

WONDERFUL REAL ACTION PHOTO OF T. CLAY (SPURS)

FREE IN THIS ISSUE!

No. 748. Vol. XXI. Week Ending June 10th, 1922.

The Magnet ^{1 1/2}

Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



TOM CLAY, OF THE SPURS.

A SURPRISE COMING FOR BUNTER, THE AMATEUR BURGLAR!

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

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





FOR NEXT MONDAY.

"DE VERE OF THE REMOVE!"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand, long, complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, and a new boy.

New boys come to Greyfriars occasionally, of course, but it is many years since a new boy like De Vere turned up at the famous old school. De Vere ought to be a knut, according to the name he bears, and he is a knut. In fact, Bob Cherry has it that he is the knuttiest of the knuts.

The worst part of De Vere is that he is a frightful snob. The best part about him is— But you must read next Monday's splendid story, and see for yourself exactly the kind of fellow is this new boy in the Remove.

VERY SPECIAL "GREYFRIARS HERALD"!

Next week's issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" is something quite extra special. For Harry Wharton once more vacates the Editorial chair to give someone else a chance to shine. And Dicky Nugent, the inky, cheerful, irrepressible brother of Frank Nugent, takes over the Herald for one week only.

Dicky has some wonderful ideas. He has some wonderful contributors with wonderful ideas. Altogether, I think, Dicky has turned out the most amusing "Herald" we have as yet published for the Removites.

On no account must you miss this very special number!

OUR FREE GIFTS!

This week you will have obtained a wonderful action photo of famous Tom Clay, of the Spurs, with this copy of the MAGNET Library. Next Monday's issue will contain TWO REAL PHOTOS—one of James Gill, and the other of Andrew Wilson, two very famous footballers who play for Cardiff and Middlesbrough. Order your copy now, and make certain of them.

In the current issue of the "Boys' Friend" you can obtain yet another FREE REAL PHOTO of a rising boxing star, Jimmy Higgins, who hails from Bonnie Scotland. Next week the "Boys' Friend" is presenting every reader with a FREE REAL PHOTO of Seaman Hall.

To-morrow's issue of the "Popular" will give you yet another splendid COLOURED ENGINE PLATE, which will show you what a Great Southern and Western Railway Co.'s express locomotive really looks like. Next Tuesday there will be another splendid engine plate for your collection.

Wednesday morning will see the "Gem" Library on sale, and with that famous school story paper will be given absolutely free, TWO FREE REAL PHOTOS of J. McIntyre, of Blackburn THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 748.

Rovers, and D. Howie, of Bradford. Next week there will be given a special action photo of W. N. Blythe, of the Arsenal.

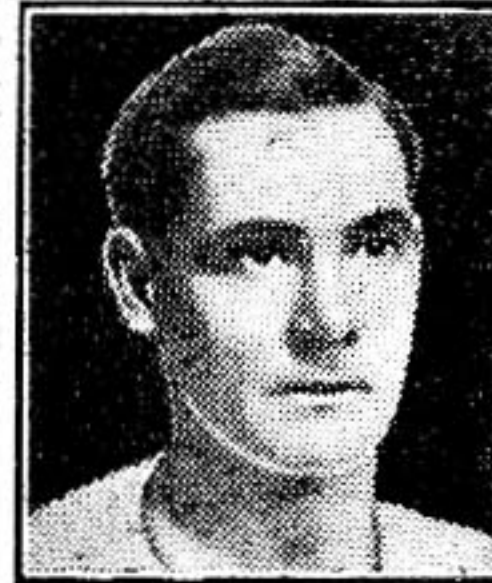
Readers are strongly advised to order their copies of these famous periodicals for boys and girls. Only by doing that can it be certain that they will not have to listen to "Sold out, sir!"

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL READER?

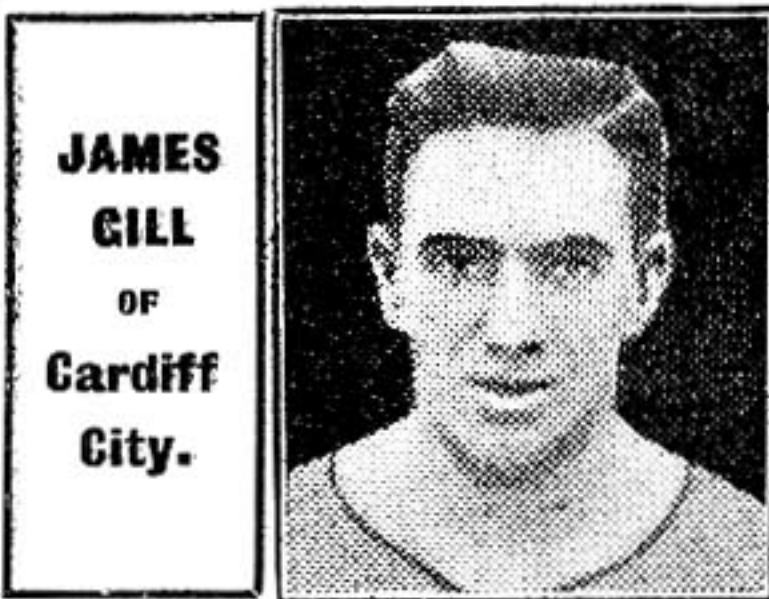
Information has come to my knowledge of the great success of a MAGNET reader, and I am wondering if this reader is the most successful of all MAGNET readers.

I refer to Mr. W. C. Butterworth, of

TWO REAL PHOTOS GIVEN - AWAY FREE -



ANDREW
WILSON
OF
Middles-
brough.



JAMES
GILL
OF
Cardiff
City.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

22, Chivalray Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W. 11. Mr. Butterworth is just twenty-two years of age, and has been a reader of the MAGNET Library for no less than eleven years—and he still continues to read about Harry Wharton & Co. with all the old enjoyment.

Now I learn that this Mr. Butterworth has formed an orchestra of no less than eighty instruments! Just think of it, my chums! Eighty musicians, who have performed with great credit in public, and got together by one of your friends, who is only twenty-two years of age!

It is really amazing, the success of Mr. Butterworth. I have learned, too, that Mr. Butterworth used to conduct this orchestra himself, but, finding that his musical skill was required other than in wielding the baton, he gave up that position to another man, and he himself is now solo violin, leader, and director

of the Butterworth Rembrandt Orchestra.

I have before me several programmes of the concerts given by this, the largest, orchestra in South London, and I see our friend's name is extremely prominent. I desire to offer my heartiest congratulations to Mr. Butterworth, and I shall have very much pleasure in sending him a small donation to his orchestra's funds.

Mr. Butterworth, I should like to point out, is prepared to consider applications from readers over the age of sixteen who wish to join an orchestra. The subscription is purely nominal, as no member is paid for his or her services. Particularly interesting to Mr. Butterworth will be applications from ladies, for he is now seriously considering the possibilities of a ladies' orchestra.

And now I shall be interested to know if any reader of the MAGNET Library can point to such great success as Mr. Butterworth has achieved!

MY LETTER BAG.

It is, I believe, generally imagined that an editor has a soft job. Merely getting out of bed in the morning fairly late, answering a few letters, finding fault with the "copy" sent in, just to encourage the writers, and then going for a nice, health-giving ride in his powerful motor car.

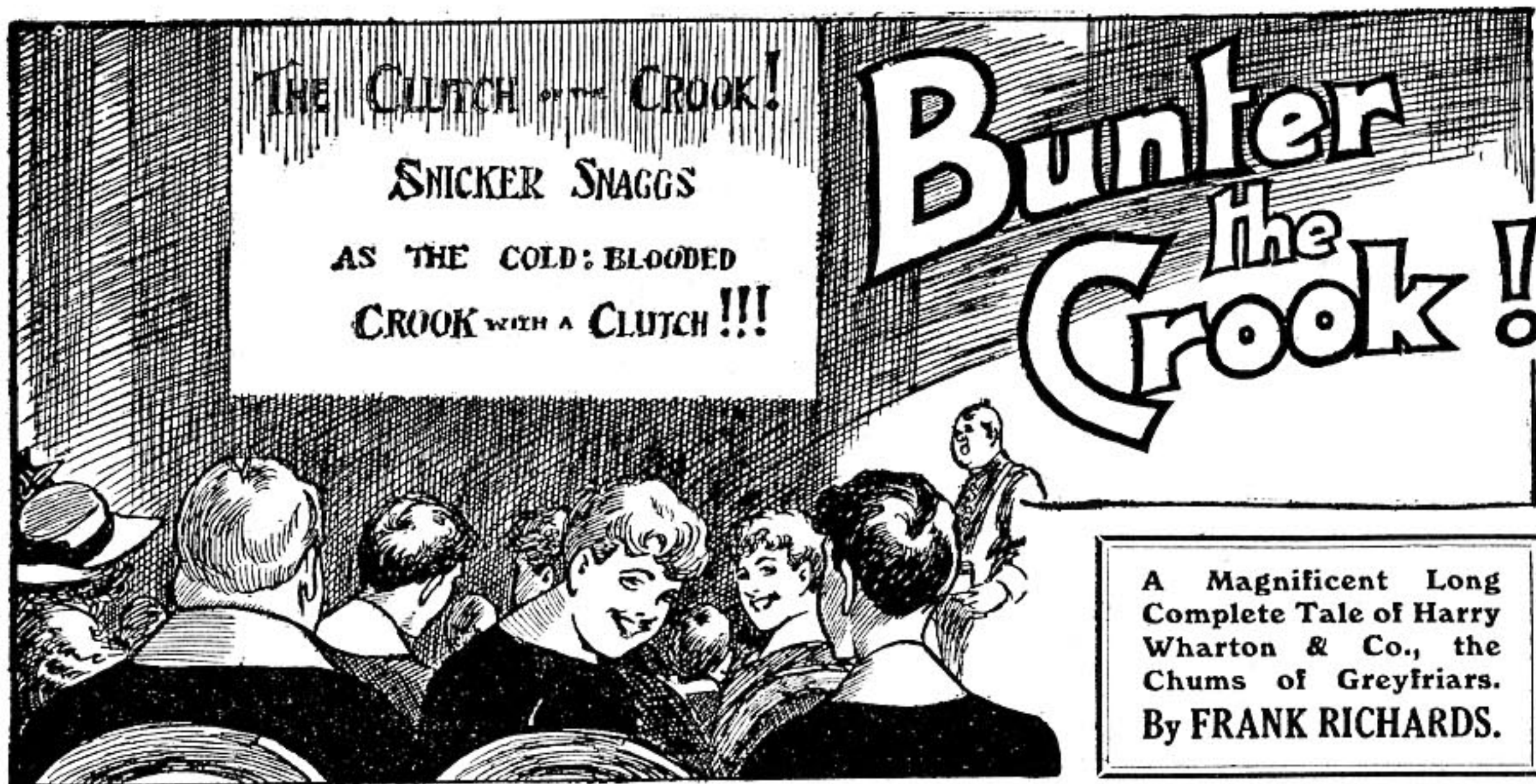
But it is not really like that, not a bit. I was running through a fresh batch of letters yesterday. They came from all parts of the world, and they were all as welcome as the flowers in May, but they meant no end of hard thinking. The writers wanted to know a few things. How Bunter managed to get through his journalistic job when he bolted from Greyfriars? Well, he left most of his work to his subs, but he was only away a couple of days.

The next was a teaser, but I contrived to satisfy the correspondent. He was going to act as best man at a wedding, and would the editor send him a suitable speech. Think of that now! After that came requests for articles from amateur editors. I am always willing to oblige.

There are grave letters, witty letters, all sorts. Where counsel is asked for I do my best. Troubles are better shared. We all know that.

Of course, I appreciate complimentary letters. One such from Cape Town, written by an engineer, would have put heart into a cow down with the flu. There was the real ring in it. The writer tells me he has read the companion papers since he was a boy, and he has some particularly cheery things to say about the magnificent coloured plates of railway engines in the "Popular." Those plates have won all along the line. I have widened the scope of the series, so as to bring in all the types of locomotives. What tons of real romance there is in a railway engine! Just look at some of the old pictures of the snorty little buzz boxes of the ancient days, and see the immens strides made in engineering. It is always a treat to see one of the big express engines of our day gliding out of a terminus, as fresh as paint, and an illustration of power, to say nothing of the grit of the engineer who designed the mighty greyhound of the iron road.

Your Editor.



A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co., the Chums of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Something Like a Film!

“THE Clutch of the Crook” —
“Eh?”
“The Clutch of the Crook” —

“The which of the what?” ejaculated Bob Cherry.

“The Clutch of the Crook!” snorted Billy Bunter. “Just you listen, and don’t interrupt. ‘The Clutch of the Crook!’ grand new Curdle Film, featuring Snicker Snaggs, of world-wide fame—”

“Cheese it!” suggested Harry Wharton.

“A thrill every minute, a throb every second,” continued Billy Bunter, reading out the arresting advertisement in the columns of the “Courtfield Times.”

“My hat! That sounds spasmodic—”

“Now showing at the Courtfield Picture Palace,” went on Billy Bunter. “Seats one-and-threepence to ten-and-six, including tax—”

“Finished?” asked Harry.

“Yes. And—”

“Then good-bye!”

“I say, you fellows—”

“Good-bye, Bunter!” said five voices in unison.

“I brought this paper to you specially,” said Bunter, unheeding. “because I thought you oughtn’t to miss this thrilling new film. It starts at two-thirty this afternoon—”

“And you’re going to stand us all seats?” inquired Johnny Bull, with playful sarcasm.

“Exactly. I want all you fellows to come,” said Bunter. “Snicker Snaggs is a terrifically famous film-actor, you know. This is the first time he’s been seen on this side of the Atlantic—”

“Let’s hope it will be the last, too!” remarked Frank Nugent.

“My dear chap, you don’t know anything about it,” said Bunter. “Snicker Snaggs is as famous in tragic parts as Chumpy Chopling in comedy. He does Wild West rustlers, and crooks, and gunmen, and that kind of thing. He’s a crook in this film play—a cracksman, you know; and there’s a murder in nearly every scene—”

“Groooh!”

“Besides burglaries and death-traps and chaps dropped into wells with clock-

weights tied to their feet, and other chaps pushed into fiery furnaces and under circular-saws—”

“What an exciting life!” yawned Bob Cherry. “Now, you chaps, are we going out on the bikes or are we staying in to watch Bunter exercising his chin?”

“Bikes for preference!” said Harry Wharton, laughing.

“I prefer the esteemed bikefulness!” remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

“Hold on!” exclaimed Bunter. “You’re coming to the pictures with me this afternoon. It’s my treat, you know.”

“We know!” assented Bob Cherry. “We know your treats only too well, old porpoise. When we get to the show you’ll find that you’ve left your cash in the study—what?”

“Oh, really, Cherry—”

“Anyhow, we’re not specially interested in crooks and their clutches,” said Wharton. “And that kind of rot won’t do you any good, Bunter.”

“But this one is a regular corker!” urged Bunter. “I don’t want you fellows to miss it. Only one-and-three for the seats, including tax—”

“I’d prefer a seat that didn’t include tacks,” said Bob Cherry, shaking his head seriously. “Must be jolly uncomfy to sit on.”

“Tax—not tacks!” hooted Bunter. “Only one-and-three to see Snicker Snaggs—they’re featuring him, you know—”

“Then they oughtn’t to,” said Bob, shaking his head again.

“Why not, you ass?”

“Because there isn’t a verb ‘to feature,’” explained Bob. “It’s an outrage on the King’s English.”

“Oh, you’re an ass!” said Bunter. “They’re featuring Snicker Snaggs as the cold-blooded crook. Real American thrilling film, you know—bursting with thrills and throbs and things. Makes you jump every other minute, and gives you the nightmare for days afterwards—”

“A nightmare is jolly dear at one-and-three!”

“You see, it’s so exciting. Now, I’ve wanted to see this film for a long time,” said Bunter. “It’s the chance of a lifetime, too, as it’s only showing at Courtfield for three days, and to-day’s the second day. Jolly lucky it’s a half-holiday. Never mind your silly old bikes,

come along to Courtfield and see Snicker Snaggs. His get-aways are simply marvellous.”

“His what?” yelled Bob.

“Get-aways.”

“What the merry thump is a get-away?”

Bunter sniffed. His film knowledge was evidently greater than that of the Famous Five.

“It’s a hairbreadth escape!” he explained. “In one act he leaps from an express train, and just catches hold of a rope dangling from an aeroplane passing overhead. He’s carried up to the sky, when the engine bursts—”

“My hat! How does he ‘get-away’ from that?”

“Falling through space, he lays hold of the leg of an eagle,” said Bunter triumphantly.

“Great pip!”

“Holding on to the egg of the leagle—I mean, the leg of the eagle—he sweeps through the air till a chap shoots the eagle, and he drops—”

“I should think that would be a drop too much, even for Snicker Snaggs.”

“No fear!” said Bunter. “It’s only another of his marvellous get-aways. You see, he falls straight through a chimney into a bank. Drawing his revolver like lightning, he shoots the cashier and the manager through the head, stacks a pile of gold into his pockets, and walks out quietly into the street, stopping a policeman outside to ask him for a light for his cigarette.”

“Ha, ha, ha!” roared the Famous Five.

Bunter stared.

“You silly asses, you don’t laugh at that!” he exclaimed witheringly. “That’s where you thrill!”

But the Famous Five showed no sign of thrilling. They chortled.

