

Don't Miss These Two Grand Real Photos of Famous Footballers Given Away Free Inside!



T. BRITTLETON,
of Stoke.

Week Ending
July 15th, 1922.
The Magnet
Library **1½**
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G. BUTCHER,
of Luton.



BILLY BUNTER EXHIBITS HIS WONDERFUL NEW GRAMOPHONE!

(An amusing episode from the long complete tale in this issue.)



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

WONDERFUL FREE REAL PHOTOS.

Before I tell you anything about the splendid programme of stories for next week's issue, I must write a few words concerning the splendid FREE PHOTOS which are being presented to all readers of the Companion Papers this week.

With this Grand Bumper issue you will have received Two Real Photos of Tommy Brittleton and George Butcher, well-known giants of the football world. These photos will make a fine addition to your collection of Famous Footballers.

In the current issue of the "Boys' Friend," which can be obtained from all newsagents to-day, there is presented a magnificent Free Photo of the Famous Tom Harrison. This is another photo in the series of "Rising Boxing Stars." If you wish to keep your collection complete, you must not miss this really fine photo of a coming champion.

In the "Popular," which will appear to-morrow—Tuesday—you will find a SPLENDID COLOURED ENGINE PLATE of an Express Locomotive of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Add this to your list of Famous Railway Engine Plates.

In the "Gem" Library, which will be on sale on Wednesday, will be given away FREE a wonderful action photo of Tommy Browell, of Manchester City,

and in next week's issue of this same paper you will find TWO PHOTOS of George Wilson, of Wednesday, and J. Fort, of Millwall. Order next week's issue well in advance to make sure of getting these two real photos.

That sums up the nature of the splendid gifts which the Companion Papers are giving away to all readers. To make certain of the issues of the papers in which the photos and plate will appear, order your copies well in advance. Tell your chums to do this. I am sure they will be greatly obliged to you for doing so.

Next week in the MAGNET there will be a grand action photo of the Famous International Centre-forward, Syd Puddefoot. In the "Popular" will be given away FREE another Coloured Engine Plate, and in the "Boys' Friend" will be another photo in the "Rising Boxing Stars" series.

NEXT WEEK'S STORY.

Our next grand long complete school story will be entitled:

"BRAVO, BULSTRODE!"

By Frank Richards.

This story deals with the sensational fight for the Public Schools Cricket Championship, in which Greyfriars is pitted against another Famous Public

School, Grandcourt, in the final. Many unforeseen adventures happen to the Greyfriars team whilst at their training camp by the sea, and fate plays the Famous Five a very bad turn. Percy Bulstrode, ex-captain of the Remove, who is second reserve in the cricket eleven, comes to the rescue of his school-fellows in a right royal manner. But for him, Greyfriars would have been in the soup absolutely.

This is a really magnificent tale, and one which you must not miss reading.

As usual, there will be the four-page supplement to be found in the centre of the book, which Harry Wharton, its editor, tells me will be a

SPECIAL PIERROT NUMBER!

and from that you may expect great things. Readers who want a hearty laugh should not miss this number on any account. Don't forget the old warning—ORDER YOUR NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE NOW!

ALBUMS FOR YOUR PHOTOS.

Readers can obtain albums for their free photo cards by writing to:

The MAGNET Album Office,
7-B, Pilgrim Street,
Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.

enclosing four three-halfpenny stamps, or a postal-order of sixpence in payment thereof. Orders will be dealt with in strict rotation, but will be despatched with all possible speed.

NOTICES.

Cricket.

Alec Ordell, 43, Tewson Road, Plumstead, Woolwich, S.E. 18, would like a trial with any junior or senior team in the Woolwich district on any Saturday afternoon; medium batsman, and one of the fastest bowlers in the district. Last season while playing in a junior team, he did the hat trick on three occasions.

Correspondence.

Gilbert Prince, 51, Rose Hill Street, Derby, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, interested in stamps and post-card views. Ages, 12-15.

S. Phillips, c.o. the Rondebosch Golf Club, Rondebosch, Cape Province, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers in the United Kingdom, or the empire. Ages, 17-18.

Norman E. Cunningham, Lavinia, 18, Temple Street, Victoria Park, Perth, Western Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in England, Canada, and the United States.

F. J. Doun, 8, Haselrigge, Clapham, S.W.4, wishes to hear from readers interested in cigarette cards.

Francis Barrett, 307, Bain Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, wishes to correspond with readers. Ages, 13-17. Especially those interested in stamps and radio-telephony.

Miss Verne Silvestre-Hendon, c.o. 145, Princes Street, New Swindon, Wilts, wishes to correspond with readers in Scotland and Devonshire, with a view to exchanging picture-postcards.

Edwin A. Urry, Medina Villa, Bowen Terrace, New Farm, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in Europe and the East, also in South America and Scotland. All letters answered.

THE COMPANION PAPERS.

THIS WEEK'S GRAND FREE GIFTS!

MONDAY.—In this issue are presented TWO real photos of J. T. Brittleton and George Butcher, who are two very famous footballers.

In the "Boys' Friend" is given away a splendid real photo of Tom Harrison, a well-known boxing champion.

TUESDAY.—In the "Popular" will be given away a magnificent coloured plate of a giant express engine of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

WEDNESDAY.—In the "Gem" Library will be given away a marvellous real photo of Tommy Browell, of Manchester City, in action on the field of play.

MOST IMPORTANT!

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



By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

"Notis!"

"BUNTER!"

"What on earth are you up to, Bunter?"

Half a dozen voices in the junior Common-room at Greyfriars addressed Billy Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove did not heed. He was busy.

Harry Wharton & Co. left off discussing the forthcoming cricket match with Highcliffe to turn their attention to Bunter. Nearly every fellow in the room looked at him. Even Lord Mauleverer sat up on the sofa and blinked at the fat junior.

Bunter's proceedings were unusual and interesting.

He had rolled into the Common-room with a hammer in one fat hand, and something clutched in the other fat paw—probably tacks.

He jerked a chair to the wall and mounted upon it, facing the wall. If he had faced the room the Remove fellows might have supposed that Bunter was going to make a speech. But he had turned his back on his audience.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the game, fatty?" bawled Bob Cherry.

Bunter did not answer.

He put the hammer under one fat arm while he groped in his pocket with his hand for something that was there.

A crowd had gathered round him now to watch him.

He had flattened a sheet of paper out on the wall, and was sticking a tack into the corner of it. Then he whacked with the hammer, and the tack was driven home.

"What on earth is that, Bunter?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"You'll see!"

"He's putting up a notice of some sort!" said Bob Cherry, in wonder. "Don't you know you're not allowed to drive nails in the Common-room wall, you fat duffer?"

"These ain't nails—they're tacks!"

"It comes to the same thing, fat-head!"

"Why can't you put your silly rot on the notice-board in the hall?" demanded Johnny Bull. "Along with all the other rot!"

"That wouldn't do!" said Bunter, over his shoulder. "This notice concerns only Lower School fellows."

"Something you don't want the masters or prefects to see, do you mean?"

Bunter did not answer.

He went on tacking.

The notice was written in Bunter's well-known sprawling "fist" and in his still more famous spelling. There were a dozen thumb-marks and a smear of jam on the paper—all clues to the author. It ran:

"NOTIS!

GRAMMOFONES! GRAMMOFONES!
GRAMMOFONES!

SPLANDID NEW GRAMMOFONE!!
MEWSIC IN THE HOME! MELLODY
IN THE STUDDY!

WHO WANTS A GRAMMOFONE?
FIVE BOB!

AMAYZING OFFER! 5/- FOR A
STUNING GRAMMOFONE!

with six rekords of poppular mewsic.
APLY No. 7 STUDDY, REMOVE.

Sined,

W. G. BUNTER."

"My only Aunt Selina!" said Bob Cherry. "A gramophone for five bob! Gammon!"

"The gammonfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"I didn't know Bunter had a gramophone!" said Harry Wharton. "Have you heard anything of it, Toddy?"

Peter Todd, the Owl's study-mate in Study No. 7, shook his head.

"I know he jolly well hasn't one!" he answered. "I should know if he had!"

"Then what the thump is he offering to sell it for?" asked Russell.

"For five bob!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Perhaps Bunter hopes to get the cash down before he has to produce the goods!"

"Yep! Produce the goods, you fat clam!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess you are trying to ring in a cold deal on us!"

"Where's the gramophone, you fat fraud?" hooted Peter Todd. "I've seen nothing of it in the study!"

"Tain't there yet!" gasped Bunter.

"Where is it, then?"

"I'm expecting it from one of my titled relations—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"It's a birthday-present, you know," explained Bunter. "I expect it will come to-morrow—"

"Gammon!"

"How many birthdays do you have in a year?" asked Bob.

"Eh? Only one, of course!"

"Well, you've had one this year already!"

"I—I mean, it—it's a—it's a present on my uncle's birthday!" stammered Bunter. "You see, he gives me a present on his birthday!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And you want five bob down, the gramophone to be handed over when it turns up—what?" chuckled Squiff.

"No fear!"

"What?" yelled Sampson Quincy Ifley Field. "You don't?"

"No," said Bunter emphatically. "I don't!"

"Well, my only hat!"

The Remove fellows fairly blinked at Bunter. The Owl of Greyfriars had succeeded in astonishing the natives, so to speak.

They had taken it for granted that Bunter was offering that wonderful bargain with the intention of annexing five shillings in advance for a non-existent gramophone. They had naturally concluded that as the postal-order story was wearing thin, as it were, Bunter was working in a variation—what

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a musician would call a "variation on the original theme."

So Bunter's reply astounded them. "You don't want five bob down?" gasped Harry Wharton.

"No!"

"Is it a real gramophone?" shrieked Tom Brown.

"Of course it is! It's all fair and above board. My aunt is sending me a gramophone, and I don't want it, so I'm parting with it cheap. Nothing spoof about that!"

"Your aunt!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Yes—my Aunt Matilda—"

"It was your uncle a minute ago!" shrieked Bob.

Bunter started. Bunter never could remember that it was essential for a certain class of persons to have good memories.

"I—I mean, my uncle!" he stammered. "My—my Uncle Matilda—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That is to say, Aunt Matilda's husband!" gasped Bunter, trying to gather

to have expected that his "notis" on the wall of the Common-room would lead to an outbreak of merriment like this. The Owl of the Remove was evidently taking the matter very seriously.

"You can cackle if you like!" he said. "You'll see the gramophone to-morrow, and—"

"Perhaps—"

"The perhapsfulness is great!"

"It's bound to come! I told them to deliver it—"

"Told them!" yelled Bob. "Told your uncle and aunt to deliver it!"

"Numo! Of—of course not! I mean, I told the railway people—it's come by railway. And—and it's at Courtfield now—"

"If it came by railway it would be at Friardale!"

"Yes, that's what I meant to say—Friardale, you know! I—I wonder what made me say Courtfield?" gasped Bunter.

Harry Wharton looked at Bunter curiously. How to make head or tail

Bump!

"Yow-ow-wooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter squirmed doorwards and fled. He did not return, and the Remove fellows were left to puzzle over his "latest." As a rule, the proceedings of William George Bunter were, to an eminent degree, uninteresting—his importance was negligible in the Form. But for once the Removites were interested in W. G. B., and quite a number of them discussed the matter, and anticipated the morrow, when the gramophone story would be put to the proof.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Genuine Goods!

GOSLING, the porter, came over to the School House, grunting. It was the following day, after morning lessons, and the Remove were streaming out into the quadrangle. It was a hot summer's

TWO FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS: Brittleton and Butcher.

All about the two footballers who form the subjects of our Grand Free Photos.

TOM BRITTLETON

(Stoke).

ONE of the surprises of the last football season was the success of the Stoke club, which finished the season second only to Notts Forest at the head of the Second Division. This means, of course, that Stoke will be in the First Division when a new season commences, and if there is one man more than another to whom they owe their success, that man is veteran Tom Brittleton. When Brittleton left the Sheffield Wednesday club a little more than a year ago, it was generally considered that his career of usefulness was practically at an end.

However, at Stoke he was made captain of the side, and his valuable experience, added to his fine displays both at half and full-back, proved that there was still much good in him.

It was as a Stockport County player that Brittleton first made his appearance in good-class football, but as long ago as 1904 he was transferred to the Wednesday of Sheffield, and it was with that club that he made a name for himself as among the most consistent players in the length and breadth of the country.

For many seasons he was captain of the Wednesday side, and gained International honours as a right half-back, though he can play in pretty well any position on the field. The probability is that his career will come to an end with him playing at right full-back, for there are quite a number of people who consider that he is as good in this position as ever he was in the half-back line.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that he was a forward when he first made his appearance in the Wednesday team some eighteen years ago. Throughout a long and honourable career, Brittleton has realised that for a man to do himself justice in such a strenuous game as football, it is necessary to take the greatest care of himself, and to this he owes his long run. He stands 5 ft. 9 ins., and weighs 11 st. 10 lb.

GEORGE BUTCHER

(Luton Town).

THERE is perhaps no more popular figure in the Luton Town team than George Butcher. He can play in either of the inside forward positions, and can always be depended upon for wholehearted effort from the first kick to the last.

Peculiarly enough, Butcher is one of the few players who have made their mark who did not show much promise in his schoolboy days, for he confesses that he only played one match for his school, and did not do any too well even then.

However, on leaving school, he played with a local club named St. Saviour's, and afterwards for St. Albans City. While there he attracted the attention of the manager of the West Ham team, and, signing on for the "Hammers" as his first professional side, he rendered valuable service for many seasons.

When the war was over, he went back to Hertfordshire to play for Luton Town, and that he had retained his form is proved by the fact that during last season he was chosen as a reserve man for an English International trial match. He did not get his place, but if he had done, it is safe to say that he would not have let the side down. Butcher is a fine natural footballer, who thoroughly enjoys the game. Being on the light side, he has to rely on skill in ball manipulation rather than in hefty shoulder work, but Luton Town enthusiasts have been glad that the Luton management persuaded Butcher to return to his native county.

the threads of his story, as it were, as he went along. "That's what I really meant to say. They—they're giving me the present together—clubbing for it, you know, as it's jolly expensive!"

"Then it doesn't come from your uncle the duke?" asked Squiff.

"Oh, really, Field—"

"If it did you could put on another bob for the dukery!" said the Australian junior. "It would be worth it!"

"Look here—"

"Isn't it from your other uncle the marquis?" asked Johnny Bull.

"No!" roared Bunter.

"Or your cousin the baronet?" chuckled Nugent.

"Yah! No!"

"Only your Uncle Matilda!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Your Uncle Matilda and your Aunt John—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter snorted. He did not seem

of the matter was beyond the captain of the Remove. That it was some kind of a spoof seemed fairly clear, but Bunter's refusal of five shillings down was amazing and mystifying. It was the first time in the history of Greyfriars that William George Bunter had ever been known to refuse cash. Yet if the affair was above board, why was Bunter tangling himself in a mesh of lies, as he obviously was? Wharton looked at Bunter, and then he glanced round.

