

THE CHAMPION SCHOOL STORY PAPER!

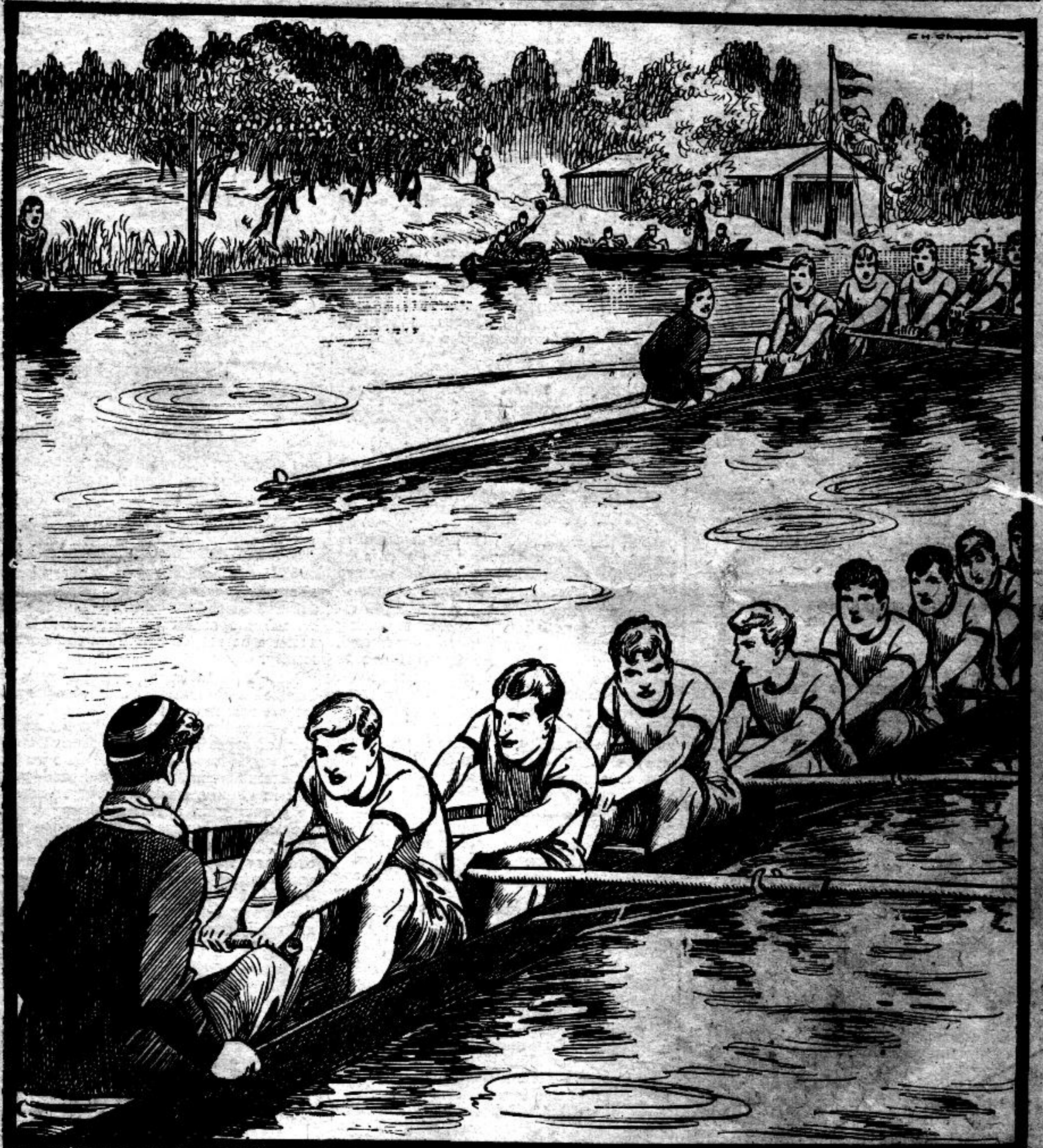


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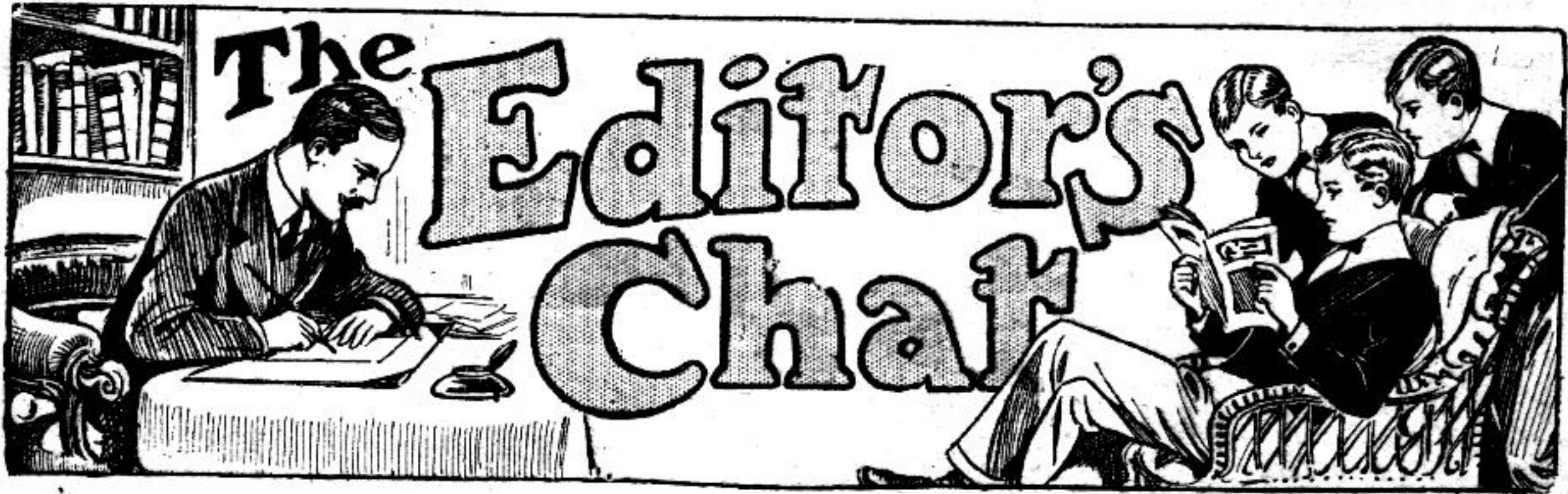
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May 8th, 1920.



A CLOSE FINISH TO THE GREYFRIARS BOAT-RACE!



For Next Monday.

"BUNTER THE BANKRUPT!"

By Frank Richards.

Next week's story is another of the powerful, "gripping" tales of schoolboy life which Frank Richards knows so well how to write.

"BUNTER THE BANKRUPT!"

which will appear in next week's issue of the MAGNET Library, will take a high place.

All regular MAGNET readers will thoroughly enjoy this story, which they should make a point of ordering in advance.

THE CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

After long consideration I have decided that, in view of the extra expense entailed, all Notices will be charged sixpence each. It is my firm belief that supporters of the Companion Papers will freely recognise the growing necessity for placing the Correspondence Column on a business footing, and that the return to the former system of a small charge for insertions will add materially to the value and utility of this feature.

OUT OF THE HURLY-BURLY.

It was not in quest of stories of the submarines that I went West last week, but I found such tales all ready to be told me by a strange old salt, the skipper of a collier who had put into port to refit. He was one of the driest old chaps I have ever met, and with a big stock of humour, to say nothing of possessing the "sea eye" such as we all know—the kind of eye which seems to see more than others.

I had a long chat with this ancient mariner as we stood watching the gulls, and he described to me some of the cross-Channel trips he had been on these last few years, with mines everywhere. He had seen many things; but, thanks to fine seamanship, had come through unscathed, though his business had taken him to France scores of times and in and out amongst the islands.

This spring and summer myriads of us mean to get away from town for a spell. You can get fed up with the traffic and the ceaseless hustle. As the poet said:

"What are the wild wheels saying,
Rumbling the streets along,
All my fine feelings flaying
With their uproarious song?"

Of course, the man who wrote those lines was a poet, and consequently more disposed to nerves; but you can have too much traffic, too big a dose of skipping out of the way of the frisky taxi and the frolicsome motor-omnibus. It is particularly cheery to leave all that sort of thing behind and find oneself where the natives take life easily, as perhaps it was intended

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 639.

to be taken—at any rate, at times. I found myself in a Cornish town with such narrow streets that when a cart came along you had to nip into a shop quick so as to avoid being knocked down.

In Cornwall a town grows just any old how. Nobody is particular. The streets are straight up and down. How the horses manage at all beats me. Still, the patient animals scramble up slopes and slither down again, and nothing tragic happens. These towns must have started by being small encampments on the side of the hills. Then another fellow came along and thought he would have a cottage a bit higher up, and so the game went on. The street just does as it likes. If you get down it without coming a cropper you are lucky.

I saw plenty of the Companion Papers being sold down in Cornwall, likewise "Chuckles"—though, of course, it is one of them—and the youngsters stroll about in off times reading their favourite stories, and taking not the slightest notice of the ups and downs of the place.

Some of the villages have swift-running streams coursing down the High Streets, and the inhabitants throw anything they do not happen to want out of the door. It saves all further trouble, for the stream manages the rest, and will carry what it is required down to the big inlet and the sea. You see plenty of waterfalls in this part of the world. The music of cascades comes to the ear through the woods or across the fields, where the red cattle are making the best of the thin pasturage.

The way they measure miles in Cornwall seems peculiar. I was tramping across a peninsula, making my way inland, and asked the way and the distance to Bodinnick Ferry of a smart policeman wearing many war decorations who came swinging round the corner of the lane. "It is four miles," said the officer. So I pushed on for miles, and then asked somebody else. "It is five miles," said my new informant. They evidently stretch the miles in this interesting old corner of the world. I believe myself that London or Birmingham or Leeds or any big town would be far more picturesque if the same kind of town planning were adopted as prevails in Cornwall. You would have the streets wandering about just as they liked, and neighbours would enjoy the novelty of clambering up to their front doors.

WANTED—A DOG!

An interesting letter just received from Miss Peggy Lloyd, of Lampeter, reminded me of an incident during a tramp—or, rather, a climb—through a Cornish countryside. Miss Peggy says she wants a dog, either a fox terrier or an Aberdeen. Could I tell her where she could get one? Well, I can assure her she will not find any difficulty.

It is a pity Miss Peggy was not wandering through Cornwall the other day. She

might have seen a brisk little black-eared altogether-nicely-marked little fox terrier which bounded out of a narrow court on to the hill which did duty for the main street of Bodinnick village. The street is taken by motorists, but they do not like it. I am not a bit surprised at that. Once a car got the bit in its carburettor, nothing on earth could stop it having a nice, cooling dip at the bottom where the sea is waiting for it—and no magneto yet manufactured cares about the briny taken suddenly.

Well, out came the dog. It was about as young as it could be and as sportive. It romped around my legs, took a plunge at my coat, got its teeth into the cloth, and hung on. I could not get rid of the cheery little quadruped for quite a long time, and it looked as if I should have to take to wearing the jolly little beast as a charm against snake-bite or something. This dog lived in a cottage perched half-way up the street. Its chief amusement seemed to be chevvyng the ducks which straddled about shovelling up any items of food.

The cottage had a garden to it, of course, and how the owner of the garden managed to keep his crops in position was a puzzle. You expected to see him slip down as he hoed his potatoes and end up in the water. But there, they are used to strange things in Cornwall!

WELL DONE, CUMBERLAND!

"We can hold our own in every branch of sport, and we have the honour to say without boast that we are one of the most beautiful counties in the British Isles," writes a correspondent from the northern county.

He wants to know, you know, why a Cumbrian character is not introduced. I see no reason, and Mr. Frank Richards shall have the suggestion put before him. But, of course, this fellow from Cumberland would have to speak so that we could understand him. I have heard people talk in Cumberland, and they seemed to be speaking in a foreign language, and the English language is rather a funny thing. Even those who use it in the ordinary way—that is the London way, and that style is full of mistakes—get fogged at times. People tie up sentences the wrong way, and use words which do not really exist, as witness the following:

"Sally Salter, she was a young teacher who taught,
And her friend, Charlie Church, was a preacher who praught.
Though his enemies called him a screecher who scaught."

Your Editor



The Scholarship Company

A Magnificent Long
Complete School Story
of Harry Wharton &
Co. at Greyfriars.

BY
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Linley's Luck!

"HIP, hip, hooray!" yelled Bob Cherry of the Greyfriars Remove, entering Study No. 1. Wharton, Nugent, and Hurree Singh, who were in the study, stared at him in surprise.

"Hip, hip, hooray!"

"What's up, Bob?" asked Harry Wharton, in surprise. "Has somebody left you a fortune?"

"Or has Billy Bunter been sacked from Greyfriars?" suggested Frank Nugent.

"Or has the esteemed and ludicrous Cherry thought out a new kind of punch in the boxfulness?" put in Hurree Singh.

"Hip, hip, hooray!" repeated Bob Cherry, waving his cap frantically in the air. "Hip, hip, hooray!"

Nugent tapped his forehead significantly.

"Mad!" he said. "Mad as a hatter!"

"I'm no more mad than you, Nugent!" said Bob Cherry indignantly. "Any chap would be excited to hear such ripping news!"

"Ripping news!" exclaimed Wharton.

"What the dickens has happened?"

"Stunning news!" said Bob Cherry, in great excitement. "Glorious news! Simply tip-top, top-hole news!"

This was too much for Wharton and Nugent and Hurree Singh. With one accord they rushed at Bob Cherry and seized him firmly.

"Now then, you duffer!" exclaimed Wharton, holding Bob Cherry fast by the coat-collar. "Explain yourself!"

"Leggo, ass!" howled Bob Cherry. "Aren't I telling you?"

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

"You're trying to, Bob," grinned Nugent. "But you haven't got further than saying it's spiffing news so far!"

"Well, so it is!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm surprised at you if you don't agree, Nugent!"

"But you haven't told us what the news is!" said Harry Wharton.

"Well, if you chumps won't give a chap a chance, what is a chap to do?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows——"

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

"Here's Bunter!"

"Scat, Bunter!" said Wharton sharply.

"Clear!"

Billy Bunter advanced into the study and blinked at Wharton with his little, short-sighted eyes.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"I'm Wharton, ass!"

"I meant Wharton, of course! I knew you at once, Wharton! What are you holding Bull for, Wharton?"

"I'm not Bull!" growled Bob Cherry.

"But, all the same, I wish you chaps would leggo of me!"

"Oh, all right!" grinned Wharton, as he released his hold on Bob Cherry. "But when are we going to hear your first-rate, tip-top, top-hole news, Bob?"

"As soon as Bunter has cleared off," said Bob Cherry. "There's no need for the fat bounder to be let into it!"

"Oh, really, Cherry, I'm not inquisitive, I hope!"

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

"The inquisitiveness of the ludicrous Bunterful chum is terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

"No, I ain't," said Bunter. "I know what Cherry wants to tell you chaps, so there!"

"Oh, do you?" said Bob Cherry.

"Well, let's hear it, Billy!"

"It's about the Greek exam, of course. I know——"

"Eh?" said Bob Cherry, staring at Bunter. "How did you find out, Billy?"

"Find out!" snorted Bunter. "It didn't need much finding out. I could have told you chaps a week ago that I'd win the first prize!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Cherry. "You're simply killing, Bunter! Ha, ha, ha!"

"First prize!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "Bunter hasn't won a first prize—I know that!"

"And in a Greek exam, of all things!" said Nugent. "It's absolutely impossible!"

"The impossiblefulness," put in Hurree Singh, "is awful and terrific!"

"Of course it isn't true!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's all very well for you to laugh, Cherry," said Bunter indignantly. "But you can't get out of it now. You've admitted it already."

"Admitted it!" yelled Cherry. "Why, you fat spoofer——"

"That will do, Cherry!" said Bunter severely. "That prize will be a nice handy little sum, and I've come to ask you chaps——"

"To lend you some cash in advance on it! Not on your life, Bunter!" said Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"What do you chaps think of the news?" asked Johnny Bull, coming into the study. "I've just heard it from Marky! I think it's splendid!"

"These chaps don't know yet!" groaned Bob Cherry. "I've been trying to tell them, but what with Bunter and other silly asses butting in——"

"Well, it's ripping, anyway!" said Johnny Bull.

"Thanks!" said Bunter. "I'm glad you take it like that, Bull. I was afraid you might be jealous, like Cherry!"

"What's it got to do with you, anyway?" asked Johnny Bull, in surprise. "I didn't know you were such a friend of Mark Linley's, Bunter."

"Friend of Mark Linley's!" snorted Bunter. "I'm not the sort of chap to make friends with a poverty-stricken scholarship bounder—— Oh, wow! What yer doing, you beasts?"

The Famous Five had laid hands on Bunter, and were bumping him hard.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Stoppit! Chuck it!" wailed Bunter. "Leggo, you rotters!"

"Say you're sorry you insulted a chap whose boots you're not fit to clean!" commanded Bob Cherry.

"I—I'm sorry I insulted a chap who doesn't clean my boots!" howled Bunter unwillingly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whose boots I'm not fit to clean," said Bob Cherry. "That's what you've got to say, Bunter!"

"Whose—whose boots Cherry ain't fit to clean," said Bunter.

"Oh, let the silly ass go!" said Wharton, half laughing. "He isn't worth the trouble, and we're burning to hear the news!"

Bunter struggled to his feet as the Famous Five released him.

"Yah! Rotters!" he said. "When I get my prize-money, I sha'n't let you have any of it!" And he rolled out of the study.

"Well, Bob, who won the first prize in the Greek exam?" asked Nugent. "Not Angel of the Fourth, I suppose, or you wouldn't be so happy about it?"

