

IT STANDS THE TEST!—

IT'S STILL THE BEST!



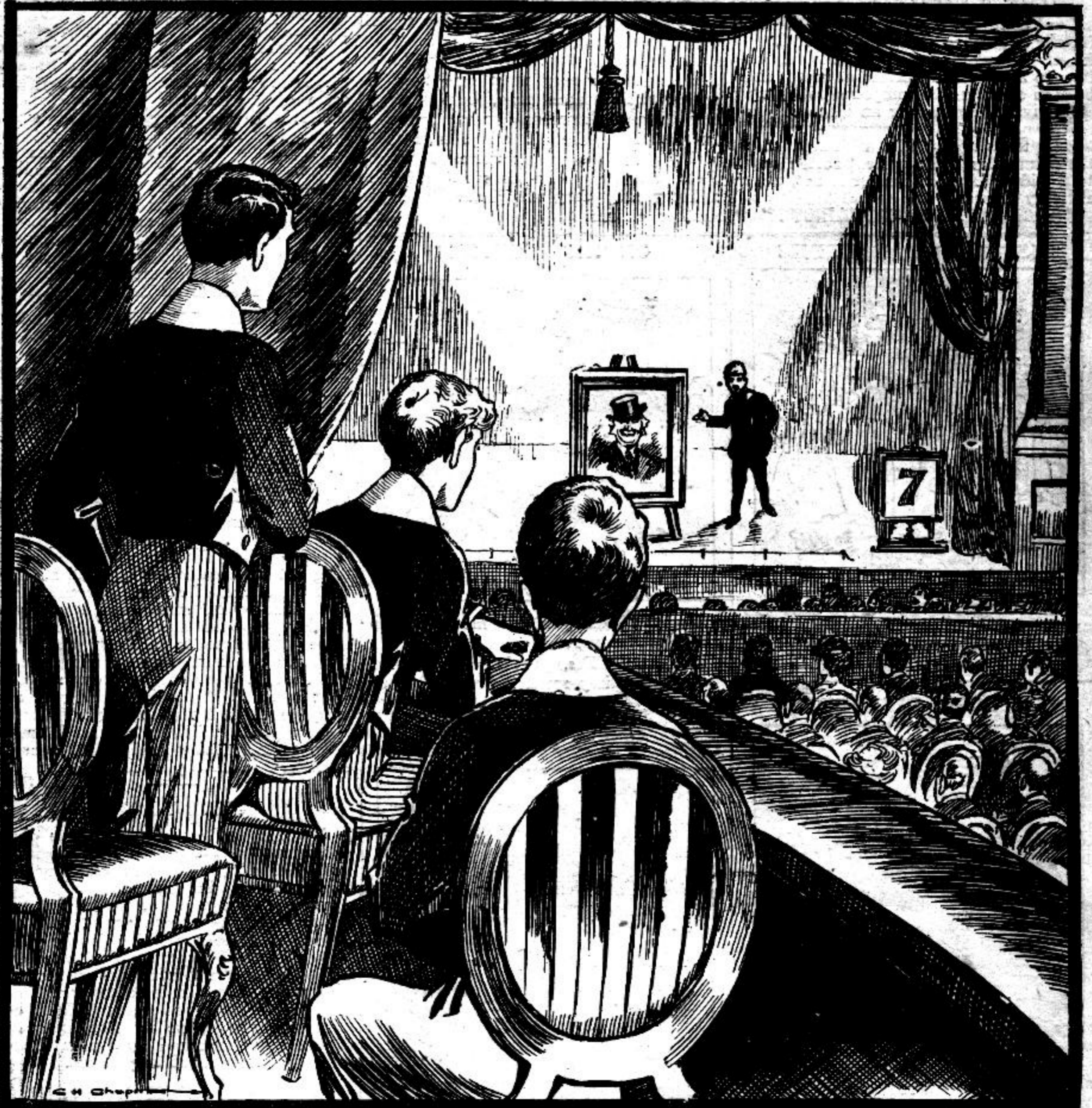
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THE SCHOOLBOY ARTIST!



THE LIGHTNING SKETCHER FROM GREYFRIARS!

(A Stirring Scene in the Splendid Long Complete School Tale of Greyfriars in this issue.)



For Next Monday :

"A BID FOR THE CAPTAINCY!"

By Frank Richards.

Our next story will deal with the further adventures of the chums of Greyfriars. Harry Wharton has the misfortune to meet with a serious accident, and he is in consequence compelled to lay up. This gives Billy Bunter an idea.

Why not Bunter as temporary captain?

Billy takes up the idea with zest. But the Removites don't quite "cotton on" to the idea. And so Bunter is not, after all, very successful in

"A BID FOR THE CAPTAINCY!"

THE DAY.

If you do not manage some kind of good in the actual passing day it is not a bit likely that you will contrive to do better on the morrow. Do it now. You can't beat that. It is the "now" all the time, and a cheery word said now, a decent action done now, help things more than any number of resolutions for the future. The old adage says that giving quickly is giving twice. It is all that. The chap who does not give in a hurry may very likely not be given another chance.

THE REMOVE.

An enthusiastic reader asks me about the routine for one week of the Remove, also how the studies are furnished. I can tell him that the majority of the junior studies are furnished very simply, but such fellows as Vernon-Smith and Mauleverer spare no expense. Then some of the prefects who have means are lavish in the extreme, spending small fortunes on the luxuries which they consider necessities. Others have to be content with the ordinary business-like fittings supplied by the school. Prefects have alcoves in their studies—smaller rooms, used as bed-rooms. Persian rugs are not at all uncommon. The routine of Greyfriars will be dealt with pretty fully in the next volume of the Holiday Annual, published on September 1st.

JUST HARK AT THEM!



Willie: "Why do they call our language the mother-tongue, pa?"

Pa: "Because your father never gets a chance of using it, my sop!"

ON HIS METTLE!



Uncle: "Can you tell me how iron was first discovered?"

Nephew: "Yes, uncle. I heard teacher say they smelt it first."

A GOOD DELIVERY.



Man: "Did you go to the dentist about the soap?"

