

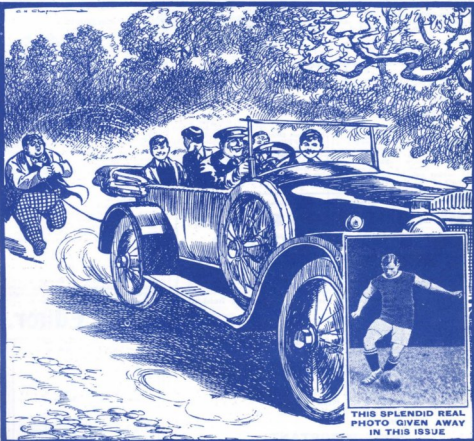
A WONDERFUL REAL ACTION PHOTO OF A. DORRELL INSIDE.

No. 740. Vol. XXI.

Week Ending May 27th 1922.

The Magnet ¹/₂^p Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



**THIS SPLENDID REAL
PHOTO GIVEN AWAY
IN THIS ISSUE**

A LITTLE "LIGHT" EXERCISE FOR BILLY BUNTER!

(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.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

"FOR HIS FATHER'S NAME!"

By Frank Richards.

The title of our next week's grand, long, complete school story of Harry Wharton, as above, gives you some idea of the nature of the yarn. H. Vernon-Smith is desperately anxious to save his father's good name, and that can only be done if the diary is destroyed or found.

Billy Bunter has something to say in the affair—not unusual for Billy—and the Bouncer has many an anxious time before the business is cleared up for good and all.

This is a grand story, my chums, and you should make a point of ordering your copy in advance, so as to make certain of reading it.

SPECIAL "GREYFRIARS HERALD."

Next week's supplement is a Special Seaside Number, and our contributors from Greyfriars have excelled themselves in their work. I have had the pleasure of reading the number, and I can promise you all a hearty laugh when you read next Monday's "Greyfriars Herald," which will be found in the centre pages of the MAGNET Library.

OUR ALBUMS!

I wish again to draw my readers' attention to the fact that they can obtain albums for the magnificent free Photos which are being given away with the Companion papers. Send a sixpenny postal-order, or three twopenny stamps, to

THE MAGNET Album Office,
7-S, Pilgrim Street,
Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.

Together with your name and address distinctly written upon a sheet of paper, and you will receive an album just as soon as it can possibly be sent you, which does not necessarily mean return of post!

NEXT WEEK'S FREE GIFTS.

There will be another FIVE FREE GIFTS for readers of the Companion papers next week.

THE MAGNET Library will give away, absolutely free, TWO REAL PHOTOS of famous footballers. One photo will be of W. Flint, the famous Notts County player, and the other will be of Cringan, who is probably one of the best Scottish footballers of the day. You must not, on any account, miss this gift.

The "Boys' Friend" will present every reader with yet another splendid,

real, free photo of a rising boxer—a man well-known to you all—Charles Ledoux. This is the famous French boxer who recently wrestled a title from Tommy Harrison. The "Boys' Friend" will be on sale with the MAGNET Library next Monday.

On Tuesday there will be the "Popular" with another magnificent coloured ENGINE PLATE. These plates are all the rage with boys and girls now, for a marvellous collection is being presented to them with this "Popular" school and adventure story paper.

The "Gem" Library appears on Wednesday with another splendid photo of famous Sam Hardy IN ACTION ON THE FIELD OF PLAY! Everybody knows famous Sam Hardy—every boy should have a photo of him in his den. Now's your chance—if you order the "Gem" Library with the rest of the Companion Papers!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Roy Hudson, 123, Fitzgerald Street, Horton Lane, Bradford, Yorks, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

S. Watt, c/o T. Batstone, 285, Cornwall Road, London, W. 11, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 12-14; interested in amateur magazines.

Chan Ping Cheong, the Chinese Protectorate, Kuala Lumpur, Federated Malay States, wishes to correspond with readers, especially with Scouts.

William Higgins and Peter Kidd, 1, Melbourne Place, Roscoe Lane, off Berry Street, Liverpool, wish to correspond with readers of the Companion Papers. Miss Esther Gould, 81, Cyprus Street, Victoria Park, E. 2, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 12-14. All letters answered.

James R. Young, 54, Thorburn Street, off Wavertree Road, Edge Hill, Liverpool, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 12-12.

John Debon, 47, St. Peter's Road, Byker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, wishes to hear from readers, ages 16 upwards, willing to help with amateur magazine. Assistant editor wanted.

A. T. McPherson, 9, Cockburn Street, Grey Lynn, Auckland, New Zealand, wishes to hear from readers anywhere, ages 15-16.

W. Gordon Howie, 1285, Mount Royal Avenue, Montreal, Canada, wishes to hear from readers anywhere, interested in stamps.

Miss E. Ormerod, 12, Bridge Street, Accrington, Lancs, wishes to hear from girl readers, ages 16-17, with younger sisters, in Manchester or anywhere.

Your Editor.

12 "HAPPY SNAPS"

FREE!

With every copy of this week's SPORTS FUN are presented 12 "Happy Snaps" of famous sportsmen, each portrait with gummed back. Be sure you get this free gift.

Please note also that George Robey, your favourite comedian, is contributing a laughable new series of complete tales of "Perry and Steve the Amateur Tees" to SPORTS FUN. First side-splitting yarn in the issue on sale Thursday, May 11th.

THE COMPANION PAPERS. THIS WEEK'S GRAND FREE GIFTS!

MONDAY.—In the "Magnet" Library is presented a splendid Photo of "Dicky" Dorrell (Aston Villa), in Action on the field of play.

do. In the "Boys' Friend" you will find a Grand Free Photo of Ex-Guardsman Penwill, the best heavy-weight Devonshire has produced.

TUESDAY.—In the "Popular" there will be given FREE a further Magnificent Coloured Engine Plate.

WEDNESDAY.—In the "Gem Library" will be given Two Real Photos of K. Campbell (Partick Thistle), and A. Grimsdell (Spurs).

MOST IMPORTANT!

If you have not already done so, place an order with your newspaper for copies of ALL the above-mentioned papers to be saved for you, and participate in THE COMPANION PAPERS' GRAND FREE GIFTS!



By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

After the Match!

"LAST man in, Smithy!" exclaimed Harry Wharton a trifle breathlessly. "With a bit of luck, we'll beat these Abbeydale chaps yet. Let 'em have 'em hot and strong, old man. They only want eighteen to win, remember!"

Vernon-Smith grinned as he tossed the leather sphere from hand to hand carelessly.

"They won't get them," he said. "Time enough to shift 'em yet, Wharton."

There was nothing boastful in the Bounder's remark—only a quiet determination and boundless confidence. But Harry Wharton watched him anxiously as he prepared to bowl, for all that. He knew that the next few balls would probably decide the match.

It had been an exciting match from the beginning. Abbeydale held a slight advantage in that they were playing on their own ground. But from the first luck had seemed to be with the Greysfriars team. Wharton had won the toss, and it being a splendid wicket, he had elected to bat first.

And they had made an excellent start, fifty runs being registered before the first wicket fell. And in the end their innings had closed with the quite respectable total of one hundred and eighty-two.

But the Abbeydale fellows had also made a good start, and, what was more, had kept it up. The Abbeydale "tail" were proving far more formidable than Greysfriars had expected. By good, sound plodding they had brought their total up to 164 before the ninth man was clean-bowled by Hurree Singh.

And now Abbeydale had one wicket to fall, and still required eighteen runs to win. No wonder the excitement became more intense every minute. No wonder, also, that many others besides Harry Wharton watched the Bounder anxiously as he took up the leather.

The last man arrived, and in breathless silence they watched the desperate duel between bowler and batsman which followed. For a time the new man contented himself with blocking almost

every ball, and then, throwing caution to the winds, he lashed out at everything sent along, obviously trying to meet the balls before they could break.

In rapid succession came two fours and a three. The next over gave them two, and then once more the Bounder of Greysfriars took the leather.

Four to draw—five to win!

His first delivery was pushed through the slips for a single; his second missed the stumps by the merest fraction of an inch; his third—it looked tempting, and the batsman smiled and lashed out.

Then it happened! Even as the batsman scripped, the ball curved wickedly. Instead of sending it into the next county, the Abbeydale man caught it with the shoulder of his bat, and, sending up, the Bounder brought off the easiest of catches imaginable.

There followed a moment's silent surprise, and then a tremendous cheer went up from Abbeydale and Greysfriars alike.

The Bounder, in addition, to taking four other wickets, had bowled and caught the last man, and had won the match for Greysfriars.

No wonder the Greysfriars juniors yelled themselves hoarse!

"Good work, Smithy!" roared Bob Cherry, clapping Vernon-Smith on the back as they trooped off the field together. "A rattling good ball!"

The Bounder laughed.

"It was as easy as winking," he said modestly. "That swapper simply asked for it."

A well-built fellow, wearing the Abbeydale colours, joined the group at the pavilion.

"Well played, you chaps," he said genially. "You've licked us; but it was a jolly close thing!"

"But we did lick you," smiled Harry Wharton. "Hard lines on you, though!"

"Yes, rather!" chimed in Bob Cherry.

Boulton, the Abbeydale skipper, grinned ruefully.

"It was!" he agreed. "Next time, though, it will be our turn. But you're sure you fellows won't stay to tea?"

"No, thanks all the same. Smithy here has arranged for us to call at his father's place—Abbeydale Grange, y'know. Sorry. As it is, we'll have

to be off at once if we are to call there. Now, you fellows!"

Boulton nodded, and at that moment the sound of wheels outside and the boot of a motor-horn told the Greysfriars-juniors that their charabanc had arrived.

A rush was made for the dressing-room, and in a very short time the players had changed and were tumbling aboard. Then the charabanc rolled away amidst the farwelled cheers of the Abbeydale fellows.

The Greysfriars juniors were in fine spirits, and they laughed and chatted merrily as the great car threaded its way out into the open country. They were flushed with victory, and looking forward keenly to tea at Abbeydale Grange, the county home of Vernon-Smith's father.

Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith was a millionaire, and he never did things by halves; they knew they would be entertained on a lavish scale.

Elly Bunter, who was with the team, was especially anticipating a glorious feed—in fact, it was the feed, and not the match, which had decided Bunter to accompany the cricketers, as the others well knew.

"I say, Smithy, old man," exclaimed Bunter anxiously. "I hope your pater doesn't omit to get a sufficient supply of grub in I hope—"

"If he hasn't anticipated Bunter's coming, then it's a poor look-out for us chaps," observed Bob Cherry, shaking his curly head.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"How far are we off now, Smithy?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Another five minutes, and we're there," said the Bounder.

But he had spoken too soon. Barely were the wheels out of Vernon-Smith's mouth when something happened which had not entered into the Bounder's calculations.

The juggernaut of the road rumbled round a corner of the narrow lane, and even as it did so a tiny tot of a child ran suddenly into the middle of the lane in front of the huge car.

There was a yell of warning from Bob Cherry, and cries of alarm from the juniors; but there was no time for the

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 766.

started driver to pull up. Instead, he did the only thing possible under the circumstances.

He swung the wheel round desperately, and ran the great car with its load of horrified boys deliberately into the hedge.

Crash!
The car mounted the bank, lurched sickeningly, and crashed into a tree-trunk with tremendous force. Fortunately—by a miracle, it seemed—who did not overturn, or the consequences to the passengers might have been serious.

Fortunately, also, none of the juniors had been flung out, though all were badly shaken. They hurriedly dismounted from the lurching charabanc in an excited swarm.

"Nobody hurt—oh, good!" exclaimed Harry Wharton thankfully.

He turned to the driver, who was examining the car, his face gloomy.

"What's the damage?" inquired Harry anxiously.

"Bonnet buckled and steering-pillar badly twisted," was the grim answer. "I'm afraid you young gent's will have

arrived there, not a little tired and dusty. Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith was there himself to receive them, and he greeted them very cordially, and made them feel at home at once.

It was the first time any of the juniors beyond Vernon-Smith himself had visited the Grange; indeed, the millionaire had only quite recently taken the place for the benefit of his health. But the fine old house and grounds delighted them.

And when, after a much-needed wash and brush-up, the juniors sat down to tea, all Bunter's anxiety vanished. The host had apparently anticipated even Bunter's appetite. Not only was there enough and to spare, but the quality and variety of good things fairly made Billy Bunter's eyes glisten.

The cricketers had healthy appetites, and they did full justice to the sumptuous fare. But even Billy Bunter was forced to call a halt at last.

"I say, Smitty, hadn't we better be

openly judgment. They were thoroughly enjoying themselves, and such an opportunity to spend the night in such delightful surroundings was not unwelcome.

Harry Wharton, however, as shipper of the Remore, felt responsible for the party.

"But—but, hang it all, Smitty, surely there's a way of getting back!"

"I'm afraid not! I'm awfully sorry, Wharton! It was really my fault for insisting upon leaving inquiring about trains until after tea."

Vernon-Smith spoke humbly; but if he was really sorry, he certainly did not look it. But before anyone could speak again Mr. Vernon-Smith joined the group, and the situation was explained to him.

"The only thing I can suggest," said the millionaire, "is to let Jones run some of you over in the car. Unfortunately, I've only the Daimler with me here, it will hold eight at a pinch, but I'm afraid it's quite impossible to make more than one journey to-night. However, the rest

"DICK" DORRELL, ASTON VILLA'S OUTSIDE LEFT.

The famous footballer who forms the subject of our Grand Free Real Photo.

