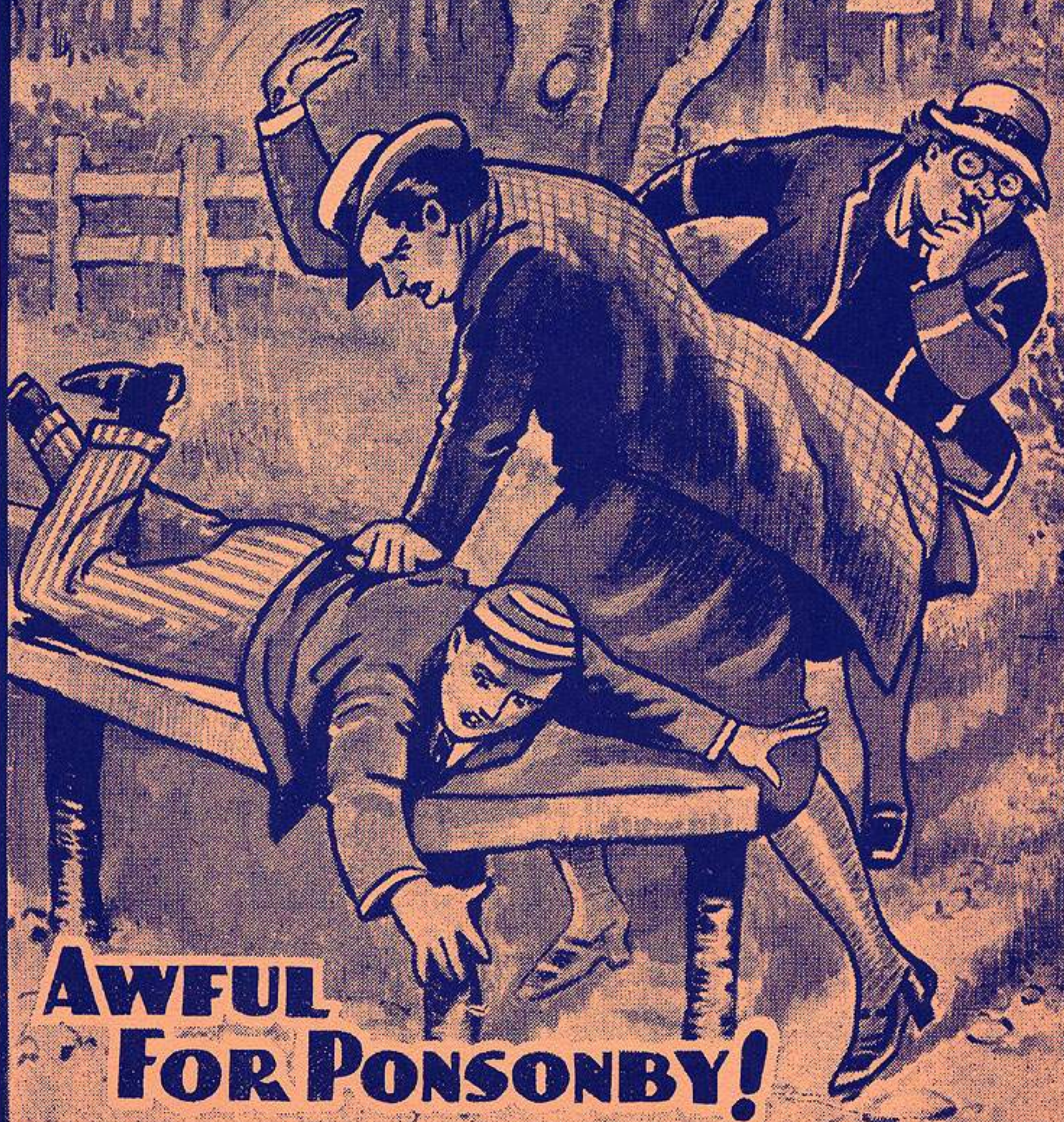


HARRY WHARTON & CO.—IN THE BEST SCHOOL STORY OF THE WEEK!

The Magnet ^{2^D}

*Billy Bunter's
Own Paper*



**AWFUL
FOR PONSONBY!**

Don't Wait For An Invitation—Join Up Right Now With—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE

THE DAILY ROUND. 7.30 a.m.—RISING-BELL.

(1)

The rising-bell is ringing out,
But in the icy dorm,
The fellows are not springing out
Of beds so nice and warm;
They're blinking out and peeping out,
They're crawling out and creeping out,
And Bunter's even sleeping out
A din to wake the dead,
While nobody is leaping out of bed!

SWEET BE THY DREAMS!



Last night a curious dream I dreamed,
The whole Remove had met, it seemed,
And one and all decided
To end old Loder's care and toil
By baking him in boiling oil,
And none cheered more than I did!

We built a fire inside Big Hall,
And piled on books and forms, and all
The junk we had collected,
And then on top of all the lot,
A massive cauldron, seething hot,
Was rapidly erected.

The oil was bubbling gaily when,
Brought in by half a dozen men,
Came Loder, most unwilling;
He stared in wrath about the place,
And when he saw the oil, his face
Was absolutely thrilling!

"You cheeky little sweeps, you dare
To think of putting me in there!"

We answered with a giggle,
Then collared him upon the spot,
And sat him gently in the pot,
And left the beast to wriggle!

He gasped and gurgled as he stewed,
The school looked on in gratitude,
So happy and contented.

Said Hacker: "What appalling noise!"
Said Quelch: "Boys doubtless will be
boys!"

Said Prout: "Unprecedented!"

And all that caused my heart to ache
Was just the fact that I must wako.

(2)

The rising-bell is telling us
We have no time to waste,
Commanding and compelling us
To dress ourselves in haste;
Inexorably hammering,
Peremptorily clamouring,
A warning that it's morning
And another day's begun,
And Gosling isn't ringing it for fun

(3)

The rising-bell is pealing out
From high up in the tower,
Not unctuously stealing out
But thundering in power!
And those who'd like to lay in bed,
Or spend a happy day in bed,
Are not allowed to stay in bed
To dodge their daily work,
It wakes them out of slumber with a
jerk!

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET

LORD MAULEVERER,
the lazy Aristocrat of the Remove.

M is MAULEVERER, languid and
lazy,
Never he rises as fresh as a daisy;
Never his energy causes him trouble,
Making him hurry about at the double.
No; he is merely an elegant loafer,
Dreaming existence away on a sofa,



Findin' old Quelch exceedingly
wearin',
Far too tired to be racin' and tearin'.
So, after lessons, he gently reposes,
And dozes and dozes and dozes and
dozes!
But really his brain is as keen as a
razor;
Of any idea he's a certain appraiser.
Sound in his judgment, if seldom
emphatic,
Always and utterly aristocratic.
Calm and courageous, his friends with-
out number,
Wish him long life with continual
slumber!

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

Say, "It is not," not "It's not!"
"It is not" is not "It's not"—it is,
"It is not."



A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRINS

Mark Linley asked leave from games practice yesterday, in order to study Latin prose. His mental condition is being inquired into.

The new Friardale buses are built of steel, instead of wood. Bunter will now be allowed to go on top.

Chunkley's are having a great Clearance Sale. Every article reduced to four times its value.

Mr. Quelch was three seconds late for class this morning. It was almost as good as a half-holiday.

Fisher T. Fish wants capital for a great scheme of cornering all the tuck within a five-mile radius of Greyfriars, and then selling it at fancy prices. Bunter has offered to manage the business free of charge.

PUZZLE PAR

Can you punctuate this sentence? SAY IT IS NOT NOT IT'S NOT IT IS NOT IS NOT IT'S NOT IT IS IT IS NOT.

Answer at foot of column 2.

The bones of a horse were recently dug up near Greyfriars. It is believed this was the identical horse King Richard the Third offered his kingdom for.

Mimble, the gardener, recently planted a row of birch-trees in the Head's garden. We can't look at them without a shudder.

This week's prize for an Original Remark goes to Angel of the Fourth, who, when he was being publicly flogged by the Head, suddenly called out: "Careful, sir! You're hurting me!"

When the chemistry master ran out of sulphuric acid last week, he told a boy to hop across to the tuckshop and get a bottle of ginger-pop. So he's tried it, too!

NOT GREYFRIARS STYLE! Detecting a thief and preventing him from getting away with his plunder is worthy of admiration. But ransacking a fellow's private belongings is an action the chums of Greyfriars will not tolerate at any price!

CARTER TAKES THE COUNT!

By **FRANK RICHARDS**



Carter was searching through Billy Bunter's box, when Bob Cherry's boot landed like a battering-ram. Thud! Carter uttered a startled howl, and pitched headlong!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Just Like Bunter!

ORGETORIGIS!" groaned Billy Bunter.

It was enough to make a fellow groan!

But Bunter groaned in a low key. He did not want Mr. Quelch to hear him!

Quelch was far from grasping the fact that the Latin language was the sort of thing that made a fellow disposed to groan.

Quelch himself liked it. He revelled in such awful things as the ablative absolute; even deponent verbs did not harrow his feelings.

Billy Bunter did not share his Form-master's taste—not the least little bit. Bunter disliked Latin even more than he disliked washing his neck.

The Remove, in third school, were doing Cæsar.

Section 9 of the First Book of that weary old Roman had been prepared in the Remove studies the previous evening.

Bunter, as frequently happened, had had no time for prep.

He had been fearfully busy—sitting in the armchair in Study No. 7 toasting his toes at the study fire and parking a bag of bullseyes that he had found in Bob Cherry's study.

Bunter had hoped—he always hoped—that he would not be put on "con."

In a numerous Form like the Remove, some fellows generally escaped, and Bunter had a hopeful nature—he banked on being one of the lucky ones.

It was just like Quelch to pick on

him when he hadn't even given the tosh a squint!

Harry Wharton came first, then Frank Nugent, and then—to Bunter's horror—Bunter was called on.

With wonderful presence of mind, he was taken with a fit of coughing! He coughed and coughed.

Quelch, unwilling to waste time, called on Bob Cherry. Bob stumbled more or less successfully through.

But Quelch's eye was on Bunter.

Bunter had to leave off coughing. A fellow could not go on coughing for

SUPER SCHOOL-ADVENTURE YARN FEATURING HARRY WHARTON & CO., OF GREYFRIARS.

ever, especially when he had nothing to cough about!

He knew that his turn was coming.

Any instant, Quelch might sign to Bob Cherry to stop, and rap out:

"You will go on, Bunter!"

There were fellows in the Greyfriars Remove to whom translating Cæsar was an easy task, but Billy Bunter was not one of those fellows

Even had he prepared the lesson, he would have stumbled and floundered. And he hadn't prepared it! Hardly a word on the Latin page presented any

meaning whatever to Bunter's eyes, or to his spectacles!

It was something about Gaul, and something about that beast, Julius Cæsar—that was all Bunter knew. That, of course, was not enough to satisfy a Form-master.

In anguish of spirit Bunter blinked at his book, just ahead of the passage over which Bob was stumbling.

There he found Orgetorigis—quite a puzzle to him. Wherefore did Billy Bunter groan—in a low key!

"I say, you fellows, who was Orgetorigis?" whispered Bunter.

There was a subdued chuckle round Bunter.

It surprised him; he could see nothing amusing in this.

"I say, you might tell a fellow, Bull," he mumbled

"You howling ass, it's Orgetorigis!" whispered Johnny Bull.

"Tain't! It says Orgetorigis here!" hissed Bunter. "Here it is in plain print—Orgetorigis!"

A sharp voice broke in:

"Are you talking in class, Bunter?"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Oh, no, sir! I never said a word, sir! You can ask Bull, sir—he heard me—"

"Silence! Proceed, Cherry!"

Bob Cherry proceeded

Billy Bunter cast an anguished blink at Peter Todd. Toddy, at the risk of catching Quelch's gimlet eye, came to the rescue with a whisper:

"It's the case-ending, idiot!" he breathed. "Orgetorigis—Orgetorigis—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,569.

"Oh! Is it ablative?" whispered Bunter.

"No, ass!"

"Dative!"

"No, chump!"

"Vocative!"

"Idiot!"

"Oh, really, Toddy!"

"Someone is talking in class," said Mr. Quelch severely. "I will not have the lesson interrupted in this way! Bunter, you will go on!"

Bob Cherry was glad to leave off, even in the middle of a sentence. He was by no means keen to get to the end of that sentence. But Bunter was not glad to go on. He barely suppressed a groan. He resorted to coughing, hoping that history would repeat itself.

"Urrgh—gurrgh—gurrgh!"

"If you cough again, Bunter, I shall cane you!" said Mr. Quelch grimly.

Bunter left off coughing. Never had there been so quick a cough cure!

"I am waiting, Bunter!" hooted Mr. Quelch. "You will go on where Cherry left off, Bunter, at once!"

"Oh! Yes, sir," groaned Bunter. "Quod ex ea civitate Orgetorigis filiam in matrimonium duxerat— Oh crikey!"

"Construe!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir! I—I've got it quite pat, sir. I—I was working very hard at this in the study last evening, sir—"

"Proceed at once, Bunter."

"Certainly, sir! Quod—quod—I—I mean—I've got it all right, sir, having prepared it very carefully, sir—"

"You are wasting time, Bunter! I believe that you are deliberately wasting the time of the class!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "If you do not proceed at once to construe, Bunter—"

"Oh, yes, sir! Orgetorigis put the matron's daughter in quod!" gasped Bunter.

"What!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Remove. Bunter had done it this time.

Bunter's construe was generally one to make the angels weep, to make a cat laugh, or to make a Form-master tear his hair. But even William George Bunter had never done it like this before! Even Bunter would not have done this had he not been in a state of hopeless confusion.

"Upon my word!" gurgled Mr. Quelch. "Is it possible—is it barely possible, Bunter, that you imagine that 'Orgetorigis' is in the nominative case?"

"Is—is—isn't it, sir?" moaned Bunter.

"Orgetorigis filiam—the daughter of Orgetorigis," whispered Johnny Bull.

"Oh, I've got it now, sir!" gasped Bunter. "The matron put the daughter of Orgetorigis in quod—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In quod," repeated Mr. Quelch dizzily. "Bless my soul! Such ignorance—such obtuseness—as this, cannot be genuine! This is intended for impertinence, Bunter! I shall cane you—"

"Oh lor'!"

"Stand out before the class, Bunter!"

"Oh crikey!"

Whack, whack!

"Oh crumbs! Wow!" roared Bunter. Toeh as it was, Bunter wished that he had given a little attention to prep in the study. Even prep was better than this!

"Now, Bunter—"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"You will remain in the Form-room this afternoon, Bunter, and write out

the whole of Nine, Book One, with a translation—"

"Oh jiminy!"

"Now go back to your place!"

Bunter crawled back to his place. Carter, the new junior, was called on to construe, and from him Bunter learned, without being in the least interested, the meaning that that mysterious passage, "quod ex ea civitate Orgetorigis filiam in matrimonium duxerat"—"because from that state he had taken the daughter of Orgetorigis in marriage"—quite simple now that Bunter knew it, only, unfortunately, he knew it too late!

Bunter, uninterested, sat and wriggled!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter Knows How!

"I SAY, you fellows!" roared Billy Bunter.

"Hold on!" said Bob Cherry.

"Rot!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Look here, that fat ass has got a detention. Hold on!" said Bob.

Grunt!—again from Johnny Bull. But he held on; and the other members of the Co. held on also, as the fat Owl of the Remove came scuttling after them.

It was a half-holiday that afternoon—for everybody but Billy Bunter. Bunter, having been too busy for prep the previous evening, had to get busy that afternoon on the Gallic War.

"De Bello Gallico" had no attraction whatever for Bunter. But there it was—and there it had to be! At half-past two Bunter had to go in. Quelch was going to see to that!

Harry Wharton & Co. were going over to Cliff House that afternoon. On such an occasion no member of the Famous Five yearned for Billy Bunter's company.

Still, as Bunter was detained, obviously he could not bestow his fat and fascinating society on them, and Bob was always good-natured. He could feel for a fellow who was kept in on a fresh and windy March afternoon; so he held on, and the other fellows held on; and Billy Bunter came up, panting for breath, overtaking them at the door of the bikeshed.

"Sneaking off without telling a fellow!" he gasped indignantly.

"Fathead!" said Harry Wharton.

"Beast!" retorted Bunter.

"Is that all you wanted to say?" inquired Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Oh, no! I want you fellows to wait for me," explained Bunter. "I'm coming. I shan't be long."

"Quelch let you off detention?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Catch the beast letting a fellow off!" snorted Bunter. "No fear! But I shan't be long, all the same. One of you fellows lend me a bob, and then it will be all right."

At which the chums of the Remove gazed at Bunter in astonishment. They were not surprised, of course, at Bunter wanting to borrow a bob. Bunter always wanted to borrow a bob. But they could not see the connection between borrowing a bob and getting off detention.

"My esteemed idiotic Bunter—" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Are you going to tip Quelch a bob to let you off?" asked Johnny Bull—still sarcastic.

"Oh, don't be an ass! You see, it's like this," explained Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five through his big spectacles. "I'm only detained till I've got that rotten Caesar done. See? As

soon as I've done the translation I can take it to Quelch and get off. I can do the mouldy thing in a quarter of an hour—"

"I'd like to see you do it!" grinned Bob. "It would take me an hour, at least; it will take you all the afternoon, you ass!"

"Not with a crib," explained Bunter. "Oh!" said the Famous Five all together.

"If one of you fellows has got a crib to Caesar it will save that bob," went on Bunter. "Have you?"

"No, ass!"

"Smithy has," said Bunter. "He uses cribs; he says a fellow does his work better with a crib. But it's no good asking Smithy! But that's all right; Fishy's got one, and he will let me have it for a bob. See? All I've got to do in the Form-room is to copy it out—and there you are!"

"And suppose Quelch asks you questions on it after you've copied the translation down from a crib without learning it?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, I dare say he won't! I shall have to chance that, anyhow. Look here, one of you lend me a bob to get that crib from Fishy, and wait for me, and I'll come over to Cliff House with you. There!" said Bunter, apparently under the impression that he was making a very tempting offer.

Arthur Carter, the new junior in the Remove, wheeled a bike out of the bikeshed while Bunter was speaking.

He glanced at the fat junior with a rather sardonic grin on his face and paused, as if interested in the discussion.

Billy Bunter did not heed him. Carter was his relative, but there was no love lost between the relatives of the Remove.

"I say, you fellows, buck up with that bob!" said the fat Owl. "Quelch will be after me soon; it's nearly half-past."

"Oh, come on!" grunted Johnny Bull. "You've got a puncture to mend before we start, Bob, and you know what a jolly long time it takes you."

"Oh, that's all right, then!" said Bunter. "I shall be finished by the time you've mended your puncture, old chap. Who's lending me that bob?"

"Nobody here!" said Harry Wharton. "Leave cribs alone, you fat ass! Fishy ought to be kicked for stocking cribs, and kicked again for hiring them out."

"You fellows go and kick him while I'm mending the puncture," suggested Bob Cherry.

"Not a bad idea," agreed Nugent.

"Will you leave off talking rot?" roared Bunter. "If you're too jolly mean to lend a fellow a bob I'll go and look for Mauly."

"The meanfulness is not terrific," explained Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But the cribfulness is not the proper caper."

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter blinked in great wrath at the Famous Five. Two or three hours of work—always disagreeable to Bunter—could be cut out by the use of a crib. Fisher T. Fish, the business man of the Remove, had cribs which he was prepared to lend for a consideration. All that was needed was a bob—and Billy Bunter wanted a bob—not a lot of rot!

"I say, Carter!" He bestowed a blink on the new junior at last. "I say, lend me a bob, will you?"

The Famous Five grinned. As Carter and his relative—Bunter—were rivals and foes, it struck them as rather

a desperate resource for the fat Owl to apply to Carter.

Bunter certainly did not feel hopeful. Still, it cast him nothing to try it on.

To the general surprise, Carter nodded assent.

"Yes, here you are," he answered.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Good!" He blinked in surprise and satisfaction at the shilling that was dropped into his fat palm. "Thanks! I'll let you have this back out of my postal order, Carter. I'm expecting it in the morning."

Without wasting any more of his valuable time on the Famous Five, Billy Bunter turned and cut back to the House.

Bob Cherry gave Carter a grim look.

"You rotter!" he breathed.

Arthur Carter raised his eyebrows.

"What's biting you now?" he asked.

"Can't a fellow lend a relation a bob without you butting in?"

"You jolly well know that if Bunter cribs, Quelch will spot him!" snapped Bob. "You'd like to get him caught cribbing, you worm!"

"You never use a crib yourself?" sneered Carter.

"No, I don't!" growled Bob.

"Well, lots of fellows do! Smithy says they ought to be used. I've heard him say that if schoolmasters had any sense they'd serve out cribs in class."

"Well, Smithy may be right, or he may be wrong; but it's against the rules, and it means trouble for Bunter if he's spotted—and he's just the silly ass to ask to be spotted. And that's why you lent him that bob!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Dear me!" said Carter.

And he wheeled his bike away, mounted at the gate, and rode off.

Bob Cherry made a stride after him, but Wharton caught him by the arm.

"For goodness' sake, don't always be rowing with that chap Carter!" said the captain of the Remove. "Lots of fellows use cribs, and he may have meant well—"

"He never means well!" growled Bob. "He's a bad egg all through!"

"What about that puncture?" asked Johnny Bull in a tone of exaggerated patience.

"Blow the puncture!" growled Bob.

"Look here, that fool Bunter isn't going to land himself in a row with Quelch to please that cad Carter! Think Quelch doesn't know all about cribs? And think he won't spot him? Of course he will—and I'm jolly well not going to have it! See?"

"Leave it to us!" said Harry Wharton. "You get on with that dashed puncture, and we'll go to see Fishy and see if we can persuade him to keep his cribs to himself."

"Oh!" said Bob; he grinned. "All right."

And Bob Cherry went into the bike-shop to get busy with his puncture; and four members of the Co. walked off to the House on the track of Billy Bunter. And, considering the methods they had in view, it was very probable that they were going to succeed in persuading Fisher T. Fish.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Fierce for Fishy!

FISHER T. FISH sat in his study with a pen in his hand and a happy expression on his bony face.

His studymates, Johnny Bull and Squiff, were out; they were not likely to be sticking in a study on a half-holiday. Fishy had his quarters to

himself, and was able to devote himself to his favourite occupation without interruption.