“Fellow who’s seen it told me about it,” said Bunter. “That’s only one scene, too; there’s about twenty scenes just as thrilling. You simply can’t afford to miss this. Makes you as creepy as anything. I’m going, anyhow; but I do want you fellows to come. It’s my treat. Dash it all, it’s only seven-and-six for the six of us—cheap, I call it. That will leave me half-a-crown out of my postal-order. It’s for ten bob, you know.”

“Great Scott! Has your postal-order THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 748.

4 Don't Forget! The "Popular" is Still Giving Away Grand Free Engine Plates!

come?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "This beats Snicker Snaggs."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter coughed.

"It's not exactly come," he admitted. "It's coming by the next post. The unfortunate part is, that if we're to be early for the film, we can't wait for the post to come in. But it comes to the same thing—you fellows pay for admission, and I'll settle up when we get back to Greyfriars."

"Sing me the same old song!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"The samefulness of the old song is terrific!"

"Oh, really, you fellows—"

"After all, may as well go," said Bob Cherry. "I like a funny film—"

"It isn't a funny film!" yelled Bunter. "It's thrilling and tragic and dramatic and—"

"What's the odds, so long as it makes a fellow laugh?" said Bob. "Who says

who was thrilled and attracted by Snicker Snaggs in the character of the cold-blooded crook with a clutch, and his marvellous robberies, murders, and get-aways. Country folk and town folk, Greyfriars fellows and Highcliffe fellows, were in the throng going in to see the wondrous film, which was warranted to cause nightmares for a week after being seen.

The show was due to begin, and on the screen was appearing a series of local advertisements as a preliminary when Harry Wharton & Co. took their seats. The audience had the pleasure of learning from the screen that practically everything with a name could be obtained at Chunkley's Stores; that Filings' tea was the best; and that they could not do better than go to Mr. Boxem for an elegant but inexpensive funeral. The last of the advertisements switched off as Harry Wharton & Co. took their seats, a fat youth in uniform waited for the last time "Chocklits," and the title of

rushing express trains, cracked safes, and slew hapless foes with pistol, knife, and poison. The funeral expenses alone of his victims must have amounted to a very considerable sum.

In unexplained ways the cold-blooded crook appeared at high windows and on roofs, or in the strong-rooms of banks; for no discoverable reason he was seen racing in big motor-cars; and, apparently as a variety of "physical jerks," he climbed along telegraph wires and swung himself into tree-tops from high window-sills.

Why he did all these things was not explained in the sub-titles, and could not be guessed from the pictures; but the impression given was that the crook with a clutch led an exceedingly exciting life, full of variety.

When there was a pause in this remarkable entertainment Billy Bunter gave a deep, deep gasp.

"I say, you fellows, isn't it ripping?" said Bunter breathlessly.

TOM CLAY, THE FAMOUS "SPURS" FULL BACK.

All about the Famous Footballer who forms the subject of our Free Real Photo.

HERE is probably no more popular member of the Tottenham Hotspur team than Thomas Clay, the right full-back, who last season played for England against Scotland, and who has also won other honours on the football field. He is what one ought to call a polished, rather than a thrilling full-back. This means that he is no disciple of the idea that the full-back's first duty is to kick the ball as hard as he can. Rather does Clay look upon himself as a sort of fourth half-back, and, whenever it is possible for him to do so, he dribbles the ball a little way up the field to put one of his own forwards in possession rather than adopt the usual method of just clearing his lines somehow, anyhow.

Fair-haired, and rather on the slender side, he is also a master of the art of position play, and he knows all the tricks of the offside rule. In fact, in this respect he has more than once been referred to as a second McCracken. A native of Leicester, he was for some time associated with the Leicester Fosse

eleven; but early in 1914 the Spurs were drawn against Leicester in the first round of the Cup.

The first game between these two clubs was one of the most remarkable Cupties on record, for, after the Spurs had twice been two goals in arrears, they made a most dramatic rally in the closing stages, and the final score of the first match was five all. During the replay at Tottenham, which the Spurs won, the White Hart Lane officials were so impressed with the play of Clay that they induced the Leicester Fosse people to part with the right full-back, and from that day to this Clay has never been left out of the Spurs' side except through injury.

Some football enthusiasts around White Hart Lane are apt to be of the opinion that Clay occasionally takes more risks than a full-back should do in order to keep the ball in play; but, on the other hand, there must be a lot of admiration for a fellow who strives might and main to keep the game going. At Tottenham he has also developed into a penalty-

kick artist, and last season he took all the kicks of this sort which were awarded to the Spurs, and only failed once to find the net from the spot—a most useful man to have in the side for these occasions.

First gained recognition from the International Selection Committee in 1920, when he played for England against Wales, and late in the season just closed he also played against Scotland. Clay confesses that the worst day of his football career was on the occasion of the Spurs' fourth round Cuptie against Aston Villa in 1920; when, by an accidental kick, he sent the ball past his own goalkeeper, and thus lost that most important match for his side, that being the only goal scored during the afternoon. However, Clay had his bit of consolation in the following season, when he helped the Tottenham Hotspur team to success in the Cup, and a Cup-winner's medal is his proudest possession. Is also a pretty fair cricketer, but his other pet hobby is fishing, though he has been known to try his hand at golf.

Snicker Snaggs and clutching crooks for the afternoon?"

"Let's!" assented Wharton.

"You'll only have to put threepence each to pay for me," said Billy Bunter. "I don't mind going into the cheap seats. Not likely to meet anybody I know, excepting you fellows, of course; and, of course, you don't count! Shouldn't like anybody that mattered to see me in the bob seats. But it will be all right."

Which was William George Bunter's polite way of making himself agreeable!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

"Some" Crook!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here we are!" said Bob Cherry cheerily.

Harry Wharton & Co. arrived at Courtfield Picture Palace, and found a goodly crowd going in. Evidently W. G. Bunter was not the only person

the great, famous, and world-wide celebrated Snicker Snaggs film-drama appeared on the screen:

"THE CLUTCH OF THE CROOK!
SNICKER SNAGGS AS THE COLD-
BLOODED CROOK WITH A
CLUTCH!!!"

The Famous Five grinned. Thrilling American film-drama had that effect on them.

But Billy Bunter did not grin. His fat face was fairly wound up into intense seriousness and earnestness. Evidently the Owl of the Remove was in a state of great expectation.

The film-drama started.

It was in the accustomed style of the Transatlantic crook play, only perhaps a little more so.

Snicker Snaggs, as the crook with a clutch, climbed perpendicular walls, hid himself in pianos, jumped on and off

"Very!" yawned Bob. "So ripping that I wonder it doesn't rip the screen. Shall we stay for the rest, you chaps? We can get out now."

"You awful ass!" said Bunter. "The great safe-cracking episode is to come yet—the one where he puts the three dead bodies into the safe after collaring the securities."

"There's been about twenty casualties already!" remarked Johnny Bull. "We can do without the other three."

"I'm getting rather fed up!" yawned Nugent.

"The fed-upfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "The boshfulness is also great!"

"Oh, don't be asses!" said Bunter. "Stay for the finish. It's simply ripping—topping—marvellous! I specially want to see how the crook opens the safe, too."

"Why, you fat duffer?" asked Wharton.

"Well, it's worth knowing," said Bunter.

NEXT
MONDAY!

"DE VERE OF THE REMOVE!"

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

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 748.

"What?"

"I—I mean——"

Wharton looked at the fat junior curiously. Billy Bunter had the kind of brain that is greatly impressed by the "pictures," and it was quite certain that the sensational rubbish he had been watching was not likely to do the fat junior any good.

"There's a decent picture after this," said Bob Cherry, looking at his programme. "A school film. I'd like to see that."

"We can sit this out," said Wharton. "There it goes again, anyhow."

The lights were lowered, and the film recommenced.

Once more Billy Bunter watched the screen with his eyes and his spectacles glued upon it.

The fat junior seemed hardly to breathe as he watched.

The crook with a clutch was going stronger than ever. He was revealed kneeling before a safe, which he opened with surprising ease. Stacks of securities were transferred to the crook's capacious pockets. Three men rushed in apparently from nowhere—only to fall before the rapid pistol-shooting of the crook. That gentleman calmly stacked the dead bodies into the safe and locked it. In the next scene he was sliding down a rain-pipe, to land upon the shoulders of a policeman. There was a desperate struggle, but the crook tore himself loose and leaped upon a passing motor-car, and was whirled away in a cloud of dust. The next scene showed the chauffeur hurled from the car, and the crook sitting in his place. For reasons known only to the film producer, he drove the car on a road leading to a precipice, and went hurtling over it, car and all.

This ought really to have been the end of an ordinary crook, but to Snicker Snaggs it was but a trifling incident; for in the next scene he was clambering into a boat, where he disposed of three terrified fishermen with his trusty bowie-knife.

By one of the sudden transitions so natural in the film world, he was next seen on the deck of a ship, which he succeeded in blowing up. Whether the explosion landed him safe ashore was not clear, but the next picture showed him walking down Broadway smoking a cigarette, none the worse for his perilous adventures.

The chums of the Remove were not sorry when the crook film came to an end and a more entertaining picture appeared on the screen. But Billy Bunter hardly looked at it.

He sat in deep reverie, evidently living over again in his fat mind the thrilling adventures of the clutching crook.

He was still in a state of reverie when the show closed, and the juniors quitted the picture-palace.

He walked back to Greyfriars with the Famous Five, hardly uttering a word the whole way—a most extraordinary circumstance for William George Bunter.

"Jolly near tea-time," remarked Bob Cherry, as they turned in at the school gates. "I'm ready for tea, for one. Better see if your postal-order's come, Bunter."

"Eh?"

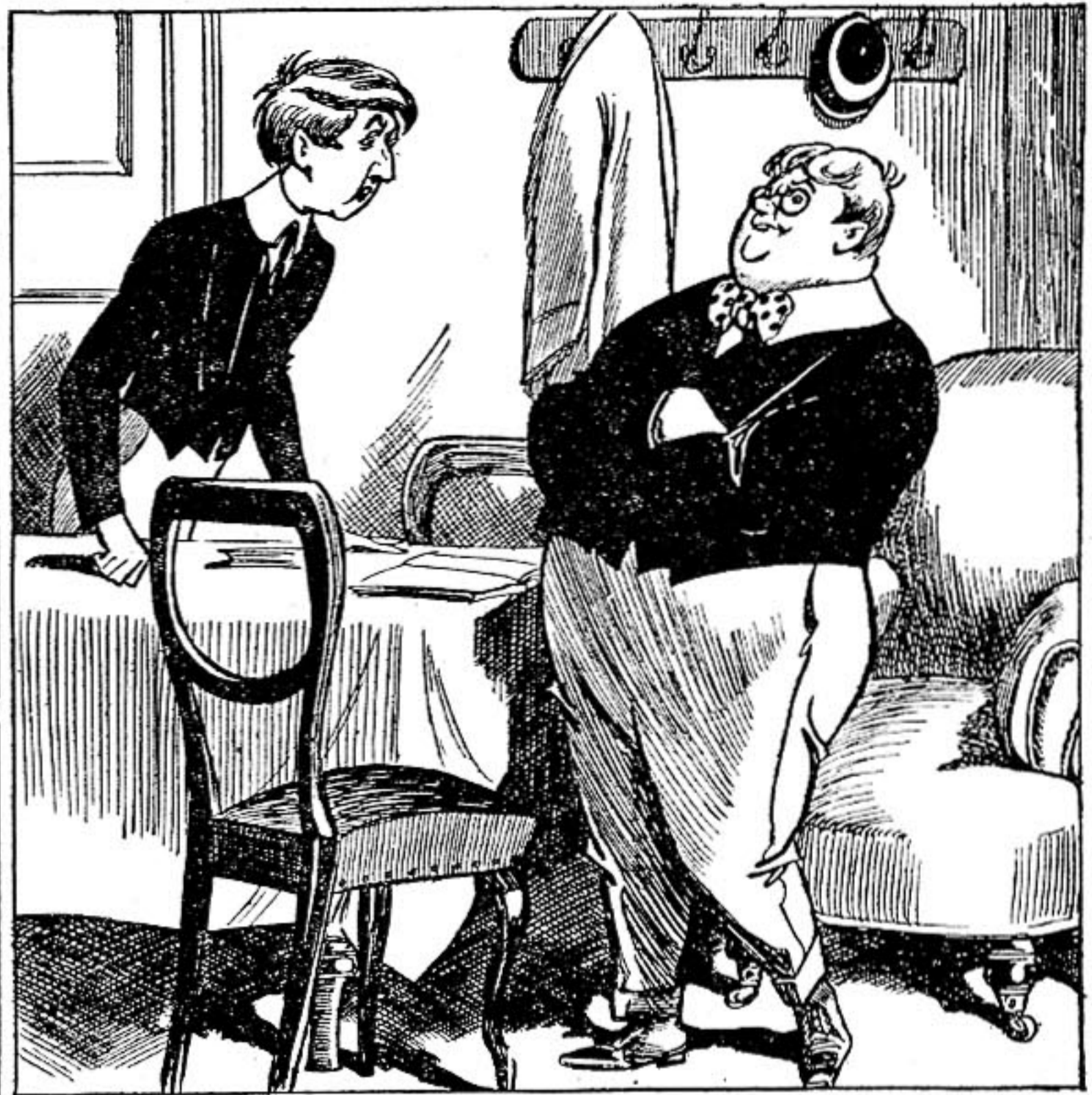
"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Still dreaming?" grinned Bob.

"I say, you fellows, wasn't it wonderful?" said Bunter, waking up at last, as it were. "Did you chaps quite spot how he got the safe open? I wonder——"

"Well, what?" asked Wharton.

"Oh, nothing!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, his fat brow



Billy Bunter folded his arms across his ample chest, and stared at Peter Todd with a dark frown. "What's a man's life?" he exclaimed. "One bang and out it goes, like snuffing a candle!" "Oh, my hat!" murmured Peter Todd, staring at Bunter in utter amazement. (See Chapter 3.)

still wrinkled in deep, deep thought. So preoccupied was the Owl of the Remove that he even forgot to ask himself to tea in Study No. 1! Something, evidently, was working in the Owl's fat brain; but the Famous Five did not give the matter any attention; their own thoughts just then were occupied by tea in the study. That visit to the Court-field Picture Palace, however, was destined to have its effects. The example of the crook with a clutch had not been lost on Billy Bunter's receptive mind.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter Begins!

PETER TODD, in Study No. 7 that evening glanced several times at the Owl of the Remove. It was prep time, and Peter was at work at one corner of the table, and Tom Dutton, the deaf junior, at another. The third occupant of Study No. 7, William George Bunter, was in the armchair, and the wrinkle in his fat brow showed that he was thinking; but apparently he was not thinking about prep. It was quite unusual to see Bunter thinking, so Peter could not help being surprised. He interrupted the deep meditations of the Owl of the Remove at last.

"Hadh't you better tackle your prep, Bunter?" he inquired.

Bunter came out of his reverie with a start.

"Prep!" he repeated vaguely.

"Yes prep!"

"Blow prep!" said Bunter irritably.

"Blow it as hard as you like, but you'd better tackle it, all the same!" suggested Peter. "There's Mr. Quelch to tackle in the morning, you know, my fat old bean!"

"Blow Quelchy!"

Peter Todd shrugged his shoulders, and his attention returned to his own occupation. Bunter blinked at him.

A bitter and sardonic smile curved his podgy lips.

"Prep!" he said. "Ha, ha!"

Peter looked up, startled.

"What's the cackle about?" he asked.

"Nothing funny in prep, is there?"

"Ha, ha!" said Bunter.

He rose from the armchair with that sardonic laugh. Peter still looked at him. He could not help seeing that there was something very unusual about his fat study-mate.

"Quelchy!" pursued Bunter. "A dashed schoolmaster ordering me about! Ha, ha!"

"What the thump——" said the perplexed Peter.

"He'd better take care!" said Bunter, in a tone of deep menace.

"Who? Quelchy?" ejaculated Peter.

"Yes. Let him beware!"

"Beware!" said Peter dazedly.

"Quelchy beware? What's Quelchy to beware of?"

"Doom!" said Bunter.

"Eh?"

"Doom!"

Peter Todd's glance became quite anxious. Bunter folded his arms across his ample chest, and stared at Peter with a dark frown.

"What's a man's life?" continued Bunter.

"What?"
"One bang of a pistol and out it goes!"

"Out it—it—it goes?" stammered Peter Todd.

"Like snuffing a candle!" said Bunter.

"My only hat!"

"Quelchy doesn't understand the kind of chap he has to deal with!" said Bunter, blinking at his amazed study-mate. "A bullet through the brain would soon bring him to his senses!"

"A—bub-bub-bullet through the bib-bib-brain!" stuttered Peter Todd. "Yes!"

"I don't quite see how that would bring anybody to his senses!" said the practical Peter. "More likely to scatter them, I should think! Would you mind telling me what you are burbling about, Bunter?"

"To cram his body into the case cupboard—"

"Eh?"

"And leap from the window—"

"What?"

"And jump on a passing motor-car—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Would be the work of a moment," said Bunter. "It would be a complete get-away!"

Peter Todd could only stare. He began to have serious doubts of Billy Bunter's sanity.

"I ran away from Greyfriars once," said Bunter morosely. "I was a fool to come back! I see that now!"

