

LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S GREAT BUMPER ISSUE!

FULL PARTICULARS INS DE.



No. 769. Vol. XXII.

Week ending Nov. 4th, 1922.

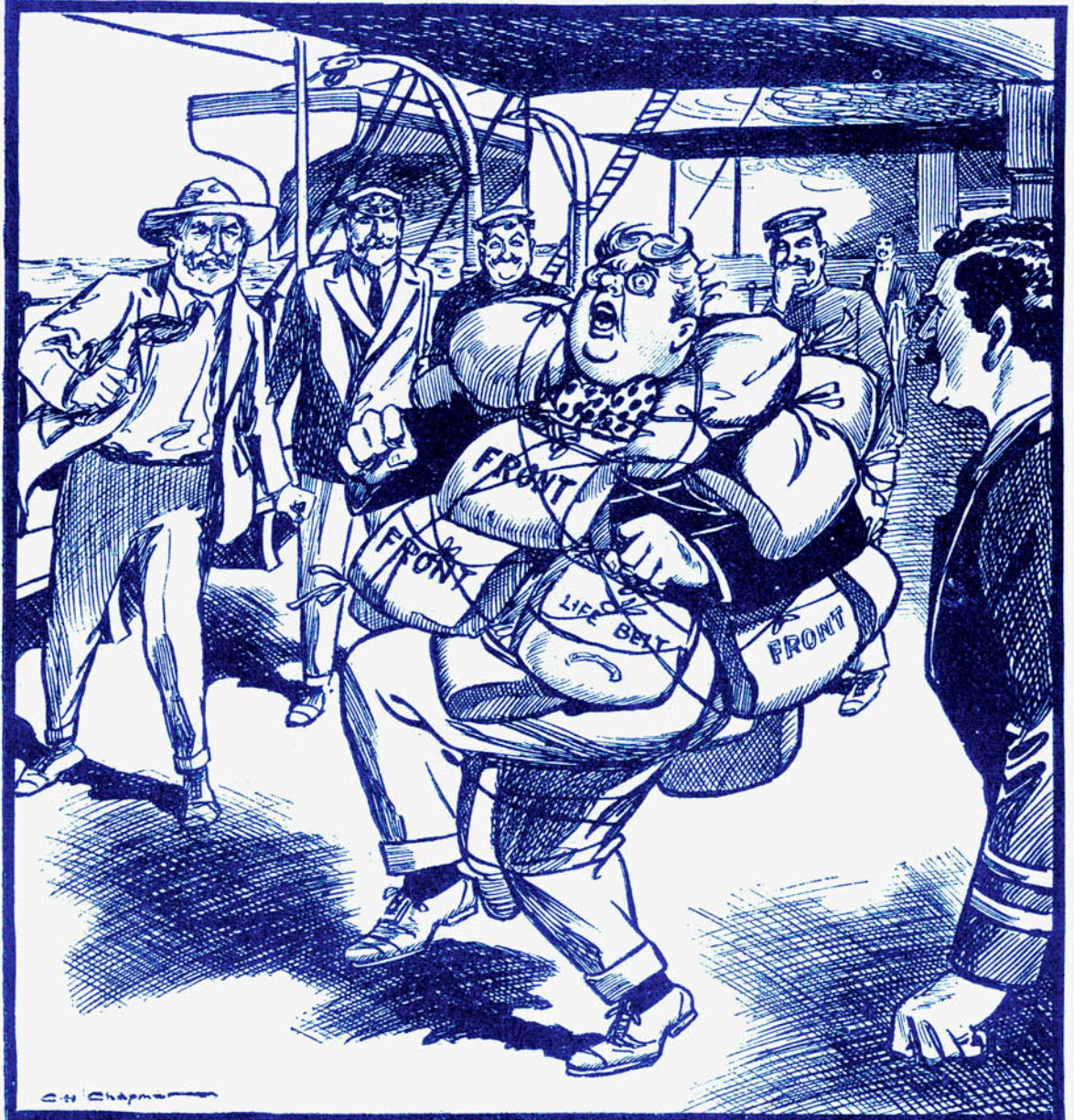
# The Magnet <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



GRAND COLOURED COVER NEXT WEEK! MORE FREE REAL PHOTOS!



**BILLY BUNTER IS DETERMINED THAT HE WILL NOT SINK!**

(An amusing incident from the long complete story in this issue)



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

**OUR COMPANION PAPERS.**

- "THE BOYS' FRIEND" Every Monday
- "THE MAGNET" Every Monday
- "THE POPULAR" Every Tuesday
- "THE GEM" Every Wednesday
- "CHUCKLES" Every Thursday
- "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL" Published Yearly

**GREAT TIDINGS!**

I write my Chat this week with the pleasant and stimulating feeling that the great tidings I have to give will cause the utmost delight to thousands upon thousands of my chums all the world over. For years a large proportion of the readers who contribute their welcome letters to my daily postbag have had one big fault to find with the "Magnet" Library. "It is not big enough," their letters have run. "Give us more Harry Wharton & Co.—more stories of the 'Magnet' standard!"

I have worked with this cry in my ears for years, and now, after patient working, waiting, and watching for my opportunity, I have the great news to give you at last! For, after a vast amount of scheming, I am about to start a wonderful new page in the history of the famous Companion Papers.

You all know what the Companion Papers are—the "Magnet," the "Gem," the "Boys' Friend," and the "Popular," with "Chuckles" for the kiddies.

To commence with the "Magnet" Library. Next Monday's issue of this paper will be

**GREATLY ENLARGED!**

There will be a whole sheaf of extra pages added to the "Magnet" Library, and these are to be used to give you more of the healthy, thrilling stories which I know you like so well. To start at the beginning of the programme for the "Magnet," the grand, long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. will be increased in length, and entitled:

"HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN AFRICA!" and this is the title you must look for on the

**GRAND COLOURED COVER**

*A million People*

are reading the great new JOHN GOODWIN story which has just started in

**ANSWERS**

It is entitled "Helen of London" and is without doubt the greatest story "ANSWERS" has ever published.

**YOU can begin it TO-DAY**

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 769.

next Monday. Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter are, as you know, with Captain Corkran in the Congo, and Billy Bunter, useless though he might be on the footer field or any other field, is going to be the most important person in that select little party. The story Mr. Richards has written is packed with thrilling adventure—I cannot remember having read so thrilling a story in my life! One can expect something exciting when one considers the country in which the boys are travelling, but Mr. Richards introduces us to some of the natives in a manner which is as certain to thrill you as it thrilled me.

So much, then, for the extra-long complete story.

We next come to a story concerning the adventures of two people you already know. I refer to

**THE RETURN OF FERRERS LOCKE AND JACK DRAKE**

in a thrilling detective story entitled:

**"THE BAKER STREET MYSTERY!"**

This story tells you how Ferrers Locke makes a tragic discovery—in the road outside his own house. He investigates the matter, and becomes deeply involved in a most baffling and mysterious affair. Read this

**THRILLING DETECTIVE STORY NEXT WEEK,**

and see if you can solve the mystery before Ferrers Locke lets you into the secret!

There will be another fine supplement next Monday, and this will be enlarged to four pages again. The "Herald" will be another

**SPECIAL NUMBER,**

and there are four pages of exciting stories, humorous articles, clever poems, cartoons, and notices.

To crown everything, I am going to present every reader of the "Magnet" Library with the

FIRST OF A SERIES OF MAGNIFICENT, REAL PHOTOS OF FAMOUS FOOTBALL TEAMS. COLLECTORS ARE THEREFORE GIVEN YET ANOTHER CHANCE TO ADD TO THEIR COLLECTIONS OF THE GENEROUS GIFTS PRESENTED BY THE COMPANION PAPERS.

**Best Boys' Books on the Market.**

— THE —

**BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY.**

FOURPENCE PER VOLUME.

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No. 635.—**THE BELL OF SANTADINO.**  
A thrilling yarn of mystery and adventure in Peru. By ERIC W. TOWNSEND.

No. 636.—**THE BLACK DRAGONS.**  
An exciting romance of fighting and peril in the days of King James II. By MORTON PIKE.

No. 637.—**THE SCHOOLBOY ADVENTURERS.**  
A grand long complete yarn of schoolboy fun and adventure. By DUNCAN STORM.

No. 638.—**THE THICK OF THE SCRUM.**  
A splendid story of the Rugby field. By MALCOLM DAYLE.

No. 639.—**FERRERS OF THE SIXTH.**  
A fine tale of life at a big modern public school. By RICHARD RANDOLPH.

There will be an easy, one-week competition for handsome

**CASH PRIZES,**

and every reader stands an equal chance of winning pocket-money week by week!

Finally, let me warn you to LOOK OUT FOR THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY IN A SPLENDID COLOURED COVER NEXT MONDAY. TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES! PACKED WITH EXTRA-SPECIAL STORIES OF THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE CONGO AND IN LONDON.

And inside will be the

**GRAND FREE REAL PHOTO OF A FAMOUS FOOTBALL TEAM!**

The price will be twopence only for this BUMPER ISSUE, and for that twopence you are getting the BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED!

**NOW FOR THE "GEM!"**

On Wednesday morning our famous mid-week companion paper, the "Gem" Library, will also be

**GREATLY ENLARGED, AND WITH A SPECIAL COLOURED COVER!**

There will be an extra-long complete story of **TOM MERRY & CO. AT ST. JIM'S,**

entitled:

**"RIVAL FOOTBALLERS!"**

By Martin Gifford.

This is one of the best school and sport stories ever written by Mr. Frank Richards' great friend. At St. Jim's, as you know, there are two Houses—the School House and the New House. There is a constant state of friendly "war" between the occupants of these Houses, and on the footer field the rivalry is more keen than anywhere else.

Read this story and enjoy it! Then the "Gem" is to put before its readers a

**MAGNIFICENT COMPLETE SPORTS STORY,**

specially written for the first BUMPER ISSUE, and a

**MAGNIFICENT NEW SERIAL STARTS.**

There will be cash prizes for clever readers who can solve a simple picture-puzzle, and you will also be introduced to a new detective in Anthony Sharpe—a man who tackles the most desperate characters in the most desperate way, but who does not know the meaning of the word failure! He fights on to the bitter end. Because of his daring and utter disregard for danger he is looked upon as the most fearless of detectives.

The "Gem" Library will present all its readers with

**MAGNIFICENT FREE REAL AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOS OF FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS IN ACTION ON THE FIELD OF PLAY.**

A programme to be proud of! A programme which no other paper barring the famous Companion Papers can ever hope to touch!

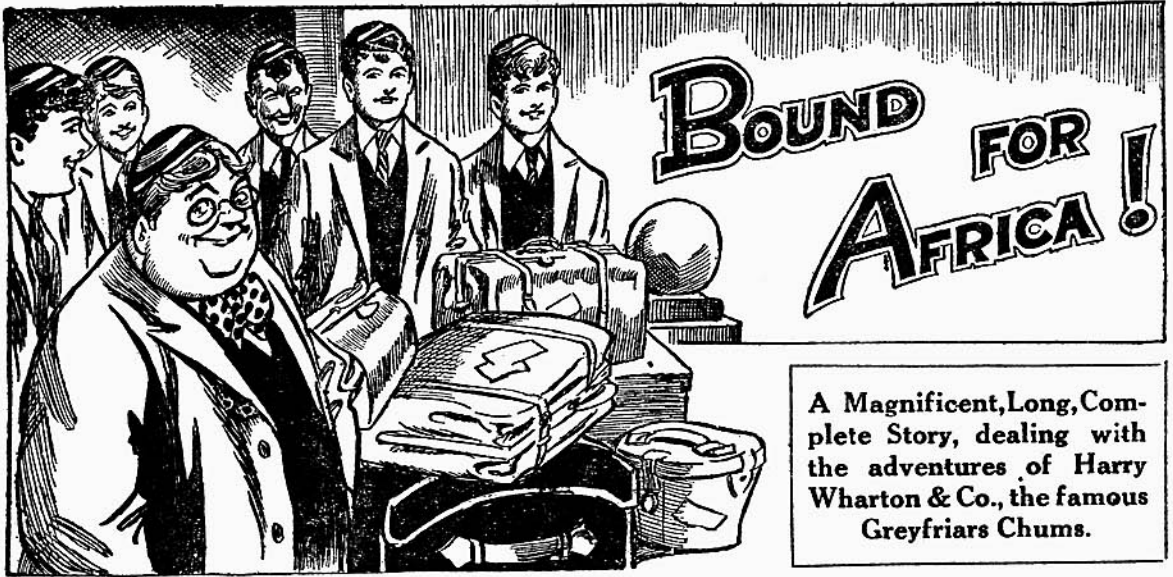
No effort is spared to give readers of these papers the best of everything—and they know it! That's why the

**COMPANION PAPERS STILL LEAD THE WAY!**

And now, perhaps, I might just finish my Chat this week—quite the most thrilling Chat I have ever written, by the way, for I am as excited as you will be next week—by pointing out to you that in this week's "Popular" you will find a magnificent, free, real photo of a famous sportsman.

This is the paper, you know, which gave away the famous engine plates, and as readers expressed a wish to share in the free real photo offer, I am meeting their wishes. Ask your newsagent for a copy of the "Popular"—remember, too, that there are already twenty-eight crammed pages in that famous weekly!

**Your Editor.**



A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the famous Greyfriars Chums.

## By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Horace Coker Butts In!

**T**HUMP!

The door of Study No. 1, in the Remove at Greyfriars, flew open suddenly, and there was a yell in the study. Harry Wharton was kneeling over a bag on the carpet, packing. He had his back to the door—naturally not expecting that it would be hurled open from without in that startling way.

The door, whizzing open, caught him bending, so to speak.

He flew forward over the bag, with a wild yell.

Frank Nugent, who was packing another bag on the table, stared round in surprise.

"What the dickens——"

"Ow! Oooooop!"

Coker of the Fifth strode into the study. It was the hefty fist of Coker that had smitten the door, and hurled it open with such painful results to the captain of the Remove.

Wharton sat up amid shirts and collars and pyjamas, and stared at Coker. Coker stared at him.

"Hallo! What on earth are you sitting on the floor for?" asked Coker, in surprise. "Short of chairs?"

"You silly ass!" roared Wharton. "You biffo me over with the door, you frabjous chump!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker seemed amused. Wharton staggered to his feet. He was not feeling at all amused.

"What do you want, you burbling ass?" he snapped. "Can't you knock at a door before you come butting into a study?"