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows!" he said. "What Bunter means, if he means anything, is a giddy mystery! But he is rolling out whoppers, and that means spoof! I suggest bumping him!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Why, you beast—" roared Bunter, in great wrath. "You—you—Leggo, Bob Cherry! Leggo, Smithy, you rotter! Leggo, Bolsover, you ruffian! Leggo—Oh, my hat! Yarooooop!"

day, and Gosling looked tired—either on account of the weather or because there was some work for him to do. Nothing but a substantial tip could reconcile Mr. Gosling to work, and he often thought of the unemployed with a sigh of envy. He blinked round at the crowd of cheery juniors as they came out, and called:

"Master Bunter!"

"Hallo!" said Bunter. "Has it come?"

"A parcel's come," said Gosling. "It's been left in my lodge, Master Bunter. Looks to me like one of them there grammyphones—there's a 'orn to it, leastways."

"Is that all?" asked Bob Cherry. "Might be a unicorn, if that's all."

"Wot!" said Gosling.

"A unicorn has a 'orn to it," explained Bob.

"Don't you cut your little jokes on a 'et day, Master Cherry. Where is that there

thing to go, Master Bunter?" demanded Gosling. "I can't 'ave it 'anging about my lodge."

"Carry it to my study!" said Bunter loftily.

Gosling paused.

"It's 'eavy," he said.

"Tain't too heavy for you," said Bunter. "If it is, get the gardener to help."

"Which I think——"

"Gossey wants a boblet to help him—don't you, Gossey?" said Bob Cherry. "Shell out a bob, Bunter, and don't be mean."

"So I would, like a shot," said Bunter. "But I've been disappointed about a postal-order——"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And I happen to be short of money for once——"

"For once!" gasped Bob. "Only for once."

"Yes, for once. But it's all right. You give Gossey a bob," said Bunter. "I'll square out of what I get for the gramophone."

"Bobs are scarce."

"Oh, don't be mean," said Bunter. "You just told me not to be mean. Give him a bob—for me."

Gosling was waiting, fanning himself with his ancient top-hat. It was his duty to carry the parcel to the study, certainly; and he was well paid for the duties he performed at Greyfriars. Not so well paid, of course, as he supposed was his due—that was in the nature of things. Tips were always welcome to William Gosling; in fact, in some cases they were essential. It was his duty to carry up the packet, and, tipped or tipless, he was going to do it. But tipless, it was quite possible that he would accidentally bump the gramophone on the stairs or drop it on the landing.

So Bob Cherry generously provided the shilling, which Bunter tossed to Gosling in a lofty way; and the old gentleman went for the parcel looking less tired. By that time the news had spread that Bunter's gramophone had arrived, and it caused great astonishment. By its arrival the gramophone proved that it was a real gramophone—in quite a different category from the postal-orders that Bunter expected.

When Gosling appeared again with the parcel nearly all the Remove gathered to stare at it, and some of the Fourth. Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth scanned it through an eyeglass in great amazement. Wrapped up as it was, it was plainly a gramophone, and the attached packet apparently contained the records.

Gosling marched in with the parcel, and a crowd of fellows followed on. The parcel was laid on the table in Study No. 7, and Bunter proceeded to unpack it. As the wrappings were thrown aside the instrument was revealed, and it undoubtedly was a very handsome instrument. Certainly it could not be priced at less than ten guineas and it was brand new. The Removites simply blinked at it. A dozen fellows had crowded into the study, and a dozen more crammed about the doorway. All were keenly interested. Some of them even wondered, wildly, whether there was, after all, such a place as Bunter Court, and whether William George really had any wealthy relations. Poor relations, certainly, could not have sent him an expensive present like this.

"It's a real bute!" said Bob Cherry. "Here's the records, six of them, and quite good."

Bunter smirked.



FISHY BUYS A TICKET! "All you fellows are witnesses to the terms," said Fisher T. Fish. "Here's my bob for a ticket, Bunter!" Fishy handed over his shilling—not without a grimace. He hated parting with money. But he made an effort, and Bunter pocketed the coin with much satisfaction. (See Chapter 5.)

"Perhaps you believe me now!" he said loftily.

"Well, it's a real gramophone," said Peter Todd, greatly perplexed. "But what on earth did you want to tell a string of lies about it for?"

"Oh, really, Toddy——"

"Whom does it come from?" demanded Toddy.

"My uncle——"

"Then why did you say your aunt and your cousin?"

"I didn't!"

"What?"

"I—I mean, that was—was simply a figure of speech——"

"A-a-a figure of speech!" babbled Peter.

"Yes. The fact is, I've got so many wealthy relations I get a bit mixed at times," explained Bunter. "Lots of my rich relations would buy me a gramophone if I asked them. Uncle William happened to buy this one—I mean, Aunt Matilda. But don't jaw, Toddy. Fix the needle for me, and put on a record, and let the fellows hear it. I ordered some jolly good records——"

"Ordered them?"

"Asked my uncle to order them, I mean. How you do take a fellow up, Toddy. I told my aunt—I mean, my uncle to get some really classical music—like this, you know. This one is 'Charley's Check Bags,' really ripping, you——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter Todd started the machine with the record, and 'Charley's Check Bags' rang through the study and the Remove passage. Bunter's taste in classical music

was original, certainly; but it was a good record, and probably appealed to the Removites more than classical music would have done. The record ground out to the end, and Peter stopped the machine.

"It's a good thing," he said. "Now, look here, Bunter. Don't be such an ass as to sell this for five bob. You must have more sense than that. It must have cost ten guineas."

"I know that."

"I guess I'm accepting Bunter's offer!" yelled Fisher T. Fish from the passage. "Here, lemme in, you galoots! Bunter, I calculate I'm taking that gramophone off your hands."

"Here, keep that greedy chump out!" exclaimed Skinner. "I'm going to give Bunter six bob for it."

"Seven!" shouted Snoop.

"Seven-and-six!" howled Stott.

"Ten bob!" roared Fisher T. Fish, struggling through the crowd. "I guess that machine's mine for ten bob!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Bob Cherry. "This isn't a giddy auction!"

Billy Bunter grinned.

Interest in his gramophone was at fever heat now, especially among the fellows like Fishy and Skinner, who had a keen eye for a bargain.

"Don't all speak at once," said Bunter cheerfully. "This gramophone is going at five bob——"

"I guess it's mine——"

"Mine——"

"Mine——"

"Everybody is going to have an equal chance," said Bunter, unmoved. "Every

chap who wants a gramophone for five bob can take a ticket—

"Ticket!"

"Yes, a five bob ticket—"

"What on earth is the ticket for?" demanded Peter Todd.

"For the raffle, of course!"

"The what?"

"The raffle!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter's Great Idea!

"**R**AFFLE!"

Billy Bunter nodded.

"That's it!" he said. "I

suppose you didn't think I was selling a ten-guinea gramophone for five bob, did you?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Peter.

"I guess—" howled Fisher T. Fish.

"You spoofing boulder!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "So it's a raffle, is it?"

"That's it!" said Bunter. "Tickets at five bob. Apply to this study. The lucky winner bags the gramophone!"

The juniors comprehended at last, and interest in the gramophone began to fizzle out. A gramophone for five shillings was a wonderfully attractive bargain. A ticket for a raffle at the same price was not quite so attractive. Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"So that's the spoof, is it?" he said.

"It isn't spoof!" said Bunter warmly.

"There's the gramophone! You can see whether it's there, I suppose? If you thought you were going to buy it for five bob—"

"My dear oyster, I don't want it at all," said the captain of the Remove, laughing. "But you certainly led the fellows to suppose that you were selling it for five shillings."

Bunter grinned.

"That was my advertising skill," he explained. "I wanted everybody to hear about this splendid gramophone, and come into the raffle. Besides, I couldn't put raffle on the notice. I'm not sure the Head would allow a raffle if he knew. I don't see why he shouldn't, but he mightn't. My idea is to raffle this gramophone at five bob a head. The chap who gets it will get a stunning bargain."

"And what would your uncle say if he knew you'd raffled his present?" inquired Peter.

"That's all right. Don't worry about that," grinned Bunter. "It's my gramophone, and I'm raffling it. Now, then, who wants a ticket?"

"Bow-wow!" said Skinner. And he backed out of the study, with all his eagerness gone.

"I guess you can keep your pesky old tickets!" grunted Fisher T. Fish.

"Catch me moseying into a raffle!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Rats!"

"You're taking a ticket, Toddy? Back up your own study, you know! Set the ball rolling, old chap!"

Peter Todd shook his head.

"I don't know whether there's any harm in a raffle," he said, "but it's a bit like gambling. Bunter, and you'd better cut it out. Keep the gramophone, and never mind the raffle."

"That's good advice," said Harry.

Bunter gave a snort.

"You silly asses, when I've got this gramophone specially to raffle!"

"Got it specially?" exclaimed Peter.

"I—I mean, asked my uncle for it specially," said Bunter. "It's cost ten guineas, and I want to sell forty-two five-

bob tickets to get the value. Anything over that will be profit. See?"

"It's all profit, it seems to me, if you got the thing for nothing as a present."

"Ye es, of course. You're taking a

ticket, Wharton?"

"Thanks, no!"

"Afraid to risk your measly five bob!" sneered Bunter. "You've got more nerve than that, Nugent!"

"Not a bit more," grinned Nugent.

"Less, in fact."

"Bob, old man—"

"Nothing doing," said Bob Cherry.

"You had my last coin to tip Gosling.

When are you going to square?"

"When I've raffled my splendid

gramophone. Johnny, old chap—"

"Rats!" said Johnny Bull.

"I say, Inky—"

"The esteemed answer is in the excellent negative, my honourable and spoofing Bunter."

"Yah! Russell, Ogilvy, Bolsover! I say, you fellows, don't clear off! I'm just going to put on another record.

Brown, Hazeldene! Hold on! Vivian, Linley, Field, Stott, Newland! Why, you rotters, what are you all clearing off for?" yelled Bunter. "Don't you want a first-class chance in a raffle for a splendid gramophone?"

Apparently the Removites didn't. Bunter's advertising skill had brought a crowd to see the gramophone; but,

**Don't Forget To Get
Next Week's Number!**

There will be a Grand Real
Action Photo of

SYD PUDDEFOOT
presented

FREE Next Week!

though he could have found many purchasers at five shillings, he could not find takers of tickets for a raffle at that price. The grinning Removites cleared out of the study, and Billy Bunter was left alone with Peter Todd and the gramophone.

Bunter gave an emphatic snort.

"I thought there were some sportsmen in the Remove!" he said contemptuously.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"Keep the gramophone, Bunter," advised Peter Todd. "It's a good machine. It's rather rotten to raffle a present, too. Keep it!"

"I can't, you ass!"

"Eh? Why can't you?"

"I mean, I don't want to," said Bunter hastily. "I say, Peter, lots of the fellows would follow your lead. You've got a lot of influence, you know. Take a ticket and start the ball rolling."

Peter Todd looked thoughtful. He eyed the gramophone, and then eyed Bunter. The Owl of the Remove brightened up.

"I—I say, old fellow, as you're a special pal, and in my study, too, I—I'll let you have a ticket at a discount—say four bob."

"Bow-wow!"

"Three!" said Bunter desperately. "Don't tell the other fellows. Three bob, just to start the ball rolling!"

"Rats!"

"Make me an offer, then, you stingy boulder!" growled Bunter. "I happen to be stony, and— What will you offer?"

"Tuppence!"

"Beast!"

Peter Todd walked out of the study, chuckling, leaving Bunter and his gramophone to keep one another company.

Bunter blinked at the handsome instrument morosely. He did not even put on another of his classical records. That gramophone was a business proposition, and the business did not seem to be coming along.

Bunter had expected a rush for tickets. But there were absolutely no signs of a rush.

"Beasts!" growled Bunter.

And the Owl of the Remove remained in morose reflection till he heard the sound of the dinner-bell, which banished from his fat mind every earthly consideration excepting dinner.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER

was still looking morose when he came into the Remove Form-room that afternoon.

The gramophone reposed in the study, brand-new, hardly used as yet. Quite a large number of Greyfriars juniors would have liked to possess that gramophone. And nobody—actually nobody—

wanted to buy a ticket for Bunter's raffle. Skinner had told him that at a shilling a time he thought they might go; he would, indeed, take one himself at ninepence. To which Bunter rejoined warmly with the query how many shillings it would take to make up the value of the gramophone, and whether Skinner thought he, William George Bunter, was a philanthropist. Most decidedly Skinner had never suspected William George of philanthropy, and he said so. It was, said Skinner, a mistake that nobody was likely to make. As for the number of shilling tickets required to make up the value of ten guineas, Skinner declared that he had enough arithmetic to do in class, and wasn't going to do any in the quad. Whereat Billy Bunter snorted and left him, without selling him a ticket for the raffle.

Mr. Quelch eyed Bunter several times in class that afternoon. He found the Owl of the Remove even more inattentive than usual. Once Bunter received a caution, once a severe reprimand, once lines, and once the pointer, Mr. Quelch proceeding to deal with him crescendo, as it were. After the pointer, Bunter strove to dismiss gramophones and raffles from his mind, and give some attention to what Mr. Quelch was seeking to impart to him in the way of knowledge.

It was very exasperating, for Bunter had no yearning whatever for knowledge, and besides, he had much more important matters to think about. He was very glad indeed when the class was dismissed for the day. It gave him a chance to get on with the raffle.

But that enterprising proposition was hanging fire in the most unexpected way. He bore down on the Famous Five as they were heading for the cricket ground; but he had got no farther than "I say, you fellows," when a bat prodded him in the ribs, and the chums of the Remove passed on, leaving him breathless.

He tackled Vernon-Smith next, urging

He tackled Vernon-Smith next, urging

He tackled Vernon-Smith next, urging

He tackled Vernon-Smith next, urging

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"BRAVO, BULSTRODE!"

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

NEXT
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that the Bounder had plenty of money, and would not miss five shillings. The Bounder agreed that he had plenty of money, but added that Bunter's luck was out, because he also had plenty of sense to look after it.

Fellows began to dodge Bunter; they found his raffle a bigger bore than his postal-order.

At tea-time Bunter started making a round of the Remove studies, astutely calculating that the juniors could not get out of an interview at tea-time. They couldn't; but he was ejected from Study No. 1, pitched out of Study No. 2, and greeted with a buzzing cushion in Study No. 3. This was very discouraging to a raffle-merchant.

After some dismal reflection Bunter rolled away to Study No. 12, Lord Maul-everer's study. Mauly, he considered, was soft—Bunter's word for good-natured; and surely Mauly, at least, would start the ball rolling. But even Lord Mauleverer failed him.

He gave a deep groan at the sight of Bunter and Sir Jimmy Vivian jumped up from the table and looked round for a stump.

"I say, Mauly, you've heard of my raffle?" began Bunter.

"Yaas!"

"You're not going to refuse to buy a ticket, are you?"

"Yaas!"

"Don't you want one, old chap? Only five bob!"

"Will you go away and be quiet if I give you five bob?" asked Mauly.

"Don't you worry," said Vivian. "I'll make him go away and keep quiet!"

"Look here, you young rotter, you keep off while I'm talking to my pal Mauly!" exclaimed Bunter. "Keep that stump away! If you touch me with that stump I'll— Yoooooop!"