"You didn't come back; you were brought," said Peter. "Wharton brought you home by your ears!"

"I ought to have drawn my trusty revolver!" said Bunter.

"Your what?"

"My trusty revolver."

"Great Scott!"

"I had a chance then," continued Bunter. "School isn't the place for me—not for an adventurous, daring, desperate character, you know! There's no scope for me here. I see now what I ought to have done. I ought to have captured a motor-car and driven off—"

"You couldn't drive a motor-car!"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"And if you tried, you'd jolly soon run it over a cliff or something!" grinned Peter Todd.

"Suppose I did?" said Bunter.

"Well, that would be the end of the fattest idiot that ever was outside an asylum!"

"Nothing of the kind! Clambering into a boat—"

"Eh?"

"Clambering into a boat, I should hurl the fishermen into the sea!"

"They'd let you?" asked Peter.

"They couldn't help it if I drove my bowie-knife—"

"Your which?"

"My bowie-knife into their hearts!"

"My only Aunt Sempronia!" ejaculated Peter Todd.

"Then I could get on board a ship," said Bunter, "and if they weren't civil I should blow it up!"

"Blow it up!" said Peter Todd, like a fellow in a dream. "Get on a ship and blow it up! And what next?"

"Stroll along, smoking a cigarette," said Bunter.

"Is that the usual result of an explosion at sea?" inquired Peter.

"You don't understand!" said Bunter scornfully. "You're commonplace, Toddy! You're not a desperate character! Nothing could possibly turn you into a cold-blooded crook!"

"My hat! I hope not!" said Toddy.

"It's different with me," said Bunter. "With my boundless courage—"

"Phew!"

"My resource and my desperate recklessness—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Peter.

"Nothing could stop me! Let Quelchy beware! Let the Head beware! Let 'em all beware! You beware, too, Toddy! You don't know whom you're dealing with!"

"I think I do," said Toddy. "I'm dealing with a fat dummy who ought to be in a home for idiots, judging by his style of conversation."

"Bah!"

With that monosyllable, uttered in tones of the deepest scorn, Billy Bunter turned to the door.

"What about prep?" yelled Peter.

"Bah!"

Bunter rolled away.

"Well, my only summer chapeau!" murmured Peter Todd. "Fairly off his crummet at last! I've thought a lot of times that I've seen it coming on, and now it's come! Poor old Bunter!"

But whether Bunter had taken leave of his sanity or not, prep had to be done, and Peter Todd got on with it. After prep, however, Peter's thoughts reverted to Bunter, and he strolled along

Another
Magnificent
Gift
Next Week!
—
See Page 2.

the Remove passage to Study No. 1, and looked in. Wharton and Nugent were there, and they nodded cheerfully to Toddy, who came in.

"Seen my fat rabbit?" asked Toddy.

"Not since we came back from Courtfield," answered Wharton. "Anything the matter with him?"

"Balmy!" explained Peter. "Talking about pistols, bowie-knives, and dooms. He's not done any prep, and he's thinking of shooting Quelchy in the morning."

"What!" yelled Wharton and Nugent simultaneously.

"And cramming his body in a cupboard and escaping in a motor-car! So he says, at least. Something's happened to him to-day to make him pottier than usual. It's a pity. He was potty enough before. But I'm blest if I know what's turned his brain now!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"It was the pictures," he said. "He's dreaming of the giddy crook in the American film play."

"We took him to the pictures with us," explained Nugent.

"Oh!" Peter Todd whistled. "That muck that's advertised on all the dead walls in Courtfield and Friardale! Something about a clutchy crook, or a crooked clutch."

"That's it!"

"Oh, good!" said Toddy, relieved. "He's got the crook film on the brain,

I suppose. He'll forget it by morning. I'm glad it's nothing worse. I was really afraid his brain was gone this time. Glad to find that it's only addled. Thanks!"

And Peter strolled out of Study No. 1, relieved in his mind. He was satisfied that the effects of the thrilling film would wear off before morning. But on that point Peter Todd was mistaken. The desperate doings of the cold-blooded crook had made a deeper impression on Bunter's mind that Peter could suspect, following the rule that the softer the material the deeper the impression. In his mind's eye, Billy Bunter saw himself in the midst of desperate deeds, and making marvellous get-aways, without stopping to reflect that what was so easy on the film was likely to be extremely difficult in real life. Prep, of course, was far beneath the notice of an enthusiastic imitator of Snicker Snaggs in his characterisation of the crook with a clutch. Bunter was otherwise occupied that evening.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

To Arms!

MR. PROUT, the master of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars, reposed in a comfortable armchair in his study, puffed at his pipe, and regarded the trophies that adorned the study walls. Mr. Prout could always derive satisfaction from regarding those trophies. There was a splendid set of antlers over the doorway—all that remained of a bounding stag that had fallen before the sportsman's rifle on some distant date in the dear dead days beyond recall. Skinner of the Remove declared that he knew the very shop in Courtfield where Mr. Prout had purchased those antlers second-hand. But it was just like Skinner to make that statement. On the other hand, every master and prefect at Greyfriars, and a good many juniors, had heard from Mr. Prout's own lips how he had shot that stag just in time to save his own life. It was an odd coincidence, but nearly all the sporting Form-master's victims had been shot only just in time to save his life. It was so with the stag, with the great elk, with the grizzly bear, and with many more hapless animals that Mr. Prout had massacred in his early career.

On the study walls hung the weapons with which he had done these fearsome deeds. Three or four rifles and a tomahawk and a bowie-knife in a case and a Turkish yataghan adorned the walls, and in a place of honour on top of the desk was the huge revolver with which Mr. Prout had once held a gang of Pawnees at bay in a pass in the Rocky Mountains. Whether Mr. Prout had really done these things in his hectic youth, or whether time had mellowed and amplified his remembrances, cannot be said. Certainly Mr. Prout believed in them himself, though his hearers often resembled the Thomas who doubted.

Indeed, Mr. Prout, though a bald and pacific stout gentleman in these days, sometimes adopted quite a truculent tone in conversation, as befitted a man who could tell from experience, like Othello, of Antres vast and deserts idle, and who had had so many hairbreadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach.

Sitting in his armchair, puffing at his pipe, Mr. Prout saw old scenes again in the smoke—with the help of his imagination. Once more the deadly grizzly rushed on him on the rocky

NEXT
MONDAY!

"DE VERE OF THE REMOVE!"

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

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 748.

ledge; once more he levelled his rifle in the nick of time; once more the dread quadruped rolled at his feet, tearing up the earth with thrashing claws, just as it had happened once upon a time—perhaps. A stern smile glided over Mr. Prout's somewhat plump features. Once more he was the active, enterprising sportsman, and he forgot the passage of the years that had passed since he had last seen his knees.

His meditations were interrupted by a tap on the door, and it opened to admit William George Bunter of the Remove.

Mr. Prout did not look pleased. He did not speak; his glance dwelt interrogatively on Bunter.

"I hope you'll excuse me, sir—" began the Owl of the Remove.

"What do you want, Bunter?"

"I heard Coker of the Fifth say he'd seen your revolver, sir—the one you shot the Indians with," said Bunter. "I—I wondered whether you'd show it to me, sir."

Mr. Prout relaxed at once.

A fag in the Second Form could have pulled Mr. Prout's substantial leg by asking to see some specimen from his deadly array of weapons. It was quite easy for Bunter.

"Certainly, my boy!" said Mr. Prout. "There it is on the desk. You may hand it to me."

Bunter blinked round and discerned the big revolver. He lifted it and handed it across the table.

"Is it loaded, sir?" he asked eagerly.

Mr. Prout smiled.

"No, Bunter. I should hardly be likely to keep loaded firearms in a place where there are boys who might obtain access to them," he said. "It is not loaded."

For some reason Bunter looked disappointed.

"But you've got cartridges to fit it?" he said.

"Yes. I keep them in a box," said Mr. Prout. "Safely locked up, of course. In these days it is not impossible that I may have to use my old weapon again. I wish I had been in the bank at Courtfield when it was held up the other day, with my revolver!" Mr. Prout's eyes glinted behind his spectacles. "It was very unfortunate that I was not there."

"Would you have shot the man, sir?" asked Bunter.

"Dead!" answered Mr. Prout, with calmness. "This weapon has seen much service, Bunter. You may handle it if you like. Seven ferocious Pawnee Indians, yelling their war-cry, fell before that revolver twenty years ago. Ha! They were glorious days!"

Mr. Prout meant that the days in question were glorious days for him. The Pawnees could not have enjoyed them.

"P'raps you'd show me how to load it, sir?" suggested Bunter.

"Certainly! You move the cylinder—so!"

Mr. Prout kindly explained the revolver to Bunter, who listened with an attention he seldom bestowed upon any subject that was explained to him. Certainly, he had never honoured his own Form-master with such rapt attention. But Mr. Quelch, of course, explained only such subjects as grammar and arithmetic. Revolvers had never been mentioned in the Remove Form room.

"If you'd be so kind, sir, perhaps you'd let me see you load it?" said Bunter, encouraged.

Mr. Prout shook his head.

"It is not safe to handle loaded firearms, Bunter," he said. "But I will tell you what happened when I last used

this revolver in the Rocky Mountains—before you were born, my boy."

Bunter's enthusiasm paled a little; but he was in for it, and there was no help or rescue for him. He stood first on one leg and then on the other, while Mr. Prout told that old story, which he had told some hundreds of times already, and which grew more and more fearsome every time he told it.

There were old inhabitants at Greyfriars who could remember when only two Pawnees had been killed in that great fight in the Rocky Mountains. The number was now seven. Gwynne of the Sixth, who had a pretty wit, had calculated that, at the same rate of progress, in ten years' time the Pawnee casualties would amount to fourteen and a half. It was by some sub-conscious process that Mr. Prout elaborated his yarns. He was always remembering, or thinking he remembered, some fresh detail. For fifteen minutes now Billy Bunter was kept standing on alternate legs, while Mr. Prout fought that old battle over again. He might have been kept another fifteen minutes, but, fortunately for him, Wingate minor of the Third arrived with a message to the effect that Mr. Capper was expecting Mr. Prout.

"Bless my soul! I had quite forgotten!" exclaimed the Fifth Form master, starting up from his chair. "I will come at once! Bunter, please replace the revolver on the desk! I will tell you the remainder of the story another time, my boy."

And Mr. Prout hurriedly left the study to keep his appointment with the Fourth Form master.

Billy Bunter picked up the revolver. He did not replace it on the desk. He slid it under his jacket, gasping with excitement.

It was the chance of a lifetime for a fellow bent upon imitating the exploits of the crook with a clutch.

The fat junior peered out of the doorway. Mr. Prout had already disappeared, and the coast was clear.

Keeping the big revolver concealed under his jacket, Bunter stepped out of the study. He thought of rooting through the room in search of the box of cartridges, but he wisely left that for another opportunity. He had secured the revolver, which was a considerable item to begin with. He rolled away down the passage in a state of great satisfaction, feeling himself already well on the way to becoming a crook with a clutch. He gave a jump as he nearly ran into Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, at the corner of the passage. He stopped just in time, clutching at his jacket to keep Mr. Prout's revolver out of sight.

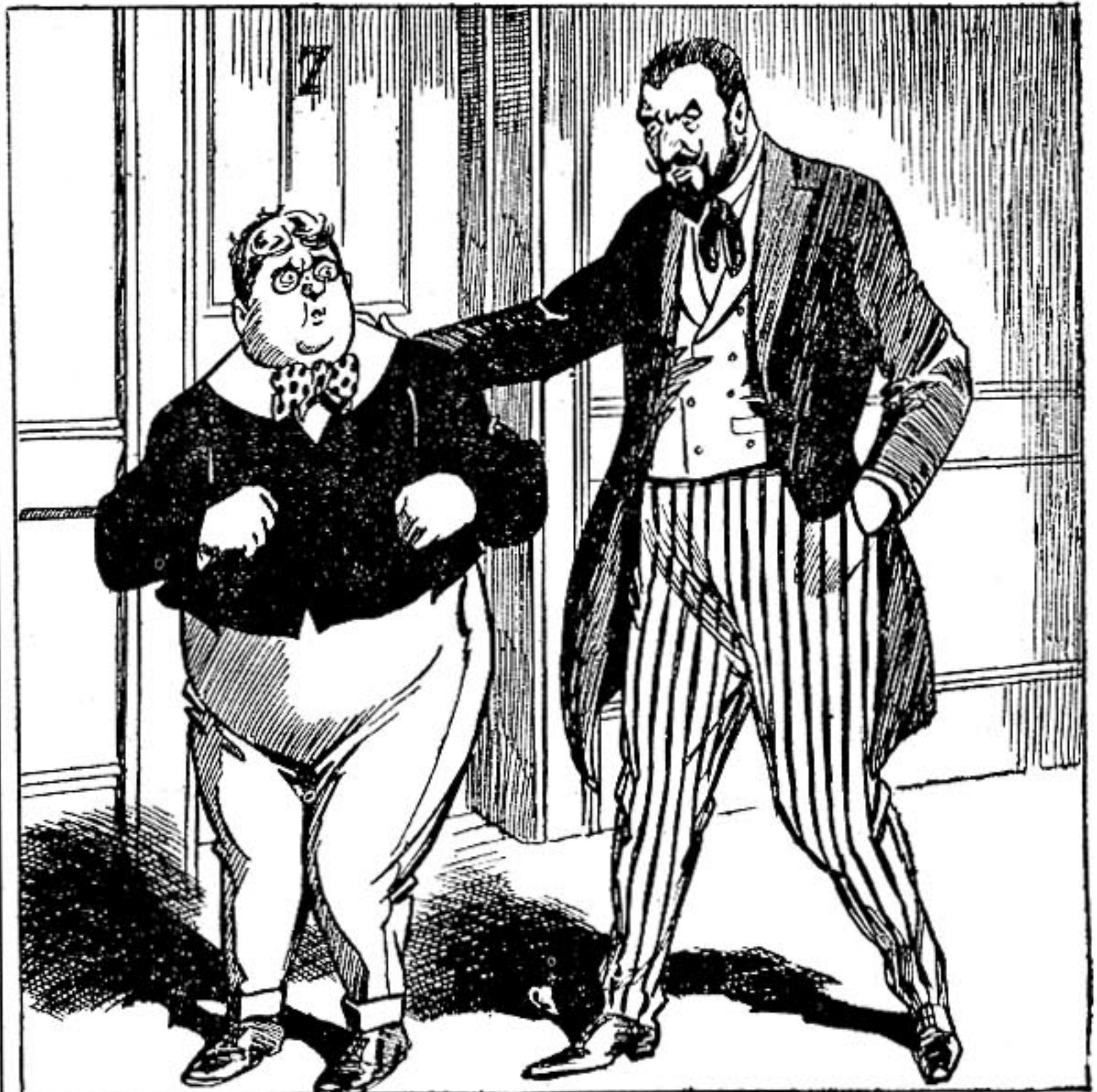
"Ah, it is you, Buntair!" said Monsieur Charpentier. "I have expect you in my study. You have done zose imposition zat I have give you, yes?"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Bunter. French impots had gone out of his mind as completely as prep.

"You shall not have done him?" exclaimed the French master sternly.

"I—I haven't had time, sir."

"Zat is an impertinent answer, Buntair! You have had all zis aftairnoon, vich was one half-holiday!" said Monsieur Charpentier sternly. "Now you will come wiz me!"



Monsieur Charpentier dropped his hand on Bunter's shoulder. Only just in time Bunter slipped Mr. Prout's ancient revolver under his jacket. "You shall sit at ze table in my study, and write out zose lines undair my eyes!" said Mossou sternly. (See Chapter 4.)

"I—I—" stammered Bunter.
 "You shall sit at ze table in my study and write out zose lines undair my eyes, Buntair."
 "Oh dear!" gasped Bunter.
 "Come viz me!"
 Monsieur Charpentier dropped his hand on Bunter's shoulder. Now was the time for the amateur crook of Greyfriars to play his part. There was a revolver at hand. It was not loaded, certainly. But even an unloaded revolver would have made Monsieur Charpentier jump. It was in Bunter's mind to level the deadly article, and rap out "Hands up!" in ringing tones. It was in his mind, and it remained there. What he actually did was to walk along with Mossos to that gentleman's study, just as if he were not a daring and desperate crook, but only a fat schoolboy, after all!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Tribulations of an Amateur Desperado!

ZERE you will sit, and write out zose lines, Buntair!" said Monsieur Charpentier sternly.
 Bunter sat down.
 He was scowling, but it was quite common for him to scowl when he had to work. So Mossos naturally did not guess that it was the scowl of a desperate cracksmen.
 The revolver was causing Bunter great discomfort by this time. The cracksmen of the film carried such an article in a hip-pocket. But Bunter had no hip-pocket. And the thing was heavy, very heavy. It was large, and it bulged under his jacket. It was really surprising that Monsieur Charpentier had not already observed that the fat junior was concealing something. It nearly slipped away as Bunter sat down, but he managed to catch it on his knees. Keeping his knees under the table, and the revolver on them, Bunter kept it out of sight, while he took a pen and dipped it dismally into the ink.
 Monsieur Charpentier took up a Paris newspaper, to read while Bunter did his lines. The hapless Owl of the Remove travelled slowly through the "Henriade," and his pace grew slower and slower.

