

PART 1 On Sale **TO-DAY** Harmsworth's **CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA**

No. 707. Vol. XXII.

Week ending Oct. 21st, 1922.

The Magnet ^{1 1/2}
Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



This Week's Story: "BUNTER'S LAWSUIT!" By Frank Richards.



BUNTER TAKES ACTION AGAINST HIS MASTER FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY!

(An Amazing Incident from the Long Complete School Tale Inside)

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



The Editor's Chat.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

There is no need to be alarmed about what will happen next week, but you will have scope for some healthy astonishment. Come to think of it, a real, genuine, no-false-alarm surprise is a grand tonic. I am perfectly certain you will say

"THE MAN FROM THE CONGO!"

By Frank Richards

(that being the title of next Monday's yarn of Greyfriars) is a corker. Don't let these be any mistake. The visitor from the Congo is not a fuzzy-wuzzy personage, but just an enterprising traveller. He is not a wild man come to sample Greyfriars, is the representative of the Cook's and East's firm. The Congo produces brew types of pounce as well as gold and ivory, and the guest of Greyfriars, who has travelled straight from the jungle, has a good reception at the famous school. He has not come for mischief, nor just to spin some of those delightful yarns which grow by telling.

"THE MAN FROM THE CONGO!"

happens to be an Old Boy of Greyfriars, and he is so struck by the abilities of William George Bunter as a ventriloquist that he invites the porpoise to go out to the Congo with him on a visit. There you have it—the yarn—or rather, the commencement of a narrative as amazing as any we have had in the MAGNET.

There would have been no surprise felt if Bunter had drawn back, and said he was hardly the chap for the job. The Congo is not half as safe as the quid at Greyfriars. There are no omnibus routes to speak of; there is no Underground Railway; no Mr. Queich to keep order when the elephants get out of hand; nothing of that kind. Besides, Bunter is a fat fellow, like Falstaff, and the famous Tartarin of Tarascon, and sometimes appetites are keen in places like the Congo, where there may be a glut of food one week, and stark famine the next.

But still, Bunter comes of a very ancient and honourable ancestry. His illustrious forbear, Sir Guesclin de Bunter, who lived in the year dot-and-carry-one, was a hunter, and always did the Saturday night marketing with a trusty gun over his shoulder. I dare say I have said enough to make it plain that the new Greyfriars sensation is absolutely out of the common. A few of the juniors accompany Bunter on the hazardous expedition to the remote wilds of the Dark Continent. You can picture Bunter standing in the lonely desert, a positively superb figure; you can see him ventriloquising savage tribes into submission; I say you can picture all these things—this is a free country—but you are hardly likely to get anywhere near the actuality of Mr. Frank Richards' latest and most stupendous achievement in which mirth and adventure are dexterously blended.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

Next Monday will see "Bully Bolsover's Number." I shall say little about this issue. My words might be construed into an insidious form of professional jealousy, a little bit of patronage for a rival editor, though I never imagined Mr. Bolsover would blossom out in this way. Patronage is usually deadly, and is best avoided, like mud-splashes on a rainy day when the traffic gets skittish. I will point out, however, that the number of the "Greyfriars Herald" out next Monday is a particularly good one.

THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT.

My best thanks to my chums for their rally to the new assembly. But few of the capital little speeches which roll in can be published, but I am grateful for the support the feature is receiving. Report says that before the winter is out Mr. Speaker will be treated to a costly, jewelled mass as a tribute to his failing hair. Things are shaping well in the Greyfriars Parliament, and Bunter himself is doing well. The Owl can't spell for toffee, but he can talk.

FOOTBALL.

Next Monday see the MAGNET for the history of Sheffield United Football Club, also for as true and well-considered a football competition as any enthusiast could wish for.

Your Editor.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 767.

400 HOBBIES

EVERY ONE OF THEM A HOBBY YOU CAN MAKE AND SAVE MONEY ON

The Amateur Mechanic

TEACHES you by simple language and plain pictures, the working principles of 400 trades. This is knowledge that will be of use to you all your life. You can learn to do every kind of job about the home and garden.

IT WILL SHOW YOU

HOW TO MAKE

A Pair of Riveted Boots—A Garden Path—Cabinet Fittings in Metal—Sewn-up Room Curtains—A Washstand—Corked Doors Extra Secure—A Model Frying Machine—A Hot Water Towel Rail—A Gramophone—Furniture—Theatrical Scenery—A Mattress—Frames for Pictures—Furniture Revivers—Plaster Coats—Invaluable Tools—Fine Fretwork—Clocks—Gramophones—Cabinets—Dextre Addresses—Artistic Bed-room Fittings—A Clothes Post—A Pair of Hand-sawn Tools—Sieves in Chipwood—Glass—Cemented Door Bolts, Hinges, etc.—Curtain Fittings—Antique Hanging Baskets—Acids for Etching Metals—A Sewing Machine—A Self-acting Door—Castings in Metal—Celluloid Varnish—Roller Blinds—Machines for Storing Salamis—A Woodworker's Bench—French Polish—A Swing—A Sundial—Federal—Steel Plates—Waterproofing for Cloth—Cameras—Canvas Canoes—Scrap—A Garden House—Inexpensive Mantles—Induction Coils—Drilling Machines—A Siphon—Roughing up Cloth, etc.

HOW TO MEND

Leather Goggles—Canvas-seated Chairs—Old China—Chair Bottoms—Modern Washboards—A Sewing Machine—Stop Ladders—Cliché—Hot Water Pipes—Windows and Doors—Picture Frames—Rope Swivels—Artificial Armchairs—Pianos—Knives and Forks—Plastering—Gas Fittings—Speaking Tubes—Cooking Ranges—Metal Presses—Pocket and Fan Cases—Rope Swivels—Artificial Clocks—Detective Floorboards—Spectacles—Excessive Outflow at Taps—Diving Goggles—Mirrors—Manboards, etc.—Vulcanizing—Dutch and French Clocks—Floor Tiles—Type-writers—Brooches—Locks—Bottles—Book Covers—From Matings—Oil Paintings—Venetian Blinds—Shelves and Rails—Hot Water Apparatus—Broken and Bent—Electric Machines—Motor Cars and Cycles—Fix Door Frames—Saw Chains—Saw Blades—Broken and Bent—Washing Machines—Sewing Machines—Waxed Roll Pipes—Fire Grates—Poles and Brackets—Old Wooden Bedsteads, etc.

125,000 PEOPLE HAVE PROFITED BY GETTING THIS WONDER WORK

WHAT ONE OF THEM SAYS:—

W. F. H. PARKER, Brighton, writes: "The work is excellent. It is almost impossible for any amateur worker to do these jobs which a man is to be found within three four miles. I am working in a small shop, odd-toddies, taking everything that comes my way, and my eyes are now starting to dim. I had served innumerable apprenticeships. I am even contemplating taking up some of the more difficult work. My entire information on the subject came from 'The Amateur Mechanic.'"

WE WILL SEND YOU FREE A BOOKLET GIVING SPECIMEN LESSONS AND PICTURES. SEND FOR IT NOW

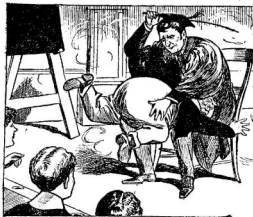
To The WAVERLEY BOOK CO., Ltd. (U.K. Dept.), 96, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

Please send me, without charge, your Free Illustrated Booklet containing particulars of contents, authority, etc. of "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC," also information as to your offer to send the Complete Work for a merely nominal first payment, the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments, beginning thirty days after delivery of Work.

NAME _____ (Send this form in unsealed envelope with halfpenny stamp, or a postcard.)

ADDRESS _____

U. K. L. 1922.



Bunter's Lawsuit!

A Magnificent Long Complete School Tale, dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Wiles of Billy Bunter!

MR. QUELCH was ratty. And well the Remove Form at Greyfriars knew it!

Perhaps Mr. Horace Quelch, M.A., their Form master, had some reason for being ratty. The Remove was not exactly the most orderly Form in the school. And that bright autumn morning the playing-fields called them to footer from afar, and the Remove were inclined to be restive.

Not only that, but exam time was approaching, and Mr. Quelch was keeping his long-suffering pupils hard at it in preparation for that event. They had not, on the whole, shown up brilliantly in any subject of the curriculum so far that term, and it was the Remove master's intention to make the Form work at double pressure, in order that they should make up for lost time.

Harry Wharton, Mark Linley, Nugent, Penfold, Vernon-Smith, and others who had more ability at lessons, found no great difficulty in keeping the right side of Mr. Quelch.

But the others were harassing the Form master with their backwardness, and, in consequence, Mr. Quelch was pouring the vials of his wrath upon them.

His eagle eye swept round the Form-room, and lighted on a plump fellow, whose head was bent forward, and who appeared to be dozing.

"Bunter!" rapped Mr. Quelch. William George Bunter looked up wearily.

"Ow! Yes, sir?"
 "You are day-dreaming again, Bunter," exclaimed Mr. Quelch harshly. "How many more times have I to upbraid you for inattention in class? What were you doing then, Bunter?"

"Dud-doing, sir?" stammered Billy Bunter. "I—I—er—n—un—nothing, sir!"
 Mr. Quelch's grim look became grimmer.

"You were doing nothing, Bunter! That is apparently what has been occupying your time all during the lesson, and,

on the average, all through the term!" said the Remove master sarcastically. "Let me inform you, Bunter, that you come into the Form-room to work; to do something, and not nothing! I am continually having to impress that upon you, Bunter, you are the biggest dunce in the class!"

"Groooogh! Yes, sir!"
 "I have more trouble with you than with any other boy in the Form, Bunter. For sheer laziness and stupidity, you are without parallel. Stand up, Bunter! Do you hear me, boy?"

"Ow! Yes, sir!" mumbled Billy Bunter, blinking absently at Mr. Quelch through his huge spectacles.

"Take that sleepy look off your face, Bunter!"

"Wh-what did you say, sir?"
 "Good heavens! Is the boy wandering?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch angrily. "Cannot you hear me, Bunter? I commended you to take that sleepy look off your face!"

"Groooogh!"
 William George Bunter gave vent to that sudden gasp, and clutched his desk.

Mr. Quelch and the boys of the Remove looked at Bunter in astonishment.

There was a blank expression on the pudgy face of the Owl of the Remove, and a far-away look in his eyes.

There seemed to be something strange in the manner of Billy Bunter.

Mr. Quelch regarded the fat Removite with a steely look.

"What is the matter with you, Bunter?" he demanded.

"Matter, sir?" mumbled Bunter, blinking. "Oh, I—I don't know, sir; I—I feel faint!"

A titter ran through the Form-room, but Mr. Quelch silenced it with a look. He set his jaw grimly, and he knitted his brows together. He looked hard at Billy Bunter. Mr. Quelch was not in a mood to believe the Owl of the Remove. He knew William George Bunter of old.

"You feel faint, Bunter? I suppose," he said, with a touch of irony—"I

suppose that is the result of working so hard at your lessons?"

"Ye-es, sir, I suppose so," mumbled Bunter. "Unless it's through want of food, sir. I've got a very delicate constitution, which wants feeding, and I've been half-starved lately."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Remove. Mr. Quelch brought his pointer rapping down smartly on the desk.

"Silence!" he thundered. "Bunter, your faintness must certainly be cured. Step out here!"

Billy Bunter left his desk and rolled to the front of the class-room.

Mr. Quelch's hand grasped a stout ashpit by the side of his desk, and he swished it ominously in the air.

Bunter's far-away expression changed like magic to one of deep alarm.

"Wow! Ow!" he gasped, clutching the front of Bolsover major's desk. "I—I feel faint again! Gimmo some water—quick!"

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

"Silence!" rapped Mr. Quelch angrily.

"Bunter, hold out your hand!"

"Grooo-hooogh! Hold me up, sir! I'm f-f-falling!"

Mr. Quelch grasped Bunter as he reeled towards Bolsover's desk, but it was by no means a gentle grasp. Quite the opposite, in fact. The Form master hauled Billy Bunter into the front of the class, whirled him round, and commenced to whack him with the cane.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Ow, ow! Wow! Help! Yooop!" howled Bunter.

"Return to your desk, Bunter, and let there be no more inattention or faintness!" grated Mr. Quelch between his teeth, allowing the Owl to go at last. "I do not allow myself to be deceived by pupils under my charge! Go, Bunter, and cease making those ridiculous noises!"

Billy Bunter crawled back to his desk, and sat there, gasping.

The other Removites grinned, but those grins faded away as Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes swept round the Form-room.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 767.

"Take up your books, boys!" he rapped. "The lesson will now proceed!" Bunter, stop that snivelling!"

Billy Bunter blinked and subsided. The lesson went on the uneven tenor of his way.

Ten minutes passed, and Mr. Quelch was endeavoring to explain the mysteries of the relative absolute to Tom Dutton, the deaf Removite, when a loud snore ran through the Form room.

Mr. Quelch jumped, and the Removites looked startled.

Their eyes beheld Billy Bunter lying

ludicrous Bunter will be truly terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh, in his weird and wonderful English.

And, to judge by the look on Mr. Quelch's face, Inky was right.

Thunder clouds had gathered on the Form master's brow, and his eyes seemed to glint like points of fire.

"Bunter!" he roared, like a lion.

Snore-rr-r! came from Billy Bunter.

"Bunter! Wake up!" shouted Mr. Quelch in thunderous tones.

Still no sound came from Billy Bunter, except a deep, reverberating snore.

The Removites gazed at their plump Form-fellow in amazement. So did Mr. Quelch. There was silence for some minutes. Mr. Quelch compressed his lips hard, and his brows wrinkled. He did not quite know what to make of Bunter's sudden illness.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Open your eyes, Bunter! Look up at me, boy! Whatever is the matter with you?"

"I—I don't know, sir!" gasped Bunter in hollow tones. "I—I do feel bad! Can't keep myself awake. It must be

Histories of Famous Football Clubs.

No. 4.— Manchester United F.C.

ANOTHER SPLENDID FOOTER ARTICLE BY OUR EXPERT.

As long ago as the season 1892-3, Manchester United, the First Division team who last year suffered such a demoralizing series of setbacks, first made their appearance among the senior members of the football world—to wit, this was their first season in the premier division.

In those days of long ago they were known as Newton Heath, formerly the Junior Newton Heath Athletic, their headquarters being at Clayton, and the offices then in use being a school-room.

Since then, however, the club has prospered, and they now possess one of the best-equipped grounds in the country.

They remained in the First Division for two seasons, for at the end of the season 1893-4 they became part and parcel of the Second Division.

The twelve seasons that followed were full of interest for the club's supporters, for they more than held their own in this division, and eventually, when they gained access to the upper house at the end of the 1905-6 season, by virtue of their being runners-up, it was a clear case of patience rewarded.

Only twice during this period did they fail to register more than half the number of points obtainable, these occasions being in 1900-1 and 1901-2, when they could only muster 32 and 28 points respectively.

It will be of interest to many to know that the United bore the name of Newton Heath until 1907, when, with the formation of a limited liability company, the club's title was changed.

The red-letter years of the club are undoubtedly those of 1906-10, when

under the captaincy of Charlie Roberts, who is now with Oldham Athletic in the capacity of manager, they made rapid history.

Their re-entry into the First Division after twelve years' absence was marked by success, for they obtained 42 points out of 76, a performance more creditable than the figures suggest.

The next year, however, to be precise, in 1907-8, they created quite a stir in the football world by winning



JACK MEW,
Manchester United's Goalie.

the League championship with a muster of 52 points, and, by a strange coincidence, they again gained the championship by the same number of points in 1910-11.

In between these dates they managed to secure the English Cup. This was in 1906-7 at the expense of Bristol City.

