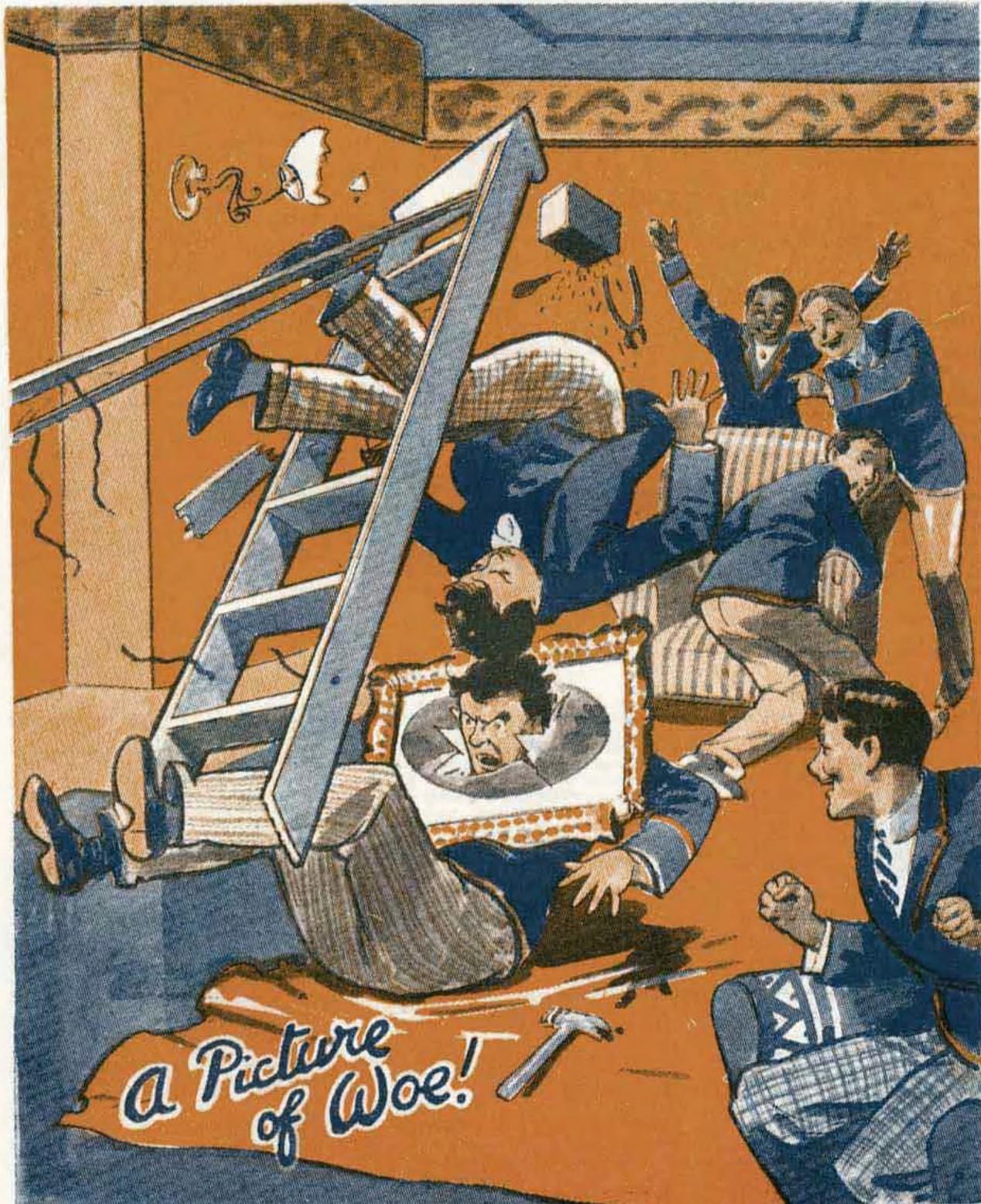


BILLY BUNTER WANTS YOU TO MEET HIM! He's Inside!

The **MAGNET** 2^D



*A Picture
of Woe!*



Come Into the Office, Boys!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address:
The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THE first query which one of my readers has fired at me this week recalls the days

WHEN SAILORS WORE PIGTAILS !

This reader (H. J., of Coalville) asks me if I can tell him why sailors wear their particular type of broad collar. In the old days of the Navy, sailors used to wear short pigtails, and they used heavy grease to stiffen them. The grease would have stained their uniforms if they had not worn collars. When pigtails were "washed out," the collars were left. The black scarf which a sailor also wears around his neck is said to be a sign of mourning for the death of Nelson.

One of my Devonport chums, F. Oates, has sent me along some interesting particulars about long-lived people. Do you know who was

THE OLDEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED

in England? He was Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, who died in the year 1670. He was then 169 years old! A Lancashire woman, Bridget Devine, was the oldest woman in our country, for she attained the age of 147. Methuselah is said to be the oldest man who ever lived, and he is credited with 969 years! Another man, Johannes de Temporibus, is said to have reached the ripe old age of 361 years, but there are no authentic records of the last two—and ancient historians have often been guilty of exaggeration. I think one of Billy Bunter's ancestors must have been an historian!

A HARTLEPOOL chum has written to ask me if it will ever be possible

TO FLY TO THE STARS ?

The answer is "No—definitely no!" To begin with, the stars are all powerful suns, and anything approaching them would be burned to a cinder long before it got anywhere near. And the nearest star is much too far away ever to be reached by anything we could construct. The planets, of course, are much nearer, and one of them, Eros, is only a matter of sixteen million miles away. But this means that if a machine that will fly a hundred miles an hour was dispatched to Eros it would take nearly twenty years to do the journey. So I am afraid "star-ving" will never become a possibility in our lifetime.

I've just had a good chuckle at a joke which has been sent in by Albert R. White, of 139, Glendower Road, Peverell, Plymouth, Devon, and, as I always believe in passing on a good thing, here it is:



Teacher: "Jones, what is a cereal?"

Jones minor: "Um—er—a story on the instalment system, sir!"



One of our useful pocket-knives has just been sent off to this lucky reader, and if you'd like one, just send in a rib-tickler as good as the above, and you'll get one.

I passed a number of sailors the other day, all of whom were wearing ear-rings. They weren't foreigners, as I thought at first, but they were oldish men, and it looked rather curious to see men wearing ear-rings in London. Do you know why some sailors wear ear-rings? Good eyesight, as you know, is an essential to everyone at sea, and there is a curious old superstition which says that if the ears are pierced it will be good for the eyes. Very few modern sailors believe in it, but the older generation did, and that is why you will find a lot of old sailors and fishermen who wear ear-rings.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CONSTRUCTIONAL TOY.

Every boy has the engineering instinct—the desire to build things. Meccano, the world's greatest constructional toy, offers unlimited scope for indulging this instinct, and year by year is improved and extended by the addition of new parts. The Meccano Outfits for 1932 are far ahead of those of previous years and include longer-running clockwork motors and more powerful electric motors. In particular there are the new Aeroplane Constructor Outfits, by means of which a whole range of aircraft models—monoplanes, biplanes and seaplanes—may be built up. Meccano is all-British in origin and development. To-day the great Meccano factory at Liverpool gives employment to hundreds of British work-people and is a model of organisation and efficiency.

IVE dug out a few more **THINGS YOU'D HARDLY BELIEVE**

for you this week. Here they are:

A salmon swims faster than the average man can run:

It can cover ten yards in a second, which only a first-class sprinter can equal.

Artificial silk can be made from broken bottles: A Scottish firm has discovered a method of spinning broken glass into artificial silk. The process is a secret one.

A Russian town in an English city: There are about 40,000 Russians living in London—which is equal to the population of a town the size of Lancaster!

The shortest distance between two points is not a straight line: Owing to the curvature of the earth the shortest distance between England and America is *not* a straight line of Latitude, but what is known as an arc of a Great Circle.

Would you like to become the owner of a fine real leather pocket wallet? Of course you would—especially when there is so very little you have to do to get one. Just sit down and write a Greyfriars limerick, send it along to me, and if it's a good one, you'll get a wallet for it! Just to show you how to do it, here's a limerick which comes from D. Evans, of 28, St. Marie Street, Bridgend, Glam. He'll be showing his wallet round to his chums by this time!

Inky's skin may be dusky of hue,
And his English a trifle askew;
But his heart is all right,
And his liver's not white,
While his blood is a thorough true-blue!

WHAT do you think of the present series of yarns about Harry Wharton & Co.? "Dandy," "Bonza," "Top-notch," "Great," "Extra-Special"—all these, and many other adjectives have been applied to them by enthusiastic readers who have written to me. And, as Fisher T. Fish might say, they sure are all that and then some!

Well, next week you'll get one of the best school yarns you've ever read. It's entitled

"BILLY BUNTER'S 'CERT'!"

and Frank Richards certainly has surpassed himself in it—if it is possible for such a splendid author to surpass himself! You'll find your interest held from the beginning to the end, and you'll wish it was three or four times as long as it is. So don't run any risks of missing it, chums. Tell your newsagent to reserve a copy for you. And tell him *now*—before you forget about it!

There will, of course, be another full-of-thrills instalment of our serial, and the usual shorter features.

Have you kept your New Year's resolution yet? Which one? Why, the one you made to drop me a line and let me know what you think of the MAGNET! Don't forget I'm always happy to hear from my readers, and to answer any queries that you might have!

Cheeri-ho, chums!

YOUR EDITOR.

LIKE A PRIZE of A Dandy Leather Pocket Wallet or a Useful Pocket-knife?
These handsome prizes are offered for Storyettes and Snappy Greyfriars Limericks. All efforts to be sent to: c/o MAGNET, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. 4 (Comp).
These Prizes are Well Worth Winning, Boys!



THE TERROR OF THE FORM!

Grand New Long Complete Tale, featuring HARRY WHARTON & CO., of Greyfriars.

BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Unhung!

BANG!

"I say, you fellows—"

Bang!

"I say—"

"Shut up!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Can't you see we're busy, fathead?"

Bang!

It was the first day of the new term at Greyfriars School.

On the first day of term there was always a considerable amount of noise. Tramping feet echoed in all the passages; buzzing crowds circled the notice-boards; boxes thudded, and lids banged; innumerable voices were heard all at once. And the Remove passage, where the Lower Fourth congregated, was never backward in adding its full quota to the din. But in Study No. 13 in that celebrated passage, Bob Cherry seemed to be bent on breaking the record even of the Remove.

Bob was mounted, rather precariously, on top of a pair of steps. The steps were not wholly reliable, having seen better days, and seen the last of them long since. In Bob's hands was a large picture—a gorgeous oleograph with as many colours as Joseph's coat—in a gilt frame. Also in his right hand was a hammer. Bob had brought that work of art back with him to decorate the study, and he was fixing it up. He was having a little trouble with it, and was not in a humour to be interrupted by Billy Bunter.

In the Remove studies picture-rails had been overlooked by the ancient builder. Pictures were fixed up by the primitive process of hammering nails into the wall.

Holding his work of art against the wall in the required position, Bob hammered nails. Bob had a heavy hand with a hammer. The banging of that hammer resounded through the Remove passage and far beyond. The banging was accompanied by the sound of falling plaster. There was a shower of it scattered round the steps. There was a good deal of it mixed in Bob's snop of flaxen hair. There was some in his eyes, and some in his nose. And it seemed to have had a rather souring effect on the sweetness of his temper.

Other fellows in the study watched

He's only a "new kid," but his quaint manners and customs—plus his readiness to scrap anybody and everybody—give Greyfriars something to talk about!

Bob at work with interest, but warily. Every time he banged, the steps rocked. And it seemed to be only by a series of miracles that Bob kept his footing on the precarious summit. If Bob came down suddenly with the picture, the hammer, and the nails and the steps, nobody wanted to be in the way. And it seemed improbable that he could continue much longer to defy the law of gravitation.

Bang, bang!

Plaster scattered again.

"Rotten wall!" snorted Bob.

"The rottenfulness is terrific," said

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh sympathetically.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh, stood back by the window, as far as they could get from the picture hanger. They were smiling, but they looked as serious as they could when Bob happened to glance round. Billy Bunter, blinking in at the doorway, grinned.

Bang!

It was an exasperating wall. Sometimes a nail would absolutely refuse to enter more than half an inch or so, and fierce bangs with the hammer only made it curl up. At other times the nail would slip in with surprising ease, but a single tap of the hammer would knock it right into the wall—the irritating thing having found a soft spot that was useless for picture hanging. Bob had intended to put that picture up in a few minutes, and call on his comrades to admire the effect. He had now been a quarter of an hour at work, and the picture was not yet up, while quite a considerable portion of the wall was down.

But Robert Cherry was a sticker. That picture was going up, if it took him till bed-time, and if he banged his way into the next study in the process.

Bang, bang!

"Go it, old bean!" said Harry Wharton encouragingly.

"Yaroooh!"

"What's up?" asked Nugent.

"Yoooop!"

Hammer and nails dropped, clattering on the floor. The picture followed. Bob, rocking more precariously than ever on the steps, jammed his left thumb into his mouth, and sucked frantically.

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"Oooogh!" he gurgled.
"Hurt your thumb, old chap?" asked Johnny Bull.

Bob gave him an almost ferocious glare. He removed the damaged thumb from his mouth for a moment to answer:

"You burbling idiot!"

"Eh?"

"You frabjous fathead!"

"Look here——"

"Of course, I've hurt my thumb!" roared Bob. "Think I'm doing this for fun? Yow-ow-ow-ow! Woogh!"

"He, he, he!" came from Billy Bunter.

"Kick that fat idiot out!" roared Bob. "Can't you fellows kick a fat frump out of the study, or have I got to get down to it?"

"My esteemed Bob——" murmured Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

"Oooogh!"

"Is the painfulness terrific and preposterous?" asked the sympathetic nabob.

"Yow-ow-ow!" gurgled Bob.

Apparently the painfulness was terrific and preposterous.

"Like me to lend a hand with the picture, old chap?" asked Harry Wharton soothingly.

"Fathead!"

"Look here, Bob——" began Johnny Bull.

"Oh, shut up, ass!"

Bob's manners seemed to be deteriorating under the influence of picture hanging. The bang of the hammer on his thumb had had rather an exciting effect. Bob had put his usual vigour into that bang. It was really unfortunate that his thumb had stopped it.

"Oooogh!"

"Well, don't lose your temper," advised Johnny Bull.

Johnny was the member of the famous Co. who was least gifted with tact.

"Who's losing his temper?" bawled Bob Cherry.

"You are, old chap."

"Idiot!"

"Look here——"

"Dummy!"

"I jolly well think——"

"Fathead!"

"Shut up, Johnny, old chap!" murmured Nugent. "You're interrupting the performance."

"How's a fellow to hang a picture with a lot of silly idiots grinning and cackling?" roared Bob. "Look here, hand up that hammer. Hand up those nails. Hand up that picture."

"Right you are, old bean!"

Wharton handed up the hammer. Nugent handed up the picture. Hurree Singh industriously collected the nails and handed them up, Bob rewarded them with a glare that might have done credit to the fabled basilisk of old, and restarted after the interval.

Bang, bang!

"Leave some of the wall!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"What?" yelled Bob.

"You'll soon be in the next study, at this rate."

"If you want me to punch your silly head, Bull——"

"And he says he's not losing his temper," said Johnny Bull.

"My esteemed Johnny," murmured Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, "the speechfulness is silver; but silence is the cracked pitcher that goes longest to the well."

Bang, bang, bang!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,248.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter!" said Johnny Bull. "Bob's getting ratty——"

"Who's getting ratty?" shrieked Bob. "But, I say——" persisted Bunter.

"Will you kick that cackling fat idiot out, or won't you kick that cackling fat idiot out?" demanded Bob Cherry categorically.

"But, I say, I came to tell you——"

"Roll off, Bunter!" said Nugent.

"That Coker—Coker of the Fifth——"

"Oh, blow Coker of the Fifth! Roll away!"

"Oh, all right!" said Bunter indignantly. "I jolly well won't tell you now that Coker's coming up to see Bob with a fives-bat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I looked in to give you the tip!" said Bunter warmly. "I heard Coker tell Potter and Greene that he was going to lick Bob for knocking his hat off at the station. He's gone down to get a fives-bat. He's coming up here in a few minutes. This is how you thank a chap for warning you. Well, I jolly well won't tell you now, and be blown to you!"

And with that, Billy Bunter rolled indignantly away—leaving the Famous Five to be taken by surprise by Coker when he came!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Hang!

BOB CHERRY breathed hard, almost sulphurously. Twenty minutes had passed since first he had taken the hammer in hand to hang that picture. It was still unhung. His friends were wondering whether it ever would be hung. They remained to watch—they did not like to leave Bob to it. Indeed, it seemed likely that he would need First Aid when those "wonky" steps yielded, at length, to the well-known law of gravitation.

The performance was entertaining, in its way, but the chums of the Remove had plenty to do on the first day of term. They really wished that Bob would get through his task. But, so far, he only seemed likely to get through the study wall.

Bang, bang, bang!

With his left hand jamming the picture on the wall, his right wielding the hammer, Bob had stuck the nails in his mouth, to keep them handy. He had only two hands—and he really seemed to need as many as Briareus to handle that picture-hanging job. His face was crimson with exertion and growing excitement. He breathed plaster and dust and fury. The more excited he grew, the more the steps rocked. It was like a life on the ocean wave.

Bang!

A nail vanished into the wall. It was a soft spot again.

Bang!

A nail curled up protestingly and fell to the floor. It had struck a hard spot.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" came from Bob.

What he was trying to say was not clear, owing to the half-dozen long nails protruding from his mouth. A fellow could not speak plainly with his mouth full of nails.

"Look here," said Johnny Bull, "suppose we stand on chairs and hold the picture for you, Bob? You can't do it alone."

"Ooooooooooooooooooooo!"

"Is that Dutch or Esperanto?" asked Johnny.

"Mmmmmooooooooogh!"

"Look here, old chap, it's Hall supper in a couple of hours!" said Johnny. "We don't want to miss that, first night of term."

This was sarcasm. Bob was not likely to be two hours hanging that picture. Obviously, the study wall would not have lasted so long.

Bob turned a crimson face towards his friends. He gurgled spasmodically. But it was impossible to tell Johnny what he thought of him with his mouth full of nails.

"Woooooooooggh!" was all Bob could utter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The nails came down in a shower. Bob simply had to have the use of his voice.

"You cackling dummies——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You chortling chumps——"

"My esteemed and idiotic Bob——"

"You frumptions fatheads——"

There was a heavy tread in the Remove passage—a tread heavier than that of any Removite. It reminded the juniors of Bunter's warning. Coker had paid no heed to that warning; Coker of the Fifth had no terrors for the cheery chums of the Remove. They were ready—more than ready—to deal with the mighty Coker if he came. Now, evidently, he was coming.

Coker's hat had been knocked off at Courtfield Station and used as a football by playful juniors. Coker's hat was not to be knocked off with impunity. The hefty figure of Horace Coker, of the Fifth Form, appeared in the doorway of Study No. 13, and there was a fives-bat grasped in Coker's right hand.

Bang!

Bob was giving attention to the picture-hanging again. He had none to waste on Coker.

"Oh, here you are!" said the Fifth Form man grimly.

"The herefulness is terrific, my esteemed and ridiculous Coker!" assented the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Cherry!"

"Get out, idiot!" snapped Bob.

"Hand me up a nail before you go. I've dropped my nails."

"You knocked off my hat——" roared Coker. "It's damaged——"

"Pity your silly head wasn't in it! There's nothing in that to damage!"

"I've come here to lick you! Get down off those steps!"

Coker advanced into the study. Harry Wharton & Co. prepared for war. But Coker's attention was concentrated on Bob. Bob had knocked off his hat, and the fives-bat was for Bob's special benefit.

"Will you get down off those steps?" roared Coker.

"Fathead!"

"I'll jolly well have you down in a jiffy!"

Coker stretched out his hand to the steps, apparently to shake them, and shake Bob off like a ripe apple from a tree.