IT may be said with a fair amount of truth that the Aston Villa football team is among the wonders of the world. Year in and year out they manage somehow to turn out a first-class eleven, and it is, of course, a fact that they have won the English Cup on more occasions than any other club which has ever existed. Nor have they bought success by purchasing ready-made players up and down the country, for the greater proportion of their men have been caught young and trained on into tip-toppers in the real Villa style. About twelve months ago the Villa parted company with almost half a team of internationals, and yet, during the post-season, the places of the mighty were so adequately filled that the Villa managed to play quite a big part in the story of the football season just ended. One of the men who has come on amazingly during the past two seasons is Arthur Richard Dorrell—commonly known as "Dick." In the spring of 1929 Dorrell was a comparatively unknown youngster, on the fringe of the first eleven. Just

prior to the Cup Final of that year, however, the regular outside-left of the Villa met with a bad accident, and Dorrell had to be put into the team at the last moment. But though the occasion was a big one, Dorrell rose to it, and, thus, before he had been one full season in top class football, he had the distinction of receiving a Cup winner's medal—the coveted memento which is beyond price in the eyes of the footballer. Since then Dorrell has continued to improve, and from being what might have been termed a mere speed machine along the wing, he has developed into a fine footballer, who knows most of the tricks of the trade, and who one of these days is pretty sure to gain international honours if he has any sort of luck in escaping injuries. Of course, his name is still a most valuable asset, and shaming him to fly past defenders and to get in his centres before the opposition has had time to concentrate its forces. Dick only recently passed his twenty-third birthday, so there is still plenty of time for him to progress on the road to

fame, and he bids fair to become a most accomplished player. There ought to be football in his blood, though, for he is the son of Arthur Dorrell, an Aston Villa warrior of another generation, the father of Dick Dorrell having played at inside left for the Villa for a number of years. Born at Small Heath, Birmingham, Dorrell first began to show signs of ability in the football life before the war, when playing with Carey Hill in the Leicester Mutual League. Then, at the age of seventeen, he joined up for service in the Army, and on his return to civil life, he signed on for the Villa. As we have shown above, he got his chance in rather a fortunate way, but when fortune came knocking at his door he took good care to be at home. His success is an object lesson to those managers who go hunting from one end of the country to another to find the right sort of footballing material, for Dorrell has gained honour in his own native health. He stands 5 ft. 6½ ins., and turns the scale at 10 st. 2 lbs. A player to keep an eye upon in the future.

to walk to Abbedayle Grange, and return to Greyfriars by train. There's a station about a mile from here. I'm sorry—"

"You've no need to be!" was the quick answer. "It wasn't your fault; you couldn't run over the poor kiddie! But it's a fine go, for all that! Better make tracks for the station, and inquire about trains first, Smitty."

"No need to do that!" grinned the Bouncer. "I'll phone 'em from the house—only a ten minutes' walk now."

"Then we'd better be moving. Come on, and promising to send help out to the stranded driver, the crowd of Greyfriars juniors started out on the tramp to Abbedayle Grange.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter Lies Low!

VERNON-SMITH'S estimate that they were within ten minutes' walk of the Grange proved to be not quite correct. It was fully half an hour later when the cricketers

NEXT MONDAY: "FOR HIS FATHER'S NAME!"

inquiring about trains!" asked Wharton, at last.

Vernon-Smith nodded, and as the others trooped out on to the terrace he hurried back to the telephone.

But when he rejoined his chums a few minutes later his face wore a curious grin.

"Well, what's the next train?" asked Harry Wharton, eyeing the Bouncer's face uneasily.

"Nine o'clock—"

"Oh, good!"

"To-morrow morning!" finished Vernon-Smith, with a chuckle.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Great pip!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "Mean to say there isn't another train before morning?"

"No; the last went ten minutes ago."

For a full minute no one spoke. They were trying to imagine the consternation at Greyfriars when the whole Remore Cricket Eleven failed to turn up.

But secretly the majority of the juniors were delighted, while Billy Bunter was

can easily be fixed up here for the night, and I will acquaint Dr. Locke with the circumstances on the phone."

"That's very good of you, sir!" said Wharton gratefully. "We're awfully sorry to cause you any trouble—"

"Not at all, my boy!" said the millionaire, quite good-humouredly. "I will instruct Jones to bring the car round at once. Meanwhile, you had better arrange among yourselves who is to go."

"Easier said than done!" grinned the Bouncer, when his father had vanished indoors. "But I would suggest Bunter as one, or we shall be eaten out of house and home before morning!"

"Really, you know," protested Bunter warmly. "That's a rotten thing to say to a guest, Smitty! Besides, two of you skinny scarecrows could go if I stayed behind! Look here, Wharton—"

"Oh, dry up, you chattering barrel!" snapped Wharton irritably. "Some of us must go, that's certain! We'll have to draw lots, as nobody seems to want to go."

All agreeing—with the single exception of Bunter, who was not consulted—lots were drawn, and, to Billy Bunter's utter disgust and dismay, he proved to be one of the unlucky ones.

"Oh dear! I say, you fellows," stammered Bunter, "what the results were known. "I—I feel quite faint! I—I don't really think I'm fit to travel!"

"I'll prove that's quite a mistake on your part, Bunt!" growled Johnny Bull. "Just see if this will help you to travel!"

And, lifting his foot, the obliging Bull aimed a lively kick at the fat youth.

But Billy Bunter scuttled without Bull's kindly help. He scurried down the steps and round the corner of the house just as a big, magnificently-upholstered Daimler drew up before the entrance doors.

"Boasts!" muttered Billy Bunter, coming to a halt at last. "I believe the rotters wanted that draw! I've a jolly good mind not to— Yes, I'll do it. There's bound to be a rattling good dinner to-night, beside breakfast in the morning. And I'm not jolly well missing 'em! No fear!"

The fat youth chuckled, and glanced round him quickly. From the front of the house came the hum of voices, but no one was in sight. Again Bunter glanced round—this time for a place of concealment. Then his eyes gleamed as they fell upon a flight of stone steps leading down to a dark, cellar-like place beneath the house.

For a moment the fat junior hesitated; then, as a loud shout of "Bunter!" reached his ears, he scuttled down the area-steps and entered the cellar, closing the door after him.

He had scarcely done so when running footsteps on the gravel outside, and the sound of his own name being called in wrathful accents, made Billy Bunter chuckle.

The top of the window was just above ground-level, and by standing on tiptoes, Billy Bunter could just see outside. As he expected, there were several juniors in sight, and they were searching the outbuildings.

"He, he, he!" chuckled the fat junior. "The silly asses won't see this place unless they come quite close up to the house. I'll stop here until I hear the car go, then I'll turn up just in time for dinner!"

And with another chuckle, Billy Bunter seated himself on an empty packing-case to watch and wait.

Meanwhile, Bob Cherry and the others had returned to the waiting car and reported their failure to find Bunter.

"The fat rotter!" growled Harry Wharton, frowning. "I suppose the cunningest owl is looking out of the way in order to avoid going back. Well, we'd better wait five minutes, and if the idiot doesn't turn up, somebody else will have to go in his place. We can't keep the driver out all night."

Accordingly the car was held up for five minutes, during which time the grounds were searched diligently by the angry juniors. But again the search proved futile, and eventually Mark Linsley volunteered to take his place.

The lucky ones who stayed behind—Harry Wharton, Peter Todd, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, the Bomber, and Bolstrode—watched the loaded Daimler until it vanished along the drive.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Night Alarm!

"I'D better give them another few minutes!" murmured Billy Bunter. "Won't do to turn up too soon, or the rotters will twig the game—they're so beastly suspicious of a chap!"

Billy Bunter was jubilant. His plan to escape returning to Greyfriars that night had succeeded, and he had heard the car hum away along the drive. At the same time he decided it was just as well to let a brief space of time elapse before putting in an appearance.

So Billy Bunter sat down again on the empty packing-case, and gave himself up to thoughts of dinner. That the millionaire's cook would dish up a magnificent repast Bunter felt sure. And he smiled dreamily in anticipation of the gustatory delights in store.

He was rudely awakened from these pleasant reflections by the sound of dragging footsteps on the gravel outside. In great alarm, the fat junior sprang to his feet and glanced through the dusty window.

Crossing the yard in the evening dusk was an old man carrying a shovel and a besom—obviously a gardener—and the old chap was making straight for his place of concealment.

For an instant Bunter hesitated, undecided, and then, as the shuffling footsteps began to descend the stone steps, the fat junior gave a grunt of alarm and hopped down behind the packing-case.

Next moment the latch rattled as the old gardener entered the dingy cellar. Watched anxiously by the hidden junior,

he placed his gardening implements carefully in one corner, and to Bunter's great relief, shuffled out again, slamming the door after him.

But Bunter's relief was short-lived. For almost immediately afterwards there was a grinding click as the old gardener turned the rusty key in the lock on the outside.

Billy Bunter was a prisoner!

As he realized the truth, all Billy's desire not to be discovered vanished. He dashed to the door, and, rattling the latch furiously, raised his voice in a wild yell.

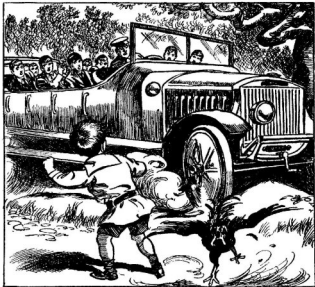
"Help! Come back, you old idiot! Lemme out!" he howled desperately.

The roar Bunter made was considerable. But if the old man heard he did not heed; he went on his way regardless, and his shuffling footsteps died away across the yard.

For fully five minutes Billy Bunter howled, until his fat throat was hoarse. But by now the old man had vanished into the deepening dusk of the yard.

Breathless and panting from his unusual exertions, the fat junior flopped down on the packing-case with a grunt of dismay. To Bunter, the position was serious—very serious—though he didn't realise yet how serious. Someone would come to the rescue he had little doubt.

But would they come in time to release him before dinner? That was the question haunting the fat junior. Besides the fact that he had eaten more than enough for six ordinary persons at tea, Billy Bunter was already feeling decidedly peckish again. And the possibility of missing dinner, after all, was too awful to contemplate.



The driver of the charabanc swung the wheel round desperately and ran the great car into the hedge on the side of the road, just missing the child. The car mounted the bank, lurched sickeningly, and crashed into a tree-trunk with tremendous force. (See Chapter 1.)

Unable to bear the thought of such a catastrophe, the Owl of the Remove attacked the door again, and raised his voice anew—but with no result. Like the gardener, the outside staff of the Grange had probably long since finished work and gone home. And it was unlikely any of the indoor staff would be out of doors.

He desisted his fruitless efforts after a time, and, taking his stand at the window, watched miserably as the shadows lengthened over the yard and out-buildings of the Grange.

Half an hour passed in this wise, and the outbuildings became invisible in the gathering darkness.

And then, quite suddenly, the real seriousness of his position dawned upon Billy Bunter. Supposing nobody came to his rescue at all? Supposing he was doomed to stay a prisoner in that dark cellar all night?

"Oh dear! Wha-what am I to do?" wailed Bunter dismally.

Billy Bunter gazed round him wildly and desperately. He had already discovered that the window was heavily bolted, and that escape that way was out of the question. But the door was old and rickety, and, feeling for the gardener's spade, he bombarded it with blow after blow.

The door resisted his utmost efforts; but the spade gave up the ghost at last. It broke off at the haft, and Billy hurled it from him with a deep groan.

Physically exhausted, and almost weeping with despair, the luckless fat youth flung himself down on the floor to rest.

A sudden horrible thought that rats possibly visited the cellar, however, brought him abruptly to his feet again; and, dragging the packing-case up by the window, he collapsed upon it with his back against the wall.

For upwards of an hour the fat junior sat thus, blinking nervously into the darkness around, whilst terrifying thoughts crowded his brain.

But at the end of that time his eyes closed and he slept.

How long he slept he knew not, but he awoke with a sudden start. He was shivering with cold and aching in every limb. From the clock-tower of the Grange came the solemn stroke of one.

At first he could not realise where he was. Then suddenly the events of the evening flashed upon him, and he groaned aloud. And just as suddenly he understood what had weakened him. It was the soft crunch of cautious footsteps on the ground outside the window.

The footsteps came nearer and halted outside. With shuddering hands the fat junior gripped the packing-case and blinked with bulging eyes at the strip of starlit window above his head.

As he did so there came the deep murmur of voices. Then with startling abruptness the white shaft of an electric torch stabbed through the window, and, spreading on the far wall of the dark cellar, became fixed upon a door at the end—a door Bunter hadn't observed before.

For a brief instant it rested there, and then the light was cut off, and almost immediately Bunter heard cautious footsteps descending the basement steps.

In that moment a blind, helpless terror gripped the fat youth. His hair stood on end, and he hung as if glued to the packing-case.

But the rattling of the latch, and the harsh rasp of a key in the lock, broke the spell. Slipping from his perch, Billy

Bunter squeezed down between the packing-case and the wall.

There followed a few brief moments as the unknown visitors fumbled with the rusty lock, and then the door swung open, and the terrified junior sensed rather than saw three burly figures enter the cellar.

Hardly daring to breathe, Billy Bunter watched the last man enter and close the door. Then the light swung round past Bunter, and the three men moved across to the inner door.

"What if the blessed door's bolted on the far side, Callaghan?" growled the man holding the torch. "I prefer widders myself. You'll never get in this way."

"Hold your row!" snapped the man called Callaghan. "I happen to know the lay of this show, as I've told you already. Hold that confounded light steady!"

Shivering with cold and with excitement and fright, Billy Bunter watched as Callaghan produced a bunch of skeleton-keys, and began to manipulate the rusty lock.

He worked deftly and swiftly, and in an incredibly short time there came a rasping click, and before Bunter had quite grasped the fact the door swung, creaking, back, and the mysteries three filed through.

more dangerous course. Bunter had never been noted for plenty of pluck, but in this case he showed undoubted pluck in arriving at that decision.

At all events, he did so, and a moment later, shaking with excitement, he was tiptoeing to the inner cellar door.

With his fat face set determinedly, he felt his way across the cellar. He reached the farther door, and, carefully mounting the steps beyond, found himself in the dark kitchen of the Grange.

As he passed inside the intrepid fat junior heard a faint crash, as if something had been knocked over, and was just in time to see a flash of white light gleam at the end of the passage beyond the kitchen.

Bunter stopped a moment to slip off his boots, and next instant was padding softly along the passage. He reached the end to find himself in the wide hall. Opposite to him was the dimly-seen outline of a wide staircase, and to his left was another long passage.

As he stood hesitating, the light glanced again and vanished.

"They've gone in Smithy's pater's study," murmured Billy Bunter. "My hat! Now's my chance. With a bit of luck we'll nab 'em!"

And, without further ado, Billy Bunter stepped softly across the hall, and began to climb the wide, old-fashioned staircase, stealthily and breathlessly.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Mystery!

BUNTER reached the top of the staircase at last, and hesitated. The case at last, and hesitated. At the far end of the corridor was lit up dimly by the starlight glimmering through a lofty Gothic window. And presently Billy Bunter could make out the dim outlines of doors on either side of the corridor, and he moved towards the nearest.

Outside the door he paused again, irresolute. Should he knock, and risk the burglars hearing, or should he open the door, and chance waking the wrong passenger, so to speak?

That problem was decided for the fat junior in an entirely unexpected and startling manner.

Even as he stood in doubt, the door opened noiselessly, and a bulky figure emerged and collided violently with the fat junior.

There was a startled gasp in a man's voice, and before Bunter knew what had happened he was gripped and hauled into the room.

Billy Bunter only just prevented an alarmed yell from escaping his lips. Next moment the electric light blazed up, and Bunter gasped with relief as he found himself face to face with Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith.

The millionaire was in his dressing-gown, and his left hand gripped a bulky object in the pocket of his dressing-gown. But as his eyes rested upon Bunter his hand left his pocket abruptly, and his hard, florid face became full of amazement.

