

# A Capital, Complete School Story.

In this  
issue—  
A  
splendid  
long  
School  
Tale,  
entitled—

## The **Magnet** 1. Library



Billy  
Eun'er's  
Minor.

By  
Frank  
Richards.

No. 144

Grand, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.

Vol. 5.



**NO ROOM FOR THE BUNTERS IN STUDY NO. 1.**





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## BILLY BUNTER'S MINOR.

A Splendid, Long, Complete School Tale  
of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars.

By

**FRANK RICHARDS.**

"It's a lie!" shouted Bunter minor. (See page 6.)

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. Getting Ready for Sammy.

"SAMMY'S coming!"

"Eh?"

"Sammy's coming to-day!"

Billy Bunter made that statement with an air that implied that it was a very important matter indeed. But it did not seem to impress the chums of Study No. 1 in the Remove passage. Perhaps it was because they were interested in a match footer, which Frank Nugent was turning over, and Harry Wharton was examining with a critical eye.

It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and the Remove—the Lower Fourth—had a football match on with the Upper Fourth, and as Harry Wharton was junior football captain, he naturally had no time to waste upon Billy Bunter.

He looked round far from amiably, as the fat form of Bunter almost filled up the door of the study.

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

"But—"

"Don't worry!"

"It's all right," said Nugent. "It's a jolly good ball, Harry, though it wasn't worth fifteen-and-six—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Well, it's time we got changed," said Harry Wharton. "The chaps will be on the ground in ten minutes."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, do get out, Bunter! Blessed if it isn't as bad as having you in the study again! Go and eat coke!"

"But Sammy's coming!"

"Well, let him come! I don't know who Sammy is, and I don't care; but let him come—let 'em all come!" said Wharton. "Now, buzz off!"

"But Sammy—"

"My hat! He's got a Sammy record on. I think!" exclaimed Nugent. "Look here, get out, Bunter, or I'll buzz an inkpot at you!"

"But Sammy is coming this afternoon, and—"

"Here goes!"

Billy Bunter darted back into the passage as the inkpot rose in Nugent's hand.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

He peered round the door lintel. Nugent's hand jerked forward, and a stream of ink shot through the doorway.

Bunter popped back in time.

But another youth who was coming along the passage was



just in time for the ink. It was Alonzo Todd. He passed the doorway at the psychological moment, so to speak. Todd was always turning up in the wrong place at the wrong time. It was a little way he had—one of his little ways which added considerably to the gaiety of Greyfriars.

"Oh!" gasped Alonzo.  
The stream of ink caught him fairly on the side of his rather prominent nose. He staggered back, aplash, with ink, half of his face transformed into that of a negro, while the rest remained quite Caucasian.

"Oh dear!" gasped Alonzo Todd. "Dear me! I—I am quite ink!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Dear me! I wonder where that ink proceeded from? Bunter, did you throw that ink?"  
"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter. "It was Nugent! He, he, he!"

Alonzo Todd blinked into the study. The chums of the Remove were laughing; they could not help it, and the sight of Alonzo's piebald face made them laugh louder than ever.

"My dear fellows," exclaimed Alonzo reproachfully, "this is a very rotten joke, and one that my Uncle Benjamin would not approve of at all. It is a waste of ink, and my Uncle Benjamin has always impressed upon me to be economical in the smallest matters. Besides, it will be productive of considerable inconvenience to myself—"

"Good old dictionary!" grinned Nugent.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shall now have to proceed to our sleeping quarters and effect a change of linen," said Todd.

"Sorry!" gasped Nugent. "You see, I meant that for Bunter. What did you come along for just then?"

"I was about to proceed downstairs, Nugent."  
"Well, you should have abouted to proceed at some other time, Toddy. It's really very inconsiderate of you."

"My dear Nugent—"

"It's a waste of ink," said Nugent, with great gravity.

"I shall have to expend another bottle of ink now over Bunter, all through you coming by and wasting that."

Todd blinked at Nugent, apparently dazed by this argument. The Duffer of Greyfriars was not very quick in dealing with mental problems.

Bunter blinked round the door.  
"I say, you fellows—"

"Buzz off!" roared Wharton.  
"But Sammy's coming—"

"Hang Sammy!"

Alonzo Todd, after a doubtful look at Nugent, turned away, and retraced his steps, heading for the dormitory, to wash the ink off and change his collar before he went downstairs. Bunter, keeping carefully in cover, and ready to pop back at a moment's notice, blinked into the study through his big spectacles.

"I say you fellows, you might stand by a chap on an occasion like this. I don't have a minor come to Greyfriars every day."

"Oh, your minor!" said Harry.

"Bunter minor!" chuckled Nugent. "If he's as big a rotter as you are, Billy, he'll have a warm time at Greyfriars."

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"The warmfulness will be terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur. "But it is the physical impossibility for any person to have the great and equal rottenness of the esteemed and contemptible Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Inky—"

There was a whistle from the quadrangle, and Harry Wharton looked out of the study window. Bob Cherry, in football garb, with a coat on, was looking up.

"Time you fellows were out!" he called up.  
"We're coming!"

And the three chums of the Remove left the study. Bunter scuttled away as they came out, but seeing that their intentions were not hostile, he joined them on the stairs.

The fat junior had once been a sharer of Study No. 1, and on that circumstance he based a never-ending claim on Harry Wharton & Co. He had always been accustomed to borrow off Harry when he was in the same study, and he showed no signs whatever of dropping the custom. Wun Lung, the little Chinese, had come in for his kind attentions for a time, as he shared No. 14 Study with Bunter; but Wun Lung knew how to look after his cash, and then Bunter had returned to his first love, so to speak.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, as he followed the Removites downstairs, "you know, my minor's coming—"

"Well, it can't be helped," said Wharton. "Anyway, he won't be in our Form, so there's no need for us to bother."

"He'll be in the Second Form, you know."

"Well, then, go and talk to the Second, and tell them to put on sackcloth and ashes."

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"Oh, really, Wharton! Look here, if you had a minor coming to Greyfriars, I suppose you'd want to look after him a bit?"

"I suppose so."

They had reached the door now, and went out, Bunter still sticking to them like a leech. They strode away towards the football-ground, and Bunter's little fat legs were going like clockwork to keep pace with the sturdy stride of the juniors.

"Well, you see, that's how it is," explained Bunter. "My Aunt Peggy sent me some postal-orders, to stand something for young Sammy, but the fellows made me stand treat to them, pretending that I owed them money—"

"You did owe them money."

"Ahem! We needn't go into that! I was going to expend every penny in looking after my minor—"

"Rats! You were going to blue it all on yourself in the tuckshop," said Harry Wharton, with the perfect frankness he generally adopted towards Billy Bunter.

Bunter coughed.

"Well, you see, Wharton, I'm stony now, that's how it is! It isn't often I ask a chap to lend me money—"

"My hat!"

"But this is an important occasion. Young Sammy knows that Aunt Peggy sent the tin, and he'll expect a bit of a feed, and—some looking after, you know. Then he's an awfully greedy young boulder, and he's bound to be hungry—"

"Runs in the family, I suppose?" suggested Nugent.

"Oh, really, you know! Look here, if you fellows could lend me a sovereign, I'd let you have it back on Friday! I'm expecting a postal-order from a titled friend of mine—"

"Oh, ring off!" said Wharton impatiently.

"Well, say ten bob—"

"Rats!"

The juniors had reached the football-field now. Most of the Remove players were there. Wharton threw off his coat, and nodded to Temple, the captain of the Upper Fourth. Billy Bunter jerked at his arm.

"I say, Wharton, you might stand five—special occasion—"

Wharton laughed impatiently, and fished in his coat-pocket. He found four shillings and sixpence.

"There you are, Billy you young spoofer! Now cut off!"

"Thank you, Wharton! I suppose you couldn't make it ten bob, after all?"

"No!" roared Wharton.

"Better let me have another tanner, and make it an even five bob; it makes the accounts ever so much easier to have round numbers."

"Will you get out?"

"Oh, really— Look here, will you have this out of my postal-order on Friday, or shall I put it down to the old account?"

Wharton made no reply in words, but he seized the fat junior by the shoulders, and swung him round, and planted a football-boot behind him as if he were kicking for goal.

Bunter gave a wild roar, and flew forward.

He alighted with outspread hands on the ground, and the four shillings and sixpence went scattering on all sides.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Yow!"

Harry Wharton, with his feelings somewhat relieved, went on the footer-field. Billy Bunter sat up, and put his spectacles straight on his fat little nose, and blinked after him in great wrath.

"Beast!" said Bunter. "Rotter! Blessed if I know how I stand that chap!"

And he groped about for the money. He found the shillings, but not the sixpence, and he had to abandon the search for it. Greatly annoyed and discontented, the fat junior rolled away.

Harry Wharton had understood that he was going down to the station to meet his minor. Perhaps Bunter had intended to do so when he borrowed the money. But as he passed Mrs. Mible's little shop in the corner of the Close he paused, and entered. And in a few minutes the four shillings had changed hands, and the Owl of the Remove was working his way through a gigantic pile of pastry.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Honour Bright.

"LOOK here—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Yes, here! Look here—"

"Bravo!"

"Shut up, Myers!"

"Rats!"

"Look here—"





"I washed my hands this morning!" said Sammy Bunter. "It is the custom to wash the hands more than once a day," said Mr. Kelly, "and it is also the custom for boys to address their masters as 'sir' when speaking to them." (See page 7.)

"I say, Gatty——"

"Order!"

Bang, bang!

Nugent minor banged on the desk before him with a cricket bat. He was chairman of the meeting in the Second Form-room at Greyfriars, and that was his way of keeping order.

Bang!

"Order!"

"Silence for the chair!"

Something like silence was restored. A junior meeting was seldom very orderly, and perhaps the Second Form was the least orderly of all. Youngsters ranging in age from ten to thirteen were not likely to be very subdued on such occasions.

Nugent minor glared over the excited crowd. He had called that meeting, and the fags were quite willing to meet, or to do anything else that would give them an excuse for shouting and stamping.

"Look here," went on Nugent minor, as soon as he could make his voice heard—"look here, this is a matter that concerns the whole Form!"

"Go it, Dicky!"

"Gooe muchee, Dickee!" murmured Hop Hi, the little Chinese—the younger brother of Wun Lung, of the Remove.

"There's a new chap coming into the Form to-day," said Dicky Nugent. "You've all heard of him—Bunter minor."

There was a groan from Bunter minor.

"You all know Bunter," said Dicky Nugent. "You all know him—fat and lazy and caddish and a tell-tale!"

Another deep groan.

"The Remove can't stand him," said Dicky. "He's pretty"

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well barred by all the Form he belongs to; they can't stand him. Now, what I say is, that we don't want a chap like that in the Second."

"Hear, hear!"

"If we get a chap like that in the Second, we've got to make him understand that it won't do—that it's not good enough!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Dickee allee light!"

"Good! I'm glad you're agreed upon that," said Nugent minor. "Now, as the chap's coming to Greyfriars this afternoon, I vote that we take the matter in hand. My idea is this, if he's anything at all like his major—and he's bound to be—we'll drop on him heavy at once!"

"Hear, hear!"

"We'll go for him bald-headed, and make him sit up, and make him lie down," said Dicky Nugent. "We won't stand any nonsense!"

"Hear, hear!"

"And as the sooner we start the quicker, we'll go down to the station in a body and meet him, half a dozen of us," said Dicky Nugent. "He's coming by the three o'clock train. I suppose his major will be there to meet him. We'll make the pair of them understand that the Second Form is not going to stand any nonsense!"

"Jolly good idea!" exclaimed Gatty. "I'll come with you, Dicky Nugent. My idea would be to give the chap a licking at first sight. Nothing like putting him in his place at the very start."

"We might duck him in the pond at Friardale," Myers suggested.

NEXT  
TUESDAY:

"COKER'S CATCH."

Another School Tale of the Juniors of  
Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS



"Duckee goodie idee."

"Hear, hear!"

Trotter, the House page, put his head into the Form-room. "If you please, Master Wingate says there is to be less noise in the Form-room, and he wants to see Nugent minor in his study."

And Trotter vanished.

There was a general snort from the Second.

"What rot!" exclaimed Myers. "As if we were making a noise!"

"Mere cavilling at nothing," said Gatty. "Just like those seniors! Just because a chap's in the Sixth, he thinks that a junior hasn't a right to breathe."

Nugent minor whistled.

"I suppose I've got to be called over the coals," he remarked. "You fellows were making a jolly row, and that's the truth. Well, if it doesn't turn out to be a detention, I don't care. If it's lines, I'll make Bunter minor do them, as I've got 'em on his account."

"Jolly good idea!"

And Nugent minor left the Form-room, and most of the Second Form dispersed, only Dicky's immediate chums waiting there for his return. It was not like the Second to spend any part of a half-holiday indoors, if they could help it.

Dicky Nugent made his way to Wingate's study. Wingate, the head of the Sixth, and captain of the school, was an awful personage in the eyes of the youngsters. He was a big, rugged, good-natured fellow, very strict in his ideas of duty, less strict with others than with himself, and always kind to the fags, who worshipped him. But they worshipped him from afar—to the denizens of the Second Form-room, the Sixth-Form passage was as high Olympus. The Third and the Lower Fourth and the Upper Fourth all regarded Wingate in much the same way; it was not till you got as far as the Shell that you found young persons who affected to regard him as a mere human being, but who trembled at his frown all the same. In the Fifth Form they did not tremble—and in the Sixth there were fellows who would address him as "Wingate, old man," or "Wingate, my son," to the unbounded admiration of fags who heard them do it.

Dicky Nugent, who was regarded—correctly—as the cheekiest young rascal who had ever entered Greyfriars—even Dicky Nugent was a little subdued as he tapped at the captain's door and entered.

Wingate was talking to Courtney of the Sixth, and he hardly noticed the entrance of the fag. The two seniors were discussing football, such mighty matters as First Eleven matches, and so forth—great affairs, at which the juniors had no business except to crowd round the ropes and cheer.

Nugent minor ventured upon a discreet cough, and Wingate looked round at him.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed.

"You sent for me," said Dicky Nugent.

"Did I?" said Wingate blankly.

Dicky was a little discouraged. He was a very important young person in the Second Form-room. It was really too bad that Wingate should send for him, and then forget his existence within five minutes.

"Yes, you did," said the fag, a little tartly; "and, as a matter of fact, you interrupted a rather important meeting."

Wingate smiled, and Courtney burst into a laugh. Dicky Nugent felt his ears redden. What a blessed cheek on the part of these seniors to think that important meetings couldn't be held in a Lower Form-room! They were solemn enough about their old Sixth-Form meetings. These thoughts passed through Nugent's mind, but needless to say he did not utter them.

"H'm! I'm sorry!" said Wingate. "I didn't know the Second Form were settling the destinies of Greyfriars this afternoon, of course. I believe you have been making a great deal of noise in the Form-room, now I come to think of it. Monsieur Charpentier complained about it!"

"Just like that blessed little Mossou!"

"Well, don't make any more row," said Wingate. "And—there was something else I was going to speak about. What was it, Courtney?"

Courtney laughed.

"Blessed if I know!" he said.

"Oh, I remember! There's a new boy coming into the Second—a minor of Bunter's, of the Remove."

Dicky Nugent grinned.

"That's what the meeting was about," he remarked. "We were discussing it."

"Oh, you were, were you?" Wingate rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Well, I suppose you're all up against this new chap before you've seen him?"

"Yes, rather!" said Dicky, with emphasis.

"I thought so. Bunter's not very popular in his Form, and you think you'll be getting a second Bunter," Wingate remarked.

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"We shall jolly soon educate him, you know," grinned Nugent minor. "We'll make his life not worth living if he's anything like Billy Bunter. And, of course, he is. He's bound to be. That's quite certain."

"Then I can see that it's necessary for me to speak to you," said Wingate, with a note of sternness in his voice. "Look here, Bunter is certainly a young cad, but there's no reason to suppose that his minor is anything like him."

"Why, he's bound to be, Wingate!"

Wingate shook his head.

"Minors aren't always like their majors," he said. "Take yourself, for instance. Frank Nugent, of the Remove, is one of the best-behaved boys in the school. You are one of the most reckless young rascals!"

"Oh, come, you know!" said Dicky Nugent, rather taken aback.

"Now, I think it's very likely that Bunter minor may be a decent chap, with nothing against him," said Wingate. "I don't usually take much notice of fag affairs, but in this case I thought I'd look into it, because a lot of injustice may be done the new kid, and you might be sorry for it afterwards, too. It isn't a pleasant experience to come alone and friendless to a big school like this, and it's rotten if you find everybody against you at such a time."

Nugent minor's face took on a graver expression. Careless and thoughtless as he was, as was only to be expected at his age, and with his associations, there was an earnest strain in his nature, and Wingate had reached it.

Dicky was not insensible to the flattery of the captain of the school taking an interest in Second Form affairs at all.

"You see what I mean?" asked Wingate. "I want you to look at it from the point of view of the new kid, Nugent. It isn't so very long since you were a new kid yourself. Now, give this new chap a chance. If he's a cad, like Billy Bunter, I don't say I want you to chum with him. But give him a chance if he's better than that. If everybody's down on him at the start, he won't show up very well, that's certain."

"I suppose so," said Dicky slowly.

"He may be a very decent chap"

"Not likely!"

"But it's possible."

"Ye-es, I suppose so."

Wingate smiled.

"Well, Dicky," he said, "I want you to do this for me as a favour."

Dicky's face brightened up.

"I'll do anything you want, Wingate. So would any chap in the Second. I'd jolly well whop him if he wouldn't."

"Well, then, give this new kid a chance, that's all."

"All—all right."

"I want you to promise me that he sha'n't be ragged to-day, whatever he does," said Wingate. "I want you to go and meet him at the station, and welcome him to the school, and make him as comfortable as possible, and look after him—and don't lay a finger on him to-day, whatever he does."

Dicky Nugent gasped.

"I wouldn't do that for a twin-brother!" he exclaimed.

"But you'll do it for Bunter minor."

Dicky's face was rebellious for a moment. But it cleared.

"I'll do it because you ask me, Wingate."

"Good! And you'll see that the others do."

"Oh, they'll do as I tell 'em!"

"That's all right, then," said Wingate. "You'll be doing a decent thing, Nugent minor, and even if it's uncomfortable at the time, it will do you good. Mind, not a finger is to be laid on Bunter minor to-day, whatever he does, and you are to help him in every way in your power."

"Honour bright," said Dicky sturdily.

"Good! Thank you, Dicky!"

Dicky Nugent left the study. He had given his word, and he would keep it—there was no question about that. But his face was gloomy as he returned to the Second Form-room.

He foresaw trouble.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Wingate's Word is Law.

DICKY NUGENT re-entered the Second Form-room with a troubled brow. Gatty and Myers and Hop Hi were waiting for him. Their looks grew sympathetic at once.

"Poor old Dicky!" said Gatty. "How many?"

"Eh?"

"Two on each hand, I suppose?"

"Rats! I haven't been caned."

"Lines, then! Never mind, we'll make Bunter minor do them. It's all his fault, of course," said Myers.

"I haven't got an impot."

"Then what is it?" asked Gatty, blankly. "You don't mean to say that you were detained for the afternoon?"



Dicky shook his head.  
"What is it, then? Hasn't old Wingate been down on you at all?"  
"No."

"Then what are you looking so jolly solemn about?" asked Gatty warmly. "You ain't going to a funeral, I suppose?"

"It's rotten!"  
"What's rotten?"

"Chap can't break his word," said Nugent minor gloomily.  
"I suppose not; but what are you driving at?"

Nugent minor explained. The Second Formers listened in astonishment, which soon grew into deep wrath.

"Well, of all the cheek!" exclaimed Myers. "Fancy Wingate interfering in our private Form affairs like that!"

"Oh, don't begin to jaw against old Wingate!" said Dicky Nugent crossly. "I won't have it. I wish he'd kept out of it, but he's a jolly good sort, and he thinks he knows best. The seniors all think that. They can't help it."

"It's a case of Sixth-Form swelled head," said Gatty.

"Rats! Wingate hasn't a swelled head. It's simply a sense of duty, he would call it; you get it when you pass into the Sixth," said Nugent minor rather vaguely. "It's rotten, because it prevents us from putting Bunter minor in his place to start with."

Gatty gave a snort of dissent.

"It may prevent you," he said. "It doesn't prevent us."

"Not much!" agreed Myers.

"Yes, it does," said Dicky Nugent quietly. "I've promised for you—and for all the Form, too. It's all settled."

"Hang it all! You'd jolly well no right to promise for me, and I'm not going to stand it!" said Gatty rebelliously.

Dicky Nugent looked at his watch.

"There's time to go into the gym. before we meet the train," he remarked.

"In the gym?"

"Yes; if you want to have the gloves on."

"Look here, Nugent minor—"

"I'm head of this Form," said Dicky Nugent. "If you chaps aren't going to back me up, we'll argue it out, with or without gloves."

"I'll have the gloves on with you any time you like," said Gatty. "But that isn't it. If it's a question of backing you up, of course, we stick to you."

"Of course," said Myers. "Only it's rotten!"

"I don't say it isn't rotten," said Nugent minor. "I don't look pleased, do I?"

"Well, no; I must say you don't."

"But Wingate put it in the form of asking a favour. He's a jolly good sort to us—you know he stops Loder and Carne and Ionides, and the rest from bullying us as they'd like to do. We couldn't refuse Wingate—besides he's asked this, instead of ordering us. Wingate's a gentleman."

"But what does it matter to him what happens to Bunter minor?"

