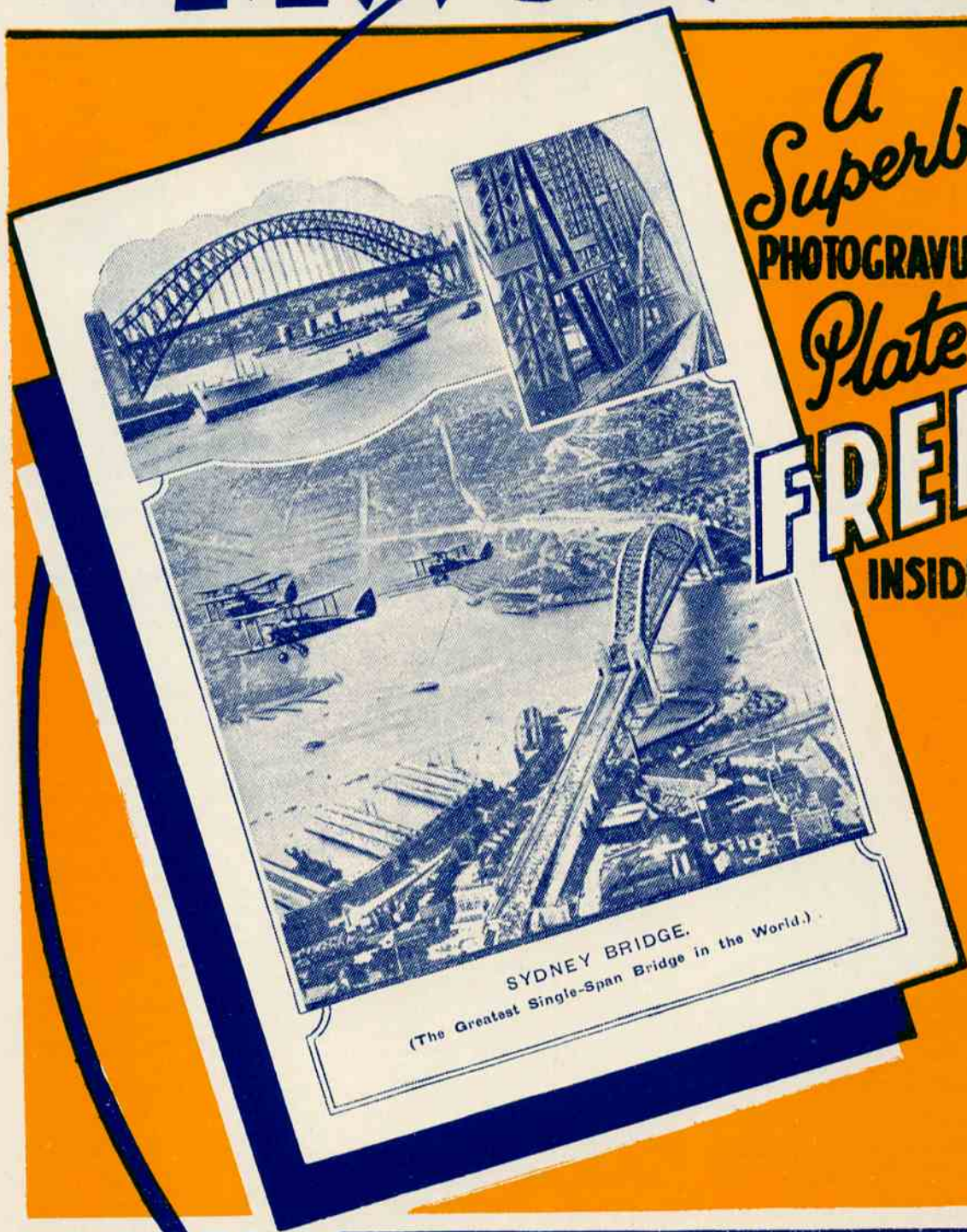


Another Big Souvenir Photo-Plate Inside

The **MAGNET** 2°



A Superb
PHOTOGRAVURE
Plate
FREE
INSIDE!

SYDNEY BRIDGE.
(The Greatest Single-Span Bridge in the World.)

10 More to Come!

BUNTER'S BIG BLUFF!

By
**FRANK
RICHARDS.**



It was Billy Bunter's big idea to break the bank at Monte Carlo, and from that idea sprang
Bunter's Big Bluff.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Swat That Fly!

BOTHER that fly!" growled Coker of the Fifth. He waved a large hand irritably.

"Here, look out!" exclaimed Potter. He jerked his head out of the way just in time; and Coker's waving hand missed his nose by an inch.

"Blow it!" said Coker. "Blessed if I know where the flies come from! Ought not to be flies at sea! That beastly fly keeps buzzing about a fellow's ears!"

"I can't see any flies—"
"Do you ever see anything?" inquired Coker politely. "Don't you and Greene go about with your eyes shut?"

There was a chuckle on the deck of the *Sea Nymph* yacht. It came from a group of juniors at a little distance from Coker. Harry Wharton & Co. of the *Greyfriars Remove* seemed amused.

Coker turned his head and gave them a glare. It was quite useless—Coker had glared at those merry juniors time and again during the Easter cruise on the *Sea Nymph*, without producing the slightest effect on them.

"Shut up, you fags!" rapped Coker. "Don't cackle while a fellow's trying to read!"

"Bow-wow!" retorted Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"The bow-wowfulness is terrific, my esteemed and idiotic Coker!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

Potter and Greene of the Fifth, who were seated in deckchairs close by Coker, smiled. All through that Easter trip, Horace Coker had been striving to reduce the *Remove* fellows to a

proper state of respect. He had had absolutely no luck! Unluckily, Coker, turning back after glaring at the juniors, caught that smile.

"What are you grinning at?" he inquired inimically.

"W-w-w-was I grinning?" stammered Potter.

"Yes, like a Cheshire cheese—I mean, a Cheshire cat! If you see anything funny in those cheeky fags cheeking a Fifth Form man, I can only say—Blow that fly!"

Coker clapped a hand to one of his extensive ears. He had felt quite a sharp nip there.

"That must have been a mosquito!" exclaimed Coker. "It was quite a nip! Fancy mosquitoes so far out at sea!"

"Fancy!" gasped Potter.

"Only fancy!" murmured Greene. "I think you fellows might fan flies away while a fellow's trying to read a book!" growled Coker. "Slack, as usual—too slack for anything."

And Coker dropped his eyes to his book again. Coker of the Fifth, as a rule, was not much of a reader. But for some reason he seemed very keen on that book—quite deep in it. That made the extraordinary visitation of flies and mosquitoes all the more irritating. Those obnoxious insects seemed to be troubling nobody else on board. But they kept on worrying Coker of the Fifth.

The *Sea Nymph* was steaming over the blue Mediterranean, heading for the French coast. The Easter trip was to end with a visit to the sunny Riviera; and there were to be a couple of days at Nice, with a visit to Monte Carlo. After which, the Easter trippers would be homeward bound, for England and the new term at *Greyfriars School*.

"Oh crikey!" ejaculated Coker suddenly, as he felt another nip on a large ear, and he smacked out wildly to catch the fly, or mosquito, or whatever it was, on the wing.

Smack!

"Whooop!" roared Potter. This time he did not jerk his head away soon enough. Coker's hand was large and heavy, and Potter roared as he captured it with his nose.

"Ow! Look out, you ass!" roared Potter. "Ow! Oh, my nose! Oh!"

"Blow your nose, you ass!" hooted Coker. "What the thump do you want to stick your nose in the way for, Potter? I nearly had that beastly mosquito then."

"Ow! Wow! You clumsy ass!" Potter rubbed his nose in anguish, and Greene shifted his chair a little further away from Coker. Coker seemed rather dangerous at close quarters.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came rippling along the deck.

"He, he, he!" came a cheery cackling from Billy Bunter.

Coker glared round again. He was getting more and more exasperated.

"Will you fags shut up?" he bawled. "Do you want me to come along there to you?"

"Yes, rather!" said Johnny Bull at once. "Please do!"

"Oh, do!" said Frank Nugent.

"Trot along, Coker!" said Bob Cherry encouragingly. "We'll roll you round the deck with pleasure."

"The pleasure will be terrific."

Horace Coker half-rose. But he sat down again. If ever cheeky juniors deserved to be whopped, the Famous Five of *Greyfriars* did. But if Horace Coker began whopping them, it was only too probable that, instead of taking that whopping as they ought to have done,

they would have rolled Coker round the deck. Indeed, they seemed rather keen for him to come along to them and begin. Coker decided to treat them with dignified scorn.

"I might have expected this sort of thing, coming on a cruise on the same boat with a mob of Lower Fourth fags!" said Coker bitterly. "It was a mistake—I see that now! I told that fellow Cook to keep them in order—and he only grinned—just grinned! Cheek, you know, from a dashed hotel-keeper!" Coker snorted. "He's grinning now!"

Billy Bunter's cousin, George Cook, the plump skipper and owner of the holiday yacht, was undoubtedly grinning. So was Mr. Pycroft, the mate. So were several members of the crew. Coker might have suspected that there was some jest going on, if he had been a suspicious fellow. He might have thought it odd that nobody but himself was bothered by those flies and mosquitoes, had he been given to thinking. But thinking was not much in Coker's line. His powerful intellect functioned slowly.

Once more Coker resumed his book—Potter and Greene keeping out of arms-length now. That book was really not one that a Greyfriars fellow should have been perusing at all; and Coker's friends had been rather surprised to see it in his hands. It was entitled "Monte Carlo Roulette; Systems and How to Win!"

Coker, with all his faults—and their name was legion—was a straight and decent fellow, not to be suspected of such shady pursuits as gambling. There were Greyfriars fellows, like Loder of the Sixth, or Hilton of the Fifth, or Vernon-Smith of the Remove, who might have done shady things abroad, far from the eyes of masters and prefects. But Coker was not that sort of fellow. He was straight as a string. So it was quite surprising to see him so deep in such a volume. But there he was—fairly nosing into it—mugging it up as he had never dreamed of mugging up his lessons in the Fifth Form Room at Greyfriars.

"Oooogh!" yelled Coker.

He flung out a large hand again—his friends fortunately out of reach this time. He glared round with an infuriated glare. He had caught quite a painful nip in the neck.

"Did you see that fly, Potter?"

"No fear!"

"Did you, Greene?"

"Not a ghost of one."

"Blind as owls, as per usual!" snorted Coker. "I never saw such a pair of stuffed dummies! Flies and mosquitoes buzzing round you in swarms and you never see them!"

"You silly ass!" hooted Potter.

"There's no flies or mosquitoes here. If you kept your own eyes open, you'd see—"

"Don't be a silly ass, Potter."

"I tell you—"

"Don't be a silly fathhead!"

"If you want to know—"

"I want you to shut up while I'm reading!"

"Oh, all right!" said Potter. "I'll shut up." And he did not mention that he had discerned a pea-shooter in the hand of Bob Cherry. Had he mentioned it, no doubt Horace Coker would have guessed where all those flies and mosquitoes came from. But he did not mention it, so Coker did not guess. Coker snorted angrily and resumed reading; and Potter and Greene exchanged a wink, and settled down contentedly to watch the game.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Just like Bunter!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. smiled.

Really, it was quite entertaining. Bob Cherry was preparing his peashooter for another shot, and the only person on deck who was unaware of it was Horace Coker, the target. Coker's nose was deep in his book, but not deep enough to be out of range from the peashooter. The tiny missile flew—tiny, but quite forceful—and it impinged on the side of Horace Coker's nose—a rather prominent nose, which jutted from Coker's rugged countenance like a promontory. Bob was a good shot. He got a bullseye nearly every time.

"Ow!" gasped Coker.

His book went to the deck, and he clasped a hand to his nose and jumped up. His nose had had quite a shock.

The peashooter was instantly out of sight behind Bob; but Coker did not even glance at the juniors. Naturally, he did not suspect that flies and mosquitoes came from the Removites.

"Ow! My nose!" gasped Coker. "I'm stung!"

"Another fly!" yawned Potter.

This issue contains
**ANOTHER SUPERB
Photogravure Plate!**
Fix it in your Folder which,
together with the
FIRST PHOTO-PLATE,
was presented
**FREE WITH LAST WEEK'S
MAGNET!**

"A mosquito—a jolly big one, I think! It's stung me pretty hard. It's simply sickening!" growled Coker savagely. "I shall have a swollen nose at this rate."

"Match your head!" murmured Potter.

"Don't be a silly owl! Where's that dashed mosquito?" snarled Coker, grasping his book and glaring round.

Had there been a mosquito within range, and had Coker succeeded in swatting it, that mosquito would have disappeared instantly from existence. But there was no mosquito to be seen—not even a small and harmless fly!

Coker brandished "Monte Carlo Roulette" to clear off imaginary mosquitoes. Harry Wharton & Co. watched him with interest. They wondered how long it would take Coker to realise that he was the target of a peashooter. Not a suspicion had dawned on him so far.

"He, he, he!" gurgled Billy Bunter, blinking at Coker through his big spectacles in great glee. "Coker doesn't know—"

"Shut up, fathhead!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I wasn't going to mention—"

"Dry up, ass!"

"I wasn't going to say— Ow! Stop stamping on my foot, you beast! Wow!" howled Bunter.

Horace Coker sat down again, but he

did not immediately resume reading. He sat with the book gripped in his hand, his eyes open and watchful. He was watching for that hungry mosquito to return to the attack, ready to bash it out of existence if it came. But he watched in vain. The peashooter was still held behind Bob Cherry's back, and no more mosquitoes were likely to materialise so long as Coker watched for them.

He gave it up at last and resumed reading. As soon as his eyes were glued on his book, the peashooter was lifted once more to Bob's mouth, and he took aim. The juniors suppressed their merriment with difficulty. Potter and Greene grinned and waited.

"Yaroooh!"

Coker fairly bounded, with a hand clasped to his ear. His book flew in one direction, his deckchair in another, as he leaped.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell along the deck.

"He, he, he! I say, you fellows, look at Coker! He, he, he!"

Coker rubbed his ear in a state of fury. It was getting altogether too thick. A fellow couldn't have a moment's peace, haunted by mosquitoes in that extraordinary manner.

"Wow! I'm stung again!" howled Coker. "Where's that beastly mosquito? Did you fellows see it?"

"Not a sign of it!" said Potter, shaking his head. Greene shook his head solemnly.

"Do you ever see anything?" hooted Coker.

Potter and Greene might have said that they had seen something, such as a Removite buzzing with a peashooter; but they didn't. They only smiled.

Coker gripped his book and glared round with an infuriated eye for that elusive mosquito. He was in a mood to slay not only that mosquito, but, like Samson of old, thousands and tens of thousands, if he could only have sighted the enemy. This time he had better luck. Certainly there was no insects about, but a tiny flake of soot from the funnel floated in the air and settled on Greene's shoulder. Had Coker taken his time, no doubt he would have discerned that it was a tiny flake of soot, and not an insect; but Coker was not in a mood to take time. He was in a hasty and slaughterous mood. He swung up his book, his eyes blazing.

"My hat! There it is! Keep still, Greene—"

"What?" began Greene.

Had Greene of the Fifth realised what Coker was about to do, certainly Greene would not have kept still. He would have done anything but keep still. But he did not realise it in time; Coker acted too promptly for that. Before Greene knew what was happening, Coker smote at that supposed mosquito landing on Greene's shoulder, and he smote with a mighty smite!

Crash!

The yell that came from Greene of the Fifth rang the length of the Sea Nymph, and far over the glistening waters of the Mediterranean. It might almost have been heard in Corsica. Greene, yelling frantically, toppled over out of his deckchair and sprawled on the deck. There was a shriek from the Fan'ous Five.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whoop!" yelled Greene. "Yooop! Wharrer you at, you maniac, knocking a fellow over? Whoooo-hoop!"

"Got it!" gasped Coker.

"Ow! Wow! My shoulder's dislocated!" shrieked Greene. "You potty idiot! What did you bang me for, you

howling maniac?" He sat up on deck and glared at Coker as if he could have bitten him. "What's this game, you dummy? What—"

"Hurt?" asked Coker.

"Hurt!" repeated Greene sulphurously. "Do you think you can bang a fellow like a blacksmith without hurting him, you dangerous lunatic? What did you do it for, you idiot?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was that mosquito!" explained Coker. "He was on your shoulder. I got him all right! Must have squashed him."

"You—you—you—" gurgled Greene. He picked himself up and rubbed his shoulder tenderly. "You've jolly nearly put my shoulder out of joint, you piffing idiot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The juniors fairly shrieked. This little entertainment was working out better than they could have hoped. Coker was a serious-minded fellow; but there was no doubt he was brightening that Easter trip. Though no humorist, he got the laughs!

"Shut up, you cheeky fags!" bawled Coker. "Don't make a fuss like that, Greene, about a bit of a tap. You've set that mob of fags laughing at you—"

"At—at me?" gasped Greene.

"Yes, and really I'm not surprised at it when you fall over at a tap, and make such a fuss about it! I suppose you're not made of putty, are you?" said Coker scornfully.

"Oh crickey!" said Greene.

"It's all right. I've got that mosquito at last. Now a fellow will have a little peace!" said Coker cheerfully. And he sat down and opened his book once more, convinced that he was done with that troublesome insect.

But he wasn't!

Zip! came another unerring pea from the shooter. It got Coker just under the ear, and he jumped.

"Oh crumbs! It that isn't another of them!" howled Coker. "The ship seems to be swarming with them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker glared up at George, whose round red face was grinning from the bridge. Captain Cook seemed to be enjoying the entertainment as much as anybody.

"Look here, Cook," bawled Coker, "something ought to be done about this! It's sickening to have the yacht swarming with filthy insects like this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared George.

"There's no insects on board this yacht, Mr. Coker! Boys will be boys! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tell you I've been stung half a dozen times!" roared Coker. "I'm bitten in six or seven places."

"Hefty haddocks!" gasped George.

"It's sickening!" roared Coker. "I haven't paid twenty-one guineas for a cruise to be chewed up by insects on your dashed yacht, Mr. Cook!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared George.

Coker, with thunder in his brow, sat down again. Potter and Greene retreated to a still safer distance. Bob Cherry did not resume sniping; he was laughing too much. Billy Bunter reached out a fat hand and jerked the peashooter away from him.

"Let's have a shot!" whispered Bunter.

Bob nodded and handed him some ammunition. Billy Bunter, with a wide grin on his fat countenance, jammed the pea into his capacious mouth, put the shooter thereto, and took deadly aim, blinking very carefully at Coker through his big spectacles. And at that

moment, Coker, on the watch for the mosquito, glared round.

His glare became fixed at the sight of Billy Bunter with the peashooter to his mouth. He gazed and gazed!

The truth dawned on Coker at last. He understood—when he saw the peashooter! It was not mosquitoes; it was pea-shooting! And Bunter was the culprit! Coker could hardly have any doubt about that when he saw the peashooter actually at Billy Bunter's lips. For a long moment Coker remained transfixed, and the Owl of the Remove, too short-sighted to see the expression on his face, continued to take aim. Then Coker bounded.

Crash! went the pea-shooter to the deck. Crash! went Billy Bunter after it, in the hefty grasp of Horace Coker.

"Wow!" roared Bunter. "Help! I say, you fellows— Yaroooooh!"

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Coker did not speak. It was not a time for words. It was a time for action. Horace Coker's action was prompt and vigorous. His heavy hand rose and fell like a sledgehammer. Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Yaroooh! Help! Draggimoff!" shrieked Bunter. "It wasn't me— Whooop! I say, you fellows, rescue— Yarooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five, yelling with laughter, rushed to the rescue. They seized Coker on all sides and dragged him off. Coker delivered one final, fearful whoop as he went, and Bunter roared wildly. Then the wrathful Horace was headed off, and Billy Bunter sat on the deck and roared with anguish, while the rest of the Greyfriars party roared with merriment.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter Rolls!

"NICE!" said Harry Wharton.

"Eh—whose niece?" asked Billy Bunter. "Where?"

It was the following morning, and the Sea Nymph was about to make her landfall. Under a golden sun and a blue sky, the town of Nice glimmered white on the shore, beyond it many a white-walled villa peeping from the slopes of the Maritime Alps. The sun shone on the glass dome of the casino on the jetty, and blazed down on innumerable promenaders on the Promenade des Anglais.

Harry Wharton & Co. watched the southern shore of La belle France rising from the blue Mediterranean, while Billy Bunter packed away a second breakfast after his first, a third after his second, and a fourth after his third. Full of breakfasts, Billy Bunter rolled on deck and joined the chums of the Remove, and blinked shoreward. Now, however, the fat junior blinked round the deck, apparently in quest of the "niece" to whom Wharton had referred.

"Fathead!" said Nugent. "That's Nice! It's spelt N-i-c-e, but it's pronounced N-E-E-C-E! See?"

"Teach your grandmother!" answered Bunter independently. "I don't want you to teach me French, Nugent! I can talk your head off at French! When we go ashore, you fellows had better let me do the interpreting. They'd never understand your French! So that's Nice!"

William Wibley of the Remove came up and joined the juniors. He glanced appreciatively at the sunlit shore.

"That's nice!" he remarked.

"It isn't!" said Bunter promptly.

"Eh—why isn't it?" asked Wibley.

"Looks ripping to me! Why don't you think it's nice, fatty?"

"It's pronounced neece!" explained Bunter. "You don't know much about French pronunciation, Wibley!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! You fellow's know it's pronounced 'neece,' if Wibley doesn't!"

"You burbling owl!" roared Wibley. "I wasn't speaking French; I was speaking English! I know it's Nice, you howling fathead; but it's nice as well—see?"

"You needn't yell at a chap, Wibley, because he sets your rotten pronunciation right!" said Bunter calmly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Has this bay got any name, you fellows?"

"It's the Baie des Anges," said Harry.

"That means the Bay of Monkeys," said Bunter; "a singe is a monkey in French!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors. If this was how Bunter was going to do the interpreting, it seemed probable that he would cause some merriment in Nice among the natives!