"Cheese it!" said Coker. "I don't stand on ceremony with fags. I've told you that before. I've come here to speak to you, Wharton—seriously." Coker glanced round the study. "Packing—what?"

"Yes, ass!"

"Well, you can chuck it!" said Coker.

"Chuck it?" repeated Wharton. "We're packing to go—we're catching a train this afternoon. fathead!"

"That's what I've come to speak about," said Coker. "You're not going."

"N-n-not going?"

"No!" Coker shook his head. "It won't do! As the matter stands, you're going to London, I understand, to join Captain Corkran, who was here last week——"

"Well?"

"He's going to take you on a journey with him——"

"Yes."

"Five of you, and Bunter?"

"That's so."

"Out to Africa?" said Coker.

"Yes; and what the dickens does it matter to you?" demanded Wharton. "Cut off, and don't waste our time when we're packing!"

"It matters a good bit to me," said Coker of the Fifth. "It happens that, hearing that Captain Corkran was thinking of taking some Greyfriars fellows with him to see the world, I offered to go."

"Cheeky ass!" said Nugent.

"I admit I don't quite see what an African explorer wants schoolboys in his party for," said Coker. "But if he does, what he wants is a hefty chap like me—chap who would be useful in a scrap, and could give advice in a tight corner, and all that. Fellow with plenty of brains, who could see him through in moments of difficulty. Well, I offered, and he told me it was already settled for you fellows to go. Told me so in a letter this morning."

"That was his polite way of putting it," explained Wharton. "What he really meant was, that he couldn't be bothered with a champion idiot—you, you know."

"Just that!" agreed Nugent.

"I didn't come here to listen to fag cheek!" roared Coker. "Now, this is how the matter stands. Captain Corkran

is taking some Greyfriars chaps to the Congo with him. You fags have got round him somehow—he's a good-natured chap, I know. Having agreed to take you kids, he doesn't like to throw you over in favour of fellows who would really be useful—like me, for instance. Well, I'm not going to allow the captain to be imposed on like this!"

"My hat!"

"I want you fags to chuck up the idea," said Coker. "I'll go instead. You understand?"

"Not quite."

"Well, that's how it stands," said Coker. "You're out of it. You can agree, as sensible kids, or you can be thrashed till you see it. That's the programme! Yes or no?"

Three juniors looked into the open doorway—Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jarnset Ram Singh. Coker's powerful voice was heard far along the Remove passage; and the Co. had turned up promptly to look for trouble.

"Dear old Coker!" said Bob Cherry. "Always butting in, and always getting up against it!"

Horace Coker glanced round.

"Cut off!" he snapped.

"Pile in!" said Harry Wharton. "Coker wants an answer! Let's all give him our answer together!"

"Hear, hear!"

The Famous Five closed in on Coker of the Fifth. They surrounded the burly Horace, and laid hands on him on all sides. After many painful experiences with Study No. 1, Coker ought really to have learned that his word was not law to that independent study. But Coker was never quick to learn—he was constitutionally slow on the uptake.

He learned now.

Coker was a hefty youth; but the Famous Five were all sturdy, and they simply overwhelmed the hefty Coker.

Struggling wildly, Coker went to the floor in the grasp of five pairs of hands, and he slid out of the study on his back, yanked along by his legs and arms.

"Roll him down!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Coker. "Oh crumbs! Leggo! Help!"

But there was no help for Coker. He went rolling down the Remove staircase with arms and legs wildly flying.

He reached the landing below, and sat on it, spluttering.

"Oooooooh! Ooooooogh!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Bunter's Party!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. looked very merry and bright when they came in to dinner. They smiled across to Coker at the Fifth Form table, and the great Horace frowned portentously.

It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars that afternoon, and there was a football match

Billy Bunter, to join the African explorer. And they were envied by all Greyfriars.

Coker was not the only fellow who would have been glad to "butt in" and secure that great chance of seeing the world. If it had been possible, half the school would have joined Kit Corkran in his expedition to the Congo. But it was not possible. Bob Cherry had a claim, being the distinguished Old Boy's cousin

# Histories of Famous Football Clubs.

## No. 6.—Southampton F.C.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT A VERY POPULAR FOOTBALL TEAM.

**S**IX times champions of the Southern League, and champions of the Third Division (Southern) Football League in the first year of its formation, the history of the Southampton Football Club is one which makes very interesting reading.

Like so many other famous clubs in England, particularly in the North, Southampton Football Club owes its inception to the zeal of young men connected with a church.

In 1885 a club was formed in connection with the Southampton Parish Church Young Men's Association, and was designated "St. Mary's Football Club," and came under the presidency of Canon Wilberforce.

Their first two seasons' work did not create any great notice, but in the season 1887-8 they launched out, and entered for the Hampshire Junior Cup, which they won.

The team which won them this trophy was: R. Ruffell, G. Carter, G. H. Muir, A. Varley, C. Deacon, F. J. Crossley, A. Fry, A. G. Fry, C. Bromley, M. Warne, and A. Ganby.

Imbued with their initial success in the cup competition they entered for this trophy again in the following year, also the year following that, with the result that the cup became their own property by virtue of three successive wins.

This performance ruled them out of junior football, so in the 1890-1 season they embarked on a more ambitious programme, including the Hampshire Senior Cup.

The senior cup also fell to them in the first season of their competing, for they defeated the then all-conquering Royal Engineers, who had twice previously won this trophy.

This season also marked their first entry for the English Cup, and they were drawn against Reading, whom they defeated by 7 goals to 1, but, owing to an infringement of the rules, the result was reversed in Reading's favour.

In the season 1892-3 St. Mary's embraced professionalism, for, with the more ambitious programme, their

players found it very difficult to meet the travelling expenses incurred. The first player that they engaged was one named J. Doling.

In 1895, when the Southern League was formed, they were asked to join owing to one of the teams having fallen out, and, to their credit, it is on record that they finished third on the

marked their first success in the Southern League, was remarkable, for they were unbeaten in that campaign.

In 1897 the team changed its name to Southampton, and, just by way of appreciation, they reached the semi-final of the English Cup Competition. The following year they took up their abode at the Dell, and it was then that the management deemed it advisable to engage such players as Harry Wood, J. T. Robertson, J. W. Robinson, Tower, P. Meehan, and A. Hartley.

In 1900, after many unsuccessful attempts, they managed to reach the Cup Final, but were badly trounced by Bury—who were playing at the top of their form then—by 4 goals to nil.

Two years later they again reached the final stage of the Cup, but again they were defeated. This time Sheffield United were their conquerors by 2-1, after a drawn game of one goal each.

Players of note who have worn the club's colours, other than those already mentioned, include C. B. Fry, one of the few amateurs who have figured in a Cup Final, G. Molyneux, Robinson, A. Chadwick, A. Lee, and A. Turner.

Last season, as we all know, was the first of the newly-formed Southern Section, Third Division, and Southampton, after a rare tussle with Plymouth Argyle, secured promotion by the narrow margin of goal average.

So far, Southampton are not finding life in the Second Division a very easy one, for of the first five games played they could only gather one point. This state of things will improve.

For last season's campaign their figures were as follows: Played 42, won 23, lost 4, drew 15. Goals for 68, against 21.

Of these games they did not lose a home fixture, and on their ground they scored 50 goals as against 8 from their opponents.

(Next week's splendid article will deal with the history of Everton F.C.)



**W. RAWLINGS,**  
Southampton's Centre-Forward.

table that season, Millwall and Luton being the two clubs above them.

The following season Southampton again figured at No. 3 on the league table, and after this followed three very good seasons, for they won the championship three times in succession.

They again won the championship in the seasons 1900-1, 1902-3, and 1903-4. The season 1896-7, which

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come up and have some more, Coker!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Ooooooogh!"

Coker scrambled to his feet—but he did not charge up the Remove staircase. He turned to the lower stairs and limped away. For the moment, at least, Coker of the Fifth had had enough.

**NEXT MONDAY! "HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN AFRICA!"**

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fixed with Courtfield School. But for once the Famous Five of the Remove were not representing their Form on the football field. Peter Todd was taking on the captaincy—making a sure thing of it, according to Peter. While the Remove footballers were "urging the flying ball," the Famous Five were to be speeding away in the express for London, with

—and his chums had a claim, because they were his chums. And Billy Bunter was included, because Bunter's weird gift of ventriloquism was, according to the captain, to be made great use of in dealing with the superstitious natives.

That Bunter could be of any use for anything came as a surprise to the Remove fellows. Peter Todd remarked

A Splendid Story of the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter. By FRANK RICHARDS.

that he ought to be useful, since he could never by any possibility be ornamental. But it was a surprise to everybody but Bunter. Bunter took it as a matter of course. His value was being acknowledged at last—that was all—merely that and nothing more, according to W. G. Bunter.

Billy Bunter was swelling with importance; the amount of swank that was concentrated in his fat form was amazing. Bunter took the view that he was head of the party—he was going to take an active part in the expedition; the other fellows were simply passengers, so to speak. And it was not to be denied, for once, that Bunter was "it," as it were. Bunter really was wanted, while it was only from kind good nature that the explorer was taking the Famous Five along.

Bunter, in his swollen, swanking state, was not agreeable; but the Famous Five manfully refrained from kicking him—as much as they could. They were to be fellow-travellers, and they made the best of Bunter.

It was to be Harry Wharton & Co.'s last dinner at Greyfriars for some weeks; and they were in a state of some excitement, though the excitement did not impair their healthy appetites. Certainly it did not impair Bunter's.

Bunter, indeed, looked as if he had made up his mind to lay in provisions for the whole voyage out to Lagos, before he left the dinner-table. Mr. Quelch, for once, closed his eyes to Bunter's numerous helpings, and gave the fat junior his head. So when the Removites marched out after dinner, Billy Bunter was feeling almost satisfied.

"I say, you fellows," he called out, as the Famous Five were going out into the quadrangle, "hold on a minute! We're catching the three o'clock train?"

"That's it!"

"Have you arranged about the lunch-basket?"

"Eh! What lunch-basket?"

"I suppose there will be a lunch-basket on the train, Wharton?"

"As many as you like, old top," answered Harry. "Mrs. Mimble will pack one for you if you ask her."

"You'd better see to it, Wharton."

"I don't think."

"Look here, I'll see to it if you're going to slack about—but who's going to pay for it?" asked Bunter.

"Echo answers who!" said Bob Cherry. "Not little me."

"Don't be a fat duffer, Bunter," said Johnny Bull. "It's only a two hours run, and you won't want to feed."

"I know best about that, Bull. And I can tell you fellows plainly, that if you're going to be mean, I may change my mind about taking you with me at all," said the Owl of the Remove severely.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lots of fellows would be glad to go," said Bunter. "Lots of 'em would stand me a lunch-basket if I'd take them. You'd better look out. Now, I want to know what you're going to do."

Bob Cherry winked at his chums.

"What are we going to do?" he asked. "Are we going to stand Bunter a feed on the train, or are we going to bump him before we start?"

"Bump him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows— Leggo!" roared Bunter. "I won't take you now! I'll leave you behind—I'll—I'll—Yooooooop!"

Bump!

Whoooooop!

Harry Wharton & Co. strolled away, leaving Bunter sitting in the quad.

Apparently the Owl of the Remove was not getting the lunch-basket—from the Famous Five, at least.

"Ow! Wow, wow!" Bunter scrambled up, gasping for breath. "Beasts! I'd jolly well leave them out of the party; but—but I suppose they wouldn't be left out! Ow! I say, Peter!"

Peter Todd stopped.

"Well, fatty?"

"Like to come out to the Congo with me, Peter?"

"Like a bird."

"I'll take you," said Bunter generously. "You arrange to have a lunch-basket put on the train for me, and I'll take you. Is it a go, Toddy?"

"Not quite!" grinned Peter. "It doesn't rest with you, old fat bird. If it did, I'd try to stand you somehow, though it would be hard. Go and eat coke!"

"Peter, old chap—"

But Peter Todd was walking away, whistling. Apparently Peter was too sage a bird to be caught with chaff.

"Beast!" murmured Bunter.

During the past few days Bunter had made generous offers to several Remove fellows to take them for a cash consideration. But the offers had been declined without thanks—not being supported by Captain Corkran. Certainly the captain would have been surprised if a number of uninvited fellows had turned up to join him in London. It was borne in upon Billy Bunter's fat mind that this was a chicken that would not fight.

He thought it over with a frowning

brow. But his fat brow cleared as he suddenly ejaculated:

"Coker!"

And the Owl of the Remove proceeded to look for Coker. There was one well-known characteristic of Coker of the Fifth—he could always have his leg pulled. Some fellows averred that Coker had been born for that especial purpose, and that having his leg pulled was his mission in life. Bunter had heard of the great Coker's visit to Harry Wharton's study, and it was with high hopes that he rolled away to the Fifth Form passage in search of Horace Coker.

A deep and booming voice, proceeding from Coker's study, told that the great Horace was at home. Billy Bunter blinked in. Coker was holding forth—as he so often was—and Potter and Greene, his study-mates, were listening with resigned expressions—as they so often were!

"Sickening!" said Coker. "That's what I call it—sickening! It all comes of allowing Remove fags to get their ears up! If the Head made me a prefect, I'd stop it—sharp! But he won't! No good asking him. Hallo! That fat scoundrel Bunter is one of the party," said Coker, glaring at the Owl of the Remove in the doorway. "As he's come here, I'll give him a thrashing to go on with."

"Yaroooooh!"

Bunter made a jump for the passage again, but Coker was too quick for him. Coker's grasp descended on Bunter's collar, and he was jerked headlong into the study.

"Hand me that fives bat, Greene."



The last glimpse the juniors had of Coker showed them the hero of the Fifth standing on the platform, wildly dishevelled, his collar and tie torn, his large hands waving in frantic gesticulations. Then Horace Coker vanished from their sight, and they chuckled loud and long as the express swept on its way.

(See Chapter 5.)

NEXT MONDAY: "HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN AFRICA!"

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"Certainly."

"Yoop! Help! Fire!" roared Bunter.

Whack! Whack!

Potter and Greene stroled out of the study, glad to escape while Coker's attention was occupied. Loud sounds of trouble followed them down the passage.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yooop! Ooooop! Whooop!"

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### A Kind Invitation Accepted!

