

"HIS HIGHNESS!"

A Magnificent Long Complete School Tale.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

"THE GOLDEN KEY!"

A Grand Story of Thrilling Adventure.

By **T. C. BRIDGES.**

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FISH AND BUNTER'S HASTY EXIT!

(An Exciting Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale in this Issue.)

 *A Complete School-
 *Story Book, attrac-
 *tive to all readers.

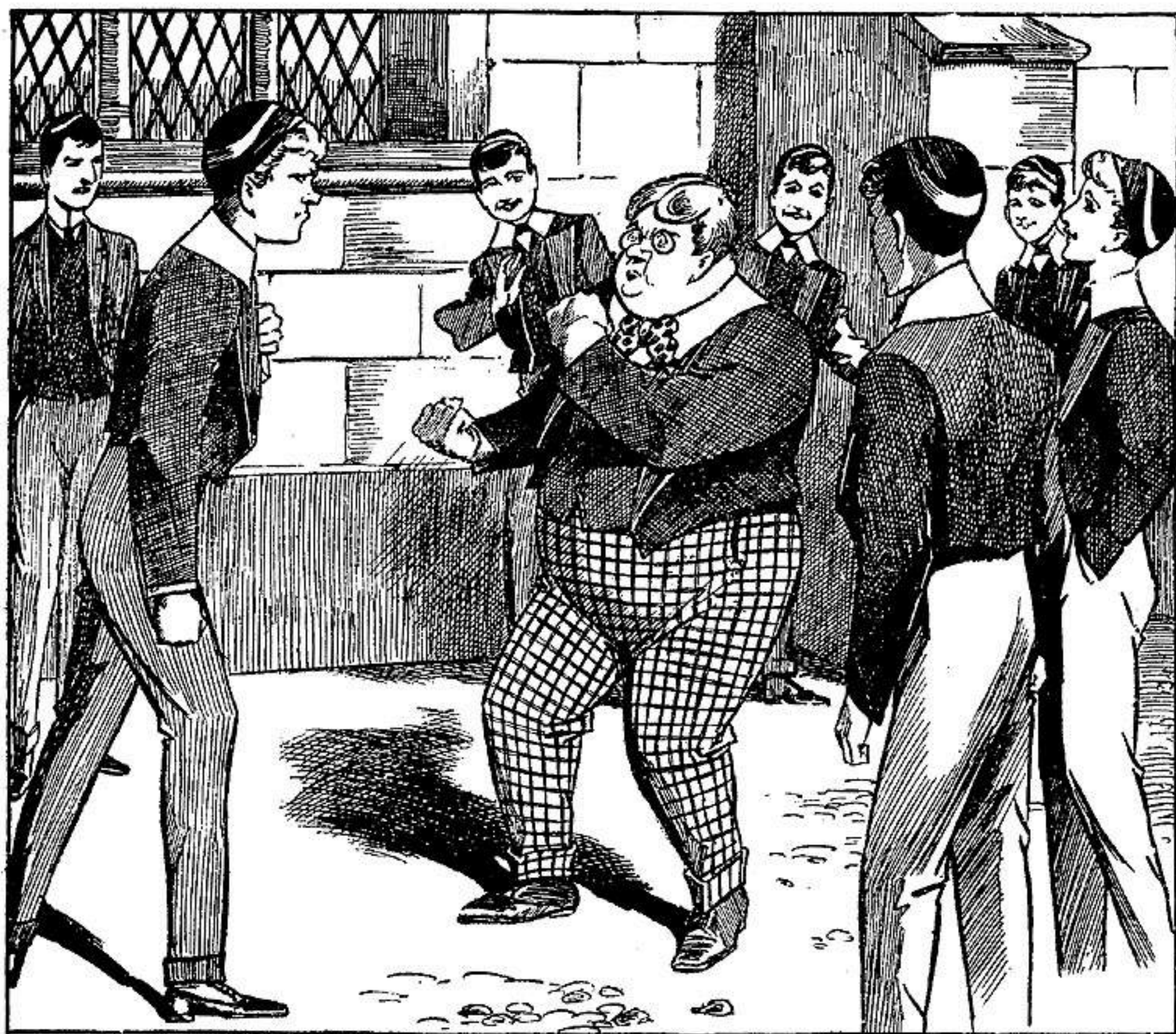


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 *to a friend. . . .

"HIS HIGHNESS!"

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.



"Jolly particu'ar for a Hun, ain't you?" said Billy Bunter, holding up his fists. "You ought to be pleased at being spoken to at all." (See Chapter 10.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Bunter's Latest!

"A PRINCE!"
 "Yes, rather!"
 "Rats!"
 There was a general chorus of "Rats!" in
 the junior common-room at Greyfriars.

Billy Bunter, who had just rolled in, in a state of
 great excitement, full of news, blinked indignantly at
 the unbelieving juniors.

"I tell you it's true!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "He's
 a prince!"

"Bow-wow!" said Bob Cherry.

"A real prince!"

"Cheese it!" said Johnny Bull.

"And he's coming into the Remove!"

"Rot!" said Frank Nugent.

"And he's coming this afternoon!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Harry Wharton.

"But it's true!"

"How can it be true when it's you that's telling us?" said Bob Cherry, in a tone of gentle remonstrance.

And the Removites chuckled.

Billy Bunter's very spectacles gleamed with wrath. He had expected to astound the Remove fellows with his startling news. And he found every fellow there a doubting Thomas. Bunter's yarns were too well-known. But this, the latest, that a real live prince was coming into the Lower Fourth Form quite put the lid on, so to speak.

True, there were noble and distinguished persons in the Remove. There was Lord Mauleverer, who was certainly an earl. There was Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, who was Nabob of the distant land of Bhanipur—a prince of the Indian Empire. There was Bunter himself, who—according to Bunter—was descended from Sir Bunter de Bunter, who came over with the Conqueror, and had signed Magna Charta as one of the great barons of England. If that statement was correct, certainly Sir Bunter de Bunter must have lived to a marvellous age, rivalling the celebrated Methuselah. According to Bob Cherry, the only barons in the Bunter family were barons of beef. And it could certainly have been supposed that Billy Bunter, judging by appearances, was descended from a baron of beef.

There was, perhaps, no reason why a prince shouldn't come to Greyfriars. Princes went to Eton, and Greyfriars, of course, was a cut above Eton. No Greyfriars fellow doubted that.

All the same, it was surprising. And as it was Bunter that brought the news, the Remove declined to believe it.

"Well, you'll see him this afternoon!" snorted Bunter at last.

"The eccfulness is the believfulness!" said Hurree Singh.

"Why not give us an easier one, Bunt?" asked Peter Todd.

"But it's true!" shrieked Bunter. "I heard Mr. Quelch speaking to the Head about it. I happened to be near the door."

"I dare say that part's true," agreed Harry Wharton. "And if you say you happened to be close to the key-hole, we'll swallow that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Wharton, I heard the Head say——"

"Rats!"

"You fathead, Cherry! The Head never says 'rats'!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He said to Quelch that he wanted him to keep an eye on the prince, because he feared there might be ragging."

"Catch us ragging a prince!" said Skinner, with a chuckle. "Why, we'll take him to our hearts and weep over him—if he comes!"

"If!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"The if-fulness is terrific!"

"Well, he's coming," said Bunter, "and the Head's afraid there may be ragging. I don't know why. I know I'm jolly well going to chum up with him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I don't see anything to cackle at, either! I like princes!"

"Got dozens on your visiting-list, haven't you, Bunt?" grinned Squiff.

"Well, to tell the truth, I haven't met any so far," confessed Bunter.

"Hold me!" murmured Bob Cherry: "Bunter's telling the truth! I feel faint!"

"You silly ass, Cherry! Our family has come down a bit, you see!" explained Bunter. "In the olden times the name of Bunter de Bunter was known in every——"

"Workhouse?"

"No, fathead! In every——"

"Prison?"

"No, you silly idiot, in every corner of the kingdom! There was Sir Fulke de Bunter, who went to the——"

"Treadmill?"

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"To the Crusades. There was Baron de Bunter, who signed Magna Charta. There are several peerages in our family. I shall naturally chum up with the prince when he comes, being an aristocrat myself."

"Oh, my hat!"

"What I want to point out to you fellows is that the prince is coming into my study. I've got first claim, and I'm going to have him!"

"You're welcome to my whack!" said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dutton can clear out of my study to make room for him," said Bunter. "Or you can clear off, Toddy, or Alonzo can. I'm not particular, so long as I have the prince!"

"Isn't he burbling—just as if he believed it himself!" said Johnny Bull, in wonder.

"It's true!" bellowed Bunter. "Quelch is going to speak to you chaps about it before he comes. The Head asked him to."

"Bow-wow!"

"And it's got to be settled that he comes into my study," said Bunter. "It's only fair—I shall be a kindred spirit."

"Look here, you fat duffer!" said Harry Wharton, looking very curiously at Bunter. The way Bunter stuck to his story was surprising, and the captain of the Remove began to wonder whether there was anything in it. "Have you really been spying on the Head?"

"Oh, really, Wharton, I happened to hear, by chance—quite by chance—what he said to Quelch. I had stopped outside his door to—to admire the landscape, and the door was partly open, so——"

"What landscape?"

"Well, you get a fine view of—of the staircase, you know, from Quelch's door. And they were talking about the prince coming. I don't know why the Head thought we should rag him—I know I sha'n't do anything of the kind! We don't get a prince in the Remove every day."

"Well, Inky's the only specimen so far," said Bob Cherry. "How does it feel to be a prince, Inky?"

Hurree Singh grinned.

"Inky's only a nigger-prince!" said Bunter. "Niggers don't count! Yaroooh! Leggo my ear, Inky, you beast! Wharrer marrer! Yooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I mean you ain't a nigger!" shrieked Bunter. "That's what I really meant to say. Leggo, you black beast! Yooop!"

"You must say, 'Let go, your serene Highness!'" murmured the Nabob gently.

"Yaroooh! Leggo, your serene Highness!" wailed Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hurree Singh removed his dusky thumb and forefinger. Bunter rubbed his fat ear, and blinked at him furiously.

"I'd jolly well mop up the floor with you only—only I'm going to meet a prince this afternoon!" gasped Bunter.

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

"You can cackle!" hooted Bunter.

"Thanks! We will! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I warn you that the prince is going to be my chum, and you can keep off the grass!" said Bunter. "There's another point. We don't have princes here every day, and I suppose princes get hungry after a journey, like other chaps, so I'm thinking of standing him a good tea in the study. Unfortunately, I've been disappointed about a postal-order——"

"You can always rely on Bunter to work round to that!" grinned Squiff. "You'd like a little loan, Bunter?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Say a couple of quid?"

"Ripping!"

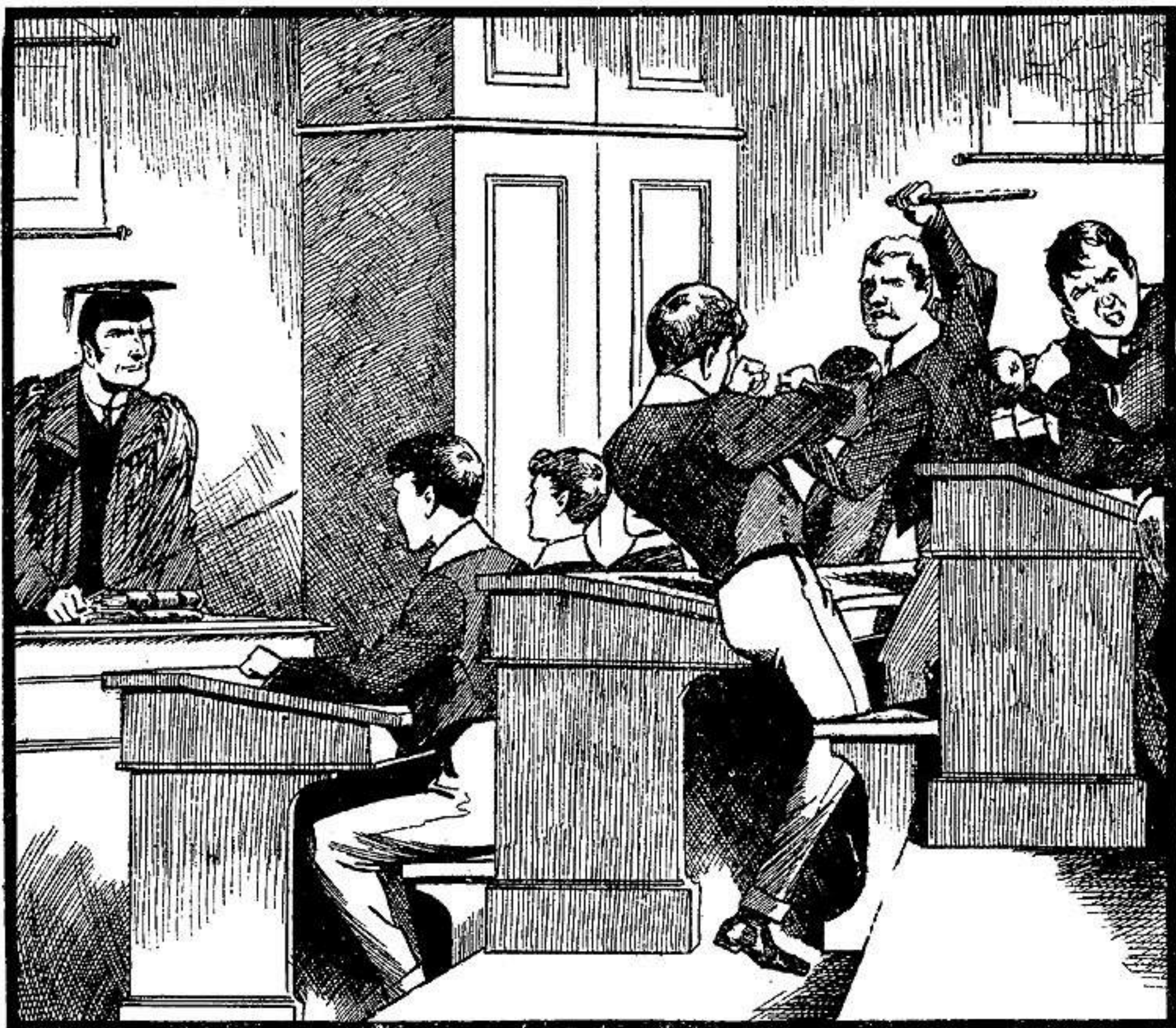
"Then it's another disappointment for you," said Squiff sadly. "You won't get it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you beast——"

"Shush!" said Harry Wharton. "Here comes Quelch!"

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, rustled into the common-room. There was rain out of doors, and, though



The German flung himself furiously upon Bob Cherry. "Rattenstein!" shouted Mr. Quelch. "How dare you! Come out here, sir! Come out here at once!" (See Chapter 11.)

it was a half-holiday, most of the Remove were in the common-room. They wondered what their Form-master wanted. Billy Bunter blinked triumphantly at his Form-fellows. He was about to be vindicated!

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Surprising News!

MR. QUELCH coughed slightly. The Removites had all risen respectfully to their feet as their Form-master came in. Some of the Fourth who were present followed their example; but Temple of the Fourth winked to Dabney. His idea was that the Remove were going to get a lecture, and he was prepared to enjoy it. He did not see what other reason Mr. Quelch could have for coming to the common-room on a half-holiday. "My boys," said Mr. Quelch, "I have an announcement to make to you. I believe most of my Form are here." Apparently it was not a lecture, after all. Temple felt disappointed. "The Head has requested me to speak to the Remove on this subject," proceeded Mr. Quelch. The Removites exchanged glances. Was it possible there was something in Bunter's yarn, after all?

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"A new boy is coming into the Remove to-day." Sensation! Bunter blinked triumphantly.

"The matter has been under discussion some time, and the arrangements have been made," continued Mr. Quelch. "It is now for me to announce the fact. As you are aware, the arrival of a new boy is not a matter of the first importance, and you are doubtless surprised that I should address you on the subject."

So the Remove would have been, but for the previous announcement by Bunter. As it was, they stared at their Form-master.

"The new boy is a somewhat unusual new boy, and he comes to the school under somewhat unusual circumstances. He is of very high rank."

Another sensation.

"His rank is that of a prince."

"Great Scott!"

"He is not, however, a British prince," said Mr. Quelch, affecting not to hear Bob Cherry's involuntary ejaculation.

"Another nigger?" murmured Skinner. "You're going to have a rival, Inky."

"The name of the new boy is—ahem!—Rattenstein."

There was a general gasp.

"A German, sir!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, his cheeks flushing.

"A Hun!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

From somewhere came a hiss, and a voice: "Shame!"

Mr. Quelch's eyes sparkled.

"Silence!" he exclaimed.

The Remove were silent, but most of them looked savage. If there was a German coming into the Lower Fourth, the Lower Fourth would have something to say about it. They did not like Germans!

"The boy I speak of is not a German," said Mr. Quelch. "I am quite aware, my boys, that a German would not be popular among you. The baseness and treachery displayed by the Kaiser and his countrymen during this terrible war has opened our eyes as to the true German character, and so long as the present generation lives it will be naturally impossible for a decent Briton to associate with Germans on any terms."

"Hear, hear!" said the Remove heartily.

Mr. Quelch voiced their sentiments exactly.

"But this boy, Prince Rupprecht von Rattenstein, is not a German," said Mr. Quelch. "He bears a German title, and belongs to a German reigning family, but he is a natural-born British subject. His father was naturalised in Britain many years before he was born, and this lad was born English, according to law."

"Is a tiger born in the Zoo English, sir?" asked Bolsover major, and there was a chuckle.

Mr. Quelch did not appear to hear the question.

"Now, my boys, you understand why I have spoken to you," he said. "Prince Rupprecht von Rattenstein is of German origin, but he is British born, and is quite British in training and in sympathy. He will be, in fact, exactly like one of yourselves."

The Removites looked as if they doubted it. A wolf born in a sheepcot would not be a lamb, so how could a German born in England be English? But they did not venture to put that to Mr. Quelch.

"I desire you to treat this new-comer exactly as if he were an ordinary new boy," continued Mr. Quelch. "I appeal to you not to bear it in mind against him that his origin was German. I may say that any attempt at persecution will be watched, and severely punished. But I do not desire to dwell upon this. I prefer to rely upon your good feeling in the matter, and upon the sense of hospitality and good manners natural to Greyfriars boys. There must be no persecution of Rattenstein, and I trust there will be no avoidance of him."

Most of the juniors were grimly silent.

But Billy Bunter's voice was heard at once:

"Certainly not, sir! I'm going to chum with him at once, sir. I should like him to be put in my study, sir."

"Shut up, you worm!" breathed Peter Todd.

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Any boy who would like the new-comer to be put in his study may make the request to me," said Mr. Quelch, after a pause.

"I guess I'm on, sir," said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, at once.

Fishy's face was beaming. As a real live republican, he almost trembled with delight at the idea of coming into contact with a prince, even if it were only a German prince.

"Does anyone else wish to speak?"

No one else did, apparently. There was a grim silence.

Mr. Quelch frowned a little.

"Would you care for Rattenstein to be placed in your study, Wharton?" he asked.

Harry Wharton flushed.

"No, sir!" he said abruptly.

"Hardly?" murmured Nugent.

"And you, Cherry?"

Bob Cherry coloured.

"My father's out in Flanders killing Huns, sir," he replied. "I should be ashamed to tell him that I was friendly with a German."

"I have told you that this boy is not a German!"

Bob was silent. He had his own views about that, which no Form-master's authority could alter. Bob's opinion of Germans was that they were rotten, and that the naturalised kind were rotter than the other kind.

"What do you say, Linley?"

Mark Linley looked uncomfortable. He shared Bob's study, and he was not likely to "go back" on Bob. And he fully agreed with Bob, as it happened. But he understood that Mr. Quelch wished to place the new boy, if possible, with some of the better fellows in the Remove—a description that did not apply either to Bunter or to Fisher T. Fish.

"If you wish it, sir, of course we will take him in," he said. "I'm sure Cherry wouldn't like to oppose your wishes in any way, and, of course, you can order us if you like."

"I shall not do that," said Mr. Quelch.

"Thank you, sir. If we're free to choose, we'd rather not have him, because—because we know—at least we think—that naturalisation is all rot. A man who swears allegiance to any country but his own is a traitor!"

"That's it, sir," said Bob. "A naturalised alien is a traitor to his own country if he keeps his oath to his new country, and he's a traitor to his new country if he breaks it, so he's a traitor anyway. And we're not Germans, so we don't like traitors."

"Hear, hear!" said the Removites in delight.

Mr. Quelch paused awkwardly. Probably Bob's blunt words found an echo in his own breast.

"That would not apply to the boy himself, who was born in England," he said. "Come, my dear boys! To be chivalrous is British, and I appeal to your sense of chivalry."

The Remove were not insensible to that appeal. But the thought of a Hun in their study, sharing their meals, breaking bread with them, was a little too much. There was a grim silence.

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch at last. "Fish, as you wish the new boy to share your study—"

"I guess so, sir!"

"Excuse me, sir," said Johnny Bull deliberately. "I share that study, and I strongly object to filthy Germans."