"And not Bolsover of ours, I suppose?" said Wharton. "Has—did—"

"Yes!" grinned Bob Cherry. "I can see you've struck on the right chap, Harry. He has. He did. Mark Linley has won the first prize!"

"Hooray!" yelled the rest of the Famous Five. "Hip, hip, hooray!"

"The hoorayfulness," chimed in Hurree Singh, "is great! But the gladfulness is terrific!"

"Rather!" said Harry Wharton. "Good old Marky!"

And the Famous Five shouted themselves hoarse with cheering. They were tremendously pleased with Linley's luck. The Lancashire lad was one of themselves, though he might not be actually included in that select little circle known as the Famous Five.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Angel is Vicious!

STOP a moment, young Linley!" rapped out Aubrey Angel of the Fourth, as he met Mark Linley in the Close.

"Well, young Angel?" replied Linley coolly. "What do you want?"

Aubrey Angel glared at Linley. Being a Fourth-Former, he looked down on Removites as mere fags. Besides which, Angel was the most conceited fellow in his own Form, and indeed at Greyfriars.

"None of your cheek, Linley!" he said. "It's bad enough to have to associate with a scholarship pauper like you, without that!"

"I'm sure I don't want to associate with you, Angel!" replied Mark Linley.

"I like decent chaps for my pals—"

"And you think I am not a decent chap?" said Angel. "Why, I'll—"

"Of course, there are different standards of decency," said Mark Linley, shrugging his shoulders. "Your idea of decency may include gambling and betting. Mine doesn't!"

"No. Your idea of decency consists of swatting all day and night, and then bagging any prize you can lay your hands on!" sneered Angel.

Mark Linley saw it was not worth while replying. He walked on quickly.

With a scowl on his face, Angel entered the School House and made for Temple's study in the Fourth Form passage.

"Oh, it's you?" said Temple uneasily, when Angel had entered and coolly seated himself.

"Yes, it's I," said Angel, looking tauntingly at the captain of the Fourth. "You don't look very pleased to see me, Temple."

"D-d-don't I?" stammered Cecil

Reginal Temple. "Oh, of course, I'm very pleased to see you, Angel! What could have made you think I wasn't?"

"Have a fag," said Angel, thrusting a packet of cigarettes under Temple's nose. "They're an extra-special brand—two shillings a packet."

"Are they? That's v-v-very cheap, isn't it?"

"Is it?" snorted Angel. "That's because I got them as a bargain. Well, are you going to have a fag, or aren't you?"

"N-no, thanks!" stammered Temple.

"Have a fag," repeated Angel, in a commanding voice.

"All—all right!" said Temple, gingerly lighting a cigarette. "What are you so snappy about, Angel, old man?"

Aubrey Angel grinned maliciously. It was a great pleasure for him to feel that he had reduced the captain of the Fourth to the condition of a nervous wreck.

"Never you mind what I'm snappy about," he said. "It's a good deal more important that I know what you're nery about."

"W-what d'you mean?" asked Temple.

Angel took out a letter and held it up before Temple's eyes.

"D'you recognise that?" he asked.

Temple moistened his dry lips with his tongue.

"It's—it's my I O U!" he stammered.

"Exactly," said Angel. "You owe me ten quid, and you can't pay it."

"I'll pay it," said Temple, in a low voice.

"I'll see to that!" said Angel. "You bet you will! You've been playing the lord and master over me too long, but now the tables are turned!"

"I wish I'd never gone near you and your rotten gambling-den of a study!" said Temple miserably.

"Now then!" said Angel. "You can't afford to take that tone with me! I'll trouble you to keep a civil tongue in your head, Temple!"

"I—I'm sorry!" stammered Temple.

"And I'll make you sorrier still if you don't do exactly what I ask you!" said Angel. "D'you understand that?"

"Yes, of course—but what?"

Angel pushed his sarcastic face a little closer to the finely-cut countenance of Cecil Reginald Temple.

"I suppose you aren't feeling particularly friendly towards Mark Linley just now?" he said suggestively.

Temple's face hardened, and his eyes glistened angrily.

"Oh, hang that scholarship rotter!" he exclaimed. "I came out second in the Greek exam. If it hadn't been for him I'd have bagged the top prize."

"And, as there was only one prize, you got nothing at all," said Angel.

"Exactly! But, to come to the point, when do you intend paying my ten quid?"

"The—the fact is, I'm very short just now," said Temple. "My pater has had bad luck on the Stock Exchange, and he's reduced my allowance to almost nothing."

Angel smiled unpleasantly. He had known that fact when he lured the captain of the Fourth into his clutches.

"That doesn't answer my question," he said. "I asked you when you are going to pay what you owe me."

"I—I'm relying on winning the Essay prize," said Temple.

"Expectations go wrong at times," said Angel tauntingly.

"I'm pretty sure of a prize this time," muttered Temple. "There are three good prizes, you see, and I suppose I'll bag one of them at least."

"Even that supposition may prove false," said Angel.

"What d'you mean, hang you?" growled Temple.

"Civility, Temple!" commanded Angel.

"I'm sorry! But I'm bound to get one of the Essay prizes."

"And if you don't?" asked Angel.

"There can't be any doubt of it," repeated Temple.

"If I were you," said Angel slowly, "I'd make assurance doubly sure."

"You—you mean—"

"I mean what I say. Supposing you don't get one of the Essay prizes, who are the three chaps who'll win them?" asked Angel, looking cunningly at Temple.

"How can I know?" asked Temple nervously.

"I can tell you, if you don't know, Temple. They are most likely to be Linley, Penfold, and Redwing."

"The scholarship cads of the Remove!" said Temple thickly. "You're right, Angel."

"Well, need I say more?" asked Angel.

"I—I don't quite see how I'm to stop them from winning the prizes," said Temple.

"If you're so dense, I'll have to make it plainer," said Angel. "You see—"

At that moment Temple's study-mates, Dabney and Fry, entered.

"We'll have to finish our conversation another time, Temple," said Aubrey Angel. "There is no hurry."

And he departed.

"What did that beastly cad want?" asked Fry. "He makes me feel ill whenever I look at him."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "Absolutely!"

Temple gave a sickly grin.

"Angel isn't really a bad chap," he said. "He's got his good points."

"If you take my advice," said Fry bluntly, "you'll steer clear of him altogether. He'll lead you into a nice mess, otherwise."

"Please do me the favour of dropping the subject of Angel," pleaded the captain of the Fourth. "Let's get on with prep."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "We've had more than enough about that beastly upstart Angel, begad!"

"Of course, we know he's a mere parvenu compared with you, Dab!" grinned Fry. "Still, I've certainly no objection to starting on prep. Get yourself fit for the Essay exam, Reggy."

"I will!" said Cecil Reginald Temple between his teeth.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry Arranges Things.

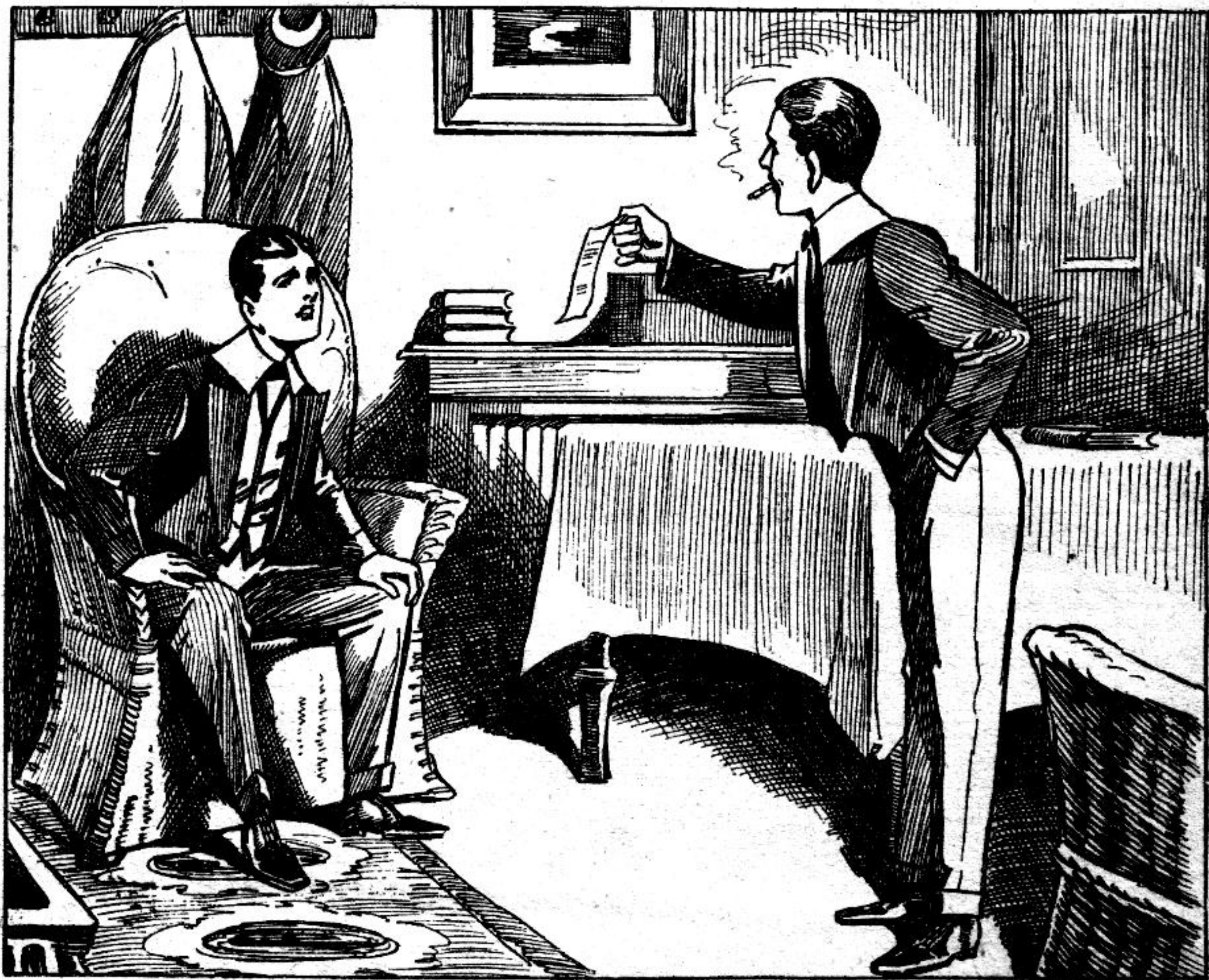
INKY," said Bob Cherry, turning to Hurree Singh, "it's jolly lucky for Marky that he won that Greek prize. I know he needed the money, as he doesn't like sponging on his dad, who isn't well off, as we all know. I only hope he manages to bag the Essay prize as well."

Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, and Wun Lung were sitting in Study No. 13 in the Remove passage, which they shared with Mark Linley.

"Inky—"

"The hopefulness for the prizefulness is great," said Hurree Singh. "The worthy Marky is the best scholarship chum in the esteemed and ludicrous Essay competition."

"That's so," said Bob. "But it isn't by any means certain that he's going to bag it. The examining johnnies set some stiff history essays at times, and Marky will have to do a lot of swatting



Angel took the letter out and held it before Temple's eyes. "Do you recognise that?" he asked. Temple moistened his dry lips. "It's—it's my I O U!" "Exactly. You owe me ten quid, and you can't pay it." (See Chapter 2.)

if he wants to prance home with the honours."

"Why doesn't the worthy Cherry enter for the esteemed competition?" asked Hurree Singh slyly.

Bob Cherry shook his head ruefully.

"I'm no use at swatting," he said. "I wonder why they don't have exams on playing half-back at Soccer? I might be able to score a few marks then."

"The scorefulness," murmured Hurree Singh, "would indeed be terrific!"

"Now, what do you chaps say to getting out of the study for a few days, so that Marky can swat quietly, without having noisy bounders like us to disturb him?" suggested Bob.

"The worthy Bob is very noiseful," grinned Hurree Singh; "but Wun Lung and my humble self are not of the rowdyful sortfulness."

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry. "I didn't think you would object to doing a little thing like that for Marky."

The Hindu junior smiled.

"I do not object refusefully," he said. "I am willing to clear out of the study if the worthy Cherry thinks it is the right coursefulness."

"Oh, good!" said Bob. "Of course, I knew you'd do it, Inky! What about you, Wun Lung?"

The Chinese junior looked up innocently.

"Me no sayvy!" he said.

"We want you to clear out of here so that Mark Linley can have the study to

swat in," explained Bob Cherry patiently.

"Me no sayvy!" said Wun Lung.

Bob Cherry groaned. The Chinese junior was apparently in one of those pig-headed moods when he did not wish to understand what was said to him.

"Tell him in Hindu, Inky," pleaded Bob Cherry.

Hurree Singh grinned.

"Wun Lung cannot understand the Hindu speechfulness," he said.

Bob Cherry took out a big knife and approached the little Chinese.

"What Mastel Chelly do to pool Wun Lung?" asked the Chinese junior in terror.

"I'll cut off your pigtail!" said Bob Cherry, in a terrible voice.

"No cuttee!" pleaded Wun Lung, edging away.

"Oh, yes! It's got to be cut!" said Bob Cherry.

Wun Lung shivered.

"Me do what Mastel Chelly say," he wheezed. "Handsome Mastel Chelly no hulta pool Wun Lung!"

Bob Cherry grinned. He had no intention of cutting off Wun Lung's pigtail in reality. He knew that Wun Lung belonged to the old-fashioned sort of Chinamen, who thought their pigtails holy.

"Are you going to clear out of the study, so that Marky can have it to himself?" he asked.

"Me clealee," said Wun Lung quickly.

"Oh, so you savvy now, do you?" grinned Bob.

"Me savvy!" said the little Chinese.

That was how it came about that Mark Linley, on approaching his study, found his three study-mates emerging from it, laden with books and other articles.

"What in the world are you chaps up to?" he asked, in great surprise.

"Clearing out, so that you can have the study to yourself to swat in," said Bob Cherry.

Mark Linley looked at Bob gratefully. He certainly did find it hard at times to study, with Bob Cherry and the others in the neighbourhood.

All the same, he did not want to drive his study-mates away.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "That's jolly good of you! But where are you off to?"

"To Wharton's study," said Bob cheerfully. "Harry and Frank will be only too glad to have us."

"Yes; but—"

"It's all right, Marky," said Bob Cherry firmly. "We've quite made up our minds."

"The made-up-fulness," said Hurree Singh, "is—"

"Terrific!" concluded Bob Cherry. "Quite so. So it's no use protesting, Marky."

"Thank you!" said Mark Linley, quietly entering the study.

Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, and Wun Lung

Lung passed on. As they came to Study No. 9 Cherry stopped.

"You chaps go on," he said. "I'll join you in a sec."

Hurree Singh and Wun Lung proceeded towards Wharton's study. Bob Cherry entered Study No. 4.

Vernon-Smith and Redwing were in the study.

"Hallo, Cherry!" said the Bounder. "Have you come to see me about the boating?"

"No, Smithy!" grinned Bob. "I've come to ask Redwing if he's feeling fit for the Essay competition?"

"Me?" grinned Redwing. "Not a bit of it! Smithy's coaching me!"

"Rats!" said the Bounder. "You know a jolly sight more than I do about history and the other stuff, Redwing. I'm really learning more than I'm teaching."

"All the same," said Redwing. "I bet you wish you were training for the boat-races, instead of going over this stuff with me."

"Well, there isn't anyone else to go over the stuff with you, is there?" said Vernon-Smith. "So I might as well do it."

"Don't neglect your training for the boat-races," said Bob Cherry seriously. "We'll have to put up a stiff fight against the other boats, and we're reckoning on you for the Remove boat, Smithy."

"Yes; but—"

"Oh, I'll manage!" said Redwing. "Of course, it's always better if you can talk over things like history with other people, but—"

"I've got an idea," said Bob Cherry. "Mark Linley will be alone in Study No. 13 now. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd be jolly glad to have you to talk the stuff over with, Redwing."

"Good idea!" said Redwing heartily. "In that case, I'll just take my books along to Marky's study, and we'll swat together. Then I shouldn't be taking up your time, Smithy!"

"If you think—" began Vernon-Smith.

"It's the very thing!" said Redwing. "You get along and train, Smithy."

"Right-ho!" said Vernon-Smith, looking relieved. "Thanks for suggesting it, Cherry!"

"Trust your Uncle Robert for bright ideas!" grinned Cherry. "After all, the Remove is entering only three candidates

for the Essay exam—Marky and Redwing and Penfold. It's up to us to see that our three candidates get all the chances they need. Ta-ta, chaps! I'll go along and see if Pen is comfy now."

In Study No. 9 Bob Cherry found Penfold trying in vain to read, whilst Trevor and Treluce were making a malicious din in order to distract him.

"Do keep quiet, you chaps!" pleaded Penfold. "I believe you're making that row on purpose!"

Trevor winked at Treluce.

"Let's start that song again," he said. "Where do the flies go in the winter-time?"

And the two juniors began yelling the popular chorus at the top of their voices. "Where do the flies go in the winter-time?"

Penfold clapped his hands to his ears. "Stop it!" he yelled. "Stop it, I'm telling you!"

"He's telling us!" said Trevor. "The cheeky pauper is telling us! My hat!"

"On the ball!" roared Treluce. "Where do the flies go in the winter-time?"

And the two malicious juniors began roaring the chorus more loudly than ever.

It was then that Bob Cherry entered.

"My giddy hat! What a row!" he exclaimed. "How do you chaps expect Pen to work in this din?"

"They're trying to stop me working!" said Penfold. "I believe they've been put up to this by somebody."