Most of these honours, it may be mentioned, were gained on their old ground at Clayton, in the heart of the chemical industry, for it was not until

1909 that they took up their present quarters.

After their success of 1910-11 they began to fall away, for in the following year they dropped to number thirteen on the League table, a position they had occupied in 1908-9, and again in 1913-14, and 1914-15, when the only two teams below them were Chelsea and Tottenham.

The number thirteen seems to be an unlucky one for them, for when on the verge of entering their thirteenth season in the First Division they were relegated to the Second Division.

Some of the men who helped them to win fame were Roberts, Duckworth, and Bell, these reputed to be the finest intermediate line of their time; Moger, Holden, Burgess, Stacey, Hayes (now team manager to Preston North End), and that Welsh wizard and possessor of fifty International caps, Iffy Meredith; Hulse, James and Sandy Turnbull, and Wall.

Among those at present serving with the United are two International players, Mew and Silcock; also Radford, Howarth, Barlow, Grimwood, McBean, Haslam, Hilditch, and Park.

Recently their playing strength has been greatly augmented by the signing of Frank Barson, late of Aston Villa.

I am not a prophet, neither do I aspire to being a tipster, yet it is my candid opinion that the end of this present season will find them once again in the First Division. Certainly their start suggests this, for at the time of writing they have only lost one game out of the five which have been played.

In next week's splendid article will deal with the history of Sheffield United F.C.

in a recumbent and restful position in his seat; his eyes were closed, his spectacles were set awry on his snub nose, and there was a look of serene bliss on his podgy countenance.

"My only hat!" muttered Bob Cherry, who was sitting near. "Bunter's snoring!"

Snore-rr-r-r!

"The fat idiot!" gasped Harry Wharton. "He'll get slaughtered!"

"The slaughterfulness of the fat and

Mr. Quelch, breathing hard through his nose, walked up the gangway, grasped Bunter, and shook him violently.

"Bunter! Rouse yourself, you indolent young scamp!" he exclaimed.

"Groooh!" spluttered Bunter, opening his eyes and blinking up into Mr. Quelch's angry face. "Whasermarrer! Lemme alone! I want to die!"

"What!" shouted Mr. Quelch.

Billy Bunter gave vent to a low groan and closed his eyes again.

sleepy sickness, or something like that. You're a lot to do with it, sir!"

"Good heavens!" muttered Mr. Quelch, starting back.

"Mind, I don't blame you!" said Bunter faintly and pathetically. "You've got your duty as Form master to do. But you needn't nigger-drive a fellow until he's ill, and then pitch into him as though it was all his fault. Groooh!"

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Quelch

There was a buzz of excitement from the Remove.

"Was Bunter mad? Was he spoofing? If he had a fearful nerve. And if he really was ill—well, it was rather hard on Bunter. The Owl of the Remove did not often exact the sympathies of his Form-fellows. They usually bestowed more kicks upon him than anything else. But if Bunter was genuinely ill, then Bunter's condition called for a little condence.

Bunter lay back in his desk and rolled his eyes. Then he gave another hollow moan.

"Oh dear! I know you think I'm shamming, sir!" he muttered. "I suppose you think I'm trying to dodge the exam work, but it's nothing. And so! Groooh! Oh dear! I feel awful!"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Quelch, his stern look relaxing somewhat. "The lad certainly seems to be in the throes of some ailment. Cannot you pull yourself together, Bunter?"

"I—I'll try, sir!" said Bunter heroically.

He made an effort, but he sank back again with a gasp, and allowed his fat chin to rest on his chest.

"It's no good, sir! I feel so weak and—and dizzy! It must be sleepy sickness."

Mr. Quelch was impressed at last. So were most of the Remove. Only such fellows as Peter Todd, and Harry Wharton, and Johnny Bull, and the Bounder had any doubts. They were used to Bunter's little games of spoof, but they had never regarded him as being such a consummate quack.

"Bunter, if you're ill, you had better go along to the sanatorium," said the Remove master, unbending. "Can you manage to walk out alone?"

"I—I'll try, sir!" gasped Bunter. He arose from his seat and staggered unsteadily down the gangway. Once or twice he reeled top-heavily, but he managed to reach the door unaided.

With Mr. Quelch and the Remove watching him, Bunter opened the door and crawled out into the corridor. He shut the door behind him, and walked on with faltering steps.

But Billy Bunter, as soon as he rounded the corner, seemed to suddenly recover his strength. His faltering footsteps changed as if by magic into a brisk trot, the look of suffering on his fat face vanished, and a fat smile took its place.

"Good egg! That spoofed old Quelch a treat!" chuckled Billy Bunter. "The beast was properly taken and I know I'd got out of that rotten exam work! No more grinding for me to-day! He, he, he! Oh, I'm an artful card, I am—ha, he, he!"

And, chuckling to himself, the Owl of the Remove rolled onwards—not to the school anatomist, but directing his footsteps towards the Remove passage!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Way o' the Transgressor!

HALF an hour after Billy Bunter's departure from the Form-room, Mr. Quelch arose from his desk in front of the class.

The Remove had not been enjoying themselves, and lines and lickings had been quite plentiful.

Mr. Quelch passed along the central gangway to collect the test papers. Passing by Skinner's desk, he happened to bend down, and something lying on the floor underneath Bunter's vacant

desk attracted the Form master's attention.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

He bent down and picked up the object which had caught his eye.

It was a small, sticky piece of paper, which all the Remove recognised as a wrapper off a piece of toffee. On it were printed the words: "Tucker's Toffee de Luxe."

Mr. Quelch's brow darkened. "Who has been masticating toffee during lessons?" he rapped, his eagle eyes sweeping round the Form-room.

Nobody replied.

"Somebody has been eating toffee in this Form-room!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, holding up the tell-tale piece of paper.

"Was it you, Fish?"

"Nope, sir; I guess not!" replied Fisher T. Fish, whose desk was behind Bunter's.

"Have you been eating toffee, Skinner?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"No, sir!" said Harold Skinner promptly.

"Was it you, Wun Lung?" demanded Mr. Quelch of the little Chinese Removite in front.

"No eatee, Mastel Quelch!" replied Wun Lung, shaking his head.

"And you, Horree Singh?"

"The answerfines is most terrifically in the negativities, honoured sahib!" murmured the dusky Nahoo of Bhamipur.

"Then I can only form one conclusion!" said Mr. Quelch, frowning portentously. "Bunter is the culprit!"

There was silence in the Remove, but many of the juniors indulged in surreptitious chuckles. It did not require the intellect of a Sherlock Holmes to

deduce that the toffee wrapper had been dropped by the Owl of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch's eyes glistened. "Whartons, kindly see that there is no disturbance whilst I am gone!" he said, walking towards the door. "I shall return shortly."

And, giving the Remove a sweeping look, Mr. Quelch strode away.

Compressing his lips hard, the Form master made his way quickly to the Remove passage. He was beginning to entertain grave suspicions as to the veracity of William George Bunter, and the more he thought upon the subject, the darker became his suspicions.

Mr. Quelch walked along the Remove passage with great stealth. In fact, he crept along on tiptoes.

As he gained the door of Study No. 7 he started.

Pop!

The sound came from within, and it was followed by a certain gurgling noise which is usually connected with the passing of liquid down a human throat.

Inside Study No. 7, Billy Bunter was seated at the table with a pile of tack in front of him. He had just drawn the cork of a bottle of ginger-pop, and was in the act of imbibing its refreshing contents.

Thus the mysterious sounds which met the ears of Mr. Quelch.

The Form master gave a growl as he recognised the sounds. The growling of a wild beast would hardly have alarmed Bunter more had he heard it, but he didn't. He was too busy quaffing ginger-pop and wiring into jam-tarts and doughnuts and cakes and pastries.

William George Bunter was in his glory. Peter Todd had laid in that tack



Billy Bunter, terrified out of his wits, dodged behind the blackboard, sending it crashing over on Mr. Quelch's toe. The Form master gave a scendish howl of pain and hugged his injured foot. In a flash Bunter scudded out of the Form-room and disappeared down the passage. (See Chapter 4.)

NEXT MONDAY: "THE MAN FROM THE CONGO!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 757.

for tea, and had locked it in the cupboard. But the cupboard lock presented no difficulties to Billy Bunter. And since his arrival there he had been steadily eating and drinking to his heart's content.

Bunter raised the pop bottle to his lips. Gurgles, gurgles!

Mr. Quelch could stand it no longer. He flung the door of Study No. 7 open wide, and strode in, an alarming and awe-inspiring figure in the doorway.

"Bunter!" he thundered.

"Groooh-hoooh! Yerrug-oooh!" came from Billy Bunter, in a wild, gasping gurgle.

Mr. Quelch's entrance had caused him such a fright that the ginger-pop had gone down the wrong way. The bottle crashed to the floor, and Billy Bunter commenced to gurgle and splutter wildly. His fat face went the colour of a beetroot.

"Ooooooh! Yerrugh!"

Mr. Quelch's face was crimson, too, but with anger as he looked upon the scene of Bunter's orgy.

"So I have caught you, Bunter!" he hissed.

"Hellup! Yough! I'm ch-ch-ch-choking!" howled Bunter. "Ooooooh! Yow-wow-wow-wow!"

Mr. Quelch took a step forward, fastened a grip on Bunter, and swung him round.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Bunter ceased to choke. He gave a wild yell instead.

Mr. Quelch fixed a terrifying look upon him.

"So, Bunter, you have dared to deceive me!" he exclaimed angrily.

"You have deliberately uttered falsehoods and acted in a crafty manner, in order to gain freedom from lessons! What have you to say for yourself?"

"I—I—I—" stuttered Bunter. "I didn't mean to deceive you, sir, really, I—"

"Then how do you account for this?"

Mr. Quelch indicated the table with a sweeping wave of his hand.

"I—stopped here on my way to the sanny, sir, thinking that a—feet might pull me round!" gasped Bunter desperately.

"Really, sir, I wouldn't think of deceiving you! I have too much respect for you, sir! I'm still ill! Groooh! That awful feeling is returning, and—"

"No doubt it is, Bunter!" grated Mr. Quelch fiercely. "Enough me back to the Form-rooms. I am going to make an example of you, Bunter!"

Mr. Quelch swooped from the room, and Billy Bunter, with a last, long lingering look at the tuck, rolled out after him.

Shouts of laughter greeted the appearance of Mr. Quelch and Billy Bunter.

"Silens!" thundered Mr. Quelch, releasing Bunter and taking up his stoutest cane. "Boys, I have discovered Bunter in his study, forging himself with pastries and the like, when I believed him to have gone to the sanatorium. It appears that the miserable boy was not ill at all, but had hoodwinked me by falsehood and deceit. He sought, by those means, to evade the exam work, and the punishment which he knew would follow for his neglect and laziness. Bunter shall now suffer a double punishment. I am determined to stamp out the craft and subterfuge which seems to form the nucleus of this boy's nature. Let this be a warning and a lesson to you other boys. Bunter, hold out your hand!"

"Oo er!"

"Do you hear me, Bunter? Hold out your hand!"

"Gerrugh! I'm ill, sir! I am, really! My constitution won't bear any more punishment! Grooh! If you hit me, sir, and I expire, my death will be at your door! I—Yarooooh! Yah! Wharver you doing? Leggo!"

Mr. Quelch had grasped Bunter, and swung him round.

He sat down on a chair and pulled Billy Bunter face downwards across his knee.

Then Mr. Quelch's cane rose and fell with the precision of a steam-hammer upon the rear portion of Billy Bunter's anatomy.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

"Yaroooooh! Wov-wov-wov!" howled Bunter. "Yah! Stoppit!"

Mr. Quelch did not stop it.

He whacked at Bunter's trousers with sin and vigour, as though he were beating a carpet.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Dust flew in all directions. Really, it was amazing the amount of dust that William George Bunter's trousers had accumulated.

Bunter's yells re-echoed through the Form-room.

"There!" panted Mr. Quelch, laying down the cane at last and dragging Bunter off his knees.

"Let that be a lesson to you, Bunter! Do not dare to attempt to deceive me again! Go back to your desk!"

"Ow-wow-wow-wow!"

Billy Bunter sat down—very gingerly. He might have been sitting on a red-hot stove; at least, that was what it felt like to Bunter.

Mr. Quelch's eyes swept round the Remove.

"Boys, in view of what has just happened, I shall make it a rule that Bunter be deprived of eating anything—sweets, pastries, or anything from the school tuck-shop—other than the usual meals of the school," he said. "I forbid any of you to give or sell him any of these delicacies for which this miserable boy

is such a glutton. Any boy whom I find has broken this rule shall be punished."

"Ow! Look here, sir, I'm not going to be deprived of having tuck like the others!" roared Bunter truculently. "It ain't fair—"

"You are going to be cured of your disgusting greediness, Bunter!" rapped Mr. Quelch. "You shall have tea in Hall every day, and instructions shall be given to Mrs. Mumble that she shall not serve you. I perceive that it is time that I dealt with you with a very heavy hand, Bunter!"

"Oh, crums! I—Yow! I say, sir—"

"Not another word, Bunter! If you disobey me, it will be the worse for you! Boys, take up your books! The lesson will proceed."

Under Mr. Quelch's steady eye the lesson proceeded, and William George Bunter sat in his desk wriggling and writhing, and moaning and groaning, in quite a pathetic manner.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter's Wheeze!

FOR the rest of that day Billy Bunter was very, very quiet.

True, he went about the school making pathetic appeals for tuck, but these appeals were met everywhere by point-blank refusals. Mr. Quelch's embargo on Bunter was observed religiously by everybody at Greyfriars, and all enjoyed the situation immensely.

Billy Bunter was not feeling happy.

He was ravenously hungry. The grin of his schoolfellows had an exasperating effect upon him, and he

grawled at wooden ruler. And all this time Billy Bunter was loud in his declamations of Mr. Quelch. It was Quelch who had brought him to this! Mr. Quelch had to bear the brunt of Bunter's wrath.

The next day Bunter's condition became worse, and his wrath increased. After lessons he went about seeking whom he could find to carry out one or two brilliant wheezes he had for making Mr. Quelch "sit up."

He suggested to Fisher T. Fish that to collect some cockroaches from the school cellars and put them in Mr. Quelch's bed would be a good joke. Fisher roared and agreed.

But when Bunter suggested that Fish should carry out that joke, the Yankee Removite became suddenly cold. He offered to hold Bunter's hat whilst he planted the cockroaches in Mr. Quelch's bed, but he utterly refused to have anything to do with the planting.

Bunter approached Wun Lung with the idea of getting the little Oriental to put some of his numerous Chinese "tummy-ache" mixtures in Mr. Quelch's hot milk that night. But Wun Lung shook his head and persisted in saying "No savvy." Dick Rake, too, flatly refused to work conjuring tricks on the Remove master, and Willey went for Bunter when that youth suggested that he should dress up as Mr. Quelch and appear in the streets of Friedale, and make out that he was "squiffy."

Skimmer & Co. agreed with Bunter that it would be great sport to rig up a hooby-trap over Mr. Quelch's study door, but did not seem to relish that kind of sport themselves. Indeed, Skimmer remarked that he would rather go houn-bunting than fix up a hooby-trap for Mr. Horace Quelch.

Whereupon Billy Bunter gave up looking for a catapaw, and bore his lot with much moaning and many threats.



WHO IS RIVINGTON SPEED?

Mysterious — all powerful — a master of intrigue — Rivington Speed is the baffling character who figures "behind the scenes" in every dramatic situation in "Helen of London" — the greatest of all serial stories ever published by

ANSWERS. The opening instalment will appear on Monday next and no one should miss it.

He was determined to get his own back on Mr. Quelch. He vowed it in front of all his schoolfellows. But they only laughed at Bunter. Nobody took the Owl of the Remove seriously.