"You can cackle!" said Bunter. "But you'll find I'm right! A singe is a monkey, and so the Bay des Singes must be the Bay of Monkeys!"

"You piffing ass!" said Wharton. "It's the Baie des Anges—the Bay of Angels."

"Well, the silly idiots shouldn't pronounce all their words alike, through their silly noses!" said Bunter. "I know jolly well that singe is French for monkey."

"Of course it is—just as Bunter is English for monkey!" said Bob.

"You silly ass!" howled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, what's the glassy sort of roof or something?"

"That's the building on the jetty," said Nugent. "You can get teas and concerts and things there."

Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his big spectacles.

"I've heard about that," he said. "That's where they have a casino; they play a game there called 'la boule.' You put a stake on a number, and they give you seven times as much when you win."

"When!" grinned Bob.

"The whenfulness is terrific!"

"I mugged it all up, you know, when I had a vac in France before," said Bunter, evidently very keen on the game they played in the casino. "There's nine numbers on a green table, and you stake on any one of them—two or three together, if you like. There's a chap called a croupier, and he has a rake, to hook in your money when you lose, and to shove it out to you when you win."

"I fancy he does more hooking than showing!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Well, of course, mugs like you fellows would lose!" said Bunter.

"They make their profits out of mugs and fatheads like you chaps! I suppose more people lose than win, or they couldn't run the show; they can't run it on losses, of course. It takes a cool, clear-headed, iron-nerved fellow to beat that game—a fellow like me—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"A fellow with a cool, clear, steady intellect, you know!" said Bunter, blinking at the chums of the Remove. "That's me all over! I'm jolly well going in for it. Rather a good idea to make the French pay for my holiday—what?"

"I can see them doing it!" chuckled Bob.



Crash! Smash! Clatter! Crash! Crockery crashed and smashed right and left as the short-sighted Bunter collided with the waiter and sent him spinning in one direction, while his piled trays spun in another. "Oh lor!" gasped Bunter. "Nom d'un nom!" gurgled the waiter.

"Well, you'll see it when I come back to the yacht with a bag of francs," said Bunter. "If I make twenty thousand francs, that will be about—let's see—over two hundred pounds in real money. Rather a catch to walk off with a couple of hundred pounds—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "The difficulty is," went on Bunter, "that I'm rather short of cash. You can't play without money. I suppose you fellows will lend me a little capital to begin. I shall treat you generously. I shall keep half my winnings, and you fellows can whack out the other half among you. That's fair. I shall only need about ten pounds to start."

"Who's lending Bunter ten pounds to gamble on the jolly old Riviera?" asked Bob Cherry. "Don't all speak at once!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Nobody, it appeared, was going to lend Bunter the ten pounds that was needed, to be turned into two hundred at la boule.

"I say, you fellows, if you're going to be mean, I shan't let you touch any of my winnings!" said Bunter. "You'll feel pretty sick when you see me rolling in money. I think you might do the decent thing. I've only got fifty francs that George gave me—hardly sufficient capital to start breaking the bank. Still, if you're going to be stingy, I shall do the best I can with that."

"You won't!" said Harry. "We've come here for a holiday, you benighted ass, not to play the giddy blackguard!"

"You can mind your own business, Wharton! I don't want any sermons from you!" said Bunter scornfully. "I can tell you, I'm jolly well going to shake a loose leg, now we're in a foreign country. Quelch can't spot us here, and there ain't any Greyfriars prefects

about!" Bunter chuckled. "He, he, he! You'll change your tune, I dare say, when you see me rolling in money! Still, I'd advise you fellows to keep clear of it! You haven't the brains to beat them at that game!"

"And you have?" gasped Bob.
 "Exactly, old fellow! You'll see me rolling in money!"

"We'd better keep an eye on that fat idiot in Nice!" growled Johnny Bull.
 "Kick him if he begins playing the goat!"

"Beast!"
 "He won't be able to play the goat!" said Harry, with a laugh. "They're not very particular here whom they fleece, I believe. But there's a limit! They wouldn't let a schoolboy play at the tables."

Billy Bunter's fat face fell. He had not thought of that little difficulty in the way of making a fortune in the casino.

"I say, you fellows, do you think they wouldn't let me in?" he exclaimed, in dismay.

"There's a rule at Monte Carlo that minors aren't allowed to play," grinned Bob, "and it's bound to be the same in Nice. Those casino johnnies are pretty tough; but they have to keep up some sort of appearances. If a kid of your age started playing the goat at the gaming-table he would be moved on, pretty quick."

"What rot!" gasped Bunter.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Jolly good thing, too," said Nugent. "It will save you fifty francs, Bunter."
 "Yah!"

Billy Bunter's fat brow was wrinkled in troubled thought. He had been thinking a great deal about that gambling game at Nice and the blissful prospect of walking out of a casino with his pockets full of money. It would be

simply ripping to begin the new term at Greyfriars School with lots and lots of money—as much as Lord Mauleverer or the Bounder. Some fellows might have objected to make money by gambling—but Billy Bunter had no such objection. He rather agreed with the ancient Emperor Vespasian, who declared that the smell of all money was sweet!

As for the difficulty of beating professional gamblers at their own game, Bunter did not worry about that. All it needed, in Bunter's opinion, was a clear, cool, steady intellect and an iron nerve—with which Nature had, in Bunter's opinion, provided Bunter!

"I say, you fellows, I shall have to manage it somehow," he said. "I'm not missing a chance like this! We can't do anything of the kind at home. A fellow would be sacked for going to the races! While we're in France we've got to make hay while the sun shines—what? I advise you fellows, as I've said, to keep clear of it. No good losing your money with the rest of the mugs—he, he, he! Lend me the money—"

"I'll lend you a boot!" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Beast! I can manage on fifty francs, anyhow," said Bunter. "It jolly soon increases when a fellow wins. I can manage it. I remember now Smithy saying once he stuck on a false moustache when he was abroad and wanted to play at the tables. Wibley can lend me a moustache—you've got your theatrical things on the yacht, Wib—"

"Fathead!"
 "Well, if you're too mean, I can buy one at a barber's," said Bunter. "I can jolly well tell you fellows that you're not going to stop me making a fortune while I've got a chance!"

"You pie-faced, pernicious porker!" said Johnny Bull, in measured tones. "You're not going to gamble here."

"Yah! I fancy you'll be keen enough to follow my lead when you see me rolling in money!" sneered Bunter. "Not that you could do it—you haven't the brains for it! But you'll see me rolling—"

"Good egg!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You fellows like to see Bunter rolling? You really want to, Bunter?"

"Yes, rather; and I'm jolly well going to—"

"Well, if Bunter wants to roll, why shouldn't he?" asked Bob. "Let's set him going!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, hold on—I mean let go!" roared Billy Bunter, as the Famous Five grasped him. "Yaroooh! Whooop!"

Billy Bunter was turned over on the deck, and started rolling. With three fellows at his head, and three at his feet, Bunter was rolled with vigour, and he had to roll—there was no help for it! He rolled and roared,

"Yaroooh! Stoppit! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Roll on, thou fat and flabby Bunter, roll!" chucked Nugent.

"The rollfulness is terrific!"

"Whooop! I'm out of breath! Stoppit! Beasts!" yelled Bunter frantically, as he rolled over and over.

"Yaroooh! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter wanted to roll in money! He did not want to roll on the deck of the Sea Nymph. But it was not a matter of choice—and Bunter rolled and rolled and roared and roared.

"Hefty haddock!" ejaculated George, coming on deck and staring at that hilarious scene. "What's this game? Larking—what? Well, boys will be boys! Do you good, Billy—bring down your fat!"

"Yaroooh! Help! Whooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, I—I wouldn't go to the casino! I say, I was only jig-jag-joking!" shrieked Bunter. "Can't you take a jig-jag-joke? Whooop! Leggo! Yaroooooooh!"

"Sure you don't want to go to the casino?" chortled Bob.

"Owl! No! Never! Yaroooooooh!"

"Sure you don't want to roll in guilty gold?"

"Wow! No! Oh dear! Beasts! I mean, dear old chaps! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter ceased to roll. Harry Wharton & Co. resumed watching the white-walled town rising from the Baie des Anges, and Billy Bunter sat on the deck, struggling for his second wind. And the fat Owl, though his sportive intention was unchanged, resolved not to tell the other fellows anything more about it. They would be green with envy when they saw him with his pockets bulging with money, and it would serve them jolly well right.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Baffling Bunter!

"THIS," said George, "is called the Promenade des Anglais—that is, the English Promenade! It is so called because it was constructed, nearly a hundred years ago, with funds provided by English visitors to Nice to assist the native unemployed!" George waved a fat hand. "It faces the Baie des Anges

—which means Angels Bay, as you see!"

George, having taken a party ashore, was showing them the sights and telling them all about it. Harry Wharton & Co. cheerfully gave him his head.

It was quite pleasant to stroll along the magnificent promenade, amid crowds of other strollers, past the nodding palm-trees, with the Mediterranean gleaming bright and blue under a sunny sky.

Billy Bunter was not quite so contented as the other fellows.

Bunter's spectacles constantly turned towards a glass-domed building at the end of the promenade, where, in those very moments, the rubber ball was dancing in the bowl on the "boule" table, and "mugs" were losing money as fast as the croupiers could rake it in. Bunter was keen to be performing with the other mugs!

But there was no chance for Bunter so far. George, it was certain, would permit nothing of the kind. George was careful of the schoolboys under his charge, and if any one of them had displayed a propensity for gambling, Captain Cook would assuredly have sent that one back to the yacht, and kept him there out of mischief. Bunter was the only fellow in the party who wanted to spread himself in that way, however; and Bunter had to wait for an opportunity. His fifty francs were burning

Turn to page 17 of this issue and see the miniature reproduction in black-and-white of NEXT WEEK'S HANDSOME PHOTOGRAVURE PLATE. Then place an order for your copy of the "MAGNET" RIGHT AWAY!

a hole in his pocket, and he reflected bitterly that he might already have turned them into hundreds, or thousands, of francs. But there was no help for it, and Bunter had to bide his time and listen to George.

Coker & Co. dropped behind.

Coker had no fancy whatever for a personally conducted tour, with George gabbling, as he disrespectfully expressed it. Coker, too, had other fish to fry. He had brought his book ashore under his arm—and Coker, for some mysterious reason, was rightfully keen on that book. Coker sat on one of the seats along the promenade, and Potter and Greene sat down with him, and George and the juniors disappeared from their view.

Coker, having opened "Monte Carlo Roulette," put his nose into it, and kept it there. Potter and Greene exchanged glances of impatience. Really, they had not come to Nice to sit on a seat and watch Horace reading an idiotic book. Coker seemed to have forgotten their existence; and so, at last, Potter ventured to remind him of it.

"What about having a car, old bean?" he asked. "You were talking about a car up to Monte."

"To-morrow," said Coker.

"Why not to-day?" asked Greene.

"I'm not quite ready yet." Coker tapped his book. "I'm studying this thing—I'm getting it pretty clear. I fancy it will be all right. But there's

no hurry. More haste, less speed, you know."

Potter and Greene looked at him. They had wondered to see Coker—a fellow like Coker—so deep in such a book on such a subject. Coker, as they knew him, was not the fellow to play the goat simply because he was in a foreign country, away from the eyes of authority. But, really, it began to look like it. Potter thought he had better put it plainly.

"Look here, Coker, what are you mugging up that rot for? We're going up to Monte to see the sights; we're jolly well not going to gamble like a lot of tenth-rate trippers!"

"Let me catch you gambling!" said Coker grimly. "I'll jolly well knock your heads together, I can tell you! If you're thinking of anything of that sort in my company, Potter—"

"Nothing of the kind, you ass! But what are you mugging up the rot for? Look here! How long are we going to sit here?"

"I've got to get through this," said Coker. "It's a jolly pleasant place to sit and read, isn't it?"

"And are we to sit and watch you?" asked Greene.

"You can look at the crowds passing, and the sea, and the yachts in the bay," said Coker calmly. "Don't be restless—rushing about like a lot of fags! Keep quiet!"

"Well, we'll go for a stroll."

"Better not," said Coker decidedly.

"You'll get lost, or get into some trouble, and I shall have to spend the rest of the day getting you out of it. Better sit where you are."

"Look here, Coker—"

"Don't talk while a fellow's reading," said Coker. "It's inconsiderate."

Coker returned to his book. Potter and Greene breathed hard and deep. With only two days to spend in a foreign city, Coker apparently fancied that his comrades were prepared to spend the first day sitting and watching him read. Potter and Greene were powerfully tempted to collar Horace Coker, and jam his volume down the back of his neck. Still, Coker was to stand tea later, at one of the magnificent and expensive palatial hotels along the promenade. So it would have been rather injudicious to begin by treating him as he deserved.

So Potter and Greene controlled their feelings. They waited till Coker was deep in that book again, and then, quietly rising, they slipped away among the crowd. Coker, unconscious of their departure, continued his deep study of Monte Carlo roulette, which seemed to have such a mysterious fascination for him. Potter and Greene, with rising spirits, vanished in the crowd, and left him to it.

It was rather awkward not to have Coker with them to stand the exes, but on the other hand they were relieved of his society. What they lost on the swings, so to speak, they won on the roundabouts. And after so long a period together on the yacht, they really felt that they needed a rest from Coker.

Meanwhile, the Remove fellows walked up and down and round about the bright town of Nice, and George told them many things that they knew already, in his hearty, good-natured way.

Finally, to Billy Bunter's joy, George left them, to see to some business he had ashore, and still more to Bunter's joy, he left them at the entrance of the Promenade de la Jeteo.

Through the glass walls of that attractive building came strains of music,

and Bunter could see people sitting at little tables, and waiters hovering to and fro. And he had a glimpse of a long, green table where pallid-faced croupiers sat with their rakes.

"Here," said George, "you can get tea, and wait till I pick you up again. There's music and dancing and things, and plenty of good grub. But"—George's face became serious—"I can trust you not to kick over the traces—what? People go to this building for tea, and for the music. It's a jolly place. Boys of your age would not be allowed to play at the tables, and I trust you not to think of doing anything of the sort."

"All serene, old bean!" said Bob. "I'll keep an eye on them, George," said Billy Bunter. "You can trust them with me."

"You fat owl!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

George's eyes dwelt very sharply on Bunter. As Bunter's cousin he was naturally aware of the many kinds of an ass that Bunter was.

"I think I can trust these boys to look after you, Billy," he said. "If Billy tries playing the goat, Master Wharton, kick him!"

"Leave it to me," said Harry.

"The kickfulness will be terrific."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Well, come on!" said George, and he walked the party into the Jetee, paid for their admission, and saw them safely inside. Then he rolled away on his own business.

A concert was going on in one part of the huge building, and a crowd of people listened to it, while they disposed of coffee and cakes, or tea and toast. At a little distance, a long, green table was surrounded by punters, sitting or standing, dropping stakes on the white numbers on the green cloth. It was in that direction that Billy Bunter's eyes and spectacles turned. His feet also turned in that direction, and Bob Cherry hooked hold of a fat arm.

"This way, old fat bean!" said Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Don't you want any tea, old fat man?"

"Yes, rather! But look here, I'll take a stroll round while you fellows order the tea."

"You jolly well won't!" grinned Bob.

And he drew the Owl of the Remove towards the array of tea tables in front of the stage where a singer was going strong to orchestral accompaniment. From the singer came:

"L'amour est enfant de Boheme,
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu la
loi,
Si tu ne m'aime pas, je t'aime,
Mais si je t'aime, prends garde a
toi!"

While from the other direction came the croaking voice of a croupier:

"Faites vos jeux, messieurs! Les jeux sont faites! Masquez vos jeux, messieurs. Rien ne va plus!"

As the juniors walked towards the tea tables the singer's voice grew louder, and the croupier's fainter. But in the pauses of the music they could still hear from moment to moment "Faites vos jeux, messieurs!"—which being interpreted meant: "Make your game!" Billy Bunter, at least, gave more attention to the croak of the croupier than to the singing. But when sweet chocolate and sticky cakes were brought by a bowing waiter the fat junior gave them his very special attention, and forgot even the fortune he

All About—

The SYDNEY BRIDGE

(The Greatest Single-Span Bridge in the World)

Which forms the subject of this week's Magnificent Photogravure Plate.

OUR splendid Photogravure Plate this week shows you and tells you something of the marvels of the stupendous Sydney Harbour Bridge. But the finest pictures in the world simply cannot convey any real impression of the actual size of this engineering "miracle"—far less of the engineering skill and scientific research that made this magnificent British triumph possible.

With no pillars or piles to support that enormous arch of the bridge between either shore of Sydney Harbour—apart from the massive pylons on the two banks, of course—the engineers started to build it in two halves, starting each half from opposite banks.

There are over 50,000 tons of steel in that bridge, which should give you an idea what sort of job it was to support, by means of cables, those two halves, from either bank, until they were completed and met each other in the middle—midway across the wide harbour.

A Ticklish Job!

The two opposite sections of arch, as they lengthened, had to have their supporting cables strengthened, as you can imagine, and this was an extremely ticklish job, for if anything had happened to the cables, all the construction-work would have flopped into the waters of the harbour!

They used 128 cables for the job, their shore ends being anchored in tunnels driven down into solid rock to the depth of 132 feet! Half the number of cables were on one bank, of course, and the remainder on the opposite bank. Each cable was two and three-quarter inches thick, 1,200 feet long, and weighed 8½ tons, and tests revealed that it would take a "pull" of 460 tons to break one of them!

Another souvenir photo-plate FREE with next Saturday's MAGNET!

was going to make while he packed away cake after cake, and grew happy and shiny and sticky.

There seemed to be quite a crowd in the Jetee that afternoon, and the waiters were kept fairly busy. Bunter kept one very busy indeed. Every few minutes Bunter yelled: "Garçon!" And when the garçon came, Bunter would give his orders in French—Bunter's French.

"Chateaux—six chateaux!" said Bunter.

And the French waiter, after a stare of astonishment, realised that Bunter meant gateaux, which were cakes, and not chateaux, which were castles.

"Oui, m'sieur!" gasped the garçon.

"These chateaux are jolly good, you fellows!" said Bunter.

"Oh crickey!" said Bob Cherry. "I'd like to see the waiter bringing you a chateau, Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you want anything, better let me



When the two half-arches of the bridge were up, there came the thrilling business of gradually slackening all those cables so that the two half-arches should settle down, very, very gently, and make an exact join. When the settling-down started, there was a gap of three and a half feet between the two ends, and there was a roaring gale raging. But the pull of the shore-anchored cables was very skilfully and slowly reduced, and the two half-arches slowly dropped at the centre—and met—and the bridge was completed!

40,000 Pedestrians an Hour!

All sorts of tremendous difficulties cropped up during the nine years of building the bridge—difficulties of which those who are not engineers never dream. For instance, the effect of heat and cold—changes in temperature—had to be allowed for at every step of the bridge's construction.

At some points expansion had to be allowed for to the extent of sixteen and a half inches, that expansion taking place when the weather is hot, and contraction following when the thermometer falls. The great upflung arch itself can rise or fall at its centre to the extent of seven inches as temperature varies!

The population of Sydney—which is the capital of New South Wales, Australia—has now the finest arch bridge the world has ever known, and is likely to know, for a very long time to come. Sydney's population numbers one and a quarter millions, and is still growing. But the bridge builders have no fear that the bridge will quickly become congested, because there is room on it for 40,000 walkers to cross in an hour—apart from heavy road and rail traffic!

give the orders," said Bunter. "He understands me, you know. I'm rather a dab at French. If you want bread-and-butter, you don't ask for bread-and-butter—you ask for Tartars."

"For which?" gasped Harry Wharton. "Tartars, old chap! That's the French for it."

"Do you mean tartines?" asked Harry, laughing.

"No, I don't—I mean Tartars," said Bunter obstinately. "Here, garçon! Ici, garçon! Bring—I mean porter—Tartars!"

And the waiter, used to tourists' French, brought tartines, and Bunter blinked triumphantly at the other fellows.

"You fellows like the music?" asked Bunter, when he had finished eating at last. "Like to go on listening to it? That's all right. I don't care for it myself. Hardly classical enough for

me. I'll take a stroll round while you fellows sit it out."

Evidently Bunter was thinking of "les jeux" again.

"Sit where you are, fathead!" said Harry. "If you go near that green table, we'll come after you and bang your silly head on it!"

"If you think you're going to keep watch on me, Wharton—"

"Just that!"

"I mean, I wasn't going to gamble," said Bunter. "I was just going to look round and—see if there's anybody I know in this mob. Some of my titled relations are on the Riviera for Easter."

He blinked at the Famous Five and Wibley. It was true that a schoolboy would hardly have been allowed to join the crowd of punters round the "boule" table and play. And Bunter had had no opportunity, so far, of fixing himself up with a false moustache to look older. Still, if he went up to the table and pitched a stake on, they could hardly refuse to hand over his winnings before they moved him off. So Bunter considered—and he was going to try it on—if he could. But six pairs of eyes were on him, and he had to be cautious. Awful cheek as it was, there was no doubt that the chums of the Remove were going to interfere with Bunter's liberty of action. They weren't going to let him gamble.

Bunter waited.

A comic gentleman came on the little stage, and proceeded to sing in a colloquial French, of which the fellows understood little. But his antics were comical, and they watched him, with amusement. For the moment, at least, their eyes were off Bunter. This was the sportsman's chance.

The fat Owl suddenly rose and stepped away. But the next second Harry Wharton was on his feet.

"Bunter—"

Bunter bolted. He was not going to lose this chance! As the captain of the Greyfriars Remove reached out after him he departed with a rush. He really had no time to see where he was going—but it was rather unfortunate, all the same. A waiter carrying a tray piled with cups and saucers, plates and dishes was in Bunter's way—and before the short-sighted Owl of the Remove even saw him, he crashed.

It was a terrific crash!

"Mon Dieu!" shrieked the waiter, as he went spinning in one direction, while his piled tray spun in another.