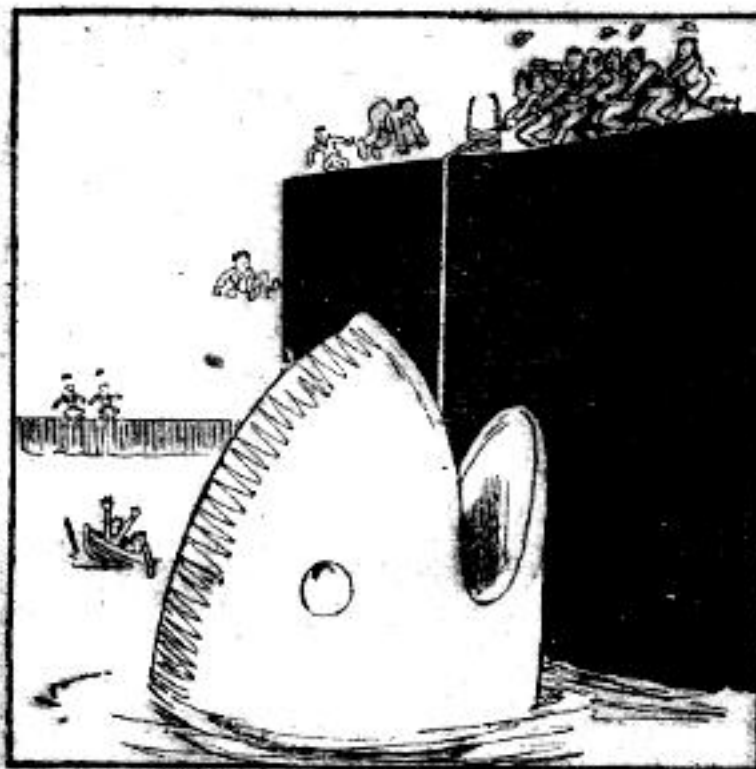
Boy: "Yes, sir. He wanted to know whether you required it scented or unscented."

Man: "Well, what did you say?"

Boy: "I said, 'Never mind, I'll just take it with me, thank you!'"

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A FISHY TALE.



According to Fibber minor's story, this is the size of the fish he caught on the breakwater last week, but had to let go through not being able to get enough help to pull it in!

NAVARRE F.C.

Matches are wanted by this club for next season, home and away. The club also asks for players. Ground, Hackney Marshes. A. L. Delmont, 14, Ifley Mansions, Calvert Avenue, Shoreditch, E. 2.

THE HOLIDAY FEELING.

If you cannot get away these holidays, try home. Stodgy advice, but fairly sound. The Londoner, for instance, does not know what his city and his surroundings are like simply because he goes chasing off somewhere else every holiday. When chance takes him to some spot close to his own doors he stares in blank amazement, and says he had no idea there was anything so good close at hand. Tottenham Hill may not be quite what it was in Izaak Walton's day, but it is still there. There is really no need to travel a hundred miles or so in order to take a pleasant holiday.

QUITE WRONG.

A correspondent who suggests that concentration is the thief of time is all out. Perhaps he was thinking of punctuation. I have not got it right now, but you will see as straight as the fry clows—wrong again, but no matter—that concentration is the business partner of success. Half the failures in the world are due to lack of this elementary quality. It is no manner of use thinking of the Underground Railway, or next year's potato crop, or the brand of tea most favoured by Queen Anne, when you have a job to perform.

Your Editor



As Teddie Tenniel drew back from the easel, Billy Bunter caught a glimpse of the caricature. He could restrain himself no longer. He gave a loud grunt of disapproval. (See Chapter 5.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Nugent Minor Tries to Raise the Wind!

"HALLO, Franky! I've been waiting for you!"

Dicky Nugent — Nugent minor of the Second — was in Study No. 1 in the Remove Form passage at Greyfriars School, when Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent came in, with Bob Cherry and Lord Mauleverer.

The four chums of the Remove came in looking very cheerful, feeling quite satisfied with the result of the afternoon's practice match.

"Dicky!" cried Frank Nugent, in surprise.

"Hallo, old son!" replied Nugent minor cheerfully. "Where in the dickens have you been to? I've been here for hours."

"Now then, kid, I must repeat what I have previously said on that subject, about you using slangy expressions to your elders, and—"

"Oh, don't you begin, Franky, old son! If you repeat all you've said on the subject, you know, it will take up twenty-four hours at least, and then, what becomes of the great reception?"

Dicky Nugent propounded this question as if it were an unanswerable conundrum, standing with his hands in his pockets, facing his elder brother.

Brothers as they were, and somewhat alike in features, there was little further resemblance between Frank Nugent, Harry Wharton's great chum and study-mate, and his minor, the cheekiest and inkiest fag in the Second Form.

Frank Nugent was one of the sound men in the Remove. In fact, at times he was a little too serious for his age. On the other hand, Dicky brimmed with animal spirits, which seemed to be always

bubbling over. When the two brothers were together, Frank always acted as a brake, but Dicky was an irresponsible machine that seldom answered to the brake.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" cried Bob Cherry. "What on earth is the kid talking about? Reception? What reception is this? Are you going to be introduced to a bath, or something of that sort, Dicky?"

"Oh, dry up, Cherry."

Frank Nugent flung himself into an arm-chair.

"Let the kid have his say, Bob, old man!" he cried. "He'll come to the point sooner or later."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling jabberwocks!" growled Dicky. "I've got a jolly good mind not to ask any of you to the blessed reception. It'll be a jolly good show, and we shall ask the new kid to polish off a sketch or two. Young Gatty says he'll give some sleight-of-hand* tricks, and Conrad and Hopkin are going to do a new two-step clog-dance."

Frank Nugent gave a deep yawn.

"There he goes," he exclaimed. "Just like the bubbling brook. But as I said before, he'll come to the point sooner or later."

"Come along, Dicky," laughed Harry Wharton.

Wharton was captain of the Remove, and a general favourite. He usually showed great patience with the kids in the Second and Third Forms, and although the fags were always doing their best to rag the Removites, they thoroughly appreciated the sterling qualities of Harry Wharton.

"What d'you mean, 'Come along!'" growled Dicky Nugent.

"Let's have the explanation first, and the chin-wagging later—that is, if we've

THE SCHOOLBOY ARTIST!

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

got time to listen to it. Now, what's this reception you're talking about?"

"It's—it's for the new fellow," said Dicky. "By all accounts he's a jolly good sort, and Gatty says he thinks he knows a chap who saw his father doing a turn in a Christmas panto."

"Oh, hold me up!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Do you hear what the kid says? His grandfather knew another chap's grandfather who knew—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I didn't say anything about grandfather!" gasped Dicky Nugent. "That just shows you how you fellows listen to another fellow."