Bunter rolled disconsolately into Study No. 7 that evening. Peter Todd, and his gentle cousin Alonso and Tom Dutton were preparing an early tea. Bunter's little round eyes glistened at the pile of good things on the table. He reached out a fat hand towards a plate of tarts in his usual free and easy manner.

"Hands off!" rapped out Peter.

"Oh, really, Toddy, surely you don't begrudge me a tart or two—"

"Don't you dare touch a thing on that table, Bunter!" said Peter sternly. "This feed is for us alone, and you're out of it!"

Billy Bunter's eyes dwelt with deep anguish upon the good things on the table. His mouth watered, and hunger was gnawing at his vitals.

"I—I say, Toddy, I'm ravenously hungry!" he moaned pathetically. "Lemme have just one tart, or a piece of cake, or a doughnut. I'm sinking for want of food! I can feel myself fading fast. Unless I have something to eat immediately, I shall expire on the spot!"

"Well, if you do, expire quietly," grinned Peter. "In fact, you might go out into the passage to die. We shouldn't like a dead body in the study whilst we were having tea!"

"Oh, you unfeeling beast, Toddy—"

"Get away from the table!" howled Peter. "Gimme a stump, Alonso!"

Billy Bunter nipped away from the region of the table without waiting for the stump. He stood by the window, looking sulky.

Peter Todd and Dutton prepared the tea. Peter opened a packet of Cambridge sausages and ham and eggs, and proceeded to fry them. So they were sizzling merrily in the pan, and an appetising smell filled the study. It was more than Billy Bunter could stand! He felt that he would go mad if he stayed there any longer, with the sight of those good things mocking his eyes, and the smell of the frying sausages and bacon filling his nostrils.

So Bunter dashed blindly from the study, and shut the door with a bang.

Peter Todd & Co. chuckled, and went on with their tea.

By the time Billy Bunter returned from his frugal tea in Hall the table in Study No. 7 was cleared. Billy Bunter rolled in and gave a groan. Nobody took any notice of him. Tom Dutton was filling his new stamp album. Peter Todd was seated at the table, devoting his time, as he often did when he had any to spare, to "mugging" up the fearsome contents of some text books on law. Peter Todd had more than once shown himself to be well-versed in law; in fact, it was Peter's ambition to become a real lawyer one day. The books he read made the other fellows' heads ache to look at them, but Peter seemed to thrive on them.

Alonso was also immersed in a book—the "Story of a Potato"—which his Uncle Benjamin had sent him terms ago, and from which the Duffer was still deriving mental nourishment.

Billy Bunter went straight over to the cupboard, thinking he would not be noticed, but Peter looked up.

"Out of that!" he rapped.

"Oh, really, Toddy, I suppose I'm allowed to go to my own study cupboard, aren't I?"

"Yes, but there happens to be some grub in that cupboard, and it's forbidden."

"NEXT MONDAY!"

"THE MAN FROM THE CONGO!"



"Bunter!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "W-what the merry thunder! How did you get into this state?" "Grooo-hoogh!" said Bunter. "Quechly did this! Look at me! I'm on the verge of collapse! Quelchly beat me unmercifully and left me lying in an unconscious heap on the ground!"

(See Chapter 6.)

fruit so far as you are concerned, Bunter!"

"Look here, Peter, you needn't keep this up, you know!" remonstrated the Owl of the Remove in a pathetic voice. "Quechly won't know if I have just a little snack—"

"Keep away from that cupboard!" roared Peter, grasping one of his weighty law tomes and raising it threateningly.

"Beast!" growled Billy Bunter; but he did not like the look of that volume, and he knew that Peter's aim was true, so he flopped into the armchair, looking greatly disgruntled.

The erudite Peter delved once more into the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others in the law book before him.

"Oh, wouldn't I love to get my own back on that beast Quelch!" muttered Bunter viciously. "I say, Peter, can't you suggest something? Quelch wicked you yesterday for sliding down the banisters and bumping into him. Four licks, wasn't it? You really ought to get your own back."

"Shurrup!" hissed Peter sulphurously. "I'm swotting! How Quelch!"

"Look here, Peter, you know how he's treating me, keeping me without tuck and—ah! proper nourishment—"

"Serves you jolly well right! And hold your row, or you'll get this book at your fat napper. Cheese it, Bunter!"

"I'm going to get even with Quelchly, I swear it!" said Billy Bunter darkly.

"He's making a dead set on me, and it ain't fair! Quelchly ought to be boiled

in oil! I'm going to get even with the rotter!"

Alonso Todd blinked up from the "Story of a Potato," and regarded Bunter with a shocked and serious expression.

"Really, my dear Bunter," he said mildly. "I feel it most incumbent upon me to reiterate with you upon your treacherant attitude towards Mr. Quelch. Were you to consider the matter in a reasonable spirit, you would realise that the blame devolves upon you for your reprehensible conduct. I am sure that if my Uncle Benjamin were to hear you make those exceedingly disrespectful and opprobrious remarks concerning our Form master, he would be shocked—nay, disgusted!"

Here Peter Todd gave a bellow of wrath.

"Ring off!" howled Peter. "And the same remark applies to you, Bunter! If I have any more interruptions with you two, I'll pitch you both out on the landing—on your necks!"

Alonso Todd gave his incensed cousin a reproving look, but deemed it wiser to subside. Billy Bunter also subsided. He sat sulkily in the armchair, and blinked at Peter as he worked.

Peter Todd, soon again absorbed in his legal tomes, muttered to himself from time to time as he read. Such words as "unprovoked assault," "malice aforethought," and other legal phrases plainly denoted that the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

of the case of Biggs v. Higgs, Higgs, and Others, which he was reading

up, was one of common assault and battery.

Having nothing better to do, Billy Bunter listened to Peter's muttered comments on the case, and round a gleam of inspiration entered the little round eyes of the Owl of the Remove.

"By Jove!" muttered Billy Bunter suddenly, "I—I wonder whether it can be done! My word! If it could, it would make the rotter sit up properly! I—I say, Peter, old chap!"

"Shurrup!" growled Peter without looking up.

"Just a minute, old chap. I—I want your advice!"

"My advice is to hold your row before I make potato scrapings of you!" retorted Peter Todd.

"Oh, really, Peter, it's on a legal point!"

"Eh?"

Peter Todd looked up instantly.

"I want your advice on a legal point, Todd," said Billy Bunter impressively. "Suppose a man was to set about a boy, without any reason at all, and wallop him, and altogether give him a thorough good licking, would that boy be able to make a court job of it?"

"Yes, of course?" said Peter, who was always willing to give legal advice. "The victim of the assault could bring out a summons through a solicitor. It comes under the Common Law branch of the Jurisdiction."

"Oh, good!" said Billy Bunter. "And I suppose the boy could claim damages?"

"Rather!" said Peter Todd warmly. "The plaintiff in a case of that description usually puts in a claim for damages."

"How much?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"A—a hundred quid!"

"It all depends," replied the legal man of the Remove. "In cases of minor assaults, the judge usually awards nominal damages. In cases of an aggravated assault in which plaintiff sustains injury, the damages are substantially higher. The larger the injury, the heavier the damages. In a case of total disablement in consequence of defendant's assault on plaintiff, damages might be awarded up to a thousand quid, or even higher."

"My word!" said Billy Bunter, his eyes glistening. "That's all right, isn't it? Of course, it makes no difference what the other chap is—whether he's a bricklayer, or a banker, or a Navy man, or—a schoolmaster?"

"Not a bit," said Peter Todd, "so long as the circumstances of the assault remain unaltered. But what's the idea, Bunter? Taking up law as a hobby?"

"Ahem! I—I am interested in it a little, Todd," said Billy Bunter, "Jolly good study, isn't it? I—I think you're frightfully clever, old chap!"

"Oh, rats!" grunted Peter, and he turned his attention once more to his law book.

William George Bunter arose from the armchair and rolled out of the study, looking thoughtful. He gave a fat chuckle as he walked along the Remove passage.

"By Jove, I'll do it!" he muttered to himself. "I'll jape Quelch, get him to go for me, and then I'll make out he's half-killed me, and summons him! I'll get my revenge on the rotter through the law court—and perhaps net a few quid damages as well! He, he, he! What a lark! Fancy Quelch being summoned by me! He, he, he! That'll make the

NEXT MONDAY! "THE MAN FROM THE CONGO!"

rotter sit up, and all the other rotters, too!"

And William George Bunter proceeded on his way to the Common-room, smiling fatuously.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Rough on Mr. Quelch!

"GAMMON!" said Bob Cherry incredulously.

"Bunter is stark, staring, raving mad!" said Harry Wharton.

"The madfulness of the unworthy and ludicrous Bunter is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Billy Bunter glowered round upon his Form-fellows in the Remove dormitory next morning.

"I'm not mad!" he said furiously. "I tell you I'll do it! I'm a fellow of my word, I am! If I make up my mind to do a thing, it's as good as done!"

"And if you carry out your intentions on Quelch, my fat pippin, you're as good as done!" grinned Bob Cherry.

Bunter was surrounded by the fellows of the Remove. They had just finished their morning toilet when the Owl of the Remove had started them by announcing that he was going to get his own back on Mr. Quelch that very day.

"I'll empty a sack of soot over the rotter; that will pay him out!"

"Rate!" said Bulstrode. "You wouldn't have the nerve, Bunter!"

"Faith, an' it's the romanin' ye are intencely, Bunter darlin'!" said Micky Desmond.

"All right, you disbelieving asses! You wait and see!" declared Bunter darkly. "I've been weighing things up in my mind during the night—"

"And your mind is a little unbalanced, I suppose?" put in Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you cackling asses, there's nothing to laugh at!" howled Bunter. "Quelch's got to be shown up, and I'm going to do it! You other chaps are too funky of teaching him! Look at the way I got treated yesterday when I was looking for help! Beastly lot of funks! But I'm not a funk. If I can't get anybody to back me up, I'll go for Quelch myself. You mark my words, there's going to be some excitement this morning!"

Frank Nugent tapped his forehead significantly.

"Poor old Bunter!" he said. "Clean off his onion!"

"Quelch's tuck boycott must have turned the poor chap's brain!" said Harry Wharton. "I reckon Bunter is a case for the saney. Quelch's life isn't safe with Bunter at large!"

"I'm only going to jape Quelch, just to bring matters to a head!" said Billy Bunter, glowering. "Mind, I've told you chaps in confidence, so don't you start sneaking!"

"No fear! We'll wait and see you sink the rotter, Quelch, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "We wouldn't miss that for worlds!"

Billy Bunter growled, and rolled out of the dormitory. At breakfast the Owl of the Remove looked very grim and solemn, and Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled. After breakfast, Bunter

disappeared, and nobody worried much about him.

The bell for lessons rang eventually, and the Remove trooped into the Form-room. When Mr. Quelch swooped into the room looking very grim and choleric, there was only one vacant place in the Form—and that was William George Bunter's.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Does anybody know where Bunter is?"

Nobody replied.

Mr. Quelch's brows contracted, and danger signals glinted from his eyes. He darted a look at the door, and then, gathering his gown about him, sat down at his desk.

"Boys, take up your books!" he rapped. "The lesson will commence."

The Remove looked meaningfully at each other, but Mr. Quelch stopped the little murmurs of conversation that arose by a fierce rap with the ruler.

As the minutes passed, and Billy Bunter did not put in his appearance in the Form-room, Mr. Quelch grew restless and more and more bad-tempered. At length, he glanced at his watch, frowned, and left his desk.

"I'll proceed with your work quietly, boys, and let there be no disturbance whilst I am gone!" he said.

And, taking up his stoutest cane, he smooched from the Form-room.

"Now Bunter's in for it!" grinned Bobover major. "What price his bravery now? Quelch's gone out to look for him in a towering rage!"

Bobover was right. Mr. Quelch's face wore a most unpleasant look as he strode along the corridor. Things looked ill for William George Bunter, when the Remove master caught him!

Mr. Quelch halted at the corner, and looked up the stairs, and glanced along the passages to the left and right.

But, like the prophet of old, he saw no man.

Had Mr. Quelch chanced to look upward, however, he would have beheld the fat face of William George Bunter grinning at him from over the banisters of the landing above.

Bunter's face was grimy, and so were his clothes and hands. He had a sack with him which was well filled with soot. The Owl of the Remove had spent his time since breakfast collecting the soot.

Bunter's little round eyes glistened behind his spectacles when he saw Mr. Quelch standing directly beneath him.

"Good egg!" he chuckled, as he raised the sack to the rail of the banisters. "Now's my chance to do the trick! My word! This lot will smother him! He, he, he!"

Bunter inverted the mouth of the sack over Mr. Quelch's head, and then gave it a shove. A torrent of soot swept downward like an avalanche, and covered Mr. Quelch like a deluge.

Swoooooosh!

"Gerrrrrrrrgh!"

Mr. Quelch, with that weird, gasping howl, went down like a log, with the soot and the sack on top of him.

"—Yah! Gevrogg! Bless my soul! I—Gug! Gug! Goooonh!"

The Remove master lay on the linoleum in a most ungraceful attitude, with the sack on his chest, smothered and surrounded with soot. The air was full of it. It hung like a black pall in the atmosphere around Mr. Quelch.

Billy Bunter blinked down, and chuckled. Then he sneezed, and Mr. Quelch's eyes looked upwards through the soot, and saw him.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2

"THE CONGO!" A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

"Yoooooh! Grrrrrrah! Bunter! Good heavens! It is—Gug! Gug!—you!"

Mr. Quelch struggled to his feet, causing clouds of soot to arise as he did so. Billy Bunter came down the stairs, a look of elaborate surprise on his fat features.

"Oh, dear!" he said, in a shocked voice. "Is that you, sir? I—I'm awfully sorry!"

"Gerrrr! Ooogh! You little villain! Yurrerrragg!"

Mr. Quelch stood there choking and gouging soot out of his eyes and mouth and ears. He was simply dripping with soot. He stood in a small heap of it. His hair was plastered to his head with it, and his face resembled that of a Christy Minstrel. Mr. Quelch was in a horrible, unholly, and lamentable mess!

The Remove master checked and gurgled for some seconds, and then, reaching for his cane with a sooty hand, he made a rush at Billy Bunter.

"Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter, fleeing along the passage towards the Form-room. "Hellup! I didn't mean it, sir! Yow-ow!"

"I'll—gerrrrah—flay you alive, Bunter, when I lay my hands upon you!" screamed Mr. Quelch, who was in a royal rage at the gross indignities which he had suffered. "How dare you—gughoooooh!—hurl soot at me—your master! Stop!"

William George Bunter did not stop. Like Balaam's ass, he heeded not the voice of his master. He made a bee-line for the Form-room, dashed inside, and slammed the door just as Mr. Quelch came pounding up, with a long, long trail of soot behind him.

"There was a roar from the Remove. "Here's Bunter!"

"What have you been up to, Bunter?" "Been climbing a chimney?"

And then Mr. Quelch commenced thumping on the door, and shouting. "Crash! Crash! Crash!"

"Open this door, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter turned a wildly excited face towards the Remove.

"I say, you fellows, don't let Quelch in!" he gasped. "I—I've upset a sack of soot over him, and he's after me. He—he'll murder me when he gets me! Yeehoo!"

"Thump! Thump! Thump!"

Mr. Quelch raved and stormed outside the Form-room door.

"Bunter! Grooogh! How dare you lock me out! Open this door immediately! Boys, I command you to open this door!"

Harry Wharton & Co. jumped up in their seats, but they were too amazed to do anything. So Bunter had carried out his threat! He had slopped a sack of soot over Mr. Quelch! No wonder Mr. Quelch was raving!

Crash!

Mr. Quelch, exerting all his strength, heaved all his weight at the door, and it came in with a rush. So did Mr. Quelch. He fairly fell into the Form-room on top of Billy Bunter.

"Yaroooooh!"

