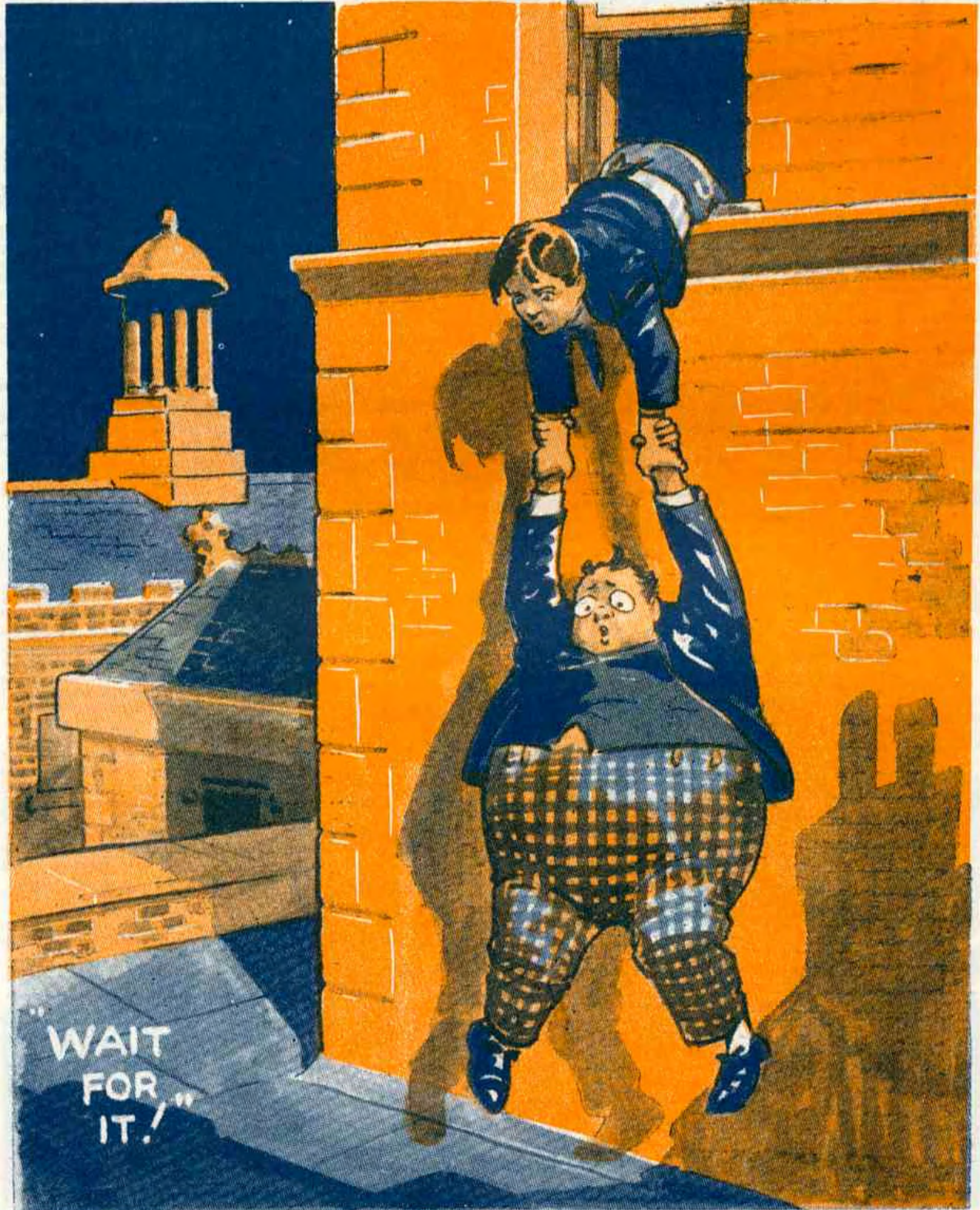


The BRIGHTEST BOYS' BOOK for the DULL EVENINGS!

The MAGNET²^D



TURN YOUR SPARE MOMENTS TO PROFIT—SEE BELOW!



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.

AS you know, I am always pleased to give my readers what advice I can, and this week I have received a letter from R. H. Smith, of Edmonton, who tells me

HE WANTS TO BE AN ADVERTISING AGENT.

As he has had a secondary school education, he ought to be suitable for this profession, and the best advice I can give him is to write to several advertising agencies and ask if they have a vacancy for a junior on their staffs. He will find the addresses in the Buff Book, which he can see at any post office or public library.

A good knowledge of commercial matters is essential, but the principal requirement for an advertising agent is initiative! He must possess a good personality and be able to talk convincingly. If my chum is able to impress people, he should find no difficulty in getting on. He must not be downhearted if he doesn't get a junior's job straight away, but if he keeps on "pegging away" he will probably succeed. Perhaps it would be better for him, as he lives in London, to call upon various advertising agencies and ask to see the manager. That will give him a better chance to demonstrate his ability.

From John Robertson, of Borough-bridge, comes a letter asking if I will explain to him

THE UNIFORMS OF THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

Their uniforms are similar to those worn in the Navy, but, in place of the curl which surmounts a naval officer's arm-bands, a Mercantile Marine officer has a diamond-shaped design in the middle of the bands.

A captain wears four half-inch gold bands, the two centre ones forming themselves into a diamond. A chief officer wears three half-inch gold bands with a diamond on the centre one. A second officer wears two half-inch bands with a diamond between them, and a third officer wears one half-inch gold band with a diamond on it. An uncertificated officer wears a quarter-inch gold band with the diamond design. A cadet or an apprentice wears no arm bands.

There are eight brass buttons on the uniform and these can be either of the "Naval Crown" design, or else the

particular design of any shipping company. The cap badge consists of an anchor, with a crest of the Naval Crown above it and a gold laurel wreath around it. Only a captain or a chief engineer wears a gold design around the peak of the cap.

HAVE you ever heard of A "BRASSBOUNDER"?

My chum also asks me to tell him what this expression means. It is the term for an apprentice or a cadet. A boy who goes to sea, with the intention of becoming an officer must serve for at least four years as an apprentice. During that time he is a "brassbounder." If he is abroad when his term of apprenticeship comes to an end, he can be sent home as a passenger. More often, though, he is kept on as an uncertificated officer, and attains the privilege of wearing the quarter-inch gold stripe until such time as he passes his second officer's examination.

The next letter on my desk to-day comes from D. C. Jones, of 19, Tredegar Road, Ebbw Vale, Mon, who sends along

A PRIZE-WINNING LIMERICK.

It well deserves the splendid leather pocket wallet which I have sent along to him. Here's his winning effort:

Said Bunter to Cherry one day:
"I think I am fading away."
But with Wharton's boot helping,
He scooted away yelping.
Cried Bob: "He's been truthful—
Hooray!"

Now, chums, what about your limerick? Have you sent one along yet? If not, don't delay!

ANORTH London reader tells me that he saw a car the other day which had no number plate, and he wants to know why this was. Must not all cars carry number plates? he asks.

THE CAR WITHOUT A NUMBER PLATE

must have been the King's car. It is the only car which is allowed to travel in this country without a number. If my chum had listened carefully, he might have heard that the sound made by its horn was

unlike that made by any other car. All policemen know this particular sound, and whenever they hear it they take steps to direct the traffic so that a clear passage is allowed for the King's car. The particular colouring of the King's car is also known to them, of course.

Now for a few

REPLIES IN BRIEF

to several queries which have been sent in by various readers.

Joining the "Mounties" ("Anxious Inquirer").—Recruits for the Canadian North-West Mounted Police are only taken at the principal Canadian cities. There are no recruiting depots in this country. Applicants must be able to ride and shoot. As there is already a very large waiting list no further recruits are being considered at the present moment.

A Reader Who Blushes (D. S., of Newcastle).—Blushing is caused by self-consciousness. You can only cure yourself by will power. Try to discover what it is which makes you self-conscious, and then determine to eradicate it.

Making a Hectograph (H. Scholes, of Prestwich).—Soak an ounce of gelatine in cold water for fifteen hours. Pour away the surplus water. Take six and a half fluid ounces of glycerine, and heat to the boiling point of water; then pour the glycerine into the gelatine. Pour into a shallow tin and leave to set. Aniline ink must be used for taking copies.

There's just time for a brief yarn before I get on to next week's programme. This rib-tickler comes from "Magnet Reader," of 4, Lawrence Street, Romley, and I have had great pleasure in sending him along a magnificent penknife for it:



Manager: "These cars are good hill-climbers, sir."

Customer: "Yes, I know. The last one you sold me tried to climb a lamp-post!"



THERE'S a magnificent treat in store for you next week, chums! Don't you think that Frank Richards has surpassed himself in his recent yarns of the Greyfriars chums? In next week's tale, which is entitled:

"BOLD, BAD BUNTER!"

you'll read more about the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. Take my tip and ask your newsagent to reserve a copy for you. There's always a greater demand than ever for the MAGNET at this time of the year, and I shouldn't like any of my regular readers to be disappointed by being told that their newsagent is "sold out."

There'll be an extra-special issue of the "Greyfriars Herald," another full-of-thrills instalment of "Oom, the Terrible," together with our usual shorter articles.

To-ral-oo, chums!

YOUR EDITOR.

**WOULD
YOU
LIKE**

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.).

HAVE A GO AT WINNING ONE OF THESE TOPPING PRIZES TO-DAY!

BILLY BUNTER'S 'CERT'!



A New Long Complete School Story of Harry Wharton & Co., with Billy Bunter, the world's funniest fat boy in the leading role. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Sporting!

“ONE each!” said Bob Cherry.
“I say, you fellows—”
“And one for you, Bunter!”
“Oh, good!”

It was morning break at Geyfriars, and a number of juniors had gathered round the rack to look for letters.

Harry Wharton & Co., of the Remove, were among them.

The new term was scarcely a week old, and the chums of the Remove had returned to school enriched by tips from affectionate relatives. But in the Lower Fourth riches took unto themselves wings and flew away. A fellow always found plenty of roads for his loose cash—more roads than cash, in fact.

Now, the Famous Five, like the seed in the parable, had fallen in a stony place, which made them rather more eager than usual for letters from home.

Letters from home, of course, were always welcome. But they were more than welcome when a fellow was stony. It was always possible that some pater or uncle would remember that he had been a boy himself once upon a time, and would slip in a currency note along with good advice and sage exhortations.

The Famous Five, like the Early Christians, had their possessions more or less in common. In a time of dearth a remittance for one meant an improved state of finances for all. So five faces brightened considerably at the sight of a letter each all round. It was not only possible, but exceedingly probable, that among five letters there was at least one that contained a tip.

Billy Bunter, of course, was on the

spot. Billy Bunter was expecting a postal order. He had, in fact, been expecting it for some time—quite a considerable time. He had, indeed, been expecting it so long that perhaps some of the keenness had worn off his expectation; for his fat face did not express much satisfaction when Bob Cherry tossed him a letter from the rack. He blinked at it through his big spectacles, and gave a grunt.

Billy Bunter was broke on Monday.

Was worth five pounds on Tuesday.

Backed a horse on Wednesday.

Was broke again on Thursday.

Was nearly “sacked” on Friday.

But he still wanted to back horses on Saturday!

“That’s from the pater. Any more for me, Cherry?”

Having recognised Mr. Bunter’s handwriting on the envelope, Billy Bunter did not seem very eager to open the letter. The chance of a remittance from Mr. Bunter was very slim. Bunter, indeed, displayed more interest in the other fellows’ letters than in his own, once he had ascertained that his own came from his respected parent.

“I say, you fellows—”

“Here you are, old beans,” said Bob, handing the letters round to his friends. “Wharton, Nugent, Bull, Inky—one each!”

“I say—” squeaked Bunter.

“Shut up, old fat man!” said Harry Wharton. “We’ve all got letters—”

“I say, you fellows, hold on!” said Billy Bunter. “Don’t open those letters for a minute! I say, be sports, you know.”

“What are you driving at, fathead!” asked Johnny Bull politely.

“I’m going to propose—”

“What?”

“I’m going to propose—”

“My only hat!” ejaculated Bob Cherry. “Better put a mask on or something first, or you’ll get refused.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“You silly ass!” roared Bunter. “When I say I’m going to propose, you footling fathead, I don’t mean I’m going to propose. I mean I’m going to propose—”

“Lucid!” said Bob.

“The lucidity is terrific!” remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. “The jawfulness is also great!”

“Look here, you men, I’m going to propose—”

“Leave it till your postal order comes,” suggested Frank Nugent. “You can’t propose on your expectations.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Will you listen to a chap?” shrieked Bunter. “I’m going to propose a sporting arrangement. Make you a sporting offer, you know. Look here, we’re pals, ain’t we?”

“Are we?”

“And, being pals, let’s stick together,” said Bunter. “We’re all stony.”

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all of us hard up. We've got a letter each. It's jolly likely that one of us has a remittance. See? All our people can't be such beasts as to bung letters at us with nothing in them."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Well, then, before we open the letters, let's agree to whack out fair all round," said Bunter. "That's a sporting proposition. I think very likely there's a postal order in my letter—"

"Gammon!"

"Oh, really, Bull! I've been expecting a postal order for some time. Well, it may be in this letter. Or perhaps a banknote—a fiver or a tenner. You fellows know I often get fivers and tenners from Bunter Court, don't you?"

"No!" answered the Famous Five with one voice.

"Beasts! I mean, listen to me, old chaps. It stands to reason that one of us has bagged something, with all these letters. Well, let's make a sporting arrangement. We agree to whack out all round whatever there may be in the letters, see? Everybody gets a look-in that way. I can tell you this is a generous offer, because I'm practically certain there's a remittance in my letter."

"You're jolly certain there isn't, or you jolly well wouldn't make the offer!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! I say, you fellows, don't be rotters, you know," urged Bunter. "Be sports, like me."

The Famous Five chuckled.

Evidently the sight of his father's "fist" on the envelope had convinced Billy Bunter that there was no remittance in it. Hence his generous "sporting" offer. Certainly, had he supposed that there was a possibility that Mr. Bunter had enclosed cash, Bunter's fat fingers would have jerked the envelope open very quickly. The Owl of the Remove was making his sporting offer on easy terms.

"I say, you fellows, be sports," urged Bunter. "I'm taking the risk of whacking out a big remittance, you know."

"The riskfulness is not terrific!" chuckled Hurree Singh.

"Don't be mean and funky," said Bunter. "There may be a postal order in my letter. There may be a fiver! There may be a tenner! Very likely there's nothing in your letters. I'm really thinking of you fellows in making this sporting offer."

Billy Bunter blinked anxiously at five grinning faces.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Let's!" he said.

"Why, you silly ass," grunted Johnny Bull, "you know there's nothing in Bunter's letters, and that he jolly well knows it!"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Quite," agreed Wharton. "But if any of us has a remittance we're going to whack it out all round, and Bunter is certain to stick us for some of it. So it's as broad as it is long."

"Rot!" said Johnny Bull.

"Look here, Bull, you shut up!" said Bunter warmly. "You can let Wharton be sporting if you can't be sporting yourself!"

"Why, you cheeky porpoise," roared Johnny Bull in great wrath, "I've a jolly good mind—"

"I say, you fellows, never mind Bull," said Bunter. "It's agreed, isn't it, we whack out fair all round?"

Four members of the Co. looked at Johnny Bull. Johnny gave a snort and nodded.

"Oh, I don't mind!" he said. "That fat frump is diddling us. But if you want to be diddled, don't mind me."

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"Done, then!" said Wharton.

And he opened his letter. Four closely written pages, in the hand of his Aunt Amy, were revealed. That was all.

"Oh, rotten!" grunted Bunter. "Let's see yours, Bob."

Bob Cherry opened his letter and grinned. It was from his father, Major Cherry, and it was brief, but to the point. With soldierly brevity, Major Cherry recommended his son to be careful to keep within his allowance, as it was impossible, in present circumstances, for anything to be added thereunto.

"Might be something in yours, Franky!" said Bunter.

"It's my sister's fist!" grinned Nugent. "I hardly fancy Dolly is sending me a tip." And his prediction was verified when he opened the letter. Dolly wasn't.

"Inky, old chap—"

"My esteemed epistle is from the India Office," said the Nabob of Bhanipur, "and it is terrifically unlikely that the absurd and ridiculous official is sending me cashful tips." And Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh drew an official-looking letter from the envelope, and nothing more.

"Oh crumbs!" said Bunter. He turned his spectacles on Johnny Bull, still hopeful. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. "Look here, Bull, open that letter! Don't keep a fellow on tenterhooks."

Johnny Bull grunted and opened his letter. Then he grinned. It really was probable that Johnny was getting a tip. But the probability had not materialised.

"Blank!" he said.

"Well, my only hat!" exclaimed Bunter, in utter disgust. "A letter each all round—and nothing in any of them! I call it sickening! What the thump did they waste the stamps for?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It never rains but it pours!" said Bob Cherry dismally. "Looks like tea in Hall to-day, you men. Stony all round."

"Perhaps Bunter's postal order's come, though," said Johnny Bull, with deep sarcasm. "Bunter hasn't opened his letter yet."

Billy Bunter did not seem in a hurry. Evidently his hopes of being in funds that day had quite vanished, now that the correspondence of the Famous Five had been drawn blank.

"Go it, Bunter!" said Nugent, laughing. "There's a chance in a billion that your pater may have played up."

Billy Bunter jabbed a fat thumb into his letter, and jerked it open. But there was no hope in his fat face now. His fat fingers drew out a folded sheet, and as he opened it, something crisp fluttered to the floor.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry.

Bunter's eyes almost started through his spectacles. He made a jump at the crisp slip of paper that had fluttered from the letter. He grabbed it up and blinked at it.

"Oh crikey!" he gasped.

It was a five-pound note!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Not A Sporting!

—A—A FIVER!

"A—A FIVER!" Billy Bunter gasped. He blinked at the bank-note through his big spectacles with bulging eyes of amazement, as if he could hardly believe either his eyes or

his spectacles. Indeed, he hardly could. Considering the magnificence of that palatial residence, Bunter Court, and the immense wealth of the Bunter tribe—according to Billy Bunter—there should have been nothing astonishing in a fiver arriving for the heir of so much affluence. Nevertheless, Bunter was astonished. He was so astonished that he fairly goggled at the five-pound note. "A—a—a fiver!" he repeated blankly.

"Great pip!"

"The great-pipfulness is terrific."

A number of Remove fellows had gathered round, to see the result of the "sporting" arrangement between the Famous Five and the fat Owl. Its unexpected result made them roar.

"A fiver for Bunter!" ejaculated Skinner. "What silly ass said that the age of miracles was past?"

"A jolly old fiver!" exclaimed the Bounder. "You men are in luck!"

"The luckfulness is preposterous!" chuckled Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Five quids between six of us," said Johnny Bull grimly.

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

The expression that came over Billy Bunter's fat face as Johnny made that remark, was extraordinary. It was, as Skinner observed, worth a guinea a box. Bunter certainly, had not had the remotest expectation of finding cash in his letter, when he made that sporting offer. But it was the unexpected that had happened. Five letters had been drawn blank—and Billy Bunter's letter contained a remittance—and a remittance of unusual magnitude! Bunter's sporting offer had come home to roost, as it were.

The fat Owl's jaw dropped. His podgy fingers closed almost convulsively on the fiver, as he realised what he had done.

Equal whacks all round, in the only remittance, meant nearly a "quid" each for the Famous Five—and for Bunter. To be exact, it was the sum of sixteen shillings and eightpence each for the six fellows—including the owner of the fiver.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The look on Bunter's face made the juniors shriek.

"We're in luck, after all!" chortled Bob Cherry. "My hat! Who'd have thought it? Good old Bunter!"

"Good old sport!" chuckled Nugent.

"Let's see, how does it work out?" asked Johnny Bull. "Sixteen bob—sixteen-and-six—"

"Sixteen-and-eight!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Well, you're in luck, too, Bunter—you get sixteen-and-eight out of that fiver, and you didn't really expect anything."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Bunter's a jolly old sportsman!" said Vernon-Smith. "See how jolly keen he is to whack it out, according to arrangement."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

Bunter did not look keen.

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

"You're caught, old man!" roared Peter Todd, in great hilarity. "You set out to diddle these chaps, and you've diddled yourself."

"I—I say—"

"Better keep an eye on him!" chortled the Bounder. "You won't see your sixteen-and-eight if he gets clear with that fiver."

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Let's trot down to the tuckshop and change it," said Johnny Bull. "There's time before third school."

"Hear, hear!"

Bunter's fat face was a study in dismay and horror. His fat fingers clutched the banknote. It really looked as if wild horses could not have dragged that fiver from the convulsive grasp of the Owl of the Remove. He held on to it like a limpet to a rock.

"Whack out!" chortled the Bounder. "Here, where are you going, Bunter?" He gave Bunter a shove as he was backing away, and pushed him back again.

"I—I've got to—to see a chap—" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I mean, I—I've got to see Quelch. Quelch told me to come to his study in break. I—I've just remembered."