"Look out!" yelled Bob.

He held on to the picture. But the hammer dropped from his hand. The next moment there was a terrific yell from Horace Coker. His foot had interposed between the hammer and the floor. The contact seemed to give Coker a pain.

"Whooop!" roared Coker.

Coker stood stork-like on one leg, clasping his damaged foot. There was a yell of laughter in Study No. 13 in the Remove.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yooop! Whooop! My toe!

Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I—I—I'll spificate you!" shrieked Coker, and he fairly jumped at the steps, and grasped them, and shook. "Come down, you young villain! Come down at once!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob. He came down. There really was no help for it, with the steps rocking under him right and left. But he did not come down by way of the steps. He came down by way of a nose-dive.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Frank Nugent. "Look out!"

"Great pip!"
 Crash!
 The picture came down with Bob. Bob crashed into Coker and sent him staggering. Coker sat down quite suddenly. Then the picture smote him on the head.

It was the end of that work of art—considered as a work of art. Coker's

"My esteemed chums!" exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Let the absurd Coker keep the picture, now that it is hung! Let him depart with the picture adorning him hangfully!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Wharton. "Good egg! Collar him!"
 "Look here—" exclaimed Bob. "My dear chap, the picture's no good now—if it ever was any good! Let Coker have it."
 "Oh, all right!"

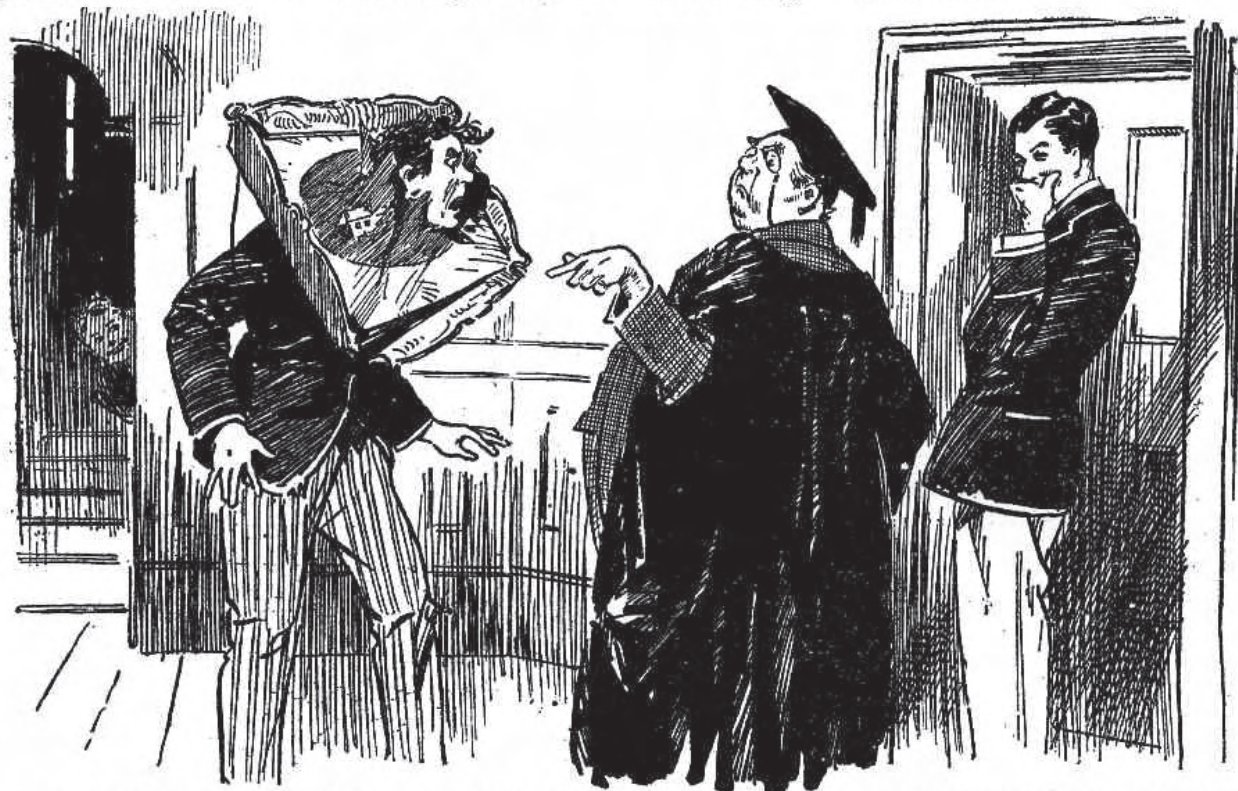
Coker was clutching at the torn picture to get the frame off over his head. The Famous Five jumped at him like one man. They collared Coker on all sides. Coker staggered to his feet, struggling in the hands of the merry Removites, with the picture hanging round his neck.

"Leggo!" bellowed Coker. "Hands off! Do you hear? I'll thrash the lot of you! I'll—I'll— Yaroooh! Leggo!"

"Turn him out!" chuckled Nugent, "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Coker was spun out of the study into the Remove passage. There were a crowd of fellows up and down the passage, and they greeted him with a roar. "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "What the thump—"
 "It's Coker!"
 "Good old Coker!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

With a ruffled mop of hair, and a crimson, furious face protruding from the torn picture and the frame, Coker of the Fifth tramped down the Remove passage, amid yells of laughter, to the staircase. He tramped furiously down the stairs, followed by hilarious yells. The Remove passage rocked with merriment behind him.

Luckily for Coker he came upon Potter and Greene, his two study-mates, on the stairs.



"Coker!" boomed the Fifth Form master. "You ridiculous boy! What do you mean by this utterly absurd prank?"
 "I—I—I—" Coker was fairly lost for words.

head burst through the middle of it, and he sat with the torn picture and the gilt frame hanging round his neck. He sat almost gibbering as it hung there.

The picture was hung at last—though not in the manner intended. Still, it was hung!

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

Bob Cherry scrambled up. He glared at Coker.

"You—you idiot! You—you dummy! You've busted my picture!"

"Ooooooooh!" gurgled Coker. "Ooooooogh! Whoooooh!"

"It's all right!" gasped Harry Wharton. "The picture's hung now—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bob. "That's a splendid picture—it's a valuable picture—I gave one-and-nine for that picture, with the frame—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ooooooh!" gurgled Coker. "Ogggh! Gug-gug! I'll smash you! I'll spificate you! I'll mop you up! I—I—I—"

"Get a duster or something," said Harry.

"Here you are!"

"Tie up his paws!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker struggled frantically, but his hands were dragged behind him, and the wrists bound together with the duster. Now that the picture was hung, the juniors did not mean it to get unhung again in a hurry. With his hands tied together, Coker was powerless to deal with his adornment.

"I—I—I—" spluttered Coker.

"You can keep that picture, Coker!" grinned Bob Cherry. Bob was once more his cheery self; indeed, he seemed more satisfied with hanging the picture on Coker than he would have been with hanging it on the study wall. "I shan't charge you for the frame, Coker! Keep it, as a present from the Remove."

"I—I— Leggo! Untie my hands! Let me go! Take that rubbish off my neck! I'll smash you! I— Grooogh!" Coker was growing incoherent.

The two Fifth-Formers smiled, they could not help it.

"Don't stand there giggling, you idiots!" reared Coker. "Release my hands at once!"

Greene willingly obliged, but it was not Coker's lucky day, for, no sooner were his hands free than along came Mr. Prout.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, was talking to Blundell, the captain of the Form. Mr. Prout ceased talking as he sighted Coker. He stared at Coker. Prout seemed hardly able to believe his eyes.

"What—what—what is this?" articulated Prout.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Blundell. "Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fifth Form men roared. Prout stared. Coker gurgled. He was looking for release from his predicament, not for a burst of merriment.

"Coker!" boomed Prout. "Coker, you ludicrous boy! What does this

mean? Certain allowances are made on the first day of term. I am not, I trust, a master to check a little natural excitement and hilarity. But this—this transcends all bounds! What do you mean by this—this absurd prank—this utterly absurd and undignified prank, Coker?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I—" gurgled Coker.

"Go to your study!" boomed Prout. "Remain there! I am ashamed of you, Coker! You, a Fifth Form boy, playing a childish prank of which a junior in the Second Form might be ashamed! Have you no sense of dignity, Coker? Have you no sense of the dignity of your Form? This infantile exhibition—"

"I—I—I—" stammered the hapless Coker.

"Not a word! Go!" Prout's plump hand rose to point up the passage. "Go to your study! Remain there! Not a word!"

"I—I—I—"

"Begone!" thundered Prout.

And the wretched Coker went, followed by a frowning glare from Prout, and howls of laughter from the Fifth.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The New Man in the Second Form!

RICHARD NUGENT, of the Second Form at Greyfriars, slammed down a bag on a locker in the Form-room with a mighty slam. Dicky, the younger brother of Frank Nugent of the Remove, seemed in high spirits on the first day of term. Having slammed down his bag, he gave Gatty of the Second a playful smack on the shoulder that made Gatty stagger, and bestowed on Myers a friendly push which sent Myers rolling off the desk on which he was seated.

There were a dozen Second Form fags in the room, among them Sammy Bunter, the minor of the great William George. Sammy was sucking toffee, and Dicky Nugent gave him a playful dig on his plump waistcoat, which seemed to cause some of the toffee to go down the wrong way, judging by Sammy's frantic howls and gurgles that followed.

"Here we are again, you men!" said Dicky Nugent cheerily.

"Grooooh!" from Sammy Bunter.

"Had good hols, Gatty?"

"Oh, ripping!" said Gatty. "My people took me to—"

"Had good hols, Myers?"

"Fine! We were at—"

"What's the matter with you, Bunter, mi? If you want to make that row, get out into the passage."

"Groogh! Gug! Wug! Oooh!"

"Pig!" said Nugent minor. "Fatter than ever, this term, Sammy. I've seen your major, and he's fatter than ever, too! Don't make that row!"

"Ug-wug-gug!" gurgled Sammy, still in trouble with the toffee. "You silly owl! Wooh! You fathead! Gerrrr!"

"Any new men this term?" asked Dicky, looking round.

"I've seen one," said Gatty. "Queer sort of fish, if you ask me! He was in old Twigg's study when I went there. I asked him his name, and what do you think he said?"

"Not another Bunter, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed Dicky.

"No fear; not so bad as that! He said his name was Flip."

"Flip!" ejaculated Nugent minor.

"Just that!" answered Gatty. "I thought he was pulling my leg, so I pulled his ear. But he said his name was Flip."

"Well, his name can't be Flip!" said Richard Nugent. "Tain't a name! Where is he? New kids aren't allowed to be funny!"

"I've seen him," said Myers. "He came in with Bunter of the Remove. I think he knows Bunter."

"Then he knows Sammy," said Nugent minor. "Who's the new man, Sammy?"

"Gug-gug-gug!"

"Don't gurgle at me, you fat duffer! Who's the new kid?"

"Grooh! I don't know him!" gasped Sammy Bunter. "Never seen him! My major knows him; he's talked about him. He says he saved the kid's life in the hols—fished him out of a hole in the ice, or something. Of course, that isn't true. But he knows the kid. He's called Flip, and Billy bumped into him at Mauleverer Towers, where he was staying with Mauly of the Remove over Christmas."

"My hat! Did your major really stick Mauly for the vacation?" exclaimed Nugent minor. "Mauly's a soft ass to let him. Did you stick anybody, Sammy?"

"Yah!" replied Sammy.

"Hallo, that's the kid!" said Gatty, pointing to a figure that had appeared in the Form-room doorway.

Dicky Nugent and the other fags looked round. The boy who stood in the doorway, looking in, was rather chubby and well dressed, and might have been considered good-looking. His hair was a little untidy, and his face was a little grubby, and his hands would have been none the worse for a wash. But the Second Form at Greyfriars were not frigidly particular in these little matters.

The new "man" was looking in rather doubtfully, and perhaps a little timidly. But timidity was right and proper in a new kid in a big school. Richard Nugent and his friends had no use for cheek or swank in a new kid.

"Hallo! You can trot in!" called out Dicky. "You the new man?"

"I'm a new boy," answered the newcomer.

"Silly young ass!" commented Gatty. The new fellow seemed to be unaware that Greyfriars fellows were all "men," whatever their ages might happen to be.

"This 'ere the Second Form room?" went on the stranger. "The old bloke told me it was this 'ere way."

The fags had been giving the new fellow a careless attention. But now their attention became fixed and concentrated. Every fag in the room turned his eyes on the boy in the doorway.

"What—what did you say?" ejaculated Nugent minor.

"I asked you if this 'ere was the Second Form room."

"This 'ere!" gasped Dicky Nugent, wondering if he was dreaming. "I say, young shaver, have you dropped something?"

"Eh? Not as I knows on!"

"I fancy you have," said Dicky. "See if there's a jolly old aspirate lying round the passage somewhere."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't you be funny!" said the new junior. "Making fun of a bloke! Look 'ere, is this 'ere room the Second Form room, 'cause that's the blooming place I'm a-looking for!"

"Great pip!" said Gatty, in wonder. "Who is it? What is it? Where was it dug up?"

"Can't you answer a covey?" demanded the new boy warmly.

"A—a—a covey!" gurgled Myers.

"Yes, this is the Second Form room,



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you young sweep! But what the thump do you want here? You're jolly well not coming into the Second."

"I jolly well ham!" said the new boy, with emphasis. "Leastways, the old bloke in the gownd told me so."

And he came in.
"That's Flip!" chortled Sammy Bunter. "That's the blessed little ragamuffin! He, he, he!"

"Who's a blessed ragamuffin?" demanded Flip warmly; and he came across to Sammy Bunter with a warlike look on his grubby face. "You calling a bloke names, fat-face?"

Sammy Bunter backed away as the new fag advanced. But as Flip looked at him more closely the hostile expression faded from his face. He had never seen Sammy before, but Sammy's resemblance to his brother, Billy Bunter of the Remove, was striking; in fact, he was a smaller edition of Bunter major. Evidently Flip recognised the family resemblance. And Flip, once the ragamuffin of Puggins' Alley, the hapless little "pincher" who had spent his young life in dodging "coppers," owed his new status as a Greyfriars man to Billy Bunter! Flip was prepared to extend the glad hand to the whole tribe of Bunters in consequence.

The dark look vanished from his face and was replaced by a friendly grin.

"Look 'ere, is your name Bunter?" he asked.

"Bunter mi," answered Sammy. Sammy was not a fighting-man, and he was rather glad that Flip was no longer looking warlike.

"Relation of Master Bunter?" asked Flip. "He's spoke to me about you, sir. He told me you would be in the same Form, sir. I'm werry glad to see you."

"Werry!" murmured Dicky Nugent. "Werry! My only Aunt Sempronia Ann!"

Flip turned on him so suddenly that Dicky jumped. The hostile look was on his grubby face again at once.

"What's biting you?" he demanded aggressively.

Dicky Nugent stared at him.

Dicky was rather a good-natured fag in his way. But he was surprised by this extraordinary specimen of a new boy; and manners in the Second Form were not polished. And he did not like Flip's aggressive look. Richard Nugent was quite a big gun in the Second; indeed, he called himself captain of the Form, though the rest of Greyfriars was in happy ignorance of the fact that the Second had a Form captain. Richard Nugent was not the man to take "side" or "roll" from a new kid—especially such a queer new kid as this.

"Who the dooce are you, and where were you dug up?" demanded Dicky. "And what do you mean by saying you're coming into my Form? Own up that you're the new boot-boy."

"I'd 'ave been glad of a job of a boot-boy 'ere once upon a time," answered Flip coolly. "But I ain't nothing of the sort. I'm a noo boy, and I'm 'ere jest the same as you are, face! And if you don't like it you can lump it, features! See?"

"He, he, he!" cackled Sammy. "I can tell you men he's a coughdrop! I've heard all about him from Billy. He was a tramp, or something, and Billy makes out that he saved his life—"

"So he did!" said Flip. "Got me out of a 'ole in the blooming ice, he did, and carried me into a grand 'ouse on his back. And he's been a good friend to me and fixed it up for me to

come to this 'ere school, sir; and I'll wipe any bloke round the jaw what says he ain't the splendidest chap in this 'ere school or out of it—cept you, sir. You being his brother, I wouldn't lift a 'and to you!"

"Oh crikey!" said Gatty.
"Bunter—Bunter of the Remove—a splendid chap!" gurgled Myers. "You're the only man at Greyfriars who thinks so, kid."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Dicky Nugent. "Why, you fibbing young ass, Billy Bunter is a bigger worm than Sammy here, and that's saying a lot, ain't it, Sammy?"

"Yah!" retorted Sammy.
"You calling Master Bunter names?" said Flip, coming towards Dicky Nugent with glinting eyes. "Put up your 'ands, then."

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Dicky.
"Put up your dooks!"

Read this rousing RIB-TICKLER which has won for George Ford, of 146, Micklegate, York, one of this week's useful "MAGNET" POCKET-KNIVES!



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Second Hiker: "'You tak' the High Road, and I'll tak' the Low,' I suppose?"
First Hiker: "No; it's 'Any' Lorry'!"

Have YOU sent in a joke yet? No! Then, why not do so NOW!

"Dooks!" gurgled Dicky. "Dooks! Great pip! Dooks! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the fags.
"Look out, Nugent mi!" called out Legge of the Second. "That's the kid who floored Coker of the Fifth at the station! I saw him."

"Don't be a young ass, Legge!" snapped Nugent minor.

"He jolly well did!" asserted Legge. "I saw him! He was kicking Coker's hat, that Bob Cherry knocked off, and Coker collared him, and he floored Coker. I don't know how he did it, but he did."

"I up-ended a big bloke what put his 'ands on me!" said Flip. "I 'ooked his leg and landed 'im on his back! 'Cause why, he pulled my blooming ear!"

"Gammon!" said Richard Nugent. "You're a young ass, Legge! I'd like to see him floor me—let alone Coker of the Fifth!"

"I'll floor you sharp enough if you calls Master Bunter names!" growled Flip. "Like your blooming cheek, whoever you are! You—why, you ain't fit to black Master Bunter's boots, you

ain't! There ain't nobody 'ere fit to black his boots, and chance it! You 'old your row while you're safe."

Richard Nugent was not the fellow to stand this, or a tenth part thereof. This was not the way for a new kid to talk to an old hand—cock of the walk in the Second Form. Dicky stepped up to the aggressive ragamuffin and stretched out a hand to tweak his nose as a warning to him. He did not reach Flip's nose! His own nose received a mighty smack, and Richard Nugent staggered backwards and sat down on the floor of the Form-room.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Dicky.
"Ave some more?" grinned Flip.

Richard Nugent did not need asking twice! He leaped up like an india-rubber ball and fairly hurled himself at the waif of Puggins' Alley. The next moment they were locked in a deadly embrace and waltzing round the Form-room, panting and punching and pommelling, amid a chorus of encouraging yells from the fags.

"What—what—what is this?" Mr. Twigg, the master of the Second, rustled in at the doorway. "What—what—cease this at once! What! What!"

"Oh swipes!" ejaculated Flip.
He released Dicky Nugent instantly. Dicky dabbed a nose that was trickling red, and glared at his adversary.

"How dare you fight in the Form-room!" exclaimed Mr. Twigg. "Nugent minor—"

"Ow!" said Dicky, mopping his nose.
"Go to your places and answer to your names!" said Mr. Twigg severely.

And he proceeded to call the roll of his Form; the late adversaries glaring at one another inimically. From their mutual glares it looked as if there was going to be more trouble in the Second when Mr. Twigg was gone.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. A Rather Important Matter!

BILLY BUNTER sat in the armchair in Study No. 1.

There was a fire going in that study, and Bunter liked a cheerful fire on a cold day. Winter darkness had fallen on the old quadrangle of Greyfriars. Trampling of feet and slamming of boxes and buzzing of voices was still going on up and down the House. Hurried masters whisked to and fro; even the stately prefects of the Sixth Form had not yet settled down to the majestic calm of term-time.