"Where do the flies go in the winter-time?" yelled Trevor and Treluce together.

"I'll jolly well show you where the cads go in the spring-time!" said Bob Cherry, seizing Trevor with his right hand and Treluce with his left.

"You lemme alone!" said Trevor indignantly. "It's got nothing to do with you!"

"Leggo!" wailed Treluce.

Bob Cherry, paying no heed to the remonstrances of the two juniors, led them forcibly to the door, and threw them out into the passage.

"Good riddance to bad rubbish!" he exclaimed.

Penfold shrugged his shoulders.

"They'll come back!" he said. "It's decent of you to interfere, but it won't do any lasting good."

"In that case," said Bob Cherry,

"you'd better join Marky and Redwing in Study No. 13."

And he explained briefly what he had accomplished.

"Ripping notion!" said Penfold enthusiastically. "I jolly well will!"

Bob Cherry passed on to Wharton's study, feeling greatly relieved. He felt that he had arranged things in a way that gave the three scholarship boys of the Remove the best chance of getting ready for the Essay exam.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Temple in Trouble!

"WELL," said Aubrey Angel, a couple of days later, as he entered Temple's study, "have you got those ten quids for me yet?"

Temple looked despondent.

"I've done my best," he muttered, "but I can't get them. If you'd only give me time till after the Essay exam—"

"I must have them this afternoon," said Angel, with a pitiless look on his face. "D'you hear?"

"B-but—"

"If you don't hand me ten pounds this afternoon, I'll make things unpleasant for you, Temple! I want that to be quite clear—that is, unless you're willing to enter into my plans with regard to Linley, Penfold, and Redwing!"

"No, I'm not a cad!" said Temple. Then he bit his lip.

"You mean I am?" sneered Angel. "I have already warned you to be careful how you talk to me, Temple!"

"You—you shall have the money," said Temple thickly.

"Very well!" said Angel. "I am glad that's quite settled now."

When Angel had departed, leaving Cecil Reginald Temple to himself, the captain of the Fourth rose and began striding up and down the room like a lion in a cage.

Why had he ever been fool enough to play cards for high stakes with the cad of the Fourth?

Temple cursed his own folly now that it was too late.

But was it too late? Was there no way of paying off the debt?

"I must find the money somewhere," he said to himself.

But where? Dabney and Fry had been unable to raise more than a sovereign between them, and Temple had not dared to press them for more in case they should want to know why.

Suddenly Temple opened the door and walked out of the study. He had made up his mind.

As he entered the Remove passage a familiar voice fell on his ears.

"I say, Temple—"

Temple turned impatiently.

"Well, Bunter?" he snapped.

"C-could you lend me half a quid, Temple, old chap? I—"

Temple laughed bitterly.

"I'm looking for money myself, Bunter," he said.

"Oh, really, Temple, I know you're only joking, you know! I—"

Temple walked on. It was no use wasting time on Bunter.

He knocked at the door of Study No. 13.

"Come in!" said Mark Linley's voice. Linley, Penfold, and Redwing were all in the study. They had been busy discussing Napoleon's wars when Temple's knock disturbed their conversation.

"Sorry to disturb you chaps!" muttered Temple apologetically.

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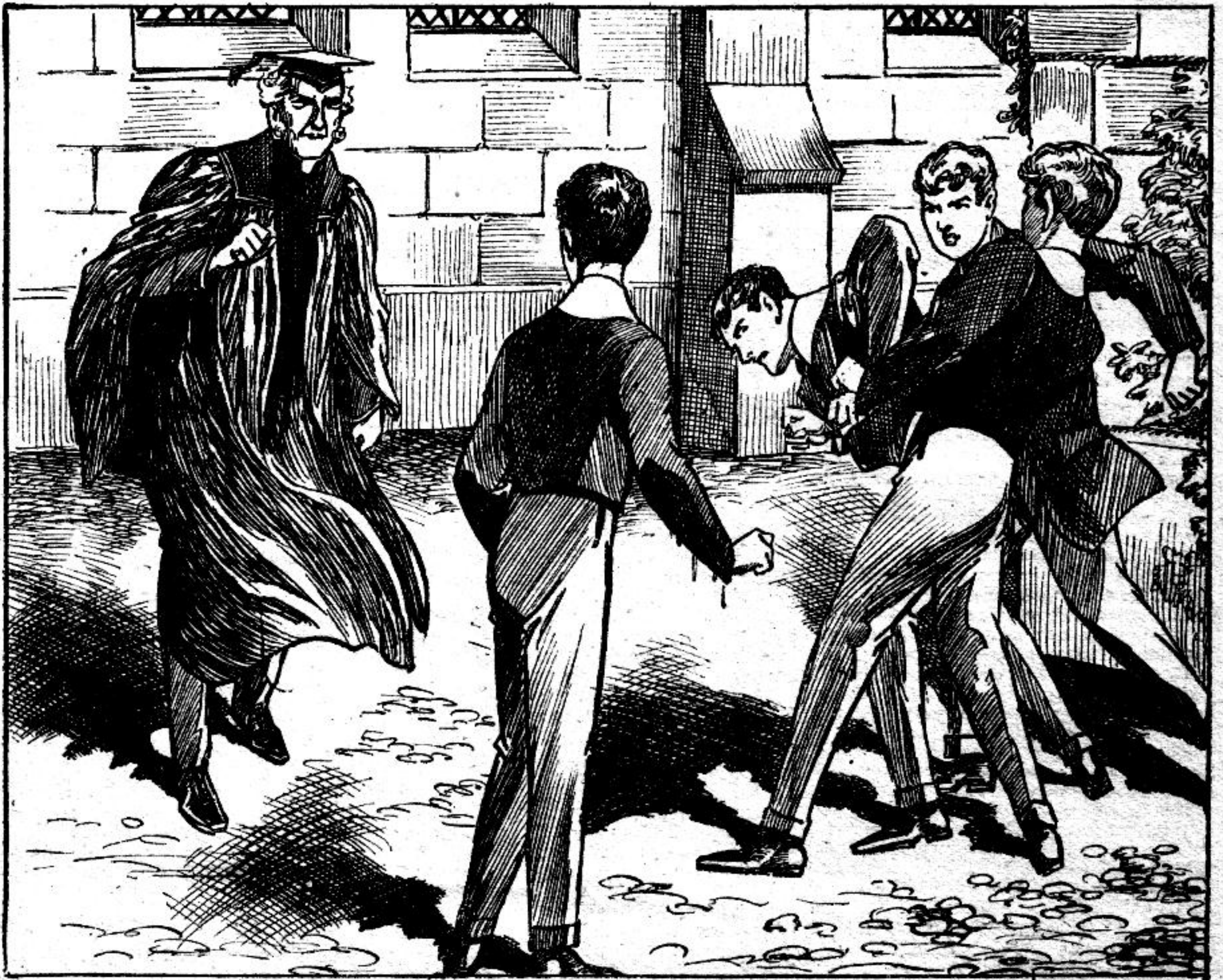
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The Removites collared hold of Temple to duck him. They had hardly advanced a few steps, however, before their path was impeded by the form of Dr. Locke. "Boys!" thundered the Head. "What does this mean?" (See Chapter 5).

Billy Bunter, who was listening at the keyhole, felt surprised. It was indeed strange for the haughty captain of the Upper Fourth to speak so humbly to mere Removites.

"That's all right, Temple," said Linley pleasantly. "What do you want to see us about?"

Temple glanced uneasily at Penfold and Redwing.

"It's—it's private," he said.

Mark Linley noted the look.

"I've got no secrets from my chums," he said.

Penfold and Redwing, however, rose. "Perhaps we'd better go," said Redwing.

"We don't want to pry into Temple's secrets," added Penfold.

Mark Linley looked displeased. Temple noted the look, and decided that it would not pay him to start off by offending the Lancashire lad.

"Oh, I don't mind speaking in front of Penfold and Redwing," he said. "I—I understand that the Greek prize money has already been paid over to you, Linley?"

"Yes," said Linley, in surprise. "By the way, it was jolly hard luck on you, missing top place, Temple."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Temple, with a gulp. "I—I congratulate you, Linley. B-but the fact is, I—I—"

Linley, Penfold, and Redwing looked at Temple in surprise. He seemed to

find great difficulty in saying what he wanted to say.

"I want you to lend me ten quid," said Temple at last. "I've run short, and I must have it."

"Ten quid!" gasped Mark Linley. "Where am I to get ten quid from?"

"The prize money," suggested Temple.

Mark Linley shook his head.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I need the prize money myself. You see—"

"Does that mean you won't lend me anything?" said Temple sharply.

"I'm afraid I can't. You see—"

"Very well, then," said Temple, with set lips, walking out of the study. "You'll be sorry for this!"

Billy Bunter had just sufficient time to skip into the next doorway as Temple emerged from Study No. 13.

"Oh crumbs!" muttered Bunter to himself. "Then that chap Temple really is short. I wonder who he's going to cadge from next? Oh crumbs!"

Bunter followed Temple to Angel's study in the Fourth Form passage. There the fat junior once more applied his ear to the keyhole.

"Well," said Angel sarcastically, as Temple entered, "have you brought me the ten pounds?"

"No!" said Temple shortly.

"Have you decided to fall in with my plans, then?" asked Angel.

"Won't you give me time till after the Essay Competition to pay off?" pleaded Temple.

"My plans will make it sure that you do win a prize in the Essay Competition," said Angel.

Temple stared silently into vacancy for a full minute. When he spoke there was a catch in his voice.

"All right," he said. "I agree!"

"You quite understand what you've got to do?" asked Angel, looking satisfied.

"Yes," said Temple—"at least, I think so!"

"Don't make any mistakes about it," said Angel. "You're to do nothing till after the exam."

"Of course!"

"Then, when the essays have been written, you're to get hold somehow of the essays sent in by Linley, Penfold, and Redwing—"

"I know!" said Temple shortly. "There's no need to go into details. Walls have ears."

"You are getting nervy, Temple," said Angel. "I should recommend a cigarette as a soothing tonic."

Angel would have been less self-confident if he could have seen Billy Bunter on the other side of the door.

"My word!" muttered Bunter virtuously. "The rotters!"

Temple left the study and returned to

his own. Here he found Dabney and Fry.

"Hallo, Reggy!" said Fry. "Why haven't you been training for the boat-race? The Form expects its captain to take the lead, you know."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "Those Remove kids are coming on no end! We can't let them beat us!"

"That'll be all right," said Temple. "I—I'll see to it!"

Fry shook his head. "You'll have to get a move on," he said. "I think—"

"That's all right, I tell you!" said Temple impatiently. "By the way, I'm short of cash—"

"Again?" said Dabney. "I lent you a sov yesterday."

"I'm broke," said Fry. "You too, Dab?"

"Oh, absolutely!" said Dabney. "I've had to pay a big tailor's bill a few days ago, and it squeezed me dry. Awful nuisance, tailors!"

"Grooh!" growled Temple. "Nice sort of pals you chaps are, and no mistake!"

And he spoke no word to his study-mates for the rest of the evening.

Billy Bunter, bursting with news which he realised it would pay him to keep to himself, returned to the Remove.

Bunter had no clear idea as to Angel's plot. All he knew was that Temple was to do something with the essays handed in by Linley, Penfold, and Redwing.

The fat junior decided to await developments. Whenever there was mischief afoot, Bunter could be relied on to fish in troubled waters.

William George Bunter was destined to be a factor in the game, which neither Aubrey Angel nor Cecil Reginald Temple had foreseen.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Temple's Little Joke I

"I WONDER what Temple wanted ten quid for?" said Mark Linley musingly.

"For a new suit, I suppose!" grinned Penfold. "You know that he and Dabney always try to look as like a pair of tailor's dummies as they can."

"In that case, he wouldn't be so worried," said Mark Linley. "After all, a new suit isn't an absolute necessity!"

"Unless he's already bought it, and finds now that he can't pay for it!" suggested Redwing.

"No, I don't think it's anything as innocent as a new suit," said Mark Linley. "There was something in Temple's eyes that seemed to tell me he was in real trouble."

"You aren't thinking of letting him have your prize money, Marky?" asked Penfold anxiously.

Mark Linley shook his head. "I'm afraid I couldn't do that!" he said.

"Oh, well, never mind about Temple," said Redwing. "We've got something more important to worry us. Let's get on with the work!"

Penfold looked longingly out of the window.

"Fancy having to swat on a day like this," he said. "I feel like chucking the whole thing, and going on the river with the others. I can see Wharton & Co. going out of the gate."

"I suppose they're going on the Sark to train for the boat-race," said Redwing.

"Quite right!" said Penfold. "And, from what I can see, most of the Remove

are doing the same. I dare say there'll only be a few slackers left in the school this afternoon."

"And us," grinned Redwing. "Oh, well, it'll all be over soon!"

"What did Napoleon go to Russia for, Marky?" asked Penfold. "Did the Bolsheviks invite him?"

Mark Linley grinned. Penfold was "kidding." He knew pretty well as much about Napoleon as Mark Linley himself.

Meanwhile, a crowd of Fourth-Formers were besieging Temple's study.

"Nice sort of captain you are!" snorted Scott. "If you want to spend all your time swatting, you'd better resign your place in the Form boat."

"I'm willing to take your place, Temple," said Kenney. "There's a fair offer!"

Temple smiled sourly at the slacker of the Fourth.

"I reckon I'm as good in my worst condition as you in your best, Kenney," he said.

Kenney snorted. "I vote we chuck Temple out of the boat," he said. "Angel would make a much better skipper!"

"You'd better come along, Reggy," said Fry uneasily. "After all, the boat-race is a lot more important than the beastly Essay Competition."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "Beastly fag, writing essays, anyway."

"Are you coming or not?" asked Scott impatiently.

"Sorry," said Temple, "but you chaps don't realise how important it is for me to win the top prize."

"Blowed if I can see it!" said Phipps. "I think you're a silly ass, Temple!"

"You're welcome to your opinion," said Temple shortly.

"I vote that Angel be made skipper of the Form boat in place of Temple!" said Kenney. "Any seconder?"

For a few moments no one spoke. Then Aubrey Angel's voice came out of the silence.

"Am I at liberty to second myself?" he asked.

"No, you're not!" said Fry. "We don't want you for skipper, anyway, Angel!"

"Rather not!" said Dabney.

Scott and Phipps and Mills and Jones said nothing. Whatever his faults might be, they still preferred Temple to Angel. Still, they could not help feeling disappointed with their captain.

Left to himself, Temple found it impossible to concentrate on his lessons. He picked up a history-book and went into the Close to see if he could study better in the open air.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" grinned Bob Cherry, as he crossed the Close with the rest of the Famous Five. "Temple's busy!"

"Shush, Bob!" smiled Harry Wharton. "You're disturbing his train of thought!"

"If you think you're funny—" howled Temple, turning on Wharton.

The captain of the Remove looked straight at Temple.

"Not at all," he said. "I know you've got a good chance in the Essay Competition, and I say let the best man win!"

"All the same," remarked Bob Cherry, "I bet it's Linley, Pen, and Redwing who'll carry off the honours!"

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent and Johnny Bull together.

"The hear, hearfulness," chimed in Hurree Singh, "is terrific!"

And the Famous Five passed on.

Cecil Reginald Temple once more turned his attention to his book. But it was useless. He could not collect his

thoughts sufficiently to read the printed page.

As his eyes glanced aimlessly up and down the deserted Close they suddenly lighted on a hosepipe. No sooner had Temple seen the hosepipe than a sudden idea struck him.

It was a chance of getting his own back on the scholarship boys.

He glanced up at the window of Study No. 13 in the Remove passage. It was open.

The next instant, Linley, Penfold, and Redwing were drenched in a well-directed stream of water.

"What is it?"

"Groogh!" gasped Pen, shivering.

"Ow! Wow! Stop it!" yelled Redwing, trying to shut the window, but driven back by a strong jet of water.

"The silly ass!" gasped Mark Linley. "He's drenching the place!"

"Pick up the books and clear out!" suggested Pen.

Linley and Redwing acted on the suggestion. They quickly picked up their books and fled into the passage.

All the three scholarship juniors were wet and streaming with water. But they did not stop to think of that.

"Let's catch the boulder before he clears!" hissed Mark Linley, running down the stairs.

Penfold and Redwing followed with set teeth. They did not like the jape at all.

Temple, who could not see into Study No. 13, was still playing the hose as Penfold, Redwing, and Mark Linley arrived in the Close.

As soon as he noticed the scholarship juniors, Temple dropped the hose and tried to run off. But it was too late. The Removites were already around him.

"Sock him!" yelled Redwing. "Give him beans, the cad!"

"Keep off!" howled Temple. "Keep off, I tell you!"

But the three scholarship lads, though, as a rule, of forgiving temperament, thought that the Fourth Form leader deserved a lesson.

"Frogmarch him!" yelled Linley. "Frogmarch him to the fountain, and then duck him!"

"That's the idea!" said Pen and Redwing together.

"You dare!" hissed Cecil Reginald Temple.

But the Removites were not afraid of Temple's anger. They were determined that he should be made as wet as, and a good deal sorer, than themselves.

They had hardly advanced a few steps, however, before their path was impeded by the majestic form of Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars.

"Boys!" thundered the Head. "What does this mean?"

The scholarship juniors released Temple, and looked at Dr. Locke shamefacedly.

"I—I—" began Penfold.

"You see, sir—" ventured Redwing.

"The—the fact is—" stuttered Linley.

"Well?" snapped the Head. "I am still waiting for an explanation! Linley, will you kindly explain how you came to be in this wet condition, and where you were carrying Temple?"

"C-certainly, sir!" said Linley. "We—we were carrying Temple to the fountain to duck him, sir!"

"Indeed!" said Dr. Locke. "And what induced you to have any such idiotic intention, Linley?"