His favourite occupation was counting his money and calculating his profits as a business man.

Fishy bought things from hard-up fellows and sold them, when opportunity offered, to other fellows; likewise, he lent small sums at big interest; also, he did a trade in cribs, of which he had a good supply—mostly obtained for a few pence at second-hand bookshop in Courtfield.

Cribs, of course, were so forbidden at Greyfriars, as at all schools. Fishy had to keep that branch of his business a deep secret from masters and prefects.

He had about a dozen dog-eared volumes in a box which was always kept locked. At the moment, however, it stood on the floor by his side, unlocked. He had opened it to obtain that crib for Bunter—but as the fat Owl failed to produce the necessary fee the crib remained in the box—and was going to remain there, unless Bunter brought a shilling to Study No. 14. Meanwhile, Fishy counted up dollars and cents, and was happy.

Bunter, who had rolled out of that study ten minutes ago, bob-less, and therefore crib-less, rolled in again—the happy possessor of a bob.

"Aw, can it, you fat clam!" grunted Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I ain't stocking cribs for my health! If you ain't got a bob—"

"Look here!" Bunter held up Carter's shilling between a fat thumb and forefinger. "Now trot out that crib, you beast!"

"O.K.," said Fisher T. Fish, restored to good humour at once by the sight of the cash. "I guess I got it right here."

"First book of Cæsar's putrid Gallic War!" said Bunter.

"Sure!"

Laying down his pen, Fisher T. Fish stooped over the box on the floor, to sort through the dog-eared volumes for the one required.

Bunter blinked at him impatiently.

It was close on half-past two, and at two-thirty the fat junior was due in the Form-room; by which time he had to have that crib concealed somewhere about his fat person. Otherwise, there was work ahead—an awful prospect!

"I guess this here is it," said Fisher T. Fish, taking a tattered volume from the box. "And I reckon—"

A tramp of feet in the Remove passage interrupted Fishy.

Four juniors walked into Study No. 14.

"Still got that bob, Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Eh? Yes!"

"Better go and blow it at the tuck-shop—you've just got time before you go in. So those are your cribs, Fishy?" asked the captain of the Remove, looking at the heap in the box.

"Yep! Bob a time, if you want one!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Thanks—we don't want any!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Get out, Bunter—you don't want one, either!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Bargo him out! Now collar Fishy!" directed the captain of the Remove.

"I say—yaroooh—beast—wharrer you up to—yow-ooop!" roared Bunter, as Johnny Bull's stocky shoulder barged him out into the passage.

Bunter staggered across the passage, brought up against the opposite wall,

and blinked at the chums of the Remove, with indignant wrath.

Meanwhile, Frank Nugent and Hurree Janset Ram Singh collared Fisher T. Fish. They grabbed him by his bony arms and pinned him, hard and fast.

Fishy uttered a howl of indignation.

"Say, what's this game, you big stiffs? Here, you Wharton, you lot those books alone! You ain't going to have any of those cribs without paying for the hire!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.

Harry Wharton grabbed two volumes from the box, one in either hand. Nugent and Hurree Singh bent Fisher T. Fish forward. The captain of the Remove crammed the two volumes, one after the other, down the back of Fishy's bony neck.

"Yurrooop!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "What the John James Brown—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let him have the lot!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"I'm going to!"

"I say, what—I guess—say, you guys—I calculate—yurrooop!" yelled Fisher T. Fish, struggling wildly as book after book was crammed down the back of his neck. "Oooogh! Wooogh! I'll say this is fierce! Oooooogh!"

"I say, you fellows—" yelled Bunter, from the passage. "Look here, you boasts—you mind your own business, see? Look here, you rotters—"

"I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of you!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "You hear me shout? You pesky, slabsided jays—gurrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish was bony, and his clothes hung loosely on his bones. But the available space down his back was getting used up. Volume after volume was jammed in, but the captain of the Remove had to punch them to get them down. Some of the punches landed on Fishy's neck, and some on his back, but that could not be helped. Volume after volume was driven in, almost like nails.

Fisher T. Fish struggled and wriggled and squirmed and howled. But Nugent and the nabob held his bony arms, and Wharton crammed down the cribs—till the last volume was driven in. By that time, Fisher T. Fish bore a startling resemblance to a camel, with an unusually developed hump!

"Any more cribs in the study, Fishy?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"Ow! Urrgh! Nope! You pesky mugwump—"

"If that's the lot, all right! Come on, you fellows," said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "Come on, Bunter!"

"Shan't!" roared Bunter. "You cheeky beast, I came here for a crib, and I'm going to have a crib, and I jolly well say—Beast! Wow! Beast!"

A jolt from a boot started Bunter down the passage. He did not stop till he reached the stairs.

From Study No. 14 came wild howls and gasps and gurgles, as Fisher T. Fish struggled to disentangle that hump from his back. Unheeding Fishy, the chums of the Remove followed Bunter down the passage.

On the Remove landing he gave them a positively ferocious and devastating glare through his big spectacles.

"Look here, you beasts—" he roared.

"Roll him down!" said Harry.

Bunter did not wait to be rolled down! He scuttled down, and the juniors, chortling, followed.

Half-past two was chiming when they reached the foot of the staircase.

A sharp voice was heard.

"Bunter!"

"Oh crikey!"

"What did you say, Bunter?"

"I—I—I said yes, sir!"

"Follow me, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, severely.

Billy Bunter gave the chums of the Remove a final, shattering blink, and rolled away after his Form-master—with an awful prospect of work before him! There was no doubt that he had been saved from still more serious tribulations—but that was no comfort to the fat Owl, who did not realise it.

Bunter had no doubt that, as the brightest and brainiest man in the Remove, he could spoof Quelch with cribbing as easily as falling off a form. Harry Wharton & Co., on the other hand, had not the slightest doubt that Bunter would be caught out, and that the vials of wrath would be poured on his fat head, if he made that fatuous attempt to spoof Quelch.

Having thus saved Bunter from himself, as it were, they left the House, and walked down to the bike-shed; where, Bob's puncture having been set right at last, they wheeled out their jiggers and rode away in a cheery bunch.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Painful for Ponsonby!

CECIL PONSONBY, of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe, took a cigarette from his mouth, and waved it, leaving a curl of blue smoke in the air.

Pon was leaning on an old beech-tree, by the footpath in Friardale Wood. His bike leaned against the other side of the tree. The dandy of Highcliffe was waiting for somebody—and smoking cigarettes while he waited. Now the fellow for whom he had been waiting came in sight, from the direction of Greyfriars, coming up the footpath on a bicycle.

It was Arthur Carter, of the Remove—an old pal of Pon's, who had known him before he came to Greyfriars. Pon waved his cigarette in greeting.

Pon had known him as a wealthy fellow belonging to St. Olaf's. Now that he was a Greyfriars fellow, he was no longer wealthy; having been turned down by his rich uncle for getting himself expelled from his school. Pon had little use for lame ducks; but Carter was rather a fellow after Pon's own heart; a taste for dingy blackguardism being a bond of union between them. Often they met on a half-holiday—at a distance from both schools; their holiday occupations not being of a kind that masters or prefects could be allowed to observe.

"Oh, here you are!" said Ponsonby, as Carter dismounted. "Waitin' for you, old bean! You're a bit late!"

"I stopped in the village," said Carter.

"What the dooce for?"

"This!" To Pon's astonishment, Carter drew a coil of thin cord from under his jacket.

The dandy of Highcliffe stared at it. "What the jolly old dooce are you goin' to do with that?" he asked.

Carter grinned—a sour and malicious grin.

"I think you know Bob Cherry?" he said.

"I know the rotten hooligan!" grunted Pon. He passed his hand over his nose. At his last meeting with Bob, that nose had been punched—hard!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,569.

Pon certainly had asked for the punch. But he had not been pleased at getting what he asked for.

"He will be coming along here, pretty soon," said Carter. "They were getting their bikes ready when I left."

"Oh!" Pon made a move towards his machine. "May as well clear, then. I don't want another row with that brute!"

"That's all right. They won't be here for ten minutes or more—probably more, as there was a puncture to mend. Time to get ready for them," said Carter. "Take one end of this, Pon."

He uncoiled the cord. At the same time he shot a rapid glance up and down the footpath. Pon could only stare at him.

"What's the game?" he asked.

"That gang are riding over to Cliff House this afternoon," answered Carter. "They're practically certain to come this way; the other way is miles round. As it's not allowed for cyclists to ride on the footpaths, they can take their chance if anything happens to them!" He laughed. "The grass is pretty thick here, and they won't see this cord till they pitch over it!"

"Oh gad!" ejaculated Ponsonby.

"Ten to one Cherry will be in the lead," said Carter. "I don't care about the others, so long as I get him! The rotter has been down on me ever since I came to Greyfriars; he's made trouble for me all along the line! He can't expect to do that without getting something back!"

Ponsonby grinned. He did not like Bob Cherry, and Carter was his pal; but he knew quite well where the blame lay if there was trouble between the two.

That, however, made no difference to Pon. He was more than willing to lend a hand in the discomfiture of the Famous Five. The trick Carter intended to play, reckless and dangerous as it was, was quite according to Pon's own ideas.

It was quite amusing to Pon to picture the bunch of cyclists running into a cord stretched across the path, and coming to grief over it.

He took one end of the cord, Carter taking the other. They stretched it across the footpath, about six inches from the earth, the ends being knotted round two opposite tree-trunks.

The grass was thick, as Carter had said, on the footpath. It hid the stretched cord, unless from a close inspection.

Anyone walking along at a leisurely pace might have been in no danger from it. But a quick walker would certainly have caught his feet and stumbled over before detecting it. A cyclist had no chance whatever of spotting it before his front wheel caught in it.

The work was done in a few minutes. Standing by their bicycles under the trees, the two young rascals looked at the footpath, and ascertained that the cord was invisible. They grinned at one another.

"Some tumble when they take it!" murmured Ponsonby.

"I fancy so! Let's get on!"

They wheeled out their machines on the safe side of the cord, mounted, and rode on the footpath in the direction of Pegg Lane. That treacherous trap was left behind them for the Famous Five when they came along.

It was true that the local by-laws forbade cycling on the footpaths. But many fellows rather thoughtlessly did cycle there, all the same. Really, there was no great harm in it if a fellow was careful to look out for foot passengers. And there was not much in the way of

traffic on that woodland path, anyhow. Carter had no doubt that Harry Wharton & Co. would ride that way, as he was doing himself.

The path was solitary enough; Pon and Carter saw no one on it till they were quite near Pegg Lane. Then a figure came in sight, striding towards them with a vigorous stride.

"Oh gad! That's the old Bull from Cliff House!" exclaimed Ponsonby.

Carter, without answering, shot off the footpath into the wood. He did not want to catch the eye of Miss Bullivant, the games mistress of Cliff House, just then.

Miss Bullivant was walking through the wood from Cliff House to Friardale. If she reached that cord across the footpath before the cyclists crashed on it, it was very likely that she would get the crash—in which case, Carter did not want to be seen anywhere near the spot.

He vanished into the wood at the first glimpse of Miss Bullivant, leaving Ponsonby alone on the footpath.

Pon stared round.

"Carter! What the dooce—"

He slowed down. Miss Bullivant, coming on with her long, vigorous strides—the Bull was a very energetic and vigorous lady—reached him, stopped, and gave him a glare. Schoolboys might think it all right to disregard local by-laws and ride on footpaths, but the point of view of a beak was naturally different. Miss Bullivant glared.

"Get off that bicycle!" she rapped.

"Eh," ejaculated Ponsonby—"what?"

"You are not allowed to ride here!" rapped Miss Bullivant. "It is dangerous, and it is against the law! Get down at once!"

Ponsonby gave her an angry stare, and he would have driven at his pedals and shot onward, just to display his lofty independence, but the Bull planted her ample and muscular form in his way. Either he had to crash into her or dismount, and even Pon's impudence stopped short of the former course. He jumped off the machine.

"Look here—" he snapped.

"That will do!" rapped Miss Bullivant. "You are a Highcliffe boy, I think. If you remount that bicycle, I shall report your conduct to your headmaster! You will wheel it out of the wood! Do you hear?"

Pon breathed hard and deep. Taking orders from anyone went against the grain with the lofty Pon.

"I shall do as I jolly well like!" he retorted. "Do you think I'm a silly girl in your silly girls' school to be ragged by you? Mind your own business!"

Smack!

"Yarrah!" yelled Pon.

He had not expected Miss Bullivant to box his ears in reply to that impertinent speech. Having some knowledge of the Bull's vigorous and decided character, he really might have, but he hadn't.

The smack on his ear took him by surprise, and he staggered, letting go the bike, which cycled up in the grass.

"You cheeky old cat!" yelled Pon.

Smack!

The other ear got it this time.

"Ow! Keep off, you old fool!" shrieked Pon.

He jumped away, leaving his bike lying where it had fallen.

Miss Bullivant strode after him, her rugged, weather-beaten face red with wrath. Cliff House girls knew that the Bull, for all her rugged exterior, had a kind heart. But she had a temper also, and Pon had roused it. She came



"Look!" said Billy Bunter, holding up a shilling. "Now trot out that crib, you beast!" "O.K.!" said Fisher T. Fish, sorting through the dog-eared volumes for the one required.

after Pon, smacking his head as he retreated.

Smack, smack, smack!

Pon yelled and howled and dodged.

A little leather bag, attached by a strap to Miss Bullivant's wrist, slipped off as she smacked, and the games mistress stopped to pick it up and replace it. That gave Pon a chance, and he dodged among the trees and fled.

His bike was left where it lay. Pon was not thinking about his bike; he was thinking about his ears.

He vanished into the wood, and the Bull was left snorting.

Then she resumed her way, going along the footpath with long, rapid, vigorous strides—which showed what a muscular and nefty lady Miss Bullivant was, and showed also that she had little chance of spotting that cord across the path, when she reached it, before she caught her vigorous feet in it—which was a comforting reflection to Ponsonby as, at a safe distance, he rubbed his burning ears.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Something Like Luck!

BILLY BUNTER groaned dismally.

He sat at his desk, in the Remove Form Room, with a pen in his fat hand and "De Bello Gallico" open before him.

Quelch had left him there to get on with it.

Bunter was not in the least disposed to get on with it.

If Bunter disliked Latin in class, he disliked it still more on a half-holiday.

But there was no help for it. Bunter had to plough through No. 9, Book I, of the "Gallic War," from "Relinquebatur" to "transeant"—and translate the lot!

Fellows like Mark Linley would have done it in twenty minutes. Other fellows would have done it in an hour. To Billy Bunter, it was an endless and weary task, stretching before him almost to infinity.

His chief feeling was that he would have liked to step back a couple of thousand years and plant a fat fist right on the Roman nose of Julius Cæsar! That was what the brute deserved, in Bunter's opinion, for leaving all this piffle behind him to worry generation after generation of schoolboys.

Bunter had not started yet.

He had to start. Very likely that beast Quelch would give him a look-in to see how he was progressing. He had to have something to show.

But instead of starting he groaned.

It was all the fault of those beasts. If they had let him get hold of Fishy's crib, he could have done it even more quickly than Mark Linley, who was top of the Remove in classics.

Even Bunter would not have jibbed at the trouble of copying out a page of translation ready-made!

But to translate the tripo himself was an awful prospect! Those beasts had lauded him in this—and gone off to tea at Cliff House! There was going to be no tea at Cliff House School for Bunter! It was hard—very hard—for he knew that there would be a cake! Cæsar's idiotic Gallic War, instead of a cake! No wonder Bunter groaned!

A sound of voices caught his ears.

The Form-room window was wide open, to let in the sunshine and fresh air of a spring afternoon. Voices floated in from under the window.

"Don't do it, Smithy!"—that was Redwing's voice.

"The fat ass will stick there all the afternoon!" answered the voice of Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bouncer of Greyfriars.

"Well, he should have done his prep yesterday."

"So should I—but I didn't!"

"If Quelch—"

"The old bean's in his study!"

"It's awfully risky—"

"Fat lot I care for that!"

"Look here, Smithy, chuck it!"

"I'm going to—"

"I mean—"

"Never mind what you mean. Leave me alone, fathead!"

What it all meant was rather a mystery to Billy Bunter. He rose from his desk and rolled across to the open window. Standing on a form there, he blinked out through his big spectacles.

Smithy was standing under the window. His chum, Tom Redwing, who had evidently been trying to restrain the Bouncer from what he intended to do, had given it up, and was walking away with a frown on his face.

"Oh, there you are!" said Vernon-Smith, as he spotted the fat face and big spectacles looking down from the Form-room window. "Catch!"

Smithy had a small book in his hand. What book it was, Bunter naturally did not know; all that he could see, at the distance, was that it was a small book.

To his astonishment, the Bouncer threw up his hand and took aim. He pitched the book at Bunter!

He had told Bunter to catch. But the fat Owl was not quick on the uptake. He did catch it—but it was with his fat little nose!

Bang!

Crash!

"Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter, as he went backwards.

He bumped on the floor of the Form-room.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,569.

room with a heavy concussion, and a terrific yell.

At that moment the Form-room door opened.

Mr. Quelch looked in.

He had, as Bunter himself half-expected, come along to see how that hopeful pupil of his was progressing.

He expected to see Bunter sitting at his desk, grinding at Cæsar! Instead of which, he beheld, with astonishment, the fat junior scrambling to his feet, with crimson wrath in his face.

Bunter, unaware of the astonished face looking in at the door, scrambled up, grabbed the fallen book, and jumped back to the window.

That beast, Smithy, had chucked a book at him, and knocked him over—and Bunter was going to chuck that book back at Smithy, and knock him over, too, if he could!

Why the beast had played this rotten trick, Bunter did not know. It was bad enough to be in detention, without having books chucked at his head. Redwing had tried to stop the beast; but Smithy had done it, all the same! It was an absolutely rotten trick, Bunter thought—and he did not lose a second! Up to the window he jumped, book in hand, glaring wrath through his spectacles.

Whiz!

Bang!

"Oh, gad!" yelled the Bounder.

He was turning away—and the book caught him on the side of the head! He staggered, stumbled, and went over in the quad, bumping.

"There!" gasped Bunter. "Now clear off, you beast, and take your rotten book with you!"

"Bunter!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. He jumped down from the window at the sound of his Form-master's voice. "Oh, lor'!"

Mr. Quelch gave him a stare, in passing, but he strode direct to the window, and looked out.

Vernon-Smith, with fury in his face, was staggering to his feet. The little book lay on the ground.

"Vernon-Smith!" thundered Mr. Quelch, from the window.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Smithy.

"Hand me that book, at once!"

"Oh! I—I—"

"This instant, Vernon-Smith!"

The Bounder, with a set face, picked up the book and handed it up to his Form-master, at the window. Mr. Quelch looked at it. Billy Bunter blinked at it. He gave a startled squeak as he saw the title on it: "The Gallio War Book, One!"

It was a crib!

"Oh!" squeaked Bunter.

He understood now.

Everybody knew that Smithy had cribs. A good-natured impulse had led him to come along and pass one on to Bunter.

He had not been chucking a book at Bunter's head, as the obtuse fat junior supposed! He had been chucking in that crib for Bunter's use! Too late, the fat Owl comprehended.

"Vernon-Smith!" Mr. Quelch's voice was not loud, but deep. "This is a translation of the first book of Cæsar! It is what the boys call a crib! You were passing this in to Bunter. Vernon-Smith, you will take five hundred lines."

"Oh!" The Bounder gritted his teeth. "Yes, sir!"

Mr. Quelch turned from the window. Herbert Vernon-Smith walked away, with feelings that could not have been

expressed in any known language. The expression on his face was like that of a demon in a pantomime.

Billy Bunter's fat knees knocked together as his Form-master turned to him, crib in hand. To his surprise and relief, Quelch's look was quite genial.

"Bunter! I am very pleased with you!" he said.

Bunter jumped.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Are you, sir?"

"I am surprised, also," went on Mr. Quelch. "I may not have done you justice, Bunter; certainly, this action on your part raises you very much in my opinion."

Bunter could only blink at him.

"The use of cribs," said Mr. Quelch, "is not only strictly against the rules, but is actually unscrupulous, Bunter. I am glad to see that you have right ideas on the subject, Bunter."

"Oh!" gurgled Bunter, lost in amazement.

"Vernon-Smith acted very thoughtlessly, and very foolishly, in throwing in this crib for your use!" said Mr. Quelch. "Your action in throwing it back to him, Bunter, disdaining such a thing, is very much to your credit."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"I am very pleased with you, Bunter!" said the Remove master, benignantly. "I commend your action. I commend it highly! In the circumstances, I shall excuse you from detention!"

"Oh!"

"You may go, Bunter!"

Bunter, dizzily, went!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Hot Chase!

MISS BULLIVANT hardly knew what was happening.

She knew, however, that her rather prominent nose tapped hard on the cold, unsympathetic earth! She could have no doubt about that, because it was a very hard tap, and very painful.

A moment before, the Bull had been striding along the dusky footpath, in Friar-dale Wood, under the branches that glimmered with the green of spring. The next moment, she was nose-diving!

Something had caught her foot, in the midst of a vigorous stride. She had no time to recover her balance. She went headlong!

The thick grass on the path softened the fall a little, but not very much! The Bull fairly crashed.

Her nose smote the earth. Her rugged features were buried in grass-roots. Her hat went sideways. The wrist-bag slipped off again, and flew unheeded, dropping somewhere in the grass. Her hands smacked on the ground, as hard as they had smacked on Ponsonby's head.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Bullivant.

It was an awfully sudden surprise—and a great shock! For a moment or two she remained staring into grass-roots. Then she clambered to her feet.

Her face was dusty. Her hat was askew. Her nose was painful. And her temper was on the boil!

Something had caught her foot and overturned her as she strode—something that certainly ought not to have been there!

In a few moments she ascertained what it was.

It was a cord stretched across the footpath, tied from tree to tree, and hidden by the thick grass. A slow walker might have got off with a

slight stumble. Miss Bullivant's rapid and vigorous stride had been her undoing. She had crashed—and crashed hard!

"Upon my word!" said Miss Bullivant.

She turned, and hurried rapidly back the way she had come, with gleaming eyes under her bushy brows.

She knew at once who had done this.

That young rascal on the bicycle, of course. The cord could not have been there when Ponsonby passed on his bike. It would have thrown him over. He had left it there behind him.