"Go it, Jimmy!" exclaimed Mauleverer in great delight. "Jab him! Puncture him! Never mind if he bursts! Jab!"

"Yaroo!"

Billy Bunter stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once. The door of Study No. 12 slammed after him.

He snorted with wrath when he stood in the Remove passage again. Hoping against hope, as it were, he rolled into Study No. 14, the last in the Remove passage. Johnny Bull and Squiff were out, and Fisher T. Fish, the enterprising youth from New York, was having his tea in solitary state. He grinned at the sight of Bunter.

"How many have you sold?" he asked.

"Practically the lot," said Bunter. "I've kept one for you though, Fishy!"

"Can it!" said Fishy.

"Eh?"

"Put it in a can and solder it up!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Don't I know it's a frost, and you can't sell a ticket for your pesky raffle for love or money. The galoots ain't keen on raffles, and you won't sell a five-bob ticket in a month of Sundays. I guess it's a jolly old frost, Bunter, and you are up against it!"

"Yah!"

"I'll give you a continental red cent for your chances of bringing it off!" said Fish derisively.

"I—I say, Fishy, old chap, you might buy a ticket!" said Bunter persuasively.

"Just to break the ice, you know. Other fellows would follow your lead—you've got a lot of influence in the Form. They—they admire you so, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "What are you cackling at?" snorted Bunter.

"Fine words butter no pesky parsnips!" explained Fisher T. Fish. "You could pile up the soft sawder as high as the moon, and you wouldn't extract five bob from me."

"Beast!"

"Hear, hear!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Rotter!"

"Go it!" said Fish heartily.

"Yah! I despise you!"

"Take it out in slanging, old hoss!" assented Fishy. "Breath costs nothing. Slanging's cheap; and if it's any satisfaction to you, go ahead, and don't mind me."

Bunter departed and slammed the door with a mighty slam. Fisher T. Fish chuckled and went on with his tea.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Something Doing At Last!

PETER TODD glanced at his fat study-mate at prep that evening in Study No. 7, and smiled.

Bunter was not smiling. Neither was he doing his prep. The raffle for the gramophone was a frost, and Bunter was worried. He cast a reproachful blink at Peter.

"Some fellows are backed up in their own study, Peter!" he said. "I'm really surprised at you. A measly five bob—"

"Bobs are bobs!" said Peter Todd sententiously. "Can't afford it, old top. Besides, you oughtn't to raffle a

present from a relation when you've only just received it!"

"You don't understand—"

"Eh! What is there to understand?"

"Oh, nothing! I say, old chap, I wish you'd begin," said Bunter. "It's got to be done pretty quickly, you know!"

"Where's the hurry?"

"Eh! I—I mean, there's no hurry," stammered Bunter.

"It's got to be done pretty quickly, but there's no hurry?" said Peter, eyeing Bunter curiously.

"Yes, exactly! Now, five bob—"

"Ass!" said Peter. "Fellows can't afford to put up five bob a time. And raffles are all rot, anyhow!"

"I'll make it cheaper," said Bunter desperately. "I—I say, Peter, suppose I made it a bob—"

"I fancy the tickets would go then," grinned Peter Todd.

"How many bobs should I want to make up ten guineas?"

"Can't you do that in your silly head?"

"Nunno!"

"Well, you want two hundred and ten bobs."

"Why, there's hardly enough Junior chaps at Greyfriars to take the lot, at a bob each, and then there wouldn't be any profit!" exclaimed Bunter.

"What on earth do you mean by profit?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"If you get the full value of the gramophone you're lucky," said Peter. "It's not very easy to sell a birthday



MAKING INQUIRIES! The Famous Five found Bunter in the tuckshop with a plate piled with tarts in front of him, and his jaws working away rhythmically and tirelessly. "Where did you get that gramophone, Bunter?" asked the captain of the Remove directly. "My Uncle Matilda—I mean John!" said Bunter. "He lives in Northumberland—that is, Cumberland!" (See Chapter 6.)

present at the price that was given for it. What are you grinning at?"

"N-n-nothing! I—I want to make twelve pounds at least," said Bunter. "Otherwise it isn't worth the trouble, and I may as well send the dashed thing back!"

"Send it back!" ejaculated Peter Todd. "Send a birthday present back to your uncle?"

"I—I mean——"

"Well, what do you mean?" demanded Peter.

"N-n-nothing! I say, you might help a pal, Peter, old fellow. Do you think some of the fellows would take extra tickets to get extra chances?"

"They might. Some of them are duffers enough!"

"Nothing duffy in bagging a splendid gilt-edged gramophone for a few bob, is there?" exclaimed Bunter. "After all, I think it's very likely some chaps would take half a dozen tickets. Blessed if I don't make 'em a bob each and chance it. Say two hundred and fifty tickets at a bob each. That's twelve pounds ten—a clear two pounds for me after——"

"After what?"

"Nothing! I say, will you write out the tickets for me, Peter?"

"I'm doing my prep, and I can't quite see myself writing out two hundred and fifty tickets for you, Bunter. Why can't you write them out yourself?"

"Well, it will take a jolly long time, you know."

Peter Todd did not seem able to think of any suitable rejoinder to that remark. He dropped the subject and went on with his prep.

Billy Bunter had no time for prep that evening. He was busy writing out tickets for his raffle.

He cut up impot paper into the required sizes, and numbered the tickets, and smudged and blotted them, too. It was quite a long task, and it certainly left him no time for prep. He was still going it, when Peter Todd and Tom Dutton had finished their work and gone down.

But Bunter was finished at last, and he gathered up the stack of smudgy slips, and followed his study-mates down to the Common-room.

A general grin greeted him when he entered. Bunter's raffle was already a standing joke in the Remove.

The fat junior frowned, and crossed over to his "notis," which still adorned the wall. He scribbled across it with a pencil:

TICKETS FOR BUNTER'S RAFFLE
1/- EACH.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! That's a fall in prices!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Giving up profiteering, Bunter?"

"Cheap, I call that!" remarked Ogilvy.

"The cheapfulness is terrific!"

"I say, you fellows, I suppose you'll roll up now!" said Bunter. "You don't often get a chance of bagging a fifty-guinea gramophone for a bob!"

"I guess that looks more like business!" said Fisher T. Fish thoughtfully.

"How many tickets are you selling, Bunter—if you sell any?"

"Two hundred and fifty."

"Gee-whiz!"

"One chance in two hundred and fifty!" grinned Vernon-Smith. "That looks very healthy!"

"No blanks, you know!" said Bunter temptingly.

"You're too generous!" said the Bounder, shaking his head.

NEXT MONDAY!

"BRAVO, BULSTRODE!"
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"The fact is, old chap, I mean to be generous! That's me, all over, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! Now, who's taking tickets at a bob each? Mauly, old man, you won't refuse one now?"

"Yaas!"

"Will you buy one, you ass?" roared Bunter.

"Yaas—I mean no!"

"You mean two!" said Bunter. "Right-ho—here they are, Mauly!"

The fat junior held out two tickets. Lord Mauleverer groaned dismally, and accepted them.

"Pay up, old chap!" said Bunter.

"Oh dear! I'll take them as a present, if you like!"

"You silly ass, I'm not giving them away! Pay up!" hooted Bunter.

Lord Mauleverer sighed, and summoned up sufficient energy to extract a half-crown from his pocket. He tossed it to Bunter.

"Now give a chap a rest!" he said.

"I haven't any change at the moment, Mauly. I'll let you have the odd tanner out of my postal-order, when it comes. You don't mind?"

"Not if you shut up!"

"Sure you won't take a few more tickets?"

"Go away!"

"Just one more——"

"Ring off!"

"If you like to take a dozen——"

"Where's Vivian?" said Lord Mauleverer plaintively. "If Vivian were here he'd kick him for me!"

"Yah!" said Bunter. And he left his lordship in peace at last. His fat face was looking more cheery now. The ice had been broken; two tickets were sold. And some of the Removites were beginning to consider the matter. It looked as if there was a chance of doing business, at length.

"Now, walk up!" said Bunter.

"Tickets going for a bob each! Chance of a life-time. First-class gilt-edged gramophone—gilt-edged, ball bearings, check action—an ornament to any fellow's study! Six splendid records of classical music, including 'Charley's Check Bags,' and 'Jaza With Me, Jimmy!'——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Wharton, old fellow, as captain of the Remove, you ought to set the fellows an example, you know——"

"Bow-wow!"

"I guess I'm coming into this deal!" said Fisher T. Fish, after long and deep cogitation. "But I kinder calculate we want a square deal, Bunter. When is the raffle coming off?"

"To-morrow afternoon," said Bunter.

"It's a half-holiday. I couldn't very well leave it later——"

"Why not?" asked Peter Todd.

"Eh? I mean I want to get done with it," said Bunter. "I'm tired of that blessed gramophone hanging about the study——"

"Uncle would be pleased, I should think!" grinned Vernon-Smith. "Are you always as grateful as that for a birthday present, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, Smithy——"

"To-morrow afternoon!" said Fisher T. Fish. "What time, Bunter?"

"After tea—say six o'clock, in the Rag!" said Bunter. "All the fellows can be present at the draw."

"Disinterested party to make the draw?" asked Fishy.

"Eh? Yes, you blessed suspicious rotter!"

"I guess I've got my eye-teeth cut," said Fisher T. Fish complacently. "We cut them early in Noo Yark. I calculate I trust you jest as far as I can see you, Bunter. No farther, I kinder guess, Who's making the draw?"

"Anybody you like; I don't care!"

"I'd trust Wharton, I guess!"

"Thanks!" said the captain of the Remove sarcastically.

"Not at all!" said Fishy. "You haven't got much hoss-sense, Wharton; but you're square. If you're standing out of the raffle——"

"I'm certainly standing out!"

"Then you're the proper person to draw the tickets, as head of the Form. I guess that will give us a square deal. All tickets put into a bag, and Wharton draws out the winner?" asked Fisher T. Fish.

"Yes, yes! Anything you like!" said Bunter.

"No blanks?"

"No."

"No unsold tickets in the bag?"

"No."

"I guess that's good enough!" said Fisher T. Fish. "All you fellows are witnesses to the terms. Here's my bob, Bunter."

"Good!"

Fisher T. Fish handed over his shilling—not without a grimace. The possibility that it might go for nothing gave him a twinge; Fishy hated parting with money. If he had given a shilling away for a sovereign, it would have hurt him to part with the shilling. But he made the effort, and Billy Bunter pocketed the coin with much satisfaction.

Fisher T. Fish's example was followed.

If that keen and cute youth considered that the raffle was worth "going for," many of the juniors considered that it must be worth it; and a dozen shillings followed Fishy's.

Once the ball had started, the thing caught on, and, indeed, it could not be denied that a shilling was a low price for a ticket in a raffle for a ten-guinea gramophone. Temple of the Fourth, with a flourish, bought six tickets in a bunch.

Bunter's face beamed as he handed out the goods.

Not so Fishy's. Having stipulated that only sold tickets should be put in the bag, Fishy would have been extremely pleased if his ticket had been the only one sold. Every fresh ticket that was taken gave Fishy a fresh pang, as it diminished his chance of bagging the prize.

Harry Wharton looked on rather glumly. He did not approve of raffles, which seemed to his mind to be very near to gambling. But he felt a natural disinclination to appear to "preach" to his Form-fellows, and so he kept silent. It was the fellows' own business, and he was not called upon to interfere. All he could do was to keep out of it himself, and that he did. Nugent and Johnny Bull followed his example; but Bob Cherry, who was not given to much deep reflection on any subject, found a sixpence, a threepenny-piece, and three pennies in various pockets, and handed them over for a ticket. And Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh immediately handed

(Continued on page 13.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

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



THE GREYFRIARS REFORMER!



By
MONTY NEWLAND.

REFORMING MR. PROUT! Alonzo walked boldly into the room. His sudden appearance caused something of a flutter. Mr. Prout sprang to his feet. "Todd!" he ejaculated. "What are you doing here?" "Control yourself, sir!" said Alonzo, wagging his forefinger at the master. "Do not allow yourself to become inflamed by that potion which I have seen you imbibe."

"I STRONGLY suspect," said Alonzo Todd, who was the centre of a group of fellows in the junior Common-room, "that Mr. Prout is addicted to bad habits."

"My hat!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"What's wrong with Prout, Lonzy?" inquired Frank Nugent.

"Everything! He is going rapidly downhill—"

"But I thought he'd sold his motor-bike!" said Johnny Bull, in surprise.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Alonzo looked pained.

"Do not jest, Bull, on such a serious subject," he said. "All is not well with Mr. Prout. Far from it. In the first place, he is addicted to the pernicious habit of smoking—"

"Well, I fancy Prout's over sixteen!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is true that the law permits a person over the age of sixteen to smoke," said Alonzo, "but that does not alter the fact that smoking is a pernicious and undesirable practice."

"I shouldn't tell Prout that, if I were you," said Harry Wharton. "I don't think he'd appreciate criticism from a junior."

"Ha, ha! I'm jolly sure he wouldn't!" chuckled Nugent.

"What other vices has Prout got?" inquired Johnny Bull.

Supplement i.]

"He plays golf—"

"Well, if that's a sign of criminality, Duncan and Braid must be hardened offenders!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Playing golf is no more a vice than playing cricket, Lonzy, you frabjous chump!"

"I fail to see why a harmless, inoffensive golf-ball should be cruelly smitten," said Alonzo.

"That's all right," said Johnny Bull. "Prout never manages to hit it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It pleases you to make merry over this matter," said Alonzo. "In my opinion, however, it is very grave. I have a very ugly suspicion concerning Mr. Prout. I suspect that he drinks!"

"So do all of us," said Nugent. "You yourself consumed a tumbler of water in Hall, Lonzy."

"True. And if Mr. Prout would stick to water, I should have nothing to say against him. But I fear he is addicted to far more potent drinks."

Harry Wharton tapped Alonzo Todd on the chest with his forefinger.

"Look here, Lonzy," he said seriously, "whether Prout drinks or not is no business of yours. A master can do as he likes."

"I am not going to see a gentleman of Mr. Prout's capabilities—for I am sure he has some brains somewhere—going to the dogs," said Alonzo firmly. "While there is yet time, I shall reform him."

Harry Wharton & Co. blinked at Alonzo in amazement.

"You—you're going to reform Prout?" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Certainly!"

"My only Aunt Sempronia! I'm afraid you'll wake up the wrong passenger."

"I will endeavour to set Mr. Prout's feet in the straight and narrow path," said Alonzo. "I see you are all sniggering at me, so I will not continue this conversation."

And the Duffer of the Remove, looking decidedly ruffled, strolled away.

Alonzo Todd was very much in earnest. Mr. Prout, he reflected, stood in need of reform. He—Alonzo—would be the reformer. He would keep the master of the Fifth under observation, and when opportunity arose he would point out to him the error of his ways.

That very evening Alonzo saw Mr. Prout going out of gates. He decided to follow.

Mr. Prout proceeded in the direction of Courtfield. Alonzo trotted behind him at a discreet distance.

"I am very much afraid," he muttered, "that Mr. Prout is going to spend a hilarious evening with certain of his drinking companions. If such proves to be the case, I shall have to act at once."

