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No. 747. Vol. XXI.



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(A dramatic episode from the long complete tale in this issue.)



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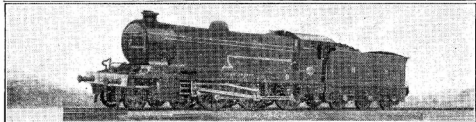
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A Magnificent Long
Complete Tale of
Harry Wharton & Co.
and H. Vernon-Smith
:: at Greyfriars. ::

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter's Secret!

"I SAY, Smythy—"
"Oh, sheer off!"
"But, I say—stop a minute, Smythy!"

But Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, did not stop, or even look round. And Billy Bunter, after blinking wrathfully after him through his big, round glasses for a brief moment, rolled in pursuit.

He overtook the Bounder at the foot of the School House steps, and caught him by the sleeve in the objectionable way he had.

"Look here, Smythy—"
Vernon-Smith, perhaps the haughtiest and most stand-offish junior in all Greyfriars, stopped and jerked his arm angrily.

"Unless you want that smudge of putty you call a nose pushed through the back of your fat neck," he said warningly, "you'll let go my arm, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter released his grasp of the Bounder's sleeve and stepped back hurriedly.

"But—but I want to speak to you, Smythy—it's most important—"

"To you—but not to me, Bunter! I'm not interested in mythical postal-orders, and I'm not lending you any money. Now buzz off!"

"I tell you I don't want your rotten money—"

"You don't!"
"No!" roared Bunter. "Why can't you listen to a fellow, Smythy? I want to talk—"

"Then what on earth can you want me for, Bunter?" gasped Vernon-Smith, in pretended astonishment.

"I'll tell you!" affirmed Billy Bunter. "It's about that affair of your pater's diary, Smythy."

"Oh!"

The Bounder was interested at last—there was no doubt about that. He gave a quick glance round, and a hot flush mounted his cheeks.

"You fat fool, shut up!" he hissed, gripping Bunter in an angry grip.

"You'll have every fellow in the quad hearing you. Didn't I tell you never to mention that again? Didn't I warn you I'd flay you alive if you as much as breathed a word of it at Greyfriars?"

"I—I us-say, Smythy," gasped Bunter, wriggling in the Bounder's far from gentle grip. "It's all right, I've told nobody! I haven't—honour bright! I'm keeping it dark, I tell you. I was only going—"

"Then what are you gassing about it now for? You've done nothing but worry me about the business since we came back from Abbeylea that night, you fat toad! What's your little game, Bunter?"

And with another sharp glance around him, the Bounder eyed Bunter's fat features suspiciously.

For it was a week now since the affair of his father's diary, and Vernon-Smith had imagined the business over and done with. He himself had tried to dismiss the matter from his mind, and he had hoped that all concerned—and especially the talkative Billy Bunter—had done the same.

Briefly, the whole trouble had started on the night of the Abbeylea match. A party of the Remove juniors had called at Abbeylea Grange, the country house of Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith, the Bounder's father, and, owing to an accident to the charabanc, they had been obliged to stay there that night. And during the eventful night a burglar had taken place at the Grange, and the burglars had got away with a quantity of valuables.

But, to the juniors' amazement, though the millionaire had been extremely agitated and upset by the occurrence, he had, for some reason unexplained to the juniors then, refused absolutely to have the police brought into the matter.

Later on, however, the Bounder had taken Harry Wharton & Co. into his confidence, and, under a vow of secrecy, had explained the mystery.

In addition to the other valuables, the burglars had taken by accident an old diary—a diary containing secrets of the millionaire's early financial dealings,

which if made public would bring something approaching disgrace and scorn upon the already far from popular name of Samuel Vernon-Smith. Having heard tales before of the millionaire's early financial activities—tales of hard, grasping business coups, of harsh dealings which certainly did no credit to the father of the Bounder—the juniors now understood why the astute financier was so reluctant to bring the police into the matter. It would mean publicity of things the millionaire himself wished forgotten, for his son's sake more than his own.

But in avoiding this, the millionaire had himself dug up against a trouble almost as unpleasant.

The rascally gang of burglars had discovered the value of the diary, and Callaghan, their leader, had approached Mr. Vernon-Smith with a view to blackmail! And it was then the Bounder had approached Harry Wharton & Co., and had asked them to help him to get the dangerous book back.

This the chums of the Remove willingly agreed to do. Whether the tales of the astute millionaire's financial dealings were true or not they did not know. They only knew he had altered a great deal since the old days. He was still the same hard-headed business man, but he was much more generous and tolerant. And their one desire was to help their chum's father.

Eventually they had come into desperate conflict with the blackmailers in an old hut near the river, and the Bounder had managed to gain possession of the diary. It was only for a moment, but in that moment the keen-witted Bounder had flung the book—as he supposed—into the river, in order to place it out of reach for ever.

The juniors were also lucky enough to recover the rest of the plunder, and, fearing nothing from the baffled, would-be blackmailers now, they let them go, and, feeling that their task was accomplished, had returned in triumph to Greyfriars. All this had taken place a week ago, and both Harry Wharton & Co. and the

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"But I will get the truth out of him. And if the little toad's got that diary I'll—I'll make him wish he'd never been born."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter Gets a Shock!

"I SAY, you fellows!" Bunter made that remark as he met the Famous Five coming down the steps into the Close a few minutes after his unsuccessful interview with the Bouncer.

"Hallo, hallo hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's the trouble now, Bunter? Someone after you for pinching his grub?"

"Nonsense, Cherry, you rotter!" grunted Billy Bunter. "I say, Harry, old chap, you're good at persuading, ain't you?"

"Persuading?" repeated Harry Wharton, puzzled. "Yes, it's about that diary of Smithy's!" began Bunter cautiously. "I've just been speaking to Smithy, the rotter. I simply pointed out the fact that he ought to offer a reward to anyone finding the diary. I merely warned him of the risk of everybody getting to know what a swindling rotter his father had been—and you'd hardly believe it—he flew at me like—like a blessed tiger."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Did—did he really?" gasped Bob Cherry, with heavy sarcasm.

"He did—after all I've done for him, too; but look here, Wharton," urged Bunter. "Why don't you persuade him to get his pater to offer a thumping big reward? Smithy thinks it's in the river; but it's my belief it isn't. It's my belief the blessed book hid a tree or something and—some chap's got it and is waiting until a reward's offered. Smithy says—"

"You—you thumping young idiot!" snapped Harry Wharton angrily. "What are you drivelling about? You—"

"Well, Smithy didn't see the book go in, did he?"

"Blow the book! You deserve a reward for ever mentioning the matter again to Smithy—let alone saying what you did about his pater. And you're going to get it. Collar the fat clump, you chaps!"

"Here, I say—"

But Billy Bunter had already said more than enough. He was gripped in many wrathful hands and next moment he descended to the hard quad with a heavy concussion. Again and again he was bumped on the non-sympathetic ground and then the accused juniors left him sitting in the quad and tearing with anguish and made across the quad to the cycle shed.

As Harry Wharton was about to mount his machine the significance of Billy Bunter's remarks dawned suddenly upon him and he turned to his chums.

"My hat, you chaps!" he exclaimed suddenly. "It's just struck me! Supposing there is something in what Bunter was gassing about? About that diary, I mean. Why does he want Smithy to get his pater to offer a reward? It almost looks as if—"

"As if the dear Bunter himself had found it!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Great Scott! If Smithy himself hadn't told me it was in the river I should jolly well believe he had, too!"

"It isn't like the esteemed Bunter to offer suggestively notions for nothing," added Horree Singh wisely.

Harry Wharton frowned, his face thoughtful and puzzled.

"We'd better mention this to Smithy."

NEXT MONDAY!

"BUNTER THE CROOK!"



"You're coming with me," rapped out Callaghan. "You know what I want—" Callaghan broke off abruptly. There was a sudden ringing of cycle bells, and round the bend in the lane appeared the dim figures of Harry Wharton & Co. (See chapter 3.)

you fellows," he said quietly. "As Inky says, it's not like Bunter to worry him self about other people's troubles—unless he intends to make something out of it. Anyway, let's get on to Friarsdale now. But we'll keep an eye on friend Bunter."

And, with his brow wrinkled in deep thought, Harry Wharton counted his marching and led the way to Friarsdale. Like Vernon-Smith, the egotistical fat junior's kind suggestion had filled his mind with vague suspicions.

But had Harry Wharton only been able to keep an eye on Billy Bunter during the next few minutes, those vague suspicions would have been changed to certainty.

Immediately after the Famous Five had left him grovelling in the dust of the quad the luckless Bunter staggered to his feet, groaning and gasping. Only stooping to shake a fat fist after the disappearing cyclists, he rolled away and disappeared indoors.

He rolled along to Study No. 7, and his actions after that were secret enough to raise anyone's suspicions—even if they hadn't known Billy Bunter.

The study happened to be empty, and, after a cautious blink round, the fat junior closed and carefully locked the door. There was a curious expression on Billy Bunter's fat face—an expression of triumph and almost of joy.

The fact of the matter was that, even while talking to Harry Wharton & Co., Billy Bunter had been visited with a brainwave—an inspiration.

Certainly the terrific bumping he had received had made him forget it for the moment; but as the pain decreased, so

did Billy Bunter's enthusiasm for his new idea increase.

"My hat!" murmured the fat junior, with a grin. "Why didn't I think of it before? What's the good of wasting time on Smithy? He thinks—ha, he, he!—the blessed diary's at the bottom of the river. And it's no good my trying to persuade him otherwise. No; I'm blessed if I don't tackle Smithy's pater himself! He'll be only too jolly glad to shell out a few hundred quids to get this blessed diary back!"

And Billy Bunter was about to rest himself at the table when another thought struck him.

"I'll just see if the diary's there all right first," he muttered. "If ain't likely; but old Taddy or that gas Bunter may have been ruminating round."

And, dropping on his knees, the fat junior opened the doors of the little rubbish cupboard beneath the bookcase and began to flog out the conglomeration of articles it held on to the floor, not a little anxiously.

But he found what he was looking for at last, and he grinned as he eyed it glintingly.

It was a small book, leather bound, and wrapped in brown paper, and the name on the inside cover was Samuel Vernon Smith. It was the famous diary—the diary which the Bouncer imagined—and hoped—was at the bottom of the river at Abbeydale.

Bunter had been quite right. The Bouncer had not seen the diary fall into the river—simply because it actually had not done so. During his desperate struggle with Callaghan the Bouncer had flung the book through the trees.

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

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but what happened to it after that I do not know.

But Billy Bunter had. The fat junior had been hovering beneath the fringe of trees on the river bank when the flying book had struck the tree-trunk above his head and dropped at his feet. Bunter had picked it up, and, though he had fully intended to return it to the Bounder at first, he had afterwards succumbed to the temptation to keep it.

That the Bounder had actually meant it to go into the river Billy Bunter simply could not believe, and he intended to stick to it until a reward was offered.

But on arriving back at Greyfriars disappointment and disillusionment came to Billy Bunter. The Bounder made no mention of a reward being offered, and all Billy's cautious efforts to suggest that one should be offered had met with non-success. The Bounder believed the book was at the bottom of the river, and the worst of it was that Billy Bunter couldn't correct him on that point without giving himself away.

Now, however, Bunter felt that his trouble in that direction was over. He would write to Smyth's puter himself and explain the position—keeping himself out of the limelight, of course. He would write, suggesting a decent reward, and the millionaire could have the diary when he had stumped up. It all seemed beautifully easy to Bunter, and in his own fat mind he felt certain that the millionaire would stamp up gladly enough.

And Bunter grinned as he carefully placed the diary in the far corner of the cupboard again, and began to tumble the things back on top.

"After all," he mused, "it ought to be safe enough there until I get the reward. Nobody ever uses the blessed cupboard, and I'm blessed if I know where else to hide it."

And Bunter pushed the door of the little cupboard to, and, tearing a sheet of paper from Peter Todd's exercise-book, he seated himself at the table and began to compose the letter to the Bounder's puter.

Bunter's back was to the little cupboard, and he quite failed to see that the door had swung open again—a little fact that had quite an important bearing upon after events.

But Bunter was too busy to notice that. He found the task no simple matter, and it was some little time before he had completed the letter to his study puter.

"That'll just about do," he breathed at last, with a chuckle. "Nobody will ever guess I've written that, and I'll address myself as 'Box—something or other—Friar-dale Post Office.' I'll better post this there myself to-night—"

Billy Bunter broke off, with a start of alarm, as the door-knob was turned suddenly, and from outside came the well-known tones of Peter Todd, his study-mate.

"Hallo! Who's locked this blessed door? Is that you inside, Bunter, you fat clam!"