"Blessed if I know. The prefects get queer ideas into their heads. What does it matter to them if we fill a paper balloon from the gas-jet? But they licked us all round for doing it. It's no good trying to understand prefects. You have to take 'em as you find 'em," said Dicky Nugent sagely. "I dare say matters seem different when you get into the Sixth Form. I suppose we shall know some day. Anyway, I don't see that the why and the wherefore matter. We've got to do as Wingate wants—besides, I've promised."

"Oh, all right, then!"

"We've got half an hour before we need go and meet the rotten train. Let's go and watch the footer. The Remove are playing the Upper Fourth."

"Allee light," said Hop Hi.

And Gatty and Myers agreed. The four fags left the Form-room, and strolled down to the football-field.

The Form match between the Upper and Lower Fourth was in full swing. The Remove seemed to be getting the better of it, so far. There was a goal up for the Remove, and nothing for the Fourth Form. Temple, Dabney & Co. were making great efforts to equalise, but the Remove held them well in check.

Dicky & Co.'s sympathies were naturally with the Remove, as the junior Form of the two. Temple, Dabney & Co. were given to putting on swanking airs, just as if they belonged to the Shell, or the Fifth.

"Bravo, Wharton!" yelled Dicky Nugent, forgetting Bunter minor and everything else as he watched the Remove captain making a brilliant break for goal.

Harry Wharton had the ball at his feet, and was rushing it goalward. His own men were too far to take a pass, and he had to do the work alone. He had beaten the Fourth

Form halves, but the backs were right upon him. With splendid skill he dodged the left back, and seemed to dribble the ball right round the feet of the other, and then he kicked for goal.

The goalkeeper made a grab at the ball, and just missed it, and it landed in the net.

There was a roar from the fellows round the ground.

"Goal! Goal!"

"Bravo, Wharton!"

"Hurrah!"

Two up for the Remove. Harry Wharton & Co. looked gleeful as they strode back to the centre of the field, and there was a serene confidence in their looks as Temple kicked off again rather viciously.

"Hurrah!" shouted Dicky Nugent, throwing his cap into the air. "Hurrah!"

"Ow! Yow! Oh, really—"

Dicky Nugent looked round for his cap. It had fallen, and he burst into a roar of laughter. Billy Bunter was stooping down, evidently searching for something on the ground, and the cap had fallen on the back of his head, and the sudden start had made the fat junior fall forward on his hands and knees.

The sight of Bunter on all fours, and blinking round to discover what had struck him, made the fags yell with laughter. Dicky picked up his cap.

"Oh, really!" said Bunter. "None of your jokes, you know. I—I say, you fellows, you can help me look for my sixpence, if you like."

Bunter did not seem inclined for exertion. Four shillings' worth of indigestible pastry, crammed at express speed, did not conduce to exertion. The fat junior was very red and very shiny. But he had come back to search for the missing sixpence. It represented three more tarts; and although Bunter had already had many more than were good for him, he wanted the other three.

"Lost a sixpence?" said Gatty.

"Yes. I want it, you see, because I'm stony, and I've got a minor coming this afternoon, and I shall have to stand him something. If you like to help me—"

"Oh, we'll help you!" grinned Nugent minor, with a grin at his comrades.

They understood. If they were debarred from ragging Bunter minor, there was no reason why they shouldn't compensate themselves by ragging Bunter major. He was the only member of the Remove whom it was safe for a Second Form fag to jape.

"Lend a hand, you chaps!" exclaimed Nugent minor.

"What-ho!"

And the four fags seized hold of Billy Bunter. The fat junior gave a yell as he was bumped upon the ground, and his cap was pushed over his eyes. He jerked it off, and blinked wrathfully after the departing figures of the fags.

"Beasts!" he murmured. "I'd go after 'em and lick 'em, only—it's too much like work. Where's that blessed sixpence?"

And he resumed his search. Meanwhile, Dicky Nugent & Co. were going out of the school gates, on their way to the station to meet Bunter minor, somewhat consoled by the bumping of Bunter major for the good behaviour they had undertaken to observe during that afternoon towards Bunter minor.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Sammy.

**A** FAT, discontented face looked out of a carriage window as a train steamed into the little country station of Friarale. It was a very pretty station, with a long, rough plank platform, and flower-beds along it on one side, and a signal-box at a short distance that was a mass of creepers. But the little round eyes in the fat face did not note the picturesqueness of the station. Perhaps, although the round face was adorned with a prominent pair of spectacles, they did not assist the vision much—as in the case of William George Bunter, of Greyfriars. Anybody who had seen Billy Bunter could not have failed to recognise the youth in the train. It was Bunter minor, a reproduction of Billy on a smaller scale.

He had the same round face and figure, the same round little eyes, the same large glasses, the same fat, shiny appearance, and the same greedy expression. Bunter minor was clearly Bunter major over again, only a couple of years younger.

"Huh!" grunted the discontented youth, as he looked out of the window. "Nobody to meet me. Huh! Where's Billy? He ought to be here. Huh!"

The train stopped.

There were four boys standing on the platform, fellows

# ANSWERS

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NEXT TUESDAY: **"COKER'S CATCH."**

Another School Tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS



of about Bunter minor's own age, all looking at the train as it steamed in. Sammy Bunter did not know them by sight, of course; but they knew him immediately they sighted his face at the carriage window.

"There he is!" said Dick Nugent.

"Same old Bunter!"

"Same Bunter," remarked Hop Hi.

Dick gave a sniff of disgust.

"Of course he is," he said. "If Wingate had seen him, I think he wouldn't have made me promise. Look at his fat chivvy."

"He's got jam round his mouth, too," said Myers. "He's been gorging in the train, of course—just like Bunter."

"Regular beast!" said Gatty. "Best thing to do would be to lug him out of the train and bump him on the platform, to start with."

Dicky Nugent laughed.

"Can't be did," he said. "We're pledged now to let him alone, whatever he does, and look after him."

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Here goes!" said Dick resignedly.

He stepped towards the carriage door. Bunter minor was fumbling with it inside, when Dicky obligingly threw it open for him.

The action took the new junior by surprise. He did not let go the handle in time, and the sudden jerk open of the door dragged him out of the carriage. He alighted with a sudden jump on the platform, and fell upon his hands and knees.

"Oh, you giddy japer!" gasped Gatty. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Dick glared at him.

"I wasn't japing," he exclaimed; "it was an accident."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Gatty—"

"You silly ass!" roared Sam Bunter, scrambling to his feet and blinking furiously at Dick through his big spectacles. "What did you do that for?"

"I—I was opening the door for you."

"Why couldn't you let it alone?"

"You see—"

"I'm hurt."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Dick, though he did not look sorry. "It was an accident. I only meant to open the door for you."

"It's a lie!"

Dick Nugent flushed scarlet. His hands clenched, and he took a rapid step towards the new junior. Then the blaze died out of his eyes, and his fists dropped to his sides. He remembered his promise to Wingate.

"It's the truth," he said quietly.

Gatty and Myers were staring blankly at Dick. They had expected their chum to wipe up the platform with Bunter minor. The active fag could have made short work of the fat, unwieldy new boy, though Sam Bunter was the larger of the two. To see Dicky Nugent take the lie direct from anybody was so amazing that Gatty and Myers could only stare with wide-open mouths.

"My only chapeau!" gasped Gatty, at last. "Why don't you smash him?"

"Oh, rats!" said Dick.

"Well, if you don't, I will."

"No, you won't! Shut up, Gatty, and don't be an ass!" said Dick irritably. "We've got to stand the chap for today."

"Oh, but—"

"Cheese it!"

Bunter minor was dusting his knees and hands with a far from clean handkerchief, without heeding what the juniors were saying. He had his elder brother's gift of being deaf to everything that did not directly interest himself.

"Do you know my brother?" he demanded, as soon as his dusting was finished.

Dick Nugent grinned.

"Bunter major's pretty well known at Greyfriars," he replied.

"He ought to be here to meet me," growled Bunter minor. "Huh!"

"I suppose he ought," agreed Dick Nugent peaceably. "But he isn't, you know. We came to meet you."

"Oh, you did, did you?" said Sammy, surveying the four with a far from favourable expression. "What did you do that for?"

"You're coming into our Form—the Second. We've come here to—welcome you to the school, and—and look after you a bit."

Bunter snorted.

"No gammon!" he said.

Dick Nugent controlled his desire to drive a left-hander full into the fat face, but with difficulty.

"It's not gammon," he said. "We came to meet you."

"I suppose you were sent."

"Well, Wingate suggested our coming—"

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"Who's Wingate?"

"Senior—captain of the school."

"Oh, I see. You were sent by the captain of the school, and you want to take the credit for being jolly obliging," said Sammy Bunter disagreeably. "Well, it's no good trying to gammon me. If you're sent here to see me to the school, you may as well look after my box."

The new junior's box had been bumped out on the platform, and the train was steaming out of the station. Dick Nugent told the porter to take the box away. Bunter minor blinked after it discontentedly, as if he thought the juniors ought to have carried it themselves.

"Are you going to walk to the school?" asked Dick. "If you do, the box can be sent later, and it's much cheaper."

"Ain't there something to meet me here?" demanded Bunter minor.

"Only us."

"There ought to be a conveyance of some sort."

"There is on the first day of term," explained Nugent minor. "But a chap who comes in the middle of term like this has to look after himself."

Bunter minor grunted.

"Well, I don't like it," he said.

"Blessed if I see how that matters!" broke out Gatty, who was inwardly boiling.

Sammy Bunter blinked at him.

"I didn't ask you for your opinion," he said. "Keep it till I ask for it, and don't shove in your remarks where they're not wanted."

Gatty clenched his fists. Dick pushed him back.

"None of that, Gatty!" he said quietly.

"I'll squash him!" roared Gatty.

"Drop it!"

"Look here, Nugent minor—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Dick irritably. "Isn't that new cad bad enough, without you piling on a fellow, too?"

"Sorry," said Gatty. "I'm done."

And he stepped back, thrusting his hands deep into his trousers pockets, as if to keep them from punching at Bunter minor of their own accord.

"Look here, I'm not going to pay for a drive to the school," said Bunter minor. "I think it's unjust. I'll take the hack, and leave it to the school to pay."

"Can't be did."

"Oh, yes, it can. You needn't say anything to the driver, and when I get to the school it will be too late for him to refuse to take me. Then he can get his money somehow; that's his business."

"Samee Bunter!" murmured Hop Hi.

"Look here, I'll stand the hack to the school," said Dicky Nugent. "We'd rather ride back, you fellows, when I come to think of it. I had a tip from my governor this morning."

"I wouldn't waste it on that cad."

"Rats! Let's get to the blessed hack."

And Nugent minor gave directions for Sammy Bunter's box to be placed on the station cab, and followed the porter there with it. The driver climbed into his seat and took up the reins. The porter planted the box on the roof, and then stood breathing heavily. The box was not a heavy one, but the porter was thirsty. Bunter minor sat in the hack, and did not seem to observe him.

"It's a custom here to give the porter chap a tip," said Dick, kicking his foot.

"Gammon!"

"What?"

"I suppose the company pay him, don't they?"

Dick choked back his feelings, and slipped threepence into the porter's hand. Then he looked up at the driver.

"You'll have to do this cheap, old son," he said. "I'm standing it."

The driver grinned.

"I'll do the lot for 'arf-a-crown, Master Nugent."

"That'll do. Get on!"

The hack rolled away, creaking. Bunter minor grunted discontentedly as he jolted in the old-fashioned, uncomfortable vehicle on the rough road.

"Call this blessed thing a hack?" he growled. "More suited to be a prison van, I should think. I'm being jolted."

"Hang it," broke out Gatty, "you're getting it for nothing!"

"Shut up, Gatty!"

"I know it's jolly uncomfortable," said Bunter minor. "I shall be jolly glad when we get to Greyfriars, I know that."

Dick Nugent did not reply. Bunter accompanied the jolting and rumbling of the ancient vehicle with an unceasing stream of complaints and interjections. His likeness to his major seemed to become stronger in everything he said and did. The fags did not answer him; but Bunter minor was not the only one who was glad when the hack arrived at last at Greyfriars.





"Leggo!" roared Sammy Bunter from beneath a crowd of fags. "Chuck it! No gammon! Yah! Yow!"  
(See page 12.)

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Skinner is Kind.

**M**R. KELLY, the master of the Second Form at Greyfriars, was seated in his study, looking out of the open window towards the football-ground. The Fourth-Form match was just finishing, and it was a close finish, and Mr. Kelly, who was a keen footballer himself, was watching it with interest. And so it came to pass that he did not hear a tap on his door, and the tap was repeated without his hearing it. Then the door opened, and Dick Nugent looked in.

"H'm!" said Dick Nugent.

Mr. Kelly looked round.

"Ah! Come in, Nugent minor," he said, in a rich voice, with a trace of the brogue in it. "What is it?"

"New kid, sir—I-I mean, new boy, sir," said Nugent minor.

"Ah! Come in, young Bunter."

Pushed from behind by Gatty and Myers, Bunter minor entered the study rather precipitately. He blinked round wrathfully at his assistants.

"Here he is, sir," said Dick Nugent. "Wingate told us to meet him at the station, sir, and bring him here. It's Bunter minor, sir."

And Dick Nugent & Co. promptly disappeared, only too happy at having shifted their burden off upon Mr. Kelly for a time.

The Second Form-master looked at Sammy Bunter. The fat, discontented face did not impress him favourably.

"Good-afternoon, Bunter," he said, holding out his hand. "You are to come into my Form. I understand that you have been prepared for the Second Form here. I am your Form-master, Mr. Kelly."

"Ah! Your hand is very dirty, Bunter minor," said Mr. Kelly.

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NEXT  
TUESDAY:

"COKER'S CATCH."

Kelly. "I suppose it is travelling. \*You will go at once and wash your hands as soon as you leave my study."

"I washed my hands this morning," said Bunter minor.

Mr. Kelly elevated his eyebrows.

"It is the custom at Greyfriars to wash the hands more than once in a day, Bunter minor. Cleanliness is a great virtue, and one I wish my boys to cultivate, and insist upon their cultivating. It is also a custom for boys to address their masters as 'sir' when speaking to them."

Mr. Kelly paused.

"Yes—sir," said Bunter minor unwillingly.

The Form-master looked at him keenly. He did not quite know what to make of Samuel Bunter, but he set him down as a greedy, selfish fellow, who had been spoiled at home, and required a firm hand to bring him to his senses. In which Mr. Kelly was quite right.

"You will learn those things, and many more, here, Bunter minor," said the Form-master. "I think you stand in need of a great deal of instruction, which we shall endeavour to give you. In the first place, don't bite your thumb while I am talking to you."

Sammy took his fat thumb from his mouth.

"I shall see you again later," said Mr. Kelly. "At present you may go to a bath-room and wash yourself. Then I should advise you to seek out your major, who will be able to show you about the school, and tell you things you need to know. You may go, Bunter minor."

Samuel Bunter left the room without a word. Mr. Kelly's voice called him back in the passage.

"Bunter!"

The fat fag unwillingly halted.

"Yes—sir!"

"Close the door!"

Bunter minor closed the door.

He looked round for the fags who had accompanied him

Another School Tale of the Juniors of  
Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.



to Greyfriars. During his very brief interview with the Form-master they had vanished. He walked on with a discontented face, and met a Removito in the passage. It was Skinner, the practical joker of the Remove, about the unluckiest fellow for a new boy to meet. Skinner paused, and looked at the new boy. He knew him at once by his likeness to Billy Bunter.

"Bunter minor!" he ejaculated.  
 "Yes," grunted Bunter minor. "Have you seen my brother? I want to find him."

"Oh, have you got a brother here?" asked Skinner.  
 "Yes; Billy Bunter. He's in the Remove."

"I think I've heard the name," said Skinner reflectively.  
 "Rather a stout, handsome fellow, eh?"

"He's stout," said Sammy. "I don't know about handsome. I want him. He's got to show me to a blessed bathroom. The idiot in there"—this polite phrase was meant to describe Mr. Kelly—"says I'm to go and wash my hands."

"Well, they need it," remarked Skinner, with a critical glance at Bunter minor's decidedly grubby paws.

"None of your business," said Bunter minor.  
 "Certainly not," said Skinner smoothly. "Look here, I don't know where your major is, but I'll show you to a bathroom myself if you like."

"All right."

It did not occur to Bunter minor to utter a word of thanks. Skinner reflected for a moment. He was undecided whether to direct Bunter minor to the Head's study or to inveigle him into the French master's room, and shut the door behind him and leave him to explain matters. Finally he turned away, and made the new junior a sign to follow him, and led the way upstairs to the topmost bath-room. Greyfriars was a building partly ancient and partly modern, and the bath-rooms were not all built together, but one or two or three of them would crop up in the most unexpected places. One that was generally used by Removites was beside the box-room at the end of the Remove passage.

Thither Skinner led the way. There was a sound of running water and splashing within, which told that the bath-room was occupied. Skinner rapped on the door, and the voice of Alonzo Todd replied amid the splashing of the water.

"Dear me! Who is that?"

"You're wanted, Todd—most urgent message," said Skinner mendaciously. "Open the door, old chap. Won't take a minute to tell you."

"Dear me!"

Skinner heard Alonzo floundering out of the bath. Then the door was unlocked, and a large head and a bony neck appeared round the edge of it.

"What is it, Skinner?"

"What on earth are you bathing in the middle of the afternoon for?" demanded Skinner, pushing his way into the bath-room, and slyly extracting the key from the lock as he did so.

Todd blinked at him through the steam.

"My dear Skinner, my Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to be very clean. I have had the misfortune to fall into a ditch. Bulstrode kindly helped me to step across it, but unfortunately let go at the wrong moment, and I fell into the ditch. Bulstrode was very sorry indeed, but it was a most unfortunate occurrence for me. I was quite covered with extremely disagreeable mud. Under the circumstances, my Uncle Benjamin would have recommended a bath, I feel assured, and—"

"Here you are, young Bunter,"

"Dear me! Is that Bunter minor?"

"Yes. Kelly's told him to wash his paws, and they need it."

"My dear Skinner, you might have found some other bath-room, or have taken him to the dormitory—"

"Rats!"

Skinner stepped out of the bath-room, pushing Bunter minor in. He snapped the door shut, and in another moment had inserted the key in the outside of the lock, and turned it. Then he strolled away down the Remove passage with a happy and contented snuffle upon his face.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Not Nice for Alonzo.

ALONZO TODD blinked at Bunter minor, who blinked back at him. The bath-room was full of steam, which congealed on Bunter minor's glasses, and shut off Alonzo from his sight. The Duffer of Greyfriars loomed dimly before him, with a bath towel wrapped round his woody figure.

"Dear me!" said Alonzo. "Skinner has quite forgotten to give me the message he spoke about. It was very careless of Skinner."

"Gammon!" said Bunter minor.  
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"Eh? What do you mean?"

"It was gammon," grunted Sammy Bunter. "There wasn't any message. It was only a dodge to make you open the door."

"Dear me! If that is the case, Skinner's conduct is reprehensible. It is wrong to tell a falsehood even for a joke. I despise anything of the sort. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—nay, disgusted."

"Let a chap wash his hands, and don't jaw," said Sammy Bunter.

"My dear young person—"

"Oh, shut up!"

If Alonzo Todd had not been the most patient and peaceable fellow at Greyfriars he would probably have ducked Bunter minor bodily in the flowing bath for that reply. But Alonzo was a long-suffering youth.

"Really, Bunter minor, you should not speak like that," he said mildly. "My Uncle Benjamin says one should always be polite. I consider—"

"Oh, ring off!"

Bunter minor washed his hands in Alonzo's bath. The Duffer of Greyfriars stood wound up in the bath towel waiting for him to finish. Bunter minor's face would not have been any the worse for a wash, too, but Mr. Kelly had not mentioned that, and so Sammy Bunter did not touch it. He evidently did not believe in doing more washing than was quite unavoidable.

He took a towel and towelled his hands, grunting the while. When he was finished he let the towel drop on the floor, and turned to the door. He jerked at the handle, but the door did not open.

"Hang it! What's the matter with this door?" he growled.

Alonzo Todd had stepped into the bath again, and was busily splashing. He sat up amid the steam and blinked at Sammy Bunter.

"Nothing is the matter with the door so far as my knowledge extends," he replied.

"It won't open."

"Nonsense!"

"I tell you it won't open!" howled Bunter minor.

"You must be mistaken, my dear fellow—unless you have locked it."

"I haven't—there isn't any key here, anyway."

"Dear me! There was a key. Perhaps you are mistaken. Look again."

"You chump!" roared Bunter minor. "There's no key, and the door's jammed somehow. How am I to get out?"

Alonzo shook his head amid the steam.

"I really do not know, Bunter. It occurs to me now that Skinner is a practical joking person, and may have locked the door on the outside from a perverted sense of humour. If that is the case, Bunter minor, you cannot get out at all."

"Ass!"

"I should recommend patience. My Uncle Benjamin—"

"Oh, hang your Uncle Benjamin!" shouted Bunter minor.

"Why? What has he done?"

Sammy Bunter looked at Alonzo as if he thought he were a lunatic.

"You are a daddy, though, ain't you?" he said.

"Don't be personal. My Uncle Benjamin said I was never to be personal. But won't you have another look for the key?"

"There isn't any key here, I tell you!" snapped Bunter minor angrily. "Why will you keep on, you dummy?"

"Well, don't be angry. You're stopping me from having my bath—"

"Hallo, there!" shouted Sammy Bunter, ignoring Alonzo.

"Someone come and open this door!"

Alonzo sat silently watching while Bunter waited to see if anyone complied. But no one came.

Then a bright idea occurred to Alonzo Todd. Why shouldn't the new-comer have a bath? He was waiting until someone should come along and release him. He could do nothing better. Alonzo was certain of the latter. He had seen Bunter minor's dirty condition.

"Won't you have a bath?" he asked mildly.