Crash! Smash! Clatter! Crash! Smash! Crockery crashed and smashed right and left! Bunter staggered back from the shock, and sat down. The waiter sat down! They blinked at one another over a sea of smashed crockery and spilt tea and coffee, and upset cakes and other things.

"Oh lor!" gasped Bunter.

"Nom d'un nom!" gasped the garçon. "Nom d'une pipe! Mon Dieu! Vous est fou, n'est-ce pas! Ciel!"

"Ow! Oh erikoy! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows— Wow! Oh crumbs! Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Oh lor!"

"You howling ass!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ooogh! Oh scissors!"

The waiter scrambled up. He seemed excited! He leaned over Bunter, gesticulating with both hands! Everybody in the place looked round. Billy Bunter was the cynosure of all eyes! He was getting the limelight. He blinked up dizzily at the shrieking, gesticulating waiter.

"Alors! Je tombe, comme ca!" shrieked the waiter. "Vous voyez!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,316.

Voilà. Voilà!" He pointed to the sea of broken crocks. "Voilà, monsieur! Voilà! Faut payer tout cela, n'est-ce pas! Mais oui! Oui!"

"Wow!" was Bunter's answer. "Wow! Ow!"

"Comment?"

"Common yourself!" retorted Bunter. "It's your own fault, and I don't want any of your cheek!"

"Plait-il?"

"Plates! Blow your plates! You shouldn't fall over with them! Gerra-way!" snorted Bunter. "I say, you fellows, push that man away!"

"Payez, payez, payez!" hooted the waiter.

"I say, you fellows, what is that foreign idiot saying? Is he swearing?" gasped Bunter.

"You burbling idiot, he's saying that you've got to pay for the damage!" howled Nugent.

"Catch me!" gasped Bunter. He staggered to his feet and backed away from the excited waiter. "Here, you shift, see? Get off! Clear! Alley! Scootez-vous! Bunkez-vous! Mizzlez-vous! Takez vous votre hook, see?"

Harry Wharton hurriedly interposed, and speaking in French, which was rather different from Bunter's, settled the matter with the waiter. Then the Greyfriars party decided to go—having attracted rather more attention than was gratifying. Bunter snorted with indignation as he was led away—but he had to go. And as he went, the voice

TO READERS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE.

Readers in the Irish Free State are requested to note that when free gifts are offered with this publication, they can only be supplied when the article is of a non-dutiable character.

of the croupier echoed after him quite tantalisingly:

"Faites vos jeux, messieurs! Marquez vos jeux!"

"I say, you fellows, I've left something behind!" exclaimed Bunter. "I'll cut back for a minute—leggo my arm, Bob Cherry, you beast!"

"Certainly," agreed Bob. He released Bunter's fat arm—but as he fixed a tenacious grip on a fat ear instead, Bunter was no better off. He squeaked as he was led out of the Jetez by the car! He was really glad to get outside.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Pickpocket!

"HALLO; hallo, hallo! Jolly old Coker!"

Sauntering down the Promenade des Anglais, looking round for George, the chums of the Remove spotted Coker of the Fifth. There was a red and rather excited look on Coker's face; and the juniors watched him, with a little interest. Coker, with long strides, was going up and down and round about, staring at faces in the passing crowds, evidently in search of somebody. As Potter and Greene were not with him, the juniors guessed that he had lost his comrades—or that they had lost him!

Sighting the smiling juniors, Coker of the Fifth bore down on them. Generally, Coker of the Fifth was not keen on claiming acquaintance with fags of the

Lower Fourth in public. He preferred the juniors to keep their distance. They were, of course, merely microbes, in comparison with Coker of the Fifth. Seeing Coker with such microbes, people might have supposed that Coker himself was a schoolboy—instead of taking him for a young man of the world! But important as this was, Coker ceased to consider it for the moment, and hailed the Famous Five.

"Seen those silly asses?" he asked. Apparently he was alluding to Potter and Greene. Bob Cherry chose to misunderstand, however.

"I've seen only one silly ass," he answered.

"Potter or Greene?" asked Horace. "Neither!" answered Bob. "Coker!" At which his comrades chuckled, and Horace Coker frowned.

"I don't want any of your fag cheek!" said Coker, breathing hard. "Look here, those asses have lost themselves."

"We haven't seen them," said Harry. "It's too thick!" said Coker. "The minute I take my eye off them, they get lost! I was reading my book, you know, and told them plainly to sit still—and they must have wandered away while my eye was off them. Hadn't even sense enough to sit still where they were."

Evidently, Coker was feeling deeply aggrieved. Fifth Form men really ought to have had sense enough to sit still when Coker told them to!

"I've been hunting for them everywhere!" added Coker. "Sure you've not seen them? Blow 'em! Serve them right if I left them to it! But I suppose I can't let them get lost in a foreign country. I shall have to find them. It's rather thick."

The juniors grinned. It occurred to them that probably Potter and Greene did not want to be found. But that did not occur to Coker. The great Horace turned away and resumed his march along the Promenade des Anglais. The juniors were sauntering in the same direction, a little distance behind Coker—Coker taking care to keep at a distance, in order to let the population of the South of France know that he had nothing in common with these junior schoolboys.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Look!"

He gave a nod towards the burly figure of Coker ahead.

A man walking in the same direction as Coker sidled nearer and nearer to the great Horace, till he was walking just at Coker's elbow. Then he stumbled, fell against Coker, and caught hold of his shoulder for support. Coker gave rather a jump, and stared round at him.

"What the thump—" ejaculated Coker.

"Mille pardons, monsieur!" said the Frenchman, as he righted himself and released Coker's shoulder.

"Oh, all right!" grunted Coker.

He had not seen what the juniors, from behind, had seen—though they would not have seen what happened had not their eyes been specially on Horace. The Frenchman, while he held on Coker's shoulder with one hand, had picked Coker's pocket with the other. It was cleverly, swiftly, and neatly done; and Coker walked on in happy unconsciousness of the fact that his pocket-book, bulging with banknotes, had been transferred to the possession of a French pickpocket.

"My hat!" exclaimed Wharton. "Come on!"

The juniors ran forward. The pickpocket, a man quite respectably dressed, was about to slip away among the promenaders, when he was suddenly pinned

(Continued on page 10.)

Two Wonderful Sets of Photogravure Souvenirs

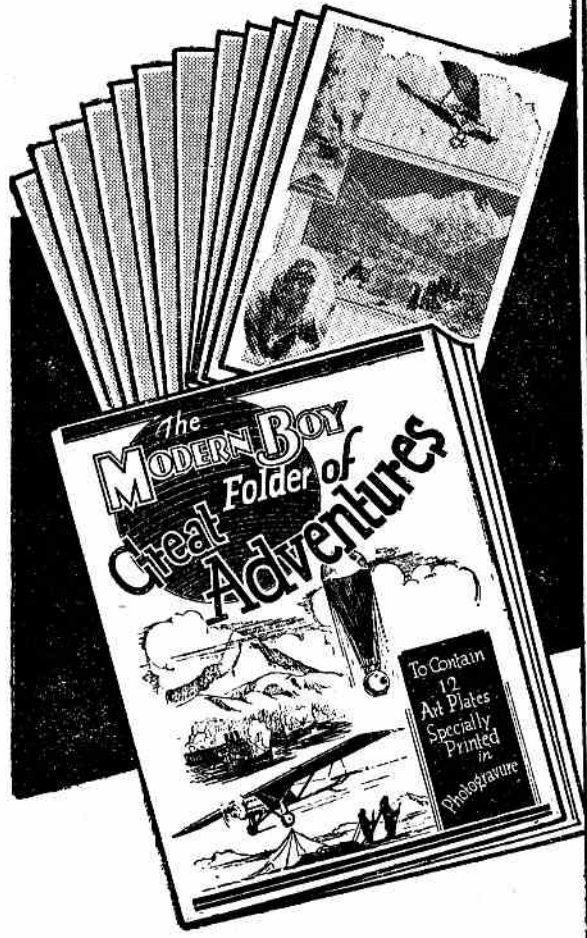
“WORLD RECORDS WE ARE PROUD OF”

This is the title of a splendid series of TWELVE PLATES and a loose-leaf folder which are being given away with the RANGER. The first plate and the folder were presented last week.

SECOND PLATE FREE To-day

shows Squadron-Leader Gayford and Flight-Lieutenant Nicholetts with the mono-plane in which they made their record-breaking flight to the Cape.

The **RANGER** *Now on Sale* **2^d.**



“GREAT ADVENTURES”

is the title of the series of TWELVE PLATES which, together with a loose-leaf folder, are being given away with The MODERN BOY. The first plate and the folder were presented last week.

SECOND PLATE FREE To-day

is entitled “Attacking Mount Everest—The World’s Highest Mountain.”

The **MODERN BOY** *Now on Sale* **2^d.**



BUNTER'S BIG BLUFF!

(Continued from page 8.)

by the arms from behind. Harry Wharton had one arm, and Bob Cherry the other, and they gripped like steel.

The Frenchman spun round at them with a gasp of surprise and alarm.

"Ma foi! Qu'est-ce-que-c'est?" he ejaculated.

"Hold him, Bob!"

"You bet!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Mais, laissez moi, donc!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Pourquoi cela? Etes vous fous, n'est-ce-pas? Allez-vous-en!"

"Better call a gendarme," said Johnny Bull. "There must be some bobbies about—call a gendarme."

The Frenchman was struggling; but at the word "gendarme" he ceased at once. Evidently he did not want a police officer on the scene.

"Mais, messieurs—" he panted.

Coker stared round. He stared, glared, and frowned at the sight of the man wriggling in the grasp of the juniors. Several of the promenaders had stopped, and were looking towards the scene.

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Coker. "Can't you fags behave yourselves in a foreign country? Ragging a Frenchman, by gum! Do you think you're in the Remove passage at Greyfriars, you young sweeps? Let that man go at once!"

"You howling ass!" hooted Bob.

"He's picked your pocket!"

"Don't be a young ass, Cherry!"

"We saw him—" snapped Wharton.

"Don't be a young idiot, Wharton!"

"You burbling jabberwock!" howled Johnny Bull. "He's got your pocket-book in his pocket this minute! We saw him pinch it!"

"Don't be cheeky, Bull! I'm not the

fellow to have my pocket picked!" said Coker contemptuously. "It would take a jolly clever pickpocket to get my money off me, I can tell you!"

"Feel in your pocket, fathead!" said Frank Nugent.

"Shut up, Nugent! Now, you young sweeps, let that man alone at once," said Coker. "You'll get run in by the gendarmes if you make a disturbance here! Let him go!"

"My esteemed and idiotic Coker—"

"Hold your tongue!" said Coker. "I don't want any jaw! Let that man go at once before you get a crowd round! I don't want to whop you, with all these foreigners looking on, but I can't allow you to rag a stranger like this! Let him go!"

"Well, my hat!" gasped Wharton.

"Now, then, sharp's the word!" said Coker, and he strode at the juniors with the evident intention of taking active measures.

Wibley hooked his leg neatly and Johnny Bull gave him a shove and Nugent a push, and Coker, suddenly up-ended, hit the Promenade des Anglais hard. He roared as he hit it. More and more people were gathering round now, looking on and grinning and exchanging remarks, and the uneasiness of the pickpocket, still firmly held by Wharton and Bob, grew. Every moment he dreaded to see an official gentleman in uniform appear, and to be handed over to the law with the stolen pocket-book on him.

"Messieurs," he breathed—"messieurs, laissez moi partir! Prenez le porte-feuille, et laissez moi aller."

He extracted Coker's property from his pocket and passed it into Wharton's free hand. Wharton stared at it and at him—and hesitated.

"Ayez pitie de moi, et laissez moi

courir," whispered the wretched thief. "Voilà le porte-feuille de monsieur! Je ne garde rien! Laissez moi aller, je vous prie."

"Let him cut, Bob." Wharton released the man. He had restored the plunder, and the juniors had no desire to be mixed up in an affair with the police in a foreign country.

Bob dropped the man's arm, and the rascal, with the swiftness of a flash of light, vanished through the crowd. Wharton was left with Coker's well-lined pocket-book in his hand. Coker, on his back, had seen nothing of that transaction. Wharton stepped towards him.

"Here, Coker—" He bent over the spluttering Horace.

Thump! Coker landed out.

"Whooooo!" roared Wharton, sitting down suddenly, as Horace Coker's hefty fist landed on his chest.

Coker scrambled up, gave the juniors a glare, and stalked away. He stalked off in righteous wrath and indignation. Harry Wharton, gasping for breath, was left sitting—still with Coker's pocket-book in his hand!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

After the Feast, the Reckoning!

POTTER and Greene, standing among the palms and shrubs in tubs outside the magnificent Hotel Lootemesco, on the Promenade des Anglais, smiled at one another as a burly figure heaved in sight.

Coker was still in search of his missing friends, and, as it was past tea-time, his friends were thinking that it was time that Coker was allowed to find them. They had had quite a pleasant afternoon without Coker. No doubt they were fond of old Horace, but it was certain that absence made the heart grow fonder.

Several times that afternoon they had spotted him from a distance, evidently hunting for them, and had backed into cover till he disappeared again. Now, however, Potter and Greene wanted their tea. So, instead of backing out of sight among the tubbed shrubs in front of the Lootemesco, they stood forth to be seen—so prominently that even Coker could not have missed them.

Potter and Greene had cash of their own, and could have stood themselves tea at a pinch. Still, if Coker wanted to splash his money about as usual, they were not the fellows to say him nay. Prices, too, were steep. With the exchange at about eighty-seven francs to the pound, foreigners ought to have done well in France—but generally the intelligent native saw to it that they didn't!

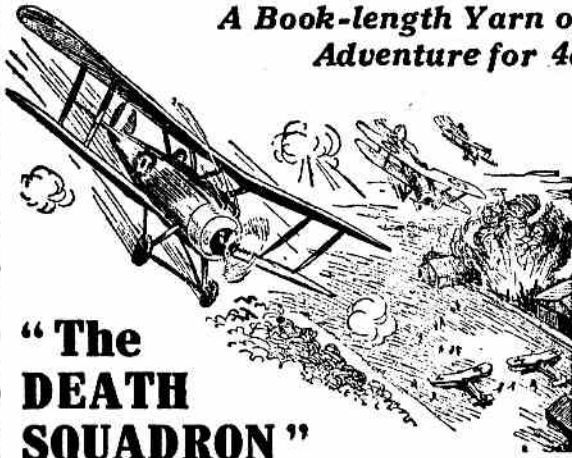
On their own, Potter and Greene would have looked for some cafe where the prices were arranged for the French. Places where prices were arranged for the English were too steep for Potter and Greene. But in Coker's company there was no need to exercise all this care and perspicacity. Financially, things went more easily and smoothly when Coker was in the offing. Potter and Greene rather liked the idea of a magnificent spread at the magnificent Lootemesco. For that, Coker was essential. So they decided to be found.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Coker. "Yes, here we are, old chap!" said Potter. "How did you find us?"

"Well, I knew Coker would find us sooner or later," said Greene. "Coker wouldn't let us get hopelessly lost in a foreign country."

"All the same, it's rather wonderful

A Book-length Yarn of Adventure for 4d. ONLY!



"The DEATH SQUADRON"

10,000 marks is the prize waiting for the German pilot who can shoot down Squadron-Commander "Baldy" Atlee—but Baldy's Angels, the greatest squadron of air-fighters on the Western Front, haven't lost their tough little leader yet! Again and again their

daring, unexpected, raids have wrecked the enemy's most vital plans, and now, burning for revenge, the pick of Germany's aces take the air to smash the hated Angels once and for all! The fight is on—get ready for thrills in this whirlwind Great War yarn.

Ask for No. 377 of

BOYS' FRIEND Library

Now on Sale at all Newsagents

4d.

how Coker does it," said Potter solemnly. "It isn't as if we were at home. In a foreign country, you know; but then, Coker speaks French like a native."

"That's it," agreed Greene. "The fact is, Coker, we weren't feeling really nervous—we knew you'd find us!"

"A fellow can always rely on Coker!" said Potter.

"I wonder," said Greene meditatively, "what we should do without Coker? I've wondered more than once."

Coker, thus taken between two fires, looked from one to the other, and from the other to the one, and his annoyance vanished. He had been very annoyed, very annoyed indeed, at that long hunt for his lost friends. But it was always easy to pull Coker's leg. Soft sawdow, applied to the great Horace, was an infallible remedy!

"Well, you're rather a pair of duffers, wandering away like that," said Horace. "But I've found you, so it's all right. Don't wander away again."

"We won't!" said Potter, adding to himself: "Not till after tea, at any rate!"

"What about tea?" went on Coker. "I'm jolly hungry! You fellows ready for tea?"

"Well, now you mention it—" murmured Greene.

"Let's go in here," said Coker, staring up at the magnificent, highly ornamental facade of the Hotel Lootemesco. "Looks a decent show!"

And they went in. The Hotel Lootemesco was an enormous building. It was populated by an army of waiters. It had a magnificent balcony, shaded by awnings, overlooking the promenade and the bay and the Mediterranean beyond. A bowing waiter bowed the three Greyfriars seniors to the balcony, bowing all the way as if he had a steel spring in his back. He found them a table, half hidden by tubbed shrubs, and bowed them into chairs. He brought them a menu, and brought them everything they ordered from it; and as all three were hungry, there was soon a first-class spread going.

"This is good prog!" said Coker. "Fine!" said Potter. "Ripping!" said Greene. They stacked it away.

The "prog" was so good that none of them felt disposed to leave any room for supper on the Sea Nymph. George kept a good table on the yacht, but it was nothing to this! This was the stuff that millionaires revelled in. What the prices were, they did not know; but Potter and Greene opined that they would be pretty steep. However, that did not worry them, that was in Coker's department.

The spread was over at last, and the sun was sinking into the blue Mediterranean. Coker yawned, and made a movement.

"May as well be getting along!" he remarked. "Where's that waiter? Here, garcon, bring the dishong!"

By some sort of magic, known only to French waiters, the waiter understood that Coker was referring to the "addition."

"Oui, m'sieur!" He brought the addition. Coker looked at it. He opened his eyes. He had not expected to feed cheaply at the Hotel Lootemesco. He had been prepared to feed expensively. But his eyes bulged as he saw that the addition came to 1,300 francs!

"Oh crumbs!" said Coker. "Anything wrong?" yawned Potter.

"Well, I fancy so! What's one thousand three hundred francs in English?" asked Coker.

"Oh, my hat! About fifteen pounds!" Greene whistled.

The Hotel Lootemesco was truly magnificent. Its prices were in proportion to its magnificence. The prog had been good, and they had done it full justice. Potter and Greene had surmised that it might cost Coker a fiver! But fifteen pounds rather took their breath away!

They exchanged glances. The waiter stood with a fixed smile on his face. His manner was that of a waiter who was accustomed to dealing with millionaires, dukes, and princes, to whom such a trifling sum as fifteen pounds was a mere jest. Coker breathed hard and deep. Coker had lots of money. He had had a letter of credit from his affectionate Aunt Judy, and had cashed it in Nice that morning, and was well provided with banknotes; but meals at fifteen pounds a time staggered Coker. Even his ample supplies from Aunt Judy would not have lasted long at that rate of expenditure.

"This," said Coker, "is a swindle!"

"I dare say they've overcharged you a bit," assented Potter. "Safer to ask the prices first. Still, you can't very well do that in a place of this class!"

"That's where they have you," remarked Greene.

"I'm not going to haggle with a waiter," said Coker, with dignity. "I

"They'll jolly well want to keep us here till they're paid."

"No good sending a messenger to the yacht," answered Coker. "I've no money on the yacht. I spent it all at Gibraltar."

"Oh, great Scott!"

"It's all right," said Coker. "I was going to stand the spread. But it's all right; you fellows can pay."

"Eh?"

"What?"

Potter and Greene gave a simultaneous gasp. Coker sorted out his loose change. It came to three pounds.

"There you are," he said. "That leaves you with six pounds each to cough up. Pay the man, and let's go! I'm fed-up with this place!"

Potter and Greene sat as if frozen. They had lost Coker that afternoon—and found him in time for tea! They wished now that they hadn't lost him—or, alternatively, as the lawyers say, that they hadn't found him. Six pounds each! Nearly all they had in the wide world!

"Well, get a move on," said Coker. "I can tell you, I want to get out of this. They're a lot of thieves, charging prices like that. If the waiter could understand English I'd tell him so, too!"

A peculiar glimmer appeared in the waiter's eyes. Possibly he was not so ignorant of English as Coker supposed. But his manner remained suave and smiling.

Potter and Greene rose to their feet. They were quite pale. There was no help for it. They had to pay. The alternative was a row with the manager, and no end of trouble. Silently they groped for their cash. The exact sum of one thousand three hundred francs was made up, and Coker & Co. proceeded to shake the dust of the Hotel Lootemesco from their feet—metaphorically, of course, for there was not a speck of dust to be seen in that splendid establishment.

In the circumstances, they did not tip the waiter. They were more inclined to kick him. They passed down the steps, and the waiter bowed them down and out. Apparently, he was in expectation of a "pourboire." If so, he was going to be disappointed.

"Monsieur!" murmured the waiter deprecatingly, as the Greyfriars seniors reached the final magnificent flight of steps down to the promenade. "Mais, monsieur, on oublie quelquechose."

"What is the idiot saying, Potter?"

"He says we've forgotten something," answered Potter.

Coker stared round at the waiter.

"We haven't forgotten anything," he rapped. "Look here, get off! What do you want? Hook it! See?"

"Mais, monsieur, on donne pourboire, n'est-ce-pas—"

"What is he gabbling about, Potter?"

"Pourboire—that means a tip," said Potter.

Coker breathed hard through his nose.

"Oh, he wants a tip, does he, after welching us to that tune! Well, I'll give him a tip—the tip of my boot!"

"I—I say, Coker—"

"Shut up, Potter!"

"For goodness' sake—"

"Shut up, Greene!"

Coker stepped towards the smiling waiter.