Ooooooooh!"

The master and Billy Bunter rolled on the floor together, whilst the astounded Remove looked on in dumbfounded amazement.

It was the sight of Mr. Quelch that took their breath away. The Remove master, smothered in soot from head to

foot, was verily a sight to make all beholder's stare. The Remove gazed at him open-mouthed.

"Yaroooooh!" bellowed Billy Bunter, jumping to his feet. "Leggo! Rescue Remove! Don't lettin' gerrrr me! Woooooooh!"

Mr. Quelch was up as soon as Bunter, and he chased the Owl right round the front of the Form-room. Bunter, now terrified out of his wits, dodged behind the blackboard, and sent it crashing over on Mr. Quelch's toe. The Form master gave a shriek of pain and hugged his injured foot, dancing on the other.

"Yah! Ow-wow-wow!" moaned Mr. Quelch.

Whilst Mr. Quelch was performing that wild species of hop, Billy Bunter scudded out of the Form-room and disappeared down the passage.

When he saw Bunter go, Mr. Quelch forgot the pain in his toe, at least, it became a matter of secondary importance. With the cane again in his hand he dashed from the room in a cloud of soot, and pounded off in search of Billy Bunter.

The Remove Form-room was in a pandemonium of noise.

"My only Sunday chapeau!" gasped Harry Wharton, blinking at the soot which bedewed the front of the Form-room. "Am I dreaming, or was all that true? Was that really Bunter, and was that really Quelch, smothered in soot, or is it all a nightmare?"

"I kinder reckon, guvna and cal-kew-lah that was no nightmare, sir!" grimaced Fisher T. Fish. "That guy Bunter has put his hoof in it now—some! Gee-whiz! I guess by the time Quelch gets through with him he'll wish he had never been born!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, carry me home to die, somebody!" gasped Bob Cherry in a faint voice. "If that doesn't romp off with the whole daisy! Huntley and Palmer foundry! Fancy Bunter having the nerve to chuck soot over Quelch! My hat! Quelch will slaughter him!"

"The slaughterfulness of the fat and ludicrous Bunter will be terrific!" murmured Inky. "As your English proverb puts it, the way of the transgressor never did run smoothly."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A Wonderful Sporting Serial, entitled:

"THE RIVAL SPORTSMEN"

By VICTOR NELSON

Is just starting in the
"POPULAR"

Get a copy of our Splendid
Tuesday Companion TO-DAY

The Remove waited in tense expectation for twenty minutes. All sorts of surmises were made as to what had happened. Skinner suggested that Quelch was still being Bunted by Wharton, Friar-dale, whilst Bulstrode said that perhaps they were fighting it out in the quadrangle.

Evidently Mr. Quelch was dealing with Bunter with a heavy hand.

Ten minutes passed, and then there was a story of a passage.

It was Mr. Quelch.

He was panting for breath, most of the soot had been removed from his face and head, and he had a new gown on. His eyes were gleaming like points of fire, his lips were set in a thin, hard line, and all the muscles of his face were taut.

With deadly precision he laid down the cane he carried and faced the Form.

"Bolover major and Ogilvie, kindly pick up the blackboard!" he said in a low, tense voice.

Bolover and Ogilvie did so with alacrity.

"The lesson will proceed!" hissed Mr. Quelch, taking up his book. "Boys, let there be no more muttering in class, or I shall visit the delinquents with the most severe punishment."

The Remove's mutterings and whisperings ceased, and the lesson proceeded, but the justness of his doing so breathe lest they invoked the wrath of their Form master—the wrath which they knew was still simmering like a live volcano. Where was Bunter, and what had happened to him? Since Mr. Quelch vouchsafed no information at that point, the Remove sat in the seats of fate, wondering, and most anxiously awaited the end of lessons, to satisfy their curiosity.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Ponsonby & Co. Take a Hand!

YOW-WOW WOVW-WOW!"

He had been uttering that expression, and several others of an equally weird and unintelligible variety, for quite a long time—ever since Mr. Quelch had left him, in fact.

The Owl of the Remove was in the cloisters, sealed on a large block of stone, gasping and moaning.

He looked rather the worse for wear. There was soot on the ground, scattered in all directions and trampled underfoot, indicating that a scuffle had taken place there.

Mr. Quelch had chased Bunter into the cloisters, had caught him, and then, boiling with fury, had given the Owl of the Remove a thorough thrashing with the cane.

Mr. Quelch had not spared Bunter. Having chastised Bunter, Mr. Quelch had left him there and returned to the Form-room, intending to deal further with Bunter when lessons were over.

The Head was away from Greyfriars for a few days, so Mr. Quelch had taken matters into his own hands.

"Grooogh!" The beast moaned Bunter, rubbing his back, which was sore and tender. "Blessed if I thought he'd whack into me like that! Ow-wow-wow! I do believe he's broken two of my ribs and dislocated my collarbone! Grooh! He nearly smashed my eyes, too! Ow! I do feel rotten! Jolly lucky he didn't make me yoww-yoww! go back to the class-room. Now I'm going to do my self—ooogh!—up in bandages and things, and go down to the solicitor and get out a summons against Quelch for assault! Yow-wow! I'll make the cat sit up for this! Grooogh!"

And, thus muttering, William George Bunter arose from the slab of stone.

He arose with difficulty and gasped, and when he walked, it was with a most decided limp.

In fact, Billy Bunter fairly crawled over to the School House.

The quadrangle was deserted, for morning lessons were still in progress.

Bunter went indoors and along to the Remove passage.

He looked in at Wibley's study, and, seeing that the maids had finished their cleaning, he went over to a large box that stood by the window.

"Good!" chuckled Bunter, as he managed to pick the lock. "Here are all Wib's grease-paints and amateur theatrical props. I'm going to make out I'm bruised all over—this blue stuff will do it. Then the red paint will do for blood, and I'll get some bandages from the Scouts' box in Wharton's room. Groop! The solicitor will think I've been half killed, and I'll get quids—perhaps fifty or more—out of Quelch for damages. Ow-wow! My back! It feels as though it's broken!"

Billy Bunter stood in front of Wib's glass, and with Wib's grease-paints he proceeded to make his face look a ghastly sight. Bunter made one eye look red and inflamed, and the other one he gave a colouring of deep purple!

When he had finished doing himself up to his own satisfaction, Bunter carefully replaced the grease-paints and relocked the box, and rolled from the study.

He went along to Study No. 1, where H. Wharton, as head of the Remove Scout troop, kept the first-aid apparatus and bandages.

Bunter swathed himself liberally in bandages.

Tretter, the school page, looked in, and Bunter bribed him with sixpence to bandage his legs and put his arm in a sling!

By the time Bunter had finished he presented quite a pathetic figure.

With court plaster stuck on his face, and bandages galore, he looked as though he had been in a serious railway accident or a motor smash.

"Good!" chuckled the Owl, as he surveyed himself in the glass. "That's ripping! I'll make out Quelch has half murdered me! Nobody will suspect me! He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter left Study No. 1 and hastened downstairs.

It was getting near time for the boys to come out of the class-rooms, and he wanted to get away before them, in case he was prevented from carrying out his purpose by any of the fellows.

It did not occur to Bunter's fat mind that his "make-up" would not bear the examination he was bound to be put to when he consulted the solicitor.

Feeling very sore in mind and body, but cheerful in the reflection that he would soon be holding the upper hand of Mr. Quelch, William George Bunter rolled onwards out of the school gates and along the Friarvale Lane.

Bunter took a devious course, in case Mr. Quelch should have changed his mind about leaving him alone, and followed on his trail.

The devious course took much longer than the direct road to Courtfield.

Unfortunately, also, it ran close to Highcliff School.

By the time Billy Bunter neared Highcliff, morning lessons were over, and the boys were leaving the school.

Bunter did not show himself near the school, of course, but kept to the wood.

He halted in astonishment and some

dismay, however, when he saw four elegantly-dressed High-life fellows on the woodland path before him.

They were Cecil Ponsovoy, the knutnish leader of the rotters' brigade at Highcliff, and his cronies, Monston, Gadby, and Vavasour.

They grinned when they saw Billy Bunter.

"Sister Ann, Sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?" chuckled Ponsovoy.

"Great pip! It's that fat Greyfriars chap, Bunter! Look at him! Done up like a hambone, by jingo!"

"Oh, rather!" grinned Vavasour.

"What the dickens has happened to him?" gasped Monston. "He looks as though he's just had an accident!"

Ponsovoy & Co. surrounded Billy Bunter, eyeing him up and down and grinning.

"I—I say, you fellows—" said Bunter nervously.

"Good-morning, Bunter, old chap!" said Cecil Ponsovoy affably. "My word! You do look a wreck! Have you just been run over?"

"Yes—er—no—that is to say, I—

Groooh! I do feel bad!" said Bunter pathetically. "I'm suffering agonies of torture! Don't touch me, you chaps. I—I'm only a shadow of my former self!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Highcliff knuts laughed callously at Bunter's account of his sufferings.

"Oh, really, you know—"

"How did it happen, Bunter?" asked Ponsovoy, closely scrutinising Bunter's ghastly looking face. "By George! There's a chivvy! You must have had an awful time to get into that state!"

"Groooh! Awful isn't the word, really," said Billy Bunter. "I've been the victim of a wicked assault! These ribs have been broken, my spinal column is fractured in three places, my shoulder is dislocated, and I'm cut and bruised all over! Look at my face, for instance! One eye cut, and the other one black!"

"Yes, you look a perfect wreck, Bunter!" said Ponsovoy, his eyes gleaming.

"But I say, though, what's the little game?"

"Wh-what do you mean?" gasped Bunter nervously.

"What's the idea of all this spoof?" said Ponsovoy, deftly rubbing his hand across Bunter's right eye and then removing some of the "bruise" thereon.

"My hat! It's grease-paint, as I thought! Surely, Bunter, you didn't expect us to be such shrieking asses as not to see through the trick? Why, anybody with half his eyesight could see that this is all spoof!"

"I—I—er—really, you know, you're—er—greatly mistaken, Pon, old chap!" said Bunter, in dismay. "I'm terribly mistaken, really! That—er—isn't grease-paint at all—it's ointment!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Highcliff knuts, in derision.

"Billy Bunter looked round him nervously for an avenue of escape.

Just there was none.

Ponsovoy & Co. were closing in on Bunter. He commenced to limp away rather hurriedly, but the knuts of Highcliff stopped him.

"Not so fast, my fat spoofster!" said Ponsovoy, grasping Bunter's arm that was in a sling and pulling him round.

Billy Bunter gave a wild, unceremonious yell.

"Yoooooh! Help! Murder! Oh dear! Geraway!" howled Bunter, struggling.

"Off with the giddy handages!"

"Yoooooh! Help! Murder! Oh dear! Geraway!" howled Bunter, struggling.

"Yoooooh! Help! Murder! Oh dear! Geraway!" howled Bunter, struggling.

"Yoooooh! Help! Murder! Oh dear! Geraway!" howled Bunter, struggling.

"Yoooooh! Help! Murder! Oh dear! Geraway!" howled Bunter, struggling.

"Yoooooh! Help! Murder! Oh dear! Geraway!" howled Bunter, struggling.

"Yoooooh! Help! Murder! Oh dear! Geraway!" howled Bunter, struggling.

"Yoooooh! Help! Murder! Oh dear! Geraway!" howled Bunter, struggling.

"Yoooooh! Help! Murder! Oh dear! Geraway!" howled Bunter, struggling.

"Yoooooh! Help! Murder! Oh dear! Geraway!" howled Bunter, struggling.

"You heartless rotters, can't you see I'm suffering torture? Ooooooh! Yarrgh! Leggo!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter went over, and he smote the cold, hard, un sympathetic ground with a heavy jolt.

Ponsovoy & Co. sat on him, and proceeded to unbind the bandages that were on the fat Removeite. They came off in long strips, displaying underneath "wounds" of grease-paint, very clumsily applied.

Bunter yelled and shrieked that he was being murdered. Ponsovoy & Co. merely chuckled, and wiped away the grease-paint "wounds" and "bruises."

"There!" chuckled the Highcliff knut, surveying the prostrate Bunter with a smile of satisfaction. "That's howled you out, hasn't it, Bunter? You artful spoofster!"

"Yoooooh! Lemme go!" moaned Bunter, blinking up at his tormentors.

"I—I'll explain it all to you! It—it's a game of spoof on Quelch, really! I—

you—I didn't mean to deceive you chaps! Wooo-woooo-w!"

"No, but the spoof was intended for somebody else—what?" chuckled Pon.

"Well, Bunter, old chap, we're sorry to have disturbed the nice little make-up.

But believe us, it wasn't half realistic enough. What you want is a nice assortment of real bruises, and there you are!"

"Look here, you rotters, lemme go, and—"

"We can't replace the spoof bruises, so let's give Bunter some real ones!" said Ponsovoy, with a spiteful grin. "Chaps, proceed!"

"Yoooooh! First! Help! Murder!"

Howled Bunter, as Ponsovoy & Co. laid violent hands upon him and whirled him up. "You rotters—

Ooooooh! Leggo! Yah! Ow-ow-wow!"

"Biff! Thud! Wallop!"

Pon & Co. set about Billy Bunter in real earnest. They made a football of him along the woodland path.

They kicked him, and trod on him, and wiped their boots on him, and they tossed him up and down.

Bunter's yells rang through the wood, but there was no succour near.

"Chuck him down into that ditch!" chuckled Pon. "There's no water or mud down there, but it's nice and hard and full of bricks at the bottom! Kim on!"

"Woo-woo-woo-woo!"

Billy Bunter was raised on high by the four Highcliff knuts, and hurled headlong down the steep incline that led to the dry ditch.

He howled senselessly as he struck the bricks that were at the bottom.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Ponsovoy & Co.

"Yoooooh! Grough! You cad! Yoo-woop!"

"There are your handages, Bunter!" chuckled Ponsovoy, flinging the articles into the ditch on top of the prostrate Bunter.

"Do yourself up again, and carry on with the good work! There's no need to cry hospital! You'd pass muster at any hospital!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And, chortling at the manner in which they had japed Billy Bunter, the knuts of Highcliff went on their way.

Bunter lay low in the ditch until Ponsovoy & Co. had gone, and then he sat up and gave a deep, deep groop.

"Yoooooh! Grough! My head! My ribs are properly broken this time—all of 'em! Oh crumbs! Groo-hoooh!"

Billy Bunter groped for his eyeglasses,

and, chortling at the manner in which they had japed Billy Bunter, the knuts of Highcliff went on their way.

Bunter lay low in the ditch until Ponsovoy & Co. had gone, and then he sat up and gave a deep, deep groop.

"Yoooooh! Grough! My head! My ribs are properly broken this time—all of 'em! Oh crumbs! Groo-hoooh!"

Billy Bunter groped for his eyeglasses,

and, chortling at the manner in which they had japed Billy Bunter, the knuts of Highcliff went on their way.

Bunter lay low in the ditch until Ponsovoy & Co. had gone, and then he sat up and gave a deep, deep groop.

"Yoooooh! Grough! My head! My ribs are properly broken this time—all of 'em! Oh crumbs! Groo-hoooh!"

Billy Bunter groped for his eyeglasses,

and, finding them, set them upon his snub little nose. That nose felt several sizes too large for his face and his eyeglasses. It was, indeed, very red and swollen. Bunter had a cut on his fat cheek, and he mopped at it with a non-toilet-clean handkerchief. A huge bump was rising on his forehead, whilst his right eye was gradually developing an art shade in blue.

Bunter rose to his feet and gave a yelp of pain.

It hurt him to bear on one leg, and his other was badly bruised.

His hip, too, had suffered from contact with the bricks in the ditch.

Billy Bunter groaned and moaned in real good earnest, and he proceeded to bind his wounds with the bandages. They came in really useful then.