Mark Linley bit his lip. He could hardly sneak on Temple, and tell the Head that Temple had drenched his study.

"Was this merely an incident in that absurd series of feuds you call Form rivalry?" asked the Head.

"Y-yes, sir!" said Linley.

"Yes, sir!" echoed Penfold and Redwing.

"In that case," said the Head, "I must punish you most severely. This absurd Form rivalry must stop."

"B-but, sir—" ventured Linley.

"Have you anything to say, Linley?" asked the Head.

"N-no, sir!"

"Or you, Penfold?"

"No, sir!"

"Redwing?"

"No, sir!"

"I am glad that you boys do not seek to excuse yourselves for an unprovoked assault on a member of another Form. Before I punish these lads, I should like to ask you, Temple, whether you did anything to provoke this action on their part?"

Cecil Reginald Temple hesitated. A wild desire to get the Removites into trouble surged through his brain.

But Temple was no cad.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I shot a stream of water through their study window."

Linley, Penfold, and Redwing looked at the captain of the Upper Fourth in relief. He had played the game.

"Indeed, Temple!" said the Head. "So you admit that you were originally to blame! And what induced you to shoot a stream of water through their study window? Was it a practical joke?"

Temple looked at the Head defiantly.

"No, sir!" he said. "I knew they were working for the History Essay examination, and I wanted to disturb them."

The scholarship juniors were startled. The Head was horrified.

"Do you realise what you are saying, Temple?" asked Dr. Locke. "Do you wish me to understand that you deliberately wanted to interfere with the studies of these juniors because they are to be your rivals in the Essay competition?"

Temple was in a reckless mood.

"Yes, sir!" he said boldly. "Your answer fills me with mixed feelings, Temple," said the Head. "Whilst I have nothing but admiration for your candour, I cannot but be disgusted at the motives which prompted your action in directing the stream of water through the window."

Temple said nothing.

"Under the circumstances," said the Head, "I shall administer no punishment to Linley, Penfold, and Redwing, but I warn you not to take justice into your own hands in future. As for you, Temple, I have no option but to cancel all half-holidays till further notice."

"But, sir," gasped Temple, "the boat-race—"

"You should have thought of the consequences when you committed the deed, Temple," said the Head. "I assure you that your punishment would have been much more severe if you had not confessed so frankly."

Temple walked away without another word. The scholarship juniors looked after him wondering. Temple was a strange mixture.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Boat-race!

"I SAY, Harry, old man—"

Wharton turned impatiently.

"Oh, run off, Bunter!" he said sharply.

"But it's jolly important!" said the Owl of the Remove.

"Well, what is it?" asked Harry

Wharton. "Buck up! The race starts soon!"

It was the day of the great boat-race. Every Form, from the Remove to the Sixth, had entered an eight, and the competition was very keen.

The Remove eight, though the youngest, was in very fit condition. It might not be able to come out top, but it did not expect to come bottom.

"You've still got time to do the right thing, Wharton," said Bunter impressively.

"What the dickens do you mean?" asked Wharton, astonished.

"Of course, I don't expect you to give up your place to me," said Bunter, "though you must admit I'd make a much better stroke than you, Wharton. What you want for a stroke is a chap with plenty of fact and judgment and presence of mind. That's me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Wharton. "Oh dear! Why, Billy, that's just what you are not!"

"What's Bunter saying?" asked Nugent, approaching with the rest of the Remove crew.

"He—he's giving us his opinion on the duties of a stroke," said Wharton, "and he thinks he's just the chap for the place."

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

"That's killingly funny!"

"Go ahead, Bunter!" grinned Wharton. "You're as good as a tonic!"

"Of course, I don't expect you to give up your place at stroke for me," said Bunter. "You're too mean and selfish for that, Wharton!"

"What?" yelled Harry Wharton.

"Why, I'll spifficate you!"

"I—I mean, you're not mean and jealous at all!" said Bunter hurriedly. "Now, why shouldn't you give me bow? I'm jolly certain I'd do better at it than that scholarship cad, Linley!"

"What's that?" said Mark Linley, advancing towards the fat junior.

Bunter quickly hid behind Wharton.

"I—I mean, you're a jolly fine chap, Linley!" he said. "Of course, you can't help being a scholarship pauper. I pity you for it."

"And I pity you for being the stupidest and clumsiest idiot at Greyfriars or anywhere else, Bunter," said Mark Linley quietly.

"Come on!" said Wharton. "A little Bunter is amusing, but too much Bunter is tiresome."

"The tiresomeness," murmured Hurree Singh, "is terrific!"

"Hallo, Fry!" said Bob Cherry, as they approached the Fourth Form boat. "Where's your skipper?"

"I'm acting skipper," said Fry.

"Our worthy Temple got himself gated," said Angel contemptuously.

"And we've elected Fry temporarily."

He laid such emphasis on the word "temporarily" that Fry looked at him angrily.

"I don't say I'm up to Temple's form," he said, "but I'm a jolly sight better than you, Aubrey Angel!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "Absolutely!"

"That's a matter of opinion," said Angel, shrugging his shoulders.

"Trouble in the Fourth Form crew," said Bob Cherry. "We needn't be afraid of them, Harry."

"I never was afraid of them," said Harry Wharton, "and less now than ever."

The Fourth-Formers heard the words, and they stung them.

"It's rotten!" growled Kenney. "That chap Temple ought to be ragged baldheaded!"

Kenney's remarks seldom received

approval, but now the majority of the Fourth-Formers agreed with him.

Aubrey Angel glanced at his Form-fellows out of the corner of his eye. He thought he could advance his own ambitions by taking advantage of Temple's unpopularity.

But Angel was not the fellow to hasten events before their proper time. He decided to await events and strike the iron when it was hottest. He knew that Temple would get himself into a still greater mess pretty soon.

A large crowd of spectators lined the banks.

"My word!" muttered Penfold. "Our chaps do look fit, Redwing!"

Redwing nodded.

"That's so, Pen," he said. "And, what's more, I think Marky is looking at the top of his form, in spite of the fact that he hasn't had as much training as the rest."

"Good old Marky!" said Penfold. "It was jolly decent of him to coach us—that's what it comes to—when he might have romped off with the top prize on his own!"

"Mark Linley is a sport!" said Redwing. "That's the whole thing in a nutshell!"

The Fourth Form boat was out of the running from the very start. In fact, Angel, for his own purposes, slacked horribly, and spoilt any little chance that the eight might have had. The Remove boat, on the contrary, did wonders. Linley at bow and Vernon-Smith at No. 2 worked in magnificent harmony. Cherry, Nugent, Bull, Squiff, and Peter Todd were all splendid men, and Wharton at stroke was a model of discretion. Hurree Singh at cox knew his work thoroughly, and it was soon evident that the Remove boat would shoot ahead of the Fourth Form and Shell boats.

For a time Wharton's crew kept just behind the Fifth Form boat, but when, very near the end of the course, Wharton gave the signal for a last spurt, the Fifth-Formers had used up all their reserve strength, and the Remove boat pranced home with second place, only a foot or so behind the Sixth Form eight.

"Well done!" yelled Penfold and Redwing and a crowd of Removites.

"Hurrah!"

The Fourth-Formers returned to Greyfriars very angry.

"I'm fed up!" growled Kenney.

"We've had enough of Temple, the rotten slacker!"

Fry turned on Angel.

"What the dickens did you think you were doing, Aubrey Angel?" he asked. "You were simply drifting half the time!"

Angel shrugged his shoulders.

"That's right!" he said. "Blame it on to me so as to get your own pal Temple out of the punishment he deserves for letting us down."

"Temple ought to be fried in boiling oil!" growled Scott. "Nice sort of skipper he is, and no mistake!"

"Gad, dear boy!" expostulated Dabney. "What was Reggy to do? He couldn't break bounds after he'd been gated by the Head!"

"Yes, there's that, isn't there?" put in Fry, anxious to say something in his chum's favour.

"That's rot!" growled Scott. "He ought to have had more sense than to get himself gated over a silly prank like that just before a Form race!"

"And besides," said Kenney, "what need was there for him to own up?"

Nobody replied to that. With the exception of Angel and Kenney all the Fourth-Formers believed that Temple

had done the right thing in confessing to the Head.

"Anyway," said Scott, "if Temple lets us down any more he's not going to remain skipper of the Upper Fourth much longer."

Angel's eyes gleamed with a malicious pleasure. Temple was working into the hands of the cad of the Fourth. Aubrey Angel saw himself already as the captain, head, and commanding officer of the Upper Fourth Form.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter is Ambitious!

"QUEER chap that fellow Robespierre," said Penfold, looking up from a History of the French Revolution. "He doesn't seem human."

"Oh, he's quite human," said Mark Linley. "He's something like Lenin and Trotsky."

"My word, Marky!" murmured Redwing admiringly. "You do know things! I bet you romp off with the top prize as easy as winking!"

"Oh, I think we've all got about an equal chance," said Mark Linley modestly.

"Equal chances be blowed!" said Penfold firmly. "You showed what you could do in the Greek exam."

"By the way," said Redwing, "some of the Remove chaps are quite disappointed that you didn't stand a bit of a Form feed with your prize money. I heard Bolsover saying as much."

"Yes; Aubrey Angel of the Fourth was sneering about it in the Rag," said Penfold.

"Angel is one of those chaps who has more money than is good for them," said Mark Linley. "He doesn't know what value money is to chaps in our position."

"That's true," said Penfold.

Redwing nodded silently. "As a matter of fact," said Mark Linley, "I don't need the money for myself. But there's an old aunt of mine whom the dad's been supporting for some time past, and if you send the prize money to her, then it will be of some real use."

"I say, you fellows——" It was the inevitable Billy Bunter whose head popped into the study.

"I say, you fellows——" "Clear, Bunter!" said the three scholarship juniors with one voice. "Oh, really, Linley! I've come to make you a fair offer!"

"A—A fair offer?" gasped Mark Linley. "What the dickens d'you mean, Billy?"

"I suppose you think you're pretty sure of getting the Essay prize, Linley? Well, if you don't look out somebody cleverer will bag it!"

"Good luck to him!" said Mark Linley coolly.

"Now, don't pretend you don't care!" said Billy Bunter. "I know you want the money to send to a pauper aunt."

"The fat cad's been listening!" said Penfold excitedly.

"Oh, really, Penfold! I wouldn't do such a thing!"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Look here, Linley, I know for a fact that a jolly clever chap is entering for the competition—a chap who'll beat you and the rest hollow!" said Billy Bunter, in a warning tone.

"Who d'you mean?" asked Linley carelessly.

"He means himself, of course!" grinned Redwing. "Have you ever heard Bunter praising anyone but himself?"

"Are you entering for the Essay exam, Billy?" asked Linley.

"I've a good mind to do it, Linley, unless you care to make terms with me."

"T-terms?" stuttered Linley. "Explain yourself, Bunter!"

The three scholarship juniors waited with amusement for Bunter's explanation. It was bound to be funny.

"Look here, Linley, if you promise me half the prize money I'll keep out of the competition," said Bunter solemnly.

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

"Only half?" exclaimed Penfold. "Why not ask for the lot, Bunter?"

"I'm not greedy!" said Bunter indignantly. "I think I've made you a fair offer!"

"And now I'll make you a fair offer, Bunter," said Mark Linley genially.

Bunter waited eagerly. He had hardly expected Linley to give him half the prize money. If he gave him a few pounds, Bunter would be more than satisfied.

"Now, don't be stingy, Linley!" he said.

"I'm going to be very generous," said Mark Linley. Then his voice grew threatening. "If you're not on the other side of the door in one second, Bunter, I'll give you a dozen cuts with an ash-plant!"

Bunter skipped out of the door with lightning speed. He knew that Mark Linley was a fellow of his word, and he also knew that the Lancashire lad had a vigorous stroke of the arm.

"Rotters!" yelled Bunter, from the other side of the door. "Pauper cads!" "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the three scholarship boys. "Bunter's fair offer! Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter made his way straight to Dr. Locke's study.

"Please, sir——" he began.

The Head of Greyfriars looked at the Owl of the Remove in surprise.

"What do you want to see me about, Bunter?" he asked.

"Please, sir, I've come——"

"I am very busy, Bunter. I request you to say what you have to say as quickly as possible!"

"About that Essay exam, sir——"

"Indeed, Bunter, I fail to see how the Essay examination can be of any interest to you?"

"Are the entries for the exam closed, sir?"

"Yes, Bunter. Now——"

"But, sir, if a very bright chap—a fellow who knows a lot of history, and can write a ripping essay—wanted to enter now, wouldn't you let him enter himself, sir?"

"Well, circumstances alter cases. Who is this bright individual you are talking about?"

"Me, sir!"

"What!" gasped Dr. Locke. "Have you the audacity to tell me you want to be given special opportunities of entering the examination? You, who are the densest boy in the Remove Form?"

"Really, sir, I know a jolly lot about history——"

"Indeed! That is not the impression Mr. Quelch gave me!"

"I know so much more than Mr. Quelch that he's jealous, sir!"

"You stupid boy," said Dr. Locke, "how dare you talk of your Form-master like that?"

"I—I mean, I've swatted up a lot about history since Mr. Quelch last tried me, sir!"

"Please be careful what you say about your Form-master in future, Bunter. Well, well, since you know such a great deal about history, Bunter, will you tell

me in what year the Battle of Waterloo was fought?"

Bunter stared blankly at Dr. Locke. Then he made a wild guess.

"In 1916, sir!" he said. "I had a cousin fighting in it!"

"Bunter, you ridiculous boy——"

"D-did you say Waterloo, sir? I—I meant 1619, of course. It was fought between Julius Cæsar and the—the—the Mikado of Japan, sir!"

"Bunter, that will do!" thundered the Head. "I shall have to speak to Mr. Quelch about your colossal ignorance. Go!"

"But the exam, sir——"

"Another word, and I shall cane you, Bunter. Go!"

Billy Bunter left the Head's study feeling very aggrieved. He was sure that the Head had treated him unfairly.

"It's favouritism, that's all it is!" he growled.

And he puckered his fat brows, trying to think of a new way of raising cash, now that his hopes of winning the Essay prize, or of "making terms" with Mark Linley, had been crushed.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Temple is Tempted!

"TEMPLE!" Cecil Reginald Temple was sitting alone in his study. He looked up with an expression that might almost be called hatred on his handsome face.

"Well, Angel," he said, "have you come to torture me again?"

Aubrey Angel looked shocked.

"Really, Temple," he said, "I wish you would cultivate politeness. It pays—in your circumstances."

"Hang you!" growled Temple. "I have a good mind to throw up the sponge and confess everything to the Head. Where would you be then?"

"I?" said Angel indifferently. "How does it concern me?"

"If the Head found out that we'd been gambling, you'd get the sack a jolly sight quicker than myself," said Temple. "My record is much cleaner than yours!"

"You seem to overlook one very important fact," sneered Angel. "My name does not appear on the I O U at all. It's made out to Banks, the bookie!"

Temple's head dropped. It was too true!

"Come now!" said Angel. "It's time you arranged matters with the new postman. I should advise you to look him up this afternoon, and arrange with him about the examination-papers."

"Leave me alone!" growled Temple. "I'll think about it!"

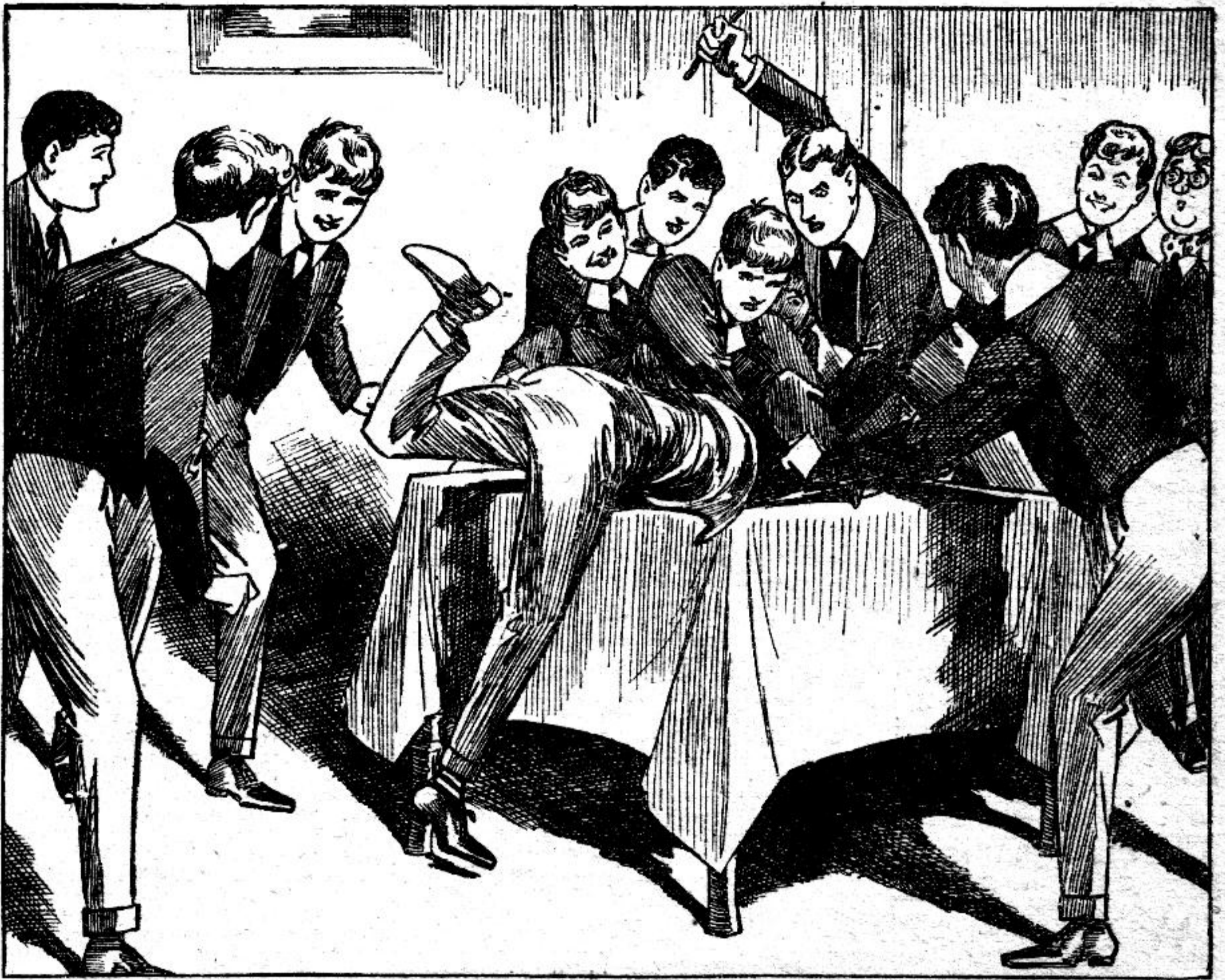
Angel allowed a sarcastic smile to pass across his face, and left the study. He felt that he had the captain of the Upper Fourth in the hollow of his hand.