Mr. Prout entered the High Street. Alonzo expected to see him turn into the Jolly

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Sailor, or the George and Dragon, or the Cricketers' Rest.

But Mr. Prout ignored all these inn signs. It was at the Conservative Club that he halted.

Alonzo, however, was far from satisfied. He was aware that drinks were served in these clubs. There was a long room with a wine-bar at the end, and it was this room that Mr. Prout entered.

Alonzo followed the master of the Fifth into the building. He was a trespasser. He had no right on the club premises. But he had a painful duty to perform, and he meant to see it through.

There was a sort of porthole in the wall at one end of the room. Through this aperture Alonzo peeped.

He saw Mr. Prout shake hands with half a dozen prosperous-looking gentlemen. Then they all sat down at a big table.

Alonzo watched and waited.

The men talked earnestly together, though Alonzo could not hear what was said.

Presently a waiter entered the room with a tray. On the tray were a number of glasses, containing various kinds of liquid.

Alonzo Todd shook his head sadly.

"The revelry has begun!" he murmured.

Mr. Prout took a tall glass containing a rosy-coloured liquid. Alonzo judged it to be port wine. He had never heard of port being taken in a pint glass before. Evidently Mr. Prout was a very hardened wine-bibber.

The rest of the gentlemen took their drinks, and consumed them with obvious enjoyment. They toasted each other, and then despatched the waiter for more drinks.

Alonzo Todd moved towards the door.

"This is my opportunity!" he muttered. "I will enter, and rescue Mr. Prout from this den of degradation! To think that a Greyfriars master should stoop so low!"

Alonzo walked boldly into the room. His sudden appearance caused something of a flutter.

Mr. Prout sprang to his feet.

"Todd!" he ejaculated. "Bless my soul! What are you doing here?"

"Control yourself, sir," said Alonzo. "Do not allow yourself to become inflamed by that potion which I have seen you imbibe!"

Mr. Prout staggered. He was obliged to clutch at the table for support.

"Ah! The effects of your over-indulgence. Mr. Prout, are only too apparent!" said Alonzo.

"Boy!"

"It fills me with dismay," said Alonzo, "to find a Greyfriars master worshipping at the shrine of Bacchus."

"Todd!"

Alonzo wagged his forefinger at Mr. Prout.

"I might well remark, with Shakespeare, O that men would put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains!" he said.

That was more than Mr. Prout could stand. He strode towards Alonzo, and grasped him by the collar.

"Are you demented, boy, that you should come here and insult me in this manner? You shall pay dearly for this! I will take you before Dr. Locke! I will have you publicly flogged! I—"

"Be calm, my dear sir—"

"Calm!" hooted Mr. Prout. "How can I be calm, in the face of such insults?"

"Believe me, sir," said Alonzo, "I am acting in your own interests. Let me persuade you to come away from this convivial company. Shun the juice of the grape! Avoid the juice of the juniper like a plague! Ah! The waiter approaches with fresh supplies. I will confiscate your glass of port wine—"

"Port wine!" gasped Mr. Prout. "You— you utterly stupid boy! That is not port wine; it is cherry cider!"

"Oh!"

For a moment the room seemed to spin round Alonzo. He began to wonder if he had put his foot in it—if he had made a ghastly mistake!

"What—what is in those other glasses, Mr. Prout?" he stammered.

"Lemonade, ginger-beer, lime-juice, and cream soda," said Mr. Prout. "This is a temperance meeting that you have so rudely interrupted."

Alonzo eyed the glasses with suspicion. He was not yet convinced.

"Taste the drinks for yourself, you absurd boy!" said Mr. Prout, releasing his grasp on Alonzo's collar.

Alonzo sipped each of the drinks in turn. There could no longer be any room for doubt. These worthy gentlemen who sat in the Conservative Club were staunch

disciples of Mr. Pussyfoot. Strong drink in any shape or form was repellent to them.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Alonzo. "I—I have made a dreadful mistake! I beg of you, Mr. Prout, to accept my humble apologies."

"I cannot overlook this conduct, Todd," said Mr. Prout sternly. "You have done me a grievous injustice. As one whose motto is 'Stick to water,' I feel that I have been outrageously insulted. You will return with me to Greyfriars, and I will deal with you as you deserve."

Alonzo would have been wise to have kept a still tongue after that. But on the way back to the school he remonstrated with Mr. Prout, who was puffing furiously at his pipe, on the evils of tobacco-smoking.

That was the last straw. Alonzo's anti-tobacco campaign goaded the master of the Fifth to fury. He marched the would-be reformer along to his study, and selected his stoutest cane.

"Hold out your hand, wretched youth!" Alonzo gingerly complied.

Swish, swish, swish!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Now the other hand!"

The dose was repeated.

"Now go!" snarled Mr. Prout. "And do not dare to transgress in this way again! If you presume to criticise any of my actions again, Todd, I shall cane you even more severely! Do not stand snivelling there! Depart!"

Alonzo departed, squeezing his hands tightly together.

The course of a reformer, like the course of true love, never did run smooth!

EDITORIAL!

By ALONZO TODD.

(Temporary Editor.)

Greetings to all my gentle readers! May they keep to the straight and narrow path, and emulate the example of Perfect Percival, the Boy Who Never Failed to Please His Kind Teachers!

It is with a sense of great responsibility that I sit down in the editorial chair this week. It is with a sense of great anguish that I jump up again, for some practical joker has placed an inverted tintack on the seat!

For one week, my dear boys and girls, I am the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD. For one week the welfare of the paper reposes in my slender hands.

I gladly embrace this opportunity of having a heart-to-heart chat with the vast multitude of loyal readers.

Hitherto, this journal has been much too flippant, in my opinion. The serious side of life has been sadly neglected. Alas that this should be so!

Far be it from me to insult you, gentle readers, but pause for a moment, and ask yourselves these questions. Am I living a noble and a useful life? Do I turn the other cheek when my enemy smites me? Do I wash my neck regularly? Have I saved up my pocket-money in order to assist the sparsely-clad natives of the Solomon Islands?

If you can answer all these questions in the affirmative, you have no need of my advice. But if you have neglected these duties, pull yourselves together, and reform ere it is too late! Harken to the words of my Uncle Benjamin:

"Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever,
Do noble deeds from dawn till set of sun;
Conduct your life with honest, keen endeavour,

And be a manly Briton—not a Hun."

I have nothing to add to Uncle Benjamin's wise words. In this issue you will find several uplifting articles and stories. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them!

ALONZO TODD.

THE DUFFER OF GREYFRIARS!

By ALONZO TODD.

They call me the Duffer—the day-dreaming Duffer,

Though I could never tell why;

Yet they call me the Duffer, they all make me suffer,

But never a duffer am I.

I'm in No. 7, with Dutton and Bunter,

The latter I really can't stand;

But what could be sweeter than being with Peter,

Who gives me a cousinly hand?

I seldom play cricket, I really can't stick it,

The game is too strenuous for me;

At ludo and chess, sir, I'm splendid, I guess, sir.

(I'm playing Wun Lung after tea.)

I have a fond uncle, who has a carbuncle

And finds it a bother to walk;

But oh, you should hear him! The spectators cheer him

Whenever he gets up to talk!

In phrases of beauty he tells me my duty.

"Be gentle and kind!" he'll exclaim;

"My noble Alonzo, now pray carry on so

That you may win glory and fame!"

I always am happy to help a poor chappie

Who needs my advice and my aid;

But some fellows scorn me, and threaten and warn me;

They won't take advice, I'm afraid.

They call me the Duffer—the dreamy old Duffer.

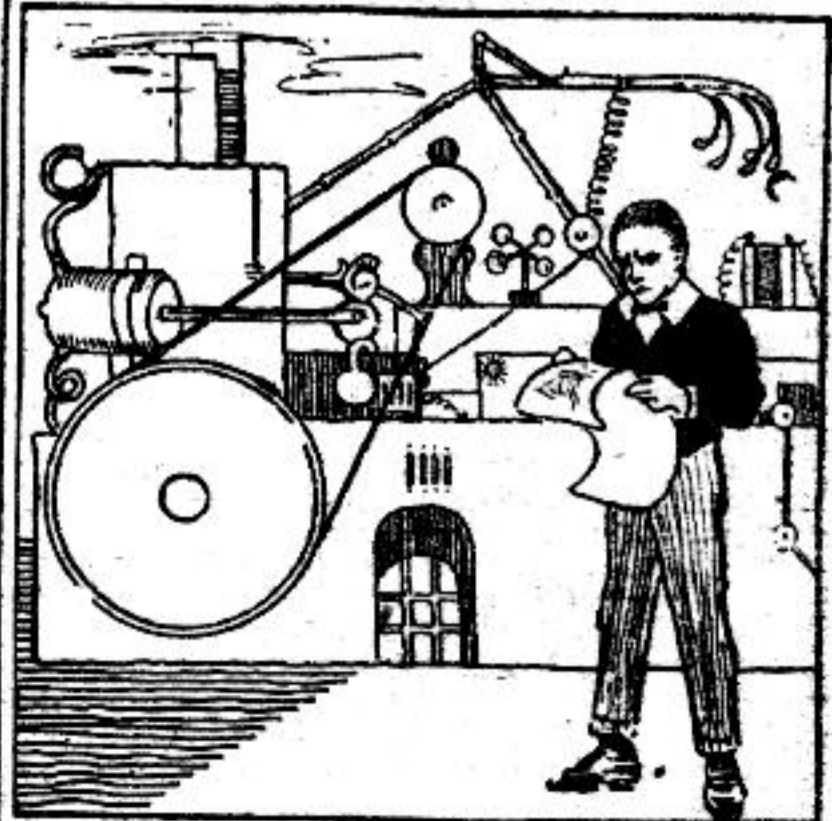
A nickname that makes me feel sad;

They call me the Duffer. Oh, what could be rougher?

For I'm a most brilliant lad!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



BERNARD GLYN.

(Of St. Jim's.)

[Supplement to]

ALONZO, THE EDITOR!

By AN EYE-WITNESS.



Only Alonzo!

By TOM BROWN,

WHEN I strolled into the editorial sanctum of the GREYFRIARS HERALD, a startling sight met my gaze.

Papers were piled almost mountain high on the floor; and underneath this mountain of manuscripts I saw something kicking and struggling.

First a boot appeared out of the chaos, then a leg, and gradually a whole body came into view, as Alonzo Todd, the temporary editor, heaved himself to his feet.

"Oh dear!" he groaned. "I am snowed under, my dear fellow! I scarcely know which way to turn! I wish Wharton had never asked me to undertake this job!"

"You appear to be wading in a sea of manuscripts," I remarked.

"Yes. I have been doing nothing else for the last two hours. The cry is 'Still they come.' Poems and stories and articles and every conceivable kind of contribution. I shall go mad, I think!"

"You need help," I said.

"Indeed I do!" moaned Alonzo. "I thought of advertising in the local paper for a staff of stenographers. I need about a dozen shorthand-typists and a couple of confidential secretaries. But, alas! there is no time to advertise."

"Let me give you a hand," I said. "I'll attack all these manuscripts, and sort out the wheat from the tares."

"You are indeed most kind and generous—"

"Cut out the gush, and go ahead with your Editorial."

Alonzo perched himself on the window-sill—there was nowhere else to sit—and commenced his Editorial.

As for me, I dived into the mass of manuscripts.

The first thing I took hold of was an article entitled "Kookery for all Klases," by Billy Bunter. I rammed it into the empty grate.

The next was an "Ode to a Rheumatic Robin," by Harold Skinner, who is always trying to be funny. Skinner's ode followed Bunter's article.

There was also a detective story by Dicky Nugent. It was entitled "The Mystery of the Lost Cricket Bawl." The "mystery" was likely to remain a "mystery," for I stuffed the story into the grate.

I worked away industriously, putting on one side a few things that really mattered—a poem by Penfold, and a humorous article by Bob Cherry.

Soon there was an enormous stack of rejected manuscripts in the grate. I applied a match to them, and made a merry old bonfire.

I soon cleared up the chaos and confusion in the editorial sanctum, and Alonzo was able to settle down to work under comfortable conditions.

"You have rendered me a great service," he said. "I should like to reward you out of the 'Herald' funds."

"I dare say you would. But I don't think Wharton would like it," I said, with a grin. "That's all right, Lonzy. It was a labour of love."

But as I strolled away to my own quarters, I couldn't help thinking what a sorry pickle Alonzo would have been in if it hadn't been for me!

Supplement iii.]

JOHNNY BULL was in clover.

Fortune had favoured Johnny with one of her rare smiles, and Johnny's Uncle Joseph had favoured him with one of his rare remittances.

Johnny lovingly fingered the crisp five-pound note, which had arrived for him that morning.

"Corn in Egypt!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Uncle Joe's a brick! I shall be able to get that new hat I've been wanting."

"And there will be enough over to hold a giddy celebration," hinted Bob Cherry.

"Of course!" said Johnny. "Never let it be said that I'm stingy. I'll lay in supplies of tuck, and we'll have a bumper feed this evening."

"Loud cheers!" said Harry Wharton. "There's been a famine in the land lately, and we've not had a decent study feed for weeks. Carry on with the good work, Johnny!"

Johnny Bull's first action was to pay a visit to the tuckshop. He lifted his cap to Mrs. Mimble, who was churning ice-cream behind the counter.

"I'm holding a study celebration this evening, Mrs. Mimble," said Johnny, "and I shall want plenty of stuff. I'll write you out a list."

"Very good, Master Bull!"

"Among other things," said Johnny, "I shall want a rabbit-pie. I don't mean a common or garden pie. I want the very finest pie that human hands can make."

Mrs. Mimble smiled.

"I'll make you an extra-special pie, Master Bull, with pleasure."

"Good!" said Johnny. "See that the rabbit is as tender as a chicken, won't you? And the piecrust must be light and crisp. If the pastry is stodgy I shall feed it to Bunter."

"It won't be stodgy, Master Bull, I can assure you."

"I'll take your word for it, ma'am, and I shall reply on you to make me a pie the like of which has never been seen at Greyfriars before."

Mrs. Mimble gave an understanding nod.

"I shall stow the pie away in the cupboard, and keep it secret until the feed's half-way through," said Johnny. "Then I'll spring a joyful surprise on all the fellows. I want that pie to be so popular that it will go down to history as the perfect pie. Once the thing is made, I'll not have it tampered with in any way. The crust must be in perfect condition, without so much as a finger-mark on it."

Having given full instructions concerning that wonderful pie, Johnny Bull made out a list of the other things required, and handed it to Mrs. Mimble. The good dame informed him that the pie would be ready at the end of afternoon school.

When Johnny went to fetch the pie at the appointed time, he saw that it was a real beauty. It was a paragon among pies. There had been no pie like unto this one before, and it was doubtful if there would ever be one to match it again.

There was only one word to describe the pie—perfection. The mere sight of the brown pastry was enough to make a fellow's mouth water.

The pie was wrapped in a cloth, and Johnny Bull conveyed it to his study. His pals met him on the way.

"What the merry dickens have you got there, Johnny?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Oh, nothing much," said Johnny.

"Looks like a navvy's dinner," remarked Nugent.

"Let me have six guesses as to what it is, Johnny!" urged Wharton.