This having been done, Bunter commenced to crawl up out of the ditch.

It was a painful and laborious task to him in his present battered and bruised condition.

When he had reached the top, Billy Bunter leaned against a tree and dusted himself down. He was gasping with anguish.

"The beasts!" he moaned. "Thought they'd—yow!—properly mess my game up, didn't they? Groogh! But, by Jove, Ponsooby was right! Ow-wow! I might have been found out, and then the summons against Quelch would have fallen through. Yurroogh! Now the rotters have made a proper mess of me. I'll blame that on to Quelch. I'll make out that Quelch pitched into me, and did all this—Woo-woe-woe! They'll all believe me, too! I'll get damages, and Quelch won't bully me any more! Yow! After all, I'm glad this happened. Groogh! But—but I do feel rotten! Ow-wow-wow!"

Thus musing, Bunter removed all traces of Ponsooby & Co.'s footprints from his person.

Then, muttering and gasping, he limped on through the wood, and continued on his way to the solicitor's at Courtfield.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Legal Action!

"I 8 Mr. Walpole in?"

William George Bunter crawled into the solicitor's office in Courtfield High Street, and addressed that inquiry to the freckled-faced office-boy, who peered his tanned head through a small pigeon-hole marked "Inquiries."

The freckled-faced youngster grinned broadly when he saw the state of Billy Bunter.

"My 'at'!" he remarked. "You've been put through the 'oop, aven't' yer, mate? Ad a scrup-up in the road!"

"None of your jaw, you cheeky young sweep!" retorted Billy Bunter hotly. "I want to see Mr. Walpole, the solicitor!"

"Sure you don't mean old Patcham, the doctor opposite?" inquired the facetious office-boy. "Haw, haw, haw! Wet name shall I give?"

"Bunter—Mr. W. G. Bunter!" replied the Owl of the Bonoville. "And tell Mr. Walpole it's very important!"

The freckled-faced office-boy disappeared, and after a wait of five minutes in the dusty outer office, Billy Bunter was shown into the solicitor's private room.

Mr. Curtis Walpole, the Courtfield solicitor, was a tall, middle-aged man with a very red face, but a grave mien. There was a mustiness about him,

mingled with a look of alertness and wit, which proclaimed him to be a lawyer.

He rose and stared in great surprise when he saw Billy Bunter enter.

"Ahem! Good-morning, Mr.—Mr.—Bunter!" he said. "What—ahem!—can I do for you?"

"I want to take out a summons against my Form master, at Greyfriars, for brutal assault and battery!" said Billy Bunter, coming straight to the point. "Look at me, sir! I'm battered and bruised all over! Really, I don't know how I managed to get here, I'm suffering so!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the solicitor, jumping up and looking at the dilapidated Owl in amazement. "You—you don't mean to say, Master Bunter, that a master at your school was responsible for—for your present condition?"

"I do!" said Bunter glibly and firmly. "Mr. Horace Quelch—that's his name. Put it down for the purpose of the summons. He did it. He went for me like a madman, whacked me with a cane and slogged me all over. Grooogh-hooogh! I feel awful!"

"Dear me!" gasped Mr. Walpole. "Sorely the master could not have realised what he was about, to have punished you like that. Was it—ahem!—an unprovoked assault, Master Bunter?"

"Well, I happened to drop some soot over him—that's all!" said Billy Bunter. "I was resting the sack of soot on the Head's garden. Soot goes well on gardens, you know—it's good for the plants. I was resting the sack of soot on the banisters, and Mr. Quelch happened to come along and stop below. I—I—"

somehow let go of the sack, and all the soot went over Quelch!"

"Dear me! Ahem! How extraordinary!" said the solicitor. "In that case, Mr. Quelch certainly had some reason for annoyance, but—but there was not sufficient justification for such a savage assault as you appear to have been the victim of. Do you mind if I make—ahem!—a short inspection of the injuries you have received?"

"Certainly, sir!" said Billy Bunter.

The bandages were undone, and his coat taken off. There, sure enough, were one-mark on Bunter's fat arms. His elbows were bruised and cut. His other bumps and bruises were too numerous to mention.

Mr. Walpole looked grave when he had finished his survey of the injured Bunter.

"This is a most serious affair, Master Bunter," he said. "You appear to have suffered considerable physical injury as a result of the alleged assault by your Form master."

"Mr. Quelch is a tyrant and a rotten bully, sir!" said Billy Bunter vehemently. "It's about time he was shown up, and I'm going to do it! Can I get a summons out against him, sir?"

"Yes, by all means," replied the solicitor, making notes in a book. "You must come over with me to the doctor and have your wounds properly bathed and attended to. He, of course, will be able to give evidence as to your condition. I shall proceed to take instant proceedings against this Mr. Quelch."

"The rotter will get a summons and be hauled up to court and made to pay damages?" asked Billy Bunter eagerly.

"Most assuredly!" said the solicitor gravely. "This is one of the worst cases



Bunter gave Mr. Quelch a haughty look. "I have been down to Courtfield and seen a solicitor about this morning's business. He is taking up the case for me. You are going to be summoned for assault!" Mr. Quelch fell back and clutched the doorway for support. (See Chapter 6.)

of assault that I have had to deal with. You appear to have suffered severely at the hands of your Form master, and the damages will be heavy. The summons will be served on him within a day or so."

Billy Bunter chuckled. He quite forgot his aches and pains. But when he went over to the doctor with Mr. Walpole, he gave a glowing account of his sufferings. All particulars were taken down, and Billy Bunter, newly bandaged and looking like a wounded warrior, set out again for Greyfriars.

He walked laboriously and gasping with pain, for, truth to tell, Ponsonby & Co.'s mauling had left him aching all over.

By the time he reached Greyfriars, he was puffed and panting. There was a crowd of juniors at the gates. They set up a shout when they saw the fat form of William George Bunter approaching down the lane.

"Here's Bunter!" roared Skinner. "He's turned up at last! Great pip! Look at him!"

Harry Wharton & Co., and Peter Todd, the Banner, Balstrode, Skinner & Co., and a whole host of Removites, as well

as fellows from other Forms, crowded round Bunter. They had been anxiously awaiting him.

They gazed at the bandaged Bunter in speechless astonishment for some seconds.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Bunter!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "Wh-what the merry thunder! How the dickens did you get into that state! Been wrestling with a steam-roller, or trying conclusions with a threshing-machine?"

"Grooo-hooogh!" said Bunter, halting and leaning up against the school gate-post. "I'm on the verge of collapse, you fellows! Look at me!"

"Yes, we're looking!" said Bob Cherry, in wonder. "By Jove! You Bunter?"

"Quelch did it!"

"Eh!"

"What?"

"I have Quelch to thank for this!" said Billy Bunter. "You remember when he chased me out of the Form-room? Well, he caught me in the cloisters and set about me like a madman. He—he beat me unmercifully, and

did not let me alone until I was lying in an unconscious heap on the ground!"

"When I recovered my senses, I was lying there in a pool of blood, battered, and bruised all over—"

"Boosh!" said Johnny Bull. "Don't pile on the agony, you fat spoofer!"

"I tell you it's true!" exclaimed Billy Bunter furiously. "Look at my wounds! Aren't they real? Look—I'll undo some of the bandages!"

Bunter did so, and the crowd of juniors surrounding him gave gasps of amazement.

"My only hat! These bruises and cuts are real enough!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You don't mean to say, Bunter, that Quelch pitched into you and did all that?"

"I do!" said Bunter, glowering. "I tell you, he was like a madman! I've been down to the doctor at Courtfield, and he dressed the wounds for me. He charged a guinea."

"Pile on it, Balstrode. Where did you get the guineas from to pay him, Bunter?"

"The solicitor advanced it!" said Bunter.

A Novel New . . . "HISTORIES."

Football Competition No. 1.—Manchester United.



FIRST PRIZE £5 0 0
Second Prize £2 10 0
TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS

Here is a splendid new competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of Manchester United Football Club in picture-puzzle form. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears under the puzzle, pin it to your solution, and post it to "HISTORIES" Competition No. 1, MAGNET Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than Thursday, October 26th, 1922.

THE FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide all, or any, of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Gem," "Boys' Friend," and "Popular," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

I enter "HISTORIES" Competition No. 1, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name.....

Address.....

ME

"The who?"

"The which?"

"The solicitor!" said Billy Bunter. "I've been down to Walpole, the Court-field solicitor, and put the matter into his hands. I'm taking legal proceedings against Quelch!"

The words seemed to mesmerise the other Greyfriars fellows. They gazed at Bunter like boys in a dream.

"You—you're taking proceedings against Quelch?" gasped Harry Wharton, in a faint voice. "Don't spoof us, you fat fraud!"

"I'm not spoofing!" said Bunter viciously. "Quelch is going to suffer for this! I've stood his bullying long enough! He's going to get a summons to-morrow. The solicitor is at present taking proceedings against him, and Quelch will have to pay damages! That will make him sit up!"

"Mum-my only sainted Aunt Maria!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "Bunter summoning Quelch for assault! What on earth next?"

The juniors were wildly excited about it.

Billy Bunter rolled into the quadrangle, followed by the others.

Wingate, the school captain, came up to him. He almost fell down when he saw Bunter. He gasped when Bunter declared that Mr. Quelch was responsible for his wounds.

"Well, I can hardly believe it!" said Wingate dazedly. "Anyway, Mr. Quelch wants you in his study at once!"

"Tell Quelch he can go and eat cake!" replied Bunter loftily. "I'm obeying no more of his orders until the court job is over!"

"The—the what?"

"The court job! I'm taking legal proceedings against Quelch. He's going to be summoned for wilful assault and battery, and I'm claiming heavy damages!"

Wingate passed a hand dazedly across his brow. Billy Bunter passed on, and Harry Wharton & Co. accompanied him insoons.

Soon the news was all over the school.

Billy Bunter had been assaulted by Mr. Quelch. He had had to see a doctor, and Bunter was taking an action against Mr. Quelch in the law court! Bunter was going to claim damages against the Form master for assault!

Peter Todd jumped up from the table in Study No. 7 when he heard the news.

"You—you've instituted legal proceedings against Quelch?" he gasped, gazing at Bunter disbelievingly.

"Yes, rather! And the solicitor says I shall win the case, too! I'll make Quelch pay for his brutal treatment of me!"

"Bunter!"

The harsh voice of Mr. Quelch burst in upon Billy Bunter's discourse.

He wheeled round and stood confronted by the Form master in the study doorway. Mr. Quelch's eyes were gleaming, and there was a hard look on his face.

"Bunter, where have you been? And what do you mean, speaking of me in this disrespectful manner?"

William George Bunter faced Mr. Quelch unflinchingly; indeed, the look he gave the Form master was quite haughty.

"It means, sir, that I am no longer under your thumb," he said. "I have been down to Courtfield and seen a solicitor about this morning's business. He's



"Kim on, Ponsenby!" said Bob Cherry, bursting into the Head's room, and pulling the knot of Highcliffe after him. "Good heavens!" ejaculated the Head. "Cherry, what does this mean?" "We've come to clear matters up, sir!" exclaimed Wharton. "It wasn't Mr. Quelch who inflicted those injuries on Bunter—these fellows did it!" (See Chapter 8.)

taking up the case for me! You are going to be summoned for assault!"

"Good—good heavens!"

Mr. Quelch fell back, and clutched hold of the doorway for support. Peter Todd's heart thumped wildly, but Billy Bunter stood his ground, and barked at the Remove master through his half-closed eye.

"Bunter!" Mr. Quelch found his voice at last. "Are you romancing, boy? You—you dare endeavour to intimidate me!"

"No intimidation at all, sir; it's the truth!" retorted the Owl of the Remove. "Wait and see, that's all! Look at me! You did this! And I'm not going to let it slide without a row! I'm taking legal proceedings against you for assault! You needn't believe me, but wait till to-morrow when the summons is served! Perhaps you'll realise, then, what you've done!"

The Form master licked his dry lips. He could not find words for some minutes. When he spoke, his voice was like distant thunder.

"You—you wicked youth! Bunter, do you allege that I—I was responsible for your state? What wicked story have you told to the—the solicitor?"

"I've told him the truth, Mr. Quelch!" said Bunter. "The Courtfield doctor examined me, too, and he'll be witness before the magistrate. Who else knocked me about but you, when you went for me in the cloisters this morning?"

"I did not do that! You had a well-merited thrashing with a cane—"

"Bah!" scoffed Bunter. "You lamined into me and beat me unmercifully! It's no use your denying it, sir, I've got proof! The magistrate won't believe you!"

"Good heavens!"

Mr. Quelch looked round haggardly at the boys who had assembled in the Remove passage. They were mostly looking serious—all but Skinner & Co., who were grinning in great delight. They revelled in a situation such as this. For once, their sympathies were all with Bunter! The idea of Mr. Quelch being summoned by the Owl of the Remove struck them as decidedly novel and comical.

"Bunter, I—I refuse to take a serious view of what you say," muttered Mr. Quelch, contracting his brows. "You are a wicked, prevaricating boy! I admit I chastised you severely, but the punishment was well deserved. However, I shall not argue on that point now. Boys, kindly disperse! Let there be no disturbance in this passage!"

Mr. Quelch swept away, and herded the fellows away to their studies.

The Remove master then went along to his own room, locking decidedly harassed and worried. It was apparent that Bunter's words had sunk in.

And for the rest of the day there was only one topic of conversation at Greyfriars, and that was the amazing steps Billy Bunter had taken to get his revenge on Mr. Quelch.

There was no doubt about it. For the summons was served early the next day!

THE MAN FROM THE CONGO! A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 767.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Light at Last!

"YOU fast rotter!"
 "You howling little cad!"
 "You snivelling worm!"
 These and other equally polite expressions were uttered by the crowd of Removites who burst into Box-room No. 3 after the serving of the summons.

They had just discovered Bunter there, after search for him over all the school. The Owl of the Remove, still bandaged, but looking much better, was there, seated on a box and surrounded by a pile of tack. He was in his element, and was pitching into the good things for all he was worth.

He blinked round in alarm when he saw Harry Wharton & Co. enter.

"Oh, really, you fellow—Yarooogh! Whatever you doing, Nugent, you best? Yaw-yow!"

"It isn't Nugent; it's me—Bob Cherry!" said the fighting man of the Remove, fastening a strong grip on Bunter's collar and shaking him. "So you've really got out a summons against Quechley? We didn't take it seriously at first, but now the summons has been served on Quechley, it's a different matter. We're going to make you change your mind, Bunter!"

"You! Wow, wow! Leggo!" stammered Billy Bunter. "Yah! Dud-don't ah-shake me like that, you rotter! You! You'll bib-break my goggles, and if you do, you'll have to p-p-p-pay for them! Yarooogh!"

"Shove him across your knee, Bob!" said Peter Todd, striding forward. "I've got a cricket stump here—one I've often applied to Bunter to make him obey orders. I know how to deal with him."

"You! Wow, wow! Help! Leggo! Oooogh!"

William George Bunter was hauled across Bob Cherry's knee, and Peter Todd stood over him with the cricket stump.

"Now, Bunter, I'm going to persuade you to withdraw that summons against Quechley!" said Peter grimly. "If you don't, you'll get the biggest lamming you've ever had. Will you chuck this silly rot, and withdraw that summons?"

"No fear!" roared Bunter, struggling. "I'm going to get my own back on Quech! I've suffered enough, and I'm going to make the rotter sit up! I refuse, and—Yah! Wow! Yarooogh!"

"Whack, whack, whack!" the cricket stump rose and fell, and Billy Bunter beloveted at the top of his voice. Peter Todd laid on those whacks with all his might—and Peter's might was considerable.

"Going to withdraw the summons, Bunter?" he demanded, pausing.

"You! Wow, wow! No! I'll summons you as well, Toddy, you rotter! Yarooogh!"