There was a heavy footstep outside the study, a knock, and the door opened. Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, stepped ponderously into the study. There was a frown on his plump face.
 Monsieur Charpentier rose politely. Bunter ought to have risen at the entrance of such an important personage, but he could not rise without letting the revolver slip from his knees to the floor. He felt a tremble run through his fat limbs at the sight of Mr. Prout.
 "Excuse me, Monsieur Charpentier!" said Mr. Prout. "I was looking for Bunter, and Wingate mentioned that he had seen him with you. I fear that this boy has abstracted something from my study."
 "Mon Dieu!" said Monsieur Charpentier. "Buntair—"
 "Bunter!" rapped out Mr. Prout.
 "Ye-e-es, sir?"
 "Stand up when you speak to me, Bunter!"
 "Oh, yes, sir!" mumbled Bunter. By this time he had slipped the revolver under his jacket again, and he stood up, keeping one arm close to his side to retain the article in its place of concealment.
 "I left you in my study, Bunter," said Mr. Prout. "Did you, or did you not, take away my old revolver with you?"
 "Oh, no, sir! Certainly not!"
 "It was missing when I returned to my study Bunter."
 "W-w-was it really, sir?"
 "It was, Bunter!" said Mr. Prout sternly.
 "F-f-fancy that, sir!" mumbled Bunter.
 "I do not see who could have abstracted it if you have not done so, Bunter," resumed Mr. Prout. "What is it you are concealing under your jacket at the present moment?" he added, in a thunderous voice, gazing at the Owl of the Remove.
 "N-n-nothing, sir!" gasped Bunter.
 "Boy, how dare you tell me such a falsehood?" thundered Mr. Prout. "I can see your jacket bulging where you are holding your arm, sir."
 "Oh, that," gasped Bunter—"that—that—that's only—"
 "What?"
 "Only a hump, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"I—I fell downstairs, and—and made a large bump, sir"
 Mr. Prout blinked at him.
 "Are you out of your senses, Bunter? Do you wish me to believe that you have sustained such a bruise as to extend your jacket several inches?"
 "Ye-es, sir, exactly."
 "Bless my soul! Come here at once, Bunter!"
 Billy Bunter approached the Fifth Form master in a very gingerly manner. Mr. Prout dropped a heavy hand upon his shoulder.
 "I am sure, Bunter, that you have abstracted the revolver from my study to play with, and that it is concealed under your jacket at the present moment."
 "Oh, no, sir! Nothing of the kind! I—I hope you can take my word, sir."
 "Then what is under your jacket?"
 "It's a—a—a cake, sir."
 "A cake?" repeated Mr. Prout.
 "Yes, sir. I—I'm going to take it up to the study for supper."
 "A moment ago you told me it was a bruise!" roared Mr. Prout.
 "I—I mean—"
 "Hand me that revolver at once, Bunter, you mendacious young rascal!" thundered the Fifth Form master.
 "I—I—"
 "Do you hear me?"
 It would have been difficult not to hear Mr. Prout; he could have been heard at the end of the corridor. But Bunter did not hand over the revolver. He had made his first step towards carrying out his film-induced ambition of becoming a desperate cracksmen. To retrace the first step before he had made a second was unthinkable. It was a time for bold measures—worthy of Snicker Snaggs on the screen. Billy Bunter jerked his shoulder away from Mr. Prout's grasp and rushed for the doorway.
 Mr. Prout staggered back in astonishment. But Monsieur Charpentier made a jump and caught Bunter by the collar as he was escaping.
 "Buntair—"
 "Yaroooh!"
 "You vicked garcon—"
 "Leggo!" roared Bunter.
 Monsieur Charpentier, instead of letting go, swung Bunter back into the study. The fat junior came round with a spin and collided with the French master. He clutched at Mossos to save himself, and the revolver no longer having any visible means of support, slipped from under his jacket and crashed down.
 The next instant there was a fiendish yell from Monsieur Charpentier. The revolver would have crashed on the floor had not Mossos's foot been there. But Mossos's foot was there! So the revolver crashed on Mossos's foot, just where Mossos kept his favourite corn.
 The little gentleman released Bunter as suddenly as if the fat junior had become red-hot. He danced on one leg and clasped the other foot with both hands.
 "Wow! Wow! Wow!" yelled Mossos, in anguish. "Yooop! Whoop! Nom d'un nom d'un nom! I am keel! I am cripple! Oh! Ah! Yoop! Wooooop!"
 "Upon my word!" gasped Mr. Prout, staring at the French master.
 With the agility of his race, Mossos was putting up an impromptu dance on one leg, while he clasped the damaged foot and wailed.
 "Helas! My foot—zat poor foot! I am a cripple—I am hurt! I am smash of ze toe!"

(Continued on page 13.)

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The GREYFRIARS HERALD

Harry Wharton Editor

Supplement No. 76.

Week Ending June 10th, 1922.




CRICKET IN THE FUTURE! Cricket was played under precisely the same conditions as of yore, except for the fact that there were automatic bowling machines, and flying fieldsmen. The ball would come whizzing down at a terrific pace, and a quick eye and sound judgment were necessary

"**O**LD Lashem is late this morning," remarked Miggs minor, of the Remove. "He's generally in the Form-room sharp at nine."

"P'raps his aeroplane has broken down," suggested Harry Hawkins, the skipper of the Form.

"Serve him jolly well right!" grunted Jimmy Carr. "He should get a new machine. Do you know, he's had that old bus for donkeys' years! It was manufactured way back in 1922."

"Faith, an' if Lashem has a spill, it'll be his own funeral, entirefy!" said Pat O'Leary.

The Remove sat restlessly awaiting the arrival of their Form-master.

Of course, the Form-room was vastly different from what it had been in the old days. It was a huge, spacious room, with a glass roof. Electric fans were constantly revolving, and cooling the heated atmosphere. The atmosphere generally wanted cooling when Mr. Lashem was on the warpath!

Presently there was a shattering of glass. The fragments showered upon the seated juniors. There was a chorus of anguished ejaculations.

"Ow!"

Supplement i.]

"Wow!"

"Yarooocop!"

"What the merry dickens—"

A terrified figure in a gown, and with a pilot's cap encasing his head, descended through the aperture in the glass roof, and fell with a sickening thud on to the floor of the Form-room.

Mr. Lashem had arrived!

The unfortunate Form-master had fallen from a terrific height. Had the mishap occurred in the olden days, he would have been killed. But modern surgery—in which the Remove had been well coached—did wonders!

In an instant, Harry Hawkins and Miggs minor were beside the prostrate form of the master. With the touch of magicians, they reset his fractured limbs, and stitched him up where necessary. Then they administered a powerful restorative.

In a matter of moments Mr. Lashem had completely recovered.

"Thank you, my boys!" he said. "That was rather a nasty tumble."

"Your aeroplane went wrong, sir?" ventured Jimmy Carr.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Lashem, with crushing

sarcasm. "Certainly not! I jumped out of it just for fun!"

"Faith, an' it's time you pawned that old bus, sir!" said Pat O'Leary.

"Take a million lines, O'Leary, for impudence! And deliver them to me in my aerial chambers this evening."

The Irish junior grinned. He considered he had got off lightly.

In days gone by a million lines would have been regarded as an impossible task. But under modern conditions they could be dashed off in a few moments. By means of a wonderful duplicating apparatus, the feat was easily performed. Fellows had been known to tackle a billion lines a day.

"I shall have to buy a new aeroplane," murmured Mr. Lashem. "I see there are some excellent machines at the Courtfield factory—twenty-five shillings new and seven-teen-and-sixpence secondhand."

"The old miser's bound to get a second-hand one!" muttered Miggs minor.

Mr. Lashem frowned.

"What did you say, Miggs?"

"I said, 'I hope you get a grand one,' sir!"

"I regret I cannot believe you," said Mr. Lashem. "You made an impertinent remark,

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which calls for condign punishment. Step into the punishment-box!"

"On crumbs!"

Miggs minor stepped into a box which was very similar to the public telephone-boxes employed in the olden days, except that it was more spacious. It had glass doors, so that everybody could see what was going on.

Inside the box there was an automatic man who wielded a cane.

Mr. Lashem pressed a button, and immediately the man's arm rose and fell.

The cane descended with clockwork regularity upon Miggs minor's outstretched palm. Swish, swish, swish!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

The unhappy junior staggered out of the punishment-box, squeezing his hands together in anguish.

"Morning lessons will now proceed," said Mr. Lashem.

The first subject was advanced aviation. The time would come when the juniors would enter the Sixth Form; and each Sixth-Former possessed his own aeroplane. It was highly necessary, therefore, that every junior should be instructed in the theory and technique of flying.

Morning lessons passed without incident.

When they were dismissed the juniors went out into the Close, and watched some of the prefects start off in their aeroplanes for Courtfield. Fags were engaged to swing the propellers.

Then came dinner.

The old-fashioned meal of roast beef and Yorkshire, or steak-and-kidney pudding, was now unknown.

Meals were taken in tabloid form. Two tabloids were served. The first contained essence of beef; the second was a fruit tabloid.

Dinner in Hall never occupied more than ten seconds. (Jolly good thing Billy Bunter was born nearly a hundred years in advance of this period!—Ed.)

It happened to be a half-holiday that day.

"Better put in some cricket practice, you fellows," said Harry Hawkins.

Cricket was played under precisely the same conditions as of yore, except for the fact that there were automatic bowling-machines. The ball would come whizzing at a terrific pace, and a quick eye and sound judgment were necessary.

Although the rules of the game remained unaltered, however, the standard of play had improved considerably. Stone-walling was a thing of the past. The batsman's one object was to get runs; and some mighty scores had been recorded. In the great Test match which had just been played at Lord's, the Australians had put together a total of 5,000, and their skipper had made over 1,000 not out. Gone were the days of scratching and scraping. The batsmen hit lustily, and cricket was therefore a much brighter and more exciting game, from the spectator's point of view.

When the practice was over the juniors had tea in their studies.

One tabloid, containing essence of doughnut, was consumed.

"What shall we do this evening, you fellows?" inquired Jimmy Carr.

"We might walk across to Boulogne," suggested Miggs minor.

"Good wheeze!"

A party of juniors set out for Pegg. There they donned their sea-walking shoes.

It was now possible to walk on water, or to glide across it at terrific speed. From Pegg Bay to Boulogne and back was a favourite evening walk of the Greyfriars juniors.

Harry Hawkins & Co. got back to Greyfriars just in time for calling-over. Then they were escorted on to the cricket field by one of the prefects.

The cricket field served the purpose of an open-air dormitory.

Gone were the days of stuffy indoor sleeping quarters. Everybody now slept in the open, and by this means physical fitness was brought up to a very high standard.

Light sleeping-bags were provided in the summer, and thick fur sleeping bags for the winter.

Of course railway-trains were a thing of the past.

When the vacation arrived the juniors went to their homes by airship. The air service was most efficient. One could get to one's home in the North of England in a matter of moments.

Harry Hawkins & Co. often amused themselves by paying a visit to the school library, where there was an ancient book entitled "The History of Greyfriars," written by a

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master named Quelch, who lived in a past generation.

It always tickled the Greyfriars juniors to read of those prehistoric days, when the fellows dined on heavy fare, when punishment-boxes were unknown, and when it was impossible to get across to France except by boat.

"The History of Greyfriars" made mention of some curious characters. There was a fat boy named Billy Bunter, renowned for the enormous quantity of tuck he consumed. There was a fellow called Harry Wharton, who once scored 156 runs in a cricket match.

How the juniors chuckled! Such a score, in modern times, would have been greeted with howls of derision.

Mention was also made, in Mr. Quelch's history, of a wonderful humourist who flourished at that time—a fellow who used to write side-splitting stories for the "Greyfriars Herald." The name of this brainy merchant was Tom Brown.

(Stow it, Browney! These columns are not thrown open to you for the purposes of self-advertisement, you know! I think you've told us quite enough about Greyfriars of the future. Most of us would prefer it under existing conditions!—Ed.)

THE END.

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

A LITTLE while ago Tom Brown set us all laughing with his screaming farce, entitled, "Greyfriars in the Stone Age."

The popularity of this feature has led me to ask Browney to write an article on "Greyfriars of the Future." He has done so, and his contribution appears in this issue.

I suppose most of you, at this period of the year, are engrossed with thoughts of summer holidays. I can picture scores of my chums, clad in their cricket or boating flannels, having a high old time at the seaside, or in some country retreat. May one and all enjoy their summer holidays to the full, and may the "Greyfriars Herald" contribute largely to that enjoyment!

Happy letters are reaching me from all parts of the country. One of my chums tells me he is spending the best part of the summer with a party on a house-boat. Jolly nice, too!

A couple of adventurous readers, who are fortunately possessed of £ s. d., intend to tour the country in a motor-caravan. Penned in a stuffy study, scribbling this editorial, the mere thought of such a tour makes me green with envy! Think how jolly it will be, rushing along the roads early in the morning, before the rest of humanity are astir; halting at some secluded spot when the sun is high in the heavens; fishing, and feeding, and frolicking, and playing an occasional game of cricket. Jove, how delightful!

One of these days the Famous Five of the Remove may set out on such a tour. If we do, you will hear all about it. I have no doubt Mr. Frank Richards would get to hear of our adventures, and describe them in his inimitable way.

Other readers not blessed with a superabundance of what is known as "splosh," will organise walking tours, cycling spins, and so forth. And I have no doubt they will know how to get the maximum of enjoyment from their holidays. Amateur photographers will also be busy. Swimmers will flock to sea and river. Cricket weeks will be arranged. Verily, this is going to be a great summer!

Hearty good wishes to all our readers, and may they drink their fill of pleasure this summer!

HARRY WHARTON.

BUNTER—THE MAY KING!

By Dick Penfold.

If you're waking, call me early—call me early, Cherry, dear,
For to-morrow will be the rippingest day of all this ripping year.

Of Nineteen-twenty-two, Bob, the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be King of the May, Bob—
I'm to be King of the May!

They'll set a garland on my head, and flowers upon my feet,
And they will bear me shoulder-high upon a cushioned seat.
They'll cart me off to the cricket-ground, and chant "Hip, hip, hooray!"
For I'm to be King of the May, Bob—
I'm to be King of the May!

You must admit I'll fill the part as well as anybody;

Better than ugly beasts like you, and Vernon-Smith, and Toddy.
They want a handsome chap, you know, on that auspicious day,
When I shall be King of the May, Bob—
I shall be King of the May!

Happy—oh, happy I shall be when sitting there in state,
With those fresh flowers upon my feet and the garland on my pate.
No cloud shall dart across my sky, I shall be bright and gay,
When I'm crowned the King of the May, Bob—
Bob—crowned the King of the May!

Oh, some will sniff and some will snort, and some will scoff and sneer!
But loyal pals will lift their caps, and give me cheer on cheer.
Cherry, old chap, it's bound to be a priceless holiday,
For I'm to be King of the May, Bob—
I'm to be King of the May!

So mind you drop upon one knee, and give me homage due,
For if you don't, or can't, or won't, 'twill be the worse for you!
I want you all to cringe and crawl beneath my regal sway,
When I'm the King of the May, Bob—
when I'm the King of the May!

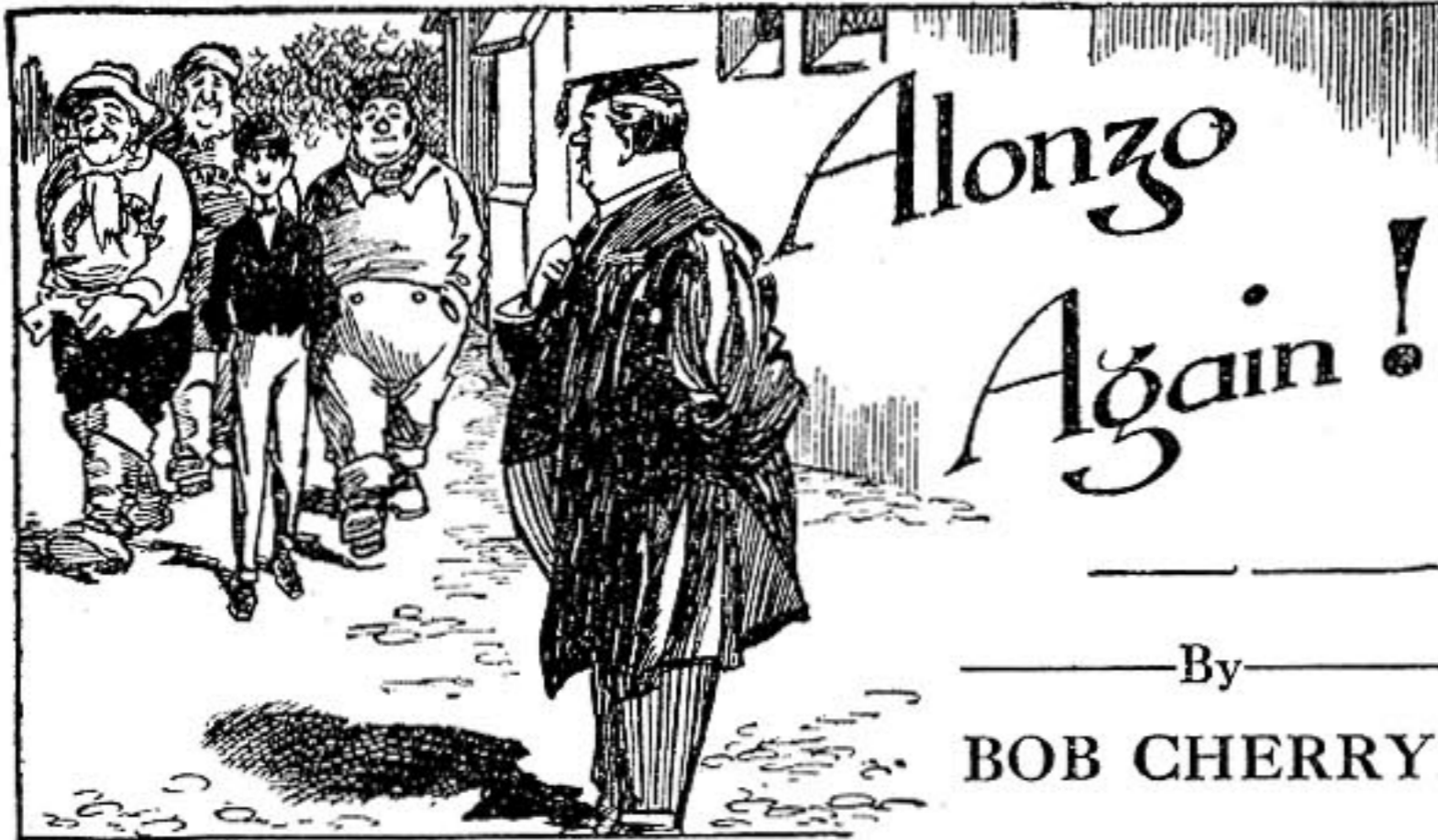
HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



DICK PENFOLD.