**B**ILLY BUNTER wriggled desperately in the muscular grip of Coker of the Fifth. This was not what he had come to Coker's study for. But he had found Horace Coker in a wrathful mood; and he had dropped in just in time to bag what was really due to the Famous Five. Coker prided himself on having a short way with fags; it was his system. Certainly his way with Bunter was short enough.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroooh! Help!"

"You fat young rascal!" said Coker. "I saw you grinning when they were rolling me down the Remove staircase!"

Whack, whack!

"Yoop! I wasn't—I didn't—I never—yaroooh! I say, Coker—"

Whack!

"I came here to—yarooooooop!"

Whack!

"Woooh! To ask you—"

Whack!

"Yow-ow! To ask you to come with me—"

Whack!

"Yaroooh—to Africa!"

Coker's descending arm stopped just in time. That magic word had arrested the downward smite of the fives bat.

"What's that?" asked Coker.

"Yow-wow-wow-wow!"

"Now then, stop that yow-yow-yowling!" said Coker impatiently. "I've only dusted your bags so far. If I really start on you, you'll know it! What were you going to say?"

"Yarooooooh!"

Coker's arm rose again.

"Hold on!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, old chap—"

"Don't old chap me!" snapped Coker. "I don't allow familiarity from Lower Fourth fags!"

"I—I mean old fellow!" gasped Bunter. "I say, I can take any fellow I like with me to London."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly. Captain Corkran specially asked me to bring with me any—any friend I liked."

Coker laid the fives bat on the table.

"So that's what you came here to tell me?" he demanded.

"Ow! Yes!"

"You must have been a thumping ass not to tell me before I pitched into you," said Coker.

"You howling ass, you didn't give me time!" yelled Bunter.

"Well, perhaps I didn't!" agreed Coker. "Anyhow, it doesn't matter."

"Yow-ow-ow! Doesn't it?" groaned Bunter, rubbing the places where the fives bat had smitten. "Wow-wow-wow!"

"Don't make that row in my study, Bunter! I can't have howling fags in a Fifth Form study. A licking will do you good. All you fags want more lickings than you get. Stop that mumbling, for goodness sake!" said Coker impatiently. "Now, I've already decided to join

Captain Cockran's expedition, since he's taking Greyfriars chaps with him. I'm not letting him be imposed upon by a gang of fags. Still, what you say makes it simpler. Corkran told you you could take anybody you liked?"

"Any friend of mine," said Bunter, wriggling with anguish, but still with an eye to business.

Coker snorted.

"I'm not a friend of yours!" he snapped.

"Oh, really, Coker—"

"Likely to have friends in a fag Form—I don't think!" said Coker disdainfully.

"Still, what Corkran said will see me through. I'm not a friend of yours, but it's near enough. Are you taking anybody else?"

"Only Wharton and his crowd."

"Can't you leave them out?"

"They wouldn't be left out. You see, the captain asked them himself," said Bunter.

"I shall speak to Corkran very seriously about it," said Coker, frowning.

"Lot of rot, taking a gang of fags with him. Anyhow, if I go, I shall be able to see that they behave themselves. What train are you catching?"

"The three o'clock express at Court-field."

"I'll be ready," said Coker. "Won't take me long to pack. I can get some

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See Page 2.

things in London for the voyage. You needn't wait for me to go to the station with you. I'm not walking to Courtfield with a crowd of fags."

"I say, Coker—"

"You can get out, Bunter!"

"But I say—"

"Cut!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the great Horace. Coker of the Fifth had manners and customs that were all his own, and he had no politeness whatever to waste on fags. Indeed, it was a sore point that it was by means of a fag—Bunter—that he was joining the party at all. That was a blow to Coker's pride. So it did not occur to Coker to testify any gratitude for Bunter's kind invitation.

"I—I—I say, Coker," stammered Bunter "what about a lunch-basket in the train?"

"Shan't need one."

"I shall need one!" said Bunter warmly.

"Well, get one. There's lot's of time," snapped Coker. "Buzz off now, and don't worry."

"I happen to be short of money at the present moment," explained Bunter. "Owing to a disappointment about a postal-order—"

"Don't spring that on me!" rapped out Coker. "Buzz off, if you don't want some more of the fives bat."

Bunter backed to the door. His little

round eyes gleamed behind his big glasses.

"Look here, Coker, can you lend me a pound?"

"No; buzz off!" roared Coker, striding towards the Owl of the Remove.

Bunter saw the dangerous look in Coker's eyes, and shot away like an arrow from a bow. His visit to the Fifth Form study could not be called a success. It had not materialised in cash. And the Owl's only consolation was that Captain Corkran hadn't given him permission to bring anybody, and certainly wouldn't dream of allowing Horace Coker to join the party. But that, as yet, was unknown to Coker.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### Coker, Too!

**"R**EADY?"

"The readyfulness is terrific."

"Where's Bunter?"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is! Ready, fatty?"

"I'm ready," grunted Bunter. "I suppose we're having a taxi to Court-field?"

"We're taking the local train from Friardale," said Harry Wharton, picking up his bag.

"Better telephone for a taxi."

"Telephone for half-a-dozen if you like," grinned Bob Cherry. "We're walking. Come on, you fellows!"

The Famous Five had seen Peter Todd & Co. off to Courtfield in their brake for the football match. Now they were ready to start on their own journey. They had said their good-byes, and strapped their bags, and were ready. Billy Bunter did not pick up his bag. He blinked round at the five juniors.

"Who's carrying my bag?" he inquired.

"If a fat duffer named Bunter isn't carrying it, I think it probably won't be carried," remarked Nugent.

"Beast!"

Bunter picked up his bag. The six juniors started for the gates.

"I say, you fellows, Coker's coming!" Bunter remarked.

"Coker?"

"Yes. He insists on coming," said Bunter. "Makes out that I asked him. And I never got the pound, either."

"What pound?" asked Bob Cherry, with a stare.

"I—I mean there wasn't any pound, of course. If you fellows think I asked Coker to lend me a pound to invite him, you're mistaken," said Bunter hastily. "Nothing of the kind you know! I wouldn't!"

"You fat duffer—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!"

Coker of the Fifth came hurrying down to the gates, bag in hand, evidently equipped for a journey. Potter and Greene were with him, and they seemed to be trying to dissuade him. But it was not an easy matter to dissuade Horace Coker when once his mighty mind was made up. Argument only made Coker more determined.

"It's all right, you know," Coker was saying. "Corkran gave Bunter permission to ask any chap he liked—"

"But did he?"

"Bunter told me so."

"Pulling your leg, perhaps—" suggested Greene.

Coker gave Greene a freezing glare. "I don't think it's likely that a fag

**NEXT MONDAY! "HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN AFRICA!"**

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A Splendid Story of the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter. By FRANK RICHARDS.

would try to pull my leg," he said. "Don't be an ass, Greene."

"But you're not really going?" stammered Potter.

"Certainly!"

"What about the Head?"

"That's all right. I shall ask the captain to telephone him, so that he will know it's all right."

"But what about things for the journey? Hadn't you better—"

"Shop in London," said Coker. "I understand that that's what those fags are doing. The captain's going to help them get their outfit for a hot climate. That's all right. I only wish I could take you fellows. Not that you'd be any use, of course; but I'd like you to come."

"Oh!" gasped Greene. "Thanks!"

"Not at all, old chap! Well, I must be off." And Coker hurried out of the gates after the six Removites.

"He's right there!" said Potter. "He must be off—right off—fairly off his onion! What will old Coker say when that born idiot turns up and says he's come?"

"Goodness knows!" said Greene. "Something emphatic, I should imagine. Poor old Coker! Nobody would ever believe there was such an ass in the wide world if they didn't see him day by day! Even then he's jolly nearly incredible!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Unconscious of his study-mates' comments, Horace Coker pursued the even tenor of his way. It was beneath his dignity to walk with fags, so he did not join the Removites on their way to the station; he walked after them, with his rugged nose in the air, trying to look as if he were unconscious of their existence.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked round several times, to behold the great Coker following in their wake. When they reached the station at Friardale the juniors took their tickets and went on the platform, and a minute later Horace Coker followed them there.

"This has gone far enough!" remarked Nugent. "Better speak to the silly ass and sheer him off."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

Harry Wharton nodded, and crossed the platform towards Coker. The hero of the Fifth met him with a lofty and disdainful stare.

"Keep your distance!" he snapped.

"Look here, Coker—"

"We're bound to travel by the same train," said Coker. "But I want you to understand at the start that I decline to be mixed up with a gang of fags. Don't speak to me on the journey."

"You silly ass!" shouted Wharton.

"You're not coming. Bunter had no right to ask anybody to join the party. Captain Corkran will not permit it!"

"Bunter!" roared Coker.

The Owl of the Remove jumped and gave him a nervous blink. Coker was carrying a heavy stick under his arm, and he let it slip into his hand. Evidently he was ready to deal with Bunter on the spot if it transpired that that cheeky youth had pulled his august leg.

"Are you authorised to ask me to join this party or not?" demanded Coker, frowning.

Billy Bunter blinked at Coker and blinked at the stick.

"Yes, certainly!" he gasped.

"You hear that, Wharton?" snapped Coker. "Now dry up, and keep your distance. You can't expect to be allowed to travel with a Fifth-Former!"

"You silly owl—" gasped Wharton.



The first article Billy Bunter turned out of the tuck hamper was a rolled-up bundle of old newspapers. Bunter blinked at one of them, and blinked at Bob Cherry. "Wha-a-at's this?" he gasped. "The first course!" said Bob cheerily. (See Chapter 6.)

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

The train stopped in the station. The Famous Five made a rush for an empty carriage and bundled into it with Bunter. Coker jumped for the same carriage.

"Keep back, you ass!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Get out, you cheeky fags!"

"Bump him!" shouted Johnny Bull.

Evidently the Famous Five were booked to enjoy Coker's company unless they took drastic measures. So they proceeded at once to take them. They swarmed out of the carriage and collared Coker.

The great Horace smote the platform with a mighty smite, and roared. His stick went one way, his bag another, and his hat a third. There was a whistle from the guard, and the juniors bolted back to their carriage. They scrambled in, and the porter slammed the door. The train was moving now.

"That does for Coker!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "He won't catch this train!"

Harry Wharton leaned from the carriage window and looked for Coker. He was in time to see a dishevelled and hatless figure make a wild leap into the guard's van.

Horace Coker was a sticker. Minus bag and hat and stick, which remained distributed on the Friardale platform, Horace Coker landed in the guard's van—and he was booked for Courtfield Junction at least. Billy Bunter and the Famous Five had started on their great journey—and the egregious Coker had started, too!

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Dropping Coker!

"I SAY, you fellows—" "Oh, dry up, Bunter!" snapped Wharton crossly.

The presence of the egregious Coker on the train was irritating to the Co., and it was all Bunter's fault. That the absurd Horace could be allowed to come on to London, where Captain Corkran was to meet the party, was out of the question. The question was—how was Coker to be sheered off?

That was the question the Famous Five were considering as the train ran on towards Courtfield Junction.

"Coker's got to be dropped off," said Bob Cherry. "Can't let him get on the express at Courtfield."

"No fear!"

"Corkran would be jolly surprised if the silly fathead turned up!" said Nugent, with a grin.

"The surprisefulness would be terrific!"

"Of course, we've got to sheer him off!" said Wharton. "But how? He's a giddy sticker!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!" roared the chums of the Remove with one voice. At that early stage on the great journey the Famous Five had heard enough from Bunter, if not too much.

"Oh, really, you know—"

"It's all your fault!" snapped Johnny Bull. "Look here, you chaps, suppose we give Bunter a jolly good hiding, to begin with?"

"Not a bad idea!" agreed Bob Cherry.

"Yah!" snorted Bunter. "Look here, I was going to say—"

"Left a postal-order behind at Greyfriars?" asked Johnny, with deep sarcasm.

"I was going to say—" roared Bunter.

"Well, don't! Dry up!"

"That I can sheer Coker off—"

"Rats!"

"You know why Captain Corkran asked me to join him on this trip," said Bunter. "Because I'm such a wonderful ventriloquist—"

"Don't begin that now, if you don't want to be booted!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Do let a fellow speak, Bull! You're like a sheep's head—all jaw!" said Bunter peevishly. "Wait till we get to Courtfield Junction, and I'll fix Coker with my marvellous ventriloquism!"

"Well, you might try it on!" said Wharton dubiously.

"You fellows can't appreciate a chap's wonderful gifts," said Bunter contemptuously. "Corkran can—that's why he begged me to back him up in this expedition and see him through—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blest if I see anything to cackle at. Look here, you fellows, if I sheer Coker off, will you stand a lunch-basket?"

"You're a mercenary little beast, Bunter."

"One good turn deserves another," argued Bunter. "Besides, as leader of this party—"

"Bow-wow!"

"As leader of this party," roared Bunter, "I expect to be looked after decently. I've a jolly good mind not to take you fellows with me at all!"

"Fathead!"

"Well, is it a go?" asked Bunter, with a sniff.

Bob Cherry gave a sudden chuckle. Some entertaining thought had apparently come into Robert Cherry's active mind.

"It's a go!" he said. "You sheer Coker off at Courtfield, and if you succeed, I'll stand you a lunch-basket. We can have one put on at Redclyffe, where there's a stop for five minutes."

"Done!" exclaimed Bunter.

"You're an ass, Bob!" growled Johnny Bull. "I wouldn't stand the fat bunter anything but a kick!"

"Oh, one good turn deserves another, as Bunter says," said Bob Cherry. "Bunter ought to get what he deserves."

"What's that — hanging?" asked Johnny.

"Or boiling in oil?" inquired Nugent.

"Yah!" from William George Bunter.

The local ran on into Courtfield Junction, and stopped there. The juniors left the train. They had to cross the bridge for the up-platform, where the express was to stop in a few minutes and pick them up. As they walked across the bridge over the line, a hatless youth came on their track. It was Coker of the Fifth. The juniors grinned as they looked round and beheld him. Coker stared back with a threatening frown.

On the up-platform he waited, at a little distance from the juniors. There was no time for Coker to rush out and buy a hat; the express was due too soon for that. So he waited, hatless, with the autumn breeze stirring his rather unruly hair—like quills upon the fretful porcupine, as Frank Nugent remarked.