"Whack, whack, whack!" Bunter's howls fairly made the windows rattle.

Harry Wharton & Co. stood round, watching the whacking of Bunter in grim satisfaction. They fell back in consternation, however, as a tall, elderly gentleman strode into the room.

"Oh, crum! He's escaped! Frank Nugent. It's the Head! He's come back!"

"Dr. Locke burst his way through the juniors and looked at the flogging scene before him with knitted brow and compressed lips.

"Cherry—Todd! Release Bunter, and allow him to stand up!"

Peter Todd dropped the cricket stump, and Bob Cherry dropped Bunter. The Owl lay on the floor of the box-room, howling, until Harry Wharton and Bulstrode dragged him to his feet.

The Head fixed Bunter with a stern look.

"Cease that snivelling, Bunter!" he rapped. "I have been looking for you ever since my return to Greyfriars. Mr. Quech summoned me by telephone. He gives me the amazing and almost unbelievable news, Bunter, that you have instituted legal proceedings against him for assault!"

"Yow! Wow! Yes, sir, That's correct!" moaned Bunter. "I consulted Walpole, the solicitor, yesterday. Yooop! The case against Mr. Quech is clear enough. He's a rotten, bullying, nigger-driving tyrant—"

"Bunter! How dare you!"

"It's true, sir," howled Bunter, now roused to great heights of indignation. "You don't know how I've suffered these past two days! Quech has been going for my head, and, as you were away, I sought my only protection, which was the law."

"Blame my soul! Bunter, you wicked, malicious boy, do you realize what you are doing by your folly? Have you not weighed the consequences of this—this unprecedented action of yours? Such a scandal as a schoolboy taking legal action against a master cannot be tolerated at Greyfriars! Bunter, whatever provocation you had, and however great the extent of the injury you have suffered at the hands of Mr. Quech, I must request you—nay, command you to visit the solicitor in whose hands you have placed the affair, and immediately withdraw the summons!"

"That's just what we've been trying to persuade him to do, sir," said Peter Todd, grimly.

Billy Bunter looked defiantly at the Head.

"I'm going through with the summons, sir!" he said. "Quech has bullied me long enough! This is where he gets taken down a peg or two!"

"Bunter! I cannot—will not—allow you to proceed with this miserable affair!"

"Nobody can stop me, sir!" retorted Bunter truculently. "I'm sorry, sir, but I've made my mind up. I'm a fellow of fixed purpose, I am! Nothing on earth will make me alter my decision!"

"We shall see, Bunter!" said the Head angrily. "I shall not hardly move words with you now. This evening I shall write to your father, and request him to come here. Perhaps he will be able to bring you to a more conciliatory frame of mind. Boys, disperse, and leave Bunter alone to enjoy this—this disgusting orgy!"

Harry Wharton & Co. went, and the Head swept away, looking worried.

William George Bunter glowered at the closed door, gave a wriggle, and proceeded to finish his least standing up. Peter's lamming with the cricket stump had made Billy Bunter rather chary of sitting down for some time.

Bunter did not do any prep that night. He went about with his nose up in the air, and bragging about the damages he would get out of Mr. Quech when the court case came off.

When the Remove assembled in the Form-room for lessons next morning, the master came in looking quite haggard and worried.

He glanced at Bunter, but did not speak to him.

Soon, however, he fixed a stern eye on Billy Bunter.

"Did you do any preparation last night, Bunter?" he demanded.

"No, sir," replied the Owl.

"Why not?"

"Because I didn't feel up to it, sir," said Billy Bunter loftily. "Really, you can't expect me to work, suffering as I am. I'm sure the magistrate will quote 'Agree with me when—'"

"That is enough, Bunter!" said Mr. Quech, between his teeth. "I shall not administer corporal punishment, but shall endeavour to shame you another way. Come forward, Bunter, and go behind the blackboard. There you will remain during the lesson."

"No jolly fear!" said Billy Bunter calmly.

"What! You dare disobey me, boy?"

"I refuse to go behind the blackboard, sir!" said Billy Bunter with dignity. "My constitution won't stand it—it's been so weakened since you went for me. Besides, I must regard such an order as 'mad on your part, sir,'"

"Go!—heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Quech. "Are you mad, Bunter?"

"No, sir. But I'm not going to be tyrannised any longer!"

Mr. Quech seemed about to choke. But he restrained himself. He raised his arm and pointed dramatically to the door.

"Go, Bunter!" he said. "Leave this Form-room, and do not enter it again to-day!"

"Oh, certainly, sir!" chirped Billy Bunter joyously.

He rolled from his desk and quitted the Form-room, chucking.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged grim glances. Bunter was taking advantage of his position. Having taken legal proceedings, he had the upper hand of Mr. Quech, to a certain extent, and he knew it.

Mr. Quech compressed his lips hard, took up his book, and the lesson proceeded. But it was apparent to the Remove that their Form master was greatly upset. The hearts of Harry Wharton & Co. went out to him, and they felt that they could have slaughtered Bunter.

Both master and pupils were glad when the end of lessons came.

Bunter heeded not the tuck embargo which Mr. Quech had placed upon him. In fact, he flaunted his position in front of all the other fellows, and stated that he was obeying no more of Mr. Quech's orders. Billy Bunter thought that the Remove master was afraid of him. He felt entirely at ease, and knew that he was under the protection of the law.

Mr. Quech kept out of Billy Bunter's way that day, in order to avoid any painful scenes.

Lessons were over, and Harry Wharton & Co. were adorning the gateway of Greyfriars with their presence. They were awaiting the coming of Frank Courtney & Co. of Highfields, whom they had invited to tea and a "jaw" over the coming football arrangements.

The station hack drove up the Friar-ale Lane, and turned into the school gateway. It stopped at the porter's gate, and a plump gentleman emerged.

"Mr. Bunter!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Bunter's pater has come!"

The boys round the gates raised their caps very respectfully to Mr. Bunter. The fat progenitor of Billy Bunter gave them a worried look and hastened across the Close to the School House. There

he was met by Trotter, who proceeded to show him up to the Head.

Soon afterwards Wingate came out in search of Bunter. Billy Bunter was discovered in the cloisters, sampling the contents of a rabbit-pie. The stalwart skipper of Greyfriars propelled Bunter by his coat-collar and gaped him along. "This way, your fat cad!" he said. "The Head and your pater want to see you!"

Wingate took him indoors, and the juniors round the gates fell to discussing the matter. What would transpire from Mr. Bunter's visit? Would he persuade Billy Bunter to withdraw the summons against Mr. Queelch, or would he side with his son and heir?

Ten minutes later the Owl of the Remove rolled down the steps and came over to the school gates.

There was a fat smirk on his face. "Well, your rotter!" demanded Harry Wharton. "Has your pater made you see sense?"

"No fear! I—I mean, my pater realizes that I'm doing the right thing, you know!" grinned Billy Bunter. "He, he, he! Dad's awfully waxy with Queelch for knocking me about! I'm the apple of my pater's eye, you know. He sides with me. He's up in the Head's room now, arguing the point. But the Head won't get round my old man, any more than he'll get round me! I'm out for justice this time, and I'll get it!"

Harry Wharton & Co. had great difficulty in keeping their hands off Bunter. They allowed him to go, however, and looked at each other in dismay.

"If Bunter senior agrees with the summons, then Queelch's in for it!" muttered Harry Wharton, wrinkling his

brows into a frown. "My hat! What a rotten thing for Greyfriars, though, for a master to be dragged through rotten legal proceedings—and by Bunter, of all people! There'd be no end of a scandal."

"Something must be done!" growled Frank Nugent.

"And done quickly!" said Johnny Bull.

Frank Courtenay and the Caterpillar of Highcliffe sauntered in at the gates. They looked in surprise at Harry Wharton & Co.

"Hallo, you chaps!" said the handsome captain of the Highcliffe Fourth. "What the merry dickens is the matter? You're looking pretty blue!"

"Yes, therefore the worried looks and furrowed brows, an' all that, dear fellows!" inquired the Caterpillar pleasantly. "What mighty matter is weighin' down your shoulders? Confide your troubles in me, an' let me comfort you. I've got quite a sympathetic chap since Franky showed me the error of my ways and snatched me like a brand from the burnin'—"

"Oh, cheese it, Caterpillar!" laughed Courtenay. "What's up, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton explained matters to the Highcliffians. Frank Courtenay and the Caterpillar raised their eyebrows in surprise.

"Whew!" whistled De Courcy. "A giddy lawsuit, by Jove! Bunter v. Queelch! Shades of Hannibal! What the merry dickens next?"

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Frank Courtenay. "It—it seems hardly possible! Bunter's going to summon Mr. Queelch! Surely Queelch couldn't have pitched into him all that much!"

"Queelch had good reason for going

for Bunter, but it seems that he lost his head," said Harry Wharton glumly. "Bunter's been knocked about all right, and that's where he's got Queelch. Besides, he's got both the doctor's and the solicitor's evidence as to his wounds."

"It's the limit!" said Courtenay. "What a giddy scandal! That chap Bunter must be in his glory now! He ought to be straggled!"

The Caterpillar looked rather thoughtful.

"I say, dear chaps," he said suddenly, "when did this merry assault take place? Methinks I can shed some light on the subject."

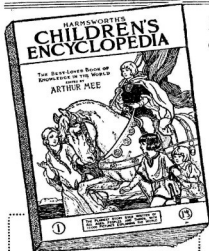
"Tuesday morning," replied Harry Wharton. "Queelch chased Bunter from the Form-room, and caught him in the cloisters. Bunter went straight down to the solicitor and the doctor."

"Great pip!" said the Caterpillar. "Then it just fits in! Look here, I heard Ponsenby and the rest of his merry crew chucking over something on Tuesday at the dinner table. I happened to overhear some scraps of their conversation. It appeared that they had run across Bunter near our school that morning, after lessons, and ragged him."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "I see the drift of what you're saying, Caterpillar! You think that perhaps Ponsenby & Co. ragged Bunter while he was on his way to the solicitor's, and that Bunter has blamed Mr. Queelch for the injuries he got at the hands of Pon & Co."

"That's it," said De Courcy, smiling. "From what I know of that chap Bunter, it seems just the sort of thing he would do."

(Continued on page 14.)



ENTIRELY NEW PRODUCTION
of the Most Wonderful Picture and
Story Book in the World!

Buy Part 1 TO-DAY

The CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA tells you the story of the Universe—the world's great men and women—of great deeds which will never die. The story of the Bible—of History—of Inventions—of Art—of Literature. The marvels of the Animal World, and of Plants. The wonders of the Sea, and the Earth, and the Sky. It is the best loved book of knowledge in the world, and it is YOURS for just over a penny a day. Buy Part 1 NOW, and give your Newsagent a regular order for all future parts.

HARMSWORTH'S
CHILDREN'S
ENCYCLOPEDIA

In Fortnightly Parts. Edited by ARTHUR MEE. Price 1s. 3d. each.

The Complete Work will contain:
10,000 Pictures

HUNDREDS OF THEM IN FULL COLOURS
and hundreds of pages in photographs—a picture story of the making of the earth, and a PICTURE ATLAS OF ALL CONTINENTS, with 2000 Maps.

"By Jove, so it is!" Harry Wharton's eyes gleamed. "Chaps, if only we can get Ponsobny & Co. to confess—"

Bunter's case against Quelch will have the catfish knocked out of it," roared Bob Cherry hilariously. "Come on, kids, let's find Ponsobny. There's no time to lose. We'll take this giddy hack."

The juniors made a rush, and clambered into the hack. Those who could not get in fetched bicycles.

Frank Courtenay and the Caterpillar accompanied Harry Wharton & Co. back to Highcliffe.

They urged old George to make his horse put its best feet foremost, and the hack rumbled and rattled on its way.

The others soon caught up to it on their bicycles.

"Highcliffe!" roared Bob Cherry at length, jumping from the hack. "Now to find Pon & Co."

Leaning their bicycles against the school wall, and telling the cabman to wait, they entered the gates of Highcliffe.

Ponsobny, Monson, Gadsby, and Vavasour were at that moment crossing from the tuckshop. In an instant they were surrounded by Harry Wharton & Co.

"Look here, what's the game?" panted the Highcliffe knut in alarm. "We've done nothing to you, and— Yarough! Leggo! Wharrer you doing?"

"Taking you away to give evidence, old son!" chuckled Bob, who had grasped Ponsobny and was walking him away to the gates. "Grab the others, you chaps! The cab will hold 'em!"

Pon & Co. roared and struggled, but of no avail. Harry Wharton & Co. yanked them out of gates and banded them heading into the cab.

"Right away, driver!" said Frank Nugent to the Greyfriars—as soon as you can manage it!"

Pon & Co. tried to escape from the cab, but the escort on the bicycles prevented them. So away they went to Greyfriars, inside the hack, with Harry Wharton & Co. and Frank Courtenay and the Caterpillar.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

In the Nick of Time!

"GREAT pip!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What the—"

"Who there—"

Great was the excitement at Greyfriars when the hack drove into the gates, and Harry Wharton & Co. dragged Ponsobny & Co. out.

"This way, Pon, old chap!" said Bob Cherry, linking arms affectionately with the knut of Highcliffe and leading him across the Close. "Has Mr. Bunter gone, you chaps? he inquired of the crowd of Removites who were standing near."

"No, not yet," replied Bulstrode. "But what the merry dickens does this mean? What have you brought Pon & Co. here for?"

"To confess!" replied Bob cheerfully. "We've discovered that it wasn't Quelch who knocked Bunter about, but these chaps. They went for him after Quelch had licked him!"

"Where?"

Ponsobny & Co., roaring and struggling, were taken across the Close and into the School House, and, led by Harry Wharton & Co., indoors and along to the Head's room.

Angry voices could be heard proceeding from behind the door.

Crash!

NEXT MONDAY! "THE MAN FROM THE CONGO!"

"Kim on, Ponsobny!" said Bob Cherry, bursting into the Head's room with the knut of Highcliffe dragging on his arm.

"O heavens!" ejaculated the Head, starting up. "Cherry, Wharton, Nugent, Bull! What ever does this mean? How dare you intrude—"

"We've come to clear matters up, sir!" exclaimed Harry Wharton eagerly. "It wasn't Mr. Quelch who inflicted those injuries on Bunter. These rotters—ahem!—those fellows did it!"

"Bless my soul! Wharton, you don't say so!"

A glad light leapt into Dr. Locke's eyes, and he looked eagerly at Ponsobny, Monson, Gadsby, and Vavasour, who were crouching in front of his desk.

"Speak up, Pon!" said Harry Wharton.

Dr. Locke waved his hand for silence, and proceeded to question Ponsobny & Co. closely. Harry Wharton gave an outline of the affair when Ponsobny hesitated, and then the knut of Highcliffe blurted out the story.

They told of how they had come upon Bunter in the wood, and discovered that he had made himself up in bandages and with grease-paint in order to give himself a battered and bruised appearance, of how they had cleared away the "spoo", and found Billy Bunter more or less intact; and how, afterwards, they had ragged Bunter, and given him some real bruises to show.

Dr. Locke drew a deep breath, and Mr. Bunter gasped.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head, when Ponsobny had finished. "Then Mr. Quelch was innocent, after all! And—and we have done him the injustice to believe that he inflicted those injuries upon Bunter. Wharton, will you kindly fetch Bunter here?"

"Don't you think I had better go as well, sir?" asked Bob Cherry politely.

"He—he may give trouble, you know."

"Very well, Cherry," said the Head, smiling a little.

The two Removites found Bunter in Study No. 7, munching toffee.

"This way to the Head, Bunter!" screeched Bob Cherry, hauling Billy Bunter to his feet. "The game's up! Your little game of spoo is discovered!"