And Peter Todd, who seemed to be in a hurry, kicked angrily at the door. But Bunter did not heed for a moment. He hurriedly searched through the table-drawer for an envelope, found a dirty, crumpled specimen, and, having addressed it, he sealed the letter up, and crammed it into his pocket.

Then he unlocked the door and let the impatient Peter Todd enter.

"You—you fat dunder!" exclaimed Peter Todd warmly, eyeing Billy Bunter's flushed and excited features suspiciously. "What the thump did you

lock yourself in for? No good, I'll be bound!"

"Oh, really Toddy, that's just like you! Can't mind your own business! Can't I do what I like in my own—"

Bunter paused. He was just reaching for his cap when he spotted the cupboard door open. He gave a slight start of alarm, and casually kicked it to as he passed.

It was a bit too casual for the keen-eyed Peter. Had Bunter ignored the open door, Peter Todd would never have noticed such a small thing. As it was he spotted Bunter's alarmed action at once. But he said nothing to Bunter about that.

"What's the cap for, Billy?" he asked instead. "Going out?"

"I'm going to Friar-dale—not that it's any business of yours, Toddy!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"But you'll be late for call-over, fat-head—"

"Blow call-over! Mind your own business, Toddy—and go and eat coke!"

And with that last shot Billy Bunter rolled out—hurriedly.

"Now, what's the fat ass been up to?" murmured Peter, shaking his head. "He locks the study door—that's suspicious. He's been in that blessed cupboard after something, and he's off to Friar-dale—so

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into, too. I wonder— My hat, yes! I'm looking into this!"

And, under the impression that Billy Bunter had pinched something to sell in Friar-dale—quite a natural presumption under the circumstances to anyone who knew Bunter—Peter began to examine the contents of the cupboard.

But so far as Toddy could discover, there seemed to be nothing belonging to him missing. There was something else there, however, that, after a moment's examination, Peter Todd decided should not be there. It was the diary.

"Well, my only hat!" breathed Toddy, as he read the name on the title-page. "How on earth did this come here? Bunter, I'll be bound! But why—"

Peter Todd paused, and for fully a minute he stood eyeing the diary in bewilderment. What on earth was Billy Bunter doing with an old diary belonging to Smyth's puter?

"It beats me—absolutely!" muttered Toddy, frowning. "I really think—yes, I'll take it along to Smyth. And to avoid disappointing Bunter dear—" Toddy chuckled and grabbed a Latin grammar from the table—"I'll put this in its place chuckling. Peter Todd took the brown paper from the diary, and, wrapping it round the Latin grammar, he stuck it back at the bottom of the cupboard and piled the old footer-boots, the

cricket-pads, and other miscellaneous articles on top. Then he slipped the diary into the pocket of his lounge-jacket he was wearing, and went along to see Smyth.

But Vernon-Smith happened to be out. And, intending to visit him again later on, Peter Todd wended his way to the Common-room. He stayed there chatting footer matters for some time, and only into the pocket of his lounge-jacket he was wearing, and went along to see Smyth.

But by that time Peter Todd had forgotten all about Bunter, Smyth, and the diary—which turned out to be unfortunate for quite a number of people.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Callaghan Appears:

WITH the all-important letter to Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith clutched tightly in his fat fist, Billy Bunter hurried across the quad in the gathering dusk, and, slipping through the gates, turned on to the Friar-dale road.

He was already close on lock-up, but such little things as call-over, lock-up, and prep did not worry the fat junior then. Never before had Billy Bunter had such a chance to make a large—he intended it to be large—sum of money with such delightful simplicity, and in his fatuous folly, Billy Bunter already felt the reward within his greedy grasp. Of the dishonest or otherwise of his little scheme Bunter never gave a thought. He had long ago settled that matter in his fat mind. Weren't findings keepings? And wasn't he entitled to make a bit out of what he had found? Nobody could blame him for that!

And Billy Bunter's grimace, with triumph and satisfaction, as he rolled along the shadowy lane. In the ordinary way, the fat junior rarely ventured abroad after dusk. The brightly-lit Common-room or the cosy armchair in Study No. 7 was more in Bunter's line. But this evening the dusky, shadowy, moon-lined lane had no errors for Bunter. He simply didn't think about it.

So that when a busy, shadowy figure stepped suddenly from the shelter of the overhanging trees into the middle of the lane before him, Billy Bunter got the fright of his life.

"Just a minute, youngster!"

And the harsh, threatening voice alone was vaguely familiar to Billy Bunter; but as the man's face loomed above him, and he blinked into the deep-set, menacing eyes, all Bunter's doubts as to the stranger's identity fled. It was Callaghan!

For an breathless second Billy Bunter blinked at the strong, sinister face, almost petrified by what the fellow wanted; he knew that already. It was the diary, bolted for dear life.

"Stop!"

But Bunter did not stop. He had already met Mr. Callaghan, burglar and blackmailer, and he had no desire to renew the acquaintance. He did not wait to find out what the fellow wanted; he knew that already. It was the diary.

Panting and gasping and breathless, his eyes almost starting from his head, his fat little legs going like clockwork, Billy Bunter scudded on, while behind him the thudding feet and shouts of his pursuer drew ever nearer.

And then, when suddenly, disaster overtook the luckless Ori of the Remove. He tripped over an uprooted stone, and went sprawling, with a force that shook every bone in his fat body.

Next moment Callaghan came up with a rush and a growl of triumph. And with the last bit of breath Bunter had left, he sent a wild, despairing howl for help ringing on the night air.

"Help! Murder! Fire! Police!" howled Bunter. "Help! Rescue, Grey—"

Bunter's wild appeal ended in a queer, choking gasp as a rough hand was clapped over his mouth, and he felt himself lifted like a child in the arms of the powerful Callaghan.

"Shut it!" rapped Callaghan. "You're coming with me, you young whelp! You know what I want—"

Callaghan broke off abruptly. For at that identical moment the help that Bunter had appealed for came. There was a sudden ting-a-ling of cycle-bells, and round the bend in the lane appeared five lamps, and behind them the dim figures of Harry Wharton & Co.

They came on the scene with a rush and a whir of cycle-wheels, and next moment, before the rasal could move a step with his burden, the machings came to a stop amid a grinding of harriedly-actuated brakes.

But even as the Famous Five recognized Callaghan in the light of the lamps, just as surely did Callaghan recognize them—he had had good cause to. His last encounter with the juniors was far from a happy memory, and he did not relish another.

Barely had Harry Wharton's machine clattered to the ground, when the stumped juniors walked on towards Greyfriars, wheeling their bikes, and with the hapless Bunter in their midst.

By this Billy Bunter had clean forgotten Friardale and the unposted letter. He was still half-dazed with shock and fright, and he accompanied the others like a fellow in a dream.

Meeting Callaghan had been no little shock to the others, too. They had never expected to see the fellow again, and the meeting filled them with doubts and uneasy thoughts.

The fact that the leader of the gang was in the vicinity added to Harry Wharton's growing suspicion that the dairy was not gone for ever, after all.

Was it possible that Billy Bunter had it, and that Callaghan knew he had it? Did that explain the gang's sudden appearance in the district and this attack on Billy Bunter?

As the juniors trooped through the gates of Greyfriars at length, Harry turned suddenly to the fat junior.

"I suppose you don't happen to know why Callaghan attacked you—you in particular, I mean?" asked Harry quietly.

"Do you know what he was after, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter gave a start, and eyed Wharton queerly.

"Of—of course not, Wharton," he stammered. "Why should I? In—in fact, I don't really believe it was that awful brute Callaghan, after all. You fellows were mistaken. It—it must have been a blessed tramp."

"Oh!"

"Yes; now I come to think of it, it was. But, I say, you know, we'll be late for call-over. If you chaps don't mind, I think I'll run on."

And, without waiting for a reply.

NEXT
FRIDAY: "BUNTER THE

Billy Bunter did "run on," and he disappeared in the gloom towards the School House.

"Pretty obvious he didn't intend to answer any awkward questions—eh?" grinned Bob Cherry. "And now the posdy fibber's gone, what do you make of this?"

And talking with his overcoat-pocket a dirty, crumpled envelope, Bob Cherry handed it to Harry Wharton.

"I found that on the ground where friend Bunter had been grovelling," he explained grimly. "It's addressed in Bunter's handwriting to Smithy's pater. What do you make of it?"

Harry Wharton leaned on his saddle and looked at the missive in the light from the lodge window. Then he whistled below his breath, and frowned.

"The plot thickens," said Bob Cherry. "I vote we show it to Smithy."

"Under the circumstances I think we ought," said Harry, though a little doubtfully. "We'll get him to our study after call-over, and tell him our suspicions. Come on!"

And after housing their machines, the juniors hurried indoors. They were just in time for call-over; and immediately Mr. Quelch had dismissed them, Harry Wharton tackled the Bounder, and took him along to the end study.

"It's about that wretched diary affair, Smithy," began Wharton when the door was closed upon them. "Forgive me for reopening an unpleasant subject, but—but we think you ought to know, Bunter—"

"Oh, it's Bunter, is it?" muttered the Bounder, his face darkening. "Has

the fool been gassing to you about a reward, too?"

"Yes. Then you've guessed—"

"I have," answered the Bounder grimly.

"We think the same, Smithy," said Wharton quietly. "But that's not all. Do you know that Callaghan's here?"

"What?"

"He attacked Bunter in Friardale Lane this evening."

Harry told the full story, ending up by handing the Bounder Bunter's precious letter to Mr. Vernon-Smith. As he took the missive, the Bounder's face went dark with rage.

"That—that settles it," he said through his teeth. "How dare the fat toad write to my pater!" He tore open the letter and read it. Then he flung it across to Wharton. "Read it!"

He said, with a sardonic grin.

Wharton took the letter doubtfully. But after a moment's hesitation he read the letter; then he passed it on to his chums, with a twisted grin.

And the letter was funny enough in all conscience. It read as follows:

"Dear Sir,—It has come to my knowledge that you have lost a very valuable diary. Well, I happen to be the chap who's found it. I also happen to be offering for a decent reward to be awarded. I also happen to be that the abovementioned diary contains secrets of your dark past which you don't want anybody to get to no, and would give a lot of money to get it back. I don't want any money myself. I'm doing this because I'm sorry for you in your hour



Billy Bunter turned and spotted the juniors, and the same moment the whistle of a train standing at the platform sounded. Giving one alarmed blink at the juniors, the fat "old lady" pecked up her skirts and bolted for the train. "After her!" yelled the Bounder. (See Chapter 4.)

"BUNTER THE CROOK!"

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of trouble. But I happen to no that the chap who found it will send it to you immediately you send him the reward. It will have to be a decent reward, of course. I suggest fifty pounds—or more if you feel so indisposed. So send the money at once to the address below, and the diary will posted to you by return. Send it to the following address:

John Jones, Esquire,
Friar-dale Post Office,
Courtfield,
Kent.

I sine myself hearwith,
Yours cinserely,
A WELL-WISSENER.

"P.S.—Send the money in pound notes, or ten-shilling ones."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As the juniors read this extraordinary epistle they simply doubled up and bowed with laughter. The spelling alone was funny, but the whole thing was hopelessly futile and ridiculous, even for Bunter.

"It's funny enough, I'll admit," said Smithy bitterly. "But"—he walked to the door, his face dark with rage—"but Bunter won't think it funny presently. I'm going—"

"Wait!" said Harry Wharton, in alarm. "That fat cad will only deny it all. Besides, we don't even know for certain if he has really got it. It may be only bluff."

"He's got it. I tell you!"

"Well, then, trying to force it out of him will do more harm than good. You know that he is. He'll create a frightful commotion, and everybody about the school will soon know the story. No. We've got to get slow."

"We've got to get that diary back," hissed Vernon-Smith. "If only we could get the little beast alone! My bat! I've got it. Why not answer that letter for the pater?"

"You mean—"

"I mean," write a faked answer. Bunter doesn't know the pater's handwriting, and I've got plenty of his note-paper. It'll be from the pater, saying he'll agree to paying the fifty-pound reward if the writer—or finder, rather—will bring along the diary to Abbeydale Grange. Then when my friend Bunter trots over there we'll be waiting for him. And when we've got the diary—unless it does turn out to be bluff—we'll give Bunter his reward—the hiding of his life!"

"It should work all right," said Wharton slowly. "But both you and Bunter have forgotten this. The Post Office people know Bunter. They darn't hand him a letter addressed to someone else."

"My dear man," laughed the Bounder scornfully, "these village postal officials don't know the regulations, and, in any case, there's a new girl there. She served me yesterday."