"You want a tip—what?" he said grimly. "You greasy welcher, here's all the tip you're going to get—and you're welcome to it!"

Coker grasped the waiter by the shoulders. Potter and Greene walked away very quickly. They did not want

WIN A POCKET WALLET,
CHUM—IT'S EASY!

The following prize-winning Greyfriars limerick was sent in by M. Holmes, of 11, Christ Church Terrace, Armley, Leeds, to whom a handy pocket wallet has been awarded.

**A fellow at Greyfriars named Fry,
Planned to "rag" the Remove
"on the sly."**

**But the plot was discovered;
The Fourth-Formers were
smothered.**

**And back to their dorms they did
fly!**

What about *your* effort now?

shall pay. I only mentioned that it was a swindle. It is! I'm not going to kick up a row."

Which was rather a relief to Potter and Greene, who had feared that that was just what Coker was going to do!

"Luckyly, I went to the bank this morning. I've got plenty of money," said Coker. And he felt for his pocket-book. "Oh, my hat!"

Quite an extraordinary expression came over Coker's face. His pocket was empty!

"Great Scott!" said Coker.

"Not lost your money?" asked Potter in dismay.

"Oh crumbs! Those cheeky fags were saying that they saw a man pick my pocket, and I never took any notice of them. I thought it was just their fag cheek. But—but—"

"Oh, my hat! Feel in your other pockets!"

Coker felt in his other pockets. But it was in vain. No pocket-book was to be discovered. Evidently, it was gone.

"I've got some loose change," said Coker. "Let's see—a couple of pounds or so. My hat! The man was a thief, after all. He had my pocket-book!"

"Oh crickey!" said Greene.

"You'll have to ask them to wait, while you send a messenger, or something, to the yacht!" gasped Potter.

to be "on" in this scene! Unheeding their base desertion, Horace Coker spun the astonished waiter round and planted a hefty foot on the tails of his dress-coat. There was a fearful howl from the waiter as he rolled over on the magnificent steps of the magnificent hotel.

Coker, with a snort, marched off.

Voices behind him rose like a babel. A sea of eyes stared. Coker heeded them not. He stalked away, looking for Potter and Greene. But he looked for them in vain. Potter and Greene were lost once more—and this time they were not to be found.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Amazing!

"JOLLY old fairyland!" said Bob Cherry.

Really, it looked like it, in the dusky evening, from the deck of the yacht, out in the Baie des Anges. Lights gloamed and glittered all along the shore. White walls glimmered in the shine of the stars, and beyond Nice a myriad lights twinkled from villas dotting the Corniche road and the dusky Alps.

After a day on shore, the chums of the Remove were content to sit after supper and watch the scene from the yacht, and chat.

Billy Bunter was not contented. Billy Bunter wanted to go ashore and "plunge" in the casino. But there was no plunging for Bunter. He still had his fifty francs, which, certainly, he would not have continued to possess had he started to make his fortune at "la boule."

William Wibley was happily occupied sorting over some theatrical gadgets he had picked up at a costumier's in the Placo Massena. Potter and Greene of the Fifth looked rather glum as they lounged in their deckchairs. They were thinking of the loss of nearly all their cash, at one fell swoop, after that feed at the Hotel Lootemesco, and, like Rachel, of ancient times, they mourned for that which was lost, and took no comfort. Coker was not on the yacht. Coker was still ashore, doubtless on the hunt for Potter and Greene. They wished him joy of it, if he was.

George was getting a little anxious about Coker. George, smoking a big cigar, looked round and red and cheery as ever. He was talking of a motor-trip for the morrow, which, as he carefully explained, was included in the charge for the cruise. George was really doing his passengers very well. Every now and then he glanced across the starlit water, towards the lights of the Jeteo and the Promenade des Anglais, and hoped to see Coker coming. But it was quite late in the evening when, at last, Coker of the Fifth came off in a shore boat and clambered wearily on board. Coker looked tired.

"Hefty haddock!" exclaimed George. "You've been making a day of it, Mr. Coker!"

"I've been looking for those silly asses!" grunted Coker. "All over Nice—up and down, for hours. But I haven't found 'em this time. They've simply disappeared. I suppose you'll have to communicate with the police."

Potter and Greene, unseen in the dusk, grinned. The Removites chuckled. Coker, evidently, was unaware that his comrades had come back to the Sea Nymph hours ago. George stared at him.

"Communicate with the police?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, they've got to be found," said Coker. "Can't imagine how they lost themselves this time. But they've vanished, completely!"

"Hefty haddock! But they're here!" roared George.

Coker jumped.

"Here?" he stuttered.

"Yes, they came back to supper."

"Well, my hat!" Coker stared round him and discerned two grinning faces in the dusk! "Oh, you silly idiots! You fatheads! You dummies! You came back, and left me hunting for you! You blithering chumps!"

"Were you hunting for us?" yawned Potter.

"Hope you enjoyed it!" remarked Greene.

"Hours and hours, all over Nice!" roared Coker, in great indignation. "I've been up to Cimiez, and all over the town—"

"Oh crumbs! You must be tired!"

"And all the time you were here!" roared Coker. "Is that what you call pally? Is that what you call sense?"

"My dear man, why were you hunting for us?"

"Eh? Because you were lost, you fat-head!"

"But we weren't lost!" said Potter blandly. "We strolled round a bit, and then came back for supper. Why not?"

"Don't prevaricate, Potter!" said Coker sternly. "You seem to have found your way back, as I find you here. But you were lost, as much as you were before, when I found you—"

"Just about as much!" said Greene.

"Well, then, own up to it," said Coker. "Don't pretend you weren't lost. That's mean—rotten, in fact!"

"Look here, you dummy—"

"And don't get abusive, Potter, because you've done a silly thing. Here I've been hunting you all over the Riviera, and it turns out that you found your way back. You should have let me know; not left me rooting all over Nice for you."

"How were we to let you know, if you'd hiked off to Cimiez?"

"And don't argue," said Coker. "You can't make wrong right by arguing. You've acted like fools, and rotters, too. And I tell you this plainly—next time you get lost in a foreign country, you can stay lost, and be blown to you! Now shut up! Something's got to be done about my pocket-book."

There was a chuckle among the juniors. Coker's pocket-book, little as he guessed it, was safe in the keeping of the captain of the Remove.

As Coker had shoved Wharton over, and stalked off without even knowing that the junior was trying to give him back his property, after the adventure with the pickpocket, Wharton had retained possession of it. It had to be taken care of till it could be handed over to Horace.

Coker was rather worried about it. It contained fifty pounds, which was not only a large sum of money, but all Coker had. With that worry on his mind, it was really kind-hearted of Coker to have spent so long in hunting for Potter and Greene, especially as they had not been lost at all.

Harry Wharton slid his hand into his pocket, where Coker's property reposed ready for delivery. There was a cheery grin on his face. Coker, of course, had not the remotest idea that his pocket-book was on board the yacht. The captain of the Remove intended to give him a little surprise.

"Some putrid pickpocket pinched my pocket-book this afternoon, Mr. Cook,"

said Coker. "Those silly fags were all round him, but they let him get away. Of course, one doesn't expect much sense from them! But—"

"Much in it?" asked George.

"Yes, all I drew from the bank this morning—fifty pounds."

"Hefty haddock!"

"I want the money to-morrow very particularly," said Coker. "I don't suppose the French police will get it back. Lot of duds, if you ask me. Still, something will have to be done. It would have been rather awkward for me this afternoon if Potter and Greene hadn't been able to pay the bill at the Hotel Lootemesco. That's where I found out it was gone. As it turned out, that was all right, though."

Potter and Greene looked at Coker. It was not, in their opinion, all right; it was all wrong—frightfully wrong! They had, indeed, been considering whether to collar Coker, and hammer him right and left for having landed them with that awful bill to pay.

"Well I can let them know at the bureau de police," said George. "They may get the man; they may even get your pocket-book back! Um!"

"Sure you lost it, Coker?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Don't be a young ass, Wharton! Of course I'm sure! I've been through all my pockets."

"Have you looked in your hat?"

"In my hat!" repeated Coker blankly. "Wharrer you mean?"

"I mean what I say," answered Wharton calmly. "Have you looked in your hat?"

"How could it be in my hat?" shrieked Coker.

"Well, let's look!"

Coker was wearing a boater straw hat. Wharton reached out and jerked it off his head and backed away with it.

Coker gave a roar.

"You cheeky young ass! Give me my hat! What the thump are you up to, playing tricks! I'll jolly well—"

"Look!"

Wharton held out the hat.

Coker stared into it.

He seemed transfixed.

There, under his eyes, was his lost pocket-book, in his hat!

Coker's eyes fairly bulged.

"Mum-mum-my pi-pip-pocket-book!" he stuttered.

"I asked you whether you'd looked in your hat," said Wharton mildly. "Well, there it is—in your hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors. The expression of dizzy bewilderment on Horace Coker's face was too much for them.

Like a man in a trance, Coker stretched out his hand and picked the pocket-book out of the hat. He opened it, and ascertained that his fifty pounds were still there. He gazed at the crisp banknotes. He gazed at the hat; he gazed at Wharton.

"Hefty haddock!" said George. "Is that it, Mr. Coker?"

"That—that's it!" stuttered Coker.

"You had it in your hat!" shrieked George.

"I—I didn't—I—I couldn't—I—I—I never!" bumbled Coker. "How could it have been in my hat? I never put it in my hat! That French pickpocket had it. He couldn't have put it in my hat. Why should he pinch a fellow's pocket-book and put it in his hat? I—I—I can't understand how it got in my hat! It beats me!"

Coker, in quite a dazed state, took the hat and the pocket-book, and went below. He went like a fellow in a dream. He had hardly hoped ever to see that pocket-book again, and here it was, in his hat—his hat that he had



"Let that man go at once, you young sweeps!" roared Coker. "But he's got your pocket-book!" howled Johnny Bull. "We saw him pinch it!" "Don't be cheeky, Bull!" said Coker contemptuously. "It would take a jolly clever pick-pocket to get my money off me, I can tell you. Let him alone, before I whop you!"

been wearing all day! It was enough to astonish any fellow!

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors. "He, he, he!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "Hefty haddocks!" said George. "Look here, what does this mean? I fancy you young rascals know." "Just a few!" grinned Bob Cherry. "We got it back from the pick-pocket!" chuckled Wharton. "I've been minding it for Coker ever since. I put it in his hat for him. He seemed quite surprised—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "The surprisefulness was terrific!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared George. Coker, as he locked up his banknotes in his state-room, heard the fellows yelling with laughter on deck, and wondered why. It was amazing to find his lost pocket-book in his hat; but not, so far as Coker could see, funny. Coker couldn't see anything funny in the incident at all. But he was the only fellow who couldn't!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

In Deep Disguise!

"WIBLEY, old fellow!"

"Cut!"

"Dear old Wib!" said Billy Bunter affectionately. "Go away, ass!"

That was rather an ungrateful reply to make to a fellow who was speaking in honeyed tones of affection. But no doubt William Wibley, of the Greyfriars Remove, was aware of the exact value of Bunter's affection.

It was morning, and on deck Harry Wharton & Co. were making their plans for the day. Wibley was in his cabin, occupied, as usual, in poring and pondering over his theatrical

gadgets. Billy Bunter rolled in and leaned on the bunk, and addressed him in tones that a cooing dove might have envied. Evidently Bunter wanted something.

"I say, old fellow—" recommenced Bunter.

"Not a franc!" said Wibley. "Not a centime! Hook it!"

"If you think I want to borrow money off you, you boast—dear old chap, it's nothing of the kind! The fact is, old fellow, I'm frightfully interested in your theatrical rubbish. I—I—mean—"

"My what?" barked Wibley.

"I mean, you know how I've always admired you, old chap," said Bunter. "I've always said that you were the cleverest fellow in the Remove at that sort of thing. I never thought you a silly ass, always clowning and playing the ox, like some fellows, Wib."

Wibley glared. To William Wibley theatrical stunts were the beginning and end of all things. He did not like to hear such pursuits described as "clowning" and "playing the ox!" Bunter had evidently come there to stroke Wibley down the right way. But Bunter had his own remarkable ways of doing it.

"The way you do make-up, and disguising, and that sort of thing, is really wonderful, you know," pursued Bunter. "It's frightfully interesting, and when you're talking about that sort of thing, old chap, it isn't a fearful bore—not at all, you know! I say, Wib, old man. I believe you could make up a fellow—say about my age—to look forty or fifty, I really believe you could, you're so—so jolly clever."

"Of course I could, fathead!" grunted Bunter. "Look here, what are you getting at?"

"What I mean, is, suppose you made

me up?" said Bunter, blinking at him. "Just to surprise the fellows! You make me up, and I go on deck, and—and they wonder who it is, see? Beard and moustache, and so on—making me look about fifty, so that they won't spot me at the casino—"

"At the what?" "I mean, on deck," said Bunter hastily. "I'm not thinking of going to the casino, old chap! I've put that idea entirely out of my mind! In fact, I've forgotten all about it, I'm so interested in your theatrical stunts."

"Oh, my hat!" said Wibley. "The idea is an experiment, you know, just to show how jolly clever you are at this sort of thing," said Bunter. "See? I've always admired your cleverness so much, old chap! I'm not even thinking of going ashore and trying my luck at the casino. In fact, I'm down on it—it's wrong, you know—very wrong indeed! Quite outside! I'm not pulling your leg, old chap."

"You're not!" grinned Wibley. Bunter certainly wasn't pulling Wib's leg; though equally certainly, he fancied that he was!

"Well, is it a go?" asked Bunter eagerly. "I'm so jolly keen on this, you know, and you're so jolly clever—"

"It's a go!" said Wibley cheerfully. "I'll do it."

"Oh, good!" gasped Bunter. And Wibley did it!

It was, of course, quite obvious to Wibley, that Bunter's game was to get himself up as an older person, so that he could walk into the casino and play "la boule," and lose his fifty francs. Wibley was not the fellow to help in any such shady proceeding. Still, if

(Continued on page 16.)



(Continued from page 13.)

Bunter wanted to be "made up," Wib was ready to make him up. What the outcome would be, was better known to Wibley than to Bunter!

Under Wib's skilful hands, the Owl of the Remove was rapidly transformed into quite another person.

A few dabs of grease-paint on his face, a curly, black moustache, and a pointed, black beard, certainly made Bunter look much older—at the first glance. At the second glance, it was obvious that the beard and moustache were artificial—that disguise would hardly have taken in a blind man!

Bunter fancied that he was taking Wibley in! Wibley fancied that he was taking Bunter in! Wib's fancy was better-founded than Bunter's.

A roomy morning-coat replaced Bunter's jacket. The tails came down far below his knees, behind. Bunter was beginning to look quite remarkable.

If Bunter went ashore, in that beard and moustache and morning-coat, it was certain that Bunter would attract a lot of attention.

He blinked in a glass, with satisfaction. To Bunter's eyes, the reflection was that of a French-looking man of about forty or fifty. To any other eyes, it was that of a fat schoolboy got up in a false beard and moustache and a man's coat!

"That all right?" asked Wibley, suppressing his emotions.

"Fine!" said Bunter. "Looks French, with that pointed beard, what? That's all the better, in a French crowd. Nobody's likely to know me."

"In a crowd?" repeated Wibley.

"I—I—I mean, I—I shan't be in a crowd," stammered Bunter. "I'm not going to the casino, of course."

"Of course not," agreed Wibley.

"But don't mention it to the fellows, old chap!" said Bunter. "They—they might think I was going to the casino. They're a suspicious lot, you know! Keep it dark!"

"Not a word!" said Wibley, solemnly. Really, it was unnecessary for Wib to give Bunter away. It was quite obvious who he was, and what he was!

"I can hear Pawlings in the saloon," whispered Bunter, "I'll just let him see me—try it on the dog, you know."

"Oh crikey!"

Bunter rolled into the saloon. Pawlings, the steward, was there—and it was an opportunity to test that disguise! Bunter, in the happy belief that he looked like a middle-aged Frenchman, rolled into the steward's view, and Pawlings gave quite a jump.

"Bong jour!" said Bunter. "Wha-a-a-!" gasped Pawlings, his eyes almost starting from his head, as he gazed at the happy Bunter.

"Je suis Francais, vous savez!" said Bunter.

"My eye!" said Pawlings blankly.

"J'ai come ici, to voir les fellows!" explained Bunter in his own particular

brand of French. "I am—je suis—étranger—here—I mean, ici! My nom is Gastong Blong."

Pawlings only gazed. He seemed bereft of speech.

"I'm no' Bunter, you know," added the fat Owl astutely, in order that there should be no doubt. "I'm a Frenchman—je suis Francais, you savez!"

"Good heavens!" said Pawlings.

Billy Bunter rolled back to Wibley's cabin. He found Wib doubled up on the bunk, in a state of hysterics.

"I say, what are you cackling at?" asked Bunter, blinking at him, "I say, it's topping, old chap—Pawlings was quite taken in! He took me for a Frenchman."

Wibley gurgled.

"I'll keep this rig on," went on Bunter with deep cunning. "I'll stay on board when you fellows go ashore, and—and surprise the chaps when they come back, see? I'm not thinking of cutting off as soon as they're gone, or anything of that kind."

Wibley gurgled again.

"Not a word, you know," added Bunter, and he rolled away, leaving William Wibley still gurgling.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Very Bright of Bunter!

"READY?" asked George in his hearty way. "What? what?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Where's Billy? Isn't Billy coming? Give Billy a call!"

George was ready, and the boat was ready, the Famous Five and Wibley were ready, and Coker & Co. were ready! But Billy Bunter was not to be seen. Bunter, it seemed, was not ready. Bob Cherry went along to the companion, and bawled:

"Bunter! Bunt! Fatty! Porpoise! Porpoise, ahoy! Roll up! We're going ashore! Show a leg!"

Bob's voice was certainly heard by Billy Bunter; it was heard all over the yacht, and most of the Baie des Anges. But there was no reply from the Owl of the Remove.

"Bunter!" roared Bob. "Show up! Look lively! We're going ashore, fatty! Do you want to be left behind?"

There was still no answer, and Bob tramped down, and banged at the door of Bunter's state-room. That door was locked.

"Are you there, fatty?" roared Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—" came from within.

"What have you got your door locked for, you burbling owl?"

"I'm asleep—"

"What?"

"I mean, I'm going to sleep. Shut up."

"You fat chump!" bawled Bob. "Don't you want to come ashore? Are you going to sleep in the morning?"

"Yes! No! The fact is, I've got a headache—I mean a toothache! I'm lying—"

"I know you're lying—as per usual! But what are you lying for now, you fat Ananias?"

"I mean, I'm lying down, fathead! Go away and let a fellow sleep!"

"Well, my hat!" said Bob in astonishment. "Look here, Bunter, old fat bean, you'd better come! You're a fat worry and a dashed nuisance, but you ought not to miss this trip! Come on, old bean."

"Shan't!" roared Bunter.

"Do you mean to say you don't want to come?" asked Bob, puzzled.

"No, I don't! Think I want to walk round Nice with a Bank Holiday crowd like you fellows? Yah!"

"You frabjous owl—"

"You make out that you don't think much of my company!" sneered Bunter. "Well, now you can jolly well do without it, see?"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"We'll try to survive it, old porpoise! You're making the jolly old trip a jolly old success! Thanks."

"Beast!"

Bob went back to the deck. The other fellows were already packing into the boat.

"Hefty haddock!" exclaimed George. "Isn't Billy ready yet?"

"He says he doesn't want to come," answered Bob.

"Oh, all right! Let's get off, then!" said George.

And the Greyfriars party got off!

Why Bunter chose to miss that trip was rather a mystery to the other fellows. Still, they were not likely to miss Bunter's company fearfully. They landed on the promenade in the bright sunshine.

"Now," said George, "the car starts in exactly one hour, from the office in the Place Massena. Lunch at Monte Carlo. Turn up at the office in an hour's time—you'll find me there."

"Right-ho!"

George rolled away, leaving the Greyfriars fellows to their own devices for the next hour.

"Come on, you men!" said Coker, to Potter and Greene. "Keep with me! For goodness' sake, don't get lost again."

"We didn't get lost—"

"Don't argue, Potter! Blessed if I don't think you'd argue the hind-leg off a mule! Are you coming?" hooted Coker, "or do you want to hang around with a mob of measly fags?"

"We don't want to miss the trip," grunted Greene. "Cook's taking the party for a drive up the Corniche road, and round Monte Carlo, and—"

"Oh, all right! Stick to them, then," said Coker. "I thought you might prefer to have a car with me. But please yourself."

"Oh! If you're having a car—"

"Did you think I was going to walk up to Monte Carlo?" asked Coker sarcastically. "Don't be an ass, Greene."

Potter and Greene, undoubtedly, preferred a nice car to themselves, instead of packing into a crowded and crammed vehicle with the juniors. But after their experience at the Hotel Looemesco, they were smitten with doubts. Coker, of course, was going to pay. But if Coker got his pocket picked again—

"Got your money safe?" asked Potter.

"I suppose I know how to look after my money, Potter? Don't be an ass!"

"Well, you 'know what happened yesterday—"

"If you're going to jaw and jaw and jaw in your usual way, Potter, I may as well get off," said Coker. "Never saw such a fellow for jaw! Jaw, jaw, jaw!"

"Well, look here—"

"Jaw, jaw, jaw!" said Coker. "Look here, are you coming?"

"Oh, we're coming!"

Potter and Greene, after exchanging a glance, decided to risk it. After all, so long as they were with Coker they could keep an eye on him, and see that no more pickpockets relieved him of his banknotes. So they walked away with Coker to the Place Massena, where the car was to be hired, and disappeared from the view of the juniors.

"Hold on, you fellows," said Wibley, as the Famous Five strolled along the

promenade. "Don't get out of sight of the yacht."

"Why not?" asked Harry.

"Well, suppose Bunter changed his mind, and came ashore—"

"Blow Bunter!" growled Johnny Bull. "Think we're going to hang about here doing nothing in case that fat ass changes his mind?"

"Just that!" said Wibley.

"Rot!"