It was rumoured that even the Head was a little tart on the first day. Tubb of the Third declared that he had actually heard the Beak tell the bursar to shut up. While another rumour had it that the Head had said "Indeed!" in a very emphatic and pronounced manner. But Billy Bunter, like Gallio of old, cared for none of these things.

Billy Bunter, with his fat limbs stretched comfortably, if not elegantly, in the armchair in Study No. 1, his toes on the fender and his fat hands behind his equally fat head, was thinking. Important matters occupied Bunter's thoughts, as the wrinkle in his podgy brow indicated.

Bunter was not thinking of Flip. Bunter had undoubtedly been extremely and unusually benevolent to that odd little waif. He intended to go on being benevolent to him. On his first day in a big school Flip was rather in need of somebody's benevolence. But Bunter's

benevolence that day, so far, had been limited to borrowing a pound note which Mauly's uncle had given Flip and a ten-shilling note which Mauly had given him. No doubt Bunter considered that this was benevolence enough for one day. He had lost sight of Flip since, and forgotten him. He had more serious matters to think of, and he was thinking of them—not of Flip.

There was a tramp of feet in the doorway, and the Famous Five came into the study. Bunter blinked at them through his big spectacles. The Co. looked very cheery, and Bob Cherry had evidently recovered his usual sunny humour after the rather disturbing episode of picture-hanging. The final hanging of that picture, indeed, had bucked the whole Co.

"I say, you fellows, come in!" said Bunter. "I've been waiting to speak to you. You might have come in before."

"We didn't know what a treat was waiting for us," said Wharton. "If we had, of course, we should have rushed in."

"The rushfulness would have been terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter," grinned the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"You've got something to say to us, Bunter?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Yes, old chap."

"Well, look here, walk along to Study No. 7 and say it to Toddy, instead."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Study No. 7 is yours, and Toddy's your study-mate! Let him have it! And don't lose any time about it!"

"Hear, hear!" said the Co. in unison. They all seemed to approve heartily of Nugent's suggestion.

"Oh, really, Nugent! I say, you fellows, it's rather important," said Bunter. "I've been thinking it out. You know, there's always a rather decent supper in Hall the first night. We don't want to miss that. We've got to have the Beak's jaw, anyhow, and we may as well have the supper. But what about a study supper?"

Bunter blinked seriously at the Famous Five.

"You see, these things have to be arranged," he explained. "My idea is to have the study supper early—quite early. Then there will be plenty of time for supper in Hall afterwards. What do you think?"

"Oh, my hat!" said Wharton.

This was the problem that had been occupying Bunter's powerful intellect, to the complete exclusion of Flip and every other trifling matter.

"Good idea, what?" asked Bunter. "You fellows are a bit thoughtless. You hadn't thought of that, I'll be bound!"

"Guilty, my lord!" grinned Bob Cherry. "We hadn't."

"Well, I've thought of it for you!" said Bunter. "I was going to stand the supper myself in my study. But I've been disappointed about—"

"Not a postal order?" ejaculated Bob. "Not on the first day of term, old fat man?"

"About a hamper—"

"Whose hamper?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Mine!" roared Bunter. "My people packed a special hamper for me to bring back to school—cakes and pies and a Christmas pudding, and a whole turkey and a goose and a few other things and—"

"Oh, ripping! Where's the hamper?"

"Only—"

"Ah! I fancied that there was an only!"

"Only it hasn't arrived," said

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Bunter. "Some delay on the train, or something. It hasn't come."

"I rather thought it hadn't," agreed Bob.

"In the circumstances, you fellows will stand the study supper, and I'll come," said Bunter. "I'll stand a spread in my turn when that hamper turns up. See?"

"My dear porpoise, we shan't want a spread by the time that hamper turns up," said Bob, shaking his head. "We shall be old, old men with long grey beards, sitting up in our nightcaps taking a little gruel from the nurse!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

The Famous Five chuckled. Bunter's brilliant idea did not seem to appeal to them very much—though he had given a great deal of thought to it. Two suppers in one evening did not possess such an attraction for them as for William George Bunter.

"What about that kid Flip, Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Eh?"

"We saw him at Courtfield station," said Harry. "He seems to have come to Greyfriars, after all. I've not seen him since."

"He's here," said Bob. "I saw him come in with Bunter. Are you looking after the kid a bit, Bunty?"

"Looks like it!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Well, I've got a lot of things to see to first day of term," said Bunter. "I dare say the kid's somewhere. About the study supper—"

"Did you really succeed in sticking Lord Mauleverer into paying the kid's fees here, you fat fraud?" snorted Johnny Bull.

"I've seen him through," said Bunter with dignity. "Mauly was under an obligation to me. He played up. But you needn't get shouting that all over the school. Flip doesn't know that Mauly's paying his fees, and there's no need for all Greyfriars to know. Besides, Mauly isn't really paying; it's all done through his uncle—old Brooke. Mauly's only finding the money."

"Only!" grinned Bob.

"Exactly! Mauly isn't the man to jaw about it—and you needn't jaw. See? But about the supper—"

"Look here, you fat ass," said Harry Wharton, "you've landed that kid at Greyfriars, and he's a rather queer fish; he will feel like a fish out of water here. You ought to be looking after him—his first day."

"Catch Bunter!" said Frank Nugent. "But we might give the poor little beggar a look-in, what?"

Snort—from Johnny Bull. "We don't want any palling with a pincher!" he said.

"Oh, can it, old man!" said Bob. "The kid chucked pinching when he was taken in hand. He's not going to pinch here, is he, Bunter?"

"A pincher's a pincher!" said Johnny Bull sententiously.

"Oh, give him a chance!" said Harry Wharton. "The poor little beast was more sinned against than sinning, anyhow! Give him a chance!"

"I'll speak to my minor about him," said Frank. "Dicky's in the Second, you know, and I'll get him to give the kid a leg-up. You've got a minor in the Second, too, Bunter."

"Yes. But about the study supper that—"

"Shut up!" roared five voices in unison.

"That's the sort of gratitude I expect from you fellows, after I've taken the trouble to think it out for you!" said

Bunter bitterly. "Look here, you fellows, I've got another idea—"

"Take it away and boil it!"

"I think you fellows might back me up in looking after that poor kid Flip a bit—"

"Eh?"

"Of course, I'm thinking of him. My idea is to give him a good start in his Form, and I want you fellows to help," said Bunter. "What about having a study supper—"

"How on earth will that help Flip, fathead?"

"I mean we can ask him and my minor and Nugent's minor to supper," explained Bunter. "All three of them. See? Make friends of them to begin with. Give him a good start. Of course, I'm not thinking of the supper personally—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! We shall need rather a lot of stuff; those fags are greedy, you know. But I'll do the shopping. You can leave that to me. All you fellows have to do is to shell out the cash—"

"Merely that and nothing more!" chuckled Bob.

"Yes. What about it?" asked Bunter. "Having saved that kid's life and brought him to school, I feel bound to look after him, you know. And a study supper—"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"After all, why not?" he said. "It will be rather a scum in Hall; let's have a supper here, and ask those three scrubby little scoundrels and set them going on friendly terms."

"Rot!" said Johnny Bull. "We've got plenty to do, without bothering about a gang of fags—especially a pickpocket—"

"Oh, cheese it, old man! That's not got to be mentioned here; it will wash out any chance Flip has got of making good in the Second."

"I'm not going to mention it. But—"

"Well, what about the supper?" asked Bunter. "Don't talk so much, Bull, old chap; you're like a sheep's head, you know—nearly all jaw! If you fellows want me to do the shopping I'll go down to the tuckshop with the money—"

"And stay there till you've blued it all?" asked Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Is it a go, you men?" asked Harry Wharton, glancing round.

"It's a go!" said Bob.

And the others nodded assent, Johnny Bull with the rest. Johnny's bark was always worse than his bite.

"Then let's!" said Harry. "That poor little beast will have a hard row to hoe here, and if we can help him on a bit it's up to us. Feeding fags puts 'em into a good temper. We're all in funds, and we'll make it a decent spread, and ask some of the men along the passage."

Bunter rose from the armchair.

"Hand over the cash," he said. "I can do it on about three pounds—"

"Think again!" suggested Nugent.

"I mean two. I'm a good shopper, and—"

"I think I'll do the shopping, and do it on one!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You can get the study ready, Bunter. You can go and dig up your minor, Frank, and Bob can hunt for Flip. Johnny and Inky can go and ask fellows along the passage. All hands to the mill!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Rats!"

The Famous Five dispersed to carry out their various tasks. And Billy

Bunter, with a snort, started to get the study ready for the supper-party. He would have preferred to do the shopping. In matters of tuck, Bunter liked to get in early and avoid the crush. But the chums of the Remove knew their Bunter!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Not Coker's Lucky Day!

HORACE COKER of the Fifth Form frowned at Potter and Greene. What there was to cackle at in a gang of cheeky fags hanging a picture round the neck of a Fifth Form man was a mystery to Coker. But he could see that Potter and Greene thought it funny.

They had come into the study at last in a merry mood. The picture was

that silly cackling! What is there to chortle at, I'd like to know? The fags in this school are out of hand; that's the real trouble. Why, there was a little villain at the station kicked my hat, and tripped me up when I was pulling his ear—a fag in the Third or Second—actually a new kid!

Coker's voice thrilled with indignation.

"I spotted him about an hour ago," he continued. "I'm going to wallop him. But I've got to find him first. You men seen anything of a new fag?"

Potter and Greene shook their heads. They were not, as a matter of fact, interested in new fags. Fags in the Second or Third were miles below the lofty notice of the Fifth.

"Well, he's got to be found!" said Coker grimly. "Cheek from the Remove is bad enough, but cheek from scrubby

"See any green in me eye?" retorted Flip.

"By gum," said Coker, "that's the sort of merchant they're bunging into this school these days! I don't know what slum he was dug out of, but I know I'm jolly well going to make him wish he'd stayed there!"

"Look 'ere," said Flip, "don't you get rorty, chaps! Can't you tell a covey where to find the Remove? This blooming place is like a blinking rabbit warren, I tell you! Can't find nothing nowhere!"

"Will you step in?" said Coker.

"Not 'arf!" answered Flip.

Coker strode at him. Flip backed and ran. He was inquiring his way to the quarters of the Remove, but he did not stay to make any more inquiries at Coker's study. He fled.



"Ooooooh!" roared Flip. "Leggo a cove's leg, you fat'ead, or I'll give you a oner in the dial!" Clinging to the banisters, he landed out with his foot. "Whooop!" gasped Coker, staggering back.

hung once more. It lay on the floor, and its value as a work of art was quite gone. Coker's head had burst it in the middle, and Coker's feet had stamped on it since. The picture was in tatters and the frame in fragments. And Coker was cross.

"This school is coming to something!" said Coker morosely. "Lower Fourth fags cheeking the Fifth! Ragging a Fifth Form man! Old Prout slanging a fellow as if a fellow could help it! Fellows cackling at a fellow! I saw Wingate of the Sixth—prefect, captain of the school, and all that—laughing—actually laughing—when he saw me with that rubbish round my neck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" gurgled Potter and Greene involuntarily.

"And you're cackling, too!" roared Coker.

"H'm! You—you see—h'm—"

"This school," said Coker, "is going to the giddy bow-wows! You saw that cheeky young scoundrel Cherry knock off my hat at the railway station to-day. I went to his study to lam him with a fives-bat, and he had the cheek—the nerve—to— For goodness' sake, stop

little fags is the limit! I'm going to look for that little villain and make an example of him—" Coker broke off suddenly. "Why, my hat, here he is!"

A figure appeared in the study doorway.

"Skuse a bloke!" said Flip politely.

"But is this 'ere the Remove passage, gents?"

Potter and Greene gazed at the new fag, dumbfounded. They had seen all sorts of fags in their time, but they had never heard a Greyfriars fag with a flog of English like this.

Coker made a stride towards the door.

"Here, I want you!" he said. "Find a bat for me, Potter! Put a chair for him to bend over, Greene! Come in, you young sweep!"

Flip eyed the great Coker, and recognised him as the big senior he had tripped on the platform at Courtfield Station. He backed warily away.

"'Ere, 'ands off!" he expostulated. "I'm a-looking for the Remove, and I can't find the blooming place! I want to see Master Bunter—"

"I've told you to come in!" said Coker.

After him rushed Coker. The punishment Coker had planned to mete out to Bob Cherry had proved to be what the Nabob of Bhanipur called a boot on the other leg. But he hoped for better luck with Flip. Not that Coker was a bad-tempered or bullying fellow. He had a short way with fags, that was all, and a belief that it was his mission in life to keep fellows generally in order, and bring up Greyfriars in the way in which it should go, so to speak. Coker would never have thrashed a fag because he was in a bad temper. He thrashed him on principle. Of course, it came to much the same thing, so far as the fag was concerned.

Flip did the Fifth Form passage in record time. But Coker's long legs covered the ground fast. A group of Fifth Form men at the door of the games-study stared at the chase, and some of them laughed.

"Coker at it again!" sighed Blundell. Coker did not heed. He rushed across the landing after Flip, who found a staircase and bolted up it. He did not know that it was the Remove staircase;

it was any port in a storm. Coker, rushing after him, grabbed at a vanishing leg and clutched hold.

"Got you!" gasped Coker.

"Ow swipes!"

Flip caught at the banisters.

Coker dragged.

"Ooooooh!" roared Flip. "Don't pull a cove's leg orf, you fat'ead! Ooooh! Leggo, or I'll give you a oner in the dial!"

Clinging to the banisters with both hands, Flip landed out with his disengaged leg.

Coker did not seem to have expected that. Things often happened that Coker did not expect.

Flip's boot landed on his chin.

It landed hard!

Coker gave a spluttering roar, released Flip involuntarily, and staggered back. Fortunately, there were only a few steps between him and the landing he had left. Coker did them in one. There was a terrific concussion as he smote the landing.

"Oh swipes!" gasped Flip.

"Whoooooop!"

Horace Coker sprawled and roared. Flip stared down at him and grinned. Three or four Remove fellows on the upper landing looked down and chuckled.

"It's Coker," called out Vernon-Smith, "after a fag! Look out! If he comes up here—"

"We'll jolly well roll him down if he does!" said Bolsover major.

"What-ho!" chuckled half a dozen Removites.

They were rather anxious than otherwise that Coker should come up.

Coker was the man to oblige them. He reclined gracefully on his back for about a quarter of a second, then he was up again, in a flaming state of fury, and rushing after Flip. Flip darted up the remainder of the stairs; Coker darted after him.

"Pile in!" roared the Bounder.

The Removites allowed the fleeing Flip to pass. They closed in on Coker as he followed. They collared Coker on all sides.

He had come up the Remove staircase quickly; he went down again still more quickly. Like Iser in the poem, he rolled rapidly.

Bump! Bump! Bump! Bump!

Coker hit every stair as he went.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors above. "Come up again, old bean! Let's see you do that again, Coker!"

Coker sat on the lower landing in a dizzy state. He blinked quite dazedly up at the grinning faces above. His wrath was still unappeased. But he did not come up. He did not gratify the juniors by letting them see him perform that performance a second time. He picked himself up and limped away. There were more aches and pains in Coker than Coker could have counted. For the moment, at least, Coker had had enough, and he departed, followed by yells and catcalls from the Remove. Altogether, it was not Horace Coker's lucky day.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Supper in Study No. 1.

BILLY Bunter blinked out of the doorway of Study No. 1. The terrific uproar that greeted Coker's arrival there drew the fat Owl's attention. Every Remove man who was at hand, had rushed up to lend a hand with Coker—except Bunter. Bunter preferred to be a spectator in such

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strenuous affairs. He grinned cheerfully as he saw what was left of Coker rolled down the stairs. Then he blinked at a little figure that was panting for breath in the Remove passage.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Bunter.

Flip looked round.

His chubby and rather grubby little face brightened up at the sight of the fat Owl.

"Oh, sir! You 'ere!" he exclaimed.

"I was a-looking for you, sir, when that covey with the face started arter me!"

"Just coming to look for you, kid!" said Bunter amiably. "Trot in!"

"Thank you kindly, sir!" said Flip.

He trotted into Study No. 1.

The table was laid in that celebrated apartment; the kettle sang on the fire; chairs and crockery, borrowed up and down the passage, filled most of the available space.

The Co. had not yet arrived for the spread, and Bunter was awaiting them impatiently. His fat thoughts were on the feed, but he was pleased to see Flip. It was odd, perhaps, that Bunter, who was of the snobs snobby, so to speak, should entertain such kindly feelings towards the little waif. But he had saved Flip's life when he fell into the frozen lake at Mauleverer Towers—at all events, he was convinced that he had, and Flip heartily agreed.

Had Flip saved Bunter, the fat Owl certainly would have forgotten the obligation in a very short time, and would have been irritated by any reminder of it. But he had saved Flip, and that gave him a very pleasant feeling of being a brave, indeed heroic, sort of fellow. A very agreeable feeling indeed. And the little waif's boundless gratitude was agreeable, too, and so was his equally boundless admiration of "Master Bunter."

Admiration was a thing that Bunter liked, but seldom received. He got it wholesale from Flip.

Little in the way of kindness had come poor Flip's way until he had met Bunter. And a little went a long way! There was nothing he would not have done for Bunter, and even the fat, greedy, egregious Owl of the Remove could not be insensible to it.

Moreover, Flip believed every word that Bunter told him. He swallowed "Bunter Court" whole, so to speak. He would listen to every word of Bunter's as if those words were pearls dropping from his lips. That was a very new experience for Bunter, and a very agreeable one. Altogether, Bunter felt very friendly and kind towards the waif, in a lofty and patronising way, of course, as became so very superior a being towards an inferior one.

"This 'ere your study, sir?" asked Flip, looking round the room.

"No; it's a pal's study," said Bunter. "But I'm standing a study supper here—it's rather bigger than mine. I've sent one of the fellows to the tuckshop for the things. I've got a good many friends coming."

"Oh!" said Flip. "You won't want me 'ere then, sir. I'd better 'ook it!"

Bunter waved a reassuring, fat hand at him.

"Nothing of the sort, kid!" he answered. "The fact is, I've sent a friend to look for you and bring you here."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Flip, overwhelmed.

"I'm actually standing this study supper on your account, kid!" said Bunter impressively. "I'm asking two or three of the Second, for you to make friends with them, see?"

Flip looked at him. But for his deep

devotion to Master Bunter he might have felt rather keenly the fat Owl's desertion of him on his first day at Greyfriars. He had not allowed any such thought to enter his mind. But had he done so it would have been banished now. Bunter, it seemed, had been thinking of him all the time!

"Oh, sir!" said Flip. There was a break in his voice. "Oh, sir! I ain't going to try to thank you, sir, because it ain't possible. I couldn't do it, sir, for all your kindness to a bloke like me. When I was in Puggins' Alley, sir, I never knowed there was such a cove as you in all the world, sir."

Bunter beamed.

"That's all right, kid!" he said. "You rely on me to see you through. I'm going to be your friend at Greyfriars. I suppose you've seen your Form master? I was going to take you to him; but the fact is, one sees such a lot of old friends on the first day of term, and they're so eager for a fellow's society—it keeps a fellow in such a rush. I mean, when a fellow's popular all through the school, like me!"

"Course you are, sir!" said Flip. "It would be queer if you wasn't, and you such a splendid chap! I dessey you've 'ad 'ardly a minute to call your own since you come."

Bunter blinked at him a trifle suspiciously. But the little waif was speaking in obvious sincerity, and Bunter beamed again.

"That's how it is," he assented. "I've sent Cherry to look for you—I dare say the silly ass is still rooting about somewhere—and you here all the time. He, he, he!"

"P'r'aps I'd better go and tell him, sir—"

"That's all right—let him rip!" said Bunter carelessly. "A little exercise will do him good. He, he, he!"