Miss Bullivant did not stride along the path now—she ran. She did not even stop to put her hat straight, or to rub her damaged nose. She did not even notice the loss of her handbag. Only one thought was in Miss Bullivant's mind—to get hold of that reckless and malicious young scoundrel, who had laid such a dangerous trap for passers-by. Whether it had been specially intended for her, or for the benefit of the general public, mattered nothing. In either case, the reckless young rascal deserved what he was going to get, if Miss Bullivant's muscular hands closed on his collar.

The smacks Pon had already received were as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine, compared with those now due to him.

Miss Bullivant almost flew.

There was a very good chance, if she lost no time, of getting hold of that young rascal. He had run into the wood but he was sure to come back for his bike. She lost no time. Miss Bullivant was an athletic young woman—as the Cliff House girls, at games practice, knew only too well. She covered that footpath like the cinder path.

It was hardly more than five minutes since she had left the spot where Pon's bike had fallen. If he had returned for it—

He had!

As the Bull swiftly approached the spot, she saw the elegant figure of the dandy of Highcliffe bending over the bike and lifting it. She was in time!

She came up with a rush.

Pon, fortunately for himself, heard the approaching footsteps, and looked round. He gave a startled jump at the sight of the games mistress of Cliff House, charging down at him like the animal from whom she derived her nickname.

"Oh, gad!" gasped Pon.

He let go the bike, and bounded away, barely in time. A smack missed his head by an inch.

He had no time even to think of getting on the bike. He had to abandon it again. As it was, his active bound barely saved his head.

"Stop!" thundered Miss Bullivant, charging after him into the trees and thickets.

Pon was not likely to stop. An actual bull behind him would not have urged him on to faster flight than the Bull of Cliff House. Pon ran as if for his life.

After him charged the Bull.

There was a spot of crimson on the tip of her nose. That nose was very painful. Pon was not going to escape, if she could help it. And she thought that she could.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Ponsonby desperately, as he dodged and wound and twisted in the depths of Friar-dale Wood.

Where Carter was, he had not the faintest idea. Carter had successfully vanished long ago, no doubt taking a

different route to their destination, which was the Bird of Paradise at Redclyffe. Pon would have been thankful to vanish, also. But it was not easy to perform the vanishing trick, with the enraged Bull on his track.

He dodged and wound and twisted, but the heavy tread of the Bull was close behind all the time. Breathless, torn by bramble and briar, panting for breath, the hapless dandy of Highcliffe tore on desperately. Fast behind him charged the Bull.

He jumped a ditch, at last, into Pegg Lane. Cliff House School, and the sea, were in sight in the distance. A plump schoolgirl in the road blinked at him through a pair of big spectacles that were very like Billy Bunter's. Pon

did not heed Bessie Bunter. He rushed on.

Miss Bullivant cleared the ditch behind him, and rushed. Her voice rang in the rear.

"Stop that boy, Bessie!"

"Oh crikey!" said Bessie Bunter.

Miss Elizabeth Bunter was not likely to attempt to collar Pon as he swept by her at desperate speed. But, with great presence of mind, she put a foot in his way.

Pon stumbled and flew.

That did it! If Pon had had a chance of getting clear, his chance was gone. Before he could gain his feet, the Bull had him.

A grasp that was like iron closed on Pon's collar. He was jerked off the

ground. He wriggled with frantic apprehension.

"Let go! I say— Oh crumbs! Stoppit! I say— Yaroooh! Leave off hitting me, you potty old cat! I'll hack your shins! Yaroooh!"

"He, he, he!" gurgled Bessie Bunter.

Bessie was amused; Ponsonby was not. He crumpled in the Bull's hefty grip, as helpless as an infant. There was a wooden seat by the roadside. With one swing of her powerful arm, Miss Bullivant landed Ponsonby across it, face down. She pinned him there with her left. Her right rose, and fell like a flail.

Smack, smack, smack, smack! Bang! Pon roared and wriggled. Bessie

(Continued on next page.)

LEARN TO PLAY FOOTBALL!

OUR INTERNATIONAL COACH

THOSE of my readers who have chosen one of the outside wing positions in their football team have had to be very patient while I have been telling all the other players what they must and must not do. At last, wing men, your patience is rewarded. To-day's "lesson" is reserved entirely for you.

I find that there is a general impression among beginners in football that if a man is fast on his legs he must automatically be outside-right or outside-left, as dictated by his stronger foot. Let me tell you forthwith that it does not necessarily follow that the fastest player on a side must be the wing man. Speed is very useful in all positions in a football team. Just because a player is fast it doesn't follow that he will be better as an outside man than in any other position. I thought I'd tell you that, because the idea seems to be firmly fixed in the minds of all the lads I talk to about the game—and, believe me, I talk to a few in the course of a year.

It is true, of course, that speed is a great asset for a wing man. Those of you who were lucky enough to see Joe Hulme in his prime—and those who see him playing for his new club, Huddersfield Town, now, for that matter—will know how useful speed can be to an outside man. To see Hulme kick the ball ahead and then race past the defender to regain possession is a fine sight. It all looks so simple when Hulme does it. Indeed, with his tremendous speed, it is simple. So if you find you are faster than most of the opponents you come up against, try the dodge of kicking the ball well ahead, and then beating the full-back in a good sprint after it.

TRICKY PLAY!

THAT won't always work, however. You will find, every now and again, full-backs who are just as fast as you are. Again looking to the first-class game to provide my example, I think of a defender like Bert Sproston, of Leeds. Many a time have

Not only must wing men be quick off the mark . . . they must be able to take the defence by surprise, and finish with a real good shot. Read, mark and learn what our sporting contributor has to say, you wing men!

I seen wing men try to beat him in a sprint. I can't remember one who succeeded. Sproston is as fast as most of them, and a good deal faster than some. So if you rely on speed to get you along the wing, remember that you will meet defenders who can beat you at your own game.

What then? The only thing for it is to be able to beat them in some other way. And the some other way is by tricks. It doesn't matter how fast an outside man is, he must have tricks which he can use in an emergency. I won't spend a lot of space here describing the possible tricks. You can learn them by watching good players. One afternoon spent watching players like Stan Matthews, of Stoke City, or Albert Geldard, of Everton, will teach you more than I could teach in pages and pages of writing. Apart from that, you could get a lot of fun from working out your own tricks.

One thing you must remember about wing play. You must get on with it quickly. If you are going to beat your man by tricks they must be done quickly, and after you have beaten him get on with it, don't hang about. The main job of the wing man is to get the ball into the middle, where his colleagues can turn his good work into goals. If the wing man hangs about, delaying his centre, or taking a long time to beat his opponent, the rest of the defence will have time to take up their positions and generally prepare themselves, so that when the ball does eventually reach the middle the attackers are too closely

watched by the defenders to do anything with it.

DON'T DILLY DALLY!

AT a football match you will often hear the spectators shouting to a player to "Get on with it!" I don't suggest footballers should take any notice of what the spectators say; but, really, the crowd is sometimes justified in shouting at a player when he dilly-dallies about, letting the defenders take up good positions before getting in his centre, or otherwise making progress towards goal. What-over you are going to do, do it quickly.

I don't know what I can tell you about the question of when to centre and when to "hold on" and take the ball into the middle yourself—to cut in, as footballers call it. In this respect the wing man's job has changed a bit since the old days. In the days of our forefathers the outside men usually played the game of taking the ball right up to the corner-flag, and then putting it across for someone else to apply the finishing touch. Nowadays wingers have to do a bit of goal-scoring themselves, and so they must learn the art of cutting in towards goal.

Only experience will tell you when to do the one and when the other. The player who can cut in quickly, taking the defence by surprise, and finish with a good shot, is a most useful chap to have on your side. But he mustn't do it every time, because the defenders will soon get to know his ways. He must mix the cut in with centres from the touch-line, which, if they are accurate, can do as much damage as the cut in.

I said, if they are accurate. To boot the ball hard into the middle, hoping for the best, is not what I call a centre. Choose your man, and hit the ball hard and low to him. And do it quickly. Don't hang about until the defenders have got into their proper positions. Remember the player in that game you saw the other week who was told to "Get on with it!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,569.

Bunter gurgled. Miss Bullivant, with silent concentration, smacked!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Beware the Bull!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Marjorie!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five were coming down Friardale Lane in a cheery bunch on their jiggers, when Bob sighted two graceful figures at the stile.

At that stile the juniors had intended to stop, lift their bikes over, and resume riding by the footpath through the wood—as Arthur Carter had foreseen.

At the other end of the footpath, on Pegg Lane, Marjorie Hazeldene and Clara Trevlyn were to be ready with their bikes.

But that programme seemed to have been changed; for here were Marjorie and Clara, on the Greyfriars side of Friardale Wood, sitting on the stile, against which their bikes leaned.

The chums of the Remove jumped down, and swept off their caps. They were a little later than they had intended to be, owing to that puncture, and they supposed that the schoolgirls had come through the wood to meet them on the way.

"Sorry if we're late," said Harry. "The sorrowfulness is terrific, esteemed and beauteous misses," declared Hurreo Janset Ram Singh.

"Not to say preposterous," added Bob Cherry.

"Just as well you weren't early," remarked Miss Clara. "We came round by the village to stop you going through the wood."

"Eh—why?" asked Nugent. "It's against the by-laws to cycle through the wood," said Marjorie, smiling, "and there might be a row."

"We've chanced it often enough," said Johnny Bull.

"It's not a chance this time, but a cert," said Clara. "There's a bull in the wood—jolly dangerous to run into."

"A bull!" exclaimed the five juniors together.

"Yes; on the footpath," said Clara. "Beware of the Bull!"

The chums of the Remove glanced into the dusky footpath, past the stile. If there really was a bull loose in Friardale Wood, they were certainly glad to be warned in time. It would have been no jesting matter to meet a bull on a narrow footpath, shut in by trees and thickets.

"And you came round the long way, to give us the tip?" asked Harry. "That was jolly good of you!"

"Yes, wasn't it?" smiled Clara. "I've been gored by that bull, so I know what it's like—see?"

"Wha-a-t?"

Marjorie Hazeldene laughed. "Clara means Miss Bullivant," she said. "We found that she was walking to Friardale this afternoon through the wood, so—"

"Oh, the Bull!" exclaimed Bob. "I see!"

"Miss Bullivant is a good sort," said Marjorie. "But she's fearfully strict on rules. If she met a cyclist on that path, she might cut up rusty. After all, one really ought not to ride there, as it's for pedestrians only."

"All serene!" said Bob. "We'll let the Bull have Friardale Wood all to herself and go round."

"There wouldn't be much room to get past her feet, anyhow," said Clara.

"My dear Clara—"

Marjorie.

"Well, there wouldn't," said Clara. "I dare say the Bull is ragging a Greyfriars boy already. I saw one going into the footpath as we came up—too far off to warn him—but I saw he had a Greyfriars cap. If he's met the Bull, she's goring him. Come on—the other way!"

It was hardly half a mile through the wood, and a good mile and a half round it to the other end of the footpath on Pegg Lane. But if that severe and stern lady, Miss Amelia Bullivant, was on the footpath, it was evidently judicious for cyclists to keep clear of it.

So the Famous Five remounted, and rode on to Friardale with Marjorie and Clara, glad to have escaped a

meeting with the Bull, and never dreaming what else they had escaped on that footpath!

They rode through the village in a cheery crowd, and took the road that ran by the cliffs to Pegg.

There was to be tea at Cliff House that afternoon, but there was to be a spin first up the Redclyffe road for a few miles. And so, passing Cliff House School, the cyclists pedalled on through Pegg Lane, bordered by the wood.

Thus it was that they came, suddenly and startlingly, on a strange sight. Sounds of loud smacking and frantic howls reached their ears, and then a fat giggle. Then they saw Ponsonby and Miss Bullivant.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" gasped Bob Cherry. "What's that game?"

"What the thump—"

"That's the Bull!" exclaimed Clara. "But who—"

"That looks like Ponsonby—"

"It's Pon! But what the dickens—"

"He, he, he!" Bessie Bunter turned her big spectacles on the cyclists as they slowed down. "I say, look! Ain't the Bull pitching into him? He, he, he!"

"There, you young rascal!" Miss Bullivant's deep voice was hard. "I think you are sufficiently punished—"

"Yaroooh! Leave off! Leggo!" yelled Ponsonby. "Oh, you old cat!"

Smack, smack!

"Yoo-hoop! Oh crikey!" shrieked Ponsonby. "Will you leave off? Oh gum!"

Miss Bullivant released him, and Ponsonby scrambled off the seat and jumped away. Apparently he dreaded that the Bull might clutch him again, for he shot right across the road, not seeing the cyclists there, in his hurry.

"Here, look out!" yelled Bob.

Pon had no time to look out. He crashed into Bob's machine, sending it rocking. It rocked into Harry Wharton's, and both went over, the riders barely managing to leap clear. Both of them stumbled over and fell.

"He, he, he!" from Bessie Bunter.

Ponsonby staggered from the shock, but only for a second. His bike was still lying on the path in Friardale Wood, but he had forgotten it. All Pon wanted was to get to a safe distance from Miss Bullivant. Bob Cherry's bike banged against him as Bob leaped off and stumbled over. Pon grabbed it.

In the twinkling of an eye, almost, he had a leg over that bike, and was shooting away down the road.

"Here, hold on!" roared Johnny Bull. "Bring that bike back, you Highcliffe cad!"

"He, he, he!" chortled Bessie Bunter. Bob Cherry scrambled up.

"My jigger!" he gasped.

"That cad Pon—"

"Get after him!" roared Bob. "Get my jigger back! By gum, he's got my bike! Get after him, will you?"

"Come on!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

Pon was going all out. He shot towards the Redclyffe road like an arrow. Miss Bullivant, as a matter of fact, was done with him. Pon did not realise that. And it was natural, in the circumstances, for Pon to jump at the quickest way of getting out of reach of that hefty hand. He flew.

After him flew Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurreo Singh. Harry Wharton, getting on his bike again, flew after them.

Bob was left on foot. It was not much use to pursue a cyclist on foot, and Bob had to leave it to his friends to recapture his jigger.

Marjorie and Clara dismounted,

"What's in The GEM today?"

That's something the modern schoolboy is always keen to know! There is a feast of good things in The GEM. Here is this week's programme—

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Miss Bullivant, now that she was at leisure, was dabbing her nose. It was easy to see that the Bull had had a fall, and not difficult to guess that she regarded Pon as having been responsible for it.

"Have you—have you fallen over, Miss Bullivant?" asked Marjorie, rather timidly.

"I have!" snorted the Bull. "That young rascal—that iniquitous scoundrel—tied a cord across the footpath, and I fell over it. Fortunately I caught him and punished him."

"A cord across the footpath!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Oh, my hat! If we'd come that way—"

"Marjorie!"

"Yes, Miss Bullivant?"

"I find that I have lost my bag. I must have dropped it when I fell on the footpath. The strap is rather loose. I must go back to Cliff House now. My—my nose is very painful, and I have hurt my knee. Will you go along the footpath and pick up my bag and bring it back to Cliff House?"

"Oh, certainly, Miss Bullivant!"

It was a half-holiday, and the Cliff House girls had planned a spin with their Greyfriars friends. But Marjorie was always obliging, and in any case could scarcely have refused.

"I'll come with you, Marjorie," said Clara. "It's only a few minutes—"

"It is at least ten minutes' walk," said Miss Bullivant grimly.

"Oh!" said Clara. She was not thinking of walking.

"I hope, Clara, that you have no idea of cycling on the footpath, in defiance of legal regulations!" rapped Miss Bullivant.

"Oh! I—I—"

"You will certainly not do so! Bessie will mind your bicycle, Cherry!"

"Yes, Miss Bullivant," said Bob.

"There is a cord tied across the footpath where I fell. It is very dangerous. Will you go and remove it?"

"Oh, yes; certainly!" answered Bob.

"Thank you!"

Miss Bullivant strode away to Cliff House, limping a little, and dabbing her nose as she went.

Clara glanced after her, breathed hard, and leaned her bike on the wayside seat with Marjorie's.

"Come on," she said, "we've got to walk it. Bless the Bull!"

Harry Wharton & Co. had disappeared in the dusty distance, in chase of Ponsonby. Bob Cherry and the two schoolgirls entered the footpath to seek the spot where, half an hour ago, the Bull had taken her tumble.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, Too!

BILLY BUNTER, like the Bull before him, hardly knew what happened.

One moment he was sailing merrily along on a bike, but the next—

Bunter was feeling bucked—up to that moment. In the most happy and unexpected way he had got off detention.

Mr. Quelch had quite misunderstood his motive in hurling that crib back at the Bunder from the Form-room window. Bunter did not think of setting that misunderstanding right. Bunter was only too glad to escape.

He rolled down to the bike-shed in search of a mount. Once more his luck was in. He found Lord Mauleverer's machine on the stand.

His own machine being in its usual

dilapidated state, Bunter would only have taken it out as a last resource. He greatly preferred to use a machine that was kept in good condition, and of all the bikes in the Remove he preferred Mauly's, for two good reasons. It was the best bike, and Mauly was the least likely to kick him for taking it.

So the fat Owl cheerfully trundled Mauly's bike out, mounted it, and rode away down Friardale Lane in cheery spirits. If he was too late to join the Cliff House party on their spin, it did not matter very much. Bunter was not fearfully keen on spins. He was going to be in good time for tea, and he was practically certain that there would be a cake. So all was calm and bright.

He banged Mauly's bike over the stile in Friardale Lane, remounted on the footpath, and rode merrily onward. And then—

It seemed like an earthquake to Billy Bunter.

He knew nothing, of course, of that cord across the footpath till he reached it. Then things happened suddenly.

Why the bike suddenly curled up and shot him off the saddle, Bunter did not know. He knew that the bike did it. He knew that the bike crashed, and he knew that he crashed!

He gave one breathless, startled squeak as he was distributed over the grassy footpath.

Then he sprawled, gasping.

It was a full minute before Friardale Wood ceased to dance and whirl round the fat Owl of the Remove.

Then he sat up, still dizzy.

"Urrgh!" gurgled Bunter. "Oh crikey! What—what—oh, crumbs! Urrgh!"

He set his spectacles straight on his fat little nose and blinked round him. He had more pains and aches spotted about him than he could have counted.

He blinked dizzily at the fallen bike. That bike was damaged. Even the fat Owl could see that it was damaged. Fortunately it was not his own.

He was sitting in thick grass, close by the edge of the path. He was conscious that he was sitting on something—he did not know what—that lay in the grass. He gave it no attention for the moment.

When he staggered to his feet at last, however, he blinked at it to see what it was, and observed that it was a handbag—one of those leather wrist-bags which are more serviceable than fashionable.

Evidently it had been dropped there by someone who had come to grief over that cord—obviously a woman, as it was a woman's bag.

Bunter gave it only a cursory blink, and then started rubbing his injuries. They were many and various.

Knees and elbows and other sections had banged hard. Bunter doubted whether he would be able to continue his ride in that painful state. But when he looked at Mauly's bike there was no further doubt on the subject.

That bike was no longer a going concern. The front wheel was buckled and a pedal was badly twisted. It wanted some attention before it could even be wheeled—and quite a lot of attention before it could be ridden again.

"Oh crikey!" said Bunter.

He was thankful, of course, that it was not his own bike. But he could not help thinking that even the good-tempered and placable Mauly might make a fuss about this! The prospect of facing Lord Mauleverer with that bike in that state was quite dismaying.

Not that it was Bunter's fault. He hadn't wanted to take that tumble.

Gladly he would have avoided it! Still, fellows were unreasonable. Mauly might say he shouldn't have borrowed the bike at all! Then certainly he couldn't have taken that tumble on it!

What had caused him to take that unexpected tumble was still a mystery to Bunter—until he discovered the stretched cord! He blinked at that cord with deep wrath and indignation. Some utter rotter had put that cord across the path—the dirtiest trick Bunter had ever heard of.

"Beast!" hissed Bunter. "I wonder what cad did that? Wouldn't I like to punch his beastly head! Ow!"

He rubbed damaged bones, grunted, and groaned. He was less than half-way to Cliff House, and the bike was no longer rideable even if he had been in a state to ride it!

To walk the rest of the distance, and walk back the whole way afterwards, was an awful prospect that did not tempt Bunter. Even a cake was not worth that. Even more than cake he wanted something to rub on his aching bones. There was only one thing for Bunter to do—limp back to Friardale Lane and get any sort of a lift he could to Greyfriars.

As for wheeling Mauly's bike back, that was not to be thought of. Getting himself back was painful and troublesome enough. Really, he was in no state to bother about another fellow's bike.

Besides, if he wheeled that damaged bike in Mauly would know that he had had it. As it was, Mauly did not know. Bunter could not help thinking that this was a case where ignorance was bliss.

He leaned the damaged bike against a tree. If those beasts Harry Wharton & Co. came back that way, as he did not doubt that they would, they would see it, and they could cart it home for Mauly. Billy Bunter was accustomed to thinking wholly and solely of one person and one person only—the fellow who walked under Bunter's own hat! So that seemed all right, to Bunter.

Even Bunter, however, took the trouble to saw through the stretched cord with his penknife to prevent further disasters. Luckily this was very little trouble. Had it been a lot it is much to be feared that the fat Owl would have left the cord where it was.

Having done that, Bunter turned to retrace his journey—and then he remembered the handbag in the grass. He picked it up.

Whoever had dropped it there could not have missed it at the time, as it had been left there. There was no clue to the ownership on the outside, which was of plain leather. Bunter snapped it open and looked into it. So far, his only idea was to ascertain, if possible, the name of the owner, so that the bag could be returned.

But neither was there any clue inside; nothing in the shape of a letter, or anything of that kind. The bag contained in one compartment a handkerchief; in the other, a number of currency notes.

That was all.

Bunter gave the currency notes a very interested blink! Bunter liked currency notes! The happy thought occurred to him that, if that bag was never claimed, it would belong to him as the finder!

Still, Bunter, fathead as he was, was aware that he had to hand that bag over to the authorities for the owner to be found, if possible. Ultimate possession was only a happy and very uncertain possibility.

He closed the bag, crammed it into a pocket, and started, limping wearily, back down the footpath to Friardale Lane.

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He emitted a grunt, a gasp, or a groan at every step!

Bunter was damaged! Even a little damage would elicit sounds of woe from the fat Owl! And now he had quite a lot!