"The rotfulness is terrific."

"Look here, what's on, Wib?" asked Bob Cherry. "You've been grinning like a Cheshire cat for the last hour. Is there any joke on or what?"

"Well, sort of!" said Wibley. "If you hang on here I fancy you'll see Bunter—and I fancy you'll think he's worth seeing."

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Has that fat idiot stayed behind to dodge us, thinking that he can get to that dashed casino?" he exclaimed.

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Look here, we've got time for a walk round the town!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I don't see hanging on here."
"You'll miss something good!" said Wibley.

The juniors "hung on." Their curiosity was excited by this time; and they strolled up and down, keeping an eye on the yacht. Thus it came to pass that they observed a strange figure appear on the deck of the *Sea Nymph*—a fat figure, in a morning-coat much too long, with a pointed black beard, and a curling, black moustache. They came to a halt and stared blankly at that weird figure.

"Who on earth's that?" asked Bob.

"Bunter!" gasped Wharton.

"Bunter!" repeated Nugent. "He's got a beard—"

"I'd know his width anywhere! It's Bunter! What on earth is he got up like that for?" gasped the captain of the *Remove*.

The black-bearded figure blinked over the rail towards the beach, and the sunshine was reflected on a big pair of spectacles. A fat grin was seen to wreath the bearded face.

"It's Bunter!" gasped Johnny Bull. "But what—"

"The Bunterfulness is terrific!"

"Did you do that, Wib?" howled Bob Cherry. "Have you been guying that howling ass?"

Wibley chortled.

"I told Bunter I wouldn't give him away, and I'm not going to," he explained. "But if you guess it's Bunter—"

"Guess!" gasped Bob. "Anybody can see it's Bunter! Does the beighted ass think he's disguised?"

"Something of the sort, I believe."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh erikoy!" gurgled Bob. "If he's ass enough to come ashore with that rubbish sticking on his face—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's disguised—to go to the casino!" almost sobbed Bob Cherry. "Oh, my hat! Oh, my only summer bonnet! Oh scissors!"

"Wib, you ass—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five were no longer thinking of leaving the spot. They watched that weird figure on the yacht, as if it fascinated them. For once, they were deeply, intensely, interested in Bunter! Seldom did William George Bunter get so much concentrated attention! But he got it now! It was Bunter first, and the rest nowhere!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Going Strong!

BILLY BUNTER grinned. While the cat is away, the mice will play! All the cats were away now, and the fat mouse was going to play—la boule! That, at least, was the programme! Having given the other fellows a good quarter of an hour to clear right off,

Bunter unlocked his door and came on deck.

Blinking over the rail towards the shore, he could make out crowds of people on the Promenade des Anglais; but his vision did not reveal that the *Remove* fellows were among them, watching the yacht.

All, Bunter fancied, was serene. Disguised as a middle-aged foreign
(Continued on next page.)

HURRAH! Another Wonderful Free Gift Issue Next Week!

The THIRD SUPERB PHOTO-PLATE

(Reproduced in miniature below)

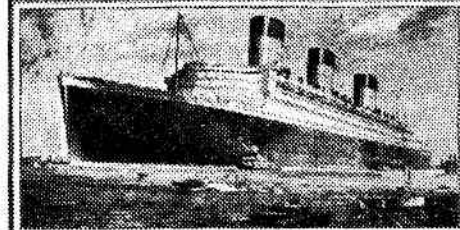
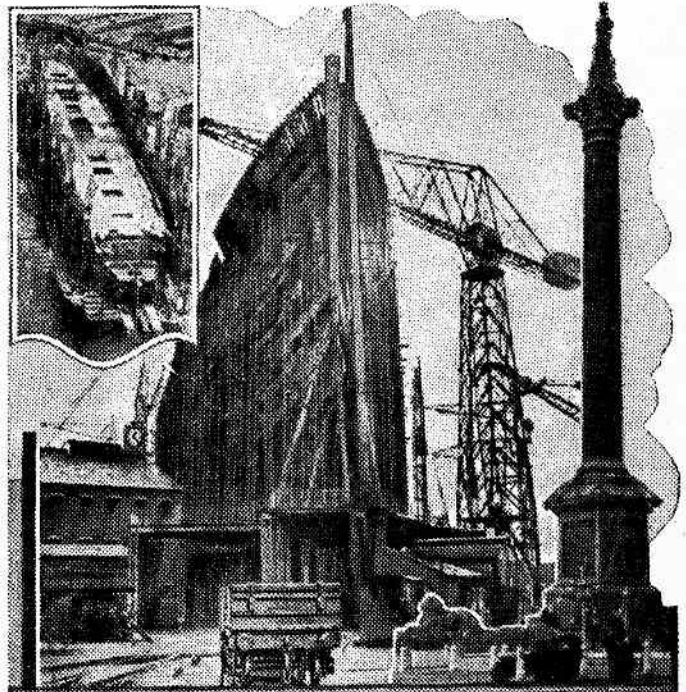
Illustrating

The HUSH-HUSH CUNARDER—No. 534

will be

Presented FREE with Next Saturday's

MAGNET



Size of plate
8½ ins. by 6 ins.

Order your copy of next week's MAGNET Now and so make sure of adding this Handsome Photo-Plate to your collection!

gentleman, he was going to the casino. They might "shoo" off a schoolboy who wanted to break their bank—but they could not, of course, "shoo" away a middle-aged foreign gentleman! That was all right!

Bunter had no doubt about the efficacy of his disguise. He knew that Wibley had wonderful skill in that line. He did not know that Wib had not exerted his skill on this occasion.

Two or three men about the yacht stared at Bunter with wide-open eyes as he appeared on deck. Bunter noticed it; but, naturally, they would be surprised at seeing a Frenchman on board! That did not bother Bunter! Mr. Pycroft, the mate, was down below talking to the engineer; and Bunter decided not to ask him for a boat! He might want to know who this middle-aged Frenchman was! There were plenty of boats on the Baie des Anges, hanging about looking for custom; and Bunter watched for one, through his big spectacles, and waved his hand and shouted "Hi!" when one came drifting by.

The French boatman glanced round, looked at the yacht, and pulled towards the vessel. Naturally, he had his back to the yacht as he pulled to it; but when he established contact and looked up to see the monsieur who had hailed him, he nearly fell down in his boat. With starting eyes, he held on to the Sea Nymph and gazed up at a fat schoolboy's face, on which were stuck a black beard and moustache.

"Mum-mum-monsieur!" he gasped. "On m'appelle, n'est-ce-pas?"

"Yes," said Bunter. "I mean, wee, wee! I want a boat—je want a bateau—row me ashore—me alley—see?"

"Mon Dieu!" said the batelier. "Song frong!" said Bunter.

Boatmen at Nice hear all kinds of French. But that boatman had to make a sort of mental jump to comprehend that Bunter meant cinq francs.

"Oui, monsieur!" gasped the boatman. Bunter descended into the boat. He had put on his cousin George's special silk-hat, which George kept for state occasions on shore. It was rather large for Bunter, and indeed came down to his fat ears. But Bunter's idea was that it went well with the morning-coat—a fellow could hardly wear a cap or a straw-hat with a morning-coat! When the boatman had a full view of Bunter coming down the accommodation ladder, he really seemed in danger of his eyes popping right out of his head. But he held on to the Sea Nymph, and Bunter landed in the boat.

"Mon Dieu!" murmured the boatman. "Voilà un drole! Mais ca m'est egal—on paye!"

And he pulled for the shore with his striking passenger.

From several vessels in the bay and from a number of boats, Billy Bunter was the recipient of curious glances. The boatman seemed to be in a gasping state all the time. However, he landed Bunter, and the fat junior paid him his five francs and rolled on the promenade.

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

Bunter jumped.

He had supposed that all the beasts were safe off the scene, leaving him at liberty to roll along to the casino at La Jete. He blinked round in alarm! There they all were—gurgling! What they were laughing at, Bunter did not know!

They could not know who he was! At least, Bunter was sure that they couldn't! Wibley knew—but Wib had

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,316.

said that he would keep mum! The others couldn't know him unless they penetrated his disguise! And Bunter was convinced that his disguise was all right!

So he gave the Famous Five a lofty blink through his big spectacles and turned haughtily away.

"Hold on!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Stop, you ass!" shrieked Bob.

Billy Bunter turned on them angrily. He waved a fat hand.

"Who etes you?" he asked, in his French. "Alley! Just alley, see? Je suis Francais!"

"What?" gurgled Nugent.

"Je ne vous connais pas!" said Bunter. "I don't connais you at all! Vous etes foreigners, what? Go away—I mean, alley!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Laissez moi alone!" exclaimed Bunter. "Hookez vous!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Evidently Bunter was trying to brazen it out—to carry it off with a high hand! He was acting like a Frenchman bothered by naughty boys!

"You benighted ass!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Look here—"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I mean, taisez-vous! Go away! Alley voosong!" snapped Bunter. "I'm a Francais—I mean, je suis Frenchman—I don't speak English—"

"You—you—you don't speak English?" gasped Bob.

"No—not a word. I don't understand the language at all, and can't speak a word of it."

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

"Alley!" hooted Bunter. "Shuttez-vous up, and alley!"

And he rolled wrathfully on his way. The Famous Five clung to one another in a paroxysm of merriment. They gasped and they gurgled. Bunter as a Frenchman, and speaking that amazing French, was really too much for them.

"Oh dear!" gasped Bob Cherry, wiping his eyes. "Bunter will be the death of me! I know he will!"

"Oh crickey!" gurgled Nugent. "Let's get after him! He will get run in as a wandering lunatic, or something, if he hikes round Nice in that get up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The get-upfulness is terrific," chuckled the Nabob of Bhanipur. "It takes the esteemed and absurd cake!"

The Famous Five staggered in pursuit of Bunter. Wibley remained where he was, doubled up. Billy Bunter soon became aware that the chums of the Remove were at his heels, and he glared round at them.

"Alley vous away!" he hooted.

"Vous follow me comme-ca, and I'll call a jongdarme!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter you ass—" gasped Wharton.

"I'm not Bunter! I mean, je ne suis pas Bunter! I'm a Francais, mon nom is Gastong Blong!"

"His—his—his name is Gastong Blong!" sobbed Bob Cherry. "He doesn't know we know he's Bunter! His—his name is Gastong Blong!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You potty duffer!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"You can't go about like that, Bunter!" shrieked Wharton. "For goodness' sake, you howling ass—"

"Alley!" roared the Owl of the Remove. "I keep on telling you I'm not Bunter! I've never heard the name before. I'm a Frenchman—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Et je don't want quelque cheek from garcons comme vous," went on

Bunter. "Cela est too thick! You're tres mauvais! Just remember you're not in the Remove passage at Greyfriars now, see—I mean, voyez!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! A mob of cheeky kids insulting a foreigner!" said Bunter indignantly.

"Je keep on telling you que je suis a Frenchman—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shuttez-vous up!" roared Bunter.

"Hookez vous le tongue, see? Clearoz vous off! Bunkeoz vous, you beasts!"

"Oh crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll jolly well appeler a jongdarme, and donner vous in charge, if you don't alley!" hooted Bunter.

"Oh dear! My ribs!" groaned Bob Cherry. "My poor old ribs! I know he'll be the death of me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter marched on. And for the moment the Famous Five did not follow him farther. They couldn't. They were doubled up with laughter, and they yelled and howled and wiped their eyes in a state almost of hysteria. And Bunter, with his little fat nose in the air, the tails of his morning-coat almost sweeping the ground, marched along the Promenade des Anglais—the cynosure of all eyes!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Arrest of Billy Bunter!

JEAN - PAUL - PIERRE GOUJON Brigadier de Gendarmes, stopped in his majestic pacing along the Promenade des Anglais, and fixed his official eyes in amazement on a remarkable figure.

Jean-Paul-Pierre could scarcely believe his official eyes.

"Sapristi!" he said in astonishment.

The brigadier was a keen police officer. He had a sharp eye open for the many and various rogues that haunt the sunny shores of the Mediterranean in their myriads. The sight of a man in an obviously false beard was more than enough, naturally, to make Jean-Paul-Pierre suspicious!

And the disguised individual, with a hardihood that almost took the brigadier's breath away, walked right under his nose!

Jean-Paul-Pierre gazed at him almost open-mouthed.

This fat fellow's beard was false. His moustache was false! Both facts leaped to the eye!

Obviously, to the intelligent mind of Jean-Paul-Pierre, he was a pickpocket, a bank raider, a robber of lonely villas, or a desperate villain! Otherwise, why was he in disguise—a disguise that the keen eyes of the brigadier had penetrated at once?

Jean-Paul-Pierre's eyes gleamed, and he twisted his little, dyed moustache with satisfaction! The arrest of this disguised malefactor would mean distinction, perhaps promotion, for the brigadier! The malefactor rolled on, and the brigadier fell into step behind him, keeping sharp eyes on him. He was also keeping his eyes sharply open for gendarmes—thinking it best to have assistance at hand when he seized the disguised malefactor. Unconscious of Jean-Paul-Pierre, Billy Bunter rolled on towards the Jete, and the brigadier signalled first to one gendarme and then to another, and they joined him.

With two stalwart policemen at his side, the brigadier decided to tackle the malefactor. The three of them were surely equal to him, even if he had an automatic or a bomb concealed under



"Allons!" roared the brigadier. He twisted his moustache fiercely, and marched ahead, sword in hand. After him marched the two gendarmes, with Bunter between them, roaring. Round them surged a crowd, thickening every moment. "Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "They're taking the fat ass to the police station! Oh, my only summer bonnet!"

the extraordinary coat he was wearing! Jean-Paul-Pierre whispered to his men, and they nodded and rolled their eyes expressively. Then the three suddenly closed in on Billy Bunter.

They acted with the decision, the swiftness, the promptitude, for which the French police are famous. They gave the disguised villain no time to draw an automatic, no time to hurl a bomb! One gendarme gripped his right arm, the other gendarme gripped his left, and Jean-Paul-Pierre, drawing his sword, presented the point of it at Bunter's chest. Never had there been so complete a surprise and so complete a capture.

Billy Bunter jumped convulsively. But his fat arms were held fast. And the sword gleamed before him, held in the determined hand of Jean-Paul-Pierre Goujon.

"I—I say, what's this game?" gasped Bunter, blinking in alarm through his big spectacles. "I say, keep that thing away, you silly idiot! Don't poke it into me, you fathead!" "Venez avec nous, monsieur!" said Jean-Paul-Pierre Goujon triumphantly. "Pas un mot—venez!"

"Leggo!" howled Bunter. "Leggo my arms, you beasts! Whurrer you up to, I'd like to know?"

A crowd gathered promptly. There was a buzz of voluble French. Billy Bunter blinked round him in alarm and terror.

"Deguise—c'est un homme deguise!"

"Un garçon—c'est un garçon deguise—"

"Qu'est-que-c'est, cela?"

"Un voleur—"

"Will you leggo?" shrieked Bunter. "Whurrer you grabbing me for, you beasts? I say, you fellows! Yaroooh!"

"Ah! C'est un Anglais!" said the brigadier. "Quelque cambrioleur Anglais, sans doute! Mais nous l'avons pinco!"

"Leggo!" yelled Bunter. "Voila la barbe fausse!" said the brigadier. "Sans doute, un voleur! Venez, seclerat!"

"Oh crikey! I say, you fellows!" yelled Bunter, hoping that the Famous Five were within hearing. "I say! Yaroooh! Rescue, Greyfriars! Oh crikey!"

"Oh, my hat!" yelled Bob Cherry. "The bobbies have got him!"

"Great pip!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. shoved through the gathering crowd. Brigadier Jean-Paul-Pierre Goujon eyed them suspiciously. He was apprehensive of an attempt to rescue the desperate character he had so efficiently arrested. But even the keen, efficient French brigadier of police could hardly suppose that a crowd of laughing schoolboys were desperate characters. But he signed to his men to hold their prisoner tight, and fixed a stern frown on the juniors. Whoever and whatever they were, a brigadier of police was not a man to be trifled with.

"Hold on!" gasped Wharton. "It's all right. Only a lark—"

The brigadier gestured him back. "I say, you fellows, make 'em leggo!" yelled Bunter. "What are they collaring me for, I'd like to know? Punch 'em!"

"Shut up, you ass!"

"Beast! Make 'em leggo!"

"Monsieur le brigadier!" gasped Wharton, trying to put it in French.

"Laissez aller, mon ami, je vous prie—"

c'est un garçon de mes amis—Il est deguise pour une plaisanterie—seulement une plaisanterie—c'est un garçon comme moi—voila!"

"Cela peut etre!" said the brigadier grimly. "Mais vous expliquerez tout cela, si vous voulez, a la poste de police!" And he rapped out to his men: "Marchons!"

"I say, you fellows—" shrieked Bunter, as the two gendarmes, gripping his fat arms like a pair of vices, marched. "I say, make 'em leggo! I won't be arrested! I haven't done anything. Make 'em understand that I was only gig-gig-going to the casino to play la boule. Oh crikey!"

"Allons!" roared the brigadier.

He twisted his moustache fiercely and marched ahead, sword still in hand. After him marched the two gendarmes, with Bunter between them, roaring. Round them surged a crowd, thickening every moment.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "They're taking him to the police station! Oh, my only summer bonnet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The French police never like letting go when they've once got a hold," grinned Nugent. "Better follow on!"

"Oh dear!"

"I say, you fellows, rescue!" howled Bunter.

But there was no rescue for Bunter! He had asked for it, and he was getting it. All the juniors could do was to follow him to the police station—the poste de police—in the hope of explaining matters there. They trailed on behind the prisoner, in the midst of an excited babble of French from the following crowd. The wildest rumours spread through the crowd. Word passed

from mouth to mouth that the prisoner was a burglar, a pickpocket, a German spy, and a desperate villain. Great admiration was expressed for the efficient brigadier, who had so swiftly, so deftly, got hold of that desperate crook! The brigadier twisted his moustaches and strutted, and thoroughly enjoyed life, as he marched on with his numerous escort.

Quite a large portion of the population of Nice seemed to be on the spot when they came in sight of the police station. Billy Bunter blinked round in terror and dismay at the Famous Five.

"I say, you fellows," he yelled. "Find George! Tell George to come! I say, you fellows! Get George—"

"Taisez-vous!" said the brigadier sternly.

"Oh crikey!" Bunter, gasping with terror, was marched in, and the juniors hurried away to find George. George, no doubt, would be able to explain matters and rescue the egregious Owl of the Remove from his extraordinary predicament. In the meantime, Billy Bunter had to be left in the tenacious grip of the efficient French police!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Coker at Monte Carlo!

HORACE COKER had a thoughtful expression on his rugged face as the car climbed the Corniche road for Monte Carlo.

For once, Horace was not talking. Evidently, he was thinking! What he was thinking about Potter and Greene did not know; neither were they curious to know. It was a relief that he was not talking. They were rather enjoying the drive—especially as Coker was so unusually silent.

It was a sunny spring day, the scenery was glorious, the long, white road wound among white villas peeping out from semi-tropical greenery, and the blue Mediterranean rolled bright below. Potter and Greene were looking forward to a substantial lunch at "Monte" and a walk round the celebrated casino, which was on ever so much bigger and grander a scale than the twopenny-halfpenny casinos at Nice. They were under the age when visitors were allowed to play at the tables, but Potter and Greene were not thinking of that—they had no desire to add their private resources to the accumulation of wealth at Monte Carlo.

La Turbie was in sight when Coker at last came out of his deep meditations and began to talk. Potter and Greene had expected it. It was, they knew, too good to last.

"It's a different game up here!" said Coker. "I'd better explain to you fellows now. Down in Nice they play a game called la boule—silly rot! Up at Monte they play roulette."

"Yes, so I've heard," yawned Potter. "It's a game played on a green table, like the other," pursued Coker. "But there's thirty-six numbers instead of nine, and an ivory ball on a wheel, instead of a rubber ball in a bowl. I've been making rather a study of it."

Potter and Greene remembered the volume in which Coker had been so deep. Why he had been making a study of the game that was played at Monte Carlo was a mystery to them.

Had anybody asked them, they would have replied at once that they knew every kind of ass Horace Coker was.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,316.

But, as a matter of fact, Coker still had surprises in store for them!

"You fellows," continued Coker, "will, of course, keep clear of the tables. There are some fellows who do shady things when they're abroad—rotten things, like gambling. I hope that no friends of mine will ever think of anything of the kind."

"No jolly fear!" said Potter. "Catch me chucking my money away!"

"It's not only the money, Potter, but the principle of the thing," said Coker severely. "Gambling is a rotten thing in itself—no class! It's one of the things that are not done!"

"My dear chap," said Greene. "You needn't preach at us. We're not going to lose a red cent at Monte. Not such mugs!"

"That's all right, then," said Coker. "I only wanted to make it clear. You can look on while I play."

"Eh?"

"What?"

Potter and Greene sat up and took notice. They realised that they did not know every kind of ass that Coker was. Here was one more sample, which they had certainly never expected.

"You—you—you're going to play roulette!" stuttered Potter.

"Exactly," said Coker calmly. "Look here," bawled Greene. "You're jolly well not! It's too thick! Ain't you jolly well ashamed of yourself?"

"Don't be an ass, Greene! I hope," said Coker, with dignity, "that nobody would ever suspect me of doing disgraceful things, just because I'm abroad and there's nobody to see. I should certainly never speak again to either of you fellows if you gambled at Monte Carlo."

"And you're going to do it yourself!" yelled Greene.

"Don't yell, Greene! You've made the chauffeur jump. Let a fellow speak, and don't keep on interrupting him," said Coker. "What I'm going to do is to break the bank at Monte Carlo."

"Bib-bib-break the bub-bub-bank!" stuttered Potter.

"That's it. That's why we've come up here," explained Coker. "I shan't keep the money I win. I should disdain to touch it. I shall give it all to charity. In that way it may be made to do good."

"Oh scissors!"

"I've made a study of the game," said Coker. "People say there are no systems to beat it. That's rot—utter rot! There are half a dozen systems to beat the game."