"We'll change the note for you, while you're gone to Quelch," said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I mean—"

known—had he guessed—had he even dreamed—that there was a banknote in that letter from his father, nothing would have induced him to make that disastrous agreement with the Famous Five. But he had not guessed—he had not dreamed—even now he could not understand it, unless Mr. Bunter had put in the fiver by mistake. But there it was, and he was bound to "whack it out" with the five juniors, leaving himself only sixteen-and-eight. The expression on Billy Bunter's face might have touched a heart of stone. But the Remove men seemed to have hearts harder than stone, for they roared with merriment.

Five fellows advanced on Bunter—five right hands were held out. The unhappy Owl tried to back away; but Vernon-Smith shoved him back. There was no escape for Bunter. Round him circled a laughing crowd.

here! It was only a joke! I say, keep off, you beasts! I'm not going to hand you my fiver—"

"Jolly old sportsman, what?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Beast! Lemme alone! I—I—"

"You fat Owl!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, laughing. "Do you think we're going to touch your fiver, you frumpious chump? We only agreed to whack out because we thought there was nothing in your letter, you benighted bandersnatch—as you jolly well did yourself! Roll off, and don't be a silly idiot!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

He blinked at the Famous Five. But he stayed for only one blink. If the chums of the Remove disdained to keep him up to the scratch, it was so much the better for Bunter, and he did not think it judicious to give them time to change their minds. Scarcely believing



Five fellows advanced on Bunter—five right hands were held out. The unhappy Owl tried to back away, but Vernon-Smith shoved him back. "We're waiting!" said Bob Cherry. "Come on, Bunter, shell out that fiver!"

"We know what you mean, old fat man!" chuckled Harry Wharton. "You needn't trouble to explain—we know!"

"The knowfulness is preposterous."

"I—I've got to see the—the Head—" groaned Bunter. "Don't you keep shoving a chap, Smithy! I've got to see the Head."

"As well as Quelch?" asked Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I mean, I—I— Here, you fellows, keep off! You're jolly well not touching my banknote!" yelled Bunter.

"Our banknote!" corrected Johnny Bull.

"A sporting arrangement is a sporting arrangement," said Harry Wharton gravely. "No sportsman could back out of it. And we all know what a jolly old sportsman Bunter is."

"The sportfulness is terrifico."

"Shell out, Bunter!"

Bunter gasped. The horror of the situation almost overcame him. Had he

"Shell out, Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Waiting, old bean!" said Bob Cherry. "Shell out! Squeeze it out! Hand it over! Cough it up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I—I never meant—that is, I never knew— I—I— Look here! I—I'll stick to it, of course; but—but—but I'd rather you waited till my next remittance comes, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shell out, Bunter!"

"Shan't!" roared Bunter desperately. "Go and eat coke! It was only a j-j-joke! Can't you take a j-j-joke?"

"We'd rather take the fiver, thanks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shell out!"

"I—I say, you fellows! I—I say, be sports, you know!" groaned Bunter. "I—I never dreamed there was anything in the letter. I—I mean—I—I— Look

in his good luck, Billy Bunter rolled away, the fiver clutched tightly in his fat hand, followed by a yell of laughter from the Removites.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

"HALVES!"

Thus Sammy Bunter.

It was after dinner. Billy Bunter was in the Rag, standing by the window, reading a letter. It was the letter from his father in which the five-pound note had been enclosed. There was a puzzled frown on Bunter's fat brow as he read it. He had already perused it twice, now he was perusing it a third time. Seldom indeed did Billy Bunter give so much attention to communications from his respected parent.

But this letter perplexed him. Considering that a five-pound note had accompanied it, it was a perplexing epistle. It ran:

"Dear William,—It is scarcely a week since you returned to school for the new term, yet I have received three letters from you already asking for money. My advice to you is not to waste your pocket-money on stamps.

*"Your affectionate father,
"W. S. BUNTER."*

Really, it was perplexing. That was not the sort of letter in which a fellow would have expected to find a tip—especially a big tip! Yet there had been a fiver in it—a fiver that was now stacked away safely in Bunter's inside pocket. Incidentally, the letter proved that Bunter senior did not know his hopeful son as well as he was known in the Lower Fourth at Greyfriars. Bunter was not the fellow to waste his pocket-money on stamps. Bunter invariably borrowed the stamps for his letters home.

Sammy Bunter came into the Rag with several other "men" of his Form, the Second. Generally, Sammy was about as popular in the Second as Billy was in the Remove. But circumstances alter cases. The rumour of Billy Bunter's whacking remittance had spread. It had reached his minor, and other fags in his Form.

Sammy, as soon as he heard of it, expressed the opinion, or, rather, the conviction, that his father had intended that tip to be divided between the two of them, as indeed seemed only just.

Other fellows in the Second agreed that that was only cricket. Mr. Bunter must have meant that, or, at least, ought

to have meant it. Why should the major have five whole quids, and the minor be left out in the cold? And if Sammy Bunter was going to have two-pound-ten in a lump, it was time for the Second Form to reconsider their opinion of Sammy—especially as nearly every "man" in the Second had by this time expended all the cash he had brought back for the new term.

Dicky Nugent, the great chief of the Second, deigned to give Sammy Bunter the glad hand instead of the marble eye, for the first time in history. Gatty and Myers agreed that there were worse fellows than Sammy—though without hazarding a guess as to where they were to be found. Legge remembered that he had always liked Sammy Bunter.

Probably most of the Second Form would have realised that Sammy was one of those fellows you really couldn't help liking. But Dicky Nugent & Co. took possession of him, as it were, and frowned the others off. And Nugent minor, Gatty, Myers, and Legge, were with Sammy when he came into the Rag—having run his major down there after a long and earnest search.

"Halves!" said Sammy, holding out a fat hand, and blinking at his elder brother with a determined blink. "Halves, Billy! No larks, you know! The pater meant halves, and halves it is! See?"

"Oh, really, Sammy—"
"Don't you be a rotter, Bunter major!" said Richard Nugent severely. "It's halves for Sammy, and you jolly well know it! Cough it up!"

"You mind your own bizney, Nugent minor!" snapped Bunter. "Your major was making out that he was going to have a whack in my fiver the minute it came! After a fellow's money—"

"Halves for Sammy!" said Myers.

"Look here, Bunter major, you whack it out fair and square with Sammy, same as your pater meant you to. Bunter mi's got friends to see that he gets fair play."

"What-ho!" said Gatty, with emphasis.

"Halves!" repeated Sammy, still holding out a fat hand.

"Go and eat coke!" retorted the Owl of the Remove. "The pater sent this tip to me, Sammy! He may be going to send you one. Anyhow, this one was sent to me. A lot of Remove fellows have been after it already. I'm not whacking it out! Buzz off, and be blown!"

"Halves!" roared Sammy. "You fellows stand by me, and make him shell out!"

"You bet!" said Legge. "We've come here to see fair play! Look here, Bunter major! Sammy's going to stand a feed in the Second—"

"Not with my fiver!" grunted Bunter. "Halves!" shrieked Sammy. "I jolly well know the pater said so in his letter!"

"He jolly well didn't!"
"Let's see the letter, then," said Dicky Nugent suspiciously.

"Yes, let's see the letter!" said Myers. Billy Bunter grinned. He had no objection to the fags seeing the letter. Certainly there was nothing in it about halves for Sammy. There was no mention in it of the tip at all.

"Here you are, Sammy!" he said. Sammy Bunter clutched the letter and blinked at it. A dismayed look came over his podgy face.

"Oh crikey!" said the fat fag blankly. Nugent minor and his friends exchanged glances.

"What does your pater say?" asked Dicky.

"Look!"
The fags looked. They whistled.
"Nothing in that about you!" grunted Nugent minor. "Jolly queer letter to send with a tip! I say, Bunter major; have you really got a fiver, or are you only swanking?"

"You cheeky little beast—"
"I don't believe he's got a fiver at all!" growled Gatty. "I dare say Sammy knows he hasn't—pulling our leg, of course. Kick him!"

"Yaroooooh!" roared Sammy. Dicky Nugent & Co. marched morosely out of the Rag. That letter from Mr. Bunter cast doubt on the existence of the fiver—and if there was no fiver, and no halves for Sammy, they had no use for the tribe of Bunter. So they kicked Sammy and departed.

Sammy did not depart. He lingered, with his spectacles fixed doubtfully on the fat face of his major.

"Look here, Billy, if you've really had a fiver—"

"Go and eat coke!" grunted Bunter. "It's jolly queer if you have. That letter doesn't sound like it. And the pater was raising Cain over the income-tax when we left." Sammy shook his head. "You silly ass, swank, as usual! Yah!"

And Sammy Bunter rolled away in disgust.

As he rolled out of the Rag he passed another fag coming in. It was Flip of the Second Form—the new "man" in the Second, the one-time waif of Puggins' Alley, who was rather like a fish out of water at the school.

Sammy gave him a grin.
"Nothing doing, you young ass!" he said.

"Wot?" asked Flip, staring at him. Sammy rolled on, grinning. Flip, of



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the Second Form, had come to Greyfriars, chiefly through Billy Bunter, and Bunter had carried his kindness so far as to borrow all the new fag's loose cash on his first day at the school.

Sammy guessed that Flip had heard of the fiver, and entertained a hope of seeing the colour of his money again. That rather amused Sammy.

"Oh, 'ere you are, sir!" said Flip, coming towards Bunter at the window. "I been lookin' for you, sir."

Billy Bunter frowned at him.

Bunter, undoubtedly, had been very benevolent to Flip. It was owing to Bunter that Lord Mauleverer was "standing" the new fag's fees at Greyfriars. But benevolence, in Bunter, was not a lasting quality. With every passing day he had seen less and less of his protege.

Now he certainly did not want to see him. A fiver was a fiver, but if Bunter began paying the little sums he owed up and down the school, even a fiver would not last him long.

Bunter had no intention of beginning anything of the sort.

"Well, what do you want?" he snapped.

Flip's face fell.

"Nothin', sir, only——"

"Only what?" grunted Bunter.

"There was that thirty bob you borrowed of me, sir, the first day of term——"

Bunter's fat lip curled.

"I might have expected that!" he sneered. "After all I've done for you. As soon as you hear I've got a fiver——"

"I was only going to say, sir——"

Grunt!

"I've 'eard you got a fiver, sir——"

Grunt!

"And I thought——"

Grunt!

"That you'd be thinkin' of 'anding me that thirty bob out of it, sir——"

Grunt!

"But I've 'ad my allowance, sir, from Mauly's uncle——"

"Eh!"

"And I don't want you to trouble, sir——"

"What?"

"'Cause I don't want the money, sir."

"Oh!"

"That's all, sir!" said Flip.

Billy Bunter blinked at him. His fat brow cleared. Evidently he had mistaken the waif's motive in coming to him.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I see! All right, kid! You're not a bad kid, Flip! I'll settle that little amount later, of course. I'm expecting several postal orders, in fact. Just at present——"

"Orlight, sir!" said Flip. "I thought I'd mention it, sir, knowing what a generous bloke you was, sir, and your kind 'eart, sir."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter again. "Exactly! All right!"

And Flip left the Rag, leaving Billy Bunter blinking after him, with quite a curious expression on his fat face.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Tip for Bunter!

"SILVER SPOT——"
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"
"Oh!" ejaculated Billy Bunter.

He blinked up at Bob Cherry with a startled blink.

The bell was ringing for class; but Billy Bunter, apparently, had not

noticed it. Fellows were heading for the various Form-rooms; but Bunter, unheeding, was standing under one of the old elms in the quadrangle, with a newspaper in his fat hands, deeply engrossed in the contents. And Bob Cherry, in the kindness of his heart, bore down on him to wake him up.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, expected punctuality from the members of his Form, and Bunter seemed to have forgotten that his fat presence was required in the Form-room.

"What the dickens are you up to, you fat ass?" asked Bob, staring at the newspaper and then at Bunter. "What do you mean by Silver Spot? What on earth's Silver Spot?"

"Oh, nothing! It's not the name of a horse!" said Bunter hastily.

"A horse!" exclaimed Bob.

"I wasn't reading the racing news!" further explained Bunter.

"Beast!" grunted Bunter.

He folded the newspaper, and stuffed it under his well-filled waistcoat. Then he ran for the House.

The Remove were all in their places, and Mr. Quelch's gimlet-eye had already noted an absentee, when Billy Bunter arrived, breathless, puffing and blowing. He rolled, gasping, into the Form-room, and the acid voice of Henry Samuel Quelch stopped him on his way to his place:

"Bunter!"

"Oh, ycs, sir!" gasped Bunter.

He faced his Form master in dismay. Mr. Quelch looked at him, and then his gimlet eye fixed on a folded newspaper which was slipping down from under Bunter's waistcoat.

Bunter's exertions in racing to the House had dislodged it, and at least half of it was now in full view, though the fat Owl was happily unconscious of the fact.

"You are late for class, Bunter!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Only a minute, sir!" gasped Bunter. "Procrastination, Bunter, is the thief of time!" said the Remove master severely. "I expect my boys to be absolutely punctual. What do you mean by bringing a newspaper into the Form-room?"

"I haven't, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Nothing of the sort, sir! I—I wouldn't, sir! I know it's against the rules, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I haven't seen a newspaper to-day, sir!"

There was a chortle from the Removites. The folded newspaper, sticking out from under Bunter's fat waistcoat, was visible to everybody but the Owl of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch's gimlet-eye glittered round.

"Silence! This boy's prevarication is not a subject of merriment! Bunter, how dare you say that you have not brought a newspaper into the Form-room, when it is visible to my eyes on your person?"

"Oh crumbs!" Bunter glanced down at the protruding newspaper. "I—I didn't know you could see it, sir. I—I mean——"

"Take fifty lines, Bunter! Put that newspaper into the wastepaper-basket at once."

"Oh, really, sir! I—I'd rather keep it, if you don't mind, sir! I—I wasn't going to read it when you weren't looking, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter!" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"I wasn't really, sir!" stammered Bunter. "I—I haven't been reading that paper, sir, since dinner. As for the racing news, I never looked at it!"

Mr. Quelch jumped.

"The racing news?" he ejaculated.

"Not at all, sir. I'm not interested in such things. I haven't been reading Snipster's tips for the two-o'clock to-morrow, sir."

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

"Bunter!" gurgled Mr. Quelch.

"You—you have the impudence—the audacity—to tell me that you have been reading the racing news!"

"Oh, no, sir! I told you I haven't!" stammered Bunter. "Not a word, sir! I don't even know there's a man named Snipster who gives tips in this paper, sir. I haven't been looking out his Special Selection for the two o'clock to-morrow, sir."

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch, quite dazedly.

"I—I hope you take my word, sir!" said Bunter. "I—I assure you, sir, I

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"My only winter toque!" ejaculated Bob, in amazement.

"No bizney of yours if I was!" said Bunter, blinking at him loftily through his big spectacles. "You're jolly well not going to have anything out of my fiver, Bob Cherry! I know what you're after! Well, there's nothing doing—see? Leave a chap alone!"

"You benighted bandersnatch——"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Bunter contemptuously. "I'm not lending you anything. I'm not lending anybody anything. So you can buzz off!"

"You howling idiot!" roared Bob, greatly incensed. "I came here to call you to class, you fat dummy! Haven't you heard the bell, you piffing porker? Go and eat coke, you pie-faced porpoise!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

Bob Cherry—manfully refraining from bestowing on Bunter the kicking he deserved—raced away to the House. He had left himself barely time to get in before the Form-room was closed on late comers.

haven't looked out the Special Snip for to-morrow—"

"Bunter! Put that newspaper in the wastepaper-basket this instant!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh lor!"

Billy Bunter reluctantly disposed of the newspaper, as commanded. His blink followed it lingeringly.

Mr. Quelch picked up his cane. "It appears, Bunter, that you have developed a sudden interest in racing matters," he said grimly. "Such matters should be quite out of the purview of any Greyfriars boy. I believe—I am convinced—that no boy in my Form takes the slightest interest in such things."

Skinner closed one eye at the Bounder. Herbert Vernon-Smith was careful not to smile.

"I believe," continued Mr. Quelch, "that the boys of my Form are too well-conducted, too self-respecting, to take interest in such disreputable things. Any boy found doing so would certainly receive the severest punishment. I cannot believe, Bunter, that it is with any serious intention of breaking the rules of the school that you have developed this sudden interest in racing matters. Nevertheless, it is my duty to warn you to keep your thoughts from wandering in such a direction. You will bend over this chair, Bunter!"

Mr. Quelch swished the cane. "Oh, really, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I hadn't the faintest idea of backing a horse, sir—"

"I trust not!" boomed Mr. Quelch. "I trust not! I shall endeavour to impress upon you, Bunter, that such an idea should not be allowed to enter your mind. Bend over!"

Mr. Quelch uttered the last words in a voice like that of the Great Huge Bear.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. The hapless fat Owl bent over the chair. The Remove master's cane swished through the air and descended upon the tightest trousers at Greyfriars.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Cease that ridiculous noise, Bunter, and go to your place!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Billy Bunter limped to his place. Every other face in the Remove wore a grin; but Billy Bunter was not grinning. He squirmed. Mr. Quelch had laid on only one swipe; but it had been well laid on. For quite a long time Billy Bunter forgot Snipster's Special Snip for the two o'clock, and hardly cared whether that Special Snip romped home or did not romp home.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Helping Bunter Out!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Prep!" said Harry Wharton briefly.

"Yes; but, I say—"

"Prep!" remarked Frank Nugent. "Oh, really, you know! Don't be an ass!" said Bunter peevishly. "This is rather important. I want you fellows to help me."

It was prep in the Remove, and every fellow in that Form was in his study—or supposed to be in his study. A prefect was on duty to see that slackers did not wander about in prep. But as that prefect, on this particular evening, happened to be Loder of the Sixth, it was probable that the prefectorial eye was not very keen. Gerald Loder was more likely to be enjoying a novel or

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a cigarette in a quiet corner than attending strictly to his duties.

Anyhow, there was Bunter, almost filling the doorway of Study No. 1 with his ample form and blinking at Wharton and Nugent. Matters of more importance than preparation, apparently, filled the fat mind of the Owl of the Remove.

"Buzz off, fathead!" said Harry. "If you're spotted out of your study in prep—"

"That's all right," said Bunter. "You know what a slacker Loder is. I say, you fellows, it's quite safe; you can come down with me. Never mind prep! I'm chancing it with Quelch in the morning. You can do the same. See?"

"I don't think!" remarked Nugent. "Shut the door after you!" said Harry.

Billy Bunter shut the door, but he remained on the inner side of it. He fixed his big spectacles earnestly on the chums of the Remove.

"I say, you fellows, this is rather important. I've got to get out in prep. It's all right about Loder; he's smoking somewhere. I'm going to get out at the box-room window."

"You're going to get out at the box-room window!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Yes, old chap. I've got to see a man."

"You—you—you've got to see a man!" stuttered Nugent.

"Down in Friardale," said Bunter. "My only hat!"

Prep was suspended in Study No. 1 in the Remove. The two occupants of that study stared at William George Bunter.

Billy Bunter had his faults. Indeed, their names was legion. But such risky and reckless proceedings as breaking bounds after lock-up had never been numbered among them. The Bounder did such things, and sometimes Skinner and Snoop; but it was rather a new departure for Bunter. But he was evidently in deep earnest.

"You howling ass!" said Wharton, at last. "You might get flogged for breaking bounds after lock-up. Can't you go down to the village to-morrow, fathead?"

"That would be too late. You see, the man I want to see is there in the evenings," explained Bunter. "I needn't explain to you fellows; you're namby-pamby, you know. You don't understand anything about racing."

"Racing?" yelled the two juniors. "Don't roar!" said Bunter uneasily. "The fact is, I'm not thinking of anything of the kind. I—I've got to get down to the village to—see a man—about—about—"

"You benighted ass!" gasped Wharton. "Is that what you're thinking of doing with your fiver?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Nugent. "That was what he was babbling about in the Form-room—Snipster's Special Snip! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped the captain of the Remove. He burst into a laugh.

Billy Bunter's fat lip curled. "You can snigger!" he said. "But I can tell you, I'm on to a jolly good thing. You fellows wouldn't understand—you're not sporting."

"Not in that way, I hope!" said Wharton, laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Nugent.

Bunter, in possession of a fiver, seemed to be rather a new Bunter. Characteristics, which had been kept out of sight by his customary impetuosity, were emerging into view. Remove men had naturally expected Bunter to "blow" that munificent tip

on tuck; Skinner had declared that he would take it to the tuckshop, spend it all on feeding, and have to be carried away on an ambulance afterwards. But it seemed that Billy Bunter, for once, was thinking of other matters than tuck.

"I say, you fellows, don't cackle!" grunted Bunter. "Look here, I want you to help me out. You can wait in the box-room till I come back—I shan't be gone more than an hour—and help me in again. See? I've got to see that man Banks, while he's at the Cross Keys."

"You're going down to the Cross Keys?" gurgled Wharton.

"Well, I've got to see a bookie where I can see one, I suppose," snapped Bunter. "Banks will take me on, all right. I know all about that. I went there with Skinner once. I can get my money on if I can see Banks to-night. See? It means fifty pounds in a lump."

"Fifty pounds?" shrieked Nugent.

"Just that," said Bunter eagerly. "Silver Spot's running to-morrow. His price is reckoned to be ten to one. See?"