"Oh, isn't it nice to hear him talking?" said Bob.

"Well, what about a cup of tea," suggested Mauleverer, with a yawn. "I want to change out of flannels; but I thought something was said about a cup of tea first."

"Hear, hear!" cried Bob. "Well, good-bye, Dicky. Sorry you've got to go. So nice to see you and hear all the news. I hope the reception will be a success, and that your grandfather's chum's grandfather will enjoy it."

"Oh, you howling ass!" exclaimed Dicky angrily. "Why don't you give it a rest for a bit, Cherry? I'm jolly well not going until I've had a word with Franky."

"Carry on, kid," cried Frank Nugent, from the depths of his arm-chair. "What do you want?"

"Money."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a loud and derisive chorus of laughter from the members of the Remove Form.

"It isn't a joke," snapped Nugent minor. "I want you to lend me about ten bob, Franky, old son."

"Can't be did!" laughed Frank Nugent. "We're absolutely stony-broke for the moment. Mauly's a blessed peer of the realm. He might have some cash to chuck away."

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"It's not chucking it away, you ass. I only want to borrow it."

"Same thing, kid!" said Bob Cherry. "But what do you want ten bob for in these times? Don't you know that none of us have recovered from paying second instalment of income-tax."

"Oh, for goodness' sake don't play the goat!" cried Dicky Nugent. "You must lend me ten bob, Franky, old son. I've—I've practically promised it. After all, we don't have a new kid every day, and this fellow seems to be something extra special."

"Bit of a change for the Second Form, isn't it?"

"Don't be a jealous beast, Cherry." "What's the new kid's name, Dicky?" said Harry Wharton.

"Tenniel. Tenniel." "Oh! Same name as the famous artist. You say this new kid can draw as well?"

"Something extra, I believe," said Nugent minor.

"You will probably find it's thoroughly exaggerated," said Harry Wharton. "But if you kids have made up your minds to give the new fellow a good splash when he arrives, go ahead."

"That's what we want to do," replied Dicky Nugent. "And that's the reason I've come here. Come on, Franky, old son. Hand over the spondulicks. I'll pay you back when I get my next remittance."

"Tell me the same old story; Tell me the same old yarn!"

Bob Cherry chanted the lines as he waved his hand up and down in true orchestral style.

"Ha, ha! Dry up, Bob, old man," said Frank Nugent, getting up from his arm-chair. "It's no good ragging Dicky. After all, he's only doing exactly what we do two or three times a week."

"That's right, Franky," said Nugent minor cheerfully. "Hand it over. It's getting late now. The new kid's expected any time."

"Oh, is he? Well, I'm sorry to say he'll be a little disappointed when he arrives. There will be no fatted calf as far as I'm concerned!"

"What?" "There's nothing doing."

"Eh?" "Absolutely nothing doing," said Frank Nugent. "If I had ten bob, or even a nimble sixpence, you should have it. But I haven't a sou."

"B-but you can raise it in the study."

"Stony!" said Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, in chorus.

Dicky Nugent looked askance. Lord Herbert Mauleverer came within his line of vision.

"What about you, Mauly, old man?" he said.

"I regret to say I am somewhat embarrassed for the moment," replied the schoolboy earl. "To-morrow morning it will be a different matter. I'm expecting quite a substantial remittance. Can't you put the new boy off for a few hours, begad?"

"Of course we can't, you ass! I think you are a beastly rotten crew, and I wish to goodness I hadn't wasted time in coming in to see you!"

"How kind of you!" laughed Bob Cherry. "Shut the door when you go out, won't you?"

"Oh, you rotters!"

"Get outside, Dicky!" said Frank Nugent. "I'm sorry I haven't got any spare cash for you. But it can't be helped."

"Perhaps the new kid will be in funds when he arrives," suggested Harry Wharton.

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Dicky Nugent scowled at the respected captain of the Remove.

"Do you think we entertain new fellows on those lines?" he said scathingly.

"Oh, dry up, kid!" laughed Bob Cherry.

"You're rotten, stingy bounders!" cried Nugent minor. "I'll jolly—"

"Shut up!" roared Bob. "I'll—"

Bob Cherry jumped up and seized a ruler, and Dicky dodged towards the door.

"I say, Franky, keep him off! I say— Oh, I'm going! I'm going, I tell you! Keep that ruler away, Cherry, you cad!"

Nugent minor jerked open the door of the study, and, running out, bolted right into a fat junior, who was coming along the passage.

There was a terrific biff and a yell.

Billy Bunter, of the Remove, rolled on the linoleum, and Dicky Nugent staggered to and fro for a moment, and finally collapsed upon Bunter's fat chest.

And Bunter gave a fearful gasp as the fag sat upon him.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter's Version.

"O W!" "Dear me! I believe I've run into somebody!" exclaimed Nugent minor. "I—I'm almost sure I've knocked somebody over. What's this flabby thing I'm sitting on?"

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

"Hallo! It's Bunter!" said Dicky Nugent. "That's a lucky thing. If I hadn't have fallen on you, Bunter, I should have hurt myself. This beastly passage is hard."

"Gerroff my chest!" "Certainly, Bunter! It's no good complaining to me. It's all Cherry's fault."

Nugent minor jumped to his feet. Billy Bunter sat up, gasping. Harry Wharton stepped forward to lend him a hand to rise; but he disregarded it, and helped himself up by the wall.

Wharton drew back, a faint flush in his cheeks. He recovered immediately, however, as he had grown used to Billy Bunter's manners by now. Bunter was quite the fattest and greediest and worse-

mannered junior at Greyfriars, and a little action of this description was typically "Bunterish."

Bunter was known as the Owl of the Remove because of his short-sight, and he rose to his feet now, puffing and blowing. He turned on Dicky Nugent with an angry sneer on his fat face.

"I suppose that's your idea of a joke, young Nugent?" he remarked.

"Sorry if I hurt you, Fatty!" laughed Dicky. "It was quite an accident. That ass Cherry was chasing me with a ruler, and I bolted out. It's all Cherry's fault!"

"Rats!" said Bob Cherry. "Why didn't you look where you were going?"

"Really, my dear fellows, I can't see that it matters much," said Lord Mauleverer, with a yawn. "Why shouldn't Bunter be bumped over? It won't hurt him much, begad!"