"You, Bunter! What is the meaning of this, boy?" he gasped. "What are you doing wandering about the house at this hour? What—"

"Bub-burglars!" gasped Bunter, finding his voice with an effort. "Bub-burglars, sir! They've downstairs—in your study!"

And, fairly shaking with excitement, the fat junior was about to utter out the tale of the juniors of GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

**TWO
REAL PHOTOS
FREE**
with next Monday's
MAGNET.

"M-my hat!" breathed Billy Bunter, finding himself alone in the pitch darkness.

"Bub-burglars!"
There seemed little doubt about that, and for some seconds the terrified fat junior crouched where he was, his heart thumping violently.

His first impulse was to escape from his horrible prison whilst he had the chance. But just as quickly Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed in the darkness with sudden resolve.

What if he could capture the three desperate marauders single-handed? What a glorious opportunity to cover himself with glory! Besides, if he could prevent the rascals carrying out their obvious intention, the millionaire would be bound to come down handsomely.

This latter possibility settled the matter for Bunter. But how to do it? Should he lock the cellar door, and raise the alarm from outside, or should he follow the microscans, and wait his chance to trap them?

The first course was safer, but gave the rascals plenty of chance to escape by other doors. The latter course was more certain of success, but infinitely more dangerous to himself.

For several seconds Billy Bunter debated the matter in his mind. And it was greatly to the fat youth's credit that he finally decided upon the latter and

"FOR HIS FATHER'S NAME!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

his story, when the millionaire stopped him abruptly.

"So I was not mistaken, I thought I heard sounds below!" he exclaimed calmly. "But wake Herberts. Third door on right my boy. Tell him to rouse the servants."

Without another word the fat junior hurried to the door indicated and slipped inside.

But, as it happened, there was no need to waken the Bouncer.

As Bunter entered the dark room a dim figure sat up on one of the two beds, and Vernon-Smith's sharp voice cut through the gloom.

"Who's that? What's the matter?"

"It's me—Bunter!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Quick!" gasped Bunter. "Burglars!"

"You fat spoofer—"

"I tell you it's true," spluttered Bunter.

And, gripping Vernon-Smith's shoulder, the excited junior panted out the facts.

Though naturally startled and astounded, the Bouncer saw that Bunter was speaking the truth, and in a flash he was out of bed, and waking Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry in the other bed.

"Waken the others, Bunter!" rapped out Vernon-Smith, putting on his slippers. "We'll soon— What's that?"

From somewhere below came a sudden faint cry—a cry for help.

"The pater!" panted the Bouncer hoarsely. "Quick!"

And, followed by Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, Vernon-Smith dashed headlong from the room, and was soon taking the stairs two at a time.

It was risky work in the darkness, but the house was familiar to Smithy, and the other two had his pyjama-clad form to guide them.

At the foot of the stairs Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton were hard on his heels, and together they dashed breathlessly along the passage.

But before they were half-way along something happened quite unexpectedly. From the doorway of the study ahead three dark figures emerged, and came thudding towards them.

"Look out!" yelled the Bouncer.

Next moment the three boys and the three men collided, and in the darkness a scene of wild confusion ensued.

Taken utterly by surprise as they were, the juniors stood little chance against their burly opponents. At the first onslaught Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were sent staggering, and before they could recover themselves two of the rascals were through and dashing along the passage.

The Bouncer, however, had managed to get a grip on one fellow, and, despite the shower of blows which rained down upon him, he clung desperately.

"Help! Help!" he panted. "I've got one!"

Harry and Bob, who were on the point of rushing in pursuit of the others, pulled up short and rushed to their chum's rescue. At that moment also Bolstrode, Nugent, Peter Todd, and Billy Bunter came rushing upon the scene.

"Help me!" panted the Bouncer. "No need chasing the others now. Hold him while I see to the pater!"

None of the servants appeared to have been aroused, but the juniors were more than a match for the struggling rascal. In a very few seconds he was rendered helpless and secured and locked in the butler's pantry.



Hardly daring to breathe, Billy Bunter watched the three men enter the cellar and close the door behind them. The light swung round, fortunately missing Bunter crouched behind the cases, and the three men moved across to the inner door. (See Chapter 3.)

"You—you're hurt, dad?" panted the Bouncer, switching on the light.

"Not much—a scratch," said his father faintly. "They—they took me unawares. I rushed along the passage, switched on the light, and held the rascals up at the point of an automatic. Unfortunately, the third man was on guard in the dark passage—a possibility I had not bargained for. He struck me down from behind, and when I came round it was to see the scoundrels just vanishing through the doorway. But—but you have captured one of them, I see!"

"You'd better go straight to bed, dad," said Vernon-Smith. "We'll plump for a doctor and the police—though suppose they'll never catch those scoundrels now. Have they taken—"

"I don't think they've taken much; your arrival prevented them making a clean haul," said Mr. Vernon-Smith grimly. "In any case, there was nothing of any great value in the safe—a few hundred pounds and— Good heavens!"

The millionaire's voice changed with startling suddenness and his florid face became strangely strained and agitated, as though some dread possibility had suddenly occurred to him.

To the juniors' astonishment he staggered feebly to his feet, and, hurrying to the open safe, began to hunt feverishly among the disordered contents.

"What's the matter, dad?" exclaimed the Bouncer, jumping to his father's aid, in alarm.

The millionaire did not reply. With frantic haste he continued his task until the floor was littered with documents. Then, as if he had failed to find what

he had been searching for, he gave a cry, and, sinking back into his chair, covered his face with his hands.

"What's the matter, dad?" repeated the Bouncer anxiously. "Anything serious—"

Mr. Vernon-Smith nodded, his face haggard.

"Then the sooner we get the police on the job the better," said the Bouncer swiftly. And, rushing to the telephone on the desk, the junior was about to speak into the receiver when, to everyone's utter amazement, the millionaire hunched to his feet and snatched the instrument from his son's hand.

"No, not the police!" said the millionaire fiercely. "They—they could not help me—"

"But—but, dad, you don't mean you're going to let the scoundrels get away with the stuff? It must be something jolly valuable they've taken for you to be upset like this—"

"It is so valuable that I would have lost fifty thousand pounds rather!" answered the millionaire heavily. "But you do not understand, Herbert. I have very good reasons for not wanting the police brought—"

The millionaire broke off abruptly as he became aware of the curious eyes of Harry Wharton & Co. fixed upon him. He hesitated a moment, and then he turned upon the juniors almost angrily.

"You understand, boys! This affair must be kept secret—a close secret. I do not wish the matter of the burglary to become public. Can I rely upon your keeping silent concerning it?"

The amazed juniors looked at each other.

"If you wish it—of course, sir!" stammered Harry Wharton.

"I do wish it!" snapped the millionaire emphatically. "And now, boys, you had better return to bed. Herbert, you will remain to—help me put this room into order before the servants see it in the morning."

The Bouncer nodded. He seemed too astonished to reply; but his keen eyes were fixed curiously upon his father's pale face. And next moment Harry Wharton and the others were filing silently out of the study, leaving father and son together.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Back to Greyfriars!

THEY had reached the foot of the stairs when a fat figure came rolling along from the direction of the kitchen. It was Billy Bunter. His face was red and shining, and he was breathing with difficulty. But his expression was one of beatific comfort and satisfaction.

"Hallo, you fat frog!" ejaculated Harry Wharton suspiciously. "Where have you been? I wondered where you'd sneaked off to."

"I've been to the pantry. A ripping pantry it is, too!" said Billy Bunter. "I was simply famished—you chaps know I missed dinner. I was fainting with hunger, in fact; so I—"

"Well, you—you podgy burglar! You've actually had the cheek to raid the pantry!" gasped Cherry. "Why, you deserve—"

"It was only a snack," said Bunter wistfully. "Anyway, I consider I've jolly well earned it. If it hadn't been for me, you and everybody else would have been murdered in your beds. Alone I tracked the burglars down—"

"You're only jealous—"

"I suppose it's true to some extent," smiled Frank Nugent, as they mounted the stairs. "Bunter has come out strong for once, I must say. But this business beats the band. I suppose the old chap must have some jolly good reason for wanting to keep the police out of it, though."

Harry Wharton nodded silently. Like the others, he was uneasy and mystified. There seemed little doubt, as the Bouncer had said, that the midnight marauders had stolen something extremely valuable. And yet, if so, why had the millionaire acted so queerly? Why had he flatly refused to put the police on their track?

It was a mystery—a mystery to which he, at any rate, could not find the solution.

In the bed-room Harry Wharton and Bunter shared with Vernon-Smith the juniors stayed and discussed the queer affair in low tones. Bunter, perhaps, was more curious than any of them when he heard the story.

"I say, you chaps, it's jolly queer, I think!" babbled the fat junior eagerly. "Why is old Smitty afraid of the police? I think there's something jolly fishy about it!"

"Oh, shut up, you fat ass!" snapped Harry Wharton impatiently. "And that reminds me, Billy, my pippin! You've told us how you followed those merchants into the house, but you've failed to explain how you came to be locked in that cellar!"

Billy Bunter was not at a loss; he had expected the question, and he was ready for it. He told the chums the story of

his imprisonment in the cellar and how he had followed the men into the house.

"By sheer pluck," concluded Bunter loftily, "I helped to capture the burglars. The hunters for generations have been noted for their splendid pluck and resource in an emergency, and so—"

"Then there's another opportunity to show it!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "There isn't a bed for you to sleep on; but I've no doubt that with your splendid pluck and resource you'll find a way out of the difficulty. I suggest you sleep on the doormat. Anyway, I'm turning in!"

And with that Bob Cherry climbed into bed—an example Harry Wharton followed, while the other grinning juniors departed for their beds in the next room. They left Billy Bunter standing dismayed and disgusted.

"Look here, you selfish beasts," exclaimed Bunter wrathfully, "if you think I'm going to sleep on the floor you're jolly well mistaken! I'm collaring Smitty's bed."

And, suiting the action to the word, Billy Bunter disrobed, and despite Harry Wharton's warnings, he rolled into the Bouncer's bed and in a couple of seconds the fat junior was snoring loudly.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, however, were still too exhausted to sleep. Leaving the light burning, they lay discussing the mysterious events of the night for fully an hour after Bunter had fallen asleep. At the end of that time the door opened softly and Vernon-Smith crept in.

There was a hard look in the Bouncer's eyes and his manner agitated, and his manner agitated.

"Hallo! You fellows not asleep yet!" he whispered quietly. "I expected—my hat! Well, the cheeky rotter!"

The Bouncer's eyes had suddenly fallen upon the sleeping figure of Billy Bunter. He stepped angrily forward, but just as he was about to challenge him to hand, Bunter cut neck and crop, his hands dropped.

"The fat idiot might as well sleep there as anywhere else," he grunted. "I'll turn in somewhere else. Good-night, you chaps!"

And before the surprised chums could reach Vernon-Smith had switched off the light and left the room.

"Well, my word!" whispered Bob. "I expected Smitty to yank Bunter out and bump him soundly."

"So did I. Didn't you notice how upset he was, though? I rather fancy he was waiting for a chance to sleep somewhere else. He knew we were waiting up for him, and if I'm not mistaken, he was afraid we should ask him awkward questions about to-night's funny business."

"I believe you're right, Harry. But I say, what about the man we collared? If the burglars' going to be kept from the police, what's to happen to him?"

Harry Wharton was silent in the darkness. That aspect of the case hadn't occurred to him. If the captured rascal was hauled before the police in the morning, then the whole story would have to come out.

"I think I'd better mention that to Smitty in the morning," murmured Harry. "Anyway, let's go to sleep now, Bob."

And Harry turned over, and in a very few minutes both were sleeping as soundly as Billy Bunter.

But the morning brought a surprise. One of the first things the juniors learned when they came down to breakfast was that the captured burglar had escaped.

"You'll remember that we locked him in the butler's pantry," explained

Vernon-Smith calmly. "Well, when we went there this morning we found the window open, and the fellow gone."

The juniors were surprised, but the majority accepted the news without question. Harry Wharton, however, eyed the Bouncer with growing suspicion. He knew that the man could not possibly have escaped without help. He felt certain in his own mind that either Smitty or his pater had helped the man to escape.

But he kept his suspicions to himself. Mr. Vernon-Smith did not appear at breakfast, being too ill to get up. The Bouncer did the honours, but he scarcely spoke during the meal, and none of the juniors ventured to ask questions.

At the end of the meal, however, the Bouncer gave his schoolfellows a second surprise.

"I'm not coming back with you fellows," he told them briefly. "This business has upset the pater no end, and he's not certain in his own mind that you'll explain to the Head, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton promised to do this, and shortly afterwards the party started for the station. There they said goodbye to the Bouncer, and boarded the train for Greyfriars.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, the Stowaway!

SEEN Wharton about anywhere, Bunter!

Wingate, captain of Greyfriars, asked the question of Billy Bunter, as he found that fat youth mooding disconsolately in the Sixth Form passage after dinner on the following Saturday. Though Billy Bunter had just eaten enough dinner for three ordinary fellows, he was still hungry, and exceedingly grumpy.

"No, I haven't," grunted the Owl of the Remove. "He's in his study, I expect."

"Then tell him he's wanted on the 'phone in the prefects' room; someone at Abbeyleade."

"Who is it, Wingate?"

"Never mind who wants him, you young ass. Go and tell him at once," laughed Wingate, good humouredly.

"Oh, all right."

And as Wingate turned away, Billy Bunter was about to start in the direction of the Remove passage to obey when he stopped. He was eyes gleaming. He had suddenly remembered that Abbeyleade was the place where Vernon-Smith lived.

Although it was three days since his eventful visit to Abbeyleade Grange, the startling things which had happened there were still fresh in Bunter's mind, and he was still very curious to know the meaning of it all.

Vernon-Smith was still detained at home, and nothing had been heard from him since they left. With Dr. Locke's permission, the Bouncer was remaining at home until his father was better.

"I bet it's Smitty," murmured Bunter. "I shouldn't be surprised if he wants Wharton to go over there. I'm jolly well going to be in this."

And with a cautious blink round, Billy Bunter slipped to the open door of the prefects' room. The room was empty, and Billy Bunter closed the door after him carefully, and slipped across to the telephone. Leaving his throat, the fat junior took up the receiver.

The fat junior was an adept at imitating voices and it was in an imitation

(Continued on page 13.)



EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

I HAVE made a rather novel move this week, in obtaining contributions from a number of the Greyfriars masters.

They were not easy to get. Masters are high and mighty people, and they look down with lofty condescension upon a paper like the "Greyfriars Herald." Of course, some of them have written articles for me before, but I have always had to bring considerable pressure to bear, and to exercise all my tact.

However, I have this week got together a goodly array of features from the pens of those in authority, and I am confident that this number will prove a great success.

My sub-editors had not entirely taken a back seat, for there are contributions by Dick Penfold—Pen's weekly poem seems to have become a fixture!—and Tom Brown.