"There's another thing, though," grinned Johnny Ball. "You've forgotten the fact that Bunter didn't post the letter. He lost it, and we found it."

"I've thought about that, too," smiled the Bounder. "Bunter will write another letter—sure to. And when he gets this answer so soon after he'll only think some kind pedestrian picked up the first and posted it. Anyway, are you game to try the scheme?"

"Yes, rather."

"Then we'll do it. But don't forget

that bound Callaghan! Bunter will need to be guarded every time he stirs out of gates to-morrow, or we'll be too late. And now, what about prep?"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Takes the Pi ge!

"THE best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley," is a saying the truth of which is just as applicable to school-boys as mice and men.

The more Harry Wharton and his chums thought over the matter the more convinced they became that Smithy's plan stood a very good chance of succeeding.

They felt certain, knowing Billy Bunter as they did, that the fat junior would believe Smithy's letter to be genuine, and walk blindly into the trap. Where they made the mistake, however, was in taking Bunter's point of view too much for granted.

For Billy Bunter did not write a second letter, after all. The fat youth had very soon discovered his loss, and duly bemoaned it. But upon due reflection he had decided not to carry out his original scheme for various reasons. In the first place it meant another day's delay which Bunter did not want—especially now Callaghan was on his track, but more especially because he had a growing suspicion that the Bounder and Harry Wharton & Co. were themselves growing suspicious. He wanted to get rid of the dangerous book as soon as possible.

All through prep that evening Billy Bunter debated the matter in his fat mind, and by bed-time he had come to a fresh decision. And that was to visit the millionaire at Abbeydale in person, but suitably disguised. Then he would diplomatically and delicately put the question of reward gently but firmly to Mr. Vernon-Smith.

It seemed a delightfully simple and safe proceeding to Bunter, and it was not until he began to deal with details that Bunter found himself up against two snags. One was, how and where to obtain his disguise; the second was how and where he was to obtain the necessary funds.

The first problem actually depended upon the second. And it was so that Bunter devoted his attention first of all. He would need at least ten bob. Half-a-crown for his fare to Abbeydale—his fare back was already assured; wouldn't he have the fifty quid?—and at least seven-and-six for the hire of the disguise.

"I think I'll try Mauly," mused Bunter. "No good tackling that beast Smithy, of course. Besides, I am not going to have anything to do with the rotter; he's so beastly suspicious. Yes, I'll tackle old Mauly."

And immediately after dinner the next day Billy Bunter did tackle "Mauly"—otherwise Lord Mauleverer, the laziest and most easy-going fellow in the Remove, Billy Bunter was a perfect genius for extracting loans; and on this occasion the vital necessity of obtaining ten shillings from somewhere put the fat junior on his mettle.

The youthful earl was reclining at ease

on the couch in his luxuriously furnished study when Bunter entered, and he was not inclined to discuss loans or anything else. He simply didn't want to be bothered. But Bunter insisted. He told a pathetic tale of a sick relation who was staying in Wapshot Infirmary for Billy Bunter to visit him that afternoon, and even drew a harrowing verbal picture of the patient lying there in eager anticipation of Bunter turning up with the grapes and other delicacies.

Whether Mauleverer believed Bunter's story is doubtful; it is even doubtful if he heard it, for he was doing most of the time; but Billy Bunter got the ten bob all right. Mauly got fed up with the one-sided conversation after a time, and, with a weary groan, he extracted a ten-shilling note from his well-filled wallet.

"There you are, dear boy; and now run away and leave me alone," murmured his lordship. "How can you expect a fellow to keep with you buzzing round? Do buzz off, there's a good fellow."

And Bunter "buzzed" off, grinning all over his fat features.

By this time Bunter had got all his plans cut and dried, and now that the biggest difficulty was surmounted Billy intended to lose no time in getting to Courtfield. He hadn't any idea of the times of the train to Abbeydale, and he had to call at the shop of Mr. Solomon Lazarus, in Courtfield.

Besides carrying on the ancient trade of a pawnbroker, Mr. Lazarus dabbled in the theatrical costume line, and here Bunter hoped to hire a suitable disguise, and also to change and make-up.

"I don't see why the old Jew should object," thought Bunter. "And now for the diary. My list! Everything's going swimmingly!"

And Bunter hurried to Study No. 7. Fortunately for his plans, both Teddy and Dutton were out and next moment Bunter was rummaging in the cupboard. He found the diary—as he supposed—and rammed it into his pocket, with a chuckle. Then he snatched his cap and proceeded to the cycle-shed.

Here he spent a few moments considering the expy-running qualities of the various glittering machines, and finally deciding upon Tom Dutton's—which was a new one—he hauled it out. And, congratulating himself on his good luck, Billy Bunter made a dash for the gates and started out for Courtfield.

But, despite his precautions, a pair of keen eyes had seen Billy Bunter go. Hardly had he vanished through the gates when the slim figure of Harry Singh left the shelter of the cycle-shed and rushed indoors.

Quite by chance Inky had spotted Bunter leaving his study with his cap, and remembering the Bounder's warning the night before, he had tracked the fat junior.

"We'd better follow," exclaimed Harry Wharton, when Harry Singh had reported to him. "Trot along and tell Smithy, Bob. We'll get the bikes out."

And as Bob Cherry hurried away the others ran to the cycle-shed and hauled their machines out.

That Bunter was going to Abbeydale not one of them had any idea, of course. But with Callaghan hovering round Bunter was certainly not safe alone! At the same time, they were more than curious to know where Bunter was going.

(Continued on page 13.)

NEXT
MONDAY! "BUNTER THE

EVERY MONDAY PRICE 2"
"THE CROOK!"

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

The GREYFRIARS HERALD

THE SCHOOL HOUSE

Supplement No. 75.

Harry Wharton Editor

Week Ending June 3rd, 1922.

The Remove Swimming Sports!

by FRANK COURTENAY
of HIGHCLIFFE SCHOOL

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH! A desperate struggle ensued between the two juniors. Redwing forged ahead but he found the pace too much for him. Harry Wharton's final spurt was really magnificent, and the captain of the Remove sped past the winning post several feet ahead.

HAVING nothing particular to do on Wednesday afternoon, I went along, in company with my honon pal, the Caterpillar, to see the Remove swimming sports, which were to take place at Peep.

Swimming is a sport which the Greyfriars fellows take very seriously. And the rivalry for the swimming championship of the Remove Form was intensely keen.

The Caterpillar predicted that Bob Cherry would win the greater number of events. But my own fancy was Tom Redwing, the sailor's son, who is a strong swimmer, and outstrips over long distances.

The First Race.

The first event was the fifty yards' race, which was, if you can apply the term to swimming, a sprint. A short, sharp dash through the water, and a wild grab for the rope which marked the finish of the course.

There were a dozen entrants, and the race proved extremely thrilling.

Bob Cherry swam with tremendous vigour, and, warding off a challenge from Vernon Smith, won in brilliant style by a yard. Bob's victory was a popular one, and he was loudly cheered.

A Dark Horse.

The quarter-mile race was next on the list. For this event Wharton, Cherry, Redwing, and Linsley were strongly fancied.

Supplement I.]

But the predictions of the prophets came badly unstuck.

Cherry set the pace, and he looked every inch a winner, until Tom Brown came along with tremendous dash, passing fellow after fellow, and eventually beating Bob Cherry by four yards in a thrilling race.

The majority of the spectators were too astounded to cheer. Tom Brown's chances had been left completely out of their calculations. Nobody had expected him to win, or even to finish in the first three. But swimming, like every other sport, has its surprises.

Brown collapsed at the end, and had to be assisted out of the water.

Wharton's Wonderful Win.

Up to this stage Harry Wharton had not been much in the picture. But when the swimming-in-clothes race came along, he showed us that he is of the stuff of which great swimmers are made.

Handicapped by suits of old clothes and heavy boots, the swimmers ploughed their way through the water, churning up foam as they went.

Wharton seemed to be quite out of the running. But twenty yards from home he struck out with renewed energy, and overhauled everybody in front of him, to win a great race by the narrowest of margins. Tom Redwing was second, and Johnny Bull third.

A Diving Sensation.

In the high-diving competition, which was judged by a committee of masters, the palm for graceful and elegant diving was awarded to Hurrec Jamset Ram Singh.

The sailor performed some amazing feats, his dives from the jetty being among the finest ever seen. He was given a great ovation.

Hurrec Singh's success was quite unlooked-for, and it was proving an afternoon of surprises.

Tom Redwing won his first event in the swimming-under-water contest. He swam a tremendous distance before being compelled to bob up to the surface.

The Race for the Championship.

The next three events were keenly contested, and were won by Harry Wharton, Mark Linsley, and Bob Cherry respectively.

The honours of the afternoon now rested between Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, who had each won two events.

There was one more race to be contested—the mile. Very few fellows were capable of facing this tremendous task.

The course was from the jetty to a boat which was moored a mile distant.

There were only six competitors—Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Mark Linsley, Vernon Smith, Tom Redwing, and Johnny Bull.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 747.

"Cherry will win hand, down!" said the Caterpillar confidently. "He's a jolly sight fresher than the others."

It looked as if my chum's prophecy would be fulfilled, for Bob Cherry quickly established a good lead.

We followed the progress of the race in a boat. Cherry enjoyed the "crawl" stroke, which took him through the water at a great rate.

Linsley and Vernon-Smith came next, and Wharton, Redwing and Bell seemed to be out of the running.

At the half-way mark Bob Cherry led by twenty yards.

Shortly afterwards, however, Cherry began to show signs of distress. He signalled to us, and we rowed rapidly to his side.

"I'm done!" he muttered. "It's a trap!"

We heaved him into the boat. We looked round to see how the race was progressing.

Mark Linsley and Vernon-Smith came on steadily, but both were beginning to tire.

Tom Redwing and Harry Wharton drew ahead, swimming strongly, and presently they were in front.

A desperate struggle ensued. Redwing forged ahead, but he found the pace too much for him. Harry Wharton's final spurt was truly magnificent, and the captain of the Heron won a strenuous race by three yards, thereby winning the swimming championship of the Form.

So the Caterpillar's forecast proved all wrong, and so did mine.

"I've come to the conclusion, Franky," said the Caterpillar, "that we're poor prospects. You said Redwing would win, and I said Cherry, and Wharton came along and carries off the spoils. But nobody begrudges him. In the words of the poet, 'twas a famous victory!'"

Great celebrations took place at Greyfriars after the sports. And we were invited to the festive board.

As I thought it was to be disloyal to our own school, we must confess that as far as swimming is concerned, Greyfriars is streets ahead of Highcliffe!

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

THE call of the sea is irresistible.

Not many fellows, I warrant, would turn up their noses at the mention of a seaside holiday.

Boating and bathing and fishing—these are three of summer's greatest joys. I'm not frightfully keen on fishing myself—haven't enough patience, I suppose—but I simply revel in boating and bathing.

These, of course, there is cricket. And cricket can be played at the seaside as well as anywhere else. Have you ever played that fascinating game, "cricket on the sands" or "Wickets pitched in the sand, small bats, and a soft ball. It's a delightful pastime; and Vernon-Smith has described, in this issue, a thrilling game which took place on the sands near Folkestone, between the Greyfriars Remove and eleven boys of Kent.

This style of cricket is sometimes described as "kiddish." But, believe me, one requires a good eye and plenty of skill, just as in the real game.

I know in advance that a Special Seaside Number of the "Greyfriars Herald" will prove popular. Anything to do with sands and shingle and sunshine is bound to get a good reception.

The interesting members of my staff have worked very hard to prepare a really first-class number. Some of us have had to curtail our cricket practice in order to give extra attention to our journalistic duties. Last week's issue was written mainly by masters. It gave some of us a rest, but we are glad to be in harness once more. I don't think it would be wise to let the masters run the paper every week—do you?

HARRY WHARTON.

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WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE SEASIDE RESORT ?

A number of the Greyfriars fellows give their views.

MARK LINLEY :

Blackpool is my choice. For a lively, healthy, delightful holiday, the famous Lancashire resort cannot be beaten. There is lots to do and plenty to see. Crowds of outdoor delights on a fine day; lots of indoor enjoyment on a wet day. Yes, Blackpool takes some beating! Wish I were there now!

BOB CHERRY :

Breezy, bustling Brighton for me! Everybody seems happy at Brighton, and there are heaps of entertainments, in addition to the usual seaside joys. I am also very fond of Worthing and Eastbourne and Hastings. And I can say, with Kipling:

"Each to his choice, but I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground, in a fair ground—
Yes, Sussex by the sea!"

BILLY BUNTER :

My favorite seaside resort is Doughtyville, on the south of France. But as I've never been there, I can't tell you anything about it. I am also very keen on Manchester and Birmingham and other seaside resorts.