"The boy is not a German, Bull."

Johnny Bull granted

"I'm in that study too, sir," said Squiff, "and I'm afraid, sir, it would make me ill if there were a German there."

"This is a serious matter," said Mr. Quelch, as there was a giggle. "Bunter, am I to understand that your study-mates raise no objection?"

"Well, sir, as I'm head of the study—"

"I object, sir," said Peter Todd promptly. "If you allow me to raise an objection, I certainly object, sir."

"I fear I must do the same, sir," said Alonzo Todd meekly. "My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—nay, disgusted—if I were to become friendly with a German, sir."

Tom Dutton, the fourth member of No. 7 Study, did not speak, for the simple reason that he was deaf, and hadn't heard a word so far. But if he had heard, and spoken, his reply would have been as emphatic as Toddy's.

"I am sorry for this," said Mr. Quelch, with wrinkled brows. "I hoped that some boy in my Form would be willing to receive this stranger hospitably. I shall have, it appears, to exert my authority."

"Begad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "May I speak, sir? I'll take the rotter in, if you like, sir."

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MANY MAGNIFICENT TUCK-HAMPERS FOR READERS OF THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD," ½D. OUT TO-DAY

"Please do not use such expressions in speaking to me, Mauleverer."

"Sorry, sir! I mean, I'll take in the beast—that is to say, the mongrel—I—I mean the prince, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As you have a study to yourself, Mauleverer, I accept your offer," said Mr. Quelch, much relieved. "I have not the slightest doubt that you will find Prince Rattenstein a very agreeable and pleasant companion. Thank you!"

"Don't mench, sir," said Mauleverer.

Mr. Quelch quitted the common-room; and there was a rush of the indignant juniors to surround Lord Mauleverer.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bolsover Major Means Business!

"MAULY, you rotter——"

"So you like Huns?"

"Mauly, you fathead——"

"Yah! Pro-Hun!"

"Pro-German! Yah!"

Lord Mauleverer blinked at the Removites in his lazy way.

"Begad!" he ejaculated.

"He's fond of Huns!" roared Bolsover major, the bully of the Remove. "Bump him! Bump the pro-Hun!"

"Begad! Don't you see——"

"Collar that fat beast Bunter, and that skinny scarecrow Fish!" shouted Bolsover. "Bump the cads! We don't want pro-Huns here."

"I say, you fellows—— Yow-ow-ow!"

"Hyer, I guess—— Whoop!"

"Bump them!"

Bump, bump, bump!

There were three bumps, and three terrific yells from Bunter and Fish and Lord Mauleverer.

"Yow-ow! Help!" roared Bunter.

"Yaroo! Let up!" shrieked Fish. "I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of you!"

"Begad! Oh, crikey!"

Billy Bunter tore himself loose and fled. Fisher T. Fish would gladly have followed his example, but he tripped over Micky Desmond's foot and came a cropper as he ran. Then Micky Desmond and Bulstrode and Bolsover major seized him, and he was bumped again.

"Let up!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "Leggo! Ain't I a nootral, you jays?"

"Bump him again for being a neutral!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bump!

Fisher T. Fish got loose at last, and fled, yelling. Then the excited Removites bestowed all their attention upon Lord Mauleverer.

His lordship was swung in the air, in the grip of a dozen hands.

"Begad! Leggo!" gasped Mauleverer. "You don't understand——"

"Gentlemen," said Bob Cherry, "Mauly can't help being a born idiot, as he belongs to the peerage——"

"Hear, hear!"

"But the privileges of peerage, otherwise the privileges of being a born idiot, have a limit. Mauly mustn't be a pro-Hun. We're going to bump him for his own good!"

"Yow-ow! Help!" gasped his lordship, as he descended on the floor. "Yaroo! I'm not a pro-Hun! Yow-ow! I don't like Huns! Lemme explain! Yoop!"

"Bump him!"

"No; let him explain first!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, laughing. "If you're not a pro-Hun, Mauly, what do you want a Hun in your study for?"

Lord Mauleverer sat on the floor and groaned.

"Oh, begad! I don't want him in my study!"

"But you asked Quelch——"

"And you're going to have him——"

"Yaas, but——"

"Bump him!"

"Hold on!" said Bob Cherry. "Let Mauly explain—let's try to learn the mysterious workings of the aristocratic mind. Go it, Mauly!"

"Ow-ow-wow-yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What do you want the Boche in your study for?" roared Bolsover major.

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NEXT
MONDAY—

"WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT!"

EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

"I don't want him!" shrieked Mauleverer indignantly. "I wouldn't touch the beast with a dashed barge-pole. But somebody's got to have him, so I thought it only fair for me to have the rotter, because I haven't any study-mates to be bothered with him."

"Oh!"

"If he's planked in any other study, three or four fellows will have to put up with him!" explained Mauleverer. "In my study only one chap will have to put up with the pig—me!"

"By Jove!"

"It's a case of giddy self-sacrifice!" chuckled Squiff. "We take back that bumping, Mauly!"

"Consider yourself unbumped, old chap!"

"That bumping is to be regarded as a vote of thanks from the Remove," said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, it's awfully decent of you, Mauly," said Bolsover major, quite repentant. "The filthy animal might have been planked on me!"

"Or on any of us!" said Harry Wharton. "Mauly's a brick!"

"The brickfulness is terrific."

"Many thanks, Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer dusted himself down ruefully.

"Oh, all serene!" he grunted. "You might have let a fellow explain. Wow-wow!"

"But what are we going to do about the Hun, though?" said Bolsover major. "We don't want a filthy German in the Remove. The Head oughtn't to let him come. It's all rot about his being born in England. It was like his cheek to be born in England, disgracing a decent country like that."

"Well, perhaps he couldn't help that," grinned Bob Cherry. "It's his pater who ought to have been kicked out long ago."

"I vote that we smash him on sight," said Bolsover.

"And get a flogging from the Head?" said Skinner.

"You heard what Quelch said about that."

"I'm not afraid of a licking," said Bolsover truculently. "Besides, if you all back me up, they can't flog the whole Form!"

"Wharton's captain!" said Hazeldene. "What does Wharton say?"

"Go it, Wharton!" said Vernon-Smith.

Harry Wharton hesitated.

"Well, I'm not afraid of a licking, if you come to that," he said. "And I don't like Boches any more than anybody else does. But this kid Rattenstein is rather an unusual variety of Boche. I don't say I'd have him in my study if I could help it—that would be rather thick. But considering that he was born in England he's British by our laws——"

"Fatheaded law that," said Bulstrode.

"Well, yes, I agree—still, he is British according to law. It was wrong to allow his father to become naturalised, but the Remove can't set itself up against our sublime legislators. When Mauly gets into the House of Lords, we'll make him alter all that——"

"Begad!"

"But to come to the point, we don't like Huns, and we're right not to like them, but it's rather rotten to set on a fellow. You know what would happen to a British chap in a German school at this time—he would be ragged and kicked and very likely torn in pieces. That's the German way. We pride ourselves on not being anything like Prussians——"

"Hear, hear!"

"And fair play's a jewel. So my advice is, let the poor beast alone. If he's decent, I don't see why we can't be civil to him. But, anyway, it would be rotten to rag him—a chap on his own without friends——"

"Why, you've just said yourself what the Germans would do!" howled Bolsover.

"Yes, that's the point; we're not Germans. If you want to act like a German, Bolsover, the sooner you go to Potsdam the better!"

"That's all very well——"

"My idea is, play the game," said Harry. "If the fellow plays Hunnish tricks, of course, he'll get it in

the neck. But don't jump on a poor beast—a stranger in a strange land."

"Well, that's right enough," said Bob Cherry.

"I don't think so," said Bolsover major obstinately; "and I tell you that the minute I see him I'm going to knock him down, just to show him what I think of Huns!"

Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"And I tell you you're not going to do anything of the sort!" he exclaimed.

"Who'll stop me?" roared Bolsover.

"I will!"

"Then I'll give you a chance!" said the bully of the Remove. "The minute he puts his nose inside Greyfriars he gets my knuckles on it."

"I shall stop you if I'm on the scene," said Harry quietly.

"Oh, rats!"

Bolsover swung away, snorting. And it was quite apparent that a good many of the Removites agreed with Bolsover. The fact that the expected new-comer was of princely rank did not seem to appeal to anyone but Bunter and Fisher T. Fish. But Fisher T. Fish, in spite of his bumping, was in great spirits. At last he would be able to write home to "Noo" York that he was on pally terms with a prince—a real live prince, even if made in Germany. Fisher T. Fish had several aches in his skinny bones, after his rough handling. But he hardly seemed to feel them. When he was seen again, the Yankee junior seemed to be walking on air.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Toadies!

"S TILL raining!" growled Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five were looking out of the doorway of the School House. The rain was coming down steadily in the old Close, and the ancient elms were weeping.

"No footer to-day," said Harry Wharton. "Who says a walk on the cliffs?"

To which his chums responded "Bow-wow!" Walking on the cliffs in a drenching downpour was not an enticing idea.

"I say, you fellows——"

The Famous Five looked at Bunter. They were surprised. William George Bunter was looking unusually spick and span. He had a clean collar on, his necktie was neatly tied, and his hair was brushed, and there was no dust on his clothes, and no ink or jam on his fingers.

"Wherefore this thusness, O beautiful Bunter?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Well, a fellow ought to get a bit decent to meet a prince," said Bunter. "I suppose you don't mind my borrowing your necktie, Wharton——"

"You cheeky porpoise!" said Wharton indignantly.

"Well, I had to; I couldn't borrow one of Mauly's."

"Why not?"

"Well, he was in his study."

"And whose is that pin?" asked Bob Cherry.

"If you're going to grouse about a chap borrowing your tie-pin, Cherry, I'll hand it back to you at once," said Bunter, with dignity.

"You'd better!" said Bob wrathfully. "Otherwise, there will be a porpoise rolling down the steps in two jiffies!"

"I'm glad you're not such a beast as Cherry, Wharton," said Bunter, as the indignant Bob recaptured his tie-pin.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You can have the necktie, Billy; it's not very valuable, if you lose it. So you're dressing up to meet the giddy prince?"

"I'm going to pal with him, you know."

"Are you going to ask him first?"

"Oh, really, I suppose a filthy Hun would be glad to pal with anybody," said Bunter warmly.

"I don't know; even a Hun might draw a line somewhere," grinned Nugent. "Besides, German princes don't have such a lot of money."

"Oh, rot! A prince is bound to be rich."

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"Not a German prince, fathead! What do you think they come to England for?"

"Oh!" said Bunter very thoughtfully.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Fishy!"

Fisher T. Fish was evidently also bent on staggering humanity. He was dressed in his Sunday clothes, and his collar was spotless, his cuffs were gleaming white, and his hair was brushed and oiled. He came down the hall like a dancing-master, making deep bows, and the chums looked at him in astonishment.

"What's the name of that game?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, I guess I didn't see you! What do you think of that one?" asked Fish, straightening up.

"That what?"

"That bow, you jay! Did you think it graceful?"

"About as graceful as a porcupine," said Bob Cherry. "Are you practising shutting yourself up like a pocket-knife?"

"I guess I'm going to do the right thing, slick. The trouble is, do you bow to the ground, or only half-way?"

"It depends on what you're doing it for," said Wharton, laughing. "If you're going to a dance, I should recommend half-measures."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm thinking of the prince. You have to bow pretty deep to a prince, I guess. Have any of you chaps ever met the Prince of Wales?"

"I don't remember doing so," said Bob Cherry thoughtfully. "Yes, now I come to think of it, when I was new here——"

"Yep?" said Fish eagerly.

"I had the prints of weals on my back," said Bob.

"You had his Royal Highness on your back?" ejaculated Fish. "Pickaback, do you mean?"

"Not exactly. It was all through Carberry—that chap who was expelled. He put the prints of weals on my back."

"Carberry did?"

"Yes."

"And—and what did you do?"

"I slung an inkpot at him."

"What?"

"He did it with a ruler," said Bob.

"A—a ruler?"

"Yes. The prints of the weals were visible for quite a long time."

"He, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish gave a snort of deep disgust as he realised that the humorous Bob was perpetrating a pun.

"I guess I'd like some first-hand information," he said. "Did you chaps meet any princes when you were staying with D'Arcy of St. Jim's?"

"Ha, ha! No."

"Only the prints in the library," grinned Nugent.

"What kind of a prince?"

"Copperplate, I think."

"Oh, you jay! Can't you be serious?" snorted Fisher T. Fish. "I guess my popper will double my allowance if I write him that I'm chummy with a prince. I want to make a good impression on him. Of course, we don't meet many princes in Noo York, and I guess I want to show him that I know how to behave to a prince. I suppose a bow to the ground would be the proper caper, come to think of it."

"Look here, Fishy," said Billy Bunter. "None of your sucking up to my prince. I'm going to pal with him."

"You fat clam, he wouldn't look at you!"

"You skinny Yankee, he wouldn't look at you!"

"I guess he'll take to me, being a nootral," said Fish triumphantly. "I don't care tuppence for your old war. I'm a nootral."

"Well, if he'd take to a neutral, he'd take to anything," said Bob Cherry. "So there's a chance for you, Bunter."

"How do you know he isn't a decent chap, Fishy?" said Johnny Bull. "If he's got the elements of decency about him, he'd hardly be able to stand a neutral."

"Oh, you're a mugwump!" said Fish scornfully. "Get on with your silly war, while we make piles of dollars out of it. That's business. But about bowing to the prince, I really guess I'd like to know exactly——"



Snack! "Yow-ow-ow! Oh, my hat!" Rattenstein walked out into the Close, leaving Bunter rubbing his fat cheek and blinking with rage. (See Chapter 10.)

"Who's bowing to the prince?" demanded Bolsover major, coming up. Fisher T. Fish backed away.

"They've got their best bibs and tuckers on, to make a good impression on the prince," chuckled Bob Cherry. "Well, if he stands them, it's only another proof that he's a real Hun."

"Oh!" said Bolsover, surveying Bunter and Fish with glowering eyes. "That's why they've washed their necks, is it? Well, here goes!"

"Let up!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. And Bunter gave a gasp, as the Remove bully made a sudden swoop on them and seized them both by their collars.

"Rescue!" yelled Bunter.

But there was no rescue. The plan of kow-towing to the Hunnish prince was not one that recommended itself to the Famous Five. The two intended toadies were left to the tender mercies of Bolsover major.

The burly Remove jerked them out of the doorway into the rain, and sent them rolling down the steps.

"Yow! I swo!"

"Yoop! Help! Yawp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The two tuft-hunters rolled and sprawled helplessly down the steps, landing in the muddy puddles at the bottom. They sprawled in the puddles, and sat up dazedly. Bolsover major burst into a roar of laughter.

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and the Famous Five chuckled. The unfortunate pair were not in a fit state to meet a prince now, even a German prince. They crawled out of the puddles, smothered with mud.

There was a hoot of a taxi-cab in the Close, and the cab glided up to the steps as Bunter and Fisher T. Fish limped back to the door. Mr. Quelch stepped out, followed by a boy in an overcoat. The prince had arrived, and Bunter and Fish had not met him!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

His Highness!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. drew back a little from the doorway.

The new-comer stepped into the House, while Mr. Quelch dismissed the taxi which had brought them from Courtfield. The Remove-master himself had been to the station to fetch the new boy.

Bolsover major breathed hard through his nose. But, reckless as he was, he did not venture to carry out his threat. It was not exactly feasible to knock the new junior down under the eyes of Mr. Quelch.

The chums of the Remove glanced at him curiously.

He was a lad of about their own age, with a fair face and blonde hair. His eyes were a pale blue, and looked, as Bob Cherry murmured, fishy. Not much could be seen of him in the overcoat, but he was decidedly plump.

Two large trunks were dumped down in the Hall, and the taxi buzzed away. Mr. Quelch followed the new junior in.

"Ah, you are here, Wharton!" he said. "I am glad. I wish to introduce you to your new Form-fellow. Rattenstein, this is Wharton, the captain of the Form you are going to enter."

Wharton had an inward struggle, and then he stepped up to the new fellow and held out his hand. After all, the fellow was a stranger, and it was only decent to be civil to a stranger.

"You're welcome to the Remove, Rattenstein!" he said.

"Thank you!" said Rattenstein, with a bow of the head.

He did not seem to see Wharton's hand.

The captain of the Remove was nonplussed for a moment; and then, as he realised that Rattenstein did not intend to shake hands with him, his handsome face flushed scarlet. He bit his lip hard, and dropped his hand. Mr. Quelch saw the incident very plainly, and he frowned.

"Rattenstein!" he said sharply.

"Yes, sir?" said the new boy, very civilly.

"Shake hands with Wharton!"

"Excuse me, sir," said Harry, putting his hand behind him, "I cannot shake hands with Rattenstein! I was trying to forget that he was a German, but I am not likely to forget again!"

"You must not call Rattenstein a German, Wharton! Neither must you be under a false impression! It is not from any racial feeling that the foolish boy did not take your hand! He is British, and proud of being British!"

"That is true!" said Rattenstein. "You must not think me a German, Wharton, if that is your name. I am as English as yourself. But a prince does not shake hands with a commoner!"

"You see, Wharton, it's the boy's foolish pride!" said Mr. Quelch. "He does not understand our manners, though he has been brought up in England."

Wharton's lips set.

"Rattenstein, I am sorry to find fault with you the moment you set foot in the school! You have been guilty of outrageous ill-breeding."

Rattenstein flushed in his turn.

"I do not think so, sir," he said.

"You must not advance your own opinion against your Form-master's, Rattenstein! In English schools there is none of the ridiculous snobbishness that obtains in Germany. An English prince at school mixes on terms of perfect equality with his school-fellows."

"I am sorry, sir, but——"

"You will kindly accept my statements without question, Rattenstein! I command you to shake hands with Wharton at once!"

"If you command me to do so, sir, I will do so!" said Rattenstein, and he held out his hand in a gingerly manner.

Wharton's hand was behind him, and he kept it there.

"Wharton!"

"I cannot touch the fellow with my hand, sir, unless it is to knock him down for his piggish insolence!" said Wharton coolly.

"Wharton, if you dispute my order——"

"You may have me flogged, sir, if you like, but you cannot make me shake hands with a low cad!"

"Hear, hear!" chirruped Bob Cherry.

"Silence, Cherry! I will not force you, Wharton! I

understand that you are wounded by this boy's unfortunate ill-breeding! Follow me, Rattenstein!"

Rattenstein's eyes blazed.

"Is that how I am to be spoken to?" he exclaimed. "You have heard the name that he has applied to me?"

"Yes, and it was well deserved, Rattenstein! Follow me at once!"

The prince followed the Form-master.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another. Bolsover major burst into a scoffing laugh.

"What did I tell you?" he jeered. "Didn't I tell you he was a filthy Hun, and only fit to be knocked down? You've got a lot of thanks for being decent to him, haven't you?"

Wharton's eyes were burning.

"The utter rotten cad!" he said. "The crawling reptile! A rotten Hun! Too proud to shake hands with a decent English chap! He won't have another chance!"

"Well, this beats it!" said Bob Cherry. "I didn't quite know what kind of reptile to expect; but I expected him to be a decent reptile! While we've been considering he's not decent enough to come into the Remove, he's been thinking we're not good enough for him to touch! It's a queer world!"

"Well, he can go and eat coke!" said Harry. "He won't be bothered with any more civility from me!"

"I guess it serves you right!" said Fisher T. Fish, muddy but happy, for the prince's coat had brushed him in passing. "Like your cheek, wanting to shake hands with a prince! Why didn't you bow, same as I did?"

"Because I'm not a Yankee title-hunter!" said Wharton contemptuously. "Do you think it matters to any decent fellow whether a chap is called a prince or not, you dummy? Not that a German prince is much of a prince. I suppose his principality is about as big as the quadrangle here."

"I guess——"

"Oh, shut up!"

Wharton walked away, his cheeks still burning. The rebuff he had suffered, in the very moment of conquering his own feelings, and trying to be civil to the German, rankled deeply. The fellow might have been forgiven for being a Hun, as a fox could be forgiven for being a fox, it not being his own fault. But for a Hun to bring airs and graces of this kind into the Greyfriars Remove was the limit.

Bolsover hurried, chuckling, to the common-room to impart the news. The Famous Five went to No. 1 Study to tea. Wharton's brow soon cleared; the snobbish nonsense of the young Hun was too ridiculous to be resented long, as he realised on reflection. But the aversion he naturally felt for a German was strengthened by the incident, and Rattenstein certainly had no kind offices to expect from the captain of the Remove after that incident. The Co. intended to give him a very wide berth.

Lord Mauleverer looked in while the Famous Five were at tea, with a somewhat distressed expression on his face.

"Come in, Mauly!" said a chorus of voices.

"Yaas, thanks!" said his lordship, coming in. "I'm in rather a fix, dear boys. I thought I ought to take that cad into my study, you know——"

"It was jolly good of you, Mauly!"

"Yaas, wasn't it?" said Mauly. "Noblesse oblige, you know. But I've heard what Bolsover's been sayin'——"

Wharton nodded.

"What about it, Mauly?"

