

A SPLENDID COLOURED WORKING MODEL OF BILLY BUNTER!

(See Our Companion Paper "CHUCKLES" on Thursday.)

No. 741. Vol. XXI. Week Ending April 22nd, 1922.

The Magnet ¹/₂ Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



"COUNT" BILLY BUNTER'S VALETS AT WORK!

(A humorous incident from the long complete tale in this issue.)



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.

SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR "MAGNET" READERS.

I have at the present moment a really splendid surprise in preparation for all readers of this paper. This will take the form of a wonderful series of REAL PHOTOS of your favourite footballers, which will be presented ABSOLUTELY FREE with all copies of the "Magnet Library." Such an offer has never yet been made in connection with a weekly paper selling at the moderate price of three-halfpence. The price of the "Magnet Library" will NOT be increased, but the series of FREE REAL PHOTOS will be the best ever offered to the public. I will tell you more about this wonderful offer next week, but in the meantime, don't forget that a magnificent series of Free Real Photos of great footballers is COMING VERY SHORTLY in your favourite paper!

FOR NEXT MONDAY!

"TICKETS FOR THE FINAL!"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand, long, complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars. Mr. Richards is simply wonderful when he comes to relate a story connected with sport—and he has really let himself go with our story of the

"TICKETS FOR THE FINAL!"

which are offered as a prize in a competition by Colonel Wharton.

Many of the Greyfriars juniors want to go and see the great final—but they cannot all go. There is a terrific fight, and not a little scheming, for the possession of the tickets.

I can say, without any exaggeration, that our next story of Harry Wharton & Co. is the finest sports story ever published in the MAGNET LIBRARY. So, take my advice, and ask your newsagent to save you a copy of next week's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY.

THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."

There will be another issue of the above next Monday, and it will be found in the centre pages of the MAGNET LIBRARY. The stories and articles are all contributed by juniors and seniors at Greyfriars, and the "Herald," as you know, is controlled by Harry Wharton and a competent staff of juniors.

Harry Wharton continues to receive numerous letters from his reader-chums, but he has great difficulty in replying to them all through the post. He asks me to state that he will reply to some of the letters through the columns of the "Herald" at the earliest opportunity.

FREE!

I have much pleasure in announcing that I have in preparation additional plates of world famous railway locomotives, which I shall present to readers of our companion paper, the "Popular," in due course.

The success of these plates has been enormous. Seldom before, in fact, have I had the satisfaction of hitting upon a scheme which has pleased my readers more. And, because of the success of the series, I am going to continue giving away magnificent, coloured plates of railway express engines in the "Popular." Further particulars of the new plates will be found in the "Popular."

Again I must urge all readers of the MAGNET LIBRARY who have not seen the greatly enlarged "Popular," to order a copy of to-morrow—Tuesday's—issue. In it you will find much to interest you, there being no less than four long, complete school stories, a splendid serial, an easy competition for big money prizes, and popular "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

NOTICES.

Correspondence!

Robert Alan Blakemore (Senior Patrol Leader), 39, Penn Street, Horwich, near Bolton, Lancs, wishes to correspond with

a reader, 16-17, who lives in Kingston, or at Montego Bay, Jamaica, or, failing that, any part of the West Indies.

John L. Fulford, 44, Watkin Terrace, Northampton, wishes to correspond with readers at Bournemouth, ages 16-18. All letters answered.

J. L. Wilson, 639, High Road, Tottenham, N. 17, wishes to correspond with readers in U.S.A., Canada, South Africa, and Australia, ages 16-17; subjects, stamps and things in general.

F. Bottomley, 48, Downhills Park Road, Tottenham, N. 15, would like to hear from a reader willing to accompany him on a long walking tour—possibly Cornwall—age about 16. F. Bottomley would also like to hear from readers willing to join his walking club.

R. Adams, Hillcrest, Lone Cove Road, Artarmon, North Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 16-17; all letters answered.

H. Vincent, 44, Henley Street, Lincoln, wishes to correspond with a reader about his own age (17) in South of England, Scotland, or better still, abroad.

Dennis David Jones, Tudor House, 87, Harborne Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, wishes to correspond with readers interested in wireless telegraphy, motor-cars, and photography.

E. Williams, c.o., Mrs. E. J. Tuohy, Avoca, Murray Street, Vasco, Cape Province, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; interested in photography, stamps, and postcard views.

Fred Wallace, 2c, Armada Street, Deptford, S.E. 8, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere interested in the cinema. Age 16-19.

Cricket.

Cricket matches required for coming season, within five miles of City of London; average age 15. Write for full particulars to Sec., S. G. Philpot, 129, Glenfarg Road, Catford, S.E. 6.

Football.

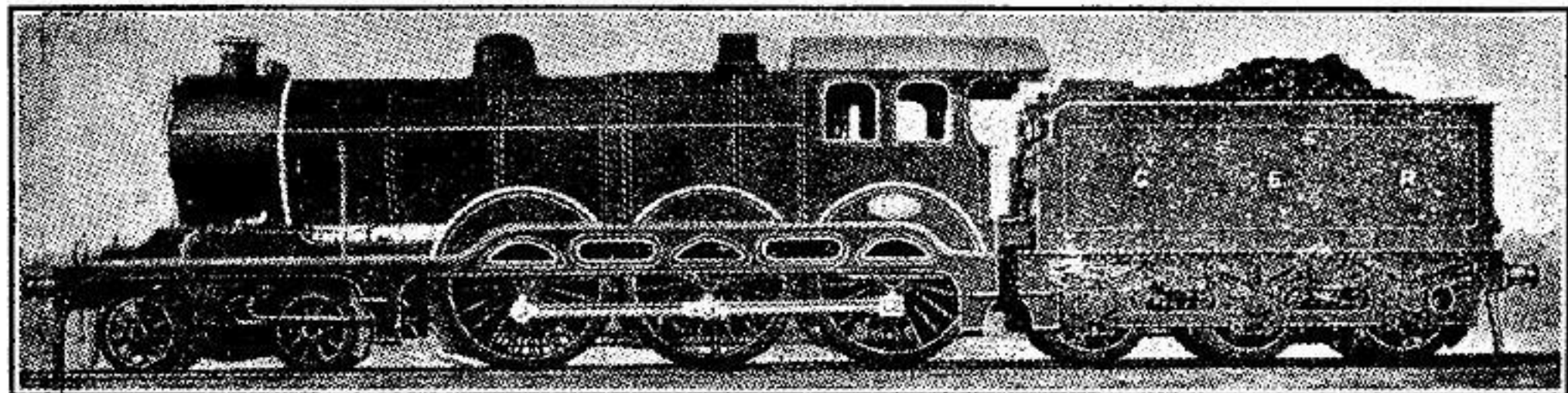
J. Collins, 27, Sidney Street, Goswell Road, E.C. 1, wishes to get his football team, ages 13-17, into a league next season.

Kensington Athletic Juniors, average age 14, require away matches to end of season. Apply, J. Marotto, 4, South End Gardens, Kensington, W. 8.

Players wanted, ages 15-16, for North Kensington F.C., all positions. Write to H. Smith, 214, Kensington Park Road, W. 11.

Your Editor.

YOU MUST NOT MISS THIS SPLENDID ENGINE PLATE IN CORRECT COLOURS



Subject: The latest type of Great Eastern Railway Express Engine.

GIVEN AWAY FREE WITH THIS WEEK'S "POPULAR!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 741.



His
Excellency
Count
Bunter!

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter at Greyfriars.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Stories appearing in the "POPULAR".)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Lonely Bunter!

"I'M fed up!" Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove uttered that remark as he gazed mournfully into the study cupboard. The cupboard, like that of old Mother Hubbard's, when that excellent dame went to seek sustenance for her canine friend, was bare. Not a crumb, a crust, or a stray sausage remained to gladden the hungry eyes of the fat junior.

"I'm fed up!" he repeated.

But no one knowing the Owl of the Remove would for a moment have believed that statement. In fact, Bunter did not mean it in the literal sense himself. William George Bunter had an enormous appetite, and was certainly the greediest boy in all Greyfriars. History did not record that that appetite had even been fully appeased.

Bunter flopped his fat person into the only armchair the study possessed and gazed disconsolately out of the window.

"And I'm lonely, too!" he sighed. "The fellows here don't understand me, that's what it is: a prophet never finds honour in his own country. I wish I wasn't a blessed prophet, but just a silly ass like the rest of them, then things would be all O.K. Jealousy among schoolboys is a horrible thing. I wish I wasn't so blessed talented; being handsome and talented and all that sort of thing has its drawbacks, goodness only knows."

And the Owl of the Remove blinked wrathfully at the unoffending window through his big and ugly spectacles.

In Bunter's opinion, it was nothing but jealousy which prevented him from being, if not captain of Greyfriars, then certainly the captain of the Remove.

"Perhaps, after all, I've been a little hard on the chaps," he continued to himself. "Of course, I can quite understand them being jealous, and I suppose after all it's only natural. However, just to show them that I'm a broad-minded sort of chap who doesn't bear malice, I'll drop in somewhere for tea."

Bunter allowed his gaze to wander in the direction of the empty cupboard, but as there was no possibility of it being replenished, and he himself was broke, there remained only the prospect of tea in Hall.

Tea in Hall, Bunter regarded as absolutely the last resource—a thing only to be resorted to when there was nowhere else to go or when tea in study—at someone else's expense—had been sufficiently early to enable him to get to the Hall and start all over again.

"That's it!" said Bunter, with emphasis. "I'll drop in to tea somewhere. I'm sure the chaps will appreciate it, and will be pleased to see me. Not that I care much about eating; I hate people whose minds don't run beyond eating, but it's the company—I'm fed up with wandering about on my own."

And having arrived at this decision William George Bunter rolled out of his study and made his way down the Remove passage, in search of companionship—and tea.

He came to a halt outside Study No. 1, the celebrated apartment occupied by Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, from whence exuded an appetising odour of fried eggs and bacon, and tapped at the door.

"Come in!" sang out a cheerful voice from within.

In response to this invitation Bunter peered round the door and blinked.

"I say, you fellows—"

The five juniors in the study were busy preparing tea. They immediately ceased the task they were engaged on and turned a surprised look of inquiry on the Owl of the Remove.

"Well?"

"Yes?"

"Want anything?"

"Lost anything?"

Bunter blinked uncertainly before replying.

"I've j-j-just dropped in, you know, Wharton—"

"Then you ca. j-j-just drop out again," said the captain of the Remove, politely, but firmly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Really, Wharton; I hope you don't think I've dropped in merely for tea—I just want to be pally—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared the stentorian voice of Bob Cherry. "Clear out, you fat tulip. We're busy, and we don't want to be pally—with you."

"Will you fellows come out for a stroll if I come back after tea, then?" asked Bunter, hoping to make a good impression.

"What's the game, tubby?" demanded Wharton, curiously.

"Really, Wharton—"

"Will you please close the door, Bunter?" cut in Bob Cherry, sweetly.

Bunter stepped further into the study and did as requested.

"The other side, I mean," said Bob.

"Which side?" asked Bunter, puzzled.

"From the outside, you ass; which side did you think I meant?"

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

Bunter snorted.

"If you don't want my friendship—" he began.

"We don't!" chorused five voices simultaneously.

"Why, you silly asses—"

The Famous Five uttered not a word, but rising as one man, gripped the fat junior by his ample shoulders.

"Bump him!" roared Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five needed no urging.

Not once, but thrice, and many more times the fat carcass of the Owl of the Remove smote the hard and unsympathetic linoleum, and he let off a roar, beside which that of the celebrated mad bull of Toledo was but an infant's whisper.

"Wow! Yaroooooh!"

A moment later Bunter descended in the passage outside with another resounding bump, and faintly the slamming of a study door was recorded via a thick ear to his flabby brain.

The fat Remove groaned and rolled down the Remove passage.

"I say, Skinner—"

"Scat!"

"Wun Lung, old fruit—"

"No sarves!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 741.

"Fish, old chip—I mean chap—"

"Beat it."

Many of the juniors who were not having tea in their own studies for the same reason that Bunter was not having tea in his, were on their way to the Hall; but all Bunter's attempts to attach himself to them proved futile. There was nothing doing; they did not want him at any price.

He stared after the departing juniors with a scowl on his face.

"Beasts!" he snorted. "I should have thought they would have jumped at the chance of being able to pal on with me. I won't go to tea with them now, not if they were to go down on their bended knees to me!"

Since none of the fellows were likely to resort to this expedient to secure the company of the fat Remove, he lost nothing by this decision. With a final snort, more intense than any of its predecessors, Bunter rolled away to tea, a lonely and disappointed youth. Nobody wanted him, and nobody would have him, and the Owl of the Remove realised this unpleasant fact with a vengeful and a bitter heart.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter's Little Scheme!

BILLY BUNTER returned from tea in Hall in no very pleasant temper. He slammed the study door behind him, and sank into the armchair in a very despondent frame of mind. He was still fuming over his failure to find someone to pal on to.

"If I were only a blessed lord like old Mauly," he groaned, "or a baronet like Vivian, all the chaps would make a fuss of me. Everybody would beg and pray of me to stay to tea, and would fall over themselves to lend me money."

Bunter groaned aloud as he contemplated the rosy-hued and gilt-edged existence that might have been his had he been born in the purple.

"It's wonderful what a blessed title will do!" he continued, aloud. "I wish I had one, anyhow!"

And, with another groan, he picked up a magazine from off the study table where it had been left by one of his study-mates, and tried to concentrate his attention on "The Crime of the Scarlet Stiletto," a thrilling story of life in the underworld of Naples. But after painfully perusing his way through the first chapter, he threw the book down in disgust. The characters in the story did not supply the friendship which he was so badly in need of. Then a bright idea occurred to him.

He took up the magazine again, and turned to the ladies' page; but even a recipe for the manufacture of a breakfast cream from cheese and oranges failed to cheer his lonely soul.

He idly scanned the advertisement pages at the end of the book.

"It's wonderful what a title will do!" he murmured absently. "I wish I had one, anyhow. Great Scott!"

Bunter sat bolt upright and stared at the page before him, his piggy little eyes almost starting from his head.

"My hat!" he gasped. "This is the stuff to give 'em!"

He wiped his spectacles, and stared again at the extraordinary advertisement which had drawn from him the exclamations of surprise.

"My hat! This beats the blessed band!"