Angel's idea was that Temple should bribe the postman to deliver the Essay papers of the three scholarship juniors to him. If the plan succeeded, it would mean that none of the scholarship juniors would gain a prize in the competition for which they were working so hard. If it failed, then it would mean trouble for Temple. Either way, Angel reckoned on scoring a triumph. And he even hoped that he would be able to kill two birds with one stone.

Temple roused himself at last. He left the study, and went to the bike-shed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, who happened to be in the Close. "Temple looks as if he would like to eat us!"

"Oh, he's been having some worries!" said Harry Wharton. "The Upper



Under the directions of Harry Wharton the Famous Five seized hold of Angel's shoulders and flung him across the study table. "One!" cried Wharton. Thump! Temple brought the stick down on Angel's back. (See Chapter 11.)

Fourth are fed up with him for losing the boat-race!"

"They'd have lost, anyway!" said Nugent.

"Yes; but they're trying to make a scapegoat of Temple," said Wharton. "It looks to me as if that rotter Angel is working for the captaincy."

"I'm no friend of Temple's," said Mark Linley. "But I'd rather see Temple than Angel in the captaincy of the Upper Fourth any day!"

"Oh, I should jolly well think so!" said Penfold. "Ever since the day when Temple confessed to the Head about shooting the water through the window I've had a sort of admiration for the chap!"

"A decent chap wouldn't have done it at all!" said Bob Cherry. "Not under the circumstances, and with the motives that Temple had!"

"Rather not!" growled Johnny Bull. "What can one expect of a rotten Fourth-Former? They're all alike here at Greyfriars—swanking cads!"

"There is something good in Temple," said Harry Wharton. "I remember how he brought tuck to the Remove on one occasion when a mad old freak of a temporary master was trying to starve us!"

"I wonder what's worrying him?" said Redwing. "He's had something on his mind for a long while now!"

"Short of cash," said Penfold, shrugging his shoulders. "He wanted to

borrow Marky's prize money the other day"

"Don't talk about it," said Mark Linley, looking round. "I don't think he'd like it known."

"I never thought of that," said Redwing, looking penitent. "But you chaps needn't let it go any farther!"

"We won't," said Harry Wharton. "We'll keep mum all right!"

"The mumfulness," added Hurree Singh, "will be terrific!"

Cecil Reginald Temple reached Friardale in an unhappy frame of mind. He went straight to the house of Dixon, the new postman, who had been appointed to fill the place of Boggs, the regular postman, whilst the latter was ill.

"Hallo!" grinned Dixon cheekily, as Temple entered. "You is the young gent as Master Angel was talking about, I reckon?"

"I am Temple of Greyfriars," said the captain of the Upper Fourth. "You carry the letters to and from the school, I understand?"

"I does!" said Dixon.

"How long will you be on the job?" asked Temple.

"Till old Boggs gets up from that sick-bed of hisn!" said Dixon. "I reckon that'll be a long while yet."

"Oh!" said Temple. Then he stopped. He had not made up his mind yet.

"Master Angel was saying summat abaht examination-papers," prompted Dixon.

"Yes. The—the fact is—on the twenty-third—" began Temple. Then he stopped again.

Dixon looked at him.

"I've made a mistake," said Temple. "It's all right!"

And he walked out, feeling as if a weight had dropped off his mind.

Cecil Reginald Temple had fought down his temptation.

True, he was still faced with Angel's I O U. But he never thought of that. All he realised was that he had just saved himself from committing the action of an absolute rotter.

He had hardly left the temporary postman's cottage when Angel entered.

"Has that fellow Temple been here?" asked Angel.

Dixon nodded.

"Yus! He's just left. He's barmy, I reckon!"

"Barmy, Dixon?" asked Angel, in surprise. "Didn't you fix things up with him?"

"No. He cleared out without saying nothing!"

"Oh!" said Angel. "Perhaps you asked too much from him, Dixon? How much did you ask him for doing the job?"

"He didn't give me the chanst to ask nothing!" said Dixon. "He just began talking, stopped hisself, and cleared off!"

"The fool!" muttered Angel. "The dashed fool!"

Angel did not think Temple a fool for acting as he had done. But he could think of no better word to express his anger with the captain of the Upper Fourth.

"Look here, Dixon," he said. "The thing's got to be carried through, whether Temple likes it or not!"

"Meaning, Master Angel?"
"On the twenty-third," said Angel. "there is an examination at the school. Temple is entering for it, among others. So are three fellows called Linley, Penfold, and Redwing."

"Linley, Penfold, Redwing!" repeated Dixon. "Yus, I'll remember that!"

"Very well," proceeded the cad of the Fourth. "The examination-papers are to be sent on to London, to be judged by some old coves there. You will carry the papers from the school to the post. I want you to bring me the examination-papers, so that I can look over them—the papers handed in by Linley, Penfold, and Redwing!"

"How am I to know the young gents' papers?" asked Dixon.

"Oh, the names will be on the back of the envelopes. There won't be any difficulty about that!" replied Aubrey Angel.

"Very well, sir!" said Dixon. "I'll see to it!"

Angel nodded. He knew that the fellow was sharp-witted, and that he could rely on him.

"Now, my dear Temple," he hissed, as he left the cottage. "there is a little surprise in store for you!"

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Essay Exam!

"WELL, Marky?" said Bob Cherry genially, on the day of the Essay examination. "Feeling fit?"

"Rather!" said Mark Linley, smiling. "Never felt better in my life."

"Splendid!" said Bob Cherry. "Romp home with the honours then, Marky!"

"What about Redwing?" laughed Vernon-Smith. "He's got a jolly good chance, I should say."

"Put me down to back Penfold," said Monty Newland. "He's got a head on him, has Pen."

"Oh, we look to Redwing and Penfold to carry off the second and third prizes. But you must get the top prize, Marky, or we'll be disappointed in you."

"If I can do it, I will," said Mark Linley. "But Pen and Redwing are jolly good!"

"Thanks to your coaching," said Penfold. "We'll never forget that."

"Never!" averred Redwing solemnly. "You're a brick, Marky!"

"Well, anyway," said Harry Wharton, "let's hope the Scholarship Company romp off with all the honours!"

"Good luck to the Scholarship Company!" yelled Bob Cherry.

And the cry was taken up by dozens of Removites.

Linley, Penfold, and Redwing were popular in themselves, and they were to represent the Remove in this exam against some of the best essay-writers of the Upper Fourth.

"Oh, we'll beat them!" said Penfold. "Just as we've beaten them on the river."

"Pen!"

Penfold turned, to find Trevor and Treluce close at hand.

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"What do you chaps want?" he asked shortly. He had not forgotten how they had tried to stop him from working in his own study.

Trevor and Treluce looked at each other. They found it rather difficult to begin.

"You see——" began Trevor.

"It's this way——" ventured Treluce.

Then they stopped again.

"Have you got anything to tell me?" asked Penfold impatiently.

"Well——" began Treluce.

"The fact is——" commenced Trevor.

Then they stopped once more.

"I can't wait all day," said Penfold.

"If you chaps have got anything to say, say it!"

Monty Newland intervened. He was the most tactful member of Study No. 9, and it was largely owing to his temporary absence that Trevor and Treluce had fallen out with Penfold.

"I think I know what Trevor and Treluce want to say, Pen," interposed the Jewish junior. "They want to say they are sorry they made things uncomfortable for you in Study No. 13 when you were swatting."

"Yes, that's it," said Trevor. "I beg your pardon, Pen!"

"Same here," said Treluce. "I hope you will come back to Study No. 9 and be good friends again as soon as this beastly exam is over!"

"I will," said Penfold. "I don't bear any ill-feeling, chaps, I assure you."

"Good luck!" chorused Trevor and Treluce. "Carry off the honours, Pen."

"Good luck!" chimed in Monty Newland.

Penfold smiled pleasantly. He was glad to have the good wishes of his three study-mates. It cheered him up so that he felt he could put his whole heart and soul into the examination answers.

Vernon-Smith drew Tom Redwing aside.

"Keep up the honour of Study No. 4, Tom," he said.

"I'll try to, Smithy," grinned Redwing. "I don't know that I'll be very successful."

"Oh, you'll manage it if you keep cool," said the Bounder. "To tell you the truth, I intended entering myself, only I didn't want to spoil your chances."

That rather conceited remark was just like the Bounder. But Redwing felt the good intention underlying it, and pressed Vernon-Smith's hand gratefully.

Each of the three scholarship juniors could enter the exam-room knowing that he had the good wishes of real friends.

Far different was it with Aubrey Angel of the Upper Fourth. Even his crony Kenney smiled sarcastically, and asked him if he thought it was worth the trouble.

"I'd call it beastly fag, Angel!" said Kenney. "I don't know what you are doing it for."

"Swank, Kenney," replied Angel easily. "Pure swank!"

Cecil Reginald Temple was rather better off than Angel. It was true that the Fourth-Formers as a whole were disgusted with their captain on account of the boating fiasco, but they hoped he would pull off the first prize in the examination, and score against the Removites.

"Show us you can do something for the honour of the Form, Temple," shouted Scott.

"Leave that to me," said Temple. "That's my affair."

"Well, you've let us down often enough, Temple," said Scott, shrugging his shoulders.

"Reggy," said Fry, "it seems to me that there's a lot depending on this exam."

"What do you mean?" asked Temple, starting. "What do you know about it?"

"Well, to be candid, I think your captaincy wouldn't be safe if you didn't beat the Remove bounders in this exam," said Fry.

"Oh, is that all?" asked Temple, in great relief. He had feared for a moment that something had been discovered about Angel's I O U.

"All?" echoed Fry indignantly. "If that's how you value your captaincy, you'd better resign it at once, Temple!"

"Not me," said Temple. "I'll do well enough, I think. And if I don't, I'll know that I've done my best—honestly!"

He laid such stress on the word "honestly" that Fry stared at him.

"Oh, well, you've got my best wishes," said Fry.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "Mine, too! Absolutely, Reggy, old bean!"

"Thanks!" said Temple, entering the examination-room.

Temple was in a light-hearted mood. His decision not to carry out the villainous trick which Angel had suggested to him made him feel proud of himself.

And he was determined to carry off a prize in order to win the money with which to pay off his debt to Aubrey Angel.

The candidates settled down to work under the eagle eye of Mr. Quelch. Besides the three scholarship juniors and Temple there were several other competitors, but everyone believed that the real tussle lay between these four.

Angel looked rather languid. He was not exerting himself much. If his scheme succeeded, he knew that he would carry off a prize himself without much trouble.

He smiled sarcastically as he glanced first at Temple, then at the three scholarship juniors. He was, indeed, about to strike two birds with one stone.

"Please, sir——"

Mr. Quelch glanced up impatiently as he heard Bunter's voice.

"Well, Bunter?" he said sharply.

"Please, sir, I'm sure I know a lot about history, sir——"

"In that case, your opinion differs from mine, Bunter. I——"

"But, sir, won't you let me sit for the exam? I want to win a prize, sir."

"Pray, do not be ridiculous, Bunter!"

"Then, sir, I think it's only right you should make it up to me for not letting me enter for the exam, sir. I think you ought to give me some of the money you're making me lose, sir."

"Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "This is gross impertinence! Hold out your hand!"

Billy Bunter received four cuts on either hand. The howls of the fat junior could be heard throughout Greyfriars. He left the examination-room tucking his hands under his arm-pits.

"Beast!" he muttered to himself. "Jealous beast! He doesn't know anything about history himself. That's why he's so down on me!"

The scholarship juniors grinned. Bunter's adventure was a pleasant little interlude.

"Attend to your essays, boys!" said Mr. Quelch sharply. "Remember that they will be judged by examiners of high standing. Please show that you know some history, and are able to write good English, so that your essays may not disgrace the fair fame of Greyfriars School."

"Yes, sir!" chorused the competitors. Soon nothing was heard in the Form-room but the scratching of pens.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Discovery!

"WOULD you have believed it?" gasped Bob Cherry. "Angel, Temple, and Murphy of the Fourth bounce off with the honours, and Marky nowhere!"

"It seems impossible," said Harry Wharton, "but there it is."

The examination results had been announced that morning, and the Famous Five had not yet had time to get used to them.

"Dished, diddled, and done!" growled Johnny Bull. "It's one in the eye for the Remove, and no mistake!"

"Those Upper Fourth bounders will be able to crow over us now," said Harry Wharton. "We've always kept ahead of them so far—in footer, in boating, in everything. In fact, everybody knew that we were the real Fourth Form, and they were a set of mere duffers who happened to be a little older than us. Now the bounders will be able to shout about as pleased as Punch!"

"It's rotten!" said Bob Cherry. "How did you manage it, Marky?"

The Lancashire lad shrugged his shoulders.

"I thought I did pretty well," he said. "I suppose those Upper Fourth fellows must have done a bit better."

"What seems rather queer to me," put in Frank Nugent thoughtfully, "is that all our fellows did so badly. I could understand one of them coming a cropper, but I don't understand how it could have happened to Linley, Pen, and Redwing in a bunch."

"We must have done badly," said Redwing, with a grimace. "The examiners wrote to the Head telling him that the work of the Remove candidates was very poor indeed, especially in regard to dates and cleanliness."

"My giddy hat!" exclaimed Penfold. "I bet my paper was a jolly sight more tidy than that bounder Angel's, or any of the Upper Fourth bounders!"

"It jolly well must have been, if your ordinary work is any standard to go by," said Mark Linley. "And as to dates and so on, we discussed our answers when we came out of the exam-room, and found that we had got most of the stuff pretty well correct."

"There's something wrong somewhere," said Harry Wharton. "But I'm blowed if I see where! I suppose Angel couldn't have bribed the examining johnnies?"

"Hardly!" grinned Nugent. "The old codgers are very respectable gentlemen, full of years and honours, as they say."

"With a tail of letters after their names as long as the A B C," added Mark Linley. "John Smith, B.A., M.A., Litt. D., and so on."

"Blessed asses, mad 'atters, little donkeys," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Eh? Who are you calling names, Bob?" asked Harry Wharton, in surprise.

"Names?" said Bob Cherry innocently. "I'm not calling names!"

"Then what do you mean by 'blessed asses, mad 'atters, little donkeys'?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"Oh, I'm just explaining what the letters 'B.A.' and 'M.A.' and 'Litt. D.' mean!" grinned Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry's attempt at humour was a brave effort on his part to divert their thoughts from the bad news they had been discussing. Bob could always be relied on to introduce an element of cheerfulness into everything.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Oh, don't worry us now, Bunter!"

"We've no time for you!" said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Clear!" shouted the Famous Five and the Scholarship Company all together.

"Very well, you fellows," said Bunter. "You'll be sorry for this! I'll speak to Temple himself." And he marched off.

"Speak to Temple?" said Harry Wharton. "What has the silly ass got to do with Temple?"

"Oh, I suppose he's going to cadge from him!" said Linley. "Never mind about Bunter."

Cecil Reginald Temple was alone in the study when Bunter entered. He looked at the Owl of the Remove in surprise.

"What have you come for, Bunter?" he asked.

Bunter seated himself coolly, and looked knowingly at the captain of the Upper Fourth.

"I think you worked that trick with the exam-papers jolly smartly," he said. Temple started.

"What the dickens do you mean, Bunter?" he asked, in consternation.

"Now, don't pretend, Reggy!" said Bunter. "I know all about the way you collared those exam-papers from the postman and messed them up."

"Are you mad, Bunter?" asked Temple thickly. "I—I—— You spying cad!" he stuttered, making a threatening movement towards the Owl of the Remove.

"Now, you take care, Temple!" warned Bunter. "I'm quite willing to be friendly."

"That means you want me to bribe you to keep silent!" said Temple.

"Oh, really, Temple——"

"Shut up, you fat cad! As a matter of fact you've got hold of the wrong end of the stick. There isn't a word of truth in what you're saying!"

"Why, you bluffer!" howled Bunter. "I heard you arranging it all with Angel just after the Greek exam!"

"Oh!" said Temple, enlightened. "Is that how you got to know? I see!"

"Look here, Temple! Are you prepared to lend me a few quid just to show that you are friendly? A fiver'll do to start off with."

"I'll lend you my boot if you are not out of the study in half a second!" warned Temple.

Bunter stared at the captain of the Upper Fourth. He did not understand how Temple could have the nerve to brazen it out like this.

"I tell you——" he began.

The next instant he had been seized by Temple and hurled into the passage.

"Ow! Wow! You swindling rotter!" yelled the Owl of the Remove.