DICK PENFOLD :

Of all the places on the coast, where one may take the air, the place that I admire the most, is Weston-super-Mare. There the there's a spot not far from here, where bright and gay I feel; and always want to shout and cheer. The spot I mean is Deal!

DICKY NUGENT :

I seaside place is just as good as another! So what's the sense of asking idiotic questions? Yah!

TOM REDWING :

I like a fairly quiet seaside place, where there is plenty of bathing and boating and fishing, but not too much noise going on. Pegg Bay answers to this description. I go there regularly for an early morning dip, and I shall never get tired of it.

LORD MAULEVERER :

Cromer is my favourite, begad! There's something quiet an' restful about Cromer. Everyone seems to be snoozing on the silvery sands. Even on the rarest of days (and Cromer you can see lots of "sleepers"!)!

PERCY BOLSOVER :

I like a lively seaside place, where there's a good chance of a scrap. None of your tame health resorts for me, where people go crawling about in bath-chairs! I think Southend-on-Sea is as good a place as any.

DAVID MORGAN :

Llandudno, look you, is the finest seaside resort in Britain. If anybody wants to deny it, I'll meet him in the gym at any time, with or without gloves!

HAROLD SKINNER :

Anywhere where there's a quiet cave, to which a fellow can retire for a "little puff," and a game of patience!

BESIDE THE SEA!

By Dick Penfold.

Down beside the silvery sea,
That's the place for you and me.
Where 'th' billows high are leaping,
Or the foam comes softly creeping,
Where the sun is always shining,
And life shows a silver lining,
Where the boatmen, old and hoary,
Spin us many a thrilling story,
Where the kids, with pail and spade,
Shout and frolic as they wade,
Oh, the sea is just divine,
Every schoolboy votes it fine,
Brighton's jolly, Bournemouth's great,
Folkestone really is first-rate,
And I never would disparage
The charms of Hastings or of Harwich,
Blackpool, up in lively Lancs,
Is the place for merry pranks,
And the 'olk who go to Shoreham
Find there's nothing there to bore 'em.
Up at Walton-on-the-Naze
I should love to spend my days,
I am also fond of Priston,
And I like to stay at Lynton.
But seaside holidays, alas!
Like all pleasures, quickly pass.
Then to Greyfriars we return,
Latin verbs once more to learn,
No more swimming, no more sailing,
No more seaside joys prevailing,
Wouldn't it be grand and gay
If life were one long holiday,
Gathering winkles on the shore,
Or pulling lustily an oar?
What a really ripping notion
To live for ever on the ocean,
Like some happy, healthy Tar,
Whose vessel sails to lands afar!
But there, it's no use idly wishing,
Good-bye to boating, bathing, fishing!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By "Frank" Nugent.



TOM MERRY, (of St. Jim's).

(Supplement II.)



"I 'VE invented a new stroke," announced Billy Bunter.

Billy's audience, in the junior common-room, gazed expectantly.

"A new crooked stroke, porpoise?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"No, no! A swimming stroke."

"But you can't swim—at least, nothing to speak of. You can flounder a few yards, and make a Dickens of a splash in the process. But that's about all."

"Oh, really, Cherry? I could swim you off your legs! Anyway, I've invented a new stroke, and I shall make my fortune over it."

"What sort of a stroke is it?" inquired Bulstrode. "A sun-stroke, or a paralytic one?"

"Jla, ha, ha!"

"It will be called the 'Bunter' stroke," said the Owl of the Remove. "It's a great improvement on the crawl, and the treadgum, and other existing strokes. You simply shoot through the water!"

"None of you. Fairy-tales, Bunter!"

"It's no fairy-tale," said Billy. "It's a fact! Ask Skinner. He knows." "It's a fact!" Skinner was promptly assented to. He nodded his head in confirmation of Billy Bunter's statements.

"Bunter's new stroke is wonderful," he declared. "It will revolutionize swimming. Billy has already lowered the hundred yards record."

Skinner spoke quite seriously. And there was an amazed gasp from Harry Wharton & Co.

They found it difficult to believe Skinner, though the cad of the detache seemed sincere enough. As the old lady remarked when she paid her insurance premium, "I knew there was a catch in it somewhere!" And the juniors wondered what the catch was in this instance.

"You—you say that Bunter's lowered the hundred yards' swimming record?" gasped Frank Nugent.

Skinner nodded.

"If you care to come down to Pezz," he said, "it will be just to the proof. Bunter will swim from the jetty to a boat a hundred yards distant in record time. It will amaze you."

"We'll come," said Harry Wharton, after a moment's reflection. "But if this is a long-pulling stunt, Skinner, we'll give you a jolly good bumping."

"The bumpfulness will be terrific!" said Hurree Buzh.

It was a warm afternoon, very suitable for swimming. The sun shone grandly from an azure sky. Harry Wharton & Co. decided to have a "dip" themselves. But they meant to watch Billy Bunter's performance first. Quite a crowd of juniors set out for Pezz. And as reaching the shore they threw themselves down on the sand to watch developments.

Skinner jumped into a boat, and rowed out to a spot which was a hundred yards approximately from the end of the jetty.

Billy Bunter, beaming broadly, rolled along to the end of the jetty, and addressed to a small alcove there. He appeared presently in a striped bathing-costume, which gave him the appearance of a plump zebra.

"Of you go, Bunter!" sang out Bob Cherry from the shore.

But Bunter did not choose to dive off the jetty. He clambered down one of the iron supports until he reached the water, which was chest-high at that part.

For a moment the fat junior seemed to pause and fumble with something. It seemed to the onlookers that he was adjusting his costume. Then he suddenly struck out, and to the utter astonishment of his school-

fellows, he sped through the water at a truly amazing rate.

It was impossible to tell at a distance what sort of stroke the fat junior employed. But whatever it was, it carried him through the water with great rapidity.

Johnny Bull timed Bunter by his stop-watch, and the Owl of the Remove certainly broke all records. In a matter of seconds he covered the distance, and reached Skinner's boat, into which he heaved himself with difficulty.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances. There was blank amazement on every face.

"He—he wasn't kidding us, after all!" gasped Wharton.

"He's broken all records!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Who said the age of miracles was past."

Skinner rowed the fat junior to the shore. "Well," said Bunter as he stepped out of the boat, "are you satisfied now, you fellows?"

"Quite!" said Bob Cherry. "But it beats me how you managed it, Bunter. Fellows don't develop into expert swimmers in a day."

"Oh, really! I've been an expert swimmer for quite a long time," was the reply.

"Something will have to be done about this," said Harry Wharton.



"What do you mean?"

"Well, this new stroke of yours, Bunter, will bring you fame, if not fortune. The life-saving authorities will be interested. We ought to write and ask them to send a representative down to see you do that hundred yards swim."

"That's so," said Nugent. "It would be silly for Bunter to hide his light under a bushel. He's invented a new stroke, faster than any of the existing ones, and it's only right that it should meet with official recognition."

Billy Bunter's eyes glistened.

"Will you write to the life-saving people, Wharton?" he asked eagerly. "I'll write this evening."

"Oh, good!"

True to his word, Harry Wharton despatched a letter by the evening post to the Royal Life-Saving Society, asking them if they would be good enough to send a representative down to Pezz to see Billy Bunter perform.

A reply came by return of post, to the effect that the society would send their special representative, Mr. N. W. Inmingley, to Pezz on the following Wednesday.

Billy Bunter was very excited. But not more than his schoolfellows.

It was quite on the cards that the new stroke which the fat junior had invented would bring him a small fortune. It would certainly bring him prominently into the limelight. The paper would be full of it.

On the Wednesday afternoon Mr. Inmingley arrived. He was a plump, genial man, and he gave the impression of being a very good swimmer.

All Greyfriars seemed to be flocking down to Pezz to see Billy Bunter perform his record-breaking feat.

Skinner was early on the scene, and he prepared to row out in a boat, as before. But Mr. Inmingley objected.

"I will go myself," he said. "I shall then be better able to follow the swimmer's progress."

Skinner looked dismayed.

"I'd rather go myself, sir," he said. "I dare say you would air. But it is far more desirable that I should perform the function. I am here for that purpose."

"I hope you don't suggest that any wangling has been going on sir?" said Skinner.

Mr. Inmingley made no reply. He was already stepping into the boat.

Then he gave a start. He caught sight of a rope which was secured to one of the rowlocks, and which dangled into the sea. He said nothing concerning the discovery. He merely untied the rope, and tossed the end of it into the water. Then he rowed out to the hundred yards' mark.

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter had undressed, and was ready for the performance.

At a signal from Mr. Inmingley he clambered down the jetty, and stood for a moment in the water, apparently fumbling with something.

There was an encouraging shout from the shore.

"Go it, Bunter!"

"Right away!"

Billy Bunter started to swim. He made a few wail, splash-like strokes, which only carried him a few yards. Then, after a deal of gasping and spluttering, he gave it up, and started to wade out of the water.

"A wash-out, by Jove!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

Mr. Inmingley saw that the attempt had been abortive. He rowed to the shore, and he looked very grim as he stepped out of the boat.

"Has he come here on a fool's errand?" he declared.

"My hat!"

"That young rascal—the speaker pointed to Billy Bunter, who was emerging from the water—"has duped you. You say he broke the hundred yards' record?"

"He certainly has," said Harry Wharton.

"Then I will tell you how he did it. He had a rope made fast to one of the supports of the jetty—a weighted rope—which extended under the water from the jetty to the boat."

"Great Scott!"

"This other young rascal—here the speaker glared at Skinner—has seen in the habit of pulling Bunter through the water. Hence his wonderful turn of speed."

Harry Wharton & Co. saw daylight now. They had been deceived in a very simple manner, yet they had not tumbled to the deception.

And on their return to Greyfriars William George Bunter and Harold Skinner were summoned to the Headmaster's presence.

The scene which followed was a very painful one for the wingers of the Remove. The stroke which Billy Bunter had invented had led to other "strokes" of a far more painful character. And for the next day or two Bunter and Skinner experienced a certain amount of difficulty in sitting down.

THE MACNETT LIBRARY.—No. 747.

SEASIDE SNAPSHOTS!

By Monty Newland.

When ever I take a seaside holiday I never forget my camera. There are some fine snapshots to be had, and I generally manage to bring an album full of "snaps" back to Greyfriars with me, and exhibit them in the Junior Common-room.

On the last holiday I secured some splendid subjects. There was a snapshot of Billy Bunter "catching a crab," whilst trying to manœuvre a boat in a rough sea. And there was another snapshot of a crab catching Billy Bunter! The fat junior was in the act of wading into the sea for a swim, when a tenacious crab came to grips with Billy's big toe! The expression of anguish on the victim's face— he was yelling "Yarrrrrrrh!" at the time—was worth a guinea a box.

Then I got a glorious, unconventional "snap" of Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove, eating winkles with a pan! His lordship nearly had a fit when I exhibited the photo at Greyfriars afterwards. Mauly always prides himself on his dignity; but there was precious little dignity in his attitude when he was squatting on the sands with a bag of winkles on his knees! Everyone roared when they saw the snapshot—barring Mauly!

Coker of the Fifth, in the act of doing a high dive from the jetty, made a splendid snap. Coker's body was performing weird revolutions, like a catharine-wheel. You never saw anything so ridiculous in your life. Coker offered me a bribe of half-a-crown if I would destroy the snapshot, but there was nothing doing!

Among my collection there is a real gem. It shows Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, coming out of the sea after a bath. Mr. Prout had somehow got mixed up with a mass of seaweed. There was seaweed round his neck, seaweed round his ears, and a crown of seaweed on his head. I entitled the snapshot: "Mr. Prout as Father Neptune."

I managed to get to close quarters with a shoal of porpoises, and promptly snapped them. This snapshot was, of course, entitled: "Billy Bunter's Brothers." The fat junior took strong objection to this, but the objection was overruled, as they say in racing circles.

A seaside holiday without a camera is incomplete. You might as well have fip-pudding without the figs. To my mind, amateur photography has a charm of its own. A little vest-pocket camera is a boon companion. And you are never at a loss for subjects to snap. You can find comedy and drama and tragedy—mainly comedy—at the seaside, and your camera will faithfully record all the incidents, grave or gay, which take place on your holiday.

CRICKET ON THE SANDS!

By H. Vernon-Smith.

THE Remove Eleven journeyed to Folkestone, last week, to take up the challenge thrown out by a team of Kentish school-boys.

A cricket match on the sands, at low tide had been arranged.

We found ourselves with an hour to kill on arriving at Folkestone, so we adjourned to a refreshment-house and fortified ourselves for the fray. How Billy Bunter would have loved to have been there!