"And you think that a ten-to-one outsider is going to win?"

"Outsiders often romp home!" explained Bunter. "You fellows don't know anything about racing. I can tell you, I know a lot! Silver Spot's given as the special snip in the paper to-day. Snipster's Special Selection. Loder's backing him, too!"

"Loder?" exclaimed Wharton. Bunter winked a fat wink.

"He doesn't know I know," he explained. "I heard him talking to Carne. I was on the other side of the elm, and they didn't see me. Loder said that the horse had been kept dark, but he knew from a man who knew a man in the stable that he was meant to win. Loder said that he was going to put his shirt on him."

"Poor old Loder! I hope he's got more than one shirt, then!" said Nugent. "He won't see any more of the one he puts on Silver Spot."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Bunter irritably. "Loder knows a lot about horses; he's always backing 'em. He told Carne as a favour, and Carne is going to put a quid on the horse. I've looked it all up in the paper, and it turns out that Silver Spot is the special snip. The bookies don't know he's going to win; they're offering ten to one against him. You see how important it is for me to get my money on in time. I wish I had a tenner to put on. That would mean a hundred pounds!" Billy Bunter's eyes glistened behind his big spectacles. "Think of that, you fellows! Fancy a hundred pounds in a lump!"

"Fancy!" gasped Wharton. "Only fancy! You can take it from me, old fat bean, that it's only fancy—just fancy and nothing else!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've only got a fiver, but Banks might lend me the rest," said Bunter. "Or perhaps you fellows—" He blinked hopefully at the two juniors. "What about it? Lend me five quids and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The two juniors shrieked. They had supposed that they knew every kind of idiot Bunter was. Evidently they did not know him yet. That even the fat and fatuous Owl could imagine that he could spot ten-to-one winners was amazing. Obviously there was no limit to the fat Owl's fatuity.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" said Bunter crossly. "Look here, I want you to help me out. I've asked

Toddy, and he only yelled as if it was funny.

Wharton and Nugent yelled, too. They seemed to agree with Toddy that it was funny.

"I've asked Smithy, and the silly ass seemed to be going into a fit," said Bunter. "Making out that nobody else knows anything about a horse! I can tell you this is the catch of the season!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up!" roared Bunter. "Look here, there's no time to waste! I expect you fellows to help me out after all I've done for you. Come along to the box-room now; never mind prep—"

"You frabjous chump!" gasped Wharton, wiping his eyes. "If you've nothing better to do with your fiver, pay what you owe up and down the Remove. Let that kid Flip have what you scrounged from him—"

"You shut up, Nugent!" said Bunter. "We can manage without you! You help me out, Harry, old fellow! Come on!"

"Right-ho!"

The captain of the Remove jumped up. To Billy Bunter's surprise, he seized him by the collar with one hand and opened the study door with the other. Bunter gave a wild howl.

"Ow! Leggo! Wharrer you up to, you fathead?"

"Helping you out!" explained Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Nugent. He realised that Wharton was going to help Bunter out—of the study. Merely that and nothing more!

"I—I say!" howled Bunter. "I—I say, leggo, you beast! Yaroooh! If you don't jolly well leggo I'll—"

Bump!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

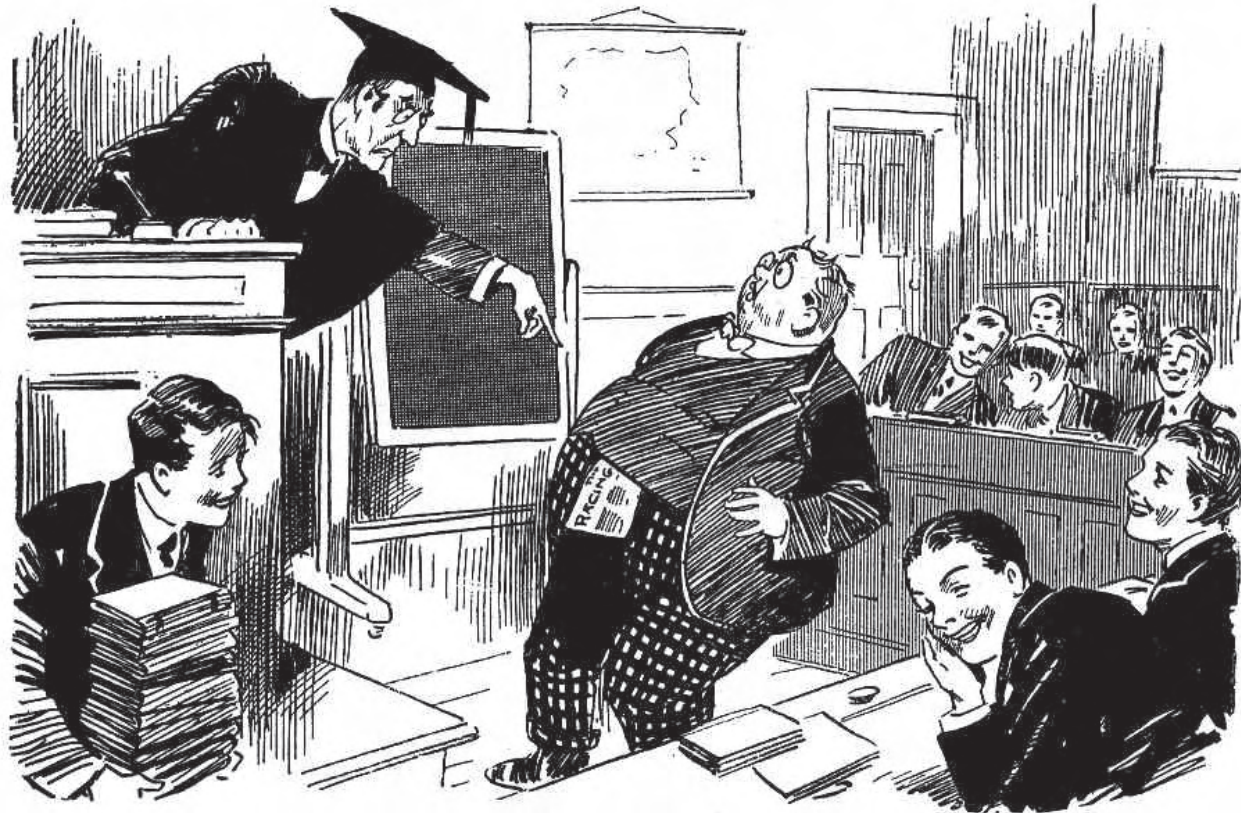
Bold, Bad Bunter!

"YOU fellows asleep?" It was a whispering voice in the Remove dormitory.

The hour was late—it was past ten o'clock. Bed-time for the Remove was half-past nine, so at that hour all the Form were—or ought to have been—safe in the embrace of Morpheus. Strange to relate, one fellow in the Remove had defied the influence of the drowsy god, and that fellow was the soundest sleeper in the Form as a rule—William George Bunter.

Bunter, sitting up in bed, whispered.

There was no reply, save the regular breathing from many beds. The Removites were fast asleep.



"I wouldn't bring a newspaper into the Form-room, sir," said Bunter. "I know it's against the rules." Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes glittered on the folded newspaper sticking out from under Bunter's waistcoat. "How dare you prevaricate, boy?" he thundered.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Keep clear of the Cross Keys and Banks and ten-to-one losers!" said the captain of the Remove. "You'll get the sack at this rate, you fat chump. I won't tell you that you're a nasty, disreputable, blackguardly young sweep, because you know that already, but—"

"Beast! Are you going to help me out, or aren't you going to help me out?" demanded Bunter. "I didn't come here for a sermon! I don't want any pi-jaw! I know you're a pair of namby-pamby nincompoops, and I don't suppose you've ever backed a horse in your lives! Yah! Don't give me pi-jaw, you footling noodles! I want you to help me out. See? Now, are you going to help me out?"

Wharton glanced at Nugent.

"Let's help him out, Franky," he said.

"Why, you silly ass—" exclaimed Nugent in astonishment.

"My dear chap, let's!"

Bunter was helped out!

He sat in the Remove passage and roared.

"Now go back to prep, fathead!" advised the captain of the Remove.

"Whooooop!"

The study door closed.

Harry Wharton returned to his prep. He had no more time to waste on Billy Bunter. Spluttering was heard in the passage for a few minutes, and then there was silence. Billy Bunter was gone! The chums of the Remove hoped that he had gone back to prep, and dismissed him from their minds. At all events, if Bunter was still bent on going out "blagging," he had received all the help he was likely to receive from Study No. 1.

Billy Bunter grinned and crawled out of bed.

He shivered. It was a cold winter's night. The warm bed was attractive, and a walk in the cold wind anything but attractive. But Billy Bunter's fat mind was made up. His purpose was fixed with the firmness of a rock—or at least with the obstinacy of a mule.

He shivered, but he proceeded to dress himself in the dark. But for the beasts who had refused him assistance he could have made this expedition during prep, but there had been no help for Bunter in the Remove. Now he was going out after lights-out, which was a still more serious infraction of the rules. He did not like taking the risk. But what was a fellow to do?

It was either that or giving up the dazzling prospect of making large sums on the winner he had spotted. Obviously he could not walk into the Cross

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Keys in the day-time and ask to see Mr. Banks. It was now or never.

There had always been at the back of Bunter's fat mind a persuasion that, given a chance, he could "make money" by the simple process of spotting winners. He did not realise that the whole bookmaking fraternity lived on the people who fancied that they could spot winners.

Besides, where ordinary fellows might fail, Bunter was the man to succeed.

All that was needed really was a cool head, clear judgment, extensive knowledge, and iron nerve. Bunter had all these qualifications. At all events, he had no doubt that he had. This was his chance! For once, he was in possession of the capital required for a sporting venture. Had his remittance been for five shillings, or ten shillings, it would have gone to the tuckshop, as usual. But with really heroic efforts Bunter had kept his fiver unchanged for this sporting speculation.

A fiver on a horse at ten to one meant fifty pounds if the horse got home. Fifty pounds was a dazzling sum. The amount of tuck it represented was positively beatific. It was Bunter's chance at last to make money, and he was going to make it.

As for the shady nature of such proceedings, Bunter did not think of that at all. A fellow could not think of everything.

What he thought of was the fifty pounds, not even the possible—the barely possible—loss of the fiver itself. Older heads than Bunter's are just as unwise in such matters. Grown-up men will buy tickets in a sweepstake, knowing that the chances against a win are a million to one. But the thought of the £30,000 prize is so dazzling that it drives out the less welcome reflection that one chance in a million amounts practically to no chance at all. If Billy Bunter was a fool, he was far from being alone in his folly.

Having dressed himself, Billy Bunter rolled cautiously towards the door. He did not want to wake any of the Remove. It was possible that some cheeky ass might intervene, and even try to stop him. The bare thought of being stopped on his way to dazzling fortune was intensely exasperating. As he rolled cautiously on he rolled into a chair and knocked it over, and there was a crash.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a sleepy voice. "What's that row? Some silly ass out of bed?"

"Nunno!" gasped Bunter. "I'm not out of bed, Cherry!"

"Eh!" Bob Cherry sat up and peered through the gloom. "What the thump are you up for, you silly owl?"

Several other fellows had awakened. All of them peered at the dim form of the Owl of the Remove.

"What's this game, fathead?" asked Harry Wharton.

"I—I say, you fellows, it's all right!" said Bunter hastily. "Don't make a row! I'm not going out!"

"Goin' out!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer. "You crass ass, goin' out at this time of night! Oh gad!"

"Oh, really, Mauly! I've just said I'm not going out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from Skinner. "Bunter goin' on the jolly old tiles! Paintin' the town red with his jolly old fiver! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, shut up, you fellows!" exclaimed Bunter anxiously. "You'll have a beak or a prefect up here at this rate. Old Quelch might fancy I was going out of bounds if he came up."

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"You fat chump!" said Harry Wharton. "Go back to bed!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You'll get a flogging if you're bagged, you born idiot!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

"It's all your fault!" retorted Bunter. "If you'd helped me out in prep I shouldn't have to go after lights out."

"Who's helping you out now, then?" exclaimed Wharton. "If any fellow here is such a silly ass—"

"N-nobody's helping me out, old fellow! You see, I'm not going out," explained Bunter. "I haven't told Flip to wait for me in the box-room to help me out of the window! Nothing of the kind."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat villain!" roared Bob Cherry. "You're dragging that Second Form kid into this sort of thing?"

"Nothing of the sort! I haven't spoken to Flip since prep! I haven't told him to get out of his dormitory at ten and wait for me in the box-room. If you fellows think—"

"You pernicious porpoise!" exclaimed Wharton. "Flip may get whopped for getting out of his dorm."

"It's your fault, Wharton! You should have helped me out in prep. Flip couldn't—he was at prep in his Form-room with old Twigg! I had to leave it till after lights out, see? Not that I'm going out, you know," added Bunter cautiously. "I'm not going down to the village to see that man Banks, and I'm not backing Silver Spot for the two o'clock to-morrow! I—I got out of bed to—look at the moon from the window!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a chortle up and down the row of beds. A creaking was heard as some fellow turned out.

Billy Bunter bolted for the door.

"Collar the silly ass, Bob!" exclaimed Wharton. "Bung him back to bed and give him a pillowing."

"You bet!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Bunter rushed for the door. Bob Cherry rushed for Bunter. Unfortunately, in the dark he did not see the chair that Bunter had knocked over, and he established contact with it suddenly and painfully.

Crash! Bump!

"Yoooooop roared Bob.

"What the thump—"

"Ow! Wow! My shins! Wow!" gasped Bob. "There's a chair or something—I've fallen over it! Yaroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll skin that fat villain—I'll burst him all over the dorm! I'll—I'll—"

The door was heard to close.

Bunter was gone.

Bob Cherry rubbed his damaged bones, and growled and grunted. The other fellows chuckled as if they saw something funny in the unfortunate incident.

"He's gone!" said Johnny Bull. "What about going after the fat idiot and rolling him, back?"

"And waking up the House!" chuckled the Bounder. "Better let him rip! It will be a lesson to him when he's lost that fiver!"

"The fat idiot may get himself sacked, at this rate!" said Redwing.

"There will be dry eyes in the Remove if he does!" remarked Skinner. "Lots!"

"Ow! Wow! Wow!" came from Bob Cherry.

Bob was still rubbing his shins.

"He ought to be stopped!" grunted Harry Wharton. "But we can't kick

up a shindy this time of night and give him away to the beaks! Bother him!"

"Bunter, the sportsman!" chuckled Skinner. "Bunter, the bold, bad blade! Bunter, the blackguard! Ha, ha, ha!"

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

"Ow! Wow! Wow!"

Bunter was gone! Pursuing the fat and fatuous Owl, and rolling him back was evidently impracticable without the risk of bringing "beaks" on the scene. Bob Cherry, still grunting, went back to bed; and the Removites settled down to sleep again—leaving bold, bad Bunter to go his own bold, bad way!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

"On!"

"E'RE you are, sir!"

Flip's voice whispered in the darkness of the box-room, as Billy Bunter arrived there. It made the fat Owl start; though he had expected to find the waif of Greyfriars waiting for him.

"Oh! That you, Flip?" he stammered.

"Yes, sir!" said Flip.

It was very dark in the box-room. Bunter did not venture to put on a light. A fellow who was going out after bed-time to see a racing gentleman could not be too cautious. Duffer as he was, Billy Bunter was well aware that, had he been spotted, he would have landed in serious trouble. What he was doing meant the "sack" if he was found out. Possibly the Head might have made some allowance for Bunter's fatuity and general fatheadedness; but at the very least it would have been a flogging for the amateur blackguard. Bunter realised that he could not be too careful.

Dimly he made out the little figure of the fag and his grinning face. To poor Flip, brought up in the dismal purlieus of Puggins' Alley, there was nothing shady or shameful about this adventure. Flip was grinning, as if he rather enjoyed the excitement. "Backing a 'orse" was nothing to Flip. But even had he realised that he was doing wrong, probably Flip would not have hesitated, for his devotion to Bunter knew no bounds. It was enough for him to know that "Master Bunter" wanted his help. Beyond that, Flip did not take the trouble to think.

"I got the winder open ready, sir!" Flip's whispering voice went on. "Safe as 'ouses, sir!"

A cold wind on Bunter's fat face had already apprised him that the window was open. He rolled across to it and blinked out through his big spectacles.

The night was dark. That was all the better for Bunter's purpose, but he blinked dubiously at the dim leads below the window. Plenty of Remove fellows had clambered out of that window and dropped from the leads to the ground. But William George Bunter was no acrobat. His fat heart almost failed him as he blinked out.

"Like a 'and out, sir?" asked Flip.

"Look here, you get out and help me out!" said Bunter.

"Like a bird, sir."

Flip was out of the window in a twinkling. His head was below the sill as he stood on the flat leads. He grinned cheerily up at Bunter.

With an effort, Billy Bunter heaved his weight up and clambered out on the broad sill.

(Continued on page 12.)

FOOTBALL FAVOURITES!

No. 13.
SAMMY
CROOKS
of
DERBY
COUNTY
F.C.



Little more than a boy—for he is only 23 years of age—this youngster is England's first choice as outside-right.

Straight From the Pit!

IMMEDIATELY after the recent match between England and Spain, played at Highbury—you will remember that England won by seven goals to one—I mixed with the members of the Spanish team, trying to get their impressions of the English players. It was not easy, because only one or two of the Spanish players had knowledge of English.

It was perfectly obvious, however, that the player who had taken the fancy of the Spaniards was the England outside-right, Sammy Crooks. "He was so wonderful, so quick so—so wriggly, your right-outside," was the way one man put it. "You call him Crooks, and he runs so—what you English call crooked."

It would be possible to do a lot of thinking and yet not arrive at a better definition of the way Sammy Crooks, the outside-right of Derby County, makes headway towards his opponents' goal.

So far as most of the positions in the England team are concerned there has been much difference of opinion in recent times as to the player best qualified. But since the selectors of England's team first hit on this winger of Derby County for the match against Scotland, in 1930, he has been the automatic choice—one of the few men about whom the selectors have had no sort of misgivings. It seems likely, too, that this same Sammy Crooks will go on playing for England for quite a long time, as he is now little more than a boy, having just had his twenty-second birthday.

A story used to be told of how Derby County built up their team in the olden days. If the officials wanted a player they just went to the head of some pit shaft, so it was said, and called down: "Send us up a goalkeeper," a full-back, or a player for whatever position happened to be vacant. And up from the pit a real footballer would be forthcoming. Steve Bloomer himself came out of the pit to play for Derby County, and to score all those goals for his club and for England. Often have I wished, when watching Crooks play at outside-right for Derby County, that he might have a Steve Bloomer for a partner.

However, that is running ahead of the story. Sammy did not come out of the mines of Derbyshire, but he did come from a coalmine, all the same—the coalmines of Durham, from where so many footballers have risen.

The Unspoilt Boy!

ANATIVE of Bear Park, county Durham, Crooks took to football right from the start, and while he was still at school he played for the boys of Durham County. He was then an inside-right, and he has told me that he had an idea of making good in that position. As a lad he was as big as his opponents, so he was all right in the inside wing position. Crooks did not grow quite as fast or grow quite as big as he had hoped—did not eat enough porridge, perhaps. So after he had played as an inside forward, first with Brandon Juniors and then with Tow Law, he joined the Durham club as an amateur. The manager there, noting that he was neither very big nor very heavy, got the idea that Crooks would do better as an extreme winger, and it was in the outside-right position that he played for Durham.

While Crooks was playing for Durham, Manager George Jobey—that astute "boss" of the Derby County team—watched him on several occasions. And eventually the mind of the manager of Derby was duly made up. He just got Crooks without any further delay. I can tell you, in passing, that a lad so comparatively small as Crooks—he only stands five feet seven inches and has never weighed more

than ten stone and a bit—had to be very good to catch the eye of Manager Jobey. The Derby man is one of those who believes that a good big player is better than a good little one. However, Crooks was regarded as the exception which proves the rule, and he was duly signed on for Derby County in April of 1927.

The following season was only a fortnight old when Sammy Crooks made his initial appearance in the Derby County first team, and he has never been out of the side since except when injured or when called away for International duty.

"I have never had a lad under my care more willing to learn, more eager to accept any bit of advice given to him by those with wider football experience." That was the tribute paid to Crooks by his trainer, Laurie Edwards. The willingness to learn, to train, has done much towards the development of Crooks. Not long ago he told me, proudly, that he could now do the hundred yards in five seconds less than he used to take when he first arrived at Derby. Yet he remains the unspoilt boy.

Crooks already has plenty of International caps, but the first one which he got is still big enough for him. He hasn't suffered one little bit from that dread malady which has been the ruination of so many footballers who have climbed so rapidly up the ladder of fame—swelled head!

The Hero's Part!

AFTER his first International match, in which England beat Scotland by five goals to two, at Wembley, Crooks was described as the terror of Scotland, and the description is a good one.

"It's a strange thing," Crooks said to me not long ago, "but I always seem to know before a match whether I am likely to have a really good game or a bad one." This instinct, this "intuition," as it might be called, has been shown more than once. In the summer of 1931 he went on a trip to the Continent with an England side. There was a match in France in which, for some reason or other—perhaps he hadn't got over the crossing—he did not play up to his usual form.