"Well, how can a fellow dig with a cad like that?" said his lordship plaintively. "I—I suppose you fellows wouldn't like to have him in this study, after all?"

"No jolly fear!"

"What about you, Bob? You've got one prince in your study, and you might like another, you know."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Send him into my study if you want his neck broken," he said. "Otherwise, not."

Lord Mauleverer sighed.

"I say, Bull, old man, one of your study-mates wants him in No. 14——"

ANSWERS

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"The other doesn't," said Johnny Bull, "and I don't! Let him put his German snout in No. 14, that's all!"

"It's up to you, Mauly!" said Nugent, laughing.

"Yaas, I suppose it is. Do you fellows mind if I have tea with you? I don't feel as if I could eat in the same room with him, somehow."

"Pile in, old chap!"

"The welcomefulness is terrific!"

Lord Mauleverer sat down, looking very relieved. His lordship was a fastidious youth, and decidedly sensitive. He felt that his nerves would really not stand the strain of feeding at the same table with Prince Rupprecht von Rattenstein.

"Thanks awfully, my dear fellows!" he said gratefully. "I may be able to stand him better after tea. If I find I can't, would you mind if I did my prep in this study for once?"

"Welcome as the flowers in May, old son!"

"Thanks awfully! I don't think my nervous system would stand him, you know—bad manners are so shockin' to my nerves. I'm goin' to do my best, of course. But I shall have to get used to him gradually."

And Lord Mauleverer had his tea in No. 1 Study—much relieved, but evidently looking forward with uneasiness to meeting his Highness later in his own quarters.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Rivals for Favour!

IN the junior common-room that evening there was one chief topic of conversation—the prince.

Billy Bunter, whose methods of obtaining information were like Sam Weller's knowledge of London—extensive and peculiar—had a good many more details to give the interested juniors.

It appeared that Bunter had stopped to tie his shoe-lace near Mr. Quelch's door while the Remove-master was talking with the new boy in his study.

It was quite by chance, of course, but chance had certainly favoured Bunter very much, from the extent of what he had happened to hear.

"Quelch told him he couldn't have a valet here," said Bunter. "The prince was surprised. He'd never thought of being anywhere without a servant for his personal attendance. Shows he's a real prince, doesn't it?"

"Shows he's a silly snob!" growled Russell. "What does he want with a valet at school? Mauly doesn't want a valet, and I suppose an English nobleman is better than a German prince?"

"He asked Quelch who was going to put his boots on in the morning."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can't he put them on himself, same as we do?" roared Bolsover major.

"Well, he wouldn't like to touch 'em with his princely hands, I guess!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"You silly Yankee!"

"Waal, I calculate I'm a republican, and titles cut no ice with me," said Fish. "But a prince is a prince, there's no getting out of that!"

"Made in Germany!" growled Newland.

"Well, p'raps not a first-rate article, but a prince—you can't deny that he's a prince!" said Fish, to whose transatlantic ears the word had a magic sound.

He loved to repeat it and allow it to dwell upon his tongue like a tasty morsel.

"Everybody in Germany who isn't a count or a baron is a prince!" growled Bolsover major. "Princes are cheap over there."

"Still, a real live prince——"

"He may be a prince, but he isn't a gentleman," said Rake, who had witnessed the little scene in the Hall.

"I guess he's a bit haughty," said Fish. "But a prince ought to be haughty. He wouldn't be a real prince if he wasn't haughty."

"Somebody sit on that Yankee idiot!"

"I say, you fellows, he's jolly rich, you know. Fancy wanting to have a servant in the Lower Fourth!"

"Beastly snob!"

"Chance for Fishy," grinned Kipps. "There's a job for you, Fishy! Wait on him and lick his boots, and he may condescend to touch you with his princely foot! Then you'll be happy for life!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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EVERY
MONDAY,

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ONE
PENNY.

"He's had tea with Quelch," said Bunter. "Quelch took him to Mauly's study, and Mauly wasn't there. So he had tea with Quelch, and Quelch talked to him like a Dutch uncle. Told him he mustn't show side——"

"Quelch did?"

"Well, Quelch called it hauteur. Explained to him that he was just an ordinary kid in the Lower Fourth, and that any haughtiness would be set down, not to his being a prince, but to German bad manners."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good for Quelch!" chuckled Bulstrode. "What did the princelet say?"

"He said he'd do his best, and that he would show that he was real English, but that he had to consider his family pride. Quelch said he would soon learn better by mixing with sensible boys."

"Well, he'll learn better, there's no doubt about that," said Bolsover major. "If the cad had treated me as he did Wharton, I'd have knocked him down, under Quelch's nose. I'm going to knock him down, anyway, when I see him."

"Hallo, here he is!"

Every eye was turned on the doorway as Prince Rupprecht von Rattenstein appeared there.

The juniors gazed curiously at the German prince.

Billy Bunter blinked at him in the most affable manner and Fisher T. Fish executed one of the deep bows he had been practising. Bolsover major pushed back his cuffs.

Rattenstein advanced into the room. Bolsover major made a stride towards him, but paused abruptly as Wingate of the Sixth followed the new-comer in. The captain of Greyfriars gave Bolsover a sharp look.

"Well?" he said.

"H'm!" stammered Bolsover.

"You had better be a little careful, Bolsover," said Wingate. "You Remove fellows, this is the new kid, Rattenstein. I hope you will make him welcome."

"I guess so!" said Fisher T. Fish effusively. "How does your Highness do?"

His Highness' pale-blue eyes glanced carelessly at the Yankee junior, and his Highness nodded carelessly. His manner was haughty and disdainful enough to gratify the most exacting American.

"A word to you kids, and especially you, Bolsover," said Wingate. "There's not to be any horse-play so far as Rattenstein is concerned. Remember that!"

"Is he to be wrapped up in cotton-wool?" said Bolsover.

Wingate left the common-room without replying. The Remove-master had asked him to present the prince to the Lower Fourth, and he had done it. It was his duty as a prefect to see that the new boy was not ragged on account of his German name and origin. But Rattenstein's manner had not pleased Wingate any more than it had pleased the juniors.

Bolsover major hesitated. His threat of knocking down the German at sight was quite unjustifiable, but he felt that he would lose prestige if he did not carry it out. But after Wingate's warning he did not care to do so. He grunted angrily and returned to his seat.

Rattenstein lounged through the room, and dropped into an armchair by the fire, which happened to be vacant.

There was a bored expression upon his fat, somewhat pasty face, and he was evidently far from pleased with his surroundings.

His manner indicated, too, that he expected a certain amount of "kow-towing," which he was certainly not likely to receive in the Greyfriars Remove.

But there were two fellows at least who were willing and eager to kow-tow—one being Billy Bunter and the other Fisher T. Fish.

Bunter took it for granted that a prince must be rich, not knowing much about German princes, and he fully intended to "spring" his celebrated postal-order upon Rattenstein. It had often served his turn with new boys, and Rattenstein was a new boy. Fisher T. Fish had no designs upon the new-comer's cash—he simply desired to bask in the sunshine of a title, though only a German title. Fishy was already planning letters home to New York, referring airily to "my friend the prince." It was a sure means of drawing a handsome tip from Fish senior.

NEXT
MONDAY—

"WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry
Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

It was somewhat comical to see the rival glares of the two aspirants for princely favour.

Bunter and Fish stared at one another; glared and snorted mutual defiance as they drew near the prince's armchair.

"Good-evening, your Highness!" said Fish.

"Good-evening, your Royal Highness!" said Bunter, going one better.

"I guess I hope your Highness had a good journey down."

"I hope your Highness is not tired."

"Would your Highness care for a cushion?"

"Look here, Fishy——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Squiff. "Go it; this is as good as a cinema!"

"You ring off, Squiff! None of your shouting in the presence of his Highness!" said Fish. "Where are your manners?"

"Why, you cheeky Yankee larrikin——"

"Silence!"

"Silence! My hat!" Squiff jumped up and ran towards the Yankee junior. "I'll silence you, you cheeky toad!"

Fisher T. Fish dodged round Rattenstein's chair in alarm. His Highness gazed at the scene in astonishment.

Squiff pursued the elusive Yankee junior, and Fish, in his hurry, stumbled over the princely legs, and rolled on the floor.

"Fool!" snapped his Highness. "Take care!"

But Fisher T. Fish had forgotten even the prince. Squiff had him by the collar, and Squiff had a grip like a vice.

"Leggo!" roared Fish. "You jay, I reckon I'll make potato-scrappings of you! Let up, you mugwump!"

Squiff jerked the Yankee junior to his feet and whirled him to the door by the collar.

With a twist of his strong arm, he sent him spinning into the passage.

Fisher T. Fish sprawled along the floor, and gasped.

"Yaroo! You jay! You slab-sided mugwump!"

"You'll stay there!" said Sampson Quincy Iffley Field, shaking a warning forefinger at him. "Don't come in again!"

"What!" Fisher T. Fish scrambled up. "I'm coming in, some. Just a few, you galoot! Gerroust of the way, or I'll mop you up!"

"I'm fed up with you!" explained Squiff calmly. "You're keeping outside."

"I guess I'll pulverise you!"

"Come on, then!"

"But I—I guess I won't make a scene in the presence of his Highness. Lemme come in!"

"Not till you've pulverised me!" grinned Squiff.

"You jay! You mugwump!"

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," said the Australian junior coolly. "I'll give you three seconds to clear off, and then I'll come and dribble you as far as the stairs."

"Why, you—you slabsided jay! You—— Yaroo!"

Fisher T. Fish suddenly ceased his tirade, and fled as the Australian junior charged at him. He whipped up the stairs at top speed, just escaping Squiff's boot. Squiff strolled back into the common-room, smiling, and for the rest of that evening the unfortunate Fishy had no opportunity of basking in the princely presence.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Trouble in the Common-room!

RATTENSTEIN had watched the scene in the greatest astonishment. He was as yet quite new to the manners and customs of the Greyfriars Remove.

Billy Bunter grinned.

His rival was off the scene, and he had his prince to himself. He had no other rivals in the Form. Even Snoop was not disposed to "suck up" to a Hun, and Snoop was popularly supposed to be mean enough for anything.

Bunter bestowed his most ingratiating blink upon the prince, and sat down beside him to charm him with his conversation.

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"Tired, old chap?" he asked affectionately.

Rattenstein stared at him.

"Did you address me?" he asked.

"Ye-es!"

"Then kindly do not be so familiar!"

"Oh!" said Bunter.

The prince stared into the fire, taking no further notice of Bunter. But the Owl of the Remove was not easily beaten.

"Would your Majesty like a cushion for your Majesty's head?" he asked.

From "old chap" to "your Majesty" was quite a long step, and the Removites who were watching Bunter's progress grinned. Even the prince grinned faintly.

"You may give me a cushion," he said.

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter, in delight.

He jumped up, and blinked about for a cushion. There were several cushions in the room, but they were all in use. Bunter laid his hand on a cushion behind Hazeldene on a chair.

"Give it to me, Hazel, old chap!"

"Go and eat coke!" said Hazel.

"His Highness wants it."

"Well, his Highness can go and eat coke, too!"

"Now, look here, Hazel——"

"You really want it?" asked Hazel. "Here you are, then!"

He grasped the cushion, and smote Bunter on the head with it, and the Owl of the Remove sat down, roaring.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hazel, who was playing chess with Kipps, put the cushion behind him again, and went on with his game.

Billy Bunter scrambled up, red with wrath.

"You beast!" he roared.

"Want it again?" asked Hazel.

"N-nunno! Beast!"

Billy Bunter trotted away in search of another cushion. Bolsover major was sprawling ungracefully on a settee, with a cushion under his head. Bunter blinked at the bully of the Remove rather dubiously.

"I say, Bolsover, the prince wants that cushion," he said.

Bolsover sat up.

"Do you want this cushion, Rattenstein?" he asked.

Rattenstein looked round.

"Yes."

"Come and fetch it."

Rattenstein stared at him.

"Give it to the boy to bring to me," he said.

"You hear what his Highness says," urged Bunter.

"Yes, I hear," said Bolsover. "Here you are, Bunter."

Billy Bunter jumped back just in time to escape a terrific swipe. He landed on Vernon-Smith's feet, and Vernon-Smith shoved him off with a yell, and Bunter rolled on the carpet, yelling, too.

"You clumsy idiot!" roared the Bounder.

"Oh, really, Smithy——"

"His royal nibs wants my cushion, you fellows," said Bolsover major. "His royal nibs is going to have it. Watch!"

Whiz!

The cushion flew through the air, and caught Rattenstein fairly on the chest. He was knocked backwards into his chair, and he uttered a loud yelp of astonishment and rage.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major laughed uproariously. Most of the fellows in the common-room joined in the laugh. The expression on Rattenstein's astonished face was, as Tom Brown remarked, worth a guinea a box.

Bolsover major, on the settee, was doubled up with mirth. There was a sudden shout from several juniors.

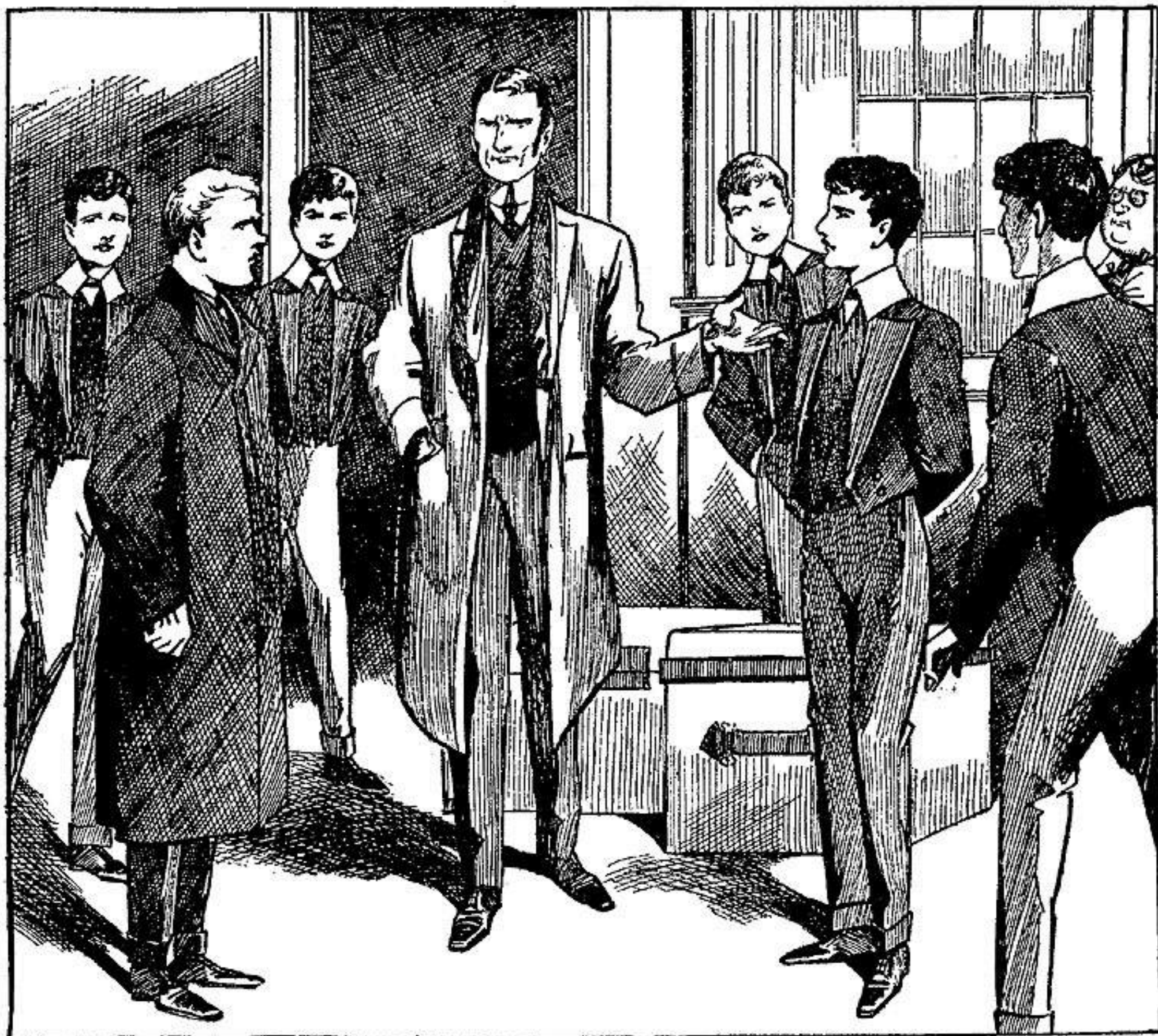
"Look out, Bolsover!"

Rattenstein was springing towards him, his fists clenched and his eyes blazing. Before Bolsover could "look out," Rattenstein was upon him. A fierce blow sent the bully of the Remove reeling off the settee. He crashed on the floor.

"Hound!" said Rattenstein. "Take that!"

Bolsover major sat and blinked at him. He was too astonished to do anything else for some moments.

Rattenstein, with a haughty glance, turned back to



"Rattenstein!" Mr. Quelch said sharply. "Yes, sir!" said the new boy, very civilly. "Shake hands with Wharton." "Excuse me, sir," said Harry, putting his hand behind him, "I cannot shake hands with Rattenstein. I was trying to forget that he was a German, but I am not likely to forget again." (See Chapter 5.)

his chair. Apparently, he considered the matter ended. It was not quite ended yet, however. Bolsover major scrambled to his feet, his face crimson with wrath.

"You dirty German scum!" he howled. "Put up your fists!"

He rushed towards Rattenstein.

"Keep your distance!" the latter said contemptuously.

"Put up your fists!"

The new boy laughed.

"I am not likely to fight with you," he said.

Biff! Bolsover's fist, planted fairly on his nose, cut short his remarks. He sat down with a bump in the armchair.

"Go it, Bolsover!" sang out Skinner.

Rattenstein sat looking dazed.

"Now will you put up your hands, you Hun?" roared Bolsover.

"Beast! No!" gasped Rattenstein. "I will have you flogged for this!"

"If that means that you're going to sneak, you're going to have something to sneak about!" said Bolsover major; and he grasped Rattenstein and dragged him bodily out of the chair.

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NEXT
MONDAY—

"WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT!"

The new junior struggled fiercely. But he was an infant in the grasp of the burly Removite.

He was bumped heavily on the floor, and Bolsover major proceeded to rub his princely nose in the rug amid yells of laughter from the Removites.

Wild yells and gurgles came from Rattenstein as he struggled and wriggled in Bolsover major's powerful grasp.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed a voice at the door.

The Famous Five came in together.

"Looks like trouble in the family!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Ow! Yoooh! Help!" screamed Rattenstein.

Harry Wharton hesitated a moment, and then he ran forward and grasped Bolsover major's shoulder, and swung him away from his victim.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Quelch Is Not Sympathetic!

"YOW-OW! Help!"

Rattenstein lay sprawling, with his face in the rug.

Bolsover major, in the grasp of the captain of the Remove, spun away from him.

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Let him alone!" rapped out Wharton.

"Let go, you fool!" yelled Bolsover.

"You're not going to bully him, Bolsover, Hun or not!"

"He's punched my head!" yelled Bolsover. "Let the rotter put up his hands, then!"

Rattenstein sat up, blinking. His face was decidedly grubby, his nose was crimson, and his hair like a mop.

"Rascal!" he shrieked. "Scoundrel! You shall be flogged for this."

"Shut up, you ass," said Wharton, standing between Rattenstein and the enraged Bolsover. "Let him alone, Bolsover! He's not big enough to tackle you."

"Do you think I'm going to let a dirty German punch my head?" bellowed Bolsover.

"Well, you buzzed a cushion at him," said Peter Todd. "One good turn deserves another. Let it drop."

"I'm not going to let it drop! I'm going to smash him! I'll— Stop him!" yelled Bolsover, as Rattenstein ran for the door.

Wharton caught the Remove bully again, and swung him back, as he started in pursuit. Bolsover promptly hit out, and the captain of the Remove replied in kind, and the next moment they were fighting.

Rattenstein disappeared into the passage.

"Bunked, by Jove!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Stop it, you duffers! A Hun isn't worth fighting about. Drag 'em apart."

A dozen hands separated Wharton and Bolsover, both panting.

Bolsover, glaring at Wharton, made a rush for the door. But Rattenstein had vanished.

"Gone to tell Quelch, I'll bet my hat," said Skinner. "You're booked, Bolsover!"

"How do you know he's a sneak?" said Wharton. "Give him a chance."

"Two to one in dough-nuts!" said Skinner.

Rattenstein at that moment was bursting into the Remove-master's study. He did not stop to knock. He hurled open the door and rushed in.

Mr. Quelch jumped to his feet in amazement.

"What—what—"

"Look at me!" shrieked Rattenstein.

"Bless my soul! You are in a very deplorable state. What has happened?"

"I have been assaulted!"

Mr. Quelch looked worried.

"You have been fighting among your Form-fellows already, Rattenstein? I trust it was not your own fault."

"A ruffian has assaulted me—laid hands on me! I demand that he shall be immediately flogged."

"Silence!"

"What!"

"You are a foolish boy," said Mr. Quelch. "Do you not understand that you cannot give orders here—that you are simply a junior in the Lower Fourth, of not the slightest degree more importance than any other junior?"