Having refreshed ourselves, but not too heartily, we walked down to the sands, where we received a warm welcome from our Kentish rivals. Fine-looking fellows they were—cheery-faced, and confident of victory.

Stumps had been pitched, and we felt rather uncomfortable to find a goodly crowd assembled to watch the match.

It was to be a two-innings affair. Harry Wharton tossed with Kerry, the Kent captain, and won. He decided to bat first, and he asked me to open the innings with him.

It seemed awfully strange, handling a toy bat, after being used to the bigger ones. And the rubber ball seemed to bounce and swerve all over the place. Run-getting was a difficult matter. Fieldsmen seemed to be as thick as flies round the wicket, waiting for catches.

I kept my end up for ten minutes, and managed to collect half a dozen runs. Then I was caught at the wicket.

It was almost impossible to hit the ball without hitting it in the air, and five or six of our players were caught, one after the other. It was a constant procession to arid from the wickets.

Bob Cherry tried to stop the rot. He hit his first ball clean into the sea, and that counted as six runs. Valiant attempts were made by the fieldsmen to recapture the ball, but it was carried out on the tide.

Cherry tried to repeat the performance, and was clean bowled. And the Remove innings closed for the miserable total of 22.

Kent fared almost as badly. Hervey Singh was a wizard with the ball. He made it swerve and spin and shoot, and his bowling was almost unplayable. We skittled the boys of Kent out for 31.

Then came our second knock, and we did not jolly-squid better.

Frank Nugent was the star turn. He was batting half an hour, and he bogged the ball in all parts of the field—that is to say, the sands. Nugent made 24, and was loudly cheered.

I did rather well myself in the second venture, but I was badly missed on two occasions, and I scored a number of the best before I was eventually stumped in running out to a slow one.

We made 108 in our second innings, which meant that our opponents had to get exactly 100 to win.

The task was a little too steep for the boys, and they gave us a nasty fright. By sound and consistent hitting they made 97 before the last man was bowled. So the Greyfriars Remove won an exciting match by a very narrow margin.

After the game we enjoyed a dip in the briny, and then we were entertained to tea by our rivals.

ESSAY ON THE SEA!

From the spluttering pen of GEORGE TUBB, of the Third.

THE seaside is situated on the coast. It is a place where kromnick invalids go to build themselves up again.

The seaside is noted for lots of things beginning with the letter "s"—sands, shingol, shella, swimming, sailing, and so on.

The seaside is jolly nice in summer, but in winter it is no katch.

There is one grate drawback to a seaside holiday. You are eggspeckled to bathe every day. And the sensashus of cold water is anything but pleasant.

The best thing about the seaside is the peere shows on the peer. These are very jolly. When I was down at Beighton last summer, I went to a show called the "Sunny Jims." It kept me in fits of larfter all the evening.

The comedian had a blow nose, and he cracked some joaks which I had never heard before.

Winkol-catching is a grate seaside sport. I went to Winklessea one summer, and had a grand time on the winkol-beds. I caught over a thousand of the broods in one day, and tried to sell them to a local fisherman; but he wouldn't take them because he said they were no sights at all. He only wanted big ones.

Sailing is jolly nice, but should never be undertaken on top of a big food. It is also silly to sail in a ruff sea. It makes you feel funny inside.

Don't go to the seaside for some of our seaside resorts. But you can't get the best to go, so to my mind it's a wicked waste of money.

On most peers there are slot masheens, where you can get choiklat, butter-skotch, and other forms of bowwing-gum. This is very nice when you've got any pennies to spare.

A deck chair on the beach is rather ripping on a sunny day. But only a mullunsaire can afford to pay tuppence an hour.

Deep sea fishing is rather a washout. I tried it last year. I couldn't borrow any nets from the fishermen, so I used a butterflied net. I fished for four solid hours without netting a single thing.

Some fellows go in for collecting shells. But this is a mug's game. The shells are of no value, and you can't sell them. Besides, you get backache through constant stooping.

The seaside is a place where you spend all your money, which duzzent take you long, as there are so many "sharks" about.

The seaside is where I hope one of my maiden aunts will take me in the summer vank.

The seaside, as I said before, is an eggsellent place, eggsper for the fact that you are eggspeckled to bathe every day.

(We are opinion that a bathie every day is precisely what our young friend needs. He should remember the wise old saying: "A bathie a days keeps the doctor away.") His essay is not very explicit, and the spelling out-Busters Bunter's. But we must allow the fags to contribute to our paper from time to time, for the sake of fairness. We hope Master Tubb will enjoy his next seaside holiday.—Ed.)

[Supplement iv.

FOR HIS FATHER'S NAME!

(Continued from page 8.)

"Up you never know what the fat duffer is up to," said Larry grinsly, as they were scorching along the Courtfield road a few minutes later. "I shouldn't be surprised if it hadn't something to do with the diary."

"My hat, yes!"
Though Bunter had a full five minutes start, it was not until they entered the Courtfield High Street that they caught sight of him. This had surprised the juniors, but they were more surprised still when they saw him dismount and enter the shop, taking the bike with him.

"Oh crumits!" gasped Bob Cherry. "He—he can't be going to pop the blessed bike, surely!"
"Old Solly's too cute to let him," said Harry. "He'll know it isn't Bunter's like. But we'll know presently."

But ten minutes went by, and the juniors were getting impatient. The only person they had seen leave the shop in that time was an exceedingly fat old lady, and they barely glanced at her. Had they only watched her, though, they would perhaps have noticed the queer resemblance between the old lady's rolling gait and Bunter's.

But they didn't, and at the end of the ten minutes the Boulder gave a grunt.

"I'm going to have a peep," he snipped. "There's a back entrance remember, and you know what Bunter is. He may have spotted we were following him."

And leaving his bike in the entry where they were hiding, the Boulder ran to the shop and peeped round the door-post. They saw him give a start, and then he beckoned to them.

"His bike—or rather Dutton's—is still there, but the fat frog's gone. Come on."

And he led the way into the shop. Young Solly, the youthful heir of Lazarus senior, was behind the counter, and he grinned at them as they entered. Solly was on the best of terms with the Famous Five.

"I say, Solly, old man," gasped Harry Wharton. "Where's Bunter? We saw him—"

"Juth gone out, about two minutes ago, my thons," grinned Solly Lazarus. "Didn't you theo him—"

"No; we've been watch—"
"Then that Juth proves what I told the young ast," said Solly, with a chuckle. "Hith dithgith wath peect. If it took you telloth in—"

"But—but what an earth—you don't mean that old woman—"

"That wath Bunter—yeth," chuckled Solly. "He used he wath going to play a practical joke on thomeone. But—"

"Oh greet Scott!"
"But look here, Solly," said Harry quickly. "What's his game? Do you know where he's going—"

"I don't know hith game, my thons. He said up all right and that wath enough for me. But he asked me when thers wath a train to Abbedydale, zed—"

"Abbedydale!"
It was almost a shout. For a moment the juniors looked at each other, and then the Boulder turned upon Solly.

"Look here, Solly, quick. What time is there a train?"
"Three fifteen in my thons; but—"

"Then come on you fellows. We've not a moment to waste."

And the Boulder led the way outside with a rush to Solly Lazarus' great astonishment. They grabbed their bikes and as they sprang into the saddles, the Boulder spoke.

"This is a bit of luck, and no mistake, you chaps," he said, his eyes gleaming. "Don't you see the game? The fat chump's going to tackle the pater himself. And if that's so, you can bet your bottom pence he'll take the diary with him, if he's got it."

"But your pater won't—"
"The pater won't see him—I'll watch that!" snapped Herbert Vernon-Smith, through his teeth. "But we will. With luck we'll catch the same train, and if we don't get that diary from him I'll eat my boots."

There was no sign of the old lady in the High Street as they rode on, nor at the station entrance. And leaning their bikes up against the wall, the juniors advanced warily to the booking office doorway. There Harry, who was leading, stopped and held up a warning hand.

"The old lady was there, just purchasing her ticket, and an extraordinary figure she looked. She wore a wide skirt of blue, an old-fashioned cloak of rusty black, and a large bonnet of green, surmounted by a brilliant yellow feather. And beneath the wide skirt peeped about six inches of trousers of a loud check pattern very familiar to the juniors."

It was Billy Bunter.
Even as the juniors took in the vision, Billy Bunter turned and spotted them. At that moment, also, the whistle of a train standing at the platform sounded and giving one alarmed blink at the juniors, the fat old lady picked up her skirts and bolted for the train.

"After her!" yelled the Boulder.
But they were miles too late. With her huge feather bobbing saucily, the old lady scudded across the platform and made a leap for the nearest carriage. An obliging porter bundled her inside and slammed the door just as the train began to move.

Next moment the juniors got a glimpse of the fat face and gleaming spectacles of Billy Bunter, surmounted by the green bonnet and saucy yellow feather at the carriage window, and then the train vanished round the bend.

"Beaten on the post, by Jove!"
For one brief instant the juniors gazed after the departed train with feelings too deep for words. Then the Boulder spoke in a voice quivering with fury.
"Beaten by that fat worm!" he hissed. "But we're going after him. We'll be too late to stop him going to the Grange but we'll nab him yet." He turned to the grinning porter. "What's the next train to Al'eydale, porter?"
"He is in a couple of minutes, sir."
"What!"
It was a shout of astonishment.
"Then—then what train was that?"
"Non-stop to London, sir. Abbedydale train follows it."

There was a silence—a deep silence following this bit of information. Then Bob Cherry chuckled, the chuckle became a laugh and next moment the station platform rang with a wild howl of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Undoubtedly Bunter's unfortunate predicament had its funny side. There the luckless Bunter was, racing at sixty miles an hour, not towards Abbedydale but on a nonstop trip to London. And he didn't know it—yet!

"Poor old Bunter," gasped Bob Cherry with the tears of arriement running down his cheeks. "He'll be the death of me, yet. But—"
"It has its funny side, I admit," grinned the Boulder. "But—his face darkened—what about the diary now?"
"Gone—with Bunter, I suppose," muttered Harry. "But it can't be helped—unless—"

"Unless we wait for Bunter when he comes back to-night. If we do, it all comes to the same thing."
"My hat! You're right!"
The Boulder's eyes gleamed with renewed hope. He stride to the porter. A moment later he was back again.

"First train back from London gets in at seven to-night," he said. "Think we can manage it?"
Harry Wharton reflected, and then nodded.

"That means Bunter will get to Greyfriars about nine—unless he manages to catch a connection for Friarsdale," he said, frowning. "We don't know what he'll do. He may feel more like calling for the bike at old Lazarus' place, or he may train to Friarsdale and walk to the school. In any case, it means breaking out to-night, Smithy!"
"If you chaps would rather not risk it—"
"It's not that; but there's no use in all of us risking trouble. Smithy. Two of us are more than enough to tackle Bunter," said Harry, smiling. "I propose you and I do it, Smithy!"
Although none of the juniors wanted to be left out of it, Harry was determined that if anyone other than Smithy risked trouble, it should be himself. And in the end he got his own way.

When the juniors left the station and started back, it was all settled.

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THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Tribulation!

"Oh dear!"
Billy Bunter fairly groaned out that dismal exclamation as he fell rather than stepped from the London express on to the almost deserted platform of Friarsdale Station that night.

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The luckless junior was still wearing his "disguise"; but gone was its former splendor. Gone also was the confident dignity with which he had sailed into the Courtfield booking-office only an hour or two earlier.

And his old "clobber" had also suffered, like his dignity. His green bonnet drooped drunkenly over one eye, and the gorgeous yellow feather was broken, and hung rakishly over one ear. And the junior's fat features were smeared with grease-paint and dirt.

In fact, Billy Bunter looked just what he was—bedraggled, miserable, and utterly fed up.

It was not until the train was passing through Wapshot that afternoon that Billy Bunter had found out his little mistake. He knew that Wapshot was on the main line to London, and it took but a moment's thought to discover he was indeed in the wrong train. But when for a passenger in the next carriage Bunter had learned that he was booked for a non-stop run to London, his feelings were too deep for words.

In his excitement and fright on seeing the Famous Five on his track, the fat youth, knowing that the train was about due to start, had not stopped to ask questions, but had taken it for granted that the train standing at the platform was the right train.

But it was of no use repining—though the fat junior did plenty of that—and he had been obliged to make the best of it. And when he had eventually arrived at the metropolis, and found there was no train back for an hour, the fat junior's cup of misery had almost overflowed. His fare to Abbeystead and the hire of the old woman's outfit had taken the whole of the ten shillings, and he had been forced to hang about hungry and departed, until his train was due to depart.