"I knew it was done on purpose," said Bunter. "That's what comes of a chap taking a lot of trouble."

"Hallo, hallo! What's the fat porpoise talking about now?"

"I've—I've got some great news!"

"Well, I can't stay here all night," said Nugent minor. "Here's Hurree Singh and Mark Linley. I'm off!"

"Good-bye, Dicky!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "I'm sorry there's nothing— You cheeky young bounder!" This as Frank's minor put a long tongue out to the group of Removites as he scampered away.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, came up with Mark Linley, the popular Lancashire junior, as Bob gave Billy Bunter a playful dig in the ribs which made the fat junior gasp for breath.

"Now then, Bunter!" exclaimed Bob. "Let's have the news!"

"I—I say, Cherry, I wish you wouldn't poke me like that. It quite takes my breath away. I'm rather short in the wind, and—"

"Bosh!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "You're a jolly sight too long-winded, that's what's the matter with you!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"The long-windfulness is terrific!" chimed in the Nabob of Bhanipur, as he joined the chums. "My esteemed comrades, I had the pleasurefulness of watching Coker playing the game cricketfully."

"I say, you fellows!"

"Oh, run away and play, Bunter!"

"It's important, Cherry," said Billy Bunter, blinking at the Removites through his big spectacles. "It's very important indeed. If you fellows don't want to hear about it, I'll—I'll go and tell Temple, Dabney & Co. in the Upper Fourth."

"Eh? What are you driving at?"

"Let's go into the study," said Bunter mysteriously. "We can't talk about it in the blessed passage, or the whole Form will get to hear."

"What's the fat porpoise got in his silly head now?" grunted Frank Nugent.

"It's great news, Nugent, and if you fellows don't want to hear it there are plenty who do. You see, I'm giving you first preference, as you fellows belong to my Form."

"After that we can't refuse to hear it, anyway!" said Harry Nugent, laughing. "Go ahead, Bunter!"

"Come into the study, then!"

"Lead on, Macduff!" said Bob Cherry. "And if it's some more of your silly rot, mind, you will get a thick ear!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Oh, get on, and don't jaw!"

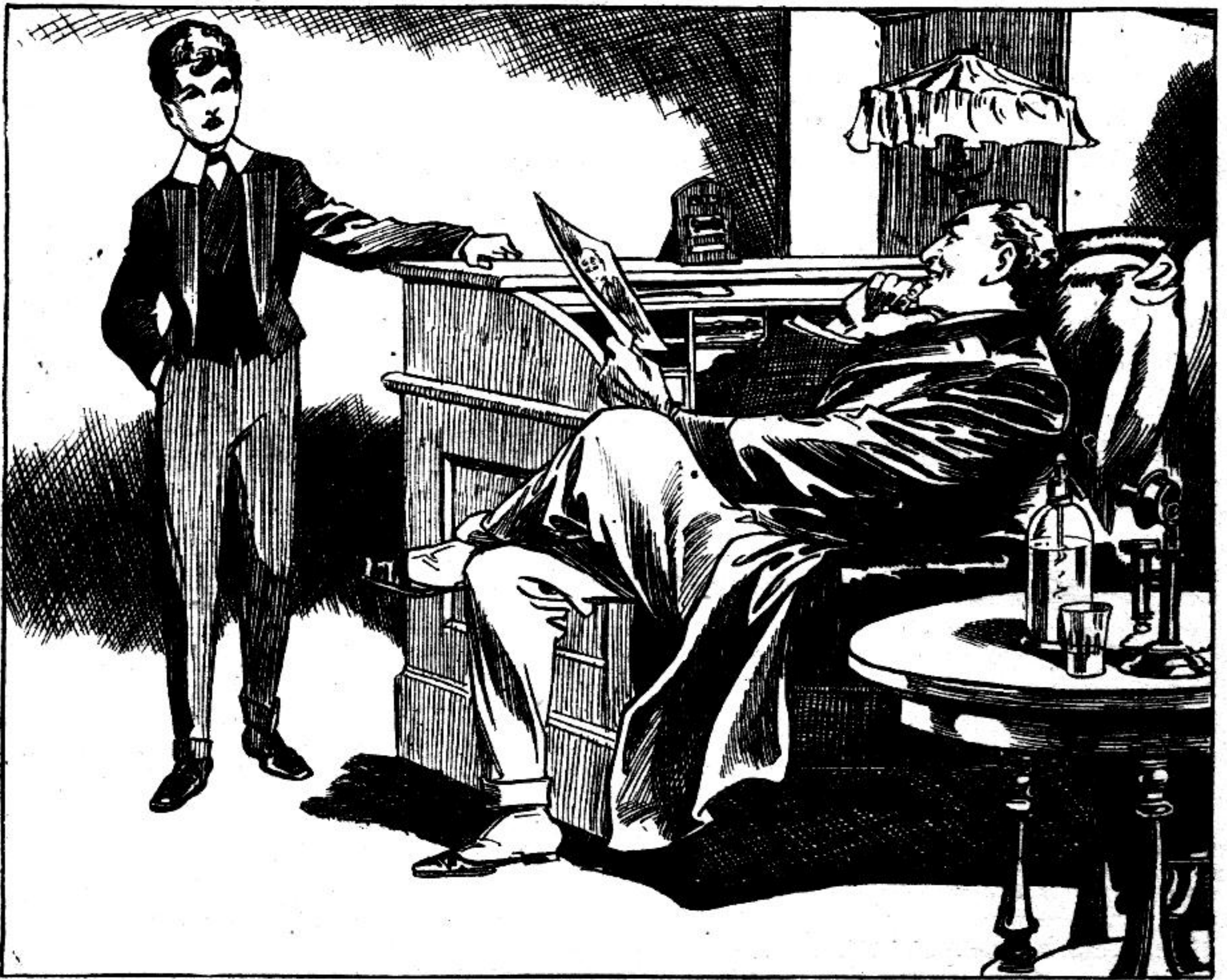
Billy Bunter blinked indignantly at Bob Cherry, but he led the way into No. 1 Study, Harry Wharton & Co. following him. Bunter rolled across the



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BOYS' CINEMA 



"Well, my boy, I think you have a brilliant future in front of you," said the manager. "Will you put in another week next month at fifteen pounds a week?" Teddie Tenniel hesitated. But before the manager could repeat the offer he broke the silence. "No!" he cried. "No! I have finished with it whilst I am at Greyfriars." (See Chapter 6.)

room and took up a position by the fireplace. He stopped and looked cautiously round. Bunter was extremely short-sighted, and the enormous glasses he wore did not assist his vision very much, to judge by the ludicrous blunders he was continually making.