The next match was against Belgium. As the players were getting ready for the fray one of Sam's colleagues, who knew about his "intuitions," put this question to him: "How do you feel, Sammy?" The reply came quickly. "Fine!" he said. "Let me have plenty of ball to-day and we shall win all right." The lad was taken at his word; he was given plenty of the ball, and he did such great work with it that England won the match comfortably, and Crooks played the hero's part to such an extent that the Belgian people present went mad about his skill.

The value which other clubs put on this Derby County player may be gathered from the fact that they have offered as much as eight thousand pounds for his transfer.

Although he is an outside-right, Crooks is not a one-footed player. Often during practice he may be seen out on the left wing, making sure that he has still the ability to bang the ball into the middle with his left foot when the necessity arises. "I like playing best at outside-right now," he said to me not long ago, "but whenever the club think I can be of service to them in another position I am willing to try."

A great lad, Sammy, a favourite with colleagues, a favourite with forwards, and—this is the true test of the sportsman—a favourite even with the opponents he is beating.

BILLY BUNTER'S 'CERT.'*(Continued from page 10.)*

"Hold me!" he gasped.

"I got you, sir!"

"Don't you let me slip!" mumbled Bunter.

"I got 'old of you, sir!" said Flip encouragingly. "You let your feet come down, sir, and drop! I got 'old!"

Bunter hung on the sill with his elbows, gasping. This sort of thing really was not in the fat Owl's line at all. His feet were only a few inches above the leads, but he seemed to feel illimitable space below. Flip's friendly grasp was not very reassuring. If Bunter once rolled the little fag was not likely to be able to stop him.

"I—I say!" gasped Bunter.

"Jest drop, sir—you're all right!" encouraged Flip.

"I—I—I— Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter, as his grasp on the sill slipped and he dropped.

He felt that he was shooting into boundless space. The flat leads below stopped him suddenly, and he rolled helplessly over. His fat arms were flung wildly round the fag to save himself, dragging Flip over with him. There was a heavy bump on the leads.

"Ooooooh!" spluttered Bunter. "Help! Save me! Whoop!"

"Oh swipes!" gasped Flip.

"Ow! Wow! Yow!" gurgled Bunter. "You silly idiot! Ow!"

He sat up dizzily.

He had fallen about nine inches. But as he had rolled over and landed on the back of his neck, he was feeling hurt. He jammed his spectacles straight on his fat little nose and glared at Flip, who was gasping and rubbing his head. Flip's head had knocked on the leads rather hard as Bunter dragged him over. It seemed damaged. That, of course, did not worry Bunter; it was not Bunter's head.

"You young idiot!" gasped Bunter.

"Why didn't you hold me?"

"Oh, sir, I was a-olding of you—"

"Blow you!"

"You pitched me over, sir—"

"You silly chump! Lot of good asking a silly fag to lend a hand! Shut up, for goodness' sake, you blithering little idiot!"

Bunter staggered to his feet. Flip made no reply. The new fag was neither very patient nor very forbearing, as the other fags in the Second Form had discovered. But his patience and forbearance with Bunter seemed unlimited.

A hard world had given the waif little kindness until he had met Bunter; and Bunter, in his own fat and fatuous way, had been kind to him. The ragged waif, the hapless little pickpocket who had lived in dread of "coppers," had entered into a new life—all through Bunter. Flip's gratitude to his patron was unbounded, and it showed no sign of diminution since he had come to Greyfriars School.

There was no resentment in his chubby, grubby little face now; only concern for Bunter.

Bunter grunted and groused for several minutes. Finally he got a move on. A cold wind swept over the leads, and it was not comfortable there.

"You get back, you young ass!" said Bunter. "Wait in the box-room till I come back, to help me in."

"Yes, sir," said Flip humbly.

"Mind you don't go to sleep," grunted Bunter.

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"I won't shut a blooming peeper, sir, not for 'arf a sec!" assured Flip. "Leave it to me, sir."

Billy Bunter scrambled down from the leads and disappeared in the winter darkness.

Flip waited till he was gone, and then clambered back nimbly into the box-room window.

In the box-room the little fag waited. He had a long wait before him, for the fat Owl could scarcely be back under an hour. He did not think of complaint, however. What Master Bunter wanted was law to Flip. He was sleepy; but in his old life in Puggins' Alley he had been rather accustomed to turning night into day, and he found no difficulty in keeping awake. It was bitterly cold in the box-room, and he moved about to keep himself warm by motion. The long, long minutes passed slowly.

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter was plugging away by the dark, winding lane to Friardale.

The Cross Keys was closed and dark when he reached that delectable building. But Bunter had visited the place once with Skinner, and he knew his way about. In a room at the back of the inn an astonished Mr. Banks left his cigar and his whisky-and-water to interview the fatuous youth who tapped on his window.

Astonished as he was, Mr. Banks found the interview satisfactory. So did Bunter. It was satisfactory on both sides; Mr. Banks was willing to "do" Bunter, and Bunter was willing to be "done." After the interview was over Mr. Banks returned to his whisky-and-water and cigar, with a derisive grin on his red, flabby face. And there was also a grin—a grin of anticipated triumph—on the fat face of William George Bunter as he plugged through the darkness back to the school.

Bunter, the amateur blackguard, was thinking of the morrow and of the triumph it was to bring. He had been in time. He had rather feared that he might be too late. But he had not been too late; Mr. Banks had been willing, indeed eager, to get his flabby fingers on the five-pound note. Fivers did not often come the way of Mr. Banks. Not only had Mr. Banks agreed to put that fiver on Silver Spot for his young friend, but he had agreed to advance another fiver to be put to it, making it a tenner bet. All Mr. Banks had needed was an IOU signed by Bunter in return for the loan. That was a mere trifle to a fellow who was going to win a hundred pounds by two o'clock the following day—perhaps!

A hundred pounds! It was a dazzling thought to Billy Bunter as he trod his homeward way. Silver Spot was going to win. Loder of the Sixth thought so; "Snipster" of the racing paper thought so; and Billy Bunter was sure of it. A tenner at ten to one meant a hundred pounds; one hundred pound notes to rustle in Bunter's fat fingers! It was really glorious—happy and glorious!

In his mind's eye Billy Bunter saw himself splashing pound notes right and left. He saw himself rolling in money—in his mind's eye. He saw himself—in his mind's eye—pulling out a note-case in the Rag, stuffed and wadded with notes, under the admiring and envious eyes of the Removites. All this Bunter saw with his mind's eye. It was really rather unfortunate that he was not likely to see it with any other eye!

Flip was still wakeful and watching when there was a sound of grunting under the box-room window.

The fag peered out and beheld a fat face and glimmering spectacles below. Bunter grinned up at him. Bunter was in a good temper now. A fellow could hardly help being good-tempered when his pockets were going to be stuffed full with currency notes on the morrow.

"Help me in, kid!" said Bunter cheerfully.

"Ere you are, sir!" said Flip.

He reached out and grasped Bunter, and the fat junior clambered up. He puffed and panted and gasped and blew. It was not an easy climb for Bunter, even with Flip dragging at him from above. But he was in at last, and he landed spluttering in the box-room.

"Got it on, sir?" asked Flip.

"What-ho!" grinned Bunter.

"And you're sure about the 'orse, sir?" asked Flip.

"Oh, quite! I know a lot about horses!" said Bunter complacently.

"Course you do, sir," said Flip loyally. "I 'ope you'll 'ave good luck, sir, and get 'old of the oof."

"No doubt about that!" said Bunter cheerily. "Cut off, kid!"

Flip disappeared, and Bunter rolled back cautiously to the Remove dormitory. That dormitory was deep in slumber when he arrived, and Bunter crawled quietly into bed. His eyes closed as soon as his bullet head touched the pillow. He dreamed golden dreams. He was still dreaming golden dreams when the rising-bell rang out in the chilly morning.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER**Great Expectations!**

"I'M on!"

Billy Bunter made that remark to the Famous Five in break that morning.

Harry Wharton & Co., in the quad, were talking football; discussing a match that was coming on with Highcliffe School. Such a topic caused Billy Bunter to smile contemptuously. These fellows—these noodles—these namby-pamby nincompoops—talked football, as if football mattered when the races were on at Wapshot that very afternoon! The chums of the Remove either did not know, or did not care, about the races that were on at Wapshot. Bunter felt himself quite a tough old man-of-the-world in comparison, and his smile was contemptuous and patronising as he addressed the juniors.

"I'm on!" he repeated.

Considering that any Greyfriars man who got out of bounds at night and had dealings with bookies was liable to the "sack," it would have been judicious not to talk about his exploit. But Billy Bunter simply could not help enjoying his triumph in anticipation. He felt immensely superior to these schoolboys who talked football and did not care two straws about Silver Spot's chance for the two o'clock. He had to gloat.

"I'm on!" he said, for the third time.

"Oh, you're on, are you?" said Bob Cherry. "Well, now be off."

"I mean I'm on," explained Bunter.

"I was in time to get my money on, you know. I'm on Silver Spot."

The Famous Five looked at him. Their looks did not express envy and admiration. They did not seem to feel a proper sense of inferiority to this tough old man-of-the-world.

"You really saw that boozy bounder Banks?" asked Nugent.

"You bet!" grinned Bunter.

"You haven't been idiot enough to

hand that blighter your five-pound note, surely?" asked Wharton.

Bunter sneered.

"Lot you know about backing geegees," he answered. "Of course, I've handed the bookie the money when I put it on the horse."

"Well, you born idiot!" said Johnny Bull.

"The bornfulness of the esteemed idiot is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Wait till you see Silver Spot romp home!" grinned Bunter. "You'll sing to another tune when you see me with a hundred pound note."

"Not a thousand?" asked Bob.

"A hundred!" said Bunter. "Later, I shall go into thousands. But just at present—"

"Oh crumbs! Yes, I think it will be later that you go into thousands!"

him the five, and I've given him my I O U for it."

"You've given that rotter a paper with your name on it?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Of course. He wouldn't be likely to lend money without getting an I O U," said Bunter.

The Famous Five gazed at Bunter.

"You owe that hyena five pounds, and he's got proof of it in writing—in your own hand!" gasped Nugent.

"Yes; that's all right, you know."

"You—you—you unspeakable idiot!" said Harry Wharton. "There are bookies who are straight men; but that fellow Banks isn't one of them. Don't you know it's breaking the law to take bets in pubs?"

"Blow the law!" said Bunter. "Lot of rot, I call it! A man's allowed to back a horse by sending a wire to a

"And suppose—just suppose—that Silver Spot doesn't win? There's a bare, remote possibility, I suppose?"

"No fear! You see, it's a sure snip," explained Bunter. "They've been keeping that horse dark, and he's going to romp home, and leave the field standing. You'll see."

"But why has Banks wasted ink and paper on getting an I O U from Bunter?" asked Frank Nugent.

"The fiver did that, of course," said Wharton. "Seeing the fat idiot with a fiver, Banks thought he was good for another. And he will jolly well haunt Bunter till he gets it."

"The hauntfulness will be terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "He will haunt Bunter like an esteemed spectre."

"Bunter will have to plead the Gambling Act!" chuckled Bob. "Bettying debts



Bunter rushed out of the dormitory as Bob Cherry made a leap for him. Unfortunately, Bob did not see the chair that Bunter had knocked over, and he established contact with it, suddenly and painfully. Crash! Bump! "Yaroooooh!"

gasped Bob Cherry. "A lot later, I think."

"The latefulness will be preposterous."

"Wait till you see the evening paper," grinned Bunter. "Silver spot, ten to one—"

"Ten to one on a fiver is fifty pounds, not a hundred," said Harry Wharton, with a curious look at the Owl of the Remove, "or has Banks offered you twenty to one? He might just as well, I've no doubt."

"You see, he's lent me the other five," explained Bunter. "He's putting a tenner on for me, at starting-price, you know. I owe him five—till Silver Spot romps home, of course."

"I can see him lending you five!" grinned Bob.

"You'd have seen it, if you'd been at the Cross Keys with me last night!" sneered Bunter. "I don't mean that he handed me five pounds, you ass. I owe

Turf accountant. Why shouldn't he do the same thing anywhere he likes?"

"The whyfulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh. "But the esteemed and idiotic law is the esteemed and idiotic law."

"It's the law, anyhow," said Harry Wharton, "and if Banks has really taken your bet, he's liable to be run in, and so are you."

"Rats!" said Bunter cheerfully. "Banks is always taking bets, though they're generally for half-a-crown or five bob. I haven't heard of his being run in yet."

"That's all right!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Banks hasn't taken Bunter's bet. He's only pulling the idiot's leg."

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"You ghastly idiot!" said Harry. "You've got landed now! Never mind losing the fiver—that will be a lesson to you, and you deserve it. But you will owe Banks five pounds."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

can't be collected by law. Fancy Bunter up before the judge!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" said Bunter disdainfully. "Jealousy, of course—you don't want to see me rolling in money. Look here, you men, be sports! Like me. I'm going to pick out another winner to-morrow, and put a good sum on him—out of my winnings. If you like, I'll get something on for you fellows. Cough up a fiver among you, and I'll see it put on. What?"

"I think we'll wait till your ten-to-one winner has romped home!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "He may not romp after all."

"The rompfulness may be a boot on the other leg!" chortled the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Wait till you see the evening paper," jeered Bunter. "I know that Loder of the Sixth is getting an evening paper—he's

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(Continued from page 13.)

on Silver Spot, same as me. When I get hold of that paper, I'll show you."

The bell rang for third school, and the Remove went in. Billy Bunter rolled in with the Form, with a happy face. Almost could he feel the currency notes bulging in his pockets already. Silver Spot, ten-to-one chances, and hundreds of pounds, ran in Billy Bunter's thoughts, instead of geography during third lesson. Mr. Quelch, happily ignorant of such things, was dealing with geography, and expected his Form to do likewise. Bunter had no attention for such trifles. And when the Remove master asked Bunter to name the capital of Spain, Bunter astonished him by answering:

"Silver Spot!"

Mr. Quelch jumped, and the Remove stared.

"What?" howled Mr. Quelch.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I mean n-n-not Silver Spot, sir—nothing of the kind. I—I mean Banks—"

"What!"

"I—I mean— Oh lor!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Bunter, you are not giving me your attention!"

"Oh, yes, sir! I—I heard every word you were saying, sir. I—I wasn't thinking about two o'clock, sir—"

Mr. Quelch gazed at Bunter. Fortunately he did not connect Bunter's remark with the two o'clock race at Wapshot. Probably Mr. Quelch did not know that there was a race at two o'clock at Wapshot.

"Are you in your right senses, Bunter?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"No, sir—I—I mean, yes, sir—"

"You will take fifty lines, Bunter."

"Oh, yes, sir! Thank you, sir!" gasped Bunter.

Billy Bunter was very glad to get out of the Form-room that morning. Really, it was difficult for a fellow to give any attention to such rot as lessons, when he was thinking of two o'clock races, ten-to-one winners, and stacks of currency notes. It was a relief to have done with Mr. Quelch. The fifty lines did not trouble Bunter very much. He found consolation in letting his fat mind dwell on his great expectations. And even at dinner, Bunter hardly remembered to ask for a fourth helping, so completely was his podgy mind occupied by these great expectations.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Wrong Horse!

GERALD LODER, of the Sixth Form, glanced at Bunter with an inimical eye. Loder was puzzled and annoyed. Bunter—for some reason utterly unknown to the sportsman of the Sixth—was taking a close interest in his movements. Loder did not like being watched about by a

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fat, prying, spying junior, and his look, as he glanced at Bunter, indicated as much.

The Sixth Form man had strolled out of the House after class, and Billy Bunter, of the Remove, had rolled after him. Loder strolled down to the gates, and Bunter rolled down to the gates. Loder remained in the gateway for a few minutes, and Bunter lingered in the vicinity.

Loder walked away—and Bunter walked in the same direction. Loder walked back—and Bunter walked back. Loder sauntered into the road. Bunter sauntered into the road. And by that time Loder, fed-up with Bunter, eyed him with a gleaming eye, and strode towards him. What Bunter was up to was a mystery—and Loder intended to make it clear to him that his room was preferred to his company.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"Eh!" Bunter blinked at him. It had not occurred to the fat Owl that the senior had become aware of his surveillance. "Nothing, Loder!"

"You don't want a cuff?" asked Loder genially.

"No," said Bunter, in a great hurry.

"Then don't come back for another," said Loder, delivering a smack that made Bunter's head ring.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.

He fled.

Loder sauntered up and down the road near the gates, giving Bunter no further thought. One hefty cuff was enough for Bunter, and he certainly did not want another. He kept out of sight. But from a corner of the ancient gateway he still kept an eye on Loder—passing the time by rubbing his crimson and tingling ear. Bunter, for reasons of his own, was deeply interested in Loder.

A little later there was a whir of a bicycle on the road, and a lad came shooting along from the direction of Courtfield. He slowed down, tossed Loder an evening paper, and received sixpence in exchange, and pedalled off again.

Bunter, blinking round a corner of the ancient stone pillar of the gateway, witnessed that proceeding, and his little round eyes gleamed behind his big round spectacles.

That was what Bunter was watching for! Lock-up was too early for him to get to Courtfield for a paper. But, having overheard Loder's talk with Carne a day or two ago, he knew the Sixth Form sportsman's arrangements. And Bunter was going to keep an eye on Loder till he was able to get an eye on that early evening paper.

He had no doubt that Silver Spot had won the two o'clock, but he had a natural desire to see "SILVER SPOT —1," in type in the stop-press column—followed by "Bookmakers' S.P. 10-1." Once his magnificent win was officially confirmed, all he had to do was to collect a hundred pounds.

Loder, of course, wanted that evening paper for the racing results. Bunter knew more of Loder's manners and customs than the Head knew. Loder, in fact, would not have honoured Greyfriars School with his presence much longer if the Head had known what a good many fellows knew. As soon as Loder was done with the paper Bunter was going to bag it—even if he had to sneak into Loder's study after it!

As it happened, he was not given all that trouble. Loder did not keep the paper long.

Bunter, from a distance, peering round the gateway, saw the Sixth Form man glance about him, and then step out of sight among the trees on the

other side of the road. A prefect had to be careful; Loder did not want any chance eye to see what he was doing. He disappeared from Bunter's view—and Bunter watched for him to reappear.

He reappeared.

The evening paper was no longer in his hand. And the change in his expression was startling, even to the short-sighted Owl of the Remove.

Loder's face was almost pale. His eyes glittered. His lips were set in a tight line. Savage rage and disappointment were expressed in his looks. Evidently he had had a shock. He did not come back to the gates. He tramped away along the road in the dusk, perhaps to compose himself a little before he showed up in the public eye at Greyfriars again.

Bunter grinned after his vanishing form.

He could guess what was the matter with Loder.

"Silly ass!" murmured Bunter.

If ever a man looked as if he had backed the wrong horse, Gerald Loder did! Bunter concluded that the senior had, after all, changed his mind about Silver Spot, and backed some other horse. For there was not the slightest doubt that Loder's gee-gee had lost! His looks left no doubt whatever on that point.

Bunter rolled out, and across the road. He went under the trees where Loder had retired with the paper, and blinked round for it. Evidently Loder, after seeing the unhappy result, had thrown the paper away. That was all the better for Bunter; it saved him a lot of trouble. All he had to do was to blink round and find it.

Loder had disappeared towards Courtfield Common—stamping rather than walking.

Bunter blinked round under the trees for the discarded newspaper. He found it. It was twisted and torn, and flung down in the damp grass—evidently by a fellow in a temper!

Bunter chuckled, a fat chuckle. He was not surprised that Loder had been in a temper. But he had no sympathy to waste on a lame duck! Loder was an ass for backing a loser! Bunter had backed a winner—and Bunter was all right! At least, he was sure of it.

Having fielded the paper, and untwisted it, Bunter blinked eagerly through his spectacles at the stop-press column. He gave a grunt of annoyance at the sight of the usual higgledy-piggledy bunch of varied items of late news. Assured as he was that he had backed the right horse, the fat junior was trembling with impatience.

In the stop-press column he learned—without the slightest interest—that in Manchuria General Chu-Chow had advanced upon Pong-Wong, causing the retreat of General Ping-Pong upon Wang-Bang. Mixed up with this was League football news, the news of a bank raid, and a wreck on the Goodwin Sands.

Bunter fairly snorted. It was hard cheese on an eager sportsman to have to blink through all this stuff when what he wanted to find was "Silver Spot—1."

"Oh, here it is!" gasped Bunter.

Sandwiched between General Ping-Pong and the Goodwin Sands was the smudgily printed item Bunter wanted. "WAPSHOT—2 o'clock."

Bunter's fat heart thumped! This was it!

But something seemed wrong.

Immediately after "Wapshot—2 o'clock," should have followed "Silver

Spot—1. 10-1." But it didn't! What followed was:

"Bonny Boy—1 Spot Cash—2. Raspberry—3. Also ran: Limelight, Dawdle, Little Wonder, Impervious, Silly Billy, Blackbird, Ripe Apple, Silver Spot."