[Supplement ii.]



By
BOB CHERRY.

IT was really Mr. Wally Bunter's fault. Form-masters should not use slang phrases.

If Mr. Bunter had not referred to Treasury-notes as "Fishers," the misunderstanding would never have arisen.

It was Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Bunter walked to the door of his study, and glanced along the passage.

The only person in sight was Alonzo Todd, the duffer of the Remove.

"Just a moment, Todd," said Mr. Bunter, beckoning to Alonzo. "I want you to do something for me."

"It will be an incalculable and an inestimable pleasure, my dear sir!" said Alonzo.

"Great Scott!"

"What is it you wish me to do, sir?"

"I want you to go to the bank in Courtfield, and get me three 'Fishers.'"

Alonzo gasped a little at the request, which struck him as rather strange.

But he did not stop to query the instructions he had received. It was queer that Mr. Bunter should want three Fishers. But it was not Alonzo's business to question the matter. His not to reason why. His but to do or die—or, rather, to bring those three Fishers to Greyfriars at the earliest possible moment.

Alonzo liked Mr. Bunter, and was only too eager to do him a service. He promptly sprinted off down the passage.

"Hi! Where are you going?" called Mr. Bunter. "They won't give you the money unless you take a cheque, you young duffer! And I haven't made one out yet. Come back!"

But Alonzo was already out of earshot.

Mr. Bunter's first and natural impulse was to start off in pursuit of Alonzo. But he realised that it would be very undignified for a Form-master to be seen chasing a junior along the passage. Those sort of things weren't done. He must remember his position.

Mr. Bunter had recently opened a banking account with the London & Kentish Bank in Courtfield; and he was in need of ready cash. It had been his intention to write out a cheque, and get Alonzo Todd to go and draw the money. But Alonzo had prematurely popped off, without waiting for the cheque.

"The mad duffer!" growled Mr. Bunter. "He thinks he can get three pounds simply by asking for it."

Alonzo, however, as he sped away in the direction of Courtfield, was not thinking about money.

Not for one moment did he suppose that that was what Mr. Bunter wanted. The young Form-master had said "Fishers" quite distinctly. And Alonzo had taken him literally, as he always did. A fisher, Alonzo reflected, was a person who fished. It was strange that Mr. Bunter should send him to a bank, of all places, for three fishermen. He would be far more likely to find them on the jetty at Pegg. Still, as we previously remarked, his not to reason why.

Breathless, and rather exhausted, Alonzo presented himself at the bank in Courtfield.

A young bank clerk came forward.

"Yes?" he said.

"I want three fishermen, please," panted Alonzo.

"What?"

"They're for Mr. Bunter, of Greyfriars."

The bank clerk frowned.

Supplement iii.]

"Is this a leg-pulling stunt?" he demanded. "Not at all! Mr. Bunter asked me to call at the bank and get three fishers."

The clerk tapped his forehead significantly. "Seems to me that you've got bats in your belfry!" he said. "We don't keep fishermen in stock. You'd better try Pegg Bay."

Alonzo, baffled and perplexed, quitted the bank, and set off in the direction of the little fishing village of Pegg.

When he arrived, a boat was just being beached. And out of it stepped three ancient and weather-beaten fishermen, clad in oil-skins. Alonzo approached them.

"Will you come up to Greyfriars, please?" he inquired timidly.

"Waffor?" growled one of the ancient mariners.

"Mr. Bunter wants you."

"Who be he?"

"One of the masters, you know. He wants three fishermen at once."

The men exchanged glances.

"Which he's got a job o' work for us, most likely," said one of them. "We'd best go along."

So the three fishers accompanied Alonzo Todd to Greyfriars, squelching water out of their sea-boots as they went.

Mr. Wally Bunter was standing at the school gates when Alonzo Todd, accompanied by the three fishermen of Pegg, came down the lane towards Greyfriars. There were grins on the faces of the three ancients. Evidently they were anticipating a good job, with a handsome tip.

They came to a halt before the First Form master.

To say that Mr. Wally Bunter was astonished was to put it mildly. He was fairly overcome.

"Who—what—" he gasped.

Alonzo Todd smiled.

"I have not been long, have I, sir?" he said. "There were no fishers at the bank, so I had to look elsewhere. I found these three on the shore at Pegg."

"You—you—" Mr. Bunter was almost at a loss for words.

Alonzo regarded him in alarm.

"W-w-what have I done?" he faltered.

"Oh, you champion idiot! When I said I wanted three Fishers, I meant Treasury-notes!"

"Oh dear!"

"And you've been and brought me three veterans of the seashore! Well, I'm dashed!"

The fishermen were annoyed at having tramped all the way to Greyfriars for nothing. But they were somewhat mollified when Mr. Bunter "tipped" them.

Alonzo Todd was covered with dismay and consternation. And when Harry Wharton & Co. heard what had happened they laughed loud and long.

Poor old Lonzy! I'm certain he'll be the death of us before long!

THE END.

◆◆◆◆◆
DICKY NUGENT EDITS
 Next Week's Issue
 of "The Greyfriars Herald!"
DON'T MISS IT!
 ◆◆◆◆◆

THE SPORTSMAN'S NOTEBOOK!

Pithy Paragraphs Concerning Current Sport.

By **H. VERNON-SMITH.**
(Sports Editor.)

Cricket is now, of course, in full swing. And the Remove have just gained triple honours. We have scored successive victories over the Upper Fourth (Greyfriars), Courtfield County Council School, and Rookwood.

* * *

The Upper Fourth came a dreadful cropper. Against the bowling of Hurree Singh, our dusky, cricketful chum, their wickets fell like ninepins. They were all out for 44. The Remove passed that total for the loss of only one wicket. Harry Wharton was in great form, and made 30 not out.

* * *

The match with Dick Trumper & Co., the sturdy lads of Courtfield, was a sterner affair. The Remove rattled up 120, but the Courtfielders battled gallantly, and with a little luck might have pulled the game out of the fire. They made 112, and Trumper was very unfortunate in being given out "l.b.w." It was a doubtful decision, and the Courtfield skipper has our sincere sympathies.

* * *

Rookwood brought a strong side over to Greyfriars. Jimmy Silver and Putty Grace batted grandly for them, and they ran up the big total of 188. It seemed a forlorn hope for Greyfriars, for we lost Wharton and Cherry before a run had been scored. Then came a wonderful partnership between Mark Linley and Frank Nugent, who for over an hour defied the Rookwood bowlers, and laid the foundations of a Remove victory. Plucky batting by Penfold later in the innings turned the scales in favour of the home team.

* * *

The Remove swimmers have been busy of late. Long-distance swimming in the sea has been indulged in every morning. There are some splendid new swimmers springing up in our ranks. Wibley, Ogilvy, Russell, Newland—to mention only a few. These fellows are bound to win honours before the summer is over. As for the old brigade—Wharton, Cherry, Linley, etc.—they are going as strongly as ever.

* * *

The weather has been too warm for cross-country runs to be indulged in. But there have been several fine sprinting exhibitions, and a new Remove record has been set up by Bob Cherry, who did the hundred yards in 10 4/5th seconds. Bob was aided by a strong wind. But this does not alter the fact that he has put up a great feat.

* * *

This will undoubtedly be a great summer for sport, and I shall have plenty of interesting facts to record from time to time. The duties of a Sports Editor are very jolly and pleasant, except when he has to record defeats. But, so far as the Greyfriars Remove is concerned, that is not often.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 748.

ADVICE TO PUGILISTS!

By **Billy Bunter.**

(The well-known Journalist and Editor)

(NOTE.—The editor of the "Greyfriars Herald" does not share the views of his podgy contributor.)

NEVER challenge another fellow to a fight until you have satisfied yourself that he is younger, smaller, and lighter than you. If he should be deformed or disabled in some way, so much the better—for you.

A challenge should always be issued in public. The best place is the crowded dining-hall. In the middle of dinner you should spring to your feet and eggsclaim: "Now, John Juggins, I challenge you, in the presence of three hundred witnesses, to meet me in the Jim at seven o'clock; or, if you prefer it, you can meet me in the woodwork shop, where I will proceed to make shavings of you!"

IF, after the challenge has been made, you should have any doubts as to your ability to lick your opponent, the best plan is to make yourself scarce.

IF your opponent will agree to fight you for high steaks, so much the better. Personally, I should prefer to fight for a rabbit-pie or a current-cake.

MAKE sure that the referee is a personal friend of yours. Take him to the tuckshop just before the fight comes off, and stand him a snack. Then if you should happen to be knocked down in the course of the fight he will count a hundred instead of ten, and you will thus have time to recover.

THE Jim is always the best place for fights, though when the kitchen cat was questioned on the subject she said that the best place for "scraps" was under the table.

OF course, the best of pugilists are liable to get hard knocks at times. When I was at Folkestone, last summer, I had a "blow" on the front. I also had a "smack" and went fishing in it.

IF you can't beat your opponent by fair means, hit him over the head with some blunt instrument. For instance, an Army razor.

WHAT a lot of sneaking goes on nowadays! Even the blows which some boxers inflict are "telling" ones.

USE your right, and you'll never get left. An eggsellent motto for aspiring pugilists.

BE your own Press agent. That is to say, when you gain a handsome victory in the ring, write up a thrilling report of the fight for my "Weekly," or the "Greyfriars Herald." My "Weekly" for preference.

WHEN you are down, it is wise to stay there. Don't behave like present-day food prices, and start rising again.

IF my readers will send me a fee of half-a-guinea, I shall be pleased to give them further useful hints— (That's quite enough, you money-grabbing porpoise.—ED.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 748.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS!

(On the subject of Fisticuffs.)

By **Bob Cherry.**

(Our Fighting Editor.)

"Novice" (Chester) asks: "Is it possible to learn boxing from a book?"—Yes, it is possible. But a lot of the finer points of ringcraft can't be explained in a handbook. It is far the better plan, therefore, to take practical lessons at a gymnasium. I shall be pleased to hear of my chum's progress.

H. P. (Kingston-on-Thames).—"There is a beastly bully at our school. He has started a sort of reign of terror, and none of us is strong enough to lick him. Will you take on the job, Robert?"—No, sir! I have my hands full at Greyfriars.

Arthur H. (Westminster).—"If Bolsover major came into your study and squared up to you, would you shoot out at the door?"—No; I should shoot out my left.

"Victim" (Leeds).—"My pal has just given me an awful black eye, and my nose is swelling visibly. He also punched me on the jaw"—Queer sort of "pals" some people manage to get hold of!

Angela R. (Lincoln).—"I consider you are a disgusting person. You seem always to be fighting."—Quite so! It is meat and drink to me, dear lady.

"Strategist" (Bow).—"Haven't you heard the old proverb, 'He that fights and runs away may live to fight another day'?"—He that fights and does a bunk is an outsider and funk.

"Youngster" (Camberwell).—"I am going in for the fly-weight competition."—Good! Who's the spider?

"Poser" (Preston).—"If Dick Russell can lick Peter Todd in six rounds, and Harry Wharton can lick Dick Russell in four rounds, and you can lick Harry Wharton in three rounds, how many seconds would it take you to lick Peter Todd?"—Your conundrum gives me a headache. The answer's a lemon.

"Battling Jim" (Southsea).—"I'm a perfect terror when I'm roused! I can lick anything on two legs!"—Is that a threat?

"Weakling" (Windsor).—"I can't fight because I suffer from a weak heart."—Sure you don't mean cold feet?

"Critic" (Salisbury).—"Do you know, Bob Cherry, I believe you're a bit of a bully on the quiet!"—Since when has our name been Percy Bolsover?

"Heraldite" (Hastings).—"Can Billy Bunter fight?"—Can a brick float?

Gerald K. (Tooting).—"I'm a nice, quiet, inoffensive, peaceable sort of chan."—So are we until somebody declares war on us.

(Many replies have been held over, owing to the Editor's blunt refusal to allow me more than one column.—B.C.)

**The Fags take
a Hand!**

**Pages of Fun
and Laughter!**

**A Treat You Must
Not Miss!**

OUR CLEVER CARTOONIST!

A Chat about Frank
Nugent and his Art.

By **Johnny Bull.**

FRANK NUGENT is the Tom Webster of Greyfriars. His weekly cartoons are a source of endless amusement to thousands of boys and girls.

Franky has all the essentials of the clever cartoonist—a sound knowledge of pen and ink sketching, and a keen sense of humour. He can see the funny side of things, and of people, in an instant.

I was chatting to Franky on the subject of his cartoons, and he informed me that he first started doing them at the tender age of seven. A very stout uncle paid a visit to the Nugent household, and Franky drew a most exaggerated picture of him. Unfortunately, he left the cartoon on the dining-room table, and when Uncle Tubby came in to dinner he had several sorts of a fit! Franky was duly placed across his uncle's knee and corrected.

But he could not be prevented from drawing cartoons. He carried on with the good work. Of course, he has improved with advancing years, and he is now far and away the best cartoonist in the Greyfriars Remove.

The life of a cartoonist, however, is a dangerous one. He is for ever ruffling somebody's feathers.

The other week Franky drew a cartoon of Mr. Prout playing golf. The master of the Fifth was fearfully and wonderfully attired. An enormous pair of spectacles was perched on his nose, and he was engaged in hitting a large clod of earth into the air. It was a very humorous cartoon—but not from Prout's point of view! He reported Franky to Mr. Quelch, and the cartoonist was called over the coals.

On another occasion our artist drew a sketch of the Head wielding a formidable birch-rod. The victim of the castigation was hoisted on Gosling's shoulders, and fearful yells of anguish were issuing from his mouth. The Head was represented as a towering giant, with enormous biceps and a face like a hatchet.

The sketch, when completed, blew out of the window of Study No. 1 into the Close, where it was found by Loder of the Sixth. Loder, like the cad he is, took it to the Head. Frank Nugent was sent for, and we will draw a veil over the painful scene which followed.

"Yes, it's a dangerous game!" Nugent remarked to me. "You never know whom you will offend next. The worst of it is, I never deliberately try to hurt anybody's feelings. All my cartoons are done purely in fun, and most people accept them as such. But every now and then somebody gets his wool off, and then there are ructions." "Are you going to be an artist when you grow up?" I inquired.

"Well, I don't know. I may become an artist by profession, if I am able to sell enough sketches. Would you like to look through my cartoon album?"

"I should love to!" I replied.

And I spent a most enjoyable evening in the society of the Greyfriars cartoonist, whose clever work has won him hosts of admirers in all parts of the Empire.

[Supplement iv.]

BUNTER THE CROOK!

(Continued from page 8.)

"Bunter, you young rascal—"
"Mon Dieu! Nom d'un chien! Woowow!"

The revolver lay on the study floor. Mr. Prout strode forward, and stooped to grasp it. Bunter made a wild plunge for it at the same moment.

Crash!
"Oh!" roared Mr. Prout, as Bunter's head came with a terrific impact on his own. "Oh! Abhhhhhhhh!"

"Yoop!" spluttered Bunter. "Oh crumbs! Oh dear! Woop!"

Mr. Prout clasped his head and staggered against the table. There was no doubt that Bunter's head was the thicker of the two!

Bunter sat down from the shock, yelling. But the prized revolver—the first step in the equipment of the Greyfriars crook—caught his eye. He clutched at it—quite in the manner of a crook with a clutch—caught it up, and rolled breathlessly out of the study. Mr. Prout leaned on the table, rubbing his head in anguish, what time Monsieur Charpentier jazzed on one leg and awoke the echoes with his lamentations. Neither was in a state to deal with Bunter—and the amateur crook fled at top-speed down the passage and escaped.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

"Hands Up!"

WINGATE of the Sixth strode into the junior Common-room with a frowning brow. It was close on bed-time; but it wanted yet ten minutes to the half-hour, and two or three voices informed the prefect of the fact.

"Not half-past nine yet, Wingate!" said Bob Cherry.