There is one big advantage, from an editorial point of view, in having a Masters' Number. The masters are far too dignified to accept payment for their contributions! So the funds of the "Greyfriars Herald" will not be drawn upon to any extent this week.

We have contributions from the pens of Mr. Froust, Mr. Quelch, Mr. Larry Lascelles, and Mr. Wally Bunter; so I think you will agree that I have done quite well. I hardly think that Billy Bunter would have been able to obtain the same assistance for his "Weekly." Many of the masters refuse to recognise Billy's paper at all!

There has been no falling-off in the amount of correspondence I have been receiving lately. This is a healthy sign, for it shows that the popularity of the "Herald" is as great as ever. It is always a source of pleasure to me to read my chums' interesting letters, and I only regret that extreme pressure of work—Form-captain's duties, etc.—renders it impossible for me to reply to every single correspondent. But I want you all to feel that your letters are a real help and encouragement to me. Write as often as you like.

The cricket season is now with us, and the time will soon be ripe for a Special Cricket Number. All my sporting chums should look out for this, for I can promise them that it will be a rare treat.

I will now leave you to digest this Special Masters' Number, and I hope you will thoroughly enjoy it.

HARRY WHARTON.

Supplement 4.]

SOME GREYFRIARS MASTERS!

By Dick Penfold.

First of all comes Mr. Froust, A mighty man, without a doubt, He boasts a Winchester repeater, And hopes to buy a nice two-seater.

I hope he never takes me out; I shouldn't care to drive with Froust!

Next we have the dreaded Hacker, 'Tis never safe to tell a "cracker" To this stern tyrant, harsh and grim; He makes us shake in every limb. It's woo-betide the cad or slacker Who comes to grips with Mr. Hacker!

Then, of course, comes Mr. Clapper, With stacks of knowledge in his napper. Over the Upper Fourth he reigns With fearsome frowns, and cruel ceases. Of duty, when he's neat and dapper, We never fail to "cap" a Capper!

Of Mr. Quelch you all have heard (Commonly called the Quelch bird). He rules the finest Form of all. We scurry at his beck and call. Oh, Quelch, of the gimlet eyes, We wish you wouldn't tyrannise!

Then there's Lascelles, known as Larry, Weight and wisdom he doth carry, And there's Bunter, genial Wally, Seldom moved to melan-boly. That's about the lot, I think, It's got to be—I'm short of ink!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



HURREE SINGH.

A PAGE FROM MY PUNISHMENT BOOK!

By Mr. Quelch.

BUNTER, W. G.—Consuming an indigestible compound in the Form-room; speaking to Skinner in class, and denying it; performing ventriloquist tricks, to my annoyance and humiliation. SIX STROKES WITH THE CANE.

CHERRY, R.—Repeated inattention, and referring to me in an undertone as "Old Quelch." FIVE HUNDRED LINES.

NUGENT, F.—Drawing a comic cartoon on the blackboard, during my temporary absence from the Form-room. The cartoon was of myself, for underneath it appeared the couplet:

"With his fierce, forbidding frown"
SEVERE CANING.

ROLDSOVER, P.—Bombarding the boys in the front row with his pea-shooter; kicking Alonzo Todd under the desk; and boxing Bunter's ears with a Greek lesson. FIVE HUNDRED LINES, AND HALF-HOLIDAY CANCELLED.

MAULVERER, H.—Lolling on the desk in a state of somnolence, and snoring loudly. ORDERED TO WRITE OUT FIVE HUNDRED TIMES, "THE REMOVE FORM-ROOM IS NOT A DORMITORY."

DESMOND, M.—Coming into the Form-room with an enormous bunch of shamrock in his buttonhole.—ONE HUNDRED LINES.

BROWN, T.—Counting the flies on the ceiling during Latin lesson. ONE HUNDRED LINES.

WHARTON, H.—Compiling the Remove cricket team in class, and concealing the paper under the desk when spoken to.—ONE HUNDRED LINES.

SKINNER, H.—Making absurd and grotesque faces at me when he thought I was not looking.—TWO CUTS WITH THE CANE.

FIELD, S. Q. I.—Informing me that Waterloo was won by the London & South Western Railway Company. ONE HUNDRED LINES.

RUSSELL, R.—Referring to me in a loud whisper as "a cross-grained old fogey." FIVE HUNDRED LINES.

TODD, F.—Bringing a hedgehog into the Form-room, and having the temerity to conceal the prickly creature in my desk. A MOST SEVERE CANING.

(By Jove, what an array of victims! Mr. Quelch's punishment-book will soon be as bulky as his "History of Greyfriars."—Ed.)

SPECIAL
SEA-SIDE NUMBER
Next Week.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 746.



By Mr. PAUL FROUT
(Master of the Fifth
Form.)

WHEN Coker told me that porpoises had been seen off the coast, near Pegg, I picked up my car.

"Porpoises, Coker?"

"Yes, sir. There are shoals of them—quite big fellows. And they're close inshore. They're almost within spitting distance. But, of course, it wouldn't be safe to go after 'em in a boat. They'd capsize it."

"It has long been my ambition to kill a porpoise, Coker," I said. "How thrilling to shoot one of the creatures just as it is in the act of turning a somersault in the water! Try and me down my Winchester repeater."

Coker advanced gingerly towards the rifle. "Is-it loaded, sir?" he stammered.

"Of course not, you stupid boy! I shall not load it until I arrive on the forebeach at Pegg."

"And then the fishermen will have fits!" murmured Coker.

"What did you say, boy?" I demanded sharply.

"I said the fishermen would have fits, sir."

"Indeed? And why should they have fits, Coker?"

"I mean fits of applause, sir, at your wonderful marksmanship."

"Oh!"

Armed with my trusty Winchester repeater, I set out on the great porpoise-hunting expedition. I asked Coker if he would care to accompany me, but for some reason he seemed scared. He murmured something to the effect that he had promised to join Pether and Greene at the nets.

So I went alone.

My appearance on the beach at Pegg caused great consternation among the fishermen. They left off mending their nets, blinked in a startled manner at my Winchester repeater, and 'ben scattered in all directions. I could not understand their conduct. Of course, the sudden appearance of an armed man, if he were a total stranger, would be sufficient to scare anybody. But the fishermen knew me by sight, and they therefore had no cause for alarm.

I took up my position on a high piece of ground, commanding an extensive view of the sea.

For some time I could detect nothing. And then I saw a slight whiff, which set my heart beating fast, as it has often beaten in the Indian jungle, or the Rocky Mountains.

A long line of porpoises came into view. They were turning over and over in the water, leaving behind them a trail of seamy foam.

The strange creatures were close inshore, and not more than five hundred yards from where I stood.

I promptly loaded my Winchester repeater, and elevated it to my shoulder.

"Cock!"

There was a loud report, coupled by a blinding flash. And when the air had cleared, I gazed out to sea, and lo! the porpoises continued on their way without turning a hair, so to speak.

"Ah! Doubtless I have wounded one of the heads, but not sufficiently to inconvenience it," murmured I. "I will try again."

If I fired one round of ammunition that afternoon, I fired a hundred.

I peppered those porpoises, and other porpoises which came along. But there was no sign of a casualty.

I confess I was bitterly disappointed, for I am an excellent marksman.

At last I gave it up. And I was preparing to return to Greyfriars, when one of the hushberrers, asking that my rifle was no longer loaded, came up to me.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY. No. 746.

"Which you've done about ten pounds worth of damage!" he said wrathfully.

"My good man—"

"Don't 'good man' me! Look what you've done—jest look at it! You've been 'ben punctured all them bathin' machines!"

I glanced in the directions indicated. Sure enough, I had perforated the bathing machines with bullets. Some of them were simply riddled. And they had only been recently painted!

"That'll cost you ten pounds!" said the longshoreman.

I gave a gasp of dismay. And at that moment the words of the poet recurred to me with significant meaning:

"Oh, mark a shaft at random sent,
Finds many the archer little meant."

For the rest part of the afternoon, I had potted at porpoises. And not one of my bullets had travelled out to sea. They had embedded themselves in the woodwork of the bathing machines.

"I am really very sorry," I began.

"Your sorrow ain't no good to us!" said the longshoreman. "We want ten pounds compensation."

"That's a extortionate," I said, "and out of all proportion to the amount of damage I have done. I will give you five."



"Look not you've done!" howled the longshoreman—"Just look at it! You've been a punctured all them bathin' machines!"

And I did. And although the longshoreman threatened and bullied and threatened, not another penny did he get out of me.

I walked back to Greyfriars in a far from amiable mood.

Coker of the Fifth was lounging in the school gateway. He eyed me eagerly as I approached.

"You seem to be looking for something, Coker," I snappd.

Coker nodded.

"I'm wondering where the carcass is, sir," he said.

"Carcass!" I echoed. "What do you mean, boy?"

"The carcass of the dead porpoise, sir!" I nearly exploded.

"You are impertinent, Coker! I exclaimed.

"Not at all, sir! I say, I hope you didn't pot a fisherman by mistake!"

That was more than flesh and blood could stand. I advanced towards Coker, and dealt him a sounding box on the ears.

Coker staggered back with a yelp of anguish. And that consoled me somewhat for the failure of my porpoise-hunting expedition!

MASTERS AND SPORTSMEN!

By Mr. LARRY LASCELLES.
(Maths. Master.)

IT is not generally known that several of the Greyfriars masters accomplished some splendid sporting feats in their youth.

One cannot imagine the Head, as he is now, swimming a strenuous quarter-mile race. Yet it is a fact that Dr. Locke, in his University days, won one of the biggest track races of the year, and, incidentally, nearly lowered the existing time-record. Dr. Locke also rowed stroke for his college—though he never managed to get into the 'Varsity crew.

Mr. Proust, who comes in for quite a lot of chaff, and is regarded as rather a duffer in the world of sport, was a more than useful boxer in his younger days. He was, in fact, one of the best schoolboy middle-weights of his time—though one would hardly think so, to look at him now.

Mr. Quelch is one of the exceptions in this article. The Remove master has no big sporting triumphs to his credit. He tells me that he was somewhat of a book-worm at school. He has never been really keen on athletics, regarding them as so much waste of valuable time.

Mr. Hacker was at one time a wonderful pooly bowler. He has given up cricket long ago, but in his 'Varsity days he was a terror. His bowling was almost unplayable, and he was on more than one occasion asked to play for his native county; but he could not find the time to turn out regularly, so he declined.

Mr. Twigg, during his school-days, and for some years afterwards, was fine footballer. He played on the wing, and possessed a wonderful turn of speed. He showed me the other day, when I had tea with him in his study, a collection of medals that he gained in various important football matches. Mr. Twigg is getting on in years, but there is no football in him now. But he must often look back with pleasure on the days of his footballing achievements.

Mr. Capper, as a youth, made good in several directions. He was a first-rate swimmer, and it was at one time a pet ambition of his to attempt the Channel swim. But circumstances arose which prevented him from carrying out his design. Mr. Capper was also a brilliant high jumper, and a famous sprinter. He has done the hundred yards in ten seconds and three-fifths, which is a feat to be proud of.

Of Mr. Wally Bunter's sporting ability there is no need of any need to write. Mr. Bunter is still in his teens, and his triumphs on the playing-fields are by no means exhausted. He is a clever cricketer and a fine footballer; and his many friends will follow his sporting progress with keen interest.

These notes of mine will doubtless come as a surprise for me to speak here, in self-praise being no recommendation. But I do wish to make it clear that my colleagues, for the most part, have been splendid sportsmen in their day. They are excellent scholars, and are eminently fitted for the responsible positions they hold.



By
Mr. WALTER BUNTER
(Master of the First Form.)

"BLESS my soul!" Mr. Quetch, the master of the Remove, moved, stopped short on the threshold of his study. His eyes were fixed upon a slate which stood on the mantelpiece. How the slate came to be there was beyond Mr. Quetch's comprehension. Anyway, there it was. And on it was chalked a conundrum:

"WHY ARE QUETCHY'S PUPILS LIKE POSTAGE-STAMPS?"

Underneath the conundrum appeared the letters, "P.T.O."

Mr. Quetch frowned portentously. He strode across to the mantelpiece, and reversed the slate. And then the answer greeted him.

"BECAUSE THEY ARE CONSTANTLY BEING LICKED!"

"Bless my soul!" repeated Mr. Quetch, his brows contracting. The audacity of it—the unparalleled impertinence! Somebody had the temerity to come into my study during my absence and chalk this absurd conundrum upon the slate! If I discover the identity of the young rascal, I will can him severely!

The perpetrator of the conundrum, however, preferred to remain anonymous.

During afternoon lessons Mr. Quetch put a sort of catchism on his class.

"Has any boy been to my study in the interval between dinner and afternoon school?"

Silence.

"Some boy has chalked an insistent conundrum upon a slate, and has exhibited on a study mantelpiece. Who was it?"

Still silence.

"I am convinced that somebody in my own Form is responsible for this outrage, since the conundrum has a pointed reference to my pupils. Once again I ask who is the culprit?"

Mr. Quetch could have kept on asking that question until the cows came home, so to speak. Nobody showed the slightest desire to enlighten him.

"Very well," said the Remove master, compress his lips. "For the moment, I will let the matter drop. But if I catch any boy loitering in my study, with intent to play a practical joke, I shall deal very severely with him!"

Having delivered himself of this threat, Mr. Quetch proceeded with the lesson.

He had rubbed the conundrum off the slate, and placed the latter in his study cupboard. Judge of his surprise, therefore, when, on entering his study shortly after lessons were over, he found the slate back again on the mantelpiece, with a further conundrum inscribed for his benefit.

"WHY IS QUETCHY LIKE A BUSY ANGLER?"

Again the letters "P.T.O." appeared.

Mr. Quetch strode forward with a frowning brow, and reversed the slate. He uttered a sort of snarl when he saw the answer to the conundrum.

"BECAUSE HE'S ALWAYS THROWING OUT LINES!"

"This—is this intolerable!" spluttered Mr. Quetch. "Unfortunately, the conundrum is inscribed in printed capitals. If it were in ordinary handwriting, I might be able to identify it."

The Remove master was baffled and furious. It was impossible for him to be in his study every minute of the day, keeping

watch. Yet he would dearly have loved to lay hands upon the unknown joker.

That evening, on returning from a game of golf with Mr. Proust, the Remove master found yet another conundrum inscribed on the slate. It was a very cheeky conundrum, and very personal.

Mr. Quetch savagely erased the words with a duster, and tossed the slate into a corner with such violence that he cracked it. Next morning, on going down to his study, clad in dressing-gown and slippers, in order to do some early morning writing, Mr. Quetch was confronted by another bright effort on the part of the unknown humorist.