Bunter minor glared at him. He thought there was an inference in Alonzo's question. Mr. Kelly had said enough on that point, he thought, without this fellow starting.

"The water's nice and warm," pursued Alonzo. "Warm water's best, they say. I couldn't have got it off, I'm sure, if there hadn't been a good supply of hot water to-day—"

"If—if—if you mean to say I require such a jolly lot of tubbing, you'd better shut up!" said Bunter threateningly.

Alonzo stared. He had not meant the least offence. Bunter minor was a stranger person than Billy Bunter, Alonzo considered, and given to taking offence at the merest trifles.

"I don't mean you to come in with me, Bunter," he said. "If you will conduct yourself in a respectable manner I shall have more confidence in continuing my ablutions."



Sammy Bunter stared. He could not understand Alonzo. "I wish I could have met our Billy first," he muttered. "He would have given me some tips about the fellows here. This chap's a silly chump, anyway."

"You haven't answered me, Bunter. I believe you are ruder than your elder brother. Will you have a bath when I've finished? Really, you know, I should say it's necessary. Would you mind passing me that towel you dropped on the floor?"

Sammy Bunter gasped. His initiation at Greyfriars was not turning out to his satisfaction.

"Look here!" he said. "You dry up, or you'll get a jolly good punching!"

"Dear me! For asking you to have a bath?" asked Alonzo.

"Yes!" yelled Bunter minor. "Shut up! How am I to get out of here? That's what I want to know."

"So do I. I assure you, my Uncle Benjamin would be very much displeased to know that I had been shut up in a bath-room with such a peevish person—"

Alonzo did not get any further. Sammy Bunter picked up a dripping sponge and whizzed it at Todd.

It did not occur to Alonzo that he could have replied in kind, and probably soaked the little rascal to the skin. His Uncle Benjamin had doubtless taught him to give back good for evil, and Alonzo could not forget anything his Uncle Benjamin had told him.

"That was very unkind of you, Bunter," he said. "But, of course, as I'm in the bath, it does not matter very much."

"Oh, shut up, you howling ass!"

"Won't you look again for the key? It has perhaps fallen on the floor. My Uncle Benjamin says one should never give in, you know."

Sammy Bunter took not the slightest notice of Alonzo Todd. In his opinion there was no hope in that direction. But Alonzo was determined to make another effort.

"You said you wished you could have seen your brother first, Bunter?" he said.

"Well, what if I did?"

"Perhaps I could give you those few tips about things that you mentioned," pursued Alonzo. "I've not been here so very long myself, but I've learnt such a lot about Greyfriars."

"Have you?" said Bunter minor rudely. "Then you can keep it to yourself. I don't want any tips from your sort."

"Oh, don't be rude, Bunter! You could overcome it, if you'd make the effort," said Alonzo gently splashing the water about. "Have you got any postal-orders coming?"

Sammy Bunter stared. He was beginning to think that his companion was not quite "safe."

"Postal-orders?" he said.

"Yes," said Alonzo. "They come in the morning, as a rule. But I should have thought anyone in your family would have known all about it."

"Anyone in my family?" said Bunter minor.

"Yes," said Alonzo brightly. "Your brother has a lot of postal-orders coming, always. He has promised to repay an old debt to me when they arrive, and my Uncle Benjamin says anyone in the family will do, if you can't get it from the proper person—"

But Sammy Bunter's patience was exhausted. He seized Todd by the hair.

The Duffer of Greyfriars howled. But it was no use. Bunter minor was master of the situation. Alonzo's head went under the water time and time again.

"Ow!" yelled Alonzo. "Help! Help!"

There was a knock on the door. But Bunter minor did not hear it. Alonzo did, and he howled again.

"Help! Help!"

"Hallo! What's the matter in here?"

It was the voice of Harry Wharton.

"Help! I'm being d-d-drowned. Gerrooh!"

Bunter minor released Alonzo, who spluttered wildly in the water, trying to gouge the soap out of his eyes. Bunter minor kicked at the door.

"Unlock the door, you fools!" he shouted.

"Great Scott!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Who are you?"

"I'm Bunter minor."

"The dickens you are!"

"Open the door, you dummy!"

The key turned in the lock, and the bath-room door was thrown open. Sammy Bunter wiped the steam from his glasses, and blinked at a crowd of Remove fellows.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### No Bunters Wanted!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. had come in after the football match, which had ended in a victory for the Remove, three goals to two. The chums of the Remove had changed, and were going down to the study to tea, when the uproar in the bath-room drew them to the spot.

Bunter minor blinked at them angrily. There was no thankfulness about Bunter minor; he did not seem to reflect that the juniors could have left him in the bath-room if they

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had liked, to get out the best way he could. He was scowling. Alonzo Todd was still rubbing the soap out of his eyes, as he sat up to his shoulders in the steaming water.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh remarked that the only hatfulness was terrific.

"You blessed idiots!" growled Sammy Bunter.

"Eh?"

"Why couldn't you come and open that door before?"

The Removites stared at him.

"You young pig," said Frank Nugent. "Do you think it's our bizney to go found opening doors for fags of the Second?"

"Oh, gammon!"

"This new person is most unpleasant," said Todd, blinking through the steam. "He has ducked me under the water in a most unpleasant manner, after I had spoken to him most politely. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—nay, disgusted with him. I should advise you to have very little to do with that extremely ill-mannered youth."

"Oh, shut up!" said Sammy Bunter.

"My dear Bunter—"

Bunter minor stamped out of the bath-room, and slammed the door on Todd. The Duffer of Greyfriars resumed splashing in the bath. Harry Wharton & Co. looked curiously at the new addition to the Second Form. They were not very pleased with him; and they recognised that his likeness to Billy Bunter was not confined to form and feature.

Sammy Bunter scowled at them.

"I've had a rotten joke played on me," he said. "Chap called Skinner locked me up in the bath-room with that lunatic."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, stop that cackling!" said Bunter minor. "If you know where my brother is, you can tell me. He's got some money for me."

"Has he?" chuckled Nugent. "I rather think you're mistaken there."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What do you mean? My Aunt Peggy sent him some money for me," said Bunter minor wrathfully. "Look here, who are you? Are you fellows in the Second?"

It would have been a deadly insult if Bunter minor had been acquainted with Greyfriars. As it was, the Removites took pity on his ignorance, and did not alay him.

"We're in the Remove," said Harry Wharton stiffly.

"Oh, that's my major's Form."

"Yes, I'm Wharton of the Remove, and this is Nugent. This is Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, Nabob of Bhanipur, and—and Prince of Boario-boolah-Gha, and King of the Cannibal Islands."

The dusky nabob only grinned. He was sometimes introduced like that, but he took it all in good part.

Bunter minor blinked doubtfully at the Removites.

"No gammon," he remarked.

"Nice polite youth," murmured Frank Nugent. "Reminds me so much of his brother. What a joy they must be in the home circle—I don't think."

"The don't-thinkfulness is terrific."

"Look here, if you're Wharton, I know about you," said Sammy Bunter. "Billy's talked about you often enough. You're his best chum, ain't you?"

"Eh?"

"And, Nugent, you're the chap who wanted to be Billy's best chum, and got ratty because he preferred Wharton."

"My only hat!" gasped Nugent.

"I'm glad to see you," said Sammy. "If you're Billy's best friends, I'm sorry I spoke to you as I did. I was rather ratty."

"Don't worry yourself," said Wharton grimly. "We're not Bunter's best friends. We've turned him out of our study because we can't stand him. He's been romancing to you, my son. He hasn't a friend at Greyfriars, as a matter of fact, that I know of."

Bunter minor blinked with wide eyes.

"Oh, gammon!" he exclaimed.

"If you mean by that civil remark that you doubt my word, young Bunter, you're within easy distance of getting a thick ear," said Wharton.

Sammy backed away.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "Only I don't believe everything I hear, you know. Billy has told me about you fellows, and how you all hang on to him, and how you cried when he left your study for good. He told me in a letter."

"Cried!" yelled Wharton.

"Yes, cried. Billy said so."

"I think we'd better look for Billy," said Nugent warmly.

"My hat! I'll give him something to cry for, too."

"The cryfulness should be terrific!"

"I say, you fellows—"



Billy Bunter was coming along the passage in search of the chums of the Remove. It was tea-time. He caught sight of his minor, and stopped. It was the first meeting at Greyfriars between the two.

"Hallo, Sammy!"

"Hallo, Billy!"

"Where have you been?" said Billy Bunter peevishly. "I—I've been looking for you everywhere. I see you've already made friends with Wharton."

"Nothing of the sort," said Harry Wharton coolly.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"I was just telling them what you'd told me," said Bunter minor maliciously. "About the way they cried when you left their study—"

Bunter turned crimson.

"Oh, shut up, Sammy!"

"Gammon!" said Sammy. "Isn't it true?"

"A—a little joke, you know, Wharton," said Billy Bunter feebly. "Just a—a little joke. I never expected Sammy to swallow it. But he'd swallow anything; he's a greedy young pig."

"And didn't you say Wharton was your friend—your best friend, Billy?"

"Yee-es. So he is—so you are, Wharton. You've stood by me lots of times, like a really good sort," said Bunter weakly.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, if you put it like that, I suppose it's right," he said.

"I do put it like that," said Billy.

"And you told me Nugent was ratty because you didn't take so much notice of him as you did of Wharton," pursued the relentless Sammy.

"What?" yelled Nugent.

Billy Bunter backed away behind his minor.

"I—I—it was only a j-joke," he stammered. "You mustn't take any notice of what this kid says. He's a young ass!"

Nugent glared at him wrathfully. He was greatly inclined to take Billy Bunter by the collar and dust the linoleum with him.

"So it's all gammon, is it?" said Sammy. "What a blessed fibber you are, Billy! You always were, too."

"Oh, really, Sammy— Look here!" broke off Bunter, changing the subject. "I suppose you chaps are going to have tea in No. 1 now."

"Yes," said Wharton.

"Good! I'll come and have tea with you, and so will my minor. I suppose you'd like to stand a little bit of celebration for my young brother, his first day at Greyfriars."

The Removes stared at Bunter. Well as they knew him, he was always surprising them afresh with his cool cheek.

"No," said Harry abruptly.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

The chums of the Remove walked into their study. Bunter major and minor paused in the doorway. They looked curiously alike as they stood blinking into the study.

Frank Nugent picked up a ruler.

"No Bunters wanted," he said. "I'll give you my plain opinion of you, and then you can go. You're a lying rascal, Billy! And your young brother is a rude, inconsiderate little pig, and no better than you are! If he had spoken to me as he has to Wharton I'd have jumped on him. Get out, both of you!"

"Oh, really—"

Nugent came towards the door, ruler in hand, with so businesslike an expression that both the Bunters scuttled down the passage. Nugent slammed the door. No Bunters were wanted in No. 1 Study.

At the head of the stairs the Bunters halted. They blinked at one another with mutual annoyance and suspicion.

"So they are your friends?" said Sammy, with a jeer.

"Your best friends—the fellows who cried when you left their study! Gammon!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Billy Bunter irritably. "You've queered me there, by cheeking Wharton, you cheeky young beggar. You always were a nuisance. What am I going to do for my tea now, I'd like to know?"

"What am I going to do? Look here, Aunt Peggy sent you some tin for me, Billy, and—"

"I know I'm jolly hungry. I don't know what the dickens they wanted to send you to Greyfriars for," said Bunter irritably. "It's always up against a fellow to have a young brother in the infants' Forms."

"Oh, gammon!" said Sammy. "You can take it from me that I'd rather have gone to any other school. I knew you'd always be borrowing money of me, for one thing."

"Look here, Sammy, if you want a thick ear—"

"Gammon! Where's the tin Aunt Peggy sent—"

"All right, I'm coming!" called out Bunter, in answer to an imaginary call from downstairs; and he ran off, leaving

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his minor standing alone, considerably astonished, and blinking after him.

"Billy, come back, you chump!"

But Billy Bunter did not come back. He didn't want to have to explain what had become of that remittance from Aunt Peggy; and if his brotherly heart yearned after his minor, he had a wonderful knack of concealing it.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### A Warm Reception.

**S**AMMY BUNTER waited a few minutes for his major to return, but Billy Bunter remained absent. Sammy realised at last that he was not coming back, and he snorted with anger and dissatisfaction. He was getting very hungry himself—he had the healthy Bunter appetite. His major was to have shown him about Greyfriars—and shown him, of course, where he could get some tea.

Billy Bunter had told him, in the holidays, many a tale of gorgeous feasts in studies and dormitories—tales that had made Bunter minor's mouth water. Sammy had come to Greyfriars with dim visions in his mind of great feasts, provided by those dear friends of Bunter's who quarrelled for his favour and cried when he left them.

It was pretty clear now that those visions were not to be realised—in fact, he began to be doubtful whether he would get any tea at all that day. He descended the stairs, looking out for his major, but his major was far away by that time. He ran into Nugent minor, Gatty, and Myers, at the foot of the staircase. They were looking for him. Dick Nugent had not forgotten his promise.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Dick. "How did you get on with Kelly, kid?"

Bunter minor grunted.

"He's a beast!" he remarked.

The fags frowned at him. Mr. Kelly, the master of the Second, was a favourite with his Form as a kind and just man.

"Oh, rats!" said Gatty. "Kelly's all right!"

"He's a cheeky beast!" said Sammy.

Gatty sniffed.

"Cheeky to a new fag!" he said. "Oh, don't talk rot!"

"Look here—"

"Dry up!" exclaimed Dick Nugent. "Don't begin ragging now! I say, I suppose you haven't had tea yet, Bunter minor?"

"No. And I'm jolly hungry!"

"What are you going to do—have tea with your major?"

"He's gone off, and I can't find him. I jolly well believe he's giving me the slip on purpose!" said Sammy wrathfully.

"Not an uncommon thing for a major to do," grinned Myers. "They don't like to have minors tagging at their heels."

"Oh, gammon!" said Sammy. "It's because he's got some tin of mine—my Aunt Peggy sent him some for me."

"Nice brother, and nice family," said Gatty.

"Gammon! You mind your own business!"

"I—I shan't be able to hold out till to-morrow!" gasped Gatty. "Hang your cheek! Young Nugent, how can you expect a chap to keep his hands off him?"

"Don't be an ass, Gatty! Look here, are you going to have tea in Hall, young Bunter, or would you like to feed with us?"

"Nugent!" snorted Gatty and Myers together.

"I told Wingate I'd look after him."

"But not that! Tea in Hall's good enough for him, and—"

"Well, I'm off!" said Myers indignantly. "It's laying it on too thick, that's what it is! I'm not going to stand it!"

And Myers, digging his hands deep into his trousers-pockets, stalked away. Gatty seemed inclined to follow him, but he stopped.

"Oh, I'll have tea with you if you've got anything good!" said Sammy Bunter. "Where do you chaps have tea—in your study?"

"The Forms below the Remove don't have studies," said Dicky Nugent. "We do our preparation in the Form-room and we're allowed to use the Form-room at times when there's no lesson on and it isn't wanted for anything else. We have a fire going, and we cock things there, and we keep grub in the lockers."

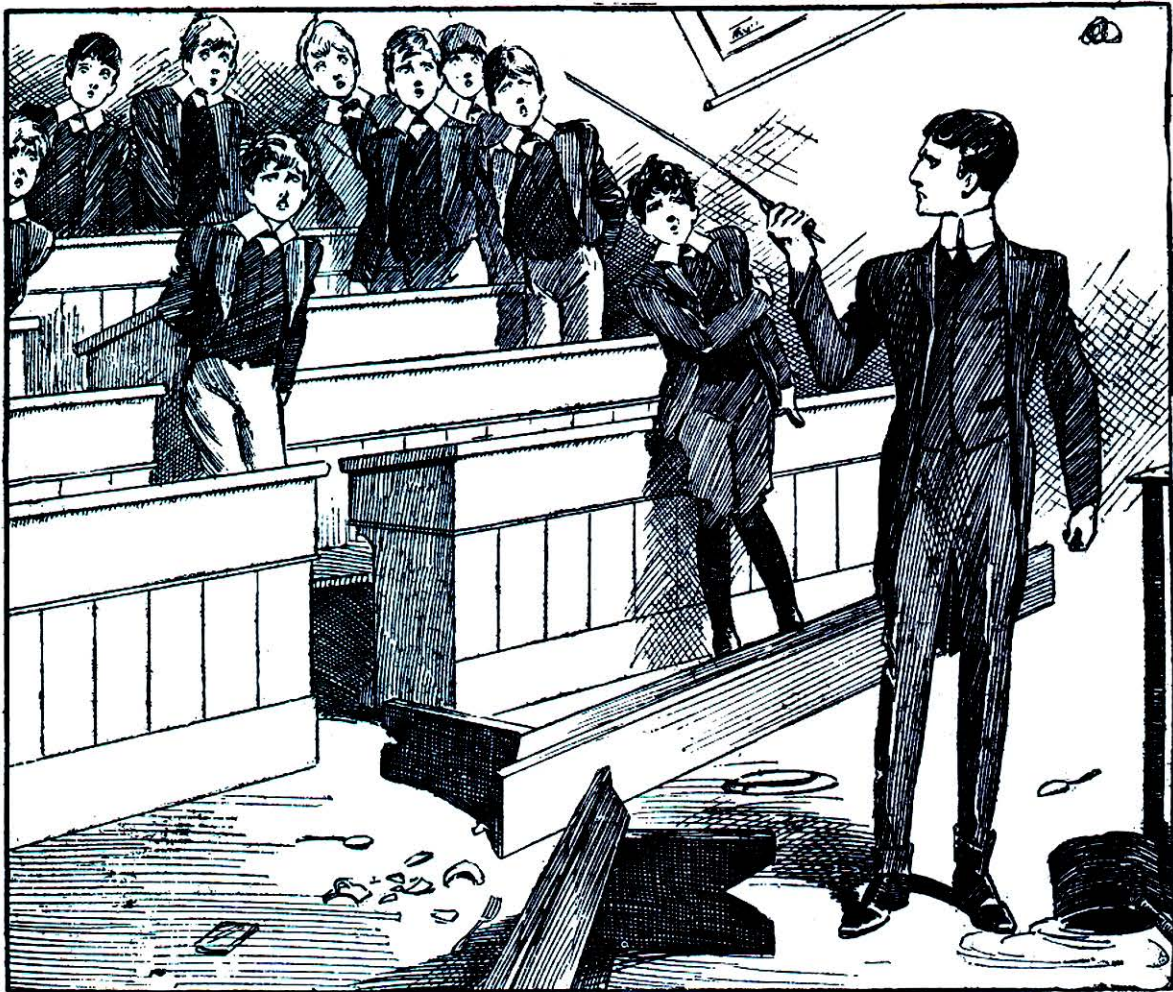
"I'd rather have a study."

"Better tell Dr. Locke so!" snorted Gatty.

"Oh, you dry up!"

Gatty seemed on the point of choking again, but he dried up. After all, Nugent minor's promise to Wingate was only for that day. On the morrow it would be possible to give Sammy Bunter what he deserved. And Gatty tried to possess his soul with patience for the present, consoling himself with a vision of ragging Bunter minor almost bald-headed on the morrow.





"You young sweeps!" exclaimed Loder angrily. "If I hear so much as a whisper from you again I'll come back and warm you!" "Oh, crumbs!" gasped one unfortunate fag. (See page 12.)

"Well, we're going to get some things for tea," said Dick Nugent. "Do you like sausages and chips?"

Bunter minor's eyes rolled behind his spectacles.

"What-ho!" he said.

"Then come on—if you're sure you wouldn't rather go and look for your major," said Dick, with a faint hope that Bunter minor would prefer to go and look for his major.

But Sammy shook his head.

"I'm hungry!" he said. "I'll lend you a hand at cooking the sausages if you like. I'm a great hand at cooking."

"I'll go and get the things," said Gatty. "Give me the tin, Dicky, and I'll cut across to Mrs. Mumble's."

Certain coins of the realm changed hands, and Gatty ran off. It was not merely a desire to be useful that actuated Gatty. He felt that if he didn't have a rest from Bunter minor's company there would be unavoidable trouble.

Bunter minor accompanied Dick Nugent to the Second Form-room. Dick was feeling a little uneasy as to Sammy's introduction into the Form-room. He had promised Wingate to befriend the new-comer. He had induced his chums to stand by him, but the rest of the Form were doubtless in the same mood as at the meeting Nugent minor had called, and Dick felt that there might be trouble with them. But the sooner it was over the better, he reflected. It was bitterly hard on him. If Sammy Bunter had been a decent chap, as Wingate had considered possible, it would have been all right. But he evidently wasn't anything of the kind. Dick had to stand by him and defend him, knowing that there never was a fellow who more richly deserved ragging. But it never occurred to Dick to break his promise to Wingate.

The Second Form-room was pretty well crowded. Between

lessons and preparation the fags had the room to themselves, and they preferred it to the junior common-room, where they would have been overborne by the company of the Remove and the Upper Fourth.

There was a smell of cooking herrings at the large, wide grate, where a roaring fire blazed. Diggs of the Second was cooking herrings, and Parrott was helping. Parrott's face seemed to be cooking quite as much as the herrings, and the perspiration was rolling down it in big streams. His clothes were scorching in two or three places, too, which added to the "scentfulness," as Hurrec Singh would have called it, that hung about the fire.

There was a general exclamation among the assembled fags as Nugent minor came in with the new junior.

"Here he is!"

"Here's Bunter minor!"

"Here's Falstaff the Second!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nugent's got him!"

And a crowd surrounded the two juniors at once. Sammy Bunter was a little alarmed. He shrank back, catching hold of Nugent minor's sleeve.

"What's all this?" he muttered. "What the——"

"It's all right," said Dick. "They're only the Second."

"Oh, I see!"