So his progress down the footpath was made to an unending melody of gasps, groans, grunts, squeaks, squeals and yelps.

It seemed an age to Bunter before he emerged into Friardale Lane at last. But then, once more, fortune smiled on the hapless Owl of the Remove. Old Joyce, the wood-cutter, was in sight with his cart.

As a matter of personal taste, Bunter would have preferred a lift in a Rolls. But it was a case of any port in a storm. He was glad to see old Joyce—and gladder to deposit his weary, painful fat person among the faggots in the cart.

Old Joyce dropped him at the school gates and Bunter rolled wearily and drearily in. Seldom or never had the fat Owl felt so completely used up.

Peter Todd met him in the quad and stared at him. Bunter gave Toddy a woebegone blink.

"What's up?" asked Peter.

"Ow!" groaned Bunter. "I've had a tumble on my bike—Wow! Ow!"

"Your bike's in the shed!" said Peter, staring.

"Oh! I—I mean, it wasn't on a bike!" said Bunter hastily. "I never borrowed a bike this afternoon, Toddy—especially Mauly's."

"Oh, my hat!" said Toddy.

"Don't you get saying to Mauly that I borrowed his bike, you know," said Bunter anxiously. "He would be ratty very likely! I mean, he might make out that I'd smashed it if he knew I'd had it! I never had it, of course. I hope I'm not the kind of chap to walk off a fellow's bike. If Mauly asks you who had his bike, old chap, mind you tell him it wasn't me."

And Bunter rolled into the House—leaving Toddy staring.

And the next hour was spent by Billy Bunter, in his study, rubbing embrocation on innumerable painful spots—with musical accompaniment!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

When Rogues Fall Out!

ARTHUR CARTER turned his head and looked back.

He was riding along Pegg Lane towards the Redclyffe road at a leisurely pace, expecting Ponsonby to overtake him sooner or later.

Having dodged away so promptly and successfully at the sight of Miss Bullivant, Carter had wheeled his bike through the wood to the lane in happy ignorance of what had happened to his Highcliffe pal.

He was surprised that he had not yet seen anything more of Pon, and every now and then, as he pedalled slowly on, he glanced back.

He sighted Pon suddenly.

A cyclist came sweeping after him at top speed in a cloud of dust. It was Cecil Ponsonby of the Highcliffe Fourth going all out. Evidently Pon was in a terrific hurry.

Carter dismounted and stood by his bike and waved a hand to him. He supposed for the moment that Pon was in a hurry to rejoin him. Then suddenly he spotted another reason for the Highcliffe junior's haste.

Behind Pon came a bunch of cyclists—

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Janset Ram Singh of the Remove.

Carter scowled at them as he recognised them. Obviously those four members of the famous Co. had not fallen into the trap he had left for them on the footpath in Friardale Wood. As Bob Cherry was not with them, however, he nourished a charitable hope that Bob had!

Pon came on with a rush, and with a rush the four Greyfriars fellows came after him.

Catching sight of Carter in the road, Harry Wharton shouted to him:

"Stop him!"

"Stop that Highcliffe cad!" bawled Johnny Bull.

Carter stared. He was not likely to stop his Highcliffe pal on account of the Co.

But Pon stopped of his own accord when he reached the spot where Carter stood. He had bagged Bob Cherry's bike simply to get a safe distance from Miss Bullivant. He had covered nearly a mile without even stopping to think, but he realised now that he was safe from the Bull. And he had something to say to Carter! He jammed on the brakes and jumped down.

"You rotter!" panted Pon.

"Eh?" ejaculated Carter.

"You worm!" yelled Pon. "You left me in the lurch, and that old cat collared me, and I've been through it, you cad!"

"Oh crumbs! What did she collar you for?" asked Carter.

"You silly rotter, she pitched over that rotten cord, and came back and caught me! I've been spanked!" yelled Pon. "Spanked, do you hear—spanked, with a lot of silly schoolgirls lookin' on!"

Pon was almost foaming with rage and anguish.

The hefty smacks of the Bull had been painful, but worse than that was the humiliation to the lofty dandy of Highcliffe. Pon, who walked the earth with his supercilious nose in the air, as if the earth was hardly good enough for him to walk on, had been spanked—actually spanked—and he was raging. He gave no heed to the four cyclists coming on at a rush. He glared at Carter.

"Well, was it my fault?" said Carter. "You should have dodged out of sight, same as I did."

"And left you in the lurch, same as you did me!" hissed Ponsonby. "First the old cat smacked my head; and after she tumbled over your rotten cord she came back and hunted me like a rabbit through the wood and got me, and—"

Pon choked with rage.

Before Carter could reply, Harry Wharton & Co. arrived on the spot. They jumped down and surrounded Pon.

"Done with that bike?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically.

Ponsonby scowled at him.

"You can have it!" he snarled. "I only grabbed it to get away from that old cat Bullivant, and you know it."

"What rotten trick had you been playing on Bullivant?" asked Harry Wharton, contemptuously.

"You can ask Carter," snarled Pon. "It was his idea, not mine."

"Shut up, you cad!" breathed Carter, quite alarmed at the idea of the facts coming to light.

"You left me in the lurch, you rotter!" hissed Ponsonby. "It was your fault I got into that old cat's clutches; and if these fellows knew—"

Smack!

Pon was not in a reasonable mood. He was wild with rage and humiliation, and he was intensely exasperated at

having captured all the punishment, while his associate had got off scot-free! There was only one way of stopping Pon was blurring it all out—and Carter acted promptly. Pon was interrupted by a smack on his face which sent him staggering.

That gave his fury the finishing touch. He staggered for a moment, and then fairly hurled himself at Carter.

In a second they were fighting furiously.

"Go it!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"The go-fulness is terrific!" chuckled the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Arthur Carter had joined up with the dandy of Highcliffe, that afternoon, for a trip out of bounds, and billiards and smokes at the Bird of Paradise, in Redclyffe. That trip did not look like coming off now. Nobody would have guessed that they were pals as they tramped and trampled, panting and gasping, and hammering one another at a terrific rate.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Come on!" he said. "We can leave them to that!"

And the Greyfriars fellows remounted and rode back, Wharton taking Bob Cherry's machine.

Pon and Carter were still punching when they disappeared in the direction of Pegg.

They continued to punch till Pon at last went down in a sprawling heap by the roadside.

Carter, dabbing at a streaming nose with his handkerchief, glared at him.

"You fool!" he panted.

"You rotten cad!" hissed Pon. "Get out, you Greyfriars cad! I'm done with you!"

Carter gave him a black look. He turned to his bicycle, mounted it, and rode away without another word. That afternoon's trip was off—very much off. Not that Carter felt much inclined to carry on with it after his scrap with his Highcliffe pal. He chiefly wanted to bathe a nose and an eye!

Ponsonby tottered to his feet in the worst temper ever. He was a mile from the spot where he had left his bike, his nose was swollen, and one of his eyes was closing. He tramped wearily away to fetch his bike.

His damaged eye closed, but with the other he kept a wary look-out in case Miss Bullivant should be in the offing. Pon had checked Miss Bullivant that afternoon, but he was not disposed to check her again! He had learned to beware of the Bull!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Bagged Bag!

"**H**ERE'S the place!" said Bob Cherry.

He stopped on the dusky footpath in Friardale Wood.

"Somebody's been here since the Bull," remarked Miss Clara, looking round.

"There's a like," said Marjorie.

It was more than a quarter of an hour after Billy Bunter's departure from the disastrous spot that Marjorie and Clara and Bob Cherry arrived there.

Mauleverer's bike, which Bunter had left standing against a tree, caught their eyes at once. Then Bob discerned the cord trailing in the grass.

It was loose now, evidently cut, and no longer dangerous. The two halves hung from the trees to which the ends were tied.

"Somebody's had a spill here since the Bull," said Bob, with a puzzled look



Billy Bunter let fly with the book. Whiz! Bang! "Oh, gad!" yelled Vernon-Smith. The Bounder was turning away when the book caught him a thwack on the side of the head, and sent him staggering. "There!" gasped Bunter. "Now clear off, you beast, and take your rotten book away with you!"

at the bike. "That jigger's jolly well crocked."

"And then some," agreed Miss Clara, who was given to slang. "But whose the dickens is it? Nobody seems to be here."

"Let us find Miss Bullivant's bag," said Marjorie; and the two schoolgirls began to search the grassy path for the lost bag.

Bob Cherry looked hard at the crocked jigger. He fancied that he knew that machine. It was a very handsome and expensive one—at all events, it had been very handsome before Billy Bunter borrowed it.

"I believe I know that jigger," remarked Bob. "Looks to me like old Mauly's—I'll soon see."

He found the name of the owner in the saddle-bag. That left no doubt on the subject—it was Mauleverer's bike.

As the bike was there, and Mauly was not, Bob could only conclude that Lord Mauleverer had had a bad spill—so bad that he had had to leave his crocked jigger behind.

"It's Mauly's," he said. "Poor old Mauly—he must have come down wallop! I'd better bag this jigger—it's pretty badly damaged, but old Mauly wouldn't be likely to see it again if a tramp came along and found it."

And while Marjorie and Clara hunted for the lost bag, Bob twisted and pulled at the damaged bike to get it in a state for wheeling along. They were all busy for ten minutes or more.

Bob got the bike into a wheeling state. But Marjorie and Clara failed to find the lost bag, which was not surprising as it was by that time within the walls of Greyfriars.

"Tain't here," said Clara at last.

"But it must be here somewhere if Miss Bullivant dropped it here," said

Marjorie, with a worried look. "We must find it if we can, Clara."

"We can't find what's not here," retorted Clara. "Perhaps somebody's picked it up! Anyhow, it isn't here."

"I'll have a look," said Bob, having finished with the bike.

"Oh, do," said Clara, with sweet sarcasm. "Boys are so clever—I'm sure you'll be able to find something that isn't there!"

Bob laughed.

"I'll try, anyhow," he answered cheerily.

But five minutes of intensive searching on Bob's part only revealed the fact that the lost handbag was nowhere near the spot where Miss Bullivant had taken her tumble.

"Must have been picked up," said Bob at last.

"Didn't I say so?" inquired Clara.

"Um! Yes! I wonder if Mauly

found it—he's been here," said Bob.

"If he noticed it I suppose he would pick it up to take care of it. If Bullivant's name was on it he would send it back to her. Know whether it was?"

Marjorie shook her head.

"I don't think there was anything on it—just a plain leather bag—all Miss Bullivant's things are very plain—"

"Especially her face," murmured Clara.

"If Mauleverer's found it he wouldn't know whose it was," said Marjorie.

"But he would hand it in at the police station, or hand it over to Mr. Quelch to send there—so that would be all right. I hope Mauleverer found it."

"I'll ask him, when I go in," said Bob.

"No good hunting here any longer, anyhow. It's not here! Let's cut—the fellows will be waiting for us; they must have got back with my jigger long ago."

They returned along the footpath,

Bob wheeling Mauleverer's bike, which clinked and clanked as he pushed it along.

At the Pegg Lane end of the footpath they found the Co waiting, with Bob's bike. They had got back from the pursuit of Ponsonby a good many minutes ago.

"Where on earth did you pick up that wreck?" asked Harry Wharton, staring at Mauleverer's bike.

Bob explained.

"I'll leave this at the cycle shop in Peg for repairs," he said. "Old Mauly seems to have left it stranded; but he'll be glad to hear that it's safe. I won't keep you waiting long. Marjorie's got to cut in and tell the Bull about her bag, anyhow."

"I say, haven't you found the Bull's bag?" asked Bessie Bunter.

"No," answered Marjorie. "I must go and tell Miss Bullivant."

"She will be in a wax," said Bessie. "She has her money in that bag, you know. She will comb your hair for you, Marjorie, if you say you can't find it."

"Beware of the Bull!" chuckled Clara.

"I say, though, you're rather a duffer not to find that bag," said Bessie. "It would put the Bull into a good temper, and she might let you off hockey next time."

"But I don't want to be let off hockey," said Marjorie, laughing.

"Well, I do," said Bessie Bunter.

"I'm jolly well going to get that bag. It's hockey to-morrow, and the Bull would simply have to let me off if I found her bag with her money in it. See?"

And Bessie Bunter rolled into the footpath, stirred to activity by the

(Continued on page 16.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,560

CARTER TAKES THE COUNT!



(Continued from page 15.)

happy hope of getting off hockey. That hope was likely to prove delusive.

It was half an hour before the cycling party were able to get going, at last, on their spin! But they got going at last; after which, there was tea at Cliff House—and there was, as Billy Bunter had accurately foreseen, a cake!

Billy Bunter never saw that cake! Billy Bunter was in his study at Greyfriars, wearily rubbing embrocation on aching bones, while the cake was disposed of! Which was very sad for Bunter; but, on the other hand, there was no doubt that the fact that Bunter was at Greyfriars did not detract from the merry brigatness of the tea party at Cliff House—rather it added therunto!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Carter Sees a Chance!

MAULY, old bean!" Bob Cherry tapped Lord Mauleverer on the arm, as the Greyfriars fellows came out of Hall after calling-over.

"Yaas," said Mauly. "Did you pick up Bullivant's bag this afternoon?"

Lord Mauleverer came to a halt, and gazed at Bob in mild surprise. That question seemed to astonish his lordship.

"Did I what and which?" he inquired.

"Does that mean that you didn't?" asked Bob.

"Well, if I did, I've forgotten all about it," said Mauly, staring at him. "How could I pick up Bullivant's bag, you see? She hasn't been here to-day, has she?"

"She dropped it in Friardale Wood, fathhead!" answered Bob. "Didn't you see anything of it there?"

"Hardly!" answered Mauleverer. "I've got pretty good eyesight, I believe—but I can't see as far as Friardale Wood from here. And a bag's rather a small object to see a mile off, isn't it?"

"You howling ass," said Bob. "What do you mean?"

"Only what I say, old bean," answered Mauly. "I don't suppose I could have spotted it with a telescope from Greyfriars. How the dooce could I have seen anythin' of it, you see, when I haven't been anywhere near Friardale Wood to-day."

"Potty?" asked Bob.

"I hope not! But I'm beginnin' to think you are," said Lord Mauleverer. "Wanderin' in your poor little mind or what?"

Bob stared at his lordship.

"I took your bike to the cycle shop at Pegg, to be repaired," he said. "You'll hear from them about it."

"Awf'ly good of you!" said Mauleverer urbanely. "I never know there was anythin' wrong with the bike, but if there was—"

"You didn't know there was anything wrong with it, when the wheel was buckled, and the pedals twisted, and a dozen other things done to it!" howled Bob. "I had to wriggle it about no end, to get it to wheel along. If you didn't see that it was crooked, why did you leave it on the footpath?"

"That's an easy one—I didn't!"

"You didn't!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. The whole Co. were staring at Lord Mauleverer now.

"Not at all!"

"But I found it there!" roared Bob.

"Oh, gad! Did you really?"

"What does the ass mean?" grunted Johnny Bull. "Didn't you have a spill on your bike in Friardale Wood this afternoon, Mauly?"

"Not quite!" yawned Lord Mauleverer. "As I never got on the bike, and never went out of gates, I couldn't have, could I?"

"Well, somebody did!" said Frank Nugent.

"Awful cheek of that somebody to borrow my bike!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I'd punch his head if it wasn't too much trouble."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bob. "Somebody borrowed your bike! Is that it?"

"Must be, if you picked it up crooked in Friardale Wood. I sort of fancied it was still in the bike-shed where it ought to be. Many thanks for takin' care of it for me, old chap! Really decent of you."

"Don't you know who borrowed it?" asked Harry.

"Haven't the foggiest! Never knew it had been borrowed, till now! Awful cheek of somebody, wasn't it?" yawned Mauly; and he ambled on—not, apparently, very much perturbed by the news that his bike had been borrowed and left crooked.

The Famous Five looked at one another.

"Then it wasn't Mauly on the bike!" said Harry Wharton. "Some cheeky ass must have bagged it without asking him."

"That sounds like Bunter!"

"Bunter was in detention!" answered Harry.

"Oh! So he was."

"Skinner, perhaps—he's got cheek enough! Whoever it was, got a spill—and serve him right, for his cheek!"

"But did he see anything of the Bull's bag, whoever he was?" asked Bob Cherry. "I thought it was Mauly, as it was his bike—but if it was somebody else, somebody else may have picked up Bullivant's bag."

"Well, if anybody did he will say so, I suppose. Carter, perhaps—"

"Carter?" repeated Bob.

"Well, Carter seems to have been round about there, with that Highcliffe cad, this afternoon. Might ask him."

"I don't want to speak to Carter!" grunted Bob.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, I don't mind speaking to him—I'll ask him. I think he went into the Rag! Come on!"

The chums of the Remove went into the Rag, where they found Carter. They smiled as they saw him. He had attended very carefully to his damages, but his face still showed very plain traces of his scrap with Ponsonby. He scowled at them as they came up to him.

"Did you see anything of a lady's handbag in Friardale Wood this afternoon, Carter?" asked Harry. "Miss Bullivant lost her bag when she fell over the cord that Highcliffe cad had fixed up on the footpath."

"Did she? I saw nothing of it—I

wasn't in the wood this afternoon," answered Carter coolly.

Wharton set his lips.

"You can cut that out," he said curtly. "I heard Ponsonby say that you left him in the lurch when the Bull got after him—and that was in the wood. You must have been there with Ponsonby."

"I met him near the wood," answered Carter. "I never know he had been in a row with that old cat till he told me so. I lost sight of him for a time, and never saw him again till he came after me on Cherry's bike!"

"You weren't on the footpath?"

"No!" said Carter calmly.

"Well, Miss Bullivant dropped her bag there, and Bessie Bunter says she has money in it. Somebody may have picked it up. If you saw anybody—"

"I saw nobody! If that old cat dropped her bag, I dare say it's still lying where she dropped it," answered Carter carelessly.

"Well, it isn't—it's been looked for! But if you don't know anything about it, all right."

Carter's eyes glinted.

"Hold on a minute!" he said. "Do you know for a fact that Miss Bullivant dropped a bag on that footpath?"

"Yes; she asked some Cliff House girls to go and look for it, and Bob went with them."

"And they never found it?"

"No!"

"And there was money in it?"

"Bessie Bunter said so."

"I suppose you had a good look for it?" asked Carter, turning his eyes on Bob Cherry.

"Yes!" said Bob curtly.

"That means that somebody picked it up!" said Carter. "Might have been some tramp, of course. But that footpath is generally used by fellows going over to Cliff House. Was Bunter with you this afternoon?"

"No!"

"Did he go after you? I heard him say he was going to Cliff House!"

Bob Cherry set his lips, but he did not speak.

"No," said Harry, with a curl of the lip. "Bunter didn't come after us, Carter. If that's what you're thinking of, that chicken won't fight."

"How do you know he didn't?"

"You rotten cur!" breathed Bob Cherry. "Can't you leave Bunter alone? Are you trying to make out—"

"I'm asking a question," said Carter calmly. "I know that Bunter meant to come over to Cliff House, because I heard him say so. If he never went with you, most likely he followed on, after getting out of detention. With that crib of Fishy's, I don't suppose he was in long."

"You'd have your bob's worth, if you could make out that Bunter snopped that bag!" snorted Bob Cherry. "You make me feel ill!"

"Nobody's answered my question yet!" sneered Carter.

"I'll answer it," said Harry Wharton contemptuously. "Bunter never got through with that crib of Fishy's, because he never had the crib. We stuffed all Fishy's cribs down the back of his neck, and kept an eye on Bunter till Quelch walked him into the Form-room! How do you like that?"

"Oh!" said Carter, taken aback.

The Famous Five turned their backs on him.

It was clear to all of them that Carter had jumped at the idea that

Billy Bunter might possibly know something of the missing bag—the barest chance was enough for the fat Owl's rival and enemy to jump at!

But the Famous Five had no doubt that Bunter had spent the whole afternoon in the Remove Form Room, struggling with Cæsar and the "Gallic War." And Carter, after what Wharton had said, could hardly doubt it, either. But he made up his mind to discover whether, somehow or other, Billy Bunter had, after all, got out of detention that afternoon.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Brainy Bunter!

"Oh crikey!"

It was the following day that Billy Bunter uttered that startled ejaculation, suddenly, in morning break.

It was caused by a sudden discovery. That morning, Bunter had been disappointed about a postal order he was expecting—not an uncommon occurrence. Carter's shilling, which had not, after all, been expended on cribs, had been expended on the exact number of jam tarts that could be obtained for a bob. The Owl of the Remove was, therefore, in his accustomed stony state. And, as often happened when Billy Bunter was in a stony state, he was going through all his pockets, in the faint hope of unearthing some forgotten coin.

No coin was unearthed; but something else was. That something else was a small leather bag.

Up to that moment Bunter had forgotten its existence.

He had pushed it into his inside jacket pocket, when he picked it up in Friardale Wood. He had fully intended, at the time, to see about it later. But it was, perhaps, natural for Bunter to have forgotten it, considering the other matters that were on his fat mind.

For more than an hour the fat junior had been hard at work, rubbing aching bones with embrocation. After he was too tired to rub any more the aches persisted. Those aches occupied Bunter's attention, to the exclusion of all other things, till prep.

Then prep, for once, had careful attention from Bunter. His recent experience had been a warning to him.

Warnings to Bunter never lasted long. But a whopping and a detention had some effect, even on Bunter's fat mind. He realised that for a few days, at least, he had better not be too busy for prep. That evening, in Study No. 7, Bunter surprised his study-mates—and perhaps himself—by doing some work. It was an unusual and disagreeable experience, and it tired and worried the fat Owl.

Having already forgotten that bag in his pocket, Bunter did not remember it. His fat brain was a beautiful blank on the subject when he went to bed.

No doubt he would have remembered it sooner or later. Probably it would have been later, rather than sooner, however, but for the fact that, in searching pocket after pocket in the delusive hope of discovering some forgotten coin, his fat hand came in contact with the bag.

It was a small bag—of thin leather, with a thin strap for holding on the wrist. It had not taken up much room in the pocket, and Bunter had not heeded it there, till he suddenly felt it with his fat fingers, and discovered it.

Ejaculating "Oh crikey!" the fat Owl pulled it out, and blinked at it.

He wondered whose it was.

He knew nothing of the exciting happenings in Friardale Wood the previous day—excepting his own disaster there. He did not know that the games mistress of Cliff House had lost her bag in the wood, and did not naturally think of Miss Bullivant at all.