A good many passengers were collecting for the express, which was now signalled. Two horsey-looking men, who

had apparently been doing business on the Courtfield race-ground, stood near Coker, talking in rather lurid language which indicated that they had had bad luck on the "two o'clock." One of them was a burly man with a large, red nose and a deep bass voice; the other was a little man in tight gaiters which gave his legs the look of drumsticks, and his voice was thin and reedy, a sort of complaining whine. Billy Bunter listened to the two horsey gentlemen for a few minutes, evidently taking notes, with a glimmer behind his big spectacles. The chums of the Remove watched Bunter—they knew by his look that some of his weird ventriloquism was coming.

"Where's yer old 'at, young shaver?"

Coker stared round. He had heard, without heeding, the red-nosed man's bass voice at his elbow; but as that voice—or another just like it—asked that impertinent question, Coker stared round angrily. It was, no doubt, rather unusual for a fellow to catch the London express without his hat; but Coker wanted no impertinent inquiries from low bouncers.

"What the thump do you mean?" he snapped.

The red-nosed man stared at him. He was quite unconscious that a ventriloquist close at hand had borrowed his voice, so to speak.

"Eh! You speaking to me?" he grunted.

"Mind your own business!" said Coker.

"Me!" ejaculated the red-nosed gentleman.

"Yes, you!" snapped Coker.

The red-nosed gentleman had lost money on the "two o'clock," and he was already in a bad temper. This rudeness from an utter stranger, whom he was quite unconscious of offending, was rather too much for his patience, if he had any.

"Why, you cheeky, fat-headed young snipe!" he exclaimed. "Want me to mop up this 'ere platform with your carcass—what?"

"Dot him in the heye, Toodles!" said the little man in the gaiters.

"I'd bung up both his blessed heyes for 'im for two pins!" said Mr. Toodles wrathfully.

"You red-nosed monkey, you couldn't!"

"What?"

So exactly was that the voice of Coker, that even Harry Wharton & Co. did not know, for the moment, that it was the Greyfriars ventriloquist who was putting those words into Coker's mouth. Certainly Mr. Toodles had no suspicion of it.

His red face became redder with wrath and indignation. He squared up to Coker, and brandished two big fists under the startled nose of the Greyfriars Fifth-Former.

"Couldn't do it, couldn't I?" he roared. "Red-nosed monkey, am I? Where will you 'ave it, you cheeky young 'ound?"

"I—I didn't—" gasped Coker.

Whack!

Coker staggered as a big set of knuckles landed on his nose. He sat down quite suddenly on the platform.

"Good for you, Toodles!" chirruped the little man. "Give him another!"

Coker sat for a second or two in breathless wrath. Then he jumped up and charged at the red-nosed man. The express train, the expedition, everything disappeared entirely from Coker's mind,

excepting the fact that his nose had been punched.

The next moment Coker and Mr. Toodles were engaged in a desperate scap.

The big, fat racing-man was much bigger than Coker; but he was flabby and out of condition, and the Greyfriars Fifth-Former had the best of it. Mr. Toodles went spinning, and sat down in his turn.

There was a rear from the express train, coming into the station. The little man in gaiters backed away, apparently not eager to back up the cause of his red-nosed friend. But the Greyfriars ventriloquist chimed in, in the little man's thin, reedy voice:

"You young rascal! 'Itting my pal! I'll smash yer!"

"Will you?" roared Coker. "Come on, you snipe! I'll give you some of the same!"

And, without waiting for the little man to come on, Horace Coker charged at him, and grasped him, and they waltzed together on the platform. Mr. Toodles staggered up, as the little man was floored by the hefty Coker. He did not speak—he rushed at Coker, and they closed and struggled furiously. The express had stopped now, and the waiting passengers were rushing for seats—among them the Famous Five and Billy Bunter. Round the combatants on the platform two or three porters gathered, and the stationmaster was hurrying on the scene.

Harry Wharton & Co. crowded the windows of their carriage, breathlessly watching the combat.

Coker and Mr. Toodles went to the platform together, and rolled over and over in terrific combat.

The guard's whistle sounded the last door slammed. The express moved out of the station.

Porters and stationmaster dragged the combatants apart; Horace Coker jerked himself free and stared round. He had remembered the express.

The express was disappearing out of the station.

Bob Cherry waved his hand in farewell to Coker of the Fifth. The last glimpse the juniors had of Coker showed them the hero of the Fifth standing on the platform, wilfully dishevelled, his collar and tie torn out, his large hands waving in frantic gesticulations. Then Horace Coker vanished from their sight; and they chuckled loud and long as the express swept on its way.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter's Lunch!

"HA, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Coker!"

"Dropped this time, and no mistake!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "It was rather rotten, though—just like Bunter."

"Just!" agreed his chums.

"Oh, rot!" snapped Bunter. "I owed Coker a licking—and now he's got it."

"Those other chaps, though—"

"Only racing rotters!" said Bunter.

"A punch or two will do them good. I dare say they've been welshing. Anyhow, bother 'em! What about that lunch-basket, Bob Cherry?"

"That's all right!" said Bob. "I'll jump off at Redclyffe and bag it!"

"Good!"

(Continued on page 13.)





# FIRE, FLAME, AND FURY!



by TOM BROWN.

QUELCHY ON FIRE! Billy Bunter levelled the fire-extinguisher at Mr. Quelch, and a jet of fluid smote the Form master full in the chest, almost bowling him over. There was a cheer from the onlookers. "Good old Bunter! Keep it up!"

**S**IZZ-Z-Z-Z!  
Bang!  
There was a terrific explosion in the Remove Form-room.  
Mr. Quelch jumped. The class jumped, too. It was the morning of the Fifth of November. Explosions were not due until the evening.  
The letting-off of a firework in the Remove Form-room was an unheard-of thing. It ranked almost as a capital offence.  
Bang, bang, bang!  
A powerful jumping-cracker went careering across the room. The cracker was charged with a great deal of explosive substance, and it gave a series of bangs as it bounded across the floor.  
For a moment Mr. Quelch stood petrified. Then he stepped forward, and put his foot on the jumping-cracker just as it came within a yard of his desk.  
With a last defiant bang the cracker subsided.  
Mr. Quelch turned to the class. There were storm-signals on his brow. His pupils eyed him breathlessly, and not a little nervously.

They were waiting for the storm to break. It soon broke.  
"Boys!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "One of you has had the audacity—the unparalleled impertinence—to ignite a firework in the Form-room!"  
Dead silence.  
"I call upon the culprit to come forward!" said Mr. Quelch. "He shall be soundly and severely flogged!"  
"What an indelicacy to own up!" murmured Bob Cherry.  
"Cherry, you were talking! Take a hundred lines!"  
"Oh crumbs!"  
Mr. Quelch glanced at his watch.  
"I will give the perpetrator of this offence one minute to come forward and acknowledge his transgression," he said.  
Nobody stirred. The juniors sat silent. Some of the weaker spirits were trembling. For Mr. Quelch was in one of his most terrifying moods.  
The minute passed without anyone coming forward.  
"Very well!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "I

will now proceed to make investigations. Each of you will pass before me in turn and exhibit the contents of his pockets."  
There was a sudden gasp of alarm from Billy Bunter.  
"I—I say, sir, would you be good enough to excuse me for a few minutes? I feel faint, and should like to go out and get a breath of fresh air."  
Mr. Quelch turned upon the fat junior with the glare of a basilisk.  
"Your sudden anxiety to leave the Form-room, Bunter, leads me to believe that you know something of this affair," he said. "Come here!"  
Very reluctantly Billy Bunter rolled out to the front of the class.  
"Turn out your pockets!" commanded Mr. Quelch.  
"Oh, really, sir—"  
"Do not dare to temporise with me, boy! Turn out your pockets at once!"  
Billy Bunter slowly disgorged the contents of his pockets, placing the articles one by one on the Form master's desk. There was a pen-knife which he had

**Next Week—A Special Warfare Number—Something Grand!**

"Borrowed" from Peter Todd, a number of warbles which he had confiscated from his minor Sammy, and a slab of toffee which he had purchased at the tuckshop, for consumption in class.

Having turned out these articles, Bunter paused.

"I—I think that's the lot, sir," he said feebly.

Instantly Mr. Quelch's hand went to a coat-pocket which Bunter had not explored. The Form master produced a number of jumping-crackers, similar to that which had caused the disturbance.

"Ah!" said Mr. Quelch.

And there was a wealth of meaning in that monosyllable.

Billy Bunter blinked at the jumping-crackers in dismay.

"How on earth did those things get into my pocket?" he exclaimed, in tones of well-feigned surprise.

"Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Do not try to make me think that someone else placed those fireworks in your pocket with malice aforethought! You placed them there yourself. Of that I am certain. I am equally certain that it was you who ignited that firework just now."

"I wasn't—I didn't—I never!" stammered Bunter wildly. "I—I was turning the cracker over in my hand, and it went off of its own accord. I didn't put a match to it, sir—honour bright! The thing suddenly went off bang, and jumped out of my hand, and before I could stop it, it was half-way across the room!"

"Then you admit, Bunter, that it was your firework?"

"Nunno, sir! It was Bob Cherry's hand that it jumped out of—not mine. When I said it was mine, that was just a figure of speech, sir."

"Enough, wretched boy!" said Mr. Quelch. "I will not cane you—"

"Oh, good!" murmured Bunter.

"You have already been caned once this morning, and a repetition of the same punishment will serve no good purpose. This evening, when the Guy Fawkes celebrations begin, you will proceed to your dormitory and go to bed!"

"Oh crums!"

"You shall take no part whatever in the festivities," said Mr. Quelch. "Whilst your schoolfellows are enjoying themselves, you will remain in bed, brooding, I trust, on your past misdeeds, and forming good resolves for the future. Now go to your place!"

Billy Bunter rolled back to his seat.

"Rough luck, old man!" murmured Skinner, who sat next to him.

Bunter grinned.

"It's not such an awful punishment as it sounds," he said. "You see, I shall be able to climb up to one of the dormitory windows and watch the firework display."

Unfortunately, Bunter did not lower his voice sufficiently, with the result that Mr. Quelch overheard every word he said.

"Bunter," rapped out the Form master, "the remark you have just addressed to Skinner did not escape me. You hope to be able to witness the firework display from one of the dormitory windows. In order to prevent this, I shall take the precaution of strapping you to your bed."

There was a loud murmur of protest from the class.

Bunter was in the wrong, it was true. And he deserved to be punished. But to strap a junior to his bed so that he would be unable to see the fireworks struck the Removites as being very mean.

Mr. Quelch rapped sharply on the desk with his pointer.

"Silence!" he commanded sternly. "We will now proceed with the lesson."

It seemed an eternity before morning lessons dragged out their slow course.

When the class was eventually dismissed, Bob Cherry beckoned to his chums.

"Beastly shame about Bunter," said Bob. "I think it's up to us to help him."

Irry Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"We can do nothing," he said.

"Yes, we can. I've got a wheeze. You know that effigy of Billy Bunter that I made, complete with spectacles? It's perfectly natural and lifelike, isn't it? Well, I propose that after Bunter's been strapped to his bed we go up and release him, and put the effigy in his place. And if Quelch happens to look into the dorm to make sure

Bunter's still there, he'll be satisfied that it's all right. Twig?"

"What a ripping stunt!" said Frank Nugent breathlessly.

And the other members of the Famous Five nodded their approval.

When the time of the Guy Fawkes celebrations drew near, Mr. Quelch piloted Billy Bunter up to the Remove dormitory. He made the fat junior undress and get into bed, and a couple of long straps were tied round the bed and its occupant, so that Bunter would be unable to rise.

Having performed his task in grim silence, Mr. Quelch withdrew.

Ten minutes later the Famous Five stealthily entered the dormitory. Bob Cherry carried the effigy of Bunter over his shoulder.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, twisting his head round to see what was going on. "What's the little game?"

"We're going to set you free," said Harry Wharton, "and put this guy in bed in your place!"

"My hat!"

Johnny Bull undid the straps, and Billy Bunter rose briskly, and started to dress.

The dummy, complete with wig and spectacles, was garbed in Bunter's suit of pyjamas, and strapped to the bed.

## EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

THIS number will tell of the joys of the "Famous Fifth"—Guy Fawkes Day—which terminates in Bonfire Night.

In some parts of the country Guy Fawkes celebrations are no longer kept up. But we always observe the merry festival at Greyfriars, and we make our preparations weeks in advance.

On the evening of the Fifth of November we are allowed to run wild. It is an evening of absolute freedom. And we don't retire to bed until the bonfire is nothing but a mass of smouldering embers. This is generally about midnight.

Several gross of fireworks have been despatched to Greyfriars during the past week. And most of the fellows have been manufacturing "guys." A procession of guys has been arranged, and prizes will be awarded for those which are considered the best. I will get Bob Cherry to tell you all about this in another column.

I imagine that most of my reader chums will spend a very happy time on Bonfire Night. I only wish you could all come to Greyfriars and share in our revels. You would find plenty of sights to see and wonder at, I can assure you!

By the way, I have just received the following sweet little note from Billy Bunter:

"Dear Wharton,—I see you are cutting me out again. It was my idea to publish a special Guy Fox Number of my 'Weekly,' but you have fourstalled me, as usual.

"Never mind! Christmas will be here in a few weeks, and you won't prevent me from publishing a Special Christmas Number, anyway!

"Sincerely hoping the GREYFRIARS HERALD will come to a sticky end,

"Your fercece fat foe,  
"W. G. BUNTER."

Poor old Billy! How he loves the HERALD and its editor! I will return good for evil by saying that I wish the plump porpoise and his "Weekly" every success.

HARRY WHARTON.

"In the subdued light, Quelch's bound to take this for Bunter," said Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!"

Bunter left the dormitory with the Famous Five. And he was soon throwing himself heart and soul into the delights of Bonfire Night.

The festivities had been in progress about an hour when Mr. Quelch decided to pay a visit to the Remove dormitory, to make sure that his prisoner was all right.

Mr. Quelch was a very thorough gentleman. He did not content himself with a casual glance into the dormitory. He advanced towards Bunter's bed, and flashed on his electric torch.

"Bunter!" he exclaimed.

No answer.

Mr. Quelch seized the recumbent figure by the shoulder, and shook it.

"Why—bless my soul! It is an effigy!" he gasped. "This is a gross attempt to deceive me! Bunter shall pay dearly for this outrage!"

Mr. Quelch stalked away to the football ground, where the celebrations were in progress. His eagle eye, penetrating the throng of merry-makers, lighted upon William George Bunter. And almost at the same instant the eye of William George lighted upon Mr. Quelch.

Bunter noted the look of fury on the Form master's countenance, and he promptly fled.