For many reasons the fat junior had decided it unwise to discard his disguise yet. In the first place, the evening was anything but warm, and the extra clothes were welcome. And in the second place, he knew that if he failed to return the hired clothes, old Lazarus would make a fuss. He would probably report the matter to Dr. Locke; and that would lead to complications.

But now the wanderer was home at last—or nearly so—and Billy Bunter's spirits revived a trifle as he blinked in the dim gaslight around the almost deserted platform. But he realized his troubles were not yet over. He had yet to reach Greyfriars—and he had yet to pass the ticket-collector.

So far, Billy Bunter had come through his encounters with ticket-collectors with flying colours. He had stood very much on his dignity; and his indignant story of how the porter at Courtfield had put him on the wrong train had been listened to and accepted good-humouredly.

But Bunter knew it would be different at Friarale. The ticket-collector was a crabbed, obstinate old fellow, who would be difficult to convince or cajole.

But the ordeal had to be gone through, and Bunter groaned and took a couple of steps towards the booking-office doorway. Then he stopped and grinned as a brilliant idea came to him.

The local train had departed, and the only person in sight was the solitary ticket-collector who stood between him and liberty. Next moment a despairing cry for aid rang out over the silent station:

"Help—help—help!"

"The appeal came from the permanent-way a few yards away—or so the startled ticket-collector imagined—and he gave an alarmed gasp, and ambled hastily to the spot.

It was Bunter's well-earned chance, and he took it. He gathered up his skirt in both hands and scuttled through the booking-office and out into the open street. Once again Billy Bunter's ventriloquism had saved him.

Not until the fat junior had reached the end of the old-fashioned street did he stop running. Then, as he came out into the dark and lonely Friarale Lane, panting and breathless, he stopped suddenly, and his grin faded.

At the best of times Billy Bunter would have fussed a walk alone along Friarale Lane at night, but the thought that Callaghan and his gang were hovering in the vicinity on the look-out for him made the ordeal doubly to be dreaded.

He regretted now his decision not to leave the train at Courtfield and call for his bicycle, for he realised that on a bike

he would stand a far better chance of getting clear should he be attacked.

It never occurred to the fat junior that his disguise was a sufficient safeguard, and that owing to the wide skirt would hamper him should he have to run for it, he hastily discarded the clothes, and, rolling them up, tucked the bundle under his arm.

Then, taking his cap from his pocket, he jammed it on his head and started his dreaded journey.

But it was not until the dark buildings of Greyfriars, with its rows of twinkling lights loomed up ahead that what Bunter dreaded actually came to pass.

There was a sudden rush of feet in the darkness, a hoarse muttered exclamation, and next instant the luckless junior felt himself gripped, and a rough hand was clamped over his mouth, choking his terrified yelp of terror before he could give vent to it.

"Got you this time, my lad!" came Callaghan's triumphant voice. "We've not had our long wait for nothing, after all, Henshall. Up with the young pop, an' let's get away from here!"

Helpless and almost petrified with terror, Billy Bunter felt himself lifted and borne off the hard road on to the grass. Then came a sickening lurch as the rascals dropped into the dry hedge-bottom, and while doing so, Callaghan's hand slipped from the junior's mouth.

It was only for an instant, but Bunter took the chance. His mouth opened, and for the second time that night a yell for help rang out—but in deadly earnest this time:

"Help—help!"

From the direction of Greyfriars Bunter fancied he heard a faint answering cry, and then a savage hand closed again over his mouth, and he was dragged rather than lifted through a prickly hedge.

Then on again, over what seemed to Bunter a ploughed field, until at last he was lowered to the ground in the shelter of a hedge. With frantic haste, Callaghan hauled him to his feet, and Bunter had collapsed in sheer terror—and while the other two—Bunter could see them now—held him, the burly rascal gagged him with a handkerchief and tied his wrists together.

"Now, put your best foot out, my pippin!" he said grimly. "We want a little talk with you—you know what about, well enough, March?"

And Bunter marched; with one of the rascals on either side and one behind there was nothing else for him to do.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

On the Trail!

"SISTER ANN, Sister Ann, do you see the fairy Bunter approaching?"

It was the Bounder of Greyfriars who misquoted the question, and his tone was half-serious, half-mocking. He was crouching with Harry Wharton in the shadows of an overhanging tree in Friarale Lane, and both juniors were waiting for Billy Bunter.

They were less than a hundred yards from the school gates, and they had

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By FRANK RICHARDS.

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chosen this spot for two very good reasons. One was that if Bunter cycled back they would stand a fair chance of missing him by going too far ahead; the other was to his east of earshot of the school should Bunter start making a row.

Both juniors had succeeded in leaving the school in safety, and now, though they had been waiting scarcely twenty minutes, both were beginning to feel weary of their lonely vigil.

"I don't," replied Harry Wharton, with a grunt. "Where can the silly clam have got to? The Lord n' express gets into Courtfield at seven or thereabouts, so he ought to have been here before this whether he got off at Courtfield or not. I'm just about sick of this business, Smithy. I hope the silly nuisance hasn't—What's that?"

From somewhere ahead in the shadowy darkness of the lane had come a sudden sharp cry—a cry for help.

In a moment both juniors were on the alert.

"That was Bunter's voice; I'll swear!" snapped Harry in great alarm. "My hat! Callaghan, Smithy! Come on!"

And without a second's pause Harry dashed off at top speed. And after him went the Boulder. Like Harry, he had immediately remembered Callaghan and the danger. They knew the soundfoul was not likely to be alone a second time, but neither gave that a thought.

An ominous silence had fallen after that one single cry, and the one fear they had was that they would be too late. Quite suddenly a watery moon sailed from behind a bank of clouds and lit up the lane for some distance ahead of them. As it did so Harry called a halt.

"Nobody in sight," he said, puzzled. "And the cry couldn't have come from much farther than this. We'd better search round for signs—Hallo! What's that?"

Harry scooped over a bundle on the ground. He picked it up, and as he did so something rolled to the ground. It was a large green bonnet, with the remnants of a yellow feather hanging conspicuously from it—even in the moon's half-light they could see that.

"You were right, Wharton," said the Boulder. "This was the contraption Bunter was wearing. But—"

"Look!" cried Wharton suddenly. He pointed across the fields. Barely a field away a group of dark figures, looking strangely like a huge crawling spider, were moving swiftly over the ploughed field. "Callaghan & Co. They've got him—"

"Then we're after them—"

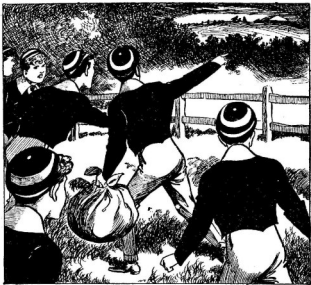
"Wait!" cried Harry, and he caught the impulsive Boulder by the arm. "Eh! back to the school and bring Cherry and the rest. Bring cricket-stumps—anything. Then wait—"

"And you—"

"I'm following those soundrels, I'll find out where they're going to. Then I'll rush back and await you here."

With hesitation a brief second; then he nodded without speaking and dashed away. Harry Wharton was a born leader, and even the strong-minded Boulder's will bent to his. And as Vernon-Smith turned away Harry Wharton jumped the ditch, crashed through the spars hedge, and next moment was running after the still visible group of figures.

But Harry was too wise a scout to cross the ploughed field in the light



"Look!" cried Harry Wharton suddenly. He pointed across the fields. Barely a field away a group of dark figures, looking strangely like a huge, crawling spider, were moving swiftly over the ploughed field. "Callaghan & Co. They've got Bunter!" (See Chapter 6).

from the moon—it would have been perfect madness. He ran along in the shadow of the hedge as hard as he could pelt. Again and again he almost came a cropper on the rough ground.

He reached the far hedge at last, and, pushing his way through, looked ahead. Then he gave a start.

The figures were still just visible; but to his surprise they had branched off to the extreme right instead of making for the shelter of Friendside Woods—and, possibly, the Old Priory—as he had imagined they would do.

"Where on earth are they making for?" mused Harry. "They'll strike the Highcliffe Road presently. I've got it. They're making for the river—the water's most likely."

Harry's surmise was soon proved to be correct, for after crossing three more fields he saw them stop for a moment on reaching the Highcliffe Road—obviously to see if the coast was clear—and then he spotted their dimly seen figures on the far side.

But he could hear them now, and he felt glad rather than otherwise. But more caution was necessary for while they could not see him, he could not see them. They might anticipate being followed, and lie in wait for him.

Harry Wharton's luck was in that night, however. Seen the black mass of the woods loomed up before him, and a few seconds later he was feeling his way, with cautious tread, amid the dark trees, and with nothing but the sounds of movement ahead to guide him.

And then quite suddenly Harry realised where the trail was leading him, as the dull murmur of falling water began to ring in his ears.

"My hat! Why on earth didn't I think of it—Hutton's Mill, of course!" he muttered.

He pushed on again, and presently, through the thinning trees, he caught glimpses of water like a streak of silver in the darkness. Before him was the Brent—a stream, or, rather, back-water—or the Sark. Before him also loomed Hutton's Mill—a tall, gaunt, ghostly structure, forbidding and desolate. He could also make out the dark outline of the mill-wheel—still now, for the water no longer turned its age-rusted axle.

But Harry had no eyes for these things. He could no longer hear the men's movements, for the noise of rushing water was deafening; but he could now make out their dim figures as they crossed the rotting footbridge of the mill. And next moment he saw the gleam of an electric torch flash out as the door of the mill swung open, and then the figures vanished.

For an instant after that Harry stood hesitating. He hated the thought of leaving the fat junior in those soundrels' hands even for a few minutes; he was torn between anxiety for Bunter's safety and his own good sense.

But wiser counsels prevailed and turning, he hurried back through the wood breathless now of noise. He reached the Highcliffe Road at last—but, instead of returning by the way he had come, he followed the road to Greyfriars.

By doing this Harry not only took a short cut, but he hoped to overtake his chums before they reached the rendezvous. And again luck favoured him.

The junior had just passed the school gates when a dark figure dropped from

the wall, and this was followed by four more; and Harry, realising who they were, rushed breathlessly up to them.

"That you, Smithy?"
 "Yes; then—"
 "They're in Hutton's Mill!" gasped Harry. "Come on!"

And, turning on his heel, Harry started back, though breathless and panting from his hard run, leaving the others to follow.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

In Turbulent Danger!

HARDLY a word was spoken during that breathless race. It was not until the crazy structure of Hutton's Mill loomed up before them that Harry gave the signal to halt.

All the juniors were panting, but Harry himself was whacked to the world. But not one of them faltered. With hunched shoulders they grasped their cricket-stumps firmly and followed Harry as he led the way across the crazy foot-bridge that spanned the shining stream of black water as it rushed, amid a thunder of falling waters and hissing spray, over the weir.

The bridge swayed and groaned beneath their tread, but they were across in a moment, and the door was before them. No light came from the cracks and crannies, and, knowing the men must be in an upper room, Harry felt for the latch.

But the door gave beneath his hand, and the next moment all six were standing huddled together in the gloom within the mill. From the room above their heads a faint gleam of light showed up a rickety flight of stairs in the corner.

"Come on!"
 Up the stairs went Harry, and soon all six were standing on a tiny landing. Facing them was a door, slightly open, and through the slit came the gleam of candle-light. Through it also came Callaghan's strident, triumphant voice, clear even above the roar of the weir outside.

"A bloomin' stroke of luck, and no mistake!" he was saying. "I knew once I got my hands on this fat booby I'd get it sooner or later. But blow me if I expected the silly fool to carry it about with him."

"What was your little game, Fatty? What were you keeping that book for?" asked Henshall, obviously addressing Bunter.

"Same as ours, I expect—else he wouldn't have stuck to it!" chuckled Callaghan, as no answer came from Bunter. "That's a little rascal—well? But we've got it, and we're made men, my lads! We'll bleed that pompous old money-grabber dry, my sons—if that's possible!"

There was a laugh at that—a hoarse, gloating laugh that grated horribly on the listeners' ears. But it did more than that. It was the crazy little rascal's nerves were screwed up to a high state of excitement, and his fingers were itching to get at the soundrels. And that laugh snapped the frail thread of control which Harry Wharton exercised over the always reckless Bunter.

Before Harry could even raise a hand to steady him, the excited juniors had flung open the door and rushed into the room. It was a fatal mistake—an act of reckless folly for which the Bounder and his companions paid dearly.

Like a maddened bull the Bounder hurled himself at Callaghan's bulky

figure; but before he reached him the junior's foot tripped over a loose plank in the rotten floor, and he went headlong. In that dramatic moment several things happened.