There was nothing about the bag to give a clue to the ownership—not even the initial on the handkerchief. All Bunter knew was that some woman must have dropped it there, as it was a woman's handbag. Nothing was in it but a handkerchief, and seven pounds in currency notes.

Bunter turned it over in his fat hands, blinking at it through his big spectacles.

He was standing under one of the old Greyfriars elms, while he searched his pockets for cash. Any fellow might have passed and seen him with the bag in his fat hands. Bunter did not mind if any fellow did, as he had, of course, no intention of keeping the bag.

He could not help thinking, with yearning, of the currency notes within. Here he was, absolutely stony—broke to the wide—minus the price of a single jam tart, and he had somebody else's seven pounds in his fat paws.

Had that bag contained a jam tart, there was no doubt that Billy Bunter would have completely forgotten the distinction between "meum" and "tuum," and would have scoffed that jam tart on the spot.

But money was a very different matter. Fathead as he was, Bunter was not fathead enough to think that he could touch that.

He thought of it with yearning, but it did not even occur to his fat mind to lay his fat fingers on it.

That bad old maxim, "findings are keepings," had often landed Bunter in trouble; but he was not fool enough to think that he could keep a purse that he had found. Obtuse as he was, he knew quite well what it would be if he touched a single sixpence from it.

Such an article, found by anyone, had to be handed in at the nearest police station. But in the case of a schoolboy, it was sufficient to hand it over to a master, to be passed on to the proper quarter.

That was Bunter's intention. Certainly he had no idea of walking several miles to a police station. He intended to hand it over to Mr. Quelch, explain where he had found it, and have done with it.

Having blinked at it, the fat junior put it back into his pocket, and made a step towards the House.

But he made only one. He stopped, and grinned.

Second thoughts—not always the best—had germinated in Bunter's fat brain. Break was too short, anyhow, and a fellow was not bound to use up that brief space in carting purses to Form-master's studies.

He was going to see Quelch, of course, in third school. He could hand the bag over to him then in the Form-room.

This would have a double advantage. It would save Bunter's time, and waste Quelch's.

Third school in the Remove was Roman history. Bunter had the same loathing of Roman history that he had for all other branches of knowledge.

Five minutes, at least, he considered, might be gained by dealing with the affair of the purse in lesson-time.

This really was a brain-wave. But

then Bunter was a brainy man! These bright ideas came naturally to Bunter.

Leaving it at that the fat Owl rolled away, with the purse in his pocket, to deal with a far more important matter—raising the wind for a snack at the tuckshop before the bell went.

This was a really urgent matter. Spotting Lord Mauleverer in the quad, Bunter bore down on him.

"I say, Mauly!" he squeaked. "You fat villain!" said his lordship.

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Did you bag my bike yesterday?" demanded Mauleverer.

"Eh? No; certainly not!" said Bunter. "I hope I'm not the fellow to bag a fellow's bike, Mauly."

"Somebody did," said Mauly, "and I'm goin' to kick him! Turn round, Bunter!"

"But I tell you I didn't!" hooted Bunter. "Do you think I'd tell you whoppers about it?"

"Yaas!"

"Beast! I mean, if Toddy says I had your bike, he's pulling your leg. I told him distinctly that I hadn't. I think you might take a pal's word, Mauly," said Bunter warmly. "Look here! What are you walking round behind me for, you fathead?"

"I'm goin' to kick you!"

Bunter revolved rapidly on his axis. "Keep off, you silly ass!" he howled. "Don't I keep on telling you that I never had the bike?"

"Yaas. That's what makes me sure you had."

"Keep your hoofs away, you beast!" Bunter revolved again. "How could I have had your bike, when I was in detention, Mauly?"

"Oh!" said Mauly.

He lowered his foot. Really, if Bunter had been in detention, he couldn't have borrowed that bike. And all the Remove knew that Bunter had been detained on Wednesday afternoon.

"Oh!" repeated Mauly. "If it wasn't you, old fat man, who was it? I'm goin' to kick him for crookin' my jigger! I'm determined on that! Who was it, Bunter?"

"How should I know, fathead?"

"Don't you know everythin'?" said Mauleverer. "Mean to say that anythin's happened in the Remove without you knowin', Bunter? Turnin' over a new leaf, or what?"

"Beast! I mean— Look here, old chap, I've been disappointed about a postal order, and I want to borrow half-a-crown."

"Then I'll tell you what," said Mauleverer. "You're goin' to be disappointed about the half-crown, too. Ta-ta!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter, as his lordship tumbled away.

It was near time for third school now, and that urgent and necessary snack in break looked very uncertain. Billy Bunter blinked round and spotted the Bounder, and rolled over to him. Smithy had heaps of money, if he was disposed to part with any of it, which was perhaps doubtful.

"I say, Smithy—" began Bunter. Vernon-Smith glanced at him grimly.

"Oh, you!" he said. "I've got somethin' for you, Bunter."

"Good!" said Bunter cheerily. "What is it, Smithy, old chap?"

"You got me five hundred lines yesterday for tryin' to do you a good turn. Here's what I've got for you."

"Yaroo!" roared Bunter. What Smithy had got for Bunter turned out to be a boot! He handed it over—with vigour! Bunter roared.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,569.

and fled. Smithy got in three before the fat Owl got out of range.

Then there was the clang of the bell. Bunter, snackless, had to join the Remove going in for third school.

He had one consolation. Roman history, in third school, was going to be curtailed by at least five minutes, perhaps more, with luck, by Bunter's bright idea of dealing with the affair of the purse in lesson-time. To Billy Bunter, every minute during which work could be evaded was a clear gain, so that, at least, was so much to the good. It was something, after all, to be a brainy man!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Begs for It!

THE reign of the Emperor Claudius—

"If you please, sir—"

"Did you speak, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir. I—"

"You are interrupting me, Bunter! Be silent!"

Bunter was silent—for a moment!

Quelch did not like being interrupted in class. He had little use for remarks from Remove fellows. He frowned at Bunter, and proceeded:

"The reign of the Emperor Claudius was—"

"But, sir—"

"Are you interrupting me again, Bunter?"

"Oh! No, sir! I mean, yes, sir! I—I—there's something I have to tell you, sir, if—if you don't mind, sir!" gasped Bunter.

Quelch glared at the fat Owl. Other fellows looked at him, surprised at his nerve.

Certainly, if Bunter had something really urgent to say, he was entitled to speak. But unless it really was something urgent, fellows did not envy him the outcome, if he kept on at this game.

Quite a number of fellows in Quelch's Form were uninterested in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. But only Bunter ventured to stem the flow of Mr. Quelch's eloquence on that subject.

Quelch's gimlet eyes glinted at Bunter.

"If you have anything to say to me, Bunter, you may say it after class!" he rapped. "Now be silent."

"But, sir—" gasped Bunter.

"I have told you to be silent, Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir, but it's important!" spluttered Bunter. "I—I forgot about it yesterday, sir, or I should have come to your study, and when I found it in break this morning, I—I thought I'd better tell you at once."

This was Greek to Quelch.

Quelch, indeed, was a whale on Greek, as well as Latin, but he did not get on to this. He stared, and glared, at Bunter.

"You see, sir, I forgot it, and then I came across it suddenly," said Bunter. "I thought I ought to tell you, sir!"

"I fail to understand you, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch in a grinding voice. "Anything you may have to say to me should be said after class. If, however, you have something of importance to tell me, you may proceed; but if I find that you are wasting my time in the Form-room I shall cane you. I will now listen to you, Bunter."

All the Remove was now listening to Bunter, as well as Quelch. They were quite curious to hear what the fat Owl had to say.

Some of the fellows suspected that

Bunter was simply trying to postpone the reign of Emperor Claudius! Judging by Quelch's expression, that suspicion was in the Form-master's mind.

Still, Quelch was a just man. He was going to give Bunter a chance to explain himself. But the fact that he picked up his cane, in readiness, indicated that he did not expect the explanation to be satisfactory.

"You see, sir, yesterday afternoon I—"

Bunter rattled on.

He paused suddenly.

All eyes in the Remove were on him, among them Lord Mauleverer's. All ears were listening—among them, again, Mauleverer's.

It dawned on Bunter—rather late in the day—that it would have been more judicious, after all, to tell Quelch about this in private.

Certainly the fact that he had found a purse, with money in it, and was prepared to hand over the same, would have been deemed an excuse for interrupting the lesson. But, obviously, he had to tell Quelch where and when he had found the purse!

Which, in effect, meant telling Lord Mauleverer that he had not, after all, remained in detention on Wednesday afternoon; which, again, meant that Mauly would know who had borrowed and crocked his bike—which, once more, meant that the booting would be administered after class!

Bunter did not like bootings! Often as he had been booted, he had never acquired a taste for the process!

As this consideration—which Bunter really might have thought of before, if Bunter had ever thought of anything—came into his fat mind, the Owl of the Remove stopped short.

Brainy as the stunt was, for curtailing the hour devoted to Roman history, Bunter wished that he hadn't thought of it. However, he had raised the subject. All he could do now was to drop it like a hot brick.

Mr. Quelch's eyes were glinting at him.

"I am waiting, Bunter!" he said grimly.

"Oh! Yes, I—I—you see, sir, I—"

said Bunter lucidly. "By gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer. "What a nerve! Pullin' Quelch's leg in class, by Jove!"

"The blithering idiot!" murmured Peter Todd. "Does he fancy he can get by with that?"

"Silence in the class! Bunter, you have stated that you have something to tell me, which cannot wait till after class. If that is the fact, proceed."

"I—I—I—" Bunter blinked round at Mauly. Then he blinked at Mr. Quelch. "I—I—I mean, sir, I—I'd rather tell you after class, sir! I—I'll come to your study, sir."

"What?"

"I—I'm afraid of wasting your time, sir!" gasped the unhappy Owl. "I—I shouldn't like to waste your time in class, sir."

"Ain't he the limit?" breathed Bob Cherry.

"The jolly old limit, and some over!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Bunter!" roared Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"Stand out before the class!"

"Oh crikey!"

Quelch swished the cane. He had no doubt—nobody in the Remove Form Room had any doubt—that Bunter was merely making a fatuous attempt to waste time by interrupting the lesson.

Obviously, to Quelch, had Bunter really had anything to say, he would have said it! Quelch knew nothing

about borrowed bikes and promised bootings.

"Bunter! For the last time, have you anything to say which could be regarded as justifying you in wasting my time in Form?" thundered the Remove master.

"Yes, No! I mean—" gasped Bunter.

"Enough! Bend over that desk, Bunter!"

"Oh lor'! I—I say, sir, I—I—"

"Bend over!" thundered Mr. Quelch, in a voice that made the fat Owl jump nearly clear of the Form-room floor.

There was no arguing with that voice of thunder. Bunter bent over the desk. He bent over it in quite a hurry.

Whack, whack, whack!

Bunter roared.

Quelch was annoyed. Such a deliberate, flagrant attempt to waste the time of the class was enough to annoy any Form-master. There was no excuse whatever for Bunter—the thing was altogether too deliberate and palpable! So Quelch laid it on hard!

He landed only three—but they were a hefty trio! Each swipe elicited a frantic yell from the hapless Owl.

"Now go back to your place, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch grimly.

"You have wasted over five minutes, Bunter, which, I have no doubt, was your object and intention. I shall set you a paper on this lesson, after class this afternoon. I warn you to give attention to the lesson, Bunter, as, if your paper is not satisfactory, I shall cane you severely."

"Oh crikey!"

Bunter gave what attention he could to that lesson! It bobbed him to know something about the Emperor Claudius if he had to do a paper on that ancient Roman after class. But, really, it was not easy for Bunter to bring his mighty brain down to this sort of tosh when he was wriggling from three hefty swipes.

It was not a happy hour for Bunter. He rather wished that he had not been, after all, such a brainy man!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Looking for the Loot!

ARTHUR CARTER smiled sourly. After class that morning he had been speaking to Gosling.

The conversation of the ancient, gnarled porter of Greyfriars-School was not generally regarded as entertaining by Greyfriars fellows. But Carter had found it of the greatest interest.

From Gosling he learned a very interesting fact. Gosling had seen Bunter go out the previous afternoon.

That was what Carter specially wanted to know.

It was rather a hope than a suspicion that had been in his mind, but it had seemed to the schemer of the Remove worth while to ascertain whether there was anything in it.

Now he knew that there was.

Harry Wharton & Co., knowing that Bunter had been in detention on Wednesday, left it at that, otherwise they would certainly have suspected that it was Bunter who had borrowed Mauly's bike, crocked it, and left it out of gates—such nefarious proceedings being in Bunter's line.

It was not, of course, the business of the Famous Five to inquire into the matter; it was for Mauly to make a fuss about it if so inclined. Mauleverer was never so inclined. He had made up his noble mind to boot the bike



"Stop that boy, Bessie!" cried Miss Bullivant. "Stop him!" "Oh crikey!" gasped Bessie Bunter, as Ponsonby came rushing up. With great presence of mind, she put a foot in Ponsonby's way, and the Highbeliff junior stumbled and fell.

borrower if discovered, but he took no steps to discover him.

The only thing that concerned Harry Wharton & Co. was whether the bike borrower was the unknown person who had picked up Miss Bullivant's bag. But if he was, he would naturally hand that bag over in the proper quarter, whoever he was; and for all they knew, he might be a Fourth Former or a Shell fellow, and might, indeed, have handed the bag over if he had found it.

So the chums of the Remove were not thinking particularly about the matter.

Arthur Carter was thinking of it very particularly indeed.

Bunter had, after all, got out of detention. Why Quelch had let him off, Carter did not know or care; but it was evident that Quelch had done so, as Gosling had seen him going out early in the afternoon.

That Bunter, released from detention, would cut after the fellows who had gone to Cliff House, Carter was sure. He knew that Bunter had intended to go with them, and had only been kept back by that detention. Carter had heard the talk about Mauly's bike, and he, at least, had not the slightest doubt of the identity of the bike borrower, now that he knew that Bunter had been out of gates.

He walked in the quad, his hands driven deep in his pockets, thinking it over. It seemed all clear to Carter.

Bunter had gone out that Wednesday afternoon. He had gone on Mauly's bike. That bike had been crocked at the spot where the cord was tied across the footpath. Bunter had, therefore, had a spill on the very spot where Miss Bullivant had lost her bag a short time before. He had not gone on to Cliff House. He had returned to Greyfriars—and had he brought that bag with him?

Carter felt sure that he had.

It had been searched for very soon after Bunter had been on the spot. A possibility existed, no doubt, that some other person had passed and picked it up, but it was rather a remote possibility. Bob Cherry had seen no one on the footpath when he went along with the two Cliff House girls to look for the bag.

Barely possible—only barely—someone else had chanced on the spot, but it was certain that Bunter had been there; and not only that, but it was certain that he had stopped at the very spot, for it was there that he had come a purler on the bike.

Bunter had it!

So far Carter's reasoning was good, and he had, in fact, arrived at a perfectly correct conclusion. Bunter certainly had it!

But in the inference he drew from that conclusion Carter was widely wrong, and he owed his error to his own bitter, malicious, and uncharitable mind. He believed that Bunter had found the bag and kept it, without realising that he believed it chiefly because he wanted to do so. He was not conscious of the fact that the wish was father to the thought.

He made no allowance for the fat Owl's habitual forgetfulness, carelessness, and obtuseness.

That Bunter, with his attention occupied by an innumerable collection of aches and pains, had forgotten all about the bag in his pocket never occurred to Carter.

Neither had he the faintest idea that Bunter had intended to hand it over to Mr. Quelch in third school that very morning. Carter took the same view as the other fellows of Bunter's antics in third school.

Bunter had it!

Carter's eyes gleamed as he thought of it. He was in disgrace with his rich

uncle because he had been sacked from St. Olaf's for blagging. Old Joseph Carter would hardly continue to think of taking up his relative, Bunter, in his place if Bunter was sacked for something worse than blagging.

A bad heart does not make a good judge. Carter had it, and was sticking to it; from his own bad heart and suspicious mind, Carter drew the certainty of that.

He had only to fix this on the unscrupulous rascal, and his game at Greyfriars was won. It was a fellow's duty to prevent a thief getting away with the loot. Carter, as a rule, was no whale on duty, but this particular duty he was going to perform with the greatest care.

Carter walked into the House. Most of the fellows were out in quad before dinner, and the Remove studies were fairly certain to be deserted. It was up to the Remove studies that Carter went.

The Remove passage was empty, and the door of Study No. 7—Bunter's—stood open. Carter glanced in, and then slipped in and closed the door.

That Bunter "had it," he was assured. But his assurance, of course, was not proof. He had to have proof before he acted in the matter. He was going to look for proof in Bunter's study.

Even a fool like Bunter, Carter thought, would hardly carry a purloined article in his pockets. He was much more likely to park it in the safest place he could find. That could hardly be anywhere but in his study.

Peter Todd and Tom Dutton, his studymates, were not the fellows to nose into a fellow's things. Bunter himself was, certainly, but his studymates were not. Carter knew that Bunter had a dilapidated old desk in his study, and he considered that the most likely place,

the loot was probably hidden at the bottom of the desk under other things.

If it was, Carter's course was clear. He was going to leave it there, and take steps for it to be discovered there!

Bunter's ancient desk lay on a box under the window. There was a lock on it—in a state of disrepair, like most of Bunter's possessions—and the key was missing.

Carter opened the lid of the desk and hurriedly sorted over the contents—old letters, old exercises, fragments of blotting-paper, envelopes, and such things—all in the state of disorder in which Bunter generally kept his things.

Searching that desk occupied only a few minutes. The result was unsatisfactory. Nothing but Bunter's rubbish was there.

Disappointed, Carter gave up the old desk and stood looking round the study, wondering where Bunter could have hidden that plunder where his study-mates would not come across it.

As he stood the door opened, and Tom Dutton came in.

Carter breathed hard.

He had an excuse ready if one of the Study No 7 fellows came in, but he would have preferred not to have been caught there.

Dutton stared at him.

"Hallo! Want anything in my study?" he asked.

"I came here to speak to Todd," answered Carter.

Had the new arrival been Peter Todd, Carter would have said that he had come there to speak to Dutton! A falsehood cost the schemer of the Remove very little.

"Eh?" Tom Dutton was deaf. "What?"

"I came to speak to Todd," said Carter in a louder voice.

"Who's odd?" asked Dutton, frowning. Dutton was rather touchy about his deafness. He suspected fellows of joking about it—as, indeed, they sometimes did. "Do you mean me?"

"Not odd—Todd!" hooted Carter.

"Oh, Todd! I don't see that Todd's odd!" snapped Dutton. "He's got a bit of boko perhaps! What the dickens do you mean, Carter? Toddy's a pal of mine, as I dare say you know. What do you mean by saying he's odd?"

"I didn't!" yelled Carter. "I came up to this study to speak to Todd! I thought he was here."

"Of course I can hear! I can hear anybody who doesn't mumble. I'm not deaf—what would be called deaf!" said Dutton angrily. "I can hear you all right!"

"Oh, you deaf idiot!" gasped Carter.

"Eh?"

"I thought Todd was here!" howled Carter.

"Of course Todd can hear! He's not deaf!"

"I came here to speak to Todd!" hooted Carter.

"That's rot! There's no need to shriek at Todd—he's not deaf, and you know it. No need to shriek at me, either, if you come to that! Look here, I want to know what you're doing in my study."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snarled Carter, out of patience, and he made a step towards the door.

Tom Dutton planted himself in his way.

"You can put up your hands, then!" he said. "You cheeky cad! You come rooting about a fellow's study and call him a moke when he asks you what you want!"

"I never called you a moke!" howled Carter. "Let me pass!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,569.

"Oh, I'm an ass, am I, as well as a moke? Just because I want to know what you're doing in my study! I'll jolly well show you!" roared Dutton.

Tom Dutton's ears were not of much use to him; but he was a good man with his hands. He proceeded to "show" Carter with vigour. Carter dodged out of the study under a rain of punches.

"Now come back and call me a moke again!" bawled Dutton, as Carter beat a hasty retreat down the Remove passage to the stairs.

But Carter did not come back—he had had enough conversation with Dutton. Further investigation in Bunter's study was unavoidably postponed!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Asks For More!

BILLY BUNTER stopped at his Form-master's door and tapped. While Arthur Carter was rooting in Bunter's study, for the loot that he suspected to be concealed there, Billy Bunter was on his way to Mr. Quelch's study with that loot in his pocket, to hand over to Quelch.

After what had happened in third school that morning, Bunter was not anxious to see his Form-master again until he had to. Still, he had to get rid of that beastly bag he had picked up in Friar's Wood. Moreover, he nourished a hope that Quelch, when he learned that Bunter really had something important to tell him, would relent and let him off that putrid paper on Roman history, which hung over Bunter's fat head like the sword of Damocles.

So here was Bunter, ready to hand over that bag, with a special request to Quelch to mention his name when it was passed on to the police—so that it might have come back to the finder if there was no claimant.

Having tapped, Bunter opened the door. He rolled in.

Then he snorted.

Quelch was not there!

Generally, but not always, Quelch went to his study after dismissing the Remove. This time he hadn't done so. It was just like the beast to waste Bunter's valuable time like this! If Bunter had known that he wasn't there, Bunter wouldn't have come! Now he had come—for nothing!

Jawing in Common-room with the other old jossers, Bunter supposed! Beaks jawed an awful lot! Coker of the Fifth had been heard to say that when the beaks got together in Common-room, they cackled like a lot of old hens. Coker was right—they did! It was very annoying to Bunter! If Quelch was jawing in Common-room, ten to one he would go on jawing till the dinner-bell rang—so it was of no use for Bunter to wait for him.

He turned to leave the study.

But he stopped.

His eyes gleamed behind his spectacles!

Quelch not being present, this was an unlooked-for opportunity! The beast had swiped him in third school—Bunter still felt painful twinges! If only he had known that Quelch wasn't there, he would have brought some tacks to put in his armchair!

But there were other things that a fellow could do, who found himself alone and unsuspected in a Form-master's study! Bunter proceeded to do them, with a fat grin on his podgy face.

There was a bottle of gum on the table. Taking out the cork, the fat Owl proceeded to pour the gum into the inkpot.