The advertisement in question occupied a good half-page, and was surrounded by a border picked out with coronets. The

text was displayed in heavy black type, and read as follows:

"WHAT IS A TITLE WORTH TO YOU?"

"£5 Will Make You a Count!"

"A titled man commands respect from all classes. His society is eagerly sought after by Famous Hostesses, while Business Men pay big prices for his patronage in connection with their Commercial Undertakings

"YOU CAN BE A COUNT TO-DAY!"

"The conditions prevailing among the Russian Aristocracy, consequent upon the Revolution, have enabled us to secure a limited number of PATENTS OF RUSSIAN TITLES at real knock-out prices. Our bargain is our clients' bargain, and we are offering you the chance to become a Count for the absurdly small sum of £5.

"WRITE TO-DAY, OR YOU MAY BE TOO LATE!"

"Send letter, enclosing cheque for £5, to Messrs. Weeskin Muggs, Limited (Desk A.S.S.), Rookem Buildings, Fitzroy Square, London, W.C., and we will send you by return post the patent of a REAL RUSSIAN TITLE."

Bunter started at the advertisement, hardly able to believe his eyes.

"My hat!" he repeated. "Just the very thing!"

And in his excitement the fat junior jumped to his feet, and executed a dance all round the study which more resembled a rheumatic elephant on hot bricks than anything else. Not until he was panting from his exertions, and his face was beginning to assume a purple hue, did he stop, but then only sufficiently long to regain his breath.

"Yah! You beastly rotters!" he shouted, shaking his fist at the study door. "No more beastly drudgery! No more being the despised and the ejected—rejected, I mean—of men! No more begging for a paltry crust of bread, and only getting a thick ear! I'm going to be a count, that's what I'm going to be! I'm going to pal up with Mauleverer, and Vivian, and—and D'Arcy of St. Jim's! Oh, you precious set of rotters, I'll show you!"

Bunter ceased his tirade against the Greyfriars fellows in general, and stepped over to the study mantelpiece, and gazed long and earnestly at his reflection in the mirror.

"Now I come to think of it, I've certainly got an aristocratic sort of face," he murmured. "Quite patrician, in fact! Grecian nose, and everything complete!"

And the fat junior contorted his features until he had assumed what he was pleased to call a "regal expression," but which was, in point of fact, an expression of inordinate vanity and conceit.

"He, he, he! Count Bunter—that's me; yours truly! Oh my! Won't the chaps stare when they hear the news!"

And the Owl of the Remove went off into another series of cackles.

He looked at the advertisement again, and a puzzled frown came over his fat little face.

"Five quid they want!" he muttered. "That's a lot of money; but it's cheap at that, by Jove! I wonder where I can raise the tin?"

But Bunter could find no immediate answer to that all-important question. As he had remarked, five pounds was a lot

of money, and Bunter's reputation was not one that would inspire any degree of confidence in any of the Removes who could have lent him the money had they wanted to.

When the Remove went up to the dormitory that night, Bunter was no nearer a solution to his problem of where to raise the purchase price of one of the advertised Russian titles than when he had first thought of the matter.

All the following morning he was observed to wear a very thoughtful expression on his usually vacant face. The expression did not escape the eyes of the rest of the Removes, who wondered at its cause.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry, coming on the Owl of the Remove near the letter-rack, soon after morning classes. "Still looking for a pal, Bunt?"

"Are you addressing your conversation to me, Cherry?" asked Bunter, blinking disdainfully at the burly Remove.

Cherry stared.

"What the thump's the matter with you?" he demanded.

"Because, if so," resumed Bunter, "pray desist! I have no wish to associate with you, Cherry, or any of your friends!"

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Bob, gazing in astonishment at the fat junior. "Gone off your giddy rocker, Bunter? I was going to mention that there's a letter in the rack for you—from one of your titled relatives, I expect."

"That's very likely!" retorted Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared several Removes who happened to be in the passage at the moment, and overheard the conversation.

Billy Bunter glared; but, deigning them unworthy of a reply, he rolled away to the rack, to take possession of his letter. The juniors watched him with curious eyes. They were wondering why a fellow, who only the day before had made a round of the studies seeking companionship—or, at least, somebody to talk to—should so suddenly change his front when spoken to.

Bunter ripped open the letter, and swiftly scanned the few lines of writing. It was from his father, informing him that his request for a remittance could not be granted. But as Bunter read it a cunning idea came into his mind. The letter, he decided, should help him in his plan for becoming a count. It should clear the way for his elevation from the ranks, in fact. The fellows who were watching him had no idea of the contents of the letter, of course; but the fact that he had received a letter was all the better for his purpose.

He glanced at the sheet of notepaper in his hand, and leaned against the wall as though he had come over faint.

"Oh, my hat! This is awful!"

Bunter placed his hand to his forehead.

"What's the matter, Bunter, old man?" asked Bob Cherry sympathetically, observing the agitation on the fat junior's face.

"Oh, it's awful!" groaned Bunter again.

The grins vanished from the faces of the juniors; it was evident that something was wrong.

"Bad news, old chap?" asked Bob Cherry again.

Bunter nodded.

"It's my cousin Valdimir," he said, "the—"

"Your cousin Valdimir?" echoed Bob. "I've never heard you speak of him before, Billy."

"Perhaps not," replied Bunter, as he

crumpled up the letter and placed it in his pocket. "Valdimir's the head of the Russian branch of the Bunter family."

"Great Scott!"
"And, you see—ahem!—Valdimir is a nobleman—a—a count, you know."

"Oh!"
"Yes, Cherry. And the pater's just written to say that Valdimir has fallen into the hands of the—er— What are you looking at me like that for, Cherry?" demanded Bunter, breaking off short.

"Was I looking at you, Bunter?" asked Bob innocently. "I was interested in what you were saying, I expect. Go on with the yarn."

"It's not a yarn!" snapped Bunter, forgetting his sorrow for a moment. "It's all quite true. Well, you see, the count—of course, we all call him Valdimir in the family, you know—but, anyhow, his Highness has fallen into the hands of the Bolshheviks, who are going to sell his jewels and shoot him and all that sort of thing. The news has upset me, Cherry. Poor old Valdimir!"

And Bunter dabbed a fat forefinger to his eye.

Bob Cherry skilfully turned a laugh into a cough. It was evident that for some reason best known to himself the fat junior was telling a pack of lies, and Bob strongly suspected that Count Valdimir existed, as did the rest of his titled relatives, only in the extremely fertile imagination of the school porpoise.

"Of course, I'm awfully upset about it," went on Bunter, congratulating himself that Cherry was swallowing his yarn. "You see, Count Valdimir's a bachelor, and—and I'm, therefore, the next-of-kin; and—and if anything happens to him I come into the title, you see. Of course, I don't care two straws for the blessed title; I only hope poor old Valdimir comes through all right."

Billy Bunter blinked at the Removites who had gathered round during this recital.

"Excuse me if I rush away, you fellows," he said. "I'm quite upset."

But had the Removites been able to see the Owl of the Remove's face when he left them it would have occurred to them that he looked remarkably satisfied with himself for a fellow who had just received bad news.

"I wonder what the fat fraud's got up his giddy sleeve this time?" murmured Frank Nugent, who, with the rest of the Famous Five, had joined the crowd around Bunter. "There's some sort of spoof he is trying to work across us."

"The spoof-fulness of the esteemed and idiotic Bunter is terrific," purred the Nabob of Bhanipur in his weird and wonderful English.

"Hear, hear!"
"Oh, I expect he's talking rot, as usual!" said Harry Wharton at last. "Bunter couldn't speak the truth if he tried to."

And Wharton's opinion was shared by the rest of the Removites.

Back in his study, Bunter grinned to himself.

"He, he, he! Took them in nicely! Knowing I've got a cousin in Russia who's a count, they won't be so surprised when I get hold of one of those titles. He, he, he!"

And, highly delighted with himself and the world in general, Bunter rolled away to afternoon classes.

Many were the curious glances thrown in his direction that afternoon. His yarn about his cousin Valdimir, the Russian count, had gone the rounds of the Form. None of the fellows believed it for a

moment, but they were wondering what it all meant.

When classes were over the Owl of the Remove scuttled away to his study and locked himself in. He procured a pen and ink from the mantelpiece, and for several moments the stillness of the study was broken only by the steady scratching of his pen. After several minutes' hard work Bunter surveyed his handiwork with a grunt of satisfaction.

"That's all O.K.!" he murmured. "Sammy will certainly wonder what's up when he gets this; but as long as he does as I tell him things will work out to order."

And Bunter folded the letter he had been engaged on and placed it in an envelope, which he addressed to his minor, who had been called away from Greyfriars by his father for a short time.

The London post left Friardale about five o'clock, and it was striking that hour as the Owl of the Remove neared the village post-office. He had just sufficient time to drop the all-important letter in the pillar-box before the collection was made.

"Now we shall see what we shall see," he murmured mysteriously. And, with many chuckles, he returned to the school.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter Raises a Fiver!

"HOW'S the count, Bunter?" inquired Harold Skinner, the cad of the Remove, at lessons the following morning.

Mr. Quelch looked up from his desk, and his gimlet eyes settled on the unfortunate cad of the Remove.



Bunter opened the buff coloured envelope and pulled out the telegram. The next moment he started and a sharp cry broke from him. "Good heavens!" Bunter stared at the telegram for a moment then swayed, and, before anyone could prevent him, he fell to the floor. (See Chapter 3.)

"Jolly lucky for me Sammy is in town with the pater, instead of in the Second Form. The little ass might spoil the whole show if he were here."

Bunter unlocked the study door and ambled away down the Remove passage and out into the Close. Since afternoon lessons had not long been over, very few fellows were out of the school buildings as yet. Had they been they might have kept a close watch on the fat junior when he entered the cycle-shed. Bunter did not possess a "jigger" himself, but he had no scruples in borrowing those belonging to other people when he had need of them.

Wharton's machine happened to be nearest to the door of the shed, so he appropriated it, and a moment later he was pedalling away down Friardale Road.

"You were talking, Skinner!" he stapped.

"Nunno, sir!" stammered Skinner. "How dare you contradict me, boy! I distinctly saw your lips move. You will take a hundred lines for talking, and fifty for uttering falsehoods. If I catch you not paying attention to your work again I will severely cane you!"

Skinner subsided into silence, and lessons proceeded as usual until about eleven o'clock, when Trotter, the school page, entered the Form-room with a buff-coloured envelope, which he placed on Mr. Quelch's desk.

"Telegram for Master Bunter, sir," he said. "The 'Ead told me to bring it along at once."

Mr. Quelch thanked the page, who departed, grinning. Trotter was always grinning, whether there was anything to

NEXT MONDAY!

"TICKETS FOR THE FINAL!"

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

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 741.

grin at or not. Grinning was a habit with him.

When he had gone Mr. Quelch called Bunter to the front and handed him his telegram.

"You had better read it, in case it contains anything important, Bunter," he said.

Bunter opened the envelope and did so. But the next moment he started, and a sharp cry broke from him.

"Good heavens!"

The fat junior stared at the telegram for a moment and swayed.

"Good heavens!" he repeated.

Crash!

The next moment, before anybody could prevent it, he fell to the floor.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, greatly alarmed. "The poor boy has fainted. Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, pray help me to raise your unfortunate Form-fellow."

The Famous Five, alarm written on their faces, quickly left their places and came to the front. Bob Cherry snatched a decanter of water from Mr. Quelch's table and sprinkled a little of the contents on to a handkerchief, which he applied to the fat junior's forehead. Wharton loosened his Eton collar; and after a while Bunter's eyelids quivered and suddenly opened.

"Where am I—?" he began.

"It's all right, Bunter!" said Wharton gently. "You fainted, you know."

Mr. Quelch poured a little of the water from the decanter into a tumbler and held it to Bunter's lips. He gulped a little of the liquid, and, with a sigh, sat up.

"My hat! I do feel queer," he said. "I think—"

"Don't exert yourself unnecessarily, my poor lad. You will feel better in a moment. I'm afraid the telegram contained bad news?"

Bunter nodded.

"My cousin Valdimir has been murdered," he said.

To say that this statement created a sensation in the Remove would be to put it very mildly indeed. All the Remove had heard about Bunter's cousin Valdimir, who was supposed to be a Russian count, and who had fallen into the hands of the Bolsheviks, but hitherto they had thought the whole matter nothing but a yarn invented by Bunter himself.

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"Bless my soul!"

"So the telegram from my father says," said Bunter. "I can only hope there is some mistake, although I doubt it!"

If the telegram had come from the fat junior's father, thought the Removites, then his story of a cousin in Russia must be true, after all.

"But I was not aware you had a cousin named Valdimir," said Mr. Quelch. "You have never mentioned him before."

"I have told the other fellows about him," returned Bunter, who had been helped to a chair. "I had a letter the other day to say he had fallen into the hands of the Bolsheviks, who had sold all his jewels—"

"Jewels?" repeated the mystified Form-master.

"Yes, sir. Valdimir, who is the head of the Russian branch of the Bunter family, is a count, you know, sir, and these Bolsheviks have incinerated him and—"

"Great heavens! Burnt him, do you mean, boy?"

"No, sir. Incinerated him, I said."

The Removites could not suppress a

smile. At any other time they would have gone off into roars of laughter.

"You mean incarcerated him, Bunter," corrected Mr. Quelch.

"That's it, sir," agreed the Owl of the Remove. "Incarcerated him because he's a count."

The Remove master gazed curiously at the fat Removite. Surely, he thought, if one of Bunter's relatives had been murdered in Russia the boy would not be so misguided as to tell a lot of lies about him.

Bunter broke in on the Form-master's meditations.

"Perhaps you would like to see the telegram, sir?"

Mr. Quelch took the post-office form and carefully read it.

"I am very sorry to hear about this unfortunate affair, Bunter," he said.

"You have my greatest sympathy in your loss. But I hope you will not be wicked enough to speak falsehoods—"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"I see your father desires you shall join him as quickly as possible; so if you will take this telegram to the Head at once, he will undoubtedly advance the money for your fare home."

"Thank you, sir!" murmured Bunter.

"I should go to Dr. Locke straight away, if I were you."

"Yes, sir!"

And Bunter scrambled to his feet and left the Form-room. When he was well away from that apartment, and beyond earshot up one of the passages, he broke into a series of chuckles—a thing quite out of keeping with the behaviour of a

Coming Shortly!

FREE REAL PHOTOS!