"Bunter! Come here—come here at once!" shouted Mr. Quelch.

But Bunter, though he heard, did not heed. He dodged round and round the bonfire, and Mr. Quelch made an undignified pursuit. As Bob Cherry remarked, it was a sight for gods and men and little fishes.

Round and round went Bunter. And Mr. Quelch performed similar gyrations.

Then came calamity.

A spark from the blazing bonfire alighted on Mr. Quelch's gown. The spark grew in size, and set fire to the garment.

Instantly there was a startled cry:

"Quelch's on fire!"

Mr. Quelch himself did not become aware of the fact until the flames penetrated to his coat-pocket, and fired a box of matches that was inside.

"Help!" panted the unhappy Form master.

It was at this stage that Billy Bunter, of all people, displayed great presence of mind. A fire-extinguisher lay close at hand. It had been brought down to the football field in case of emergency. Bunter pounced upon it, and brought it into action. He levelled the extinguisher at Mr. Quelch, and a jet of fluid smote the Form master full in the chest, almost bowling him over.

There was a cheer from the onlookers.

"Good old Bunter!"

"Keep it up!"

The flames were extinguished almost at once. Had they been allowed to develop another moment Mr. Quelch could not have escaped serious injury.

"There! You're all right now, sir!" said Billy Bunter breathlessly.

Mr. Quelch was not all right. His gown was completely ruined, and there was a gaping hole in the side of his coat, where the pocket had been. Moreover, he was drenched from head to foot. But he had been saved from injury, and that was the main thing.

The Form master advanced a step towards Billy Bunter. The fat junior instantly dropped the fire-extinguisher, and fled.

"Bunter! Come back, you stupid boy!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "I am not going to punish you."

"Oh!"

Billy Bunter halted. The news that he was not going to be punished caused a great weight to slip from his mind.

"You did a very wrong thing in breaking out of the dormitory, Bunter, and in causing a dummy figure to be placed in your bed," said Mr. Quelch. "But as I owe my personal safety, and possibly my life, to your presence of mind, I cannot bring myself to punish you. You need not go back to the dormitory. You may stay here until the celebrations are over."

"Thanks awfully, sir!" said Bunter.

Mr. Quelch wended his way towards the school building, in order to change his attire. And Billy Bunter remained with the revellers, and enjoyed himself to the full.

THE END.

Next Week's Special Number—Full of Thrills, Excitement, and Fun!

**Greyfriars Guys!  
Procession and  
Prize Distribution!**

By Bob Cherry.

**S**PECIAL prizes were offered by the Head for the best "guys" invented this year.

A procession took place in the Close, and a special committee of masters was appointed to do the judging.

It is with great delight that I announce that a Remove fellow—William Wibley, to wit—took the First Prize.

The contest resulted as follows:

**FIRST PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS.**

Awarded to WILLIAM WIBLEY, Remove Form, for his effigy of a "Killjoy." Wibley's effigy was marvellously made. It represented a long-faced Puritan with a flowing beard, and dressed in sober black. A placard was pinned to his chest, bearing the inscription:

"The boys of to-day have far too much pleasure and not enough discipline. All games and fun of every description must be abolished! Let us return once more to the Victorian Era!"

The Committee of Masters had no hesitation in awarding Wibley the First Prize for his ingenious invention.

**SECOND PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.**

Awarded to RICHARD NUGENT, of the Second Form, for his effigy of a giant. This was an enormous guy, and must have taken Dicky Nugent and his fellow-fags a long time to make. It certainly took four fags to carry it through the Close! Everybody agreed that young Nugent deserved the second prize, and there is great rejoicing among the inky-fingered tribe of fags.

**THIRD PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA.**

Awarded to WUN LUNG, of the Remove, for his effigy of "Chu Chin Chow." We are surprised at Wun Lung taking a rise out of his fellow-countryman. It was a jolly clever guy, though, clothed in Oriental robes. Wun Lung is elated at his success, and he means to share the half-guinea with his minor, Hop Hi, who rendered useful assistance in making the guy.

**HONOURABLE MENTION.**

TOM REDWING, for his effigy of Admiral Von Tirpitz; HARRY WHARTON, for his effigy of Guido Fawkes; GEORGE TUBB, for his effigy of Kaiser Bill; and BOLSOVER MAJOR, for his effigy of Jack Johnson, the pugilist.

The Head, in presenting the prizes, remarked that the procession was the most successful of recent years, and that the winners of the prizes deserved great credit for their ingenious devices.

**FREE REAL  
FOOTBALL PHOTOS  
NEXT WEEK YOU  
CHAPS!**

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.

**Greetings to  
Guido!**

By Dick Penfold.

My name is Guido Fawkes,  
I'm a scoundrel, sleek and sinister;  
And once I nigh blew up  
The King and every Minister.  
I wish you lots of fun,  
And jollity in plenty, too,  
As round the blazing fire  
You stand in Nineteen-twenty-two!

With offgies and guys  
I trust you will experiment,  
And feed them to the flames  
With mockery and merriment.  
This Bonfire Night of mine  
Is full of gay absurdities;  
The merriest night of term  
Upon my solemn word it is!

The guys, so quaint and crude,  
Unshapely with deformities,  
Will sizzle on the fire,  
And splutter, "Gee! How warm it  
is!"  
The fellows looking on  
Will laugh and jest with jollity;  
The fun, so fast and fierce,  
Will be of first-rate quality!

My name is Guido Fawkes,  
I'm a cunning man of mystery;  
My dark and daring deeds  
Will ever live in history.  
And now I will conclude  
In manner brief and cursory;  
I trust you'll all enjoy  
My glorious anniversary!

**HOW I SEE OTHER  
FELLOWS!**

By Frank Nugent:



TOBY, THE PAGE.

**Bonfire Night  
Recollections!**

By H. H. Quelch, M.A.

(Author of "The History of Greyfriars," etc., etc.)

**T**HERE have been some wonderful Bonfire Nights at Greyfriars in the past, and some tragic ones, too!

Probably the most exciting Bonfire Night was that of 1844, when the bonfire was built in too close proximity to the school building, with the result that the latter was set on fire.

In those days fire brigade arrangements were of the most primitive kind. The gymnasium and box-room were completely destroyed before the fire was subdued, though happily there was no loss of life.

The headmaster of that period came in for severe censure for allowing the bonfire to be built too close to the school. The governors taxed him with gross negligence, and asked him to tender his resignation. However, the affair quickly blew over, and harmony was restored.

Ten years later there was another outbreak of fire on Bonfire Night. For some reason or other—history does not tell us what it was—the whole school was forbidden to indulge in any Guy Fawkes festivities. This resulted in fire-works being let off in the school dormitories, and the Remove dormitory was set on fire, much damage being done, and two juniors being severely burned.

The most melancholy Bonfire Night occurred in the 'seventies. A rainstorm was in progress, and, owing to the sodden state of the ground, it was found extremely difficult to start the bonfire. Even when it was eventually got going it soon fizzled out again, owing to the unfavourable conditions. Scarcely a firework was ignited that evening, owing to the general dampness.

Perhaps the most successful Bonfire Night was that of 1897—Jubilee year.

The headmaster allowed the bonfire to be kept going all night, and I need hardly add that the boys of that generation greatly enjoyed the all-night revels. There were no lessons next day, and everybody was allowed to remain in bed until noon.

In 1901 a serious riot occurred on Bonfire Night. A large body of village yokels gained admission to the ground, and a fierce fight ensued. The Greyfriars boys more than held their own, and they were eventually victorious, and succeeded in ejecting the interlopers. At the same time, there were many casualties, and there was some talk of abolishing the Guy Fawkes celebrations after that. Fortunately, however, nothing came of it.

Of recent years there has been plenty of excitement on Bonfire Night. But I am happy to state that, for the most part, everything has passed off without a hitch.

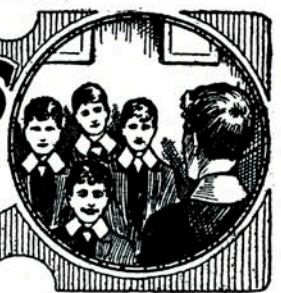
Details of my own unfortunate experiences on Bonfire Night will doubtless be given elsewhere in this issue. Bunter of the Remove rescued me from a very perilous position, and I owe him my grateful thanks.

I am not a killjoy, and I trust that the Bonfire Night celebrations will long continue to flourish.

JOIN THE MERRY CIRCLE OF "SPEECH-MAKERS" BELOW!



# The Greyfriars Parliament.



**M**R. PETER TODD (Deputy Speaker) took the chair at the ordinary weekly meeting.

Mr. Peter Todd: "I have a very important statement to make. The Famous Five are at sea—"

Mr. Bulstrode: "They always were!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "A most uncalled-for remark, and distinctly lacking in tact. I hope the House will allow me to read a farewell message I have received from Mr. Harry Wharton. Mr. Wharton says that he hopes, and has strong conviction, that the traditions of the Greyfriars Parliament will be suitably maintained in his absence in the Congo. 'I have decided to undertake the journey for many reasons,' writes the Speaker, 'one of them being the prime need for looking after Bunter. We don't want any more international complications. Bunter is young and inexperienced and lamblike when he gets among wolves. Of course, my friends, Inky, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, etc., have other motives. We are in quest of adventure, and the cause of science will be served by this expedition. I shall let the House have news when and where possible.' There you are, gentlemen! We have to carry on without our distinguished chums who have been summoned abroad by the urgent call of duty. But so far as in me lies I mean to keep this House going full steam ahead."

Mr. Bulstrode: "Are there any wolves in the Congo?"

Mr. Peter Todd: "Don't be frivolous! It is a term used in a figurative sense. We shall miss the sprightly sallies of our illustrious friend, the Member for Pufftown."

Mr. Micky Desmond: "You were always sitting on him, anyway."

Mr. Peter Todd: "I am not going to deny that there have been many diversions—I should say, divergences of opinion between Bunter and myself; but we can let bygones be bygones. I feel that this trip to the tropics will be the making of Bunter. He has gifts as a diplomatist second to none, and his easy friendliness, his hail-fellow-well-met-manners should endear him to the dusky chieftains of the farther South. Suspicion haunts the guilty mind, but there is no suspicion in the mind of Bunter. He is artless as an Eskimo munching blubber in the icy North."

Mr. Vernon-Smith: "Too much Bunter."

Mr. Peter Todd: "I shall have to ask the indulgence of the House, all the same, for there is something else intimately concerning Bunter which justice compels me to read. My honourable friend, the Member for Pufftown, begged me to lay before members his impressions of dancing. It is a lugubrious document he has left behind, and I fear that Bunter was in love when he wrote it. He says: 'Leave dancing and all such rot to Mauly and chaps like that. Dancing only makes a fellow miserable. It is no good.'"

Mr. Micky Desmond: "Sure, Bunter can speak for himself!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "I am in agreement with the inference to be drawn from that observation. The Member for Pufftown has sent a dismal document. He says that he hopes out amidst the snow and ice of the Congo that he will forget his heartburnings. In this he seems to be referring to indigestion, and his impressions of the climate in the Congo are confused, to say the least of it."

Mr. Vernon-Smith: "May I inquire if Bunter knows anything about dancing?"

Mr. Peter Todd: "I should say he doesn't, but our absent friend is here referring to the sentimental side of a pastime which has, of

course, its votaries at Greyfriars. I thought it my duty to lay the views of the Pufftown representative before the House, though I cannot say I agree with them. Bunter points out that the fellow who goes to a dance, and lets anything stand in the way of supper, is in for a bad, gloomy time. He makes some allusions to dances which in his case have been cut. Hence his mortification. But to pass on. I have a good many sound speeches from readers of the "Magnet," and I propose to give a selection. First on my list is a somewhat controversial address on the Noble Art."

The Deputy Speaker read the following from Reader HAROLD BRERETON, 99, Canning Road, Southport:

"I would very much like to draw the attention of the House to the vexed question of boxing. I see that at the second sitting Mr. R. Cherry gave his views. But I would like to move (if voting is considered) an amendment to what already appears decisive in the House—that boxing, first of all, is not necessary. It does far more harm than good, bodily, and in the greater matches, financially. It naturally encourages free fights, betting, and strife. I certainly see and know that the power and art of defence is good; but only in one case out of a hundred is it necessary. Any sport, barring boxing and bull-fighting, for me, and I am sure I am not alone in this respect. Thank you!"

There was a murmur of violent irritation when the Deputy Speaker reached the end.

Mr. Alonzo Todd: "An ancestor of mine came from Spain. He told me that bull-fighting had much merit, and—"

Mr. Vernon-Smith: "Are we to understand that Mr. A. Todd met his own ancestor? Where? In a dream?"

At this stage amidst the hubbub, three co-opted members of the Greyfriars Parliament, namely De Courcy (the Caterpillar), Frank Courcy, and Ponsonby, all from Highcliffe, were admitted by the Serjeant-at-Arms, and took their seats. Ponsonby was up again in a flash.

Mr. Ponsonby: "I think Reader Harold Brereton has hit it. I never did think much of boxing."

There were cries of "Go hon!" and much disorder.

Mr. De Courcy: "Fighting's a bore, but it seems to me a chap should be able to use his fists."

The Caterpillar then curled up and went to sleep.

Mr. Frank Courtenay: "I should like to say that I am in complete disagreement with the remarks on boxing. Strikes me Reader Harold Brereton has got the wrong pig by the ear. Every sport gets misused and abused—stands to reason this must be so. Human nature isn't perfect, never will be, but because some mugwumps make a mess of things, surely we don't want to run down a fine sport which hardens a fellow, makes him able to take his own part, and gives him quickness of eye and so on?"

Mr. Peter Todd (Deputy Speaker): "Hear, hear! I know I am voicing the opinion of Mr. R. Cherry when I say that boxing is good, and that this country has benefited by it tremendously. Has Reader Brereton ever met an awkward lump of trulence in the shape of a tramp on a lonely road—a real nasty individual out for gain with a knobby cudgel?"

Mr. Fish was understood to say that he appreciated boxing as an exhibition, but he did not altogether hold with fellows who

were champions hitting round amongst people who knew nothing of the bizney.

Mr. Mark Linley: "I consider it behoves us all, and I fancy our friends from Highcliffe are with us in this, to support the policy of the Famous Five. They cannot communicate with us at the moment, but we know jolly well what their opinions are in this matter. The Speaker (Mr. Harry Wharton) is a good fighter, but he never bullies. Mr. Bob Cherry can give as good as he receives. (Hear, hear!) What of the Navy?"