It was rather unfortunate for Bunter that Mr. Quelch was not, as he supposed jawing with the other beaks in Common-room! Mr. Quelch had, in point of fact, merely stepped into the French master's study to speak to Monsieur Charpentier about the time for the French class that afternoon. Having done so, he stepped out again and entered his own study.

The effect on Mr. Quelch, as he saw the fat and cheerful Owl pouring the gum into his inkpot, was startling.

"Bunter!" roared Mr. Quelch.

"Oh crikey!"

Bunter jumped.

The gum-bottle dropped from his fat fingers. It thudded on the table and rolled. As the cork was out, its contents naturally exuded, in a trickling stream over Mr. Quelch's papers.

"Boy!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

He strode across the study and grabbed the rolling gum-bottle. He righted it—half-empty! The other half of the gum was equally divided between the inkpot and the papers on the table.

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, you—you—you—Hand me that cane, Bunter!"

"Oh, jiminy!"

"Hand me that cane!" hooted Mr. Quelch. "Upon my word, I have never heard of such audacity! After your conduct in the Form-room this morning, you have deliberately come to my study to play this foolish, insensate trick—"

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I came to—to speak to you, sir—"

The fat Owl fervently wished that he had not seized that golden opportunity of paying out Quelch for the swipes in the Form-room! But he wished that rather too late!

"Silence! Hand me that cane!"

Without waiting for Bunter to hand him the cane, Quelch reached across the table and grabbed it. He flourished it in the air.

"Now, Bunter—"

"I—I—I say—I—I—I—"

"You need say nothing, Bunter! You will bend over that table! At once!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "I shall make you understand, Bunter, that you cannot come to your Form-master's study, in his absence, and play such insensate pranks!"

"I—I didn't, sir!" wailed the unhappy Owl. "I—I came to speak to you, sir—to tell you about a bag—"

"A bag! Nonsense! Bend over that table this instant!"

"I really did, sir! I—"

"Will you bend over that table, Bunter, or do you desire me to take you by the collar?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh crikey!"

Bunter did not desire his Form-master to take him by the collar. In the lowest of spirits, he bent over the table.

What followed was harrowing.

Bunter had had three swipes in third school, and was still feeling the twinges of the same. Now he had six—and every one was hard! To Quelch, just then, Bunter seemed quite incorrigible! After having been caned for having deliberately wasted his Form-master's time in the Form-room, he had sneaked into the study in his Form-master's absence, to play this foolish and miserable trick—putting gum in the inkpot! Quelch felt that this was a time to be

severe! He was severe enough—too much so, in Bunter's opinion.

He laid on that six as if he fancied that he was beating carpet! Loud and lamentable howls rang from the study. But the cane ceased to swipe at last!

"Now go!" rapped Mr. Quelch wrathfully.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"If I find you in my study again, Bunter—"

"Wow! Wow! Ow!"

"... I shall take you to your headmaster! Bear that in mind!"

"Ow! Wow! Ow! Yow!"

"Go!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Bunter scuttled out of the study. Mr. Quelch looked like beginning again! Bunter did not want him to begin again!

Until the bell rang for dinner, Billy Bunter was busily occupied in wriggling like an eel and twisting like a corkscrew. He was still moaning when he went into Hall to dinner. And he sat very uncomfortably at the festive board.

As for that wretched bag in his pocket, Bunter had forgotten that. He was not likely to think of that, with six swipes from Quelch to think of! Indeed, in such a state of woe and anguish, he hardly thought that he could tackle even his dinner.

But on that point Bunter found that he was in error. He wriggled and he mumbled—but his attack on the food-stuffs was as deadly as ever!

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Worth Watching!

"GATHER round!" said Bob Cherry. "Coker's worth watching!"

"Oh, bother Coker!" said Johnny Bull.

"My dear chap, I tell you he's worth watching! Coker's always worth watching with a Soccer ball! Gather round!"

Quite a number of fellows were gathering round—sharing Bob's opinion that Coker of the Fifth was worth watching with a Soccer ball. Most of them gathered, however, at a safe distance. Nobody knew where a football was likely to go when Horace Coker kicked it—Coker least of all.

Coker glanced round, apparently a little surprised at the general interest in his proceedings. Still, he did not mind. All Greyfriars was welcome to see Coker take that shot, if so disposed. Coker had no objection to letting the whole school see what a wonderful man he was with a Soccer ball. Indeed, he rather liked an audience.

He saw no reason, however, for grinning. Other fellows, evidently did, for there was a grin on every face.

"Like this!" said Coker.

Coker was just going to show Potter and Greene a shot. It was rather a difficult shot, but that was really all the better, as its success would display Coker's uncommon powers. It was rather a lark to knock a fellow's hat off with a footer from a distance of about thirty feet—the sort of lark that appealed to Coker's rather Brobdingnagian sense of humour.

Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth Form was standing about that distance away. Cecil Reginald was sporting a silk topper. That topper gleamed in the sun, shining from afar like the white plume of Navarre in olden times. He was glancing carelessly towards Coker, unaware of Horace's playful but deadly intention.

Had he been aware of it, he would

probably not have been alarmed for his topper. For whithersoever that footer went, it was unlikely to be propelled in the direction intended by Coker; to any other point of the compass it might whiz, but not to that particular point.

There were plenty of good footballers at Greyfriars who could not have brought off that shot even with their best shooting boots on, but Coker of the Fifth had no doubt that he could do it; Coker never had any doubt that he could do things.

"Keep an eye on me," added Coker rather irritably. "What are you getting behind me for, you fatheads?"

Potter and Greene did not answer that question, but it elicited a chortle from the fellows gathering round. The fact was that when Coker kicked a footer the only safe place was behind Coker. Even Coker was not likely to drop it just behind him.

"Now look!" said Coker.

He glanced at Temple, who was staring at him; he calculated the distance and the wind carefully—and kicked.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

Coker blinked.

After all his careful calculations his foot had barely grazed the ball and only caused it to roll gently about a yard; it rolled into a puddle and stayed there.

"Oh!" said Coker.

"Fine!" said Potter heartily.

This was sarcasm—but sarcasm was wasted on Coker of the Fifth.

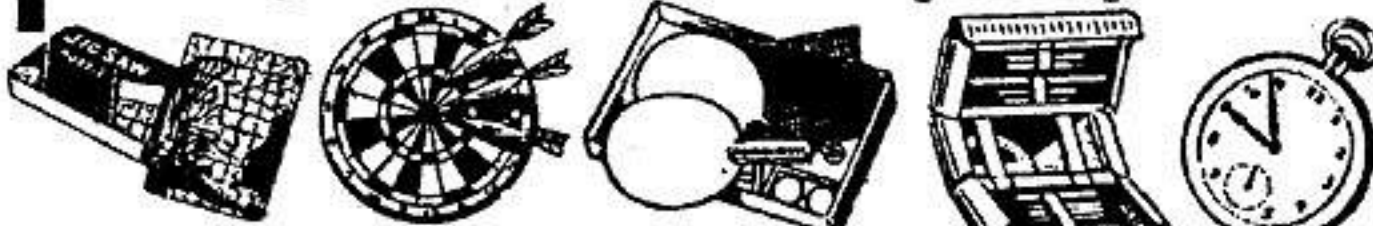
"Don't be an ass, Potter!" he said. "What do you mean? I haven't taken the kick yet. Wait a minute."

"Didn't I tell you men that Coker was worth watching?" asked Bob.

Harry Wharton laughed.

(Continued on next page.)

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"You did," he agreed. "Well worth it, too! Will Coker sit on the ball next shot, or will he sit in that puddle?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now then!" said Coker. "Watch!"

He extracted the ball from the puddle. It was wet and slippery. He placed it with care and did his calculations over again. Temple of the Fourth, still unaware of danger, gazed at him from afar. Other fellows gazed at him, nearer at hand. All were prepared to dodge.

Coker's long leg performed remarkable gymnastics, and his large foot smote the ball. This time it was a good smite. He got that ball good and hard. It shot through the air like a bullet.

Temple of the Fourth remained unconscious of danger. For a fraction of a second the onlookers wondered where that ball was going. After that brief space of time a frantic yell from Bob Cherry announced where it had gone.

Bob Cherry staggered, stumbled, and rolled over—landing in the puddle in which Coker's ball had reposed a minute or two ago.

Splash!

The ball rolled beside him.

Bob's face was smothered with mud from the ball. As he was standing at right angles from Coker it was really puzzling how Coker had got him fair and square on the nose with that Soccer ball. But that was what Coker had done; and Bob Cherry sat up in the puddle and clasped a hand to a damaged nose and roared. There was a general roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh!" gasped Coker. "Oh, my hat! Oh!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Greeno.

"Oh crikey!" gurgled Potter.

"Yooo-hooooo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Oh scissors! You mad ass! Look what you've done! Oh, you potty chump! Ooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Worth watching, old chap—what?" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"The worthfulness was terrific, my esteemed Bob!" chortled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ow! My nose! Ow! I'm soaked! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think the ball slipped," said Coker in explanation. "It was wet. Don't make that silly row, Cherry. Chuck that footer over here, will you?"

Bob Cherry staggered up. His face was smothered with mud, his trousers dripped from the muddy puddle. Bob was badly in want of a wash and a change; but he chucked over the ball, as Coker requested—at least, he kicked it over.

Bob was rather a better kick at goal than Horace Coker. He might not have been able to knock Temple's topper off at thirty feet with the ball, but he could land it in a face that was only three yards away—and he did!

Squash!

"Goal!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was Coker's turn to sit down. He sat down suddenly with a muddy, astonished face, the ball coming to rest on his knees. There was a howl of laughter.

"Oooogh!" gasped Coker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Leaving Coker in that state of muddy astonishment, Bob Cherry tramped off to the House to ask leave to go up to the dormitory for the change he needed. Coker tottered up.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,569.

"Clumsy young ass!" he gasped. "Jevver see such a clumsy little idiot?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm all muddy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to snigger at!" roared Coker. "Now, look here! It will be all right this time. Just watch!"

But nobody stayed to watch. Coker's audience melted away on the spot. Even Potter and Greene deserted their pal. Coker might be worth watching with a Soccer ball, but after Bob Cherry's experience the other fellows deemed it only prudent to get out of the danger zone. Like the guests in "Macbeth," they stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Catching Carter!

ARTHUR CARTER closed the door of the Remove dormitory without a sound and stood within that apartment; he listened for a few moments.

But there was no sound from the passage outside. No eye had fallen on him as he crept up the dormitory stairs.

There was a distinct rule on that subject at Greyfriars. No fellow was allowed to go up to the dormitories in the daytime without special leave asked from a master.

That rule was being calmly disregarded by Carter, at the risk of a caning if he was spotted. But he was extremely careful not to be spotted—and he was, in fact, glad that the rule was strict. That made it all the more unlikely that he would be interrupted; and he assuredly did not want to be seen going through Billy Bunter's box.

Convinced that Miss Bullivant's bag and cash were in Bunter's possession—as, indeed, they were—Carter had set himself the task of getting at proof. Once he had proof, all was serene for Carter.

But searching another fellow's belongings was not an easy matter. In Bunter's study he had been interrupted by one of Bunter's studymates, which was a chance he had had to take. Still, he was fairly satisfied with his search of Study No. 7 so far as it had gone. The plunder was not in Bunter's desk in that study, so it was unlikely to be there at all.

Bunter's box in the dormitory was his next objective. If it was not there, he would have to conclude that the fat Owl was carrying it about him, in his pocket. That seemed less likely than the box.

Having satisfied himself that he was safe in the dorm, Carter cut across to Bunter's bed, at the foot of which stood his box.

He lifted the lid and proceeded to go through that box with the meticulous keenness of a searching detective.

He could afford to take his time. No fellow was likely to come up to the dormitory, in view of the strict rule that Carter was disregarding. Few fellows were in the House at all in the interval between dinner and class on a fine spring day; it was nearly an hour yet to class, so Carter had plenty of time and no fear of interruption.

Bunter's box was in the same untidy state as Bunter's other possessions. Exhortations from the House dame had never had the effect of making Bunter keep his things tidy.

Even that was all to the good, from Carter's point of view, as it caused no traces to be left of his search. Other fellows might have noticed that their

things had been disturbed. Things in a higgledy-piggledy state might be disturbed without leaving a clue.

For twenty minutes Carter searched.

His search was thorough. He was not blind to the fact that Bunter might have got rid of the bag, and kept only its contents. Such small objects as coin or currency notes could have been concealed in a very small space. He could not afford to overlook the inside of a shoe, the interior of a folded shirt or a sock.

At the end of twenty minutes Bunter's box was in a rather more higgledy-piggledy state than before, but Carter had found no trace of plunder.

He stared savagely into the box.

Was even that fat fool fool enough to keep the loot on him? It began to look like it. He had not yet started spending the money. Carter and a good many other fellows would have noticed it had Bunter started splashing money about. Very likely he would wait for an opportunity of spending it outside the school. That, Carter thought, was most probable. Anyhow, he still had it. But where? In his pockets? Was even Bunter fool enough for that?

Carter continued his search.

He was almost sure by this time that the loot was not in the box; but he was going to make absolutely sure. He rooted and rooted among shirts and socks and other such articles.

Deep in his search, angry and determined, and with no fear of interruption, he did not look round when the dormitory door opened. Happily unaware of Horace Coker's performances with a Soccer ball, he did not know that a Remove fellow had asked leave from Quelch to go up to the dormitory and change.

Bob Cherry, of course, did not expect to find anybody in the Remove dormitory, and was not thinking of anything of the kind. But as he opened the door he had a sudden full and surprising view of a fellow's back as he leaned over an open box.

Bob stared at him.

He could only see the fellow's back, but he knew that it was Carter. Also he knew that it was not his own box over which Carter was bending. Carter's bed was several beds away from Bunter's; in fact, Bob could see Carter's name from where he stood on the closed lid of Carter's own box.

Bob stood still, staring, with gathering wrath on his brow. That scheming rotter was meddling with another fellow's box. The next moment he knew that it was Bunter's box with which Carter was meddling.

He breathed hard and deep.

Ever since he had known of the young schemer's campaign against the fatuous Owl, Bob had stood up for Bunter, and several times he had put paid to Carter's trickeries. But it was not Bob's way to watch a fellow, and generally he forgot Carter's existence when he was out of sight. It was by sheer chance that he had caught him now.

Grimmer and grimmer grew Bob's brow as he stood and looked at Carter's back. He made no sound. He just stood and watched.

What rotten trick Carter might be playing with Bunter's box he did not know, but it very soon dawned on him that Carter was searching the box.

Apparently he suspected that there was something there that did not belong to Bunter. Carter was the fellow to suspect such things.

Bob set his lips hard.

Had he not caught sight of Carter he would have tramped into the



Billy Bunter was riding merrily along, when his front wheel came in contact with the cord stretched across the footpath. "Urrgh! Oh crikey! What—what—oh crumbs! Urrgh!" he gurgled, as his bike suddenly curled up and he shot from the saddle.

dormitory with his usual noisy tread. Now he did not make a sound. He stepped on tiptoe towards Carter, and stopped behind him.

Then he drew back his right foot.

Carter, bending over the box just in front of him, was well placed for a kick. That, Bob considered, was exactly what he wanted for rooting through another fellow's belongings. That was what he was going to get—hard!

Bob's foot shot out.

Thud!

It was quite a crash. It was rather a large size in feet that landed on Carter's trousers, and it landed rather like a battering-ram.

Carter uttered a startled, anguished howl, and pitched headlong forward. Head and shoulders crashed into the box.

"That's for you, you spying cur!" said Bob Cherry.

Carter yelled.

He sprawled and floundered in the box, yelling and spluttering. Then he squirmed out and stared round at Bob.

"You!" he gasped.

"Little me, you worm!" said Bob scornfully. "What are you spying into Bunter's box for, you toad?"

Carter, wriggling with anguish from that hefty kick, wriggled away from him. His face was almost convulsed with rage.

He had counted on being perfectly safe at such a time of day in the dormitory, and he had been caught in the act by the very last fellow he would have wished to spot him. Bob's muddy state showed why he had come up to the dormitory—a chance against which the schemer of the Remove could not possibly have guarded. And with all his keenness and cunning he did not understand that there is always some chance

or other cropping up to disarrange the most astute schemes of rascality.

"Shut that box!" snapped Bob.

Carter panted with rage.

"Mind your own business!" he hissed.

"Shut that box!" repeated Bob, with a note in his voice rather like the growl of a bear, and Carter, gritting his teeth, shut it.

"Now get out!"

"I'll please myself about that!" snarled Carter.

"You won't!" answered Bob. "You'll get out, and I'm going to boot you till you're gone!"

"You cheeky fool——"

Carter broke off as Bob strode at him. It was, after all, useless to remain, now that he was discovered, and he was not prepared to argue the matter out with the heftiest fighting-man in the Remove. Neither, certainly, did he want to draw attention to the fact that he was in the dormitory without leave. He gave Bob a glare of hatred and cut for the door. Bob cut after him.

Carter reached the door as Bob's boot reached Carter.

Arthur Carter went out with a whiz, and sprawled in the passage with a wild howl.

Bob slammed the door on him.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Makes a Discovery!

"THE Bull?" said Billy Bunter.

"Yes."

"Oh!" said Bunter thoughtfully.

The Remove had come out after French with Mossoo. Four members of the Co. were thinking of a spot of football practice. One member thought it a good idea to bike over to Cliff House

and inquire whether Miss Bullivant had yet recovered her lost bag.

It was Bob Cherry who had that idea. His friends smiled when he propounded it, and Bob coloured when they smiled.

All the Co., of course, hoped that the Bull had found her lost bag, so far as they thought about the matter at all. But only Bob Cherry thought of biking over to Cliff House to make a polite inquiry. And, without being unduly suspicious, his friends could not help thinking that Bob was less interested in Miss Bullivant's lost bag, and the recovery thereof, than in a member of the Fourth Form at Cliff House whom he might chance to meet if he biked over.

Billy Bunter was hovering round the Co.—not so much because he delighted in their agreeable society, as because he knew that Harry Wharton had had a remittance that day, and was intending to raise the topic of a small loan to tide a fellow over till his postal order came.

Bunter found himself unexpectedly interested in their conversation, however.

The mention of a bag lost by Miss Bullivant could scarcely fail to enlighten the fat Owl as to the ownership of the bag parked in his inside pocket.

That bag Bunter intended to take to Mr. Quelch as soon as he had settled the more urgent matter of a small loan out of Wharton's remittance. Twice he had tried to get rid of that bag and failed; but no doubt third time would be lucky. He intended to wait till he saw Quelch go to his study, and then walk in with the bag in his hand, which would settle that matter.

Now, however, other ideas began to work in the fat and fatuous intellect of William George Bunter.

If that bag belonged to the games mistress at Cliff House there was no

need to hand it over to Quelch. He could take it back to Miss Bullivant. If he was sure of the owner, obviously the best thing to do was to hand it over to the owner, and this might produce certain advantages for the finder.

There were seven pounds in the bag in pound and ten-shilling notes. Seven pounds was a lot of money, and the Bull would be jolly glad to get it back. Could she do less than tip the finder one of the ten-shilling notes?

Hardly, Bunter thought. True, Miss Bullivant might fancy that a Public school man was above accepting a tip for his services. If so, a hint from Bunter would soon set her right on that point!

Bunter did not see why he should have the trouble of finding the Bull's bag for her, and carting it about, for nothing! He was quite prepared to reveal his views on that point to the Bull.

"I say, you fellows, how do you know the Bull lost a bag?" asked Bunter. He wanted to be sure of his ground; and this was the first he had heard of Miss Bullivant's loss.

"Because I looked for it for her, fat-head!" answered Bob. "She dropped it on the footpath in Friardale Wood yesterday."

"Oh!" said Bunter again. "After all, it's only civil to run across and ask her whether she's found it," went on Bob, addressing his friends. "Might ask her how she is, too! She had rather a nasty tumble over that cord on the footpath, you know."

Four smiles broadened. "Oh!" said Bunter, for the third time. "Was that how she came to lose the bag?"

"Yes, ass—don't keep on jawing! I think I'll go—it's only civil!" said Bob. "The Bull's not a bad sort."

"Quite a good idea," assented Harry Wharton, closing on eye at his friends. "The Bull's quite a good sort, and we're all fearfully anxious about her bag, and her nose, too! By the way, Marjorie mentioned yesterday—"

"Who's talking about Marjorie?" demanded Bob gruffly.

"I am! She mentioned yesterday that Miss Bellow was taking the Fourth out for a Form walk after class to-day, and—"

"Did—did she?"

"Yes; she happened to mention it while you were in the cycle shop."

"Oh!" said Bob.

"Well, cut off, old man—and give our kind regards to Miss Bullivant!" said the captain of the Remove.

"Do!" said Frank Nugent, grinning.

"Let's know if she's found her bag!" said Johnny Bull.

"And the latest news of the terrific damage to her absurd and inestimable nose!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh solemnly.

Bob looked rather uncertainly at his friends. The discovery that Marjorie would be out on a Form walk, and therefore out of the picture, seemed to have damped down his desire to put in those polite inquiries regarding Miss Bullivant's bag and damages.

"Well, look here," said Bob, at last, "after all, there's the Rookwood match almost due—on the whole, I think perhaps a spot of footer—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled his friends. "What are you sniggering at?" roared Bob.

Without explaining what they were sniggering at, the four started for changing-room.

Bob Cherry followed them there. Polite inquiries of Miss Bullivant were postponed—doubtless till some occasion

when Marjorie Hazeldene was not out on a Form walk.

Billy Bunter blinked after them, as they went thoughtfully. In the stress of the new and bright idea that had germinated in his fat brain, he had even forgotten to raise the question of that small loan out of Wharton's remittance. A ten-shilling note seemed, to Bunter, practically a certainty—and there was a sporting chance of a pound note! Bunter knew now that the bag was Miss Bullivant's, and he was going to lose no time.

If there was nobody about the bike-shed he would borrow a bike—if there was he would walk it—it was worth the walk. Having finally settled that matter in his fat mind, Bunter was about to start, when a sharp voice was audible from the study window.

"Bunter!"

"Oh lor'!"

Bunter blinked round at his Form-master. Mr. Quelch frowned at him. "I have prepared your Roman history paper, Bunter! You should have come to my study for it, as you know perfectly well."

"Oh crikey!" groaned Bunter.

He had forgotten all about that putrid history paper. Quelch hadn't! Quelch had a better memory for such things than Bunter!