"You fat villain!" said a voice in the doorway. Bob Cherry tramped in.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"I've been hunting for that little sweep!" growled Bob. "Then I heard from Hobson of the Shell that he'd seen him scooting up here with Coker after him. You couldn't let me know, you fat frump!"

"I was just coming to tell you, old chap—"

"Cheese it!" Bob turned to Flip, and gave him a friendly grin. "Well, young feller-me-lad, how do you like Greyfriars?"

"Spiffing!" said Flip.

"Seen any of the Second yet?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" answered Flip. "The old bloke—which his name is Twigg—called our names in the room, and jest stopped me fighting with a bloke."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Scrapping already!"

"Well, I 'it a bloke on the nose!" said Flip.

Bob Cherry laughed.

"Better keep from scrapping as much as you can, kid," he said. "This isn't Puggins' Alley, you know. They're a scrubby set of scamps in the Second, but you'll find them all right in the long run, and you don't want to begin by hitting their noses."

"Well, he cheeked Master Bunter, sir," said Flip. "I wasn't going to stand that!"

"Oh crumbs!" said Bob.

There was a tramp in the passage, and Harry Wharton came in, with a bundle, which he slammed down on the table.

"Here you are!" he said. "Hallo, is that Flip? Glad to see you, kid!"

"Werry kind of you, sir," said Flip.

"Don't call me 'sir,' fathead! Call

(Continued on page 12.)

FOOTBALL FAVOURITES!

No. 12.

"DIXIE"
DEAN

of
EVERTON
F.C.



Captain of the "Toffee-men"
and one of the most deadly centre-
forwards we have seen for years!

Goals Galore!

I WOULD like to introduce every one of my readers to Dean, if I could. He is a friend of mine, and always very much interested in what boys mean to do when they grow up. But I would give you a good tip if it were possible to introduce you all—that is, refrain from calling him "Dixie." Quite frankly, Dean doesn't like the nickname of "Dixie."

"Plain Bill is good enough for me," I heard him say one day.

It was away back at school when this record-making goal-scorer was first given the pet name of "Dixie." In a way he earned it, with his shock of thick, black hair. Ever since I knew him as a tip-top footballer he has allowed those black locks to roam at will; but—I am not sure whether this is an attempt to get rid of the nickname—he now parts his hair very neatly down the middle, and keeps it quite short.

It is fitting that Dean should be playing for Everton, because he was born at Birkenhead, which, as you know, is near to Liverpool. His father was an Everton fan before Bill was old enough to take any interest in football. As the lad grew up he used to listen to his father giving glowing accounts of how this or that Everton footballer of those days had scored a thrilling goal to win the match.

"My imagination was fired by those talks," Dean has told me, "and although I said nothing at the time, I formed a secret ambition that one day I would score goals for a big football club. My dreams, however, did not soar quite so high as Everton."

Being a footballer was not the only ambition of young Dean. He was very human, and, like most of us, thought, in his early days, how wonderful it would be to drive a railway engine. This was a very natural ambition, because he was apprenticed to a firm of engineers at Birkenhead. Those dreams of success on the playing-field were the most persistent, however.

Dean recalled a day when he played in no fewer than three football matches, and scored goals in every one of them. That was when he was at school. Later he played for Moreton Bible Class, and then for Pensby United.

"No one ever seemed to think I should play in any other position than at centre-forward," he told me once, and it was as a centre-forward that he joined up, at the age of sixteen, with Tranmere Rovers. He didn't get any money for playing with the reserve team for a season, but in the following year, which was 1924, he signed on as a "pro."

The One-Man Band!

IT is strange how certain clubs seem to specialise in turning out experts for a particular position on the field. In rapid succession Tranmere Rovers have developed two great centre-forwards. Dean is one of them. While he was playing for Tranmere, "Pongo" Waring, who is now the centre-forward of Aston Villa, was selling chocolates on the Tranmere ground.

During this present season I sympathised with Dean on being passed over by the English selection committee for one of the International games.

"You needn't shed any tears about that," said Dean, "because Waring has got the job. So it is still in the family, as it were—the Tranmere family." That remark shows what a thorough sportsman he is.

Bill Dean so quickly made good as a centre-forward with Tranmere that he was transferred, in 1925, to Everton for a sum of three thousand pounds.

"It seems hard," he once said to me, "that out of such a transfer fee I should only get a matter of thirty pounds,

because I had cost Tranmere nothing. But rules are rules, and, anyway, I have always been glad that it was Everton—my dad's pet team—which came along, got my transfer, and lifted me to the top class of football."

Dean is to-day the captain of Everton, and if you asked him the secret of the come-back to might of the "Toffee-men," after one season in the Second Division, he will tell you without hesitation: "The real team spirit." Of course, he won't tell you what he has had to do with the fostering of that team spirit, but I can tell you a thing or two.

Not long ago I travelled with the Everton team after a match. When the players had finished their meal they gathered together in the saloon for a merry time. Dean was made chairman of the gathering. He called upon first one player and then another to do something—sing a song, or recite a bit—to entertain the company. Some of the music may not have been high-class. I can vouch for that, because he called upon me to sing. But it was all very good fun, and the two hundred miles' train journey was at an end almost before we knew that it had begun.

"The team spirit," says Dean, "is not just something confined to the football field. It is found right through the week among the players."

Dean himself was responsible for some very passable jazz music, and, indeed, his pals refer to him as the one-man band.

He might have been a big noise as a boxer—a sport in which he takes a lot of interest—but the game which gets him is golf.

"It's funny," he told me not long ago, "but when I am on the football field I often wish that the fast-moving ball would stop, so that I could hit it easier. On the golf links I find that the ball, which should be stopped, seems to be continually moving, too."

A Deadly Centre-Forward!

THERE was a day when Dean's football career seemed to have come to a sudden stop—to be finished for ever. Motor-cycling being one of his hobbies—since dropped—he started out for a ride one day in July, 1926. How and what happened he doesn't know even to this day. But he woke up four days later in hospital, "both jaws fractured, a cheek-bone anywhere except where it should have been, a skull badly fractured, and at least one kneecap right round the back, plus bruises all over my body."

"He'll never play football again," was the verdict of the doctors. Having given that verdict, they proceeded to cheat themselves, and Dean helped in the cheating.

Some say that Dean has not the big match temperament; that he is a better club player than an International player. I don't agree with that summing up entirely, but I do think that Dean's methods need to be known for him to be successful. He can take a bad day with a smiling face, however, and come back again trying to do his best. He was England's centre-forward in the match against Scotland at Wembley, in 1928, when England lost by five goals to one.

"I spent the match feeling very much like a policeman on point-duty," he told me, "simply watching the Scottish traffic go by. I scarcely had a kick at the ball."

Remember, though, that in 1927, Dean scored two goals at Glasgow, and England beat Scotland by two goals to one.

The pen-picture of this dark-haired centre-forward must finish. And my parting words are just these: Dean's the most deadly club centre-forward we have had in the game for years and years, and one of the best headers of the ball the game has ever known. That skull which was fractured in the motor accident must have been very well mended.

THE TERROR OF THE FORM!

(Continued from page 10.)

me Wharton. If you call the men 'sir' you'll get chipped."

"Oh, sir!" said Flip.

"Fathead! Never call a man 'sir,' I tell you!"

"Orlright, sir—I mean, orlright, Wharton!"

"Here come the giddy guests!" said Bob. Hurree-Jamset Ram Singh and Johnny Bull came in, with Vernon-Smith, Redwing, Squiff, Hazeldene, Tom Brown, Mark Linley, and two or three other fellows. Study No. 1 began to get a little crowded.

"Hallo, who's this merchant?" asked the Bounder, staring at Flip. "That's the fag Coker was after when we rolled him down."

"Guest of honour," said Bob Cherry solemnly.

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"Honest Injun! We've got three of the Second coming," said Harry Wharton. "I hope you men don't mind."

"My dear man, you can ask all the Second and the Third if you like, and the page and the porter, too!" said the Bounder sarcastically. "Don't mind us!"

"It's rather special, you see," explained the captain of the Remove. "Flip's a new kid, and we want him to start well with his Form. Bunter's minor and Franky's minor are coming. We want them to make friends."

"Good idea!" said Redwing, smiling.

"Oh, jolly good!" said the Bounder. "Dry-nursin' new kids is a new stunt in the Remove, but it's quite a good idea. Quite!"

"My esteemed and absurd Smithy, you—"

"Here's one of the distinguished guests," said the Bounder, as Sammy Bunter's fat face and spectacles blinked in. "Come in, Bunter minor—may as well have you as your major."

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Shove those chairs round," said Harry Wharton. "Trot in, Bunter mi. Seen anything of Nugent? He's gone to gather up his minor."

Sammy Bunter cackled—the cachinnation that was so like his major's.

"He, he, he! He's helping Dicky bathe his nose, but he won't be long."

"What's the matter with his minor's nose, fathead?"

"He's been scrapping."

"Young ass—scrapping the first day of term!" said Johnny Bull. "These Second Form kids want whopping—that's what they want."

"He, he, he!" Sammy Bunter blinked at Flip. "That's the chap he's been scrapping with—that new kid."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Bounder. "You're a bit late with your dry-nursin', you men. Did you lick young Nugent, kid?"

"I don't know his name," said Flip. "I lit him on the smeller."

"You whatted?" ejaculated Hazeldene.

"It 'im on the smeller."

"Great pip!"

All eyes were turned on Flip. His grubby face coloured under the general attention.

"My only hat!" said the Bounder. "Where did that kid learn to speak English?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Wharton hastily. "Flip's a rather queer card—but he's all right. I say, it's rather unfortunate that you've been ragging

with Nugent minor. Flip! That's one of the fags you're to meet here."

"Well, I'm sorry, sir," said Flip—"I mean, I'm sorry, Wharton! But there ain't a lot of 'arm' done, sir—I only give 'im a oner on the boko. I'd 'ave give 'im more if the old covey in the gownd 'adn't come in. But I'm glad now I didn't if he's a friend of yorn, sir."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Mauly! Trot in, Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer trotted in, with his usual urbane smile. He gave Flip a cheery nod.

"Hallo, young 'un! You seem to have made friends here already," said his lordship. "I was afraid you'd got lost at the station, and I was goin' to look for you, only I forgot."

"That's orl right, sir," said Flip. "I met Master Bunter, sir, and he brought me 'ere in a taxi, sir!"

"Bunter, you fat villain, if you've been bilkin' a taxi-man on the first day of term—"

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Here's Nugent!" grinned the Bounder. "And here's his minor! Where did you dig up that nose, Dicky?"

"Where did you dig up that face—if you call it a face?" retorted Nugent minor, as he came in with his brother.

Frank Nugent was looking a little worried. Dicky Nugent was looking a little cross; his nose felt uncomfortable.

"Well, now we're all here—" said Harry Wharton. "It seems that you've met young Flip, Dicky—"

Richard Nugent stared at Flip.

"That hooligan here!" he exclaimed. "Ooligan yourself, and chance it!" retorted Flip.

"If you want me to finish that licking I was giving you when old Twigg butted in—" exclaimed Dicky wrathfully.

"Oh swipes!" jeered Flip. "You couldn't lick one 'arf of me—not a blooming quarter!"

"I'll jolly well—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Chuck it!" roared Bob Cherry. "This is a study supper, not a dog fight!"

"Your mistake!" grinned the Bounder. "It's a dog fight!"

"Stop it!" yelled Wharton.

Frank Nugent clutched his minor, and Hurree Singh pushed back the warlike Flip. They glared defiance at one another, while the Removites roared with laughter.

"Oh gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "What's the jolly old trouble? You fags rowin' already?"

"Let me go, Frank, you ass!" growled Dicky. "I'm not staying here with that young sweep! Like your check to ask me!"

"Don't be an ass, Dicky!"

"Sit down, kid!" said Bob, pushing Dicky into a chair.

"Look here, I tell you—"

"That's all right—sit down! There's cold ham and beef to begi, with—shove it over to Nugent mi. Bunter. Hope you've brought a good appetite back to Greyfriars with you, Nugent mi!" said Bob, with undiminished affability. "Tuck in, kid! Have some mustard! Somebody pass the mustard to Nugent mi. A little more ham for Nugent mi, Bunter."

Nugent mi's frown changed to a grin. He sat down to supper. It was a good supper, and fags were always hungry. And it was rather uncommon for a fag to be made such a fuss of in a Remove study. Nugent mi tucked in, and peace was established—for the present, at least. Supper in Study No. 1 proceeded amicably, with a clatter of crocks and a buzzing of cheery voices.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Not a Success!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. had cheery faces round the crowded table. It was rather a squeeze in the study; but Removites were accustomed to close quarters on such festive occasions. The spread was good and ample—that really was the chief thing.

On the first day of term every fellow had plenty to say, and most of them said it at the same time. Only the two Bunters had little to say, which was unusual, but they were devoting their undivided attention to more solid things. Dicky Nugent made it a point to talk as much as anybody, just to show that he was not put out of countenance by Remove men, and many of his remarks were cheeky. But a spirit of toleration reigned in the study, and any fellow who felt moved to kick him restrained the natural impulse. Flip, shy and constrained in such new and strange company, ate in silence, anxious only to be overlooked.

In his native haunt of Puggins' Alley Flip had had plenty of nerve, and probably plenty of impudence. But Greyfriars School impressed him, and perhaps scared him a little. His stay at Mauleverer Towers had been his first glimpse of a life where fellows were well dressed, washed clean, and did not eat with their fingers. That experience had prepared him a little for his new place of residence, where everybody was more or less well dressed, more or less washed clean, and where not even Billy Bunter ate with his fingers.

Still, he was in a strange world, and every now and then it seemed like a dream to the little waif, and he fancied that he would awaken suddenly in the dingy loft in Puggins' Alley.

It was quite right and proper, of course, for a Second Form fag to remain silent and humble in the lofty presence of Remove men, and some of the company considered that Richard Nugent would have done well to follow the example of the new fag. But for the Bounder, Flip would probably not have said a word during the study supper, from start to finish. But Smithy turned his attention to him presently. He was curious about the odd little fellow, amused by him, and consideration for others never restrained the Bounder's sardonic humour. It entertained Smithy to draw him out, and he proceeded to do so. He began by asking him to pass something across the table, and Flip politely replied:

"Ere you are, sir!"

"Ere I am," assented the Bounder gravely. "By the way, kid, what's your name?"

"Flip, sir."

"I mean your real name."

"Ain't got no other name, sir," answered Flip. "Never 'ad! Blokes in the alley always called me Flip. I desay it's as good as any other name."

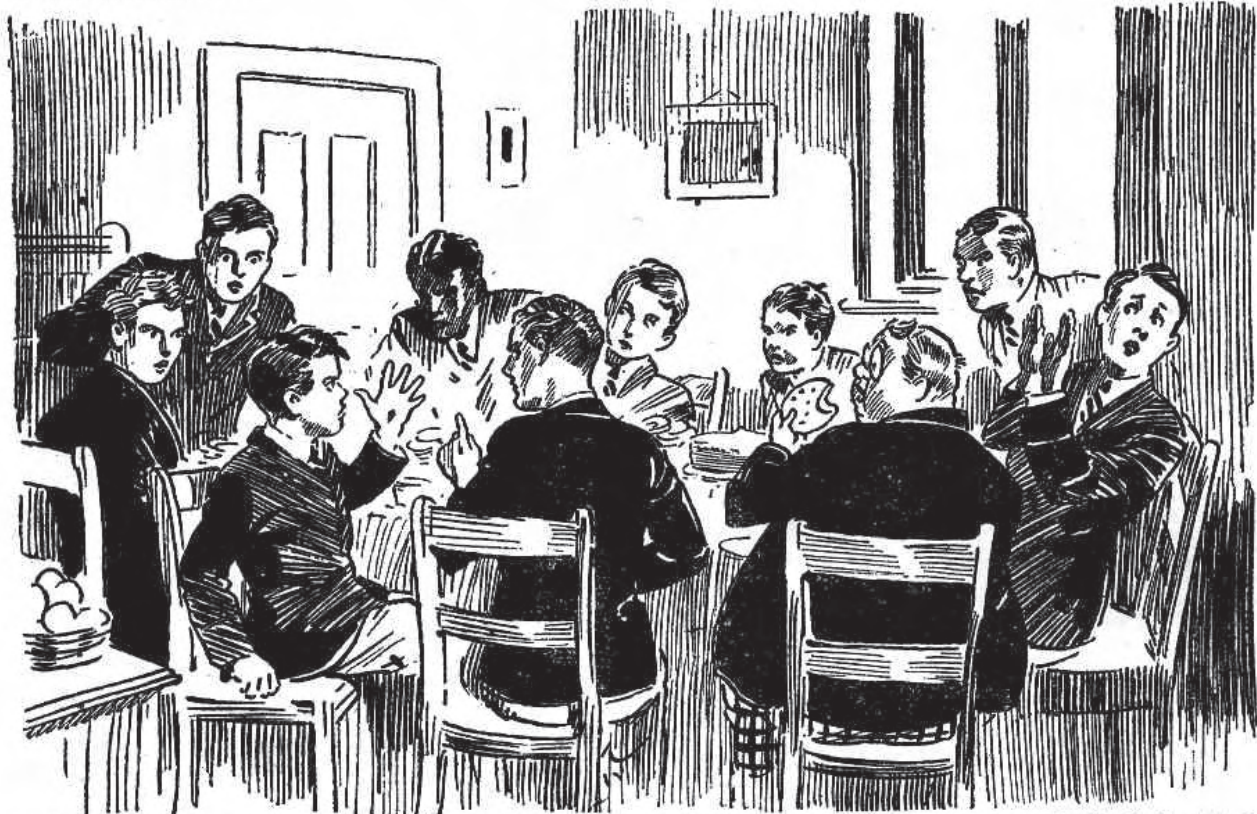
"Shakespeare says: 'What's in a name?'" assented the Bounder.

"Never 'eard of the bloke," said Flip. "Lucky man! We hear too much of him, in the jolly old literature class. Tell us about the alley!"

"You went to France for the vac, didn't you, Smithy?" asked Harry Wharton.

"I did," answered the Bounder calmly. "I've told you so already. What was it like in the alley, Flip?"

"Pretty rough, sir," answered Flip innocently. "Blokes like you, in a place like this 'ere, would 'ardly believe there was such a place."



Flip put the thumb of his left hand to his nose and extended the fingers. There was a general gasp in the distinguished company in Study No. 1. "You mustn't do that, kid!" said Lord Mauleverer. "We do it in our alley!" retorted Flip.

"You find Greyfriars nicer?" asked Smithy.

"Not 'arf!" grinned Flip. "But there was some good sorts, sir, all the same, in the alley, especially old Brandy-Face!"

"Oh, my hat! Who was Brandy-Face?" gasped the Bounder.

The hum of conversation in the study died down. That remarkable name had struck all hearers.

"Boozy old bloke, sir," said Flip. "Master of Arts, he was, and had been a schoolmaster in his time. But he came down in the world, all through pushin' 'em back!"

"Through what?" ejaculated the Bounder.

"Pushin' 'em back. Crookin' his elbow!" further elucidated Flip. "Thirsty bloke he was! But when he was sober he was all right. Taught me to read and write, he did, as well as givin' me old school-books, and teachin' me from 'em! 'Cause why, I used to look arter him, and roll him home when he couldn't walk. Many a time I've rolled him safe 'ome when he was blind!"

"Blind!" repeated the Bounder.

"Tight!" explained Flip.

"Oh crumbs!"

"When the matches begin—" Wharton remarked casually. But the Bounder was not to be turned off.

"My dear man, don't interrupt Snip," he said. "We're all frightfully interested in Snip. You said your name was Snip, didn't you, kid?"

"Flip, sir!" said the waif unsuspectingly.

"My mistake—Flip!" assented the Bounder. "I'd like to meet that old friend of yours—Brandy-Face, M.A. Must have been a sportsman. Are your people still in the jolly old alley?"

"Ain't got no people," answered Flip. "Never 'ad any relations as I knowed on. Jest kicked out for myself!"

"But what the thump did you live on?" asked the Bounder, really interested.