"Rats! I'm not running a guessing competition!" growled Johnny.

And he passed on with his precious pie.

There was great excitement on the subject of the forthcoming feast. Lots of fellows were being invited; lots more were angling for an invitation.

"My dear Wharton," said Alonzo Todd, approaching the captain of the Remove, "do you think it possible that Bull will invite me to the feast?"

Wharton smiled. He rather liked Alonzo.

"I certainly think you ought to have a finger in the pie, Lonzy," he said.

"Really?"

"Yes. Here comes Johnny Bull. I'll ask him. I say, Johnny, don't you think Alonzo ought to be allowed to have a finger in the pie?"

"Certainly," said Johnny.

Alonzo did not look particularly grateful, which was surprising, for he was usually very effusive. He made his way slowly and thoughtfully in the direction of Johnny Bull's study.

"There is not much pleasure in having a finger in the pie," he murmured. "I would much rather be allowed to eat it! But I suppose I ought to be grateful to Bull for this small privilege."

Alonzo strolled calmly into Johnny Bull's study.

The table was laid, but there was no sign of a pie.

"Dear me! This is very strange," muttered Alonzo. "I had better explore the cupboard."

He did so, and there he discovered the pie—the nicest-looking pie Alonzo had ever set eyes on.

The Duffer of the Remove set the pie on the table, and gazed at it with wistful eyes.

"I should love to have a portion of this pie," he murmured. "But alas! It is denied me. I am only allowed to have a finger in it."

So saying, Alonzo plunged a bony fore-finger into the pie, and perforated that perfect crust.

He was standing there, with his finger in the pie, when there was a tramping of feet, and the Famous Five came in.

Johnny Bull gave a yell.

"My pie—my perfectly priceless pie! Todd, you mad duffer, you—you've been and punctured it!"

"My dear Bull—"

"I—I'll burst you!" hooted Johnny, crimson with wrath.

Alonzo staggered back in alarm.

"But—but you said I might have a finger in the pie!" he protested faintly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" There was a sudden roar of laughter from Bob Cherry. "Oh, Lonzy, Lonzy, Lonzy, you'll be the death of me! Don't you see what's happened, you fellows? Alonzo was told he might have a finger in the pie, and he took the phrase literally!"

There was a chorus of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

Johnny Bull did not join in the hilarity. Johnny was furious and fuming. But for the intervention of his chums, he would have committed assault and battery on Alonzo. As it was, the Duffer of the Remove just managed to escape with his life; but only just!

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CANDID CONFESSIONS!

By Our Special
Representative.

ALONZO TODD.

never survive the crush. It would be like a Rugby scrum."
"Well, you're a week-kneed, milk-and-watery sort of fellow, and no mistake! What's your favourite sport?"
"Ludo."
"Oh, help!"
"I am also very fond of snakes-and-ladders."
"Gee-whiz! Don't you go in for outdoor exercise of any sort?"
"I take a gentle stroll in the Close every morning."

"Do you go in for boxing?"

Alonzo raised his hands in pious horror.

"Boxing is even more brutalising than cricket," he said. "See what my Uncle Benjamin says about it:

"He who punches the noses of others,
Whether they be his toes or his brothers,
Will surely come to a sorry end.
Shun boxing like the plague, my friend!"

"Your Uncle Benjamin," I said, "is a beastly pacifist! He's the sort of man who, if you trod on his pet corn, would offer you the other foot. Now, there's just one more question. Do you like newspaper reporters?"

Alonzo looked me up and down, noted my brawny arms and my fine physique, and thought he had better say yes.

"I simply love them!" he replied.

"Good! Then you'd better entertain me to tea. I take two lumps of sugar and plenty of milk, and I'm not particular what I eat, so long as there's enough of it."

"There is a sponge in the cupboard—"

"Ass! I want a feed—not a wash!"

"A jam sponge, I mean."

"Oh! Trot it out, then!"

I was soon tucking into the jam sponge, while Alonzo brewed the tea.

It was a very pleasant meal, and on the whole I was well satisfied. In the course of my interviews I don't suppose I shall often be asked to stay to tea. In fact, I'm likely to receive more kicks than pence.

I came away from Alonzo's study feeling like a giant refreshed.

You will be able to gather from these confessions exactly what sort of a fellow Alonzo is—meek and mild, gentle and guileless, but very likeable.

We are sometimes inclined to sneer at Alonzo for his gentleness. But we must admit that gentleness is infinitely preferable to caddishness.

Here's a long life and prosperity to the Duffer of Greyfriars!

THE MINOR'S DREAM OF HOME!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

I dreamt I dwelt in Bunter Court
Throughout the Summer Vac.
I had a lot of stunning sport
And many a tasty snack.
I fed on strawberries and cream.
It really was a ripping dream!

I dreamt my pater gave to me
A hundred golden quids,
And I had many a merry spree
With all the other kids.
Life flowed just like a plezzant stream.
It really was a ripping dream!

(Continued at foot of next column.)

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S MAXIMS!

CAREFULLY CHERISHED
AND PRESERVED BY
ALONZO TODD.

He who fights and runs away
Will always keep thick ears at bay.

He who turns the other cheek
Goes to the sanny for a week.

Little children love each other;
If some one strikes you, tell your mother.

Face the strong, and help the weak,
But don't fight boys of big physique!

Count your blessings one by one—
Arithmetic is splendid fun!

Do not be a lazy creature,
But work, and please your dear, kind
teacher.

Toil in class with might and main,
You won't get water on the brain.

Never tell a naughty whopper,
Or you're bound to come a cropper.

Wash your neck each morn with care,
And don't neglect to brush your hair.

Never play a game of chance,
Or attend a noisy dance.

Lay these words of mine to heart:
Play a noble, manly part.

Folk will then exclaim with joy:
"Alonzo is the Perfect Boy!"

(Thank you, Uncle Benjy dear,
I'll keep your maxims, never fear!—ED.)

THE MINOR'S DREAM OF HOME!

(Continued from previous column.)

I dreamt I had ten meals a day,
Each lasting half an hour;
I stowed the tarts and buns away
With ennergy and power.
A perfect picknick life did seem.
It really was a ripping dream!

I dreamt that butlers, hale and plump,
Looked after me a treat;
They congregated in a lump,
And brought me things to eat.
Oh, how my chubby face did beam!
It really was a ripping dream!

I dreamt that life was one long rest,
No trubbles to be faced;
I went three feet around the chest—
You should have seen my waist!
My size and bulk made people scream.
It really was a ripping dream!

I dreamt my brother Bill was there
To share that parradise;
We lived upon the choicest fare,
So dainty, rich, and nice!
You should have seen Bill's opticks gleam.
It really was a ripping dream!

Alass! Within this veil of woes
I soon awoke, I fear;
And Nugent minor tweaked my nose
And promptly pulled my ear.
He tore my bedclothes, seam to seam:
It really was a "ripping" dream!

[Supplement to.

ARMED with notebook and pencil, I floated into Study No. 7 in the Remove passage.

Alonzo Todd was at home. He was earnestly perusing the maxims of his Uncle Benjamin.

"Good afternoon, my dear fellow," he said. "I cannot offer you a chair. Bunter has been making toffee and every chair is smothered with the sticky substance. Take the coal-scuttle, will you, or the window-sill?"

I promptly perched myself on the window-sill.

"I am here," I began, "on behalf of the GREYFRIARS HERALD. I am going round collecting confessions, and I'm starting with you."

"But I have nothing to confess!" said Alonzo in alarm.

"Nothing of a shameful nature, perhaps," I said with a smile. "I'm not asking you to tell me all your misdeeds. I merely wish you to reply to a few commonplace questions, in order that our readers can see what sort of a fellow you are."

"Proceed!" said Alonzo.

I consulted my notebook.

"Question number one," I said. "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"A man," said Alonzo simply.

"I know that, fathead! You don't expect to grow into an elephant, or a hippopotamus, do you? What profession are you going to adopt?"

"I hope to be a philanthropist," was the reply. "I shall devote my life to the welfare of starving and semi-clad savages."

"My hat!"

"Cousin Peter means to enter the Bar," said Alonzo, "but I shall not follow in his footsteps. I am a staunch teetotaler."

"Quite so. What is your favourite drink?"

"Barley water."

"And your favourite dinner?"

"Mutton and leeks, with stewed prunes to follow."

"Groo! Who is your favourite master?"

"I have no favourite. I love them all."

"What? You love Quelchy?"

"Like a brother," said Alonzo.

"Well, you're a coughdrop!"

"Indeed I am not!" said Alonzo, with dignity. "I am a Public School boy."

I scribbled away in my notebook for some moments. Then I resumed my bombardment of questions.

"Who is your favourite character in history?"

"Sir Philip Sidney."

"A jolly good choice," I said cordially.

"Now, which is your favourite cricketing county?"

"I do not follow cricket," said Alonzo. "I regard it as a highly dangerous and brutalising pastime."

"Great pip!"

"I would rather see a bull-fight than a cricket-match," Alonzo went on.

"So would a good many more fellows, I expect. But you'd discover that bull fighting was a jolly sight more dangerous than cricket! Now, who is your favourite film star?"

"I do not patronise the cinema. I am always afraid the place will catch on fire."

"But there's an emergency exit, you chump!"

"I should probably be trodden under foot like a tender violet," said Alonzo. "I should

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BUNTER'S RAFFLE!

Continued from page 8.)

out a shilling for another, in order to keep his esteemed chum in countenance.

When the sale of tickets was over, Billy Bunter retired to a corner and counted up his takings. His round eyes glimmered with satisfaction behind his spectacles. There was a total of twenty shillings. He clinked them into his pocket, and rose to his feet, and blinked at the clock. Then his face fell.

"Oh dear!" he ejaculated.

"What's the trouble now?" demanded Peter.

"Tuckshop's closed!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Billy Bunter did not smile. Twenty shillings in his pocket—and the tuckshop closed, was a concatenation of circumstances fit rather for tears than merriment, in Bunter's opinion. But there was no help for it—and William George Bunter had to wait for the morrow with all the patience he could muster, while the twenty shillings burned a hole in his pocket.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Wharton is Worried!

HARRY WHARTON frowned thoughtfully.

He was standing by the School House steps, and his glance was upon the fat figure of William George Bunter.

Breakfast was over, and the Remove fellows were filling in time till morning classes. Bunter had his own way of filling in the time. He was making what Fisher T. Fish called a "bee-line" for the tuckshop. Mrs. Mimble had opened her little establishment in the corner behind the elms, and Bunter was going to be her earliest customer. It was true that the Owl of the Remove had just disposed of a substantial breakfast. But no meal ever was substantial enough for Bunter. He was prepared to deal extensively with Mrs. Mimble over her little counter, as his unusual supply of funds enabled him to do for once.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry clapped the captain of the Remove on the shoulder with a clap that resembled a clap of thunder. "Wherefore that scowl, my infant?"

"Ow! You ass!" Wharton rubbed his shoulder. "I was thinking—"

"About the St. Jim's match?" asked Bob, with interest.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"No. About Bunter."

"Bunter!" ejaculated Bob. "What on earth are you wasting time for thinking about Bunter? What does Bunter matter?"

"Little enough!" said Harry. "But I—"

"Think he's going to burst before lessons?" grinned Bob. "I fancy he will, if he has time to scoff twenty bobs' worth of tuck! Ungrateful little villain, to raffle his uncle's birthday-present! Just like Bunter!"

"I can't help thinking about it, Bob. It's rotten—"

"Oh, no harm in a raffle!" said Bob, colouring a little. "They have raffles for charities, you know. Are you down on it, then?"

"Well, I don't like the idea," said Harry. "But—"

"And I've been and gone and put a

bob into it!" said Bob, with a comical grimace. "The first step on the downward path—what? Backing horses comes next, and then whisky-and-soda, and then the whisky without the soda—"

"Don't be an ass, old chap! I'm thinking more about the gramophone than the raffle."

"It's a jolly good gramophone," said Bob. "The records are rubbish, but the lucky winner can get records to suit himself. I jolly well hope my ticket will have the lucky number on it!"

Wharton wrinkled his brows

"It's a good gramophone enough," he said. "But if Bunter got that gramophone as a present from his uncle, Bob, what did he tell lies about it for?"

"Well, he always tells lies," said Bob. "He's a regular Ananias—he couldn't tell the truth if he tried!"

"Bunter wouldn't spin silly yarns without a reason," persisted Wharton. "If his uncle had sent him the gramophone he would say so; he wouldn't say his uncle one minute and his aunt the next and then his cousin. He gets mixed like that because he is lying, and forgets which special lie he had told. But if the gramophone wasn't a present from some relation, where the dickens did it come from?"

"Echo answers 'Where?!'" said Bob. "Somebody must have sent it to him, I suppose."

"I suppose so. But—"

"Dash it all!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You don't think Bunter has burgled the giddy gramophone, do you?"

"N-n-no! But it's jolly odd," said Wharton. "He said it came by railway, and I've looked at the box it was in, and there was no sign of its having travelled by railway."

"My only hat! You're not getting inquisitive in your old age?" exclaimed Bob, in astonishment.

Wharton flushed.

"Don't be an ass, Bob! I'm afraid that howling chump is getting himself into some trouble!"

"No need for us to worry if he is," said Bob comfortably. "Bunter's always getting into some kind of trouble. Let him rip!"

"There was the name of a Courtfield firm on the box," said Harry.

"That's queer! Bunter certainly

hasn't any uncle in Courtfield—or any aunt or cousin, either."

"It's so queer," said Harry quietly. "that I can't let the matter rest where it is. Bunter is a born fool, and I'm head of the Form, anyhow. There's something fishy about it. I can't quite tell what, but there it is. Bunter's such a howling ass that he hardly knows the difference between right and wrong—"

"It's charitable to think so, anyway!" grinned Bob. "He never seems to see much difference! But if you're not satisfied, let's go and ask the fat boulder just where the thing came from. He will roll out a ton of lies, but we can separate the wheat from the chaff—if there's any wheat!"

Wharton nodded, and the two juniors crossed over to the tuckshop.

They found Billy Bunter going strong.

He was seated on a high stool at Mrs. Mimble's counter, with a plate piled with tarts in front of him, and his fat jaws were working away rhythmically and tirelessly. There was jam on his cheeks, jam on his chin, and jam on his fat fingers—in fact, he was looking thoroughly jammy and happy. He gave the chums of the Remove a jammy blink.

"Have a tart, you fellows!" he said hospitably.

"Where did that gramophone come from, Bunter?" asked the captain of the Remove directly.

"My Uncle Matilda—I mean, John," said Bunter, with his mouth full.

"Does he live in Courtfield?"

"Certainly not! He has a large country house in—in Northumberland!" Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Better make it Sutherland!" he suggested. "That's still farther off than Northumberland!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Then how is it," asked Wharton, "that the box it was packed in has the name of 'Jackson's, Courtfield,' on it?"

"Eh? It hasn't!"

"I've seen it!"

"Mistake, old chap!" said Bunter, starting on another tart. "You've read it wrong, or perhaps your eyesight's going! Better see an oculist!"

"I tell you—"

"You needn't mind taking to glasses, Wharton, if your eyesight's failing," said Bunter, blinking at him. "Glasses make a chap better-looking, as a rule. You can do with it!"