"Only twenty minutes past, begad," yawned Lord Mauleverer, from the depths of an armchair. "Can't move yet, old bean."

"Is Bunter here?" rapped out Wingate.

"Bunter!" repeated Harry Wharton. "No; he's not here, Wingate. Haven't seen him since prep."

"Is Bunter wanted?" asked Peter Todd, rather anxiously.

Peter felt a sense of responsibility to some extent, for his fat and fatuous study-mate.

"Yes!" growled Wingate. "The fat idiot's got to be found. He's taken the old revolver from Mr. Prout's study, and cut off with it, goodness knows why. Have you been playing Indians?"

"Playing Indians? No!"

"Well some of you find Bunter," said Wingate. "He seems to have dropped the thing on Monsieur Charpentier's foot, and to have butted Mr. Prout with his silly head. I believe that fat duffer's off his chump. Find him, some of you."

And the captain of Greyfriars quitted the Common-room.

"Well, my only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What could the duffer possibly want with Prout's old revolver? It doesn't work; I've looked at it, and the trigger won't pull, and the cylinder won't go round."

"Prout got it too cheap," said Skinner, with a grin. "He should have sprung another bob while he was about it."

"It's the revolver he had when he was young," said Wharton.

"Rot! There weren't revolvers in those days."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But what could Bunter want with it?" said Bob perplexed. "He wouldn't dare to sell it. Besides, it's not worth anything. Even Fishy wouldn't give anything for it, would you, Fishy?"

Fisher T. Fish shook his head.

"I guess not," he answered. "If Prout gave more than half a crown, he was done brown. Blessed if I see it matters whether Bunter has it or not."

"It's the giddy old associations," said Vernon-Smith. "That's why Prout prizes it."

"Giddy old rats!" scoffed Skinner. "Prout hasn't had it more than a few terms, and it's a half-century at least since he was young. He buys these things secondhand, and dreams the associations to suit."

"Better let him hear you say so!" grinned the Bounder.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Every eye in the Common-room was turned on Billy Bunter, as he rolled in, flushed and breathless and perspiring. He blinked round at the staring juniors through his big spectacles.

"Old Prout been here?" he gasped.

"Wingate has," said Wharton; "and you're wanted."

Bunter gave a scornful laugh.

"So they're after me already, are they?" he said. "On the track, what? Let 'em track me to my secret lair! Ha, ha!"

"Your what?" roared Squiff.

"My secret lair!" said Bunter scornfully. "Ha, ha! I shall know how to deal with them!"

"What is he babbling about?" ejaculated Bolsover major.

Bob Cherry chortled.

"Scene ten of the film," he explained. "The Clutching Crook's Secret Lair! Bunter's got it on the brain."

"Not on the brain!" said Vernon-Smith. "Couldn't be done without a brain. Have you got old Prout's pop-gun, Bunter?"

"Silence!"

"Wha-at?"

"Hist! They come!" hissed Bunter. There were footsteps in the passage.

The Removites fairly gaped at Billy

Bunter. That fat youth seemed actually to imagine that he was on the films at that moment. Grasping the ancient and unworkable revolver in his fat paw, Bunter faced round to the doorway.

"Bunter, you potty chump!" shrieked Peter Todd.

"Bah!"

"You—you frabjous bandersnatch!"

"Silence, dog!"

"Wha-a-at?" babbled Peter Todd.

"Silence, dog— Oh, my hat! He's fairly off his crumpet at last!"

Wingate of the Sixth reappeared in the doorway. His face was very angry, and there was an ashplant in his hand.

"I saw Bunter—" he began. Then his glance fell on the warlike figure of the fat junior. "Oh, here you are, you young rascal!"

"Stand back!"

"What?" yelled Wingate.

"Hands up!"

Wingate did not put his hands up; he almost fell down in his astonishment. Bunter lifted the ancient revolver in his fat hand. In the excitement of the moment, living, as it were, temporarily the exciting life of the pictures, Bunter forgot that the revolver was not loaded, that it would not "go off" even if it was loaded, and that he certainly could not have hit any target more than a yard away even if it would have gone off. These trifles escaped the excited mind of the film-struck junior. The revolver was too heavy for Bunter to hold it steadily at a level. It sagged and swayed. But Bunter glared over it at the astounded captain of Greyfriars, with a roll in his round eyes worthy of Snicker Snaggs himself. He was persuaded that he fairly looked and lived the part of a clutching crook.

"Hands up!" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Removites.

The rotund figure of Bunter in that warlike attitude was too much for them. They shrieked and they yelled. Wingate stood rooted to the floor for several moments, staring blankly at the Owl of the Remove.

Then he strode towards Bunter, heedless of the rusty old article in the fat hand, and grasped him by the collar.

A powerful shake made Bunter's fat knees knock together, and he gave a gasping howl.

"Grooooooh!"

Mr. Prout's relie went with a crash to the floor. Billy Bunter was jerked to the table. A swing of Wingate's powerful arm stretched him on it, face down. Then the ashplant came into play.

Whack, whack, whack!

What the cracksmen crook would have done in those circumstances Bunter did not know. There was really no choice in the matter. A powerful arm held Bunter pinned down. Another arm, that seemed still more hefty, was laying on the ashplant. Bunter could do nothing but wriggle and roar; and he did both with vigour.

"Yoop! Help! Rescue! Yarooooooh! Oh crumbs! Stoppit!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow-wooooooh!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Mr. Prout's heavy step was heard, and the Fifth Form master looked in. Skinner, with an air of great respect, picked up the ancient revolver and handed it to Mr. Prout.

"Your property, sir," said Skinner meekly.

"Thank you, Skinner! I see, Wingate, that you are administering an

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"DE VERE OF THE REMOVE!"

A SPLENDID

TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

The Magnet Library, No. 148.

adequate punishment to that reckless and stupid boy."

"Yes, sir!" gasped Wingate.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yooop! Help! Fire! Thieves! Police! Help! Woooooop!" roared Bunter. "I say, I won't do it any more! Yaroooh! I didn't mean—woooooop!—I never meant— Oh, my fat! I wasn't—I didn't— Yaroooooh!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"I think that will do, sir," said Wingate, stopping at last, a little out of breath with his muscular exertions.

Mr. Prout nodded.

"Certainly, I think the punishment is adequate," he said, rubbing his head. "Bunter, I trust this will be a lesson to you."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Mr. Prout departed with his relic. Wingate remained to shepherd the Remove off to their dormitory. With the rest went Bunter, no longer a bold, bad film character, but a groaning fat junior in the depths of woe. The prefect's ashplant had had the effect of recalling Billy Bunter to reality. He had come down from the weird film world to common earth with a jump. In the Remove dormitory it was quite a little time before Bunter's resonant snore was heard. He groaned till he snored; but he snored at last, and he found solace in his dreams, which were filled with detonating firearms, racing motor-cars, cracking safes, explosions, and conflagrations. There was a smile on his fat face as he slumbered. In dreamland at least the films became real, and Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, was a dashing, dashing, and desperate desperado!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Going It!

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER was somewhat subdued in the Remove Form room the next morning.

Mr. Quelch eyed him several times with a grim, gimlet eye. Mr. Quelch had heard something of Bunter's remarkable proceedings on the previous evening.

Bunter's motives he did not know, and could not guess; but in case of any further nonsense on Bunter's part, Mr. Quelch was prepared to deal with him drastically.

Fortunately for Bunter there was no more nonsense—that morning, at least. Wingate's thrashing still lingered in his memory.

The effect was wearing off, but it was not quite worn off yet. Towards the end of morning lessons Bunter bucked up a little.

He was fed up with lessons. He wanted to be up and out and doing—on the lines of the film crook. But there was something very daunting in Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye. Bunter had a powerful and fervid imagination, but he could not quite imagine himself telling Mr. Quelch to put his "hands up." Nearly, but not quite.

So morning lessons ended without any demonstration on the part of the film-struck junior, which was fortunate for him. But he was growing very discontented and exasperated, and the Remove were perhaps dismissed only just in time. Bunter gave an expressive snort when he rolled out of the Form-room.

"I'm not standing much more of that, Toddy!" he said.

"Of what?" inquired Peter.

Bunter jerked a fat thumb towards the Form-room.

"Old Quelch and that rot," he answered. "Fancy giving me two hundred lines for missing my prep last night!"

"Might have caned you!"

"Lucky for him he didn't!" said Bunter darkly. "I'd made up my mind what to do if he did!"

"And what was that?"

"Stun him with an inkpot," said Bunter calmly. "Then I should have hooked it—I mean, I'd have made a quick get-away."

Peter Todd chuckled. Bunter's words were ferocious. But Peter could not quite see the Owl of the Remove stunting anybody with an inkpot. That dramatic scene was never likely to be witnessed at Greyfriars, at all events. Bunter at present seemed to be existing in the realms of fancy and imagination where his fat feet did not touch the ordinary earth.

"It's not a laughing matter, Toddy," said Bunter, frowning. "You wouldn't laugh if you saw Quelch on the floor, weltering in his gore!"

"Nunno," agreed Peter. "I'll be jolly serious when I see that—awfully serious. Just at present I'll smile. See?"

"You little know!" said Bunter.

"Exactly!" agreed Toddy. "Sub-title number fourteen, 'They little knew!' I've seen it many a time."

"Time will show," said Bunter.

"My dear porpoise, are you going to talk for the future entirely in sub-titles?" asked Toddy.

"Yah!"

With that retort, which was certainly not a film sub-title, Billy Bunter rolled away from his derisive study-mate. Many a time had William George Bunter felt that he was misunderstood and misprized at Greyfriars. He felt it now more than ever. Even Toddy, his study-mate, who knew him best, was not in the least impressed by the latest desperate developments of his character! But, as Bunter had said, time would show.

There was a vacant place in the Remove Form room that afternoon. Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye glimmered round in search of Bunter, but without alighting on that fat youth. The gimlet eye finally rested on Harry Wharton.

"Wharton, do you know why Bunter is not in class?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know where he is?"

"No, sir."

"Has any boy here seen Bunter recently?" asked Mr. Quelch, looking over the Remove.

"Yaas, sir," said Lord Mauleverer.

"When did you see him, Mauleverer?"

"At dinner, sir," said his lordship innocently.

Mr. Quelch gave an impatient sniff.

"I saw him myself at dinner, Mauleverer!" he snapped.

"Yaas, sir. So did I."

"Has anyone seen Bunter since dinner?" rapped out the Remove master.

"I saw him going down to the gates, sir; about half an hour ago," said Skinner.

"Did he go out of gates?"

"I think so, sir."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips hard. Bunter, apparently, had decided to "cut" lessons that afternoon—a very serious proceeding on Bunter's part. Mr. Quelch stored up his wrath, which became more potent in storage. Nobody

in the Remove envied Bunter at his next interview with his Form-master.

The Owl of the Remove did not appear during afternoon classes. He missed Mr. Quelch, and he missed Monsieur Charpentier in the French lesson. When the juniors came out at last, there was a general discussion on the subject of Billy Bunter. Peter Todd was quite concerned, wondering whether it was possible that the fatuous Owl had run away from school again. Peter went down to the gates to look out for him, and after a time he was relieved to see a fat form rolling up the road from Courtfield. There was a rapt expression on Bunter's fat face as well as dew-drops of perspiration. His thoughts were far away somewhere. He hardly seemed to notice Peter in the gateway, but he noticed him quite suddenly when Peter grasped a fat ear and brought him to a halt.

"Ow!" whooped Bunter.

"Where have you been?" demanded Peter Todd.

"Pictures!" snapped Bunter. "Leggo my ear, you cheeky beast! Don't you know when you're in danger?"

"Danger!" repeated Peter.

"Yes. Lucky for you I haven't a revolver just now," said the fat junior truculently.

"More pictures and more potty idiocy—what?" said Peter Todd. "You'd better keep clear of the cinema, Bunt, when they're showing American crook films."

"Bah!"

"Your brain is too soft to stand it," explained Peter.

"Unhand me, villain!"

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Toddy.

"Unhand me!" roared Bunter.

"Oh, my hat! Sub-title number ten, 'Unhand me, villain!' I know!" gasped Peter. "You frabjous, potty, burbling jabberwock—"

"Away!"

Bunter jerked himself loose, and rolled on, majestic. He was stopped by Gosling, the porter.

"Master Bunter—"

"Unhand me—I mean, don't worry!" snapped Bunter.

"Which Mr. Quelch says—"

"Blow Quelch!"

"Hay!" stuttered Gosling.

"And blow you!" said Bunter.

"Which I'll report yer—"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bunter sardonically. The fat junior's brain was full of the pictures now, and once more his fat imagination had transported him far from common earth.

"Don't you lark at me, Master Bunter!" said Gosling indignantly. "Mr. Quelch says that you're to go to 'im at once. You 'ear me?"

"Bah!"

Bunter rolled on, and Gosling blinked after him. If it had been possible to suspect a junior in the Lower Fourth of drinking, Gosling certainly would have suspected then that Billy Bunter had been looking on the wine when it was red.

"What's the matter with 'im, Master Todd?" gasped Gosling, in wonder. "Is he orf his onion, sir?"

"Only a bit more than usual," answer Peter. "It's the merry pictures, old bean, the giddy films! Bunter's up in the clouds at present. Mr. Quelch will soon bring him down again."

"Well, my heye!" said Gosling.

Billy Bunter rolled into the School House, but he did not go to Mr. Quelch's study. He made his way to Study No. 1, in the Remove passage, where Wharton

and Nugent were at tea with their chums—Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh and Johnny Bull. The Famous Five looked inquiringly at the Owl of the Remove as he came in.

"Seen Quelchy yet?" asked Nugent.

Bunter snorted.

"No; I've no time to waste on Quelchy. I've been to see Snicker Snaggs again. It's the last day to-day, you know, and I wasn't going to miss it, just for lessons. In fact, I'm not going to do any more lessons!"

"Not?" ejaculated Wharton.

"No. Fed up!"

"Nobody to consult about it, excepting your fatheaded self?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"No," said Bunter calmly. "I've made up my mind. As for Quelchy, let him beware! I shall not stick at trifles!"

"Fathead!"

"Take care, Cherry!"

"Eh? What am I to take care of?"

"Vengeance!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Mind how you speak to me!" continued Bunter. "I'm not in the mood to take any cheek! Beware of my sudden and terrible vengeance!"

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

Bunter frowned portentously. When the clutching crook threatened people with sudden and terrible vengeance they did not laugh. The Famous Five did. Somehow there seemed a lack of concordance between film life and ordinary life.

"But I'm not here to bandy words with you," resumed Bunter. "I've made up my mind! No more lessons for me! No more school! To-morrow the new life begins!"

And with his nose in the air Bunter stalked out of the study.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

In the Dead of Night!

WHEN Billy Bunter was seen with a prefect's hand on his shoulder, being marched off to his Form-master's study, quite a crowd of fellows gathered round. By that time the news of Bunter's latest had spread, and all the Remove had chortled, and were still chortling, over "Clutching Bill, the Greyfriars Crook," as he was heard to call himself. It was not an uncommon thing for fanciful fellows to be affected by the pictures, but it was rather startling to see the influence of the films carried to the length of "Clutching Bill." Skinner remarked that he'd read of such cases in the newspapers, and said that there were lots of Bunters in juvenile prisons, and opined that William George would arrive there sooner or later. Other fellows were of opinion that Bunter was more likely to arrive in a home for idiots, or a lunatic asylum.

Meanwhile, he arrived in Mr. Quelch's study. There was no help for that, as Gwynne of the Sixth had him by the shoulder, and Gwynne was not to be argued with. He was, as the humorous Skinner pointed out, a prefect with a clutch, and Bunter at present was a crook without a clutch, and a very disconcerted-looking crook at that. In spite of his desperate designs for the future, it was evident that the disciple of the cold-blooded crook dreaded that interview with Mr. Quelch, perhaps because he was not provided with an automatic pistol, a bowie-knife, or a bomb, or any of the other paraphernalia of a film villain.



Bunter clutched at Mossoo to save himself, and the old revolver slipped from under his jacket and crashed down on the French master's foot. There was a fiendish yell from Mossoo. "Ow!" he cried. "Nom d'un nom! I am keel! I am cripple! Ow!" (See Chapter 5.)

Though what Bunter would have done with those dreadful instruments, if he had possessed them, was rather a mystery, for certainly the mere sight of a real bomb would have started him running as fast as his fat little legs could go.

He disappeared into Mr. Quelch's study, there to answer for having cut classes in the afternoon.

Whatever explanation Bunter gave, it could not have been satisfactory, for sounds of woe were heard proceeding from the study soon afterwards to the rhythmic accompaniment of a swishing cane.

"The giddy crook's getting it!" remarked Skinner. "Listen for the fatal shot! Surely it's time for him to pot Quelchy, if he's going to be any shakes of a crook!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sounds as if he's going through it," remarked Bob Cherry, as a series of fearful howls came from the study. "But more power to Quelchy's elbow. Bunter really wants it this time."

"The wantfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh. "The lessonfulness may do the esteemed fathead good."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he comes!"

Mr. Quelch's study door opened. Billy Bunter emerged. He had his fat hands tucked under his arms, and seemed to be trying to tie himself into a sailor's knot.

"Bunter!" came Mr. Quelch's sharp voice from the study.

"Ow! Yes, sir?"

It was quite a submissive answer for a desperate character like Clutching Bill.

"You have left my study door open, Bunter."

"Ow!"