Flip opened his mouth, caught Lord Mauleverer's eye across the table, and closed it again. It had been carefully impressed on Flip not to mention the "pinching" at Greyfriars, and fortunately he remembered in time.

"Oh, a bloke lives some'ow, sir!" answered Flip lamely. "What with one thing and another, I generally 'ad a bite!"

"Did you ever wash?" asked Nugent minor sarcastically.

"Shut up, Dicky!" muttered Nugent.

"I didn't wash a 'ole lot!" said Flip. "They forgot to put in the blooming bath-rooms in Puggins' Alley. But I can tell you I've washed every day since Master Bunter took me in 'and!"

"You don't look it!" commented Dicky.

"Fancy Bunter teaching a fellow to wash?" chuckled Hazeldene. "Bunter never washes!"

"Oh, really, Hazel—"

"Well, you jolly well know you don't!" said Hazel. "We gave you a Form bath once in the dorm, for that very reason, and you weighed nearly a hundred-weight less after it!"

"You cheeky ass—" hooted Bunter.

"You 'old your row, whoever you are!" said Flip to Hazeldene, with an aggressive glare across the table. "Who are you to cheek Master Bunter, I'd like to know?"

"Eh! What?" gasped Hazel, staring at him.

"I says 'old your row, and I means 'old your row," retorted Flip. "I'd 'it you in the eye as soon as look at you!"

"Great pip!"

"Shut up, Flip, old bean!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"When the Highcliffe match comes along—" said Wharton.

"But how the thump did the kid get to Greyfriars?" asked Smithy in wonder.

"It's a long step from Puggins' Alley to a Public school. I suppose the Head knows you're here, Flip?"

"'Course he does!" Flip eyed the Bounder rather suspiciously. "You're the bloke what chipped me in the train, ain't you? I seem to remember your phiz. Well, if you want to know, I'm 'ere 'cause Master Bunter fixed it up for me, like the generous bloke he is. Paying me fees, and all!"

"Oh crumbs! Did your postal order come during the Christmas holidays, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"'Ere I am, and 'ere I stay," went on Flip, "and them as don't like it can lump it, leastwise, less it's Master Bunter. If that young gentleman don't want me at 'is school, I'll 'ook it so fast you won't see my 'cels for dust. But I don't give a rap for anybody else, and chance it!"

"My Aunt Jane!" said Nugent minor. "I don't really believe they've let that—that sweep into Greyfriars! There's a mistake somewhere!"

"You 'old your row," said Flip, "'less you want an eye to match your nose, himage!"

"He, he, he!" came from Sammy Bunter.

"Speaking of football—" said Wharton resolutely.

"The Highcliffe match comes first on the list," said Bob Cherry, "and we're going to knock Highcliffe sky-high!"

"The sky-highfulness will be terrific!"

The Bounder grinned and shrugged his shoulders. The Famous Five determinedly turned the talk to football, and Flip was allowed to fall into obscurity again. He munched in silence—save for the sound of the munching, which was considerable—but every now and then he gave the Bounder a hostile look, and scowled at Nugent minor's

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THE TERROR OF THE FORM!

(Continued from page 13.)

mocking face. And presently, when his eyes met Dicky's across the table, Flip displayed his contempt of the fag by putting the thumb of his left hand to his nose and extending the fingers. That remarkable gesture caused a general gasp in the distinguished company in Study No. 1.

"Oh gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer. "I—I—I say, kid! Don't!"

Dicky Nugent grinned.

"We don't do that sort of thing here," he said loftily.

"We do in our alley!" retorted Flip.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, I think Nugent's minor ought to behave himself when he comes to supper in the Remove!" said Billy Bunter. "Tell your minor to behave himself, Nugent!"

"He, he, he!" cackled Sammy Bunter. Harry Wharton & Co. were rather glad that that study supper was coming to an end. Evidently it had failed in its purpose of establishing friendly relations between Flip and his Form fellows. It appeared probable that hostilities would recommence between Flip and Nugent minor, as soon as they were outside the study.

The company rose at last. Fellows, with grinning faces, took their leave. The Bounder addressed a special word to Flip before he left.

"Honoured to have made your acquaintance, Chip!" he said gravely. "We don't often meet a man from Puggins' Alley here!"

"My name's Flip, not Chip, and well you knows it," answered the new fag, "and you can go and fry your face, ugly mug!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Bounder, and he was still yelling as he went up the Remove passage.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances. The three fags remained to the last; Sammy Bunter scoffing a final remnant of cake, and Nugent minor and Flip glaring at one another apparently on the point of scrapping before they left.

"Now, you kids—" said Harry Wharton. "Don't you begin rowing again. Nothing to row about, you know!"

"I want you to be decent to the kid, Dicky!" said Nugent.

Snort, from Nugent minor.

"Like your cheek to ask me here to supper with that outsider," he snapped. "Pretty measly supper, too! I'm off!"

"Sooner the better!" jeered Flip.

"Your room's better'n your company, I can tell you!"

Dicky Nugent breathed hard. He went out of the study, however, without answering. But he did not go far.

"Well, kid, you'd better cut off!" said Harry Wharton, with a doubtful look at Flip. "You have another roll-call before Hall. Don't get ragging with Nugent mi if you can help it—he's really a good kid!"

"Looks it, don't he?" grunted Flip.

He glanced round at Bunter, but

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Bunter had bagged the last of the pie, and was deeply engaged with it, and did not look up. Flip went to the door. He gave Bunter another glance, but still failed to meet his eyes, and left the study.

"Well," said Bob Cherry, "I rather think—Hallo, hallo! What the thump's that?"

"That" was a sound of combat in the passage. The Famous Five rushed to the door. They had supposed that Dicky Nugent was gone. But he was not gone. Evidently he had waited for Flip.

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Wharton, as he stared at two figures grasping one another in terrific combat, pommelling and punching wildly.

"Take that, you cad!" panted Nugent minor.

"Oh swipes! 'Ere's a oner for your kisser!" gasped Flip.

"Ow!"

"Stop them!" exclaimed Nugent in dismay.

The Removites rushed out of the study. Bob Cherry grasped Flip; Hurree Singh seized Nugent minor. They were dragged apart.

"Leggo!" yelled Dicky, struggling in the nabob's grasp.

"My esteemed and idiotic Dicky—"

"Let go, you black dummy!"

"'Ands off!" roared Flip. "Lemme get at 'im! Swipes! I'm going to 'and 'im a few, I tell you! 'Ands off, blow you!"

"This way!" said Bob.

The two yelling fags were escorted—in a powerful grasp—to the Remove staircase. There, Bob Cherry and the nabob kicked them down to the next landing, after which they were left to sort themselves out. The study supper, so far as it had been intended to establish friendly relations in the Second, had not been a success!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Shindy in Hall!

HORACE COKER passed his hand tenderly over his chin. In the crowd in Hall that evening a good many eyes had turned on Coker's chin, and a good many fellows had smiled. Loder of the Sixth had asked Coker whether he had stopped a lorry with his chin, a question that nearly made Coker tell Loder what he thought of him, Sixth Form man and prefect as he was.

Horace Coker's chin was painful and decorative. Flip's boot, on the Remove staircase, had smitten it hard. There was a bruise on the chin, and an ache in the jaw. It impeded Coker's conversation, which was rather a relief to his friends, Potter and Greene, but irritating to Coker himself. And every twinge in that aching jaw caused Coker's wrath to grow and grow and grow, like that little peach in the orchard. Coker's chin, after all, was the part of Coker that was given most exercise, and it was frightfully annoying to have it incapacitated in this way—by a kick from a cheeky fag.

The sins of the Removites, many and manifold as they were, faded into nothingness compared with this. Coker had almost forgotten Bob Cherry and the fellows who had rolled him down the stairs, but he remembered Flip, and he yearned with a deep yearning to bestow on that lively young gentleman that for which he had asked.

"Kicked at me," said Coker, for the twentieth if not the thirtieth time to

Potter and Greene. "I had him by one leg, and he kicked at me with the other. That's what fags are coming to at Greyfriars! Kicked at me! Would you believe it? I ask you!"

Potter and Greene were not greatly surprised that a fag whom Coker had had by one leg had kicked out with the other. Indeed, they would have been rather surprised if the fag hadn't. But Coker's chin was a rather unusually important chin—being Coker's.

"Yes, quite!" murmured Potter. "I say, old Wingate's speaking—"

"Never mind Wingate!" said Coker. "I've no wish to listen to Wingate blowing off gas. He talks too much, in my opinion."

"Yes," murmured Greene, "but—" "Kicked out, and I got it on the chin!" said Coker. "Well, I'm going to make an example of him. He seems to have vanished somewhere, but if I don't spot him before dorm—"

Potter closed one eye at Greene. A fag had come into Hall, looking about him with wide-open eyes, just behind where the three Fifth Form men were standing. It was the new fag, who bore the curious name of Flip. Potter and Greene saw him, but the great Coker had his back to the newcomer, and had, of course, no eyes in the back of his head.

Potter and Greene did not draw Coker's attention to him. They did not want a row in Hall if it could be helped. Certainly no fellow but Coker would have dreamed of kicking up a row in Hall when the captain of the school was standing at the high table speaking on so important a subject as the school games. But with Coker you never could tell.

"If I don't spot him before dorm," continued Coker, ruthlessly regardless of the fact that Potter and Greene were keenly interested in Wingate's remarks and not at all in Coker's, "I shall root him out after lights-out. See? He's in the Second—a new kid in the Second—his name's Chip or Quip or something queer. Well, I shall hike along to the Second Form dorm after lights-out, and the young scoundrel won't be able to dodge me then. What?"

Flip stared at Coker's back. He grinned. He realised that he was the subject of Coker's remarks.

"I shall take a towel along with me—a wet towel—and flip him!" continued Coker. "His name's Flip, it seems, and I'll give him Flip! What! Ha, ha ha!"

This was a joke, and Coker thought it rather a good one, and laughed.

"Flipping" was a well-known punishment for fags; a bully like Loder of the Sixth was a past-master in the art, and could raise a blue weal with a single "flip" of a wet towel. Coker, of course, was not a bully; he was only going to give a cheeky fag what he richly deserved, which was quite a different thing.

Potter and Greene did not seem to see the joke. They did not laugh. As a matter of fact, they were trying hard to turn a deaf ear to Coker, and hear what old Wingate was saying.

"Flip, Flip, you know!" said Coker, repeating it, unwilling that his friends should lose this good thing.

"Eh, what? Yes! Dry up a minute, old chap!" said Potter. "Old Wingate was just saying—"

"Look here, Potter—"

Coker spotted Flip at that moment as the new fag made his way towards a group of the Second.

"Why, there he is!"

Coker strode after Flip.

"For goodness' sake, keep order!" gasped Greene. "Coker, old man—"

Coker heard him, but he heeded not. Flip dodged among the fags, and Coker rushed after him. There was a roar of voices at once.

"Order!"

"Keep quiet, there!"

"Order, you ass!"

Wingate paused in his remarks. Fellows shouted and laughed on all sides as Coker pursued the elusive Flip. Hall was crowded after supper, and what Wingate had to say was considered of some importance by most of the Greyfriars men, though it passed Horace Coker by like the idle wind which he regarded not. Heedless of Wingate, heedless of expostulating voices, Coker charged after Flip, shoving fellows right and left as he went.

"It's Coker! Chuck him out!" roared Hobson of the Shell.

"Order!"

"I say, you fellows," squeaked Billy Bunter, "he's after Flip! I say, this way, Flip! Come this way!"

Flip heard his patron's voice, and ran for shelter into the midst of a crowd of Remove men. Billy Bunter, perhaps, could not have afforded him much protection, but the Famous Five gathered round him as one man, and plenty of other Removites were ready to handle Coker if he asked for it. And he did.

He charged after Flip, and the Remove men collared him on all sides. Coker came down on the floor with a mighty concussion.

Wingate frowned. The captain's address on the first night of the term was a matter of great importance, and the most unthinking fag knew that he had to keep quiet while the captain of the school and head of the games was speaking. But Coker was always Coker. Coker did not think much of the Sixth, and made no secret of the fact. He was going to thrash the cheeky fag who had hacked his chin; at least, that was his intention. The intention was not carried out, for Coker lay sprawling under six or seven juniors, while Flip stood by and grinned.

"Really!" said Wingate, with calm dignity.

Every eye was turned on the affray. Prefects of the Sixth Form round the high table glared.

"Order!"

"Who's that man?"

"Turn him out!"

"By Jove, this is too thick! Turn that man out!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Coker. "Leggo! My hat, I'll smash you! Whoop! Leggo my nose! Oooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Order!"

"Yoooop! Grooogh! Oh, by dose!" gurgled Coker.

It was Flip who had taken the great Coker's nose between a finger and thumb. There were so many hands on Coker that there was hardly room for fresh hands to get hold of him. So Flip bagged his nose. Coker, struggling frantically but in vain, squealed with anguish as Flip tweaked his nose.

"Turn that man out!" roared Gwynne of the Sixth.

"Come on, you men!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Help Coker along! I've got his legs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh! Leggo! Oooooop!"

Bob Cherry had captured Coker's legs, and he handled them like the shafts of a cart. As he started for the door Coker had to follow, sliding along on his back. Many other fellows helped him on his

way. In a dazed and dizzy state Coker progressed doorwards.

Hall was in a wild uproar. Even the majestic voices of the prefects failed to restore order, and, indeed, were hardly heard in the din. Yells of laughter followed the progress of Horace Coker. Temple of the Fourth dragged the door open. Coker, hurled by many hands, shot out of Hall. He landed in a heap and roared.

Slam!

The two oak doors closed on Coker of the Fifth.

Order was restored at last, and Wingate, with dignity, resumed. Coker did not return. For the second time that day, Coker had enough to go on with. Justice—exemplary justice on the cheekiest fag that had ever come to Greyfriars—had to wait. Coker of the Fifth bottled up his wrath; and, like wine, it improved with keeping.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

After Lights Out!

"DON'T keep me waiting!" said Loder of the Sixth.

The Second Form were not likely to keep Loder waiting, even on the first night of term. Loder had his ashplant under his arm, and he was given to using it liberally.

Loder was seeing lights out for the Second. He had no time to waste; Walker and Carne and cigarettes were waiting for him in his study.

The Second turned in promptly.

Flip, as he turned in, rather wondered whether he was going to have some more trouble with Nugent minor, after the prefect was gone. But the prospect did not worry him.

Loder, loafing impatiently near the door, glanced round as a Fifth Form man came along the passage. It was Coker of the Fifth, and he wondered what Coker could possibly want there.

Coker of the Fifth did not speak to Loder, or even look at him. He paused and glanced into the doorway of the Second Form dormitory.

His eyes rested on Flip.

Flip, sighting the burly Fifth Form man in the doorway, grinned. Coker looked at him and then looked at Loder, and paused. He seemed to consider. But even Coker realised that it was no time for dealing with that cheeky fag as he deserved. Gerald Loder was a bully, and much given to whopping fags; but he had his position as a prefect to think of, and he certainly would not have allowed Coker to carry on. And Coker did not want to have to whop Loder. He did not think much of the Sixth; but the penalties for whopping a prefect were terrific. Coker walked on, and disappeared.

Loder stared after him for a moment, wondering what the Fifth Form man was wandering about for. Flip could guess. He had no doubt that Coker had looked in to ascertain which bed belonged to the new fag. Flip had not forgotten Coker's words in Hall. And when Coker came later to the dormitory to "flip" Flip with the towel, he did not want to

make a mistake and hand it out to the wrong fag.

"Now then, hurry up!" snapped Loder.

Lights were turned out at last, and Loder of the Sixth departed. But though the Second Form had turned in, they had not turned in to sleep—yet. Gatty stepped out of bed and lighted a candle-end, ten minutes after the prefect had gone. Other fags followed his example; and others sat up in bed. A hidden bag was dragged from its place of concealment, and a crowd of the Second gathered round to partake in one of the forbidden nocturnal feasts dear to the hearts of fags.

Flip sat up in bed and looked on.

Excepting for a glance of disfavour, Dicky Nugent took no notice of his late enemy. The other fags did not heed him; even Sammy Bunter, from whom Flip rather expected better things, as the brother of his kind patron Billy, seemed to forget his existence.

The waif of Greyfriars was quite ready for a shindy, and would probably have enjoyed one; but the general disregard had a disconcerting effect on him. He looked on and listened to the cheerful buzz of voices, with a wistful expression on his chubby, grubby face.

He laid his head on the pillow at last, but he did not close his eyes. He had no doubt that Coker of the Fifth meant to drop in later, as he had told Potter and Greene; and Flip did not want to be asleep when Coker came. It was, in fact, necessary to be very wide awake indeed when Coker happened.

The fag feast was over at last, and the fags dispersed to their beds. Then the spirit moved Richard Nugent to dip a sponge into a jug of water, and send it sailing through the air, to land with a squash on the face of the new fag.

Flip jumped convulsively.

"Oooooogh!" he gurgled.

The wet and clammy sponge rolled off his face as he sat up and stared round him.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a hurst of laughter from the fags.

"'Oo was that?" roared Flip.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You want a wash, old bean!" grinned Gatty. "We wash here, you know! Chuck him some soap, too!"

"You cheeky idjit!" gasped Flip. He picked up the sponge and glared round him. "'Oo chucked that there sponge? If the cove's afraid to hown hup—"

"Hown hup!" roared Myers. "Ha, ha, ha! Hown hup!"

"I chucked it, you worm!" said Dicky Nugent disdainfully.

"Then 'ere it comes back agin!"

(Continued on next page.)

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growled Flip, and he hurled the wet sponge at Nugent minor.

Dicky dodged, but not quickly enough. The sponge landed on his nose.

Nugent minor caught it as it dropped, rushed to Flip's bed, and jammed the sponge down on his face. There was a gurgle from Flip, as the water ran down in streams all over him.

"Oooogh! Gug-gug! Ooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There, you cheeky worm!" snapped Dicky. "Take that! You wanted a wash, and now you've got one."

And Nugent minor walked back to his own bed, leaving Flip wet and spluttering. The fags chortled as they turned in. Marsden blew out the last candle-end, and there was darkness in the dormitory. Through the gloom Flip could be heard gasping and spluttering.

Then he was heard turning out of bed.

"Look out, Nugent mi!" called out Gatty.

Dicky gave a contemptuous snort. A match scratched, and Flip groped for a candle-end and lighted it. All along the dormitory, the fags stared at him. Dicky Nugent sat up, eyeing him warily, ready for trouble.

"You've made me all wet, young Nugent!" said Flip.

"Do you good!" answered Dicky.

"What you want now is some soap."

"Well, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the blooming gander!" said Flip, and he seized a jug of water and came over to Nugent minor's bed.

"Here, mind what you're up to!" roared Dicky, in alarm. "Why—you idiot—you—grooogh—ooooch!"

Splash!

The jug was full, and it was up-ended over Dicky.

Water streamed down over him in a flood, soaking him to the skin, and drenching his bed. The bed fairly swam with it.

Nugent minor gave a spluttering howl! Flip put down the jug and grinned at him.

"Ow do you like it, chops?" he inquired.

"Groooogh!"

Dicky Nugent leaped from the bed. But he did not leap at Flip. He was swamped with cold water, and he grabbed a towel to dry himself.

"Oh crumbs!" said Gatty. "You can't sleep in that bed now, Nugent mi. You'll catch a jolly old cold if you do."

"I'm not going to!" gasped Dicky. "I'm going to take that hooligan's bed, and he can have mine."

"Good egg!" chuckled Myers.

"And if he objects, I'll jolly well whop him!" said Dicky, with a fierce glare at Flip. "I'm going to whop him to-morrow, anyhow; and if he wants it, I'll whop him now!"

Flip looked at him. The fags watched him eagerly. After the unruly and independent spirit the new fag had already displayed, all the Second expected to see him put up a fight before he was turned out of his bed. But Flip did not look belligerent. There was a glimmer in his eyes as he looked at Richard Nugent.