(See page 2.)

boy who had just had a cousin murdered.

Bunter arrived at the Head's study and tapped at the door, and a kindly voice bade him enter. He found Dr. Locke seated at his desk. He looked up as Bunter entered.

"What do you want, Bunter?" he asked, his eyes dropping on the telegram in the junior's hand.

"My cousin has been murdered, sir!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the kind old gentleman, startled beyond his usual composure.

The Owl of the Remove wasted no time in explaining the contents of the telegram and delivering Mr. Quelch's message. Dr. Locke undid a drawer in his desk and brought forth a bundle of Treasury notes, five of which he handed to the Removite.

"This will suffice to get you home and pay any incidental expenses, Bunter," he said. "And allow me to express my sorrow for you in your bereavement. You need not go back to the Form-room any more this morning, my boy, so you will have plenty of time to get yourself ready for your journey."

"Thank you, sir!" stammered Bunter.

"And be very careful you do not lose the money I have given you."

"Very good, sir!"

And Billy Bunter left the Head's study and returned to the Remove quarters.

"Good job that little rotter Sammy isn't here," he mused, referring to his minor, "or he'd be sure to want a whack, too! Anyhow, he sent that telegram all right. He, he, he!"

And the Owl of the Remove went off into another series of cackles.

"Oh, I am deep!" he continued. "I ought to be on the stage. Wibley himself couldn't have done better. The way I worked that swoon was beautiful—quite took old Quelch in, and all the rest of them, too. That beast Wharton looked quite concerned."

Bunter felt very pleased with his morning's work. It did not occur to him that getting his younger brother in London to send a telegram for the purpose of deceiving the school authorities was a dirty and despicable trick, neither did it occur to him that the money he had received from the Head had been obtained under false pretences.

Billy Bunter was almost too obtuse to know right from wrong.

The main thing was that he had set out to obtain five pounds, and he had succeeded. He therefore thought himself a very clever fellow.

But he also realised that, having obtained the five pounds, he would have to go to London, whether he wanted to or not—or, at least, he would have to leave Greyfriars for a few days on the pretext of going to London. In either case, the fat junior realised that if he was to keep the five pounds for the purpose intended—the purchase of a Russian title—he would have to obtain some more money from somewhere for expenses.

As he was turning this matter over in his mind the bell dismissing morning classes sounded, followed a few minutes later by the tramp of many feet in the passage outside.

Bunter left his study, and made his way to that occupied by Lord Mauleverer.

"Sorry to hear the news, begad!" murmured the schoolboy earl, when Bunter was inside the study. "And if there's anything I can do for you, dear boy, then let me know."

Bunter blinked at Mauleverer through his big spectacles.

"That's very good of you, Mauly, old chap. As a matter of fact, I could do with the loan of a fiver—"

"But didn't you get some from the Head, begad?"

"I only got thirty bob, Mauly," lied the Falstaff of Greyfriars, "and that will only just pay my rail-fare. I shall have to walk the other end, and-and travel third-class. I shall have a walk of quite ten miles, you know, and not a bite to eat all the way."

Mauleverer opened his note-case and extracted two one-pound Treasury notes, which he handed to the Owl.

"You are welcome to those, dear boy," he said. "But I don't happen to have any more to spare at the moment."

Bunter made a grab at the two notes, and, with a few words of thanks, left the study. He calculated that, with any sort of luck at all, he ought to raise quite a decent sum from the other fellows. But in this he was disappointed; for the simple reason that most of them were in a state of insolvency common among schoolboys.

When Bunter entered the London train at Friardale about half an hour after dinner, he possessed altogether a sum of something over nine pounds ten. This was the morning's haul, and it was certainly enough to cause him to contemplate a series of terrific feeds when he reached his journey's end.

As the train steamed out of the little village station on the long journey to the metropolis, the Owl of the Remove sat back in his seat and grinned. He had taken the first step to becoming a real live count. So far, his little scheme had

carried without a hitch; but had the fat junior been able to see into the future he might not have felt so happy.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Boost for Bunter!

ALL change!" The raucous voice of the guard, as the train steamed into the Loudon terminus, caused Billy Bunter to awake from a dream of lords and ladies, in which he was the most dazzling figure, with a start. He jumped out of the carriage, left the station, and chartered a taxi to the offices of Messrs. Weeskin Muggs, Ltd., of Rookem Buildings, Fitzroy Square, W.C.

It took but a very few minutes for the business which had brought Bunter from Greyfriars to be carried through, and about ten minutes after he had entered the offices of the enterprising purveyors of real Russian titles, he emerged again, with a patent carefully wrapped up in brown paper under one fat arm. In addition, he was possessed of about ten thousand pounds in roubles—or, it would be more correct to say, of roubles to the face value of ten thousand pounds, which he had purchased for a few shillings. The offer of a job lot of German marks had been refused. Bunter did not consider it consistent with the dignity of a Russian nobleman to possess them. But roubles, of course, was another matter.

"Now to find an hotel for the night, and have a look at this blessed patent, or whatever they call it!" he said to himself.

Bunter walked through Tottenham Court Road and across Oxford Street, until he came to Charing Cross. Here he discovered a small hotel outside which was a board bearing the legend:

BED AND BREAKFAST—7s. 6d.

He strode inside and booked a room, and a few moments later spread the Russian patent out on the bed. He gazed at it long and earnestly for several moments but since the writing was in Russian characters, he could not make head or tail of its meaning. A number of heavy lead and wax seals were attached to it, however, as well as the Russian coat-of-arms, which gave it an appearance of importance sufficient to thoroughly impress the fat junior or any one else.

"Me a count!" he murmured delightedly. "Just fancy! Little me!"

And then remembering that even counts must feed, he rolled away in search of food.

When the train for Friardale puffed out of London Bridge station the following morning, it carried with it William George Bunter of the Greyfriars Remove. By his side, carefully wrapped in brown paper, was the precious patent which he fondly hoped would bring him fame and glory among his schoolfellows—and perhaps wealth.

It seemed hours to the impatient junior before the train finally pulled into the quiet village station. But at last the journey ended, and with his few remaining shillings, Bunter hired the village hack and instructed the driver to take him to the offices of the "Friardale Echo."

The "Friardale Echo" was a small paper, the proprietor of which was the editor, sub-editor, reporter, publisher, and office-boy all rolled into one. Nevertheless, the paper had a great following in the district around Greyfriars, and

was widely read at the school on account of its really excellent accounts of the local sporting events. But outside cricket and sporting events, it was rarely that anything in the nature of a news "scoop" came its way.

Bunter strode importantly into the little office where he found Mr. Scrib, the editor, seated at a desk surrounded with piles of "copy."

"Good morning, Mr. Scrib."

The editor of the "Echo" looked up with a frown as he recognised his visitor.

"What can I do for you?" he said.

"Could you do with a thumping good story—a real 'scoop' in fact, Mr. Scrib?"

"If it's a true story, I shall be pleased to have it at the usual rates of pay," replied the journalist, pointedly.

Bunter blinked wrathfully, but for purposes of his own, refrained from making any rejoinder.

Instead, he carefully unwrapped his precious patent and placed it on the table for the editor's inspection.

Mr. Scrib stared first at the patent, and then at Bunter.

"What is it?" he asked at length.

"It's the patent of a title!" said Bunter, impressively. "And it belongs to me!"

Mr. Scrib carefully examined the somewhat faded parchment, and it was obvious to Bunter that he was impressed. Probably the Russian coat-of-arms and the collection of lead and wax seals had a lot to do with it. He could not, however, read a word of the writing.

"Where did you get it from, Bunter?" he asked, suspiciously, knowing something of the character of the Owl of the

Remove. "It is evidently a genuine patent—Russian, I think."

"This is the story," commenced Bunter, seating himself in a chair.

Mr. Scrib reached for a note-book and pencil. He was beginning to believe that after all a "scoop" had really come his way.

"Pray proceed, Master Bunter," he said.

The prefix of "master" was not lost on the fat Removeite.

And the Owl of the Remove proceeded to spin a long yarn of his imaginary cousin, Count Valdimir, the head of the Russian branch of the Bunter family, who had fallen into the hands of the Bolsheviks who had confiscated nearly all his property, and had then foully murdered him.

The journalist listened with rapt attention, interrupting occasionally with a question. But if he thought he was going to trip the Ananias of Greyfriars he was wrong. During the journey from London, Bunter had thoughtfully worked out the story he was going to tell to account for his possession of the patent of the title.

Some faithful retainers, continued the junior, had managed to escape with a small amount of their master's property, including the patent, which they had brought to England and handed over to the Bunter family in London.

In support of his statement, the Owl of the Remove produced an enormous roll of Russian banknotes, which represented a small fortune in their face value. These the editor of the "Echo" glanced curiously at. He had never seen such a thing as a Russian bank-



The two bearded men pressed themselves against the wall as Billy Bunter walked out into the road. He passed them by on the other side of the road without so much as noticing their existence, and all unconscious that he was being watched so closely. (See Chapter 6.)

note before, and he certainly considered them some sort of evidence.

Bunter concluded his narrative by recounting the imaginary letter he had received at school a few days before, and also the telegram which he produced for inspection as additional evidence.

He explained that since he was the next-of-kin to his cousin, the title now descended to him, and described an imaginary meeting of the family he had just returned from in London, where the news had been broken to him that he was now the count.

When the story was finished, Mr. Scrib closed his notebook with a snap.

"It is certainly a most extraordinary story you have just related to me, your Excellency," he said. "And, I may add, a very tragic one."

The editor of the "Echo" held out his hand.

"But at the same time," he said, "permit me to congratulate you on your new state, and to hope that in some happier time the estates in Russia which rightfully belong to you may be restored."

Bunter swelled with importance.

"I shall be greatly obliged if you will kindly permit me to obtain a photograph of yourself for publication," said Mr. Scrib, leading the way into another room.

"What-ho!" exclaimed the new count, with alacrity. "Make it as big as you can, Scribby."

In a room at the rear of the office Bunter seated himself in a chair.

"How do you want me to look, Scribby?" he asked. "My usual grim and determined self—the strong, silent type Marjorie Hazeldene of Cliff House calls me—or something in the high aristocratic line?"

The proprietor of the "Friardale Echo" suppressed a desire to kick the fat junior out of the building. But after all, he reflected, it would not do to spoil a good story by upsetting the new count.

"Just your ordinary self, your Excellency," he replied.

Bunter contorted his face until he resembled a cross between a peacock and a pig, and a moment later Mr. Scrib snapped the camera.

"Thank you very much, count."

Bunter rose and left the offices of the "Echo" and returned to the school, hardly able to control his excitement. The Removites had just trooped in to afternoon classes, so he made himself comfortable in the study armchair and waited for the time they would be released, and the early edition of the "Friardale Echo" would make its appearance.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

His Excellency the Count!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Did you get the iam, Inky?"

Bob Cherry uttered that remark as the Nebob of Bhanipur entered Study No. 1 in the Remove passage with a basket heavily laden with good things from Mrs. Mimble's little tuckshop.

"My absurd chum will find the esteemed jamfulness stowfully packed beneath the worthy cake," replied the dusky member of the Famous Five, as he placed the basket on the study table. "Also, my worthy chums, I have thoughtfully secured the esteemed 'Friardale Echo.'"

"Oh, good! I am rather keen to see how the Rovers fared against that crack

team from Yorkshire," chimed in Frank Nugent.

Harry Wharton had recently received a remittance from his uncle, Colonel Wharton, and it was being celebrated in a first-class study feed.

Johnny Bull busied himself with making the tea, Bob Cherry unloaded the supplies from Mrs. Mimble's, Nugent cleared the study up, while Wharton laid the table. Inky's share of the work had been the journey to the school tuckshop for supplies; so he now seated himself gracefully in an armchair while his chums did the remainder of the work.

Within a very few minutes a fragrant odour of freshly-made tea filled the study, and the five chums seated themselves round the table.

"Well, what's the result of that match, Franky?" asked Bob, as he reached across for another helping of cake. "Did the Rovers knock spots off the enemy?"

"Dummo! Wait a minute, and I'll see!"

Nugent opened the paper, and scanned the brief report of the event in question.

"It was a draw," he said. "Half a mo', though; I don't think the full report's here. The remainder of the game may be on the stop-press column."

And so saying he turned over another page to where the stop-press column was to be found jammed in the middle of the news page. He scanned several of the headlines and started.

"My hat!"

The remainder of the Famous Five looked up inquiringly.

"What's the matter, Franky?"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Nugent, still staring at the paper.

The remainder of the Famous Five, unable to wait for their chum to break the startling news which the paper apparently contained, surrounded him, and glanced over his shoulder, and a gasp of astonishment escaped them.

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"By Jove!"

"This is the limit!"

The five juniors gazed at the paper almost dumbfounded with astonishment. In the centre of the page appeared a deep two-column portrait of their own school-fellow, William George Bunter, otherwise known as the Owl of the Remove. The fat junior's picture being so prominently displayed was in itself startling enough, but the caption which appeared beneath it was even more so. It read:

"HIS EXCELLENCY COUNT BUNTER, THE GREY FRIARS SCHOOLBOY, WHO HAS INHERITED THE TITLE OF HIS COUSIN, THE LATE VALDIMIR, COUNT OF POPPOFFSKI."

The chums of the Remove gazed at the caption as though fascinated, and eventually allowed their eyes to travel down the story accompanying the picture.

Mr. Scrib, the editor of the "Friardale Echo," had done his work well, and his account of how the title had descended to Bunter of the Remove did not lack sensationalism.

"My hat!" gasped Wharton at last. "So that's what the beggar was hinting at the other day, is it?"

"That's what he was gassing about in the Form-room after he swooned, then," put in Nugent. "No wonder it made him feel queer—having greatness thrust

on him at a moment's notice like that was sure to—"

"And I thought the fat clam was spooling us, as usual," echoed Bob Cherry. "That's the trouble; you can never tell whether Bunter's telling the truth or not."

The five chums continued to stare at the picture of the fat Removite in the paper.

"Come on," said Bob Cherry at last. "Let's go and see whether his Excellency has returned yet."

And following the lead of the burly Removite, the remainder of the Famous Five, forgetful of their tea, trooped out into the passage and went in search of Bunter.

They did not have to search far.

A number of other fellows had also seen the story of the new count in the Friardale paper, and a crowd consisting of nearly all the Remove and a good percentage of the Upper School was collected outside his study door.