"Why, you fat duffer—"

"It's really my glasses that give me my distinguished look," said Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"'Jackson's, Courtfield,' is on the box," said Harry. "The gramophone came from Jackson's, in Courtfield, Bunter."

"Couldn't have, when my uncle who sent it to me lives in Cumberland."

"Where?" yelled Bob.

"Cumberland," said Bunter. "He's got a large country house on the—the lakes, you know."

"Not Northumberland this time?" asked Bob.

Bunter started.

"I—I meant Northumberland. He's got a splendid town mansion in—in Leeds—"

"Leeds!" stuttered Bob.

"Yes—in Northumberland, you know."

"Is Leeds in Northumberland?" shrieked Bob Cherry.

"Isn't it?" asked Bunter, with a start. "It—it's up North somewhere, I know that. But, when I come to think of it, it isn't Leeds; it—it's Durham."



The POPULAR
The Great School Story Paper

NEXT MONDAY!

"BRAVO, BULSTRODE!"

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

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 753.

"Durham!" gasped Bob. "Durham—in Northumberland?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my only hat!"

"I'll have some ginger-pop, Mrs. Mimble, please. I say, you fellows, these tarts are good! Have some?"

"Never mind the tarts!" said Harry. "The gramophone came from Jackson's, in Courtfield, Bunter, and I want to know what it means!"

"Look here, Wharton, it's no business of yours! Still, I can explain. My uncle had the gramophone sent from Courtfield to save the railway carriage. You know how the railway companies stick you for high fares since the war, and they always smash things, too. So—so my uncle ordered it at Jackson's, in Courtfield, and—and sent them a cheque. See?"

"You just said it didn't come from Jackson's!" howled Bob Cherry.

"What I meant was that—that it did come from Jackson's. That's what I really meant to say."

"So your uncle in Northumberland, Cumberland, Leeds, and Durham sent his order for a gramophone to a little country town in Kent?"

"Exactly!"

"What's your uncle's name?"

"John. John William," added Bunter categorically. "John William Bunter, of No. 7, Seaview Terrace, Northumberland. I hope that's clear enough for you, Wharton, as you're so jolly suspicious!"

"No. 7, Seaview Terrace, Northumberland!" said Bob Cherry faintly.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I mean, Leeds! Put in Leeds," said Bunter.

"Leeds isn't in Northumberland!" yelled Bob.

"Rot!" said Bunter. "Look on the map! You're ignorant, Bob Cherry!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"That's the address I always write to," said Bunter triumphantly. "I hope that settles it."

Bob Cherry and Wharton stared at him. It did settle it. It quite settled that Bunter's uncle was a myth, and that the gramophone had not come as a present from that non-existent gentleman.

The Owl, of the Remove, apparently

regarding the matter as satisfactorily closed now, gave his whole attention to the tarts. It was close on time for morning school, and Bunter wanted to consume as many tarts as possible before the bell rang. The chums of the Remove looked at him, and looked at one another. They left the tuckshop in silence. Wharton was looking more thoughtful than ever.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

"Bearing the Market!"

FISHER T. FISH closed in on Bunter when the Remove came out after morning lessons that day. Bunter was making another bee-line for the tuckshop—some of the twenty shillings were left. But Fishy's bony hand clutched at his fat shoulder, and stopped him in the quad.

"I guess I want to speak to you, Bunter," said Fishy.

"I'm in a hurry. Another time, Fishy."

"I calculate —"

"Oh, if you want another ticket," said Bunter—even tuck would wait to sell another ticket for the raffle—"I've got some left."

"I opine that you have," assented Fishy. "Some hundreds, I calculate."

"Well, how many do you want?" asked Bunter, groping in his pocket for the smudgy, sticky, grubby wad of paper slips.

"Nix, I reckon. I guess I was going to ask you how many you've sold," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, hundreds!" said Bunter.

"Can it— Have you done over twenty?"

"Lots and lots!" said Bunter. "Everybody's rushing to buy them! I've got just a few left—a mere few—hardly any, in fact. Wharton was begging me to let him have the lot in the tuckshop this morning. So if you want any more, you'd better say the word—sharp!"

"Oh, absquatulate, do, you fat clam!" said Fisher T. Fish in disgust. "I do swear that you couldn't tell the truth if you were paid a guinea an hour to do it. I figure it out that you've sold twenty tickets."

"More like two hundred!" said Bunter calmly.

"Oh, scat! Git! Mizzle!" snapped Fisher T. Fish angrily. And Bunter promptly scatted, got, and mizzled for the tuckshop.

The keen and enterprising junior from New York wrinkled his bony brow in thought. Fishy was as worried over the raffle as Harry Wharton, though from very different reasons. Wharton feared that somehow the Owl of the Remove was landing himself into serious trouble, owing to his inability to distinguish between "meum" and "tuum," while Fishy was greatly exercised in mind, purely on account of Fisher Tarleton Fish, an individual who occupied the whole thoughts of Fishy.

"I guess it's a cinch," the American told himself thoughtfully. "I've been over that pesky gramophone, and it cost forty dollars at least. I could sell it any day for five or six pounds, easy. Only sold numbers are going in the bag. That's agreed and witnessed. If Bunter sells only twenty tickets, one of those twenty will mop up the prize, and he will get only a quid for the giddy gramophone. That's his funeral, not mine! And a spry galoot who got hold of all the sold tickets would bag that gramophone for a pound. But—but if he sells a lot more tickets—"

Fishy was worried.

The possibility of a big "cinch," a regular "scoop," was outlined in his sharp, transatlantic mind. Fishy often bragged of the way his "popper" cornered things in the markets in New York—or "Noo Yark," as he called it. Fishy was ambitious of following in his father's footsteps. In such things he would have been happy to follow the dear old dad. And he was thinking out a scheme of cornering the raffle tickets and bagging the prize for a mere song.

Fishy had cunningly stipulated that only sold tickets should count in the raffle. Bunter had agreed without even thinking about it, because he hoped to sell all the tickets, and also because nobody would have bought any if the bag had to be filled with a stack of "blanks."

Fishy figured it out, as he expressed it, that if only twenty tickets were sold, the prize would go to one of them, without a doubt; and if a keen and spry and cute transatlantic youth could "corner" the sold tickets, the gramophone was his for a pound.

The scheme depended on the number of tickets Bunter succeeded in selling before the raffle came off.

If Fishy bought up the sold tickets, and then there was a rush at the last moment, Fishy obviously would be dished.

Yet if he left his projected cornering operation till the last moment, to make sure, he might not succeed in cornering all the tickets. Some fellows would have to be persuaded to part with them, some would be out for the half-holiday.

It was a troublesome time for a youthful financier bent on bringing off a financial coup.

Fishy's brow was wrinkled with thought during dinner.

After dinner he bore down on the Famous Five. Fishy was going to "bear the market" if he could.

"You fellows in for the raffle?" he asked.

"Only two of us," said Bob Cherry, "Inky and little me."

"Others standing out—what?"

"Yes," said Wharton shortly.

"Well, I was thinking—" said Nugent.

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NEXT MONDAY!

"BRAVO, BULSTRODE!"

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

"Don't you do it!" said Fisher T. Fish impressively. "I guess the Head would be down on this if he knew. It's too pesky like gambling. Don't you think so, Wharton?"

"Well, I do," said Harry.

"But you've got a ticket yourself!" exclaimed Bob.

"Sure! Wish now I hadn't," said Fishy. "It's a shady sort of thing, and I guess I wish I hadn't gone in for it. I reckon you ought to speak to the fellows, Wharton, as captain of the Form, and warn them against it."

"I'm going to mind my own business," said Harry curtly.

"Well, I guess I don't approve of it," said Fisher T. Fish, "and I'm open to see the fellows clear who've thoughtlessly bought tickets. Any chap who wants to get out of it, I'll compensate."

"What?" yelled the Famous Five in astonishment.

"I mean it," said Fishy calmly. "I'll give any galoot sixpence for his ticket, to take it off his hands."

"Sixpence for a shilling ticket!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Yep! To see a galoot clear of a—a—a really immoral sort of game," said Fishy. "See?"

"And you'll burn the tickets, of course?" asked Bob.

"Hem!"

"Fishy's on the make," said Johnny Bull. "Buzz off and try somebody else, Fishy. This Co. is too wide for you."

"I guess—"

"Rats!" said Bob Cherry, and the Famous Five walked off and left Fisher T. Fish standing.

Fishy rubbed his long, thin nose thoughtfully. Bolsover major came along, and the Yankee junior fastened on him.

"Going in for that pesky raffle?" asked Fishy in a very disparaging tone.

"I was thinking of it," said Bolsover major. "What do you think of the gramophone, Fishy? It looks good."

"Seen inside it?" grinned Fishy.

"Eh? No."

"Well, I guess if you saw the works you wouldn't want to waste your money on a ticket," said Fisher T. Fish. "If you want one, here's mine at elevenpence."

Fishy held out his ticket.

Fishy had not the remotest intention of parting with it for elevenpence, but he had judged Bolsover major well. The offer was enough for Bolsover. He grinned.

"I'm not taking it off your hands," he answered. "Try a mug!" And Bolsover departed grinning.

Fisher T. Fish winked at the pigeons in the quad. "Bearing the market" seemed quite a simple operation. Fishy had heard all about that kind of thing from his respected "popper," who was sometimes a "bear" and sometimes a "bull" in the stock markets. Fishy was a "bear" now—that is, his object was to get prices down so that he could buy cheap. When Fishy had anything to sell he was always a "bull," which is the opposite thing to a "bear." Now he was going to "bear the market" for all he was worth.

During the next hour or so both Fisher T. Fish and William George Bunter were very busy.

Bunter, having expended the last of his twenty shillings, was seeking to sell more tickets. Fishy, with the intention of cornering all possible winning numbers, was seeking to impress upon the fellows that the tickets weren't worth buying.

Fishy's task was easier than Bunter's. He found that the mere offer of his shilling ticket at elevenpence had a wonderful effect on fellows.

If a cute fellow like Fishy wanted to get rid of his ticket at a loss, it seemed pretty clear that tickets weren't worth a shilling each. For all the fellows knew what a pain it gave Fishy to lose even a penny.

A rumour spread that the gramophone had defective works. There was another story that it had been made in Germany. Fishy was the astute author of those rumours.

Billy Bunter found his task as a vendor of tickets growing harder and harder. Fishy was succeeding in "bearing" the market.

The utter unscrupulousness of what he was doing did not trouble Fisher T. Fish in the least. It was the kind of thing that was done in the stock markets every day, and nobody was locked up for it—and Fishy's idea of morality was that you could do anything you couldn't be locked up for.

So successful was Fishy in "bearing the market," that several fellows who had bought tickets for the raffle came to Bunter and demanded their shilling back—a demand that Bunter refused with indignation, and which, indeed, he would have found it impossible to comply with, as Mrs. Mimble certainly would not have parted with the shillings.

Bunter's fat face grew longer during that happy afternoon.

Twenty tickets had gone the previous evening, and during this afternoon he had not sold a single one.

Bolsover major explained to him that a fellow would be a fool to give him a shilling for a ticket when anybody could have Fishy's ticket for elevenpence.

Bunter was looking glum when he came in to tea in Study No. 7. He scowled at the gramophone, which stood in the corner of the study. Fisher T. Fish glanced in at the door during tea.

"Don't forget that the draw's at six in the Rag, Bunter," he said.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snapped Bunter.

And Fisher T. Fish grinned and walked on, feeling very satisfied with himself. Fishy had ascertained by insistent inquiry exactly the number of tickets that had been sold; and by that time, too, nearly every fellow who had a ticket wished he hadn't wasted a shilling on it. Fisher T. Fish fully expected to "rope in" those tickets from the dissatisfied holders at a reduction, so he felt that he had cause for satisfaction. After this successful financial operation had been carried through Fishy meant to write a full account of it to his "popper in Noo Yark," to prove to the elder Fish that he was a chip of the old block, and to make the paternal heart glow with pride. It was quite a happy prospect for Fishy.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Fishy's Corner!

PETER TODD smiled across the tea-table at his fat study-mate. Bunter's expression rather entertained him. Bunter looked doleful. His raffle was not the wonderful



A VISITOR FOR BUNTER! There was a knock on the door of the Rag. The door opened, and Trotter ushered in a visitor. "Master Bunter here?" asked the newcomer. "I've called from Jackson's about the gramophone." "Oh dear!" gasped Bunter, edging away from the table and trying to make himself as small as possible behind Bolsover major. (See Chapter 9.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"BRAVO, BULSTRODE!"

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success he had anticipated—partly because his anticipations had been ill-founded, and partly through the cunning machinations of Fisher T. Fish.

"It's rotten, Toddy!" said Bunter at last. "I say, old fellow, ain't you going to take a ticket?"

"Nix!" said Peter.

"I thought they'd go like hot cakes," said Bunter. "It's a jolly good gramophone, ain't it?"

"Looks all right," said Peter. "From what I hear, though, a lot of the fellows seem to think it's a dud, made in Germany."

"Some beast has been pulling their legs," said Bunter dismally. "That cad Fishy has been offering his ticket all over the school at elevenpence. So fellows won't give me a bob."

"Naturally."

"I—I suppose I couldn't put the raffle off, Peter?"

"Not unless you want to be massacred. You've agreed to hold it in the Rag at six, and you can't get out of it."

"But I've sold only twenty tickets," said Bunter dismally.

"That means that the gramophone goes for a pound," said Peter.

Bunter started.

"Does it?" he ejaculated.

"Of course it does."

"But—but one of the tickets I'm keeping may win the prize," stammered Bunter.

"You've agreed to put only sold tickets in the bag."

"D-d-d-did I?"

"You did, you fat duffer. You can't alter it now—not without giving the fellows their money back, anyhow."

"I—I can't do that! I—I've had some expenses to meet. But I—I say, Peter, I'm entitled to put all the tickets in the bag, ain't I?"

"If that's the arrangement, certainly," said Peter. "But it isn't! Do you think any chap would have given you a bob for a ticket if it was to take its chance with hundreds of blanks?"

"They—they wouldn't be blanks, you know. They'd all be numbered," said Bunter feebly. "And if I held the winning number I should keep the gramophone."

"Quite so. But on those terms you wouldn't have sold a ticket. You see, you're too greedy," explained Peter. "Two hundred and fifty was too many. One chance in that number would be worthless. Anyhow you've agreed to put in only the sold numbers."

Bunter's jaw dropped as he realised the position.

"But—but that means that I get only a pound, and the gramophone cost ten guineas!" he ejaculated.

"Exactly."

"Oh dear!"

"Better steer clear of raffles, old chap," said Peter kindly. "I dare say the fellows would let you off if you gave them their money back."

"I can't do that—it's gone!"

"Then you're landed, my fat old bean."

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, Peter, do you think I shall be able to sell the rest of the tickets in time?"

"Not the ghost of a chance. You won't sell one of them," answered Peter Todd.

"Ow!"

For the first time in his life Billy Bunter almost lost his appetite for tea.

After tea he rolled dismally out of the study. Fisher T. Fish was waiting for him in the passage.

"Close on time!" he grinned.