"Why doesn't somebody beat it, then?" asked Potter.

"Well, you hear of it sometimes."

"Only advertisements, I fancy."

"You can fancy what you like, Potter; but I've gone into the thing, and I know. The bank can be broken, on a system," said Coker. "There's one—a sort of martingale, if you know what that is. You take the first sequence of ten red or black, and back it to repeat, doubling every time, till you get to the maximum. You win before you reach the maximum every time. That's the only way, but it's a cert."

"I shouldn't wonder," yawned Potter. "But if it's a cert they take jolly good care not to let it come off. Look here, Coker, don't be an ass. If there's a system to beat the game, the game will be rigged to beat the system. That's a dead cert."

"I'm not asking you for advice, Potter. I'm not trying the system I've mentioned. It needs too much money, and I've only got fifty pounds. I'm going to work on a system of numbers.

If you win on a number you get thirty-five times the amount of your stake. That allows a wide margin for losses. Well, I've worked out what they call a figure—a system of numbers. As I calculate, it will take me about two or three hours to turn my fifty pounds into two thousand."

"Ye gods!"

"I shall be satisfied with that."

"I—I—I think I should be!" gasped Potter.

"It's not the sort of thing I like doing," said Coker. "But the big idea is to teach them a lesson. Twisting the tiger's tail, you know. They get millions and millions from the silly mugs who come here. I'm going to take some of it off them while I'm here. I shall give every shilling of it to charity. I wouldn't touch such money personally."

"You needn't worry, they won't let you touch it!" said Greene.

"Don't be an ass, Greene!"

"Look here, Coker, if you're going gambling—"

"I'm not going gambling," said Coker. "If any fellow accuses me of gambling I'm ready to hit him in the eye. I can't say fairer than that."

"What do you call it, then?" gasped Potter.

"I've told you," said Coker, with dignified calm. "They get heaps of money off the mugs who come here. I think it's time somebody took some off them. Sort of punishment, you know, I shall walk off with a heap of money, and it will serve them right. Serve them jolly well right, if you ask me!"

"Oh crikey!" said Coker. "I don't say everybody could do it. It needs brains. You fellows, for instance, would be quite useless. As I've said, it needs brains. That's my long suit. All you fellows have got to do is to stand by me while I play. I may need you to help me carry the money away, that's all."

Potter and Greene could only gasp. Coker did not need their services, only to help him carry the money away when he had won it at Monte Carlo. Apparently Coker considered that he might win more money than he could conveniently carry. To Potter and Greene it did not seem really probable.

"But, mind, if you have to carry a lot of money for me, keep it separate from your own," warned Coker. "Every quid will have to go to charity, otherwise I should not feel justified in breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. I hope you've got safe pockets."

"Safe enough to carry all the money that you will win!" gasped Potter. "I've got one with a hole in it, that's safe enough for that."

"Don't be a dummy, Potter."

"Well," gurgled Greene, "thank goodness you won't be able to play the giddy ox, even if you want to. They may let us into the rooms to look round, but they won't let us play. That's the rule there. Nobody under age—"

"I've thought of that," said Coker calmly. "Fellow I know was there once. He borrowed a false moustache at a barber's. Easy enough."

"Oh, my hat!"

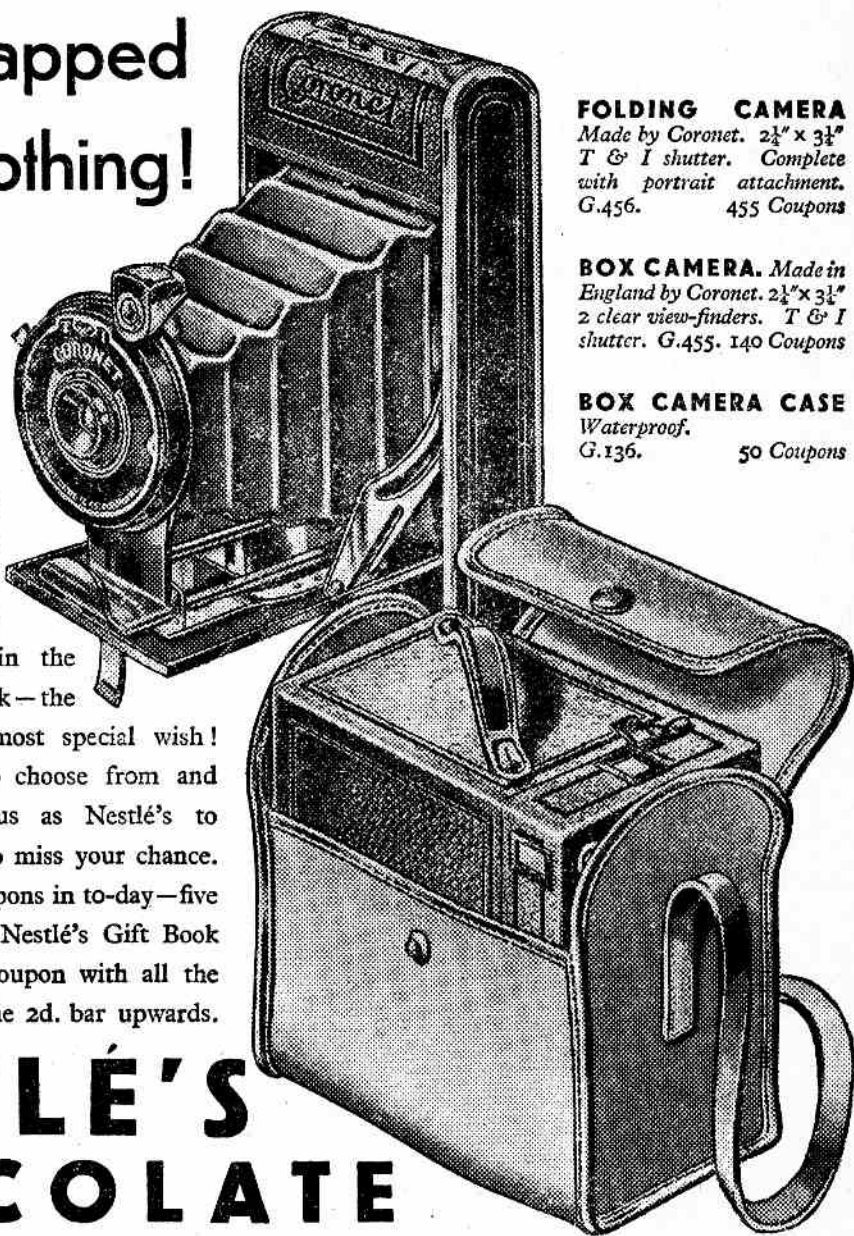
Evidently Coker had thought of everything. Really, Coker seemed as bright and brainy to-day as Billy Bunter.

The car ran on. For ten minutes or so, Potter and Greene argued with Coker. But they gave it up in time to avoid a scrap. Coker was determined to play roulette, and to punch the head of any fellow who accused him of such a rotten, shady proceeding as gambling.

(Continued on page 22.)

To be snapped
up for nothing!

Just look at that folding camera with its portrait attachment! What a gift! And to think that there are hundreds as first-rate in the new Nestlé's Gift Book—the answer to everybody's most special wish! With Gifts like these to choose from and chocolate so scrumptious as Nestlé's to enjoy, you're not going to miss your chance. Start gathering those coupons in to-day—five coupons with the new Nestlé's Gift Book and a coupon or part coupon with all the wrapped varieties from the 2d. bar upwards.



FOLDING CAMERA

Made by Coronet. $2\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$
T & I shutter. Complete
with portrait attachment.
G.456. 455 Coupons

BOX CAMERA.

Made in
England by Coronet. $2\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$
2 clear view-finders. T & I
shutter. G.455. 140 Coupons

BOX CAMERA CASE

Waterproof.
G.136. 50 Coupons

**NESTLÉ'S
CHOCOLATE**

To NESTLÉ'S (Gift Department), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8.
Please send me the NEW Nestlé's Free Gift Book and Voucher for 5 FREE COUPONS.

NAME

IN BLOCK CAPITALS

Address

47/6-5-33

This offer applies only to Great Britain & Northern Ireland.

$\frac{1}{2}$ d. Stamp if envelope is unsealed.

FIVE FREE COUPONS

BUNTER'S BIG BLUFF!

(Continued from page 20.)

Coker's wonderful intellect moved in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. Still, Coker was satisfied with his own point of view, and he was not likely to accept criticism from inferior minds.

Potter and Greene had to give Coker his head. But they made a mental resolve that if Coker was going to play the giddy blackguard, he was going to do it on his own. They weren't going to help, not even to carry away the money. It was evident that Potter and Greene had to get lost again.

The car ran into Monte Carlo, white and bright in the sunshine. Coker & Co. lunched sumptuously at a magnificent and expensive hotel near the casino. After lunch they strolled about for a time, looking at the gardens and the wonderful view over the sea, and seeking a costumier where Coker could bag that false moustache. Monte Carlo, undoubtedly, was a beautiful place; but Coker, at least, did not bother much about scenery. Coker was really there on business.

Well-dressed crowds sauntered in the sunshine. There was a murmur of almost all the languages in the wide world. From the "Tir-aux-Pigeons" came a constant sound of popping, where unthinking people found a ghastly amusement in shooting pigeons. A constant stream of people headed for the casino from every train that came up from Nice. Potter and Greene could have enjoyed strolling about the place all the afternoon, but Coker was not there to stroll.

"Here you are!" said Coker. He stopped at a barber's shop in Monaco. "This will suit us. They'll rig us up here for a few francs."

Coker marched in. Potter and Greene lingered behind. As soon as Coker was inside they walked away at a very quick rate, and turned the nearest corner.

Coker, busy making a Monegasque barber understand his rather original French, did not observe their defection for some time.

When he missed them and looked for them, Potter and Greene had vanished.

"Well, my hat!" said Coker, in utter disgust. "Lost again! I can't take my eyes off those fellows for a single minute without their getting lost! Well, I'm jolly well not going to hunt for them now! They can jolly well stay lost, and be blowed to them!"

Potter and Greene stayed lost. Coker had to manage without their help when he broke the bank at Monte Carlo. They were not going to be there to watch his triumph or to help him carry the money away. Coker had to carry all that money away himself. It was probable, however, that his strength would be equal to the burden—more than equal!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bold Bad Bunter!

"HEFTY haddock!" That was George's remark when the juniors found him at the tourist office in the Place Massena at Nice, and told him what had happened to Billy Bunter.

George snorted. "The ass!" he said. "The idiot! The chump! The piffing cuckoo! I've a jolly good mind to leave him to it! What?"

"Poor old Bunter!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,316.

"I'll kick him!" said George. "I'll go and get him out, but I'll kick him all the way here! This means leaving the trip till after lunch. You boys can walk round and look at the shops while I'm gone. Don't get lost!"

Harry Wharton & Co. promised not to get lost, and George departed to hook his Cousin Billy out of the grasp of the police. They walked up and down the Avenue de la Gare, and the Place Massena for an hour or so, and then came back to the tourist office; but George had not yet returned. Then they waited for him, and at last he came—with Bunter. Evidently he had succeeded in convincing the Commissaire de Police that Billy Bunter was not a crook, or a German spy, or a villainous plotter with bombs. Indeed, when Bunter had been deprived of his disguise, even that keen officer, the Brigadier Jean-Paul-Pierre Goujon, probably discerned that he was nothing but a fat and fatuous schoolboy. Anyhow, here he was—undisguised, and in his usual attire—and looking very irritable and annoyed. Perhaps George had, as he had threatened, kicked him. The juniors hoped so!

"Lunch before we start," said George, and he led his flock to a restaurant in the Avenue.

"I say, you fellows, I've had a rotten time," said Bunter. "Lot of silly idiots, cackling like a lot of geese, you know. They searched me for bombs."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And a silly idiot with funny whiskers—some sort of an inspector, I suppose—said I was a drole! What's a drole?"

"It means a funny ass!" chuckled Nugent.

"And another cheeky beast said I was a fou. What's a fou?"

"Ha, ha! A lunatic!"

"Cheeky lot!" said Bunter. "I was jolly glad to see George when he came—though he seemed to be in a bad temper about something. Any of you fellows been annoying him?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And they finished by laughing—the lot of them!" said Bunter indignantly. "George told them that I'd got myself up like that to play at the casino, because they wouldn't let a schoolboy play! They all seemed to think it a joke, for some reason! They laughed like anything!"

"Now, I wonder why they laughed?" said Bob Cherry. "Can any of you fellows guess why they laughed?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The laughfulness was probably terrific," chuckled Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Blessed if I saw anything to cackle at," grunted Bunter. "I was getting jolly hungry, too! Blow 'em!"

"You've had a jolly narrow escape!" said Bob.

"Well, they couldn't have put me in prison, the silly fatheads," said Bunter. "They might have put you in a lunatic asylum!"

"Beast!"

Bunter's face was clouded and wrathful. But it cleared when lunch was served. There was still balm in Gilead, so to speak; foodstuffs were a consolation. Having packed away several lunches, one after another, Billy Bunter smiled again.

After lunch, the party walked back to the Place Massena, where the car was ready; and they started, at last, on the drive that had been so long delayed by Bunter's extraordinary adventures.

It was not so good a car as Coker's; and there was rather a crowd in it; but the juniors enjoyed the drive

immensely. They covered the ground in great style, up one road and down another, looking in at Cannes, and Grasse, and Mentone, and other places, before they headed for Monte Carlo, where they were going to have tea.

Late in the afternoon they arrived at "Monte."

At a cafe in sight of the entrance of the great casino, they sat at little tables, and enjoyed cakes and coffee. Looking at the scenery, and watching the innumerable crowds, was entertainment enough for Harry Wharton & Co., but Billy Bunter was thinking of other things. His eyes and his spectacles turned incessantly to the entrance to the casino. It was easy to guess the thoughts in his fat mind.

"Like me to make you up again, old fat bean?" asked Wibley with a chuckle.

Snort from Bunter!

"No fear! You can't make up! You made me up rottenly—I was spotted at once—I thought it was all right, but it wasn't—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In fact, I jolly well think you did it on purpose, you beast—"

"What a brain!" chuckled Wibley.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows!" Bunter lowered his voice. "I say, you keep George looking another way for a minute or two, will you? I'm going for a little stroll!"

"Hold on to his ears!" said Harry.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

Billy Bunter blinked round. George was sauntering, at a little distance, puffing at a cigar, while he waited for the schoolboys to finish tea. The juniors grinned. They were prepared to hold Bunter by his ears, and to sit on him if necessary, if he got out of hand. The fat Owl gave them a devastating blink.

"I say, you fellows, if you think you're going to stop me—"

"The stopfulness will be terrific," grinned Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

Bunter rose to his feet. Bob Cherry picked up a cup of coffee.

"Where will you have it?" he asked.

Bunter sat down again.

But there was still comfort in food-stuffs. Bunter packed away sticky cake after cake, and wound up with several ices. Then he squeaked to the waiter.

"Garçon!"

"M'sieur!" The waiter came up.

"Cigarettes!" said Bunter.

"Oui, m'sieur!"

Billy Bunter gave the juniors a glare of defiance, as the waiter brought cigarettes. With defiant deliberation he selected a nice fat cigarette, and lit it. They watched him.

Evidently Bunter was determined to be a bold, bad blade, in one way or another! If he could not gamble he was going to smoke!

"You howling ass—" said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, chuck it," said Bunter contemptuously. "Put on a fag! These are jolly good smokes! Be a man! Like me!"

"A man—like you! Oh, my hat!"

Bunter finished the cigarette, and lighted another from the end of the stump, in quite a man-of-the-world manner. He blew out a cloud of smoke, and grinned with satisfaction.

"This is something like!" he remarked.

"It will be something like soon," agreed Bob Cherry. "Something like crossing the Channel on a rough day!"

"Yah!"

George was still at a safe distance,



Harry Wharton & Co., gathered at the foot of the steps of the casino, looked and stared, as a breathless, panting, dishevelled figure came flying down the steps. Bump! Coker landed on his nose almost at their feet, gasping and spluttering. "Oh crumbs!" cried Bob Cherry. "Coker! My hat! Old Coker! Chucked out of the casino!" "Gerrroogh! Ow!" gasped the Fifth-Former.

and Bunter finished his second cigarette, with an air of great enjoyment. Then he started on a third.

"Look here, you fat duffer—" said Harry Wharton. Those cigarettes were strong; and after the foodstuffs Bunter had packed away, it was really rather alarming to see him.

"Cheese it!" said Bunter. "Why not put on a smoke? I'm jolly well going to finish the box."

"Oh crumbs! Do you mean that the box is going to finish you?"

"I'm enjoying this!" said Bunter. "I'm—groogh—enjoying it! I—I—like smoking!"

He laid down the third cigarette. Immensely as he enjoyed it, he did not seem to want to finish it.

"Go it!" said Bob. "Keep it up! You're getting a lovely art shade of green in your complexion, old fat bean!"

"Groogh! If you think I can't smoke, Cherry, I can only, say—oooh! I mean, these smokes are simply topping! I'm not feeling in the least sick—not at—groogh!—all! I—I think I had an ice too many, perhaps—these ices ain't very good! I—woooogh!"

Bunter sat very still. There was a strange, quaking feeling inside Bunter.

Enjoyable as those smokes were, they seemed to be having a disturbing effect on the sticky cakes and the ices. Bunter sat still—awfully still—he had a horrid feeling that something would happen if he moved!

"Finished, what?" George came up, and settled with the waiter. "Well, got moving—we've an hour to walk round before we take the car back! Lazy as usual, Billy?"

"Urrrrrrgggh!"

"Get a move on," said George. "I—I—I think I—I—I'll take a—a—a rest here while—while you fellows are—

are walking about," groaned Billy Bunter. "I—I think I—I've got a touch of the sun! You—you fellows come b-b-back for me—ooogh!"

And Bunter remained where he was, not daring to move, while the juniors walked away with George. His complexion was changing every moment, in quite a chameleon-like manner; and his inward feelings could only be described as awful. As the juniors walked away, a horrid sound followed them from Bunter:

"Urrrg! Wurrgrgh! Uuuurrgrgh!" And they left him to it.

"That," said George, later, "is the entrance to the great casino! That—hefty haddock, what's up?"

From the entrance to the great casino, where people were passing up and down the steps every moment, came the sounds of a strange disturbance. There was a scuffling of feet, a buzzing of voices, and a shouting and yelling.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Sounds like a row!" said Bob Cherry.

And a "row" it was, and the juniors stopped to look on—little dreaming of what they were about to see!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Horrid for Horace!

"**F**AITES vos jeux messieurs!" The droning voice came monotonously.

In the vast room where Coker of the Fifth sat, there were a number of green tables, each surrounded by a swarm of punters, sitting in the chairs, or standing behind them. The atmosphere was heavy; the silence hardly broken save by the click of the ball in the revolving wheel, and the

droning voices of the croupiers. Intent faces watched the ball as it bobbed and danced, and finally found a resting-place in a numbered socket. All sorts and conditions of people were there—from the millionaire who lost a thousand pounds in an afternoon, to the poor punter who calculated carefully before he risked a counter worth a few francs.

The whole scene was one of which Horace Coker disapproved strongly.

Mugs, duffers, and rotters, was his summing-up of the varied company. It was only the extraordinary way in which Coker's mighty intellect functioned that made him satisfied with himself for being there at all!

But there he was!

It had been easy enough! Coker was a big fellow, and with a false moustache on he looked years older than his age. A fellow he knew had told him of that astute dodge, and Coker had worked it! There he was—sitting at the roulette table, working the system his vast intellect had elaborated—grimly resolved to give the casino a lesson, and walk off with an immense amount of their ill-gotten gains, and devote the same to charity—which was really generous of Coker!

But somehow—Coker did not know how—it was not working out like that! Roulette is not a very deep affair. Anybody can master it in five minutes—such as it is. Even Coker's intellect was equal to that. And Coker had no doubt that there was a "system" by which it was possible to beat the book! He had not, unfortunately, discovered a system by which it was possible to beat the banker!

They thrive on systems at Monte Carlo. Outside the casino, merchants will sell you a system for five francs

guaranteed a winner. You buy a roulette-wheel in Monaco and test the system on it, and it wins handsomely. Then you try it on the green tables for real money, and it doesn't!

So Coker discovered, much to his astonishment!

The huge sums that the croupier's rake was to push over to Coker were never pushed. On the other hand, the croupier's rake drew away from Coker sum after sum. This was not according to programme; and it surprised Coker, it astonished him, and it began to worry him.

Fifty pounds was a fairly large sum to Coker; though at "Monte" it was a trifle light as air! When it was reduced to five, Coker was distinctly worried!

It was getting clear that something had gone wrong with the works!

However, Coker was a stickler—and he stuck.

"Faites vos jeux, messieurs!"

Coker "made" his "game."

Several times Coker had been irritated by some dashed foreigner, who stood behind his chair, reached over his shoulder to place or draw money, and breathed an odour of garlic down his neck. Coker looked round at him expressively several times, but the foreigner did not seem to mind. Once, when a win came Coker's way, that unpleasant foreigner claimed it, and got away with it, grabbing it before Coker knew what he was at!

Coker's objection drew on him every eye at the table, and the matter was decided against him by the "chef-de-partie" who presided on the high chair. Coker had to grin and bear it—or bear it, anyhow, if he did not grin! He had heard about "snatchers" at Monte Carlo—sly rogues who appropriate the winnings of others! Now there was one standing behind his chair! On a crowded table, plastered with stakes, the most careful "chef-de-partie" could not always see who was right and who was wrong, and separate the sheep from the goats, as it were!

The ball spun in the whirling wheel.

"Les jeux sont faites!"

Coker put all he had left on red. He had given up the numbers, and come down to colours, as so many punters do when the cash runs short. Amazing to relate, red turned up the winner!

"Le neuf, impair, et rouge!" droned the man with the rake.

Coker had won!