At first many of them, in common with Bob Cherry, had been inclined to believe the whole thing was, as they so elegantly put it, all spool. But there was no getting away from the story in the paper, and they knew full well that Mr. Scrib would not have published such a story unless he had had some proof to bear out his informant's statements. And Mr. Scrib was far too experienced a journalist to give any hint as to the identity of that informant.

Then, again, the juniors remembered Bunter's telegram received in the middle of morning lessons, and in addition to that, exhibited in all its glory on the study table, was the patent itself.

Since there was not a soul in the school who could read Russian, including even the Head himself, the writing on the patent had no meaning for them. Nevertheless, it all looked very imposing, and they were forced to admit to themselves that for once in his life Bunter had spoken the truth when he had told them of the capture of his cousin, Count Valdimir by the Bolsheviki.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry, in a stentorian voice, pushing his way through the crowd outside Bunter's study. "Where's the merry count?"

Followed by his chums, Cherry entered the study and stopped short.

"My hat!"

Billy Bunter was seated in the armchair surrounded by Skinner & Co. Snoon was busily engaged in cleaning the fat junior's boots, while Stott, with a brush and comb, was engaged in brushing his mouse-coloured hair back from his forehead. On the study table was one of Bunter's old Eton suits, which was being cleaned and pressed by Harold Skinner, who in one hand held a hot iron, and in the other a petrol-soaked sponge.

"What the merry thump's the game?" demanded Bob, staring at the trio. "Is this some new game or have you started a school for valets?"

"Clear off, Cherry!" retorted Skinner, placing the hot iron on an inverted saucer which was doing duty for an iron rest. "His Excellency does not want to be disturbed."

"His Excellency is feeling rather fatigued!" added Stott, sprinkling some brillantine on the Owl's head.

"His Excellency does not see anyone without an appointment," put in Snoon, breathing on Bunter's big boots to enhance the shine.

(Continued on page 13.)

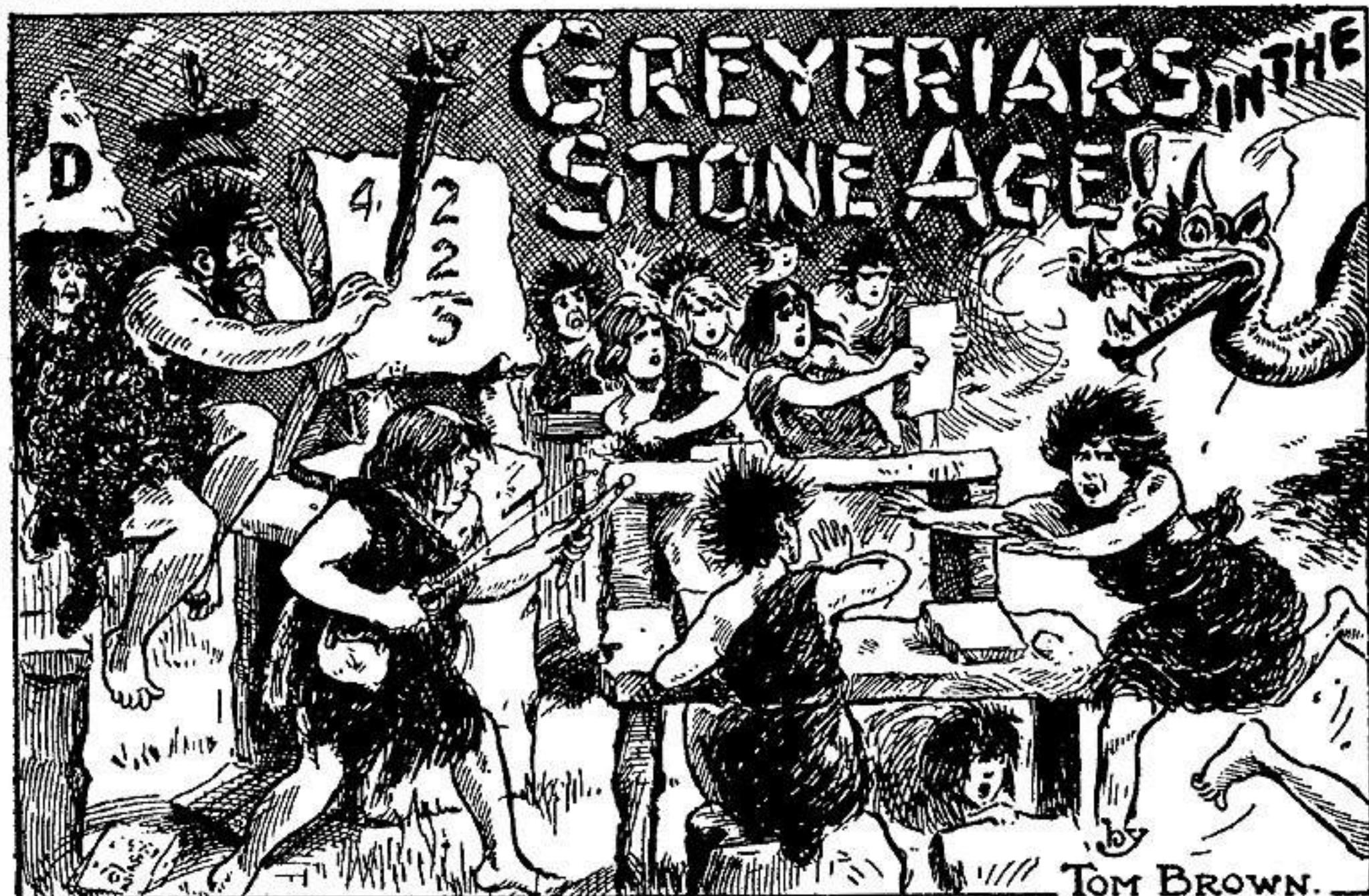


The GREYFRIARS HERALD

Harry Wharton Editor

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Week Ending April 22nd, 1922.



TOM BROWN.

INTERRUPTED LESSONS! The entrance of the cave was suddenly darkened by the enormous form of a fiery dragon. Immediately panic broke loose in the Remove-cave. "Verily, we shall be gobbled alive by that fearsome monster!" gasped Mr. Clubbem, the Form-master.

T WAS bitter cold in the Remove-cave. Mr. Clubbem, the Form-master, gathered his sheepskin tightly about him, and shivered. "The wind bloweth chill," he remarked. "Yea, verily!" said Woad major. "And in good sooth!" added Woad minor. Mr. Clubbem frowned. "Be silent!" he thundered. "By the way, hast written thine imposition, Woad major?" "Nay, sire." "And why not, prithee?" "Behold, I can find no tablets of stone on which to inscribe it, sire." "That is no excuse," said the Form-master sternly. "Stand out before the class, that I may club thee! The exercise will peradventure restore my circulation." Woad major, a red-headed youth of ungainly proportions, shuffled out in front of the class. Mr. Clubbem selected a stout club, which was spiked. "Hold out thine hand!" he commanded. "Oh, really, sire—" "Do as I bid thee, thou saucy knave!" Gingerly Woad major extended his right hand, palm uppermost. Crash! The great club came down, and the spikes embedded themselves in the palm of the unhappy junior. "Ow!" "Crash!"

"Yow!" "Crash!" "Yaropski!" The Form-master threw the club aside. Then, plucking a handful of grass from the ground, he mopped his heated brow. "Let that be a lesson to thee, thou varlet!" he said. "Od's bodikins but if I have any more trouble from thee, I will send thee unto the headmaster's-cave!" Woad major, groaning audibly, crawled back to his place. "Now I have to address thee on another matter," said Mr. Clubbem, turning to the class. "Wilst I was riding abroad in my chariot last eve, some insolent jackanapes cast stones at me! Yea, and brickbats also! Behold, my anatomy is sorely bruised!" "Prithee, sire, 'twas't me!" cried a plump youth in goatskins, who was known as Silly Grunter. Mr. Clubbem frowned. "Thine anxiety to avoid suspicion, Grunter," he said, "doth lead me to believe that thou wert the culprit." "Nunno, sire! I assure thee I was in the tuck-cave last eve." "Stand out, Grunter! I would fain question thee closely on this matter." Silly Grunter rolled to the fore. His limbs were wobbling with alarm. "I assure thee, sire, 'twas not I!" he stuttered. "How could I have stoned thy

sacred person, forsooth, when I was in the open air gymnasium at the time?" Mr. Clubbem looked grim. "Didst thou not tell me, a moment since, that thou wast in the tuck-cave?" "Oh crumbs!" "Thou art verily a descendant of Ananias, and I will deal with thee as thou deservest!" So saying, the angry Form-master picked up his club. At that moment a voice sounded just outside the cave. "Mr. Clubbem! I am Dr. Grimm. Wilt step outside a moment? I would fain have converse with thee." "Very good, sire." Mr. Clubbem hurriedly left the cave. And Silly Grunter gave a chuckle. "What thinkest thou of my ventriloquism?" he chortled. "Old Clubbem believeth it to be the Head!" "Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Clubbem, however, soon discovered that he was the victim of Silly Grunter's ventriloquism. When he saw no sign of the Head outside the cave, he knew that he had been hoaxed. Spluttering with fury, he strode back to the Remove-cave. "Grunter!" he roared. "Yea, sire?" "Thou hast had me upon a portion of string, as the saying goes!" "Oh, really, sire—" THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 741.

"Thou hast befooled me, thou corpulent deceiver! Touch thy toes, that I may belabour thee with my trusty club!"

But before Silly Grunter could carry out the Form-master's command, a startling interruption took place.

The entrance to the cave was suddenly darkened by the enormous form of a fiery dragon. It was a fierce monster, and hungry withal, and its eyes glittered greedily as they fell upon the plump form of Silly Grunter, and the almost equally plump form of Mr. Clubbem.

Panic broke loose in the Remove Cave.

"Verily, we shall be gobbled alive by that fearsome monster!" gasped Mr. Clubbem.

"It will scoff us as if we were so many jam-tarts!" groaned Wood major.

But at this juncture Silly Grunter came to the rescue. He drew out his catapult, loaded it with a hefty stone, and took careful aim.

The dragon was hit full in the eye, and it recoiled with a savage snarl.

Silly Grunter continued to fire at it, until at length the huge creature, baulked of its prey, slunk away out of sight, terribly wounded.

In consideration of Silly Grunter's heroic action, Mr. Clubbem exonerated him from his punishment.

"By my halidom, Grunter," he said, "thou hast acted like a true hero! I did not think it was in thee. I will recommend thee to the Head for the Stone Medal."

"I thank thee, sire!" said Silly Grunter, his face beaming.

And morning lessons proceeded without further incident.

PEEPS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE!

By Billy Bunter.

The other day my bootlace happened to come undone outside Studdy No. 1. I stooped to do it up, and chanced to peep through the keyhole. The Famous Five were sitting down to a sumptuous spread. And only an hour before Bob Cherry had told me they were broke, and that there was a famine in the land. The beasts! The truth of the matter is, they did not want me to know about their secret horde of tuck!

* * *

A peep through the keyhole of Loder's studdy revealed the fact that the prefect was smoking a cigarette. I am willing to wager it was not a choklitt one!

* * *

I happened to glance through into Quelchy's studdy, and saw him at work on his silly old "History of Greyfriars." High time that history was finished. I suppose it will occupy about two dozen fat volumes when it is published. While I was peeping through Quelchy's keyhole, some rotter came along the passidge with a cricket stump and caught me a painful crack on the rear portion of my anatomy. I spun round with a gasp of pain, but my assailant had vanished.

* * *

The next studdy I peeped into was Dick Penfold's. Pen was tramping up and down, trying to get perspiration—or is it inspiration?—for his next poem. His bare stood on end, and there was a wild light in his eyes. I am perfectly certain that all poets are potty!

* * *

I tried to peep through the keyhole of Skinner's studdy, but the rotter had plugged it! He evidently knew I was on the prowl. Bet he was up to mischief of some kind.

* * *

When I went along to Studdy No. 2, and skinted through the keyhole, I received a rood shock. That beast Tom Brown must have heard me coming along the passidge, for no sooner did I get my eye on a level with the keyhole than a jet of ink was squirted through, and caught me fool in the face! I fell backwards with a yell, and my appearance was like that of a Christy minstrel. I was obliged to abandon my "Peeping Tom" exploits for the day, and make a move to the nearest bath-room.

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



PIET DELAREY.

FOOTBALL FACTS AND FIGURES!

By H. Vernon-Smith.

THERE was a general meeting of the Remove Football Club in the junior Common-room on Saturday evening last.

Tom Brown and S. Q. I. Field sent messages by fags, regretting their inability to be present.

The Treasurer (Frank Nugent): "I know why the bounders haven't turned up! They haven't paid their subscriptions. What are you going to do about it, Mr. Chairman?"

The Chairman (Harry Wharton): "Nothing."

Treasurer, in amazement: "What!"

Chairman: "I can't very well make a fuss about their unpaid subscriptions. You see, I haven't paid my own!" (Laughter.)

The Treasurer said that the club could not possibly flourish if the members were slack about paying their subscriptions. He called upon the Chairman to fork out half-a-dollar. Wharton reluctantly obeyed, remarking that he was now penniless.

A voice: "Fisher T. Fish, the well-known moneylender, will advance you five bob, if you agree to pay him back at 200 per cent interest!" (Laughter.)

The Chairman, in reading the Report for the season, said the Remove had done exceptionally well, and they had good reason to pat themselves on the backs.

No fewer than thirty-five matches had been played. Of this number twenty-four had been won, six lost, and five drawn.

There were still one or two matches to be played before the season definitely closed.

The leading goal-scorers, to date, were as follows:

H. Wharton	22
F. Nugent	19
H. Vernon Smith	19
R. Penfold	17
Hurree Singh	15
R. Cherry	8
M. Linley	6
P. Todd	5

The three last-named players are half-backs, and their goals had been obtained through long shots and penalty-kicks.

The Remove second eleven had also done exceptionally well. Their record was even better than the regular eleven, but, of course they had not had to face such formidable sides.

The Chairman thanked the members for their support, and said that much of the Remove's success was due to the fact that they always had a loyal crowd of supporters to cheer them on.

"I am pleased to announce," concluded Harry Wharton, "that a Football Concert will take place this evening, to be followed by a dormitory feed." (Loud cheers.) "The tuck-hammer is at present concealed in the crypt, well away from the prying eyes of a fellow whose initials are W. G. B." (Laughter.)