Bunter gazed. For a moment or two he failed to grasp it. Apparently the silly idiots had put the winner's name last instead of first!

Then it dawned on him! He realised why Loder had been in such a temper. It was not because he hadn't backed Silver Spot—it was because he had!

Loder, undoubtedly, had backed the wrong horse! But the wrong horse was that sure snip, that dead cert, that tip straight from the horse's mouth, that glorious ten-to-one chance—Silver Spot! Loder was not the only man who had backed the wrong horse! Bunter had backed him, too!

The paper fluttered from Bunter's fat hand.

"He—he—he hasn't won!" babbled Bunter.

Alas! It was only too plain that he hadn't! Instead of coming in first, as he ought to have done, that sure snip had come in last! Instead of being at the head, he was at the tail of the field! "Oh lor!" groaned Bunter.

He did not twist the paper and hurl it away in a temper as Loder had done. He was too utterly knocked over for even temper to relieve him. He reeled against a tree and groaned.

"Oh crikey!" A hundred pounds, evidently, was not coming to Billy Bunter! That huge sum, on which his happy imagination had so gloriously dwelt, was gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream. And that was not the worst of it! His fiver was gone also—gone beyond recall! And even that was not the worst—he owed Mr. Banks five pounds!

Bunter gave a deep, deep groan. It was not a happy sportsman who tottered back to the school gates. It was a dismal, doleful, deflated duffer who felt that life, in these harrowing circumstances, was hardly worth living at all.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Just Like Johnny!

"ONE for you, Bunter!" Harry Wharton spoke quite kindly.

It was the following morning, in break, and the juniors had gone to the rack for their letters. The Famous Five—still stony—were very keen on their correspondence. Billy Bunter was still keener. In his present awful circumstances, only a remittance—and a big remittance—could save him from—he hardly dared think what.

Bunter was not looking merry and bright. A boiled owl would have looked merrier and brighter than Bunter.

Since he had looked at Loder's paper the day before, and learned the dreadful truth about that sure snip, Bunter had felt like a fellow in a horrid dream.

His fat face was so dimly woebegone, that it might have softened the heart of a stone image.

His wonderful luck as a sportsman made many of the Remove men chuckle. Some of them laughed; some of them told him that it served him right—as undoubtedly it did! But the wretched fat Owl was so utterly miserably that many took pity on him. And Harry Wharton, finding a letter for Bunter in the rack, picked it out and tossed it to

him, with quite a kind note in his voice as he spoke. He really hoped that there was something in that letter that would see the hapless sportsman through his troubles.

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Bunter.

His fat face brightened a little as he took the letter. It was in his father's hand. Mr. Bunter had sent him a fiver two days before. That looked as if matters were looking up financially in the Bunter establishment. If this was another fiver—

It was certainly improbable. But Bunter was like a drowning man clinging to straws now. He had a glimmer of hope as he inserted his fat, grubby thumb in the envelope.

"One for you, Johnny!" said Harry. "Good!" said Johnny Bull. "That's in my Auntie Bull's fist. I shouldn't wonder if there's something for tea."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "Good old auntie! I remember she sent you a fiver once. If history repeats itself, my beloved 'earers, I stipulate that Johnny doesn't follow Bunter's example and put it on a horse—especially the wrong horse."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Johnny Bull's letter was the only one for the Co. His comrades gathered round him eagerly. Johnny grinned as he opened the letter. His auntie Bull was very fond of Johnny, and she had sometimes handed out tips that made Remove men open their eyes.

Johnny had little doubt that there was something worth seeing in that letter, and it might have been anything from ten shillings to ten pounds, according to the view taken by Auntie Bull of the probable needs of her beloved Johnny. He took the letter from the envelope and unfolded it. There was a yell from the Co. as a crisp five-pound note came to light.

"Hurrah!"

"No more tea in Hall!" grinned Johnny Bull. He glanced at the letter. "Dear old bean! She says she hopes I shall find the enclosed useful. Shall we find it useful, you men?"

"Just a few!" chuckled Bob.

"The helpfulness of the esteemed and beauteous auntie will be realised," said Hurree Singh. "The usefulness will be terrific!"

The Famous Five walked out into the quad in great spirits. The lean years, so to speak, were over. One member of the Co. was in funds, and so the other members were tided over till their ship came home.

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter had opened his letter.

In Bunter's letter there was no enclosure. Evidently, in Bunter's case, history was not going to repeat itself.

With a grunt, the fat junior shoved the letter, unread, into his pocket and rolled away. He rolled dimly into the quad. Bright, wintry sunshine had no cheery effect on Bunter. In the quad Flip came towards him, but

stopped as Bunter scowled at him. Bunter rolled on, in no humour for Flip or for anybody or anything else, except scowling, frowning, and groaning.

What was he going to do?

Apparently he was going to "do" Mr. Banks. He could not pay that gentleman his five pounds. That was a certainty. His total financial possessions amounted to one penny, and that penny was a French one. The real trouble was that Mr. Banks was not a man to be "done." He had to be paid that day, or—

Or what? Bunter thought of the greasy, flabby, beery ruffian rolling up to the school to ask for his money, and shuddered at the thought. The ways of an amateur blackguard were not really so attractive as they had appeared at first.

"Oh lor!" groaned Bunter.

He fumbled in his pocket for his father's letter. It occurred to him that there might be something hopeful in it. If Mr. Bunter was flourishing, it might be possible to "touch" him for a fiver. There was comfort in the thought, and with renewed hope Bunter fished out the letter and proceeded to read it. He gave a gurgle of horror as he read:

"Dear William,—I have missed a five-pound note, which I had intended to place in a registered letter when attending to my correspondence. It has occurred to me that I may have inadvertently slipped it into my letter to you. If that is the case, please return it by next post.

Your affectionate father,
W. S. Bunter.

P.S.—Register your letter containing the banknote."

"Oh lor!" gurgled Bunter.

He blinked at the letter in dismay and horror. That tip—that munificent tip from his pater—had not been a tip after all! Mr. Bunter, inadvertently, had slipped it into the wrong letter, and he expected his son to return it! Really, Bunter might have surmised something of the kind from the utter

(Continued on the next page.)

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unexpectedness of the tip and the wording of the letter that had accompanied it. But he hadn't. And now—

Mr. Bunter was not likely to see that fiver again. Still less was Bunter likely to see another from the same source! He crumpled his pater's letter into his pocket and groaned deeply.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Harry Wharton & Co. bore down on the hapless Owl. Bob Cherry hailed him cheerfully. Billy Bunter blinked at them, with dismal woe.

"Another fiver, old bean?" asked Harry.

Groan!

"That doesn't sound like a fiver!" remarked Nugent.

Groan!

"Poor old Bunter!" sighed Bob.

"Poor old rats!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Serve him jolly well right! A fellow who goes bragging—"

Groan!

"Experience makes fools wise, so they say," grunted Johnny. "Let's hope it will have that effect on Bunter."

"I—I say, you fellows! I say, the pater says he sent me that fiver by mistake, and—and he wants it back!" groaned Bunter.

"Oh crumbs!"

"There'll be a row when he finds that I've spent it! Oh dear! Of course, it's all his fault. But—but it's no good asking him for another fiver in the circumstances."

"I imagine not!" said Harry.

"I say, you fellows, I've got to pay Banks." Billy Bunter blinked at the Famous Five, with a faint hope. "I say, lend me five pounds."

"Oh crikey!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Where are we to get five pounds from, you born idiot?" roared Bob. "And if we had it, do you think we'd hand it over to a welcher?"

Groan!

"After the feast, the reckoning, you know," said Johnny Bull. "Make up your silly mind not to be a silly ass or a silly blackguard any more. That will be so much to the good, see?"

Groan!

"Cheese it, Johnny, old man!" murmured Wharton. "The fat chump's down on his luck now."

"Hasn't he asked for it?" snorted Johnny Bull. "Hasn't he begged and prayed for it?"

"Yes. But—"

"Well, then, serve him jolly well right!"

"Yes. But—"

"Oh, rats! If that welcher comes after his money and shows him up, he will be kicked out of Greyfriars. And a jolly good thing for the school, too!" "Shut up, ass!" growled Bob.

Johnny Bull was right, so far as that went. But in the opinion of his chums there was a time for all things, and it was not a time to rub it in when a fellow was down on his luck. And Billy Bunter was frightfully down on his luck. The wretched fat Owl was on the verge of tears.

Four members of the Co. could not help feeling sympathetic. Johnny Bull glared with a totally unsympathetic glare.

"I say, you fellows, it's all up!" mumbled Bunter. "I can't pay that beast, and he's got my I O U. He will come after his money. I shall be sacked if the Head sees him! Oh dear! I—I—wish I hadn't backed that beastly horse! Oh crikey!"

"The man can't claim anything" growled Johnny Bull. "He was only welching you, and he could be run in

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for taking your bet at all. Let him go and chop chips."

"If he comes here!" moaned Bunter.

"You miserable ass!" said Harry. "We'd help you if we could, but we can't."

"Oh, don't be a silly idiot!" snorted Johnny Bull. "We're not going to let the howling idiot be sacked because he's a born dummy. He ought to be jolly well kicked out of Greyfriars, and I've a jolly good mind to kick him across the quad to begin with. We've been stony for a week, and we're going on being stony. Here you are, you silly fathead!"

To the amazement of his chums, and the still greater amazement of Billy Bunter, Johnny Bull jerked Auntie Bull's fiver from his pocket and thrust it into a fat hand.

Bunter blinked at it.

He could not believe his eyes or his spectacles.

"What—oh crikey—what?" he gurgled. "I say, you fellows— Oh crumbs! I—I say— Oh crikey!"

"Now go and eat coke, blow you!" snapped Johnny Bull, and he stalked away, frowning.

The Co. looked at one another. They grinned. Johnny Bull's bark was always worse than his bite, and it was just like Johnny. They followed Johnny Bull—leaving Billy Bunter blinking dizzily at the five-pound note in his fat hand, with a heavy weight rolled from his podgy heart.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Awful for Bunter!

FLIP of the Second Form eyed Billy Bunter curiously. After dinner that day the Fat Owl had rolled down to the gates, and Flip, eyeing him, could see that the clouds had rolled by.

Deep despondency had weighed on Billy Bunter ever since that dead-sure snip had so unaccountably come in last instead of first.

Flip had guessed that Bunter's winner had turned out a loser. It was not difficult to guess. He had sympathised deeply—but at a distance. Now, beholding the cheery brightness in Bunter's fat face, he ventured to approach his beneficent patron.

Bunter gave him quite an amiable nod. Flip had been unable to help him in his financial troubles, so Bunter had had no use for Flip. But now his fat mind was relieved. And the prospect of getting safely rid of Mr. Banks bucked him even more than the delusive prospect of handling huge winnings had bucked him.

Bunter, for the present, was done with amateur blackguardism, only too anxious to have done with it. Not for a hundred pounds, nor for a thousand, would he have risked going through his late experience a second time.

"Ope it's all right now, sir?" ventured Flip.

"Oh, quite!" said Bunter cheerily. It was all right for Bunter, at all events, and he was not wasting any thought on the stony Co.

"Did the 'orse get in, sir?" asked Flip curiously.

Bunter shook his head.

"'Ard lines, sir!" said Flip. "Better luck next time, sir."

"Look here, young 'un!" said Bunter impressively. "This sort of thing won't do! A kid of your age ought not to know anything about horse-racing, or to think about it! I know you were brought up in a jolly queer way, and

perhaps you don't know any better. But now you're at Greyfriars you've got to wash all that out."

Flip stared at him.

He did not quite know his Bunter yet, and this—from Bunter—rather dumb-founded him.

Bunter, in his present chastened mood, was a repentant Bunter, and a highly moral Bunter. He proceeded to give Flip the benefit of it.

"Backing horses," said Bunter severely, "is a blackguardly business. It's nothing more nor less than gambling—and gambling is no class! A fellow who gambles is always more or less of an outsider. It's one of the things that isn't done, see?"

"Oh!" gasped Flip. "Isn't it, sir?"

"Certainly not! I've been a good friend to you," said Bunter. "I've taken you up, and stood by you, and so on; but if I ever find you dabbling in any disgraceful bizney of that sort, I'm done with you! You just remember that you're among decent fellows now, and act decently, see?"

"Oh swipes!" gasped Flip. "But I never backed the 'orse, sir—it was you what backed the 'orse, sir—"

"Don't be cheeky!" said Bunter.

"Oh, no, sir! But—"

"And don't jaw! Just listen to what I tell you, and profit by it!" said Bunter sternly. "None of your Puggins' Alley games here! Bear that in mind."

Bunter rolled on, leaving Flip staring after him with bulging eyes.

"Oh swipes!" gasped Flip.

Billy Bunter rolled out of gates. He rolled away cheerily down Friardale Lane, and clambered over the stile.

He was to meet Mr. Banks in the wood—safely out of sight—to collect his winnings on Silver Spot—at least, that had been the arrangement. There were no winnings to collect on Silver Spot; but Mr. Banks had something to collect, and Bunter had no doubt that he would keep the appointment. Indeed, he had been haunted by a terrible dread that Mr. Banks, if he did not find Bunter there, would come on to the school to see him. Thanks to Johnny Bull—though Bunter had not thought of thanking him—he was able to meet the sharper and redeem his I O U. After which, Bunter felt that life would be really worth living, if he never saw or heard of Joseph Banks again.

At a little distance from the stile he turned into the wood, and there the scent of a rank cigar greeted him. Mr. Banks was on the spot, leaning against the trunk of an oak, smoking, while he waited for his young friend.

Seen in the daylight, Mr. Banks looked even more flabby and frowsy than he had looked at the Cross Keys. The odours of tobacco and whisky were delightfully mingled in an aroma that hung about Mr. Banks. Bunter blinked at him, with a disgust he did not wholly conceal. Mr. Banks really was an unpleasant gentleman to look at. No doubt he would have seemed pleasanter had he been going to hand Bunter a hundred pounds. But as he was only going to claim five pounds from him, his unpleasantness was wholly unrelieved.

He removed the cigar from his flabby mouth, and gave the fat junior a nod, and a very curious look at the same time.

"Mornin', sir!" said Mr. Banks. "'Ere we are, sir. 'Ard luck about Silver Spot, sir! That 'orse ought to 'ave won. When you put your money on that 'orse, sir, I says to myself: 'Ere's a young gentleman what knows somethin'! But you never knows your luck, sir!"

Bunter blinked at him. "But one swaller don't make a summer, sir!" said Mr. Banks encouragingly. "Next time—"

Bunter shivered at the bare idea of a "next time."

"I'd 'oped," continued the affable Banks, "to 'ave a sum to 'and over to you, sir! Pay on the nail is my motter, like I always expect from clients. As the matter stands, you owe me a fipun note, and I'm glad you're 'ere, sir, because I dropped a good deal on Silver Spot myself yesterday, and I can do with the money."

He eyed Bunter sharply. "That's all right," said Bunter hastily. "I've come for my I O U, Mr. Banks, and here's the money."

Mr. Banks' flabby hand shot out to grab Johnny Bull's five-pound note.

He grinned with satisfaction. Perhaps he had not expected to collect the money so easily.

"Mr. Bunter, sir," said the flabby gentleman, "you're a sportsman, sir, a real sportsman, sir, if you don't mind my saying so. And when you want to back your fancy, Joe Banks is your man!"

"Much obliged," said Bunter. "But I'm jolly well done with it now! No more backing horses for me!"

"One swaller don't make a summer, sir! Next time you'll 'ave better luck—a young gent what knows the game like you do."

"No jolly fear!" said Bunter emphatically. "Just give me my I O U, Mr. Banks, and I'll cut off. I've got to get back for class."

Mr. Banks did not seem in a hurry to hand Bunter his I O U. He stowed the five-pound note safely away, and eyed the fat Owl.

Bunter had done with Mr. Banks, or so he fancied! Mr. Banks had not done with Bunter. The sportsman, sir, the Remove had yet to learn that it was easier to land in trouble than to get out again. That he was dealing with a rogue, Bunter dimly realised. A man could scarcely be anything but a rogue who made racing bets with a schoolboy. But he was far from having plumbed the depths of Mr. Banks' roguery.

Mr. Banks had not done with Bunter—not by a long way! The fatuous Owl had handed him a five-pound note to back a horse—now he rolled up with another to pay his debt! Five-pound notes seemed cheap—with Bunter! Mr. Banks saw few of them—and he was keen to see more. A schoolboy who could produce ten pounds in a few days, ought to be able to produce more—under judicious pressure—in the estimable Mr. Banks' opinion. Very far indeed was Mr. Banks from having done with Bunter!

Billy Bunter blinked at him with a faint uneasiness. He was anxious to be off, to see the last of Mr. Banks. He held out a fat hand—but Mr. Banks placed nothing in it.

"I say—" recommenced Bunter. "Now, look 'ere, sir," said Mr. Banks, in an argumentative tone. "Don't you be skeered off by a little bit of bad luck! Next time—"

"I say, give me by paper, and let me get off!" urged Bunter. "I shall be late for class!"

"I don't know as I've got that paper about me," said Mr. Banks, less affably. "I fancy I've left it at 'ome!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "But you'll be coming to see me again," smiled Mr. Banks. "Jest tap on my winder—"

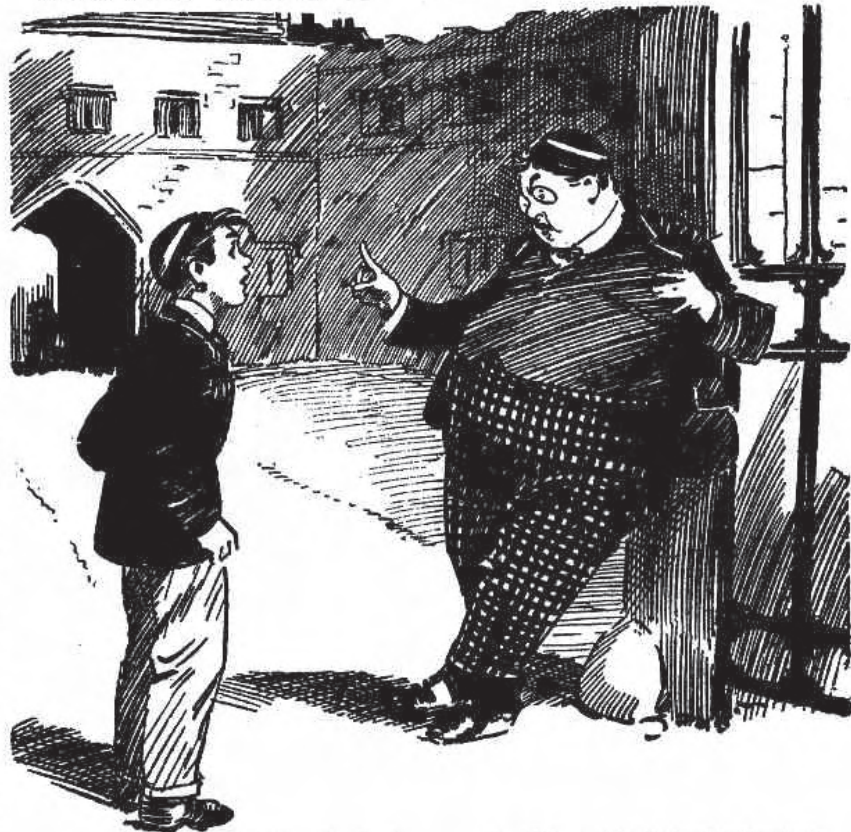
"I—I can't! I—I daren't!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, you—you've got to give me my paper! I've paid you!"

He blinked at the rascal in growing terror. He was quite well aware that Mr. Banks had not left that paper at "ome." Bunter's I O U was in Banks' pocket, and Banks did not intend to return it! That was the long and the short of it; and Bunter, ass as he was, realised it quite clearly. His fat knees almost knocked together.

"Look here, give me my paper!" panted Bunter. "I—I know you've got it in your pocket, you—you beast! Give it to me."

Mr. Banks' amiability dropped from him like a cloak. He slapped his pocket, in which a fat pocket-book bulged.

"Well, s'pose I've got it?" he said. "Give it to me!" howled Bunter.



"Backing horses, Flip," said Bunter severely, "is a blackguardly business. If ever I find you dabbling in any disgraceful bisney of that sort, I'm done with you!" "Oh swipes!" gasped Flip. "It was you what backed the 'orse, sir, not me!"

"That there paper's worth more'n a fiver!" said Mr. Banks coolly. "It's got your writing on it, which I dessay your schoolmaster knows. That paper's worth a tenner at least."

Bunter staggered against a tree. He understood now. So long as he had gone on backing horses and losing money he would have found Mr. Banks amiable and obliging. One experience had been enough for him, and Mr. Banks could see that there was nothing more to be made in that line. With callous coolness he revealed himself as what he was—a blackmailing scoundrel.

"A tenner at least," said Mr. Banks calmly. "What?"

"I—I haven't any money!" groaned Bunter.

"You're joking, sir," said Mr. Banks cheerfully. "You 'ands me a fiver Wednesday, and 'ands me another fiver Thursday; and you know where to lay 'ands on a few more, I'll be bound.

What'll 'appen to you if your schoolmaster claps his eyes on that paper of yours?"