"Well, get on with the washing!" said Nugent impatiently.

"I'm getting on with it, Nugent. But I wish you wouldn't interrupt me and throw my ideas into confusion. I'm always confused when people interrupt me."

"Are you going to get on?"

"Ain't I getting on? I was saying that I always get confused when I am interrupted, and so I do. Now, look here, would you fellows like a box at the Courtfield Theatre?"

"Is that a conundrum?"

"No, Cherry, it isn't a conundrum. That's the wheeze!"

"If you want to take us to the theatre—"

"That isn't it, either. I was thinking of doing so; but I've been disappointed about a postal-order, and I'm rather short of funds at present. Of course, if any of you fellows would care to advance me a little money—say five bob—I should not refuse—"

"You won't have the chance, I fancy!"

"The certainfulness of my honourable chum's statement is terrific!" purred

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "The chancefulness will be nix!"

"But that wasn't what I was going to speak to you about, you fellows. I know you're too jolly mean to lend me a few shillings! My idea was to make the new kid take us to the theatre!"

"The new kid! Are you going to bounce the new kid into taking us all out?"

"That's the wheeze!"

Bob Cherry gave a laugh.

"Do you know that the new kid is going into the Second Form? Why he's an absolute infant! How on earth do you think he can take us to the theatre?"

"Oh, Bunter's talking through his hat again!"

"Look here, you fellows! I'll—I'll tell you how I know all about it. I was just passing the Head's door, when my shoelace came undone."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a fact!" said the Owl of the Remove. "When I bent down to tie it up I—"

"Caught your fat ear on the keyhole!" interrupted Bob Cherry. "Oh, go along, Bunter! We've heard of this blessed shoelace too many times before!"

"I tell you it's true!" growled Billy Bunter. "Just as I was tying it up I heard the Head's voice."

"It's a pity you didn't feel his boot as well!"

"I heard the Head say to Tenniel: 'Well, Teddie, I can only—'"

"Who on earth is Teddie?" said Mark Linley. "I've never heard of him before!"

"He's the new chap," replied Bunter. "His name is Teddie Tenniel."

"Oh!"

"He's just arrived, you know," explained the Owl of the Remove. "And I—I couldn't very well help overhearing the conversation. Dr. Locke's voice does carry so."

"Just as far as the keyhole!" laughed Harry Wharton.

"This new kid seems jolly clever, anyway," continued Bunter. "He's got a jolly decent job on at the Courtfield Theatre. He's going to perform for a whole week!"

"What?"

"You see, his father is a stage-merchant, and he had got his son fixed up with a contract and he couldn't get out of it. So he wrote to the Head and asked him whether he will let the new kid go off each evening for a week. The Head's going to allow it, too!"

"My hat!"

"Of course, old Locke was awfully sick, but he gave way in the end. So, you see, it's quite all right if you fellows make this new kid take us to the show."

"But what sort of show is it?"

"He's a lightning sketcher."

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"Oh crumbs!"
 "He's jolly good, too. I heard the Head say that he had made so much money out of it that his father had saved enough to send him to Greyfriars."
 "My hat!"
 "Of course, it's a bit thick getting that sort of chap in a decent school!" said Billy Bunter. "I don't know what my pater would say if he heard about it!"
 "Just hark at the fat, crawling pig!" said Bob Cherry. "Why, you fat toad, don't you understand that this new kid is worth ten of your sort? I should like to see you earn enough money to keep you at a big school! You couldn't earn enough to pay for one square meal!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "It's all the more to his credit!" said Harry Wharton. "He must be a decent sort of chap, and jolly interesting! Where is he, Bunter?"
 "He was still with the Head when I came up to tell you the news."
 "Well, it strikes me that he's worth looking at!" laughed Wharton. "Of course, it's a little undignified for fellows like us to run after a mere fag; but I think we'll just go and have a look at him!"
 "Rather! We might get him to do a quick sketch!"
 "Good wheeze!"
 "Half a minute, you fellows!" said Billy Bunter. "Let's have a snack before we go. I'm awfully hungry. I haven't had anything since dinner, and then I only had four helpings!"
 "You fat gormandiser!"
 "Oh, really, Cherry! I'm absolutely famished!"
 "Well, you won't get anything to eat here!" laughed Harry Wharton. "Come on, you fellows! Let's go and dig this new kid out, and see what he's like!"
 "Rather!"
 "Half a second, Wharton!" cried Billy Bunter.
 "Can't stop, Billy!"
 "Oh, really, you chaps, I——"
 "Get outside, Bunter—I want to lock the door. Come along!"
 "I—I——"
 "Bunk!"
 "Oh! Look out, Nugent! Ow! I'm coming! Yow! Look out!"
 The chums of the Remove gave Frank Nugent a helping hand, and Billy Bunter rolled across the study and out into the passage. The key was turned, and before the fat Removite knew what was happening, he saw the chums disappear down the stone staircase.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Teddie Tenniel Tickers Gosling!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. strolled out into the quadrangle. There were not many boys to be seen, as most of the juniors were in their studies having tea.
 "Hallo, there's Coker!" said Frank Nugent. "We'll ask him whether he's seen anything of the new kid."
 "That's the idea!"
 The chums made for Coker. Horace Coker of the Fifth Form was leaning majestically against the wall of one of the five courts. Around him were his two cronies, Potter and Greene, also of the Fifth.
 "Hallo, Coker!" said Harry Wharton. "Have you seen anything of a new kid walking about on his lonesome?"
 "Of course I haven't!" replied the great Coker. "Do you think I am going to waste my time in looking round for new kids?"