"You taking my blooming bed?" he demanded.

"I'm taking your bed!" snapped Dicky. "You can have mine."

"Ow's a bloke to sleep in all that water?"

"You should have thought of that before. Do you think I'm going to sleep in a swamp?"

"Well, look 'ere," said Flip, "I ain't giving up my bed."

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"Then I'll jolly well whop you till you do!"

Flip grinned.

"I ain't giving it up," he repeated, "but if you take it, take it and be blowed to you! I dessay you'll be sorry for it."

"Oh, shut up!"

Dicky Nugent, having towelled himself dry, turned into Flip's bed. He glared defiance at Flip as he did so.

But the new fag made no hostile movement. It astonished Nugent minor to see him take this like a lamb. But like a lamb he took it. No doubt the new fag had his reasons for submitting to Dicky's high-handed proceedings.

"Well, it's your look-out," he said. "Don't blame me if you're sorry afterwards, young Nugent."

"Oh, dry up!" snapped Dicky.

Flip grinned and turned to Nugent minor's bed. Water swamped it through and through, and it certainly was not in a state to be slept in. But the little waif cheerfully curled himself up at the foot of the bed, where it was dry. It was not very comfortable, but Flip did not seem to mind. The candle-end was blown out and the Second Form settled down to sleep at last. And Flip slept sound and peacefully, in spite of his rather uncomfortable quarters. It was no longer necessary to remain awake in case Coker came!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Coker Hands It Out!

"COKER, old man—"

"Shut up, Potter!"

"For goodness' sake—"

urged Greene.

"Shut up, Greene!"

Blundell, the captain of the Fifth, lifted his head from the pillow, yawned, and spoke.

"What's that row? Can't you let a man sleep? Who's out of bed?"

"I am!" grunted Coker.

"Well, turn in and be quiet!"

"Rats!"

Blundell sat up.

"What's on?" he asked. "What is that giddy goat playing the ox for now? It must be nearly eleven!"

"Find out!" said Coker.

"If I wasn't so sleepy," said the captain of the Fifth, "I'd turn out, and mop up the dorm with you, Coker!"

"Lucky for you you're so sleepy!" retorted Coker.

"But what's the silly ass up to?" asked Price of the Fifth. "Not goin' out of bounds, surely?"

"Not playing your sort of game, Price!" snorted Coker. "If you hint that I'm capable of it, I'll have you out of that bed in a jiffy and bang your cheeky head on the floor."

"But what—" yawned Hilton.

"Oh, Coker's only playing the goat!" sighed Potter. "He's got it up against some scrubby fag, and he's going to his dormitory to whop him."

"The born idiot!" exclaimed Blundell. "Coker, you benighted chump, you'll land in trouble if you kick up a shindy at this time of night."

"Thanks!" said Coker. "I'll ask for your advice when I want it, Blundell. As a favour, keep it till then."

Blundell breathed hard. But really it was not worth while turning out of bed on a cold night to bang Coker's head on the floor. He gave Coker his head, instead of banging it.

Coker had dressed himself by now, having awakened most of the Fifth in

the process. Carefully he dipped a towel in water and twisted it, in readiness for the "flipping." A twisted wet towel, laid on hard, was quite as efficacious as a cane. Indeed, in a skilled hand, more so. Thus armed, Horace Coker left the Fifth Form dormitory on his mission to execute justice.

He tiptoed his way to the junior quarters.

There was something rather surreptitious about this that Coker did not like. But what a fellow could not help, a fellow could not help! Coker, great man as he was—the greatest man at Greyfriars, in his own happy estimation—was not above the law, as, of course, he ought to have been. He was no more allowed to leave his dormitory after lights-out than any other fellow. He was no more allowed to whop fags than any other fellow. He was no more allowed to kick up a shindy than any other fellow. If Prout, or even a Sixth Form prefect, spotted him wandering about the House after lights-out, he would be ordered back to his dormitory—and he would have to go!

This was not a proper state of affairs, of course, considering that Coker was Coker! But there it was! Coker had to deal with the facts as he found them, so he tiptoed his way to the Second Form dormitory, just as if he had been some mischievous junior on a "rag," instead of a lofty and important senior going to execute justice.

He reached his destination and opened the door.

He stepped in quietly, and closed the door behind him.

Coker did not venture to turn on the light. But he did not need it. There was a glimmer of starlight at the high windows, glimmering on the row of white beds. It was more than sufficient for Coker. He knew which was the new fag's bed. With great astuteness, he had spotted that while Loder was seeing lights out for the Second. All he had to do was to walk across to that bed, knowing that Flip was in it, and deal with the occupant. Which he proceeded to do.

The Second were deep in slumber. Coker's movements, though cautious, were a little elephantine, but the fags slept soundly. Coker arrived at the bedside and looked down on the fag slumbering therein with a grim smile. In the dim glimmer in the dormitory he could vaguely make out the form of the sleeper, and the dark head on the pillow. He could not recognise him, of course; Coker was not a cat, to see in the dark. But that was unnecessary, as he had so astutely ascertained, beyond doubt, which was Flip's bed.

Coker lifted his right arm. With his left he reached out and shook the sleeper.

Dicky Nugent started out of slumber. "Ooooh!" was his first remark.

He blinked sleepily up.

"Got you!" said Coker genially.

"Eh? Oh! Who—" gasped the amazed Dicky.

He had no time to say more.

Coker's grasp tore away the bed-clothes. His uplifted right arm descended. A twisted wet towel, hard and heavy, came down across Nugent minor with a terrific whack.

"Yaroooooh!"

The yell that came from the fag awoke every echo of the Second Form dormitory. It awakened the other fags, right and left.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Coker's arm worked like machinery.



"What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!" said Flip, upending the jug of water over Dicky Nugent. **Splash!**
 "Yaroo! Groogh!" roared Dicky, as the water streamed over him in a flood.

without a pause. The twisted towel came down again and again.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

The astonished fag roared and yelled and squirmed and wriggled in anguish. Coker warmed to the work. This fag, he did not doubt, had kicked his hat at the station, had tripped him up, had kicked his chin on the Remove staircase, had tweaked his nose in Hall. Not for a moment did it cross Coker's mind that he had got hold of the wrong fag. Not for a moment did he doubt that this yelling fag was Flip, getting what he had asked for.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Fags were sitting up in bed, rubbing their eyes. Startled voices called on all sides. Flip had awakened with the rest; and Flip was grinning silently in the dark. He knew that Coker had come—and, so far as Flip was concerned, Coker was welcome to get on with it.

"Take that!" said Coker. "And that! And that! Kick a Fifth Form man on the chin, will you, what? Pull a man's nose, will you? Take that—and that—and that! You're new here, but you'll find that I've a short way with fags, my beauty! Take that—and that—and that!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Dicky Nugent took them—he could not help it. He roared and howled, and struggled and yelled. But the raining whacks came down hard and fast.

"It's Coker!" shouted Gatty. "Coker of the Fifth! What are you up to, Coker?"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

The swiping of the twisted towel told what Coker was up to, though why he was up to it was a mystery. Flip chuckled softly. Nugent minor had insisted on bagging his bed. Flip had warned him that he might be sorry for it. There was no doubt that he was sorry now!

"There!" gasped Coker, with a final hefty swipe which elicited a frantic roar from the hapless Dicky. "There! I fancy that will do! What?"

And Coker of the Fifth, satisfied that justice was done, marched out of the Second Form dormitory, and the door closed after him.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" came from Dicky, squirming with anguish. "Yow-ow-ow! Wow! My aunt Jane! Wow! Oh, my hat! Yoop! Wow!"

"It was Coker," gasped Myers—"Coker of the Fifth! What have you been doing to Coker, Nugent mi?"

"Ow! Nothing! Wow! Haven't seen the man since I came back," groaned Dicky. "He's gone mad, I should think! Wow!"

"Well, you must have done something," argued Myers. "Why should the man come here and pitch into you for nothing?"

"Wow! How should I know? Wow! I'll jolly well go to Twigg about this!" howled Dicky. "I'm not standing this, I can tell you! Wow! Why didn't you men come and help me? Ow!"

"He said you'd kicked him—"

"Well, I hadn't! Wow!"

"Look here, Dicky, Coker'd know whether you kicked him or not," said Gatty. "Don't be an ass, you know."

"Fathead! Wow! Oh crumbs! Ow!"

"Well, if you kicked a Fifth Form man—," said Marsden.

"I didn't!" shrieked Dicky.

"Well, Coker says you did."

"He's batty! Wow! Oh dear! The beast! I'll go to Twigg in the morning. I'll go to the Head! Wow!"

It was long before the sound of Nugent minor's lamentation ceased in the Second Form dormitory. Flip, with a cheery grin on his face, fell asleep again before Dicky was through. Meanwhile, Horace Coker had returned to the quarters of the Fifth, where he

turned in, and laid his head on the pillow, with a comfortable and satisfied feeling that justice, at long last, had been done.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Cash Required!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

It was a fine frosty morning, the second day of term. Harry Wharton and Co. were walking in a leisurely way in quad in morning break, when Billy Bunter appeared in the offing. They accelerated at once, and walked faster.

"I say, you fellows!" bawled Bunter. He blinked after the Famous Five through his big spectacles. They walked faster still.

"I say!" roared Bunter.

He broke into a trot in pursuit. "Look here!" he gasped, as he came up. "I was speaking to you fellows! What the thump do you walk off for when a fellow's speaking?"

"That's why!" explained Bob Cherry.

"The whyfulness is terrific," grinned the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Oh, really, you know— Look here! Listen to a chap!" expostulated Bunter. "It's rather important! A rather serious thing's happened!"

"Oh!" said Harry Wharton. And the chums of the Remove came to a halt. "What's the trouble? Flip at it again?"

"Eh?" Bunter had apparently forgotten Flip. "Oh, no! Never mind Flip! I say, it's jolly serious, you chaps!"

"Well, give it a name," said Harry. "What's the row?"

"I think I mentioned to you fellows that I was expecting a postal order," said Bunter.

"What's the row?"

"I think I mentioned to you fellows that I was expecting a postal order," said Bunter.

"What's the row?"

"I think I mentioned to you fellows that I was expecting a postal order," said Bunter.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob. "I think you've mentioned it sometimes."

"Well, it hasn't come."

"It hasn't come?" repeated Johnny Bull. "Is that the serious thing that's happened, you frabjous, frumpitious fat-head?"

"Yes, old chap. I've run right out of cash," said Bunter, blinking at the juniors, with owl-like seriousness. "I was expecting a postal order this morning from one of my titled relations, you know. Well, it hasn't come, and I'm rather in a hole. If you fellows have a pound note you don't want—"

"Oh, heaps!" said Bob sarcastically. "How many will you have?"

"Well, look here, make it ten bob," said Bunter; "then I'll hand you the postal order immediately it comes—what?"

"We shall be getting our old age pension by that time," answered Bob, with a shake of the head.

"Beast! I mean, look here, dear old chap, I'm really stony," said Bunter pathetically. "I had only four bob left out of what Flip lent me yesterday."

"You fat villain!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Have you been getting that kid's money off him?"

Billy Bunter fixed his spectacles on the captain of the Remove in deep indignation.

"Oh, really, Wharton! It's like you to put it in that rotten way, I must say. I stood the kid a feed at the station coming here yesterday. Well, that ran into a pound—"

"Flip's quid, you fat sweep?" exclaimed Nugent.

"I let him lend me the quid," said Bunter. "Having taken the kid up, I felt it my duty to look after him a bit, and I stood him a feed at the station. I felt that it was up to me. You know my generous way. It ran into a pound. Well, after that I stood him a taxi to the school—nothing mean about me, I hope. I dare say you fellows would have made him walk if you'd been with him. Not my style. I stood him a taxi. That took six shillings out of the ten-shilling note."

"Flip's ten-shilling note?"

"Leaving four, and the four's gone,"

said Bunter. "I was rather relying on my postal order this morning, you know. But it hasn't come. It leaves me in a hole. I can hardly go on owing money to a fag in the Second Form. I think a fellow's friends ought to oblige him with a temporary loan—"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob. "Go and look for your friends, and put it to them, old fat bean."

"Oh, really, Cherry—" Apparently, the Famous Five were the friends to whom Bunter alluded. "Look here, Mrs. Mibble's got some new tarts in this morning. Scrumptious ones! Lend me—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Beast! I say, you fellows, have you seen Flip?" asked Bunter. "I've really got no time to talk to you. I think I ought to look after that kid a bit as I landed him here, you know. Know where he is?"

"You needn't trouble to look after him," said Johnny Bull sardonically. "He's not likely to have any money left, if you got thirty bob off him yesterday."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

Harry Wharton & Co. walked on again, this time unpursued by Bunter. It was not the pleasure of their company that the fat Owl wanted. His podgy thoughts were dwelling on the new supply of tarts—scrumptious ones—in the school shop. He blinked round in search of Flip.

"I say, you fags"—he sighted Nugent minor with Gatty and Myers—"seen that new kid Flip?"

"Blow him!" replied Nugent minor. "And blow you! Look here, you men! I hear that it was that fat dummy who landed that hooligan at Greyfriars. Let's bump him!"

Billy Bunter rolled away hastily. He spotted Flip walking by himself under the leafless elms, and bore down on him.

Flip, with his hands in his pockets, was "mooching" about rather dismally. Nobody in the Second seemed to want him. Nugent minor was actively hostile, and the rest of the fags indifferent. He had joined Sammy

Bunter, and Sammy had blinked at him, and told him to cut. And Flip had to realise that there was nothing to be hoped from Bunter minor. But his clouded face cleared and brightened at the sight of Bunter major. Evidently his kind patron had not forgotten him. He was coming specially to look for him.

"Oh, here you are, kid!" said Bunter, with a benevolent blink through his big spectacles. "How have you got on in Form this morning?"

"Orlright, sir," said Flip. "The blokes don't seem to take to me, but old Twigg's all right—he is. Goes easy with a cove."

"I was going to settle this morning. You remember you lent me thirty bob yesterday?" said Bunter.

"Thank you kindly, sir!" said Flip, perhaps rather relieved to hear Bunter mention it.

He had been pleased and honoured to lend his total available supply of cash to his generous patron, but no doubt he would have been pleased to have some of it in his own pockets again.

"I was expecting a postal order," explained Bunter. "Rather unfortunately, it hasn't come. Do you mind if I settle later?"

"Not a bit, sir," said Flip loyally.

"Any time you like, sir."

Bunter blinked at him.

"I rather think the postal order will be for two pounds," he remarked casually. "I was thinking that you might as well lend me another ten bob, and take the whole postal order when—when it comes—what?"

"Yes, sir, only I ain't got ten bob," said Flip simply.

"Oh!" said Bunter.

"Only got tuppence, sir!" said Flip.

"Oh crumbs!" grunted Bunter.

Even Billy Bunter had not come down to borrowing twopence from a Second Form fag. He grunted discontentedly. "I'm sorry, sir!" said Flip. "I say, sir—"

"Can't stop—I've got to speak to Mauly!" said Bunter, and he darted off, having sighted Lord Mauleverer in the distance.

Flip stared after him, with a downcast face. His kind and generous patron, for whom Flip still had unbounded gratitude and admiration, was short of cash, and Flip, who would have done anything to testify his gratitude, was unable to help. It was a despondent thought to the little waif, and his face was clouded as he resumed "mooching" under the elms.

Billy Bunter's face was clouded, too, when the Remove went in for third school. Mauly had been drawn blank, and the scrumptious tarts were still in the tuckshop, instead of—as Bunter had hoped—in Bunter. During third school Bunter's fat thoughts dwelt on those scrumptious tarts, and he had little attention to give Mr. Quelch.

He was still thinking of them when the Remove were dismissed. When they came out of the Form-room a little figure was waiting at the end of the corridor—the Second being already out. But Billy Bunter had no eyes, or spectacles, for Flip. Flip made a step towards him, but Bunter rolled on regardless, and the fag stopped again. He turned and walked away with a thoughtful shade on his face.

Billy Bunter rolled away to the tuckshop. Like a fat Peri at the gates of Paradise, he feasted his eyes on the good things that were not for him. He felt a tap on his arm and blinked round impatiently at Flip.

"Don't bother!" he grunted.



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The RANGER

THRILLS! ADVENTURE! LAUGHS! COLOUR! Now on Sale 2d.

Flip's lip quivered.

"Oh, sir! I—"

"Look here, for goodness' sake don't haunt a fellow!" exclaimed Bunter. He was hungry, and he was impatient. "Give a man a rest, see?"

"Yes, sir," said Flip humbly. "I didn't mean for to worrit you, sir; but if you stih want that ten bob, sir—"

"Oh!" Bunter's expression changed at once. "My dear kid, it's all right! Always pleased to see you, old chap! In fact, I intend to see a good deal of you here. Whenever you're in difficulties, old bean, you just come along to me. Remember you've got a friend here."

"Thank you kindly, sir!" said Flip, brightening. "You're very good to a bloke, sir. 'Ere you are, sir."

Billy Bunter rolled into the tuckshop with a ten-shilling note in his fat hand and a cheery grin on his fat face. No time was lost in exchanging the ten-shilling note for the scrumptious tarts. And if Billy Bunter wondered at all how the fag had "raised the wind," he did not give the matter much thought. His fat thoughts were concentrated on the scrumptious tarts.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Lost, Stolen, or Strayed!

"WHAT'S up, Dicky?"

Frank Nugent looked into the Second Form room.

After class that day Nugent of the Remove was looking for his minor in the Second, rather anxious to know whether any more trouble had accrued. He learned from Gatty that Dicky was in the Form-room, and on arriving there he found his minor engaged in what seemed to be a strange and mysterious occupation.

Richard Nugent was crawling under the desks, gathering a considerable amount of dust in the process. He bumped his head on a leg of a desk as Frank looked in, and ejaculated "Ow!" Then he resumed crawling, and Frank stared at him in amazement.

"What on earth's that game?" he demanded.

"Oh, don't worry!" snapped Nugent minor.

"Lost something?" asked Frank, coming into the room.

Nugent minor gave him a dusty glare from under a desk.

"Think I'm rooting about here because I like dust in my eyes and nose?" he snorted. "Don't be an ass, if you can help it."

"Well, what have you lost, old chap?" asked Frank good-humouredly. "I'll help you look for it, if you like."

"Now you're talking!" agreed his brother. "I've lost a ten-shilling note somewhere—the one the pater gave me when he saw me off yesterday for school. I had it in my pocket and it's gone."

"Hole in the lining, I suppose, you young scamp."

"Nothing of the sort. I'm blessed if I know how it could have dropped out of my pocket; but it must have, because it's gone. I had a half-crown in the same pocket, and that's all right. It's the beastly note that's gone."

"Careless young ass to carry currency notes loose in your pocket."

"You can buy me a notecase if you like," said Dicky sarcastically. "I'll have a Russia-leather one like Mauly's—I believe they cost about five guineas. You silly ass! How often do I have currency notes to carry about? Hardly ever, except on the first day of term. Besides, it was quite safe in my pocket."

"Looks like it—when you've lost it."

GREYFRIARS HEROES.

No. 15

MICKY DESMOND.

Irish, and proud of it, top, is Micky Desmond of the Remove. His hero, the Duke of Wellington—one of the Emerald Isle's famous sons—the Greyfriars Rhymester deals with in his usual rousing style below.



ALL hail to Ireland's famous son,
Courageous Duke of Wellington!

Thy battles with Napoleon
Shall live in song and story!
Inspired by thee, we'll battle through
Our foemen, who shall find anew
A last, decisive Waterloo
In England's age-old glory.

Young Desmond from the Emerald Isle
Has found a hero worth his while;
Indeed, from any kind of trial
The Iron Duke gains credit.
Says Micky Desmond, "Sure, bedad!
He was the kind of Irish lad
To make a spalpeen proud and glad!"
And, Michael—thou hast said it.