"Go and eat coke!" howled Bunter.

"The fact is, I'm putting the raffle off till—till to-morrow."

"I guess you're not!" said Fisher T. Fish coolly. "Six o'clock in the Rag is the time. You'll turn up, Bunter."

"Yah!"

Fisher T. Fish walked away chuckling. Matters were going well with the school-boy financier. They were not going well with Bunter. The hapless speculator in raffles stood in the passage and thought it out, and then he rolled away to Lord Mauleverer's study. His lordship waved him away as he blinked in.

"Go away, Bunter! Do go away!"

"I say, Mauly——"

"Shall I kick him out, Mauly?" asked Sir Jimmy Vivian.

"Yaas."

"Mauly, you ass!" howled Bunter, "you've got two tickets for my raffle. Will you——"

"I won't take any more! No! Kick him out, Vivian!"

"Will you let me have them back?" howled Bunter.

"Eh, what?"

"I'll settle the two bob out of my postal-order."

Lord Mauleverer blinked at him.

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"Begad! I'd let you have them back for nothin', dear boy——"

"Good! Hand them over."

"But I've given them away."

"What?"

"Fishy was worryin' me for them," explained his lordship. "I gave them to him."

"You silly chump!" roared Bunter.

Then he dodged out of the study and escaped Sir Jimmy's boot.

He looked for Skinner next. Skinner and Snoop and Stott were in their study. They scowled at Bunter. All three had been takers.

"You fat fraud!" said Skinner. "You let on that that gramophone was a first-class ten-guinea machine."

"So it is!" howled Bunter.

"Rats! It was made in Germany."

"It wasn't!"

"Well, I've heard so. I've let Fishy have my ticket for ninepence; and jolly glad to get rid of it!" said Skinner.

"You owe me threepence."

"I let Fishy have mine for sixpence," said Snoop, scowling.

"He gave me tenpence for mine," said Stott. "I told him he was a silly fool to take it, but he took it."

"Then—then you can't let me have the tickets back?" gasped Bunter.

"Of course not, you ass! Fishy will, if you ask him, I dare say. I don't know what use they are to him, when the gramophone is really a dud."

"It isn't!" shrieked Bunter.

"Oh, rats! Get out!"

Bunter got out dismally. He had had an idea of recapturing all the sold tickets—the same to be settled for out of his postal-order—when it came. But apparently the holders had already sold out. He drew all the Remove holders blank, one after another, and then he looked in at Cecil Reginald Temple's study in the Fourth.

Temple of the Fourth scowled at him.

"Just in time for a lickin'!" he said. "I've lost two bob on your rotten raffle tickets, Bunter. I didn't know the gramophone was a dud when you sold me those tickets."

"You—you've parted with them?" gasped Bunter.

"Jolly glad to sell the six for four bob," said Temple. "That ass Fishy took them off my hands."

"Fishy! Oh, my hat!"

Billy Bunter rolled away dismally. Not a single sold ticket was to be recaptured; apparently, they were all in the hands of Fisher T. Fish by this time. Billy Bunter scowled ferociously as he met the grinning, complacent Fishy in the passage.

"Time!" said Fishy.

"You rotter, what have you been buying up the tickets for?" demanded Bunter.

"No law against that, that I know of," said Fisher T. Fish coolly. "I guess I've got them all here—twenty of them. And now I'm ready for the draw. The fellows are in the Rag now."

"I'm not coming!" howled Bunter.

"I guess you are!"

"Beast!"

Bunter rolled away, and broke into a run. Fisher T. Fish was on his track like lightning.

"Hi! Stop him!" roared Fish, as the Famous Five, coming in from the quad, appeared in the offing.

"I say, you fellows——" gasped Bunter.

Bob Cherry caught the Owl of the Remove by the collar.

"It's time for the giddy raffle, Bunter," he remarked. "Where are you running to?"

"What did you give Fishy your ticket for, you beast?" gasped Bunter.

"Eh! I didn't! He worried me till I sold it to him for a bob," said Bob Cherry. "I didn't want it, anyhow."

"The same herefulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "I passed my esteemed ticket on to the excellent Fishy to stop his boreful jawfulness. What is the matterfulness?"

"Fishy's bought up all the tickets!" howled Bunter.

"My hat!"

"Well, that doesn't matter to you," said Harry Wharton. "What does it matter who holds the tickets?"

"I—I wanted to get them back," stammered Bunter. "You—you see, I—I haven't sold enough to pay for the gramophone——"

"To pay for it!" exclaimed Wharton. Bunter gasped.

"I—I—I mean for the value of it," he stammered. "I—I've only sold twenty tickets. None at all to-day, owing to the fellows getting a silly idea into their heads that the gramophone was a dud. Some beast has been pulling their leg just to dish my raffle."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tain't a laughing matter!" howled Bunter. "How can I let that gramophone go for a pound, when it isn't yet——"

"Isn't what?"

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"Nothing! I want to put the raffle off till all the tickets are sold."

"You can't do that," said Harry. "You made the arrangements yourself, Bunter, and you must keep to them."

"I guess so!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish warmly. "It's time for the draw now, and there's a crowd waiting to see it. A bargain is a bargain, I kinder guess and calculate."

Harry Wharton gave the Yankee junior a sharp look. Fishy was quite within his rights; but the captain of the Remove was getting suspicious. The discovery that all the sold tickets were in Fishy's hands was a surprise—and Wharton could not help suspecting that the astute Yankee junior was responsible for the "bearish" condition of the market in raffle tickets. He had seen Fishy going about that afternoon offering his own ticket at a reduced price, and he had heard the various rumours that the gramophone was a "dud," that it wouldn't work, that it was made in Germany, and that the Head would very likely come down on the raffle and stop it, and so forth. Fishy had drawn upon his fertile imagination freely in his "stock operation." Harry Wharton was not perhaps quite so "cute" and so "spry" as Fisher Tarleton Fish; but he was no fool, and he was not long in putting two and two together.

Billy Bunter was marched into the Rag, which was already crowded with Remove fellows to see the raffle. Bunter rolled in with a dismal face. It was not only the fact that a ten-guinea gramophone was going for a pound that worried the fat junior. There was another fact—of which the Remove fellows were as yet ignorant, but which weighed on Billy Bunter's fat mind and worried him deeply. But there was no help for Bunter. And the door of the Rag closed, and as it slammed it seemed to slam away Bunter's last hope.

The celebrated gramophone stood on the table in the Rag, the box in which it had come standing beside it. All was ready for the lucky winner to pack it up and carry it off.

Fisher T. Fish was beaming.

"Don't waste time!" he said. "Let's get going!"

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"All you chaps who've got tickets roll up!" called out Peter Todd.

"Nobody's got any but Fishy!" said Harry Wharton. "He's been round cornering the tickets!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Not much good holding the draw, then!" said Bolsover major. "Fishy takes it, in any case!"

"I guess so!" grinned Fisher T. Fish.

"I—I say, you fellows—" groaned Bunter.

Knock!

It was a loud knock at the door of the Rag. The door opened, and Trotter, the page, appeared, ushering in a visitor.

"Master Bunter's 'ere, sir," said Trotter.

"Thank you!"

And Trotter closed the door and retired, leaving the visitor to face the surprised stare of the Greyfriars Remove.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Left!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. eyed the visitor in astonishment.

He was a young man, with a rather shiny face, and a very shiny diamond in his tie and an extremely shiny silk hat in his hand. He bowed gracefully to the assembled juniors.

NEXT MONDAY!

"BRAVO, BULSTRODE!"

"Master Bunter?" he said.

"Oh dear!" gasped Bunter.

"I have called from Jackson's," said the young man.

"From Jackson's!" repeated Wharton.

"Yes—about the gramophone."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I guess we can't waste time now!" said Fisher T. Fish crossly. "Jest you take a seat for a bit, sir, and wait till we're through!"

Harry Wharton glanced at Bunter. That plump youth was trying to make himself as small as possible behind Bolsover major.

"Hold on, Fishy," said the captain of the Remove quietly. "We'd better go into this."

"I calculate—"

"Dry up, Fishy!" said Bob Cherry.

The young man from Jackson's came up to the table, with a cheery, polite smile on his face.

"I see you have the gramophone here," he remarked. "I think you will have found it a very excellent instrument, young gentlemen. I hope you are satisfied with it, Master Bunter?"

"Oh! Ow! Yes! No!"

"You have tried it over, I presume?"

"Oh dear! Ow!"

"I trust you have found it satisfactory in every way, Master Bunter, and that you do not desire to return it?"

"Return it!" stuttered Peter Todd.

The young man from Jackson's nodded.

"Our customers are under no compulsion to purchase goods sent on approval," he said. "We trust to give satisfaction. But all goods sent on approval may be

returned carriage free. That is a method of doing business, young gentlemen."

"On approval!" said Peter faintly.

"Great Christopher Columbus!"

"On—on—on approval!" stuttered Wharton.

The captain of the Remove understood now. He had been uneasy on the subject. Somehow or other he had felt there was something "shady" in it—that Bunter had not somehow come by the gramophone in a way that he could explain. But certainly Wharton had never dreamed of this.

That even the fatuous Owl of the Remove would think of disposing of an article sent on approval from a shop and evidently not paid for, could hardly have occurred to him, well as he knew Bunter.

Fisher T. Fish's face was a study.

He understood, too!

Fishy was rooted to the floor, and his lean jaw had dropped. He was so overwhelmed that he could not speak. He could only utter a faint gasp.

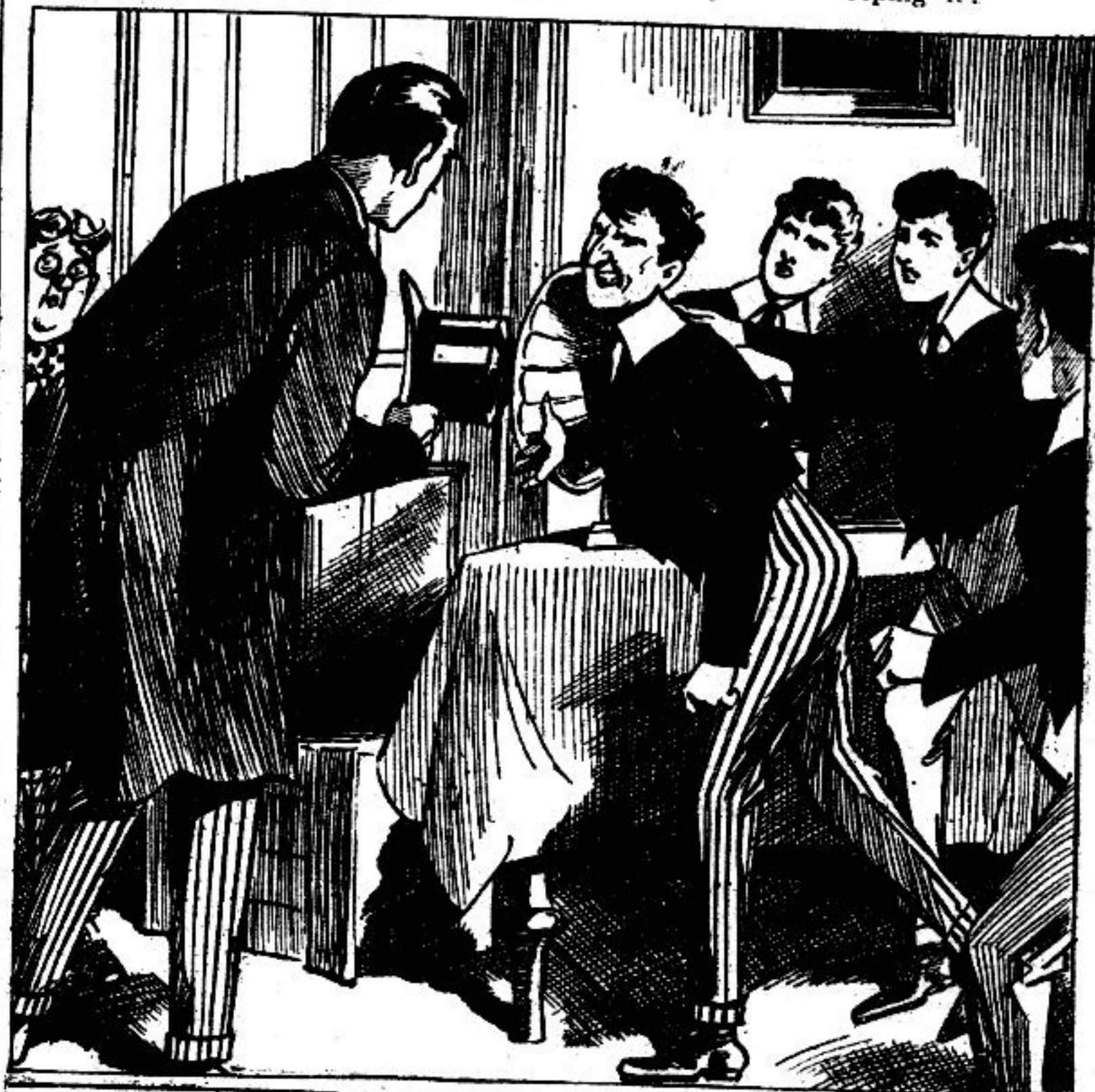
"On approval!" said Bob Cherry blankly. "Do you mean to say that this gramophone isn't paid for?"

The young man from Jackson's raised his eyebrows.

"So far, no," he answered. "It was sent on approval at Master Bunter's request. If he decides to keep the instrument, I am prepared to take the money now. Otherwise I shall take the instrument back with me in my car. I trust you have found it satisfactory, Master Bunter?"

"Oh dear! Yes! Ow!"

"Then you are keeping it?"



LEFT! Fisher T. Fish made a jump towards the gramophone as the juniors were about to pack it in the box. "Let that gramophone alone!" he roared. "That's mine! Haven't I won it? I—I guess—Yaroooh!" Three or four Removites collared Fishy and bumped him on the floor and held him there. (See Chapter 9.)