Bunter groaned. He knew what would happen if Dr. Locke learned of his dealings with Mr. Banks—with written proof of them!

"I ain't a 'ard man," said Mr. Banks. "A tenner is the price of that bit of writing, and cheap at the price, seeing as you'll be booted out of your school if your 'eadmaster sees it—what? Mebbe you wouldn't own up to it, and your 'eadmaster wouldn't believe it if it wasn't down in black and white! But that there paper—"

Bunter gave another groan. "Well, I got to see a man," said Mr. Banks brightly. "I'll be along 'ere this time on Saturday, sir. That'll give you plenty of time. Mind you bring the tenner."

"I—I—I can't!" "You'd better," said Mr. Banks calmly, and he turned and walked away through the trees, leaving Bunter rooted to the earth, blinking after him with a horrified blink.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Up Against It!

PETER TODD jumped. Peter came into Study No. 7 in the Remove with a bundle under his arm, which he slammed on the study table. Then his eyes fell on a fat figure that was sprawling in the armchair. And he jumped.

Billy Bunter sprawled in a state of collapse. If ever a fellow looked as if he had "taken the knock," Bunter did. He did not speak. His little round eyes blinked, with a lack-lustre blink, over

the spectacles that had slid down his fat little nose.

Peter stared at him. Still Bunter did not speak, but only gazed mournfully at his studymate.

"What on earth's up?" asked Peter.

Groan!

"For goodness' sake don't kick up that row!" said Peter testily. "Tell a man what's the row—if there's anything."

Groan!

Only a deep, hair-raising groan came from Bunter. Had he been a grisly, ghastly spectre, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, he could not have groaned more deeply and dismally.

"Hungry?" asked Peter.

Groan!

"I've got rather a spread," said Peter comfortingly. "Sardines, and ham, and a cake, and two kinds of jam!"

Even then Bunter did not sit up and take notice! His woe, whatever it was, was too deep for even a spread to relieve. Peter began to feel almost alarmed.

If Billy Bunter was not interested in food, it was clear that there was something seriously wrong with Billy Bunter.

"Loder been whopping you?" asked the puzzled Toddy.

"No!" groaned Bunter. "Worse than that!"

"Quelch on your track?"

"Worse than that!"

"Not the Head after you?"

"Worse than that!"

"Great pip! Well, give it a name!" said Toddy. "Oh, my hat! Have you been backing another horse? Ha, ha, ha!"

Toddy roared! If Bunter's deep woe was due to another sporting speculation there was a plentiful lack of sympathy for him in his study.

Bunter shuddered. The bare idea of backing a horse made him shudder! Backing horses had no attraction for Billy Bunter now. Far from it. The dearest of dead certs, the surest of sure snips, at a hundred to one, would not have tempted Billy Bunter now.

Billy Bunter in his present frame of

mind, would gladly have seen horse-racing prohibited by law, and all racing men forcibly deported to the loneliest island that could be found in the loneliest sea in the wide world.

"Is it that?" chuckled Toddy.

Groan!

"Not that?" asked Toddy.

"Ow! No! I say, old chap, I'm done for!" groaned Bunter. "I say, Toddy, you're going to lose me!"

"No such luck!" said Toddy, shaking his head.

"Beast!"

Peter Todd stood before the sprawling, limp, collapsed fat Owl, and scanned him. His face became serious.

Bunter was the fellow to make the most of the smallest trouble. But Toddy could see that, in this instance, the trouble was not small; though he was puzzled to guess what it was.

"Well, look here, fathead," said Toddy at last. "Give it a name! If a fellow can help—"

"I—I want ten pounds!"

"T-tut-ten pip-pip-pounds!" stuttered Toddy.

"Yes, old chap! If you can lend me ten pounds—"

"I've got fourpence—"

Groan!

"You fat idiot!" said Peter Todd. "What on earth have you been up to?"

"I'm going to be sacked!" said Bunter dismally. "You won't see me any more after Saturday, Toddy!"

This time Peter mercifully refrained from remarking "No such luck!" He realised that the matter was serious.

"What have you done?" he asked. "Nobody's given you away over your fatheaded fooling with Banks. Nobody would! You ought to be kicked from one end of Greyfriars to the other; but nobody would give you away to the beaks. You needn't be afraid of that."

"That villain!" groaned Bunter.

"I—I say, Toddy, you—you know that beastly horse lost—"

"Alas, these dead certs!" said Peter, shaking his head.

"I—I put a tenner on him, and—and Banks lent me five of it, and—and I gave him my I O U!" groaned Bunter.

"Bull had a tip to-day, and he—he gave it to me to square Banks—"

"Fools and their money are soon parted!" commented Peter. "But if you've squared Banks, what's the row?"

"He—he—he—he won't give me back my paper!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"He—he's got an idea that I've got pots of money, because I've had two fivers this week!" wailed Bunter. "And—and I haven't, Toddy!"

"No need to mention that!" grinned Toddy. "I know you haven't, old fat bean. But what—"

"That fiver from my pater was all a mistake!" groaned Bunter. "He put it into the wrong envelope, and—and he's written to me to send it back. I can't, of course. Banks has got it. But—but that's not what I'm worrying about. He will have to stand it! I'm not worrying about that, Toddy!"

"I guessed that one!" said Toddy dryly.

"But—but that awful beast, Banks, you know, doesn't understand. He thinks I've got pots of money, having had ten quids in a few days, you know. I—I suppose he would! Only, my pater's fiver was a mistake, and the other one was Bull's. All I've really got is a French penny!"

"Not a large sum," said Peter Todd gravely. "The Paris exchange is favourable at present, I believe. But it won't help you a lot."

"It's no good offering Banks a French penny and telling him it's all I've got!" groaned Bunter.

"Not being a sportsman, I haven't the pleasure of the man's acquaintance," said Peter. "But I rather fancy you're right. I doubt whether a French penny would satisfy Banks, if he's really on the make."

"Well, he won't give me my paper," groaned Bunter. "He says it is worth ten quids not to be sacked from the school. He thinks I can get it, after those fivers, you know. And—and he's going to give me away to the Head if I don't square him. Fancy that, Peter!"

"Well," said Peter, with a deep breath. "You benighted idiot! You—you prize lunatic! You couldn't be satisfied with being a silly ass; you had to hand that rascal a written paper and put yourself under his thumb—"

"How was a fellow to know?" groaned Bunter. "I—I never dreamed that—"

"You knew the man was a rotten rogue, or he wouldn't have taken bets with a schoolboy. Well, you've done it now!" said Peter. "You can't give the man ten pounds—and it wouldn't be any use if you did! If he got a tenner out of you it would only make him keen for more."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. That aspect of the matter had not occurred to the Owl's obtuse brain before. He blinked at Peter with a haggard blink.

"I—I say, Peter, the game's up, then! I'm done for!" Bunter gave a dismal wail. "I shall be sacked! Oh dear!"

"Well, the Head knows you're a prize idiot!" said Peter. "He doesn't see much of the Remove, but he's bound to have noticed that you are the last word in silly idiots. It leaps to the eye, you know. Most likely he will let you off with a flogging."

Wail from Bunter! Apparently he did not want a flogging!

"I—I say, Peter, what am I going to do?" moaned Bunter.

"Better go to Quelch—"

"What?"

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

"And make a clean breast of it—"
 "You silly idiot!"
 "Well, that's my advice," said Peter.
 "In fact, it's the only thing you can do, now you've landed yourself like this! Get in first with a jolly old confession, before Banks shows up with your autograph."
 "You silly fathead!" gasped Bunter.
 "I'm not going to be sacked to please you, Peter Todd! I'm not going to be flogged to please you, either! Beast!"

Bang! came at the door. There was a tramp of feet in the Remove passage.
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton & Co., ruddy and cheery, after games practice, tramped in. The stony five were guests in Study No. 7 to tea, Toddy having come nobly to the rescue to save them from tea in Hall.

"Too early, Toddy?" asked Wharton.
 "Not a bit, old bean! Tea'll be ready in a jiffy! Bunter's been wasting my time," said Peter. "Bunter's got himself bunkered. While I get tea you can listen to his tale of woe!"

Peter unwrapped the bundle on the table and proceeded to prepare the spread. And the Famous Five, in amazement and dismay, listened to the tale of woe.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

No Help!

BILLY BUNTER heaved his ample weight out of the arm-chair and came to the table. His deep woes and troubles had plunged him into abysmal depths of despondency, but the sight of a handsome spread on the table revived him. He felt that, after all, he could eat a little. That, it turned out, was an error. He found that he could eat a lot. And he did!

There were grave faces round the table in Study No. 7. Not a fellow there had the slightest sympathy with amateur blackguardism, or much compassion to waste on a "sportsman" who backed the wrong horse. But all the juniors were deeply concerned about the fearful scrape in which the helpless Owl had landed himself. If Bunter had only gone for wool and returned shorn, it would not have mattered. But he had been caught in a trap, like a fat rabbit. He was under the thumb of a ruthless rogue, and that was a matter of deep concern.

If Banks carried out his threat Bunter was done for at Greyfriars. It was not much use to dwell upon the fact that it was all his own fault, and that he had asked for it. Even Johnny Bull refrained from stating that he had told Bunter so!

The question was, whether the miserable fat Owl could be saved from the results of his own fatuous folly. The Famous Five were willing to do anything they could. But it was difficult to see anything that they could do.

"I say, you fellows, if you could raise ten pounds—" said Bunter, with a hopeful blink at the grave faces round the table.

"Don't be an ass!" said Harry Wharton brusquely. "What that rascal is up to is blackmail. And if you give a blackmailer money it only makes him want more."

"And the morefulness would be terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Banks won't part with that paper so long as he thinks it's worth anything," said Frank Nugent. "He's more

GREYFRIARS HEROES.

No. 16.

OLIVER KIPPS.

A conjurer himself, it's only natural that this clever junior's hero should be a man of magic—whose identity is revealed in the following rousing verses by the Greyfriars Rhymester.

GOBLINS and witches and ghosts;
 Mysterious groans on the stairs;
 Vanishing spectres in hosts,
 And similar shocking affairs—
 These indications all show
 The conjurer's hard at his work.
 So don't start disturbing his show,
 Or you'll be turned into a Turk;
 Maybe! Maybe! I said that he
 Will soon turn you into a Turk.

Now, Oliver always is keen
 On having the fellows believe
 He's doing no dodges unseen,
 And nothing at all up his sleeve.
 The fellows cannot understand
 This conjurer's stunts on the sly,
 The quickness of Oliver's hand
 Beats every intelligent eye;
 Perhaps! Perhaps! Oh, yes, you chaps,
 It beats every what's-its-name eye!



His hero's a conjurer, too;
 On many occasions he's been
 Alone up to London to view
 The marvellous Maskelyne;
 There Oliver Kipps, in the stalls,
 Will gasp at the conjurer's powers,
 As Maskelyne thrills and enralls
 The crowd for a couple of hours;
 My word! My word! The show, I've
 heard,
 Goes on for a couple of hours.

The great Jasper Maskelyne's pride
 Is vanishing people for fun;
 It baffles the brain to decide
 Hoy such eerie dodges are done.
 A lady walks on to the stage,
 Arrayed in a Japanese cloak,
 She crawls in a magnified cage,
 And, bang, she has vanished like
 smoke!
 It's true! It's true! She's vanished
 from view;
 Hey presto! She's gone up in smoke!

Long may Mr. Maskelyne thrive
 To practise his dexterous hand
 At tricks and illusions which give
 The very best show in the land.
 Long may English fellows delight
 To see a poor man sawn in half;
 (A rather unusual sight
 Which always creates a good laugh);
 My hat! My hat! Such tricks as that
 Are sure of a jolly good laugh.

likely to give it up for nothing than for ten pounds, in fact."

"Well, look here, it's a chance!" urged Bunter. "Try it on, you know. You fellows can borrow the money up and down the Remove!"

"I can see us doing it!" snorted Johnny Bull.

"I should square later, of course!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"And how would you square, you fat chump?"

"I'm expecting a postal order—"

"Shut up!" roared Johnny Bull ferociously.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"If you say 'postal order' again I'll jolly well biff you with the jam-pot!" hooted Johnny, in great exasperation.

"Well, look here, it's up to you fellows!" exclaimed Bunter warmly.

"That beast, Banks, thinks I'm made of money! Well, I'm not—not till I get—"

Bunter saw Johnny Bull's hand travelling towards the jam-pot, and paused in time. "After all, it's Bull's fault that I'm landed like this."

"My fault?" shrieked Johnny.

"Yes, yours!" said Bunter indignantly. "That awful brute thinks I've got pots of money because I handed over a fiver on the nail to-day. If he didn't think I'd got pots of money he wouldn't be treating me like this."

"What was he to think? Well, if I hadn't paid him—"

"If—if you hadn't paid him—" gurgled Johnny.

"Yes; if you hadn't given me that fiver—"

"If—if I hadn't given you that fiver—" gasped Johnny Bull, rather like a man in a dream.

"Yes. Fairly bunged it at me—"

"Bub-bub-bunged it at you—"

"That did it!" said Bunter. "It made the brute think there was plenty more! It's all your fault, and I hope you can see it, Bull. And the least you can do is to help me out of the fix you've got me into."

Johnny Bull gazed at Bunter across the table. He seemed in danger of an attack of apoplexy.

"Isn't he a bute?" said Peter Todd admiringly. "Isn't he a prize-packet? Makes a fellow anxious to help him, and all that!"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"For goodness' sake, shut up, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "So far as I can see, there's nothing to be done, only to go to Quelch and make a clean breast of it before that rogue gives you away."

"Look here—"

"Quelch knows what a fool you are!" said Bob. "He will put in a word with the Beak. Ten to one you'll get off with a flogging."

"Another ten-to-one chance for you, Bunter!" remarked Peter Todd. "This time it may be a winner."

"I'm not going to Quelch!" howled Bunter. "If you fellows can't talk sense—"

"The sensefulness is preposterous, my dear idiotic Bunter! It is the only thing to be done in the ridiculous circumstances."

"Beast!"

"I'll come with you to Quelch and help you out as much as I can, Bunter," said the captain of the Remove.

"I won't go to Quelch! I say, you fellows, now I've paid that beast, Banks, that paper belongs to me, doesn't it? He's stealing it by keeping it, just the same as if he'd picked it out of my pocket. Look here, a fellow has a right to get it from him by force. See?"

"Yes, ass; but I don't see how you're going to do it."

"I—I thought you might do it, old chap!"

"Eh?"

"You go and see Banks, old fellow—"

"I?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Yes, you, dear old fellow—like a gal, you know, dear old chap! You go and see Banks, and hit him in the eye—"

"Hit Banks in the eye!" gasped Wharton.

"And keep on till he hands over my paper! See? The other fellows can go with you and—lend you a hand. I—I'll come myself, dash it all!" exclaimed Bunter, in a burst of generosity. "I'll jolly well come with you! There! I—I'll keep watch while you handle Banks."

"My only chapeau!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "We're to land in a scrap with a boozy racing man at a pub, and— Oh, my hat!"

"And be sacked by the Head afterwards!" roared Wharton.

"Well, old chap, be reasonable!" urged Bunter. "If a man's going to be sacked, better you than I, I suppose."

"Better!" gasped Wharton.

"Yes, lots! Think of the school."

"The—the school?"

"Yes, the school," said Bunter. "Why, I've heard you say that a Greyfriars man ought to think of the school first and himself second. Well, then, it's up to you! Think of Greyfriars! You wouldn't be missed if you went; there's lots of commonplace fellows like you here! But if I went—"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Wharton.

"Well, if you won't take it on, it's up to Bull," said Bunter. "It's the only way out; and it's up to Bull, after he's landed me in this. You can see that, Bull? And I can jolly well say— Yaroooooh!"

Half a loaf flew across the tea-table and smote Bunter under his fat chin. The fat Owl yelled as it landed. Johnny Bull rose to his feet.

"Sorry, Toddy!" he said. "But—"

"My dear man, don't mind me," said Toddy genially. "Kick him all round the study if you like. In fact, I'll help."

"Oh, really, Toddy! Ow! Wow! I say, you fellows—"

Tea was over, and the Famous Five somehow seemed to have had enough of Bunter. Johnny Bull tramped out of the study, and his comrades followed him.

"I say, you fellows—" howled Bunter.

But the fellows were gone.

Bunter turned his spectacles on Peter Todd. Peter was also progressing doorward.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,249.

"I say, Peter—"

But Peter Todd was gone.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bunter.

"After landing me in this scrape, and after all I've done for 'em, leaving me to it like this! Of all the rotters! Oh dear! What—what—what the thump am I going to do?"

And as that problem presented itself to his fat mind once more Billy Bunter groaned dismally.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Sword of Damocles!

FLIP of the Second Form was distressed.

It was not his own troubles that distressed him.

The Greyfriars waif had troubles of his own. So queer an addition to the ranks of the Second had not received a warm welcome there. He was on scrapping terms with Dicky Nugent, who was cock of the walk in that important Form.

He was barred by a good many of the fags rather like a strange dog in a kennel. Those who were civil to him were indifferent, and had no liking for his company. Even Mr. Twigg, the Second Form master, who was a kind-hearted gentleman, found his peculiar new pupil a good deal of trouble, and was sometimes snappish.

But Flip's new troubles at Greyfriars, compared with his old troubles in Puggins' Alley, were as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine, and he bore them with cheerful fortitude and seemed to care little.

It was his beneficent patron, his kind and generous protector, William George Bunter, that the little waif was distressed about.

Since he had been at Greyfriars, Flip had, perhaps, found a few flaws in the fellow he had admired so much. He could not help seeing that his great admiration of Bunter was not shared by the rest of the school. But Flip had a loyal nature, and his gratitude to Bunter was still undiminished. And the dismal, doleful despondency in the fat face of William George distressed him deeply.

Bunter, in these days, was the picture of woe.

He looked forward to Saturday, and to Mr. Banks' probable proceedings on that day, with quaking terror.

Even in the Form-room Mr. Quelch noticed that there was something amiss with Bunter, though he was far from guessing what it was. Billy Bunter certainly had no intention of telling him.

Remove men who knew of the scrape the miserable Owl was in all gave him the same advice—to go to Quelch and make a clean breast of it before Banks gave him away. It was sound advice, but Bunter did not think for a moment of acting upon it. The terror of the "sack" hung over him like the sword of Damocles, and it was useless to tell him that he might get off with a flogging. He did not want a flogging. Very much indeed he did not want a flogging.

Under this strain it was natural that Bunter's temper suffered a little. He snapped at Flip when the fag ventured

to make a timid inquiry as to what was the trouble. After which Flip sympathised from a safe distance.

Often, however, he turned his eyes wistfully on Bunter's gloomy face in the quad or the passages, wondering what was up with his patron, and longing to help him out of it whatever it was. But Flip was of no use to Bunter in his dreadful scrape, and he had nothing but a morose glare for the fag if he came near.

It was a puzzle to Flip. He was aware that Bunter had backed the wrong horse and lost his money, but after that the fat junior had seemed to recover; and now he was plunged into even deeper depths of woe. If it was a money trouble, Flip's half-crown of pocket-money would not have been much use; but Flip could see that it was something deeper than that. What it was he could not imagine, but it distressed him and worried him.

Thursday and Friday were like two successive nightmares to the hapless amateur blackguard of the Remove. Even at night his snore was not so incessant as usual in the Remove dormitory.

When Saturday dawned Billy Bunter turned out of bed feeling like a man who was going to execution.

That afternoon Banks was to wait for him under the oak in the wood, and it was useless to go; and if he did not go, what would happen?

Bunter dared not think of what would happen.

At breakfast that morning Billy Bunter ate hardly as much as any three other fellows. Under this terrible strain he was losing his appetite.

He rolled dismally in the quad after brekker, thinking—yet hardly daring to think—of the afternoon. He caught sight of Flip and scowled at him. It was partly that little beast's fault, Bunter considered. If the fag hadn't helped him out of the box-room window like he had he couldn't have gone to see Banks at all. It was Flip's fault, and Johnny Bull's fault, and Mr. Bunter's fault for having sent him a fiver by mistake in the first place. It was, in fact, everybody's fault but Bunter's. Bunter, practically blameless in the matter, was getting all the punishment, and he could not help feeling how awfully unjust it was. Never had a fellow been more sorry for himself.

The morning seemed to pass on leaden wings, and yet at the same time it seemed to fly. Dinner-time came; and there was comfort in dinner, but much less comfort than usual. After dinner the Remove fellows were mostly thinking of a football match with the Shell—fiddling while Rome was burning, in Bunter's opinion.

There was no doubt that Harry Wharton & Co. were giving their thoughts to Soccer, not to Bunter. Certainly they were sorry for the obtuse Owl, but having given him their best advice, they had to leave it at that.

Advice was no use to Bunter. Like many delinquents, what he wanted was to escape the consequences of his own actions, and the consequences seemed inescapable.

The fat junior hung round the door of the changing-room while the juniors were there, little cheered by the cheery voices within. The Famous Five came out in a cheery bunch, and found Bunter haunting them like a fat ghost.

"I say, you fellows—" mumbled Bunter.

Johnny Bull grunted and stalked on.