He won his victories without
The raising of a mighty shout;
Nor stooped to make a song about
The enemies he'd beaten;
Though, true, when Waterloo was won
He told us that Napoleon
And all his men, were conquered on
The playing-fields of Eton.

In passing, we may stand apart
To pay respect to Buonaparte,
Who found ambition in his heart
And gave his lifetime to it.
His star has now forever set;
He is defeated, conquered—yet
It was hard luck he should have met
The one man who could do it.

When such a foeman mounts his steed
Then Britain feels her urgent need
For some great Iron Duke—indeed
There's naught but iron will do;
For "Boney," after every jar,
Came up afresh beneath the scar;
Undaunted by Vittoria,
He wanted Waterloo.

May men like Dicky Desmond's friend
Be always ready to defend
Our land, and deal to foes an end
Uncomfortably Sticky;
For Micky, staunch young patriot,
Say enemies will get it hot
When Irishmen are on the spot—
And we agree with Micky.

"Oh, don't jaw! If you're going to help me look for that dashed note, help me look for it—and dry up!"

Frank Nugent proceeded to join in the quest. Major and minor rooted about the Form-room, gathering dust, and occasionally knocking their heads. But all they discovered was that the lost currency note was not in the Second Form room.

"Not here," said Frank at last, as the fag stood breathing hard after his exertions. "You must have dropped it somewhere else, Dicky. Last night in the dorm, perhaps."

"I had it in my pocket in break this morning!" growled Dicky. "I took it out to show to Myers. He said I hadn't one."

"Did you put it back?"

"Do you think I chucked it away?" snorted Dicky. "I can't make it out. It simply couldn't drop out of my pocket."

"You've been ragging, I suppose, and tumbling about somewhere—"

"That young idiot Flip butted into me after class this morning," said Dicky. "I nearly fell over. But not quite. That couldn't have made it fall out of my pocket. It's a blessed mystery. I should think one of the men was larking—only, of course, nobody could nip it out of my pocket without me knowing. Look here, Frank, I've got to find it—I'm giving a spread in the Second to-day. I've promised."

"Well, let's trot round the quad," said

Frank. "I dare say you dropped it out of doors."

Dicky nodded, though not hopefully, and went out with his major. The dusk was already falling in the quad, and fellows were coming in. Gatty and Myers, of the Second, met them at the door.

"Found it?" asked Gatty.

Dicky grunted and shook his head. "Well, you must be an ass to lose ten shillings!" said Myers. "What about that spread?"

"Help me find that dashed note!" grunted Dicky.

"Well, we've helped you," said Gatty. "Looked everywhere. No good keeping on looking that I can see."

"Go and eat coke, then!" retorted Dicky, and he went out into the quad with his brother.

Some of the Remove were punting a footer about, and Bob Cherry shouted to Nugent as he appeared.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Come on, Franky!"

"Busy!" called back Frank. "You fellows chuck that and come and help."

The four members of the Co. left the punters and came up.

"What's the trouble?" asked Harry.

Nugent explained. The Co. exchanged glances and grinned. To Nugent it seemed quite natural to spend his time helping Dicky find his ten-shilling note; but other fellows in the Remove had no time to waste on careless fags. However, they were accustomed to giving

Frank his head where his minor was concerned, so they joined up in the search as cheerfully as they could.

Up and down and round about in the falling dusk went the Famous Five, with Nugent minor, peering into corners, and asking every fellow they met whether he had seen a ten-shilling note. A dozen fellows answered in the negative; but Skinner of the Remove nodded assent. "Yes, rather," he answered. "I saw one ten minutes ago."

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Dicky Nugent. "Where is it?"

"In the tuckshop," answered Skinner.

"In the tuckshop!" repeated Bob. "I wonder it hasn't been picked up already—if it's there."

"You might have picked it up, Skinner," said Nugent.

"Well, I couldn't very well, as it wasn't mine," answered Skinner blandly. "But I saw Mrs. Mimble pick it up."

"Come on," said Frank. "Mrs. Mimble's got it, Dicky, and you've only got to ask her for it."

"Think she'll give it to you?" asked Skinner.

The juniors stared at him. "Of course she will, fathead, if she picked it up!" said Bob. "Why shouldn't she?"

"Well, she picked it up off the counter—" explained Skinner.

"Eh?"

"Coker put it there—"

"What?"

"To pay for a cake—"

It dawned on the search-party that Harold Skinner was indulging his misdirected sense of humour at their expense.

"You silly ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "We were asking you about a ten-bob note that Nugent mi has lost!"

"You didn't say so. You asked me if I'd seen a ten-shilling note. Well, I had—the one Coker paid Mrs. Mimble—Yaroooooooh!" roared Skinner suddenly, as several pairs of hands fastened on him, and sat him down in the quad. "Ow! Wow! Chuck it! Ow!"

The search-party proceeded on their way, leaving Skinner gasping for breath and wishing that he had not been so funny.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Ask Bunter!

"SMITHY!"

"Hallo!"

"Seen a ten-bob note?"

"Dozens!"

"Oh, don't be an ass! Nugent minor's lost a ten-bob note!" said Harry Wharton gruffly.

The search had lasted quite a long time. Nugent minor was obstinately determined not to give it up till he had found the lost note, if he had to go over all Greyfriars School foot by foot—indeed, inch by inch. Ten-bob notes were not too numerous in the Second Form, even at the beginning of term. Moreover, Dicky had promised a spread to his friends in the Second, and it was altogether too uncomfortable to tell them that the spread was not coming off, after all.

Nugent major was sticking to Nugent minor like a man and a brother, and Nugent's friends were sticking to him loyally. But they were all growing fed-up and a little cross. They did not want any of the Bounder's jesting.

"Dear me!" said Smithy. "Nugent mi lost a ten-bob note! Whose was it, Nugent mi?"

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"Mine!" roared Dicky.

"Don't be a funny ass, Smithy!" growled Johnny Bull. "Look here, let's give him the same as Skinner!"

"The samefulness is the proper caper!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Keep your wool on!" said the Bounder, laughing. "I haven't seen your ten-bobber; but perhaps somebody else has."

"Who, then, ass!" asked Wharton.

"Ask Bunter!"

"Bunter?" repeated the juniors.

Vernon-Smith chuckled.

"Bunter was rooting up and down the Remove this morning, trying to raise the wind," he answered. "I think he had been disappointed about a postal order."

"Fathead!"

"After third school he was tucking into tarts at the shop," resumed the Bounder. "He raised the wind somewhere."

"Oh!" said Nugent.

"He was scoffing them like oysters at fourpence each!" grinned Smithy. "He raised the wind. Better ask him if he saw a ten-bob note lying about anywhere."

And Smithy went into the House, laughing.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another.

"Rot!" said Bob. "Bunter wouldn't keep a note he picked up. Even Bunter's got his limit."

"Of course he wouldn't," said Nugent. "Smithy's an ass! That blessed note may have blown away anywhere if Dicky dropped it out of doors."

"We're getting late for tea," remarked Johnny Bull casually.

"Look here, we'd better speak to Bunter!" said Harry Wharton, rather thoughtfully. "I remember he picked up a banknote once and thought it was his—because he wanted it. His jolly old brain works in its own way."

"You cut in to tea, Dicky," said Nugent. "You'll miss it at this rate. We'll go on looking."

"Well, I'm hungry," said Dicky. "I'll get out as soon as I can, and we'll look again after tea."

"Will we?" murmured Johnny Bull, as the fag cut off to the House.

Johnny, at least, had no intention of filling up the evening with a search for that elusive ten-shilling note.

The Removites remained a few minutes after the fag had left them; but it was getting dark, and it was time for the fellows to be in the House. Further searching in the quad was futile, and they were all fed-up. So it was agreed to look for Bunter and ask him if he knew anything of it.

Billy Bunter was not particular in matters of tuck, and no fellow's cake was safe from him; but in matters of money, even Billy Bunter understood the difference between "meum" and "tuum," and it was absurd to suppose that he would "pinch" a currency note. But his fat intellect moved in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, and it was possible that if the fat Owl had picked up the note, he might have formulated some theory that "findings" were "keepings"—or perhaps decided to "borrow" it until his celebrated postal order came.

Anyhow, there was the undoubted fact that Bunter had been stony before third school, and that after third school the Bounder had seen him indulging in reckless expenditure on tarts at the tuckshop. The Famous Five went into the House and proceeded to Study No. 7 in the Remove to interview Bunter.

"I say, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter was blinking out of the doorway of Study No. 7 as the chums of the Remove arrived there.

His fat face was clouded.

"I say, seen Toddy?" he asked. "I say, I believe Toddy's tea-ing out, and there's nothing in the study! You'd hardly believe that he'd forget all about me, would you, after all I've done for him?"

"Looking for you, old fat bean," said Bob. "We—"

The fat face brightened.

"I'll come!" said Bunter at once.

"Eh?"

"Two or three fellows have asked me to tea, as a matter of fact," said Bunter. "But I prefer to tea with my old pals. Come on!"

"You fat ass, we're not asking you to tea—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Nugent minor's lost a ten-bob note—"

"Blow Nugent minor! I'm fed-up with Nugent minor! The less I hear of your minor, Frank Nugent, the better I shall like it!" said Bunter crossly. "Bothering a man about silly fags! I say, though, have you seen Flip?"

"Never mind Flip now," said Harry Wharton. "We—"

"I can't stop here jawing!" said Bunter. "Toddy's out, and I've had nothing but tea in Hall! Mauly kept his foot against his door inside when I went to see him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! I think some of you fellows might lend a chap a few bob till his postal order comes!"

"Think again!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Beast! I dare say you've come back for the new term with nothing in your pockets!" sneered Bunter. "My people always tip me very handsomely. Well, let a fellow pass! I've got to go and look for Flip!"

"You can give Flip a rest!"

"Some fellows have a sense of duty!" said Bunter loftily. "I'm looking after that kid. It's up to me, and I'm doing it! As for borrowing anything of him, of course, I've no such intention."

"Give him a rest!" said Harry Wharton. "He can't have anything to lend you, you fat frump, after you cleared him out yesterday. Look here, Bunter, young Nugent's lost a ten-bob note—"

"Blow young Nugent!"

"Have you found it?" demanded Bob.

"No, you silly ass!"

"Now, look here, Bunter," said Wharton seriously. "We've got to get this clear. You're such a silly fool—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Such a silly fool that there's really no telling what you might do! If you've picked up a ten-bob note, it's young Nugent's."

"I haven't!" roared Bunter.

He blinked at the Famous Five, his very spectacles glittering with indignation.

"Think I'd pinch a note if I picked it up?" he demanded. "Why, you insulting beasts, I—I'll jolly well punch your heads! I dare say you fellows might do such a thing!"

"Why, you fat villain—"

"Yah!"

"Look here, Bunter—"

"Shan't!" roared Bunter. "Go and eat coke, the lot of you! Insulting a chap! I decline to discuss the matter at all! Besides, I've got to see young Flip! I'm hungry—I mean, I'm going to look after that kid; he expects it of me. Let a fellow pass."



The faint form of Horace Coker could be seen in the gloom, but the wild yells of Dicky Nugent could be heard all over the dormitory, as he received the whacking that was meant for Flip!

"Look here, you frabjous ass—"
"Rats!"

Billy Bunter made a rush to escape. The Famous Five were in the way, but they staggered under the charge, with Bunter's terrific weight behind it. The Owl of the Remove got through, and scudded for the stairs.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "After him!"

"Collar the fat frump!"
The Famous Five rushed down the passage in pursuit. Bunter was overtaken as he was passing the door of Study No. 1. Hands gripped him and swung him back.

"Now, you fat freak—"

"Yaroooooh!"

"You frumptious chump—"

"Leggo!"

"You've got to tell us—"

"Beast!"

Bump! Five pairs of hands helped to hurl Bunter into Study No. 1, and he went in headlong. There was a terrific bump as he landed, followed by a still more terrific roar.

"Whoooooop!"

The Famous Five followed him in and shut the door. Billy Bunter sat up, spluttered, and glared at them with a glare that nearly cracked his spectacles.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Discovery!

BUNTER—
"Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter.
"You fat chump—"
"Beast!"

Billy Bunter scrambled to his feet. He spluttered for breath, his fat face red with wrath.

"Now, look here, fatty," said Harry Wharton quietly, "this has got to be cleared up. Nugent minor is raising Cain all over Greyfriars about his blessed ten-bob note, and it's got to be found. If you've found it—"

"I keep on telling you I haven't!" howled Bunter. "Can't you take a fellow's word—specially my word?"

"You were blowing cash on tuck after third school—"

"I wasn't!"

"You fat villain, Smithy saw you!"

"Oh! I—I mean—can't a fellow stand himself a few tarts if he likes?" demanded Bunter indignantly. "No bizney of yours, I suppose. You never paid for them, anyhow."

"Well, who did?"

"I did!" roared Bunter. "You can ask Mrs. Mibble if you like. There was twopence change out of the ten-shilling note, if you want to know."

"The ten-shilling note!" exclaimed Wharton.

"You silly ass," hooted Bunter. "Do you think that fag's ten-bob note was the only one at Greyfriars? The fact is, my postal order came—"

"What!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"I meant to say, there was twopence change out of the postal order—"

"He's had it!" said Johnny Bull. "What's he telling lies for if he hasn't?"

"I'll jolly well punch your head, Bull! Making out that I'd pinch a ten-bob note! I never knew it was lost, or I'd have looked for it. I—I mean, I—I'd have helped Nugent minor look for it."

"You frabjous owl!" exclaimed Wharton. "Can't you see this is serious? You were stony before third school, and afterwards you blow a ten-shilling note at the tuckshop! Tell us where you got the note, or we're bound to believe it was Nugent minor's."

"It was, of course!" said Johnny Bull.

"It wasn't!" yelled Bunter. "Can't a man borrow ten bob from a pal when he's disappointed about a postal order?"

"There's not a lot of chaps in the Remove can lend ten bob at a time," said Bob. "Smithy could, but he wouldn't! Mauly might—he's ass enough. We can ask Mauly—"

"It wasn't a Remove chap!" snapped Bunter.

"Oh, my hat! You've been sticking that kid Flip again?" exclaimed Bob. "I thought you'd cleared him out yesterday."

"Oh really, Cherry! After all I've done for that kid—saving his life and getting Mauly to stand his fees at this school, and—and all that—"

"Why couldn't you say so at first, you fat owl!" growled Johnny Bull. "You ought to be jolly well ashamed of borrowing money off fags."

"I—I—I haven't! I hope I'm not the fellow to borrow from a fag! Besides, I'm going to square when my postal order comes! And I never asked him for it, either! At least, I asked him in break, and he hadn't any money left."

"You benighted idiot, if he hadn't any money in break how could he lend you ten bob after third school?" demanded Nugent.

"Well, he knew I wanted it," said Bunter. "He came along and offered it—entirely of his own accord. Not that it's your bizney! After all I've done for that kid—"

Billy Bunter broke off, startled by the expression that came over the faces of the Famous Five. He blinked from one to another uneasily.

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "It looks—"

"The lookfulness is terrific!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Johnny Bull gave a snort.

"I told you so!" he grunted. "Once a pincher, always a pincher. That young rascal pinched the first day we saw him, in the hols. You can't say I haven't told you so."

Billy Bunter jumped.

He had wondered, vaguely, where Flip had obtained that sudden accession of wealth, but without giving the matter much thought. His fat face was the

picture of dismay as an awful possibility dawned on him.

"Oh crikey!" he gasped. "I—I—I say, you fellows, I—I never knew—in—in fact, n-n-now I come to think of it, Flip never lent me that ten-bob note! It was quite a different chap."

"What?" howled Wharton.

"It—it was a man in the Fourth Form!" gasped Bunter. "I—I'd forgotten, you know; but I remember now, distinctly, that it was a man in the Fourth Form! Temple of the Fourth, you know."

"Shall we ask Temple?" snorted Johnny Bull.

"I—I mean, it—it wasn't Temple. It—it was another chap! I—I forget his name—"

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"You silly owl, try to tell the truth for once," he said. "If that young rotter has been pinching he can't stay at Greyfriars. He was a pincher before Mauly took him in hand; but I was sure that he was going straight now. But—"

"The kid may have picked it up," said Bob.

Nugent shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he said slowly.

"My minor showed it to some other fags in break. I've no doubt Flip saw him. After third school Flip butted into Dicky and nearly knocked him over. Dicky told me so, when I asked him if he'd been ragging again. It looks—"

"The awful young rascal!" said Bob.

"I told you so!" remarked Johnny Bull, with the air of an oracle.

Johnny Bull's chums looked at him with expressions which indicated anything but admiration for his oracular wisdom.

"What about not telling us so again, then?" asked Bob Cherry tartly.

"The told-you-so-fulness of the esteemed Johnny is truly terrific!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Well, I did tell you so!" said Johnny Bull, unmoved. "That young rotter's been a pickpocket ever since he could walk. He picked Nugent mi's pocket. It's plain enough."

"Oh crikey!" groaned Bunter.

It was plain enough, even to Billy Bunter. Dick Nugent's ten-shilling note had not been lost; it had been stolen, and it was the hapless waif who had "pinched" it. It was a disconcerting discovery for the chums of the Remove. Johnny Bull certainly had expected nothing better of the waif of Puggins' Alley; but the other fellows had taken it for granted that Flip, in his new life, would adopt new ways.

"There's one excuse for the poor little beast," said Wharton, at last, "such as it is—he did it for Bunter! That fat scoundrel cleared him out of all his money and wanted more—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"He thinks no end of Bunter. He doesn't know him as we do."

"You cheeky beast!"

"We—we'd better see the young scamp and—and make certain—"

"We're certain now!" growled Johnny Bull. "And the proper place for a thief is up before the Head. And Bunter had better go up, too, as he got the plunder."

"I say, you fellows—" howled Bunter in alarm.

"Oh, shut up, you fat frump!" snapped Wharton. "We'd better get Flip here and talk to him, and see—"

Tap!

Wharton broke off.

"Come in!" he snapped.

The study door opened and Flip of the Second Form came in.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,248.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Chance for Flip!

"MASTER BUNTER 'ere?" asked Flip. "Oh, 'ere you are, sir!"

Flip was looking very bright and cheerful.

He glanced at the Famous Five rather curiously. He could not help noticing the gravity of their faces, and the fact that their eyes fixed on him. But he gave them only a glance. It was Bunter that he had come to see; and Bunter, his generous patron, outweighed in importance all the rest of the Remove; indeed, all the rest of Greyfriars, including the majestic Head himself.

"Lookin' for you, sir!" said Flip cheerfully. "I asked a bloke, and he said you was in 'ere, sir."

Billy Bunter did not answer. He blinked at Flip through his big spectacles. The waif's unbounded gratitude had been very agreeable to Bunter. But if his gratitude had taken the remarkable form of "pinching" for the benefit of his patron, no doubt the fat Owl would have preferred ingratitude.

"I got something for you, sir!" went on Flip. He glanced at the other fellows again. "Mebbe you'll step along to your own study, sir, and speak to a bloke there."

Bunter gasped.

"You—you—you can speak to me here," he stammered. "I—I don't want to see you in my study."

The Famous Five stood silent. Flip had said that he had "something" for Bunter! They wondered dizzily whether it was more loot.

"It's rather private, sir," said Flip, hesitating.

Bunter blinked at the grim faces of the Famous Five. Then he gave the waif a glare.

"You young ass, what do you mean? What the thump are you driving at, blow you?"

Flip started.

"I—I didn't mean for to make you waxy, sir," he said humbly. "I thought p'raps you'd rather I didn't mention it before these blokes, sir. But it's for you to say, Master Bunter. I got the pound."

"The—the pound!" stammered Bunter.

"Yes, sir, what you wanted," said Flip. Under the fascinated gaze of the Famous Five he drew a pound note from his pocket and held it out to the Owl of the Remove. "'Ere it is, sir."

Billy Bunter blinked at it. But he did not stretch out a fat hand to take it. For the first time on record, cash was offered to William George Bunter and found no taker!

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. He turned his spectacles with an appealing blink on the faces of the Famous Five.