"Here he is!" exclaimed Norton. "You're Bunter, ain't you?"

"Yes, I am," said Sammy.

"It's a sixpenny edition of William George," grinned Cary. "Fatter, I think, and uglier. Rotten that we've got to have him in the Second!"



"Oh, no gammon!" said Bunter minor.  
 "What!"  
 "Mind your own business, and let me alone. I don't care twopence for the lot of you," said Sammy.  
 There was a roar.  
 "Collar him!"  
 "Bump him!"  
 There was a rush for Bunter minor. Dick Nugent sprang in front of him and pushed back Cary and Norton and Price, and the fags halted.  
 "What are you up to, Nugent minor?" exclaimed Norton, in a rage. "You're not going to interfere with us!"  
 "Yes, I am."  
 "What!" yelled the fags, in amazement and rage.  
 "Hands off Bunter!"  
 "Hands off Bunter!" repeated Price, like one in a dream.  
 "Why, only a couple of hours or so ago you were proposing to rag him from the start!"  
 "That's all very well, but—"  
 "You've changed your mind!" roared Norton. "Well, we haven't changed ours! Stand out of the way, Nugent minor!"  
 "Rats!"  
 "Stand aside!"  
 "I won't!"  
 "You'll jolly well get ragged if you don't!"  
 "I tell you—"  
 "Are you going to stand out of the way?"  
 "No!"  
 "Then we'll put you!"

And the excited fags rushed on. Nugent minor was their acknowledged leader, but his standing between them and their prey in this manner was not to be borne. They rushed upon him in a yelling swarm, and in a moment more Nugent minor and Sammy Bunter were in the midst of a wild and whirling crowd.

### THE NINTH CHAPTER. Loder Looks In.

DICK NUGENT set his teeth as the fags rushed upon him. He hit out straight from the shoulder—and Dick knew how to hit. He was strong and sturdy and clear-eyed, and he had had lessons in the manly art from his major. Norton went down, and Cary fell across him, and two or three more of the fags reeled away under Dick Nugent's doughty blows. But the fags were in swarms. Nugent was grasped by a dozen hands, and borne back with a crash against the wall. He rolled on the floor, and the fags rolled upon him. Still hitting out furiously, he disappeared under a heap of fags.

Sammy Bunter had not put up a fight at all. He was too confused and too alarmed. He made an attempt to get to the door, but was promptly collared and dragged back. He did not struggle—it would have been useless if he had done so, in the grip of so many hands.

Norton staggered to his feet clasping his nose, which was red and swollen and streaming with crimson.

"Groo!" he gasped. "Got him! Hold him! Gerrooh! Lend me a hanky, somebody! Groo! Gerrooh!"

And Norton mopped his nose savagely. Strange gasps and ejaculations were proceeding from beneath the mass of fags that pinned down Nugent minor on the floor. There was no rescue for Sammy.

"Leggo!" roared Sammy Bunter. "Chuck it! No gammon! Leggo! Yah! Yow!"

"Collar him!"

"Hold him!"

"We've got him!" roared Gunn.

"Yow! Yah! Leggo!"

"Lemme gerrup!" came a suffocated voice from beneath the sprawling fags. "Yow! Lemme gerrup! Gerroff me chest! Yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Keep him down!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Now, then, you fat boulder— Oh, cave!"

The door opened, and Loder the prefect looked in. Loder was looking very angry. He had been interrupted at tea by the terrific din proceeding from the Form-room, and as the noise did not cease, he was bound to go and investigate. Loder didn't like the trouble. He had thoughtfully brought a cane with him.

"What's all this row?" he roared.

"Nothing, Loder, Only—ow!"

"Yah!"

"Yarroop!"

"Oh! Ow! Groo!"

Loder, without even waiting for his question to be answered, and knowing perfectly well that he would never get to the rights of the matter in any case, had cut it short by lashing out with the cane.

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The fags spread and scattered in all directions as he lashed out.

Loder did not lay the strokes on lightly, either. Wherever the cane fell—on arms or legs or back—it stung and bit.

The prefect laid it on to the sprawling fags who were scrambling in hot haste off Nugent minor.

They scrambled off with wild yells as the cane sang through the air, and rolled on the floor yelling with anguish.

Dick Nugent, dazed and bewildered, lay alone at last, too stunned to rise immediately, and he remained the only victim within reach of Loder's cane.

Loder lashed at him savagely.

"Oh!" roared Dick. "Oh! Yow! I haven't done anything! Stop it! Chuck it! Yarroop!"

He struggled, and squirmed away, and fled.

Loder made a last cut after him, and missed, and then paused, panting. The fags were scattered far and wide, among the forms and desks, or in the corners, all of them ready to dodge again in case the prefect should pursue them.

But Loder was too breathless to carry the punishment further.

"You young sweeps!" he exclaimed. "If that lesson isn't enough I'll give you another one! If I hear so much as a whisper from this room again, I'll come back and really warm you!"

"Ow! Yow!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Groo! Hoo!"

To that chorus Loder retired from the Form-room, shaking his cane at the fags, and then slamming the door behind him.

A crowd of smarting, angry fags remained in the Form-room. Complaints were not loud, but deep. After their painful experience, the Second Form did not care to make any further disturbance.

Dick Nugent rubbed his shoulders, and glared at the angry, discontented fags. Bunter minor was sitting on a form, gasping and scowling.

"Blessed set of asses, aren't you?" exclaimed Dick Nugent.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Norton. "It was your fault we had that rotten prefect down on us."

"We could have ragged the new rotter without making such a row," said Gunn.

"Let's rag him now," suggested Diggs.

Diggs's herring had fallen into the fire and been quite consumed, in the confusion, and Diggs was wrathful; he felt that he had perspired and scorched his clothes for nothing, and that somebody ought to be made to suffer for it.

Norton shook his head.

"No go; Loder'll come back."

"I don't care, for one! Let's bar the door."

"Jolly good idea," said Gunn.

"Ass! We've got into row enough now," growled Myers.

"Do you want the masters down on us as well as the prefects?"

"Are we going to let that Bunter worm off?" demanded Gunn indignantly.

"Can't be helped."

"Rats! I say—"

"Oh, shut up, all of you!" exclaimed Dick Nugent angrily. "If you'd listened to me for a moment you might have saved all this. I've got to look after that new kid to-day—"

"Rats!"

"Piffle!"

"I tell you I've got to. Wingate made me promise. He's to be given a chance, though he's Bunter's brother. That's the why of it."

"You ass! Why couldn't you say so before?"

"Did you give me a chance?" howled Dick.

"Well, perhaps we didn't; but you shouldn't have promised Wingate."

"That's my business."

"Oh, Wingate's all right!" said Norton. "But it's rotten having to let such an utter worm alone, all the same."

"Give him his head," said Dick. "There's to-morrow, isn't there?"

The fags grinned.

"And there's to-night in the dorm," Gunn remarked.

"Yes, rather!"

Dick Nugent frowned.

"Not to-night," he exclaimed. "Leave it over till to-morrow—I stand by what I promised Wingate."

The Form-room door opened at that moment, and Gatty came in with a paper bag in his hand. He stared at the dishevelled fags in amazement.

"What on earth have you kids been up to?" he exclaimed.

"Playing the giddy goat," grunted Dick Nugent. "Got the sausages?"

"Here they are."



"Good. Make room at that fire, young Diggs. I've got some cooking to do. You've got the potatoes, Gatty?"

"Yes."

"Peel 'em, then, and you can go and borrow a frying-pan, Myers. You'll find one in the Remove studies."

"Right you are!" said Myers.

"Tea'll be ready soon, kid," said Dick Nugent, addressing Bunter minor. But Sammy answered only with a grunt. He was still feeling very breathless and discomposed, and a little apprehensive for the future.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Butter for Coker.

**B**UNTER minor blinked on while Dick Nugent made the preparations for tea. The row was over, for the present at least, and the fags had settled down to their various avocations. Only Diggs was still sulky; his herring was gone for ever, and that tasty morsel would never delight Diggs and his friends. Nugent minor calmly pushed him aside from the fire, where Diggs was baking potatoes on the bars, and started cooking the sausages. He set a plate before the big fire, and propped the sausages up before it on an ingenious arrangement of pens and ruler. An appetising odour was soon greeting the noses of the fags.

Gatty skinned the potatoes, and had them ready for Myers's return. Myers returned; but he brought no frying-pan. He came into the Form-room with a run, and slammed the door hastily behind him. Nugent minor looked round.

"Got it?"

"No," said Myers breathlessly.

"Why not, ass?"

"Bulstrode got after me."

"Bulstrode! What have you been doing to Bulstrode?"

"Borrowing his frying-pan."

Dick Nugent chuckled.

"You should have tried Wharton. Here, you look after these sassengers, and I'll scout for a frying-pan."

"Rather you than I," panted Myers.

"Get some butter to go with those taters, Gatty. I'll be back in two jiffies."

And Nugent minor left the Second Form-room.

He hurried up to the Remove passage, and trod very lightly past Bulstrode's door. Bulstrode did not always need provocation to cuff fags whom he found in the Remove quarters. Nugent minor halted outside Harry Wharton's study. The door was half open, and a fat figure was standing there, looking in. The back was towards Dick, but he knew Bunter major at once.

"I say, you fellows," Bunter was saying. "I'll come in and have tea with you, if you like. I've been disappointed about a postal order, and—"

Crash!

A heavy book whizzed against the door inside, and Bunter started back, and rolled against Nugent minor, nearly knocking him over.

"Oh, really—" he gasped.

"Look out!" shouted Dick. "Don't roll over me, you blessed steam-roller!"

"I'm sincerely sorry—"

"Oh, get off!"

Dick gave the fat junior a push, and Bunter staggered further off. Dick put his head in at the door.

"I say—Yaroorh!"

He did not mean to say "Yaroorh!" but he did, because a Latin dictionary caught him on the chest, and bowled him into the passage like a cannon-ball.

He crashed against Bunter, and the two fell to the floor together.

"Yow!" gasped Billy Bunter. "Ow!"

"M-m-my only aunt!" howled Dick Nugent. "You dangerous asses! What did you do that for?"

"Phew!" exclaimed Frank Nugent's voice in the study.

"That's my minor."

He opened the door.

Dick scrambled up furiously and glared at him. Frank was laughing, and Harry Wharton and Hurree Singh, further in the study, were laughing, too.

"You chump!" roared Dick.

"Ha, ha! Sorry! I thought it was Bunter coming in again! I'm awfully—ha, ha!—sorry!" yelled Frank Nugent.

"I say, you fellows—"

Nugent minor rubbed his chest, and kicked the dictionary into the study.

"You champion ass," he said, "I should think you could tell the difference between that porpoise and me!"

"Didn't stop to look," grinned Frank. "I saw a duffer shove his head in, and let fly."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The ha-ha-hafulness is terrific."

"I say, you fellows, I'm hurt! I've got a pain—"

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EVERY  
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ONE  
PENNY.

Nugent rushed at the Owl of the Remove and lifted his foot, and Billy Bunter fled down the passage.

"Look here, I came to borrow a frying-pan," said Nugent minor, with a growl. "I suppose you can lend me one? I don't see having a brother in the Remove if a chap doesn't make use of him."

Frank laughed.

"You can have the frying-pan, kid. We've finished with it."

The frying-pan was looking decidedly greasy from recent use. But Nugent minor did not mind. He wrapped an old newspaper round it, and carried it off in triumph. The chums of the Remove resumed their interrupted tea, untroubled by any further visits from Billy Bunter. Bunter, once a denizen of No. 1 Study, was being slowly instructed to let that Study alone, and not to persist in visiting his old haunts like a troubled ghost.

At the head of the stairs, the fat junior was waiting for Dick Nugent.

"I say, Nugent, I suppose you're standing a feed to my minor?" he remarked.

"Yes," said Dick.

Billy Bunter beamed.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I'll come."

"Rats!"

"Oh, really, Nugent minor! You see, young Sammy won't feel comfortable unless I'm there," Bunter explained. "He's very fond of me, of course."

"I don't understand his taste, then."

"Ha, ha!" said Bunter, with a feeble laugh. "Very good—very good indeed! I say, Nugent minor, I suppose I'm coming?"

"Something wrong with your supposer, then. You're not."

"Look here—"

"Rats!"

And Nugent minor quickened his pace, and reached the Form-room door. Billy Bunter rolled on after him, and opened the door, which Dick had slammed.

He blinked into the Form-room.

"I say, you fellows—"

Whiz!

A potato hurled by Gatty caught the fat junior fairly under the chin. He gave a wild howl and staggered back.

"Look in again, do," said Gatty.

But Bunter didn't.

He remained in the passage, glowering with anger, and rubbing his chin, equally divided between a desire for a feed and a desire for vengeance. Coker, of the Shell, came along, and glanced at him. Coker was an old acquaintance of Billy Bunter's. He was in the Shell, but was old enough to have passed into the Fifth long ago, if he had had brains enough—which he hadn't. Coker's long stay in the Shell was a standing joke at Greyfriars, and indeed, unless Coker received a judicious push from somewhere, it was considered probable that Coker would stay in the Shell till he was quite an old gentleman. Nugent had, indeed, drawn a pathetic picture of Coker in the Shell with grey hair and a grey beard, which sent the juniors into convulsions, and sent Coker looking for Nugent with a golf club.

Billy Bunter, who was given to having brilliant ideas, had conceived the scheme of getting Coker to back him up in his study against the Removites, and Coker, who was hard-up at the time, had consented. The Remove had handled him so severely that he had given up the idea, and consoled himself by licking Bunter. Since then the Owl of the Remove had let him severely alone.

Coker grinned at the fat Removite.

"Been in the wars again?" he asked. "Some more of your rotten schemes, I suppose? I hope you've had a good licking."

"Oh, really, Coker—"

"Sent!" said Coker.

And he walked on. He glanced in at the half-open door of the Form-room. Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed. It was that peculiar gleam in the round eyes which showed that the ventriloquist of Greyfriars was on the war-path again.

Whether Billy Bunter could do anything else or not, he could imitate voices. As Coker looked in at the Second Form-room, a voice said very audibly:

"That's Coker—chap who's taken a long lease in the Shell."

Coker flushed crimson.

The voice seemed to come from the Second Form-room, and he had no doubt whatever that the fags were chipping him, especially as he thought he recognised Gatty's voice. He strode into the room.

"You young swallows!" he exclaimed.

The Second Formers stared at him in amazement. Why



Coker should stride into their Form-room suddenly with that exclamation they couldn't understand.

"Hallo!" said Dick Nugent, looking round from the fire.

"What's the matter with you, Sokernuts, old son?"

"No Shell-fish wanted here," cried two or three fags, feeling themselves strong in numbers.

"Go into the Fifth Form-room!" howled Myers. "They've been waiting for you for a long time, Coker."

And there was a roar of laughter.

Coker wasted no more time in words. He rushed at the fags, administering smacks and slaps on all sides. There was a howl of rage from the Second, and Dick Nugent shouted to them to back up. Coker was such a big fellow that half a dozen of the fags would have made little impression upon him; but there were enough of them to overcome him by sheer weight.

Dick Nugent had just melted the butter in the frying-pan for frying the potatoes in. He jerked it from the fire, and as Coker was boxing ears right and left, he bonneted the Shell fellow with the frying-pan.

Coker gave a wild roar.

The butter was melted, but not warm enough to hurt him; but it was worse than being hurt to feel the melted butter running over his ears and down his neck.

"Ow! Yah!" roared Coker. "You horrid young beast! Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fags howled with laughter. Coker made a rush for them, and they scattered, and the Shell fellow, dripping with butter, stamped out of the Form-room, to get himself cleaned.

Billy Bunter chuckled softly as he passed.

A yell of laughter from the Form-room followed him, and Dick Nugent closed the door. The butter had been sacrificed, but he felt that it was worth it.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Feeding the Brute.

**B**UNTER minor left off rubbing his bruises, and sniffed appreciatively, as the scent of the roasting sausages came to him. He was hungry, and even if he had not been hungry, he was always ready for a meal, like his major. Dick Nugent had spread a far from spotless cloth on a desk, and the sausages were placed upon it on a tin dish. Four or five cracked plates were produced from a locker, and a really varied and surprising array of cutlery.

Nugent minor had cooked the sausages to a turn. The chips in the frying-pan were also in a very satisfactory state.

Bunter minor blinked through his spectacles at the feast.

"This is all right!" he remarked.

"Glad you like it," said Nugent minor, glowing from his exertions as cook.

"Oh, it's all right!" said Sammy. "Of course, it's nothing to what I've been accustomed to at home!"

Dick looked at him.

"No?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" said Sammy, with the politeness that seemed to be an inheritance of the Bunter family. "Nothing like! I shouldn't dream of eating grub off a plate like this at home!"

"Wouldn't you?"

"Oh, no! Besides, the forks—look at the forks!"

"What's the matter with them?"

Bunter minor sniffed.

"This one's got a prong gone."

"Give him your fork, Gatty!"

"The handle's loose," said Gatty.

"Your one, then, Myers!"

"There ain't any prongs to mine at all!" said Myers.

"Oh, it's all right!" said Bunter minor.

"I can stand it. I was only pointing out that it isn't what I've been used to."

"Well, now you've pointed out that, suppose you let the matter drop?" suggested Gatty, in a rather belligerent manner.

Bunter minor blinked at him.

"Oh, no gammon!" he said.

Gatty looked at Dick Nugent.

"I know I shall smash him!" he murmured.

"Oh, keep quiet, Gatty, old man!"

"But—"

"Hand out the chips!"

Gatty served the chips. Nugent minor was

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making herculean efforts to keep his promise to Wingate. But he felt like Gatty, that very much more of Sammy Bunter would quite overcome him.

Sammy Bunter, in spite of his disparagement of the feed, ate very heartily. He helped himself a second time, without waiting to be asked, and then a third time. A fat and shiny look began to appear upon his face, which made him look more like his major than ever.

"Got anything to drink?" he asked.

"We're going to have coffee," said Dick Nugent.

"Good! I like coffee. I hope it's decent."

"I hope so, too."

"I'm thirsty now," said Bunter minor, with a manner that hinted that he saw no reason why Dick should not leave his tea unfinished, and make the coffee at once.

Dick looked at him, and then rose from the form, and went to the fire. He jammed the kettle upon the hot coals with a vicious jam, as if he were jamming his fist upon Bunter minor.

Gatty and Myers exchanged glances. The promise to Wingate was all very well, but this self-control on the part of Dick Nugent was almost uncanny. So they thought. Dick came back with a very red face.

"Coffee in a few minutes," he said.

"Sooner the quicker," said Sammy Bunter. "Got any more sausages?"

"No; that's the lot."

"Any more chips?"

"All done," said Gatty.

Bunter minor grunted.

"I'm still hungry," he said.

The juniors exchanged glances. It had meant a considerable inroad upon their funds to stand that little feed to Bunter minor. His acknowledgment of it was not exactly what might have been expected.

"I'm sorry," said Dick shortly.

"I suppose you've got a cake to finish with?" suggested Sammy. "Billy always told me in his letters that they finished tea with cake in No. 1 Study in the Remove."

"This isn't No. 1 Study in the Remove," said Dick curtly.

"I'm fond of cake."

Dick stared at him, and then thrust his hand into his trousers-pocket, and drew therefrom his last sixpence.

"Will you cut down to the tuckshop, Myers, old man, and get some cake?" he asked.

"Oh, all right!" said Myers. "Anything to oblige!"

And he went.

Dick Nugent made the coffee. While he and Myers were engaged, Bunter minor entertained Gatty with stories of his home life, making well-bred contrasts between the grandeur of the Bunter mansion and his present surroundings. Gatty always wondered afterwards how it was that he didn't rise up and fell him.

Myers came back with a big chunk of seed-cake wrapped in a newspaper. Dick Nugent brought the coffee to the desk at the same moment.

He poured out the coffee into cracked mugs and cups and glasses, at which Bunter minor blinked disdainfully.

"Here's the cake!" said Myers.

Sammy Bunter sniffed at it.

"Pretty stale!" he remarked.

Myers turned red.

"If you don't like it—" he began.

"Oh, it's better than nothing!" said Sammy.

And he proved his words by taking a huge chunk.

Dick Nugent said nothing. He poured out the coffee. Bunter minor passed some very free comments upon the coffee, but as he consumed four cups of it, it is to be presumed that it was not so very bad.

Sammy did full justice to the cake, too, stale as it was. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Minble's cakes were famous for their freshness.

When the last crumb was gone, and the coffee-cup emptied for the fourth time, Sammy gave a grunt.

"Had enough?" asked Gatty.

"Well, I could eat more," said Sammy;

"but it will do."

"I'm glad it will do," said Dick.

"Oh, it's all right! I suppose I ought to thank you fellows, really," said Sammy, as if the idea had just occurred to him.

"Oh, not at all!" said Dick.

"Not in the least!" said Gatty.

"Oh, no, no!" said Myers.

Bunter minor rose.

"I'll stand you fellows something decent."

## Boys who do not read "THE MAGNET."



H—HORACE,  
who "studies Greek."





"Lend a hand, you chaps!" exclaimed Nugent minor. "What-ho!" And the four boys seized hold of Billy Bunter. (See page 5.)

he said, with some emphasis on the word "decent," "when I get my money from Billy. He's had a remittance from my Aunt Peggy for me, and I'm going to get it from him."

Gatty grinned. "You'll be jolly clever if you get any money from Bunter major," he remarked.

Sammy blinked at him. "Well, I'll get it from one of the fellows who owe him money, then," he said.

"One of the what?"

"Fellows who owe him money!"

"My hat! Fellows who owe Bunter money?"

"Yes. Billy said in his letters that he often lends money to the fellows in the Remove—especially Cherry and Wharton and Nugent."

"My hat!"