"Close that door at once, Bunter!"

Bunter paused.

Clutching Bill was by no means dead. The spirit of that desperado rose up in Bunter, and impelled him to defy his Form-master. Bunter's lips opened to hurl forth the defiance.

But the ache in his palms reminded him that it would not do. The defiance remained unhurled, as it were.

Instead of uttering threats of vengeance, and warning Mr. Quelch that the time would come—probably in the dead of night—Bunter said:

"Yes, sir."

And he drew the door shut.

There was a chuckle from the juniors in the passage. Billy Bunter blinked at them morosely.

Now that the door was shut between himself and his Form-master he felt less discouraged. When there was no danger Bunter could be as bold as a lion.

"You can snigger!" said Bunter.

"Thanks, we will!" said Skinner.

"The hour will come!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Not cured yet?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "My hat! You've had a bumping and a licking! What more do you want?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Ha, ha, ha! That sounds like the merry old Bunter again!"

"Let him beware!" said Bunter, unheeding. "Vengeance is on his track! Revenge is sweet! Ha, ha!"

"Sub-title number twenty, 'Revenge is sweet!'" said Peter Todd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let him wait a bit," went on Bunter. "The cup of vengeance is overflowing. But it isn't full yet."

"My hat! Isn't that a bit mixed?"

"Let him beware of Clutching Bill in the dead of night!" said Bunter. "Ow! Wow, wow!" he added, as he rubbed his fat hands. "Yah! You cackling asses! Go and eat coke!"

Bunter rolled away, nursing his hands, and giving the Removites, as he went, a glare in quite the style of the crook with a clutch.

In Study No. 7 he sat in the armchair and nursed his fat paws; and judging by the portentous frown upon his face, deep and dark thoughts were passing in his brain. Peter Todd ventured to interrupt his meditations with a reminder of prep. Bunter gave a scornful, sardonic laugh.

"Prep! Ha, ha! No more prep for me!"

"But to-morrow—" urged Peter.

"To-morrow I shall be afar!" said Bunter.

"Thinking of running away from school again, old bean?" asked Peter. "Better think twice."

"Bah!"

Todd eyed him very thoughtfully. In his present exalted state, with his brain stuffed with film-thrills, there really was no telling what Billy Bunter might or might not do. It was not unknown for actual crime to be committed by weak-headed persons as a result of watching exciting crook films—and Bunter certainly was film-struck to the greatest possible extent. Peter Todd realised that there might be a serious side to the fat Owl's extraordinary outbreak. He determined to keep a fatherly eye on Bunter.

Wingate of the Sixth saw lights out in the Remove dormitory that night, and Bunter eyed him morosely. After lights were out, there was a cheery buzz of talk in the Remove, mostly on the subject of Bunter, and crooks, and films. Bunter listened to the chipping of the Removites without a word; but Peter Todd noticed that his snore was not audible.

Bunter was remaining awake.

Next to eating, sleeping was Bunter's chief delight, and it was very remarkable indeed for him to keep awake of his own accord. After the talk had died away, and the juniors one by one dropped off to sleep, Peter listened for that echoing snore.

But it did not come.

Bunter was awake—and Peter was awake, too. It was not easy to remain wakeful, but Peter did it. He was really anxious about Bunter by this time, and he could not help suspecting that the fat junior had some hare-brained scheme in his mind.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when there was a creak as the Owl of the Remove sat up in bed.

"You fellows asleep?" came a cautious whisper in the gloom.

Peter Todd chuckled softly.

"All but little me!" he answered.

Bunter jumped as he heard that unexpected reply. He blinked through the darkness in the direction of Peter's bed.

"You beast, Toddy! What are you staying awake for?"

"Keeping an eye on you, my fat pippin!"

"What for, you rotter?"

"In case you get out of bed." answered Peter cheerfully. "If you do,

dear boy, I'm going for you with a pillow. That's the best cure, I think, for potty porpoises!"

"Beast!"

Bunter settled his head on his pillow again. Peter Todd rubbed his eyes, and remained awake, though with increasing difficulty. There was a deep snore from Bunter's bed at last.

It came as a relief to his watchful study-mate. If Bunter was sleeping, Peter could sleep; and Toddy closed his eyes at once, and in less than a minute he was in the arms of Morpheus.

But though Peter slept, it was not with an easy mind; and about half an hour later he awakened. He yawned and rubbed his eyes, and, remembering Bunter, he listened for the fat junior's snore. But there was no snore to be heard. Peter sat up in bed.

"Bunter!"

No answer—and no snore!

Peter slipped out, groped for a box of matches, and struck one. The light glimmered on Bunter's bed—which was empty!

Peter drew a deep breath.

"My hat! He's gone!"

Not only was Bunter gone—his clothes were gone, too. The match went out.

"Pulling my leg!" murmured Peter.

**MORE REAL
FOOTBALL
PHOTOS FOR
YOU!**



SEE PAGE 2.

"That fat boulder pulling my leg! Mine! I'll spifficate him!"

Peter realised—rather too late—that Bunter had not slept, after all. The snore had been deceptive. With unexpected cunning, the Owl of the Remove had simulated slumber, and completely taken in the watchful Peter.

Where was he now?

As Peter stood thinking that problem out, he heard twelve strokes from the clock tower.

It was midnight.

At that hour all Greyfriars was asleep in bed, the last light had long been extinguished. Where was Billy Bunter at that late hour—in the dead of night, as he would have put it? Obviously, wherever he was, and whatever he was "up to," he had to be stopped. Peter Todd crossed over to Wharton's bed, and shook the captain of the Remove by the shoulder.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Caught in the Act!

GROOOOH!"

Wharton came out of the Land of Nod. He mumbled and blinked up at the shadowy junior who was shaking him.

"Wharrer marrer?" he murmured drowsily. "House on fire?"

"No. Turn out, old chap," said Peter quietly.

"What for?"

"Bunter—"

"Bother Bunter!"

"He's left the dorm," said Peter. "He's up to something—goodness knows what. He was talking this evening about cracking the Head's safe and bolting. Turn out and lend me a hand."

Wharton sat up fast enough at that.

"Sure he's gone?" he asked.

He was wide awake now.

"His bed's empty," said Peter.

"Where can he be, then?"

"Blessed if I know—unless he's carrying on a film stunt, and cracking the Head's safe."

"Great Scott!"

Harry Wharton jumped out of bed. There was a yawn from Bob Cherry; the voices had awakened him.

"Who's up?" yawned Bob.

"Little us," said Peter. "You can turn out, too, old top—we're after a film-mad dummy, and we've got to catch him before he does any harm."

"Oh, my hat! Bunter—"

"He's gone!"

Bob jumped out of bed. The three juniors dressed quickly in the dark. The affair had its ridiculous side, there was no doubt about that; but it was quite possible that it might turn out seriously enough—for Bunter. Bunter was downstairs at midnight, and he was "up" to something—that was certain. What he might be doing was really an alarming conjecture since the films had plainly confused his sense of right and wrong, never very clear.

The three juniors moved quietly, so as not to awaken the others. They left the dormitory almost without a sound.

All was dark in the passage outside; not a glimmer of light came from the staircase.

"Whither, O Toddy?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Better look in the Head's study first," whispered Peter.

"But—but you can't think—"

"Let's see, anyhow."

"Oh, all right!"

Without a sound, in their socks, the three Removites crept down the stairs. They reached the corridor upon which the Head's study opened. And they caught their breath as they discerned a glimmer of light under the door. The door was closed, but there was a light within.

"He's there!" whispered Wharton.

"Hold on!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Suppose the Head's sitting up late there—if we butted in on the Head at midnight—"

"Phew!"

"It isn't the Head," whispered Peter. "If the Head was there the electric light would be on. That's only a glimmer of a candle."

"Right again! Come on, then."

The three juniors tiptoed to the study door. Peter Todd turned the handle softly and silently, and opened the door a few inches.

That gave the three a partial view of the interior of the study.

A candle stood flickering on the Head's desk, shedding a dim and wavering light through the room, and over the book-lined walls.

In the wavering light they discerned Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove was fully dressed. He was standing with his back to the door, and did not see that it was opened, and that three pairs of eyes were fixed on him.

All the school knew that there was a safe in the Head's study, and knew where it was. Bunter was sitting before it, blinking at it. Having arrived so far, the Greyfriars cracksmen seemed rather at a loss.

On the films he had seen the screen crook open safes as easily as any other fellow would open a sardine-tin. But standing before an actual safe, the proposition seemed somewhat different.

Obviously the Head's safe was not to be opened like a sardine-tin. Bunter had a screwdriver in his hand, borrowed from some fellow's tool-chest. Perhaps it was for use as a jemmy. But the amateur cracksmen had much to learn, even about the use of a jemmy. It was clear that he was at a loss.

Shocked and startled as they were, the juniors at the door could not help grinning.

Never had a crook started on the downward path so inadequately equipped for a crooked life as William George Bunter.

The fat junior was muttering to himself, and his words reached the ears of the trio.

"Rotten! Blessed if I know how to stick the dashed thing into the dashed safe! I don't know the combination. I—I don't even know whether it's a combination lock! I—I wonder how you tell whether it's a combination lock or not! Oh dear!"

Bob Cherry suppressed a chuckle. "That film chap does it with a turn of the hand!" resumed Bunter. "I'm blessed if I quite see how! Sometimes he blows a hole in the door with dynamite or something! How's a fellow to do that without dynamite? I—I suppose it would wake everybody up if I hammered it? Oh dear!"

It really looked as if the Head's safe was quite secure from Bunter the Cracksmen after all!

The fat junior sat on the edge of the writing-table, still with his back to the door, and blissfully unconscious of the fact that three grinning faces were watching him. He took a chunk of toffee from his pocket and gnawed it meditatively. This was not quite in keeping with the character of a film crook. Certainly he had never seen a crook gnawing toffee at the pictures. But there was still a great deal of Billy Bunter about Clutching Bill!

Peter Todd signed to his companions. In the passage Todd whispered to them, and there was a soft chuckle.

"Go it!" whispered Bob. They approached the door again. Bunter, resting on the edge of the table, was still meditatively gnawing toffee and staring at the safe. Peter Todd had slipped off his jacket. Holding it in his hands, he tiptoed noiselessly into the study. His socks made no sound on the carpet. He reached the writing-table, on the other side of which sat Bunter. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry watched him breathlessly.

With a sudden plunge, Peter Todd went sprawling across the table, and the jacket was suddenly thrown over Bunter's head and face from behind.

There was a whoop from Bunter, muffled in the jacket as Peter closed it round his face.

The amazed Owl struggled in the jacket, but Peter had him fast. His arms were thrown round Bunter's head, holding the jacket over his face, and completely blindfolding him. Wharton and Bob Cherry rushed in at once, and grasped Bunter's fat wrists.

"Grooooooh! Moooooooh!" came in

muffled accents from under the folded jacket.

"Silence, on your life!" a voice hissed in Bunter's ear.

"Ow!" "Not a word! Struggle, and my trusty blade drinks your gore!" hissed the voice.

Bunter trembled. Peter Todd had adopted a deep bass voice for the occasion, quite unlike his usual tones, and the blindfolded Owl had not the faintest suspicion that he was in the grasp of his study-mate.

The unfortunate amateur cracksmen could only suppose that he had been seized by a real cracksmen, which was alarming enough to clear all the mists of film romance away from even Bunter's obtuse brain. The real thing was even more thrilling than the pictures. But it was not an enjoyable thrill! Far from that! There had been no moment in Bunter's life which he had enjoyed less!

He did not resist. He realised that he was in desperate hands, and he stood unresisting, while the grasp tightened on his fat wrists, and the jacket was wound more tightly round his head. And over the head of the blindfolded Owl three juniors grinned at one another, and found great difficulty in suppressing their laughter.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Enough for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER blinked and gasped under the muffling jacket, not even aware that it was a jacket. He knew that he was blindfolded, and that he was in the grip

of daring and desperate hands—hands worthy of the clutching crook who had been his own model. Bunter felt at that moment that he hated clutching crooks. It was really like a film drama in the Head's study, featuring Bunter! Bunter ought to have been pleased! But he wasn't! He would have given all the picture palaces in the wide world, at that moment, to be safely back in bed in the Remove dormitory.

Deep and menacing, the voice hissed in his ear again:

"Speak in whispers! One cry, and my bowie-knife is stained to the hilt with your fat—I mean your gore. Ha!"

"Ow!"

"Who are you?"

"B-b-b-bunter!"

"What are you doing here?"

"N-n-nothing!"

"The truth, caitiff, or my automatic dashes your brains—if any—over the carpet!"

"Ow!"

"You are a cracksmen? Speak the truth!"

"Ye-e-es!" gasped Bunter.

"Good! You shall join our band!"

"Oh dear!"

"We are known as the Bloodthirsty Three!" went on the deep, harsh voice. "Are you willing to become the Bloodthirsty Fourth?"

"Ow!"

"Will you join us, and swear to keep the laws of the deadly band? Your life is at stake!"

"Yes," gasped Bunter, "I—I—I'll do anything you like. I—I—I'll join you with pleasure!"

"Then from this moment we become the Bloodthirsty Four, and you are a



Bunter glared at the astonished captain of Greyfriars with a roll in his round eyes worthy of the great Snicker Snaggs himself. "Hands up!" he cried. "And stand back!" There was a yell of merriment from the crowd of Removites. "Ha, ha, ha!" (See Chapter 6.)

member of the band. Where is your revolver?"

"I—I haven't one!"

"Your bowie-knife, then?"

"I—I haven't a bowie-knife!"

"Your automatic?"

"I—I haven't—"

"Then what do you commit your murders with?"

"I—I—I—"

"Dare you say that you have never committed one murder—even a small one?" demanded the voice.

"Ow! N-n-never!" gasped Bunter.

"Yet you aspire to become a member of the Bloodthirsty Four! Bah! How old are you?"

"Fuf-fuf-fif-fuf—"

"What?"

"Fuf-fuf-fifteen!"

"Pah! At fifteen I had committed seventeen murders—one for each year and a couple over!"

"Wow!"

"At the age of six I slew my great-grandfather with a tin-opener. At ten I poisoned all my uncles with a tin of American corned beef. You call yourself a crook, and you have never killed anybody—not even a blind man?"

"Oh dear! Ow! Nunno!"

"Then you must begin to-night! Where does your headmaster sleep?"

"In—in bed!"

"You silly ass—I mean, don't palter with me, base caitiff. Do you know your way to his room? Could you cut off his head at one fell swoop, if I lend you a bowie-knife?"

"Wow! No!"

"Bah! You are not worthy to become a member of the Band of the Bloodthirsty Brothers! You must die!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"Don't you know how a crook should carry on? Have you never seen a thrilling American film?"

"Oh dear! I wish I hadn't!" groaned Bunter.

"Listen! If you would have us spare your life, you must swear never to reveal this meeting."

"I—I swear," stammered Bunter.

"I—I say, lemme go, and I'll go back to bed at once, and—and never say a word! I—I don't want to be a crook."

"He knows too much!" broke in another voice. "Better blow his brains out."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Silence, Gory Jim! Don't interrupt

your dread chief! Grunter—did you say your name was Grunter—"

"B-b-bunter."

"Well, Bunter, we will spare your life—"

"Oh, thanks!" gasped Bunter.

"You will guide us to your dormitory. We shall see that you go to bed. Blow out that candle, Dabbled Dave, and put it in your pocket. Grunter will guide us in the dark. Remember, Shunter, that if you show treachery, my bowie-knife is only an inch from your weasand! Beware! Revenge is sweet! Ha, ha!"

The candle was blown out. Then the jacket was slipped from Bunter's face, and he was able to blink round him in the dark, discerning nothing but three very faint shadowy forms, all of which had a grasp on him with unseen hands.

"Lead the way, Gunter! Not a sound!"

"Oh dear!"

"Silence on your life! Lead on!"

Billy Bunter led on. Trembling in every fat limb, the Owl of the Remove groped and stumbled his way up the staircase, and reached the dormitory passage with his conductors. One of them opened the door of the Remove dormitory.

"Is this the room?" came the deep, harsh voice.

"Ye-e-es," gasped Bunter. "I—I say, don't speak so loud, or you'll wake up the fellows."

"It would be easy to shoot the lot with my trusty automatic."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Where is your bed, Shunter?"

"I—I'll show you."

Bunter led the way to his bed, in the deep gloom of the dormitory. He bumped on it, and stumbled, and a voice came from another bed.

"Hallo! What's that row?"

Bunter did not answer. He turned into bed without stopping to remove his clothes, and drew the bedclothes over him. Johnny Bull sat up in bed, half-awake, but conscious that something was going on.

"What's that row?" inquired Johnny.

"Some of you fellows up?"

Bunter squeezed under the bedclothes with a gasp of terror. He fully expected now to hear the automatic. But no sound of a firearm disturbed the serenity of the Remove dormitory. Quite a different sound was heard, a

prolonged chuckle, or, rather, three prolonged chuckles in unison.

"All serene, old top!" said Bob Cherry's voice. "Bunter's been on his travels, and he's just come back."

Bunter gave a jump.

He heard a match scratch, and he quivered. Now that the three cracksmen could be seen, surely the Bloodthirsty Three would begin with their automatics!

But they didn't!

Bunter, amazed now more than he was alarmed, ventured to peep out of the bedclothes.