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"Oh, dry up, Coker!" said Bob Cherry. "You can't help being an ass; but there's no reason why you shouldn't answer a straight question with a straight reply!"
 "Why, you cheeky young idiot," cried Coker. "I'll—I'll give you a jolly good thrashing if I have any of your cheek, Cherry!"
 "Come away!" laughed Harry Wharton. "Coker's an ass; but he's a bigger ass than usual to-day, so it's no good wasting time on him."
 "Hear, hear!"
 The chums of the Remove left the great Horace Coker and his followers, and continued their search elsewhere.
 Lord Mauleverer suddenly stopped.
 "Begad, what's that?" exclaimed the schoolboy earl.
 Harry Wharton & Co. listened.
 "Sounds to me like a soda-water syphon gone wrong," said Frank Nugent. "Anybody carrying a syphon about with them?"
 "Oh, don't be an ass!"
 "There it is again!" cried Harry Wharton. "My hat! Do you know what it is?"
 "What!"
 "It's Gosling! I heard him once before. That's the row he makes when he really laughs. It's a most extraordinary row!"
 "My aunt!"
 "Come along!" said Harry Wharton. "He's round the corner. I bet you it's Gossy!"
 The Removites hurried on and turned the corner of the school building.
 The next moment the chums gave a startled gasp.
 Seated on a seat fixed into the old stone wall was Gosling, the school porter, and standing in front of him, and holding in his hand a large sheet of paper, was a junior whom they had never seen before.
 "The new kid!" gasped Bob Cherry.
 "And getting off with Gossy, too!"
 "My giddy aunt!"
 The chums of the Remove stopped as the new boy and Gosling turned their gaze in their direction.
 "Oh, my heve! It's only Master Wharton!" cried Gosling. "Ho, ho, ho! I think it's wery, wery funny!"
 And Gosling shook all over with laughter.
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's gone wrong with Gossy? Has he been at the bottle again and not put enough water in it?"
 The new junior, standing before the gurgling old porter, gave a pleasant laugh.
 "You evidently know Gosling better than I do; but I can vouch for him being sober this time."
 "Wot's that?" growled Gosling. "I don't want no hinsults from you, Master Cherry! Wot I says is this 'ere! I——"
 "Well, let's clinch the bargain," interrupted the new boy. "You say you like the drawing. You think it's a good caricature. It amuses you. Well, you can have the thing for a bob. I have to make a small charge to help pay for the paper and charcoal and goodness knows what!"
 "Oh, my giddy old aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Just hark at him! Is—is it real, or is it only a dream?"
 Gosling crawled up from his seat, and commenced to fumble about in his trousers-pocket.
 "Hurry up, please!" said the new boy. "It's only a bob!"
 "Wot I says is this 'ere—a bob's a bob, and takes findin'!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the newcomers.
 "Are you really going to rush old

Gossy a bob for something?" said Harry Wharton, turning to the new boy.
 "Yes, rather!"
 "Is—is your name Tenniel?"
 "That's it—Teddie Tenniel. I'm going into the Second Form to start with. I shall soon get on."
 "Ha, ha! I should think it's very likely—especially if you're smart enough to get a shilling out of Gosling. What's it for?"
 "I did a quick sketch of him when I arrived. He was standing outside his lodge, and he looked so novel I thought I would do a caricature of him."
 "Let me see it—may I?"
 "Yes, rather!"
 Teddie Tenniel unrolled the sheet of paper, and the chums of the Remove gathered round, and peered over his shoulders at the charcoal sketch.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 There was a wild shriek of laughter from the Removites.
 The caricature of Gosling was a masterpiece, and the expression on the face in the sketch was so irresistibly comical that it provoked peal upon peal of laughter from Harry Wharton & Co.
 Bob Cherry turned a streaming face upon Tenniel.
 "Oh, my word, it's great, kid! Absolutely top-hole! Ha, ha, ha!"
 Teddie Tenniel flushed with pleasure. This was not the first occasion when his work had been praised, not by any manner of means; but, nevertheless, it was seldom that his caricatures had produced such genuine amusement.
 To the accompaniment of peals of laughter, Teddie rolled the sketch up, and pushed it into Gosling's horny hand.
 "That's all right, Gosling!" he cried. "I'll make you a present of that."
 "Well, that's wery 'andsome of you, young gentleman, sir!" said Gosling, somewhat overcome with gratitude and exhaustion, because his search for the money had led to such vain labouring.
 "Oh, my hat!" laughed Harry Wharton. "I think that's wonderful! Tenniel, my dear kid, you're a genius!"
 "A wonder of wonders!" agreed Bob Cherry.
 "Begad, you must do me a sketch next!" said Lord Herbert Mauleverer. "I should like a good charcoal picture, that I should, begad!"
 "Well, as I've come here to stay," laughed Tenniel, "I dare say I shall be able to find time to rattle some sketches off. Are you fellows in the Second Form?"
 There was a gasp from the big guns of the Remove.
 "Are—are we what in the whatter Form?" gurgled Bob Cherry.
 "I said, are you in the Second? I'm going into the Second, you know."
 "No, kid," laughed Harry Wharton. "We're not in the Second Form. We belong to the Remove, or Lower Fourth. You'll soon find where the fellows come from. Meantime, I shouldn't ask too many questions in case you put your foot into it!"
 "Oh, I see!"
 "It doesn't matter in this case; but some fellows might take objection to it, and before you knew where you were you would be bumped!"
 "Oh crumbs!"
 "You look rather big to be going into the Second Form."
 "Yes, I am rather. You see, I've never been to school before."
 "Is that so?"
 Harry Wharton & Co. stared sympathetically at the new boy. He was a good-looking junior, with fair, curly hair. He had delicate, artistic features, with large blue eyes, His hands, Bob Cherry



"Bunter!" exclaimed the Head. "You have dared to make this—this ghastly caricature of me!" Billy Bunter quaked all over. "No, sir," he exclaimed, "it's not finished. It's only a pencil rough-out." (See Chapter 7.)

saw at a glance, were like marble, so finely formed and so well kept were they. "No," said Teddie Tenniel. "I wish to goodness I had. But—but I couldn't come to a decent school until I had earned enough money to keep me at one."

"Really?"

"I've been earning fifteen pounds a week for a long time now."

"What?"

The incredulous cry from the Removites made Teddie Tenniel smile.

"It's a fact," he said. "I've been touring all over the British Isles for months, giving shows at music-halls and theatres. I haven't really finished yet, because my contract includes one week's showing at a place called Courtfield. It's quite close to here."

"Oh, just hark at the simple Simon!" laughed Frank Nugent. "The kid's going to teach us a little local geography next."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sorry," said Tenniel. "I forgot for the moment. Hallo! Where's that old chap gone?"

"Who's that? Gosling?"

"Yes."

"The worthy and esteemed Gosling has disappeared gonefully," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Perhaps the ludicrous merriment has made him think thirstfully?"