"If he hasn't any, they'll have to stump up!" said Bunter minor. "I'm jolly well going to look for him now! You fellows come!"

"I've got an important engagement with my tailor," said Gatty solemnly, "otherwise I should be charmed!"

"Same here!" said Myers. "There's nothing I should like so well as a stroll with you, only I've promised the Head to give him a look in!"

Bunter minor blinked at them.

"It's all right; I'll come!" said Dick Nugent, with an effort.

"Come on, then!" said Sammy.

And they left the Second Form-room together. Gatty put away the tea things, with the assistance of Myers. They discussed Bunter minor the while.

"Let him wait till to-morrow, that's all!" said Gatty.

"Yes, rather?" agreed Myers.

And the thought of the morrow, and the punishment it would bring to Bunter minor for his sins, was quite cheering to the two fags, and brought cheerful smiles to their faces.

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## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### No Cash for Sammy.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo, young Nugent!" It was Bob Cherry who delivered the boisterous greeting. He was coming downstairs with Mark Linley, his chum in No. 13 Study, when he met Nugent minor and Sammy. He stared at Sammy.

"Young Bunter, I suppose?" he remarked.

"Yes," said Dick.

"You've chummed up with him already—eh?"

Dick turned red.

"Well, yes; in a way," he said.

"Good! It's nice and good-natured of you to look after a new-comer like this. I suppose Sammy is as nice a lad as his major?"

Dick grinned faintly.

"Just the same," he said.

Bob Cherry understood. One look at Sammy was enough to show that he was very like Billy.

"Good!" said Bob. "Look after him—treat him as if he were the apple of your eye, and feed him well! That's most important!"

"Look here, Bob Cherry—"

"Or if you want to do Greyfriars a good turn, take him out and lose him!" said Bob Cherry genially. "What do you think, Marky?"

Mark Linley smiled.

He was not very pleasantly impressed by the new fag. But Mark Linley's heart was kind to everybody. He had had too hard an experience himself to think of being hard upon others.

"Go easy with the new kid, Bob!" he replied.

"Quite right, Marky; you're always right!" Bob agreed at once.



Bunter minor was blinking at him in a peculiar manner. Bob Cherry met his eye, and gave him a nod.

"I say, is your name Cherry?" asked Sammy.

"Yes; that's my name. This is Mark Linley. Linley, old man, allow me to present you to Samuel Bunter, Esquire, of that ilk!" said Bob gravely.

"Oh, no gammon!" said Sammy. "I know that name Linley, too; Billy's told me about him. Is he the factory chap?"

Bob Cherry turned red with anger. Mark fastened a restraining grasp upon his sleeve. Bob was very near committing assault and battery at that moment.

"Yes," said Mark quietly, speaking for himself. "Yes, I'm the factory chap, Bunter minor."

"Oh, are you? Came here on a scholarship, or charity, or something, didn't you?" asked Sammy.

"Yes, on a scholarship."

"Well, that's a kind of charity, I suppose?"

"Not exactly," said Mark Linley quietly. "A scholarship is a thing you work for, and get by hard work. It only falls to chaps who can work, and win it. You would probably know that if you weren't a fat, rotten little cad! Come on, Bob!"

Bunter minor blinked at him as he walked on with Bob Cherry. Then he blinked at Nugent minor, who was red and uncomfortable.

"Is that really Linley, the factory chap?" he asked.

"Yes," said Dick shortly.

"He's really the scholarship bounder that Billy told me about in his letters?" Sammy asked.

"He's the scholarship chap. He's not a bounder—he's one of the best," said Nugent minor.

"Well, that's a matter of opinion, of course. I think it's rotten that he should be admitted here—that's one of the few things I agree with Billy about," said Sammy. "I've heard about him from Billy. He's always sucking up to Billy to be taken notice of, isn't he?"

"Did Billy tell you that?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, it's a lie," said Dick.

"Eh?"

"I suppose you know your major is one of the biggest liars on earth," said Dick testily. "Mark Linley wouldn't take any notice of such a cad."

"Oh, no gammon, you know!"

"I only wonder that Linley didn't wallop you for your cheek just now, too."

Sammy stared.

"Gammon!" he said. "Of course, he wouldn't dare to lay a finger on me!"

Nugent minor almost choked. But for that unlucky promise to Wingate, he would have enjoyed giving Sammy Bunter the licking of his life there and then.

He let the subject drop; he felt that he could not speak again without hitting Bunter.

"Which is my major's study?" asked Sammy.

"No. 14—here it is!"

Sammy turned the handle. The door did not open.

He knocked loudly.

"Billy! I say, Billy!" he called through the keyhole.

Bunter's voice answered from within:

"Hallo! Who's that?"

"You jolly well know who it is. Open the door."

"Can't!"

"Why not?"

"It's locked!"

"Unlock it, then!"

"I've lost the key!"

"Gammon!"

"Oh, really, Sammy—"

"Look here, Billy," said Bunter minor, through the keyhole. "I want that tin!"

"What tin?"

"What Aunt Peggy sent you for me."

There was no reply. Bunter seemed to be suddenly afflicted with deafness. Sammy shook the door and howled through the keyhole, but it was of no use. There was no further reply from Billy Bunter.

Nugent minor watched him with a grin.

He knew perfectly well that if Bunter major had received any money, for Sammy or for anybody else, he had spent it. That accounted for the door being locked. It was easier to lock a door than to give an explanation.

Bunter minor hammered loudly at the door.

"Billy!" he shouted. "Billy!"

But Billy was dumb.

Bang, bang, bang!

A door opened down the passage, and Bulstrode looked out, and shouted furiously to the fags.

"Stop that row, will you, or I'll come along to you?"

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"Better chuck it," whispered Dick. "That's Bulstrode."

"Who's Bulstrode?"

"Biggest chap in the Remove."

"I remember the name—he's one of the chaps Billy lent money to—my money, very likely," said Sammy. "I'll ask him for it."

Nugent minor gasped.

"You ass! Don't do anything of the sort!" he exclaimed.

"Your major was only gammoning. I don't suppose for a moment that he's ever lent Bulstrode any money."

"Well, anyway, I can ask Bulstrode."

"I advise you not to."

Bunter minor blinked at him.

"When I want your advice, I'll ask for it," he said, in the best manner of William George Bunter.

Nugent minor bit his lip.

Sammy Bunter rolled along the passage towards Bulstrode, who was standing in his doorway staring at him. Nugent minor remained where he was. He didn't care to accompany the new fag on such an errand to the Bully of the Remove.

Bunter minor blinked at Bulstrode.

"Hallo, young shaver!" said the burly Removite. "Young Bunter, I suppose. Well, you're a chip of the old block, and no mistake!"

"I'm Bunter minor."

"I guessed that by your fat chivvy. Well, don't make any more row in the Remove passage, or you'll get into trouble," said Bulstrode.

He stepped back into his study.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Sammy. "What about the money Billy lent you—"

"What?"

"Billy's got a remittance for me, and he prefers you to pay me what you owe him," Bunter minor explained.

"What—I owe him!" said Bulstrode slowly, as if he could hardly believe his ears.

"Yes. Please hand it over."

"Did Billy Bunter say I owed him money?"

"Yes; fifteen bob, if I remember."

"My hat!"

"Hand it over, will you?" said Sammy, holding out a fat hand—which was now in the same state as when Mr. Kelly had seen it, before that bath in the company of Alonzo Todd.

Bulstrode stared at the hand.

"I don't owe your major any money," he said. "It's only one of his lies."

"No gammon, you know!"

"What?" roared Bulstrode.

"No gammon, you know! Hand over the tin!"

Bulstrode glared at the fag for a moment. Then he grasped him by the shoulders, and swung him round, and delivered a kick behind him that sent him spinning along the passage.

Bunter minor staggered and scrambled on a dozen paces, and then fell and sprawled on the linoleum.

Bulstrode glared after him. Bunter minor sat up and blinked dazedly at him. Nugent minor, along the passage, indulged in a soft chuckle.

"Take that!" said Bulstrode. "If you come here with any more of your rotten cheek, I'll really kick you next time!"

And he went into his study and slammed the door.

"Ow!" groaned Bunter minor.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Harry Wharton Does Not Pay Up.

DICK NUGENT gave Sammy a helping hand up. It must be confessed that Dick was grinning. Although his promise to Wingate restrained him from punishing Bunter minor himself, he was not sorry to see him meet with a little of his deserts.

But he helped him up.

Bunter minor groaned, and hung on him for a few moments, and then put his spectacles straight, and groaned again.

"The beast!" he said.

"Well, it was rough," admitted Dick.

"The brute!"

"Bulstrode's always like that," said Nugent minor. "The best thing is to keep away from him, you know."

"Ow! I'm hurt!"

"Well, I warned you," said Dick. "Bulstrode's not a safe chap to cheek, you know. And, of course, he doesn't owe your brother any money."

"Oh, shut up!"

Dick's eyes glinted.

Sammy Bunter remained for a few moments grunting, and rubbing his injuries, and then he blinked at Nugent in an aggressive manner, and asked where Harry Wharton's study was.

"Next study to this," said Dick quietly.



"Oh, all right! Come there with me!"

Sammy might have taken Dick for the House-page by the way he spoke to him—though a well-bred lad would not have spoken to a page, or a bootblack, or anyone else, in such a tone. Dick took it quietly. It was his medicine, so to speak, and he took it. He was astonishing himself by his powers of self-control.

Why Dick was attending him, Sammy probably never asked himself. He had paid no attention to what the juniors said, and if he had understood about the promise to Wingate, he would not have believed in it. A promise, or a thousand promises, would not have bound him in like manner.

Sammy probably thought that Dick was paying him the respect due to a superior person, or else that Dick had some intention of trying to get something out of him—or, perhaps, he attributed both motives to Nugent minor.

At all events, his manner to him was insolence itself; and Dick could only console himself by thinking of the morrow, when his promise would no longer bind him. Then there would be something in the nature of a surprise for Bunter minor.

Dick Nugent knocked at the door of No. 1 Study, and opened it. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were there, reciting the parts of Brutus and Cassius, in the famous quarrel scene in "Julius Caesar," Hurree Jamset Ram Singh holding the book and putting them right when their memory failed. The two juniors were deeply engrossed in the practice, which was intended to bear fruit in some performance of the Remove Dramatic Society—and they were keenly interested, too, in one of the finest passages of one of the greatest of human masterpieces.

They did not leave off as Bunter minor rolled in. They had been through the piece once, and were beginning again, and Nugent was rolling out Cassius's lines.

"That you have wronged me doth appear in this!

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,

For taking bribes here of the Sardians—"

"I say!" began Bunter minor. "Chuck that rot a minute, will you?"

Frank Nugent glared and finished his lines.

"I say—" began Sammy again.

"You wronged yourself to write in such a cause," said Harry Wharton, taking no notice of Bunter minor.

The fat fag snorted.

"Look here, you fellows, I've come here—"

The Removites seemed to be deaf, excepting to one another's voices. They proceeded with the quarrel scene as if Bunter minor did not exist.

Dicky Nugent pulled the fat fag by the sleeve.

"Come away," he muttered.

Sammy shook off his grasp.

"I say, you'll only get ragged," muttered Dick. "Can't you see they're busy? Come away, you young ass!"

"Mind your own business!"

Dick gave it up. He sat on the table to wait, pretty sure that there would be "ructions" if Bunter minor succeeded in interrupting the rehearsal.

"Fools," they say, "rush in where angels fear to tread." Bunter minor rushed in.

"I say," he bawled, "will you stop that silly rot and listen to me?"

"Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?" Harry Wharton was demanding in thrilling tones.

"What villain touched his body, that did stab

And not for justice?"

"Look here—"

"What, shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world,

But for supporting robbers, shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,

And sell the mighty space of our large honours,

For so much trash, as may be grasped thus—"

And Harry Wharton, making the appropriate gesture to the words, grasped the neck of Bunter minor, as if by accident, in a grasp that made the fat fag yell.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Wharton did not appear to hear Sammy's wild yells. He went on with his part with a perfectly unmoved face, his grasp still tight upon Sammy's neck. Sammy began to gurggle.

"I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman!"

"Ow! Yow! Leggo! Yaroo! You're chok-chok-choking me! Yaroo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Nugent minor.

"Yow! Yaroo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Brutus, bay not me," said Nugent, trying not to laugh.

"I'll not endure it"— Ha, ha, ha!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh shook his head.

"That is not in the honourable book," he remarked. "It is later that the esteemed Brutus declares that he will use the worthy Cassius for his honourable sport and laughter."

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**NEXT TUESDAY: "COKER'S CATCH."**

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Go on, Frank."  
"I c-c-can't! Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Leggo!" shrieked the squirming Sammy. "Help! Yow! Leggo!"

Wharton dropped him wriggling on the carpet.

"What do you come here interrupting a rehearsal for?" he demanded.

"Ow! Yow!" gasped Sammy. "Look here, you beast—"

"What?"

"Look here," said Sammy, scrambling to his feet, "I want some of the money you owe my brother. He owes me a lot, and that will make it square."

"Money—your brother!"

"Yes; I'm collecting debts," said Sammy, rubbing his neck. "Just you hand over what you owe Billy, and—"

"What are you talking about? I don't owe Billy Bunter anything."

"Gammon!"

"What?"

"He's lent you lots of money, you and Nugent—in fact, he told me that you two were always sponging on him."

"My only hat!" ejaculated Nugent.

Harry Wharton pointed to the door. Sammy followed the direction of his finger with blinking eyes, and then blinked at Harry again.

"Well?" he said.

"There's the door!" said Harry curtly. "The sooner you get on the other side of it the better it will be for you!"

"Look here—"

"Outside!"

"But I tell you—"

"Outside!" roared Wharton.

"Look here—"

Wharton wasted no more time in words. He seized the fat fag by the shoulders and ran him out of the study, and whirled him along the passage.

Bunter minor went spinning.

Wharton, looking a little flushed and angry, came back into the study and closed the door. It was not likely that Bunter minor would return for more. Harry stopped, and stared at Nugent minor, who was sitting on the table, swinging his legs and grinning.

"What do you mean by bringing that fat toad here?" demanded Harry wrathfully.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Alonzo Wishes to Change the Subject.

DICK NUGENT grinned.

"Sorry," he said. "I can't help it. Isn't he an awful cad?"

"Yes, he is! Rotten!"

"The rottenfulness of the esteemed cad is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, in his excellent English.

"Never saw such a rotten outsider!" Dick Nugent added.

"What are you chumming up with him for, then?" demanded Frank.

Dick Nugent shuddered.

"Chumming up with that!" he ejaculated.

"You're going about with him, at all events, and you brought him here."

Dick gave a shrug of the shoulders, with a hopeless look.

"Can't be helped," he said.

"Why not?"

"It's all Wingate's fault," said Nugent minor testily. "He heard that Bunter minor was coming, and had an idea that he might be ragged by the Second, so he got me to promise to look after him like a brother for the first day."

"Oh!" said Wharton.

"I promised, like an ass—didn't like to refuse Wingate. What else could I do?" demanded Dick.

Nugent major shook his head.

"Blessed if I know!" he said.

"I'm looking after him," said Dick. "I've stood between him and the others. He's an awful cad—as bad as his major. It will take a long time to lick him into shape, I fancy. But I've promised for to-day, and I can't touch him. I suppose you wouldn't recommend a chap to break his promise?"

"Of course not!"

"The notfulness is terrific!"

"Well, then, I've got to play the game for to-day," said Dick. "I've got to stick to the beast through thick and thin, and put up with what he does, and keep the other fellows off him. Nice for me, ain't it?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"It's good training for you," he said. "It will do you good. Anyway, you've got to keep your promise to Wingate."



Nugent minor grunted as he slid off the table. "I know that," he said. "I suppose I shall have to go and pick him up now. There will be a row in the dormitory to-night, too. Blessed if I know why Wingate wanted to plant such an awful cad on me to look after!"

"Never mind; play the game," grinned Frank. "You're bound in honour now, you know."

"Oh, I know!"

And Nugent minor left the study. The chums of the Remove laughed. They could see how comic Dick Nugent's predicament was, though the fun of the thing had hardly dawned upon Nugent minor himself.

Sammy Bunter was waiting for Dick in the passage. He was in a savage temper, and as he could not venture into Study No. 1 again, he consoled himself by slanging Dick as soon as he saw him.

"Why couldn't you come out before?" he demanded.

"Well, I'm here now," said Dick mildly.

"I've been waiting, you fool!"

Dick gulped something down. Half that insolence would have led to war in the Second Form-room, and Dick began to wonder whether he would really be able to stand it till the morrow—whether flesh and blood could bear it.

"Do you know where that chap Todd is?" asked Bunter minor angrily. "He's one of the chaps that owes my brother money."

"I've told you that it was only Bunter's rot," said Dick.

"Oh, shut up! Where's Todd's study?"

"I think he's with Skinner now," said Dick. "He used to share the end study with your major, but he couldn't stand Bunter."

Dick knocked at the door of Skinner's study, and entered. Skinner wasn't there, or Stott, but Alonzo Todd was at the table, looking through a stamp album. Among other things Alonzo was a philatelist.

"Here's Todd," said Dick Nugent.

"Yes, here I am," said Alonzo, rising politely. "Can I do anything for you, Bunter minor? I am very sorry for what happened in that bath-room, although you certainly were a very rude and unpleasant person. It was Skinner's lamentable propensity to practical joking that caused—"

"Oh, cut the cackle!" said Sammy.

Todd gave him a severe look.

"My dear Bunter minor, that is not the way to address your elders. I was always brought up to respect my elders—"

"Look here—"

"My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me that I should respect my elders. If my Uncle Benjamin should hear you speak in that manner to a fellow older than yourself, he would be shocked—nay, disgusted."

"Look here, you dummy—"

"My dear Bunter—"

"You owe my major some money. He's keeping back some that belongs to me, and you're to pay me what you owe him," said Bunter minor.

Alonzo looked amazed.

"Dear me! You are strangely misinformed," he exclaimed. "It is Bunter major who owes me money, my dear fellow."

"Gammon!"

"If the word gammon implies a doubt of my statement, Bunter minor, I am sorry to see one so young given to suspicion and to rudely expressing it. My Uncle Benjamin would be disgusted with you."

"Look here, I want the tin!"

"I do not owe Bunter major anything. In fact, he owes me considerable small sums, which he intends to pay as soon as some postal-orders arrive, which he has been expecting for quite a long time. There is also a sum of ten shillings belonging to me, which Bunter used by mistake—"

"Look here—"

"That is all. To change the subject, are you interested in philately?" asked Alonzo Todd. "I should be very glad to show you my album—"

Bunter minor snorted.

"I don't want to change the subject. I want my tin."

"Pardon me, but my Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to change the subject when matters were growing unpleasant. Are you fond of philately?" asked Alonzo Todd firmly.

"Where's the tin?"

"Excuse me, there is no tin. This stamp is a rare Chilean—"

"Ass!"

"My dear Bunter minor—"

"I suppose this chap's off his rocker," said Bunter minor, looking at Dick. "But I'm going to have my tin all the same."

Skinner entered the study at this moment. He glanced in surprise at the two fags of the Second Form.

"Get out of the study, you young beggars!" he exclaimed.

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"Certainly!" said Dick Nugent. "Always glad to get away from a chivvy like yours, Skinner."

Skinner made a dive at him, but Nugent minor skipped into the passage. The Remove fellow turned to Bunter minor, who showed no sign of moving.

"This chap a friend of yours, Todd?" he asked. "Did you chum up in the bath-room this afternoon?"

"Dear me, no!" said Alonzo. "In fact, he is being very rude to me. He accuses me of owing his brother money, whereas, as a matter of fact, Bunter major owes me considerable sums, which he intends to settle when—"

"I see. There's the door, Bunter minor."

"I want my tin."

Skinner made a movement towards him, but Alonzo Todd caught him by the sleeve and held him back.

"Let go!" exclaimed Skinner angrily.

"My dear Skinner—"

"I'm going to chuck him out, you ass."

"My dear Skinner, I beg of you to use no violence. My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to use no violence, and—"

Skinner snorted, and pushed Alonzo into the armchair. Alonzo Todd sat down in it with a bump, and gasped for breath.

Skinner picked up a ruler from the table, and ran at Bunter minor. Sammy's experience at the hands of Bulstrode and Harry Wharton had made him a little more careful than before.

He dodged quickly out of the study, before Skinner could get in a blow at him, and dashed down the Remove passage at top speed, right into Dick Nugent, who was waiting for him.

Dick threw his arms round the fat fag to keep himself from falling, and they staggered together against the wall.

"Oh, you ass!" gasped Dick.

"You idiot!" howled Bunter minor.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner from the doorway of the study. And he ran into the passage, ruler in hand, and both the fags took to flight only just in time.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Coker is Cross.

**B**UNTER MINOR did not stop until he had reached the lower passage, near the Sixth Form studies, and there only because a strong hand gripped him by the shoulder and brought him to a halt. It was Wingate's hand; but the new fag did not know Wingate, and he began to kick and struggle savagely.

Nugent minor, who had slackened down after leaving the Remove passage behind, quickened his pace again, and hurried up.

"Bunter, don't be an ass!"

"Leggo!" howled Sammy.

And he made an attempt to kick Wingate's shins.

Wingate held him out at arm's length, with a grip on his collar, keeping the fat fag out of kicking distance, and regarded him with amazement. Bunter minor still wriggled and squirmed.

"What's this?" demanded Wingate.

"Yow! Leggo!"

Dick Nugent grinned.

"It's Bunter minor," he said.

"Oh, Bunter minor!" said Wingate. "What was he bolting along like that for? Were you after him, you young rascal, after your promise to me?"

Dick flushed red.