"I am Rupprecht von Rattenstein!"

"That makes no difference. If you were not excessively foolish, you would understand that it makes no difference. Rattenstein, I am trying to be patient with you, but I must warn you that if you raise your voice in addressing me, you will be caned."

"Caned? I?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"I will not remain here," exclaimed Rattenstein passionately. "If there is no respect for rank in this school, I will leave it!"

"That is for your parents to decide, and perhaps such a decision would not be unwise," said Mr. Quelch. "Certainly it would save a great deal of trouble. Cannot you understand, Rattenstein, that there is a prejudice against you on account of your German origin, and that only by careful conduct can you hope to live it down? Can you expect the boys to endure insolence and presumption from you? Why should they?"

"My rank—"

"Your rank counts for nothing in a school. Moreover, I may as well tell you plainly that as your title is derived from Germany it is rather an object of contempt than otherwise."

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"Contempt!" stuttered Rattenstein.

"Yes. Here you will be appraised at your own value, and treated accordingly. I advise you, for your own sake, to give up any expectation of anything else."

"It would not be so in Germany," panted Rattenstein.

"True, because Germany is a semi-barbarous country of tyrants and slaves," said the Remove-master. "You are now living in a free country, where presumptuous insolence is regarded with scorn."

"I will not remain here."

"That is not for you to decide," said Mr. Quelch coldly. "I certainly am not anxious for you to remain, Rattenstein."

"You have no right to call me Rattenstein, as if it were my name, like Smith or Jones!" exclaimed the new boy passionately.

"In this country, Rattenstein, it is not considered so good a name as Smith or Jones."

The German boy ground his teeth.

"Will you punish the hound who has assaulted me?" he panted.

"I will inquire into the matter if you wish," said Mr. Quelch wearily. "What has happened?"

"I have been assaulted and treated with disrespect."

"By whom?"

"I think the hound's name is Bolsover."

"You must not use such expressions, Rattenstein. If you utter that word again in my presence, I shall cane you."

"Ach!"

"Did you provoke him?"

"I struck him. He threw a cushion at me."

"A little rough horse-play," said Mr. Quelch. "The Remove is a somewhat rough-and-ready Form, Rattenstein. I advise you to take such incidents patiently. If you struck him, it was natural enough that he should chastise you."

"Chastise me—a Von Rattenstein!"

"Yes. I advise you to make no complaint to me. It will only make matters worse for you. I cannot always be protecting you. You must learn to look after yourself. Cases of bullying, of course, I should sternly repress, but a little schoolboy roughness is not a matter for a Form-master to take notice of."

"I demand that he be flogged at once."

"Nonsense!"

"The hound!"

Mr. Quelch picked up his cane. His patience was at an end.

"Hold out your hand, Rattenstein!"

"What!"

"I told you you would be caned if you uttered that expression again in my presence. You have done so. Hold out your hand."

"I will not be caned—I will not!"

"If you do not hold out your hand immediately, Rattenstein, I shall cane you across the shoulders," said Mr. Quelch sternly.

Rattenstein gave him a furious glare, but he quailed under the Remove-master's stern eyes. He held out his hand without another word.

Swish!

Mr. Quelch pointed to the door with his cane. Rattenstein, choking with rage, left the study.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Fagging Under Difficulties!

THE Remove did not see Rattenstein again till they came up to their dormitory. Rattenstein was already there. Wingate, who was seeing lights out for the Remove that night, glanced curiously at his savage, sullen face. A good deal of the haughtiness had departed from Rupprecht von Rattenstein now. Sullen anger and resentment had taken its place.

"Tumble in, kids!" said Wingate. "And remember, I shall keep an ear open. Don't let there be any row in this dormitory to-night."

Bolsover major grunted. He knew that hint was intended for himself.

Billy Bunter blinked at the prince dubiously. His attempts to ingratiate himself with the young Hun had not made him popular. Bunter already had a thick ear, and Bolsover major had promised him another if he "kow-towed" to the Hun any more. Bunter was beginning to have his doubts, too. The prince had shown no sign, so far, of being wealthy. If he was not wealthy, he was no use to Bunter, and Bunter was quite prepared to despise him as much as anybody if he could not shell out.

But Fisher T. Fish beamed at the sight of the German. Wingate left the dormitory while the juniors were turning in, and Fishy at once sidled up to the new boy.

"I hope your Highness has not been hurt," he said.

His Highness grunted.

"Would your Highness like me to take your Highness' boots off?" asked Fish suavely.

A slightly more pleasant expression came over the princely countenance. From Fishy, at least, he was getting what he considered his due.

He stretched out his foot for the Yankee junior to unlace his boots.

Whiz!

Bob Cherry had just taken off his boots, and one of them whizzed through the air and smote Fisher T. Fish on the back. The Yankee junior was kneeling to take the prince's boots off, and the sudden shock sent him sprawling into the princely lap.

"Gee-whiz!" yelled Fish. "Wharrer you up to, you jay? Who threw that boot? I'll make potato-scrappings of him, I guess!"

"Come on, then!" said Bob cheerily.

"Was it you, Cherry, you mugwump?"

"I guess and calculate so," chuckled Bob. "Now, are you too proud to fight, or are you coming on?"

"Send him a Note, Fishy!" grinned Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess you ain't worth licking," grunted Fish. "You mind your own business, Bob Cherry. I'm a nootral, and I guess I can pal with a German if I like!"

"I am not a German," said Rattenstein, "and you certainly cannot pal, as you call it, with one of my rank. You may take my boots off."

"Yep, your Highness!" said Fish submissively.

Whiz! It was Bob Cherry's other boot, and it caught Fishy on the ear as he stooped to renew his noble task. Fisher T. Fish sprawled on the floor, amid a yell of laughter.

He jumped up like a Jack-in-the-box, and rushed furiously at Bob Cherry. Bob jumped up to meet him, and Fishy came to a sudden halt.

"Go it!" said Bob encouragingly.

"You mugwump! Can't you let a galoot alone?" yelled Fish.

"Not if he's fagging for a bounder," said Bob. "You're not going to fag for Rattenstein, Fishy. You may gaze upon him, and feast your eyes, but you're not going to fag for him."

"I guess I'm going to do as I like."

"Your mistake—you're not. Begin again and see!"

"Don't be such a howling cad, Fishy!" said Harry Wharton.

"How dare you interfere!" exclaimed Rattenstein angrily. "Fish, if that is your name, come and take my boots off at once!"

Fisher T. Fish looked at Bob Cherry doubtfully, and returned to his beloved prince.

Bolsover major caught him by the collar, dragged him along bodily to his bed, and pitched him on it in a heap.

"Turn in!" said Bolsover.

"You mugwump!" yelled Fish.

"Go near that Hun again, and I'll lick you till you can't stand, you reptile!"

"I guess——"

"Shut up!"

Fisher T. Fish snorted with anger. But he did not venture to approach the prince again. Rattenstein, after a pause, took his own boots off.

The Remove turned in, and Wingate came in and put out the light.

"Remember what I said about rows here to-night," said the captain of Greyfriars. "Good-night, kids!"

"Good-night, Wingate!"

Before Wingate's footsteps had died away outside Bolsover major sat up in bed.

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NEXT
MONDAY—

"WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT!"

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ONE
PENNY.

"What price ragging that Hun cad?" he demanded.

"Good egg!" said Skinner. "Let's toss his Royal nibs in a blanket!"

"And bump him for his cheek, and bump Fishy for toadying," said Russell.

"I guess——" began Fisher T. Fish, in alarm.

"Oh, let him alone, you fellows!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Look here, Bolsover, there's not going to be any bullying."

"Has he condescended to shake hands with you, after all?" asked Bolsover sarcastically, and there was a chuckle.

"Never mind that. The fellow can't help being a fool, and bad manners are no excuse for bullying. Let him alone."

"What do you fellows say?" asked Bolsover. "Back me up, and we'll put the Hun through it, in a way that will make his hair curl."

"Well, I say rats," said Johnny Bull. "Let him alone."

"Dash it all, Bolsover, don't we keep on telling you we're not Prussians?" exclaimed Nugent. "Don't be a Hun!"

"Chuck it, Bolsover!" said a dozen voices.

The bully of the Remove sniffed.

But as he evidently had no backing in the Remove, he settled down to sleep, and gave up the idea.

What Rattenstein thought of that exchange of remarks could only be guessed. He said nothing. It was fortunate for Bolsover that he gave up the idea of a dormitory ragging, too, for Mr. Quelch, anticipative of trouble, passed the door several times before he went to bed. The Remove-master was relieved when he found that there was no disturbance.

When the rising-bell clanged out in the morning, and the Remove turned out, Rattenstein remained in bed, still asleep. Harry Wharton, overcoming his repugnance, touched him on the shoulder to awaken him. Rattenstein's eyes opened, and he stared irritably at the captain of the Remove.

"Time to get up," said Harry briefly.

"Do not disturb me, please."

"Rising-bell has gone."

"I shall not get up."

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Please yourself," he said coldly.

And he turned his back on the new junior. Rattenstein turned his head on the pillow.

The next moment the bedclothes were whisked off him, and he started up into a sitting posture with an exclamation of rage.

"Turn out, you slacker!" said Bolsover major.

"Hound!"

"What pretty language!" grinned Bolsover. "Out you come!"

Bump! Prince Rupprecht von Rattenstein landed on the floor beside his bed, with a wild yell. The princely bones were considerably hurt. There was a laugh from the Remove.

"Like a dust-up before brekker, dear boy?" grinned Bolsover.

Rattenstein gave him a savage look, but he did not accept the invitation to a dust-up. He dressed himself sullenly, and came down with the Remove.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter is Disgusted!

RATTENSTEIN took his place in the Remove Form-room that morning with the rest of the Lower Fourth.

Mr. Quelch passed over him very lightly in class, as the new boy had had no opportunity as yet of getting into the way of the Form-work. He requested Wharton, as top boy in the Remove, to lend him some assistance, which Wharton did civilly enough. To his surprise, Rattenstein was civil, too. The outsider seemed to be learning already that airs and graces would not "go down" in the Remove.

After morning lessons the chums of the Remove went

out to punt about a football, and Rattenstein stood looking out into the Close. The rain had dried up, and it was a sunny afternoon. Fisher T. Fish bore down upon the prince immediately, but, to his surprise and indignation, Bolsover major and Bulstrode suddenly seized him, linked arms with him, and walked him off.

"Come for a walky-walky!" said Bolsover major.

"A pleasant little prom with us," grinned Bulstrode.

"I guess I'm not taking any. Lemme go! I want to speak to the prince."

"Come on, Fishy!"

"Nope! I tell you I won't, you galoots. Let up!"

But Bolsover major and Bulstrode did not let up. They walked Fishy into the quadrangle, willy-nilly, and persisted in promenading with him there, much to his anger and dismay. As he could not possibly extricate his skinny arms from their more powerful ones, Fisher T. Fish had to submit, and to reconcile himself the best he could to losing that opportunity of toad-eating.

The high-handed proceeding of Bulstrode and Bolsover was exasperating enough to the Yankee school-boy, but it afforded much relief to Billy Bunter. The fat junior had the field clear for chumming with the prince. He rolled up to him with his most ingratiating grin.

"Your Highness feel well this morning?" he asked.

Rattenstein nodded distantly.

"How do you like Greyfriars?"

"I do not like it."

Bunter coughed.

"You must be careful what friends you make in the Remove," he remarked.

"I am not likely to make friends among commoners."

"No, you're not likely to make friends, the chaps don't like Huns!" said Bunter, misunderstanding. "I don't suppose many chaps will speak to you. I'm willing to do it, though."

"You need not trouble."

"No trouble at all," said Bunter affably. "Don't think I mind your being a filthy Hun—bless you, I can stand anything. By the way, your Highness, I suppose you're pretty flush with tin, what?"

"That is my business."

"Ahem! Exactly! But I'll tell you how the matter stands. I'm expecting a postal-order to-day."

His Highness stared out into the quadrangle without heeding.

"It's pretty certain to come by the afternoon's post," said Bunter insinuatingly. "It will be for ten shillings. But the fact is, until it comes, I'm stony—a very unusual thing with me, but it happens, you know, sometimes. I suppose you couldn't lend me ten bob till my postal-order comes."

"No."

"Ahem! Then I'll tell you what—you lend me five bob, and I'll settle up out of the postal-order immediately it comes."

"I shall do nothing of the sort."

"I say, old chap—"

"Don't call me that."

Bunter began to get restive. He did not intend to waste "soft sawder" on the new junior for nothing; and as yet nothing had come of it.

"Jolly particular for a Hun, ain't you?" he said, holding up his fists. "You ought to be pleased at being spoken to at all. I suppose the truth is that you're hard up, like all measly German princes. They come over here for what they can get, and you're one of the poverty-stricken gang—what?"

Smack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Oh, my hat!"

Rattenstein walked out into the Close, leaving Bunter rubbing his fat cheek and blinking with rage.

"Hallo! What's the matter with the porpoise?" exclaimed Skinner, coming along with Rake and Kipps.

"That rotten Hun!" stuttered Bunter. "Smacked my chivvy! Groch!"

"Do you mean his Highness the prince?" chuckled Rake.

"That beastly German!" howled Bunter. "I say, Rake, old man, will you lick him for me?"

"Lick a German! No fear! Do your own dirty work, old son!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD" 1/2d.

Edited by the Chums of the Remove Form.



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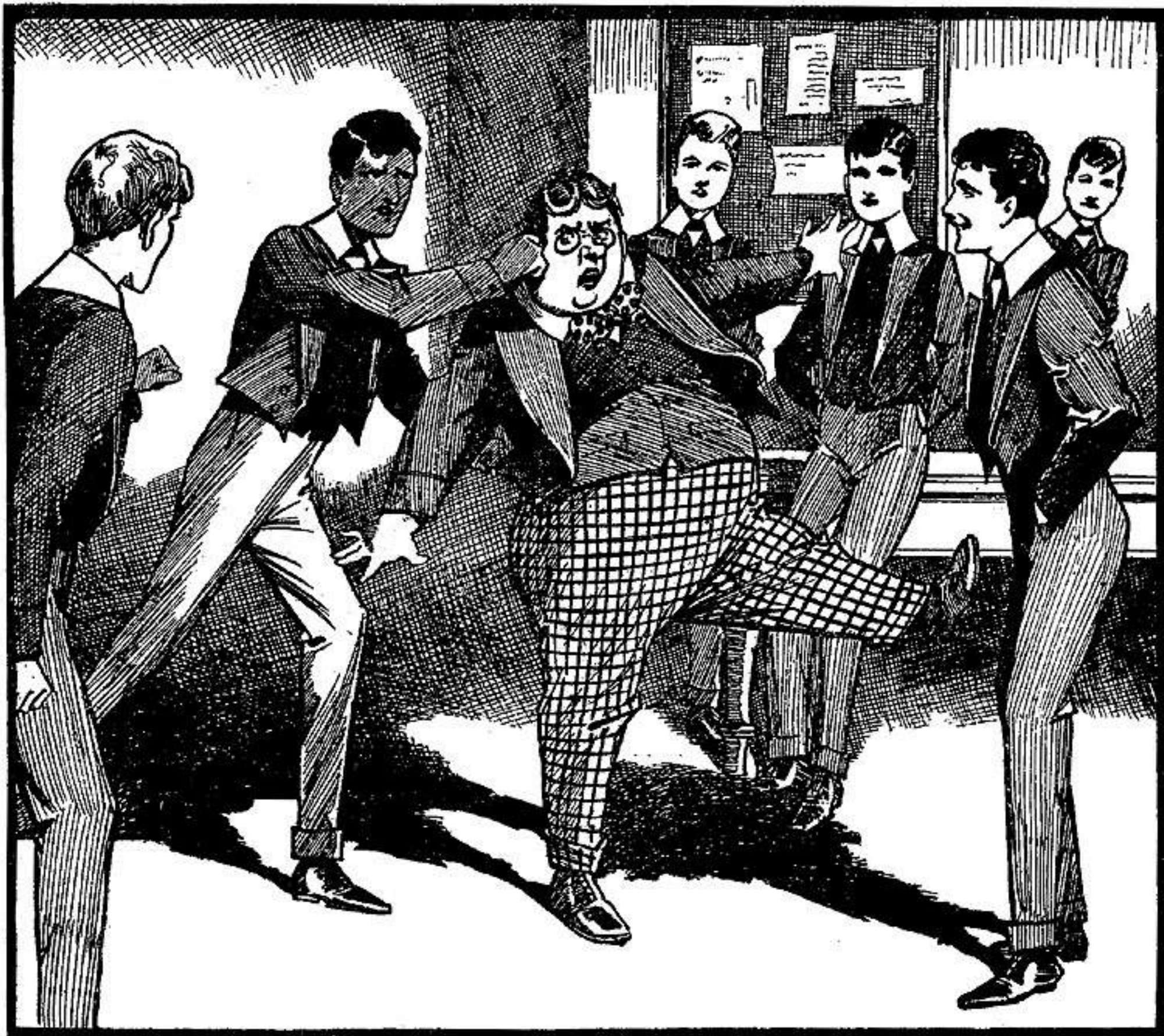
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"Inky's only a nigger prince!" said Bunter. "Niggers don't count! Yaroooh! Leggo my ear, Inky, you beast! Wharrer marrer? Yooop!" "Ha, ha, ha!" (See Chapter I.)

"Smacked my chivvy!" howled Bunter. "I suppose that Hun ain't going to be allowed to smack a fellow's chivvy, is he?"

"Go and mop up the quad with him," suggested Skinner. "I'll hold your jacket."

"I believe he's a funk, too," said Kipps. "Very likely a bigger funk than you are, Bunter. Go for him!"

Bunter shook his head. He wasn't at all certain that Rattenstein was a bigger funk than he was. He wanted to be sure of that before he started mopping up the quad with the young Hun.

"A German ain't fit for me to touch," he said, loftily. "Of course, I could lick him. But I can't touch a Hun!"

"You're getting as proud as Fishy," chuckled Rake. "Fishy's too proud to fight. Well, if you won't fight him, ask Fishy to send him a Note, telling him what will happen next time."

"Oh, really, Rake—"

The three juniors walked away, laughing, leaving Bunter rubbing his cheek.

Billy Bunter had finished paying his court to the prince.

He had a shrewd suspicion by this time that Rattenstein was not wealthy at all, and, indeed, not so well off as a good many fellows in the Remove. His pride was

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the beggarly haughtiness natural to a German prince. Rattenstein's clothes, for example, were not nearly so well made as Wharton's or Nugent's, and certainly nothing like so expensive as Mauleverer's. He wore a silver watch, where Bunter had expected to see a gold ticker of the largest size. He wore a diamond tie-pin, it is true, but the diamond was only too evidently "made in Germany." Even the short-sighted Owl of the Remove could see that.

And his refusal to cash a postal-order for Bunter was the last straw. New boys were Bunter's game, and he felt a natural resentment that this particular new boy was not to be "done" like other new boys. Billy Bunter felt that he had been taken in, and his fat voice was loud in denouncing beggarly Hun princes who put on airs among their betters. Bunter was one of the betters.

He urged Peter Todd, his study-mate, to undertake the task of licking the obnoxious Hun. But Peter shook his head.

"You could lick him, you know," urged Bunter.

"I could, but I'm not going to!" said Peter cheerfully.

"Look here, I suppose you're not afraid of a German, Toddy— Yow-ow-ow! Leggo my ear, you beast!"

"What did you say, Bunt?" asked Todd, compressing his finger and thumb on the Owl's fat ear.

"I—I meantsay I know you're not afraid of a Hun, Toddy!" howled Bunter.

"That's better," said Peter.

Bunter rubbed his ear and glowered.

"Look here, why can't you lick him, then?"

"Lick his Highness!" said Peter, with a chuckle. "Sacrilege, dear boy!"

"He's only a dirty German prince, and princes are as common over there as blackberries," said Bunter. "I suppose the principality is about as big as our Form-room."

"Ha, ha! Very likely. What's made you change your tune?"

"Well, I really despised him all the time," said Bunter. "But I was willing to give the cad a chance. But a rotten foreigner who won't cash a postal-order for a chap——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! Look here, Toddy, are you going to lick the foreign beast or ain't you?"

"No," said Toddy. "But I'm going to lick you for cadging off a Hun. Chuck over that cricket-stump, Alonzo!"

But Billy Bunter fled, without waiting for the cricket-stump.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

His Highness Receives a Lesson!

THERE was trouble in the Remove Form-room that afternoon.

Rattenstein came in about five minutes late, and was reprimanded by the Form-master, and took his seat looking sullen.

"Rotten favouritism!" Skinner whispered to Snoop. "We'd have got lines. Why can't he give the Hun lines?"

"Rotten!" agreed Snoop.

Sidney James Snoop had been turning it over in his mind whether he should enter the lists as a rival of Bunter and Fish for princely favour. But he had soon detected the fact that Rattenstein was not well off, and that decided him. Probably Snoop could have overcome his repugnance to Huns in the case of a wealthy Hun. But a Hun who had an allowance no larger than his own was certainly not worth cultivating. And the unfortunate Hun of the Remove was not likely to be liked for his personal attractions. They were conspicuous by their absence.