After Hurree Singh had passed a vote-fulsness to the worthy and ludicrous Chairman, the meeting adjourned.

The absent members—Tom Brown and S. Q. I. Field—turned up all serene at the dormitory feed!

[Supplement 4]

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

Welcome to Easter!

It is a dangerous period, if we are to believe the old nursery conundrum; for at this time of the year the trees are shooting, and the bull-rushes out!

There is a touch of romance about Easter. It gives us a foretaste of the glorious summer days to come.

What a crowd of enjoyments we manage to cram into the Easter holidays! Footer and cycling and hockey and long tramps in the country. Revelry and dance and song! I'm not surprised that Dick Penfold, our tame poet, has burst into rhyme this week in praise of the brief Easter break.

How will my reader chums enjoy themselves at this fine spring festival? In lots of ways, I warrant. But wherever they go, and whatever they do, they won't miss their copy of the MAGNET LIBRARY, and the little supplement which is tucked inside it.

As one of my Yorkshire chums remarks, "No holiday can ever be complete without the good old MAGNET. It's as big an attraction as ever."

I have endeavoured to crowd as many good things as possible into this Special Holiday Number. As you will see, there is a choice variety of features, from the pens of many famous (and infamous) people, from Tom Brown down to Billy Bunter.

The "Greyfriars Herald" is now established as upon a rock in the affections of the boy and girl public. But there are still many homes to which it has never penetrated; so if you would like to do your Editor a real good turn, recommend this cheery little paper wherever you go.

A happy and enjoyable Easter holiday to all!

HARRY WHARTON.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 741.

OVERHEARD IN THE MASTERS' ROOM!

Specially contributed to the "Greyfriars Herald" in catchy couplets. By DICK PENFOLD.

Mr. PROUT:

The Easter Holidays are here,
It's going to be wet, I fear.

Mr. LASCELLES:

What nonsense, Prout! The sun will
shine,
And everything will be divine!

Mr. HACKER:

I'm certain it will rain and sleet—
I've got rheumatics in my feet!

Mr. CAPPER:

I fancy we shall have some thunder.
A snowstorm too, I shouldn't wonder.

Mr. TWIGG:

There will be mist and fog and snow.
A weather expert told me so!

Mr. QUELCH:

There'll be a strike of railwaymen.
And what on earth shall we do then?

Mr. BUNTER:

The prophecies you men have made
Put Jeremiah's in the shade!

Mr. PROUT:

Do you suggest, my portly friend,
That it will be a fine week-end?

Mr. BUNTER:

The weather will be simply grand
Throughout the smiling, happy land.

Mr. LASCELLES:

I quite agree with you, dear Wally.
There is no cause for melancholy.

Mr. BUNTER:

Where will you spend your leisure,
Larry?
In Gloucester, Glasgow, or Glengarry?

Mr. LASCELLES:

I shall attend my sister's marriage;
She's going to be wed at Harwich.

Mr. BUNTER:

And what will you do, Mr. Hacker?
You'll sit at home, and be a slacker?

Mr. HACKER:

You are an insolent young man!
I sha'n't divulge to you my plan.

Mr. BUNTER:

What will you do, pray, Mr. Capper?
Go dancing with some charming
flapper?

Mr. CAPPER:

I much resent that rude remark.
Really, I'm not a gay young spark!

Mr. BUNTER:

What is your programme, Mr. Twigg?
Will you on your allotment dig?
Supplement iii.]

Mr. TWIGG:

I have no programme cut and dried.
If it is wet I'll stay inside.

Mr. BUNTER:

Shall you go fishing, Mr. Prout,
For tadpoles, jellyfish, or trout?

Mr. PROUT:

I shall do nothing of the sort!
I shall devote my time to sport.

Mr. QUELCH:

If, Prout, you are on golfing bent,
I'll join you in a tournament.

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THE "MAGNET."

GET YOUR ALBUMS
READY, CHAPS!—H.W.

Mr. PROUT:

Splendid! But I can't help deriding,
For you will get a dreadful hiding!

Mr. QUELCH:

You told me that, sir, once before.
I beat you by six holes or more!

Mr. PROUT:

Ah, yes! But then I couldn't hit,
For I was feeling far from fit.

Mr. QUELCH:

I'll give you one more thrashing,
Prout.
Then there will be no room for doubt.

Mr. BUNTER:

I shall enjoy myself no end;
I'm going cycling with a friend.

Mr. HACKER:

Cycling is much too dull and tiring.
It's absolutely uninspiring!

Mr. BUNTER:

It is a glorious exercise,
Which only slackers would despise!

Mr. LASCELLES:

I'm sure these Easter holidays
Will be most gay and jolly days!

Mr. CAPPER:

And I'm convinced the holidays
Will be most melancholy days!

Mr. PROUT:

The rain will pelt down all day long.
I'm positive I sha'n't be wrong!

Mr. TWIGG:

We'll crawl about, 'neath skies of lead
And fondly wish that we were dead!

Mr. BUNTER:

I really don't care if it's snowing,
I mean to have the best time going!

Mr. LASCELLES:

Hear, hear! I heartily agree.
Two merry optimists are we!

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT!

By DICK PENFOLD.

It is six o'clock in the morning;
Except for Bunter's snore
The dorm is still, but try as I will,
I cannot sleep any more.
For I'm feeling madly excited.
And my heart is blithe and gay;
For the holidays, the jolly days,
The holidays start to-day!

My chums are sleeping soundly,
Each in his rightful place;
And as they lie, I can plainly spy
A smile on every face.
Bob Cherry's cheeks are glowing
In a happy, healthy way;
For the holidays, the jolly days,
The holidays start to-day!

Farewell awhile, old Greyfriars!
Good-bye, you stately pile,
Where every prospect pleases,
And only lessons are vile.
The ten-fifteen from Friarsdale
Will speed us on our way;
The holidays, the jolly days,
The holidays start to-day!

We'll have such grand adventures
On footer-field and highway;
With merry song, we'll bike along
Each fresh and charming byway.
We'll cheer till we are husky,
A loud "Hip, hip, hooray!"
For the holidays, the jolly days,
The holidays start to-day!

So, at six o'clock in the morning,
(Oh, bother Bunter's snore!)
I twist and turn, and I fondly yearn
For the glorious times in store.
I only wish that Easter
Would last for ever and aye;
The holidays, the jolly days,
The holidays start to-day!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 741.

REPLIES TO READERS!

By Harry Wharton.

The Editor of the MAGNET LIBRARY promised a few weeks back that I would reply to some of my numerous correspondents. I am now doing so; but I would point out that space is valuable, and that scores of letters must necessarily remain unanswered. Will the writers of those letters kindly accept my best thanks and cordial good wishes?—Ed.

Clarence R. (Highgate).—My predecessor as captain of the Remove was Bulstrode. Whether he made a better Form captain than myself is a matter I am not prepared to discuss. Comparisons are odious.

"An Admirer of Wally" (Chester).—Mr. Walter Bunter is permanently established as master of the First Form—to the delight of all decent fellows, and the dismay of the cads.

"Battling Mike" (Stepney).—You say you have a champion boy pugilist in your district who could knock spots off Bob Cherry. Send him along!

"Tabby" (Maidstone).—"There is not enough Bunter in your paper." Some readers say there is a jolly sight too much!

Jimmy S. (Manchester).—"That chump Coker ought to be on the music-halls." We agree. As a blue-nosed comedian, Horace would make a great hit.

Jack H. (Woolwich).—Don't run away with the idea that Major Thresher, who lives next door to Greyfriars, is a killjoy and a spoil-sport. He isn't. But you must admit that it's jolly tantalising to have footballs kicked over your garden wall a dozen times a day. In a way, we can sympathise with the major's tantrums.

"Critic" (Chelsea).—The old, old query: "When are the fellows in the Greyfriars Remove going to grow up?" Never, my friend. We're going to be permanent Peter Pans.

"Warbling Willie" (Wimbledon).—"I live next door to a famous author." Rather hard lines on the author!

"Monty" (Chichester).—"Will Loder of the Sixth ever mend his ways?" Well, we're doing our best to lead him along the straight and narrow path, you know! There may be a slight improvement shortly. We rather fancy ourselves as reformers.

Mabel (Sheffield).—"Fisher T. Fish has been very quiet lately." For which let us offer up a thanksgiving!

Freddie C. (Worthing).—"I am eight years old on the forth of next morn'g." Bless my soul! How old ago does creep on, to be sure!

"Ambitious" (Canterbury).—"What do I have to do to get to Greyfriars?" Take a No. 999 bus, old scout. It'll put you down at Gosling's lodge.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 741.

THE GAY AND THE GLOOMY!

BOB CHERRY (Our Tame Optimist) writes:

April is here at last! Hurrah!

The Easter holidays have arrived. Cricket will start soon.

There is not likely to be another war for some years.

The Greyfriars Remove won their last footer match.

The Head may decide to abolish the birch-rod.

Greyfriars has recovered from the influenza epidemic.

Major Thresher, our irate next-door neighbour, has gone to the South of France.

Income-tax is going to be reduced.

Billy Bunter has not raided any study cupboards for a whole week.

The circulation of the MAGNET LIBRARY is going up.

Everything in the garden is lovely!

BOLSOVER MAJOR (Our Untamed Pessimist) writes:

November will soon be here.

The Easter holidays are too short and too wet.

Cricket won't start while the floods are on.

The Solomon Islands have declared war on Timbuctoo.

The Greyfriars Remove will lose their next footer match.

The Head will abolish the birch-rod, and introduce the cat-o'-nine-tails.

There will be an epidemic of whooping-cough.

Why hasn't Major Thresher gone to Jericho?

Income-tax doesn't affect schoolboys.

Billy Bunter will raid every study in the Remove passage when next term starts.

The circulation of the "Cats' Meat Vendors' Gazette" is going down.

Everything in the garden is frost-bitten!

BILLY BUNTER (Another Priceless Pessimist) writes:

I am nearly at my last gasp.

I never get enuff to eat in this place.

The Head is a beast.

The masters are beasts.

All my skoolfellows are beasts.

Noboddy has invited me anywhere for Easter.

I am fed up, and far from home.

Noboddy cares.

What's the use of living?

What's the use of anything?

Yah!

MUSICAL HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

By Sir Jimmy Vivian.

Tom Brown has a gramophone. I suppose he will take it away with him for the holidays. If so, it ought to come in jolly useful. I am going to suggest to Browney a few records that will be very appropriate on certain occasions.

* * *

For instance, when we are boarding the train at Friardale, and the porter with the lusty lungs is yelling, "Take your seats, please!" Browney can set his gramophone gaily going with "Somewhere a Voice is Calling!"

* * *

If Browney should go to that palatial mansion known as Bunter Court, and ask Billy Bunter to accompany him on a cycling tour—which is not at all likely!—and Bunter should refuse, an appropriate record would be, "I Wouldn't Leave My Little Wooden Hut For You!" (We don't think Billy will be very pleased to see Bunter Court referred to as a little wooden hut!—Ed.)

* * *

Should Browney be invited to a house-party where, instead of playing up-to-date games, the company insist upon playing bridge, our friend could produce his gramophone, and play, in supreme disgust, "The Old Rustic 'Bridge.'" "

* * *

If, in the course of the holidays, Browney should expend the sum of three quid, a suitable record would be "Three 'Fishers' Went Sailing."

* * *

If Browney, in the course of his wanderings, should meet some fair charmer, the obvious song-record to put on would be, "Wink to me only with thine eyes!"

* * *

Browney will possibly stay at his uncle's, and play football outside the drawing-room, by way of a diversion. "I 'Passed' by Your Window" would be a fitting record for this occasion.

* * *

On coming downstairs one morning, Browney might startle the maid, and cause her to drop her tin of metal-polish. In which case, the obvious refrain is "Good-bye, my 'Bluebell'!"

* * *

I believe Browney has some friends who reside somewhere in Somerset. As the train steams into London, bearing him on his journey to Greyfriars, he would naturally start up: "I've come up from Somerset!"

* * *

When the holidays are over, and Browney starts on the long, long trail back to Greyfriars, a suitable record to use in the railway-carriage would be, "When You Come to the End of a Perfect (Holi)day."

[Supplement iv.]

HIS EXCELLENCY COUNT BUNTER!

Continued from page 8.

"Have you fellows gone off your giddy rockers?" demanded Wharton, surveying the strange spectacle in the study with starting eyes.

"Clear off, I tell you!" retorted Skinner. "We belong to his Excellency's retinue—"

"The whatinue?"

"Retinue!" roared Skinner. "We have been appointed the count's body servants, then," he condescended to explain. "And as you have already been told, his Excellency does not see anyone without an appointment; so the best thing you can do is to sheer off and write to his secretary—that's me!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is rich!"

At this juncture the Owl of the Remove sat up in his chair.

"Clear my apartment of this rabble, fellow!" he ordered, addressing Skinner.

"Yes, your Highness—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five. "Your Highness! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What about the bob you owe me, Dunty?" asked Johnny Bull.

"The bobfulness is terrific."

"Really, Bull—I mean, silence, fellow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's not a laughing matter," said Skinner, as he affixed a bachelor button to the count's trousers. "The title has been inherited by Bunter—his Excellency, I mean. Come and have a look at the patent. It's here for any doubting Thomas to see."

And the secretary-valet of the Count of Poppoffski indicated the patent itself, spread out on that part of the table not occupied by the count's nether garments.

"It looks genuine, you fellows," admitted Wharton, closely examining the parchment.

And the rest of the chums, despite their opinion of Bunter as an individual, were compelled to admit that, after all, he was a real count, as Skinner had stated, and that for once in his life they had evidence—and irrefutable evidence, it seemed to them—that Bunter had spoken the truth.

"I admit I always thought it all spoof about your titled relatives, Bunter," said Wharton. "But you can hardly blame me, because you are such a prize liar!"

Bunter snorted.

"I hope you will realise the difference in our respective stations, my fine fellow," he said, blinking at the Famous Five through his big spectacles. "And kindly remember that as a pheasant, you must learn—"

"A whatta?"

"As a who?"

"I said you will kindly remember your place as a pheasant—"

The Famous Five stared at Bunter in amazement for a moment, then suddenly his meaning dawned on them, sending them into roars of wild and uncontrollable laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass! I suppose you mean peasant."