"I've kept my word, Wingate," he said. "If you knew how hard it was to stand by a chap like that—well—"

Nugent minor concluded by an eloquent silence.

Wingate looked curiously at Sammy Bunter. He could imagine, from his looks, that he was not a wholly pleasant person to deal with.

"You've been looking after him?"

"Yes."

"Standing his friend all the time?"

"Yes," repeated Dick, with a grimace.

"And what was he running for?"

"He's been trying to collect a debt from Todd of the Remove. Bunter major has been stuffing him up with yarns about the fellows owing him money," Dick explained.

Wingate burst into a laugh.

"Oh, I see!" He released Bunter minor. "Cut off, you young rascal, and don't try to kick a Sixth-Former again. It will be bad for you."

Bunter minor cut off, without a word. Wingate was about to go into his study, when Dick stopped him.

"I say, Wingate—" he began hesitatingly.

"Well?" said the Greyfriars captain crisply.

"You—you made me promise to stand by that sweep."



"I didn't make you, I asked you."

"It comes to the same thing—I promised."

"I'm sure you'd keep your promise, too."

"Yes, that's the worst of it. It's getting me into awful trouble with the fellows in the Second. And—and that chap is such a worm. You see, he's worse than his major, and that's saying a lot. I say, Wingate, do you think I've done enough, you know, and will you let me off my promise?"

Wingate shook his head.

"No, I won't."

"Oh! You see—"

"It's good training for you, young 'un," said Wingate, with a grin. "I believe when you first came to Greyfriars you were a thorn in the side of your major, and gave him no end of trouble with your tricks."

Nugent minor flushed.

"That's all over now," he said. "Frank stood by me like a brick."

"Well, you can stand by Bunter minor like a brick," said Wingate. "One good turn deserves another. I expect you to keep your promise."

And he went into his study.

Nugent minor, with a glum countenance, followed Sammy Bunter. He found the fat fag waiting at the end of the passage, very red in the face, and breathing very hard.

He blinked at Nugent minor aggressively.

"Who was that rotter?" he asked.

"He wasn't a rotter," said Dick tartly. "He's Wingate, the captain of the school, and the finest fellow at Greyfriars."

Bunter minor snorted.

"I don't like him," he said.

"He mayn't be any the worse for that," said Dick coldly.

"Oh, no gammon, you know!"

Gatty and Myers came along. They hesitated at sight of Bunter minor, their manner indicating plainly that they wanted no more of his company, unless for the purpose of ragging him.

"Coming into the gym., Dick?" Gatty asked.

"Will you come?" asked Dick, looking at the new fag.

"Oh, I s'pose so!" said Sammy.

And he rolled along to the gymnasium with the chums of the Second. Gatty drew a little behind and whispered to Dick Nugent.

"How can you stand him, Dicky?"

Dick shrugged his shoulders hopelessly.

"I don't know. I must, you see. Honour."

"The fellows are going to rag him in the dorm. to-night."

Dick shook his head.

"They're not, Gatty."

"They say they are."

"I say they're not. Lock here, you fellows will have to stand by me."

"Oh, we'll stand by you, as far as that goes," said Gatty, with a careless laugh, "but it won't make any difference. The whole Form's up against him. They're up against him for the way he talks to you as much as anything else. They think he's taking a rotten advantage of your promise to Wingate. He's going to have a lively time to-night, I can assure you."

Dick Nugent looked worried. During the evening he might succeed in steering Bunter minor clear of reefs. But when the Second Form were shut up in the dorm. together, after lights out, what then?

Dick foresaw trouble.

"Now, then, you fags, clear out of the way!"

It was Coker's loud voice. Coker was loud in every way—in voice, in manner, and in clothes. The big Shell fellow and the slighter Hobson came in together. They pushed the fags aside without ceremony, a favour to which the Second-Formers responded—from a safe distance—with queries as to whether Coker had got his remove into the Fifth yet, or whether he had taken root in the Shell.

Coker turned red. Big and rough fellow as he was, and conscious of the deficiency of his attainments, he was sensitive on that point. He knew he couldn't "mug up" Latin like some chaps in the Upper Fourth, and he knew there were "kids" in the Remove who could make rings round him in mathematics. The probability was, from his own powers, that Coker would spend the rest of his natural life in the Shell, and that he would never get into the Fifth at all. And when he ragged the fags, the fags did not forget to remind him of it.

"Young sweeps!" said Coker angrily. "I've a good mind to go for 'em, and teach 'em manners."

"All serene," said Hobson. "You'd never catch 'em. Come on to the bars."

"Blessed if I shan't do something desperate if I don't get my remove!" said Coker. "My Aunt Judy has written to the Head about it several times. I believe the Head is willing to give me a shove, if he can arrange it with Prout."

Hobson grinned.

"Oh, don't get into the Fifth!" he exclaimed. "The Shell won't be the same Shell without you. From time immemorial it's had you in it, and—"

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"Oh, shut up!" said Coker crossly.

"Well, leave it till I get my remove, and let's go up together," said Hobson.

Coker shook his head.

"Aunt Judy has promised to come down handsome if I get my remove this term," he said. "She's held out promises of unlimited pocket money, and so on. She thinks I'm lazy."

"Does she?" asked Hobson, without, however, looking very surprised. As a matter of fact, he quite agreed with Aunt Judy.

"Yes; and she says she wants me to be a credit to the family. Blessed if I want to be a credit to the family! And I like the Shell all right, if only the fellows wouldn't chip a chap so," said Coker. "But when I get my remove I shall have piles of tin, I know that, and we'll have a giddy celebration, anyway."

"Well, that's all right!" said Hobson. "I'll back you up. Suppose you start swotting?"

Coker groaned.

"I suppose I shall have to," he said.

"I'll help you. Come and do some Horace now."

"Oh, I think I'll have a turn on the bars now. Nothing like keeping oneself fit, you know. It—it conduces—that's a good word—to mental fitness, you see, and helps you on with rotten Latin."

Hobson laughed. Coker generally replied to an invitation to "swot" with some sage remark of that sort.

"Well, here you are," said Hobson. "What are you fags hanging about for? Get off the earth."

"Bought up the gym.?" asked Nugent minor sarcastically.

"I suppose you don't want all the bars at once?"

"Get out!"

"Rats!"

Hobson made a rush at Dick Nugent, who melted away. Sammy Bunter was not so quick, and Hobson's grasp closed upon him.

"Hold him," said Coker. "I'll teach him to ask me questions about the Fifth!"

"Yow!" roared Sammy. "I didn't!"

"Well, if you didn't, the other fags did," said Coker rather unreasonably. "It comes to the same thing, I suppose."

"Ow! Yow!"

Dick Nugent ran up.

"Chuck that, Coker!" he exclaimed.

The big Shell fellow stared at him in astonishment.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Bunter minor's under my protection," said Dick stoutly. "You let him alone."

Coker burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Hobson. "What are the Second coming to? What is Greyfriars coming to? Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky young sweep—"

"Let him alone!"

Coker laughed, and sitting down on a bench, he drew Bunter across his knees, and delivered a mighty slap upon his person.

Sammy uttered a yell that could be heard from one end of the gym. to the other.

"Yarcoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hobson. "Go it!"

Smack!

"Yarcoop!"

Dick Nugent's eyes gleamed. He drew a quick deep breath, and ran straight at Coker. He charged right into him as he was bringing down the third smack.

"Look out!" shouted Hobson.

But it was too late to look out.

Nugent minor's weight sent Coker flying backwards, bench and all, and Bunter minor went with him.

The bench crashed down, and Coker went sprawling on his back on the floor, and Bunter minor sprawled over him.

And the weight of Bunter minor was considerable. From beneath the fat fag came a faint moan.

"Ow! Draggimoff!"

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Hanged I

DICK NUGENT staggered back, rather dazed by the force with which he had crashed into the big Shell fellow. The grinning Gatty seized him by the arm and dragged him away. Bunter seemed to be in no hurry to move. He was sitting on Coker's chest, and apparently found his resting-place quite comfortable.

"Ow!" moaned Coker. "Draggimaway! Yow! Chuckimoff!"



It really sounded as if Coker was speaking in Russian or some Slavonic tongue. Hobson rushed to the rescue.

To seize Bunter minor by the shoulders, and whirl him off the unhappy Shell fellow, was the work of a moment.

Bunter minor went spinning.

"Come on!" exclaimed Nugent minor, seizing Sammy, and pulling him away. "Better not be here when Coker gets up."

"Leggo!"

"Come on, I say!"

"Sha'n't!"

Dick released the fat junior. Gatty and Myers linked arms with Nugent minor, and ran him at top speed out of the gym. If Sammy Bunter did not choose to follow while there was time, that was Sammy's own business.

Coker staggered to his feet. He was gasping for breath, and rubbing the back of his head, which had come into violent contact with the floor.

"Oh!" he groaned. "Where are those young villains?"

"Here's one," said Hobson.

Bunter minor blinked at them as they strode towards him, and ran. But he was overtaken in three strides.

"Lemme alone!" he roared. "I haven't done anything! Yah! Lemme alone! I'll complain to the Head!"

"Oh, you'll complain to the Head, will you?" said Coker, compressing his grip on Bunter minor's collar till he was nearly suffocated. "Then I think I'd better give you something to complain about? What do you think, Hobby?"

Hobson grinned assent.

"All serene, sonny."

Coker glared at Bunter minor, who writhed in his grip. Coker was a big and over-bearing fellow, but he was not brutal. He had a very highly developed sense of humour, though the humorous side of his nature was not always appreciated by others.

"What are you going to do with him?" said Hobson.

"Hang him," said Coker.

"What!"

"Hang him!"

"Eh?"

"There's the parallel-bars there, and you can get a rope out of the locker," said Coker. "I've often heard that hanging is a great deterrent to crime. Chap who is hanged for doing a thing never does it again."

"You ass!"

"Get me a rope—a jolly strong one. He's not a light-weight, you know."

"But—"

"Get me the rope!" roared Coker.

Hobson, catching a wink from Coker—which Sammy Bunter was too short-sighted to see—hurried away for the rope, grinning. Sammy made a desperate attempt to bolt. But Coker's grasp was like a vice on his collar.

"Buck up with that rope!"

"Yow!" roared Bunter minor. "Ow! Help! Murder!"

"Stuff," said Coker, shaking him. "Shut up! I am going to hang you as a warning to you in the future."

"Help!"

"Shut up!"

Coker shook the fag so heartily that Bunter minor's yells died away into faint gasps. Whether Coker was in earnest or not he did not know. He could hardly be in earnest; and yet his expression was so ferocious that he might be; and Bunter minor was as great a coward as his major, and as easily frightened at a shadow.

Hobson, grinning, came back with the rope.

"Make a loop," said Coker.

"All serene!"

"And throw the end over the bar there."

"Right-ho!"

"Prisoner at the bar," said Coker, with great humour, "have you anything to say why you should not be hanged by the bar till you have snuffed out?"

"Yow!"

"Anything else?"

"Groo!"

"Yow" and "groo" cannot be regarded as an adequate defence," said Coker, with a shake of the head. "The execution will proceed."

"Yaroo!"

"Any remarks in Dutch or Russian do not count. Shove the noose round the neck of the doomed prisoner," said Coker ferociously.

"All serene," said Hobson.

Bunter minor ought to have seen that it was a jape, but he was too much of a poltroon for that. Dick Nugent & Co., looking on from a distance, were grinning. Dick had rescued Bunter minor once, and he had not chosen to escape while he had the chance. Two or three more Shell fellows had gathered round Coker and Hobson now, and further

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interference from the fags was impossible, even if Dick had been inclined to risk it.

The rope dangled over the bar, and the loop was placed round Bunter minor over his head.

Coker slid the noose down till it was under his arms, and there he drew it tight; but Sammy Bunter, in his terror, did not observe that. The tight grip on his collar prevented him from observing anything very clearly.

"Now, then," said Coker. "Pull away!"

"All serene."

"A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," said Coker.

Hobson tugged at the loose end of the rope.

It tautened, but Bunter minor did not rise in the air. He was too heavy a weight for Hobson's unaided efforts.

Coker let go his prisoner, and went to the aid of Hobson, and threw his weight upon the rope.

Then Sammy Bunter swung off the ground.

His feet swept through the air, and the tightening circle under his armpits warned him that the rope was not round his neck.

He gasped and yelled.

"Ow! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Shell fellows.

"Help! Yowp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter minor swung only a foot from the floor. The jokers of the Shell would not pull him any higher lest the rope should break—as was quite probable under so considerable a weight as that of Sammy Bunter.

"There!" said Coker, surveying his handiwork with great satisfaction. "There! I think that is a really workmanlike job. What do you think, Bunter minor?"

"Yow!"

"Are you satisfied?"

"Lemmegetoff!"

"Is that Russian or Polish?"

"Chuck it, you ass!"

"Ah, that's English at last!" said Coker. "But very disrespectful from a Second Form fag to a chap in the Shell."

"Let me go!"

"I'll see you hanged first," said Coker politely.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Shell fellows.

And they walked away in a body; and in case any of the fags should attempt to rescue Bunter minor, they drove them out of the gym., and chased them to a distance from the spot. Not that the fags cared. No one wanted to rescue Bunter minor, unless it was Dick Nugent—and he had no chance.

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

### A Swing for Bunter Minor.

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

Harry Wharton & Co. had just come into the gym. They stopped and stared in blank amazement at the figure swinging to and fro from the bar.

"My only hat!" said Frank Nugent. "Someone's been a naughty boy, evidently!"

"Come and cut me down, can't you?" Bunter minor howled.

"We could," said Bob Cherry politely, "but you look so nice, Bunter minor!"

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," went on Nugent.

"But we ought to cut the little beast down, I suppose?" said Harry Wharton.

"You fools!" shouted Sammy. "You idiots! Buck up!"

"Patience, Bunter minor—patience! Patience is a virtue—"

"Seldom found in fags," suggested Nugent. "Suppose we photograph him, Bob?"

"I'd rather swing him!" said Bob Cherry.

"The swingfulness would be terrific!"

"Good egg!"

And Bob Cherry gave Bunter minor a little push, and he began to swing gently.

"You cads!" spluttered the fag. "Cut me down, and lemme go!"

Bunter minor wriggled and kicked as he swung about, but he could not reach the juniors. They took good care to keep out of his way. Harry Wharton looked on. He knew quite well that Bunter minor very probably deserved what he had got. That he had been cheeky was beyond any question, of course. His requests to be released had not been couched in polite language.

"Harry Wharton!" yelled Sammy. "Make these cads let me alone!"

"Oh, rats!" answered Harry.

"And many of 'em!" said Bob Cherry, laughing. "The



little beast ought to be swung! Who hung you up, porpoise?"

"I'll tell my brother!" roared Bunter minor.

"The brotherfulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh. "We couldn't release him for all the esteemed postal-orders in the world!"

"I should say not!" roared Nugent.

And he gave Bunter another push. The fag struggled, but in vain. The rope held good. He could not release himself that way.

Had Bunter minor been a little less fat and a little more active, he could have pulled himself up on the rope by his hands, and found release that way. But the effort was beyond Sammy.

He swung to and fro, gasping and yelling.

As a matter of fact, he was not much hurt. The rope was thick, and his clothing prevented it from hurting him much. But he made as much noise as if he were in the deepest torture-chamber of the Spanish Inquisition.

"Yow! Yaroo! I'm hurt! Leggo! You rotten cads, cut me down! I'll complain to the Head! Ow! I say, do let me down! You rotters! You cads! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Isn't he nice?"

"The niceness is terrific."

"Pass!" shouted Bob, sending Bunter minor swinging back towards Nugent.

Nugent caught his legs and passed him back.

Bunter minor kicked and squirmed wildly.

"Ow! Help! Yow!"

Harry Wharton laughed. The scene was funny enough, though Sammy Bunter did not seem to see the fun of it.

"He's had enough of that, though," said Harry. "I don't believe he's hurt at all, but he'll raise the whole coll. if he isn't cut down."

"Ow! Yow!"

"Good!" said Bob Cherry, taking hold of Bunter minor's ankles. "I haven't got a knife with me, but I'll hang on to his legs and break the rope."

Bunter minor blinked at him blankly.

"You—your idiot!" roared Sammy, thinking that Bob Cherry was in earnest, and in his mind's eye feeling himself stretched as if on the rack. "You dangerous idiot! Stop it! I say, Wharton, stop him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton.

"You said you wanted to be set free!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly. "I call this ungrateful, Bunter minor!"

"The ungratefulness of the esteemed and venerable pig is terrific!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Harry Wharton laughed again, and was about to approach to unfasten the rope, when Billy Bunter came into the gym. The Owl of the Remove blinked at his swinging minor in astonishment.

"What on earth are you doing to my young brother?" he demanded.

"Oh, somebody else did this!" said Bob Cherry. "I suppose it's on the principle of hanging up a pig to cure it, you know."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Lemme down!" roared Bunter minor. "Why don't you help me, Billy, instead of standing there like a silly idiot?"

"Oh, really, Sammy—"

"My hat! These knots are tied pretty hard!" said Bob Cherry. "As a matter of fact, Billy can let his minor loose, if he wants him loose. It will take you ten minutes, Billy—or you can go and fetch a knife, or you can throw your weight on to your minor's legs and break the rope."

"Oh, really—"

Harry Wharton & Co. strolled away.

"I say, you fellows—"

But the fellows were gone. Billy Bunter turned to his minor, and blinked at him in a rather curious way. Bunter minor blinked back furiously.

"Why don't you cut me down, you champion dummy?" he demanded.

"I haven't a knife, Sammy."

"Untie the rope, then."

"The knots are tied awfully tight!"

"You chump!" roared Sammy. "I suppose you're not going to leave me hanging here, are you, you frabjous ass?"

"Oh, really, Sammy—"

Bunter began to fumble with the knots, without making much progress, however.

"Back up, you chump!"

"About that remittance Aunt Peggy sent for you—"

"You've got it?"

"I lent it to the fellows—"

"Gammon!" said Sammy Bunter. "They say you never lent them anything—and I believe them, too, now I've thought it over. You spent the money yourself."

"Oh, really, Sammy!"

"And now you'll have to find it again, that's all! Do buck up with those cords, you silly ass! I'm hurt!"

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to get them undone," said Billy Bunter, "unless—unless you agree to say nothing more about the remittance from Aunt Peggy."

"You—your awful spoofer!" Sammy gasped.

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"Look here, Sammy—"

"Oh, rats! You can't gammon me! Undo those blessed knots! I can't stand much more of this!"

Billy Bunter fumbled with the cord once more. He had no intention of loosing the knots yet. The wrath of Aunt Peggy was more than he cared to face, at any time or distance. It must be averted at any cost. And the Bunters did not trust one another.

"Oh, you are a rotter, Billy!" burst out Sammy Bunter.

"These knots are really so tight, Sammy—"

"Cheese it, you ass! They are nothing of the kind! You can undo them any moment you like!"

"If you say that again, Sammy, I shall decline to release you at all," said Billy Bunter, with dignity. "Look here, I can't undo these blessed knots! I think I'd better go for a knife!"

"Here, I say, Billy, don't go!" yelled Sammy Bunter.

"I think a knife will be better, in any case," said Billy, going on towards the door of the gymnasium.

But Bunter minor did not intend him to go. It might be long before another fellow came, and Harry Wharton & Co. were gone.

"Rats! I say, Billy, you can untie them! Come on!" he yelled.

Billy Bunter made a pretence of darting off through the door. It had the desired effect.

"Billy! Billy!" yelled his minor. "Billy! Here!"

"Well, what is it?" said Billy Bunter, putting his head back for a moment.

"Come and cut me down! Untie me! Get me down some way!" shouted Sammy.

"Will you say nothing about the remittance to Aunt Peggy?" asked Billy Bunter.

"Come and cut me down, and we'll talk about it afterwards."

"You might change your mind then, Sammy, so we'll talk about it now!"

"Oh, all right, then! I'll say nothing to Aunt Peggy!"

Billy Bunter came back to where Sammy was suspended.

"I think I might get these knots undone with a good try," he murmured.

"I should jolly well think you could!" said Sammy. He knew his elder brother.

Billy Bunter pretended to wrestle with the knots. In a few seconds Sammy was free, and he nearly fell as he was let down on his feet.

"There!" said Billy, with a beaming smile. "You ought to be jolly thankful that you've got a major here to look after you, Sammy!"

"Ow! I'm aching all over! Beast!"

"Oh, really, Sammy—"

"You're a rotter, waster!" said Sammy ungratefully. "As for the remittance from Aunt Peggy, I know jolly well you've spent it, and there's no chance of my getting it, any way!"

Billy Bunter blinked at him with an air of great dignity.

"Of course, I have lent it to the fellows," he said. "I—"

"Gammon!"

"I shall return it to you out of some of my postal-orders if I do not get the loans back from Wharton and the others."

"Oh, chuck it! That kind of yarn's no good in the family, you ass!" growled Bunter minor.

Billy Bunter rubbed his nose thoughtfully. It occurred to him that Sammy was right on this point. But humbug was so ingrained in Billy Bunter's nature that to part with it would be like parting with a bit of himself.

"Look here, Sammy, that's not the way to talk to your major," he exclaimed—"especially after he's done you a service! You're an ungrateful young sweep!"

"Oh, gammon!"

"I was intending," said Bunter loftily, "to protect you from the fags, who are pretty certain to rag you in the dorm. to-night. I would have—have tackled the whole of the Second Form single-handed! Now I shall refuse to do anything of the sort!" And he rolled away.

Sammy Bunter followed him more slowly, his only reply to Billy's remarks being a single word:

"Gammon!"

## THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Ragers.

THERE were two fellows in the Second Form at Greyfriars who were looking very uneasy as bedtime came near.

They were Dick Nugent and Bunter minor.