"Come to my study at once, Bunter!"

With deep feelings, Bunter rolled into the House, and made his way to his Form-master's study. Mr. Quelch pointed to a paper on the table.

"You may take that, Bunter—"

"Yes, sir! But—"

"I shall expect that paper before preparation this evening, Bunter."

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Unless it is satisfactory, Bunter, I shall cane you. I warn you," said Mr. Quelch grimly, "to take care with that history paper, Bunter."

"Oh! Yes, sir! I—I like history, sir—especially Roman history! But—"

"You may go, Bunter!"

"But, I say, sir—"

"Go!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I was going out, sir—"

"If you go out of gates before you have finished that paper, Bunter, I shall report you to your headmaster for a flogging."

"Oh lor'!"

Billy Bunter walked off with his history paper. That paper kept the fat Owl very busy till after lock-up. The restoration of the lost bag to its owner, and the receipt of a "tip" from that grateful owner had to be left over till the morrow!

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

All Clear for Carter!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were fast asleep that night when a shadow stirred in the Remove dormitory.

Eleven o'clock had chimed from the clock tower; at which hour no one was likely to be awake in the Lower Fourth.

One, however, was wide awake; and as he stepped from his bed Arthur Carter was careful to make no sound to awaken the others.

Softly, in the still silence and darkness he approached the bed from which proceeded the deep and resonant snore of William George Bunter.

He did not need to ascertain whether Bunter was asleep! Bunter's snore announced the fact only too plainly.

Carter stopped at the bedside, where the fat Owl's clothes sprawled over a chair. A tiny gleam came from a small

flash-lamp in his hand. It gleamed on Bunter's untidy garments.

This was Carter's opportunity of ascertaining whether Bunter carried the plunder in his pockets. He had little doubt of it after his search of Study No. 7 and the box in the dormitory, and now he was going to make sure, by the evidence of his own eyesight.

Bunter snored—the other fellows slept peacefully; Carter was safe this time. In the study, Tom Dutton had come in, and he had collected punches—in the dormitory in the day-time, Bob Cherry had happened on the scene, and he had collected kicks; but at this late hour there was no eye to see, and no ear to hear!

By the gleam of the flash-lamp, he picked up Bunter's jacket. Shutting off the light, he proceeded to run his hands through the pockets. He did not need a light for that process.

He barely suppressed an exclamation as his fingers came in contact with leather in the inside pocket!

His heart beat faster! He had been certain of it—but this palpable proof that his suspicions were well-founded, startled him a little. It seemed almost too good to be true.

It was not, he knew, Bunter's own wallet. It was too large for that. But he was going to make assurance doubly sure, by examining it. He could not be too sure, considering what was to follow.

He drew the leather article out; and the flash-lamp gleamed on it in the darkness. It was a woman's handbag—small but unmistakable; of plain thin leather, with a strap for the wrist. That was proof positive; but Carter opened it and looked inside. His eyes glittered at the bunch of currency notes.

He shut the bag and shut off the light. In the dark, his eyes gleamed like a cat's, with malicious satisfaction.

He was sure now!

Bunter had that bag! He was even a greater fool than Carter had supposed him to be, for he was keeping the bag as well as the plunder inside, instead of having thrown it away like a more astute fellow would have done!

He was idiot enough to carry, in his pocket, a bag which obviously could not belong to a schoolboy, and which any fellow would have noticed at once had it happened to be revealed!

Carter slipped the bag back into the pocket where he had found it. He had only wanted to know whether it was there—and now he knew!

Silently he crept back to bed.

Billy Bunter snored on in happy unconsciousness. Carter slipped into his bed, and grinned into the darkness as he laid his head on his pillow again.

He knew now! It was not a matter of surmise or suspicion! He knew, from the evidence of his own eyes, that Bunter had the missing bag! That Bunter intended to hand it back to its owner, Carter did not suspect, and would not have believed had he been told. Why should he have kept it so long if that was his intention?

Carter did not even think of it as a possibility! He would have been greatly surprised had he learned of Bunter's two vain attempts to pass that bag on to Mr. Quelch—and of Bunter's intention to trot over to Cliff House with it that very day, had not Quelch and the Roman history paper intervened!

No such idea occurred to Carter! Bunter had the bag with the money in it; he had kept it since early the previous afternoon; and more proof than that Carter did not want. All was

clear now; the facts were there, and it was only necessary to bring them to light. There was going to be a surprise in the Remove to-morrow, when Bunter's guilt was blazoned all over the school.

Even Bob Cherry, who had always stood up for Bunter, could have nothing to say. Bob, indeed, would be the first to turn him down, when he knew what he had done!

Carter's eyes closed, at last, and he slept—dreaming, perhaps, of the good news he was going to have for his legal friend, Mr. Gideon Gooch; and of the crash of all Bunter's hopes in the direction of old Joseph Carter! His plans were all cut and dried; only waiting for the actual evidence that Bunter had the loot, before he carried them out.

He turned out with a smile on his face when the rising-bell clanged in the morning. It was going to be a satisfactory day to the schemer of the Remove.

Billy Bunter was also looking cheerful when he turned out. It was going to be a satisfactory day to Bunter, also!

Carter glanced at the fat junior, with a sardonic smile. He grinned as he noted that Bunter slipped a fat paw into his inside pocket, as if to make sure that something was there.

Bunter had forgotten that bag once—but he was not forgetting it again! He was going to hand that bag over to the Bull at the earliest possible moment, and receive—he hoped—a certain ten-bob note, and a possible pound! That happy prospect was more than enough to keep it in Bunter's mind.

Billy Bunter rolled cheerfully down from the dormitory with the Remove.

Arthur Carter did not join the crowd of fellows streaming out into the windy quad.

When the bell rang for prayers, Carter was not with the rest.

It was lines for cutting preppers; but that was a matter of small moment. During prayers it was possible for a fellow to borrow a telephone without danger of being spotted.

Carter reappeared from nowhere, as it were, and stepped coolly into Mr. Quelch's study—now vacant for ten minutes at least.

He shut the door, took the receiver from the telephone, and rang up Cliff House School.

"Can I speak to Miss Bullivant, please?"

"Who is speaking?"

"I am speaking from Greyfriars! I can tell Miss Bullivant about the bag she lost on Wednesday in Friardale Wood. It has been found," said Carter.

He had no intention of giving his name. He had no desire to appear in the matter personally; and certainly he did not desire any Greyfriars fellow to learn of the peculiar methods by which he had spotted Bunter. No doubt it was any fellow's duty to prevent a thief from keeping his plunder; but spying into a fellow's pockets while he was asleep was not a thing of which even Carter wished to boast!

"He had said enough to bring Miss Bullivant to the telephone, and that was all he wanted.

"Wait a moment, please!" came the voice from Cliff House.

Carter had to wait several moments. Then the strong, decided voice of the Bull came through.

"What is it? You have found my bag—"

"No! I can tell you who has found it. Miss Bullivant," answered Carter.

"It is here, at Greyfriars."

"Who is speaking?"

"A Greyfriars boy! The bag was picked up in the wood by a fellow here, who has kept it—"

"What?"

"I will describe the bag to you—plain thin leather, about six inches long, with a rather loose strap—a handkerchief and a number of currency notes, both ten-shilling and pound notes, inside. Is that your bag, ma'am?"

"That is certainly my bag! But who—"

"I have seen it here, in the possession of a boy named Bunter, of the Remove. I thought it was my duty to tell you, before he begins to spend the money."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Bull.

"I saw the bag by accident," went on Carter calmly, "and seeing that it was a woman's handbag, I knew that it could not be Bunter's—and having heard the fellows talking about you losing a bag on Wednesday, I guessed whose it was. If it is your bag, madam—"

"There is no doubt that it is my bag, from your description. But—"

"Bunter was in Friardale Wood on Wednesday afternoon. He fell off a bicycle where a cord had been tied across the footpath. Perhaps that was where you lost your bag, madam."

"That was the exact spot where I lost my bag! But who is speaking? What—"

"Someone is calling me," said Carter, and he replaced the receiver before Miss Bullivant could say any more.

Ten minutes later Carter duly received the sharp edge of Mr. Quelch's tongue, and fifty lines, for having failed to appear at prayers. Neither worried him very much. He had a smiling face at breakfast.

There was no doubt that Miss Bullivant would call at Greyfriars that day—indeed, she was likely to blow in very early. An astonished Quelch would learn, with horror and dismay, that her missing bag was in the possession of a member of his Form—Bunter would be sent for, with the bag in his pocket—and that would be that! Old Joseph Carter was going to get Bunter's report that term, and judge Bunter's merits by that document! Carter smiled at the thought of that report!

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

No Leave for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER blinked at his Form-master, at the breakfast-table, several times, with an attentive and inquiring blink.

Quelch was not always in his best temper at brekker; and a good deal depended on Quelch's temper just then.

If the old bean was in anything like a good temper, Bunter was going to ask him for leave to go over to Cliff House before class.

In that case, if he got leave, Bunter would touch his reward, if any, at the earliest moment—in time for a visit to the tuckshop in break, which was important. Likewise he would be able to spin out the trip to a length which would enable him to get out of most, if not all, of first school. This, of course, was a consummation devoutly to be wished!

He noted, with disappointment, that Quelch looked rather grumpy, to begin with. But Quelch improved—as he often did—as breakfast proceeded! By the time the meal was over, Quelch was in as good a temper as could be expected of a beak! So Bunter decided

to risk it. After all, Quelch couldn't bite his head off—he could only say "no" at the worst.

So when the Greyfriars fellows went out, Bunter rolled after Mr. Quelch to his study.

"May I speak to you, sir?" he asked.

"You may," said Mr. Quelch, "but be brief, Bunter! What is it?" Quelch was accustomed to put in ten minutes with his newspaper, after breakfast, and he did not seem disposed to waste many of the ten on that member of his Form. He glanced at Bunter with impatient inquiry, over the summit of "The Times."

"Mum-mum-mum—" began Bunter.

"What?"

"Mum-mum-may I have leave out of gates, sir, before class?"

"No!"

That was discouraging. But Bunter was a sticker. Quelch had dropped his eyes to his newspaper, apparently expecting Bunter to vanish on the spot. Bunter did not vanish.

"If you please, sir, it's rather important," he went on. "I'm afraid Miss Bullivant may be anxious about her purse."

Mr. Quelch lowered "The Times."

"Miss Bullivant—purse?" he repeated. "What do you mean, Bunter?"

"Miss Bullivant lost her purse on Wednesday, sir—I mean her bag—wrist-bag, sir, and I picked it up—"

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "You picked up a purse on Wednesday, Bunter, and you make no mention of it till Friday. What does this mean?"

"I never knew it was Miss Bullivant's till yesterday afternoon, sir, when I heard some fellows mention that she had lost her bag!" explained Bunter. "I was going over with it, sir, but you called me back—"

"That does not explain, Bunter, why you kept it in your possession until that time!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "You should have taken it to the police station if you did not know the owner; or handed it to me as your Form-master."

"You wouldn't let me, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"What? You have not mentioned the matter to me, Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I tried to, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I tried to tell you in the Form-room yesterday, sir—I forgot it on Wednesday, but I found it in my pocket on Thursday, sir, and I was going to tell you, in the Form-room, only—only—"

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch. He recalled Bunter's antics in third school the previous day. "And why did you not do so, Bunter?"

"Mum—mum—mum—"

"What?"

"Mum—mum—Mauly was there, sir, and—and he might have guessed that I'd had his bike, and—and—not that I had it on Wednesday, sir, but Mum—Mauly might have thought I—I had—"

"You utterly absurd boy!" said Mr. Quelch, crossly. "You should have brought the purse to me here, in my study."

"I—I did, sir—"

"What?"

"Only you whopped me, sir—" gasped Bunter.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "I think I remember that you made some mention of a bag! You utterly foolish boy—"

"You wouldn't let me tell you, sir!" gasped Bunter, "and then I found out that it was the Bull's bag—"

"The what?"

"I—I mean Miss Bullivant's, sir! I didn't mean the Bull, sir! I—I never call her the Bull, as some of the fellows do—" stammered Bunter. "I—I heard Bob saying that the Bull—I mean Miss Bullivant—had lost her bag on the footpath, so I knew then, and—"

"You foolish, thoughtless, stupid boy!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "You have kept this article in your possession for nearly two days! You might have been suspected of dishonest intentions."

Bunter jumped.

"Eh?" he stuttered.

"Cannot you see, Bunter, that keeping a purse which you had found, for two days, might have caused such a suspicion, in a suspicious mind at all events?"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

Evidently that alarming thought had never crossed the fat mind of the Owl of the Remove.

"Such crass stupidity—" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"But I—I—I didn't!" gasped Bunter. "I—I wasn't—I—I mean, I never! I haven't touched it, sir! I wouldn't! The seven pounds are still in it, sir! You dud—dud—don't think I'd touch them, sir! Oh crikey!"

"Seven pounds!" said Mr. Quelch. "You have kept that purse for two days, with seven pounds in it! Such unexampled obtuseness—"

"Oh lor'! I wouldn't touch them, sir!" wailed Bunter. "I—I—I hope you don't think, sir—"

"I am aware, Bunter, that your conduct is simply due to your usual extraordinary stupidity!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "I remember that you mentioned a bag, when I caned you for your foolish trick in this study yesterday. But—"

"I'm going to take it straight over to Cliff House, sir, if you'll give me leave out of gates!" said Bunter, eagerly. "Miss Bullivant will be glad to have it back, sir, and now I know it's hers—"

"You may place it on the table, Bunter."

"I—I'd like to take it to the Bull—I mean Miss Bullivant, sir, if—if you don't mind. I—I could get back in time for class—of course, I wasn't thinking of getting out of class, sir—"

"There is no need for you to take the bag to Miss Bullivant," said Mr. Quelch. "Neither, after your extraordinary stupidity, Bunter, could I think of allowing it to remain in your keeping one moment longer."

"But—but I—I'd like to—to hand it to Miss Bullivant, sir! I'm not thinking about a reward, or anything of that kind, sir."

"Wha-a-t?"

"I—I—I just want to—to relieve her mind, sir! I shouldn't accept a ten-bob note if she offered it, sir!"

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, place that bag on my table this instant, or I shall cane you!"

"Oh crikey!"

"This instant!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Slowly, reluctantly, Bunter extracted the bag from his inside pocket. But he seemed unable to part with it. The certain ten-bob note, and the possible pound, seemed to be vanishing from his vision like a beautiful dream! Bunter had not foreseen anything like this, when he came to ask Quelch for leave! He really might have—but he hadn't!

"If—if you won't give me leave out of gates, sir—"

"I—I certainly shall not, Bunter!"

"Then—then may I—I take the bag over after class, sir?" asked Bunter. "I—I—I should really like to hand it to Miss Bullivant personally, sir."

"You may place the bag this instant on my table, Bunter, and leave my study. Otherwise I shall cane you."

Plump went the Bull's bag on the table. Billy Bunter turned to the door, dispiritedly. If that bag was handed back to the Bull by Quelch, Bunter's hope of a reward vanished. Quelch, it was quite certain, would not stipulate for a reward for the finder! At the door, Bunter hesitated, casting a longing blink at the bag.

"If—if you please, sir—" he stammered.

"Leave my study, Bunter."

"Yes, sir! But—"

"Take fifty lines, Bunter!"

"Oh crikey!"

Bunter left the study. But that bag seemed to have a magnetic attraction for him. He paused as he was closing the door.

"Please, sir—" he mumbled.

"Take a hundred lines, Bunter!"

"Oh! Yes, sir! But—"

"Take two hundred lines, Bunter!"

"Oh jiminy!"

Bunter shut the door!

THE TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

Lucky for Bunter!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"The Bull!"

"Chance for you to ask her about her bag, Bob—and her nose!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Fathead!" said Bob.

It was close on time for class, but the bell had not yet rung, when the famous Five spotted Miss Bullivant. The games mistress of Cliff House arrived on her bicycle, which she left at Gosling's lodge; and then started for the House with her long, vigorous strides.

Harry Wharton & Co., capped her, respectfully, from a distance. Miss Bullivant acknowledged the salute with a brief nod, and walked into the House. The juniors wondered a little why she was paying so very early a call—so did other fellows who noticed her arrival. But there was one who did not wonder. Carter of the Remove knew!

He smiled, as he watched her go into the House. He had expected her—and she had come! Now the thunderbolt was due for Bunter's fat head! The expression on the Bull's rugged face was grim.

Mr. Quelch was surprised, but rather glad, when Trotter announced the Bull! After Bunter had left his study, he had rung up Cliff House on the telephone, to inform Miss Bullivant that her bag was found, and was safe at the school. He had been told, however, that Miss Bullivant had gone out immediately after breakfast, and could only leave a message for her. Now, here was the Bull!

The Remove master rose politely as Trotter showed her in. Quelch had a good deal of respect for the Bull. Also, a young brother of hers had lately been in Quelch's Form, a youth in whom he was interested. So he was quite pleased to see her, though he could not guess why she had called so early, as

obviously she could not have received his telephoned message to Cliff House.

"Good-morning, Miss Bullivant," said Mr. Quelch. "Pray be seated! To what—"

"I fear that I have called upon a somewhat disagreeable errand, Mr. Quelch!" said the games mistress. "Probably you are unaware of the matter, unless the boy has mentioned it to you—"

"The boy?" repeated Mr. Quelch blankly.

"The boy who telephoned to me this morning!" said Miss Bullivant. "I see that the matter has not been mentioned to you!" she added, as blank astonishment sat on the countenance of Mr. Quelch.

"I—I do not quite follow, madam," said the Remove master. "Some boy telephoned to you from this school, so early in the day—"

"Yes. He did not give his name. But he informed me that a bag I lost last Wednesday was here."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "Bunter— Did Bunter telephone to you, Miss Bullivant! I fail to see why—"

"Certainly not! He was hardly likely to do so, in the circumstances," said Miss Bullivant, dryly. "Bunter's name was given to me, by the boy who telephoned, as that of the boy who found my bag and kept it."

"What?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Quelch, to give you a painful shock! I thought it best to come over immediately and clear up the matter. Perhaps you will send for the boy Bunter, and ascertain whether he has the bag."

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"From the description of the bag given by the boy who telephoned, I have no doubt that it is mine!" said the Bull. "A small, plain leather bag with a strap, containing a handkerchief, and seven pounds in currency notes. Obviously it is my bag, and equally obviously it is here, as no one who had not seen it could be acquainted with those particulars which were given to me over the telephone."

"But who—" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"The loss has been reported to the police, but I shall, of course, immediately inform them that the bag has been found as soon as it is handed to me," said Miss Bullivant. "Bunter's punishment may well be left to his headmaster."

"His—his punishment—"

"The boy who telephoned stated that Bunter had found the bag and kept it. The truth, or otherwise, of that statement may be ascertained by sending for Bunter. In any case, the bag certainly is here!" said Miss Bullivant. "Otherwise it could not have been described to me."

"Miss Bullivant—"

"I regret very much, sir, having to bring to your notice an act of dishonesty such as this," said Miss Bullivant, "but—"

"You need have no such regrets, Miss Bullivant!" said the Remove master tartly. "There has been no act of dishonesty. On the other hand, you probably owe the recovery of your property to Bunter. Had he not picked up the bag, it might very possibly have fallen into dishonest hands."

Miss Bullivant raised her eyebrows.

"If the boy Bunter has the bag, Mr. Quelch—"

"The boy Bunter," rapped Mr. Quelch, "came to me, hardly more than twenty minutes ago, to ask leave to take the bag to you at Cliff House."

"Indeed!"

"He found it on Wednesday, and would have placed it in my charge, but for a series of misunderstandings caused by his own stupidity," said Mr. Quelch. "On learning, however, that you had lost your bag, Miss Bullivant, he intended to bring it to you, and asked leave to go out of gates, as I have said, for that purpose."

"Then——"

"Is that your bag, madam?" asked Mr. Quelch. He picked up "The Times" which he had laid down—on the bag—when Miss Bullivant was announced.

Miss Bullivant glanced at the bag on the table.

"Undoubtedly!" she answered.

"Pray examine the contents, madam!" said Mr. Quelch, with a spot of sarcasm. "I think you will find them intact. The boy Bunter is stupid—indeed of a stupidity that is almost unnerving—but I have no doubt of his honesty in money matters! Pray examine the bag."

Miss Bullivant calmly did so. The contents of the bag were found to be intact. Miss Bullivant slipped it on her wrist.

"If you are satisfied, madam——" said Mr. Quelch, still sarcastic.

"I am perfectly satisfied," answered the Bull calmly. "If Bunter handed this bag to you, sir, of his own accord, obviously his intentions were not dishonest; and, having seen the boy more than once, I am quite well acquainted with his stupidity. No such suspicion would have crossed my mind had I not been informed by a Greyfriars boy that Bunter had the bag and was keeping it."

"That," said Mr. Quelch, "is a matter that I shall investigate very strictly. Some boy in my Form must have seen that bag in Bunter's possession, and drawn unjust and despicable conclusions from it. His action in telephoning to you, and practically accusing a Greyfriars boy of theft, is unpardonable. You cannot tell me his name?"

"No; as he gave no name."

"His voice, perhaps, may have been familiar——"

"Not in the least! So far as I know I had never heard it before."

Mr. Quelch set his lips.

"I shall discover him," he said, "and his punishment will be very exemplary! I shall investigate the matter without delay."

"No punishment could be too severe," said Miss Bullivant. "I could not help receiving the impression I did, from what was said to me on the telephone——"

"Oh, quite!" said Mr. Quelch.

A bell began to clang.

Miss Bullivant took her leave—and her bag—and went back to her bike.

Mr. Quelch made his way to the Remove Form Room, with his grimmest expression on his face.

But for the fact that Bunter had handed over the bag, before Miss Bullivant's arrival, the affair might have taken a very disagreeable turn—and it was all the fault of the young rascal who had seen Bunter with the bag, and drawn the worst possible conclusion from what he saw. Mr. Quelch intended, if he could, to spot that young rascal, and teach him to take more charitable views—in which instruction Quelch's stoutest cane was going to be featured!

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

WELL, chums, I've waded through my pile of letters, and there's not one word of complaint. Isn't that just grand? I'll say it is!