It was about time he had a win, for all he had was now on the green cloth. This meant another start for Coker, and another chance for his "system." He was quite eager as the rake pushed over the winnings! And then—over his shoulder came a hand, grabbing them! It was the "snatcher" again!

Coker gave a gasp, then a roar, and jumped up! This was the second time, and Coker was not standing it!

There is an etiquette in these things at "Monte." When your winnings are snatched by some unscrupulous person, you refer the matter to the "chef-de-partie" for judgment; and his judgment is final, like that of an editor in a competition, or a referee in a football match! But Coker was angry and excited, and in no mood for etiquette.

Coker grabbed the dusky wrist of that unpleasant foreigner.

"You rotter!" roared Coker. "Up to it again, what? Leave that alone! I'll jolly well punch your head, you measly thief!"

"Mon Dieu!" gasped the unpleasant foreigner.

"Monsieur!" came a dozen shocked voices.

Coker did not heed! He was wild

with wrath! A thrill of horror ran round the table at the disturbance! People stared at Coker with shocked faces! The "chef-de-partie's" eyes almost popped from his shiny face. The croupiers rose to their feet. Coker carried on regardless. Grasping the snatcher's wrist with his left hand, he brandished his right, clenched, in the rascal's swarthy face.

"Why, I'll smash you!" roared Coker. "You measly worm! That's mine! You dashed pickpocket! I'll spifficate you!"

Seldom, or never, had there been such a scene in the casino at Monte Carlo! Coker's powerful voice rang through the Rooms. People at other tables stared round in amazement. From several directions, uniformed porters and plain-clothes detectives converged on the scene. The "chef-de-partie" gesticulated to them wildly.

PENKNIVES FOR LAUGHS!

B. Donner, of 31, Westwick Gardens, West Kensington, W. 14, has caught the judge's eye with the following amusing storyette. A pocket knife is now in the post for him.



First Hunter: "Why didn't you shoot that tiger?"

Second Hunter: "Because it didn't have the right expression on its face for a rug!"

Note: All jokes and limericks should be sent to "Limericks and Jokes" Editor, c/o MAGNET, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

"Hand it over!" roared Coker. "Sharp's the word! You greasy, garlic-smelling, pie-faced blighter—"

"Mon Dieu!" gasped the snatcher, dragging his wrist away from Coker with a hefty jerk. "Monsieur—je vous prie—mon Dieu!"

Crash!

The rascal was backing away, still with Coker's winnings in his grasp. Coker jumped after him! He hit out!

There was a fearful yell, and a crash, as the snatcher got Coker's leg-of-mutton fist fairly between the eyes. He hit the floor of the casino like a sledgehammer, and the plunder went scattering right and left. Coker panted! What he would have done next, cannot be said—for at that moment half a dozen pairs of hands were laid on Coker, and he was pinned.

Coker struggled.

He was not the man to be handled by dashed foreigners, especially when he

was in the right! Five or six men had hold of him—but even then Coker was not easy to handle. One hapless man went down with a bump, feeling as if all his teeth had been loosened. Another staggered against the roulette table with crimson streaming from a crushed nose.

But the odds were too great! More hands were laid on Coker! Hardly knowing what was happening to him, Coker was whisked away. He vanished from the Rooms—though it was some minutes before the solemn, majestic calm of the Rooms was restored. Coker, wriggling and struggling in a state of frenzied indignation and wrath, found himself in an open doorway. Many hands hurled him forth.

Coker flew!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Taking Care of Coker!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Coker!"

"Great Scott!"

"Hefty haddock!"

Harry Wharton & Co., in the gathering crowd at the steps of the casino, looked—and stared! They had wondered what the disturbance was. As a breathless, panting, dishevelled figure came flying down the steps, they knew. It was Coker!

Bump!

Coker of the Fifth landed almost at their feet.

He sat and spluttered.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Coker! My hat! Old Coker!"

"Chucked out!" said Coker.

He was wildly dishevelled. His clothes were rumpled, some of his buttons were gone, his hair was a mop. In the struggle his false moustache had been brushed off. He sat and gasped for breath—with a myriad of eyes fixed on him.

"Coker!" gasped George. "Hefty haddock! You young rascal! Have you been in the casino? You sweep!"

"Gerrooogh! Oooogh! Ow!"

"Chucked out!" said Johnny Bull. "My hat! What have they chucked you out for, Coker?"

"Oooooogh!" gurgled Coker.

The juniors helped Coker to his feet.

A porter came down the steps with Coker's hat. It was jammed on his dishevelled head. George gripped him by the arm and led him away. Coker seemed disposed to charge back into the casino and mop up the population there. Coker was firmly restrained. George led him away to the spot where the juniors' car was parked.

"Get in!" he said.

"I've got my own car—"

"Get in!"

"Potter and Greene are lost—"

"Get in!"

"I jolly well won't—"

But Coker did! George gave him a shove, and he went into the car headlong.

"Stay there!" said George. "Will you young gentlemen oblige me by sitting on him till he keeps quiet?"

"Anything to oblige!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"The sitfulness will be terrific."

"Look here—"

roared Coker. The Famous Five and Wibley piled into the car. Coker was rising. He was pushed down again. Then he was sat upon. He wriggled and gurgled under six Removites.

"Now keep quiet, you young rascal!" said George.

"Gerroff!" roared Coker, keeping anything but quiet. "I'll smash you!

I'm going back to that show to smash the lot of them!"

"Do you want to be run in?" hooted George.

"I'd like to see a lot of dashed foreigners run me in!" roared Coker.

"I'll spifficate the lot of them!"

"Sit on him," said George. "Keep sitting on him."

"What-ho!"
The six sat on Coker while George fetched Bunter. Coker heaved and wriggled and struggled under them. But he heaved and wriggled and struggled in vain. They sat on him, and they sat tight!

"Take it calmly, Horace, old bean," advised Bob Cherry.

"Gerroff!" shrieked Coker.

"If you don't keep quiet we'll make Bunter sit on you, too! That will finish you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

George came back with Bunter. The fat Owl had recovered a little from the

effects of the cigarettes he had enjoyed so much. George shoved him in, and followed him, and told the chauffeur to start. The car rolled away.

"Will you lemme gerrup?" raved Coker.

"No!" said George. "Stay there! If you boys don't mind sitting on him till we're clear of Monte Carlo—"

"Not a bit!"

The car whizzed away along the Corniche road. Not till they were half-way back to Nice was Coker allowed to rise to his feet. He slumped into a seat, too breathless and exhausted to deal with the Removites as they richly deserved. He glared at them instead.

"You young rascal!" said George.

"You've been gambling!"

"If you want me to punch your cheeky head, George Cook, you've only to say that again!" snorted Coker.

"You haven't?" gasped George. "What did you go into the casino for, then?"

"I was going to break the bank—"

"Hefty haddocks!"

"Just as a lesson to them," said Coker. "I thought it would serve them right. I still think so, I'm not the fellow to gamble, I hope."

"Oh scissors! You were going to break the bank without gambling?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Don't be cheeky, Cherry! I was going to give them a lesson which would have served them jolly well right, only somehow I lost instead of winning—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And then when I got a win at last a beastly foreigner snatched it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And they chucked me out just because I knocked him down—"

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

"Stop that silly cackling!" roared Coker. "What is there to laugh at, I'd like to know? I can't see anything to laugh at!"

(Continued on next page.)

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 Fleetsway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped, addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

WELL, chums, you've got another fine Photogravure Plate to put to your collection of "Marvels of Modern Engineering," and I'll bet that you're mighty pleased with it. Don't forget there are

TWELVE PHOTO-PLATES IN ALL

—each one a perfect specimen! To make certain of getting the complete series it is advisable to give your news-agent a standing order for the MAGNET. To miss even one of these Free Photo-Plates would be a shame. Next week's souvenir plate shows the

"HUSH-HUSH" CUNARD— No. 534,

which, when completed, will be the fastest liner afloat. In our photo-plate you can see the "534" on the stocks, whilst our special artist gives a vivid impression of what this floating palace will look like when completed. Yes, boys, next week's Free Photo-Plate is one of which you will rightly feel proud. Don't miss it!

DO you know which is THE MOST EXPENSIVE BONFIRE IN THE WORLD.

Can you imagine over two million pounds going up in smoke? Well, that is what happens every year in the United States. When American paper money gets torn, dirty, or mutilated, it is sent to St. Louis, and once a year a grand bonfire is held of all this money. Generally there are over ten million dollars' worth of bills—"some" bonfire, as Fisher T. Fish would say!

Just after the War Germany had a difficulty in getting rid of a lot of paper money, which had fallen in value so much as to be practically worthless. At a certain big ball held in Germany, hundreds of thousands of these bills were cut up into confetti, to make a "snow-storm." But just imagine a "snow-

storm," the nominal value of which was in the neighbourhood of several million pounds!

Talking of that, would you believe that it was once possible to become

A BILLIONAIRE FOR 1s. 12d.?

It's perfectly true, however. Just before the value of German money was stabilised, things had got so bad that the value of the mark was only £1 for eighteen billion mark. So that anyone could buy a billion marks for 1s. 12d. Needless to say, however, you couldn't purchase much with your billion marks. The nominal value of the pre-War mark was 20 to the £.

Other central European countries were in the same state with their money—notably Poland and Austria. A clever Swiss firm hit on the idea of buying up a large number of Austrian notes which, before the War, were worth 10s. each. But the Swiss firm simply used them for wrapping up tablets of soap!

I wonder if you realise how much

HIDDEN TREASURE.

there must be in the group of this old world of ours? In India, where the natives distrust banks, they bury their money in the ground, and it is estimated that a tremendous amount of gold is hidden in the soil of India. As many of the original misers have died without revealing the secret of where they hid their gold, most of this buried treasure will only be discovered by accident—if at all!

In Africa there is known to be about twenty million pounds, which have passed out of circulation and must be hidden away in secret hoards by the natives. And even in Britain our soil is rich in hidden money. From the time of the Romans coins have either been hidden or lost, and have been covered up by the accumulated dust and rubbish of the centuries. Whenever excavation work is carried out a large number of coins of all ages are discovered. Most of them eventually find their way to museums.

Here is a selection of

RAPID FIRE REPLIES

in answer to queries sent in by my readers:

What is Micanite? (J. K., of Reading).—A cheaper form of mica product, used where the price of ordinary mica would be too great. It is made up from mica splittings, fastened together with adhesive.

Is a Man Taller in the Morning than he is at Night? ("Reader," of Woolwich).—Yes. The reason is that the strains which he undergoes in the daytime, together with the shocks of walking, compress the cartilage pads of the backbone. During sleep they expand again to their normal size, therefore, he is taller when he gets up in the morning than when he goes to bed at night.

Can Oil and Water be Mixed? (Harry Cairns, of Hanley).—Yes, they can. Just add a little soap to them, and see for yourself.

What is "Sub-standard" Film? ("Cinefan," of Worcester).—The regular width of cinema film as used in the ordinary picture theatre is 35 millimetres. Sub-standard film is cinema film that is less than this width. There are two sub-standard widths in use in this country—16 mm. and 9.5 mm. They are generally used for home cinemas, schools, lecture halls, etc., owing to the fact that they are much cheaper than standard films and also non-inflammable.

Now for a word or two about NEXT WEEK'S BUMPER PROGRAMME.

Topping the bill is Frank Richards' sparkling fine yarn: "AFTER LIGHTS OUT!" which deals with a strange new boy in the Greyfriars Remove. It's packed with humour and thrills, and is just the kind of yarn you delight in reading. Then comes another topical issue of the "Greyfriars Herald," further thrilling chapters of our Soccer and 'tee story, more winning jokes and limericks, and last, but by no means least,

ANOTHER SUPERB FREE PHOTO- GRAVURE PLATE.

If you've not already ordered your copy of the MAGNET, do so without delay!

YOUR EDITOR,

"Never mind—we can!" chuckled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now stop the car, Mr. Cook," said Coker. "I've got to go back and find Potter and Greene; they've got lost again. Goodness knows what will happen to them if I don't find them! Will you stop the car?"

"No," said George, "I won't! You're going straight back to the Sea Nymph, Mr. Coker, and staying there till we sail to-morrow!"

"I'm not!" roared Coker.

"I think you are!"

George was right. When the car stopped in Nice, Coker refused absolutely to get into the boat. He was dropped in, in a heap. When the boat reached the Sea Nymph he refused to go on board. He was helped on board—not gently, but firmly. After which George kept a rather grim eye on him. Coker's wild adventures were over.

Much to Coker's surprise, however, Potter and Greene turned up for supper, safe and sound. They came back in Coker's car, looking quite merry and bright. If they had been "lost," they had evidently found themselves again without assistance from Coker.

They found Coker looking gloomy, and exchanged a cheery wink.

"How did it go, old bean?" asked Potter blandly. "Did you get away with all their oof?"

"Tons of it, I suppose?" said Greene, also blandly.

"Sorry we weren't there to help you carry it away," said Potter. "Did you hire a lorry?"

"Or a special train?" inquired Greene.

Potter and Greene did not yet know, of course, the wild adventures Coker had been through since they had parted from him. They did not know that he had been goaded into a state in which it was positively dangerous to chip him. They now, however, discovered it suddenly. Coker had borne much—cheek from George, sitting-on from the Famous Five—and now his own familiar friends chipped him! It was the last straw. Coker made a stride at Potter and Greene.

He gripped Greene with his right hand, Potter with his left. Before they knew what he was up to he brought their heads together with a concussion that rang through the Sea Nymph like a pistol-shot.

Crack!

"Yaroooooo!" roared Potter.

"Whoooooop!" yelled Greene.

"There!" said Coker. "Now—Oh, my hat! Oh, my aunt! Oh jiminy! Let go! Why, I'll—I'll—I'll—Yarooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors as Coker & Co. mixed up on the deck of the Sea Nymph.

They were all three looking rather damaged by the time they got unmixed. For the rest of that evening Coker refused to speak a word to his friends. It was quite a nice evening for Potter and Greene.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Back to Greyfriars!

"COURTFIELD—change for Friardale!"

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

More than a week had elapsed since

the Sea-Nymph had steamed out of the Baie des Anges at Nice.

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

Fellows were gathering from far and near, north and south, east and west, back to the old school—among them the Famous Five of the Remove. They jumped out of the train at Courtfield Junction, and Bob Cherry's cheery roar awoke the echoes of the station, and the town round it, and perhaps the fields beyond. Bob, at least, had returned to school in great spirits.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Fatter than ever, Bunty!" said Bob. "Did you find them all well at Bunter Court when you got back from France—all the marquises and the dukes and the jolly old princes? What?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, you fellows, Coker's on the platform!"

Watch Out for Next
Saturday's **MAGNET**
and another
FREE SOUVENIR
PHOTO-PLATE
to put in Your Album!

gasped Bunter. "He's more Fifth-Formy than ever! He's kicked me—"

"Jolly good idea!" said Bob. "I'll kick you, too, old fat bean, to start the term! Turn round!"

"Beast! I say, you fellows, I only said 'Hallo, Coker, old chap!' and he kicked me," said Bunter. "I'd have knocked him down, you know, only—only after having a cruise together, I—I thought I—I wouldn't!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, here he comes!" Billy Bunter dodged round the Famous Five. Coker had a hefty kick, and Bunter—whether for the reason he had stated, or for still better reasons—did not want to begin the term by knocking Coker down.

Coker of the Fifth came up to the cheery chums of the Remove. They met him with smiling faces—in contrast to Coker's, which wore a frown.

"Oh, here you are!" said Coker.

"Here we are, old bean!" answered Harry Wharton.

"I've just a word to say to you before we get to Greyfriars," Coker proceeded to explain. "We had the Easter holidays on the same cruise, as it happened. To a certain extent, I took notice of you—being on the same ship! That's all over now! Now we're going back to Greyfriars, I want no cheek, no familiarity—none of your making out before all the fellows that you know me, or anything of that kind! Got that?"

"The gotfulness is terrific, my esteemed idiotic Coker!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a dusky grin.

"Any more?" asked Frank Nugent.

"I've kicked Bunter for being cheeky," said Coker. "Take it as a tip! Keep your distance—and don't go making out at Greyfriars that you know a Fifth Form man! See? I thought

I'd better make it plain. I'm a plain speaker—"

"You are!" agreed Bob Cherry, with a critical gaze at Coker's rugged features. "Never saw a plainer one!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The painfulness is preposterous!"

"Well, if you understand that, all right!" said Coker. "A fellow can do lots of things in the hols that he can't do at school! Any sort of cheeky familiarity will lead to a whopping! That's all."

This was evidently, from Coker's point of view, important. Having impressed this important matter on the unthinking minds of the juniors, Coker turned to stalk away. He seemed taken by surprise by what happened next.

Somebody smote his hat, hard, and it was crushed over Coker's ears. As he spun round, with a roar of surprise and wrath, it was smitten again, and it went down over his eyes.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker of the Fifth grabbed at his hat and dragged at it desperately to extract his head therefrom. Harry Wharton & Co., smiling, walked away to take their places in the local train for Friardale.

They were in their carriage by the time Horace Coker escaped from his hat. Coker glared up and down the crowded platform in search of them. His face was crimson with wrath.

He spotted five grinning faces crowded in a carriage. Doors were slamming along the train by that time; but Coker was not to be denied. He rushed at that carriage.

"Stand back!" shouted a porter.

"Hook it, Coker!" said Bob Cherry.

Instead of standing back, or hooking it, Coker of the Fifth made an infuriated plunge at the carriage and hurled himself in headlong.

But he did not get very far in!

Five pairs of hands fastened on Coker, and he was flattened down in the doorway, with his face on the floor, his nose grinding up the dust, and his long legs thrashing the air outside.

"Whooop!" roared Coker. "Leggo! I'll smash you! I'll—I'll—Ger-roooooh!"

Slam, slam, slam! went the doors along the train. Only one door was open, where Coker sprawled, half in and half out. A porter rushed up and grasped him by the legs.

"Shove, you men!" grinned Bob Cherry.

The porter pulled, and the juniors pushed. Coker came out of the carriage doorway like a cork from a bottle. The door slammed, and the train moved.

Coker sat up dizzily. He had been going to take that train. But that train, evidently, was not going to take him. He blinked after it as it glided away, and Bob Cherry waved his hand from the carriage window.

"Ta-ta, Coker! Give you some more at Greyfriars!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ooooooogh!" said Coker. It was all he could say.

And the train rushed on, leaving Coker of the Fifth still sitting and gazing, and bearing Harry Wharton & Co. back to the old school.

THE END.

(Look out for: "AFTER LIGHTS OUT!" in next Saturday's MAGNET, and don't forget that this issue also contains another Free Photo Plate. Make sure you add it to your collection!)

NOBBY, *the* 'Shooting Star'!



By HEDLEY SCOTT.

WHAT'S GONE BEFORE.

Daniel Willoughby Thunderasley, nephew of Lord Weatherstone, chairman of the Perriton Rovers, resents his uncle's adoption of "Nobby"—a nameless waif, whose clever football gets him a permanent place in the Rovers' eleven. The jealous Thunderasley schemes with the Don—a rascally circus proprietor with whom Nobby had spent his earlier years—for the removal of his young enemy. The Don double-crosses Thunderasley and plans to kill Nobby. Ferrers Locke, the detective, however, intervenes and rescues Nobby in the nick of time. Wringing a confession from Thunderasley, Locke then informs the rascally schemer that Nobby is none other than his young brother Trevor Thunderasley, who was kidnapped as an infant!

(Now read on.)

Settlement in Full!

THUNDERSLEY shook as if with ague. His pale, handsome face twisted into lines of pain. He seemed on the verge of fainting. Drake made a move towards a crystal decanter on the small cabinet, and poured a measure of spirit into a tumbler.

"Here, drink this, old man!" he said kindly. "Drink it off!"

With shaking hands Thunderasley took the glass and gulped the contents. Then he sank back in the chair, breathing hard. There was a look of fixed misery in his face which put years on him, and, looking at him intently, Locke genuinely felt sorry for him.

He decided there and then to save the wretched schemer further pain.

"My brother—my brother!" Thunderasley's words came in a whisper. "The brother—I never knew—and I have helped to kill him."

"Not quite so bad as that," said Locke, "for unless the doctor was a fool at his job there is every chance that your brother Trevor will be none the worse for his experiences."

"What?" Thunderasley leaped out of the chair again, the colour flowing back to his face. "He is alive, then?"

"Alive—by the mercy of Heaven," said Ferrers Locke. "What would have been his fate had he not been taken out of that packing-case in less than half an hour I shudder to think. The poor kid was dying of slow asphyxiation!"

"Poor devil! Poor devil!" Thunderasley's voice was tender. "I shall never forgive myself!" He sobbed, pulled himself together, and faced Ferrers Locke squarely. "Tell me how you found him. Tell me how you discovered who he was—please!"

Locke lit up his pipe before he made reply. Then, seeing it well alight, he told his story—briefly, simply, modestly.

"I must take you back to your childhood," he commenced. "Your father, perhaps you don't know it, was a Legation officer in Paris. One night he was attacked by a gang of apaches and badly assaulted. One man was caught when the gendarmes eventually came to his succour, and his name was Pedrillo Sadini—a naturalised Spaniard."

"Go on!" said Thunderasley breathlessly, as Locke paused.

"Pedrillo Sadini was tried and sentenced to penal servitude for life. That meant Devil's Island, where, as I expect you know, the French send their worst criminals. Your Pedrillo Sadini swore that he would live to see himself revenged, even while the judge passed sentence on him. And Pedrillo Sadini, now known to you and the world as Don Carlos, took a terrible revenge indeed!"

"Don Carlos—Pedrillo Sadini!" exclaimed Thunderasley.

"One and the same," returned Ferrers Locke. "He escaped from Devil's Island within two years, journeyed by various stages to England, and watched and waited his opportunity. It came—it came while your nursemaid was taking you and your brother Trevor for your daily airing at your country home in Buckinghamshire."

"Your nursemaid left the pram for a moment or two to run after you," continued Locke, "for remember you were approaching five years of age, whilst your brother would be three. When the nursemaid returned to the pram in which she had left your brother sleeping, she found it empty."