"Well, what's the difference, you chumps—I mean, my men?" demanded Bunter wrathfully.

But the Famous Five did not reply. Headed by Harry Wharton, they left the new count and his staff of obsequious

satellites, and returned to Study No. 1, where they tried unsuccessfully to puzzle out the mystery, which, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, they felt surrounded Billy Bunter and his title.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Fly in the Ointment!

"BIFFINOSKI!"

"Kutanosoff!"

Those remarks were uttered by two men standing in the shadow of the school wall several days after Bunter's return from London with the now celebrated patent. The men themselves were as strange as the words they uttered. Both were clad in long overcoats reaching almost down to their gum-boots, with collars and cuffs of astrakhan. Their general appearance was altogether unkept, and was accentuated by a long black beard which they both affected. Their hair, too, was badly in need of the barber's attention. One of the men wore a large dark slouch-hat, while the other wore a big cap made of the same material as that of the collar and cuffs of their overcoats.

Boom, boom!

The big clock in the school tower tolled the hour of five. By now most of the school was at tea, and the Close, into which the two men peered from time to time, was almost deserted.

"He is a long time!" exclaimed one of them.

"Never mind. He come soon!"

The two men paced impatiently up and down, with one eye on the school gates all the time. It was evident to the most casual observer that they were waiting for someone.

Ten more minutes passed, and a number of boys appeared in the Close, who amused themselves by playing leap-frog.

"Perhaps he no come to-night," said one of the men in a sibilant hiss.

"We have wait two nights already, Dimitri. He sure to come sooner or later."

Another five minutes passed, and then one of the men excitedly nudged his companion.



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"He come!" he exclaimed, pointing to the Close.

The other man stared hard at the figure indicated by his companion. It was that of William George Bunter, the Owl of the Remove!

For several days Bunter's life at Greyfriars had been a bed of roses. He was, in fact, the darling of the gods. As soon as the news of his title had gone round the school he found himself overwhelmed with invitations to tea—which he readily accepted—and fellows like Loder—when they had satisfied themselves that the patent in Bunter's possession was the real thing—had called him "old man." Others, although they did not exactly fall over themselves to lend him money, never refused point blank to cash a postal-order in advance for him.

Bunter's life had been one of unalloyed joy.

It was true that a certain number of fellows, such as Wharton & Co., for instance, had refused to address the fat junior as "his Excellency." It was also true that they sometimes referred to him as the fat clam. But Bunter did not allow such trifles to mar the enjoyment of his new-found dignity.

There were, however, times when the Owl of the Remove was glad to escape the attentions of his followers—the body-guard of Skinner & Co. in particular. The present moment was one of those occasions, and Bunter had decided to take a walk to the village on his own, a state he liked to consider as being "incog."

The fat junior ambled along the Close towards the school gates, all unconscious of the two men who were so closely watching his every movement.

The two bearded men pressed themselves against the wall as he walked out into the road. He passed them by on the other side without so much as noticing their existence, which, from their point of view, was just as well. Their appearance was startling enough in every sense, and it is highly probable that had Bunter observed them he might have been tempted to retrace his steps to the School House as quickly as he could. As it was, however, he serenely continued on his way.

But he did not continue it alone.

As soon as the two men deemed it safe to follow their quarry without being too easily observed they did so.

Bunter rounded the bend in Friardale Road, which cut off the view of the school, and seated himself on a heap of stones left by the road repairers to rest. But the gentlemen of the beards, believing him to have continued walking, pursued their way, talking excitedly in a loud voice until they, too, rounded the bend and came almost on top of the fat Removeite.

They both started. The meeting was both unexpected and inopportune.

"Koskoff!"

"The count!"

Bunter stared at the two uncompromising strangers in some alarm. There was something about their appearance which did not appeal to him. Moreover, they seemed to recognise him; had not one of them, in fact, referred to him as the count?

The two strangers stared at Bunter, and Bunter stared back at them.

"Kosk-off!" repeated the first.

"The count!" echoed the second.

"Oohooooor!" gasped Bunter.

The fat junior glanced hastily up and down the road; but not a soul was in sight. He tried to rise from the heap of stones and run; but something he

NEXT MONDAY!

"TICKETS FOR THE FINAL!"

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

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.--No. 741.

could not explain seemed to drag him down again.

He tried to tell himself that there was nothing to be alarmed about by the appearance of two men; they had merely been walking along talking, and were surprised on rounding the bend to find anyone there. That was all!

But argue with himself as much as he liked, Bunter could not rid himself of the feeling of apprehension which had gripped him. Eventually he succeeded in pulling his scattered wits together and addressed the men.

"G-g-good-evening!" he stammered. "Fine day for the time of year, ain't it?"

"Biffnoski!" barked the one known as Dimitri.

"Yes, quite!" replied Bunter, trembling. He had not the faintest idea what the man meant, but he thought he ought to say something, if only for the sake of being polite. "W-we had one at s-school, you know, but it died!"

The two men advanced on Bunter, and gripped him by his aniple shoulders. He tried to scream, but he found something had gone wrong with his voice.

"You are the count, eh?" questioned one of them, peering into his face. "Where is the newspaper?" he asked, turning to his companion. "We will see if the photograph is the same. There must be no mistake!"

Dimitri pulled a copy of the "Friardale Echo" from one of the capacious pockets of his overcoat, and opened it out. His companion released his grip of Bunter's shoulders in order to take a look at the photograph himself.

In a flash the whole mystery became as clear as daylight to Bunter. The strange-looking men were Russians. That would account for the curious words they used and the curious way they spoke English. But why should they be so interested in him? Why should they bring forth a copy of the "Friardale Echo" in order to compare him with the photograph it contained? Had the affair anything to do with the title he had assumed? Obviously that must be the answer to the riddle!

Bunter remembered now, that at some time or another he had seen pictures of men similar to the two strangers who had intercepted him, in a newspaper. He had also seen them in cartoons, with bombs up their sleeves, and other things equally nasty. Very likely they were Bolsheviks, and Bunter—he was a Russian count!

As these thoughts flashed across the fat junior's brain he jumped to his feet in alarm, and before either of the Russians had time to realise what was happening, he was flying down the road for all he was worth, shouting for help at the top of his voice.

"It's all right!" shouted Dimitri.

"Come back!" added his companion.

The next moment they, too, took to their heels and ran after the fleeing Bunter.

Bunter ran for dear life, with the Russians only a few yards behind him. Their long coats had come open and were flying in the wind, as were their beards and hair. They did, indeed, present a grotesque spectacle.

"Wow! Stop it!" shouted the Owl of the Remove.

"Come back!"

"It's all right!"

But Bunter had not the slightest intention of obeying their commands. He did not believe that it was all right; and he was not going to take the chance

of whether it was all right or not. His one great ambition and all-consuming desire was to put as great a distance between himself and his pursuers as possible, in the minimum of time.

The Russians, hampered by their gum-boots and long coats, soon began to lag behind, and finally stopped running altogether. But Bunter, all unconscious of this, continued to run at top-speed.

The sounds of their shouts having died away, the Owl of the Remove slackened his pace to look over his shoulder.

"My hat!" he gasped. "The blessed rotters have gone!"

He glanced fearfully up the road, and, having assured himself that he was no longer being followed, he sank to the grass by the wayside to recover his breath.

"My hat!" he repeated. "What a go!"

Billy Bunter picked himself up from off the grass, and, clambering over a stile, commenced to return to the school by a devious route. The way led through a field which gave exit, through a gap in the hedge, on to the Friardale Road about two hundred yards from the school gates.

Bunter pushed his way through the hedge, and after sundry exclamations, as thorns tore their way into his flesh, he emerged on the road. But as he did so he heard two simultaneous gasps on either side of him, and two figures he knew only too well loomed into view. The junior was in such a position that it was impossible for him to turn and bolt through the gap again.

"Good-evening, Highness!"

"Good-morrow, count!"

Bunter blinked, but was unable to reply.

"We sorry to give your Highness fright!" said Dimitri.

"Highness no need get the wind up."

"I say, you fellows," said the unhappy Bunter, "you can't take me in, I'm too fly! I know who you are. You are Bull and Wibley. You rotters! I can see through your little game; but you can't put the wind up me, see! I'm too fly! He, he, he!"

The thought that the two ferocious-looking men might be some of his Form-fellows playing a trick on him, had only just suggested itself to Bunter, and he clutched at this belief as a drowning man does a straw.

"He, he, he! Come off it!" he said, to the amazed Russians. "The game's up, Bull, you rotter!"

But the tone in which the unhappy Owl of the Remove made this statement was not at all convincing.

At that moment a motor horn sounded, and a second later Dr. Locke's car appeared coming up from Friardale. The two Russians stepped back to avoid being knocked down, thus presenting to Bunter an excellent opportunity to escape. Bunter could not be called an opportunist in the ordinary sense of the word, but this time he proved an exception to the rule.

The car was not going at a great pace, and as it swung by, the fat junior clutched wildly at the luggage rack at the rear, and held grimly on to it until the car came to a halt outside the school gates.

"Oh dear," he gasped. "I wish I'd

never been a blessed count after all! What awful-looking ruffians! Oh dear!"

And feeling very shaken, the Owl of the Remove rolled away to the School House, with a new resolve forming itself in his mind.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Title for Sale!

BUNTER entered the School House trembling like a leaf, and the first person he met was Johnny Bull.

"It wasn't you, after all, then, Bull?" he exclaimed.

Johnny Bull stared.

"What on earth are you talking about?" he demanded.

He detected that Bunter was trembling, and vaguely wondered what was wrong. The fat junior quickly described his adventure in the Friardale Road.

"Do you think they're Bolsheviks, Bull?" he asked at the conclusion of his narrative.

Johnny grinned.

"You can bet your sweet life on that, Bunter," he said. "And I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they had some bombs up their sleeves."

"Oh dear!" moaned Bunter. "What shall I do?"

"And they probably intend to put one of those bombs in your bed one of these nights—that's one of the penalties of being a count."

Bunter groaned aloud, to the burly Remove's great enjoyment.

Ever since the Owl of the Remove had become possessed of the title, he had hardly deigned to notice the existence of any of the Famous Five, and Johnny Bull was now getting a little of his own back.

"You are a rotten funk!" he said in his blunt way, not wishing to alarm the fat Remove too much. "More likely than not it's what you thought—some of the fellows dressed up to give you a scare. And they've done it, too," he added, grinning. "But in any case, it wasn't me, or Wibley. Wibley's been rehearsing for the Remove concert in the Form-room ever since classes were over."

But Bull's words of assurance did not remove the fear created by the two strangers from the mind of William George Bunter, otherwise his Excellency, the Count of Poppoffski.

Bunter rolled away to his study with a thoughtful frown on his fat face. The resolve which had been forming in his mind since meeting with the Russians was now complete.

He would sell his title!

Having arrived at this decision, the Owl of the Remove wasted no time in getting to work. He seated himself at his study table and, with great care, penned out a notice for the board in the Remove passage. This done, he hurried out and pinned it up.

"I'm sick of being a count," he muttered, as he rolled away. "In any case, this nobility business is effete and played out. What with land duties and one thing and another, I'd rather be a blessed democrat after all."

Bunter only had a hazy notion of what land duties were, but he knew they were reasons dukes and earls and people of that description always gave for selling their estates. Even to himself he would not admit that the real reason for his sudden desire to become a democrat was the appearance of the two Russians on the Friardale Road.

Within a few minutes of Bunter's departure a crowd collected round the notice-board and stared at his handiwork

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as though they could hardly believe their eyes.

"What the thump—"

"Great Scott!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, listen to this, you chaps!" gasped Bolsover, almost choking with mirth. "This is absolutely it!"

But nobody could have listened to Bolsover had they wanted to—which they didn't—there was far too much noise. The juniors stared at the notice-board again.

Written in the crabbed hand of the Owl of the Remove, with his characteristic freedom of spelling, appeared the following:

"NOTISS!

To All Whom It May Concern.

The title of the Count of Poppoffski, at present held by Mr. William George Bunter, will be offered for sale in the Remove Form room to-night at seven o'clock precisely.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

Roll Up!"

"My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wonder what the blessed stunt is?" gasped Bob Cherry.

To say that the juniors were surprised by this remarkable epistle would be to put it very mildly indeed. They were almost staggered.

"Come on, you chaps," suggested a voice. "Let's go and find his Excellency and see what the blessed game is."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the juniors trooped away in search of the present holder of the title advertised. But, despite all their efforts, Bunter's whereabouts were not discovered until the time for the sale.

Soon after seven o'clock there was hardly a vacant place in the whole of the Remove Form room. The news of the sale had spread round the school, and quite a sprinkling of fellows from other Forms had turned up to see the fun. Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Upper Fourth, had arrived early and had taken up a position at the back of the room, while the one and only Horace Coker, the genial ass of the Fifth was conspicuous with his two pals, Potter and Greene.

Speculation was rife as to why Bunter wanted to get rid of the title. Some of the juniors were of the opinion that it was because it was not genuine; but then, of course, they knew nothing about Bunter's little adventure on the Friardale Road.

"Where's Bunter?" shouted Bolsover, as a quarter past seven struck. "It's time to start the sale!"

Even as he spoke, the sound of heavy footsteps sounded outside, and a moment later Bunter himself pushed his way through the crowd at the door to the rostrum—otherwise Mr. Quelch's desk.

"Come on, your Highness!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the crowd, and extracted from an attache case the now famous patent, and exhibited it to the audience.

"I say, you fellows—"

"On the ball, tubby!"

"Really, you chaps—"

"Get on with the sale, fatty!" roared Coker?"

Bunter blinked wrathfully at his interceptors through his big spectacles, and waved the title patent in the air.

"Who'll open the bidding?" he commenced; but his voice was drowned by another storm of ironical applause.

"Who'll give me a start?" he shouted,

barely making himself heard above the din. "A thousand, did you say, Coker? I am bid a thousand. Any advance on a thousand?"

"A thousand what?"

"Look here, you fellows!" roared his Excellency. "Give a chap a chance! Did you make an offer just now, or not, Coker?"

"Yes, I did!" replied the great Horace.

"Tuppence!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly asses, if you don't want to buy the title, say so!"

"We don't!" replied the crowd as one man—or, rather, boy.

"Wouldn't take it as a gift, your Highness!" put in Bolsover.

Bunter gasped.

It was beginning to dawn on him that the juniors regarded the sale as nothing more or less than a rag, and that they had not the slightest intention of making any offer for his title whatever.