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
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"Ow! Oh dear!"
 "Bunter isn't keeping it!" said Harry Wharton. "He couldn't possibly pay for it, in any case!"
 "Oh, really, Wharton—"
 The young man from Jackson's frowned.
 "I hope that my time has not been wasted for nothing!" he said. "If Master Bunter was not in a position to purchase the gramophone, he should not have asked us to send it on approval! It was wasting our time, and we are a busy firm!"
 "He's a born idiot!" explained Peter Todd. "You'd better take the thing away at once!"
 "I will deal directly with Master Bunter, please! Master Bunter, is it your intention to keep this gramophone or not?"
 "I—I couldn't pay for it at present!" gasped Bunter. "Next term—or the term after—"
 "Nonsense!" snapped the young man from Jackson's, most of his urbanity vanishing on the spot. "I will take the instrument away with me! You might at least have had it ready packed, as you are not buying it!"

attempt to dodge out of the Rag. Peter Todd's finger and thumb closed on his fat ear and kept him there. Harry Wharton came back into the room and closed the door. His face was very grave.
 "Now for Bunter!" he said. "You can let Fishy go now."
 Fisher T. Fish leaped up like an india-rubber ball as soon as he was released.
 "Mum-mum-my gramophone!" he yelled. "I've been done! Diddled! Spoofed! Swindled! Left! Oh, hokey! Me! Left!" Fisher T. Fish almost wept with rage. "I—I—I guess—"
 He choked.
 "Shut up, Fishy!" said Harry Wharton. "We've got to deal with Bunter! Now, you fat scoundrel—"
 "Oh, really, Wharton—"
 "You had that gramophone on approval from a shop—it wasn't yours, and you tried to sell it—"
 "I didn't! I was going to raffle it!"
 "It comes to the same thing. You were going to dispose of it when it was not your property! Do you know that you could be sent to prison if you had carried it through?"
 "Ow!"

ragging. We'll try to knock some sense of honesty into his fat head!"
 "Oh, really, Peter—"
 "Fifty with a fives bat, and the gauntlet, and Coventry for a week!" suggested Peter Todd. "Wouldn't that meet the case?"
 "It wouldn't!" said Johnny Bull. "He ought to be kicked out of Greystriars!"
 "Yaroooh!"
 But Peter's suggestion was adopted. Ogilvy went to the Remove passage to fetch a fives bat.
 "What about my money?" yelled Fisher T. Fish, making his voice heard at last. "I've been done!"
 "Bunter will have to return the money on the tickets, of course," said Bob Cherry.
 "So I will—every penny—out of my next postal-order!" gasped Bunter.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I guess I'm going to have every cent—"
 "Shut up, Fishy!" said the captain of the Remove. "You've got exactly what you deserve!"
 "What!" yelled Fishy.
 "You played a dirty trick in dishing

Grand Coloured Plate of the Canadian Pacific Railway Express—



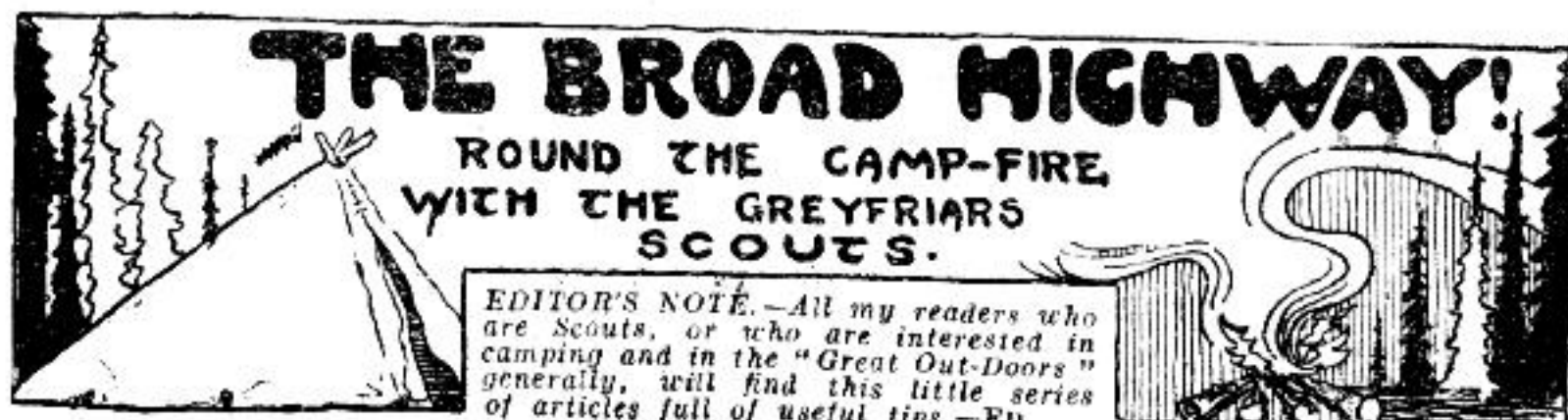
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"Oh dear!"
 "We'll help you pack it!" said Bob Cherry.
 Fisher T. Fish woke up, as it were, as the juniors began to place the gramophone in the box. He jumped as if he had been stung.
 "Let that gramophone alone!" he roared. "That's mine! Haven't I won it? I—I guess—I— Yaroooh!"
 Three or four Remove fellows collared Fisher T. Fish, and bumped him on the floor and held him there. Bunter's attempted swindle was to be dealt with, but not till the young man from Jackson's was gone. Until there were no strangers present Fisher T. Fish had to keep silent. And his silence was secured by the simple process of flattening his lean face on the floor, with Bob Cherry sitting on the back of his head. Only agonised gurgles escaped from Fisher T. Fish now.
 The juniors lost no time in packing the gramophone, and they lent the offended young man from Jackson's their aid in conveying it to his car. Then they returned to the Rag, only too glad to hear the departing wheels of the young man from Jackson's car.
 Billy Bunter had made an ineffectual

"I guess—I calculate—"
 "Shut up, Fishy!"
 "I—I say, you fellows, I—I can explain!" gasped Bunter, greatly alarmed by the deadly looks that were cast on him from all sides. "I—I was going to get twelve pounds ten, you know, and— and pay for the gramophone, and— and have a profit left, you know—"
 "It wasn't your property unless you paid for it first," said the captain of the Remove. "This kind of thing is called obtaining goods under false pretences, and people are sent to prison for it."
 "We ought to take him to the Head!" said Johnny Bull.
 "The ratherfulness is terrific."
 Bunter gave a yell of terror.
 "I—I say, you fellows—"
 "Blessed if I know what we ought to do!" said Wharton, knitting his brows. "The Head would expel him at once!"
 "Ow! Yow! I say, old fellow—"
 "What do you say, Toddy?" asked the captain of the Remove. "You're the fat idiot's keeper."
 "I think the less said about it the better, for the credit of the Remove," said Peter Todd. "Bunter can take his medicine—from us! I suggest a record

the raffle and cornering the tickets. I'm jolly glad that you cornered them now," said Wharton. "You can keep them—paper your study with them if you like."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Fishy is entitled to his money back," said the captain of the Remove. "He can get it back from Bunter—we'll leave him to it!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Fisher T. Fish almost wept. He knew how likely he was to extract money from William George Bunter. This was the end of his financial coup—this was the result of "bearing" the market, and cornering the goods. From the bottom of his transatlantic heart Fishy wished that he had left the goods uncornered. This was the success he had scored by following in the footsteps of his "popper in Noo Yark"—exactly as much as he deserved, in point of fact.
 Ogilvy returned with the fives bat. Bunter gave a dismal howl at the sight of it.
 "Shove him on the table!" said Peter Todd.
 "Yaroooh!"
 "Now lay on!" said the captain of the Remove.

(Continued on page 20.)



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

A STANDING CAMP IN THE COUNTRY!

By Harry Wharton.

THE START!

LAST week I spoke to you on the subject of camping for the summer holidays, and in the article I proposed various methods of getting out into the Great Outdoors for a fortnight or over. This week it is my intention of dealing solely with one of those methods mentioned, and that is: Standing camps in the country.

The question of a standing camp has always required more consideration than the shorter period ones, which we have already dealt with in these columns. If it is your intention of making a success of your next long camp—as undoubtedly it is—it is very essential that each point should be looked over with great care.

You can't very well pack your traps and make for the highway immediately after you have decided on a standing camp. That would be asking for trouble. There are many things which cannot be rushed through in a haphazard fashion.

In the first instance, it is not a wise policy to look for your pitch after you have started. That is, you can't pick on a site on the spur of the moment. Where you hold your standing camp should be decided definitely before you start.

With the guidance of a good road map this should not be very difficult, and you will be able to select a site for your camp and at the same time find out something of the nature of the surroundings. In doing this you will save a heap of trouble and time, and at the same time ensure the success of your camp.

When looking at the map to obtain some idea of the characteristics of the country, always bear in mind that the two most essential requirements of a camp are wood and water. The next thing on the list of importance is food. In looking for the first two necessities, make careful note of the wooded parts and the streams and rivers, and also the various heights of the land.

The most suitable site for a camp is where woods border it on one or two sides, a stream or river runs near, and a village within reasonable and comfortable walking distance, where you can obtain all your food.

Having made your selection as near as possible from the map, you then think about communicating with the owner of the land, if it is private estate or farmland, for permission to camp on it. If it is not too far away, you might be able to make a journey down to it, and get to know the farmer, or owner, as the case may be.

If, on the other hand, you decide to camp on public ground, such as forests, commons, heaths, hills, moors, etc., it will not be necessary to obtain permission. Camping on a hill or in a forest is just as enjoyable as on farmland, providing you are not too far away from civilisation, or, in other words, a village.

You have now successfully solved your land question, and the next thing to think about is the tent. In tramp camps and short week-ends, I have advised you to always carry a light-weight tent, and it is the light-weight you will want on this occasion.

If anything, I should have the tent made larger than the one which you would use in the ordinary way. The most comfortable height of a tent in this case is six feet. Then your dimensions—that is, length and width—you alter, according to the size of your party. Nine feet for three or four of you should do.

Make a list of the things that you will need, then you won't forget anything. Do it something like this: 1 clean change of clothing, 2 towels, bathing costume, eating and cooking utensils, toothbrush and toilet

set, one collapsible lamp, map, pencil and paper, sleeping suit, etc. Make the pack as light as possible, and don't take unnecessary things. Pack light, then off you go!

You will generally find that there is plenty of work to be done on the first day of the camp, so be prepared to do your bit. Start early in the morning, so that when you arrive there you have plenty of time to put up the camp before dark. The wisest camper gets the bulk of his "putting-up" done on the first day, so that he can start free the next morning.

We will presume that you arrive soon after lunch at the pitch. The first job is selecting the spot to put down the tent. Here it is. You pause, and have a good look round. Don't just plunk a tent in the middle of a field or piece of land, and say "That's finished!" It isn't, or anywhere near it. Look at the ground, and see what it is like—that is, whether it is swampy or dry. You will find that coarse grass and weed and moss grow on the swampy earth. So give this kind of land a miss. Pitch the tent on the ground that is highest, and upon which grows grass that is light green.

The ideal spot would be where the land has a tendency to slope down towards the south, which has a wood sheltering it at the north, and a stream running within twenty to fifty yards from the tent door. Go for a place like this like a bear after hot cross buns!

The entrance of the tent should face the south, or as near as possible to that point of the compass; and the cooking-fire is built about five or six yards from the tent, and in a position so that the smoke will not be blown into the tent.

Near by you can build a camp-fire, mainly for sitting round in the evening, and logs from the woods can be dragged up and placed round the camp-fire for seats.

According to Indian and other native rites and laws, it was a crime to cook even the tiniest morsel of food over a camp-fire or council-fire. And the punishment to the offender was very severe. Although it was not exactly worshipped, the council-fire was looked upon with something like awe. Round it the future and present of the tribe was arranged, and many a word of wisdom was heard within the rays of its flickering orange flames.

Although we do not treat it in such a manner nowadays, we still think a lot of the camp-fire, and it is used in every camp now as a fire only for the evening pow-wows.

After you have dug out the refuse-pit, which should be about twenty to thirty yards from the camp, and also the latrines, which are made on the fringe of the woods, you can then say that you have pitched your camp.

How you spend your days in camp is another important matter; but, as space is so limited now, I shall have to have something to say about this subject later on. At the present, pack up your traps and make for the sunny open for a long, restful summer camp.

(Next week: "A Camp by the River!")

SPLENDID REAL ACTION PHOTO of SYD. PUDDEFOOT NEXT WEEK!

HOW TO WIN THE QUARTER-MILE!

By Percy Longhurst.

(Continued from last week.)

MORE attention to the carriage of the body and the arms is necessary than in the shorter distances. Style means a lot in the quarter. In this I will include length of stride. Very seldom is it that a good quarter-runner does not possess a long stride, the legs well thrown forward at each step, the feet put down strongly.

The 100-yds. runner who is trying his chance at $\frac{1}{4}$ mile ought to try to get a longer stride than he uses in the shorter distance. To contrive this the knees must be brought up well, the head and shoulders carried a trifle farther back than in real sprinting, so as to allow for the farther throwing forward of the feet.

High-kicking exercise is good for the quarter-miler. So is quick, springy running upstairs, three steps at a time.

The necessity to develop speed or staying power must not make a fellow think that his training practice should be all running. He must practise starts and a few short dashes, as a good start in the quarter is just as important as it is in the hundred.

A good plan is to try to get off the mark and run the first 30 yds. just as if it were a 100-yds. race; then set to work to lengthen the stride, and settle down into a fast, long, swinging pace. In quarter-running there is more play of the hip and haunch muscles than in true sprinting.

The following schedule will be useful, the necessary alterations, as suggested above, according to the type of runner, being easily made:

MONDAY.

Starts and a couple of 30 or 40 yds. sprints. Run 300 yds. at racing pace.

TUESDAY.

Starts and sprints. A fast 200 yds. Rest, then run through full distance at an easy pace.

WEDNESDAY.

Starts and sprints. Cover 500 yds., the first half at a fast pace, the second half going easily.

THURSDAY.

Starts and sprints. A racing-pace 100 yds. Rest. Run full distance, but only the last 40 yds. at racing pace. This helps a runner to finish strongly.

FRIDAY.

Starts and sprints. 250 yds. at full speed; go on to end of quarter, but slowing down to easy gait.

SATURDAY.

Starts. 150 yds. at fast pace.

The sprint-runner can afford, say, once a week to run the full distance of his race at racing pace, even as much as twice a week—he should not try it more often—and no doubt it does give a fellow a certain satisfaction and encouragement to note the result of such trials. He can tell to what extent he is improving. The quarter-runner, however, needs to be more careful. His race is so severe a test that not more than once a week should he attempt a full-course trial against the watch—which he will get some chum to hold.

Such trials should not be made during the early stage of training. If the runner has a month in which to train, the last fortnight is quite enough to devote to really strenuous work. The two preceding weeks he can give to getting wind into condition by slow and longer runs, and working up his running muscles for the test ahead of them by running a fast 300 yds. three or four times during the week. This will give him the chance of developing additional length of stride.

Of the quarter-miler it can be said that too little training is a lesser evil than too much. The same is true of most events, but to none does it apply with such force as the $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 753.

BUNTER'S RAFFLE!
(Continued from page 18.)

"I—I say, you fellows, listen to me a minute!—I say, that gramophone was really mine—"
"What?"
"Honour bright!" yelled Bunter. "It was a present from my uncle—"
"Great Scott!"
"It—it's all a mistake, you know— Yaroooooh!"
Whack!

"Yoop! Help! It was really a present from my Uncle Matilda—I mean my Aunt John— Yooooop! Wow, wow!"
The fives bat, wielded by Peter Todd, cut short Bunter's further explanations. All his breath now was wanted for yelling. And the yells Bunter gave as he received his punishment were, as Hurree Singh justly remarked, terrific. When the castigation was finished, Bunter felt as if he was nearly finished, too.

Billy Bunter was sent to Coventry for a week.

Added to that punishment—a severe one for a loquacious youth like W. G. Bunter—he had more aches and pains than he could count, for quite a long time.

It was probable that the lesson would not be lost even on the obtuse brain of the Owl of the Remove; and certainly wild horses would not have dragged him into a raffle again.

THE END.

(Now you must turn and read page 2. There's a whole heap to interest you there!)

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