At the Bounder's whirlwind entrance Callaghan had wheeled in alarm; but before he could move again the Bounder's sprawling form struck him with the force of a battering-ram, sending him in his turn headlong over the box upon which the candles stood and plunging the room into darkness.

In that instant the wildest confusion reigned.

Wharton and his chums had dashed in hard on Smithy's heels—there was nothing else for them to do—and what happened after that was clear to none of them, for the room was in darkness before they could come to grips with their opponents.

But before the light went they had each caught a glimpse of the men, and in a moment they were all mixed up in a whirling scrimmage in the darkness.

Harry Wharton had rushed at once to Smithy's aid. He could not see them, but he could hear them choking and coughing as they rolled amid the dust-covered straw and rubbish that littered the floor.

He was on the floor himself and

**A
MAGNIFICENT
SET OF REAL
PHOTOS FOR
YOU!
SEE PAGE 2.**

struggling almost before he knew it, and though it was almost impossible to tell friend from foe, he succeeded at last in getting a grip on Callaghan's arm. But barely had he done so when something it was Callaghan's fist—struck him between the eyes with stunning force, and he rolled over, dazed and sickened by the blow.

Next instant he was blinded by a sudden flash of light, and, looking up, he saw that Callaghan was on his feet, flashing an electric torch on the scene.

And a strange scene it was! Near him lay the Bounder leaning on one elbow, dazed and obviously out of the fight. A couple of yards away Cherry and Bull were still struggling furiously with Henshall. Only Nugent and Singh seemed to be having the best of the fight. Nugent was seated on Peak's chest, and Inky was engaged in banging the luckless rascal's head on the floor.

But the hopeless struggle ceased abruptly as Callaghan's voice, harsh and commanding, rang out.

"Stop that—quit!"
 There was a note of deep menace in the man's tone and Harry glanced up again, startled. Callaghan's free hand was now outstretched, and held something which gleamed dully in the light. It was a revolver.

The game was up, and Harry knew it.

"Chuck it up, you fellows—no good fighting against this!" he said quietly.

"As well for you boys to know it!" snapped Callaghan. "Over there with you—sharp! Line up against that wall!"

Harry was the first to obey. He realised the man was in deadly earnest, and that to resist further would be hopeless—nay, mad. He got up and took his stand against the opposite wall, and one by one and in silent silence the other juniors followed him.

"That's better!" said Callaghan, with a grim chuckle. "This time, my tulips, the tables are turned. Tie 'em up, lads—plenty of rope about. And now—here, where the thump's that fat clam got to?"

Callaghan's words ended in a yell, as he glared swiftly about him for Bunter. For the first time then the juniors realised that Bunter was not present. He had been; they remembered seeing his fat figure lying in the corner when they first entered the room; now, there was no doubt about that.

Obviously the fat junior had taken advantage of the darkness and confusion to make his escape. It was so like Bunter that even in that tense moment more than one of them grinned. But Callaghan did not grin.

"After the young scab, one of you?" he yelled furiously. "He can't have got far! Quick!"

Henshall immediately bolted for the door and thundered down the stairs. But he was back again in a couple of minutes without Billy Bunter.

"No go!" he reported briefly. "He's gone, and it'd be hopeless searching them woods!"

Callaghan uttered a savage exclamation.

"Then the sooner we get out of here the better!" he snapped. "Anyway, we've got what we wanted, and ought to be well away before that fat fool can do anything. Light them candles, sharp, and let these young rascals up-foot and all this time!"

As the candles were lighted again and stunk on the box, Callaghan poked his torch. But he retained a firm grip of the revolver, and under his watchful eye the juniors were bound hand and foot. Then the rascally leader of the gang was about to lead the way out, when he stopped.

His eyes rested mockingly on the Bounder, whose face was red with rage and mortification.

"I reckon I don't know who these other kids are," he grinned, "nor what they've batted into this job for. But I know you; you've fairly got the old man's shivy. So here's a message for him from me. Tell him I'll be along at the Grange again presently. He'll know what about."

And Callaghan patted his pocket gloatingly, and followed his companions out of the room, pulling the door after him with a crash that shook the building and off the box of the candles, rolling off the box.

They heard the three rascals clattering down the stairs, and then silence fell save for the dull roar of the weir outside.

"I'm awfully sorry about this, you chaps!" said the Bounder bitterly, breaking the silence at last. "It's all my fault. I was a fool to rush in like that. But—but—"

"Well, it can't be helped now," said Harry glumly. "We're here, and here we've got to stay."

"Oh, don't croak yet, for goodness' sake!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "It

wight have been worse. They might not have left us that bit of candle, for

"Oh, great Scott! What the thump—"

Bob Cherry broke off and gazed with dilated eyes at the old box whereon the candle stood, and from behind which there now proceeded a dull, reddish glow. Even as they looked, the glow became a blaze, and almost before the startled juniors realized it, the box itself and the straw around it was blazing furiously.

"It's that candle!" cried Harry, an alarm. "It's set the straw on fire!"

It was only too true. The slamming of the door had sent the candle rolling off the box, but it had not gone out as they had supposed. It had remained alight behind the box, and the draught had sent the flame touching a wisp of straw. And this was the result.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Makes Good!

"FIGHT for it, you fellows!"

Harry Wharton's voice rang out through the empty room.

"We're not done yet!"

His voice broke the spell that the sudden calamity had brought on them all. Next moment the juniors were rolling and writhing, coughing and choking with smoke as they struggled desperately to loosen their bonds.

But it was useless. The rascals had done their work too well. Turning ever, Harry Wharton began to attack the rope round the Bouncer's wrists with his teeth in sheer desperation.

Tugging, tearing, biting, he struggled with the tough fibre until his gums and mouth were bleeding, and he was forced to fall back, sick and giddy, with the pain of it.

Then quite suddenly there came a crash and a roar of flame as the fur wall collapsed, and they caught a brief glimpse of moonlit sky before the billowy clouds of spark-riven smoke obscured it.

Even Bob Cherry's optimism left him now, and, like the others, he watched in dull despair as the flames crept nearer. Now they were licking hungrily at the door. And then suddenly—

"Listen!" choked Harry Wharton hoarsely. "Someone coming! Oh, thank Heaven!"

It was true! Help at last! There were stumbling foot-eps on the stairs, and the door crashed back. Framed in the doorway appeared a vague figure, dimly seen through the smother of smoke, yet a familiar figure.

"Bunter!" croaked Wharton.

Incredible as it seemed to the juniors, their rescuer was indeed Billy Bunter. The firelight glittered on his spectacles as he swayed, blinded by the sudden rank of smoke and the hot breath of fire that met him.

Then he came charging towards them, and next instant he was slashing at the rope round Wharton's wrists.

"Come on, you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "Quick!"

Though the first slash of the knife almost cut Harry's wrist to the bone, he scarcely noticed it, for the next slash freed him. Another precious moment while Bunter cut his ankles free, and the rest was easy.

Within a minute all were free, and they inebriated and stumbled drunkenly, though every movement sent spasms of agony through the cramped limbs, towards the door.

Like some raging, living monster furious at their attempted escape, the fiery flames seemed to hiss and lick at them as they stamped through the narrow doorway, already ablaze. But, scorched, blinded, and choking, they scrambled through and tumbled rather than ran down the crazy staircase.

Then on across the footbridge, with showers of sparks and burning wood falling all round them into the hissing mill-stream beneath, and they realized with deep thankfulness that they were safe.

And in the nick of time! They had scarcely won through when a tremendous crash within the mill told them that the floor upon which they had been lying had collapsed.

Next moment a huge tongue of flame leaped skywards, lighting up with a lurid glow the shining mill-stream, the tops of the surrounding trees, and the pallid faces of the juniors as they stopped and looked back at the blazing inferno they had left.

"Bunter," said Harry Wharton hoarsely, "you—you've saved our lives to-night. But for you we'd be in—in that now!"

He held out his hand impulsively, and took Bunter's fat fist in a warm clasp. Bob Cherry, Nugent, Bull, and Hurree Singh, and the Bouncer at once followed suit.

"But how on earth did you do it, Bunter!" asked Bob Cherry. "We thought you had bolted."

Bunter grinned feebly. As a matter of fact, the fat youth did not know that himself. When the struggle had started, he had taken advantage of the darkness and confusion to escape. Only

his wrists were tied, and he had stumbled down the stairs, and, thinking only of his own skin, had dashed for the woods.

But the prospect of facing those dark, eerie woods alone had proved too much for his courage, and he had hidden himself among the trees to wait for his schoolfellows, hoping for the best.

And whilst waiting he had succeeded in freeing his wrists by rubbing the rope on the bark of a tree. Whilst waiting, also, he had seen Henshall searching for him, and, later, watched the gang leave the mill.

From the fact that Harry Wharton & Co. had not left the mill, Billy Bunter guessed at once that they had been overpowered, and were probably bound and helpless. But even as the fat junior left the trees to investigate a fierce burst of flame and smoke from the side of the mill had told him the truth.

For one brief moment Billy had stared aghast and horrified at the burning mill; and then at thought of his schoolfellows' terrible plight a startling change had come over the fat junior. He forgot his own fears, and, without thinking, he had dashed to the rescue.

It was undoubtedly a very brave action, and the juniors were amazed that Bunter of all people could have brought himself to do it. And Bunter himself was more amazed than they were. But there it was. And now the excitement was all over he became his old self again. He fairly swelled with pride at thought of his glorious achievement.

"Oh, that's all right, you fellows. It was nothing, really," he said, with a



Before Harry could even raise a hand to stop him, the Bouncer had opened the door and rushed into the room. Like a maddened bull, he hurled himself at Callaghan, but before he reached the rascal the junior's foot tripped over a loose plank in the rotten mill floor, and he went headlong! (See Chapter 7.)

smirk of self-satisfaction. "Couldn't very well let you chaps burn to death, you know. Nothing to make a fuss about, of course."

"My hat!"

"In fact, I'm used to doing little things like that," went on Bunter loftily. "Not that I'd mind you fellows telling all the chaps about this. It would set 'em a good example, I think. You might even give a feed—a sort of celebration, in my honour. I don't mind that."

"Great Scott!"

Bob Cherry grinned at that.

"We had better get away from this place," said Wharton.

They gave a last glance back at their late prison, now a blazing furnace, then started off through the thick woods. Harry a word was spoken during that journey to Greyfriars.

As they dropped over the school wall and stood in the shadow of the old stupa, however, Harry Wharton spoke.

"Safe enough now," he whispered in relief. "I don't expect we've been missed, and it's not bed-time yet, luckily. We'll better stop, though, and sleep in one by one. What about a wash at the fountain? We need it."

"My hat! Yes, rather!"

There was nobody in the dark quad and at the fountain the seven juniors had a hasty "cat-lack," as Bob Cherry called it, wiping their faces and hands with their handkerchiefs. Then after dashing each other down, they stole one by one into the house and mingled with their fellows.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Toddy Remembers!

BILLY BUNTER, with the possible exception of Herbert Vernon Smith, was the most miserable junior in all Greyfriars the next morning. Not only had he had a fearful time, but the rosy prospect of a substantial reward had faded away like a beautiful dream.

But that was not all. For perhaps the first time in his fat career Billy Bunter had really distinguished himself—had brought off a gallant rescue. And oh! the irony of it—he dare not even mention it; his heroism was to go unrecognized and unrewarded. It almost made the fat youth weep to think of it.

"What's the matter with you this morning, Bunter?" asked Peter Todd, glancing curiously at his study-mate as Bunter rolled into Study No. 7 after dinner. "You look as miserable as a centipede with corns. You've something on, you fat rascal!"

"You remember alone, Toddy," grunted Billy Bunter. "Not your business, anyway."

"You've been acting very queerly lately, too, now I come to think of it," went on Peter, shaking his head. "I've been keeping my eye on you. Now, where on earth did you get to last night? Quelchey gave you a couple of hundred lines for missing call over." But he doesn't know what I know—that you were out until nearly bed-time, and that you came back looking like a chimney-sweep."

"Who—who told you, Toddy?" gasped Bunter.

"Never mind that. What's the meaning of it? I hope you hadn't anything to do with that queer fire affair at Hutton's Mill—"

"Of—of course I hadn't, Toddy. How—how could I—"

"You couldn't," agreed Toddy candidly. "You're too big a funk to go near the blessed mill after dusk, never mind set the thumping place on fire. But the point is, where were you? I hope you're not going the giddy pace—"

"You—yes, yes, Toddy! Why can't you mind your own corns—"

"Because I'm your keeper, old son. Anyway, you went dodging out somewhere the night before last, too. You—My hat! That reminds me of something else I want to talk to you about, my pippin!"