"That's quite likely," laughed Harry Wharton. "But we won't worry about Gossy now. Let's hear some more about

this Courtfield show. Are you going there to-night?"

"Yes. The headmaster has given me permission. He was awfully decent about it."

"I should think he was," said Bob Cherry. "I've never heard of such a thing before. Harry, old man, we must take this new kid under our wing and go to Courtfield to see that he behaves himself."

"I wish you would come!" cried Tenniel. "I could easily get you a box. I know the manager quite well."

"My hat! How ripping!"

"Can you get permission, do you think?"

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances.

"What do you think, Harry, old son?" said Frank Nugent.

"I—I don't quite know; but there's no harm in asking. We'll beard the lion in his den, and see how it comes off."

"Oh, thank you so much!" said Teddie, beaming. "That will be nice. By the way, are you fellows fond of tarts and sweets and things?"

"Are we?" murmured Mark Linley. "Oh, no, not half!"

"I've got a lot in my box, and—"

Bob Cherry, much to Harry Wharton's astonishment, fell upon the new boy's neck as if he recognised in him a long-lost brother.

"Kids," he exclaimed, "not only can the young boulder draw, but his heart's

in the right place. Tenniel, old scout, where's that giddy box?"

"I think it has been put up in the box-room, but I don't know where that is."

"I'll show you. Come on, you fellows! Follow the man from Cook's! This way!"

And Bob Cherry, with his arm linked affectionately in Teddie Tenniel's, marched him off, and Harry Wharton & Co. brought up the rear.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Getting Permission.

"IF you please, sir—"

Dr. Locke, the headmaster of Greyfriars, stopped with a pleasant smile as Harry Wharton spoke to him. The Head always had a cheerful smile for the juniors. Bolsover and Skinner and some of the other discontented spirits hinted that he made favourites of Harry Wharton & Co. But, except that he had a natural liking for brave and natural boys, and disliked anything in the shape of meanness and deceit, the headmaster never showed favouritism.

"Yes, Wharton; what is it?"

"Could we be absent from roll-call this evening, sir, so that we may go to the theatre at Courtfield to see Tenniel perform?" asked Harry Wharton meekly. "We should particularly like to see

Tenniel do his lightning sketches on the stage."

"You must ask your Form-master, Wharton."

"Yes, sir; but I—I thought you might speak a word for me."

Dr. Locke shook his head.

"It is absolutely a matter for Mr. Quelch to decide, Wharton. You must ask him."

"T-t-t-thank you, sir!"

Dr. Locke walked on, leaving Harry Wharton looking glum. Harry Wharton knew perfectly well that Mr. Quelch was the right gentleman to approach in the matter; but the master of the Remove was a little uncertain in temper, and Harry Wharton was leaving him as a last resource.

"Any luck, Harry, old bean?" asked Bob Cherry, who had been looking on from a distance, and had hurried up to hear the verdict.

"No. Refers me to Quelchy."

"Rotten! Try Wingate!"

Harry Wharton nodded, and looked out for Wingate. The captain of Greyfriars was chatting on the steps with Loder, another Sixth-Former. Harry Wharton approached him with the meekest possible smile, and the most insinuating manner. Had any dear old lady seen him at that moment, she would have thought that Wharton was really too good and virtuous to live in this wicked world at all. But Wingate of the Sixth knew that when Harry Wharton looked most innocent he was probably planning some jape, and he was on his guard at once.

"Well, what tricks are you up to now?" he demanded.

Harry Wharton looked shocked.

"Tricks, Wingate?"

The big Sixth-Former laughed.

"You've never heard of such things, of course!" he said. "What do you want, anyway? What scheme are you planning for the benefit of the species?"

"I thought you might speak a word for me—"

"You can generally speak enough for yourself!"

"Yes; but this is to Mr. Quelch," said Harry Wharton. "A—a—a particular friend of mine is acting in the theatre at Courtfield to-night, and I want to go and see him. If you were to speak a word for me to Mr. Quelch—"

"Can't be done! It's not a matter for me to interfere in."

"But as a favour, Wingate—"

Wingate shook his head.

"It would do you more harm than good. Mr. Quelch would think that you ought to have come directly to him. That's what you had better do."

"Ye-e-es; but you never quite know how to take him."

"Well, that's the best advice I can give you."

Harry Wharton joined Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent in the hall. His expression told them that Wingate had "panned out" no better than Dr. Locke.

"No good!" he said. "I suppose we shall have to tackle Quelchy direct. I suppose we couldn't get Billy Bunter to work off some of his ventriloquism, could we?"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"I don't think that the Owl would care to risk it with old Quelchy," he remarked. "Ventriloquism only works with easy-going people, and you cannot exactly say that Mr. Quelch is easy-going. He's about as hard as—"

"As a tiger or a bucking broncho!" grinned Frank Nugent. "Ventriloquism is no good! You'll have to put it to him gently, Harry, with your sweetest smile."

"Ye-es; but smiles are no good on Quelchy. He doesn't understand 'em, and he'll talk some piffle about lessons being neglected, and so on, as if lessons mattered on an occasion like this! Blessed if I don't wish we were in the Upper Fourth; we'd soon talk over old Capper!"

"I suppose it wouldn't do for us to cut?" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Rats! There would be a row, and a flogging, I expect; and when we returned home with young Tenniel, on his first night, it wouldn't look very decent if we were all yanked off to the Head."

"H'm! I suppose not!"

"But we've got to work it somehow. We've got to think it out—"

"What's up, Wharton? Is there anything doing?"

The chums of the Remove looked round, at Billy Bunter's voice. Bunter, the fattest and greediest junior at Greyfriars, looked at them with a beaming smile, blinking behind his big spectacles.

"I heard you say you must think something out," he said. "Perhaps I can assist you. You know I'm a jolly clever chap. I dare say I could help you, if you are baffled over something."

"Yes, very likely," assented Bob Cherry. "We were trying to work out a problem. If you take three apples from two boys, how many thick ears would you have left?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Well, look here, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "We want to run into Courtfield this evening, and miss roll-call, and to do this we want permission to get off."

Billy Bunter rubbed his fat chin.

"Couldn't you ask Mr. Quelch?"

"Yes, you fat porpoise, we've thought of that simple way; but we're afraid he'll say no. You never know how to take him."

"Oh, I see! Perhaps you could manage to leave the school undetected," said Bunter thoughtfully. "Let me think."

