely before Dr. Jotson. He is perfectly harmless."

Sholmes subsided into his seat, and Mr. Chickweed dropped into the armchair opposite him. I sat on the lid of the cocaine-cask, thereby removing a strong temptation from the path of my stable companion. But although I could prevent him from helping himself to the cocaine, I knew the futility of suggesting that he should refuse this new case which had come to his hands at so inopportune a time.

Mr. Chickweed clenched and unclenched his hands nervously.

"Mr. Sholmes," he said. "I have come to seek your help in a most baffling mystery. I dare not enter my garden at night-time now. Three times lately I have been most savagely assaulted."

"In what way?" asked Herlock Sholmes, placing the tips of his fingers together.

"Ah, that is where the mystery comes in!" exclaimed Mr. Chickweed. "I have been smitten on the back of the neck with a horrible, unseen 'something.' My skin is perforated as though struck with a bunch of forks, yet I have never been able to see either the assailant or the weapon he employs for his fiendish purpose."

"Interesting, but not very lucid!" commented Herlock Sholmes. "Kindly remove the bandages that I may inspect the nature of these strange injuries of which you complain."

Mr. Chickweed removed the bandages, and,

turning round, exposed the back of his neck to our view. The picture presented was not unlike that of a fiery sunset conceived by the hand of the master painter, Turner.

"Kindly sponge Mr. Chickweed's esteemed neck, my dear Jotson," requested Sholmes. "I wish to obtain a clearer view of his injuries."

I went to the tool-box in which I kept my saws, knives, gags, and other surgical paraphernalia, and instituted a search for the required article.

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, with a sudden turn of memory. "I remember I operated on a patient for appendicitis this afternoon. I must have left the sponge inside him. How annoying! It was a perfectly good sponge, worth half a guinea if a penny. However, I can add the cost of it to his bill," I added meditatively.

"Well, borrow house-flannel from Mrs. Spudson," said Sholmes impatiently.

After obtaining the flannel and mopping Mr. Chickweed's ample neck with it, an extraordinary spectacle was presented to our eyes. The whole area between his ears was covered with small, red punctures.

"Very strange!" murmured Herlock Sholmes, examining them with a powerful magnifying glass. "As a medical man, what do you make of the phenomena, my dear Jotson?"

I shook my head in utter perplexity. "In all my experience I have never seen anything so remarkable!" I said. "I can conceive of no instrument which would make injuries of such an astounding nature."

Suddenly Herlock Sholmes swung Mr. Chickweed round and looked him full in the face.

"Are you a tax collector, by any chance?" he asked severely.

Mr. Chickweed started violently at the unexpectedness of the question, as, indeed, I did myself.

"Good gracious, no, Mr. Sholmes!" he exclaimed.

"Maybe you keep chickens, then?" suggested my amazing friend.

"I keep a few fowls in the garden," admitted our client, looking exceedingly puzzled. "But why—"

"Ah!" ejaculated Sholmes. "I deduced you were a man with enemies! You have got it in the neck on account of your fowl-keeping propensities. An enemy has been wreaking revenge on you."

"Wonderful!" cried Mr. Chickweed. "I half suspected it myself! An unreasonable old buffer named Bartholomew Bunyan, who lives next door, has vowed several times to have my blood! I remember now. He's a most cantankerous old chap! Just because a few of my fowls stray through a hole in my fence and eat his vegetables, he gets as ratty as a taxi-driver who's been paid his correct fare! The fence belongs to me, and he's wanted me to have it mended. As I've explained to him, carpenters' wages will go down next year, but he never has been able to see reason. But I've never heard him in his garden on the nights when I have been assaulted."

"It seems to me," said Herlock Sholmes, "that this Mr. Bartholomew Bunyan may know more about your neck than you do yourself, Mr. Chickweed. It would appear that some missile was thrown at you, yet the mystery remains that you have been quite unable to find any instrument after these extraordinary assaults. If you will leave your card, I will pay you a visit to-morrow morning and inspect the scene of the attacks."

On the following day, Herlock Sholmes, disguised as a gentleman, sallied forth to spy out the land. Meanwhile, I went to inspect my appendicitis patient. By judiciously suggesting another operation, I was able to recover my favourite sponge, incidentally saving my patient the expense of another one.

"I have had a moderately successful morning, my dear Jotson," said Sholmes, when I met him over the fish and chips at one o'clock. "I have inspected the scene of the outrages and the hole in the garden fence. To-night I hope to solve the entire mystery. You will wear a soft collar and a check cap and accompany me to Mr. Chickweed's home in the suburb of Toatham, at eight o'clock."

Feeling instinctively that my famous friend needed my assistance in the mysterious case upon which he was engaged, I dressed myself as he directed, and was ready to accompany him at the time named. We found Mr. Chickweed waiting at his villa to greet us. For some minutes we sat and smoked indoors, waiting, as Sholmes explained, until it was dark enough to embark on the adventure of the evening. At last, at a signal from Herlock Sholmes, Mr. Chickweed led the way into the darkened scullery, and unlocked the door which opened on to the garden.

Herlock Sholmes drew a small sack from his pocket and unfolded it.