"Good heavens!"

"There was a hue-and-cry all over the country," said Locke quietly; "but the unknown kidnapper made good his escape and covered up his tracks. Your brother was never found. Eventually he was presumed dead."

"And that scoundrel, Sadini, the Don, had him all the time?" said Thunderasley. "Good heavens! The kid must have gone through purgatory, living with that monster!"

Ferrers Locke nodded.

"Nobby did. He suffered tortures physically, mentally; but the kid's spirit remained unbroken. The Don beat him, starved him, worked him to death. Then, as you know, he escaped, and swore he would never go back to the circus again."

"Poor Trevor—poor Trevor!" said Thunderasley miserably. "No wonder the Don wanted him back!"

"But a stronger will than that of the Don decreed otherwise," resumed Locke quietly. "That same Providence actually took young Nobby into the very heart of the family who had mourned him dead."

"But father—my father never lived long enough to share in that," said Thunderasley.

"That is true," said Locke; "but you see the devilish mind of the Don at work, when, having tasted of his revenge over a period of years, he next plans and plots with the brother of his victim. Devilish isn't the word for it!"

Thunderasley's face set in grim, hard lines. It would have gone hardly with the Don had he showed up then.

"The merciless devil!" he grated, "twit clenched teeth. 'I'd like to kill him for this.'"

"I dare say you would; but killing won't be necessary in this case. The Don's punishment you can safely leave in my hands, and thank Heaven you were saved from going into the dock on a charge of murder, for that was what the Don schemed for. A double revenge—the killing of one brother, the hanging of the other!"

"The cardcase, the handkerchief—the scoundrel must have taken them from me when I saw him last. It would not have been difficult," said Thunderasley reflectively, "as I was distraught." He came clean now. "You see, Mr. Locke, it was I who rifled Lord Weatherstone's safe—"

Locke and Drake looked at him sharply. Thunderasley hung his head in shame.

"Nobby—that is, Trevor—knew that I had," he faltered, "and he gave me twenty-four hours in which to go to his lordship and confess. I couldn't—I couldn't do it. Instead, I motored over to the Don and arranged with the rotter to smuggle Nobby—Trevor, that is—out of the country. I remember now, I took off my silk handkerchief while I was talking to him, and the earcase must have slipped out of my wallet when I paid him the five hundred pounds. Uncle's five hundred pounds—"

He broke off, bent his head in his hands. Tears began to course along his fingers.

Locke left him thuswise for a few moments, then placed his arm about his shoulder.

"Come, come! Pull yourself together! What's done cannot be undone. But, at least you have the future in which to wipe the slate clean. Come, buck up! After lunch I want to arrange for you to meet your brother Trevor and his lordship."

"You are comforting, Mr. Locke," said Thundersley. "I don't know how to repay you."

Locke smiled indulgently. "You can thank me by playing a straight game after this, Thundersley. Your uncle hasn't lost all faith in you. Do your best to make his declining years happy—do your best to make it up to Trevor. He's the next one to be considered." He turned and drew Jack Drake forward by the shoulder. "If you want to thank anyone especially, thank this youngster. He went to France for me and ferreted out the whole history of Pedrillo Sadini, alias the Don. Smart youngster, is Jack?"

But, like his gov'nor, Drake was not the type to bask in thanks. He had merely done a job o' work—that was how he regarded it.

When Thundersley recovered his composure, his mind turned to the Don.

"You'll arrest him, of course! Perhaps he's going to fly the country. We must be quick!"

Ferrers Locke smiled. "There's no tremendous hurry. He'll never get out of the country. All ports

and air ports are being watched. The Don found it easy to get into England, but he won't find it easy to get out. Rest easy about the Don, anyway—a Scotland Yard man is on his trail at this very moment. I gave instructions before I left Baker Street this morning that he was not to be let out of sight."

Locke took up his hat and beckoned to Drake.

"Come along, son. We'll call for you after lunch, Thundersley. By that time his lordship will be in a stronger mood to stand the shock."

Thundersley's eyes danced. "Then he doesn't know who Nobby really is—yet?"

"Not yet," smiled Locke. "I couldn't tell him last night. The shock might have killed him. So-long!"

And with another smile he drew Drake by the arm and led him outside.

Thundersley stood by the window and watched them drive off. Then he paced up and down his apartment, a prey to remorse, joy, self-loathing, fury—fury towards the Don—the man who would have robbed him of a brother—the man who had robbed him of a brother for long, long years!

From that his tortured mind switched back to the grief of his dead-and-gone father—the noble, indulgent parent who had mourned the loss of his son Trevor, and had never recovered from the shock, then to his mother, the sweet soul who had preceded her husband due, so the doctors had said, to a broken heart.

And while overwhelming hatred of the Don, the vengeful schemer who had brought about all this misery, surged through his being, the telephone-bell rang. Thundersley unheeded its shrill clamour for some time, but its persistence made him catch up the receiver at last.

Then the blood leaped to his brain! The caller was the Don!

Conquering his feelings, Thundersley tried to speak naturally, and succeeded. The Don, apparently, wanted more money—demanded more money. Thundersley temporised with him, the while his eyes roved to a heavy Service revolver which hung from a hook

on an adjacent wall. Thundersley remembered that in his cabinet drawer were live cartridges which fitted the weapon.

His eyes narrowed. The Don's voice smirled vibrantly across the wires:

"I must have another five hundred, you understand—yes? I must have it! If I don't it will be the worse for you!"

Thundersley seemed to capitulate. "Very well!" he snarled back into the transmitter. "It's blackmail, you scoundrel, but you hold the whip hand. What's that—you will call for the money now? Very well! Yes, I will be here—I'll settle with you!"

"Once and for all, yes!" came the Don's voice. "You will settle with me, my young friend? I will hasten to you!"

He rang off. For long moments Thundersley stared at the Service revolver before he remembered that he still held the telephone receiver in his hand. Then he slammed it down. With set face he walked towards an inlaid mahogany cabinet, rummaged in one of the drawers, and eventually found half a dozen live cartridges. Slowly he took the heavy revolver from its hook on the wall and turned it over in his palm. Just as slowly he filled the chamber with the six cartridges, cocked the weapon ready for instant use, and slipped it into his pocket.

To steady his nerves he doctored himself with a dose of the fiery spirit in the crystal decanter, called his servant, and informed him that the visitor he was expecting at any moment was to be shown in at once, then seated himself in the armchair. One line of thought hammered incessantly through his brain:

"Settlement in full!" The door bell suddenly shrilled. The Don had arrived!

(Will Thundersley shoot the Don, or will—? You'll read all about it, anyway, in next week's grand Free Gift issue of the MAGNET. Order your copy now!)

THE ROAMER TENT
 Size 6ft. long, 4ft. 8ins. wide, 3ft. 6ins. high, 6in. walls. Made from strong material. Brass-jointed poles in 3 sections. Complete with all accessories, in valise. (Postage 1/-.) **9/6**
 In strong green proofed material, 13/6.
 Ground Sheet to fit, 4/6.
BLANKS, 303, GRAYS INN RD., LONDON, W.C.1

BE TALL
 Your Height increased in 14 days or Money Back. Complete Course, 5/- Booklet free privately.
STEBBING SYSTEM, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

BE STRONG
 I promise you Robust Health, Doubled Strength, Stamina, and Dashing Energy in 30 days or money back! My amazing 4-in-1 Course adds 10-25 ins. to your muscular development (with 2 ins. on Chest and 1 in. on Arms), also brings an Iron Will, Perfect Self-control, Virile Manhood, Personal Magnetism, Surprise your friends! Complete Course, 5/-. Details free, privately.—**STEBBING INSTITUTE (A), 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.**

300 STAMPS FOR 6d. (Abroad 1/-), including Airpost, Barbados, Old India, Nigeria, New South Wales, Gold Coast, etc.—**W. A. WHITE, Esq., Lane, I.Y.E., Stourbridge.**

MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriiloquist's Instrument, Invisible, Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—**T. W. Harrison, 239, Peutonville Rd., London, N.1.**

SPURPROOF TENTS. Model X.
 Made from lightweight proofed material. Complete with three-piece jointed poles, pegs, guy lines, and brown valise. Weight 5 lbs. **8/6**
 Size 6 ft. x 4 ft. 6 in. x 3 ft. 6 in.
 With 6 or 12 in. wall and 3 in. cave.
 Accommodates three boys. Postage 9d.
 Extra lightweight in Egyptian Cotton Weight 3 lb. 14 oz. Ground Sheet, 6" x 2' 6", 2/- each.
 Send for beautiful Illustrated Camping List, post free, 2d.
CEO. GROSE & CO., 8, NEW BRIDGE STREET, E.C.4.

MY GREAT OFFER
 Write for my free Bargain Lists of the best ALL-BRITISH Cycles. **14 DAYS' APPROVAL CARRIAGE PAID.** Cash price £310/0, or terms. All accessories FREE. Value 21/-.
 Edw. **O'Brien** IN THE WORLD LARGEST CYCLE DEPOT REP 17 **COVENTRY**

"PAPUA" PKT. FREE! 70 different, including large Papua, Bavia, Prussia, Skesvig, etc. This exceptional offer is absolutely free. Send 2d. postage, requesting approvals.—**Lisburn & Townsend (U.S.S.), Liverpool.**

DON'T BE BULLIED!
 Some splendid illus. lessons in Jullism. Articles and full particulars free. Better than Boxing. 2d. stamp for postage. Learn to fear no man. Or send P.O. 1/- for First Part, to: **"A.P.," Blenheim House," Bedford Lane, Feltbam, Middx.**

BLUSHING, Shyness, "Nerves," Self-consciousness, Worry Habit, Unreasonable Fears, etc., cured or money back! Complete Course 5/-. Details—**L. A. STEBBING, 28, Dean Road, London, N.W.2.**

506 STAMPS FREE! Old OUBA, Jugo-Slavia, CEYLON, etc. 2d. postage, request approvals. (Abroad 6d. P.O.)
A. EASTICK, 59, HOLDENEURST ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH.

STAMMERING, Stuttering. New, remarkable, Certain Cure. Booklet free, privately.—**SPECIALIST, Dept. A.P., 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.**

BE TALLER! Increased my own height to 6ft. 3ins. CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 5 INCHES. Fee £2 2s. STAMP brings FREE Particulars.—**P. M. ROSS, Height Specialist, SCARBOROUGH.**

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.

Safeguard Study Cupboards!

Why put up with repeated raids on your lock when you can buy a SEIZEN BURGLAR ALARM for 19s. ? Simply switch on when you leave your study. Anyone who opens the cupboard while you're absent promptly gets a punch on the jaw from the Robot Vial. At the same time a concealed Loud-Speaker yells "Police!" the sturdy door locks, and an alarm bell rings in the hall. Install this amazing machine in your study TO-DAY!—H. SKINNER, Inventor, Study No. 11, Removite.

THE NEW Greysfriars Herald

EXTRA GOOD EDITION

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

No. 31 (New Series).

May 6th, 1933.

YOUR WET TOWEL SUPPLIES!

What are YOU doing about wet towels this year? Examination time is drawing near and you're sweating furiously to make sure of getting through. But how can you hope to keep your brain fresh and alert without trying wet towels round your napper? Hopeloss, of course! Then write at once to the NON-STOP WET TOWEL SUPPLY CO., Sluddy No. 6, Removite.

ARROW UNFURLS VICTORY FLAG

Remove Archer's Great Exploit

Remove Archer's Great Exploit? But Smithy doesn't mind the arrow, he then let fire, and the arrow, carrying the twine with it, flew upwards and finally buried itself at the very top of the topmost spire of the building. With the loose ends of the doubled twine still in his hands, Smithy was then able to haul the flag across from the wall to the spire. Having seen that it was well and truly joined to the arrow, he applied a match to the twine and a flame ran up its length and burned it away.

We then gave one mighty objection to follow him to Highcliffe. Quite an army of us marched with him. Smithy carried the Greyfriars colours in the shape of an old footer shirt hastily altered to make a flag. He also carried a large bow and arrow—why, we couldn't make out at first, for although we knew that archery is one of Smithy's hobbies, this didn't seem an appropriate time for indulging in it.

When we reached Highcliffe, however, we saw method in Smithy's madness. At a quiet spot at the back of the school Smithy climbed on to the wall and, producing a large ball of twine, threaded it through a staple fixed on to the wall.



DICKY NUGENT'S WEEKLY WISDOM

"Constant Reader" writes to complain that I don't call a spade a spade. Perhaps I don't. "Constant Reader" But you can't deny that I'm always having a sly dig at someone!

REPORTER'S NIGHTMARE

Two Meetings Simultaneously

When the Editor told me I had two meetings to report in one evening (writes Bob Cherry our Special Reporter) I took it all as a matter of course. It was only when I got to the Rag that I realised that BOTH MEETINGS WERE BEING HELD AT THE SAME TIME! There was no time to go by for additional help, so I did the best I could and sat in the middle of the room, half-way between the two crowds, and tried to take notes of both speeches simultaneously!

One of the speakers was Bolsover major, who was describing how to wrestle under "All-in" rules (Bolsey hopes to see the "All-in" game taken up at Greyfriars!) and the other was Smithy minor, who was lecturing the First Aid Class on its running. Here are the speeches verbatim, just as they appear in my notebook—

When a person faints—Put your hand over his mouth, hook your leg round his waist, and throw him to the floor as hard as you can.

Carry him to a chair and choke his hands.

Then give him the half-nelson and jump on his chest.

Scruble cold water gently over his head—And after that, grab him by the neck and strangle him.

If he shows signs of coming round—Seize his ears and bang his head violently against your knee.

Put smelling salts under his nose—Grab him by the ankles and whirl him round in the air—

Then gently rub eau de Cologne on his forehead—And fling him right out of the ring into the choir and marched away in triumph.

We could hear the howl of rage from the Highcliffians as we turned the corner.

As we go to press we hear that the Greyfriars colours still float proudly over Highcliffe.

Our win, we think!

Book Of The Week

"Canine Happiness and How to Obtain It." By a Gay Dog.

At this point (concludes Bob Cherry) I had a sudden attack of hysteria and fled. Next time somebody's wanted to report two meetings being held together I shall jolly well be missing!

CRICKET AS IT WAS

Greysfriars Game in 1350

Astonishing revolutions concerning the antiquity of the game of cricket have been made this week by Mr. Quetch. The Removite master, in searching among the ancient manuscripts of the school for further material for his History of Greyfriars, has discovered, in medieval Latin, an actual game of cricket played by the monks of Greyfriars in 1350!

The document is given additional interest by reason of the fact that it contains several illustrations of the game in progress. These quaint old pictures make the differences between the game of 1350 and that of 1933 startlingly clear.

There was only one wicket and this consisted of two stumps standing quite four feet high, without bats. To make up for the lack of wickets there were several bowlers. The "bat" was simply a big bludgeon, and the ball a small boulder.

Bowling, in the modern sense, was unknown, the ball being simply flung anyhow whatever to body-line throwing; the batsman simply had to look out for himself, and was beside him if he didn't! Incidentally it was no light job, particularly when three eyes.

Make him sip a glass of cold water—And twist his arms till he shrieks for mercy! He may then be slowly walked up and down for a few minutes—

After which you can dig your knee into the small of his back till he crumples up and falls down unconscious!

At this point (concludes Bob Cherry) I had a sudden attack of hysteria and fled. Next time somebody's wanted to report two meetings being held together I shall jolly well be missing!



bowlers took it into their heads to bowl at the same time! It was a "notches" game. A batsman could be bowled or caught out by any player, but could be run out only by the bowler who had "served" him. Any number could play and the sides were not necessarily of the same numerical strength. In the game described on the old parchment of 1350, the batsman was a wicket-keeper, and the bowlers were several. The "bat" was simply a big bludgeon, and the ball a small boulder.

Bowling, in the modern sense, was unknown, the ball being simply flung anyhow whatever to body-line throwing; the batsman simply had to look out for himself, and was beside him if he didn't! Incidentally it was no light job, particularly when three eyes.

Make him sip a glass of cold water—And twist his arms till he shrieks for mercy! He may then be slowly walked up and down for a few minutes—

After which you can dig your knee into the small of his back till he crumples up and falls down unconscious!

At this point (concludes Bob Cherry) I had a sudden attack of hysteria and fled. Next time somebody's wanted to report two meetings being held together I shall jolly well be missing!

AS OTHERS SEE THEM

What I Think of George Bulstrode

By Peter Hazeldene

Having read Bulstrode's description of me in last week's Greyfriars Herald, I should like to say that the first thing I think of him is that he's a cheeky cad. Fancy having the nerve to tell the public what an outsider I used to be—George Bulstrode, of all people!

I admit that I used to be known as "Vaseline" and, as Bulstrode told you, he was captain of the Remove in those days. What he discreetly refrained from telling you was that he was also the biggest bully at Greyfriars!

That's a fact, anyway, in case you don't know it already. Of course, I know he's no longer that. How he got a shock that completely changed him is ancient history. But there's no getting away from what he used to be, and even to-day fags are inclined to keep well out of his range!

That puts me level with Bulstrode for what he said about me last week, I fancy. Having said it I may as well add that I got on all right with him in Study No. 2 nowadays. He's pretty headstrong and hot-tempered at times, but

he makes allowances for other people, and that suits me!

What he can't stand is the notion that I'm as good a "goalie" as he is. Bulstrode fancies himself very much as a goalkeeper, and whenever I'm selected and he's dropped he could kick me down the stairs as soon as look at me!

On the whole, however, he's a broadminded and tolerant sort of chap. Considering that in the course of his Greyfriars career he has descended from the status of a leading light in junior circles to that of a common or garden Romovite, he takes his life pretty philosophically.

Still, he was a cheeky cad to say all he said about me last week! (Don't miss next week's number, when Dick Penfold writes on the subject of Piet Dolatory!—Ed.)

A Fellow With A Soul

Dick Penfold, the son of a humble village cobbler, endured persecution when he first came to Greyfriars, but won through by sheer grit. He has proved himself game to the "last."

LONZY'S LITTLE LETTERS

Dear Editor,—Inasmuch as on Saturday afternoon next I entertain the specific purpose of the utilisation of my pedestrian capabilities in that species of perambulatory undertaking popularly known as hiking, may I, with apologies for its possibly incommensurate nature, formulate a requisition that you effect the publication of a studied meteorological prognostication of the atmospheric potentialities in respect of solar luminosity, the diffusion of luminosity, vaporous condensation, incidence of prismatic arcs, the temperature in its arctic or equatorial aspects and pluvial inclemency for the postmeridian period of the day designated?

In the certitude that my request will eventuate in a sagacious responsive meteorological asseveration on your part.—I remain, Remambulatorily yours, ALONZO LONZY.

(What Lonzy means is: "Will it be fine next Saturday afternoon?" The answer is NO—unless a giddy miracle happens!—Ed.)

PLAY PRODUCERS' COMPLAINT

Whibley complains that his recently produced three-act thriller, "The House of Horror," was interrupted by the audience talking during the play.

We think he's entirely mistaken; the audience didn't utter a word from start to finish. It was their teeth that were chattering!

INCREDIBLE

We are prepared to believe a correspondent who writes to tell us that Sir Hilton Popper has written an article on Cheese for a farming journal.

But we utterly refuse to credit it when he goes on to say that Sir Hilton is thinking of changing his name to Sir STILTON!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Remove Archer's Great Exploit? But Smithy doesn't mind the arrow, he then let fire, and the arrow, carrying the twine with it, flew upwards and finally buried itself at the very top of the topmost spire of the building. With the loose ends of the doubled twine still in his hands, Smithy was then able to haul the flag across from the wall to the spire. Having seen that it was well and truly joined to the arrow, he applied a match to the twine and a flame ran up its length and burned it away.

We then gave one mighty objection to follow him to Highcliffe. Quite an army of us marched with him. Smithy carried the Greyfriars colours in the shape of an old footer shirt hastily altered to make a flag. He also carried a large bow and arrow—why, we couldn't make out at first, for although we knew that archery is one of Smithy's hobbies, this didn't seem an appropriate time for indulging in it.

When we reached Highcliffe, however, we saw method in Smithy's madness. At a quiet spot at the back of the school Smithy climbed on to the wall and, producing a large ball of twine, threaded it through a staple fixed on to the wall.

At this point (concludes Bob Cherry) I had a sudden attack of hysteria and fled. Next time somebody's wanted to report two meetings being held together I shall jolly well be missing!

Remove Archer's Great Exploit? But Smithy doesn't mind the arrow, he then let fire, and the arrow, carrying the twine with it, flew upwards and finally buried itself at the very top of the topmost spire of the building. With the loose ends of the doubled twine still in his hands, Smithy was then able to haul the flag across from the wall to the spire. Having seen that it was well and truly joined to the arrow, he applied a match to the twine and a flame ran up its length and burned it away.

We then gave one mighty objection to follow him to Highcliffe. Quite an army of us marched with him. Smithy carried the Greyfriars colours in the shape of an old footer shirt hastily altered to make a flag. He also carried a large bow and arrow—why, we couldn't make out at first, for although we knew that archery is one of Smithy's hobbies, this didn't seem an appropriate time for indulging in it.

When we reached Highcliffe, however, we saw method in Smithy's madness. At a quiet spot at the back of the school Smithy climbed on to the wall and, producing a large ball of twine, threaded it through a staple fixed on to the wall.

At this point (concludes Bob Cherry) I had a sudden attack of hysteria and fled. Next time somebody's wanted to report two meetings being held together I shall jolly well be missing!

He Exploded With Mirth

Bunter did not, as has been stated, come to an untimely end at the Easter Breaking-up Party. The story got about because half-way through the evening he burst. But as it was only into a roar of laughter, the results were not serious!

CUTS BOTH WAYS!

The visiting school dentist took half an hour to extract a couple of teeth for Trevor and Snoop. He stated afterwards that they were enough to exhaust any dentist's patience. Trevor and Snoop, on the other hand, consider that he was enough to exhaust any dentist's patients!