"Yaroooooh! Wow! Leggo, Cherry, you beast!" howled Bunter. "I—I refuse to go! I don't know what you are talking about, and— Yah! Yowp! Stopp! hooooooop!"

Harry Wharton and Bob grasped the Owl of the Remove between them, and fairly carried him along the passage. Bunter awoke the echoes with his yelling, and fellows gathered round from far and near. Harry Wharton explained matters on the way to the Head's study, and loud cries of amazement arose.

Billy Bunter roared and struggled, but he was powerless in the grip of his two sturdy Form-fellows. They dragged him bodily into the Head's study.

The Owl of the Remove stood there, gasping and trembling in every limb, as Dr. Locke fixed his stern gaze upon him.

"Bunter!"

"Groooh! Ah! Wow-wow!" moaned Bunter.

"These lads here have come with a confession," said the Head, in low, tense tones. "In effect, their statement is that they, and not Mr. Quelch, were responsible for the injuries which you accused Mr. Quelch of inflicting. That you had previously intended suing Mr. Quelch is apparent, and you wickedly sought to make your Form-master suffer for something which he

did not do. Bunter, can you deny this?"

"Yowp! Yes, sir!" stuttered Bunter, although his knees were knocking. "Ponsobny and the others are telling how, sir! I didn't meet them in the wood on Tuesday—I didn't really! Don't you believe them, sir! I didn't put grease-paint on to make out I was bruised; they were real bruises!"

"Bunter," exclaimed the Head, "how are you aware that Ponsobny has stated that you had made use of grease-paint? You have only just come into the room, and no mention of it has been made to you."

"Oh crumbs! I—I—I mean, I—I wasn't chucked into the ditch! Ponsobny and the others never touched me! Mr. Quelch did it all! I—I—I—"

"Bunter, you are a wicked, stupid, and malicious boy!" exclaimed Dr. Locke angrily. "Do not attempt to prevaricate further, for I know the whole truth of the matter. I am only too thankful that this has transpired, otherwise Mr. Quelch would have suffered great indignity and expense by your base scheming!"

"Billy, you little rascal, I'm ashamed of you!" said Mr. Bunter. "If you were at home, I'd give you a thrashing myself!"

"Yow!" moaned Bunter, blinking in alarm. "Really, dad, I—"

"Dr. Locke, you have my full permission to thrash Billy as much as you think fit!" said Mr. Bunter grimly. "He badly needs a lesson!"

"Head quietly, but ominously."

Harry Wharton & Co. and Ponsobny & Co. left the study. Billy Bunter made a break for the door, but his father swung him back.

"Not so fast, Billy!" he said. "I'm going to see that you get it hot and strong this time!"

Ponsobny & Co. made themselves scarce immediately they were free, but a dense crowd of juniors and seniors as well waited outside the Head's study.

Loud howls of woe proceeded from within there. Ten minutes elapsed, and then Bunter crawled out, with his hands tucked tightly beneath his armpits.

Mr. Quelch came along soon afterwards, and entered the Head's room.

When he emerged, he was looking more cheerful than he had been for many days. The fellows gave him a rousing cheer. Mr. Quelch looked round, startled, and then smiled. There was no doubt that the fellows of Greyfriars, on the whole, were glad that the matter had been settled, and that Mr. Quelch had been spared the ridicule and indignity of Bunter's legal action.

In the Remove dormitory that night, after Wingate had seen lights out, there was a certain liveliness.

Peter Todd was the first out of bed. He lit a candle; Harry Wharton & Co. followed. They all crowded round Bunter's bed. Billy Bunter, who was awake, hung on to the clothes tight, and snored desperately. He knew what was coming!

"Out with the fat load!" said Peter, and he panked off all the bedclothes, and Bunter with them. Harry Wharton & Co. snored! Yaroooooh! Wow! You rotters! Yoooooop!" howled Billy Bunter, sprawling on the floor amongst his bedclothes.

Harry Wharton & Co. soon dragged him up. Billy Bunter trembled.

(Continued on page 23.)

STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

**EDITORIAL!**

By Paul Pontifex Prout, M.A.
(Master of the Fifth Form.)

IT is with great eagerness that I plump myself into the editorial chair for one week only.

Like most people who possess a vivid imagination, I am very fond of journalism.

I have edited several periodicals in the past, but they all perished before their prime, so to speak. There was "The Big Game Hunter," and "The Texas Times," and "The Mexican Messenger." I ran these papers when I was out in the Wild West, and I was obliged to work with a revolver on my desk, and another in my hip-pocket.

In a paper like "The Texas Times" there are several paragraphs of a pointed and personal nature. For example: "Big Ben Bashor has again been seen in the neighbourhood. We hereby tell Ben to his face that he is sure some skunk, and he had better quit."

This paragraph would rouse Big Ben Bashor to fury, and he would call on the editor, with anything but friendly intentions. So the editor, if he valued his skin, was obliged to keep a couple of revolvers always handy.

As you will have gathered, I am a journalist to the finger-tips. And it will be mere child's play for me to run the GREYFRIARS HERALD for one week. I should not object to running it permanently; but when I suggested this to Harry Wharton he was most impertinent, and I had to award him a hundred lines.

Of course, you have all heard of my exploits as a rifle-shot. It is no exaggeration to say that at a range of five hundred yards I could take the head off a pin.

In this issue you will find further details of my wonderful performances. Just as Robin Hood was the famous marksman of medieval times, so is Paul Prout the greatest marksman of the present day.

If anybody doubts my word, let him come to Greyfriars and stand perfectly still in the Close with an apple poised on his head. I will then emulate the feat of William Tell of old. Not a hair of the boy's head would be harmed; the bullet would pass clean through the centre of the apple.

I asked Coke of the Fifth to let me try this experiment, but for some reason or other he declined to stand with an apple on his head, and to let me take a shot at it. Now, I wonder why?

PAUL PROUT.

THE SKILLED SHOT!

Written by Dick Penfold,
Warbled by Mr. Prout.

When I was in the Rockies,
In Eighteen-eighty-nine,
I shot an ox, a mountain fox,
And several herd of kine,
I hunted game with gusto,
And thought it jolly fine,
When I was in the Rockies,
In Eighteen-eighty-nine!

I know you won't believe me,
And yet it is a fact;
I shot a stag upon a crag
And brought it home intact.
I smoked my lips with relish
On sitting down to dine,
When I was in the Rockies,
In Eighteen-eighty-nine!

I killed a burly bison,
A rattlesnake as well;
A stately deer its form did rear,
I shot it, and it fell.
My marksmanship was splendid,
My courage was divine,
When I was in the Rockies,
In Eighteen-eighty-nine!

I used to shoot my dinner,
My breakfast, and my lunch;
When tigers came, or other game,
I bagged them in a hunch.
I snared them and I trapped them,
'Twas part of my design,
When I was in the Rockies,
In Eighteen-eighty-nine!

My Winchester repeater,
Suspended on the shelf,
Gives Dr. Locke a fearful shock;
'He thinks I'll shoot myself!
Such accidents will happen,
We used to think them fine,
When I was in the Rockies,
In Eighteen-eighty-nine!

Give Your Chum a
Magnificent Present by
Buying Him a Copy of

The
"Holiday Annual"

Now on Sale Everywhere.

MY SHOOTING SUCCESSES!

By MR. PROUT.

IT is quite impossible, in the compass of a single column, to relate my shooting successes in detail. If I were to attempt to do it thoroughly, I should take up every page in this issue of the "Magnum" Library.

My earliest shooting successes were achieved with a penknife.

In my schooldays, penknifing was all the rage. While our worthy Form master's back was turned, and he was writing something on the blackboard, we would bombard him with peas. But I was usually the only pupil to score bullseye. I used to aim at the back of the master's head, just below the mortar-board, and I was never known to miss.

Before I left school, an uncle of mine made me a present of an air-rifle. We used to erect targets in the playground or in the garden at home, and I could always beat my rivals with the greatest of ease. I used to pepper the little black bullseye until it disappeared off the target altogether!

It was not until I was grown up that I first handled a real gun.

I was holiday-making at my father's country residence, and one morning I announced my intention of going rabbit-shooting. I got up at daybreak, and went jawing for rabbits in a driving rain. But the only thing I caught was a severe chill, which confined me to my bed for a week.

Later on, I made a further attempt at rabbit-shooting, and came home with a "bag" which consisted of two small sparrows and a hedgehog.

Not many men can claim to have shot a hedgehog, and I was justly proud of the feat. The hedgehog has been preserved in a glass case to this day.

While still a young man I visited the Rocky Mountains on a shooting expedition. The wild beasts which abound in those mountains had no terrors for me. I was always sure of my aim, I always killed lions and tigers to get to within a few feet of me before I fired, and I never missed. Had I done so, I should not now be alive to tell the tale.

My study at Greyfriars is carpeted with the skins of wild beasts which I have shot at various stages of my career. And yet I have the greatest difficulty in convincing people that I am a skilled shot. Whenever they see me approaching with my Winchester repeater, they fly into a state of panic, for no reason whatever!

I do very little shooting nowadays—though some of you may remember how a short time ago I shot a wild cat which had escaped from a menagerie.

The following is a brief summary of the wild beasts I have shot in the course of my career.

Lions	51
Tigers	47
Buffaloes	42
Hippopotami	39
Leopards	26
Elephants	15
Wild bears, jackals, gorillas, rabbits, weasels, mice, etc.	Hundreds.

Next Week! Percy Boisover Edits the "Herald." Don't Miss It!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS!

By MR. PROUT.

"To HARRY WHARTON, Remove Form.
 "Dear Wharton,—At your request, I have pleasure in taking over the "Greyfriars Herald" for one week only. I only wish I could edit the paper permanently, for I am not at all satisfied with the way in which it has been run. No useful articles on big game shooting ever appear, and no instructive contributions for those who wish to become skilled shots with a rifle. There is much room for improvement in the paper, and if you will only say the word, I shall be pleased to edit it permanently, and lift it out of the rut into which it has sunk.—Yours sincerely,
 "PAUL PROUT."

"To HORACE COKER, Fifth Form.

"Dear Coker,—If you write me any more letters with such foolish spelling I shall stand you in a corner of the Form-room with a dunce's cap on your head. You write: "Dear Sir,—I beg to enclose a thrilling narrative for your kind consideration. It is entitled "Captain Kidd's Kurragge." I refuse to give my "consideration to such balderdash, and unless your spelling shows a rapid improvement, I shall recommend to the headmaster that you be relegated from the Fifth Form to the Shell. You are an ardent dunce, sir.—Yours sternly,
 "PAUL PROUT."

"To WILLIAM GOSSLING, School Porter.

"My dear Mr. Gosling,—I owe you a thousand apologies.
 "The other day, in order to display my abilities as a marksman, I placed an empty cartridge-case on the top of the school gates, and endeavoured to hit the same at a range of five hundred yards. My rifle went off before I was ready, with the result that the bullet went clean through the parlour window of your lodge. Fortunately it missed you by a hair's breadth.
 "I am truly sorry for any inconvenience or annoyance this mishap may have caused you, and I enclose half-a-crown in order to soothe your ruffled feelings.—Yours apologetically,
 "PAUL PROUT."

"To Mr. HACKER, Master of the Shell.

"Dear Mr. Hacker,—I accept your challenge to a golfing contest with great pleasure.
 "I cannot agree to take money from you in the event of my winning. This savours too much of gambling. But I suggest that the loser pays the sum of £1 to the Court-field Hospital, which is sadly in need of funds.
 "I feel rather sorry for you, because I am in great form with the masher at present.—Yours sincerely,
 "PAUL PROUT."

"To WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER, Remove Form.

"Dear Bunter, I duly received your article, entitled "How to Conduct a Kookery Class," and it has been consigned to the yawning depths of my wastepaper-basket.
 "You are a greedy, thoughtless boy, whose mind is filled with thoughts of food. I have no room in this issue for articles dealing with such a bestial subject. It is a pity your soul cannot rise above such sordid matters as eating and drinking, and is disgusted.—"PAUL PROUT."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Specially Compiled in the Choicest English Language.

By HURREE SINGH.

"Constant Reader" (Chester).—Your esteemed letter was addressed to Harry Wharton, but I am answering it on his behalf. The colour of the Cherryful clum's hair is brown, and his optics are blue. I dare not tell you his size in height, or he will punch my head!

"Young Cricketer" (Tombside).—The other day, in a match, I took eight wickets for my run. Were you playing an esteemed and ludicrous blind school, or a home for incurables?

H. P. H. (Widcombe).—I consider Dick Penfold ought to be muzzled. I do not agree, my worthy clum. It's the "gay dogs" of the sixth that ought to be muzzled.

"Curious" (Rockdale).—How many lambs does Billy Bunter get through in a day? It depends on the number of study coupons that are left unlocked!

E. W. Coole (Broadstairs).—Eliot's one fellow in the Greyfriars "Remove I can't stand, and that's Hurree Singh." There's one thing in the world I can't stand, and that's "Coole" cheek!

"Sunny Jim" (Exeter).—"Do the juniors ever go to bed in their socks?" The worthy Wizzard would give them socks if they did!" "Pencemarker" (Paisley).—"I interrupted in a quarrel the other day, and got a black eye." Rough luck, my esteemed clum, but you should remember the old saying about fools foolishly hitting in where angels fear to tread.

"Tay Tot" (Worthing).—"When I reach the age of seven I am coming to Greyfriars School to be educated." Afraid you will be underfed, my esteemed kiddie. This is a public school, not a kindergarten.

"Staunch" (Stepney).—"How long would it take me to learn Hindustani?" About six months as the crew Recs.
 Madge K. (Liverpool).—"Poor old Billy Bunter is always getting into hot water." On the contrary, fair miss, we can never get him to take a bath.

G. H. P. (Maidenhead).—"Can Bob Cherry lick Bolverger masher?" Can a duckful duck swimfully swim!

"Heraldic" (Hastings).—"What does Coker of the Fifth clean his motor-bike with?" With a "rag"—Billy Bunter's "Wetly" for choice. "Hurree Singh doesn't often write for the "Herald" these days." He has written enough this week to give him writer's cramp for an esteemed month.

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



ALFRED HIGGS.
 (The Bully of Rookwood.)

SHOOTING SNAPSHOTS!

By BOB CHERRY.



"You have ruined my hat, sir!" roared Sir Hilton Popper.

LAST Saturday a new rifle-range was opened at Courtfield. It was to have been opened by the mayor, but that worthy gentleman was unable to attend, so Mr. Prout was asked to perform the ceremony in his place.

Old Prout was awfully bucked about it. He liked the idea of firing the first shot and declaring the range open. Crowds of people assembled on the range, including Sir Hilton Popper, the peppery old baronet.

Prout had his speech prepared in advance. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "In the absence of the Mayor of Courtfield, I have been asked to open this—er—shagbunt rifle-range, on which British youths will be taught the vital lesson of how to shoot straight. As soon as I have pressed the trigger of this rifle and scored a bulge, the range will be officially open."

There was a breathless pause. Those who knew what an ardent shot Mr. Prout was promptly hopped out of the danger zone. The remainder stood within a few yards of the target. They felt sure that Mr. Prout, who had performed such wonderful shooting feats in the Rocky Mountains, would have no difficulty in scoring a bulge.

Prout haggled a bulge all right! Yes, rather! He pressed the trigger, there was a deafening report, and the next instant Sir Hilton Popper's silk-hat was taken off his head as clean as a whistle. The bullet had gone right through it!

Everybody yelled with laughter—with the exception of Sir Hilton Popper. He picked up his hat and glared at the bullet-holes. And then he glared at Prout. "Do you call yourself a marksman, sir?" he roared. "You have ruined my brand-new hat, which I bought specially for this ceremony. You've punctured it, by gad!" "Calm down, Sir Hilton," murmured Mr. Prout, and take consolation from the fact that it might have been your face!" "If you had killed me," thundered Sir Hilton, "I should have had you prosecuted, sir!" And then he wondered why everybody laughed.