Mr. Dick Russell: "Well, what of it?"

Mr. Mark Linley: "Isn't it as fine a Service as ever existed?"

Mr. Dick Russell: "Quite so. I am not arguing!"

Mr. Mark Linley: "Well, then, what's good enough for the Navy is surely good enough for us. And that isn't all. One hears of splendid clergymen who can box. Some of the finest men who ever stepped have been exponents of the Noble Art. Then think of Rodney Stone, and what Conan Doyle says about the subject. It is just possible Reader Brereton has been thinking of recent events. He may have seen a well-known boxer referred to as the popinjay of the films."

Mr. Peter Todd: "I believe the statement was made."

Mr. Frank Courtenay (Highcliffe): "It was Bunter who made it."

Mr. Peter Todd: "That is unlikely. Bunter may have said—"

Mr. Fish: "Bunter doesn't know what a popinjay is."

Mr. Peter Todd: "I deprecate allusions to our absent friend."

Mr. Fish: "You call the fat clam friend!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "Boxing is before the House, not Bunter, though for myself I am not ashamed to admit that I miss our fat colleague, who is at present, possibly, enduring some of those anxious moments which come to the traveller by sea. What I want to say is that though boxing and Bunter may have little in common, yet boxing is good. We want knocking about—all of us do. I knock Bunter about. It does him good. Think of what our great writers have said about the sport. Ever read 'Cashel Byron's Profession'? It was one of Bernard Shaw's first books, and it showed what a ripping fine chap Cashel Byron was. He was a boxer. There are good and bad boxers, of course, the same as there are good and bad barons or pork butchers." (Hear, hear!)

Mr. Mark Linley: "I dispute that one case in a hundred touched on by Reader Brereton. The need of the power to fight is realised more if you think of the many instances where peace is preserved because that power exists. We don't want to be soft. We don't want to be cringing ninnies like Uriah Heep. Humility, taking insolence from bullies who know you won't hit 'em, bowing to harpies, smugs, and hypocrites, is all rot. Mean tyrants want a lesson. All that can be overdone. Remember what the poet said.

"There are those

Who, bending feeble knees,

Live for no end except to please,

But creep not thou with these!"

"I know jolly well that up in good old Lances, where I come from, the art of self-defence has its right place." (Hear, hear!)

Reader Brereton's amendment was defeated without the House troubling to go to a division.

(Another meeting reported next week.)

**Clever Readers can Win Splendid Money Prizes for "Speeches"!**

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 769.

[Supplement iv.]

**BOUND FOR AFRICA!**

(Continued from page 8.)

Bob Cherry winked at his chums, a wink they did not quite understand. It was evident that some humorous scheme was in Bob's mind, but the Co. did not catch on to it.

The express stopped at Redclyffe, and Bob Cherry jumped out of the carriage. He scudded across to the buffet.

He was not gone long. In two minutes he was back in the carriage, with a lunch-basket in his hand.

The train moved on again. "Quick work!" said Bob cheerily. "You see, it didn't take long to pack the lunch-basket."

"Hand it over!" said Bunter. "Feeling famished already?" asked Bob.

"Well, I'm rather peckish."  
"Must be, as you ate only enough for six or seven at dinner," said Bob. "But here you are!"

He landed the lunch-basket on Bunter's fat knees. The Owl of the Remove blinked round at the juniors.

"I'm not whacking this out!" he said. "No good glaring at me, Bull. You fellows said you didn't want anything to eat on the train. Now you can stick to it. Besides, it was distinctly understood that this lunch-basket was for me."

"That's so!" assented Bob Cherry. "Go ahead!"

Billy Bunter proceeded to unpack the basket. It was a good-sized one, and looked as if it contained enough to satisfy even Bunter. But appearances are sometimes deceptive.

The first article Bunter turned out was a rolled-up bundle of old "Daily Mails," and he blinked at that great newspaper in surprise. As a newspaper the "Daily Mail" may be hard to beat, but as an article of diet it left much to be desired. Bunter blinked at it, and blinked at Bob Cherry.

"Wha-a-at's this?" he gasped. "The first course," explained Bob. "You silly ass!"

Bunter hurled the "Daily Mails" to the floor of the carriage, and unpacked the next article. This was a bundle of "Daily Mirrors" of various dates.

"What on earth's this?" shrieked Bunter.

"The second course."  
"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors. They began to understand now.

With a face that resembled the visage of a wild Hun, Bunter travelled through the lunch-basket, turning out all sorts and conditions of things, chiefly old newspapers, but nothing that even Bunter, in his hungriest moments, would have thought of devouring. The basket was empty at last. The Owl of the Remove gave Bob a deadly glare.

"Is this a—a—a rotten joke?" he stammered.

"Not at all."  
"What is it, then, you dummy?"  
"A jolly good joke," explained Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"You promised to get me a lunch-basket!" yelled Bunter.

"Isn't that a lunch-basket?" asked Bob, in surprise.

"There's nothing in it to eat."  
"It wasn't stipulated that there should be anything in it to eat," said Bob Cherry. "That wasn't mentioned. I appeal to all the gentlemen present as witnesses."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors. "You—you—you awtul least!" gasped Bunter.

"Blest if he isn't grumbling!" said Bob Cherry, in a tone of wonder. "Some people are never satisfied. I undertook to get you a lunch-basket at Redclyffe, Bunter, and I've got you a lunch-basket at Redclyffe. What are you: grouching about?"

"I wanted the lunch, you beast!"  
"Then you should have mentioned it," said Bob, shaking his head. "You distinctly said a lunch-basket, and I've got it. You've got it. You can eat it if you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"You spoofing rotter!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter, with feelings too deep for words, hurled the lunch-basket to the floor of the carriage.

He sat in morose silence while the express rattled on. His fat leg had been pulled, as he deserved. But William George Bunter was not likely to enjoy the joke. However, the Famous Five enjoyed it, and the expression on

said Bunter, blinking sternly at the captain through his big glasses. "I've been treated rottenly by these fellows on the way up."

"Oh rubbish!" said Corkran tersely. "You've asked me to go out to Africa with you because my splendid ventriloquism will be useful in dealing with the dashed niggers," said Bunter. "I've consented. Well, I'm not satisfied with these fellows as members of the party. In fact, I despise them. I want it clearly understood that if they come with you, Captain Corkran, I must decline to come."

"Shut up, Bunter!" breathed Harry Wharton.

"Go and eat coke, Wharton!"  
"You fat rotter—"  
"Shut up, Wharton!"  
"Why. I—I—I—"

"You talk too much, Wharton! Just dry up when I tell you," said Bunter. "Now, Captain Corkran, I want to know how we stand. Are these fellows being sent back to the school?"

Captain Corkran eyed him quietly with his live eye. The captain's left eye was made of glass, but his other eye was very penetrating, and it seemed to bore into Bunter like an awl.

"No," he answered. "You're taking them along, against my wish?" demanded Bunter.

"Yes."  
"Then I shall decline to join the party!"

"Very good."

"As for any expenses already incurred I shall refund the money," said Bunter loftily. "There will be a postal-order waiting for me at Greyfriars when I get back. I shall not remain under any obligation. I mean what I say. Unless these fellows take the next train back, I shall do so, and leave you without my valuable assistance."

"Quite so."  
Captain Corkran took a time-table from his pocket, and consulted it with his penetrating live eye.

Harry Wharton & Co. stood in silence, yearning to kick Bunter the length of the platform. The captain's tanned face was expressionless. He returned the time-table to his pocket.

"Five-fifteen!" he said.

"Eh?" ejaculated Bunter.

"That's the next train back to Court-feld. I will see you safely into it and take your ticket," said Captain Corkran.

Bunter's fat jaw dropped.

Evidently the captain was taking him with the greatest seriousness. He had announced his intention of returning to Greyfriars; and the tanned gentleman was prepared to see him safely off in his train, as in duty bound. Which was not at all what the fat junior wanted.

The prospect of returning to lessons, instead of sharing that trip to the Congo, quite dumbfounded Bunter.

He blinked at the sunburnt captain, with his little, round eyes wide behind his spectacles.

"I—I say—" he gasped.

"You lads go into the buffet, and start on your tea, while I see Master Bunter off," said the captain.

"Certainly, sir."

"This way, Bunter—there's no time to lose," said Captain Corkran, and he took hold of Billy Bunter's fat arm, and led him away.

Bunter went with him, like a fellow in a dream.

Apparently the fat Owl of the Remove was not quite so indispensable as he had supposed. Or—indispensable or not

**THE GREATLY ENLARGED MAGNET**

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MONEY PRIZES! FREE PHOTOS!

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Bunter's face cheered them up all the way to London; and Bunter's views on the subject really did not matter. So it was all right.

**THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**

**Captain Corkran Puts His Foot Down!**

CAPTAIN CORKRAN was waiting for the Greyfriars party at the London terminus. The little wiry gentleman, with his tanned face and single eye, shaded by a slouched hat, came through the crowd on the platform to greet the juniors as they poured out of the train.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's cousin Kit!" sang out Bob Cherry.

"Here we are again!" said the captain cheerily. "Had a pleasant journey up, I hope."

"Oh, topping!"  
"Nothing of the sort!" said Bunter. The captain's live eye turned on Bunter.

"Feeling tired?" he asked. "Hungry!"

"Oh, we'll soon alter that!" said the captain. "There's a decent buffet here where we can get some tea."

"Hold on!" said Bunter. "Eh?"  
"We've got to have this out plain,"

**NEXT MONDAY: "THE BAKER STREET MYSTERY!"**

**FIRST OF A NEW SERIES OF DETECTIVE TALES, INTRODUCING FERRERS LOCKE AND JACK DRAKE.**

—the captain intended to stand no non-sense from him.

"I—I say—" gasped Bunter, at last.

"I—I didn't exactly mean—"

"Come on."

"I'm not going back!" howled

Bunter.

"Nonsense."

"I—I don't want to go back!" splut-

tered Bunter. "I—I say, sir, I—I—I'll come with you, with—with pleasure. I—I don't mind if the other fellows come. In fact, I want them to. I—I should miss them. I should, really."

Captain Corkran came to a stop, and released Bunter's arm. He fixed his penetrating eye on the fat junior.

"I will speak plainly to you, Bunter!" he said quietly.

"Oh, do!" gasped Bunter.

"If you join my party, Bunter, you will be under my orders, and you will show me the respect you are accustomed to show your Form master at school," said the captain. "I shall be in charge of you, and I shall expect—and exact—respect and obedience. It has not been necessary for me to say this to your companions, as they have a proper sense of the fitness of things, and know how to play the game. If you desire to join my party on these terms, Bunter, for the recompense I have arranged with your father, you are welcome, and I shall be glad to take you. Otherwise, you return to Greyfriars by the five-fifteen. Make your choice—there is no time to lose."

had no effect on his appetite, which was Gargantuan, as usual, and Bunter proceeded to indemnify himself for all his many wrongs and injuries, by filling up the inner Bunter—and by the time he had eaten enough for six, the smiles returned to his fat face.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter's Shopping!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & Co. had two or three busy days in London, in company with Captain Corkran. There was a good deal of shopping to do, and the captain supervised it, seeing that his schoolboy comrades had what they needed—and not more than they needed. Captain Corkran was "standing" the expenses of the expedition, and naturally the chums of the Remove were keen on modifying those expenses as much as possible. In that matter, Billy Bunter did not see eye to eye with the Famous Five. If somebody else was standing the exes., Bunter regarded that as a good reason for "spreading" himself. Corkran had plenty of money, though he was careful with it—indeed, it was possibly because he was careful with it that he had plenty. But if he had plenty, why shouldn't Bunter spend it? That was how the Owl of the Remove looked at it. So on the first shopping excursion at a big West End

"I can show you some excellent dressing-cases, sir, from forty guineas."

"Well, I want a decent one," said Bunter.

"Ivory-backed brushes—"

"Certainly—"

"Solid leather case—"

"Of course."

"Perhaps you will look at this, sir. This case is forty-five guineas, owing to our recent great reductions in price."

Bunter blinked into the dressing-case. Certainly it was a handsome one; perhaps not dear at forty-five guineas. Bunter would have found it difficult, personally, to buy it for forty-five shillings. But the captain was going to pay for it—at all events, Bunter thought that he was.

"That will do," assented Bunter. "I shall want my monogram on the backs of all the brushes, and on the silver tops."

"Twenty-four hours, sir—"

"Right!"

"Can I show you something more, sir?" asked the shopman, who looked by this time as if he loved Bunter like a twin brother.

"I suppose I'd better take a gun—"

"Hem! That is in another department, sir." The shop salesman, of course, was chiefly keen on goods in his own department, with an eye to his commission. "A thermos, sir, would be very useful—"

"Trot 'em out," said Bunter.

"This one at five guineas—"

"That will do," said Bunter.

# ANOTHER CHANCE FOR COLLECTORS!

## Grand Free Real Photos of Famous Football Teams

### Next Week! See Page 2.

Bunter gasped.

"Of—of course, sir, that—that's just what I want. The fact is, I was only joking."

"Joking?" repeated the captain.

"That's it, sir! Just my little joke!" said Bunter feebly. "I—I—I hope you can take a joke, sir."

The captain shook his head.

"No, Bunter, I cannot take jokes of that sort," he said. "Let there be no more of them. Have you made up your mind?"

"Oh, yes—rather! I'm coming."

"Very good."

The captain turned back, and Billy Bunter followed him, gasping with relief at his narrow escape. He realised, too, that he would not get off so well if he "cheeked" the captain again, and he wisely resolved to keep his cheek within bounds till the party were safe on the steamer, when it would be impossible for him to be sent back to Greyfriars. When that time came, Bunter considered that he could safely let himself go—though that, as a matter of fact, was another little mistake of Bunter's.

Captain Corkran entered the station buffet, with the Owl of the Remove at his heels. The Famous Five were gathered at a table, where a waiter was ministering to their wants.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter, after all!" grinned Bob Cherry. "No luck for little us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter grunted as he sat in his chair. He was annoyed, and he was indignant. Annoyance and indignation, however,

stores, Bunter weighed in with his full weight, so to speak. While the Famous Five, with the captain's help, were selecting necessary articles for a tropical climate, on a moderate scale, William George Bunter wandered away to do his shopping on his own. All the captain had to do was to foot the bills when Bunter had accumulated them; that was all the assistance William George required from him.