"WHY IS QUETCHY LIKE A SHORN LAMB?"

The answer was fairly obvious.

"BECAUSE HE 'LOSES HIS WOOL'!"

By this time Mr. Quetch was in a state of almost demagogical fury. This epidemic of



The astonished Mr. Quetch jerked the screen aside, and his gaze fell upon the crouching, covering form of Harold Skinner.

conundrums was rapidly "getting him down." Some masters might have laughed the thing off; but a sense of humour was not Mr. Quetch's strong point.

"If only I can discover the author of these conundrums," muttered the Remove master, "I will make him feel heartily sorry for himself!"

Ah! If only—

II.

WORKING lessons in the Remove Form room were like a nightmare.

Mr. Quetch was on the war-path.

Very much so. Insipidities were plentifully dispensed, and ever and anon the Form-master's case rose and fell.

Billy Bunter, of course, was among the victims. In fact, Billy suffered more than anybody else. He was given so many lines that he lost count of them. And the palms of his hands were sore as the result of close and painful contact with the Form-master's case.

"I can't stick it!" groaned Billy, when morning lessons were over. "I've never known Quetchy to be such a T-rar! I mean to doze afternoon school somehow."

"Guess you won't had it easy, my tulip," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, yes, I shall. I shall simply check my shivvy, and go along to Quetchy's study and tell him I'm ill. Then he'll excuse me from lessons."

"Or else you've a thumping good hiding!" said Bunter major. "More likely the latter."

"Take my advice, Bunter," said Mark Linley, "and don't try and deceive Quetch. He's no fool. He can tell a chalked face from a genuinely pale one."

Billy Bunter, however, paid no heed to the Lancashire lad's advice. The coast being clear, he crept back into the Form-room for a stick of chalk, and proceeded to whiten his complexion. He laid it on liberally, until his face had a decidedly starchy appearance. Then he slipped the chalk into his pockets. Billy Bunter rolled away to Mr. Quetch's study.

He tapped on the door, but received no answer from within.

An matter of fact, Mr. Quetch was in. But he was unexpectant to answer. He had just entered his study, and he stood rooted to the floor, greeted by yet another of the exasperating conundrums.

Tap, tap, tap!

Mr. Quetch heard the tapping this time. But still he did not respond. Like Brer Fox, he decided to lay low, and await development.

The door opened slowly, inch by inch. Then there came the glimmer of spectacles.

A moment later Billy Bunter had insinuated his fat form into the study. He gave a violent start on seeing Mr. Quetch. Having had no response to his knock, he had concluded that the study was empty.

"Bunter!"

Mr. Quetch rapped out the name like a pistol-shot.

The fat junior trembled violently at the knock.

"Sir!" he gasped. "I—I looked in to tell you—"

Mr. Quetch waved his hand towards the slate on the mantelpiece.

"Is that your handiwork, boy?" he thundered.

"Nunno, sir."

"Be careful, Bunter!"

"I didn't write it, sir—honest Injun! I shouldn't have said 'bullock' like that. I should have said 'bull'—'b-u-l-l-o-g'."

Mr. Quetch frowned.

"I have reason to believe, Bunter, that you inscribed that insulting conundrum upon the slate, quite recently—and that you were about to erase it and write a fresh one, thinking I was not here. Turn out your pockets!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Do not parley with me, boy! Do as I tell you!"

Billy Bunter turned out his pockets. He produced a comb and a tuffet, a length of string, a borrowed penknife—and a stick of chalk!

"Evidence!" almost roared Mr. Quetch. "Crushing evidence! I am convinced, Bunter, that you are the culprit—"

"Attaboo!"

A loud sneeze echoed through the study. It came from behind the screen.

The astonished Mr. Quetch jerked the screen aside, and his gaze fell upon the crouching, covering form of Skinner of the Remove!

"Skinner?" gasped Mr. Quetch. "What are you doing in my study? But there is no need to ask such a question. You, boy, are the instigator of this series of outrageous chaff up, sir, and dare to deny my assertion!"

Skinner stood up. But he did not deny the assertion, for the simple reason that he could not. That it was who had chalked the conundrums; and Numeals had overtaken him with swift, relentless feet.

"You will hold out your hand, wretched boy!" thundered Mr. Quetch.

Skinner complied.

A sound of steady swishing was audible for some time, coupled with weeping and gnashing of teeth on the part of the victim.

As soon as Skinner had crawled away, and the door had closed behind him, Mr. Quetch turned to Billy Bunter.

"I can understand now why you have come to my study, Bunter," he said. "You appear to have chalked your face, in order to make me suppose that you are ill. This is a ruse to try and escape afternoon lessons."

Billy Bunter gasped.

"I—I don't know how you think of these things, sir! You must be a—"

a giddy thought-reader, sir!"

"Hold out your hand, Bunter!" snapped Mr. Quetch.

There were further sounds of swishing, and a fresh bout of weeping and gnashing of teeth.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 746.



By
TOM BROWN.

"SKINNER!" Mr. Quelch's rasping voice echoed through the Remove Form-room. Where did Julius Caesar land?

Skinner's reply startled everybody.

"On his feet, sir!"

There was an almost inaudible titter. Mr. Quelch frowned darkly.

"Are you presuming to jest with me, Skinner?" he demanded.

"Skinner, sir! It's pretty obvious that Julius Caesar landed on his feet. History doesn't tell us that he landed on his nipper."

He marvelled at Skinner's insolence.

Mr. Quelch was not in a very amiable mood that morning, and Skinner's "cheek" was like a red rag to a bull.

I happened to be sitting next to the end of the Remove, and I gave him a nudge.

"Chuck it, you mad duffer!" I muttered.

Instantly Mr. Quelch's eyes were fastened upon me.

"Brown," he rapped out, "take a hundred lines for talking in class!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"As for you, Skinner," went on the angry Form-master, "your impudence is unpardonable! Come out before the class!"

Skinner left his seat, and swaggered jauntily up to Mr. Quelch's desk.

And we marvelled more and more. Skinner is generally in a state of blue funk when there's a licking in prospect.

Mr. Quelch poked up a formidable-looking case. Skinner did not turn a hair.

"Hold out your hand!" commanded the Form-master.

Skinner obeyed with alacrity. Ooze, twice the cane descended with stinging force, and not a murmur escaped the lips of the victim.

On the contrary, he was grinning!

Mr. Quelch was almost beside himself. He administered a further couple of cuts, and still Skinner grinned. He seemed to find the experience enjoyable.

"Go to your place, wretched boy!" panted Mr. Quelch, by the time he came aside.

"Certainly, sir!" said Skinner cheerfully.

And I declare he was humming a merry tune as he walked back to his seat!

When lessons were over, I questioned Skinner on the subject.

"You didn't turn a hair when Quelch lashed you, Skinner," I said. "As a rule, you raise a rowf with your yells. What was the cause of this strolch fortitude on your part?"

Skinner smiled.

"Auto-suggestion," he said.

"What?"

"I find that by practising auto-suggestion likings get me made palinies," said Skinner.

"What's auto-suggestion?" I asked.

"I always say to myself six times, just before I'm licked, 'Quelch's cane won't give me pain, and likings never hurt me!'"

I stared at Skinner in amazement.

"You—you believe in that rot?" I gasped.

"It isn't rot. Try it yourself. Repeat that formula six times, and the stiffest licking in the world will have no effect on you."

"My hat!"

Skinner went on talking about the wonderful results of auto-suggestion, until I decided to try it myself.

When afternoon lessons came, I walked blithely into the Form-room, singing stanzas of an old sea-song.

"Brown," rumbled Mr. Quelch ("this is neither the time nor place for vocal utterance. Cease that noise immediately!")

"THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 746.

"But you encourage singing in the Form-room, sir!" I said audaciously.

"What do you mean?"

"Only this morning I heard your cane singing through the air!"

There was a startled gasp from the class, who wondered how Mr. Quelch would take it.

He took it very badly.

"How dare you make such a feeble and flippant observation to your Form-master, Brown!"

"How dare I!" I murmured.

"Come here, sir, and I will chastise you as you deserve!"

"Now for it!" I muttered. And I repeated to myself six times Skinner's slogan:

"Quelch's cane won't give me pain, and likings never hurt me!"

"Cease that ridiculous mumbling, Brown, and hold out your hand!" he commanded.

I extended my hand with a smile; but the smile came off a moment later.

Swish!

To my alarm and dismay the cane was just as painful as usual; in fact, more so!

Swish! Swish!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

I simply couldn't help giving a yelp of anguish. It was as if a red-hot poker was scorching my palms.

"Go to your place," said Mr. Quelch when the ordeal was over, "and do not dare to indulge in flippant remarks again!"

I sat groaning for the remainder of the lesson, and when we filed out of the Form-room, Harry Wharton & Co. spoke to me.

"What ever made you cheek Quelch like that, Brown?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Well, you remember Skinner took a licking this morning without moving a muscle? I spoke to him about it, and he told me it was due to auto-suggestion."

"Auto-cake!" growled Johnny Bull. "Skinner had rubbed resin into his palms to deaden the pain!"

"Oh!"

It dawned upon me at last that I had been spoofoed by Skinner. And I at once set off in search of the spoofer.

But Harold Skinner was wise in his generation. He had vanished!

TWO FREE

REAL

PHOTOS

OF

Famous
Footballers

In NEXT WEEK'S
Issue!

IF I WERE A MASTER!

By Billy Bunter.

SOME of you may laugh. But I can assure you it would be no laughing matter if I were a master.

My pals would be all right. They would bask in the sunshine of my smile, so to speak. But fellows like Harry Wharton & Co. would have a sorry time of it.

In appearance, I should make an ideal master. I've often tried on my cousin Wally's own and master-board, and I must say I look very imposing and impressive in them. I've got the dignity, you know, and the personality. Also, I wear spectacles, and this would make me look more scollery than Wally.

Should I abolish the cane if I were a master? Certainly not! I should keep a specially formidable cane for dealing with the fellows who are a pain and who beats to me in the past. Fellows of the Bob Cherry type, I mean. It would give me grate pleazzure to sentence them to a jolly good licking. And I shouldn't spare the rod.

I should divide my class into two sections. There would be a partition between them. Harry Wharton & Co. would sit on one side of the partition and slog all day at Latin, Greek, French, and so fourth. I shouldn't give them a minnit's piece. They would have their noses to the grindstone from sunrise to sunset.

On the other side of the partition would sit my pals—Skinner and Snoop, and Stot and Fishy, and a few others. They would be particular pals of mine, but they are not such beasts as Harry Wharton & Co., and I should see that they had a decent time. Under my tuition, they would learn how to cook. Cooking is an art which is sadly neglected in this country. Of course, every hour so I should still have a few could ensure what had been cooked! Rather infra dig for a Form-master to sit down and feed with his pupils; but then, I'm not enbashed.

I should sit at the head of the Remove table, in the dining-hall, and see that Harry Wharton & Co. were put on a bread-and-water diet. I don't suppose they'd like it; but they'd jolly well have to lump it! As for my pals, they would be given duck and green peeze.

I should insist upon having the most comfortable study at Greyfriars. I should probably chuck Quelch out of his, and kommandeer it for myself. Personal comfort means everything.

Of course, I should play games. Occasionally, I should kommandeer to assist the Greyfriars First Eleven at cricket. I should kaptin the side, and Wingate would get the push.

It would be my grate ambition to become headmaster, and that wouldn't take me long. A fellow of my weight and influence could soon persuade the governors to give Dr. Lockin the Order of the Boot. And when I took the Head's job, I should fairly make things hum, I can tell you!

Can't you imagine me, dear readers—W. G. Bunter, Esq., D.D. M.A., B. Sc., D. C. L., A. S. S., F. I. G., etc. & W. With an imposing array of letters after my name, I should kommand respect wherever I went.

But there! What's the use of wishing? I am afraid I shall always remain plain William George Bunter of the Remove.

[Supplement to

THE STOLEN DIARY!

(Continued from page 8.)

of Wharton's clear tones that he spoke into the receiver.

"Hello! That you, Smitty?"
 "Yes," came a well-known voice over the wires. "I say, Wharton, can you come over here this afternoon? It's about that affair the other night, wasn't your help. I can't explain now, but I'll tell you everything when you come."

"Certainly, old fellow," said Bunter, grinning into the receiver. "I'll come with pleasure. But—"

"Good! Bring Cherry, Bull, and the others—just the five of you will be enough. I want your help in more ways than one. But—I say, whatever you do, don't let that fat ass, Bunter, get wind of this. There's serious work to be done, and I don't want that fat fool round."

"Oh—hem!" "Certainly, Herbert," stammered Bunter, his broad grin fading a little. "I'll see to that. Rely on us, Smitty."

"Right! Then I'll send the car to pick you up at Greyfriars at two. Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" gasped Bunter. He replaced the receiver, his eyes gleaming curiously. So he had been right. Smitty wanted Wharton to visit the Grange again, and it was in connection with that jolly queer burglary affair. Bunter was more determined than ever now to "be in it"—whatever it was.

He took a fat shadow, Bunter slipped out of the prefects' room again. Then after a moment's reflection, he hurried along to Study No. 1. He found all the Famous Five gathered together there, chatting cricket matters.

"I say, Wharton—"
 "Oh, sheer off, Bunter—we're busy," said Wharton crisply.

"But I've important news for you, Wharton," said Bunter reprovingly. "I've just been on the 'phone with Smitty. He wants us all to go over there this afternoon."

"Us!" said Bob Cherry, with a sniff. "I bet Smitty didn't include you in the invitation, you fat flibber."

"Oh, really, Cherry. He expressly stated that whoever else failed to come, I was to turn up. He remembers what I did the other night. He knows that, but for me you'd have all been murdered in your—"

"We've heard all that before—several thousand times since Wednesday!" said Harry Wharton, smiling. "But is this true, Bunter? Did Smitty send a message?"

"Of course he did. The car's coming at two o'clock for us. But I say, Harry, I'm jolly well coming, you know!"

"You're jolly well not! We know what a spoofer you are, Billy! I shouldn't be surprised if it's all spoof!"

"You could soon find out by ringing Smitty up," suggested Frank Nugent. "Wouldn't take a minute."

"I'll do it," said Harry Wharton. "Just keep your eye on Bunter while I'm away."

But that didn't suit Bunter at all. He knew that it meant certain discovery of his little game, and he wasn't waiting for it.

Harry had Harry Wharton taken a stride when Bunter jumped for the door.

and they heard him scudding along the passage outside.

"That settles it!" grinned Bob Cherry. "It was spoof!"

"The inclusion of Bunter in the invite was, certainly," smiled Harry. "But I'll ring Smitty up, all the same. I'd like to chat with the poor chap, in any case."

And Harry followed Bunter out, leaving his chums to await his return. He was absent five minutes or so, and when he reappeared his face was a curious mixture of anger and pleasure.