Itethinks it will be a long time before Mr. Prout is asked to open any more rifle-ranges. In many ways, the master of the Fifth is a jolly good sport. But he can't shoot for toffee. He is said to have performed some really wonderful shooting feats in the Rockies. But if you ask my opinion, the only thing that Prout shot was his bolt.

Warning to all and sundry! Whenever you see old Prout prowling around with his Winchester repeater, flee for your life! (Supplement II.)

MONEY PRIZES FOR BEST "SPEECHES"! SEND YOURS IN AT ONCE!

The Official's Paraphernalia.



THE Speaker (Harry Wharton), took the chair at the small meeting of the Greifriars Parliament, when the House was thronged.

Mr. Speaker: "I may say at once that there has been a most gratifying response to the invitation given to all readers of the 'Magpie' to state their views, and to air their grievances—if any."

Tom Brown: "Always plenty of them."

The Speaker: "I agree; but not always well founded. There have been well-informed speeches handed in on a flying—"

Mr. W. G. Bunter: "Who's going to fly?"

The Speaker: "It is entirely optional to anyone whether he flies or not."

Bunter: "I'm a no-fly, so there! I hate the beastly idea. It was had enough when some silly chump started trying to make a flying machine at Greifriars."

Mr. Speaker: "Flying was only one of the subjects. There is widespread interest in swimming, and some readers write on how to keep canaries and insects and how to cut the nails; there are tips for anglers, as well as footballers, while photography, competitions, county crickets, secret code-writing, and art also come in for treatment."

Mr. Bunter: "I never had any wish to keep a canary."

The Speaker: "The hon. member can please himself. He might have a canary left in a will, and then he would have no alternative, but I merely refer to these matters in order to give the House some idea of the business ahead. I should like also to express my gratification at the diversity and the able display of views."

Mr. Alonso Todd: "For my part, I consider this House should concern itself with literature. The lights and shades of human character are alone worth studying."

General members: "Hats!"

Mr. Speaker: "Order! Order! I now propose to read a few remarks on art by Reader G. A. Craig, 48, Black Lane, Derby."

Mr. Bob Cherry: "The noble art!"

Mr. Speaker: "All art is noble, or should be, but in this instance Mr. Cherry is mistaken. Reader G. A. Craig is concerned with art in a general sense. I know that to push a fellow, who needs rebuking, on the nose in a proper cool and scientific manner is an art, but we must not be limited in our interests. (Hear, hear.) There is the painting of pictures."

Mr. Bunter: "A lot of dandy rubbish!"

Mr. Speaker: "The member for Pufftown may not be in a position to judge of these matters. With the permission of the House I will read the speech. It is as follows:

Permit me to say a few words concerning art, which I am sure will interest most of my fellow-readers. Naturally those who are artists—painters of pictures—will argue that their art is foremost, and, of course, an artist must have good perceptive faculties. But, although painters should have a good say in the matter, I think myself that music has the more to say, and is more satisfying than to sit and listen to a band when it is rolling off dreamy values—of course, I don't mean when it is raining; or to sit in a theatre and listen to a grand orchestra. The musician should give himself heart and soul to the piece he is playing. I think music is the best art."

There were many members sprang to their feet. The Speaker called on Mr. Whibley to say a few words.

Mr. Whibley: "I think Reader Craig has hit the mark. It is just what some Johnny called the expression of the beautiful, or the appealing—you see what I mean? It is not merely painting pictures. Actually,

the chap who paints a house and put all he knows into the binney is an artist."

A several members were in favour of more music.

Mr. Bunter: "Old Wib may think it all jolly fine. I say it is silly dreamy bosh and all that nonsense, I don't. Besides, it is a gag, valjair at the best of times, unless you get Marjorie or Ethel."

Mr. Speaker: "I have had on several occasions to request the hon. member to refrain from personalities; I might point out, moreover, that Reader Craig did not say he liked hearing dreamy values when it rained. He said he did not want the rain; he says this expressly. He is as much opposed to rain on these occasions as a farmer when all his crops are down and getting sodden."

Lord Manfeverer: "I am no speaker. (Hear, hear.) Thanks, awfully! What I wanted to say was that I think that chap writes common-sense. I admire him for it. He knows what's what, hegd! If Tully there could do something besides stuff and ventriloquise—play the concertina or something, beside the knife-and-fork dnet, he would be much happier, and his figure would improve."

Mr. Bunter: "I say, you fellows—I mean Mr. Speaker—" The member for Pufftown was not allowed to proceed.

Mr. Speaker: "I will now read a contribution—cycling—from a reader. These cycling hints have been sent by Reader E. A. Radford, 37, Maiden Road, N.W.5."

It sometimes happens that you have a puncture when only a few miles from home, and you may not have your repairing outfit, if it is a small puncture it can be mended with a piece of stamp-edging."

A good lubricant for a greasing chain is as follows: One part of powdered black-lead, two parts of vasoline, and a small quantity of oil. Special attention must be paid to pedals. If they get out of adjustment for even a small space of time, it will be impossible to get them right on your own. You will never be able to enjoy cycling if you do not have the saddle and the bars just right. The rider should be able to sit on the saddle with the toe of his boot under the pedal when it is in a flat position. Never neglect a squeak."

Mr. Nugent: "Bunter borrowed my bike last week, and it has had a squeak ever since."

Mr. Bunter: "You know it was a wretched old machine, wholly unworthy of me."

Mr. Peter Todd: "When is a bike not a bike? This is not a conundrum—When Bunter has sat on it?"

Mr. Speaker: "Order, order!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "Once upon a time I owned a splendid machine, and oiled it with the greatest care, but when I took it for a ride, and saw the scrap-heap claims the gas!"

Mr. Speaker: "There is no need for members to get lyrical about their time-expired bikes. Let us congratulate Reader Radford on his useful suggestions. The fellows rush their jigger to the repairer's moment they fancy anything is amiss. This is a needless expense. Of course, the best way with a trusty bike is to keep it out of Bunter's way. You can buy a lock which prevents anybody else using the machine. If members care to communicate with me privately I will tell them where these potent attachments can be obtained."

Mr. Bunter: "I don't care who knows it, Whenever I honour a chap by borrowing his

bike, I may say that I am always most careful."

Mr. Nugent: "Most!"

The Nabob of Blainpiper: "The carefulness of the esteemed and ludicrous member is terrific!"

The Speaker called the nabob to order for stigmatising the Member of Pufftown as ludicrous.

Mr. Peter Todd: "Bunter has had a few spills."

Mr. Bunter: "No fellow can help spills."

Mr. Speaker: "I will now read a speech on stamp-collecting by Reader G. Redfern, Poole's Cavern, Buxton; 'Philately, or Stamp-collecting, is one of the most popular hobbies of the present day. In Great Britain alone there are over half a million collectors and it is estimated that there are over four million philatelists in the world. These figures give some idea of the great strides the hobby has made during the last eighty years. Some boys may look down upon and treat the hobby as a mere kids' game; they would be surprised to learn that many of the world's greatest statesmen and public men are enthusiastic collectors. The King of Siam, the King of Belgium, King George V. owns a most valuable collection, including as it does the famous 'Post Office' stamp of Mauritius, which he purchased a few years ago at public auction for £140. This identical stamp was discovered in a school-boy's collection, and bought in the first place for six shillings. Another well-known stamp—the world's rarest stamp—was discovered in a like manner, and sold for the same amount. This specimen is the one cent British Guiana of 1856. This is the only copy known, and belonged to the late Mr. Ferrary, on his death this rarely, with the rest of the Ferrary collection, was sold by public auction in Paris, and fetched £1,000. A few shillings spent judiciously on a collection will in a few years' time show a substantial interest on the outlay. For instance, take the well-known case of a collector who, in 1850, commenced collecting, and keeping an account of his expenditure. In 1856 he sold his collection for £300, and the total amount of his outlay was only £60. This instance is by no means an isolated one. Such cases could be quoted indefinitely. Many schoolmasters encourage stamp-collecting among the scholars owing to its educational value."

Mr. Bunter: "Will anybody here lend me £500?"

Mr. Speaker: "I am afraid I cannot consent to this House being transformed into a loan office."

Mr. Bunter: "But it is doing a kindness to a fellow if I borrow his money, I shall buy a stamp-book, and start collecting. In a few years I shall sell what I've got for heaps more. I shouldn't wonder if I got a thousand pounds for it. It would pay any chap to advance me the cash, for I am one of those generous-hearted fellows. I don't mind giving the money away!"

The Member for Pufftown was still urging the House to consider a highly lucrative investment when there was a count out.

(Readers are cordially invited to send in "speeches" for consideration of the Greifriars Parliament. Prizes are awarded for the best efforts.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 767.

BUNTER'S LAWSUIT!

(Continued from page 16.)

"Here, hold on, you fellows!" he gasped. "I want to go to sleep—"

"Not yet, old son!" said Peter Todd grins. "We're going to settle with you first. You have played a caddish trick on Quechey, and the Head let you off lightly. You wanted damages, Bunter, didn't you? Well, you're going to get 'em! Grab him, chaps!"

"What ho!"

"Hi! Leggo!" howled Billy Bunter. "Bump! Bump! Bump! Bump!"

The Remotives crowded round, and all lent a hand in bumping Billy Bunter

with vim and vigour. The dormitory walls shook. "Whit the bumping operation is in full swing, the door opened, and Mr. Quechey looked in. On any other occasion Mr. Quechey would certainly have sailed into the dormitory with a cane. On this occasion, however, he closed the dormitory door quietly again, and went without a word.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not release Bunter till their arms ached. Then they pitched him on to his bed and left him there, gasping and groaning and moaning.

The Remotives returned to their beds, and one by one went to sleep.

But William George Bunter did not sleep until far into the night. He had to make his bed first for one thing, and another. He was aching all over. He

had sought for damages, and he had got them, with a vengeance! And his groans re-echoed through the dormitory until dawn was nearly breaking.

Next day, Dr. Locke went over and saw Mr. Walpole, and explained matters to the solicitor. As a result, Bunter's summons against Mr. Quechey was immediately withdrawn.

But the affair lived long in the memories of the boys of Greyfriars, and for days the sole topic of conversation was the amazing but short-lived lawsuit of William George Bunter.

THE END.

(There will be another splendid story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, entitled "The Man From the Congo," in next week's bumper issue.)



SOMETHING NEW!

The very latest in Constructional Engineering. Get ready for the long winter evenings. Send for our **FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST** of all the latest Indoor Sports and Games, including Racing, Cricket, Football, Monte Carlo, Home Cinemas, and Constructor.

FREE!
Post a card NOW to—

THE VICTOR CO. (Dept. 1),
81, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C. 2



HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS AND FILMS.

Send for New Free Illustrated List of Machines, from 10/6 upwards, and Accessories. Films, all lengths, for Sale or Exchange. Enquiries invited.

FORD'S, Dept. A.P.,
13, Red Lion Square, London, W.C. 1.

WHY BE SHORT?—If a few extra inches are what you need, continue the successful treatment at once. Carried out in your own home, quite privately. Your friends will be astonished at the improvement in your appearance. Nicotine's repair from 2 to 5 inches increase. You will work, eat, and sleep better. Send P.O. for particulars and £100 guarantee to ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.F., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

MAGIC TRICKS. etc.—Parrels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriiloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Invaluable. Lindsa, Price 10/ each, for 1.—T. W. Harrison, 229, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

BLUSHING.—Famous Doctor's recipe for this most distressing complaint. 6d. (P.O.). Never fails. Testimonials daily.—MR. F. GEORGE, Fairbairns, Ceredos, Somerset.

MOVIES AT HOME.—Projectors and Real Cinema Film.—Lions Free.—Duck 2.—DEAK CINEMA CO., 94, Drayton Avenue, West Kensington, London, W.15.

STOP STAMMERING!—Cure yourself at 1/6. Particulars Free.—FRANK R. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

BOXING GLOVES Set of 5/-
Four 5/-
Superior 6/3, Men's 6/9, FOOTBALLS, 6/-, 9/-, 11/6,
PUNCHBALLS, 11/6. Special Value. Postage 1d. Catalogue free.
CARPENTER, MORECAMBE STREET, S.E. 17.



YOURS for 1!
This handsome full-sized Gess's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 1/. After approval send 1/- more, the balance may then be paid by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each. Guaranteed 5 years. Chain offered free with every watch. Cash returned in full if dissatisfied. Send 1/- now to Simpson's Ltd. (Dept. 2), 94, Queen Rd., Brighton, Sussex

DON'T BE BULLIED!—Learn the Wonderful Japanese Art of Self-Defence without Weapons. For small boys and men (also women). Send NOW Four Penny stamps for Splendid ILLUSTRATED SAMPLE LESSONS, or 3/6 for Large Portion of Course.—Dept. M.C., SCHOOL OF JIUJITSU, 31, Golden Sq., Regent St., London, W.1. Personal Tuition also given.

CINEMATOGRAF FILMS.—Big Variety, including Pantomimes. Send 1/- for sample 100 ft. or 15/- for 1,000 ft. and 1/6 for Curio Film. Satisfaction guaranteed.—WILFORD, B, Moorland Place, Hyde Park, LEEDS.

2/9 Monthly

WITH 26 TUNES

is all you pay for a superbly made Mead Gramophone with extensive, highly polished metal cabinets; plastic ribbed ebonized horns; extra large silent running motor, unusually loud rubber mounted Southey Resonator; brilliantly nickel-plated seamless tapered tone arm and all other top-class appointments. Sent packed free and carriage paid with 26 Tunes and 60 silver lined needles or 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Expressly designed Portable Marbles, Table Gramophone and Gramophone Boxes Catalogue Models at 40% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for the biggest and most beautiful illustrated gramophone catalogue in the world.

Mead

Company (Dept. 8306),
Balsall-Heath,
Birmingham.

DO YOU LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE?

Do you ever feel "all of a tremble"? Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fits" of any kind? Do you suffer from involuntary blushing, nervous indigestion, lack of energy, will-power, or mind concentration? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, speech-making, conversation, playing or "appearing in public"? Learn how to change your whole mental outlook by sending at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of guaranteed cure in 12 days.—GODFREY ELLIOTT, SMITH, Ltd., 57, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

11-IN-1 HANDY TOOLS

Hammer, Saw, Chisel, Gimlet, Gouge, Nail Puller, Pliers, Screw-driver, etc. (See Case enclosed 9/-)

Home Made die for all 11
Only 1/3.
Tool No. 14.
Worth Double Delight
Catalogue Free 10/6
Hargrave, 10, 10/7/3.

1/3

PAIN'S Presents House, Dept. 9T, HASTINGS

CINEMA AND FILM BARGAINS!—35 ft. Film, only 9d. Cinema Marbles from 4/9. (Post 1/-). Stamps for New BARGAIN LISTS, Cinema and Film.—A. E. MAXWELL, George Street, HASTINGS.

FUN FOR ALL!—Ventriiloquist's Voice Instrument, Fortiello, Automaton, Myriad, Imitate Birds, Bionic, etc. 1/- P.O. (Ventriiloquist's Treatise included).—Ideal Co., Ceredos, Somerset.

CUT THIS OUT

"The Magnet." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d.
Send 7 of these coupons with only 2/9 direct to the **Fleet Pen Co.**, 135, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. You will receive by return a Splendid British Made 14c. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6 (Pine, Medium or Broad Nib). If only 1 coupon is sent, the price is 5/6. 2d. being allowed for each extra coupon up to 6. (Postal Chq. 12/-). Satisfaction guaranteed by cash returned. Special New Offer—Your own name in gilt letters on other pen for 1/- extra.
Lever Self-Filling Model, with safety Gap, 2/- extra.