When he had entered the Form-room at the commencement of the proceedings and had observed a huge crowd he had fondly anticipated some keen bidding. He thought that without the slightest doubt some of the fellows, especially those like Vernon-Smith, who was rolling in money, would literally jump at the chance of becoming what Bunter was pleased to call "quality." But they did nothing of the kind.

As he realised the sale was what Bob Cherry would have called a "wash-out," a cold fear gripped the fat junior. He remembered his adventure with the

Russians on the Friardale Road, and resolved that at all costs he must rid himself of the unlucky title. If none of the fellows would buy it, then he would offer it to them free, gratis, and for nothing.

"I say, you fellows, I'll tell you what I'll do," he exclaimed desperately. "I'll let it go for a bob—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothing, then!" shouted Bunter as a last hope. "A real live Russian title for nixes! Who says 'Yes'?"

But, unfortunately for Bunter, nobody said "Yes." Many, however, in no uncertain voice shouted "No!"

Bunter groaned.

"Look here, you fellows, just to encourage democracy, I'll hand my next postal-order to the first fellow who likes to become the holder of this ancient Russian title—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The idea of Bunter offering his next postal-order to any takers struck the juniors as being funny. They roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter's expected postal-order was an institution at Greyfriars, and was as much a part of the school as the School House itself. He had endeavoured—usually unsuccessfully—to persuade the Removites that the postal-order—which was, of course, purely imaginary—was on its long journey through the Post Office to himself so long that at last he really believed it actually existed.

Before Bunter could repeat his tempting offer, however, Bolsover, who was



Bunter jumped to his feet in alarm, and before either of the Russians had time to realise what was happening, he was flying down the road for all he was worth, shouting for help at the top of his voice. "It's all right!" shouted Dimitri, and the next moment they, too, took to their heels and ran after the fleeing junior. (See Chapter 6.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"TICKETS FOR THE FINAL!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 741.

of his title, which, he stated, had descended to him through the death of his cousin in Russia. I hope everything is in order," concluded Alonzo, dusting the patent with the sleeve of his coat.

On the mention of Bunter's name, the Russians exchanged glances.

"The fat one is the count, as we thought, my Ivanovitch," said Dimitri, in a low tone.

The fat Removite, with his ear glued to the keyhole outside, felt a perspiration break out all over him as Todd related, in his innocent way, how the patent came into his possession.

"Yes, he is the count, all right," replied the other. "We will make no mistake."

"Perhaps now you have seen the patent you will be good enough to inform me why you are so interested in it," said Alonzo.

The two Russians seated themselves and drew from their pockets some cigarettes, and not until they were well alight and glowing a cheery red, did they reply. Dimitri, the taller and less evil-looking of the two acted as spokesman.

"It is a long yarn," he began, and went on to explain that he was—or at least had been—a retainer of the late Count Poppoffski, the former holder of the title, who had been murdered in Russia by the Bolsheviks. After the death of their master, they had succeeded in gathering together a certain amount of his property, which included a very valuable collection of jewels, and had escaped with them to England.

"My hat!" murmured Bunter to himself, pressing his ear still closer to the keyhole. "They belong to me really, I was an ass to give that blessed patent to Alonzo like that, anyhow—"

He broke off short as the deep voice of the Russian continued the story.

When they arrived in England, he went on, they lodged the jewels for safety in an English bank, and remembering that their late master had relatives in England, they inserted advertisements in the newspapers in order to get in touch with them and so restore the jewels.

In this, however, they were unsuccessful, and were on the point of giving up their quest when their attention was drawn to the story in the "Friardale Echo" of how a schoolboy, the next-of-kin to their late master, had inherited the title. They had therefore come post haste to Greyfriars to make themselves known to him and to return the jewels, which were worth at least five hundred thousand pounds.

"Five hundred thousand pounds is a lot of money," said Dimitri to the astonished Alonzo. "And before we part with the jewels, we must make certain that you are the count. That, your Excellency, is why we requested to see the patent."

And the two faithful retainers of the late Count of Poppoffski rose to their feet and bowed low, very low indeed, to the duffer of Greyfriars.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bunter, hardly able to control himself for excitement. "Alonzo won't spoof me out of the five hundred thousand pounds like that! Didn't I give him—lend him the blessed patent? I'm the real count, and I'm the one they are looking for."

"You realise, your Excellency, the jewels are worth five hundred thousand pounds," repeated Dimitri impressively, but still with one eye to the door.

The fat junior in the passage could contain himself no longer. He realised, with a sinking heart, that in ridding himself of the title he had run away from a fortune of half a million. When he had first seen the Russians he had thought they



"You like the jewels now?" asked Dimitri in a curiously even voice, his eyes gleaming slightly. "What ho!" grinned Bunter. "Me for the sparklers!" Then before he had time to realise what was happening the Russian had made a dash at him; at the same time the study door opened and the Famous Five dashed into the room. (See Chapter 9.)

were out to do him some harm, and as the enormity of his mistake impressed itself on him he almost groaned aloud.

The words of Dimitri repeated themselves unceasingly in his mind. £500,000! All to be had for the mere asking. Bunter's mind was made up; he would make a bold bid for the money which was rightfully his.

The next moment he opened the door of the study with a violence which caused one of the pictures to fall from the wall, narrowly missing Alonzo's head.

"I say, you fellows, Toddy's not the count at all; don't you believe him! I'm the count. What I told you earlier was all rot! I thought you were brigands, or something. I didn't know you were my cousin's faithful retainers. I—me—I'm Count of Poppoffski!"

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Catches a Tartar!

THE two Russians exchanged glances and grinned.

"Koski!" ejaculated Dimitri. "Good gracious!" said Alonzo.

"You have been cavedropping, my dear Bunter!"

"Oh, rats!" snapped Bunter. "You know I'm really the count, Toddy, and that I—ahem!—lent you my patent the other night, j-just for an—er—a lark, you know!"

Had Bunter been less excited he would have observed that the Russians had placed themselves between himself and the door, and would have asked himself

why. As Bob Cherry would have put it, there was "some funny stunt on."

But William George was only capable of holding one thing at a time in his fat mind, being excited, and his mind at the moment was full of the story he had overheard of the five hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewels.

"What proof have you that you are his Excellency?" demanded Dimitri, when the fat junior had calmed down somewhat.

And the Owl of the Remove went off into the long yarn which he had already told Mr. Scrib of the "Friardale Echo."

"And to prove what I say," he concluded, "I can get the paper with my photograph in it. Now, then, you silly asses, I'm the count, and you are my faithful retainers! What about those jewels? Let's have 'em!"

"You like jewels now?" asked Dimitri, in a curiously even voice, his eyes gleaming slightly.

"What-ho!" grinned Bunter, his little piggy eyes gleaming behind his big spectacles. "Me for the sparklers!"

The next moment, before he had time to realise what was happening, the two big Russians, their dark eyes gleaming with a fanatical hatred, hurled themselves across the room at the fat junior.

Bunter jumped over the table in a manner truly surprising for one of his weight, letting off a fearful yell as he did so.

"Wow! Yeroooooh!"

Crash!

Dimitri caught his foot in a hole in the study carpet, and fell over the form

of the dumbfounded duffer of Greyfriars.

"Koskoff!"

"Gerroll!"

"Wow! Help! Murder!" shrieked the Owl of the Remove.

Crash!

Ivanovitch, in attempting to reach across the form of his companion for Billy Bunter, slipped head forward under the table.

"Vodkoff!" he ejaculated.

"Rescue, Remove!" shouted Bunter again.

The din in the study was terrible; but, by a miracle, Bunter managed to successfully elude the grasping hands of the big Russians.

Several seconds after the fall of Ivanovitch, the patter of many feet sounded in the passage outside, and the voice of Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, rose above the din.

"Rescue, Remove!"

"Hurrah!"

The Famous Five, with Wharton at their head, entered the room, and, without wasting time in asking question, hurled themselves at the two big Russians.

"Koskoff!"

Biff—wallop—thud!

"Yaasah!"

The battle raged fast and furious for a few seconds; but the Russians, the odds of superior numbers telling against them, were eventually overcome and captured.

The Famous Five secured their prisoners' hands behind their backs with some pieces of stout picture-cord, obligingly discovered by Alonzo Todd at the bottom of the study cupboard.

"We had better take these pleasant-looking merchants along to the Head," said Frank Nugent.

"Good egg!"

The Russians were pulled to their feet, and with two or three sturdy juniors acting as escort, were marched along to Dr. Locke's study.

The news of the capture of the two weird-looking ruffians soon spread round the school, and when Wharton's little

party arrived at the Head's study, all the Remove, half of the Upper Fourth, and half of the Second Form, had formed themselves up at the end of the procession, with the idea of cutting off any possible escape.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head of Greyfriars, gazing first at the prisoners, and then at the crowd behind them. "Bless my soul! What has happened, pray? Who are these extraordinary-looking individuals, Wharton?"

Wharton explained to the Head, in as few words as possible, what had happened in Alonzo's study. The Head ordered the Famous Five to escort the prisoners into his study; and, after ordering the crowd to disperse, he joined them.

"Bless my soul!" he repeated, surveying the prisoners. "I had better 'phone for the police—"

The Head broke off short as a tap sounded at the door. In response to his invitation to enter, a tall man, with a clean-shaven, square-cut face, vaguely familiar to the juniors, entered. It was Detective-Inspector Harker of Scotland Yard.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed as his eyes rested on the two Russians. "Dr. Locke, this is most extraordinary! I had come to warn you against these people, and to ask you whether you would permit your boys to help me to search the woods for them, and when I walk in I find them here already waiting for me!"

And the burly inspector grinned good-naturedly at the Famous Five.

"What are the men wanted for, inspector?" asked Dr. Locke.

The inspector chuckled.

"They are a couple of the most dangerous Boshevika in the country," he said, "and they are already wanted on a number of charges. But the reason you find them at Greyfriars is on account of the Russian count who is supposed to belong here."

The Head looked amazed.

"But there is no Russian count here!" he exclaimed.

"No; but one of your boys has been posing as one," said the detective.

"My hat!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"It's Bunter, for a bob!"

"And these Bolshevika, believing, as I have said, you were sheltering a Russian count here, came for the purpose of taking his life, in accordance with the rules of the secret organisation to which they belong, every member of which is pledged to run to earth any Russian aristocrats who have escaped from the Revolution, or any next-of-kin in foreign countries who assumed their titles!"

"Bless my soul!" repeated the Head. "And who is the misguided boy who has been posing as a Russian count? One moment, though. A few days ago, if I remember rightly, Bunter came to me, and said something about the death of a cousin in Russia—"

"That's it!" grinned the inspector. "Bunter is the name, and the death of the cousin in Russia was due entirely to his imagination."

"But he had the patent of the title," interjected Wharton, puzzled.

The inspector produced from his pocket a copy of the same magazine in which Bunter had seen the advertisement of Russian titles for sale, and showed it to the Head.

"This will explain where Bunter got the patent from," he said. "But these Bolshevika did not know this."

"Bless my soul!"

"Great Scott!"

"My hat!"

"Bunter bought a title! Oh dear! Ha, ha, ha!"

The inspector joined heartily in the laugh, and even Dr. Locke permitted himself a faint smile.

"I see the titles are advertised at five pounds each," he said. "I think I know where Bunter got his five pounds from."

"Todd was telling us something about these fellows spinning a yarn to the effect that they had some jewels for the real count," said Johnny Bull.

"I think I can see what happened," said the inspector. "These two beauties got a bit mixed up through Bunter giving the title away, and the yarn about the jewels was merely in order to make the person who had claimed to be the real count come forward."

"That's it."

Detective-Inspector Harker rose to his feet, and telephoned to Scotland Yard for help to get the prisoners away.

"You boys may go," said Dr. Locke, addressing the Famous Five. "And kindly send Bunter to me. I am going to deal severely with him!"

And the chums of the Remove, grinning to themselves, departed on their errand.

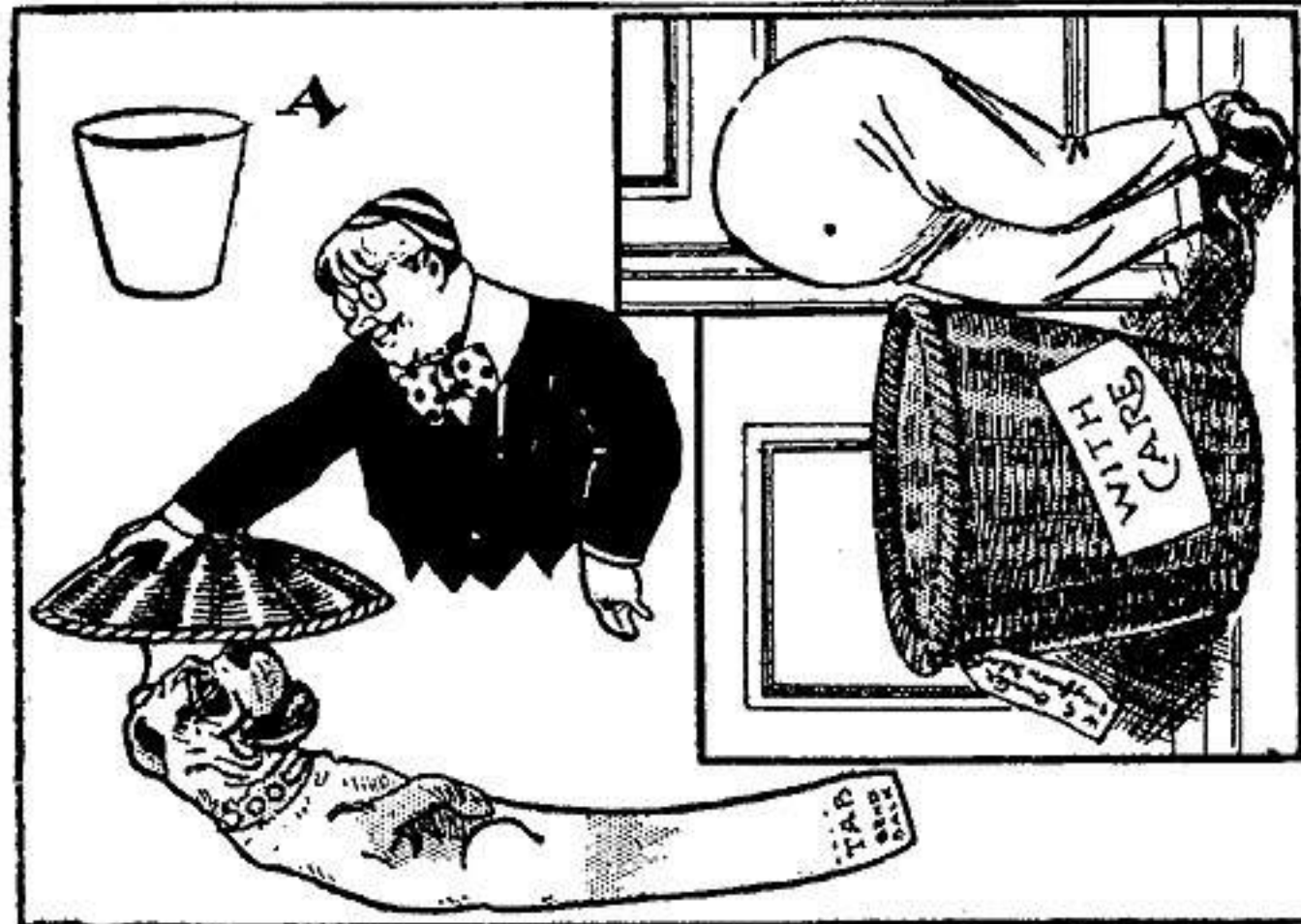
"Bunter's for it, and no mistake!" grinned Bob Cherry; and the burly junior proved a good prophet.