"Now, listen to me," he said. "I shall crawl quietly along the fence and lie in wait. Mr. Chickweed, you will stand at this end of the fence and follow out the instructions I gave you while I was here this morning. Take this electric-torch, and switch the light on directly you hear a shout. You, my dear Jotson, must take this lantern. Walk to the flower-vase in the centre of the garden, turn your back to the fence, and remove all the snails you can find."

"Remove snails!" I said. "Surely you must be joking, Sholmes!"

"There is no joke in this," replied my amazing friend.

And with that he crawled away on his hands and knees. I waited a few moments. It seemed ridiculous that a respectable medical practitioner should sally forth on a snail-hunting expedition at ten o'clock at night. Yet I instinctively felt that Sholmes had some good reason for his amazing request. Mine not to reason why! I boldly strode to the flower-vase with the lantern in my hand, and, bending down, commenced my curious task. With dexterous fingers, I removed two members of the snail species from the vase.

I was mildly wondering how long I was booked for this exciting task of snail-hunting, when the terrible, mysterious "something" happened. There was a whizzing sound in the air behind me.

"Yow! Jumping pins and needles!" I yelled, clutching the back of my soft collar, and dancing like a Hottentot. "I'm stung in fifty places!"

A cry of triumph came from Herlock Sholmes. He jumped up close from a hole in the fence, grasping the sack which had suddenly assumed bulky proportions, and seemed imbued with life.

Meanwhile, Mr. Chickweed was shining the electric-torch over the fence on to the flabbergasted face of his next-door neighbour, Mr. Bartholomew Bunyan.

"You scoundrel!" roared Mr. Chickweed. "I'll have the law on you for these assaults! To-morrow I'll take out a summons against you!"

Then he stumped off back to the house. Behind him tripped Herlock Sholmes, grasping the sack. I brought up the rear with many groans. I was feeling hurt in body and mind.

"Now, Sholmes," I said, as we entered the parlour, "what is the meaning of this unseemly affair?"

"Merely that, like Mr. Chickweed, you have got it in the neck, my dear Jotson!" replied Sholmes, with a tantalising smile. "The unwilling and innocent instrument of your undoing is here!"

Sholmes opened the sack. Out on to the parlour table ran a small hedgehog with bristling spikes.

"It was a fiendishly cunning scheme on the part of Bunyan!" said Sholmes. "To secure revenge on our friend Chickweed for the escapades of the latter's fowls, he hurled this hedgehog over the garden fence. It smote you on the back of the neck. Before you could turn round, the cunning little beast darted back to the hole in the fence. To-night I was there with my sack, and Mr. Bunyan's accomplice has now become evidence in the hands of Mr. Chickweed."

I tenderly rubbed the back of my neck. "But—but was it really necessary for me to go to the flower-vase?" I asked sadly.

"It was," said Herlock Sholmes. "Unfortunately, Mr. Chickweed refused to perform his usual nightly task of removing the snails. Therefore, you obliged, wearing a check cap similar to the one he always wears whilst at work in his garden. You have assisted me nobly, Jotson, and shall share in the luscious fish supper out of the fivepenny Mr. Chickweed will now hand to us!"

THE END.

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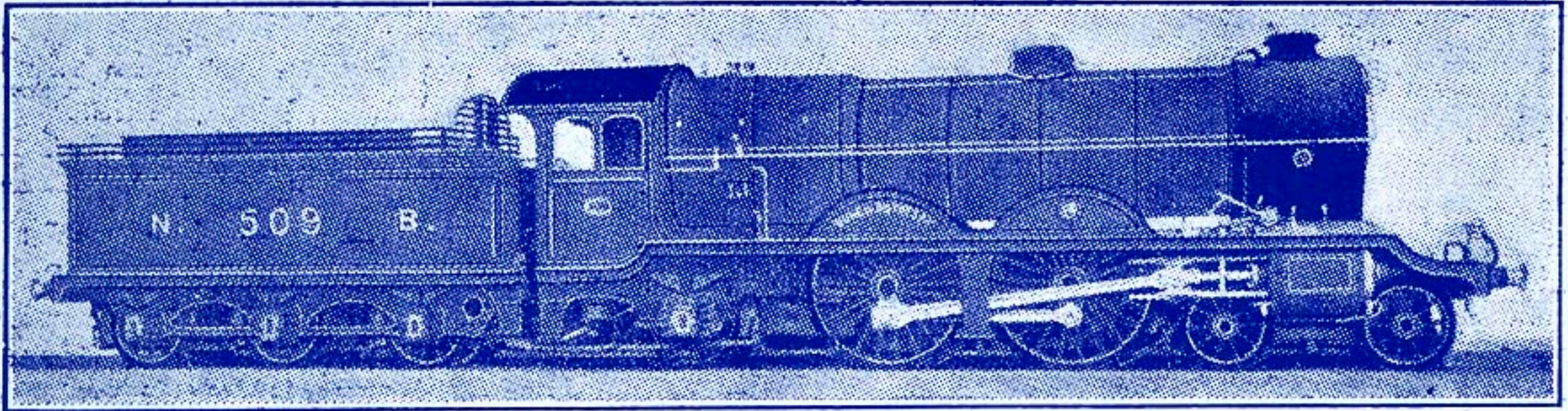
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