"What are you doing to the dear Bunter?" asked the sarcastic voice of Aubrey Angel, who was coming along the passage.

"That's no business of yours, Angel!" said Temple shortly. "I've paid you what I owe you, and I want to have nothing more to do with you!"

"Look here, Angel!" howled Bunter. "You know that Temple messed up the exam-papers——"

"What's that?" asked Harry Wharton, who, with his chums, had been attracted to the scene by the noise. "What's that you're accusing Temple of, Bunter?"

"Please don't poke your nose into this, Wharton," said Temple. "It's not any concern of yours!"

"I should jolly well think it does concern us!" said Mark Linley. "I know that there's something fishy about the exam results, and if Bunter thinks you've had something to do with it, Temple, it's just as well to have the matter out!"

"For your own sake, let us look into

this thing," said Harry Wharton. "You know your name will be cleared if Bunter is talking bosh!"

"Have you any proofs of what you are saying, Bunter?" asked Mark Linley.

"I heard Temple talking over it with Angel!" said Bunter hotly. "You just ask Angel, that's all!"

Every eye was fixed on Aubrey Angel of the Fourth. But the black sheep wore a countenance of brass.

"Well, Angel?" asked Wharton. "Do you know anything about this?"

A malicious smile played about the corners of Angel's mouth.

"I don't see why I shouldn't be quite frank about the matter," he said. "As a matter of fact, Temple did suggest to me that we should get hold of the examination-papers before they were sent off to the post, and—er—alter some of the dates, and so forth——"

"You liar!" howled Temple. "It was you who wanted to force me to do it!"

The Famous Five had great difficulty in keeping Temple from throwing himself at Aubrey Angel.

"Hold on, Temple!" said Harry Wharton. "We must get to the bottom of this!"

"Please tell us your version of the affair, Temple," said Mark Linley, "and be quite straight about it!"

"I refuse to say anything!" said Temple, grinding his teeth.

"I ask you to draw your own conclusions from that," drawled Angel. "The fellow suggested some such scheme to me as Bunter has mentioned, but I had no intention of taking part in it——"

"Don't tell us it was too caddish for you," said Bob Cherry. "We want the truth!"

"I relied on my own abilities to beat you and your friends, Linley," said Angel. "Believe it or not, as you please."

Linley looked Angel straight in the eyes, but the cad of the Fourth did not waver. He was too thoroughly trained in telling lies to be abashed by the Lancashire boy's honest gaze.

"I don't know what to think," said Mark Linley. "A rotten trick like this is much more likely to have been carried out by Angel than by Temple."

"If you ask me!" growled Johnny Bull. "I think the two cads are pretty much on a par!"

Harry Wharton shook his head. He had an idea that Temple was not capable of sinking to such depths. If someone had meddled with the examination-papers it was much more likely to have been Aubrey Angel.

But the proofs at present all seemed to point the other way.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Angel is Outwitted!

"WHARTON," said Temple, with an uncertain catch in his voice, "I swear that I am innocent!"

"In that case," said Harry Wharton, "I suppose you will be willing to have the matter thoroughly investigated, Temple?"

"Yes; I am willing," replied Temple. It was a blow to Temple's pride that his honour should be entrusted to Removites, but he hoped that the captain of the Remove and his friends would be able to prove his innocence.

"Very well, then," said Wharton. "It seems to me that the first thing to do is to look up this postman-fellow, and see if we can't drag the truth out of him."

"Talk of angels!" said Bob Cherry.

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"There's the postman just crossing the Close!"

Harry Wharton looked through the window.

"It's not Dixon," he said. "It's old Boggs."

"Old Boggs well again?" commented Mark Linley. "I'm jolly glad to hear it! He's a decent old stick!"

"Come to think of it," said Penfold, "I did hear something in the village about Dixon's going to Mexico, and old Boggs taking up his duties again!"

"I never did like that chap Dixon," said Harry Wharton. "But he would have been useful now. It's a blessed shame his going off like that!"

"Perhaps he hasn't gone yet," suggested Nugent. "Let's call Boggs up and ask him if Dixon is anywhere in the neighbourhood."

Bob Cherry poked his head out of the window.

"Boggs!" he yelled. "Boggs!"

"Shurrup, you silly ass!" hissed Wharton. "The whole school can hear you yelling!"

"That's all right!" said Bob. "Let them hear!"

Then he poked his head out of the window once more, and shouted again:

"Boggs!"

The old postman looked round in bewilderment. He could not make out where the shouts came from.

"Up here, Boggs, you dummy!" howled Bob Cherry. "We want you up here!"

Boggs glanced up in the direction of the shouts, and saw Bob Cherry's curly head protruding out of a window.

"A' right, sir!" he said. "I'm comin'! A' right!"

Whilst the juniors were waiting for Boggs to climb up the stairs, Temple sat moodily in a corner of the study. He knew himself innocent, but now that Dixon had gone off to Mexico it seemed to him that there was very little chance of proving his innocence.

Aubrey Angel looked quite unconcerned. In reality, the cad of the Fourth was not at all sure that his plan had succeeded. There was one important link in the evidence still wanting. Angel had instructed Dixon to write a letter to the Head of Greyfriars confessing his guilt, and laying the blame of the conspiracy on Temple.

Angel had pointed out that by the time Dixon's letter reached the Head he would already be on the way to Mexico, and no harm could come to him. Angel had bribed the temporary postman generously, and he hoped that old Boggs was actually bringing the letter with him now.

"I say, you fellows——"

Bunter had been silent for quite a time. But now he made his voice heard once more.

"I say, you fellows! All this excitement has been too much for me. I'm feeling quite faint.

No reply.

"Oh, really, you fellows, I think you ought to stand me a bit of refreshment, considering how it was through me the truth came out!"

"Shurrup, Bunter!" howled the Famous Five and the Scholarship Company in one voice.

"Look here, Angel," said Bunter, turning to the cad of the Fourth, "I think you ought to stand treat, seeing that I've——"

"Seeing that you've done what, Bunter?" asked Wharton quickly.

"Oh, really, Wharton! Don't try to bully me! I'm not the sort of chap to hide anything, I should hope. And if I have——"

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"There's something behind this," said Mark Linley. "What the dickens is Bunter driving at, Angel?"

The cad of the Fourth shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"Bunter is talking out of his hat," he said. "There is nothing——"

"Oh, really, Angel, you know quite well that——" began Bunter.

Then he stopped, frightened by the look in Angel's eyes.

"Go on!" urged Harry Wharton. "If you have what, Bunter?"

"I know what he is trying to say," said Temple quietly—"of, rather, what he is trying to hide. He is trying to hide the fact that he gave you the conversation I had with Angel all wrong. Angel was tempting me to interfere with the exam-papers, not I him."

"That's a lie!" snapped Angel.

Wharton took no notice of Angel.

"Then you did actually discuss the idea with Angel, Temple?" he asked.

"I did," acknowledged Temple. "And, what's more, I interviewed Dixon and began arranging the matter with him. But before I had said anything definite it struck me what a dirty trick I was contemplating, and I left the cottage without saying anything more."

"You see how he's getting nearer and nearer the truth!" sneered Angel. "He'll soon confess everything to you!"

"Shut up, hang you!" howled Temple, turning on Angel furiously. "Shut up, you plotting cad!"

Wharton intervened.

"Leave Angel alone, Temple," he advised. "If there is any truth in what you say we'll fish it out and find the real culprit. And if that culprit happens to be Angel we'll give him a hot time of it, I assure you."

"If you want the real culprit," sneered Angel, "you needn't look any further than Cecil Reginald Temple."

"Young sirs——"

"Come in, Boggs!" said Harry Wharton. "We want to talk to you."

"Put your post-bag down here, Boggs," said Bob Cherry. "We want to have a little chat with you."

"The chatfulness," agreed Hurree Singh, "ought to be terrific!"

Boggs looked surprised, but he deposited his post-bag and sat down, waiting to hear what the juniors wanted of him.

"Are you feeling better, Boggs?" asked Penfold.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the old postman, looking benevolently at the son of the Friardale cobbler.

Boggs was very pleased at the idea that the son of old Penfold, his friend, was at Greyfriars and on terms of friendship with the "young gentlemen."

"That's right," said Harry Wharton. "We're very glad to hear that. By the way, what's become of the man who took your place for a time—a man called Dixon?"

"Oh, him?" said Boggs. "He's gone to Mexico, or some such place."

"Has he already left?" asked Temple, in great disappointment.

"Yus, sir."

"Oh!" came a united exclamation of regret from the juniors. Only two looked unconcerned. Billy Bunter hardly knew what all the fuss was about. Whilst Aubrey Angel sat, with a cynical smile on his thin lips, watching Temple as a cat watches a mouse.

"By-the-by, young sirs!" said Boggs. "Talkin' of that there Dixon, I've got a letter from him to the Head in my bag."

"Oh!" said Harry Wharton. "A letter from Dixon to the Head! I wonder what he wants to write to the Head about?"

"Most probably," said Mark Linley slowly, "it's got something to do with

the exam-papers—something in the nature of a confession, I should say."

"Would we be doing right?" asked Wharton, glancing at his chums.

"You mean—doing what?" asked Johnny Bull.

Wharton glanced at the postman.

"Oh, I see!" said Mark Linley. "Under the circumstances, I think we should be justified."

"Look here, Boggs," said Harry Wharton, "leave Dixon's letter with us. We'll look after it for you."

"Thank you, young sirs!" said the postman unsuspectingly. "It's very kind of you to save my old legs trouble, I'm sure!" And he took out the letter.

"That's all right, Boggs," said Harry Wharton, dropping a coin into the postman's hand. "Keep fit. We don't like your substitutes."

"I will, Master Wharton!" grinned Boggs, as he left the study.

"See here, Wharton!" exclaimed Angel angrily. "If that's the confession of Dixon's, proving Temple's guilt, you've got no right to keep it from the Head."

"And what if it is a confession of Dixon's proving your guilt, Angel?" asked Wharton.

Angel scowled, but he had no reply ready.

Wharton opened the envelope and took out the letter. As he glanced through it he gave an exclamation of surprise.

"My hat, chaps!" he said. "Just listen to this!"

"Go ahead, Harry!" urged Bob.

Wharton read the letter aloud. It was in Dixon's peculiar spelling, and contained the following:

"Dear Sir,—I am riting this afore I leeve for Mekksikow, to start a new life. I have done lots of derty things in my time, but the dertiest was when I made a plot with a boy kalled Angel at your school to mess up some ekksam-papers and then put the blame on a boy kalled Tempel, who wouidnt take a hand in the plot. I thought I would let you know, so that you should know what a rotter that boy Angel is. Now I can start a fresh life in Mekksikow with a clean konshens.

"I am, yours very obbediently,
"CHARLES DIXON."

"Well, that proves your innocence, Temple," said Harry Wharton. "Please excuse me for suspecting you."

"Same here!" chorused the other juniors.

"I always knew Temple was innocent," said Billy Bunter. "Now, didn't I, chaps?"

Nobody took any notice of Bunter.

"I don't blame you chaps for suspecting me," said Temple. "You can't realise how near I was to doing what Angel tempted me to do."

"A miss is as good as a mile," said Bob Cherry. "Hallo! Stop that cad Angel! He's trying to escape!"

Indeed, Aubrey Angel, realising that the game was up, was trying to escape from the study.

But he found himself surrounded by Removites.

"You're not going yet!" said Mark Linley grimly.

"What's the good of prolonging the agony?" drawled Angel. "Hand over the letter to the Head, and get me sacked. I suppose that's what you intend doing, Wharton?"

"It would serve you right if we did," said Wharton. "Shall we do it, chaps?"

The Removites looked at each other doubtfully.

Aubrey Angel certainly deserved any punishment that the Head might inflict on him, even expulsion.

On the other hand, none of the Famous Five or the Scholarship Company liked doing anything which savoured of sneaking.

Aubrey Angel saw the hesitation in the Removites' looks, and decided to appeal for mercy.

"Give me another chance," he said. "I'll make up for what I've done."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Wharton.

"Well, I'll pay back the prize money to Linley, Penfold, and Redwing out of my own pocket. I can't do more than that."

"You'll certainly do that," said Harry Wharton grimly. "But that won't be sufficient. Just because you happen to be a bloated millionaire with plenty of spare cash you're not going to be let off your proper punishment."

"What do you mean, hang it all?" asked Angel. "What more can I do?"

"You can take your medicine," said Harry Wharton. "And Temple will administer it."

"With pleasure!" said Temple.

Angel backed away.

"You dare——" he began.

But the Removites gave him no time to protest. Under the directions of Harry Wharton the Famous Five seized Angel's head and shoulders, and the Scholarship Company took his legs, and they laid him across the study table.

"One!" rapped out Harry Wharton.

Temple brought down a switch on Angel's back very vigorously.

"Two!"

The process was repeated till even Temple felt that the cad of the Fourth had had enough. Then they released him.

Angel had made no sound. But there was a look on his face that almost frightened the Famous Five and the Scholarship Company as Angel left the study.

They realised that they had made a bitter enemy.

"Now for Bunter!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry!" wailed Bunter.

"Leave the fat bounder alone," said Harry Wharton. "He'll make row enough to bring the whole school up here from the playing-fields and the river."

"But remember this, Bunter," said Temple. "If you say a word about Angel's plot you'll get what Angel got, and more!"

"No, of course, I won't speak about it. I shouldn't dream of speaking about it!" gasped the Owl of the Remove.

"That's all right, then!" said Temple.

"Take care you don't forget."

Wharton looked at Temple curiously. Now that the danger was past, Cecil Reginald Temple was the same self-assertive swaggerer as of old.

"Thanks for helping me in this little affair, kids," said the captain of the Upper Fourth airily. "It was jolly good of you to interfere, though, of course, I could have handled that cad Angel on my own."

"Could you, by Jove?" gasped Bob Cherry. "Of all the cheek——"

"Never mind, Bob!" laughed Harry Wharton. "We know Temple's swank."

"We do!" said the Famous Five and the Scholarship Company all together.

"Look here, Wharton——"

"It's all right, Temple!" grinned Wharton. "I don't feel like squabbling with you just at present. Let's call it pax."

"Certainly!" said Temple. "Pax, by all means. By the way, I've invited some of my pals to tea this afternoon. I——"

"Sorry we can't stay to tea," grinned Bob Cherry. "Awfully honoured, Temple, old bean!"

"Sorry you can't accept," said Temple. "Oh, well, you kids will have to excuse me. I'll have to be getting the tea ready for the others now."

"Gad!" said Dabney, entering the study with several other Upper Fourth-Formers. "What are these grubby fags doing here, Reggy? Are they faggin' for you?"

"What!" yelled Bob Cherry. "If you want a black eye, Dabney——"

"Please don't row in here, Cherry, there's a good kid," said Temple patronisingly. "We're not used to that sort of thing in this study, you know."

"Why," yelled Bob Cherry, "I'll wipe up the floor with you, Temple——"

"Oh, throw 'em out!" said Fry contemptuously. "They make too much row."

"I'd jolly well like you to try it!" said Bob Cherry.

"Come on, Bob!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "They aren't worth the trouble."

"No. That they are not," said Mark Linley. "Their swank just amuses me, that's all."

And the Removites left the study, half laughing half angry at Temple's newly-recovered swank.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Company Breaks Up!

"PEN'S coming back this evening," said Monty Newland to Trevor and Treluce. "I rely on you chaps to welcome him back in the proper spirit."

"We will!" said Trevor and Treluce in one voice.

"That's good!" said the Jewish junior.

"Hallo, Angel! What do you want?"

Aubrey Angel assumed as pleasant an expression as he could, and entered.

"I want to speak to you fellows," he said genially.

"The compliment is not returned," said Newland. "I don't think any one of us is particularly anxious to talk to you."

On Angel's face appeared a scowl which the cad of the Fourth was crafty enough to hide.

"Come now, let bygones be bygones, Newland," he said. "I'm anxious to give you a piece of advice."

"Advice, eh?" said Monty Newland, not very greatly impressed. "Well, go ahead!"

"I don't see that there is any need for you chaps to put up with a cobbler's son like Penfold in the study," said Angel.

"If you take my advice you will refuse to take him back into your study. Let the paupers herd together, is what I say."

"And what I say," replied Newland hotly, "is that you are a cad and a snob, Aubrey Angel!"

"Oh, of course, I might have expected a chap like you to adopt that tone!" said Angel sarcastically. "But I am sure that sensible chaps like Trevor and Treluce will agree with me."

Had Newland been absent there is no knowing what Trevor and Treluce might have done. But his presence fortified their saner instincts.

"You're talking bosh, Angel!" said Treluce.

"Absolute rot!" agreed Trevor.

"And, what's more," said Newland, "we'll show you what we think of you! At him, boys! Out of the study with him!"

"You dare——" began Aubrey Angel.

But before he could proceed further he was lying in the passage, and the door of Study No. 9 had been closed on him.

Trevor and Treluce had backed up Newland in getting rid of the cad of the Fourth—a good sign for the future harmony of Study No. 9.

Rubbing himself ruefully, Angel proceeded further along the Remove passage. He stopped at Study No. 4.

"Come in!" said the sharp voice of the erstwhile Bounder, as Angel's knock sounded.

"I've come to give you a call, Smithy," said Aubrey Angel. "It's quite a time since you attended one of my little poker-parties last——"

"Poker-parties, eh?" said Vernon-Smith, allowing his hand to approach the fender. "Come to think of it, it is rather a long time since I played poker last."

Angel came nearer to the Bounder.

"Don't you find life rather dull," he asked, "since you gave up those little outings to the Cross Keys Inn, that you used to be so fond of?"

"Oh, I manage to rub along!" said Vernon-Smith quietly. "May I ask why you have suddenly taken such an interest in me, Angel?"