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I—I never asked the little idiot for a pound—"

"Oh, sir!" gasped Flip, staring.

"I—I—I mean, I—I may have mentioned that I—I was hard up!" gasped Bunter. "I may have mentioned that I could do with a pound. But—but—"

"And where did you think Flip was going to get a pound, Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton quietly.

"Well, he might have got it from Mauly," stammered Bunter. "Mauly's too jolly mean to lend me anything, but I thought—"

"What are you blokes worriting Master Bunter for, I'd like to know?" demanded Flip aggressively. "No blooming business of yours, is it?"

"Where did you get that pound, Flip?" asked Harry.

"Find out!" retorted Flip.

"Where did you get the ten bob you gave Bunter this morning?"

"Find out!" said Flip again.

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I never knew—I—I never dreamed—" groaned the wretched Owl. "I—I thought he might get it from Mauly, but—but— Oh dear!"

"You fat villain!"

Flip was still holding the pound note. But he had let his hand drop to his side; it was clear that Bunter was not going to take it. A look that was half-sullen, half-defensive, came over his face.

"It—it wasn't my fault!" gasped Bunter. "Think I fancied that the little beast had been pinching— Oh crikey!"

Flip gave a start.

"Oh, sir!" he gasped.

Bunter glared at him.

"You dishonest little beast!" he howled. "Didn't I tell you not to pinch? Didn't you promise—"

"I—I—" stammered Flip.

"I say, you fellows, you take him to the Head!" gasped Bunter. "You jolly well tell the Head that I knew nothing about it! Mind you mention that! It's important."

Flip looked at him. Bunter's fat face was the picture of dismay and terror. The bare thought that he might be supposed to be a party to Flip's peculiar methods of raising the wind, terrified the fat Owl. His fat knees knocked together.

"I say, you fellows," he groaned. "I'll square Nugent minor! He will have to wait till my postal order comes—"

"Shut up!" roared Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"What the thump are we going to do about this?" said Harry Wharton, with a wrinkle of perplexity in his brow. "The poor little beast doesn't seem to know any better. I—I quite think that he's only done this for Bunter. I believe he's given up pinching on his own."

"Look here, you beasts, you leave me out of it!" howled Bunter. "Why, people might make out that I knew all the time! Oh crikey! The—the fact is, I never had that ten bob from Flip—"

"What?" howled the juniors.

"It—it was all a mistake!" gasped Bunter. "I never had it, you know. I'm prepared to swear I never did! I say, you fellows, you back me up like pals, you know! You can all swear I never had it—"

"Oh, kick him!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Yaroooh! Keep off, you beasts! I think you ought to back up a pal, after all I've done for you! Why, I might be sacked all through that horrid little beast!"

"Oh, sir!" gasped Flip, almost breaking down. "I—I wanted to 'elp, sir, you being 'ard up, sir, and wanting the spondulics! I never thought you'd know, sir; I knowed you'd be down on pinching! And I give you my davy, sir, I'd never 'ave pinched only I wanted to 'elp you, sir, arter all your kindness to me—"

"Oh crikey!" groaned Bunter.

"I'd 'ave done anything for you, sir," said Flip earnestly. "I'd 'ave pinched the 'ead's gold watch if you'd wanted it, sir!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"I don't see 'ow these blokes spotted it," said Flip resentfully. "They might 'ave minded their own business! Now

(Continued on page 27.)

OOM, the TERRIBLE!

HOW THE STORY STARTED.

Oom, the Terrible, is a Flying-Bandit who aims to be master of the world. He finds two formidable foes in Tom Dare and his brother Rick, who have sworn to bring him to book. Tom succeeds in wrecking the special wireless apparatus which controls Oom's aeroplanes, and sets up an even more powerful one himself. In averting an explosion, however, the young inventor is injured, and Rick is left to carry on. An attack on Oom's stronghold meets with little success, for Rick's plane is put out of action and the Flying-Bandit makes good his get-away by means of a secret exit. Next Rick decides to search for Maleze, Oom's dwarf servant, who had been seriously injured in a previous conflict. Through him, he hopes to learn the secret of Oom's new hiding-place. "Don't forget he tried to poison you and Tom," says Silas Merger, Rick's millionaire friend.

(Now read on.)



Kill or Cure!

"A W, that was the little beggar's nature—the way he's been brought up!" said Rick, with an awkward laugh. "You see, he's little more than a savage, and, after all, he was only doing what his boss ordered. Anyway, I can't bear to think of him lyin' there, neglected and alone and sufferin'!"

"You're a funny kid. You go and break an enemy's arm one minute, and set it like a real sawbones th' next; then you want to mend up th' reptile that tried to do you and your brother in! Waal, have it your own way; you Britishers don't seem to bear malice much!"

"I do to Oom, and don't you forget it!" cried Rick hotly. "I'd watch him swimmin' in boilin' oil and never turn a hair! That 'ud warm him up a bit, and he needs it—for he's sure one of the coldest-blooded specimens that's ever been allowed to live! With such brains as he's got, to be head of a gang of thieves! What a waste!"

"Waal, it takes all sorts to make a

world. But d'ye think we could worm the secret of this hidden exit out of Maleze with a coaxin' or peaceful persuasion?" asked Silas, with a smile. "It'd be mighty useful to have another way in and out of the durned place without always havin' to fly hyar, and th' police 'ud find it usefu' as well."

"Well, we've got to find Oom first, for there are no signs of him here," said Rick, looking around the place.

Then he suddenly remembered Tom's story of the trapdoor in the floor of the Flying-Bandit's "office," and in a few moments he had it open.

He could feel a fresh, cool breeze coming up from below and heard a faint sound as of someone moaning.

They went down the slanting ladder warily, and entered a sort of cell hewn

out of the solid rock. It was here that Maleze had been left hidden, without attention, food, or medicine.

"Sufferin' snakes, but this is jest too much!" muttered Merger, as he looked at the tiny face of the dwarf, who was suffering from loss of blood and in high fever. "He's delirious right enough. Let's carry him upstairs and make the poor li'l freak comfor'ble. I'm no sawbones, but I know a leetle bit, an' I've got a small med'cine chest I brought along in case of accidents. I reckon I kin rec-lieve li'l monkey-face thar of some of his pains."

Whilst he hurried back to the plane to fetch the necessaries, Rick went to the desk and found the secret drawer as Oom had directed. Then he opened the

safe as Tom had told him and twirled the indicator.

"Beryl!" he muttered "Now, what made the skunk think of that name for the key word? Must have been thinkin' of Beryl Merger, I guess. As he couldn't get the girl herself he used her name for his safe!"

Rick soon found the small cash-box Oom had described, but postponed opening it until later. He saw that all the jewel boxes Tom had been compelled to leave behind were empty and the stack of notes had also gone.

"Oom's got away with the remains of his fortune, all right!" he muttered. "It must have given him a nasty jar when he found that the pick of the bunch had disappeared!"

Merger was soon back with his battered little medicine chest, a relic of his frontier days, and he knelt beside the tossing form of the dwarf and examined the wounds which had been but roughly bandaged with anything that came handy.

"Geo whiz!" he muttered, as he tenderly bathed the festering wounds and bound them up with clean bandages. "This li'l feller must have a wonderful constitution to have lived through what he has. Waal, he won't last much longer, but I'll do what I kin for th' pore critter!"

It was wonderful to see the deft manner in which the rough ex-plainsman set about his job, and the tenderness with which he handled the shrunken form.

For over an hour they worked on the shrivelled little form that yet held so much vitality, and, at last, Maleze's eyes opened. He looked up at them with a piteous expression in his eyes, like a dog that expects a beating. He smiled at sight of Rick's sympathetic face and whispered:

"'Allo, w'ite mans—you plisner?"

"Not this time, Maleze. Oom's gone. But don't you try to talk, old chap; you've been real bad, and we'll nurse you back to health again and take you away from here and look after you, see?"

Maleze shook his little monkey head. "No more—see forest—no more see home—me die plitty klick! Oom—heem gone, yo' say?"

"Yes; you won't see him any more, either," said Rick. "But don't try to talk. Go to sleep."

"Sleep—plenty long sleep!" muttered the little man. "Oom go—me sollee—me want keel Oom, but he keel me! Say, you goo' feller—me tell—Oom secler—'Ssh! Down below—cellar floor—heem move along—and go 'way—out—o' here—"

He gave a gurgling gasp, and his tousled head rolled back on to the pillow.

"He's gone!" whispered Rick.

Silas evidently thought the same, until he held the skinny little monkey wrist and felt the slight beating of a pulse beneath his fingers.

"Thar's jest a chance—a very faint 'un!" he whispered. "It'll either kill him right away or bring him back. Injun stuff—deadly pizen in some ways, but new life in others!"

He brought out a peculiarly shaped flask, covered with curious-looking characters and unscrewed the top.

Rick whiffed a pungent odour that made him choke.

"Hold his head up, but turn your face away," said Silas.

Holding the flask upside down, he

allowed a few drops of its contents to run down the dwarf's shrivelled throat. Then he rubbed some on the man's upper lip and more on his shrunken chest.

The dwarf's throat worked convulsively, the thin chest heaved, and a strong shudder ran through him. Then his eyes opened, staring fixedly at the two white faces, and, with a tired sigh, he rolled over, and once more his eyes closed.

"Dead?" asked Rick, in a whisper. "Not on your life, boyee!" proclaimed the backwoods doctor triumphantly. "That stuff 'ud finish a white man, but I've seen it bring a dead Injun back to life! Hallo! What's th' fuss?"

"Rick—Mr. Rick, can yer come, sir?" came in Alf Higgs' anxious voice, and the Cockney burst into the room with white face, then pulled up sharp at sight of Silas Merger.

"What—is it, Alf?" asked Rick anxiously.

"It's—it's to do with you, sir!" faltered the little Cockney. "It's bad news—rotten bad news—about Miss Beryl!"

"What—ill—accident?" stammered the millionaire.

"W-worse than that, sir," replied Alf, hardly knowing where to look. "Radio message from Lakeside. Miss Beryl has been kidnapped—disappeared yesterday when out ridin' wi' Mr. Terry Page, who was shot down. I'm sorry—"

For a moment Silas Merger looked as if he was about to collapse; then, with a mighty effort, he mastered his emotion.

"It's Oom!" he whispered. "That fiend has got my daughter at last! Gosh, boys, if he harms my li'l gal, I'll git him if I have to pull th' world to pieces to find him. Come on, let's be goin'!"

A Shock for Silas!

RICK was horror-struck at Alf Higgs' news about the kidnapping of Beryl Merger by Oom; he shared his brother's affection for the bright, high-spirited girl who had made such pals with the two young engineers, and looked upon them almost as brothers.

He clutched the older man's arm, however, and cried:

"Hold on a minute, Silas, and let's think things out! When did you say Beryl was captured, Alf? Yesterday? Then, by gum, it can't be Oom who's done it, Silas, for he couldn't have got there in time. Besides, wasn't I talking to him just an hour or so ago? No, it's someone else—"

"By hokey! I've got it! Oom has gone into partnership with Gonzalez's brother, Black Monte Pedrillo, the outlaw of the Andes. He'd want to do something spectacular of this sort to impress Oom, and what more impressive than kidnapping the daughter of a millionaire after Oom himself had failed?"

"Yes, yes, maybe yer right, Rick. But how does that help?" groaned Merger. "What difference does it make to my poor gal to be in the hands of that half-breed fiend instead of Oom's? She will be scared stiff, in any case!"

"Not Beryl. She'll know that we'll be on her track in no time. Besides, I found out where Black Monte's latest hiding-place is, and where Oom is going to join him. We can get there just as quick and rescue Beryl. I'll get on to Lakeside again and find out all particu-

lars. It's thunderin' bad luck old Tom's out of the runnin', for he'd have been off on her track in no time!"

There was a shock awaiting Rick, however, for the wireless operator at Lake Titicaca informed him that his brother had insisted on setting out in his own plane.

"He just laughed at the doctor and everyone else who tried to persuade him to stay in bed," said the operator. "He just brushed 'em aside, and staggered down to the hangar, and was away. His arm was still in the sling, but he took the bus up as if nothing was wrong with him—"

"What madness!" muttered Rick. "But that's Tommy all over. Say, have they any sort of idea who it was kidnapped the girl, Harris?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply. "Mister Terry Page, who was shot down and is in a pretty bad way, said that it was a party of four, who ambushed them from the fringe of the forest. He hadn't time to put up any sort of a fight before they shot him down, killed the horses, and grabbed Miss Merger. It was some Spanish-Indian looking fellers, and they took off in a plane afterwards."

"It's Monte Pedrillo without a doubt!" Rick announced to Merger. "Alf, just how long will it be before you can get that plane ready for the air—so's we can depend upon her, I mean?"

"Couple o' hours, sir," said the Cockney confidently. "If yer can git the power by that time, I'll 'ave 'er fixed up to take-off like new."

"The power's there any minute we want to use it, and I gave orders for 'em to stand by all ready to give us the juice, full power. We ought to be able to hop across just about twice as quick as either the bandit or Oom, Silas; and if Tom's on the right track as well—we shall give 'em something to think about between us!"

The millionaire gave him a grateful glance, for he knew Rick was speaking thus cheerfully more to hearten him up than anything else, for it was impossible to be certain as to what had happened to Beryl, or whose clutches she was in.

Alf and his staff of engineers certainly worked like Trojans, and the wireless plane was repaired well under the time that he had originally stated. He tested the engines, and was delighted to find that they responded even better than before, developing a speed that even Oom had never got from them.

Rick had seized the opportunity of filling up every available space in the big plane with new stores, so that they could remain in the air for an almost indefinite time.

Merger was fidgety and nervous, anxious for them to be off. But he had to bow to Rick's orders, as he could not do without the young engineer, and the lad refused to be hurried.

Silas had an idea that Rick had some plan at the back of his mind of which he had said nothing, and this idea was strengthened when Rick insisted on taking Gonzalez, the wireless operator, with them.

"Yes, he may come in useful," the lad said, with a curious little smile. "Besides, I don't care about leaving him behind, as he's the only feller here that understands wireless, and I don't want to give him the chance of sending off warning messages to Oom, or receiving any from his chief, see?"

"How about the prisoners—Oom's gang? Can't leave 'em locked up all the

time, they'd starve—not that that'd matter much!"

"Don't worry. I've armed all the fellers whom Oom had kidnapped, and they'll be only too pleased to act as gaolers on their former bosses. Some of 'em have been here for years and seem half afraid to leave. Oom has so filled 'em up with the idea that their names stink as members of his gang that they're scared to face civilisation again. You remember Terry Page was a bit that way for a time, until he discovered that nobody either knew nor cared that he had been working for the Flying-Bandit!"

"Er—I guess, if yer don't mind, I'd like to take th' leetle dwarf along," said the millionaire awkwardly. "I've kind o' taken to him now, an' as I've started doctorin' him I'd like to continue th' treatment—see?"

So Malezo was carried into the plane and installed in a small cabin with Ham as personal attendant.

Gonzalez was stowed away in a locked store-room; but they did not anticipate much trouble from him, with his broken arm, and, anyway, the Spanish operator was not distinguished for his courage.

A shock was awaiting Silas Merger, however, when, whilst the great plane was in full flight westwards over the Andes, the door of the cabin stealthily opened, and the lithe and sneaking form of Gonzalez stole into the cabin. He had an automatic in his hand, and, as the millionaire's own holstered gun was hanging on a hook well out of his reach, he put up his hands at the Spaniard's command.

"Chuck it, Silas, it isn't loaded!" came a well-known voice from the Spanish operator.

"Waul, if it ain't young Rick himself!" gasped the millionaire. "Say, I'd never have known it wasn't th' Greaser! What's th' great idea, kid?"

"Well, I wanted to try the disguise to see whether I could get away with it," explained Rick. "Ham took Gonzalez's clothes away, and it struck me that the Spaniard is about the only feller who could get to see both Oom and Monte Pedrillo, and maybe get into this Don Texado's place. I have a hunch that Monte Pedrillo, Don Texado, and Oom are playing a sort of three-sided game with Beryl as the pawn. As Gonzalez, I'm going to get into the Hacienda del Texado and find out just what's going on, and maybe we'll be able to give Oom & Co. a little jolt that'll surprise 'em!"

(Next week's instalment is more thrilling than ever. Don't miss it, chums, whatever you do!)

THE TERROR OF THE FORM!

(Continued from page 24.)

all the fat's in the blooming fire! Look 'ere, sir, you say the word and I'll take this 'ere pound note back to Coker—"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton. "You've been pinching from Coker? Does he know?"

Flip sniffed. "Course he don't, a fool like 'im! Don't I know 'ow to pick a pocket? Why, I'd 'ave the weskit off you if I liked, and you wouldn't know!"

The chums of the Remove stared at Flip. It was not easy to decide how to deal with him.

"Can you put that note back without Coker knowing?" asked Harry Wharton at last.

"Course I can, if I want." "Go and do it, then, you young ass!" Flip looked at Bunter.

"Go and do it, you silly little idiot!" hissed Bunter.

"I'll do anything you tell me, sir!" said Flip submissively—and he left the study.

There was silence when he was gone. Harry Wharton looked round at his chums. Johnny Bull's face was grim and uncompromising. But the rest of the Co. were evidently disposed to temper justice with mercy.

"Look here, you men," said Bob Cherry, breaking a long silence. "I think that poor little beast ought to have another chance. It's really all Bunter's fault—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"A pincher's a pincher," said Johnny Bull. "The proper place for a pincher is chokey! I told you so, too."

"Oh, dry up, old bean!" said Nugent. "Look here, we can make up the ten bob for Dicky—that's all right. And—"

"I'll settle that, of course," said Bunter.

"Hand it out, then."

"I mean, when my postal order comes! Yaroooooh! If you kick me again, you beast, I'll— Yarooooop!"

"My esteemed chums," said Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh. "Let us temper the esteemed wind to the shornful lamb. The temperfulness of absurd justice with ridiculous mercy is the proper caper."

Johnny Bull gave a grunt, but he did not speak.

"We'll give him another chance!" decided Wharton. "He did it for Bunter, but he knows now that even Bunter draws a line somewhere—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

Flip came back into the study. He took no notice of the Famous Five, but fixed his eyes anxiously on Billy Bunter's fat countenance.

"I done it, sir," he said.

"Look here, Flip!" said the captain of the Remove, "we're going to give you another chance. If you ever pinch anything again, you go before the Head—which means that you go out of Greyfriars, neck and crop. You've got to promise—and we'll give you a chance to keep to it."

"I'll do what Master Bunter says," answered Flip. "If Master Bunter says so—"

"Of course I do, you little idiot!" howled Bunter.

"Orlright, sir!" said Flip. "I give you my word, sir, I'll never pinch nothing no more, sir. I 'ope you ain't wild with me, sir."

"Oh, get out!" growled Bunter.

"Yessir!" said Flip—and he left the study again.

"Well, that's that!" said Harry Wharton.

"What are you going to do now, you fellows?" asked Bunter.

The Famous Five did not tell Bunter what they were going to do.

They did it.

Five pairs of hands were laid on the Owl, and he was whirled through the door.

Richard Nugent, of the Second, was both surprised and pleased when his major presented him with a ten-shilling note after tea. It was not the same one that had been lost; but that did not matter. The promised spread came off in the Second, after all, and great was the enjoyment thereof.

Billy Bunter, still disappointed about a postal order, remained in his chronic state of hard-up; but even Bunter did not think again of raising the wind from his peculiar protege in the Second Form. That source of supply had dried up, in which circumstances it was probable that Flip would not see very much of his generous patron. In fact, he was likely to see very little of him. Which perhaps was not a bad thing for the wail of Greyfriars.

THE END.

(Next Saturday's MAGNET will contain a screamingly funny story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled: "BILLY BUNTER'S 'CERT'!" Don't miss it, chums. It's one long laugh from beginning to end!)

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And a merry old soul was he;
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He called for a light,
And he called for his B.D.V.*



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