"I'll slaughter that fat meaty one of these days!" he said dully. "The little rotter actually imitated my voice on the 'phone—made Smitty think I was speaking."

"Then it wasn't spoof?" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"Not altogether. Smitty wants us five to run over to see him this afternoon—but not Bunter. It's something to do with that wretched business the other night. Anyway, the car's coming for us at two, as Bunter said. It's nearly quarter to now, so we'd better be getting ready."

"Yes, rather!"

"Good egg!"

And, overjoyed at the prospect of a long motor run and a pleasant afternoon at the Grange, the juniors began eagerly to prepare for the outing, forgetting all about Billy Bunter.

But Billy Bunter hadn't forgotten them, nor the proposed outing. He had made up his fat mind to accompany the party, and he still intended to go.

A plan was already forming in the fat junior's ready mind, and on leaving Study No. 1, he got his cap and coat, and proceeded to the gates, to wait the arrival of the car.

There he hung about until at last he spotted a large touring-car approaching along Friarsdale Lane.

Bunter blinked at the approaching car for some moments, and then, as it drew nearer, and he recognized the large Daimler with Jones at the wheel, he stepped out into the middle of the road.

"So you've come all right, then," he said genially to the surprised driver, as he drew up. "You're from Abbeydale Grange, of course?"

"Yes, sir, I've come for Master Wharton and his party. Perhaps you'll

be good enough to tell me where I can find them?"

"Certainly!" said Bunter. "Matter of fact, they told me to send you in directly you arrived. Just cross the quad to the School House door yonder, and ask for Master Wharton. I'll look after the car."

The driver hesitated, and glanced at the car. Then he touched his cap, and strode through the gates. And next moment Bunter was at the back of the car, examining it carefully.

As he expected, there was a luggage-rack attached to the rear of the car. It was large and strong, and it was empty. At sight of it Billy Bunter grinned with satisfaction. Then he trotted across the road, and T. and T. behind a projecting buttress of the school wall.

Two minutes after he had taken up his position there came the sound of voices, and Harry Wharton & Co., followed by Jones, approached the waiting car. Bunter saw them bundle aboard, laughing and chatting merrily.

But not until the driver had taken his seat did Billy Bunter move. Then, as the engine began to murmur, he dashed softly forward, and scrambled on to the carrier, and took a tight grip of the straps.

And only just in time! Next second the car shot forward, and they were off. Whether he had been seen or heard Bunter did not know, but as the seconds passed and the car gained speed, he breathed freely again.

What would happen at the end of the journey Bunter hardly considered at all. He had a vague feeling there would be trouble, but he had already decided that the end would be worth it.

There was plenty of room on the rack, even for a fellow of Bunter's bulk. But the car had not left Greyfriars long before the fat youth found out that it was anything but a comfortable seat. The jolting of the car shook him like a jelly, and the iron rack soon began to massage even Bunter's well-padded form aches.

At that moment a passing charabanc settled the matter for Bunter. A tremendous cloud of dust enveloped the fat youth, and his murmured reflections ended in a choking gasp. Then his fat features screwed themselves up convulsively, and he sneezed.

"Ain't it a terror!"
 It was a terrific sneeze, and it rang out loud above the soft purring of the car, almost startling the occupants of the car out of their wits.

"What—who on earth was that?" ejaculated Harry Wharton, staring around him; then a sudden thought occurred to him, and he jumped to his feet and leaned over the lowered hood. Then his amazed voice rang out:

"Bunter!" he howled. "My hat! It's Bunter!"

"Bunter?"
 Next moment a row of astonished faces blinked down at the crouching, dust-mottled Bunter. The luckless Owl blinked back at them, and groaned. "Well, my only topper!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "The fat, crafty frog! What on earth are we to do with him, you fellows? Smitty will be furious when we turn up with the little nuisance!"

"No doubt about that!"
 For some seconds the juniors looked at Bunter and then at each other. At last Bob Cherry chuckled softly. After whispering a moment to Harry Wharton,

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
 BY FRANK RICHARDS.
 THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 746.



Free each week
12 PHOTO-STAMPS
 of Famous Sportsmen

Here's a free gift no one should miss! Twelve "Happy Snaps" of favorite footballers, cricketers, boxers, jockeys, and other leading sportsmen as genuine photo-stamps. FREE, each week inside every copy of

SportsFun 2

The "Our-Lang-Laugh" Paper
 On Sale Every Thursday

NEXT MONDAY: "FOR HIS FATHER'S NAME!"

he leaned over, and whispered to Jones at the wheel.

The stolid-faced driver brought the car to a standstill, and at the same moment the Famous Five leaped from the car, and surrounded the alarmed Bunter.

"How far are we off the Grange, Jones?" asked Bob Cherry.

"About a mile and a half, sir."
"Good! Then see that you don't exceed sixty miles an hour, Jones. We don't want the bother of an inquest. What about that rope?"

With a faint grin on his stolid features, the driver produced a length of rope, and handed it to Bob Cherry. This the latter tied round Bunter's wrists. The loose end he secured to the springs at the rear of the car.

Then Billy Bunter understood, and he gave vent to a howl of fear.

"You—you awful rotters! Oh dear! Help! Murder!" he howled. "You'll kill me! I'll be dragged along and k-k-killed!"

"Not if you run hard enough, Billy!" Bob Cherry assured the terrified fat junior. "Get ready, old sport!"

And, despite Bunter's yells and pathetic entreaties, the juniors boarded the car, and next instant it began to move.

Next instant, also, the rope stretched, and Bunter moved—he had to. Still yelling wildly, he began to trot after the skilfully moving car, while the laughing juniors on board grinned down at him, with encouraging cheers and advice.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Smithy's Secret!

"STICK it, Billy!" cried Bob Cherry cheerily. "My hat! Blessed if I ever guessed Bunter could step it like this! Well run, Billy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Panting and puffing, his fat red face streaming with perspiration, the luckless Bunter trotted on desperately. He did not need the cheers and advice to encourage him—the rope did that.

The car's pace was anything but fast; any ordinary Removite could have kept up with it comfortably. But to Billy Bunter it was anything but comfortable. Once again Bunter was finding out that the way of the transgressor is hard.

The juniors were still roaring with laughter when the great car turned into the iron gates of Vernon-Smith's home. When the car came to a standstill at the foot of a flight of wide stone steps leading up to the beautifully carved oak door of the mansion, Billy Bunter was untied, and the fat junior sank to the ground, gasping and groaning.

"Ow!" he groaned. "I believe I'm going to die!"

"Oh, shut up, Bunt; you'll feel better in a minute!" said Bob Cherry, grinning. "Hallo! Here's Smithy! Get up off the ground, Billy; he might not like you grovelling about in front of his house like that!"

The Bounder came running down the stone steps to meet the juniors as they stepped out of the car.

"Hallo, you fellows! Here you are!" he exclaimed. He shook hands with them, then he caught sight of Bunter sitting on the gravel, and a dark frown came over his face. He turned rather sharply to Harry Wharton.

"How have you brought that fat little rotter with you?" he demanded. "I asked you not to let him come!"

"Oh really, Smithy—"

"No need to get huffy, Smithy, old man," said Harry Wharton quietly. "The little rotter stowed away on the luggage rack, and we only found him a few minutes ago." It was too late to turn him back then.

"He's got to go!" said the Bounder, through set lips. "We can't have him hanging round this afternoon. He's always showing his fat nose into other people's business!"

And, despite Bunter's entreaties, and Harry Wharton's mild reonstrance, the Bounder had his own way.

"Very well, then," said Harry Wharton. "But we can't turn the fat idiot out like this. He can't walk back, so I'll pay his fare. Here's a ten-bob-note, Bunter. Now, clear!"

"Oh, but I say, Wharton—"

"You're lucky to get away with that," said Bob Cherry. "It's more than will pay your fare, and you'll be able to get something to eat at the station. Buzz off!"

And as Bob Cherry lifted his boot just then, with the obvious intention of helping him on his way, the fat junior clutched the note in his fat fist, and scuttled along the drive.

Vernon-Smith watched him until he vanished through the gates, and then he turned and led the way indoors. A something to do with the juniors of their coats and caps, and they followed the Bounder into the billiards-room.

Vernon-Smith closed and locked the door, and faced the wondering juniors, his face set and tense.

"I expect you are wondering why I have sent for you—though you know it's something to do with that affair the other night. Well, I want your help—to save my father's name!"

The juniors looked at each other uncomfortably.

"If we can help in any way, we'll be only too glad," said Harry Wharton.

"I know that, or I wouldn't have sent for you. I know also, that what I'm going to tell you will be sacred—I can rely on you fellows to keep it a close secret amongst ourselves."

"You can rely on us, Smithy."
"And if there's any scrapping to be done," said Bob Cherry, "we're your men!"

"There will be," said the Bounder grimly. "This afternoon at four Callaghan, the leader of the gang which raided the pater's safe the other night, is calling on the pater."

"Great Scott!"

"He's bringing with him—or, rather, he's calling to see the pater about something he stole from the safe that night. To come down to brass tacks, it was an old diary—a pocket-book."

"But—but I thought it was s- something jolly valuable they had got away with!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"So it was," said the Bounder, smiling bitterly at the juniors' mystification. "The diary was tied with tape to a jewel-case containing jewels my mother used to wear, and worth somewhere about ten thousand pounds. But that diary was worth more to the pater than that, even. But I'll explain."

The Bounder paused, as if hesitating to confide his story, after all. Then his teeth set as he pulled himself together.

"It's like this, you fellows," he went on, in a low tone. "That diary contains

secrets of my father's early financial dealings—secrets which, if made public, would—well, to put it plainly, being discredited, and even scorn, to the name of Vernon-Smith. As you know, the pater was never popular. In fact, it's no good my trying to hide the fact that some of his dealings in the past have been—well, not quite the thing. My father was always honest and ruthless where business was concerned."

The Bounder paused, and Harry Wharton & Co. nodded silently. The Famous Five had often heard tales of the millionaire's early financial activities—tales of dealings which, while not exactly unscrupulous, were certainly questionable and ruthless, and not anything but credit to the name of Samuel Vernon-Smith. They now began to understand, somewhat, why the millionaire dared not bring the police into the matter. It would mean publicity, of course, to things the millionaire wished dead and buried.

"As you know," went on the Bounder, "my father is a public man. He has made many enemies, and the newspapers would snap up the story like a lot of snoring dogs. They'd gloat over that diary, and the publication of what it contains would mean social and public disgrace for the pater and for me."

"But—but why," asked Frank Nugent slowly. "Didn't your pater destroy such a dangerous thing long ago?"

"I don't know myself; but there were reasons, I expect. He's never been able to bring himself to destroy it; but it was a mistake. The pater sees it now it's too late. Anyway, the point is that this scoundrel and his gang have got it. And you can guess what their game is now."

"Blackmail!" said Johnny Bull bluntly.

Vernon-Smith nodded bitterly.

"Yes; they'll make the pater's life a misery to him now, with that in their possession. The jewels and money they've stolen are but a fleecy bit to what they hope to squeeze out of the pater. But, I suppose the Bounder's fierce. They're me, going to succeed! We've got to get that book back. And that's why I've sent for you fellows; I want your help!"

"In what way?"

"I'll tell you. This morning the pater had a letter from Callaghan—a letter demanding an interview this afternoon. The scoundrel means business. He knows he'll be quite safe; we can't touch him. I want you chaps to help me get back that diary."

"There was silence.

"You mean, we're to take it from him by force?" asked Harry Wharton.

"When we know he's got it—yes. But it's not likely he'll bring it with him this afternoon; and we can't tackle him before the servants. That's certain. But after the interview we could follow him; find out where he goes to, where he keeps it."

"I see," said Harry slowly. "But your father—will he see the fellow?"

"Yes; he'll see him alone. We've got to keep in the background. The pater will play for time, and we'll do the rest. That is, if you chaps are game!"

"Yes, rather!"

"We'll certainly do all we can, Smithy," said Harry Wharton.

"Then I'll instruct the butler to let me know when the merchant turns up, and we'll be ready for him. And—thanks, you fellows!"

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY, PAGE 2!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Again!

"BEASTS!" Thus Billy Bunter summed up Harry Wharton & Co. and the Bounder in one expressive word as he rolled through the great gates of Abbeydale Grange once more homeward bound.

Besides being wrathful, the fat junior was disappointed. It was not only the end to his prospect of a fine time at the Grange, but his curiosity to find out the secret at the Grange would also have to go unsatisfied. He felt it might have been worse. He had his fare back to Greyfriars, and something over for grub. And as he reflected upon this fact, Billy Bunter's spirits rose a little, and he hastened his footsteps.

A couple of minutes' walk brought him to the cross-roads at the end of the lane and then suddenly Billy Bunter stopped and blinked round him, at a loss.

Vernon-Smith had omitted to tell him where to find the station, and he had forgotten to ask.

There was a signpost there, certainly; but the information it gave was no help to him. There was no mention of a station on it.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Billy Bunter, "I'll have to go back. Hallo! Someone coming. Good!"

At that moment a cyclist came along, and he dismounted as Bunter addressed him.

"I say, you! Which is the road to the blessed station?" granted Billy Bunter.

There was nothing wasted as regard politeness in Bunter's tone, but the cyclist obliged for all that.

"Take the first turn on the right and keep straight on for a couple of miles," he said briefly.

"A couple of miles? Oh dear!" groaned Bunter.

"But there's a short cut across the fields you can take," said the man, grinning at Bunter's dismay. "About a hundred yards along the road there you'll come to a stile. If you follow the footpath across the fields and through the wood, it'll bring you out on the river bank. Bear away to the left along the bank, and you'll come to the bridge. You'll see the station from there."

Without loitering to thank the man, Billy Bunter rolled on until he reached the stile, and a moment later was ambulating across the fields. The footpath brought him out, as the man had stated, on the river bank, and here Bunter decided to rest awhile.

He seated himself on the fallen trunk of a tree, but scarcely had he done so when he jumped up again with a start.

Coming along the river bank towards him were three burly, rough-looking men. They were some little distance away, but even so, they seemed so familiar about them to the fat junior.

He stood and watched their approach for a moment, and then remembrance came to him.

In a flash he remembered the scene in the dark cellar at the Grange three nights ago—the white arc of light from the torch focussed on the lock of the inner door, and the grim features of Callaghan clearly outlined as he worked away at the rusty lock.

The foremost of the three men was undoubtedly Callaghan.

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter in dismay. And as he was about to turn tail and bolt when the men stopped suddenly, and

one of them pointed through the fringe of trees.

Evidently they did not see Bunter, for almost immediately afterwards all three hurried across the short stretch of turf and dived into the wood.