The following morning the school assembled in Big Hall, where Billy Bunter received a public flogging for the five pounds he had obtained from the Head by the faked telegram. But the flogging was a mere nothing to what he got when the story of how he really became a count went round, it was many a long day before the Remove heard the last of His Excellency Count Bunter!

THE END.

(Full particulars of next week's grand, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars School will be found in the Chat on page 2.)

SPLendid COLOURED WORKING MODEL OF "BILLY BUNTER"



APPEARS IN THIS WEEK'S "CHUCKLES," THE BEST CHILDREN'S PAPER.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY!

ROUND THE CAMP-FIRE
WITH THE GREYFRIARS
SCOUTS.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—All my readers who are Scouts, or who are interested in camping and in the "Great Out-Doors" generally, will find this little series of articles full of useful tips and information on this fascinating subject.—Ed. (THE MAGNET.)



THAT "MUST-GET-OUT" FEELING.

(By HARRY WHARTON (Patrol Leader of the Lions).)

THERE are three things I think of in the month of April—blue skies, rolling clouds, and spring flowers.

England in April is the most beautiful place in the world to live in. Everything is just beginning to awaken from the long winter sleep, and all seems so light, green, and fresh.

Have you ever got up early in the morning, gone out in the open, and smelt the April breeze and had that "must-do-something" feeling in you? That's how it has struck me. My whole body has been fired

with a feeling that I just simply cannot keep indoors—that I must be out and away.

Everyone is fired with the spring spirit, and the great thing is not to bottle it up, but let it out and see where it makes you go. Follow it as if it were a long, winding pathway.

And where will it land you? Why, out into the open country!

I have got that "must-get-out" feeling all over, and so have the other fellows; and there's only one thing to do, and that is—get out. We have followed in the

direction it is pushing, or, rather, leading us—the great outdoors. We have packed our traps, overhauled our tents, and we have started the week-end camps again.

You must do the same thing. Do not stick at home and fight that "must-get-out" feeling. You have got it—everyone has it—and my advice is, let it lead you out, follow it up, and you will find out what a great thing it all is.

Camp out whenever you have the opportunity. Hit the trail with your chums or go "one-man."

In the article below, "Tents and Tent-making," Vernon-Smith, better known as the Bouncer, a member of the Lion Patrol at Greyfriars, has described various ways of making a tent, and has given some very useful hints on this important subject, which my readers will find very interesting and instructive.

TENTS AND TENT-MAKING.

By H. VERNON-SMITH (of the Lions).

PERHAPS the most important thing to be considered when arranging a camp is—"What kind of tent shall I have?"

It is a question which should receive careful thought and calculation beforehand, for the success of a camp largely depends upon the kind of "shelter" used.

The old hand at the game has expert knowledge of the various kinds of tents, wigwams, huts, and shelters, and without that knowledge he considers himself only a "beginner" or tenderfoot at the great game.

It is not my intention to wade through all the kinds of tents that have been invented, for to do so I should require ten times the amount of space that has been allotted to me, but will dwell only on the most commonly used tents in this country, the most convenient and easily obtained.

When this shelter is put together, it will accommodate a family of more than a dozen quite comfortably, and in the centre of the wigwam there is always a small fire burning. When the tribe is on the march the wigwam is struck and folded into a small bundle and placed on the back of one of the braves, and the poles are tied together, and are really no weight to carry.

Farther north than Canada we get the Eskimo, whose shelter consists sometimes of an igloo, or snow hut, and sometimes a skin tent. This latter is made in the same way as the Indian's tepee, with the exception of the decorations, but is smaller, and, consequently, lighter.

This shows you that you must have a light-weight tent, and not a heavy, cumbersome one, as experience has shown in so many cases.

The tent that is mostly used by the Lion Patrol is the "Small Cottage," and, assuming there is a party of three or four of you, I should recommend this tent as being the most suitable. For comfort it is hard to beat. It is convenient to carry, for, made of a thin material, it will fold up into an amazingly small parcel, and it is very artistic and picturesque.

The Small Cottage can be obtained from any camping equipment firm for six to eight pounds. Buying a tent, then, is out

suitable material to make it of is closely-woven calico doped with a coating of warm linseed oil to make it water and weather-proof.

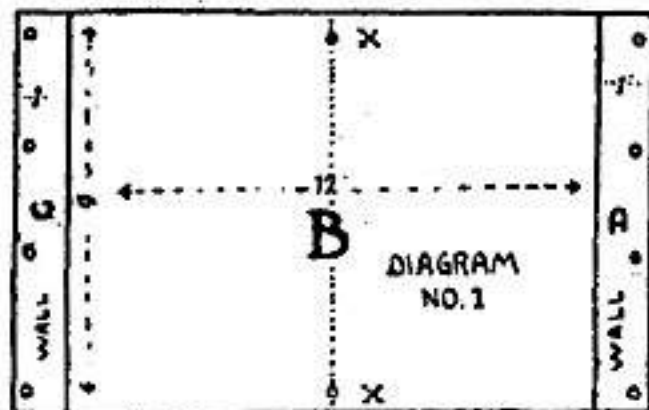
The diagram No. 1 on this page will give you an idea how to cut it and the size of the various pieces.

One piece, B, 12ft. by 9ft., will be required for the two sloping roofs. At the two ends, two strips of calico, C and D, each measuring 1ft. by 9ft., must be sewn. This makes the two walls of the tent. Along the sides of the walls cut four small holes, as shown in the diagram, and button-hole stitch each hole with thin string or thick thread.

Diagram No. 2 depicts one of the two ends of the tent which are made of the same material as the roof and walls, and consists of four pieces, E F and two similar pieces which we will call G H.

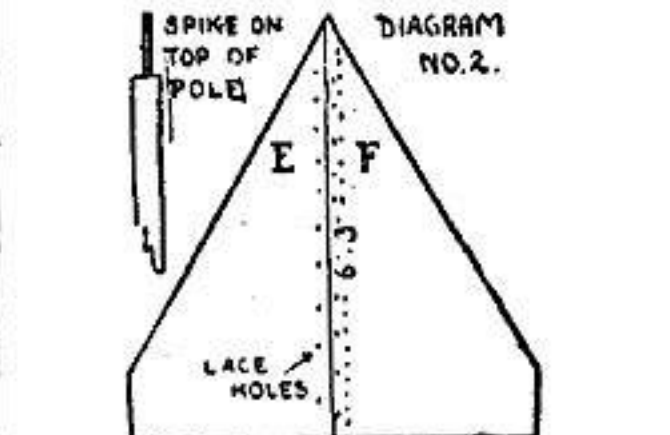
The ends should measure 3ft. by 8ft. 6ins. each; the extra 6ins. in the width is allowing for the turn-in when sewing on to the roof and walls.

When you have E F and G H sewn on to the rest of the tent, cut small holes down the four inner sides. You will then be able to lace the flaps together at night, if wanted, with ordinary white tape.



I have known a small party of fellows to lug a great bell-tent away with them when they were only out for a couple of days. And what happened? In the first place, it cost them quite a lot of money to get it sent down to their camp. Then they had considerable difficulty in putting it up. In the night the great pole came down whack! on them (they had not been able to fasten it up properly), and, last of all, it took them almost a whole afternoon to strike camp. My warning to you is, don't have a bell-tent if you can help it. Keep well away from them. They are cumbersome, inartistic, and very expensive, three very good reasons why they should be barred.

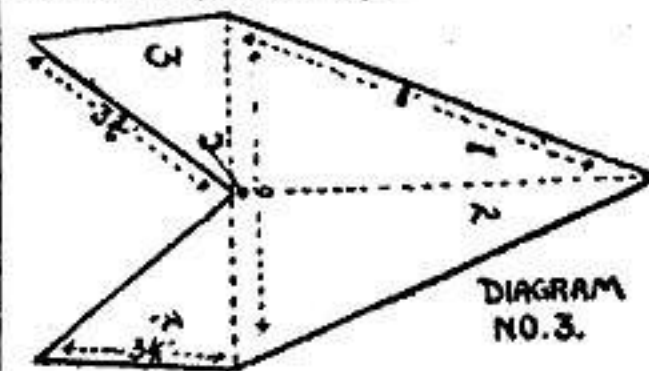
In the North of America the Redskin carries about with him what is known as a wigwam or tepee, which consists of light skins of animals sewn together, strips of waterproof cloth, highly painted and decorated, and about ten light bamboo poles.



of the question, so you must set to and make one—and make it for much less. The great idea of camping is to make your own equipment, or as much of it as you can do it yourself. That is the policy to adopt.

Now about that tent. We have decided upon the Small Cottage.

To accommodate three or four the most



For the poles you will require two bamboo canes measuring 6ft. 6ins. in height, and there should be a piece of thick wire fixed to one end of each pole to put through the holes in the top of the tent marked X, as shown in diagram No. 1. This will prevent the poles from slipping from their places when the tent is up.

The next things to think about are the pegs; strong meat-skewers will be as good as anything. You will require eight skewers for fixing down the two walls and two for the end guy-ropes. The guy-ropes are fastened one end to the top of the pole and the other a few feet away from the entrance by a peg in a straight line with the top of the roof. Four other guy-ropes are fastened on the four corners of the sloping roof, and then on to four pegs driven into the ground about a couple of feet away from corners.

It is a very good plan, and extremely helpful, to cut out the tent first of all from THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 741.

paper, using the scale of one inch to the foot, and paste it together. You will then be able to see whether you have the exact dimensions, and you can place it before you all the time you are cutting from the stuff, in the same way the boat-builder makes his boats, referring now and again to his small model in front of him.

That will see you through with one kind of tent. Now I propose to sketch out another popular kind, which is invariably called the "Trapper Tent." It is called this because it is a one-man affair, and can be rolled into so small a bundle.

The illustration of the Trapper Tent will be found in the heading on this page, and diagram No. 3 gives the dimensions of the tent.

The two long and main pieces are the sloping sides, 1 and 2, as marked. These, measuring 8ft. by 6ft., are joined together, forming a triangle, as depicted.

The two smaller triangular shapes, 3 and 4, are the front pieces, and form the entrance to the tent, and measure 3ft. by 3ft.

The material used is the ordinary closely-woven cloth, as mentioned before, and should be prepared in the same way as the material for the Small Cottage—that is, with a coating of warm linseed oil.

When cutting out the various shapes, it is always advisable to allow a little for turning in, and always take great care in marking out the shapes in the correct figures before cutting.

In the Trapper Tent only one pole is needed. This is placed in the centre of the tent, the spike at the end of the pole protruding through the hole C, as in the

diagram No. 8. One guy-rope is wanted in this case, and that is fastened one end to the pole and the other to the peg driven into the ground a yard or so from the entrance of the tent.

TREE-CRAFT.

A very important subject which all campers should know about is "Tree-craft," for in camping you are always coming into contact with the different kinds of trees in the woods, and in every case you have to make use of them, mostly for fire-lighting.

Each tree is used for a different kind of fire and for other purposes, and if you want to make a success of camping you must know these trees, their values, and recognise them at a glance.

To start with, the most common tree in the English forests is the oak, known as the "king of the forests." It is a symbol of strength, and you would find little difficulty in recognising its huge, twisted body and spreading branches. The oak-logs make a fire which gives forth considerable heat, but they are rather slow in getting alight. So this kind of wood is best used for the cooking fire.

You will find quite a lot of branches lying about under the trees in the woods, so that with a few blows of the axe you can quickly convert them into convenient logs.

The silver birch is the finest tree in the forests, and much favoured by wood campers. The logs burn quickly and brightly, and give out little or no smoke, and the smell of the crackling birch is a scent which few fellows can't help liking. The thin outer bark of the silver birch can be used in many ways. For

starting the camp-fire, for writing messages on, for making drinking utensils, and, in fact, in hundreds of various ways it can be used.

The North American Indian discovered its value many years ago, and he made his canoe from the bark; his drinking utensils, his paper for chronicling events, and several other things which were part of his household, all come from this tree.

Some campers characterise the silver birch as the "forest fire-lighter," and it has lived well up to its nickname. The pine is a tree which comes in the same category as the birch, for it is a wood very much used for the camp-fires. The resin in the wood makes it burn in a bright blue flame, and it gives out a very good heat, and has no smoke.

Another useful tree to the camper is the beech. The trunk of the beech, unlike the oak, is smooth and straight, and is of a silvery-grey colour. The wood is fairly good for the fire, although it gives out more smoke than any other of its kind; but it is a useful wood for making things about the camp, such as walking-sticks, tent-poles, totem-poles, fire-frames for hanging the pots over the fire, etc. It is a close-grained wood, and very white.

The ash is another tree put to many uses by campers, and is very like the beech for hardness and toughness. The branches are long and very straight.

These four different kinds of trees are the most commonly used amongst campers. There are, of course, many other kinds of trees, but they are more or less of the same class as those mentioned.

(Next week: "A Week-End Cycle Camp." By Frank Nugent.)

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