He was, in fact, a perfectly commonplace person, with the addition of surly pride and uncouth manners. He would probably have had more kicks than halfpence, so to speak, in the Greyfriars Remove even if he had not been a Hun. There was nothing about him for a fellow to like. Good manners or good-heartedness would have recommended him to others, but he had none of those recommendations. All he had was his title, derived from an enemy country where titles were cheap, and which after adopting his new nationality, good taste would have required him to drop—if he had known what good taste was.

All the Removites saw in him was an uppish and unpleasant fellow, who had no discoverable grounds whatever for uppishness.

"Give him an ink-ball down his Hun neck!" suggested Snoop.

Skinner grinned. He felt that something was due to the Hun for not getting lines. As a matter of fact, Mr. Quelch felt it incumbent upon him to go a little easy with his troublesome new pupil, all the more because, in spite of himself, he could not feel so kindly disposed towards him as towards the rest of the Remove. But his patience had its limits, as Rattenstein was destined to discover that afternoon.

Skinner proceeded to concoct an ink-ball under his desk, with kneaded-up blotting-paper and a good allowance of ink. Taking advantage of Mr. Quelch's back being turned for a moment, Skinner leaned over his desk and dropped it into Rattenstein's collar, the young Hun being seated at the form in front of him.

There was a joyous giggle from Snoop, instantly checked as the Form-master looked round.

Rattenstein gave a howl, and leaped to his feet.

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Mr. Quelch's cold, grey eyes fixed him at once.

"What is the matter with you, Rattenstein? Sit down at once!"

"There is something down my neck!" howled Rattenstein furiously, gouging wildly in his collar. "Ach! It is inky! I am smothered with ink! Mein Gott!"

Mr. Quelch frowned darkly.

"Who has played this trick on Rattenstein?" he exclaimed.

"It was this boy!" yelled Rattenstein, pointing to Skinner. "His fingers are inky."

Skinner glared at him.

"Sneak!" said Bolsover major.

"Silence, Bolsover! Skinner, was it you?"

"Only—only a lark, sir," stammered Skinner.

"I shall teach you, Skinner, not to play tricks in the Form-room. You will take three hundred lines. Rattenstein, you may go and wash yourself."

"Is he not to be punished?" shouted Rattenstein, pale with rage.

"Silence!"

"Ach! Then I will punish him."

Rattenstein seized a ruler from his desk, and spun round at Skinner. Skinner, in alarm, scrambled back, and the blow of the ruler missed his head, and crashed on his shoulder. Skinner gave a yell of anguish.

The infuriated Hun was repeating the blow, when Bob Cherry grasped him and dragged the ruler away.

"No, you don't, you hooligan!" said Bob.

"Let me go!"

"Rats!"

The German flung himself furiously upon Bob.

"Rattenstein!" shouted Mr. Quelch. "How dare you! Come out here, sir! Come out here at once!"

"Ow! My shoulder!" groaned Skinner. "I believe it's fractured! Ow! The beastly wild beast! Ow!"

Bolsover major caught Rattenstein on the other side. The German was clawing at Bob like a cat. He was dragged down into his seat, and held there, palpitating with rage.

Mr. Quelch, with a gleam in his eyes, took up a cane from his desk.

"Come here, Rattenstein," he said quietly.

"Ach! I will not."

"Bolsover major! Cherry! Bring that boy to me!"

"Yes, sir!" said Bolsover promptly.

"What-ho!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The young Hun, struggling, was yanked out of his seat and bundled out before the Form. Skinner sat groaning and rubbing his shoulder. He was very much hurt, though not quite so much as he made out.

"Rattenstein!" Mr. Quelch's voice was like the rumble of thunder. "You may release him, my boys, and go back to your places. Rattenstein, how dare you make such a savage attack upon Skinner? You might have caused him a serious injury."

"I meant to!" snared Rattenstein.

"Indeed! But for the fact that you are a new boy, Rattenstein, and I feel bound to make some allowances for you, I should report you to Dr. Locke for a flogging. However, I shall cane you very severely myself. I shall give you six cuts upon each hand. Hold out your hand!"

The German schoolboy glared at him, but he quailed under the Form-master's eye. He held out his hands in succession, and the cane swished, and swished, and swished, to the accompaniment of wild yells from the German.

The Removites looked on with disgust.

Even Billy Bunter would not have made so much noise over his punishment, if it had fallen to his lot. The howls of the wretched German rang through the Form-room.

But they had no effect upon Mr. Quelch. He lashed away till the last stroke of the twelve was administered. Rattenstein stood quivering and howling and blubbering.

"Now go to your place," said the Remove-master sternly, "and remember that the next exhibition of savage temper will be more severely punished."

The German junior crawled limply back to his place.

All the ferocity had been taken out of him. He sat down, groaning.

It was evident that the miserable Hun had believed

that his rank—such as it was—would protect him from punishment. He had discovered his mistake, and the lesson had not been lost on him. Like all Germans, he could learn nothing excepting by force—nothing but a thrashing could bring him to his senses.

From that moment his manner was one of the deepest respect towards Mr. Quelch—not to say cringing. It was a change from his former surly impertinence, and a change which did not raise him in the estimation of the Remove or of their master.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Locked In and Locked Out!

HARD cheese, I guess!" said Fisher T. Fish sympathetically, when the Removites came out of the Form-room. The Yankee junior sidled up to Rattenstein ingratiatingly.

"Ach! I am hurt!" grunted Rattenstein.

He did not rebuff the Yankee junior. He was beginning to feel that he wanted somebody to talk to. And Fisher T. Fish, though not prepossessing otherwise, was willing to be as humble as even the German princeling could desire. From the rest of the Remove he had nothing but contempt to look for.

"Yep, it's hard cheese!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Quelch hasn't any respect for rank."

"No one here has, I think," groaned Rattenstein. "It is not like what I expected. They care nothing for it."

"Oh, these Britishers, you know!" said Fish disparagingly. "I guess I don't hold with them. I'm a nootral. I guess I don't care tuppence for their old war, excepting that my popper's making dollars out of it."

"But I am English," said Rattenstein, frowning.

"Ahem! Yep! Of course," assented Fish.

"I shall ask my father to take me away from here," said Rattenstein passionately. "I will not stay here to be treated like a commoner. Only—only——"

He paused.

"Yep?" said Fisher curiously.

"The fees are paid in advance," said Rattenstein. "My father would not lose the money."

"But that ain't much to you, a prince, sure?" said Fish, in surprise.

Rattenstein coloured. He realised that he had spoken a little too freely. Fish was looking at him very curiously. It had not occurred to the cute Fishy till this moment that the prince was, perhaps, worse off in this world's goods than he himself. Fish could not resist a feeling something like contempt. If there was a thing he worshipped even more than titles, it was money. But, after all, a title was a title, and Fishy was still thinking of those letters home to "Noo" York. He wasn't bound to mention that the dear prince was hard up. All he need mention was his friend the prince.

"Come and have tea in my study," said Fisher T. Fish hospitably. "I've got a ripping study—last in the Remove passage. I guess I'll be jolly glad to have your Highness."

Rattenstein hesitated.

But his surly pride had had many shocks, and it was growing less surly. He nodded his head.

"I will come!" he said.

"Half-past five, in No. 14," said Fish delighted.

What a letter he would be able to write home, about the prince who had had tea in his study!

"Very well."

Rattenstein walked away, and Fisher T. Fish went to his study to make his preparations. He groaned inwardly at the prospect of paying for his visitor's feed; Fishy did not like parting with money. But he felt that it was worth it, for once.

He found his study-mates, Johnny Bull and Field, in the end study.

"You fellows feeding here?" asked Fish.

"Yes; some of the chaps coming, too," said Johnny Bull. "I hope you've got an invitation out."

"Ahem!"

"If you haven't, you can stand your whack. It's about time you did."

"I guess I've got a guest coming."

"Well, no law against that. Who is it?"

"My friend the prince."

"You're bringing that confounded Hun here?" growled Johnny Bull.

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ONE
PENNY.

"I guess he's all right. He isn't really a Hun, you know; born in England——"

"Oh, rats! A Hun is a Hun, I suppose. But if you've asked him, I suppose he can come. We'll have our feed in Wharton's study. He was coming, and I can't ask him to sit down with that pig."

"I guess that suits me all right," said Fish. "You can clear off as soon as you like."

Johnny Bull and Squiff promptly cleared off, and Fisher T. Fish was left in possession of No. 14. He turned out his pockets, and counted his money very carefully.

"I s'pose I'd better have some jam," he murmured grudgingly. "Yep, I s'pose so, and—and a cake, per'haps. After all, I don't have a prince to tea every day. I can do it on two bob, I guess."

Billy Bunter blinked in at the doorway.

"Not feeding yet?" he asked.

"I guess not," growled Fish; "and you can clear. You're not wanted, you clam!"

"I haven't come to tea with you," said Bunter, with dignity. "Johnny Bull has asked my friends in No. 1 Study, and naturally I'm coming with them."

"Well, they're not feeding here. Absquatulate, do!"

"What's the cloth laid for, then?"

"I guess my friend the prince is coming to tea."

"Must be pretty hard up, to feed with you!" sniffed Bunter. "I don't envy him. What are you going to give him—half a sardine?"

"Vamoose, you fat clam!" roared Fish.

And he resumed counting his money and inwardly debating whether his friend the prince was worth the expenditure of a further sixpence. Billy Bunter blinked at him, and grinned. He changed the key to the outside of the door, Fish being too busy with his financial calculations to observe him.

Bunter stepped to the passage, drew the door shut, and locked it. Then he withdrew the key from the lock, and rolled away, chuckling.

"Hallo! What's the cackle about?" asked Bolsover major, greeting him at the end of the passage with a smack on the shoulder which made him stagger.

"Yow-ow-ow! You silly ass!" gasped Bunter.

The key dropped from his hand to the floor with a loud clink.

"What's that?" asked Bolsover.

"Groogh! That cad Fishy is having the Hun to tea——"

"Is he?" said Bolsover. "I'll drop in while they're having tea, I think."

"I've locked him in his study," grinned Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha! I'll keep the key."

Bolsover major slipped the key into his pocket and walked away. A few minutes later a sound of hammering was heard from No. 14.

"Open this door! Lemme out! I'll scalp you, Bunter! You fat clam, come and unlock this door!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the row?" called out Bob Cherry.

"Come and lemme out!"

Bob hurried along the passage.

"No key here," he said. "Are you locked in?"

"Yep!" yelled Fish. "And my friend the prince is coming to tea at half-past five. Get the key and lemme out!"

"Just going to tea myself, dear boy," said Bob Cherry.

"No time for hunting a porpoise."

"How's my friend the prince to get in, you jay?" yelled Fisher T. Fish.

"Better tell him to squeeze through the keyhole. Good-bye!"

"Look hyer——"

Bob Cherry walked away, chuckling. He had no desire whatever to help the Yankee junior in the process of tead-eating. Fisher T. Fish hammered desperately on the door. Junior after junior came along to inquire what was the matter, and when they discovered what it was, departed laughing. Promptly at half-past five came his Highness Prince Rupprecht von Rattenstein.

He knocked at the door, somewhat surprised to hear knocking going on inside the study.

"Let me out, you silly jay!" yelled Fish.

"What?"

"Oh, is that your Highness?" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "I guess my door's locked, and that fat clam Bunter's taken the key! Will your Highness look for him, and make him produce it?"

Rattenstein hesitated. But he was hungry.

"Very well!" he said.

He sought for Billy Bunter. The fat junior's voice could be heard in No. 1 Study as he passed.

"Oh, really, you fellows, of course I'm coming! I hope you're not going to be mean, Johnny, old chap!"

Rattenstein threw open the door.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at him grimly.

"Don't they knock at a door in Deutschland before coming in?" asked Johnny Bull politely.

Rattenstein scowled.

"Bunter has locked Fish in his study. I want the key."

"Bolsover major's got it," said Bunter. "He took it away. Go and ask Bolsover major!"

"He'll give it to you—I don't think!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Rattenstein stalked out of the study. He found Bolsover major in the common-room, chatting with Skinner and Vernon-Smith.

"I want the key of Fisher's study, please!" said Rattenstein.

Bolsover major laughed.

"When will you have it?" he asked pleasantly. "Now, or when you can get it?"

"You have the key?"

"Yes; in my pocket."

"Give it to me!"

"Rats!"

Rattenstein gritted his teeth, and walked away scowling, leaving the Removites grinning. He did not return to No. 14, but went to his own study, where Lord Mauleverer met him with exceeding and almost painful politeness. In No. 14 Study Fisher T. Fish went on hammering.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Lesson in Toad-Eating!

FISHER T. FISH was looking decidedly wrathful when he was let out of his study, which was not till Johnny Bull and Squiff were ready to go there for their prep. They persuaded Bolsover major to give up the key then, with the alternative of having his head put into the coal-locker. Fish was breathing wrath and fury when the two juniors came in at last.

"Where's his Highness?" he gasped.

"Blessed if I know!" said Squiff cheerily. "Suppose your lowness buzzes off and finds his Highness!" And he pushed the Yankee junior out of the study.

Fisher T. Fish looked into Mauleverer's study. Tea was over there. It had been a plentiful tea, for Mauleverer's study was a land flowing with milk and honey. Lord Mauleverer nodded to Fish.

"Come in to wash up?" he asked. "I say, that's awfully good of you, Fishy! Pile in, my dear fellow!"

"I guess I haven't come to wash up!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "I've come for his Highness. Has your Highness had your Highness' tea?"

"Yes," said Rattenstein. "You may clear the table, Fish!"

"Yaas, that's a good idea," said Lord Mauleverer, with a lazy nod. "Wash up the crocks, Fishy, and I'll let you touch my boot. I've got a title, too, begad!"

Fisher T. Fish gave a sickly grin.

"I guess I'd be delighted to do anything for your Highness," he said.

"What a jolly useful worm!" remarked Lord Mauleverer.

"Shut up, Mauly! You don't deserve to have his Highness in your study!"

"I know that, dear boy. I haven't done anythin'."

"Clear the table, Fish!" said Rattenstein, quite ready to take the upper hand of the only fellow who would stand it. "Not so much talk!"

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"Oh!" said Fishy.

"I have to do my preparation, too. Lose no time!"

Fisher T. Fish proceeded rather slowly to clear the table. True, it was glorious for a true republican to do anything for a prince. But he really wished the prince would be a little more chummy. He intended to be the prince's pal, not his valet. Still, from his point of view, it was something to be the prince's anything.

Bolsover major looked into the study while he was busy with the crocks.

"Hallo! Fagging for his Highness?" asked Bolsover.

"You mind your own business, Bolsover! And don't come in here; his Highness doesn't like it!"

"I'll risk that," said Bolsover. "If his Highness doesn't like it, his Highness had better chuck me out. It would take his Highness about a year to do it, but I don't mind his Highness starting on the job. As for you, you toad-eating rat, I'm going to give you a lesson!"

"Look hyer—"

"Can I have this jam, Mauly?"

"Yaas, dear boy," said Lord Mauleverer from the sofa.

"I want to give it to Fishy for his trouble."

"Yaas. Go it!"

"Hyar, you keep off, you jay!" howled Fisher, as Bolsover major grasped him by the collar.

Bolsover major fastened his left hand on Fishy's collar. With his right he scooped out the jam, and plastered it over Fishy's prominent features. The Yankee junior wriggled and gasped and gurgled.

"Gerroogh! Let up! Yoop! I'm chik-choking! Yow-ow-wooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Mauleverer. "Go it, Bolsover! You can have the jelly, too, and the butter, and the honey, if you like!"

"Thanks! I will, Mauly!"

"Let up! Keep off! Groooooogh!"

The jelly, and the butter, and the honey streamed over Fisher T. Fish's face and hair. Even Rattenstein grinned at the extraordinary sight the Yankee junior presented.

Fisher T. Fish gurgled wildly.

"Grooh! You jay! You mugwump! I'll scalp you! Gerrrrroooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a roar from the passage. A crowd of juniors had gathered there to look on.

"Yow-ow! Help! Rescue!" shrieked Fish, struggling in vain in Bolsover's powerful grip.

"What on earth's the matter?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Fishy's fagging for his Highness," explained Bolsover major. "I'm showing him what the Remove thinks of toad-eaters."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's some marmalade in the cupboard," chirruped Lord Mauleverer, in great delight, "and another jar of honey. Take the lot, Bolsover! You're more than welcome, my dear fellow!"

"What-ho!"

"Keep off! Stoppit! Yarooop! Mauly, lend me a hand!"

"No fear, dear boy. I'm enjoyin' this."

"Rattenstein—your Highness!" shrieked Fish.

Rattenstein did not move.

The articles from the cupboard were plastered over Fisher T. Fish in turn. His state was almost indescribable by that time.

"Begad, you're making a precious muck on my carpet!" said Lord Mauleverer. "But never mind! Pile in!"

"I'll wipe it up with Fishy!" said Bolsover.

Bump! Fisher T. Fish sat down heavily in the overflow of jam, and marmalade, and honey, and jelly. His trousers collected most of it.

"Now," said Bolsover, "there's still some soot in the chimney, if you're not satisfied, Fishy!"

"Yaroooh! Gee-whiz! Lemme go, you jay!"

"Will you swear never to fag for Rattenstein again?" demanded Bolsover.

"Yow-ow! Nope!"

"Get a shovel of soot, Mauly!"

"Can't, dear boy."

"Why can't you?" roared Bolsover.

"Tired."

"You slacking ass! Somebody get some soot!"

"I'm your man!" grinned Skinner, darting into the study.

"Let up!" shrieked Fish desperately. "I—I guess I'll swear if you like! Oh, Jerusalem crickets!"

"Hold on, Skinner. We won't spoil Mauly's carpet if the cad comes to reason."

"Never mind the carpet, dear boys. I'm enjoyin' this."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, Fishy, do you swear never to be a toad-eating, cringing worm—"

"Yow-ow! Yep."

"Never to toady to the Hun again, and never to fag for him?"

"Grooh! Yep!"

"Swear by everything a Yankee holds sacred—that's dollars and bluff and war profits."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yep!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "Grooh! Lemme go!"

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Remove, and that no nonsense was likely to be endured by anyone. In the true German manner, when he found that he could not be overbearing, he was willing to be cringing. A medium between the two, where self-respect was to be found, did not seem to occur to him. He became so civil to Bolsover major that the bully of the Remove declared to his cronies that the rat wasn't worth the trouble of kicking. He became sycophantic to Mr. Quelch, with never a hint of his former surly impertinence.

It was only to Fisher T. Fish that he preserved his old manner.

To Fisher T. Fish he was still that great and glorious thing, a titled person, whose title figures in the "Almanach de Gotha." Fisher T. Fish had already written to "Noo" York about his friend the prince. He was expecting a tip from his delighted popper. And he

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JUST OUT!

I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of you for this. Grooh!"

"Then you can get out."

And Fisher T. Fish was bundled out of the study, the juniors in the passage backing away hastily to give him plenty of room. They did not want to touch Fisher T. Fish in that state. The unfortunate title-hunter bolted for the Remove dormitory, and he was still washing and scraping his hair when the Remove came up to bed.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Successful Tea-Party!

THE next day there were two fellows in the Greyfriars Remove who were looking rather blue.

One was the new boy, Prince Rupprecht von Rattenstein, and the other was Fisher T. Fish.

Rattenstein's manner to his Form-fellows had already changed.

He had come to Greyfriars expecting to be allowed to "swank" without limit, and he had found that that was a decidedly serious mistake. He found that he had to stand upon his own feet, as it were, in the Greyfriars

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was determined that the prince should be his pal, if he had to crawl in the dust at his feet.

But there were difficulties in the way.

Even Bolsover major was willing to let Rattenstein alone, so tame, not to say obsequious, had he become. But nobody in the Remove was willing to allow a Remove fellow to disgrace the form as Fisher T. Fish wanted to do.

It was in vain that Fishy told them he was a free American citizen, and could do as he liked. The Removites replied cheerfully that he couldn't.

Glad enough would his Highness have been of Fishy's services as a willing fag and toady and flatterer. But the Remove were down on it.

And they were not to be argued with. The lesson in Mauleverer's study had been a severe one, and Fishy did not want it to be repeated.

But he was resolved not to give up his prince. As the feed in No. 14 had not come off the previous evening, he invited Rattenstein to another, and the prince graciously accepted. Later on, it dawned upon Fishy that his Highness would have gone anywhere for a feed he did not have to pay for, money being very short in the

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princely family, but as yet Fishy was not aware of that, and he was greatly flattered and pleased.

After careful debate, and some inward twinges, Fisher T. Fish resolved to expend the noble sum of five "bob" on the feed, and the table looked quite festive in No. 14 when the prince arrived at tea-time. Johnny Bull and Squiff had gone to Peter Todd's study to tea, Toddy being in funds.

Fisher T. Fish welcomed Rattenstein into the end study, bowing almost to the carpet.

"I guess this is jolly good of your Highness," he said effusively. "So honoured to have your Highness at my humble table."

"Not at all," said Rattenstein.