Each of the juniors was taking a small cabin trunk for the voyage, but a small cabin trunk was not good enough for Bunter. It would not have held half the goods for which Bunter intended to "touch" the captain. So, with the help of the enthusiastic shopman, the Owl of the Remove proceeded to select a tremendous trunk, which beat the famous huge trunk of Lord Mauleverer of the Remove.

It was a magnificent trunk. It would have required at least four hefty porters to negotiate it when packed. Where it was to be put on the steamer out to Lagos Bunter did not consider. His consideration was confined to the subject of what he should put in the trunk.

"I think that trunk will do," said Bunter, surveying it through his big spectacles. "How much?"

The shopman rubbed his hands.

"Thirty-seven guineas, sir."

"That's all right," said Bunter cheerily. "My—hem—guardian, Captain Corkran, is paying for it. He will be along here directly. I shall want a dressing-case."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here you are," called out Bob Cherry, coming in search of Bunter. "We shall have to keep you on a chain, if you wander like this, fatty. We've finished shopping, and the captain's looking for you."

"I haven't finished," answered Bunter.

Bob Cherry blinked at the magnificent articles which Bunter had already selected. Then he blinked at Bunter in astonishment. The salesman was rubbing his hands, washing them in invisible soap, in imperceptible water, as it were.

"You're not buying this lot?" said Bob faintly.

"Certainly."

"Oh, my only hat!"

"Don't bother now, Cherry, while I'm busy," said Bunter. "I think I shall want a camera. I may get a chance of taking some photographs in West Africa."

A camera appeared in the salesman's hands as if by magic.

"This is the very best we stock, sir—"

"How much?" asked Bunter carelessly, with the carelessness natural to a fellow who hadn't to meet the bill.

"Only twenty-five guineas, sir."

"Good! Put it in the trunk."

"Perhaps you would care for a manicure set, sir," said the salesman. "We have this special set for travelling at seven guineas—"

"Put it in," said Bunter.

Captain Corkran and the juniors came in from the next department. Bob Cherry was standing and staring at

Bunter's accumulation of valuable property. The other fellows stared, too.

"Make out the bill now," said Bunter. "I think that will be all I shall want in this department."

"Yes, sir. Certainly, sir."

The salesman sailed off, and returned rapidly with Bunter's little bill. It was quite an interesting little bill.

	£	s.	d.
1 Leather trunk	38	17	0
1 Dressing-case	47	5	0
1 Thermos flask	5	5	0
1 Camera	26	5	0
1 Manicure set	7	7	0
	124	19	0

This was not a bad beginning for Bunter, as he had dealt with only one department so far, and had by no means finished his shopping. He signed to the salesman to present the bill to Captain Corkran. That gentleman looked at it, and looked again, and his live eye looked like a gimlet as it bored into Bunter.

"What's this?" stuttered the captain blankly.

"The young gentleman's account, sir," said the salesman. "There will be a further small charge for placing the monogram on the brushes and silver tops in the dressing-case—"

"Oh gad!"

"We guarantee delivery within twenty-four hours," said the salesman. "Perhaps you would prefer me to enter the charge on this account."

"You need not trouble," said Captain Corkran. "I am afraid you have been wasting your time—or, rather, this foolish boy has been wasting it. Bunter, your shopping here is done—by me."

"I've bought these few things," said Bunter.

The salesman ceased to wash his hands in invisible soap in imperceptible water. A very unpleasant expression came over his face.

"Am I to understand that these goods are not required?" he asked.

"Exactly."

The salesman looked still more unpleasant. It was natural that he should be annoyed. His commission on that handsome sale was fading from his horizon like a beautiful dream.

"Then what does the young gentleman mean by ordering goods that he cannot pay for?" he snapped.

"You had better ask him," answered the captain, and he walked on with Harry Wharton & Co.

Billy Bunter would have followed if he did not like the look in the salesman's eye. Evidently he was not going to bag that stock of valuable goods after all, which was disappointment enough. He did not want trouble with a dashed shopman in addition.

But the dashed shopman looked as if trouble was coming. Apparently he was debating in his mind whether it would be feasible to box Bunter's fat ears, or kick him out of the department. It looked as if he had decided that it was feasible, for he started towards Bunter with a most disagreeable expression on his face.

"You cheeky young rascal—" he began, which was a startling change from the civility he had showered on Bunter while the magnificent orders were being given.

Bunter backed away. Fortunately, his weird gift of ventriloquism came to his aid just in time. A portly gentleman was coming along the department, looking at the travelling-bags, and a voice

that appeared to be the portly gentleman's addressed the salesman.

"Is this bag real leather?"

The salesman turned towards the new customer, his salesman manners returning as if by magic.

"Certainly, sir—solid, and the very best quality," he answered.

"I don't believe it."

"Wha-a-at!"

"You are a rogue!"

"Wha-a-a-a-a-t!" stuttered the unhappy salesman.

Billy Bunter scuttled out of the department. As he went, he heard a sound of excited argument behind him; but he did not stop to listen to it. Excited argument between an angry salesman and an astonished portly gentleman was still going strong, when Bunter escaped, and disappeared. He was glad to escape, but he was in a very dissatisfied mood as the shopping party returned to their hotel. He had not succeeded in looting the captain; and he felt that he was a very ill-used fellow indeed. He confided later to the Famous Five that if Corkran was going to be mean, he would have to consider whether he could consent to accompany him at all.

"Give him the go-by!" suggested Bob Cherry. "I'll tell you what, Bunter. By this time there must be a regular stack of postal-orders accumulating for you at Greyfriars. Go back and roll in 'em. We'll see you off by train—with pleasure."

"The pleasurefulness will be terrific," said Hurree Singh heartily. "Beast!"

"Don't you want to make five school-fellows happy?" pleaded Bob Cherry.

"Yah!"

Apparently Billy Bunter didn't, for he consented to remain with the party; and, indeed, in spite of the captain's meanness, Bunter was evidently determined to stick to that gentleman like glue. And a few days later Captain Corkran and the Greyfriars party were on board the steamer, and the shores of old England dropped out of sight behind them, and Billy Bunter still honoured the party with his distinguished presence.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

At Sea!

"A LIFE on the ocean wave—"  
"Groooogh!"  
"A home on the rolling deep—"

"Yurrrgggh!"  
"Where the scattered waters rave—"  
"Ooooooch!"  
"And the winds their revels keep!"  
"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

Bob Cherry's powerful voice was raised in song, what time Billy Bunter emitted sounds of anguish. Bunter had prepared for the voyage by laying in tuck—internally—and the result was what he might have expected, but apparently didn't expect.

"Cheer up, old fat bean!" said Bob Cherry comfortingly.

"Ow! Beast!"

"I've looked in to see how you are."

"Ow! Rotten!" groaned Bunter.



Captain Corkran sat in Bunter's chair and jerked the fat junior over his knee. "Yooop! Help! Leggo!" The captain took a book Nugent handed to him. Whack! Whack! The volume, used as a birch, was not so effective as a cane. But it was effective enough, to judge by the wild yells that proceeded from the Owl of the Remove. (See Chapter 11).

"Like me to cheer you up with a song?"

"Yow! No!"

"No good keeping in your bunk, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, looking in. "You want to get some air. That will set you up."

"Yah!"

"Not hungry?" asked Johnny Bull, looking in over Wharton's shoulder.

Bunter shuddered.

"Grooogh! No!"

"You wouldn't like a nice piece of fat bacon?"

"Oooooooocooch!"

"Poor old Bunter!"

Harry Wharton & Co. did not seem to feel the effects of the sea, though there was some rough weather to begin with. William George Bunter had the pleasures of mal-de-mer all to himself. For two days Bunter felt that life was not worth living, and longed to be back at Greyfriars. Even the old Form-room, with the grind of lessons, and Mr. Quelch calling upon him to construe—even Quelch's pointer—seemed better than this—in fact, heavenly bliss in comparison to this. On the second day, when his comrades looked in to see how he was progressing, Bunter was in a mood of the blackest pessimism.

"I'm dying, you fellows!" he said faintly.

"Oh, buck up!" said Nugent. "You're getting over it already."

"I feel that I'm going."

"You shouldn't have taken such a cargo on board to start with," said Bob. "You see, you loaded up over the Plim-soll line, and something was bound to happen."

"Beast!"

"Keep smiling, old chap!" said Wharton.

"Yah! Tell Captain Corkran I want to speak to him," said Bunter feebly. "I want to go home."

"What?"

"I'm going back," said Bunter. "I was a fool to come! I see that now. I haven't been treated well from the beginning. I'm going to chuck it up! Send that beast Corkran here."

"My dear ass," said Wharton, half-laughing, but as sympathetically as he could, "the steamer can't turn back. It's the regular steamer for Lagos, and the skipper wouldn't turn back to port for love or money."

"I'm going back!" yelled Bunter.

"But you can't, you ass! It's too late!"

"Send Corkran here! I'm going to speak to the beast."

"Well, I'll ask cousin Kit to come and speak to you, if you like," said Bob. "But there's nothing doing, you know."

"Beast!"

The juniors left the berth, and found Captain Corkran on deck, chatting with the steamer captain. When the latter went on the bridge Bob gave Corkran the Owl's message—not in the Owl's words, of course. He simply mentioned that Bunter wanted to see him, and left it at that.

Corkran nodded, and went below to Bunter's berth. The fat junior was sitting up in his bunk, and he blinked at the captain savagely through his big spectacles.

"Feeling better—what?" asked Corkran cheerily.

"Ow! No!"

"That's bad. You'd better turn out," said the captain. "No good slacking in bed—you've had too much of that already."

"I'm going back."

**NEXT MONDAY! "HARRY WHARTON & CO. IN AFRICA!"**

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"Eh?"

"I'm sick of this!" howled Bunter. "I want you to tell the skipper to turn the steamer back at once, and put me ashore."

Captain Corkran stared at him. Then he burst into a laugh.

"My dear boy, that's impossible," he said. "You are booked for West Africa now."

"I won't go!" roared Bunter.

"You must!" said the captain quietly.

"It is too late to change your mind. Perhaps I made a mistake in bringing you—I hoped that this voyage would help to make a man of you, Bunter, and help to cure you of your selfishness and slacking and namby-pamby nonsense! I still hope that it may have that effect. Anyhow, you're booked."

"I won't go! I'm going home, you beast!"

"What?" ejaculated the captain.

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

Captain Corkran stood and looked at him for a full minute, with a very thoughtful look, his single eye glittering at Bunter. Then he took the fat junior by the shoulders, and jerked him out of the bunk. Bunter roared as he was landed on the planks.

## Free Photos of Famous Sportsmen

IN THE

# "POPULAR" THIS WEEK!

"Dress yourself!" said the captain quietly.

"I won't!"

"Sharp's the word!"

"Beast!"

"I give you ten seconds to begin," said the captain, in the same quiet tone.

"Then I'm going to lick you!"

"L-lick me!" gasped Bunter.

"For your own good, my boy."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Bunter grabbed at his trousers. He realised that the tanned gentleman was in deadly earnest, and would be as good as his word. Captain Corkran nodded approval.

"Get on with it!" he said. "Now, I'm going on deck. I shall expect you to join me there in five minutes, Bunter."

"Yow-ow! Oh, dear! Woooooh!"

"If you don't turn up in that time, I shall come down for you," said the captain quietly. "In that case, I shall bring a strap. For your own sake, my boy, I must see that you don't play the fool. I can't let you slack yourself into an illness. Now, then, get a move on!"

Corkran quitted the state-room. Billy Bunter glared after him, with a glare that a basilisk might have envied. But he hurried to dress himself. This was rather a new aspect of the captain, who hitherto had been kindness itself.

But there was no doubt that Corkran meant business; and Billy Bunter was on deck under the five minutes.

A keen wind was blowing, and spin-drift lashed across the deck of the steamer. Bunter shivered and shuddered.

"Oh, here you are!" said Corkran genially. "Feel better now you're in the fresh air—what?"

"No!" howled Bunter. "Worse!"

"That's bad! Take a run up and down the deck here, and keep it up till I tell you to stop."

"I can't!"

"What!" roared the captain.

"I—I—I mean—all right! I—I want to!" gasped Bunter.

"Then get to it!"

Billy Bunter got to it. For five long minutes he was kept trotting up and down in the salt wind. By that time he was breathless—but, to his own surprise, feeling ever so much better. He came to a halt when Corkran gave the word, and stood pumping in the ocean breeze.

"Better?" asked the captain.

"Grooogh! Yes."

"Good! Now we'll promenade together for an hour or so, and then you shall have something to eat."

"Oh dear!"

At the end of the hour Bunter was not only prepared for something to eat, but ravenous for it. To his extreme exasperation, the captain restricted his number of helpings, and saved him from another attack of mal-de-mer. The next day Bunter had got on his sea-legs; and, after that, he turned up to meals with unflinching punctuality, and distinguished himself as a trencherman in quite his old style.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

In the Bay of Biscay!

"DON'T be frightened!"

"What?"

"Keep your eye on me," said Billy Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five. "It will pull you together."

Harry Wharton & Co looked at the Owl of the Remove as if they could eat him.

The turbid waters of the Bay of Biscay rolled round the steamer, and everything on board that could slide was sliding. There was rough weather in the Bay, and the steamer rocked as she ploughed her way onward. It was not a gale, and there was not a hint of danger. It was only uncomfortable. And the Famous Five were making remarks on the weather when Bunter weighed in with comforting words.

"You silly owl!" said Bob Cherry, in measured tones. "Who's frightened?"

"You are," said Bunter cheerily. "My dear chap, there's no danger—"

"I know there isn't!" hooted Bob.

"Keep a stiff upper lip. Be a man, you know," said Bunter, "like me!"

"The terrific thrashfulness—" began Hurree Singh wrathfully.

"Shush! Keep calm!"

The Famous Five moved away from Bunter, feeling that they would have to slaughter him if they remained in his vicinity. The Owl of the Remove blinked after them with a grin. The passengers on the steamer were below, some of them seasick, and the companion was closed. Billy Bunter rose after a few minutes, and followed the juniors, doubtless with the intention of administering some more comfort. As he came

A Splendid Story of the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter. BY FRANK RICHARDS.



up to the juniors he caught a whisper from Bob Cherry:

"Don't tell Bunter. No good letting him know there's danger."