Bunter minor had caught remarks and whispers among the Second Formers, and he had a very well-founded suspicion that he was to be ragged in the dormitory, when the fags had him all to themselves.

Dick Nugent knew it even better than Bunter did.



Not that Dick cared a rap whether Bunter was ragged or not, as far as that went; but there was his promise to Wingate.

That promise had to be kept. Dick Nugent had to stand by the peevish, ill-tempered, ungrateful junior as long as his promise lasted. Wingate seemed to consider that it was good training for Nugent minor. It wasn't pleasant, but it had to be done. Dick had made up his mind to that.

But how to prevent a ragging of Bunter minor in the dorm. was more than Dick could plan. To tell a master or a prefect was impossible; that would be sneaking—against his own friends, too.

But how else was it to be done? Dick thought that perhaps Wingate might look in at the dormitory after lights out. If he did, well and good. If not—well, Bunter minor was booked for a ragging. Dick meant to defend him if he could; but that, probably, only meant that he would share the ragging.

Perhaps Dick was not wholly bothered at that prospect. It would be worth a rough handling to see Bunter minor get his deserts.

That fat fag was getting more and more on Dick's nerves. As bedtime came near, it was noticeable that several of the fags gathered round Bunter minor, keeping an eye on him in a really affectionate manner.

He had been seen to approach Mr. Kelly's door after the affair in the gym., and Gatty and Diggs had headed him off.

After that, he had been observed to stroll, as if carelessly, in the direction of the Head's study. Gatty and Norton had linked arms with him, and walked him into the Form-room where he now was.

They guessed his intentions. Perhaps, with the dread of the night before him, Bunter minor would be justified in speaking to a master; but the fags did not mean to allow him a chance of doing so. Of course, he might speak to the prefect who saw lights out in the Second. But that happened to be Loder this particular night, and Loder was not likely to take any notice of him.

Bunter minor kept his eyes about him now. He meant to speak either to the Head or to the Form-master on the subject of his suspicions. When he thought that all eyes were off him, he suddenly made a bolt from the common-room.

There was an alarm at once.

"He's gone!" shouted Gatty.

"After him!"

Bunter minor dashed down the passage. If he could reach Mr. Kelly's study, the mere fact that he was pursued would lend weight to his complaints.

But it was not to be.

Gatty's hand was on his shoulder before he was at the end of the passage, and he was stopped with a jerk that sat him down on the floor.

"No, you don't!" said Gatty.

"Leggo!" roared Sammy Bunter. "You cad! Lemme alone!"

"Rats!"

"I'll jolly well——"

"Come back!"

"I won't!" howled Sammy. And he hit out savagely, and Gatty caught the blow on the point of the chin, and crashed against the wall.

Sammy Bunter essayed to dart away again, but Myers and Norton had hold of him in a twinkling, and he was dragged back.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Gatty. "Take him in! Ow, my jaw aches! I'll smash him! Ow!"

They marched Bunter minor back into the common-room. Gatty shook a doubled fist in his fat, alarmed face.

"Put up your hands!" he bawled.

"I won't! I——"

"Put up your fists!" yelled Gatty. "You've biffed me on the chivvy, and now you've got to go through it."

"I—I——"

"Let him alone, Gatty," said Dick Nugent quietly.

"Rats! Stand back, young Nugent!"

But Dick pushed in front of the fat fag.

"Let him alone," he said.

"I won't! He's got to be punched for that knock on my jaw," said Gatty.

"Wait till we get in the dorm.," said Myers.

Gatty reluctantly agreed. He would have pitched into Bunter minor at once, but Dick Nugent was determined. He did not expect to ward off every attempt to rag Sammy Bunter, but he was going to try, and nothing further was said until they were in the dormitory.

"Now," said Gatty, "you can go on with those punches on the jaw, Bunter. But you won't find it so easy now. Come on!"

Bunter was in no hurry to accept Gatty's invitation; but before Gatty could do anything, Loder popped his head in.

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"Better turn in quickly, or it'll be worse for you," he said.

Bunter minor looked relieved. Gatty clenched his fists.

"Wait a bit, you fat cad!" he muttered.

Slowly the juniors began to undress.

"I say, Loder——"

The prefect stared at Sammy Bunter.

"Look here, these rotters are going to rag me as soon as you are gone! You ought to protect me. I'm jolly well not going to stand it; and it's your duty as a prefect——"

Bunter dried up, as Loder continued to stare at him as if he were a being from another world.

The juniors grinned. They did not like Loder, but his conduct fell in with their wishes just then.

"If you please, Loder——" began Sammy Bunter once more.

For answer, Loder turned on his heel. He put out the gas.

Bunter was in despair. He made a last effort. As Loder's footsteps were heard near the door, he appealed again.

"I say, Loder, they're waiting till you've gone to rag me! You ought to interfere. Oh, I say! Ow, ow! Ow!"

As Bunter started talking, Loder had approached him in the dark. The dormitory resounded with Bunter minor's squeals as Loder tweaked his ear.

"Now shut up!"

And Sammy Bunter filled the dormitory with his howls as Loder boxed his ears soundly.

"Go to bed, you young cub!"

In a few minutes all was silence. Loder, considering his work as a prefect complete, departed.

The juniors waited till his footsteps had died away. Then there was a rustle of bed-clothes.

"Ow! Lemme alone! Chuck it!" yelled Sammy Bunter, as violent hands were laid upon him in the darkness, and he was dragged from his bed.

"I'll get a light," said Norton.

Two or three matches glimmered out, and candle-ends were lighted. They cast a dim glimmer through the Second-Form dormitory.

Nearly every member of the Form was out of bed now. With grim and vengeful faces, they gathered round Bunter minor.

Dick Nugent sprang from his bed.

"Stop that!" he exclaimed.

There was a yell from the fags.

"Get out of it, Nugent minor!"

"I stand by Bunter minor."

"Shove him away!" shouted Gatty.

Three or four pairs of hands were laid upon Dick Nugent. He struggled fiercely, but the odds were too great.

He was borne back to his bed with a rush, and the fags held him there, and he struggled in vain.

"Good!" said Gatty, with a grin. "Keep him tight. Can't be helped, Dicky, old son. You will shove your oar in, you know. Now, Bunt."

Sammy Bunter made a wild rush for the door. The fags closed round him, and he was borne to the floor amid a scrambling heap of them.

His yells rang through the dormitory.

"Help! Ow! Yow! Help!"

But there was no help for Bunter minor. He was at the mercy of the fags, and they were not inclined to mercy.

"The frog's-march!" said Gatty, with a chuckle. "Up with him! All hands to the mill. He's not a light weight."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter minor was dragged up, and up, and down the dormitory he went in the joyful frog's-march, amid yells of laughter. But amid the din came a sudden warning shout:

"Cave!"

The dormitory door opened, and Wingate, of the Sixth, looked in.

## THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Limit.

WINGATE came into the Second-Form dormitory with a grim face.

The fags who were holding Dick Nugent let him go. Bunter minor blinked at the captain of the school, the Second-Formers showing no more desire to touch him now than if he had become suddenly red-hot.

Wingate surveyed the startled scene.

"I think we may as well have the gas alight," he remarked.

Gatty lighted the gas.

"You seem to be keeping it up this evening," Wingate remarked.

(Continued on page 24.)





# SANDOW'S

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I & I



There was silence. No one seemed to feel called upon to reply to that sarcastic remark.

"What sort of amusement were you indulging in?" the captain of Greyfriars went on. "Ragging, I suppose?" Still silence.

"Nugent minor."

"Ye-es, Wingate."

"What have you been doing?"

"Nothing."

Wingate looked hard at him.

"Oh, I see! You have been looking on while they ragged Bunter minor. Is that your promise?"

Dick turned scarlet.

"I—I couldn't help—"

"It's not Nugent's fault," said Gatty sturdily. "Two or three of us held him."

"Oh, you held him, did you?" said Wingate. "While you ragged the new fag—eh?"

"Yes," said Gatty desperately.

"And what were you ragging him for?"

"Because he's a rotten cad!"

"They—they've hurt me," mumbled Bunter minor. "Yow! I'm awfully hurt. They ought to be flogged all round, Wingate!"

The Greyfriars' captain made no reply to that remark.

"He's a beast!" went on Gatty. "Nugent's been standing by him like a brick, and he treats him like a dog in return. He ought to be ragged bald-headed—that's what I say; and I—I don't care if you do lick me!"

"Nugent's stood by him, has he?"

"Yes—and more fool he!"

"I'm glad you've stood by your word, Nugent minor. I expected that of you. This ragging has got to stop, you young sweeps. You understand that?"

The fags drew quick, deep breaths. Was it possible that Wingate was going to pass over the riot in the dormitory? In their minds' eyes, the fags had already seen themselves hauled before the Head, or sentenced to detention for three or four half-holidays, or caned in succession by the school captain.

Were they going to escape?

"They ought to be flogged!" exclaimed Sammy Bunter. "I suppose you're going to report this to the Head?"

Wingate gave the fat fag a cold look.

"I'm not going to do anything of the sort," he said.

"He ought to know it. You ought—"

"That's for me to decide, Bunter minor. Hold your tongue!"

"Look here—"

"If you interrupt me, Bunter minor, you will be caned!" said Wingate, with a gleam in his eyes. "Hold your tongue! You youngsters get back to bed. There is to be no more ragging, and no more disturbance, do you hear?"

"Yes, Wingate!"

The fags were meek enough now.

"Mind, I don't say I shan't mention this matter again—but you'll get off most lightly by behaving yourselves," said Wingate. "I'll leave it to you to keep your word, if you tell me you won't touch Bunter minor again."

The Second-Formers looked at one another. It was generous of Wingate to trust them, and they felt it.

"We won't touch the cad!" said Gatty.

"Very well. Now, go back to bed."

The fags tumbled into bed.

"Wingate!" howled Bunter minor. "You—you're not going to leave me to those brutes? Look here, I won't stay in the dormitory!"

"They won't touch you again," said the Greyfriars' captain contemptuously.

"I won't stay here!" yelled Sammy. "I tell you, I won't stay here! Look here, I tell you I won't—"

"Hold your tongue!"

"I say I won't!"

Wingate took a step towards the fat fag

"Get into bed!" he said curtly.

Bunter minor blinked at him once, and then bolted into bed. Wingate did not look as if it would be safe to disobey him.

"Don't leave the dormitory, or you'll hear from me, that's all," said Wingate.

Then, without another word, he turned out the gas and quitted the room. The door closed upon a silent dormitory.

But the moment Wingate's footsteps had died away down the passage, the voices of the fags burst out.

"Wingate's a brick," said Gatty enthusiastically—"he's a real, jolly brick. But he's a silly ass. It would have been ever so much better to leave us alone!"

"Muchee bettel!" said Hop Hi. "Plenty bettel!"

"We'd have given the fat cad a good ragging, but for Nugent minor!" growled Norton. "I think Nugent ought to be ragged!"

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OUT THE Splendid XMAS DOUBLE NUMBER OF "PLUCK." Containing 100,000 Words. Four splendid, extra-long, complete stories.

"Oh, go to sleep," said Myers.

"Hallo! Who's that getting out of bed?"

"Bunter minor!"

"Bunter! Sammy Bunter! You fat duffer! Where are you going?"

"I'm going out of this rotten dormitory," said Bunter minor. "I'm not going to stay here with you cads!"

"Collar him!" shouted Diggs, jumping up in bed.

"Stop him!"

Diggs lighted a candle. The glimmer of it showed Bunter minor getting into his clothes. His face was angry and obstinate.

Dick Nugent slipped out of bed.

"You can't go out of the dorm., Bunter minor," he exclaimed, coming over to the fat fag as he pulled his boots on. "Look here—"

Sammy Bunter scowled at him.

"Mind your own business!" he snapped.

"You heard what Wingate said—"

"Hang Wingate!"

"Don't be a fool!" said Dick persuasively. "You can't go against what Wingate says. You'll get an awful licking!"

"Oh, cheese it!"

Dick flushed, and was silent. He was the only fellow in the dormitory that Bunter minor would have ventured to answer in that way. It was because he had stood the new fag's friend. Bunter minor had deduced that Nugent was afraid of him; he could not think of any other adequate explanation of his conduct. And so he thought he was quite safe in being as insolent as he pleased to Dick Nugent, and even in bullying him if he chose.

Bunter minor finished dressing. The other fags, sitting up in bed, watched him in silence and curiosity.

Wingate's warning that there was to be no more disturbance, and that no one was to touch Bunter, checked those who would have thrown him back into bed again. They simply sat and watched him. After all, if he went out looking for trouble, and found it, serve him right—no one in the Second-Form dormitory would be found to sympathise with him.

Dick Nugent looked distressed.

Bunter's black ingratitude might disgust him, but it made no difference to his promise. It would be serious for the fag if he ventured out of the dormitory against Wingate's express orders, and that was what he was going to do. Dick felt that he ought to stop him if he could.

Bunter minor finished dressing, and with a defiant grunt, crossed to the door. Dick Nugent ran after him.

He caught the fat junior by the shoulder.

"Bunter minor! Stop, I say— Oh!"

Bunter minor swung round with a snarl, and struck the junior full in the face.

More from surprise than the force of the blow, Dick Nugent staggered back, and fell upon the floor with a bump.

There was a howl from the fags.

"My hat! He's knocked Nugent down!"

"Go for him, Dicky!"

"Smash him!"

Bunter minor glowered down upon the fallen, dazed junior with a lowering brow, and his fat fists clenched. He was still labouring under the impression that Dick was afraid of him, and that he could bully him if he liked.

"Get up, if you want some more!" he said.

"Go for him, Dicky!"

"Pulverise him!"

"Smash the cad!"

Dick Nugent rose slowly to his feet.

His face was deadly pale, save where the mark of the blow showed up red against the pallid skin.

He did not throw himself upon the fat fag, as everyone expected. Everybody in the Second-Form dormitory, with the exception of Bunter minor, knew that Dick could have wiped up the floor with him if he had chosen.

But he did not.

His hands dropped to his sides.

He gave Bunter minor one look, and then walked back quietly to his bed, and got into it. The Second-Formers watched him, stupefied.

Dick Nugent lay quiet, his head on the pillow.

"My word!" exclaimed Gatty. "Dick! Dick Nugent!"

"Well?"

"You're not going to take that lying down?" roared Gatty

"Yes, I am!"

"Ass!"

"Thank you!"

"Chump!"

"Oh, go to sleep!"

"Why don't you smash him?"

"Because I don't choose."



"He's afraid!" jeered a voice from the end of the dormitory.

"I'm not afraid of you, Monson," answered Dick quietly; "and if you care to step out of bed, I'll prove it to you."

Monson maintained a discreet silence.

"Dick," said Gatty, with friendly candour. "You're a fool!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Dick. "Go to sleep!"

Bunter minor stared at Dick for a few moments. Then he gave a taunting laugh.

"So you don't want any more?" he asked.

Dick looked at him.

"No," he said.

"You'd better let me alone, then," said Sammy vauntingly.

"I'll ask you for some more to-morrow," said Dick.

"Oh, gammon!"

And Bunter minor left the dormitory.

## THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

### An Appeal to the Head.

"BUNTER minor!"

It was the voice of Mr. Kelly, the master of the Second. He was standing in the lower hall, chatting with Wingate of the Sixth, when Bunter minor came downstairs.

As a matter of fact, Wingate had been giving the Second Form-master a description of the scene in the dormitory, and suggesting to him that the occurrence should be passed over unpunished, from his opinion of the provocation undoubtedly given by Bunter minor.

"Nugent minor promised to look after him, and prevent any ragging," said Wingate. "He's kept his promise splendidly. If, in the face of that, the fellows are determined to rag Bunter, it shows it's Bunter's fault, in my opinion. Nugent minor has done his best, and he's the acknowledged leader of the Form. The fags wouldn't turn against him unless Bunter minor had provoked them very much. That's my opinion. But, of course, you will decide."

Mr. Kelly nodded.

"My opinion is the same as yours," he said. "I think very little indeed of this new junior. He's made a very bad impression upon me. He seems to me dirty in his habits, and insolent in his manners."

"Just my opinion of him, sir. My idea was to give him a clear chance on his first day here, and not let him suffer for his brother's bad reputation—but he looks to me as bad as his major, as a matter of fact. Why, here he is—and I told him expressly not to leave the dormitory!"

It was then that Mr. Kelly exclaimed "Bunter minor!" He followed Wingate's glance, and saw the fag coming down the stairs.

A sullen expression came over Sammy Bunter's face.

Mr. Kelly signed to him to approach, and the fat fag came up sulkily enough.

"What are you doing out of your dormitory, Bunter minor?" asked the master of the Second coldly.

"I've been badly treated, sir, and I wouldn't stay, and—"

"I believe Wingate stopped the ragging there?"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Did not Wingate order you to remain in bed?"

"Yes," said Sammy sulkily.

"And you have come out in spite of that?"

"Ye-es!"

"Very well," said Mr. Kelly quietly. "I don't want to be hard upon a new boy, Bunter minor, but discipline must be maintained. Come into my study."

Bunter minor blinked at him.

"W-w-what for?" he stammered.

"That you will soon see."

"I—I—"

Mr. Kelly's hand fell upon Sammy Bunter's shoulder, and he marched the fag into his study with a strong grip.

Bunter minor gasped a little as Mr. Kelly selected a cane. He understood now that punishment was intended.

"Hold out your hand, Bunter minor," said Mr. Kelly quietly.

Bunter minor backed away towards the door.

"I—I won't be caned!" he gasped. "I—I left the dormitory because I'd been ill-used. I want to go to the Head!"

Mr. Kelly looked at him steadily.

"Hold out your hand, Bunter minor."

"I—I'm going to the Head!"

Mr. Kelly laid down the cane.

"You appeal to the Head, then?" he said. "Very well. You may do so; but I warn you that it will profit you very little. Come with me."

He marched Bunter minor away to the Head's study. Late as the hour was, Dr. Locke was still busy in his study. He looked surprised as the Second Form-master presented himself, with his hand on Bunter minor's shoulder.

"Dear me!" said the Head, adjusting his glasses. "What is the matter? Why is not this boy in bed, Mr. Kelly?"

"He has left the Second Form dormitory, sir, against THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 144.

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Wingate's express orders, and has refused to be caned by me," said the Second Form-master quietly. "I leave him in your hands, sir."

And he quitted the study.

Dr. Locke looked sternly at the fag. Bunter minor trembled. The stern looks of the Head, and the cane on the table, scared him. "He began to wish that he had remained in the dormitory, or that he had taken the caning quietly from Mr. Kelly. Every step he advanced in insubordination seemed to make matters worse instead of better."

"Well, have you anything to say?" asked Dr. Locke.

"Ye-es, sir."

"Say it quickly, then! You are wasting my time!"

Bunter minor stammered out his complaints. The Head listened to him in grim silence. The fag's voice trailed away at last. He felt that he was making no impression upon the cold, immovable man before him.

"Is that all?" asked Dr. Locke.

"Ye-es, sir."

"You have done wrong, Bunter minor. You should have relied upon Wingate's assurance that there would be no more ragging. That matter will be left to Mr. Kelly's discretion. It is out of my province. But you have appealed to me against your Form-master, and that I must deal with. You have been disobedient and disrespectful, Bunter minor. It is my duty to punish you. Hold out your hand!"

"I—I—"

"Hold out your hand, Bunter minor!"

And Bunter minor obeyed. He received two cuts on either hand, and was dismissed, with a caution to go back to the Second Form dormitory immediately, and go to bed.

He went.

There was no higher authority in the school to appeal to than the doctor, and the doctor had decided against him. With a sore bitterness in his heart, the fag made his way back to the Second Form dormitory. His tingling, smarting hands were a sufficient warning to him not to disobey the Head's command.

He entered the dormitory.

The candle was still burning, and the fags sitting up in bed waiting for him. There was a general grin as he came in, rubbing his fat hands hard.

"He's got it!" remarked Gatty.

"Serve him jolly well right!" said Myers.

"How many, Bunter?"

Bunter minor did not reply. He went towards his bed, and undressed. Dick Nugent looked at him, but did not speak.

Bunter minor's eyes glittered. Here was one person, at least, who was afraid of him—one person upon whom he could wreak his anger and resentment.

"You—you cad!" he exclaimed. "This is all your fault!"

"I don't see how you make that out," said Dick, rather taken aback by this unexpected accusation.

"Oh, shut up!" said Sammy.

"Oh, you young cad!" murmured Dick Nugent. "Just you wait till to-morrow morning! You awful cad! I—Ow!"

Whiz!

Bunter minor's boot, which he had just taken off, flew through the air, and crashed upon Dick Nugent's head.

"Now you shut up, will you?" said Sammy, in his most bullying tone.

"My hat!" muttered Gatty. "Dick'll squash him now!"

But Nugent minor didn't. He turned his face the other way, and did not speak a word. The Second-Formers gasped.

"Oh, he's off his rocker!" said Myers.

"The office rockee velly blue," said Hop Hi; "but me no likee to be Buntce mincee to-morrow molning! What you tinkee?"

"Not much!" chuckled Gatty.

The whole Form agreed with Hop Hi there. Bunter minor rolled into bed, and, in spite of his apprehensions, he was not disturbed again that night. He slept as soundly as a top, and he woke with the sound of the rising-bell in his ears, and the morning sunlight streaming into the dormitory.

## THE TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

### A Licking at Last.

"GET up!"

It was Dick Nugent's voice.

Bunter minor blinked at the junior, and stretched out his hand for his spectacles. Dick pushed them away from him.

"You won't want those just yet," he said quietly.

"Gammon!" said Sammy. "Why not?"

"You can't fight with glasses on; you might get hurt."

Bunter blinked at him.

"I'm not going to fight," he said.



Dick's lip curled grimly.