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As Flip was about to pass Mr. Banks he stumbled over a root, fell, and clutched hold of the sharper for support. "Clumsy young idiot!" grunted Banks, oblivious of the fact that he had been relieved of Bunter's I.O.U.

Johnny was fed-up with Bunter and his dingy woes, which, perhaps, was not surprising. But the other members of the Co. paused.

"Well, old fat man?" said Harry Wharton, kindly enough.

"I say, you fellows, I—I've got to start soon," groaned Bunter.

"Better not go," said Bob Cherry. "It's no use! Come and watch the football instead."

"You silly idiot!"

"Thanks!" said Bob cheerily.

"I say, you fellows, I—I want you to help me!" mumbled Bunter. "I say, come somewhere where we can speak—out of this beastly crowd—"

"Well, we've got to get down to the footer!" said Harry; "but—"

"Never mind the footer now, you silly ass!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, we must mind it, just a little," he said. "But come on, you men, we can spare a few minutes."

The juniors went out into the quad. Flip of the Second, hanging about at a little distance, watched them. Bunter halted under the elms.

"I say, you fellows, you come with me to meet Banks—"

"What on earth for?"

"And collar him!" breathed Bunter. "He's waiting under the big oak in Friardale Wood, near the footpath—see? Collar the beast and get that paper off him! I know where he's got it—in a pocket-book in his coat pocket. He had it there the other day! Well, it's mine—he's no right to keep it! Get it away from him—"

"And what about the football?" asked Wharton, with a stare.

Bunter gave an angry snort.

"Blow the football! Both the football! Talk about Pontius Pilate fiddling while Carthage was burning! Hang the football!"

"You benighted ass, we're booked to play the Shell!"

"Blow the Shell!"

"But even if we could get away, you're talking rot," said the captain of the Remove. "We couldn't collar a man and pick his pocket, even if there's something in it that doesn't belong to him. I'd like to give the brute a hiding, but going through his pockets is quite another matter. Why, you frumpious chump, a fellow could be run in for doing such a thing!"

"You can risk that, old chap—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"After all I've done for you, you know!" urged Bunter.

"Time we got down to Little Side, I think," remarked Bob Cherry.

"The timefulness is terrific."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Look here, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, "you've landed yourself in this by playing the giddy ox and the shady blackguard. Go to Quelch and own up, and ten to one—"

"You silly idiot, shut up! I won't go to Quelch!" hissed Bunter.

"It's your only chance, you fathead!"

"Beast!"

"Well, footer's footer," said Bob Cherry. "Come on!"

And the Removites started for Little Side, leaving Bunter under the elms. He leaned on a tree and groaned. It was time for him to start for Friardale, if he was going to see Mr. Banks. He dared not go—and he dared not stay! He groaned dismally.

"Master Bunter—"

The fat Owl glared round at Flip. He was in no mood for Flip. And something in the fag's face, too, told him that Flip had heard what had been said under the elms. He glared.

"You little beast! You've been listening!" he exclaimed.

"I 'eard what you was saying to them blokes, sir!" admitted Flip. "No 'arin

intended, sir—I was that worried about you, sir—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"I been worried a lot, sir," said Flip earnestly. "I'd do anything to 'elp, sir—"

"You can't do anything, you little idiot! Get out!" growled Bunter.

"Pr'aps I could, sir!" muttered Flip. "You was asking them coves—"

Bunter gave a snort.

"Could you handle Banks, you little snip? Shut up, for goodness' sake, and don't bother!"

Flip winced.

"I couldn't 'andle the cove, sir! But—"

"Oh, shut up! Listening to a fellow, behind a tree!" snarled Bunter. "You prying little beast—"

"It was 'cause I wanted to 'elp, sir," said Flip, almost in tears. "I was that worried about you being in trouble, sir—"

"Get out!" roared Bunter.

"Yes, sir! But I was goin' to say, sir— Oh swipes!" gasped Flip, as the exasperated Owl collared him and banged his head against the elm. "Oh crikey! Oh, sir! Wow!"

"There!" gasped Bunter. "Take that!"

Bang!

"Oh swipes!" gurgled Flip.

Bang!

There was solace for Bunter in banging the fag's hapless head. He would have liked to bang the heads of Harry Wharton & Co.—but that was rather impracticable. He could bang Flip's head—and he did!

Bang!

"Whoooooop!"

"There! Now let a fellow alone!" gasped Bunter, and he rolled away, leaving the Greyfriars waif rubbing his head and staring after him woefully.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Waiting for the Chopper!

GOAL!" "Good old Wharton!" "Well kicked, sir!" The shouts on Little Side fell on the fat ears of Billy Bunter—without evoking the slightest enthusiasm in his podgy breast. The Owl of the Remove wandered down to the football ground, and stood looking on, hardly seeing the game. Football had little interest for Bunter at the best of times. It had none now.

The captain of the Remove had put the ball in—the first goal in the match. Hobson of the Shell told his men to pull up their socks; and the game went on hard and fast. Bunter blinked at the players for some time, and then drifted away again.

It was time for him to go—if he was going to see Mr. Banks. He could not make up his fat mind to go. Neither could he make up his fat mind not to go. He rolled into the quad again, his hands in his pockets, dismal colour in his face. He caught sight of Flip—going down to the gates. He scowled after him. The fog was going out for the afternoon—enjoying his half-holiday, of course, forgetful of the kind patron who was deep in the depths of woe, and who had kindly banged his head on the tree! It was an ungrateful world!

"Oh crikey!" mumbled Bunter.

He drifted into the House. There he glimpsed the Head in talk with Mr. Quelch—and drifted out again. The sight of the Head made him think of the interview he might soon be going through with that majestic old gentleman. It was an unpleasant thought.

He rolled, at last, down to the gates. Banks was waiting under the big oak in Friardale Wood—must have been waiting long, by this time. He would be getting waxy at being kept waiting! But at the gates Bunter paused, his fat heart failing him, and rolled into the quad again. It was useless to see Banks, the greedy rascal would not believe that he had no money—after those fivers! It was borne in upon his fat mind that the advice Harry Wharton & Co. had given him was good, and that there was little time left to act upon it. Whatever the result of owning up to Quelch, it was evidently judicious to tell his story first. He rolled back to the House.

He had made up his fat mind—or almost made it up! But he hesitated long before he approached Mr. Quelch's study.

He approached it at last. The Head was no longer to be seen, and the click of a typewriter from Mr. Quelch's study showed that the Remove master was there—doubtless adding a little more to his celebrated "History of Greyfriars." Bunter lifted a fat hand to tap—and lowered it again. Again he lifted it—again he lowered it—and then, in sheer desperation, he knocked at the door.

The sound of the typewriter ceased.

"Come in!"

Mr. Quelch's voice was not genial. He did not like being interrupted in his literary work.

Bunter entered.

The Remove master glanced round at him.

"Well?" He shot out the monosyllable like a bullet.

"I—I—I—" stammered Bunter.

"Well?"

Bunter quaked.

He had screwed up his courage to the

sticking-point. But under the gimlet-eye of his Form master, it became unscrewed again, as it were. All thoughts of making a clean breast of it vanished from his fat mind. His one desire was to get out of Mr. Quelch's study again.

"Well?" rapped the Remove master, for the third time.

"I—I—I—" "Have you anything to say to me, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir. I mean, no, sir. Not at all."

"You have nothing to say?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"No, sir! I mean, yes. That is to say, no," stammered the hapless Owl.

Mr. Quelch gazed at him.

"Bunter! You have interrupted me. Why did you come to my study, if you have nothing to say?"

"I—I—I—" "Well?" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I—" "What do you mean, Bunter?"

"I—I—I—" "What do you mean, Bunter, by this parrot-like reiteration of the first personal pronoun?"

"N-n-nothing, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"You mean nothing?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"Nunno, sir. C-c-can I go now, sir?"

"I presume," said Mr. Quelch, with a glint in his gimlet-eye, "that this is what you would call a 'rag,' in the language of the Lower School, Bunter. You find amusement in interrupting your Form master."

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Bunter. In point of fact, he was finding it anything but amusing.

"For the last time, Bunter, have you anything to say to me?"

"Nunno, sir! N-n-not a word, sir!" groaned Bunter.

"Very well." Mr. Quelch rose from his chair, and picked up a cane. "You have interrupted me, Bunter—"

"Yes, sir! C-c-can I go now, sir?"

"You will bend over that chair, Bunter!"

"Oh lor'!"

Swish!

"Yaroooooooooh!"

"You may go now, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch grimly.

"Ow!"

Bunter went. The door closed on him, and the clicking of the typewriter was resumed.

Bunter wriggled his way down the passage. He quirmed out into the quad. Once more he drifted down to the football field. The whistle went for half-time as he arrived there. The footballers, enjoying a brief rest in a strenuous game, had actually forgotten Bunter's existence, till the sight of a dismal fat face reminded the Famous Five that William George Bunter was still in the universe.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry ceased to suck a lemon, and gave the fat Owl a genial grin, as he rolled dismally up. "Did you see that goal, Bunter? We're whopping the Shell."

"I say, you fellows." Bunter spoke in a husky whisper "I say, if you chuck up this rot, and cut off now—"

"Eh?"

"Chuck this silly rot, and cut off, and collar Banks before he goes—you can go on your bikes, you know, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry, apparently tickled by the idea of leaving a football match at half-time in order to see Mr. Banks. "Now tell us another funny story, old fat man."

"Beast!"

"My esteemed and idiotic Bunter—"

"Rotter!"

Football claimed the Famous Five again, and Billy Bunter was left blinking dolorously. Once more he rolled away, and drifted down to the gates. Once more he stopped and turned back. He realised that, if he went now, it would be too late—Mr. Banks could hardly be waiting all this time. The game was up—and the hapless amateur blackguard could only wait, in dire apprehension, for the chopper to come down. The dismal fat junior who drifted dolorously about the quad was quite unlike the bold, bad Bunter who had set out, only a few days before, to spot winners.

Mr. Banks, in the meantime, waiting under the big oak-tree in Friardale Wood, had had rather an odd experience. Mr. Banks was waiting for Bunter, and at the sound of footsteps he glanced round, in the expectation of seeing that fat and fatuous youth. Instead of which he beheld a diminutive youth who was quite a stranger to him. He stared at Flip, of the Second Form, and Flip, of the Second Form, stared at him. Passing Mr. Banks, Flip stumbled over a root, fell, and clutched hold of the sharper for support.

"Sorry, sir!" gasped Flip.

"You clumsy idiot!" grunted Mr. Banks.

Flip walked on and disappeared, and Mr. Banks gave him no further thought. He waited for Bunter.

Bunter did not arrive.

Mr. Banks, at last, gave it up, and walked back to the Cross Keys, with a grim and frowning brow. It was at the Cross Keys that he made the discovery that his pocket-book was missing.

With a still grimmer brow, Mr. Banks hurried back into the wood to look for his pocket-book. He found it lying where he had been standing under the big oak, and pounced upon it with great relief. Like a cautious man, he examined the contents to make sure that nothing was missing. But something was missing. Mr. Banks' money was quite safe; his personal papers were quite safe; everything that belonged to Mr. Banks, in fact, was safe; but the "bit of writing" he had held over Billy Bunter's head was gone. Bunter's I. O. U. was no longer there.

It was a mystery to Mr. Banks. He did not succeed in fathoming the mystery. But the paper was gone, and his hold over Bunter was gone with it, and Mr. Banks, realising that that chicken would no longer fight, as he would have expressed it, said a sad farewell to the tenner—and more tenners—that he had hoped to collect from bold, bad Bunter, and slouched back to the Cross Keys a very much puzzled rascal. And about the same time, Flip of the Second Form trotted in at the gates of Greyfriars, a grin on his grubby face, and his hand tightly clutching a crumpled paper in his pocket.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter all Over!

JAM, old chap?" "Oh! Yes!" said Bunter faintly.

Jam, after all, was jam, in spite of the sword of Damocles!

The football match was over; the Remove, much to their satisfaction, had beaten the Shell; and almost as satisfactory was the fact that the stony period

(Continued on page 28.)

OOM, the TERRIBLE!



Casa del Texado!

HIGH up in the fastnesses of the Andes, just over the border of Peru, Brazil, and Bolivia are the great grazing lands of the cattle "baron," Don Sebastian Texado.

The hacienda, known as the "Casa" Texado, certainly had more the appearance of a feudal castle than a cattle ranch dwelling-house. For successive generations the Texados had added to their wealth by not being too particular as to whose cattle grazed on their lands, though they all wore the same brand of an enormous "T" on a sort of gridiron which would effectually erase any other brand underneath. However, as Don Sebastian and his four husky sons were all renowned for their prowess in "el

duello," whether with rifle, six-gun, riata, or bola, and could throw a knife at twenty feet which would pierce the ace of spades, their neighbours, such as they were, did not care about entering into arguments with the powerful family.

As their lands were partly in Peru, Brazil, and Bolivia, the successive Dons were able to wangle the laws pretty much their own way, and as they were very openhanded—with other people's money—with the wild peons of the mountains and the forests, they could generally call upon a sizeable army if needs be.

In the middle of the immense plaza or ranchyard was a great black granite slab, thirty feet or more in height, polished by the brilliant sunshine and the fierce winds of the High Andes until it looked as if it had been varnished.

It had been there for as long back as the oldest peon could remember, and was understood to be a memorial to some long dead-and-gone Texado. The whole plaza had been trampled down to a solid mass by the hoof marks of millions of stolen cattle which had passed through it at different times, never to be seen by their lawful owners again, and around the granite slab in particular showed tracks which ended abruptly and in a somewhat curious manner against this memorial to the defunct Don.

As a rule the household retired early, and the peons who occupied huts on the outskirts of the big place followed the good example. Even if some of the family broke their rule and mysterious lights moved about the stockyard at

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. Later comes the startling news that Beryl Merger, daughter of Silas Merger, Rick's millionaire friend, has been kidnapped. Donning the clothes of Gonzales, Oom's wireless operator, Rick determines to pay the Flying-Bandit a surprise visit.

(Now read on.)

unearthly hours no one showed any undue anxiety, for some peons who had been inquisitive had either died from some mysterious complaint or had expired from a knife thrust delivered by whom nobody knew.

On this particular night those not concerned went to bed early, whilst a large white rick cloth was brought out to the middle of the plaza and spread out in the glare of large acetylene lamps.

Four of the Texado boys stood looking up at the sky as if engaged in counting the stars, until at last one of them murmured:

"Hist! He comes, brothers!"

They waited, with ears and eyes strained, until there came a low hum from above. Then something flashed down into the glare of light and settled as lightly as a bird right in the middle of the spotlights. It was an aeroplane, and from it, like an actor making an entrance, stepped a fur-clad, goggled figure carrying a black valise.

"Buenos noches, senores!" said this new arrival, with a wave of his mitted hand. "Mille gracias for having carried out my requests so perfectly. I trust I have not kept you waiting?"

"On the contrary, it is wonderful that you have arrived at the very moment your message warned us," said the eldest son, spreading his hands and bowing as if to royalty. "Allow me to relieve you of your valise, senor."

"Ah, non, gratia. But this valise contains certain delicate instruments necessary for my machine, and it never leaves my hand until I place it in safety. But Don Monte Pedrillo, he was to meet me. Has he not arrived? He was to take me to his hid—his establishment in the mountains."

"He has been called away on—on business, but will return to-morrow, senor. In the meantime, allow me to welcome you to the Casa del Texado and extend to you its hospitality until the arrival of your—er—host," came in a deep voice from outside the ring of light.

The speaker was a dark-complexioned man who held himself very erect, despite his apparent age, and his copper-hued face, carved as if from mahogany, bore traces of Indian blood. It was a mass of wrinkles, the eyes deep-set and crafty; the beaky nose,

thin and hawklike; and the mouth a straight line of grim determination.

The airman turned and doffed his flying helmet with a sweeping bow which matched Don Sebastian's own.

"Don Texado, this is indeed a pleasure to which I have long looked forward," he said suavely.

"I, too, have looked forward to seeing the Baron von Aumsteufel, whom men have named Oom, the Terrible," said the don in his curiously satirical voice. "Since you are to become a guest of our good Pedrillo, who is now our—er—near neighbour, it is only right that we should entrust you with some of our secrets. Pedro, bring the lights, that we may show our guest the means for housing his aeroplane and—other things."

One of the lights was turned on to the great granite slab, then the don stood at one corner and pressed against a certain portion of the stone.

From within the apparently solid mass there came a rumbling sound. Then the large granite block rolled aside, and the acetylene flare showed the black interior of an enormous cavern which stretched back as far as the eye could reach. It was paved and lined with stone, and must have taken a number of men many years to build.

"Si, señor, my ancestor was a man of foresight, and found it convenient to have some place in which to retire for quietness. This opening extends right through to the other side of the mountains. It cost my ancestor heavily in slaves and gold, but doubtless was worth it."

For the next day Oom was entertained by this don of ancient lineage, yet with all the hall marks of a robber chief. The gorgeous appointments of the hacienda made his mouth water, and he realised that, for some reason, his sardonic host, who must be immensely wealthy, took a delight in exhibiting his wealth to a man whom he must know had the name for being the world's foremost thief.

"Trouble yourself to come to my library for a moment," said Don Sebastian, after showing him a variety of beautiful things. "You, as a connoisseur of jewels, must see my collection. There are one or two of interest as antiques, but doubtless they would not compare with your own. You must have had a rare collection!"

Oom threw him a quick glance. Why did he say "have had"? Was he aware that Tom Dare had got away with the pick of Oom's loot? It seemed impossible.

In the library Don Sebastian touched a hidden spring and a double row of dummy books swung back, revealing a safe behind. This he opened, and Oom's breath whistled through his teeth as he saw the glittering display.

His host had turned his back to him, and seemed to be intently examining a small picture. But he could see his guest's face in the glass, and noted the wolfish expression of covetous greed on the Flying-Bandit's face. His own hard, wrinkled countenance quivered into a sardonic smile, as if he could read the other's thought.

"Well, amigo mio," he said, "what do you think of them? Good, eh?"

"They are beautiful, exquisite! I congratulate you!" replied Oom, trying to keep his voice steady. "But is it wise to keep them in so insecure a position?"

"Bah! What danger is there here, in the depths of the Andes?" shrugged the don. "They have been concealed here for generations, and no one has taken a single bauble. The peons do not know the value of them, and there are no burglars. There is Monte Pedrillo, of course. But Black Monte is my good friend, and he would not know how to dispose of these jewels if he had them."

Oom thought of the secret compact between himself and the bandit and smiled. Once in their possession he would know how to dispose of them, and it would be mighty little that Monte would get out of the deal.

After dark Oom saw that the rick cloth had been spread out again in the middle of the plaza, and the great flares lit.

"You are expecting another air traveller?" he asked.

"Monte Pedrillo, of course," replied the other carelessly. "Oh, yes! Black Monte is an up-to-date bandit, and, as a matter of fact, he had to travel far on some business of my own, so my son has flown him to his destination and brought back— Ah, here he comes!"

THIS CLEVER GREYFRIARS LIMERICK

was sent in by:

W. V. Jolley, 8, Marsden Street,
Newtown, Wigan, Lancs. who

receives a
**TOPPING LEATHER POCKET
WALLET**

for his trouble.

Fry, Temple, and Dabney looked
swell,
In frock coats and toppers as well.
But eggs, long delayed,
Caused their glory to fade,
And raised quite an unpleasant
smell

There's a chance for all of you
to win one of these **USEFUL
PRIZES!**

Oom felt at a loss. Here he had been expecting to find a rough and truculent mountain chieftain who would be an easy prey, but instead, this polished man of the world, whose sons flew as a matter of course, and, as his ears told him, managed a plane perfectly.

But if Oom had experienced one unpleasant surprise he was very shortly due for another, for, as the machine gracefully landed, Don Sebastian went forward and assisted a slightly formed girl to alight.

"Beryl Merger—by the powers of darkness!" muttered the Flying-Bandit; and again he saw that same sardonic, mocking gleam in Texado's eye.

Fifteen hundred feet above them there hung a tiny racing machine, with auto-gyro noiselessly spinning, from which leaned a pallid and wounded airman who had trailed that other machine over thousands of miles of mountains. The wounded airman waited whilst the secret passage was opened and the plane he had followed put away, then, with a deep sigh of weariness, turned his own plane back and sought a brief rest.

Caught in the Act I

YES, yes; I can get you, old man; though it's a bit faint. Don't hurry it. That's better!"

Tom was sitting in the cockpit of his little racer, tapping out a message on his wireless installation whilst a similar message came to him through the headphones. It was a curious scene, if there had been anyone to witness it, for he had landed on the flat top of one of the highest of that line of Andes ridges, and was in pitch darkness but for the glow of the tiny lamp on his instrument board.

Tom had been in communication with Rick for some little time, had explained his own position, and got that of the wireless plane which was coming up hand over fist.

"We'll time our arrival for to-morrow night so's to take them by surprise," said Rick. "Listen. Silas says that at the bottom of the whole business is probably this Don Sebastian Texado, very hot stuff and his deadly enemy, as Silas wiped his eye over some crooked deal he was trying to put through. The kidnapping is probably instigated by this gent. Get into communication with Beryl if you can manage it without getting into danger. She understands Morse. I taught her myself. See? It may be useful. So long, Tom, and give us a ring later on so's we'll know where to find you!"