"M-my hat!" breathed Bunter. "What's their little game now? I wonder—"

For a brief moment Billy Bunter pondered the question, and then his curiosity overcoming his fear, the fat youth crossed the intervening stretch of grass, and a moment later was treading cautiously amidst the dead leaves and rotting brushwood beneath the trees.

And then, quite suddenly, he came out into a little clearing in the wood, and before him was a wood-built hut, dilapidated and tumbledown. There was no sight or sound of the three men, and it was fairly obvious they were within the hut.

And again, as he realised this, all Bunter's fears gave way beneath his curiosity and overpowering habit of eavesdropping. He crept up close to the shed, and after hovering round for a second, made a dive for a crack in the tarred door.

The three men were inside the hut right enough. Two of them were sprawling on a pile of logs, but the third—Callaghan—was standing with his back to the door, and he was speaking as Bunter applied his eye stealthily to the crack.

"Here's the box of sparklers," he grinned. "They'll be safer with you than with me on my job. I guess I'll be able to do a deal with the old chap for them, too. He'll pay us a better

price to get 'em back than if we disposed of 'em elsewhere. But that's only going to be a bit of extra pocket-money. This is the thing that's going to make our fortunes, boys."

And Callaghan took from an inner pocket a small package and held it up with a triumphant flourish. It was a small, insignificant packet wrapped in brown paper, but the fellow handled it as though it held untold wealth.

"There's the book that's going to keep us in luxury for the rest of our natural," he exclaimed gleefully. "If I was a fool now, I'd p'haps take it with me; as it is, I ain't. I'm leavin' it in your charge, Hemshall. If you loses it—look out!"

The fellow's next words made Billy Bunter's heart jump, and with a gasp of alarm he withdrew his eye from the peep-hole and scuttled off into the wood and took shelter behind a tree trunk, his heart still thumping with fright and excitement.

Only just in time had Billy Bunter made himself scarce, for next moment the door creaked open and Callaghan appeared. He stood looking round him for a moment, and then he started off through the woods in the direction of Abbeydale Grange.

"Well, my word!" breathed Billy Bunter, staring after the burly figure. "So that's the secret, is it? I must tell Smutty this. I bet he'll be sorry he kicked me out now."

And shaking with excitement and triumph, the fat junior rolled off in the wake of Callaghan. The man was by now out of sight, but when he emerged from the wood a few moments later,



The Bounder managed to get a grip on one of the burglars, and despite the shower of blows which rained down upon him, he clung on desperately. "Help! Quick!" he panted. "I've got one of 'em!" Harry Wharton swung round and rushed to the rescue of his chum. (See Chapter 4.)

Billy Bunter could see his tall figure striding across the field. Great caution was necessary now, as Bunter realised, and he dropped into the dry ditch by the hedge and moved along, raising his head now and again to keep an eye on the distant figure he was tracking.

But not once did Callaghan look round, and by the time Bunter had reached the house the fellow had turned in at the gates of the Grange.

Then Bunter took to his heels and scuttled as hard as he could get along the road. He reached the gates breathless and panting and gasping. There he stood a moment, and seeing the drive deserted, he scuttled on towards the house exhausted, but kept going by his eagerness to tell the startling news.

He had reached half-way down the drive, and the house was in sight, when a startling thing happened.

From the thick bushes bordering the gravel drive a figure leapt with sudden noise that aroused a vein of fright from Bunter. There the fat junior was grasped roughly and hauled into the shelter of the bushes.

"Quiet, Bunter," muttered a threatening voice, "or I'll—I'll slaughter you!"

The voice was the voice of the Bounder, and as he heard it, the fat youth's fear fled. With a gasp of relief he opened his terrified eyes to find himself in the grasp of Vernon-Smith and the Famous Five.

"You—you fat nuisance!" hissed the Bounder, through set teeth. "So you've come back to—to spoil everything."

"I—I suspect, Smithy," choked Bunter. "Leggo! I've got news for you. I know the whole plot. Callaghan—"

"Callaghan—what do you know about Callaghan?" snapped the Bounder, his eyes gleaming.

"Everything. Leggo! You're cho-cho-choking me—and I'll tell you." Vernon-Smith reluctantly released his angry grip, and next moment Billy Bunter was stuttering out his story. When he had finished the juniors looked at each other.

"Well, my hat! Good for you, Bunter!" breathed Frank Nugent. "We can follow that chap Callaghan and collar the whole crowd—book and all."

"I've a safer plan than that," said Harry Wharton quietly. "Against three of them we'd have a stiff fight, and we might fail. But with that scoundrel Callaghan out of the way we've stand a good chance. All we want is the book and stuff—not the men. I vote we let Bunter lead us to the hut, and then we can storm it. We should handle the two of them easily."

"We're too late," hissed the Bounder. "Here's Callaghan now. For goodness' sake lie low."

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Fight by the River!

IT was true enough.

Coming down the wide steps of the Grange was the tall, ominous figure of Callaghan.

The hidden juniors crouched lower in the bushes as Callaghan came striding past, swinging the heavy stick he carried jauntily.

"The patter's managed to play up to the scoundrel, then!" whispered the Bounder. He evidently thinks the same of his Bunter.

"What now?" breathed Bob Chorry.

"Wait! I've just remembered the

lay of the land round here. If we're slippy we'll get there first, after all. Well, I give the word, cut after me. We'll have to leg it like—'Shush!'"

The juniors crouched, scarcely daring to breathe, as the man strode past their hiding-place. They stayed thus until the man had almost reached the gates, and then the Bounder spoke.

"Aiter me through the bushes," he said curly. "And let it rip!"

And, leaping to his feet, the Bounder crashed through the bushes behind them, and Harry Wharton & Co. followed, with Billy Bunter panting in the rear.

The fat junior was no fighting-man, but he meant to be in at the end—if it was to be the end!

Through the clump of bushes and across a strip of lawn beyond the Bounder led them madly; then came a gravel path and another strip of lawn ending in a line of white-painted railings. These the juniors vaulted nately—with the exception of Billy Bunter!

In essaying the same feat, that sadly over-burdened junior caught both feet on the top rail, and came a cropper. His fat little nose reached the ground first, and when he staggered to his feet again his face was a picture.

But the fever of the chase was upon Bunter, and only stopping to wipe the

fore, and racing for the spot where the footpath entered the wood, and in a couple of minutes the dark trees had swallowed them up.

Vernon-Smith had a fairly clear idea where the hut stood, but it was hard going through the rank undergrowth, and several precious minutes had gone before Harry Smith gave a cry and pointed through the trees ahead.

Next moment the juniors plunged into the little clearing where the woodman's hut stood, lonely and desolate.

There was no time to stop for a breather, and, with a rallying cry, Harry Wharton dashed forward. His hand fell upon the latch of the door, and as it swung open the juniors rushed inside.

There was a hoarse, alarmed cry, and the two men who had been sprawling at ease, smoking on the pile of logs, sprang up, and in a flash they were at grips with the juniors.

In a way the rascals had sensed the meaning of the attack, and it was clear from the beginning that it was going to be a desperate struggle.

Though in the majority of three to one, the juniors were breathless and spent after their grueling run, whilst the men were fresh and rested. Moreover, they were both burly, powerful rascals, and they realised they were fighting for a fortune.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp!"

To and fro, backwards and forwards the grim struggle went on in the gloomy, confined limits of the old woodman's hut.

Knowing that every moment that passed lessened their chances of success, the juniors strained every nerve, gasping and panting as they struggled desperately for the mastery.

Harry Wharton, Hurree Singh, and Johnny Bull had tackled Peck, the younger of the two men, and quickly they were favoured by fortune in an unexpected manner.

In his furious efforts to shake off the clinging grip of the determined juniors, the fellow staggered backwards, tripped over the pile of logs and went headlong, with the boys sprawling over him.

It was the end of the struggle, so far as he was concerned, for, in falling, his head struck one of the logs, and he went limp in the juniors' grasp.

"Stunned!" panted Harry Wharton.

"Oh, good! Help the others, you—"

Harry's words ended in a gasp of alarm, for at that moment something else happened.

Vernon-Smith, Frank Nugent, and Bob Chorry had found the burly Henshall a particularly hard nut to crack. His strength was tremendous, and he fought with the ferocity of a wild-cat.

Even as Harry Wharton turned to help, the fellow shook one arm free, and with his last fist sent Frank Nugent spinning to the far end of the hut.

In that same moment also there came a heavy tread outside, and the ominous form of Callaghan appeared in the doorway. He stood glaring at the scene blankly, and his appearance brought a lull in the fighting.

Harry Wharton, Bull, and Singh stood stock still, hesitating whether to help their chums or to attack the newcomer, and curiously enough it was the dull-witted Henshall who made the first move.

Apparently he thought the game was going against them, for his free hand dashed to his pocket, and Frank Nugent, well he got a small flat package whizzing through the air towards his flabbergasted leader.

TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.



rud from his mouth and to jam his huge spectacles on firmer, the fat junior went on, panting and puffing after the others, who by now were a hundred yards ahead.

Soon the rich park-land had been left behind, and then as they were crossing the meadow beyond, the Bounder spoke for the first time since the start of the run.

"We're in sight of the road now," but we shall have to chance being seen," he panted. "We'll strike the footpath presently. Buck up!"

Next moment the juniors reached a thick hedge, and, crashing through this, heedless of scratches, they dashed on again like a pack of hounds on the trail of the hare.

At the end of the field, however, Vernon-Smith called a brief halt, and, climbing the wood fence he scanned the country to the right of them.

There was no sign of Callaghan; but even as he watched, a man's figure appeared over the stile joining the distant road, and the Bounder sprang to the ground.

"He's just entered the footpath," he said briskly. "He's bound to see us now; but we've got before him, and, with a bit of luck, we'll get the job over before he turns up. Come on!"

In a flash the juniors were over the

Callaghan had not grasped the situation yet, but he realised his confederate's meaning. He caught the package neatly, and, turning swiftly, he dashed away.

"After him!" yelled the Bounder fiercely. "Never mind the others."

In a flash Vernon-Smith had realised what the package contained, and, releasing his grip on Henshall, he rushed through the doorway in pursuit.

At the same moment there came a yell of terror from outside, and the Bounder reached the open air just in time to see a fat, familiar figure dive into the wood, with Callaghan in hot pursuit.

But Callaghan was not concerned about Billy Bunter. It was pure luck which made the rascal take Bunter's direction; and it turned out to be bad luck for Callaghan.

Billy Bunter was almost through the thin belt of trees separating the hut from the towpath when he tripped over a hidden creeper, and, unable to stop himself, Callaghan went headlong over his sprawling form with a crash like a falling tree.

At that moment the Bounder rushed up, and flung himself like a thunderbolt at the prostrate ruffian.

Dazed and half-stunned, the rascal lay helpless, and before he had realised it the Bounder had snatched the precious package from his grasp, and jumped to his feet.

But in that moment Callaghan recovered himself a little. His huge hand shot out and closed round the Bounder's ankle like a vice.

Vernon-Smith felt the cruel grip tighten, and realising it was now or never, he set his teeth and came to a sudden resolve.

He would put the dangerous book out of reach for ever.

The thought was followed swiftly by action. Through the fringe of trees came the white gleam of the river, and, raising his arm, the Bounder flung the precious diary towards it with all his force.

A brief glimpse he had of the package whirling through the air; and then there came a yell of baffled rage, his feet were wrenched from beneath him, and he went down with a sickening thud.

What would have happened to the junior had not help arrived just then, it would be hard to say. But even as the furious rascal sprang to his feet there came a crashing in the undergrowth, and the figures of Harry Wharton & Co. appeared through the trees.

With a muttered imprecation, Callaghan gave one baffled glance at the swiftly flowing river through the trees, and then he turned and dived into the deep recesses of the wood.

"Hallo, hallo! You're hurt, Smithy. What's happened?" cried Bob Cherry's anxious voice. And with Harry Wharton's aid he helped the dazed Vernon-Smith to his feet.

"I'm—I'm all right," muttered the Bounder, laughing almost hysterically. "Just a tumble, that's all."

"Then—the Callaghan! Hadn't we better follow?"

"Let him go," said the Bounder, with the shadow of his old mocking grin. "The dear man's gone off with a bee in his bonnet. He's—"

"But the book!"

"The book's gone, too—where neither Callaghan nor anyone else will ever get it. It's in the river, my pippins!"

"In the river?"

"Yes, the safest place for it, too. I took it from Callaghan, and chuckled it



Through the fringe of trees came the white gleam of the river, and, raising his arm, the Bounder flung the precious diary towards it with all his force. There was a yell of baffled rage from Callaghan, and the man wrenched Vernon-Smith's feet from beneath him, bringing him down with a thud. (See Chapter 9.)

in," said the Bounder. "We've won the game, you fellows! Those brutes won't worry the pater again."

"I'm glad, Smithy," said Harry Wharton.

But despite the Bounder's confidence that the package was safe in the river, Harry Wharton insisted upon a thorough search. For five minutes the six juniors closely searched every inch of the ground between the spot and the water's edge. But nothing was found, and at the end of that time they gave it up.

"It's gone," said the Bounder. "It's at the bottom of the river now, and if Callaghan wants to get it he'll have to engage a diver. By that time it'll be nothing but a sodden mass—it won't be readable. And now you're satisfied, let's get back. What about those other two beauties?"

"My hat! I'd forgotten them!" exclaimed Harry in alarm.

The juniors hurried back to the hut, and, as they expected, Henshall had vanished. But Peak was still there. He was sitting up dazedly on the pile of logs, and had obviously only just recovered consciousness.

He staggered to his feet, scowling at the juniors, and as his attitude was threatening, the juniors closed round him.

"Better let him go," said the Bounder. "We've nothing to fear from him now. In the hands of the police he'd say things we don't want said. A free man, he'll keep him mouth shut for his own sake. Let the brute go."

"Half a minute. What about searching?" said Harry.

"The thought that the rascals might have any of the stolen property on them had not occurred to the juniors before. But now they remembered Bunter's story, and while the others held the fuming Peak, the Bounder ran his hands through the man's pockets.

And the first thing the Bounder brought to light was the long, narrow leather case; and as he opened it and showed the sparkling contents there was a simultaneous cry of astonishment from the other juniors.

"The—the master's jewels," said the Bounder huskily. He gazed with shining eyes for a moment at the glittering contents, and then he closed the case and placed it carefully in his inside coat pocket. "I—I can't thank you enough for this, Wharton," he went on quietly. "And the pater will be more grateful than I am, to get those back."

The juniors nodded silently. They understood.

"And now, what about getting out of this," said Harry, breaking the awkward silence. "I don't think, after all, that we ought to let this chap loose yet. We can tie him up and let his precious pals come and release him. Knowing he has—or, rather, had—those jewels, they're bound to come prowling round again."