"Will your Highness take this chair? Does your Highness like your Highness' tea weak or strong?"

"Strong for me, Fishy," said a voice at the door.

Bolsover major trotted in. Bulstrode came in after him, and then Skinner, and then Snoop. Billy Bunter followed them in, grinning.

Fisher T. Fish turned a deadly glare upon his unexpected and uninvited visitors.

"I guess I didn't ask you galoots here!" he growled.

"Don't you want us?" demanded Bolsover major in his most bullying tone.

But for once Fishy was not to be bullied. His "spread" was far from enough for such a party.

"Nope!" he howled. "Vamoose the ranch, you jays. You're not invited!"

"Oh, really, Fishy," said Bunter. "Bolsover's invited me!"

"And Bulstrode's invited me!" said Bolsover with a chuckle.

"And Skinner's invited me!" said Bulstrode.

"And Snoop invited me!" said Skinner. "Didn't you, Snoop?"

"Certainly," said Snoop. "You invited me, and one good turn deserves another. Ain't you glad to see us, Fishy?"

"Nope!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "Absquatulate, the whole caboodle of you! I guess I'm not standing a feed to half the Remove."

"Pass the ham, Bulstrode."

"Here you are. Pass the sosses!"

"Let my grub alone!" shrieked Fish in dismay.

"Pass the tommy, you fellows. Don't stand on ceremony. You know how jolly hospitable Fishy is!"

"I say, you fellows, don't scoff all that ham. I want some of it."

"You start on the cake, tubby."

"Will you have some cake, Rattenstein?" asked Bolsover major politely. "I'm ready to shove it down your neck. Only say the word!"

"No, thanks!" gasped Rattenstein, shrinking back.

"Not hungry—what?"

"N-n-no!"

"I guess you'll leave my tuck alone!" wailed Fisher T. Fish. "Look hyer, if you galoots don't light out, I'll go and call Wingate."

"Lock the door, Skinney!"

"What-ho!"

"You're going to wait on us, Fishy," said Bolsover major coolly. "You like toadying, you know. Toady to us!"

"You jay!"

"Pour out that tea, and don't jaw!"

"Nope!"

"Are you going to pour out the tea?" roared Bolsover major, jumping up.

"Ye-e-ep! I—I mean yep!" gasped Fish.

"Buck up, then, and not so much jaw!"

Fisher T. Fish, trembling with rage, poured out the tea. He longed to pour it over Bolsover, but he did not venture to do so. Rattenstein sat looking on with a scowling brow. He could not leave the study, and he could not join in the feed. Fishy's tea-party could not be called a success—excepting for Bolsover & Co. They found it successful enough.

The good things on the table vanished at record speed, followed with an anguished eye by Fisher T. Fish.

Five shillings—a dollar and a quarter—of his own

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money had been expended on that feed, and here it was vanishing under his nose, devoured by a set of grinning, chuckling "galoots," heedless of the anguish they were causing him.

And the unfortunate Yankee junior was compelled to act as waiter, and supply the wants of his uninvited guests, on peril of being ragged and jammed. With fury gleaming in his narrow eyes, the unfortunate Fishy waited and passed his own "tommy" to the voracious ragers.

"More tea, Fishy! Buck up! You're keeping our Highness waiting."

"Pass the sugar, Fishy."

"My cup's empty, Fishy. You're slow!"

"Stop gobbling that cake, Fishy. That cake isn't for you. You've got nothing to do with that cake, except pay for it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The festive board was cleared at last. Billy Bunter's hungry eyes roved over it in search of another morsel, but there was none.

Bolsover major rose to his feet, with a satisfied look.

"Thanks awfully for the feed, Fishy. Every time you have Ratty to tea, we'll come too. Won't we, you chaps?"

"Yes, rather!"

"You can rely on us, Fishy. As Inky says, the relyfulness is terrific. We'll keep an eye on you and your friend the prince, ready for the next feed."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner unlocked the door, and the raiders, roaring with laughter, tramped out, leaving the study as bare as if a cloud of locusts had been there.

Fisher T. Fish stared at the bared table, and groaned. He felt almost overcome.

"Waal, I swow!" he mumbled.

Rattenstein burst into a contemptuous laugh.

"Is this the tea you have asked me to?" he sneered.

"I—I guess it wasn't my fault, your Highness," groaned Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I didn't want those jays to come and scoff your Highness' tea."

"Bah!" said his Highness.

And his Highness stalked sulkily out of the study. Fisher T. Fish gave a deep, deep groan.

"Five bob sheer wasted!" he mumbled. "Five whole bobs—and now the prince has got his back up, too. Oh, the galoots—the jays—the mugwumps—yah!"

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Worm Turns!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. chuckled over the story of the tea-party in Fishy's study. It was Fishy himself who told them, in accents of burning indignation, appealing to Wharton as captain of the Form to put his foot down. But the captain of the Remove declined to put his foot down.

"Serve you right," he said unfeelingly. "And every time you toady to Rattenstein, I hope you'll get the same."

"Hear, hear!" said the Co. heartily.

"I calculate I can be civil to my friend the prince if I choose!" growled Fisher T. Fish.

"Exactly. And you can calculate also that you'll get it in the neck every time," said Bob Cherry. "You can expect me to the next tea-party, Fishy!"

"Me, too!" chuckled Hurree Singh. "The delightfulness will be terrific."

"We'll see that you don't get anything to eat, and that you have plenty of waiting to do," grinned Johnny Bull.

And Fisher T. Fish snorted with disgust and stalked away.

He did not ask his friend the prince to tea again. Indeed, it was probable that the whole Remove would have turned up to the little party if he had. But he experienced some of the other pleasures of princely friendship, for a day or two later Rattenstein did him the honour of borrowing a half-sovereign, and did him the further honour of forgetting to return it.

Then Fisher T. Fish bethought himself very seriously. He hated parting with money, though he tried to think that a prince's friendship was worth ten shillings in cash. He was still further staggered by the discovery—which Billy Bunter made and retailed in the common-room—that the prince never stood his "whack" in Mauly's study, but sponged on the good-natured Maul- everer without compunction. It was evident that his Highness was as hard up as Snoop or Bunter, and Fisher T. Fish had the natural American contempt for anybody who was poor. He was accustomed to thinking in dollars, and a person who hadn't any dollars was, in his opinion, the miserablest kind of a mugwump.

For some time Fisher T. Fish's worship of a title struggled with his contempt for a "galoot" who was not provided with dollars. He had been prepared to bask in the reflected glory of the prince; but if his friend the prince came expensive, that was a horse of quite another colour. And he had a fancy for looking out the principality of Rattenstein in a map of the German Empire, and found that it was smaller in extent than the village of Friardale. That "did" it, as Fish expressed it to himself. He learned, too, that in a German family the title of prince is taken by all the sons, and the sons' sons, and the sons' sons' sons, so that there were probably some scores of Prince Rattensteins in existence, all just as good as his friend the prince. Indeed, as Fisher T. Fish remarked in utter disgust, very likely half the German waiters in "Noo" York were German princes.

With all his cuteness, the Yankee junior was a first-class duffer, and he had supposed, in the innocence of his heart, that his friend the prince was on something of the footing of a Prince of Wales. The discovery that he was a perfectly "shoddy" prince was quite a shock to him. Finally came the revelation that the prince's father was an hotel-manager. It leaked out somehow—and it made Fish jump.

He had thought of the elder Prince Rattenstein as one perfumed and bedizened, and dwelling in marble halls!

"The mugwump!" growled Fisher T. Fish, when he heard the news being chuckled over in the common-room. "And I was calculating I'd spend a vacation with my friend of the prince—why, by gum, I shouldn't wonder if he waits in the hotel, in a giddy apron, in the vac! What the holy smoke do they mean by sending him to Greyfriars? Nice sort of a galoot to come here! My hat! And he owes me half a quid—and he only has four bob a week allowance—"

Fisher T. Fish sought out his friend the prince after lessons that day. He was fed up. True, the swank and the surly pride of Rattenstein had vanished; he had dropped into utter insignificance in the Remove—Fisher T. Fish was the only person whom he still treated with lordly haughtiness. But Fishy did not mean to have any more haughtiness. Lordly haughtiness that could not pay its way was no use to the Yankee junior.

He tapped Rattenstein on the shoulder in the quad. The German junior drew himself haughtily away.

"Oh, come off!" said Fish, with a glare.

"Wha-a-at!"

"I guess I'm fed up with your airs and graces," said Fisher T. Fish. "You've taken me in."

"You are insolent."

"Oh, come off, I tell you!" shouted Fish exasperated. "I don't care whether you're a German prince or a German waiter—I dare say you're both—but I want my half-quid!"

Rattenstein gave him a contemptuous glance.

"You owe me two dollars'n a half!" said Fish. "You've owed it for a week. I guess it's time to square."

"I had forgotten!"

"Waal, now I've reminded you. Square up!"

"I decline to have anything to say to you," said Rattenstein. "You are an insolent Yankee. Begone!"

Fisher T. Fish breathed hard through his nose.

"I guess you're going to pay up!" he said.

"Bah! Begone!"

"Or I calculate I'll take it out of your hide!" yelled Fish.

"Do you understand whom you are addressing, you hound?" exclaimed Rattenstein, with quite his old princely manner.

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PENNY.

But the princely manner had no effect upon Fisher T. Fish now. As he would have said in his native language, it "cut no ice" with him.

"I guess you're a spoofing jay!" said Fish, with unutterable scorn. "A poverty-stricken mugwump, that's what you are! Prince, by gum! Why, your rotten country swarms with such princes—you can get 'em tuppence a dozen. All of 'em sponging on somebody, except those who come to England and sponge on John Bull—more fool John Bull for standing it. We make 'em into waiters in Noo York, instead of into Lord Wardens and Lord This-and-That, as they do in this silly old island. But to come back to our mutton, I want my two dollars'n a half!"

Rattenstein turned his back haughtily, and walked away.

Fisher T. Fish made a bound after him, and caught him by the shoulder.

"I guess—" he began.

Smack!

The princely patience was exhausted, and Fisher T. Fish staggered back from a smack full upon his thin, hatchet face.

"Yaroo!" roared Fish.

"Insolent Yankee—"

"I'll insolent Yankee you, I calculate!" yelled Fish, and he hurled himself upon the German.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Roll up, ye cripples—Fishy's going for his friend the prince!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pile in, Fishy!" roared Bolsover major. "Give him beans! Pile in, Ratty! Give the Yankee socks! Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites gathered round gleefully. It was an unexpected ending to Fishy's title-worship, and they found it entertaining.

"Slog away!" chuckled Squiff. "I wonder which is the bigger funk of the two? They're afraid to hit one another."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The two combatants were tramping and stamping, and gasping, and flourishing, but it was evident that both were in a state of funk, and did not venture to do much damage. But quite by accident Fisher T. Fish landed an upper cut, which stretched the German on his back.

Rattenstein stayed there, blinking and gasping.

Then it was borne in upon Fishy's mind that the German was a greater funk than himself, and from that moment his courage was boundless. He danced round the fallen Hun, flourishing his skinny fists.

"Gerrup!" he roared. "Gerrup and have some more! I guess I'll show you how we wallop foreign scum in the Yewnited States! Gerrup!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Rattenstein!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, laughing. "Give him one punch and he'll run!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gee-whiz! I guess I'll wipe up the quad with him! Gerrup!" bellowed Fisher T. Fish.

Rattenstein staggered up, dodging the ferocious Yankee. Fish made a drive at him, and Rattenstein fairly fled.

"Come back, you mugwump! Come hyer, you funk!"

"P'raps he'll send you a Note, Fishy!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "He's too proud to fight!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish, bursting with heroism now that his foe was in flight, dashed in pursuit, and pursuer and pursued disappeared round the gym at top speed. They left the Removites howling with laughter.

Snoop had always enjoyed the distinction of being the biggest funk, and the biggest worm generally, in the Greyfriars Remove. But Snoop had lost that proud distinction now. He took quite a second place; and the proud distinction belonged, without dispute, to "His Highness!"

(Do not miss "WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT!" next Monday's Grand Story of the Chums of Greyfriars, by FRANK RICHARDS.)

THE END.

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF OUR GREAT NEW ADVENTURE SERIAL STORY. START TO-DAY!



: : By : :

T. C. BRIDGES.

The First Installments Told How:

DICK DAUNT and DUDLEY DREW, two chums, discover a letter in a bottle which they have extracted from the body of a shark.

They are informed by its contents that a certain Matthew Snell is marooned on an unnamed island in the Keys, and he offers a substantial reward to any persons effecting his rescue.

On going to the island, however, they are unable to find Mr. Snell.

EZRA CRAY, a moonshiner, and his scoundrelly colleagues then visit the island, and, finding that it contains gold, attempt to kill the two chums.

Having previously hidden their boat, Dick and Dudley seek refuge in a cave. They set out to find a new way from their hiding-place to the interior of the island; but on reaching a gully, they see in the distance one of Cray's confederates.

"It's Bent!" muttered Dick. "Ambrose Bent!"

(Now go on with the story.)

When the Rocks Fall.

Bent it was. He was a long way off, yet in the clear light there was no mistaking his massive figure and great head sunk between vast shoulders.

He was prowling slowly along the base of the cliff, and every step brought him nearer to the cleft which was the mouth of Hidden Bay.

Dudley wriggled closer to Dick.

"Guess we'd better shoot," he whispered tensely. "Once he gets into the bay, it's all up with us, Dick."

"What's the use?" returned Dick. "He's clean out of range. Besides, you can only see him once in a while. Those broken rocks give him all the cover he needs."

"Then we've got to get close enough to have a slap at him," replied Dudley resolutely.

Dick glanced quickly round.

"I'll lay he's not alone. Chances are that one of his pals is up on the top somewhere, keeping guard. And if we move out any further, we'll be under fire ourselves."

"We've got to chance that," said Dudley quietly. "I reckon we may just as well be shot as get marooned on this island. We'll never get off in this world if they smash our boat up."

Dick hesitated no longer.

"Right you are, Dudley. But for goodness' sake keep in close."

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Dudley nodded, and began to crawl forward. So far, they had been protected against attack from above by the overhang of the cliff. Now they had reached a spot where there was no longer any overhang, and where they could be seen by any person posted on the top.

Dick knew the danger, and kept on glancing upwards. They had gone about fifty yards when his quick eyes caught a movement of some sort almost exactly overhead. It might have been an end of a creeper swaying in the sea-breeze, or even a snake crawling over the lofty rim of the cliff. But Dick did not think so, and he was just in time to shove Dudley violently back when a rifle barked sharply, and a bullet flattened itself viciously against the brown rock not a yard ahead, leaving a dull grey splash on the stone.

"Some shave, that!" muttered Dudley, as he flattened himself back under a projecting ledge.

"Told you so!" growled Dick, who was squeezing in beside him.

"He can't touch us here, anyway," said Dudley, looking round.

"No more than we can get Bent," returned Dick. "Watch him," he added. "He's not fifty feet from the mouth of the bay."

It was true. Bent was coming steadily onwards. He was taking no particular precautions. Evidently he knew quite well that he was perfectly safe from attack, and had known it all the time. It became more than ever clear that his object was to smell out the boat and destroy it.

Anything more maddening for the two boys could hardly be imagined. There they were, in full sight of Bent, just out of range, yet unable to move a yard. The man above was not likely to miss a second time.

"Take a plug at him, anyhow, Dudley," said Dick fiercely. "You won't hit him, but you may scare him."

Dudley took careful aim, and pulled the trigger. The crack of his heavy forty-four sent the echoes ringing along the broken cliffs. They saw Bent raise his head. But he did not even trouble to take cover.

Dudley fired a second time, but with equally little result.

"It's no sort o' use, Dick," he said bitterly. "He knows that, just as well as we do. You can bet he and his partner have got the whole thing mapped out. He'd have to be mighty nigh two hundred yards nearer before I could get anything like a bead on him."

There was nothing for it but to lie quiet and wait, and watch Bent come nearer and nearer to the gap. There was no possibility of his missing it, and, once inside, he had

MANY MAGNIFICENT TUCK-HAMPERS FOR READERS OF THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD," ½D. OUT TO-DAY.

merely to wade up the shallow channel, and pump lead into the boat until he smashed her up and sank her.

The foot of the cliff, just beyond the entrance to the bay, was littered with ragged boulders, the remains of a recent fall from the cliffs above, and behind these Bent disappeared. Next moment he was in sight again. His rifle was slung across his back, and he was clambering on hands and knees over the pile of tumbled rocks.

"That sees our finish," said Dick, between set lips. "He can't miss it now."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before there came a heavy thud and a shout of alarm.

"See that!" cried Dudley sharply. "See that, Dick!"

A great boulder, loosened in some mysterious way from the heights above Bent, had come thundering down. It struck a projecting ledge half-way down, broke like an exploding shell, and sprayed downwards in a shower of broken fragments.

They saw Bent fling up one arm to save his head, heard him cry out in sudden pain, and watched him stagger back and drop to his knees.

"Got him!" cried Dick. "Got him, by jingo!"

"Say, but that was what you might call mighty opportune," remarked Dudley, in his driest tones.

"Providential," said Dick.

"And more to come," he added sharply, as there was a fresh rumble, and a second rock, as big as the first, rolled out from the lofty heights, and, making a great curve in the air, landed with a tremendous crash on top of the fall below. Like the first, it split to pieces, some of which were flung right across the beach into the sea beyond, sending up a shower of spray which sparkled in the sunshine.

"That's finished him," said Dick joyfully. "He's hooking it."

Sure enough, Bent had had enough. Struggling to his feet, he had turned, and was staggering away in the direction he had come.

They watched until the big man was out of sight in the distance, and hidden by the curve of the shore; then Dudley turned to Dick.

"I don't seem to see any more rocks sliding now," he observed drily.

"Haven't you seen enough?" retorted Dick.

"I guess so. And now I'd like mighty well to know who threw them."

Dick stared at his chum.

"Who threw them?" he repeated, in a startled tone. "They just fell."

"That don't go, Dick. Rocks don't fall just at the proper moment like that, and then stop falling when there's no more need for 'em."

"Nonsense! There's been a fall here quite lately. You can see that for yourself. Why shouldn't some more come down?"

"Not just two like that," Dudley insisted. "They were thrown."

"Then who threw them?"

"Just exactly what I'm asking. Who threw them, and who played 'duppy' last night, and scared that black nigger Rufe out of all his seven senses?"

"You're letting your imagination run away with you," declared Dick. "You don't suppose that any of Cray's crowd are backing us?"

"I don't suppose anything, except that there's someone on the island who don't like Cray and Bent any better than we do. That's all there is to it."

"The sun's been a bit too much for you, old man," said Dick drily. "Let's skin out of this, and get back to our cave."

Dudley shrugged his shoulders.

"Right you are. But go careful, Dick. That chap that was potting at us just now isn't a ghost, anyway."

By crawling along well under the foot of the cliff they were able to return without exposing themselves. They found that all was as they had left it at the cave, and as the afternoon sun was now blazing full on the ledge, turning it into a regular furnace, they went inside into the shade.

"We've got to shift that boat to-night," said Dick presently.

"Where to?" asked Dudley.

"That beats me; but it's not safe where it is."

"It's just as safe there as anywhere. We can't keep it out here under the ledge. The first breeze would bust her up in no time."

Dick nodded.

"That's true. Yet if we leave her in the cove those beggars will bust her for us."

Dudley was silent for some moments. He was thinking hard.

"Tell you what, Dick. I guess the best thing we can do is to sink her."

"Sink her!" exclaimed Dick, in amazement.

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ONE
PENNY.

"Yes, in the cove. Just take the plug out, and let her sink. We can buoy her, so we can get her up again when we want her, and, at any rate, they won't be able to smash her. Indeed, I guess they won't even see her if they do come nosing around again."

They talked the thing over pretty thoroughly, and Dudley brought Dick round to the belief that it was the only thing they could do. After that, there was nothing for it but to wait there until sunset.

This waiting was horribly trying. They had no books. There was absolutely nothing to do, and even inside the cave it was grilling hot. The whole force of the afternoon sun was concentrated on the western cliffs, so that the rock became almost too hot to touch with bare hands. For another thing, it was maddening to feel that Cray and his gang were at that very moment busy washing gold out of the creek bed. They would probably skin the whole place within a few days.

For once, they neither of them had much appetite for supper.

Dudley, indeed, ate hardly anything, but drank his allowance of tea very thirstily. They could both have done with double this allowance, but it was absolutely necessary to be careful with their water. They could not tell when or how they would be able to get a second supply. The oil, too, for their cooking lamp was running low, and there was no fuel to be got, unless they went up on the mainland to cut it.

They waited till about eleven before they sallied out again, and then very cautiously made their way along the ledge and down to the beach. Luckily, it was a dark night, with a haze of cloud hiding the stars, so there was not much likelihood of anyone spotting them from above.

The tide was higher than they had expected, and when they reached the entrance to the little bay they had to swim. But that did not matter particularly, for in any case they would have had to swim in order to reach the boat. Hidden Bay itself was all pretty deep.

It was eerie sort of work swimming across the surface of that calm, black pool, with the tall cliffs towering on every side, and not a gleam of starlight in the sky. These warm West Indian waters are full of all sorts of queer beasts, such as sting rays, sharks, and even the dreaded octopus. They kept close together, and, although neither said much, they felt anything but comfortable.