The brothers had conversed under a double protection; not only using Morse, and an abbreviated system at that, but by also using a code of their own in case Oom might have some way of listening in.

Tom waited patiently until after midnight, then flew back in his practically silent plane to the hacienda, "parking" his machine right back in the shadows of the rocks and stealing down himself like a ghost, dodging from boulder to boulder, and taking advantage of every bit of cover.

Automatic handy at his belt, big hunting-knife ditto, and the engineer's pet weapon at close quarters—a heavy ten-inch spanner at a loop in his belt. Tom felt ready for facing anything, forgetting that he was weak as a rat from fever and his wound, and that he could hardly lift his left arm to the level of his shoulder.

He had spotted which room Beryl had been taken to, and was relieved to find that a light was still shining from it.

If only he could get up there and attract her attention!

There was a low-pitched outhouse with a sloping roof just beneath the window, but the young inventor realised he was going to have some difficulty in getting up there with his "dicky" arm.

However, there was nothing for it but to try.

There was a large rainwater-butt at one corner of the lean-to, and after much exertion, during which he spilt a good part of the water over himself, he got it under the lower portion. Then, taking a running jump, he landed on top of it. Another lusty spring sent him up to the roof, whilst the top of the water-butt went spinning into the darkness.

"That's torn it! I don't know how the dickens I'm going to get down again!" muttered Tom, as he scrambled up the roof and gave a tiny tap at the window.

He heard a startled gasp from inside, then tapped out in code—"Beryl, it's Tom Dare! Be careful!"

In a second the window-blind was drawn to one side and the girl's pale face appeared.

Tom signed to her to open the window; and, somewhat to the surprise of them both, it opened easily enough. Then they saw that there were three stout bars securely fastened across the window with screws and butts sunk well into the stout frame.

"How on earth did you get here?" the girl murmured. "Oh, Tom, your wound!"

"Never mind about that," said the young inventor grimly; "it'll keep till I get back! See here. I can't get you out now, but I want you to know that Rick and your father will be here very shortly, and you'll be rescued by to-morrow night. In the meantime, however, you must carry on as sort of decoy duck. Act scared, but fall in with most anything they propose. We'll see that you don't come to any harm."

"But my father—won't he be in danger?" asked the girl anxiously. "It appears that this don is an enemy of his, and it was he who caused me to be kidnapped as revenge."

"H'm, yes; we guessed that. Don't worry about your father, Beryl; Rick says he's one of the hottest scrappers he's ever seen, and keen as mustard. He'll take this don in one mouthful!"

"But, Tom, I believe it is the don's intention for me to marry one of his sons. He said how glad he was to receive me, and he hoped I'd try to like it as I should possibly be here for the rest of my life."

"What?" almost shouted Tom.

Then, suddenly discovering what a row he was making, he nearly slid down the sloping roof.

He regained his balance, however, by clutching at the bars and hanging on like grim death, but the jerk reminded him that he had a wounded fin.

"Listen, Beryl," he said. "You'll have to pretend to fall in with their ideas, act silly and terrified. That'll give us time to get to work, and—'S-sh!'"

Tom's keen ears had caught a sound from outside the door of the girl's room, and instantly he dodged below the level of the window-sill. In doing so, however, he bumped his head, and the sound seemed to him like a thunderclap.

Either the noise reached the ears of young Christofero Texado, or he caught sight of the intruder, for he made one spring across to the window, flinging Beryl to one side and the window-blind with her.

Christofero Texado's angry haste was his undoing, for he caught his foot in a rug and sprawled headlong, his head coming through the narrow bars of the window and jamming there.

That was enough for Tom, and his long, wiry hand, strong as a steel trap, closed on the wretched young Spaniard's neck and held him.

The man kicked and struggled and fumed, but Tom held grimly on. He had forgotten that it was a sloping roof he was on, and one that was not too well tiled. First one tile clattered down, then another, until one of his feet went through the roof altogether.

Tom realised that he must cling to

Don Christofero to prevent himself going clean through into the nigger cook's scullery. The weight of the two of them was too much for the bars and the ancient window-frame. Something had to go, and it went. The next second Tom, the young Spaniard, and half a dozen tiles went kicking and scuttling down the roof.

They hit the water-butt with a crash that might have been heard for miles. Christofero disappeared inside, whilst Tom was dashed, half-stunned, against the edge of the butt, where he lay with a bruise like an ostrich egg gradually forming on his head, and the very dickens of an ache developing in his wounded shoulder.

Before he could gather himself together and scramble to his feet lights appeared all around, and Don Sebastian, Oom, and the three other sons appeared, holding lanterns.

"What is this?" thundered the old don. "Who are these that brawl and disturb our rest at this time o' night?"

"Gr-r-r-rugh!" came from the water-butt, and a pair of long, thin legs waved wildly.

By main force two of the brothers upended the water-butt and spilled out the half-choked, gurgling Christofero.

"My son—then who are you?" demanded the old don, flashing a lantern in the airman's face.

"I can tell you!" came in a sardonic, gloating voice from the rear of the group as Oom shoved his way through. "It is Tom Dare, my enemy! Now are you delivered into my hands!"

(More thrills and high-speed excitement in next week's instalment. Don't miss it, boys!)

GREYFRIARS HERALD

(Continued from pages 14 and 15.)

"COLD-SNAPPY" STORIES

(Collected by a Removite with a brilliant imagination)

While he was sweeping the snow away from the gates, Gosling's ears fell off.

The game of Kick Breath, invented by Bulstrode, became very popular during the frost. The idea was to kick your frozen lumps of breath as they fell out of your mouth.

Electric-heaters were fixed to all ink-wells to prevent the ink freezing.

At the tuckshop, Mrs. Mimbble served ginger-pop by the pound.

To keep himself warm, Mr. Quelch sat on the Form room fire during classes.

Bunter fortified himself against the cold by eating several old pairs of boots.

The extraordinary sight of a fag walking across the quad without an overcoat caused several impressionable onlookers to faint.

YARNS THAT ARE S-PUN!

After mistaking Quelch for a model at Wibley's Waxwork Show, Smithy remarked that Quelch's whacks work him up to a state of frenzy.

The Fifth Form master has just been elected a member of Courtfield Geographical Society. We're sure the Fifth must be awfully Prout of him.

Paul Kenney, notorious Fourth Form black sheep, says he is going to turn over a new leaf. The question is, Kenney do it?

Wharton has a pimple on his face. It is denied, however, that he has a Wharton his nose.

Redwing is tall; he is also determined. His father was a longshoreman, too.

Vernon-Smith comes a cropper occasionally. But we fancy in the long run he is Bounder succeed.

Dutton, who writes about his deafness in this number, resents the suggestion that he is potty. We admit he's all there; but he's certainly not all HEAR!

YOU'VE GOT TO "HAND" IT TO KIPPS!

Extraordinary Walking Achievement

Mr. Oliver Kipps, the celebrated conjurer, contortionist, and clown, has just achieved his life-long ambition to walk on his hands from the Remove dormitory down to his study.

This remarkable performance was watched by a vast and enthusiastic crowd, who cheered lustily as Mr. Kipps finally reached his objective.

We need hardly say that Mr. Kipps has the art of hand-walking at his finger-tips. Previous failures have left him unperturbed; he doesn't knuckle under to defeat.

Asked how he achieved success, Mr. Kipps modestly stated that he just worked by rule-of-thumb.

We imagine that in later years Mr. Kipps will look back with great pleasure to the palmy days when he performed his amazing feat—sorry, feat!

GRAND VARIETY PERFORMANCE REMOVE DORMITORY

To-night, 11 p.m. prompt.

MAULEVERER.

Quick-Change Artist.

TOM DUTTON.

Lightning Question Answerer.

FISHER T. FISH.

Contortionist.

ALONZO TODD.

Eccentric Comedian.

BUNTER.

Sword Swallower.

SKINNERSKI & STOTTOVITCH.

Russian Dancers.

BOLSOVER AND HIS BOYS IN COMB-AND-PAPER MELODY.

DON'T MISS THIS GREAT TREAT

BILLY BUNTER'S 'CERT.'

(Continued from page 24.)

was over for the Famous Five, a pound note having arrived for Frank Nugent from the old folks at home. There was a spread in Study No. 1 in the Remove and in the kindness of their hearts the Famous Five gathered in Bunter, and sat down to the spread. It was, after all, a practical form of sympathy—the kind that appealed most directly to Bunter.

Trouble lay heavy on Bunter—trouble on trouble, like Pelion piled on Ossa. But he found that he could eat! His appetite, after all, was quite good; in fact, keen. And he signified the same in the usual manner.

"Any more jam?"

"Nunno! Try the cake, old chap." Bunter tried the cake.

He was demolishing the cake at a great rate when there was a tap at the door of the study and a grinning face looked in.

"Oh, 'ere you are!" said Flip.

"Trot in, kid!" said Harry Wharton, with a smile.

Flip trotted in.

"I been looking for you, Master Bunter," he said brightly.

Grunt!

"I got something for you, sir."

Grunt!

"It's a bit of writing, sir."

"What the thump do you mean, you young ass?" growled Bunter. "Look here—why—what—what— Grooogh!"

Bunter jumped as Flip of the Second Form laid the "bit of writing" on the table before him. Bunter's mouth was full of cake, and some of it seemed to go down the wrong way as he jumped. He gurgled horribly.

"What the thump—" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five stared blankly at the "bit of writing." They recognised Billy Bunter's sprawling "fist" on the paper.

"Is that—" began Wharton in amazement.

"That's it, sir!" said Flip. "You see, I 'eard Master Bunter torakin' to you blokes, and I took a 'and, sir. I got that there paper back for Master Bunter, sir, who it belongs to."

"Grooogh! Gug-gug!" Bunter struggled with the cake. "I say, you fellows—oooh—that's my I.O.U.—wooch—it's the paper I gave Banks the other night—grooogh—the paper he wouldn't give me—gug-gug—when I paid him—woooogh! How did you—grooogh—how did you—gug-gug-gug—how did you—oooooch—"

"I got it off him, sir," said Flip. "Knowing where the bloke was, sir, from what you said to these coveys, I toddled along, sir, and fell agin him, and

pinched his pocket-book, sir, like I used to when I was a pickpocket—"

"Oh, great Scott!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"He went on waiting for you, sir, not knowing nothing!" chuckled Flip. "I kep' out of sight, sir—"

"You—you—you young sweep!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You—you—you've pinched a man's pocket-book—"

"Only that paper, sir," said Flip. "I got it out of the pocket-book, it being Master Bunter's, sir, and arter he was gone, I put the pocket-book where he had been a-standing, sir, for 'im to find when he looked for it! I ain't a pincher now, sir, I'd 'ave you know—seeing as I promised Master Bunter never to pinch no more." Flip gave the staring juniors an inimical glare. "If any bloke 'ere calls me a pincher, I'm ready to give him a swipe on the kisser! That there paper belongs to Master Bunter, and I got it back for 'im—and I never touched nothing else!"

"Grooogh! Oooooogh!" Bunter got rid of the remnant of the cake at last. His fat face beamed. He grabbed up the I.O.U. "I say, you fellows, it's all right now! This paper's mine, and I'm jolly well going to burn it! That beast can't do anything now! Blow him!"

Bunter jumped across to the study fire. The I.O.U. disappeared into the flames.

"Orlright now, sir?" said Flip.

Bunter blinked at him.

"Oh, 'quite!" Bunter was himself again. "Look here, Flip! This sort of think won't do, you know! Still, I dare say you meant well! You can cut!"

Flip looked at him. Possibly he had expected thanks. Possibly, however, he had 'learned by this time how much was to be expected from Bunter in the way of thankfulness. He cut.

Bunter sat down again.

"I say, you fellows, mind if I finish this cake? It's not a bad cake—not like the cakes I get from Bunter Court, of course—still, not a bad cake! I'll finish it, if you don't mind."

"Don't mind us!" said Johnny Bull, with deep sarcasm.

"Right-ho, old fellow," said Bunter cheerfully, "I won't!"

And he didn't! The cake followed the jam on the downward path.

Billy Bunter blinked round the table. There was nothing left to eat, and he rose. He rolled to the door, stopped, and blinked at the chums of the Remove.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Well, fathead?"

"I jolly well shan't have any more to do with that man Banks."

"I should think not, ass!"

"After all," said Bunter, "there are others!"

"Others?"

"Yes. And when a fellow knows how to spot winners—"

"Eh?"

"When a fellow knows how to spot winners, it's rather rot not to spot 'em, what?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"It may be some time before I get another fiver from home. But you fellows can lend me—"

Harry Wharton jumped up.

"Where's that fives-bat? Hand me that fives-bat—"

The fat Owl did not wait for the fives-bat. There was a patter of fleeing feet, and the study door slammed on Billy Bunter.

But he was not cured. Not by a long way; neither was the fat Owl grateful for the help that Johnny Bull had given him. Which, of course, was typical of the Bunter bird the Remove had come to know so well.

The next day was Saturday.

It was also the "big" day at the Wapshot races.

And Loder of the Sixth once again had been given a "racing certainty." It was unfortunate that William George Bunter should be in the near vicinity of the discussion that took place between Gerald Loder and James Walker regarding that "cert," for it set Billy Bunter's greedy mind running afresh in channels of "easy money." Here, indeed, was his great chance to recuperate himself. Having learned the name of the horse Bunter tramped up and down the Remove seeking someone who would advance him the cash on his next postal order. Needless to say, there were no takers—especially when it became known for what purpose Bunter required the money.

But William George Bunter was a stickler. He saw, in his own mind, a fortune waiting to be picked up. This was not the time to stick at trifles. With the reflection, he summoned up his courage and rolled along to Loder's study. Without beating about the bush, Bunter actually asked the Sixth Form prefect to advance him a "fiver" on account.

The rest was painful—for Bunter.

He got five "pounds" of a sort—five hefty whacks from Loder's open palm, to be exact!

That seemed to cure Bunter, for the time being, at any rate. Certainly nothing more was heard in the Greyfriars Remove of Billy Bunter's "Cert" for a long time to come!

THE END.

(Next week's MAGNET will contain another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled "BOLD, BAD BUNTER!" Don't miss it, chums, on any account!)

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All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

COMIC FOOTBALL MATCH!

Coker is playing for the Fifth against the Shell next Wednesday. Whatever you do, lads, don't miss this treat! Admission Free. Collection in aid of the injured.

No. 81.

Edited by HARRY WHARTON, F.C.R.
January 23rd, 1932.

OTHER'S MANUSCRIPT FOR SALE!
Famous author, finding himself hard-up, wishes to dispose of original manuscript of unpublished pirate story called "Oceans of Blood". Fine investment—will probably be worth a fabulous sum in years to come. Apply in confidence to "D.N.", Box No. 777, GREYFRIARS HERALD.

PRESS BUREAU FOR SPORTSMEN

VERNON-SMITH'S SPORTING VENTURE

With the idea of improving on the sports bulletins displayed outside the Greyfriars Herald office, Vernon-Smith has founded a Press Bureau for sportsmen and to the public. The bureau, according to Smiddy in an interview, will supply a long-felt want, since many complaints have been received of alleged inaccuracies in the "Herald". Personally, we don't agree that our bulletins are very accurate. It is true that we get the results from the football match, but in favour of St. Jim's, when the result was actually reported Grundy as having won the St. Jim's cross country run when he came in last; and Dullehey of

responsibility for the truth of statements issued by Vernon-Smith's Press Bureau.—(Ed.)

Wetery Weather Report By Greyfriars Weather Expert.	
Monday	.. Rain
Tuesday	.. Rain
Wednesday	.. Rain
Thursday	.. Rain
Friday	.. Rain
Saturday	.. Rain
Next week	.. Rain
Next month	.. Rain
1932	.. Rain
1933	.. Rain
1934 (Times)	.. Don't fall in!
Let us guess it.—(Ed.)	.. No

SHOCK FOR PHONE JAPER

BUNTER TURNS TABLES

Bolover walked into the telephone-box in Farnhale Lane one day last week and rang up Greyfriars. There was a foreboding look on his face, your pipe and smoke it. You put that in the hand jammed him because he had just hummed him Bolover. He felt he had to have a out at shock of his life. He called you: "That's Greysfriars? I want Mr. Quench. After a brief interval a voice came on the line. Bolover recognised as Quench's. "Mr. Quench speaking. Who is that?" "This is Big Bill, the Farnhale 'beery' right," answered Bolover. "I'm ringing you up in the first place to tell you you've got a face like a lemon." "Oh, really?" "I mean, bless my soul!" Bolover paused for an instant. "There was something like Quench's in your face, wasn't it?" "Bless my soul!" "I'm rounded all right, so he went on, even more firmly: "You've the ugliest old nose outside the monkey-house at the Zoo, Quench. Even a chimpanzee could give you points in beauty! Get that?" "Goodness gracious! How dare you!" "That's nothing to what I dare do!" roared Bolover. "One of these nights you'll find me waiting for you in the back—don't you give me 'Blessing'!" "Does my soul!"



Bolover plucked up courage and spoke. "I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I think I must have had a fit of temporary insanity." "What are you sorry for, Bolover?" asked Quench, surprisingly enough. "Why for ringing you up and falling you you 'were ugly, sir'?" Bolover replied. "I didn't really mean you 'were ugly'!" "What?" "It was just a sort of wild impulse, I saw the phone-box and stepped into it, and before I knew quite what I was doing, I was speaking to you in a disguised voice." "Dear me!" Quench exclaimed. "So that is why you had the telephone for the last hour?" "Then I saw Bunter grinning in the background, and the truth came to Bolover like a flash. Bunter had been in Quench's study having a nose-rounder when the call came through and had used the caller the impropriety to give the caller the impression that Quench himself was answering!" Bolover could have kicked himself all round the Hall, as he realised that he had quite unnecessarily let himself in for the Quench, however, didn't give him the chance. He let him away to his study by the door. A little later there was a striking sound and a series of wild yells. Bolover has been looking for Bunter ever since. Bunter, he understood, keeping well out of the way. "We can't say we blame him!"

MODERN MUSIC

Broadcast Impresses Fourth Form Highbroves

HILARIOUS SEQUEL

Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Fourth, kindly condescended, to listen to a broadcast of the Big Rag and Highbroves, as a rule, but they made an exception for once, owing to the fact that a concert of modern music, composed by the celebrated Tiddlywinkler, was down on the programme. We all settled down round the radio and Vernon-Smith turned. "What followed was the most extraordinary din most ears had ever heard of the kind. It was a jumble of sounds, noises, and a few faintly recognizable notes. The night of this in a haphazard manner, I'm dashed glad I prefer jazz!" remarked Wharton. Temple, Dabney & Co. smiled superior smiles. "Personally, I don't think it's 'toppin' at all," Temple said. "Naturally, you need a musical sense to appreciate it. Not everybody has the intelligence of course." "Hah! You're not a word of it," said any most of you kind and proper vulgar dabble music. Farnhale, outbursts like "I prefer the kind of music that has been given to me by the radio." "Well, it's a good thing that you have become changing, forries said to be rumbling along a road, and spilling as of new vendors was adding the din. "Sell like it?" and Vernon-Smith. Temple, Dabney & Co. hesitated for a moment. Even they seemed to be wavering. But they're a stickler and he managed to contain "look enthusiastic. "Simply great!" said Vernon-Smith. "I really understand modern music this is a real treat."

"LIFELESS BODY" IN REMOVE STUDY

BARONET'S STARTLING DISCOVERY

There was a sensation in the Remore on Monday last, when the news went round that a lifeless body had been discovered in the study of the late Lord Manselver. Sir Jimmy Vivian, Lord Dolary. A "Greyfriars Herald" reporter, who was early on the scene of the tragedy, found that Sir Jimmy Vivian, after spending the evening at the Doughty Club, returned to his study to find the corpse stretched out on the sofa. Failing to arouse any signs of animation in it, he called on Roland Yard to solve the mystery. While Sir Jimmy was talking to our representative, Detective-Inspector Penfold, one of the Big Two at the Yard, arrived on the scene to eat all the fact in the cupboard, with a view to finding out whether it had been poisoned. After a long and fruitless search, a striking incident took place. There were no traces of poison. The celebrated detective left an impression on the mind of the reporter, who, while he returned to his home, only to find a note pinned to an inkstand. Later, he reinterpreted with one of the Yard's man-hunting tipplehands. The bound quickly found a seat, and hopes ran high that the mystery would soon be solved. Unfortunately, however, the scene seemed to end at a cupboard in the study which was found to contain only a couple of cooked sausages and the hand had to be taken back to the kitchen. Without further arrangements having been hurriedly



It's not often we get a complimentary note from the Cornet School of Cornet, Sir Cotton, Aitch-Change Cornet. "Dear Editor—We think your paper performs a great function, and we have always found it very useful. Will you please send us as many back numbers as you can find, provided they're on the market?"

Since the looking at the Cornet School of Cornet, Sir Cotton, Aitch-Change Cornet. "Dear Editor—We think your paper performs a great function, and we have always found it very useful. Will you please send us as many back numbers as you can find, provided they're on the market?"

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