He peeped, and he blinked. No desperadoes were in sight. By the glimmer of a candle-end Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry and Peter Todd were throwing off their clothes, preparatory to turning into bed again. Bunter blinked round him. He had not heard the door—yet the Bloodthirsty Three were evidently gone. He ventured to put his whole head out into view.

"I—I say, you fellows!" he gasped.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Anything the matter, Bunter?"

"D-d-did you see them?"

"See whom?" asked Wharton.

"Those—those desperadoes—"

"Which?"

"The—the Bloodthirsty Three!" gasped Bunter.

"The what?" howled Nugent, from his bed.

Half the Remove were awake now, wanting to know what was the matter.

"I—I went down," stammered Bunter. "I—I was collared by three savage crooks—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I fought like a lion," gasped Bunter. "But what could I do against three ruffians with automatics and revolvers and bowie-knives? They got the best of me, and—"

"Go to sleep and dream again!" suggested Squiff.

"It's true!" gasped Bunter. "They're still in the house somewhere. They—they seized me in the Head's study—"

"And what were you doing in the Head's study?" demanded Peter Todd.

"I—I—I—"

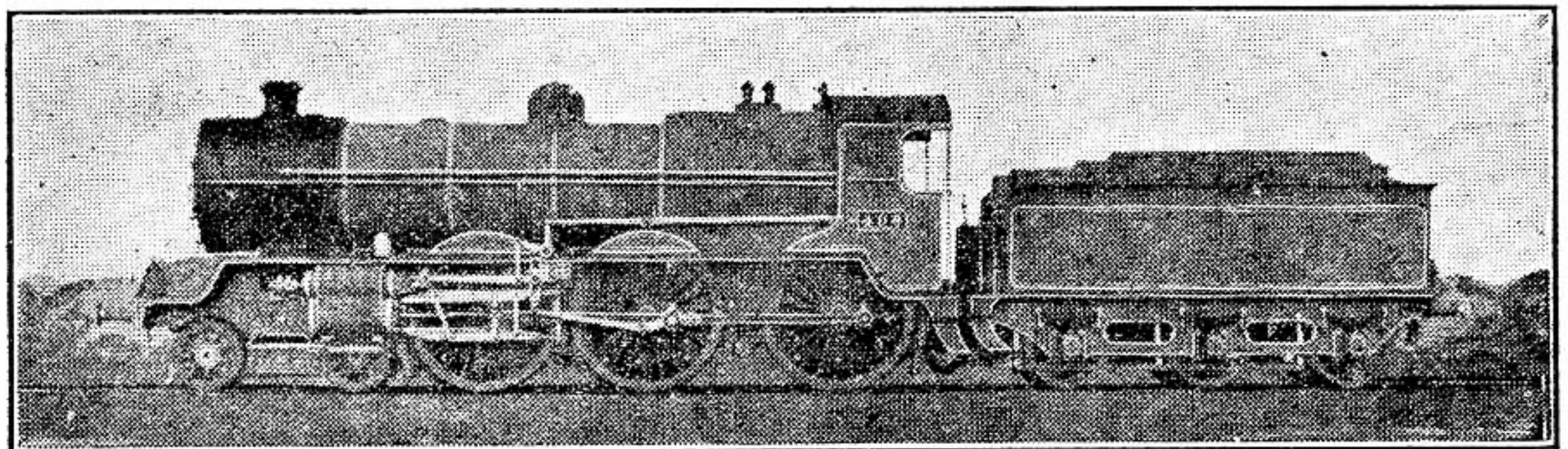
"Cracking the safe?" asked Bob Cherry genially.

"Nunno! I—I—I—"

"Silence, on your life!" said the

(Continued on page 20.)

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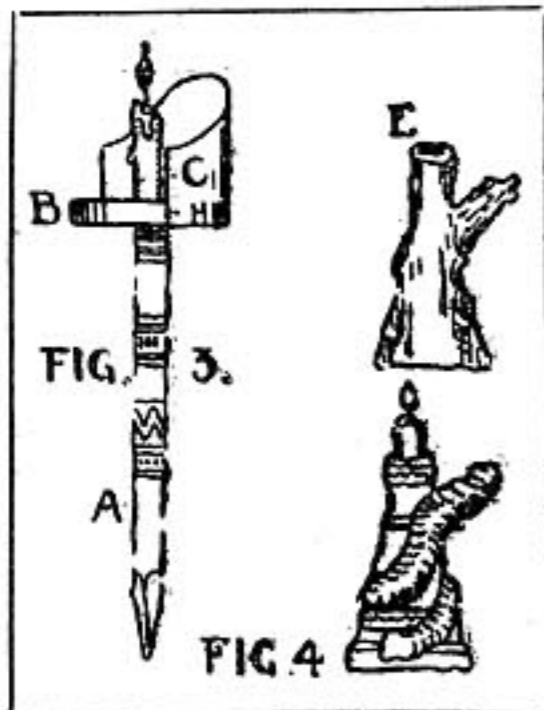
"THE REST IMPRESSION!"

By Harry Wharton (Leader of the Lions).

CAMPING, though an art in itself, is made up of other arts, or crafts. Some of these so-called crafts we have already dealt with. Such as fire-lighting, tent making and pitching, weather-lore, etc. But there are one or two things which we have not yet touched, and must do, before we can say that we have gone through the first stages of camping. One of these remaining arts is commonly known as "Handicrafts."

The name almost suggests its meaning. Handicraft—handiness in the camp. Making little things that will improve your camp to make it a success, and, lastly, to give you something to do.

By this latter I mean this. When you go on a camping holiday, whether for a



couple of days or a couple of weeks, you will always find that you have plenty of time on your hands after you have seen to your necessary comforts. You will find that there is a gap between early-morning brekker to lunch, and from lunch to tea, and from tea to supper. And it is how you occupy yourself during these hours that really half the success of the camp is going to depend.

How you occupy yourself! It's a great question, which should receive careful consideration and thought.

I was speaking to one of the fellows at school a short while back concerning this very subject. He and his chums had just returned from a few days' camping. I looked them up on their return, and asked them how they had enjoyed themselves.

"Oh, fairly well!" one remarked. "We didn't find much to do. Lot of lazing about, and all that!"

I was certainly surprised at learning this, but on further conversation I found that this was only too true.

"You evidently didn't go the right way to work, my sons," I said.

"Not the right way to work? But, my dear chap, we did it exactly as you told us to do!"

"No. I'm afraid you did not, or you wouldn't have told me what you did just now—that you hadn't much to do. You see, if you had gone the right way to work, you would never have said it. There's never 'Nothing to do'!"

"Work!" repeated my listener, absolutely astounded. "What do you mean—work? Do you think I went to camp to work? I went for a rest—a holiday!"

"True, you went for a rest, as you call it," I said. "But you took your rest in the wrong way. When you go to camp you have that 'rest impression' firmly wedged in your mind. That's quite all right. Have your rest, or shall we call it 'change'? I prefer the word myself, although it means the same thing here."

Now, there is one thing I hate to see, and that is a camper lying on his back in the grass, with his hat over his eyes, or a book at his side. That's sheer laziness, not resting at all. He has got hold of the wrong meaning

of "resting," in exactly the same way as my friend who had just returned.

True, you say, when you go to camp it is for a complete rest; but why not say for a complete change? A change from your usual daily routine is really a rest.

Then comes the question, what do you mean when you say a change? I mean, "Something to do."

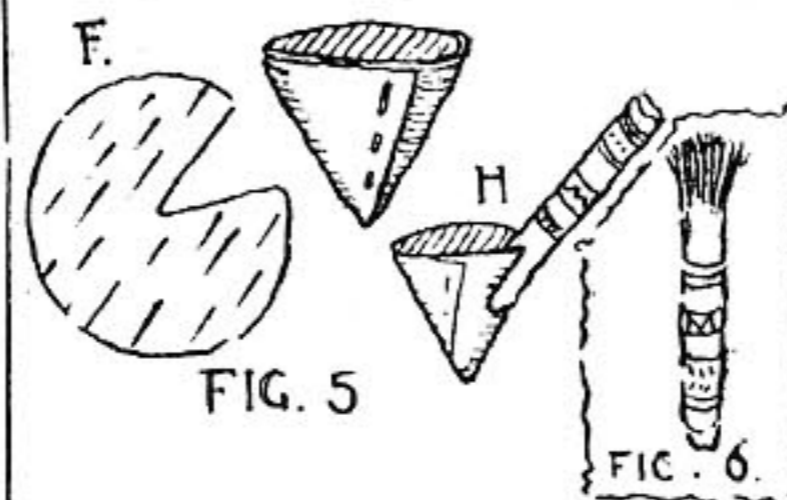
It's a very curious way of putting it, but there lies the whole secret of the success. Again you pause, and say: "But what can I do? There seems nothing to do but just sit down on the ground after you have cooked your grub and eaten it, and look at the sky."

Nothing to do? Why, great Scott! Look around you, and see whether there's nothing to do. There's a hundred and one different way of occupying yourself. But all the time you will be having your rest, but in another way, in a more beneficial manner.

Now we come to the way out of our difficulty. The word "Camcraft"; and under that heading you can go on, like the proverbial brook, writing down the arts and crafts which come under it. I could give you a whole list of them, but at the present we will content ourselves with dealing only with one. The others will follow in subsequent articles.

The first "something to do" on that list is "handicrafts," the meaning of which we have already stated—making things for the camp out of wood, a material which is surrounding you on all points of the compass.

In the following article on "Handicrafts," Donald Ogilvy, who is the leader of the Pewits, a patrol in the Greyfriars Scouts, only recently formed, has given us a number of useful little articles which can be made from wood with only the use of one or two tools. In a most unique manner he has solved an



important problem—the tool question. All you need, I think he says, is a penknife, a hammer, some tacks, and a sharp axe. I will leave you to it!

H. W.

HANDICRAFTS IN CAMP!

By Donald Ogilvy (Leader of the Pewits)

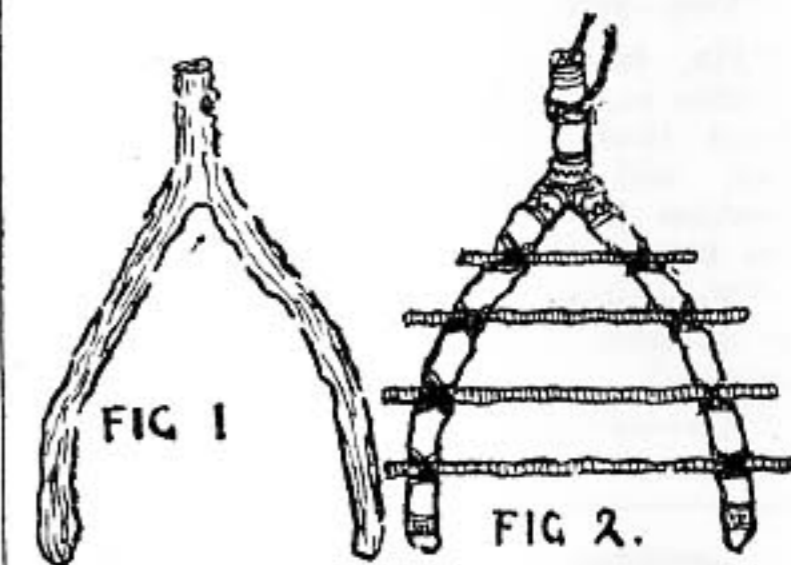
HARRY WHARTON calls it a "something-to-do" art, and I think he is right when he calls it that. At the several camps I have attended with the Lions, Harry Wharton, the leader, has been very strict concerning the question of laziness. Not that any of the members of the patrol are lazy, really. But there are certain times during the day which will become "empty," as you might say, unless you have been properly guided into camping the right way. Camping should never become a bore to you. It should be filled with unbounded pleasure, and with plenty to occupy yourself between the various meals in the daytime. You can do many things which are a real pleasure, and which are at the same time very helpful; and whilst you are occupied in doing these things you are having a ripping rest.

I have gone in for many things since I started camping. For instance, botany, natural history in all its forms, woodwork, painting and designing, and many other interesting and instructive hobbies. These hobbies our leader calls the "something-to-do" arts, a nickname well suited to them.

This week I have picked out the Handicraft, to commence with, and I hope I shall be asked to write concerning the other crafts which I have been studying for some time.

The articles I have described below have been made at all our camps, and have proved very successful. Without them, I think, we wouldn't have carried on so well. The beauty of the whole thing is that only about three tools are necessary for their construction, and a bag of small nails or tacks. The tools I used were an ordinary, but sharp, penknife, a small hammer, and a sharp axe. With these I have been able to make many other things as well.

THE WOOD SLEDGE.—The question of conveyance of wood from one place to another



has always been somewhat of a difficulty, and until the camp sledge was thought of it was rather a laborious task. Now, all that is required is to take the sledge to the woods, gather the branches, and stack them on the sledge, then drag it back to the camp. To make the sledge you first of all require a large forked branch of ash and about half a dozen crossbars, cut from the same wood. I say ash, because it is easier to cut and is stronger than other wood, and is more pliable. Fig. 1 shows how the forked branch is cut, and Fig. 2 depicts the method of lashing the crossbars to the fork with rope or thick string. Then you will need a longer piece of rope to tie at the end to enable you to drag the sledge over the ground. As a finishing touch you can whittle and paint a design on the fork.

CAMP CANDLESTICKS.—Two extremely useful and easily-made candlesticks are depicted in Fig. 3. For the first, you will want a piece of wood about one and half to two feet in length, with one of the ends pointed, to stick in the ground when complete. Then nail a disc of wood (B), about four inches in diameter and one inch in thickness, to the end of the stick, upon which the candle will stand. C is the wind-guard, and is made from either a piece of cardboard or from a strip of birch-bark. Cut the shape as shown in the sketch, and tack it round the disc. If you are good at designing, you can improve the appearance of the candlestick by whittling a design on the stick and painting it.

The second candlestick is cut from a young sapling where it widens near the ground. This wider part forms the base, as shown. In the top of the stick cut the hole (E) with your penknife for the candle to be placed in. Fig. 4 shows the candlestick completed, with a design whittled round it.

A BIRCH-BARK DRINKING-CUP.—It may happen that you are out away from the camp, the day is hot, and you are very thirsty. Being away from the camp, you are naturally without a drinking-cup, so the only way of procuring a drink of water from the stream is by using your hands to form a rather crude drinking-vessel. But here I have a better method of obtaining water.

First of all cut a strip of birch-bark with your knife, then place it on the ground, and cut a circular piece from it. Find, roughly, the centre of the disc, then cut a piece V-shape from it, as shown (F) in Fig. 5. Next bend it round to make a cone, and pin with a piece of twig, or, better still, a rose-thorn (G). Then cut a piece of stick, with a two-inch slit down the centre from one end, and fix it on to the cone (H). This makes a very useful drinking-vessel, and is quite clean.

A TOOTHBRUSH.—Have you ever left your toothbrush behind? It may happen that in packing your kit together the toothbrush slips your memory, and you arrive at camp without one. But this should not worry you, for it is very easy to make a good substitute. Fig. 6 will give you an idea how a toothbrush can be cut from a piece of young wood.

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BUNTER THE CROOK!*(Continued from page 18.)*

deep, harsh voice suddenly. "One word, and my bowie-knife drinks your gore in the best film style."

Bunter's eyes seemed to bulge out of his head. It was the dread voice of the crook, but it proceeded from Peter Todd! Bunter blinked at Peter Todd as if he would never leave off blinking.

"You!" gasped Bunter, at last.

"Little me," said Peter cheerily.

"You—you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Little us, Bunter! Do you think it's about time you gave up playing the goat, old porpoise? Or shall we mention to the Head that we caught you monkeying round his safe?"

"You—you—you—" stuttered Bunter dazedly. "It—it—it was you—you—you—"

"Us—us—us!" chuckled Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh dear!"

Billy Bunter did not seem to be quite able to get the facts into his fat brain for a full minute. But when he finally got them there, he felt relieved. It was a relief to know that there were no such persons as the Bloodthirsty Three in the house, and that his fat leg had been pulled in the scene in the study.

"But what was Bunter doing in the Head's study?" asked Bolsover major.

"I—I say, you fellows, mum's the word!" gasped Bunter, in alarm. "I—I say, I—I won't do it any more! I won't really! I—I—I don't want to be a crook! I—I don't really!"

"Bit too exciting—what?" grinned Bob.

"Oh dear! I—I'm glad it was only you beasts!" gasped Bunter. "I—I— Of course, I wasn't really frightened—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry blew out the candle. Five minutes later Bunter's deep snore sounded through the Remove dormitory; and this time it was genuine. Not for worlds would William George Bunter

have left the shelter of the Remove dormitory again that night.

Bunter was cured.

He was unusually thoughtful the next day, but he was not thinking of film stunts, cold-blooded crooks, or exciting get-aways. His fright in the Head's study at midnight had opened his eyes: the lesson was not lost even on Bunter's obtuseness. His fat leg had been pulled, but it had seemed like a dreadful reality while it lasted, and Bunter had quite lost all desire to figure as a crook, or to be known as Clutching Bill! Which was all to the good, though it was a long time before the Removes allowed the Owl to forget his amazing antics of the time when he was Film-Struck!

THE END.

(Next Monday's grand, long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. concerns the arrival of a new boy in the Remove. The story is entitled "De Vere of the Remove!" By Frank Richards. De Vere is going to amuse and astound you! Order your copy now!)

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