Barring oars and boathook, they had already removed everything else from the cat-boat. Even the sails they had taken up to the cave. So now there was nothing to do but fasten the buoys they had brought with them to ropes bow and stern, and, towing the boat into the shallowest water they could find, pull out the plug and let her sink.

Yet even this took a long time, for they were groping in darkness, without a light of any kind to help them. Also they had to be as quiet as possible over the job. It was impossible to say whether some of their enemies might not be watching up above.

It was tiring work, too, for except a short rest aboard the boat they were swimming the whole time. At last it was done, and the boat lay safe on a bottom of firm, smooth rock, in about six feet of water. At any rate, she was safe from rock or bullet.

"Guess I can sleep after this," observed Dudley, as, with an oar under his arms, he began swimming back towards the entrance.

"About time we did get back," answered Dick. "The cloud is thinning. There are stars showing through it."

"It's going to be right smart of a job to get out," said Dudley. "The tide's making real strong."

It was, and there was a lot of water in the passage, and running in so briskly that it was all they could do to swim against it. Luckily, it was flat calm, or they never would have managed to get through.

Outside, the beach was covered, and the water up to the edge of the cliff.

"Great Scott! Have we got to swim all the way?" asked Dudley.

And Dick caught an undertone of real anxiety in his voice. He himself was tired, and he realised that Dudley must be getting pretty near the end of his tether.

"Take it easy, old man," he said quietly. "There's a pile of rocks just over there. We can have a rest on them, and then go on again."

They paddled slowly towards the rocks. The night was intensely still, and the sea so calm that even the swells which never quite sleep in the open ocean made but a soft swash as they broke gently under the face of the cliff.

The water was slightly phosphorescent, and Dick noticed uneasily that Dudley's figure was outlined by a faint blue light. Should any of their enemies happen to be on top of the cliff, they would have a nice easy target to shoot at.

He kept on glancing up, every minute fearing to see the red flash of a rifle-shot, and so it was that he failed to see another and even more terrible danger.

It was Dudley who saw this first.

"A shark!" he gasped; and began striking out desperately towards the rocks, now only a few yards away.

Barracuda!

Dick glanced round, and caught a glimpse of a long, slender shape outlined in blue fire, which was gliding soundlessly up out of the depths to his left.

But even that one glance was enough to show that this was no shark. It was too slim and slender. It resembled rather a giant pike, five times the size of any pike ever seen, and he knew it in an instant for that scourge of the Caribbean, the awful barracuda.

Except the shark, there is no fish of so ferocious an appearance as the barracuda, none with a more terrible reputation.

It is a solitary fish, running up to twelve or fifteen feet in length, with a long, slender body, an enormous head, and jaws armed with an array of knife-like teeth. It has very large eyes, jet-black in colour, and the negroes fear it as much as they do the tiger shark itself.

"Go ahead, Dudley!" he cried sharply, and began splashing vigorously.

The barracuda seemed to hesitate. Probably it had never seen men before; perhaps it was not very hungry. But Dick knew that the hesitation was only momentary. It would be only a matter of a few seconds before it attacked. There would certainly not be time for both him and Dudley to reach the safety of the rocks before it shot forward.

He himself was carrying not only an oar but also the boathook. This was a stout, four-foot length of hickory, armed at the end with a steel spike, from the side of which the hook protruded.

Intent only on covering Dudley's retreat, he half turned, and, slipping the oar under his left armpit, grasped the boathook firmly in his right hand.

At that very instant the long, slim shape came darting forward. There was something horribly ominous and nerve-shaking in the utter silence of its swift approach.

With all his strength, Dick drove the pointed end of the boathook at the monster's head. He felt the jar as the steel met the rushing bulk, and although he could not see what harm he had done, he realised that the point had penetrated some part of the brute's body.

Next instant the boathook was wrenched from his grasp; then the surface broke, and out of it soared a huge, dark mass, which looked to be at least six yards in length.

For a moment it hung poised, apparently right over his head, with the luminous spray pouring from its leathery body, then down with a deafening splash, sending a wave clean over him, and half drowning him.

Dick did not waste a second. He flung the oar forward only just in time, too, for as he scrambled wildly forward towards the rock, on to which Dudley was already climbing, and struck out with all his strength. Next moment Dudley had him by the hands, and dragged him up by main force—the long, torpedo-like body of the barracuda shot past with almost the speed of light, and the snap of its closing jaws echoed like the clang of the jaws of a bear-trap.

The two dropped back on to the rocks, and lay gasping, too exhausted and blown even to speak. Dick was the first to recover.

"Thanks, Dudley!" he said. "You got hold of me just in time!"

"Guess the gratitude is due from me, old man," answered Dudley quietly. "If it hadn't been for your boathook, he'd have had me sure!"

"Strikes me the beggar thinks he's going to have us yet," remarked Dick, as he pointed downwards.

Outlined in phosphorescent flame, the huge fish could be seen cruising slowly round the rocks.

Dudley watched the brute for a moment or two.

"How much higher does the tide rise, Dick?" he asked presently.

"I don't exactly know, but I rather fancy high enough to cover this bunch of rocks."

"Then if Mister Barracuda's got patience enough, he's liable to have us yet."

Dick did not answer. There did not seem to be much to say. He did not know a great deal about the habits and customs of the barracuda, but on the face of it Dudley's suggestion seemed uncomfortably likely to be true.

Some minutes went by. The tide rose slowly but surely, and their unpleasant sentinel still moved in circles around

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the rock. He had got rid of the boathook, which seemed to have sunk. They had not, of course, got their guns. It seemed simply a question of time.

Dudley's teeth began suddenly to chatter.

"What's the matter, old chap?" asked Dick, in sudden anxiety. "Cold?"

"Kind of. I reckon I've got a bit of a chill some way."

The night was almost hot—warmer, indeed, than usual for the time of year. And as for the sea, it was warm as milk. Dick himself was not in the least cold. He felt sure then that Dudley had a touch of fever, and this made him very anxious. Fever in these latitudes is no joke, and needs stiff dosing with quinine and proper sweating.

"And we've got no quinine along with us," he said suddenly.

Dudley laughed outright.

"Quinine won't kill that beauty!" he observed, pointing to the barracuda.

Suddenly Jim turned and picked up the oar.

"No; but this may," he said quickly.

"That oar? You're crazy, Dick. He'd take it in those jaws of his and rip blades out of it!"

"You wait a while," replied Jim, taking his big clasp-knife from its sheath and fishing a length of cord from his trousers-pocket.

Dudley drew a long breath.

"Geo! That might work!"

"It's going to," said Dick softly, as he set to work to splice the knife to the end of the oar. He took his time over it, and made a thoroughly good job, and when he had finished had a weapon which was certainly not to be despised.

"But how will you get at him?" asked Dudley, who was shivering badly.

"Coax him up. Take your oar, Dudley, and push the blade into the water and waggle it about a bit. He's an ugly-tempered brute."

"I'm to get his goat. I see," replied Dudley, picking up the oar.

"Brace yourself!" warned Dick. "He'll be likely to pull you in if you don't mind out."

Dudley obeyed. He got his feet firmly against a ledge just above the water's edge. Dick stood close beside him, holding the oar-spear in both hands, the point poised just above the dark surface of the sea.

"Now!" he said; and Dudley at once dipped the blade deep into the water.

Like a striking snake, the great fish darted at it, and, seizing the blade in his shark-like teeth, worried it with bulldog fury.

Spray dashed high, and for the moment Dick could not see to strike.

"Quick!" cried Dudley. "Quick! The brute will have the oar!"

Dick hesitated no longer, but drove his spear downwards with all his force. He felt the sharp blade sink deep into the barracuda's side, and, wrenching it out, struck again and again.

The struggles of the monster were terrific. Its flail-like tail thrashed the surface, sending the foam flying in every direction. Yet the creature, in spite of the tremendous stabs, did not for one moment let go its hold on the oar-blade. It shook this as a terrier does a rat, and it was all that Dudley could do to save himself from being pulled into the sea.

"Kill him! Can't you kill him?" panted Dudley.

"The brute won't die!" gasped Dick, jabbing again.

"That's done it!" said Dudley, as the oar-blade was suddenly released. "Hurray for you, Dick! That last whack finished him!"

Dudley was right. Dick, peering over, saw the great, luminous form dropping slowly back into the depths. It was wobbling from side to side, trying to hold an upright position, but evidently at the last gasp.

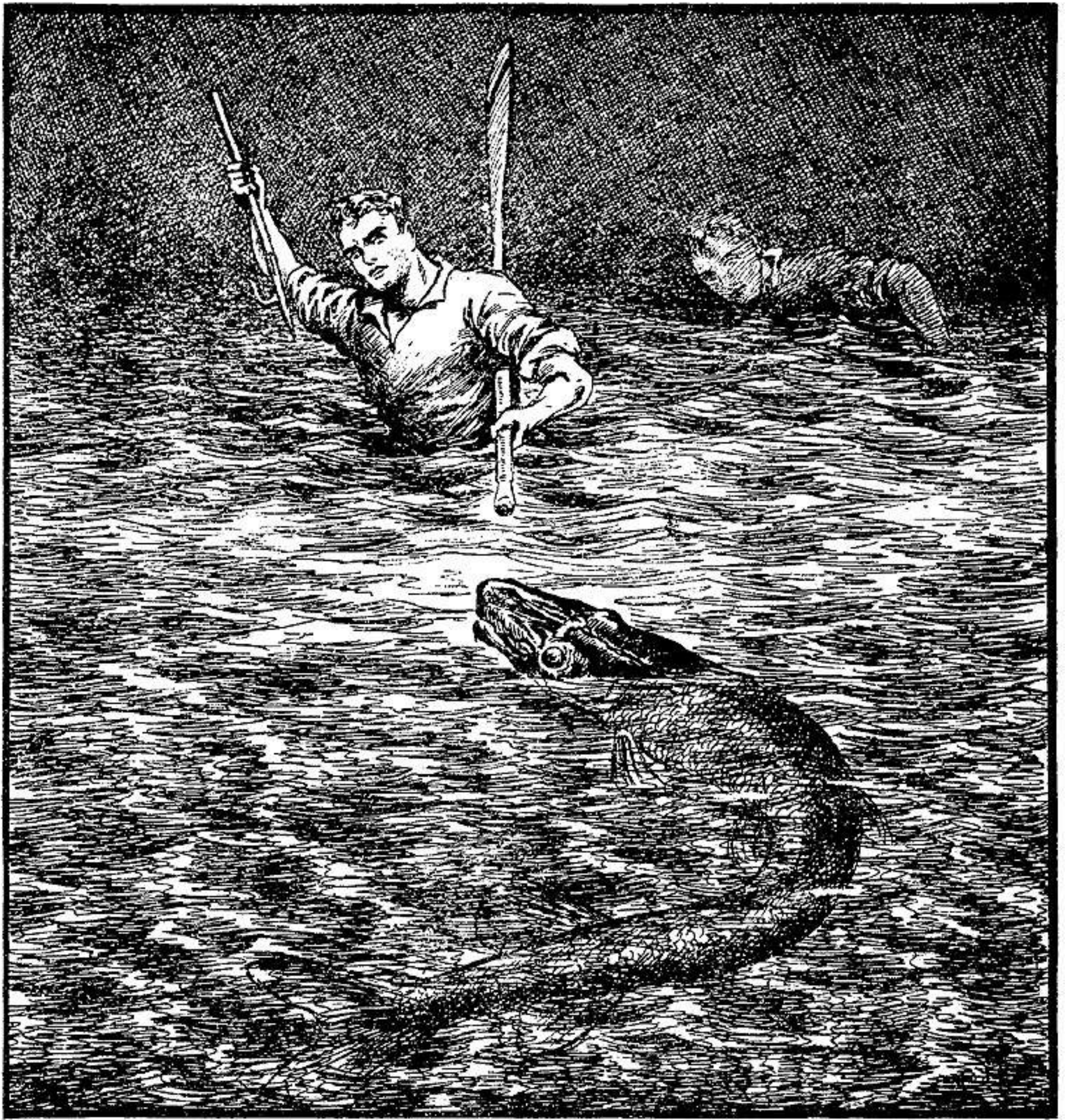
"Yes, that's done it!" he echoed. "Now, let's get ashore while we have the chance."

He plunged in as he spoke, and Dudley followed. Though they were cumbered with the oars, they wasted precious little time in reaching the landing-place, where they struggled out, and went scrambling away up to the ledge.

"I reckon that's about as close a call as we've had yet," remarked Dudley, as he dropped, dripping, on a rock inside the cave.

"Nothing to what you'll have if you don't get out of those wet things just as quick as ever you can," replied Dick sharply. "Hurry up, that's a good chap! It won't be any kind of a joke if you get down with a go of fever."

Dudley, whose teeth were again beginning to chatter, stripped with all speed, and Dick gave him a rub-down with a piece of dry sailcloth. Then he rolled him in both their blankets and made him lie down on the boat-sail, which he folded over some palmetto fronds.



There was something ominous and nerve-racking in the silence of the barracuda's swift approach. With all his strength Dick drove the pointed end of the boathook at the monster's head. (See page 24.)

After that he lighted the oil-lamp, and set to to brew some hot tea. It worried him badly that they had no quinine. Ladd, he remembered, had been out of it, and had recommended him to go down to the drug store and get some. But in the hurry of leaving they had both forgotten all about it.

By the time the tea was ready Dudley was almost rigid. He was icy-cold, and even the boiling hot stuff could put no warmth in him. His teeth chattered like castanets, and his pulse was very slow. Dick's heart sank as he realised that his chum was in for a regular go of malarial ague.

He changed his own soaked clothes, and prepared for an all-night watch. After the chill came the fever. Dudley went hot as he had been cold before; his head ached terribly, his skin was harsh and dry. At the worst of it he became slightly delirious, and muttered vaguely about the great barracuda and Ezra Cray. He seemed to get the two mixed up in his

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mind, and kept begging Dick to drive his spear into Cray and stop him from eating mouthfuls of gold.

At last, but not till long after the sun had risen, the fever abated, and Dudley fell into a heavy sleep. It was not till then that Dick, who himself was aching with fatigue, left him and cooked some breakfast.

He was now more uneasy than he had been at all since they had first landed on Golden Key. Things had been bad enough for the past three days, when they were both well and able to cope with the dangers surrounding them. Now that Dudley was down, he could not for the life of him see how they were to get on. Alone, he could hardly hope to keep watch night and day against Cray, nurse Dudley, and, above all, fetch water.

This was the worst of it all—the water question. He might stint himself, but it was out of the question to cut down Dudley. A man suffering from fever must have plenty of

NEXT
MONDAY—

"WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry
Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

liquid. Having no quinine, the only chance was to keep him going with plenty of hot tea. Luckily, he had half a dozen tins of condensed milk. He could feed him up on this, but, of course, it, too, must be diluted with plenty of water.

The Battle on the Beach.

The more Dick thought, the less he liked it. It was, of course, absolutely out of the question to visit the creek by daylight. Yet, on the other hand, if he waited until dark, then Dudley's chill and fever would come on again, and he would be in need of attention.

But no attention would be worth anything unless he had water to give his patient. At last he decided that he would make the attempt as soon as ever it was dark, and trust to getting back within a couple of hours.

About six he used the last of the water for cooking supper. Dudley could not eat, but he drank a cup of tea thirstily. Not until he had finished it did Dick tell him that he had to go for more water.

Dudley begged him to wait, but Dick refused, and Dudley was too weak to protest. Dick left a loaded rifle close by him, and fixing the keg on his back, started out.

It was a clear night. The stars were brilliant, almost bright enough to read by, and Dick's heart was heavy as he crept along the base of the cliff towards the beach. If any of Cray's men were about, they could hardly fail to see him.

He was carrying the Winchester, and that and the keg together made crawling across the beach a very awkward job. The shingle was very light in colour, and he was conscious that he was plainly visible for a long way as he crept from one little clump of rock to another.

Every time that he reached a clump he would stop and listen; but he was more than half-way across the beach before he heard anything at all suspicious. Then a slight rustle reached his ears, and he dived behind the nearest rock.

Only just in time, for almost instantly a rifle spat flame from the edge of the scrub at the top of the beach, and with a long-drawn wh-e-w! a bullet sung just over his head.

Dick was not in the least frightened. On the contrary, he felt a sudden surge of anger, and lifting his own rifle, he took a snap shot at the spot from which the flash of the enemy's fire had come.

The other was evidently on the look-out, for as Dick raised himself, a second bullet whipped past, so near that he felt the wind of it on his cheek. He replied instantly with two shots, and the second apparently got home. He heard a shriek of pain, then a crashing among the harsh palmetto leaves.

He sent a third bullet after the others, and waited.

The crashing died to a rustle, but it was pretty clear that the man was only wounded, and was getting away at best pace. It was no good wasting cartridges by firing at random, but Dick was strongly tempted to run forward and finish the fellow before he could get away.

It was lucky he did not try it, for next moment he heard shouts from two directions, and sounds which made it clear that at least two of the enemy were forcing their way through the scrub towards the beach. He realised that once they reached the edge of the palmetto his own position would be hopeless, and that the only thing he could do was to fall back.

To go back without water was maddening; but there was no help for it. It was that or being shot, and if he was even wounded it would be out of the question to ever reach the creek.

Creeping quickly from one rock to another, he reached the cliff again in safety, but instead of going round the point, and so along the strip of shingle, he climbed quickly up among the ragged pile of boulders facing the north end of the beach, and finding a snug cleft, crouched down and waited.

His idea was that the enemy, being in strength, might possibly try to chase him. If only they would, he had them at his mercy.

Mighty little mercy they would get at his hands, either. Dick's anger, and his anxiety for Dudley, had long ago swallowed up any scruples as to taking the lives of Cray or his gang. This time he would shoot to kill.

For a long time there was dead silence. Once or twice he fancied he heard a slight rustling, but there was a little breeze from the sea, enough to sway the stiff leaves slightly.

"The sweeps! They've funk'd it!" he muttered at last, and just then his quick ears caught a sound that was certainly not made by the breeze. It was the rattle of a loose pebble under foot.

With his heart beating fast, he craned forward, and presently became aware of a dark something moving cautiously towards the rock which he had so recently vacated.

Dick felt half sick with excitement. If the man reached him, he would be within range. He burned to get a chance at him.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 422.

Slowly—very slowly—the fellow advanced. He was crawling on all fours, and quite clearly was not feeling any too confident. Dick swung the barrel of his rifle till he covered him, but in this uncertain light he dared not fire at so long a range.

So, nearly five minutes passed, and by degrees the strain became almost unbearable. Then the fellow stopped short.

He was still a considerable distance from the spot where Dick had reckoned on his reaching, and with an effort he refrained from pulling the trigger on which his forefinger was trembling.

For a long time the man lay quite quiet, flat on his face on the shingle. Then, apparently certain that Dick must have moved from his original position, he slowly turned, and began to crawl back the way he had come.

Dick waited no longer. Taking careful aim, he pulled the trigger. With a yell that rang across the sleeping beach, the fellow sprang to his feet, and bolted.

Dick took two rapid shots as he ran, and at the second the man screamed again, and fell forward with such force that he slid across the sand, ploughing it up with his face and hands.

"Two!" cried Dick in triumph; but he rejoiced too soon, for at that moment a regular storm of bullets came thundering into the rocks all around him. The flashes came from three or four places at once, and he realised that almost the whole of Cray's force must have been brought up from the camp.

A splinter of lead or stone, he could not tell which, struck his left wrist, making a shallow gash, which bled freely. But for the rocks protecting him, he must have been shot to pieces. He realised that it was useless trying to carry on against such odds, and hastily scrambled away into the thick of the great pile of heaped boulders.

He had never before been up on this particular part of the cliff, and could not even tell whether it would be possible to reach the ledge by this route. But it would be simply suicide to show himself in the open, even for a second, and he climbed away as fast as possible, trusting that he might find some way out.

The firing continued fiercely, but a few yards took him out of all danger, and he was able to rise to his feet and go forward more rapidly.

Soon he found that there was no way down to the foot of the cliff, so he turned inwards, hoping to reach the cave by clambering along the face of the great landslide. This brought him right up against the cliff itself.

Here he was about forty feet above the sea, and perhaps sixty or seventy below the top of the bluff. He was on a sort of table-land, made by a section of the cliff having at some former time slipped bodily down from above. He was safe enough from his pursuers, unless they followed the same way he had come, and he hardly thought that they would risk that, knowing as they did what a good account he could give of himself with his rifle.

At the same time, there was always the risk that they might try along the top of the cliff, and start rolling boulders over. For this reason he kept in as close under the face of it as he could manage.

Presently he stopped and listened. He was feeling positively desperate at having to go back without the water. The idea of Dudley, with the fever on him, crying out for a drink, and he unable to give it, was enough to drive him mad. He began to think seriously of turning back, and making an attempt to fight his way through.

It was just then that he saw the narrow cleft in the cliff-face close beside him. He gazed at it a moment, hardly thinking of it, for his mind was full of Dudley. But as he gazed, something within attracted his attention. It was a little wavering band of bluish light.