"Well," said Angel, "the fact is that I think that fellows like ourselves—fellows who like a bit of the gay life at times—should make a stand against stuck-up prigs like Wharton and his crowd. Take that fellow Redwing, for instance——"

"Redwing!" repeated Vernon-Smith slowly. "What was that you were saying about Redwing, Angel?"

Angel ought to have been warned by the Bounder's voice that it would be dangerous to say anything against Redwing. But there are none so blind as those who will not see.

"To tell you the truth," proceeded the cad of the Fourth, "I don't understand why you stood the pauper such a long time in your study!"

"What's wrong with Redwing?" asked Vernon-Smith, looking steadily at Angel.

"Well, altogether apart from his common position," went on the snobbish Fourth-Former, "he is the sort of fellow who gets my liver up—the sort of chap who thinks there is something terribly criminal in a bit of a gamble. Now, personally, I think there is nothing like a game of poker."

"How very interesting!" drawled the Bounder. "You think there is nothing like a game of poker—you cad!"

As he uttered the last two words Vernon-Smith drew the red-hot poker out of the fire and advanced straight upon Aubrey Angel.

"What the dickens are you doing?" gasped Angel, backing away.

"Having a little game of poker with you, Aubrey Angel," said the Bounder, getting still nearer to the cad of the Fourth. "Where will you have it?"

With these words Vernon-Smith gave Angel a playful jab with the red-hot poker.

"Ow!—Wow! Keep off, you lunatic!" howled Angel, rushing out of the study at lightning speed.

For the time being Aubrey Angel gave up his attempts to make trouble for the scholarship juniors.

Instead, he turned his attention to the task of ousting Temple from the captaincy of the Upper Fourth.

But even this he found impossible.

"My dear fellow," said Scott. "We all know that Temple is precious little use as a leader—a mere King Log, in fact. But we prefer King Log to King Stork."

Angel smiled uneasily.

"I shouldn't eat you up if I became Fourth Form captain," he hinted. "I should——"

"It's no use telling us what you would or would not do," said Fry, in a straightforward way, "because you're never going to get the chance. Reggy Temple is going to be skipper as long as you are the only rival in the field."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "Temple is the best man, I say. Absolutely!"

"And, what's more, Angel," said Temple, "if I have any more of your scheming, back-handed tricks you will feel the weight of my fist!"

"Your fist!" sneered Aubrey Angel. "You couldn't kill a fly!"

That was enough for Temple. The captain of the Upper Fourth was not a great fighting-man, but his patience had its limits. After a short but sharp contest Angel lay prostrate on the ground, with Temple standing over him.

"Well done, Temple!" grinned Bob Cherry, who had been watching the fight. "You're getting on! You'll be able to wipe up the floor with a Third Form fag soon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That evening Penfold and Redwing returned to their old studies.

Bob Cherry, Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, and Wun Lung came back to Study No. 13.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "Here we are again!"

"Welcome home, you chaps!" grinned Mark Linley. "It's been quite quiet in here since Bob left."

"D'you mean to say I make such a dickens of a row?" asked Bob Cherry, in surprise. "I think—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, Bunter, what do you want?" groaned Bob Cherry.

"I've come to make you chaps an offer," said Billy Bunter.

"Another offer?" exclaimed Mark Linley.

"Really, Linley, I think you ought to be grateful to me for the offer I'm going to make you—"

"Why? Are you going to promise never to come inside Study No. 13 again?" asked Bob Cherry. "I should be jolly grateful for that, for one."

"Really, Cherry, I was going to offer to come into the study, but now I've got a good mind not to—"

"Oh, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry, in a heart-broken voice.

"But I'll come into the study on one condition only," said Billy Bunter.

"That we stand you plenty of free feeds?" grinned Mark Linley. "Nothing doing, Bunter!"

"The nothingfulness," chimed in Hurree Singh, "is terrific!"

"Beasts!" said Bunter, walking out of the study with his nose in the air. "I wouldn't come into Study 13 now if you asked me on your bended knees—so there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well," said Harry Wharton, popping his head into Study No. 13, whilst Nugent and Johnny Bull looked in over his shoulders, "so the Scholarship Company has broken up?"

Mark Linley shook his head.

"No!" he said. "We're all in different studies again, but there is something that unites Pen and Redwing and myself still."

"What is that?" asked Frank Nugent.

"I know what Marky means," said Harry Wharton. "He means that he and Redwing and Pen have all got to face the world on equal terms—"

"Yes!" added Mark Linley. "As penniless scholarship boys!"

"Well, there is one thing to be said," rejoined Bob Cherry, "and that is that you will always have all the decent fellows on your side, Marky!"

"Hear, hear!" chorused the rest of the Famous Five.

THE END.

(Another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled: "BUNTER THE BANKRUPT!" by Frank Richards. Order your copy EARLY.)

READERS' NOTICES.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED, ETC.

Miss M. Moran, 20, Nelson Street, Grimsby, Lincs., has for sale "Gems," 605-630, and "Nelson Lees," 222-248. Will sell at two for 1½d.

K. Roberts, 9, Retreat Road, Westcliffe, has for sale "Magnets," Nos. 621, 624-632; "Gems," Nos. 607, 617, 618, 620, 624, 625, 628-631; "Penny Populars," Nos. 57, 59, 60, 61; and "Greyfriars Herald," Nos. 16, 18, 19, and 21.

D. R. Lambert, 145, Gwydir Street, Cambridge, has for sale "Magnets," Nos. 406-529; "Gems," Nos. 141-178, 288-343, 375-529, and "Penny Populars," Nos. 178-226. What offers?

P. Winship, 26, Francis Street, Stanley, nr. Crooke, c/o Durham, has for sale "Gems," Nos. 584-612.

A. Cockrane, 120, St. Mary's Road, Peckham, S.E. 15., has for sale fifty-six "Penny Populars," sixty "Boys' Friends," ninety-five "Magnets," and sixty-one "Gems." Will sell lot for ten shillings. Write first.

O. G. Manson, Halifax Street, Hilton, Adelaide, S. Australia, will exchange the following "Magnets" for "Gems" or "Penny Populars: 45, 111, 163, 194, 201, 355, 358, 369, 374, 375, 378, 379, 382, 385, 389, 391, 395, 404, 406, 408, 410, 411-414, 417, 420-425, 441, 442, 445-451, 457-460, 462, 464-468, 471, 474, 476, 478-482, 487-493, 495-499, 501-505, 509, 512, 513, 515, 526, 528, 530, 532, 535-538, 540, 542, 545, 548-550, 555, 559, 561, 565, 566, 570-572, 574-582, and 584-615.

A. Thomas, Ash Vale, 32, Coronation Road, Six Bells, Abertillery, Mon., has for sale about 100 "Companion Papers." What offers?

W. G. Wallace, 247, Longside Road, Crosshill, S.S., Glasgow, wants "Boys' Friend" 3d. Libraries, entitled: "Conquest of London," "Britain Invaded," "Britain at Bay," "Britain's Revenge," "Flying Armada," and "With the Allies' Flag." Threepence each offered.

"An Old Reader," Silksworth Cottage, Ryhope, nr. Sunderland, wants "Magnets" entitled: "Reactions in the Remove," "The Black Footballers," "Hurree Singh's Peril," "The Cock of the Walk," "The Fight for the Captaincy," and "Bob Cherry's Barring Out."

H. B. Crawford, Collooney, co. Sligo, Ireland, has for sale "Boys' Friends," Nos. 934, 941, 950-956, 959, 961, 964, at twopence each, or one shilling and sixpence the lot.

S. Lainchbury, 1382, Cannon Street E., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, will exchange "Greyfriars Heralds," Nos. 1-14 (new series), for fourteen "Gems" or "Magnets" before No. 500.

W. S. Akers, c.o. P.O. Box 143, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere, age 17 or over.

A. Almanza, c.o. Box 143, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere, age 16 or over.

H. Ulingworth, c.o. The Oxcroft Colliery Co., Ltd., near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, with readers anywhere, age 17-18.

R. Hacking, 753, Garwood Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada—with readers interested in stamps.

P. Colban, 16, Sillwood Street, Brighton—with readers interested in stamp-collecting.

C. Hovell, 33, St. Mark Street, Hull—with readers interested in history and geography.

E. Huntley, 11, Somerset Road, Southsea, wants members for his Correspondence Club.

J. Walker, 27, Hollings Street, Marningham, Bradford—with a reader living in Toronto (Canada).

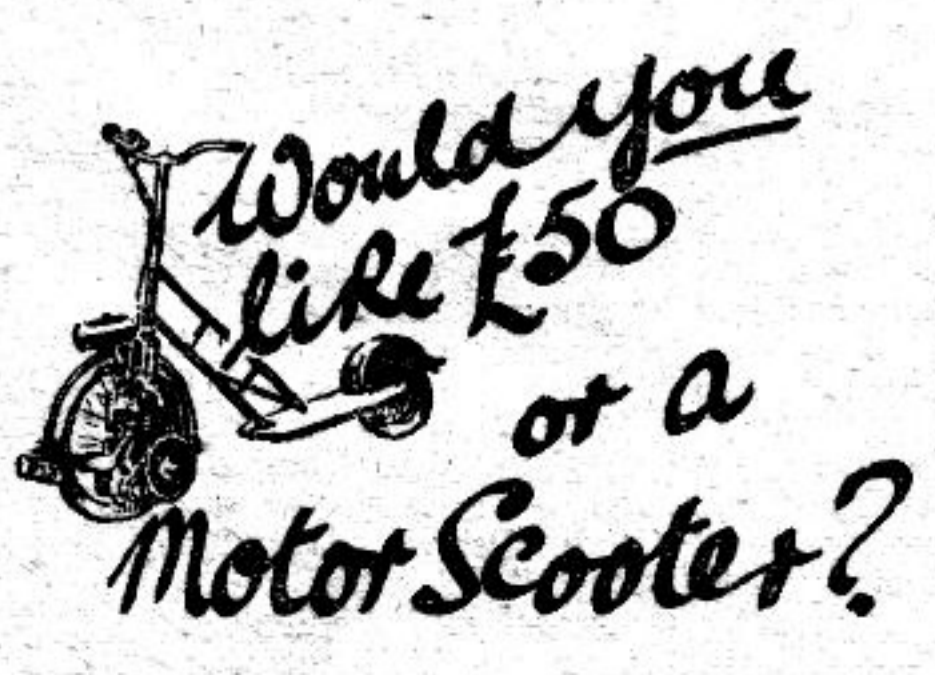
F. Lidstone, 1, Park House, Chancer Road, Herne Hill, S.E. 24, wants readers for his amateur magazine, 2d. monthly.

F. Watt, 6, Tramway Street, Twifontein, Johannesburg, South Africa—with readers interested in amateur theatricals.

Will Miss E. Cox, late of Portsmouth, please write to T. Newson, 50, Laburnum Street, Kingsland Road, London, E. 2?

W. A. Jopp, 2, Cavendish Street, Woodstock, South Africa—with readers living in England.

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This splendid prize is offered to readers of "YOUNG BRITAIN" in a simple new picture competition called "HIDDEN RAILWAY STATIONS." You have as much chance of winning it as anyone else.

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YOUNG BRITAIN . . 2d.

The Popular All-Round Story Paper.

HOW TO MAKE A TELEPHONE FOR HOME USE.



IT is quite easy to make a telephone which, besides affording amusement, will at times be found extremely useful. The whole affair is so easily and cheaply made that no difficulty can possibly be

Making Mouthpieces.

Having made the cases for the magnets, now make the mouthpieces. Procure two wooden boxes, such as boot-buttons are sold

the ends of the wires through them, and fasten them with binding screws, as in the illustration (H, Fig. 2). The thin plate which vibrates with the voice must next be made. Obtain a smooth

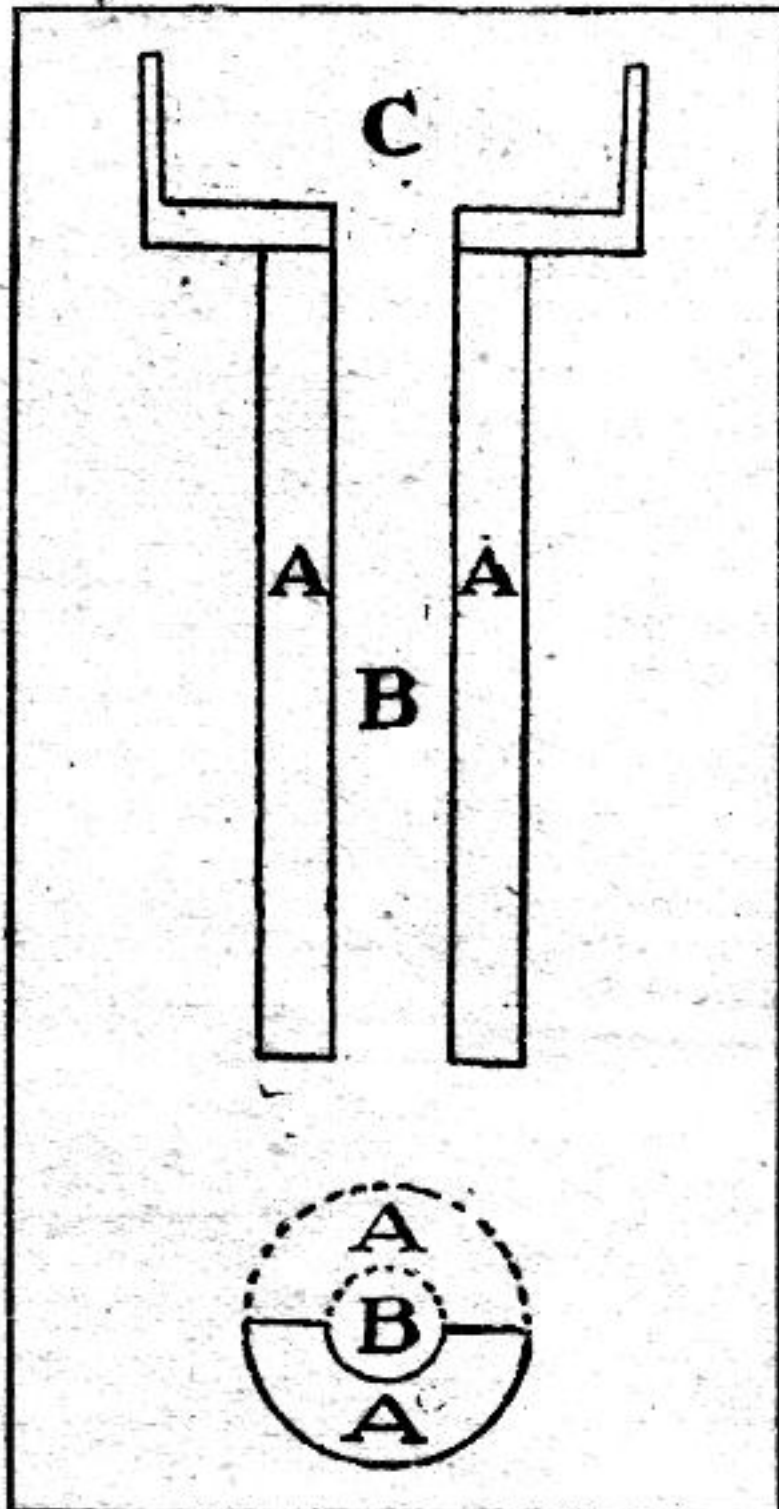


Fig. 1A.—A Section of the Case.

experienced, and you have only to exercise care in order to succeed in constructing a very handy and interesting machine.

For the apparatus to be of any practical use a pair of receivers are required—one for the person speaking, and the other for the person listening.

First of all purchase two bar-magnets—i.e., straight and magnetised at one end only, not the ordinary horseshoe magnets—and an ounce of silk-covered wire, No. 36. These bar-magnets should be about four inches long.

Before taking the magnets from the shop it would be as well to test them. This can be done by placing the marked end of one to the unmarked end of the other, and unless the former is able to support the weight of the latter, do not take either, but insist upon the electrician giving you stronger ones.

Having made your purchase, set to work upon the actual apparatus. The first things to be made are the wooden cases for the magnets, and these require care in construction.

From a straight broom-handle cut off two lengths, each a little longer than the magnets—i.e., about 4½ in. long—and split them carefully down the middle with a chisel. Along the centre of each of these halves cut a groove (B, Fig. 1a), in such a manner that when the two halves are put together they fit properly, and there is room for the magnet to slip backwards and forwards in the hole running through them. Now glue the parts together, and you will have two short wooden tubes, or magnet cases, as shown in Fig. 1b.

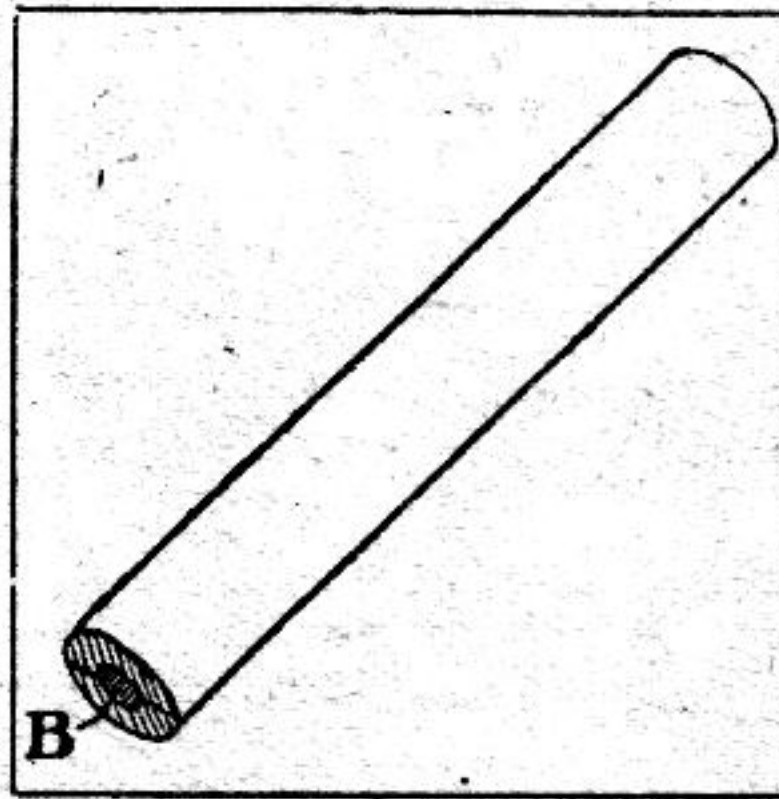


Fig. 1B.—The Magnet Case.

in, and glue one to the end of each of the wooden tubes you have just made, cutting a hole in the bottom of the box to correspond with the bore of the case. In Fig. 1a you will see the work, so far as you have completed it, shown in section. In the lid of the box cut a clean hole the size of a sixpence right in the centre, but this lid must not be fastened to the box just yet.