A Blackpool reader, who writes saying how pleased he was with our Christmas series of school yarns, asks me if there are such things as ghosts. Emphatically no, chum! This reminds me of a ghost story told to me the other week, believe it or not. Three youths, who had to take their holidays late last year, were cycling down to Cornwall. When about twenty miles from their destination, in a deserted country lane, the time being somewhere about 9 p.m., it began to rain. Hoping it would not be much, they took shelter beneath a near-by tree. Their hopes were dashed to the ground, however, for the rain turned to a deluge. As a very steep incline was ahead of them, they decided to seek shelter elsewhere, with the hope of getting a lodging for the night. In the pitchy darkness they noticed a solitary, but rather large house. Pushing open one of the swing gates, they wheeled their bicycles up the long drive leading to the front door of the house, which incidentally was in complete darkness. They rang the door bell once, twice, thrice. Then the door was opened by an aged butler who, hearing of the trio's plight, bade them enter. A hot feed was soon forthcoming. Somewhat refreshed after the butler's hospitality, and learning that the rain had ceased, the cyclists decided to continue their journey. The old butler, wishing them well, showed them out by the back entrance, one of the youths dropping three half-crowns into the butler's hand before leaving. Eventually arriving at their destination, the cyclists were surprised to hear the landlady laugh at the story they had to tell. "You must be dreaming, young men," she said. "That's the Gables ye be a-talkin' about, and the place has been empty for years!"

The youths, not feeling in a mood to argue, decided to turn in for the night and revisit the Gables again the next morning. Imagine their surprise when they got there to find the front door wide open, the house

deserted, and what little furniture there was, covered thickly with dust. The crowning point came when they reached the back entrance to the house where they had bid adieu to the old butler, to find three half-crowns lying on the doormat! Believe this yarn if you like, chums. I'm keeping my opinion to myself!

In my postbag this week were two letters, neither of which bore the writer's name or address. The replies to their queries are as follows: Bob Cherry and Tom Merry are very well matched when it comes to boxing, and at the time of going to Press, honours are just about even. Next in order of merit come: Wharton, Figgins, Blake, and Bulstrode. There are over forty juniors in the Greyfriars Remove. The lowest Form at Greyfriars is more commonly known as the "Babcs" Form.

In reply to D. H. Pennington, of Ormskirk: The following names were missing from your list: Arthur Carter, Richard Hilary, Richard Rake, Tom Redwing, Robert Smith (minor), William Stott, Anthony Treluce and Herbert Trevor. Mark Linley came out top in the last term examination, and Billy Bunter footed the list, as usual.

No, Bob Barstow, of Watford, I cannot tell you what is the best cure for a cold. I strongly recommend you to see your local doctor. I will tell you this, though, the best school story for next week is:

"BUNTER GETS THE BOOT!"

By Frank Richards.

Ever since he has been at Greyfriars, Carter has been working to get Billy Bunter, his rival for riches, kicked out of Greyfriars. Next week, his rascally scheming bears fruit, and "Billy" is given "marching orders." But if Bunter's got an enemy in Carter, he's got a friend in Bob Cherry, with the result that matters don't turn out so well as Carter expected. Take my word for it, chums, you're booked for a real good treat when you read this spanking fine story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE TWENTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

Swipe!

"HENRY'S cross!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Bob took great care not to let Henry Samuel Quelch hear that murmur!

All the Remove could see that trouble was coming. Nobody knew what it was—and only Carter fancied he knew. Carter had no doubt that a certain fat member of the Form was to be called on to produce a purloined bag. He was only puzzled to know why

Bunter had not been called in, in Miss Bullivant's presence.

"Before we commence," Quelch's voice was pure acid. "I have an inquiry to make of my Form! Some Greyfriars boy—undoubtedly a Remove boy—telephoned to the games mistress at Cliff House early this morning. I command that boy to stand forward."

There was a faint buzz of surprise in the Remove.

Carter, without stirring, stared at his Form-master.

This was not what he had expected.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,569.

"I will explain," went on Mr. Quelch, in the same acid tones. "A handbag was lost by Miss Bullivant a couple of days ago, and was found by Bunter, who handed it over to me this morning."

"Oh!" murmured some of the Remove. This was news!

"Bunter should have handed over the article he had found, without delay," went on Mr. Quelch. "He stupidly failed to do so till this morning. It appears to have been seen in his possession by another boy, who, having, as I am bound to conclude, a suspicious and distrustful mind—formed the base and uncharitable opinion that Bunter intended to keep possession of it."

Several glances turned on Carter. Carter hardly breathed. Quelch's words were a surprise to all the Form. But they astounded Carter.

"The boy to whom I refer," continued Mr. Quelch, "not only formed this unjust and uncharitable opinion, but had the audacity to telephone to Miss Bullivant, informing her that the bag was here, and that it was being deliberately kept by Bunter, who had found it."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "Such an act," said Mr. Quelch, "was not merely unjustifiable—it was audacious and slanderous. Miss Bullivant actually called here with the impression in her mind that an act of dishonesty had been committed! Fortunately, Bunter had handed the bag over to me before Miss Bullivant arrived, and it was in my study. I was, therefore, able to disabuse Miss Bullivant's mind of that impression."

Carter almost choked. Bunter had handed over the plunder before the Bull came! He had not, then, intended to keep it at all! What did it mean? It meant, at all events, that matters were not going as Carter had anticipated.

Had the affair proceeded according to plan, Bunter would have been condemned—and the fact that some fellow had phoned the Bull about it would have been a minor point—a matter of no consequence. But as it had turned out, that minor point had become the major point—nothing was going to happen to Bunter, and the fellow who had phoned was the fellow who was wanted!

"The boy who telephoned to Miss Bullivant was not only guilty of harsh, unjust, and uncharitable thoughts," said Mr. Quelch, "but his act practically amounted to an accusation of theft against a Greyfriars boy—Bunter. I must know who it was! He is here, present, and I command him to stand out!"

Carter was not likely to stand out. If he had wished to keep his part in the affair secret before, he was doubly anxious to do so now! Quelch's expression showed what he had to expect if he was discovered.

There was, at all events, no clue to him, so far as the Remove master was concerned. Remove fellows would guess—already Bob Cherry's eyes were turned on him, gleaming with scorn. But if they guessed, they would not give him away! He was safe, so far

as that went. After all his cunning calculations, that was all that was left to the schemer—the hope of escaping punishment!

There was a long pause. Obviously, the delinquent did not intend to stand forward.

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips hard. "Very well," he said, "if that boy, at present unknown to me, does not admit his action, strict inquiry will be made. Other boys in this Form, I have no doubt, know who it was. I shall ask no member of this Form to give information against another. But I think I can trust my boys to regard this action—this base action—with the same contempt that I feel myself."

"The rotten cur!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"We will now commence!" said Mr. Quelch; and the matter, for the time, was dropped.

It was not a happy morning for Carter! He had banked on success this time—and he had scored a ghastly failure.

That was bad enough—but, in Shakespeare's words, "thus bad begins, but worse remains behind." He did not fear much from the inquiry Mr. Quelch was going to make. He was safe from authority. But in the Remove it was a different matter. He did not look forward to break that morning. He had a dismal anticipation that something was going to happen in break. Bob Cherry's look was a very plain warning of that.

When the Remove were dismissed in break Bunter's indignant squeak was heard at once.

"I say, you fellows, you heard what Quelch said! I say, who was it phoned to the Bull? I say, making out that I was pinching that purrid bag, you know!"

"Hold on, Carter!" rapped Bob Cherry.

Carter was hurrying out. But he did not get away. The Famous Five surrounded him, headed him off from the door, and marched him into the Rag.

Billy Bunter rolled on behind, blinking at them.

"I say, you fellows, do you think it was Carter?" he exclaimed.

"We know it was!" grunted Bob. "Will you let me get out, you rotters?" breathed Carter.

"Not till we're done with you," said Harry Wharton. "It was you that phoned to the Bull and told her that that fat ass was pinching her bag."

"Nothing of the kind!" "Do you think we've forgotten what you were saying in this room yesterday?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "You were trying then to stick it on Bunter."

"And do you think I've forgotten catching you searching Bunter's box in the dormitory, you cur?" snorted Bob. "Think I don't know now what you fancied you might find there?"

Carter set his teeth. "I knew Bunter had the bag!" he snarled. "What was I to think when he kept it, except that he meant to keep it?"

"Why, you beast, I tried to hand it over to Quelch, and he wouldn't listen to me; and then I asked him for leave out of gates to take it back to the Bull—I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter! You can think what you like, Carter," said Bob. "With a mind like yours, I suppose you can't help thinking rotten things about any fellow. But that's not the point. The point is that you phoned the Bull and, told her a Greyfriars man had pinched her bag—"

"I did not!" hissed Carter. "Where were you in progers this morning?" demanded Bob. "Quelch doesn't know why you cut prayers. But do you think we don't—"

"If you can prove—"

"Oh, cut it out!" exclaimed Bob with a scorn that made even Carter wince. "Don't tell any more lies! We know you did it, and you're going to answer for it. You're not getting off scot-free."

"I say, you fellows, hold him while I boot him!"

Carter made a jump to escape, but he was collared at once.

"Chuck him across the table!" said Bob Cherry. "Bunter, take that ruler!"

"Oh, good!" grinned Bunter. Carter struggled savagely; but he was tossed on the table and held there by his arms and legs, face down.

Bunter, grinning, grasped the ruler. "Give him six," said Harry.

"Eh? You mean sixty!" said Bunter. Swipe, swipe, swipe, swipe!

Bunter was no athlete, but he put a lot of beef into those swipes; his fat right arm rose with rapidity and descended with vigour. The ruler fairly rang on Carter.

Swipe, swipe, swipe, swipe!

The wretched schemer struggled and wriggled and howled. But even under the swipes of the ruler he did not howl too loudly: he did not want to bring a master on the scene to learn why he was getting that swiping.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"That's enough, Bunter!" said Bob, laughing.

"Rot!" retorted Bunter.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"I think that will do," said Harry.

"Bosh!"

Swipe, swipe!

"Ask Carter!" suggested Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Swipe, swipe!

"Chuck it, Bunter!"

"I say, you fellows, just a few more! Look what he did! Just a few more—I mean a few dozen more! I'm just getting my hand in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Swipe!

The Famous Five released Carter, grabbed Bunter, and walked the vengeful Owl out of the Rag. They thought that Carter had had enough. Bunter did not agree—but there was no doubt that Carter did!

THE END.

(The next yarn in this spanking fine series is entitled: "BUNTER GETS THE BOOT!" You'll enjoy every line of it, chums!)

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DOCTOR BIRCHEMALL'S ROUGH RIDE!

The laugh of the week—this instalment of "THE HUNTING HEADMASTER!"
By DICKY NUGENT

"It's a mystery!" "Mystery's the word, sir!" "Why that mare should have got up to such weird antics beats me completely!" said Doctor Birchermall, the Head of St. Sam's, pawing, as he and the chums of the Fourth reached the stables. "Now stay here, boys, while I go in and see Mr. Jobs. I'm going to tick him off; but I won't keep you a second." "All serene, sir!" grinned Jack Jolly & Co. The Head trotted into the stables. He was in quite a cheery mood, despite his misadven-



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GREYFRIARS FROM FRESH ANGLES!

No. 3. Young Gents and their Parcels
By CRIPPS, the Carrier

I've been carrying parcels to and from Greyfriars for nigh on forty years, and what I don't know about that there school is not worth knowing. One thing I can tell you readers straight away is this: the old school has improved a lot since I first knew it!

The young gents in the old days were a lot rougher with me than the young gents are to-day. Many's the time years ago, when I was pushed off my cart and left in the road, while a crowd of young rips went a-driving away round the country-side. It used to happen at least once a week, regular. But nowadays, thank goodness, it never happens. Well, anyway, hardly ever!

The Greyfriars young gents of to-day are more kind-hearted than what their fathers and grandfathers were. Most of them greet me with a cheery grin. "How's tricks, Cripps?" they shout. "Got anything good for us to-day?" It's a big improvement!

"Course, they're not all as good as the best. There are one or two like Master Skinner and Master Snoop who will try as hard as they know how to make my horse shy while I'm in the lodge with my old friend Gosling.

There's still one or two haughty fellows about, too, I admit. Master Loder, for instance, will keep calling me "My man!" and order me about as if I was a mule instead of flesh and blood like himself. To see him fly in a paddy if I happen to scratch one of his big trunks, you'd think it was made of solid gold at least. And it's usually gents like Master Loder, I notice, that never think to ask a man if it happens to be thirsty weather!

But most of the young gents are kind and reasonable, these days. In consequence of which, Greyfriars School is held in great respect by your humble servant, Cripps the Carrier!

"CURIOUS" (Upper Fourth).—"How did Hazeldene come to inflict a nasty injury on Squiff?"

We understand that Hazel thoughtlessly threw one of the Cliff House cookery class rock cakes at him. It knocked poor Squiff unconscious.

expert hands, and stuffed with straw. Knowing that Quelchy was going out, and knowing the ways of prefects left in charge on such occasions, the Bouncer felt reasonably sure that a hurried glance through the doorway would be all that his dummy would have to face in the way of an inspection. He hoped that Wibley's life-like model would easily survive that ordeal.

It would have done, too—but for the gale. Unfortunately, the gale happened to sweep through an open window in the Form-room just at the exact moment when Wingate looked in.

They say that Wingate had the shock of his life when he saw the figure that he took to be Smithy's lifted out of its desk by the force of the wind.

Better luck next time, St. Jude's—if you give you the chance to get it! All the best till next week, chums!

HARRY WHARTON.



because you yung raskals sprinkled itching-powder on her back. But for that, a grate horse-man like myself would have had no trubble whatever!"

"But we didn't—"

"Silence!" roared the Head.

"Have it your own way, then, sir!"

"I intend to!" said the Head, with a grim smile. "As a result of this incident, I have changed my plans con-

serve my strength for the grate occasion. But you will certainly get them afterwards, so you needn't kid yourselves you won't! Come!"

So saying, Doctor Birchermall stalked majestically away. And Jack Jolly & Co. followed him with their arduour severely dampened!

(There's a big surprise at the finish in the rollicking final instalment of Dicky Nugent's serial next week. Don't miss it.)

HARRY WHARTON CALLING!

Hallo, Everybody! All feeling full of beans, I hope? We're in fine fettle here at Greyfriars. With the boxing competition reaching its climax, footer in full swing, and the big, open-country race in the offing, there's plenty to keep us on the go, I assure you!

On Wednesday, we played the St. Jude's Juniors on Little Side in a regular game. The gale proved the undoing of the visitors, and incidentally, the undoing of Vernon-Smith, who turned out for Greyfriars in some-what peculiar circumstances. And thereby hangs a tale.

The Bouncer had had his "halter" cancelled, you see, owing to an indiscreet exchange of words he had

with Quelchy in the Form-room. (Trust the Bouncer to keep on committing indiscretions with Quelchy!) But in spite of this, he swore that he would still turn out for us against St. Jude's.

How he was going to hoodwink the Quelch-bird into believing he was sitting at his desk in the Form-room when he was actually playing footer on Little Side was a mystery that intrigued us greatly. But Smithy refused to explain how he was going to do it. He just repeated that he was going to do it. And when the time came, he did it!

What he did, we found out afterwards, was to leave at his desk a suit of clothes, crowned by a cardboard head made by Wibley's

But, just in the nick of time, an amazing thing happened.

Fear must have inspired Doctor Birchermall at that moment. Whatever the explanation, he performed a remarkably clever stunt.

Just as the bull reached him, he seemed to turn himself into a eatherine-wheel. The next moment, to the surprise of the scattering juniors, he landed on the back of the bull and seized its horns in a grip of iron!

The funny thing about it was that the Head seemed even more surprised than Jack Jolly & Co. to discover where he was. But even the Head was not so surprised as the bull.

The furious beast stood stock still for quite a long interval before it tried to dislodge its yewman burden. But when at last it did start on that task, it made up for arrears with a vengeance.

It galloped up and down the field at a tremendous speed, bellowing for all it was worth, and straining every muscle to shake off the Head. Not one man in a thousand could have remained on the beast's back for more than a second. But the Head stuck to his seat like grim death!

Jack Jolly & Co. cheered him like the very dickens, from a safer part of the field, when they saw that he was gradually wearing down the bull.

The end came at last. Poring with perspiration, the bull slowed down till it came to a stop. Then it sank wearily down into a sitting position—wacked to the wide!—and gave Doctor Birchermall best!

Jack Jolly & Co. rushed to help the Head off his mount.

"Gratters, sir!" they cried. "Buffalo Bill himself couldn't have done better, sir!" said Fearless, admiringly. "If you can ride a mad bull like that, it's a neck-out to me how you were-

torted the Head, patronisingly. "Do you think he's given me a fit?"

"Yes, rather, sir!" chuckled Jack Jolly. "I should think you'll give everybody else a fit, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Don't go anywhere near a bull while you're wearing that, sir!" grinned Merry. "They say that red drives bulls mad, and if that happened, you mite get severely dammided!"

"Quite possible, sir," said Bright seriously. "It would be a toss up, anyway!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Doctor Birchermall frowned.

"You seem to treat my hunting coat as though it is something comical," he wrapped out. "I assure you it is nothing of the kind. Stop laughing at once!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" "And follow me!" said the Head, grimly.

He turned on his heel and tramped off in the direction of St. Sam's.

In his startling new rig-out, he attracted quite a lot of attention in the villidge street. There was much laughter and



catcalling from the villidgers, and some of the more yewmerous spirits held their hands to their eyes and pretended to be unable to stand the glare.

By the time he reached the end of the villidge, Doctor Birchermall had a complexion that was almost as bright as his new hunting attire. "Ahem! I think we

that you had sprinkled itching-powder on its back!"

"Wha-a-at?" "Draw it mild, sir!" The Head looked bitter.

"No wonder you wanted to help me, you skeeming yung raskals! No wonder you held the mare for me so willingly while I mounted—I suppose it was then that you played this dastardly trick on your unsuspecting head-master!"

"We never, sir!"

moreilessly as Bob Cherry did Tom Redwing; and Brown, though less obviously superior to Linley, was just as fierce!

Once again, Cherry won on a knock-out. Linley did not allow Brown to take this liberty with him, but Brown had plenty of points in hand at the finish of the fight.

The fates selected Brown to meet Wharton on Friday evening. There was a different story to tell this time. Brown fought desperately through two rounds, but it was a losing battle all the time, and nobody was surprised when Wharton finished him off with a smashing knock-out in the first half-minute of the third round.

So now we are down to the last two, and the last two are Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry. This time next week we shall know which of these two great fighters is the victor.

My own money is on Bob Cherry. I have seen him beat Russell and Redwing—two of the best boxers in the Remove—and he did it with such ease that I can't believe Wharton has it in him to do better. I admit that Wharton wiped out Brown and myself quite convincingly, but Cherry seems to me to stand in a class by himself.

Well done, Bob Cherry, anyway! That's my verdict on this week's boxing, and I fancy I shall be saying the same thing after next week's big fight.

See if I'm not right!

"You did!" "We didn't!" "You jolly well did!" "We jolly well—"

"Enuff!" roared Doctor Birchermall. "The empty tin has been found by the groom who went to fetch the mare. His discovery fairly makes me itch to barch you black and blue—and I'll see that I do it, too! Come!"

The Head stalked off down the villidge street; and the Fourth Formers followed, farley seething with indignation. It seemed a bit thick for the Head to turn round on them like this. They had helped the old fogey to the best of their ability; and now his gratitude took the form of akkusing them of sprinkling itching-powder over his horse's back. Jack Jolly & Co., who knew nothing of Snarler's little joak, felt that they were being treated with crool injustice!

"Wait here!" ordered the Head, in his most boolying voice, when they reached the shop of Mr. Bodger, the villidge tailor. "I am going in to see if my hunting coat is finished."

"I, I, sir!" mermered Jack Jolly & Co., gloomily. Doctor Birchermall walked into the shop. When he came out, five minnits later, he was looking in a slightly better yewmer. He wore a hunting coat of vivid scarlet in place of the school gown he had worn previously, and the change evidently pleased him.

"How do you like it, boys?" he smirked, turning round on the pavement like a mannikin for the Fourth Formers' hennysit.

Jack Jolly & Co. blinked. "My hat! It's a bit dazzling, sir, isn't it?" grinned Frank Fearless.

"Just the right culler for the hunting field, my dear Fearless!" re-

"WELL DONE, BOB CHERRY!"

Says H. VERNON-SMITH

Since I described the first stage in the Remove Boxing Championship last week, things have been going some. So much so, that we have now reached the final stage and the ring is ready to be cleared for the last great scrap that will settle who is really king of the castle in the Form!

The high standard of boxing at which I marvelled last week has been maintained in every one of the bouts that have taken place since. This is all the more remarkable when you consider that some of the boxers fought gruelling battles twice in the week. Brown went one better and had three terrific scraps!

First and foremost, I will deal with the chap whose fortunes you are probably following with the keenest interest—namely, myself.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now! For I'm out of it, dear readers—knocked out, in fact!

What's more, I have no apologies to make about it. Wharton made a nice, clean job of it, and I was fairly and squarely beaten.

The week started off with an evening of rattling good fights. Great things were expected of Russell, but Cherry made him look almost like a second-rater, which he certainly is not. The indomitable Bob knocked

him out in the third round. Space will not permit more than the briefest reference to most of the bouts, but Linley and Brown were both good winners against Bulstrode and Penfold respectively, both earning the verdict on points. I must say I was somewhat disappointed in Penfold, whom I thought to have more than an outside chance of winning the championship on his display last week. Perhaps it was an off night for him. He was certainly on the defensive most of the time. Redwing, by the way, drew a bye in this stage, and the only other fight was the unhappy affair between Wharton and myself.

Two days later, we went through the next stage—Brown v. Linley and Cherry v. Redwing, in two 6-round contests. Wharton drew a bye, but had to fight one of the survivors to stay in the competition, the victim being chosen by the toss of a coin.

The biggest crowd I have ever seen in the gym followed both scraps with great enthusiasm—and there was plenty to enthuse about, too! If you imagine that the friendship existing between the contestants prevented them bashing each other, you're right off the mark. Rarely have I seen a boxer punish his opponent so

much as Bob Cherry did Tom Redwing; and Brown, though less obviously superior to Linley, was just as fierce!

Once again, Cherry won on a knock-out. Linley did not allow Brown to take this liberty with him, but Brown had plenty of points in hand at the finish of the fight.

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