"Your mistake," he said. "You are! You're going to fight me, Bunter minor!"

"I—I—"

"I promised Wingate to stand by you yesterday, and not to lay a finger on you, whatever you said or did," said Dick Nugent, with a deep breath. "I've kept my word. You've treated me worse than a decent chap would treat a dog. But I've kept my word; I appeal to the fellows if I haven't?"

"You have," said Gatty. "You've kept it more than anybody else in the Form would have done it. You've played the giddy ox, as a matter of fact!"

"Velly muchee giddee oxce!"

"You can't ask a fellow to fight at this hour of the morning—" began Bunter minor.

"The cad!" said Gatty. "I should chew him up, if I were you, Dicky!"

"Oh, come off! You must be off your rocker, all of you! Look here, Nugent, give me my boots!"

"Shall I drag you out of bed?" said Dick Nugent curtly.

"Look here—"

"Get up! It'll be best for you!"

"Well, I suppose I might as well get up, in any case," said Sammy uneasily. "Look here! What's all this fuss about?"

"Because I've had enough of you! So have we all, for that matter, and you're going to have a good hiding!"

"You're asking for it, you know, Nugent!" said Bunter minor, as he proceeded to drag on his things. "Of course, I'm quite willing to fight you—"

"Then come on!"

"But—but, upon the whole, I shall let you off!"

"Are you going to fight?" howled a dozen voices.

"I've told you no! I don't want to hurt Nugent!"

The chums of the Second Form chuckled.

There was not much likelihood of Bunter minor hurting Dick Nugent in a fistful encounter.

Dick could not help grinning himself.

"Are you ready?" he asked quietly.

"Look here," said Bunter minor, "I—I— It was an accident, that boot coming at your napper last night. It—it slipped out of my hand!"

"Don't lie!" said Dick scornfully.

"I—I say, you know, I—I really didn't mean to—to punch your head, you know!" Bunter minor explained haltingly.

"No; he did it without meaning it," said Gatty. "Do give him a hiding, Dicky, and stop his blessed crammers!"

"Go it, Nugent!"

"Punish him!"

"Play up, there! On the ball!"

Dick Nugent needed no urging. But Bunter minor seemed to need a great deal. Both he and Nugent were in their pyjamas, and the other fellows gathered round in pyjamas and nightshirts.

They had no time to think of dressing just then. The business in hand was far too important for that.

Dick Nugent's eyes glinted.

"Will you put up your fists, Bunter minor?" he exclaimed.

"Look here—"

"Take that, then!"

Smack!

Dick's open hand smote the fat fag across the face, and Bunter minor reeled from the sounding smack.

He gave a yelp of rage.

After all, he was half as big again as Nugent minor, and only a coward would have shrunk from such a combat. Anger took the place of courage in Bunter minor's breast, and he leaped forward at Nugent.

His fat fists swept down upon Dick, who knocked them aside with the greatest of ease. In return, he let out his left, and it caught Bunter full upon his round, fat nose.

"Ow!" gasped Sammy.

He sat down on the floor of the dormitory, with a terrific bump.

"Yow! Yaroo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The yell of laughter from the fags infuriated Bunter minor. He sprang to his feet, and rushed furiously at Dick Nugent.

Safer weight drove the fag back, and though he put in two sounding blows, Bunter minor succeeded in closing with him, and they rolled on the floor of the dormitory together. Bunter was uppermost, and Dick's head had crashed on the floor, dazing and stupefying him for the moment.

That was Bunter's chance, and he was not the kind of fellow to let it pass him by. Considerations of fair play did not enter into his creed at all.

He swung his fat fist round, and it crashed into Nugent minor's face, knocking his head back against the floor again.

Dick gave a choked cry.

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**OUT THIS WEEK.** The Splendid **XMAS DOUBLE NUMBER OF "PLUCK."** Containing 100,000 words. Four splendid, extra-long, complete stories.

There was a roar of indignation from the Second Form.

"Coward!" bellowed Gatty. "Fancy hitting a chap when he's down—like that, too! Drag the beast off!"

Bunter minor was dragged off, and flung aside.

Dick was helped to his feet by half a dozen willing hands.

He was pale and gasping, and his head was swimming.

"Stand up, Bunter minor!" he gasped.

Unwillingly enough Bunter minor toed the line again. He was not at any time inclined to fight, unless every advantage was on his side, and he felt convinced that his opponent was a match for him.

But he had no choice now. He could either fight Dick Nugent, or be ragged by the whole of the Second Form, and he chose the former.

He squared up to the hero of the Second.

Dick Nugent faced him grimly.

He had stood much—too much—from Bunter minor, but the promise to Wingate had expired now; he was free to avenge his injuries, and he did not mean to spare Bunter minor.

He took care that Bunter did not get a chance of closing with him again. He kept the conflict at arm's-length.

Few of Bunter's wild and clumsy blows came home. But all the time Dick Nugent's knuckles were making play on the fat, angry face.

A heavy right-hander at last sent the fat fag spinning, and he crashed on the floor with a bump that seemed to shake the dormitory.

He lay where he had fallen, blinking at the Second-Formers in a dazed way.

"He's shamming!" said Gatty.

"Shammee muchee!" murmured Hop Hi.

Dick Nugent looked down upon the fallen junior.

"Have you had enough, Bunter minor?"

"Ow!" groaned Sammy. "Yes! Ow!"

Dick unclenched his hands.

"Very well; I'm satisfied if you are! I think you've had a lesson, anyway. But look out—no more of your insolence, Bunter minor, or you'll get the same again; and if the Form rag you, there's nobody to interfere. I'm done with you! I'd advise you to be a little more careful, and a little less of a cad. That's all."

Bunter minor only groaned by way of reply.

But he seemed inclined to take Nugent minor's advice. After that licking at Dick's hands, the Second-Formers let him alone, agreeing that he had had enough, and that he should not be ragged again, unless he offended afresh.

Bunter minor understood, and he was careful not to offend afresh. The insolence he had displayed on his first day at Greyfriars vanished as if by magic, and a new and strange meekness took its place.

His major met him in the Close after lessons that day, and stopped him. Sammy eyed him in a grim manner.

"I say, Sammy, do you happen to have half-a-crown about you?" asked Billy Bunter, with an air of most brotherly affection.

"Yes," said Sammy.

"Would you mind lending it to me?"

"Yes," said Sammy again.

"Oh, really, Sammy—"

"Bosh!"

Billy Bunter blinked wrathfully at his minor.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Sammy. "You can keep it out of that remittance of Aunt Peggy's!"

Billy Bunter seemed to choke down something.

"Well, never mind!" he said. "How are you getting on in the Second Form, Sammy? I've got to write home to-day, and they'll expect to hear."

"Oh, first rate!" said Sammy.

"Any rows last night?" asked Billy, with a blink at the bruises that were quite plain on Sammy's countenance, the results of his encounter with Dick Nugent.

"Oh, no! I'm getting on well; in fact, it looks as if I shall be a general favourite in the Form!" said Bunter minor.

Billy Bunter gave his minor an expressive look. He realised that there had come to Greyfriars one who was quite as experienced a romancer as himself.

"I'm glad to hear it, Sammy!" he said. "Just you keep an eye on me, and model your conduct on mine, and you'll be all right! Always be honest, brave, and speak the truth, like—like me, and you'll get on like anything! Play the game, you know! That's always been my motto, and it's to that that I—I owe my present position in the school!"

To which Bunter minor replied with a single word—only one word, but it was very expressive:

"Gammon!"

THE END.

(Another splendid, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co next week, by Frank Richards, entitled "COKER'S CATCH." Order your copy of the MAGNET in advance. Price One Penny.)





# STANLEY DARE

## The Boy Detective

### INTRODUCTION.

Stanley Dare, the Boy Detective, is assisting Cecil Theborne, from whom a letter containing a clue to the whereabouts of a store of hidden money has been stolen by two scoundrels named Sherard Garth and Luigi Sebastian. Dare tracks the scoundrels down, and finally comes face to face with them on a narrow cliff-path on the Cornish coast. He attacks them, but is overpowered, and is on the point of being hurled over the cliff, when a burly coastguard arrives on the scene in the nick of time.

(Now go on with the Story.)

#### Stephen Morison, Thief—At Vera Cruz—Queer Merchandise—A Robber Shadowed by Robbers.

A brawny fist shot out, and in an instant Sebastian went flying head-over-heels for a distance of several yards. He lay in a huddled-up heap where he fell. There would be nothing further to be feared from him for an hour or more.

As the struggle had commenced, Dare had caught sight of the coastguard—his stalwart rescuer—almost at the verge of the headland, he having just climbed up the cliff-path from the beach; but the others had not seen him, nor had they heard his approach on the soft grass. The tables were turned now with a vengeance. Sherard Garth was very soon overpowered and secured, and, further assistance having been procured, the pair of villains were taken back to St. Austell, and there handed over to the charge of the police.

The case, so far as Stanley Dare was concerned, was ended. It was another added to the list of his successes.

One or two points will need a brief explanation before this record is closed. The manner, for instance, in which Douglas Merivale was trapped into the power of the trio of scoundrels at Greymere House. He had been keen on the search for the missing boy, and, knowing something of Garth and his accomplices, had found out that young Treherne was in their power, but did not know where they had taken him to. Foolishly, instead of placing the matter in the hands of a skilled detective, he had written to Garth offering a sum of money if the boy was immediately released; but threatening that if he did not comply with these terms to set the police on his track.

Garth immediately sent a wire saying that he agreed, and appointing a meeting at Greymere House. Not suspecting a trap, Douglas Merivale had presented himself at Greymere, where Sebastian had attempted to stab him. A struggle ensued, during which Merivale attempted to gain possession of a letter in which the whereabouts of the boy was mentioned. The letter was torn. Merivale rushed out of the house, leaped on to his motor-car, and started it, meaning to seek the aid of the police. Garth and Sebastian chased him, and just had time to drag him from the car as it was gathering speed.

Then they carried him forcibly back into the house, where they kept him a prisoner, trying first to extort money from him. Finding that was a failure, they bricked him up in the vault, leaving him to a lingering death, as they thought, for they were cruel and merciless scoundrels. The bronze mask which Garth had first used to disguise his features was afterwards fitted over Douglas Merivale's face in a mere freak of wanton cruelty.

From the clue offered by the scrap of paper found in the wrecked car, Stanley Dare had, as we have seen, cleared the tangled skein of crime, and, in the most masterly fashion, woven a web around the criminals that eventually resulted in their being brought to justice.

The coastguard who had rendered such timely assistance to the young detective was well rewarded. Cecil Treherne and Douglas Merivale eventually recovered their health and strength, and are now warm friends of Stanley Dare.

"I seem to have lost my nerve," muttered Stephen Morison, late manager of the big London firm of Crawford, Linscott & Co., as he stepped from the ship's boat on to the quay at Vera Cruz. "Six weeks ago my nerves were as good as any man's, but now—"

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NEXT  
TUESDAY:

"COKER'S CATCH."

Another School Tale of the Juniors of  
Greysfarms. By FRANK RICHARDS.

He started violently as someone touched him on the shoulder. It was only a Custom House official, however, who wished to ask him a question.

"The senior," he said, bowing politely, "has just arrived from England?"

"Yes—yes, certainly!" replied Stephen Morison, in a curiously hesitating voice.

"By the mail steamer?"

"No. I was a passenger on board the sailing-ship Cuban," said Morison.

"A sailing-ship—the Cuban? Ah!"

The Custom House official shrugged his shoulders with the slightest possible expression of contempt. Passengers by sailing-ships were, as a rule, men who had not much money to spare; therefore the possibility of receiving a liberal "tip" when examining his luggage in order that as little of it as possible might be disturbed when being "passed" seemed very remote indeed.

"I came on a sailing-vessel for the sake of my health," Stephen Morison hastened to explain. "The bustle and noise on a mail steamer and the smell of the engines I cannot stand. Moreover, there are some goods of mine shipped on the Cuban as cargo cases of cutlery and ironwork, and that was another reason—"

"Why the senior came out on the Cuban—precisely," said the Custom House official, finishing the sentence for him. "I shall have the honour of examining the senior's baggage, not the cargo, which, if only ironwork, will not need to be examined."

The liberal tip which this official eventually received both surprised and gratified him, and caused him to alter his opinion about passengers who made the voyage on a sailing-ship. The English, he reflected, were eccentric, and therefore the strange statement of this particular one that he had come out to Mexico for the good of his health passed almost unheeded.

But there was a lounge on the quay, dressed in the garb of a fisherman, who, having heard the greater part of the conversation which had passed between the Customs official and the English passenger, gave considerably more heed to the statement, and, moving forward, took up a position where he could obtain a clearer view of the passenger's face without attracting attention by his scrutiny.

He saw a man of about forty years of age, inclined to be stout, with a clean-shaven face that certainly looked puffy and unhealthy, and pale blue eyes that had a queer sort of furtive expression in them.

A porter was carrying a Gladstone-bag belonging to the Englishman, and the quay lounge, shifting his position once more, contrived to read the name that was written upon the label.

It was John Vincent.

The quay lounge, having read the name, laughed softly to himself, and, turning on his heel, walked swiftly away into the town.

In the meantime, Stephen Morison, who chose now to be known as "John Vincent," had driven to a quiet hotel and engaged a bed-room. As soon as he was alone he sank down into a chair, and mopped the perspiration from his face with a silk handkerchief. His hand shook as he returned the handkerchief to his pocket.

"Confound it! I wish I didn't feel like this!" he said to himself. "Many more days like this, and I should suffer in health in good earnest. I have dreaded the day of arrival



here all the voyage, for fear I may have been traced and arrested as soon as I set foot on shore. But, after all, I was a fool to be afraid, for my plans have been arranged so carefully that it is not likely anyone will connect plain 'John Vincent,' who is travelling quietly for the sake of his health, with Stephen Morison, one time the manager for Crawford, Linscott & Co., the great firm of South African merchants. I shall get over this nervous feeling in a day or two, and then see about banking and investing the money, as that will give me more freedom for my movements."

Stephen Morison was flying from justice. A man who had held a position of great trust in a large and wealthy firm, and in receipt of a good salary, ought to have been above temptation. But he had lived a double life, and his reckless expenditure—unknown to his business friends—far outran his income, and in the end he saw ruin and exposure staring him in the face. In his desperation he resolved on a bold coup, which he carried out successfully, and a week after he had sailed in the Cuban all London was astonished at the news that the greatly respected Stephen Morison was wanted by the police on a charge of defrauding Messrs. Crawford, Linscott & Co. of two hundred thousand pounds.

But so carefully had his plans been laid, that not a trace either of the money or the ex-manager could be discovered.

It was not until five days after the arrival of the Cuban at Vera Cruz that the cases of cutlery and ironwork which belonged to Stephen Morison—or, as he was there known, John Vincent—were landed. By this time the ex-manager had rented a moderate-sized house on the outskirts of the town, and to this house he had the cases of "cutlery" brought, and carefully stowed away down in the cellar.

He had personally superintended its removal from the wharf to his house, but, of course, he had not been allowed down the ship's hold, where the stevedores were working at discharging the cargo. One of these men seemed to be particularly curious as to the contents of the cases of "cutlery," and he found an opportunity to open one just slightly at the corner when he was unobserved.

There was a lot of bran and sawdust inside, but in the midst of it he saw the yellow gleam of gold. The case was packed with gold coins, put in loosely among the sawdust and bran. He extracted one. It was a sovereign—the current gold coin of Britain.

The man carefully secured the case again, and kept his discovery to himself—at least, so far as the other stevedores were concerned. By the size and weight of the case he calculated that it contained about four thousand sovereigns. There were fifty cases, so if they were all packed with gold, the total sum would be two hundred thousand pounds.

On the following day this man was working among the stevedores in the Cuban's hold.

A week passed, but Stephen Morison had not yet invested any of the proceeds of his gigantic robbery, nor had he placed any of the money in a bank, which, with his experience, one might have supposed he would have done for safety. There were many desperadoes in the low quarters of Vera Cruz who would have cheerfully committed murder for a hundredth part of the sum, he had hidden away in his cellar, and there were others less crude and openly brutal in their methods, but far more dangerous, who would clear him of every coin, and, if necessary, remove him, so that no trace would ever be found of him again.

But Morison flattered himself that not a living soul except himself knew what the contents of the cases really were. And yet, careful though he was not to excite attention, he began soon to have an uncomfortable feeling that he was being watched. On two occasions he tried to put these suspicions to the test, and he was almost certain that he was shadowed to and from his house. He could not be quite positive, but he decided that it would be advisable to bank the money and shift his quarters.

But he delayed again, for the lust of gold had him in its grip. His nature had changed. He no longer had the desire to spend the money; he did not

want to part with it, but liked to pass long hours in the cellar gloating over the glittering heaps by the light of a lantern.

One evening he had been so occupied when, on coming up again into his living-room, he was startled to see a man seated at the table calmly rolling a cigarette.

"Who are you? What do you want here?" he demanded. The man—a dark-complexioned Spanish-Mexican—lit his cigarette before replying. Then he said, in very fair English—Stephen Morison had but a slight knowledge of Spanish.

"I have taken the liberty of calling on you, Mr. Stephen Morison, on a little matter of business."

On hearing himself addressed by his own name, which he believed no one in Vera Cruz knew, he was for a few moments too terrified to speak.

"You are mistaken!" he gasped out at length. "My name is John Vincent, not Morison."

"I am desolated that I should be compelled to contradict you," pursued the ex-manager's unwelcome visitor, with mock politeness, "but I happen to know that your name is Stephen Morison, and that in the cellar from which you have just emerged there is a sum of two hundred thousand pounds, or almost that amount, in English gold!"

"It is a lie!" cried Morison. "You talk the most utter folly! The idea of a man having two hundred thousand pounds in English gold stowed away in a cellar is too ridiculous to be discussed! How could I get it there?"

"In boxes marked 'cutlery' and 'ironwork,'" was the reply. "We are not going to discuss the matter, for the simple reason that my friends and I have already decided how we are going to dispose of the money."

"You shall not lay hands upon it!" screamed the ex-manager. "Leave this house, or I'll—"

"Keep your hands in front of you!" commanded the Mexican, drawing a revolver from his belt. "I see you have a weapon in your pocket, and I shall have to relieve you of it."

He rose to his feet and deprived Morison of his pistol, which he coolly dropped into his own pocket. Then he re-seated himself at the table.

"Who are you?" cried Morison again. "Are you friends, or what you appear to be, thieves—"

"You would find yourself at home in the society of thieves," interposed the Mexican drily. "But you shall hear something of your visitors, Senor Morison. For myself, my name is Pedro Valdez, and I am one of the members of a certain society whose object is the amassing of money by fair means or foul. Listen carefully to what I am about to tell you."

"The methods which this society has of obtaining information are marvellous, and news reached it from London that a certain Stephen Morison had absconded with two hundred thousand pounds. His change of name to John Vincent and his destination are known to this society, although he believes that no one has penetrated the secret. On landing at Vera Cruz his movements are watched with undeviating attention, and the contents of one of the cases of 'cutlery' are examined while still in the hold of the Cuban. Well, need I say more? The cases are now in the cellar of this house, and the society intends to take possession of the gold."

Stephen Morison had gone as pale as death during this recital, but when Pedro Valdez had finished he tried to pluck up sufficient courage to defy him.

"I do not believe your story of a society," he cried. "You are alone, and you will find yet that I am a match for you."

Pedro Valdez tossed away the end of his cigarette.

"Look at the door!" he said.

Stephen Morison had been sitting with his back to the door of the room. He swung round in his chair, and then, with a groan of terror, sank against the table, with every particle of the small amount of courage that he ever had quite gone from him.

(Another splendid instalment of this serial next week.)

# For Next Week

## "COKER'S CATCH."

Always on the look out for something novel and interesting, Frank Richards has written for next Tuesday's "Magnet" a really capital long complete story. You will find that Coker is not such a bad chap after all.

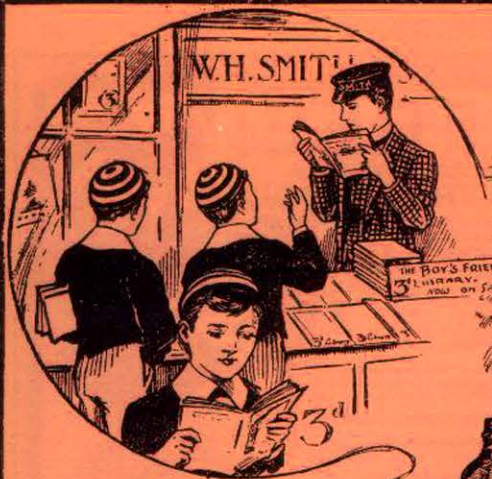
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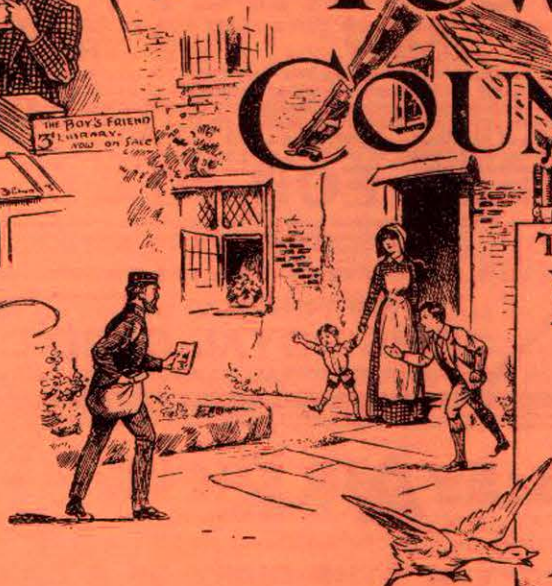
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