"Another disappointment for the dear Callaghan," grinned the Bounder faintly. "It's been Callaghan's unlucky day."

Though he began to struggle again, the furious Peak was helpless against the six

(Continued on page 19.)

THE BROAD HIGHWAY!

Round the Camp-fire with the Greyfriars Scouts.

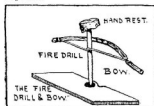
"THE MAGIC SPARK!"

By Harry Wharton (Pair I Leader, Lions).

"When I land above this flame is lifted,
Shall be with magic food incited."

HAVE you ever felt the magnetic influence of a camp-fire, that irresistible force that pulls you round the crackling, burning pilewood as night-falls? Without a camp-fire camping would lose half its joy and pleasure. How empty a night would be without a fire to sit round and yarn! How impossible it would all be! No cooking to be done—nothing! But why go on in this manner? Why think of a camp without fires? It's all part of the great game, this art of lighting fires; an art, a craft, a skill a most important thing indeed.

In the olden days, when bricks and mortar were unknown things, men gathered round the cottage, flickering flames, talked to one another, held great councils, and spoke in words of great wisdom. It was always round a council-fire, never beyond the circle of its magic flare.



There's something about a fire that gives you a feeling of absolute happiness and contentment, a something that is indescribable. Perhaps it may be the scent of the burning pine branches, the flickering blue-green and yellow flames that dart out of the logs—a sense of safety. Whatever it is, call it a magic of the fire, it is a force that you can't draw away from.

After the first discovery of fire by the primitive man, various methods were introduced into the craft. As matches had not, of course, been invented then, the lighting process was longer; but the art of building and construction then became more perfect, and the builders more skillful as the years passed.

The three most commonly used methods at that time were the fire-drill and bow, the single fire-drill, and the flint and steel. The flint and steel method came at a later date, and was not always so effective as the drills. The flint and steel method was used by the North American Indians and the Africans. Until quite recently this way of fire-lighting was very common, not especially the fire-drill and bow combination.

In other parts of the globe the single drill was in vogue about the same time, and is still used in this manner by the natives of the South Sea Islands, and in parts where civilization has not laid a foot.

It is very interesting to follow in the footsteps of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and I should very much like to record them all in this article, but space does not permit. But we might glance back over our own methods in this game, especially the fire-drill and bow combination.

As I have already stated, the first instance would come when the primitive man first discovered fire when he was rubbing a piece of wood against a block of stone. John Bull mentions this in his accompanying article, so we will pass over it until we come to a later period, when the cave-man led us to his art of lighting fires. This fire was known in those days, and made use of other than for worshipping and making sacrifices to. He found that it cooked his

meat, and that cooked meat was better than raw. Then he worked out contrivances to help him in making fire easier and quicker another great method. He thought of the drill and bow.

Fire was then caused by friction, as it is even now, and the "drill and bow" method was used for some time, but this was improved upon by having the drill made large enough for three men to handle. Then the natives of the Archipelago Islands discovered another method. They used to rub small pieces of bamboo against one another and made sparks which set light to the powdered inside of the cane.

Later it was found that if a piece of steel was struck against a piece of flint it would cause sparks to fly. That was an improvement on the fire-drill, for a flint and steel could be carried about in a very small bag, and was nothing to prepare. The flint and steel, with many improvements, remained for many years, according to history. People of the Middle Ages carried them in the place of matches. Then, when gunpowder was discovered, it was found that the flint and steel was an ideal method of exploding it, thus set the stage for the coming-looking weapons, the rifle and blunderbuss.

The discovery of sulphur revolutionized the whole thing. The first matches were, of course, things which always seemed to go wrong. They were big and clumsy, and the sulphur process was not very good. Later it was improved upon, until today we have the ordinary match. What will happen in the future we cannot say; perhaps the match will fall off, and some other ingenious contrivance will be invented to take its place. The fire-drill, in the history of the world, there are many other ways I have not been able to mention, but—another day, perhaps!

It would be a very good idea to make a fire-drill and bow to use at your future camp. They come in very handy about you in short of matches. What you will need is a piece of wood, with a hole about an inch in the centre for the "hand-rest," a piece of green ash for the "drill," and a "bow" can be made from another ash stick about two feet in length, and you will require a thin piece of board about six inches by fifteen inches in length. You will notice that there is a niche cut in the side of the board, and a small notch in the wood a couple of inches away from it, in which the drill is resting.

The string of the bow is twisted once round the drill about half-way up. If you rest your left hand on the "hand-rest" you will be able to draw the bow backwards and forwards, and the wood begins to smoulder and burn. Then gently blow the smouldering chips of wood into flames. With a little practice you will find that you will be able to make a fire outside.

You may make mistakes at first, but that is all right so long as you realize your mistakes at the time, and do not make them again, and the wood begins to smoulder and burn. Then gently blow the smouldering chips of wood into flames. With a little practice you will find that you will be able to make a fire outside.

You may make mistakes at first, but that is all right so long as you realize your mistakes at the time, and do not make them again, and the wood begins to smoulder and burn. Then gently blow the smouldering chips of wood into flames. With a little practice you will find that you will be able to make a fire outside.

FIRES AND FIRE-LIGHTING.

By JOHNNY BULL (Of the Lion Patrol.)

"Nature I love, and next to Nature, Art; I warm both hands before the fire of Life."
—W. S. LUTHER.

KINDLING a fire is one of the camping crafts which requires more practice, resource, skill, and patience than any other. Anyone can heap up a bundle of sticks, put a match to it, and make what is commonly called a "traveler's bonfire." That's nothing.

That is not the "art of fire-lighting." It's making a mess of things, and doing more harm than good.

The professional man, some thousands and thousands of years ago, first discovered how it could be used, and how useful it was to him. He was one day rubbing the end of a piece of stick against a stone, and he rubbed the friction against the latter's rough surface caused the stick to smoulder. A little later it burst into flame. That was how fire came to be known.

There is a real art in lighting a fire. The old camper sets about it neatly, and makes it small.

First of all, let me give you a piece of advice. Never cut down a growing tree to make a fire with. There are many reasons why you should not. There is more than enough wood lying about on the ground under the trees that you can see, and wood that is just cut is alive, and will not burn well.

The "tipi" fire is one which is very commonly used. This is built in the manner of an Indian tipi, a growing tree with a fork at one end is stuck into the ground a few inches, the fork showing, and the twigs are placed round it, resting on the fork in the shape of a cone or pyramid. A lighted material is placed at the base of the fire, and when the twigs are burning well, thicker ones are added, and so on.

As you will notice, this is practically every fire, with the exception of the "arm-chair" and the "pooka" smokes, the twigs are built on the cone or pyramid principle.

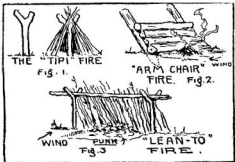


Fig. 1 in the diagram will give you an idea how the "tipi" fire is built. Fig. 2 on the same diagram, depicts the "arm-chair" fire, which is used in a strong wind. To build it you will require several logs about one and a half inches in thickness and about fifteen inches long. Two of the logs are driven into the ground as shown, about a foot apart, and sloping slightly in the same direction the wind is blowing. The other logs are placed across the two uprights, forming a kind of wall. The fire, pyramid fashion, is built just in front of this wooden wall. This fire is best to use at a standing camp.

The "lean-to" is something like a "tipi," inasmuch as forked sticks are required for its construction. In this case two are needed instead of one, and also a crossbar will be wanted of the same thickness. Fig. 3 will show you how the twigs are placed against the crossbar. The "pooka," as in diagram, consists of anything such as wood chipping, bits of thin twigs, strips of bark, or the inside of a piece of dead wood.

THE STOLEN DIARY!

(Continued from page 17.)

juniors. They trusted him up like a fowl and dumped him down in a corner. Then they crowded out of the hut.

They had scarcely crossed the threshold, however, when all stopped dead, as a yell of fear, followed immediately by a cry for help in a well-known voice came from the depths of the wood before them.

"Bunter!" cried Harry Wharton in alarm. "That was Bunter's voice. Those scoundrels have got him. Quick!"

And, followed by his startled chums, the skipper of the Remove dashed headlong to the rescue.

TENTH CHAPTER.

The Hero of the Hour—Bunter!

NEVER had Billy Bunter been so terrified in all his youthful life as when he measured his length in the undergrowth and the huge form of Callaghan hurtled over him.

But when the Bounder came charging up and flung himself upon Callaghan, Billy Bunter recovered his scattered wits a little. He scrambled to his feet, and only thinking of his own fat skin in that tense moment, the fat junior gave one terrified glance at the straggling figures, and bolted as fast as his short little legs would carry him.

He reached the fringe of trees by the river-bank, and, realising he was hungry, he leaned against a solitary tree, still half dazed with fright.

He had scarcely taken up his position there when without warning something struck the tree-trunk high above his head with a soft thud, and dropped into the grass at his feet.

Startled, the fat youth stooped and picked the object up gingerly. It was only a small book, wrapped in brown paper and bound in dingy leather. But as Bunter's eye fell upon the name on the cover he gave a violent start.

"M-mum-my hat!" he breathed. "It—it's Smithy's pater's diary! Oh dear! Wha-what shall I do with it? I wonder if—"

The fat junior broke off, breathless, and scared at the thought that in his hand was the precious book the gang of rascals were risking all to get—the miserable diary that was the cause of all the trouble.

All seemed silent in the wood now, and Bunter gazed at his hand with bulging eyes, as he moved along, wondering how it had got there. He never dreamed that the Bounder had flung it away, as he imagined, for ever.

But he had scarcely gone twenty yards when another thought struck him, and he stopped.

"My hat! I never thought of that," he breathed, with a chuckle. "It wouldn't be a bad wheeze to get to know what's in the thing. I bet Smithy won't dare to treat me like he does when he knows I know his guilty secrets."

And his curiosity overcoming his greed, the fat youth seated himself on a fallen tree-trunk and began to turn the pages of the diary.

But the notes and records of financial dealing were so much Greek to Billy Bunter, and after a few minutes' perusal he closed the book in disgust.

"And that's what they're making all this fuss about—a beastly old book not worth twopenny!" he soliloquised, with a sniff. "But—but that awful brute Callaghan said it was good to make their fortunes. I suppose they thought they'd get thousands of quids from old Smithy for it."

But Bunter's musing broke off suddenly. His mouth opened, and his eyes fairly bulged with fright behind his glasses. He sat transfixed, staring as if fascinated across the clearing.

From the trees a man had stepped almost silently—a burly, ominous figure. It was Callaghan. He seemed almost as startled as Bunter at first. Then, as his fierce eyes fell upon the book in Bunter's hand, he underwent a sudden change, and he made a mad rush for Billy Bunter.

What happened after that Billy never remembered clearly. He remembered jumbling the book into his pocket and yelling for help. Then he went backwards over the tree-trunk, and the next moment the man was upon him.

Bunter felt the man's hands tearing at his pockets, and, hardly knowing what he did in his terror, he lashed out with his feet.

It was a very lucky kick indeed for Billy Bunter. Callaghan had squatted down on his toes, the better to get at Bunter's inside pocket, and Bunter's frantic lunge caught him full in the chest.

With a furious imprecation the fellow overbalanced backwards, and that moment's respite made all the difference to Billy Bunter.

(Continued on page 20.)

Teach Yourself Wireless Telegraphy

Mr. J. J. BARNARD, Welling, Kent, writes—
"I have just told you how to learn 'The Amateur Mechanic.' It has proved of great assistance in a variety of jobs, and especially as to the article on WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. I considered an instrument strictly according to the instructions, and was rewarded with success on the first trial. Sunday last was for me a red-letter day, as I succeeded, with the same instrument, in picking up the telephonic message from London to Geneva at 9.40 a.m. Considering that my aerial is only 40 feet long and 18 inches high, I think these are grounds for self-congratulation. I may add that since I became interested in the article in your 'AMATEUR MECHANIC' I have been able to do the slightest elementary knowledge of Wireless Telegraphy."

The

AMATEUR MECHANIC

In Simple, Non-technical Language, with "How-to-do-it" Pictures and Diagrams. Presents over 400 Practical Lessons,

Including

HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN SHEDS, OUTHOUSES, COUNTRY-ROUSES, ETC.—HOW TO CURE DAMP WALLS, LEAKY ROOFS, AND SMOKE CHIMNEYS—HOW TO MAKE GARDEN BENCHES, GARDEN FURNITURE, AND GARDEN PATHS—HOW TO MEND WINDOWS, AND TO MAKE, MEND, AND STRENGTHEN LOCKS AND BOLTS—To Clean, Overhaul, and Repair Motors and Motor-Cycles—To Install Wireless Telegraphy, Electric Light, etc.—To Work in every kind of Metal—To Build a Boat, a Canoe, a Canvas Canoe, etc.—To paint and paper a room—To tile and lead and scull roofs—To make a pair of hand-sewing boots—To restore colour to old brown shoes—To make household furniture—To make chairs—To upholster sofas, etc.—To treat a speaking tube—To clean a stove—To repair bicycles—To work in metals—To colour metals—To repair water-laps—To turn a violin—To remedy damp walls—To repair a piano—To make a padded chair from an old sack—To stuff animals—To dress furs—To stuff and mount birds—Wood unstaining—To prepare working drawings—To renovate a grandfather clock—To make screws, arbors, axles, spacers, summer-hoses, etc.—To use inter-drilling tools—To renovate mirrors—To mend brass—To do a network—To limewash poultry-houses—To do gold-plating and silver-plating—To clean a watch—To mend keys—To mend pins and ordinary watches—To dismember collars and waists—To make picture-frames and frame picture-glasses—To make metal castings—To clean paint off glass—To clean boilers—To fix an electric stove—To rigid and restore picture-frames—To use a spelter—To make doors and windows draught-proof—To paint walls—To do clock-plating—To cure noise in hot-water pipes—Lads and girls

THIS IS SOUND MONEY SAVING KNOWLEDGE



Mr. BEARD, Long Eaton, writes—
"I intend to buy 'THE AMATEUR MECHANIC' shall be a free gift to me, if I send you a photograph of my statement plan, I can see how to really save the money on house repairs alone, as I find that I can do a number of jobs I have been putting out are treated in the work, and as I have no means beyond my limited capacity (with your writers at my elbow), I can only thank you."

FREE BOOKLET

To tell you all about "The Amateur Mechanic." It shows pages and pictures from the actual work.

(Send this form in unsealed envelope, with penny stamp.)

To The WAVELEY BOOK CO., Ltd. (U.K. Dep.), 96, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

Please send me, free of charge or obligation to order, your Free descriptive Booklet, explaining contents, etc., of "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC," with specimen pages and photographs of pictures, and, if possible, the small monthly payments beginning thirty days after delivery.

NAME

ADDRESS

J. L. L., 1922.