He caught his breath, and stared again. For a moment he fancied that it was the eyes of some wild creature; but soon he saw that it could be nothing of the sort. It was not two dots, but one narrow band of light.

Fascinated, he went nearer. The light flickered faintly, and filled with burning curiosity, he stepped inside the cleft. It was very narrow at the mouth, but opened out a little farther in. Very cautiously he moved forward, until presently he was opposite the gleam. It was on a rock projection from the left-hand wall of the cave.

He raised his hand and touched it. As he took his hand away again, a little of the bluish incandescence glimmered on the ends of his fingers.

He stared at them in dumb amazement, and then, as if the words were dragged from him, muttered hoarsely.

"Luminous paint!"

(Another long instalment of this splendid new serial story next Monday. To avoid disappointment, order your copy early.)

MANY MAGNIFICENT TUCK-HAMPERS FOR READERS OF THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD," ½^D. OUT TO-DAY.

A BEAUTY GIFT EVERY WOMAN WILL PRIZE.

SENSATIONAL SUCCESS OF THE NEW "ASTINE" VANISHING CREAM.

A Beautiful Complexion, White Throat, Hands & Arms for All.

SEND FOR YOUR BEAUTY OUTFIT FREE.

The sensation of the Season among women has been the introduction of the new "Astine" Toilet Cream, which, whilst creating beauty almost immediately on application, vanishes from sight as soon as it comes into contact with the skin.

Leaders of Society, most famous for their beauty, popular Actresses, as well as thousands of beautiful women in ordinary walks of life, have expressed their enthusiastic approval of this almost marvellous toilet cream.

And it may be stated at once that any lady who desires

complexion beauty, who realises the pleasure of possessing a white throat, hands, or arms, need not any longer remain in doubt as to what this preparation is, for the Proprietors have decided to send 10,000 supplies free of cost to the public.

THE EASY ROAD TO A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Never has there been such a wonderful success as "Astine" Vanishing Cream. It seems almost magical that as this remarkable preparation is gently massaged into the skin, leaving behind not a trace of greasiness, or, indeed, a trace of its use



Photo [Savoy].
MISS ELISE CRAVEN, one of the most charming of British artistes, advises all to use "Astine" Vanishing Cream. You may obtain a test supply free of cost.

at all, there blooms in the complexion a pink-and-white colouring, a fresh, healthy appearance that is the pride of every sensitive woman.

"Astine" Vanishing Cream is a true tonic food to the skin. Lightly applied according to the instructions given, every little cell of the skin takes into itself the refreshing cream, and immediately stimulating nerves and millions of tiny little blood vessels to healthy action. Complexions, hands, etc., which have for years worried their owners, become in a few days soft, smooth, and comely. The rough skin disappears, the seamy lines are obliterated, the coarse red tints give place to that creamy whiteness which is so universally admired.

It is impossible in this space to mention the great number of those who have endorsed the beauty-creating qualities of "Astine" Vanishing Cream.

The world's most famous and beautiful actresses have accorded a wonderful welcome to the new "Astine" Vanishing Cream.

Miss Elise Craven, the youthful and charming dancer, says: "I think 'Astine' Vanishing Cream delightful."

Miss Phyllis Bedells, the English Pavlova, says: "I have thoroughly tested 'Astine' Vanishing Cream. It makes the skin beautifully white and fresh."

Miss Yvonne Arnaud, of "The Girl in the Taxi" fame, says: "Your Cream is excellent; I want to use it always."

Miss Ellaline Terriss says: "I consider the Cream very excellent."

Miss Elsie Janis repeats the same opinion.

Miss Ethel Levey, the "Queen of Revue" praises "Astine" Vanishing Cream in the same cordial terms.

Why not test "Astine" Vanishing Cream for yourself to-day free?

GAIN BEAUTY THIS WAY FREE.

If you desire complexion beauty, if you are troubled with
Crows' feet,
Lines round the mouth,
Blackheads,
Sallow complexion,
Wrinkles,
Red hands, or arms

—send for your free supply of "Astine" Vanishing Cream. You may at once in your own home commence a delightful beauty course.

The gift sent you is indeed a three-fold one, for you will receive:

1. A generous trial supply of the new "Astine" Vanishing Cream, the wonderful toilet discovery which, whilst creating complexion beauty, and giving to the arms, throat, and hands an alabaster-like whiteness, immediately vanishes on use.

2. A dainty tablet of "Astine" Toilet Soap, a delightful emollient preparation, which cleanses the skin, and may be used on the most delicate complexion without fear of causing roughness.

3. A specially-written Illustrated Pamphlet, comprising complete Rules for Beauty Drill, the following of which will assure to any woman, no matter how troubled she may now be with her complexion, an added charm and fascination.

"Astine" Vanishing Cream has entirely surpassed the old fat-laden products. It is a delicately-perfumed, grease-free product, which the daintiest of ladies will appreciate.



Photo [Dover St. Studios].
MISS YVONNE ARNAUD, the delightful musical comedy actress, gives her testimony that proves that you should send for your free supply of "Astine" Vanishing Cream.

A BEAUTY COURSE WORTH GUINEAS.

Send for your Free Supply, filling in, posting the form below. Apply "Astine" Vanishing Cream night and morning to the skin, according to the directions given, and you will enjoy a beauty course that might in the ordinary way cost you two or three guineas.

Once you have proved to your own delight and satisfaction the marvellous difference even the first application of "Astine" Vanishing Cream makes to the complexion and the skin generally, you will find that you can obtain further supplies from all Chemists at 1s. and 2s. 6d., or direct, post free, on remittance, from Edwards' "Harlene" Company, 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

To procure your Free Supply, send the form below, together with 2d. stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

POST THIS COUPON

To **EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,**

20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a Free supply of the new "Astine" Vanishing Cream, together with Sample of "Astine" Toilet Soap, and the course of beauty lessons. I enclose 2d. stamps for postage and packing.

NAME

ADDRESS

MAGNET, March 11th, 1916.

MY READERS' PAGE

OUR COMPANION PAPERS:

"THE BOYS' FRIEND," 1d., Every Monday. "THE GEM" LIBRARY, 1d., Every Wednesday. "THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY. "THE PENNY POPULAR," 1d., Every Friday. "CHUCKLES," Price 1d., Every Saturday.

The Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums, at home or abroad, and is only too willing to give his best advice to them if they are in difficulty or in trouble. . . . Whom to write to: Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For Next Monday:

"WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT!"

By Frank Richards.

In the grand, long, complete story which will appear next Monday, Rupprecht von Rattenstein, the Hun schoolboy, again plays a prominent part. Rattenstein has learned one lesson—that his expectations of seeing Greyfriars bend the knee to him on account of his miserable German title were based on a complete misapprehension of English schoolboys—so he ceases trying to ride the high horse. But he is all there when a chance to vent his bitter spite by means of cunning comes his way, and this German plotter succeeds by lies and treachery in bringing about a hot quarrel between such old and tried chums as Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry. How all the efforts of their chums proved unavailing to make peace between them, and how Phyllis Howell intervened with a happy result, you will read in next week's great story. I am sure you will all agree after you have read it that our old friend, Frank Richards, has given of his best in

"WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT!"

"RIVALS AND CHUMS!"

This is the title of the grand new threepenny book by Mr. Frank Richards, now on sale. It is enough to say that it deals with Greyfriars to ensure it the most hearty of receptions from the readers of this paper. I know. When I add that the Highcliffe fellows play prominent parts in it, my readers will be on the tiptoe of expectation, for Courtenay, the one-time "boy without a name," and his chum, the Caterpillar, are almost as popular with the admirers of Frank Richards' work as the Famous Five themselves. Ponsonby & Co. also play their parts in

"RIVALS AND CHUMS!"

of course; and no better, livelier, or more thoroughly entertaining school story than this has ever been published. And that is saying a lot when one remembers all the splendid yarns that its famous author has given us in the past.

DON'T FORGET!

I asked you all last week to be sure to order your copies of the companion papers in advance. Perhaps you have already done so; but I know how things get put off, and so I am asking you again. The matter is one of real importance and urgency. If this paper trouble lasts long, a good many journals may have to put up the shutters. I don't mean that mine shall be among them, and by doing as I ask, you can help to avert any danger of that. I trust to your loyalty to help me in keeping the flag flying.

USELESS INQUIRIES.

I am always ready and willing to give my readers any information in my power to give; but there is a limit, and one letter lately received has certainly reached it. The writer of this letter sends me a list of some thirty St. Jim's and Greyfriars fellows, arranged in pairs, and asks me to give the result of a boxing encounter in the case of each pair. He asks for a reply immediately, as the matter is very urgent! Really, I quite fail to see either the urgency or the use of it. The only possible reply in most cases is: "I don't know!" But I doubt whether my inquiring friend would be quite satisfied with that. I have every sympathy

with my readers' keenness for information about their favourite characters; but if they would only realise that I am very unlikely to be able to tell them more than they can find out for themselves from the stories and the supplement given away with our last Christmas Number, they might save me some unnecessary trouble.



THE STORY COMPETITION.

In continuation of the lists of consolation prizewinners already given, I give hereunder the names and addresses of a few more. This is the last list which will be printed. The hundreds left without this acknowledgment of their efforts will all have had their prizes long before this appears, and I hope they will understand that only the want of spare space prevents me from giving them the pleasure of seeing their names in print.

- Stanley Eld, 63, Somerset Road, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham.
 Edgar F. Higgins, 22, Upper Camden Place, Camden Road, Bath.
 A. J. Gardner, 46, Lochnagar Street, Poplar, E.
 Thomas Smith, 114, Cawdor Street, Moses Gate, Farnworth, near Bolton.
 Harry Dawson, 25, Warwick Street, Hulme, Manchester.
 John Stack, 14, Harbour View, Queenstown, co. Cork.
 C. Lawson, Parrotts Grove, Hawkesbury, near Coventry.
 Percy Roberts, 125, Granton Road, Everton, Liverpool.
 E. Emerson, P.O. Box 1074, Welland, Ontario, Canada.
 Joseph Druce, 31, Highgate Road, Walsall.
 Harry Cunliffe, 77, Trinity Street, Oswaldtwistle, near Accrington.
 W. H. Ridway, 68, Shaftesbury Avenue, Montpelier, Bristol.
 L. P. McDermott, 31, Claremont Street, North Road, Plymouth.
 William Craig, jun., 150, Marshall Wallace Road, South Shields.
 Miss Evelyn Tinley, 251, Park Mount, New Hey Road, Bradford.
 A. Drakeley, 79, New John Street, Birmingham.
 L. E. Eggleton, 9, Alexandra Street, New Cross, S.E.
 Reginald Streeter, Clyde House, 193, London Road, East Grinstead.
 G. A. Sanderson, Rosedene, Atterby Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees.
 B. S. Graingold, 131, Stocks Street, Cheetham, Manchester.
 Mrs. Cullingford, 2, Eversley Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
 Isaac Norman, 61, Westmoreland Street, Crosshill, Glasgow.
 W. Robinson, 2, Brandling Street South, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland.
 Herbert Hough, jun., 16, Aldred Street, Crescent, Salford.
 F. Parsons, 37, Edmund Road, Sheffield.
 Miss Rose Capaldi, 9, Winston Street, Parkhead, Glasgow.
 H. Davison, 137, Bernard Street, Park, Sheffield.
 Fred Wright, 38, Noon Street, Birkenhead.
 Stanley Garden, 80, Holmesdale Road, South Norwood, S.E.
 R. W. Johnston, Sunny Bank, Bray, co. Dublin.
 J. Staveley, The Picture House, Bridlington.
 James Dobson, 25, Gifford Park, Edinburgh.
 Alfred Taylor, 163, Byron Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
 E. J. Radford, the Cedars, Stoke-on-Trent.
 D. McLaughlin, 1, Kirk Street, Calton, Glasgow.
 Keith M. Robins, 41, Brook Street, Gloucester.
 A. Bunn, the Nutshell, Hale, near Farnham, Surrey.
 Francis Hill, Main Street, Barlestone, near Nuneaton.
 H. C. Rivers, 19, Liverpool Street, Reading.
 E. H. Filmer, 21, Bridge Street, Stratford, E.

(Continued on page iv of Cover.)



F. CAMPBELL,
Wallsend.



MISS E. LEACH,
Preston.



W. LAVENDER,
Tunbridge Wells.



MISS L. HARDMAN,
Preston.



H. FRITH,
Battersea.



DRIVER R. V. HANN,
Croydon.



W. COMMINS and J. McCADDEN,
Readers of the "Gem" and the "Magnet."



C. LOUVEL,
South Norwood.



K. BURLEY,
Birmingham.



J. OVERTON,
Stratford.



MISS ALICE GREIG (C.C.),
Walworth, London.



MISS MABEL HURLEY,
Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.



J. GRAHAM,
Liverpool.



H. C. FLETCHER,
Birmingham.



W. E. BISHOP,
Eastleigh.



F. CHALKLEY,
Birmingham.



A KEEN LEICESTER
READER.

THE STORY COMPETITION (*continued*).

D. G. Steere, 12, Eastcourt Road, Worthing.
 R. J. McCann, 8, Symons Street, off Roden Street, Belfast.
 Julius Herman, R.U.C., Grahamstown, South Africa.
 Miss Marjorie Ratcliffe, Rose and Crown Hotel, Market Place, Hornsea.

NOTICES.

Dugler C. Patterson, 110th Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C., 36th Division, B.E.F., France, would very much like to hear from Miss F. Rodgers, whose portrait appeared in No. 413, if that young lady is willing to write to him.

Gunner Robert Prior, 3907, 46th Siege Battery, R.G.A., B.E.F., France, sends a similar request as to Miss Maggio Smith, whose portrait was in No. 414.

Private G. Glen, 5 Platoon, "B" Coy., 5th Durham Light Infantry, B.E.F., France, would welcome letters from either boy or girl readers.

Laurence Murphy, C.C., has formed a district branch of "Chuckles" Club in Liverpool, and would be glad to hear from members wishing to join. Address: 142, Stanley Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool.

W. Maughan, 24, Hotspur Street, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will be glad to hear from readers who have any very old numbers of the "Magnet" to dispose of.

R. Quarendon, 15, Tantallon Road, Balham, S.W., who is secretary to the Heather F.C., would be glad to hear of any football clubs (average age not over sixteen) willing to fix up matches with his club, either at Balham or away.

H. Pearson, Box 1046, Durban, South Africa, would like to correspond with some members of the "Chuckles" Club in the homeland.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

A. Arditti.—If you will send me your address, I can give you the names of one or two readers who have back numbers for sale.

"Grammar School Chum" (Norwich).—I think the majority of "Gem" and "Magnet" readers are bright and active. Queries are replied to thus: (1) Vernon-Smith is quite a good boxer; (2) Inky has no parents; (3) Figgins is up to a very high standard as an all-round sportsman, but falls a little short of Tom Merry.

Sholmes and Jotson (Accrington).—Don't ask such a lot of questions! Sholmes ought to be able to give the answers himself, on his head—or out of it—or off it! Seriously, I can't answer when people demand: "When is there going to be such-and-such a story?" I am no prophet.

A. E. W. J. (Manchester).—Sorry you and other American chums don't like Fish. But nobody ever held him up as a typical American, you know.

S. C. (Sheffield).—Your unselfish action is highly approved.

E. P. (Sydney).—No doubt you will have seen the "Herald" before now. Cousin Ethel and Figgins are simply friends.

R. de L. (Newcastle).—Harry Wharton's home is in Hampshire. Not sure about Cherry's. No Newcastle boys, as far as I know. But we often hear from readers in your town.

"A Loyal Sydney Reader."—In reply to your queries: (1) Mr. Carrington is still at St. Jim's; (2) I really don't know.

T. E. J. (Rhymney).—I hope you have had news from your father himself before this; but even if you don't hear, keep up your heart, and put faith in the War Office's statement.

V. and C. (Rotherhithe).—Places and characters imaginary.

J. B. and W. B. (Bristol).—See reply above.

"An Irish Reader."—See reply to V. and C. Reilly of St. Jim's is Irish.

C. S. (Sydney, N.S.W.).—Very pleased to hear from you. Thanks for your efforts to get new readers.

E. P. and L. A. H. W.—See reply to V. and C. above.

E. F. (Wokingham).—Your list of the Remove omits the following: Elliott, Glenn, Silvester, Smith minor, Stanley, and Vane. This may help several other readers who have also written on this subject.

F. M. (East Dulwich).—The places named are imaginary. Thanks for photo. Send along your brother's also, if you like. All readers are welcome.

G. Alloway (S. Hackney).—Levison appeared in some of the very early numbers of the "Magnet."

G. C. B. (Watford).—Quite a good dodge, leaving copies you have finished with in the train. If the gentleman who was so tickled becomes a regular reader, he will not be our only grown-up supporter—not by long odds!

A. H. F. (Nunhead).—Thanks for photo. So glad you liked "School and Sport."

"A Burton Reader."—We must wait till after the war for badges.

J. W. F. (East Molesey).—No, I don't edit "Answers." A full list of the papers under my control appears each week.

"Loyal Reader" (Glasgow).—Other readers have also made the suggestions you offer—a "Gem" Story Competition, and

cinema films dealing with "Magnet" and "Gem" characters. But I don't think either is likely to be adopted just yet.

E. G. P. (Colchester).—Some people can write stories—good, bad, or indifferent—and some can't. Lots of readers managed the full 30,000 words, and some of them wrote quite good stories, though none up to the Richards' mark. Glad you are so thoroughly satisfied of the fairness of the competitions. Your brief pars are quite amusing, though they do just fail the publication standard. Try again!

A. F. H.—I have seen worse verses than yours, but they fail to reach publication standard. You can get "The Boy Without a Name" by sending four penny stamps to this office.

C. R. (Hollymount).—Photo received, and shall appear.

A Pit Lad.—Try strong acid tablets, such as chemists sell, to cure yourself of your desire for smoking. Use your will power, too. I think the reason you wake up feeling so stiff is that you don't relax your limbs sufficiently in bed. Notice how a young child lies—it relaxes naturally. But an older person is apt to take up a fixed position, and not let himself go. It is not easy to explain, but I think you may catch on to my meaning.

J. W. N. (Goole).—Sorry, but Correspondence Exchange closed.

L. M. H.—The only way to secure a post as a regular contributor to a paper is to send in stuff good enough. Editors don't buy pigs in pokes, you know. And at your age it is very unlikely you could keep it up, even if you could get a start.

A. E. S. (Newton Abbot).—If you give your newsagent an order for the "Herald" you should have no difficulty in getting it.

"A Sheffield Magnetite."—Many thanks for your good work. See reply to A. E. S. above.

J. J. R. R. (Norton).—See reply to A. E. S.

R. D. (Jamaica).—Thanks for charming view of one of your island's beauty spots.

F. G. L. (Thornton Heath).—The kind of thing you suggest has been done before, and scarcely makes a story in itself. But something of the sort is pretty sure to happen again. Some new boys will be uppish—like Grundy, of St. Jim's—and must be well and truly sat upon.

Springbok (Transvaal).—The Fourth Form would be decidedly superior to Standard IV., I should say, but I don't know enough to tell you exactly what standard it equals.

E. B. (Bridgwater).—Thanks for photo.

C. Y. (South Shields).—Yes, gelatine is certainly the cheapest way of printing—if one calls it printing when done so. Glad nothing dreadful happened when you were caught reading the "G. H." in class. But don't do it again!

J. W. M. (Hampstead).—No offence! Everybody is entitled to his own opinion. But I am not in any way whatever bound to back up any daily paper, and I don't often refer to any of them, as you probably know.

M. B. (Invercargill, N.Z.).—Glad to hear that your father and mother agree with you in thinking the "Magnet" ripping. I like the schoolgirl's verse, but it would not do to print it. We are giving the Kaiser a miss, you know. There are more cheerful things to talk about.

A. T. (Richmond, Melbourne).—The supplement in the Christmas Number will have answered your questions before this.

V. A. (Wellington, N.Z.).—Cannot do as you wish. The character you mention is quite imaginary.

"Ignoramus" (Northampton).—(1) I don't know; (2) No.

"A Transvaaler."—Harry Wharton is the best Remove footballer, though not much ahead of three or four others. Cannot remember the highest score made in a Remove match.

M. A. (Greenock).—Answers can never be given in the next number, because the next number is printed long before the letters are received. Bull has no father. Bob Cherry and Tom Merry are practically equal.

H. C. C. (Clapham Common).—Pronunciations required: (1) Sing is near enough; (2) New-gent; (3) Low-ther (as in "low"); (4) more like Riley; (5) Talbot—"a" short, but many people call it "Tolbot"; (6) more like Ker-oosh.

"Three Chums" (Ealing).—Many thanks for your loyal letter. It is quite easy to start a club among "Magnet" and "Gem" readers. Call a few of them together, make up your minds what you are going in for—football, for instance, or running, or just to meet and talk over the stories—form your rules, and there you are!

Private G. S. (Aberdeen).—Thanks for good wishes.

L. J. K. (Jamaica).—I regret to hear that the supply of the companion papers in your island is irregular, and that sometimes you miss numbers. It is not my fault, though.

Your Editor