Bunter stopped suddenly. "He would be scared," whispered Harry Wharton. "Better let him be drowned quietly if we're really going down. I suppose the ship's done for, with sixteen feet of water in the hold."

"Must be," said Bob, apparently unconscious of the fat Owl standing within a few feet of him, gasping breathlessly. "But they ought to be serving out lifebelts now surely?"

"There's some on the rack in the companion," said Nugent. "But we shall want those; no need to give Bunter any."

"No; leave Bunter out." "Beasts!" roared Bunter. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is! It's all right, Bunter. There's no danger. No water in the hold—"

"Yah! I heard what you were whispering!" yelled Bunter. "You rotters! Why didn't you tell me the ship was sinking?"

"I—I don't think it is," stammered Bob.

"You know it is, and you were keeping it from me!" roared Bunter. "You want me to be drowned. Help me on with a lifebelt!"

"But—" "Help me, you rotters!" gasped Bunter.

"Better wait till the skipper gives the word!" urged Wharton. "It's possible, barely possible, that the ship may not sink, after all. If they call all hands to the pumps—"

"Beast!" Billy Bunter grabbed down a lifebelt, and proceeded to encircle himself in it. It was not possible to get it round his waist.

"One lifebelt won't be any good to you," said Bob Cherry. "Better take your chance—"

"Oh, let's help Bunter!" said Nugent. "He will need a dozen lifebelts to keep him afloat. Think of his weight. Lend a hand, you fellows!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Help!" gurgled Bunter.

"Oh, all right!"

The Famous Five proceeded to help the terrified Owl. They helped him liberally. All the lifebelts within reach were taken down and bestowed on Bunter. One was round his chest, one round his neck, and one round each leg and arm. With lengths of cord the juniors fastened them on in their places, quite forgetful of their own danger. By the time they had finished helping Bunter the fat junior had almost disappeared under a cargo of lifebelts.

"Safe now if we sink?" said Bob Cherry. "I say, we'd better look after ourselves now."

"Don't leave me, you rotters!"

"You're all right now, Bunter, unless the ship goes down suddenly before you can get on deck."

"I'm going on deck!" yelled Bunter. "Help me up!"

"But—" "Help me up the stairs, you rotters!" roared Bunter.

"Oh, lend a hand, you fellows!" said Bob.

It was a work of some difficulty to help Bunter up the companion stairs, loaded as he was with bulky lifebelts. But he was pushed to the top, where he fumbled at the door and hurled it open, and rolled out on deck.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not follow



"Lagos!" said Captain Corkran. And Harry Wharton & Co. looked shorewards with eager faces and beating hearts. Africa—dark and mysterious—lay before them, dim behind the heat-mists. The chums of Greyfriars were at the gate of a new world. (See Chapter 11.)

him. They were content to remain below, in spite of the danger.

Billy Bunter rolled on the deck and roared:

"Help! Help! Lower a boat! Help!"

The skipper stared down at him from the bridge in blank astonishment. Three or four seamen burst into a yell of laughter. Bunter staggered to his feet, clothed in lifebelts as in garments, and he certainly presented a very peculiar aspect.

Captain Corkran, who was the only passenger on deck in the wild, windy weather, came striding towards him. He was frowning.

"What does this mean, Bunter?" he snapped.

"Help!" "What is the matter?"

"Lower a boat!" yelled Bunter. "I'm not going to be drowned to please you, you beast!"

"Good gad!" ejaculated Corkran. "But what—what—what— Take those lifebelts off at once!"

"Sha'n't!" roared Bunter. "I'm not going to be drowned! Lower a boat this minute! Don't forget to put some grub in it!"

"The boy's mad!" exclaimed Corkran, in utter perplexity. "There is no

danger, Bunter. Go below at once, and don't be a young ass!"

"The ship's sinking!" "Nonsense!"

"There's sixteen feet of water in the hold!" howled Bunter. "I'm going to be saved! I wish I hadn't come! Yah! Oh dear! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a howl of merriment along the deck. The crew of the steamer seemed quite interested in Bunter and his imposing array of lifebelts.

Captain Corkran's face relaxed. "You young ass!" he said. "Somebody's been pulling your silly leg. There is no water in the hold, and no danger. Go below at once!"

He took Bunter by the collar and lifted him, and dropped him, lifebelts and all, into the companion. Bunter descended the stairs much faster than he had ascended them.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Bunter's come back!" roared Bob Cherry, as there was a bump at the foot of the stairs.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter sat and blinked at a crowd of grinning faces. The Famous Five and half a dozen other passengers were gathered round him, staring at Bunter and chuckling. It dawned on the fat brain of the Owl of the Remove that there was no danger, and that his podgy leg had been pulled.

"Ow! You awful beasts!" he gasped.

"Help me off with these things—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We helped you on with them; we're

# ANSWERS

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not helping you off!" said Bob Cherry, shaking his head. "Keep 'em on, Bunter, ready for the next fearful peril." "Beast!"

The chums of the Remove strolled away laughing, leaving William George Bunter struggling with his lifebelts. But they had been tied on very securely, and it was quite a long time before Bunter got rid of his impedimenta—and by that time Bunter was in a state of ferocious wrath that was more than Hunnish.

And after that the chums of the Remove faced the perils of the Bay of Biscay without any encouragement or consolation from Bunter.

**THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.**

**Bunter Asks For It!**

**H**OTTER and hotter suns rose on the voyagers day by day as the steamer churned on ever southward. One by one the garments of northern climes were dropped for lighter attire. The voyagers to the

Congo were drawing nearer and nearer to their destination, and their anticipations were keen. Only from Billy Bunter there came a steady stream of grousing.

The Owl of Greyfriars was in a perpetual state of perspiration and plaint. A score of times at least he confided to the Famous Five that he was a fool to have come at all; and the Famous Five agreed heartily that the first part of his statement, at least, was correct. Bunter found comfort in sprawling in a canvas chair under an awning and sipping cool drinks; but even then the other fellows, with the selfishness that Bunter was used to, refused to spend their time in fanning him.

Another grievance with the Owl was the fact that Captain Corkran did not allow him to idle all the time. The captain's view was that lessons should not be wholly neglected while the juniors were away from school, so the travellers spent two or three hours a day with their books. They had plenty

of time on their hands on the steamer, and, indeed, without a little work to do the voyage would have become monotonous. But Bunter did not mind monotony so long as he could slack and grouse. It proved that Captain Corkran, though a long time had elapsed since he had been a Greyfriars boy, had not forgotten what he had learned at the old school, and he was quite capable of playing tutor, which he accordingly did, in spite of Bunter's strong objection to being "tuted."

That was really the last straw, in Bunter's opinion. More than half his reason for accepting the captain's offer had been the desire to get away from lessons. And lessons followed him on his voyage, like a haunting ghost that could not be laid.

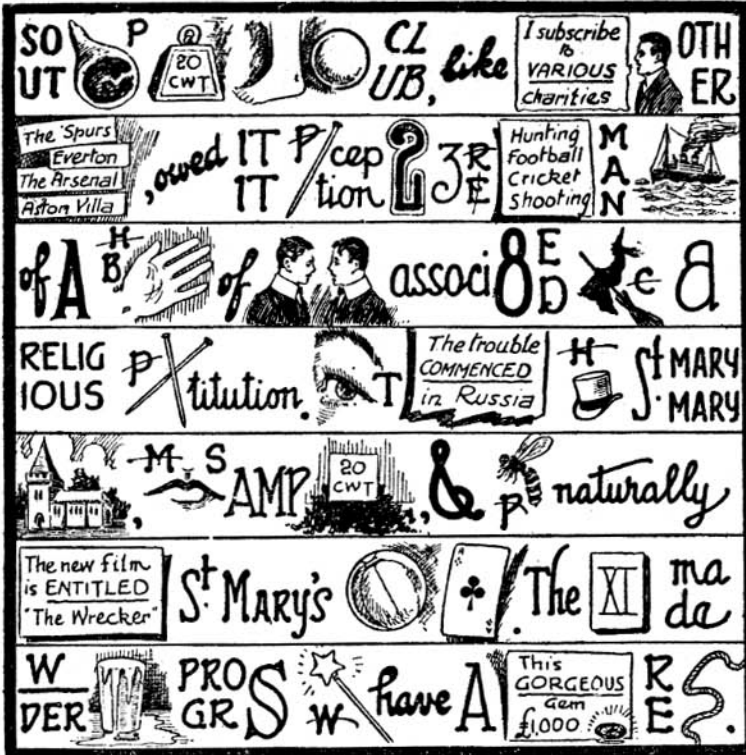
It was really too bad. But, bad as it was, Bunter had to tolerate it somehow. He had the satisfaction of feeling that he wasn't learning much, anyhow; at the most, he was not allowed to forget what

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he had already learned. That was hard-ship enough, Bunter considered. One of his greatest comforts at school was the anticipation of the day when he would leave and proceed at once to forget everything that had been crammed into his obtuse head.

"Lot of utter rot!" he told the juniors wrathfully. "Fancy mugging Latin here! I suppose we're not going to talk to the Congo niggers in Latin, are we? What's the good of a thumping dead language? Why can't they let it rest in its grave?"

"Well, you haven't learned much so far," said Bob Cherry. "You don't even know the difference between 'meum' and 'tuum.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here comes that beast Corkran with his beastly books!" groaned Bunter. "It's as bad as Quelch at home! It's too hot to mug up that rot. I'm going on strike!"

"Don't be such a slacker, old scout," said Nugent. "You want to be up to the Form work when we get back."

"Rats! I don't want anything of the sort."

"There's still Quelch, you know—"

"Blow Quelch!"

Bunter sat up in his deck-chair, his little round eyes gleaming behind his spectacles. It was a hot morning, with a cloudless, blue sky overhead, and warm winds blowing off the distant coast of Africa, which was like a blue haze far to port. Bunter was fed up. The juniors were grouped under a shady canvas awning for their morning lesson.

Captain Corkran came along cheerfully, with his books under his arm. The captain and mate were on the bridge, and as Corkran came along a rather gruff voice rapped out:

Corkran turned his head.

"Captain Corkran!"

"Yes?"

"Will you step on the bridge a moment?"

"Certainly!"

Corkran laid down his books and went up the steps to the bridge.

Bob Cherry smiled genially.

"Can't say I shall grumble if the lesson's cut down a bit," he remarked.

"Jolly good of the skipper to weigh in at this moment."

"The goodness is terrific!"

Bunter gave a fat chuckle, and Harry Wharton's eyes turned on him suspiciously.

Then Billy Bunter went too far. In a minute he had caused a row, between the two captains, in which both were distinctly rude to one another before each turned his back upon the other.

"Wharton," Corkran said quietly, "you heard what has been said—"

"Yes, sir," said Harry, reddening.

"Did you hear the skipper call me to the bridge?"

Wharton hesitated.

He could not reply in the affirmative; and at the same time he did not want to give the Greyfriars ventriloquist away. The juniors all looked red and uncomfortable, excepting Bunter, who seemed deeply interested in a group of flying-fish at a little distance from the steamer.

The captain's brow darkened. He read confusion and hesitation in the faces of all the juniors, and his misgivings increased. Then, suddenly, as his eye fell upon Bunter, he seemed to comprehend.

"Great gad! Was it—"

He made a jump at Bunter, and grasped him by the shoulder. The Owl of the Remove came out of his deck-chair with a bump and a roar.

"Yaroooh!"

"Bunter!" howled Corkran. "It was you?"

"No, it wasn't! I never did—"

"You've been playing a trick on me—a trick of ventriloquism!" shouted Corkran.

"I haven't—I didn't—never—wasn't—leggo!" stuttered Billy Bunter incoherently.

Shake! Shake! Shake!

"You young rascal—"

"Yarooop!"

"Was it you?" shouted the captain, shaking the Owl of the Remove till he wriggled like a fat jelly.

"No!" howled Bunter. "I never—wasn't—it was Wharton."

"What?" yelled Harry Wharton.

"I—I mean, it was Bob Cherry. I saw him—Yaroooh! It was Cherry all the time, sir."

The statement was not likely to pass muster. Captain Corkran sat in Bunter's chair, and jerked the fat junior over his knee, face down. Bunter's little fat legs thrashed the air wildly.

"Yoop! Help! Leggo Groogh! Fire!"

"Hand me a book," said the captain

—"the largest book."

Nugent handed over a classical volume.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

The volume, used as a birch, was not so effective as Mr. Quelch's cane at Greyfriars. But it was effective enough, to judge by the wild yells that proceeded from William George Bunter.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yoop! Help! Stoppit! It wasn't me!" howled Bunter. "I never did it, sir—honest Injun— Besides, it was only a j-joke— Yaroooh!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"You must not play such tricks, Bunter," said the captain, with genial good temper, as he whacked.

"Wow! Wow! Wow!"

"Do you think you will remember that?"

"Yow-ow! Yes—oh, yes! Yes, rather! Wow!"

"Good!"

The heavy volume ceased to whack, and Bunter slipped to the deck and sat there, roaring.

"Now what about lessons?" said Corkran genially. "Only a few days more to Lagos, and then there will be no more time for books. Shall we begin?"

"No!" howled Bunter.

"What?"

"I mean yes!" gasped the fat junior.

"Oh, dear! Yes, I'm ready. Keen on it! Ow!"

"Good! As you're keen on it, we'll get on with it," said Captain Corkran, with a smile.

And they got on with it.

And there was no more ventriloquism.

"Lagos!" said Captain Corkran.

And Harry Wharton & Co. looked shoreward, with eager faces and beating hearts.

Many and strange were the adventures that awaited them—stranger still the part that was to be played by Billy Bunter. Bunter had declared—often and often—that he was the chief of the Greyfriars party. That he was destined to become its chief—and rule with a rod of iron—was a possibility that Harry Wharton & Co. would have scouted had it been suggested to them.

Yet it was to be!

THE END.

(You must read the Great News on page 2.)



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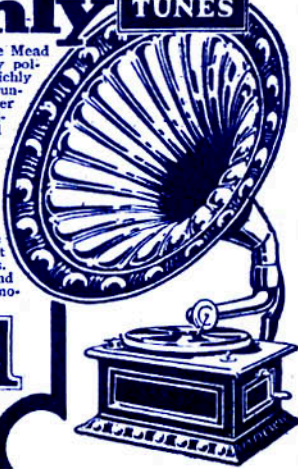
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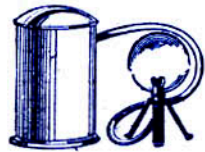
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