The next things to be made are two bobbins upon which to wind the wire—one for each instrument. Cut a piece of fairly strong cardboard about ½ in. wide and just large enough in circumference to fit the marked end of the magnets tightly. Divide your No. 36 wire into two equal lengths, and wind each piece around the bobbins, leaving the two ends free to the length of about two inches.

Next slip the magnet, M, into the groove, and push it through so that the bobbin, L, is contained in the box (C, Fig. 2). Make two holes in the bottom of this box, pass

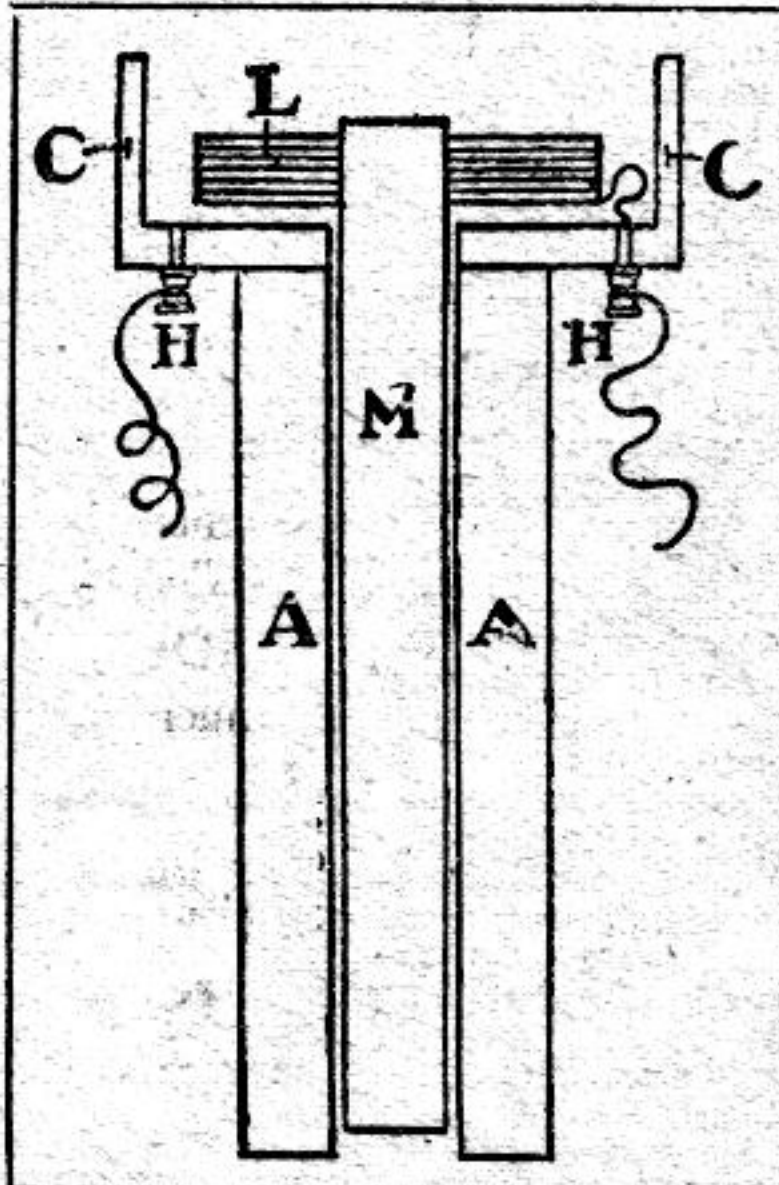


Fig. 2.—Arrangement of Magnet.

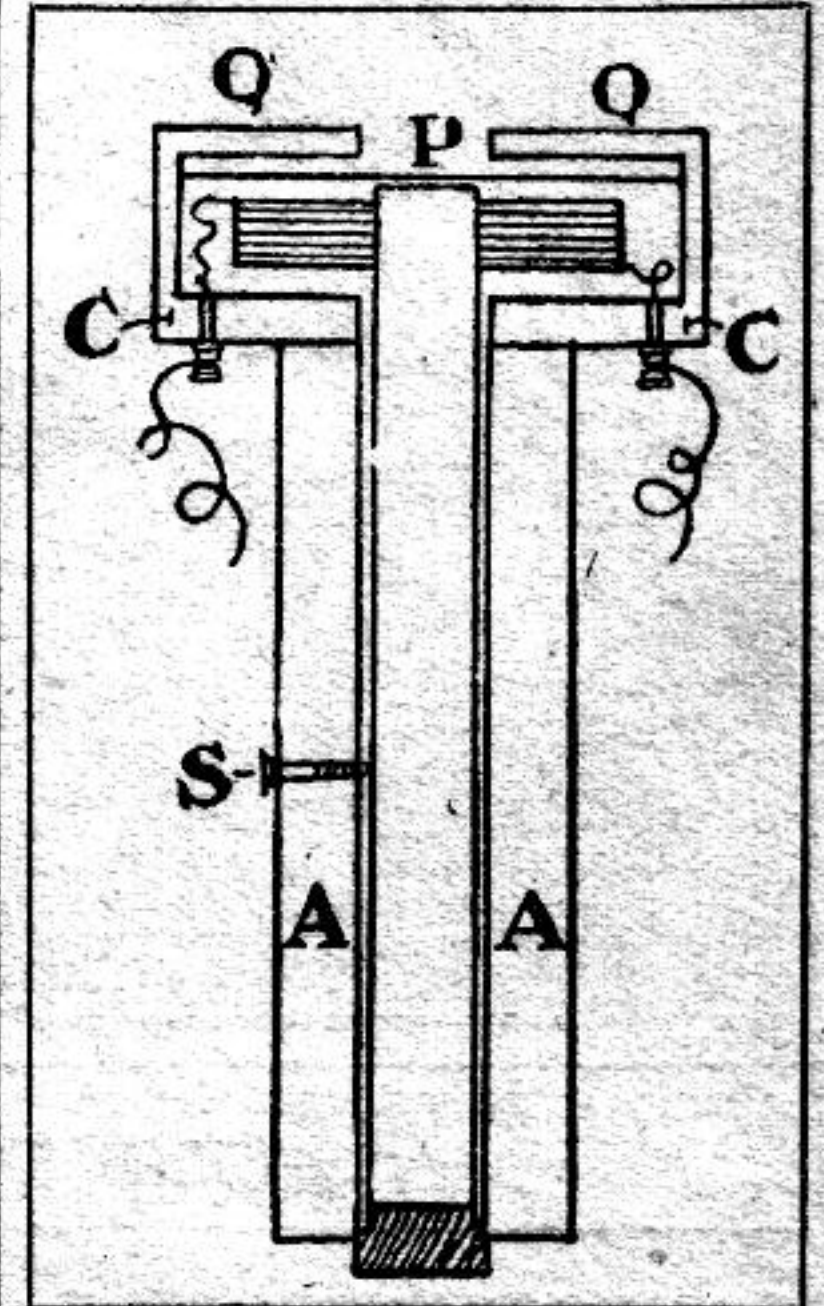


Fig. 3.—Section of the Complete Instrument.

piece of very thin sheet-iron—of just such a texture as is used by photographers for ferrotypes. Take the greatest care to keep this perfectly flat. Cut two round pieces large enough to cover the mouthpieces, as you will see in (P, Fig. 3), where it is shown in section. Take the lid, in which you have already cut the circular hole, and fasten it to the box in such a way that it keeps the iron plate in position (Q, Fig. 3).

Push the magnet very close to, but not quite touching, the disc of iron—say one-sixteenth of an inch away—and fasten it in that position, either by means of a wooden plug at the other end, or by driving a screw into the case in such a way that it grips the magnet and holds it firm (S, Fig. 3). Fill up the hole at the other end of the case with a piece of cork, glue or screw on the lid, keeping the opening so that it almost touches the iron disc, and your telephone is complete. Fig. 3 shows in section how it should now appear.



Fig. 4.—Connection with Battery.

It remains only to make the connections with the batteries in the manner shown in Fig. 4, and you will be able to speak with your telephone. It is very possible, however, that the voice will carry faintly; but do not be disappointed, as this can be very easily remedied by making an apparatus which is usually attached to the telephone, and is known as the microphone.

(To be continued.)

THE SECRET OF THE SILENT CITY.

Our Grand Adventure Serial.

By DAGNEY HAYWARD.



Rackett looked hard at the map on the native's back. "Great Caesar!" he exclaimed. "It couldn't have gone better for us! Who took him prisoner?" (See page 19.)

READ THIS FIRST.

Mr. Sherwell, producer of the Southern Film Company, accompanied by his staff, set out in search of the Silent City, which is situated in the wilds of South America.

The staff includes Tom Rackett, the operator; Tubby Bouncer, a comedian; Dick Grainger, Mike Rafferty, and Larry, three boy chums; two servants, Tung Wu, a Chinaman, and Quambo, a nigger; also three animals, Augustus, an elephant, Wonga, a chimpanzee, and Boris, a boarhound.

Mr. Sherwell's chart is incomplete, and he has only a vague idea as to the position of the Silent City.

Tom Rackett obtains many wonderful and interesting films en route. Later it is discovered through Wonga, the chimpanzee, that a rival film company is making for the Silent City.

Later Dr. Harland, an Englishman, who has been masquerading among a savage tribe as a "magic-man," joins the party.

Later they arrive at a walled town occupied by dwarfs, and Tom Rackett secures a film of a chart tattooed on the back of one of them. The party is trapped in a cavern, but later, through the aid of Boris, escapes, and is pursued back to their camp by the dwarfs.

(Now read on.)

The Tattooed Dwarf.

ALL was now quiet in the camp. But Dr. Harland thought they might expect an attack at dawn.

Mr. Sherwell insisted on the boys taking a proper rest, and he pro-

mised to rouse them at the first sign of hostilities.

While the boys slept, Mr. Sherwell, Harland, Rackett, Tung Wu, Tubby, and Quambo were busy erecting another small fortification inside the outer barrier. This was very strong and well built, with small loopholes all round it through which the white party could fire.

The night passed uneventfully. But with the first sign of dawn came a hint of attack in the shape of several natives who tried to climb over the outer stockade. These were quickly despatched. The boys were soon roused, and took up their position inside the small enclosure with Mr. Sherwell and Harland and Tubby.

The dauntless Rackett said he would fight and film the battle from the head of Augustus, and Quambo chose to do the same thing. Tung Wu, with some baggage-men, kept guard at various points around the stockade.

Presently there was a loud yell of excitement and execration from the dwarfs. Hundreds of spears came hurtling into the camp, some of which killed a number of mules.

From the elephant's head Rackett and Quambo fired over the outer barrier, inflicting damage and slaughter. But the dwarfs evidently meant war to the knife. It was going to be an ugly business.

Inside the small enclosure, the boys fairly itched with excitement. Each knelt before a small niche, through which he fired.

"Don't forget to take careful aim,

boys!" cried Mr. Sherwell. "Remember that every shot must count!"

Presently the natives swarmed over the stockade and into the encampment. After that everyone there had but a confused recollection of what happened.

Natives fell in heaps, but more came on with greater fury than ever. Spears went hurtling through the air, doing damage to men and beasts.

Crack, crack, crack! went Dick's rifle. He rarely missed his mark.

Larry and Mike kept up an almost ceaseless fire, and their aim was splendid. Very soon the ground was strewn with dead and wounded natives. But still the numbers kept coming on.

Quambo and Rackett fought magnificently from the top of Augustus, and seemed to bear charmed lives. Spears went flashing past them, but as yet the two men were uninjured.

"Keep it up, boys!" shouted Mr. Sherwell, for a moment appearing above the small enclosure, and waving encouragement to Quambo and Rackett. "We shall win!"

Excited British cheers rent the air, and were heard above the crack of rifle and revolver shots.

And now, in massed formation, the dwarfs were climbing over the stockade and literally hurling themselves at the centre enclosure. Spears, small stone hammers, and stones flung from slings, rained down on those making a gallant defence.

But the frightful slaughter of the natives was beginning to have a disheartening effect on them.

Bullets were flying around. The air was filled with groans, shouts, and savage cries.

Suddenly Larry, from his loophole, spied Tung Wu having a hand-to-hand encounter with no less than four dwarfs. He had evidently no more cartridges, for he was laying about him with the butt of his rifle. Larry took steady aim and fired two rapid shots. The dwarfs tumbled over like ninepins.

Then Dick, from his aperture, espied several natives swarming round Augustus. He fired, and accounted for two dwarfs. Then he saw Rackett and Quambo shooting with their revolvers. Augustus had evidently received several spear-wounds, but was prevented from stampeding by Quambo's perfect mastery over him.

Just as Mike was about to take aim at a group of natives who were making an ugly rush round Tubby Bouncer, a spear whistled through the small aperture through which Mr. Sherwell was firing, and it entered his shoulder, but not very deeply.

"Quick, Mike!" gasped his leader, "It may be poisoned! Pull it out!"

It was not a nice job, but Mike set his teeth and succeeded in drawing out the spear.

At that instant there were wild cries and screams of fear from the natives. Mike, at his loophole again, saw crowds of them running towards the far end of the enclosure. And Augustus was in pursuit, hurling and trampling to death all who stood in his way.

The natives, terrified at the elephant's infuriated trumpeting, made for the palisade in dense masses. Some of them reached it, and climbed over into safety to the other side.

Revolver and rifle shots rang out while Augustus continued his death-dealing charge. Before long there was not a dwarf left alive in the whole of the enclosure. They were vanquished.

Presently Rackett appeared at the enclosure.

"I reckon we've cleared 'em all off," he said to Mr. Sherwell, "and I've taken the finest fight that will ever be seen on the screen."

Mr. Sherwell's wound was giving him trouble. He did not answer, but sank down to the ground.

Then Tung Wu appeared, limping, but with a dwarf roped to him. Accompanying these two were Dr. Harland and Tubby.

"We've got the native with the map tattooed on his back," cried Dr. Harland, "and we're going to make him show us the way to the Silent City!"

After the Fight!

DIRECTLY the boys saw Dr. Harland, and that Tung Wu actually had in tow the tattooed native, they were very excited.

Even Mr. Sherwell, whose wound had caused him a momentary relapse, sat up and looked keenly at Tung Wu.

"How did you manage to take your prisoner, Tung Wu?" he asked.

"Me fightee velly hard with five dwarfee. Me killee one by one, and this dwarfee he shriekee velly much when I makee to kill, and then I see tattoo on

backee, and tied him up plenty tight," answered Tung Wu, looking very proud.

"You've done very well, Tung Wu," said his leader. "You limp as you walk. Are you hurt?"

"Me not hurtee velly much, but me give dwarfee plenty hurtee," answered the Chinaman, with a bland smile.

"I don't think Tung Wu's wound is much," put in Dr. Harland. "I've examined it, and it will heal quickly. But I think it's time I had a look at you, Mr. Sherwell," he added, for his quick and trained eye soon noticed that Mr. Sherwell was suffering very considerably. So the next half-hour or so Dr. Harland was busy attending to the leader, while the boys outside the small stockade talked excitedly about Tung Wu's prisoner.

The dwarf was indeed subdued and thoroughly cowed and frightened. Tung Wu had tied him up with a piece of rope in such a way that he could not possibly get far by himself. His hands were fastened behind him, and his legs so secured that he could only take small steps—indeed, he could do little more than hobble.

Presently Rackett strolled up to the boys, and told them that the photo he had taken of the tattooed dwarf's back had come out splendidly, and that he had got the finest film of a native fight that anyone could desire.

"I don't think we shall want the

photo now," said Dick, "for Tung Wu's got your dwarf as a prisoner. We shall have the real thing now, Mr. Rackett."

The native's back was turned to Rackett, so he went and had a look at the map on his back.

"Great Caesar!" he exclaimed. "It couldn't have gone better for us! Who took him prisoner?"

"Tung Wu," answered Larry.

"Then Tung Wu's done the best day's work he ever did," replied Rackett.

"Me velly clever Chinaman, plenty full of vimee," returned the Chinaman, who was immensely proud of his work.

"We'll make the dwarf show us the way to the Silent City," cried Mike, "and we'll follow him, even if he has to walk backwards, so that the map will be in front of him."

"We'll get there, boys," said Rackett, "and—Hallo," he broke off, "here's Tubby Bouncer!"

"Good old Tubby!" cried the boys.

"Good luck to me it is!" cried Tubby. "For if it hadn't have been for me we'd have had to feed on grass and nuts, and that wouldn't have done for me!"

Wonga, during the fight, had been carefully watched and secured from all danger by Dick, who had dug a little hole inside the small stockade in which the monkey had sheltered. He had come through unharmed.

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