And reaching for his lounge coat hanging behind the door, Peter Todd took from the inside pocket a brown leather book.

Billy Bunter gave a jump as he saw it.

"I found this at the bottom of the cupboard. There, Bunter," he said severely. "Do you happen to know—"

"I—I can't say, Toddy," gasped Bunter. "What—where—"

"It's got Smithy's pater's name inside," went on Toddy grimly. "I see you know all about it, though what on earth you want with such a dashed thing beats me. I suppose you pinched it—"

"It—it can't," whispered Bunter almost to himself, his eyes glued as if mesmerized to the book. "I—I took it away yester—"

"What you took away, Billy, you fat burglar, was a Latin grammar—one I planted there in its place," chuckled Peter Todd. "I was going to let you find out yourself, but—Here, keep off, you mad ass!"

But Billy Bunter did not keep off. He had realized at last the drift of Toddy's remarks, and he went for the astounded Peter like a mad Derrish.

"Gimme my book, Toddy, you rotter!" he howled furiously. "It's mine, and it's yours!"

And Peter Todd just skipped back in time as the enraged Bunter made a frenzied clutch at the precious diary.

The next moment there were footsteps outside, and the door opened.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" grinned Bob Cherry, entering the room, with the rest of the Famous Five at his heels. "What the thump's going on here?"

"Bunter's trying to pinch this book!" said Peter Todd, holding out the diary. "It belongs to Smithy—or rather, Smithy's pater. It's an old diary—"

Harry Wharton almost snatched the book from Peter Todd's hands. He gave a glance at the title-page, and he turned to Peter, his face ablaze with excitement.

"Great Scott, Peter!" he ejaculated. "Where on earth did you get this?"

"I found it in the cupboard yonder," gasped the bewildered Toddy. He told them how he had discovered the diary, had taken it out and put another book in its place, and had put the diary in his pocket, where it had been for several days.

"Well, what an amazing stroke of luck," breathed Harry Wharton at length. "Smithy will be wild with joy when he gets this back."

And leaving the astounded Toddy to look after the almost frantic Bunter, Harry Wharton rushed out of the study, followed by his equally excited chums.

They found the Bounder pacing his study restlessly, his face pale as a ghost. But as Harry rushed in and handed him the book his face underwent an astounding change.

For a brief moment he stared at it in dumb amazement. Then, after one

feverish glance at the name inside, he turned, his eyes glistening.

"Wharton," he gasped huskily, "how did you come by it? It—it's—"

"The diary," finished Harry, smiling. "I found it in Bunter's study."

"What a what an amazing fluke!" breathed the Bounder thankfully.

"Then—then Callaghan's got—"

"A Latin grammar!" howled Bob Cherry. "Oh, what a scream!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Even the Bounder laughed; he could afford to do so now. He felt as if a tremendous load had been lifted from his mind. It seemed too good to be true.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Harry at length. "Destroy it once and for all."

"I don't know quite what to do," said the Bounder. "I suppose it would be the wisest thing, but—"

"I can assure you that it is of such a dangerous thing, Smithy. There's a fire—burn it!"

"Yes, but—well, it was different before, you know! When I flung it towards the river I did it in sheer desperation, to prevent it falling into the hands of that astounded Callaghan. There's no fear of that now, though. I think I'll take it over myself to the pater, Wharton. I wrote this morning telling him that Callaghan had got it again. That's the trouble. I know that unless the pater sees it actually destroyed he'll be always worrying about it."

"It's risky, Smithy."

"I don't think so. Anyway, I've set my heart on handing this personally to the pater, and—the Bounder's lips set—" "I'm doing it. I'll get leave from Quelchey, and take it over to the Grange this very afternoon."

Harry Wharton nodded silently. He saw that the Bounder's mind was made up, and he knew how hopeless it was to argue with the self-willed junior.

"Very well," said Harry Wharton. "We'll all come with you this time!"

Permission was obtained, and they left Greyfriars soon afterwards for Abbotsdale with the precious book safe in their keeping.

Early the next morning Harry Wharton & Co. returned in the Daimler to Greyfriars. And with them went a confidential letter explaining the full circumstances.

They had delivered the diary to Mr. Samuel Vernon Smith and had seen it burn to ashes in the fire in the dining-room. But when it had been reduced to ashes could they breathe freely again?

And Billy Bunter? Well, his share had to come out, of course, when the Head interviewed Harry Wharton & Co. But the story of his gallantry at the fire also came out, and in view of that Dr. Lackerford ordered the fat junior for his folly. By that one act Billy Bunter had not only shown a new and unexpected side to his character, but he had certainly made amends for all the rest.

And what became of Callaghan and his gang? They vanished after the burning of the mill, and nobody heard of them from that day, and they were soon forgotten. Thus ended the strange and exciting adventure of the millionaire's diary!

THE END.

(There will be another grand, long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter next week. See the Chat on page 20.)



EDITOR'S NOTE.—All my readers who are Scouts, or who are interested in camping, in the "Forest Out-camp" generally, will find this little series of articles full of useful tips.—Ed.

OUT ON THE OPEN TRAIL!

By Harry Wharton (Patrol Leader, Lions).

IT SHOULD very much like to do the camping-out, but, as I have already said, there is a "but." You see, it's like this. I am not in the position, at present, to get myself a tent. That's the whole rub, I can't, and my chum doesn't think he can for a little time; and yet we are frightfully keen to get out, as you have been advising, into the open air—keen as mustard, Harry, but—

The above is an extract from a letter which I received a few weeks ago, from one of the many readers of the Magnet who have been following these series of camping-out articles. I am publishing this extract for several reasons. For one reason, it shows that our efforts have evidently "caught on," and I'd like my reader-chums to know this; and another reason is the fact that you have not a tent should not prevent you from camping-out.



This piece of information will be received, no doubt, with great relief by the sender of the letter from which the above extract has been taken.

Of course, I must say I am very pleased that this series of articles have met with such a cordial reception, and the rest of the patrol, who have been following these columns, will think the same. This fact will help us into doing even greater things, if I might say so.

Now, to get back to the original subject. Can you have a camp without a tent? You can, in a way. At least, you can camp without a tent. Some people I know have been known to shudder at the mere thought of lying out in the open, with no shelter above. But they speak, or act, through ignorance. The majority of them have not tried it. Have you tried it—two rolled yourself in a blanket, sausage-roll fashion, warm and snug, under a hedge or tree? Let those people who have shuddered at doing this just attempt it once. Then ask what their opinion is afterwards. You'll get a very different answer, I assure you.

Then, if you are versed with the knowledge of bivouac building, it's quite score. A tent may be the most important thing in camping out, but there may be a time when it is under repair, then its absence should not worry from you at any time—any old time. Perhaps I may be able to help you in some little things which puzzle you.—H. W.

CAMPING WITHOUT A TENT.

By H. Vernon-Smith (of the Lion Patrol).

HAVE you ever taken a ground-sheet and blanket, slung it over your shoulder, and made tracks for the open wilderness? If not, you have never slept under a hedge with only the deep blue sky above for a ceiling?

What if you haven't a tent, should that stop you from camping? No! In the summer, sleeping in the open is just as comfortable and delightful as sleeping under canvas, and it's a change, if you ever should want one. The fact that you haven't a tent at the moment should never prevent you from packing your traps and getting out on the trail.

There is, of course, a right way and a wrong way of doing this, and there is in everything else. Little things to remember, things to take note of, and signs to read, and things you should do if you want to camp the right way. Doing it properly will make a great deal of it and by doing this you reap the full benefit of the great outdoors.

In the first place it is very essential that you should have a ground-sheet with you, sleeping on the bare ground is no go. It is, in fact, a dangerous thing to do, for this reason. There is bound, whether the day has been wet or not, to be a certain amount of moisture in the grass or on the ground.

When your body is in close contact with the ground, as it is from the forenoon till dawn, up what moisture or dew there is, and if you have not a ground-sheet this moisture will seak through your clothes to your skin, and thus you are likely to contract a cold. If you have a ground-sheet to lie on, you avoid this danger, and you are perfectly safe.

A frame camp without a tent affords a great deal of excitement, as well as being very beneficial to you afterwards. You have strapped on your back a rucksack, or haversack, and your groundsheet, and your slung, handkerchiefs, over your shoulder, and you just jog along, free and easy, without the least idea how you will be camping in the evening. It may be in the hedge or haystack, or on an open moor, in a wood, or under a bivouac. That's where the fun comes in.

As regards to the bivouac. The first sketch on this page depicts a bivouac, which is called the "lean-to," and is very easily built. It is constructed on the same principle as the lean-to house which was described in these columns a week or two back.

For the "lean-to" you will require two forked sticks about seven to four feet in height, and a pole about three feet in length, cut from the ash-tree. Drive the forked sticks into the ground about six feet apart, and place the pole across from one to the other. The slung sides of the shelter is made from a ground-sheet or a piece of canvas. This is tied one side to the cross-bar, and the other down to the ground a few feet away. The other side of the shelter on the ground you will need another ground-sheet spread out.

Your fire is built just away from the front of the shelter. A very important thing to remember when building a shelter is in which direction the wind is blowing. If it is westerly, build the bivouac so that the front will be facing in the opposite direction—i.e., the east. Always have the entrance facing the way the wind is blowing.

Another thing which should be remembered when you are building a shelter, and this is a very important thing, is to give your attention to one or two things when selecting your pitch. Notice the slope of the ground particularly. It is never advisable to camp on a slope, or on a hill, or on the summit of a hill, as you are opening yourself to all the elements. This is where you make your camp—on the second grade.

In those places where there is a hill and a valley, there will also be a half-way level, and that is, ground which lies half-way between the hilltop and the lowlands. That's where you camp. You will be sheltered from the wind by two sides of the ground, and you will be quite dry, having drained into the

valley below. If possible, get a piece of ground which will have the hill at back when you are facing the south.

Another shelter which can be very quickly erected is depicted in the Sketch 2 on this page. This is one most convenient in a wood, and around a tree, or a group of trees, which are not too far apart from one another, and which have branches projecting from the trunks only a few feet from the ground. Having found a tree of the right size, cut up, ash-logs, and place it across the two branches, as shown. Then spread a ground-sheet or piece of canvas over the cross-bar, and the four corners to the ground, thus making two sloping roofs. This bivouac you will find extremely comfortable and snug. Don't forget when you roll up in your blanket—there must be a ground-sheet beneath you.

Now comes the weather problem. How to forecast the weather so that you can prepare yourself for what is coming. You will find this "weather knowledge" a very great help. The ability to tell if it is advisable to sleep in the open without a shelter, or whether to build one to keep dry under, is really most necessary.

Now, the first thing to find out, by reading various signs in the early morning, is exactly what kind of weather to look forward to. To starve all, there is a heavy morning mist, it generally means a clear day. There is a saying which you might make a note of: "When the dew is on the grass."

Then, it is a well-known thing that if you find spiders' webs on the hedges and fields, and each web covered with dewdrops, it is going to be a fine day. Should the red end of a rainbow be seen, then it is going to rain sometime that day.

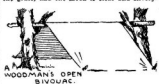
During the day you may notice that the fish are swimming near the surface of the water, that you are losing high, that spiders have strengthened their webs, the sunmeret and convolvulus have closed their petals, that rabbits are feeding in the fields in numbers, that the clouds are moving swiftly, and very low, and smoke is being beaten downwards, look out for rain.

Then, in the evening, if the sun sets pale yellow or greenish, a large circle is to be seen round the moon, or it rises large and red, stars twinkle, and you hear bats squeak on the wing, it is going to rain.

When the grass is dry at night,

Look for rain before the light."

But if the sunset is red, there is dew on the grass, and the moon is clear and silvery.



then you are quite safe from rain. The clear red sky at night also forecasts a fine day coming. If you see cubwells across the road or on the hedges and trees, in long streams, it's a sure sign of fine weather coming, and it is quite safe to lie in the open without a shelter. You can also expect fine weather if you see birds flying high, and if the wind southerly.

A sure sign of the approach of a storm is when the wind drops and the atmosphere becomes heavy, stuffy, and the sun goes dead, and the light is yellow, the birds and beasts are quiet or have sunk away to the haunts, and everything around you seems lifeless. The clouds are then overhead, and are a strange, light-brown on the horizon. In this case keep away from trees, and make for barns or butts.

If you make a note of all these weather signs, and then feed in your memory, you will at once discover where the great advantage of this knowledge comes in, and how easy it is.

This is why it is most essential that you should have this knowledge when you are camping on the open trail—that is, when you are without a tent. If you have a tent, it is just a matter of time when you are out, there is nothing to worry about in this case, for a tent will stand any kind of weather, if you have it pitched properly and in the right situation.

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