He rubbed his fat forehead hard, and the chums of the Remove watched him, grinning. They hadn't much faith in Bunter's great brain-power.

"Aha! I have it!" exclaimed the fat junior.

"Go it, porpoise!"

"Why not go to Mr. Quelch, and instead of asking permission, claim it as a right. Explain to him that the war's been fought and won, and now that Prussianism is no longer, you feel that you can insist upon your right to do as you like. He may see your point of view, and—"

"And as a silly ass, I couldn't fail to get licked!" said Harry Wharton. "If you can't think of anything better than that, Bunter, you may as well sell your thinker for firewood!"

"Really, Wharton, I—"

"Oh run away, Bunter!"

"But I—"

"Brrrrrh! Scat!"

And Billy Bunter went his way. Time was getting very close now, if they were going over to Courtfield to see Tenniel perform his show. The chums of the Remove wrinkled their brows over the problem in vain. Bolsover and Skinner were looking at them, wondering what was amiss, and Bolsover ventured to inquire.

Bolsover major, the cad of the Remove, was not on anything like good terms with Harry Wharton & Co.; but there was little that was retiring in his disposition. He was never backward in asking anything he wanted to know.

"What's up?" was his inquiry.

"Anything going on?"

"Yes," said Frank Nugent. "I am!"

And he went on, leaving Bolsover scowling.

"Oh, it's nothing!" said Harry Wharton, more politely. "We want to miss roll-call, and get permission to take a little run into Courtfield, and we can't think how."

"Ask Quelch," said Bolsover, with a sneer. "He'll let you go, if you crawl to him—same old game."

Harry Wharton looked steadily at the cad of the Remove.

"I suppose you can't help being a worm!" he remarked. "I no more crawl to Mr. Quelch than anybody else in the Remove. He treats me better than you, because I work, and don't tell him lies!"

"Oh, you can put it like that!" said Bolsover, shrugging his shoulders. "We all know how you crawl up to Quelch, and that he never shows anything but favouritism."

"Yes, rather!" said Skinner.

"That's not true!" said Harry

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Wharton. "And you jolly well know it's not! Mr. Quelch is perfectly just, and you know it as well as I do!"

"Rot! They've all got their favourites, and Quelch is as bad as the rest. If you soft-soap him the same as usual, you'll get what you want! Oh!"

Smack!

Harry Wharton's patience was exhausted, and his open hand smote Bolsover on the mouth, and cut his remarks short with startling suddenness.

"Oh! You——"

Bolsover major hurled himself blindly forward at Harry Wharton, but as he did so, a voice, that made him suddenly stop and turn cold all over, called sharply to him.

"Bolsover!"

It was Mr. Quelch's voice.

The master of the Remove had come out of his study, and the expression of his face showed Bolsover that he must have heard most of what was said.

Harry Wharton turned red. He expected an imposition for "rowing" in the passage, but he did not regret the smack that had silenced Bolsover. But Mr. Quelch's angry look was fixed upon the cad of the Remove.

"Bolsover, I heard what you said!"

"I—I—I was only joking, sir! I—I'm sorry!"

"You must not joke about your Form-master!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "You'll come into my study in half an hour's time, Bolsover."

"Ye-e-es, sir! I——"

"Enough! Go!"

And Bolsover slunk away. Harry Wharton waited for the thunder to burst upon himself, but it did not. Mr. Quelch's face cleared.

"Wharton, I could not help hearing what you said, and I am glad to see that you have such a good opinion of me."

Harry Wharton turned crimson.

"Oh, sir, I—I——"

"There is nothing to be ashamed of, Wharton, in having stopped an ill-natured and slanderous tongue," said the master of the Remove. "I gather that you were wishing to ask some favour of me?"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"Well, you may ask."

Harry Wharton hesitated. He had defended Mr. Quelch without the faintest idea that the Form-master was within hearing, and he had a horrid feeling of being detected in a virtuous action, and looking like a "good boy" in a story-book.

"Come, Wharton!" said Mr. Quelch, with a smile. "What is it?"

"I—I—I was going to ask you, sir, if—if we could miss roll-call this evening and run into Courtfield to see the theatre," stammered Harry Wharton. "We—we've got a particular friend who is acting there, sir."

"Ahem!—How many wish to go?"

"I—I should like to take about ten, sir," said Harry Wharton, gaining courage. "I know it's a lot to ask, sir."

"Well, you may go, Wharton. You must be in the school sharp by ten."

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

And Harry Wharton dashed up to the Remove Form passage at lightning speed.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Preparations!

THE Remove was agog with excitement.

A visit to the Courtfield Theatre was something to get excited about, and Study No. 1 was the centre-spot of the excitement. Harry

Wharton had taken the precaution of listing the lucky ones before announcing Mr. Quelch's kindness in giving permission for the party to absent themselves from roll-call.

The captain of the Remove had written down on a sheet of paper those juniors he was willing to take in his party. The list was pinned up on the study door, and there was a steady stream of Removites anxious to find out their fate.

"Why ain't I going?" growled Skinner. "It's beastly favouritism, that's what it is!"

"Rats!"

"Am I there, Wharton?"

"No, Wibley. Sorry; but I had to cut down the party to ten, and I drew the names from a hat. It's quite fair, I can assure you. If it was not, I can tell you that Bunter wouldn't have appeared in the list."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I can't see who is down on it!" cried Wibley. "Why don't you read the names out?"

"Right-ho!" laughed Harry Wharton. "Silence for the chairman!"

The Removites quietened down as the captain of the Remove began to read out the names in a clear voice:

"Wharton, Fish, Penfold, Mauleverer, Bulstrode, Bull, Cherry, Bunter, Vernon-Smith, and Nugent."

There was a loud cheer from the lucky ones and a deep groan from the unlucky ones, and to prevent trouble Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent withdrew into their study and locked the door.

"Here, what are you up to, Wharton?" cried Billy Bunter through the keyhole.

"Run away, Bunter!"

"But what about the arrangements?"

"Buzz off!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! You might let me know when you're going to start."

"Tenniel said be ready to leave here at half-past six. We're going to bike over."

The lucky Removites who were to be included in the party prepared at once for their excursion.

Teddie Tenniel had undertaken to get free seats for the party, and that was good enough. Of course, it was a little undignified for the fellows in the Remove to be running after a mere fag in the Second Form; but it did not worry them much.

It worried the members of the Second Form more. They were thoroughly indignant about it. Frank Nugent's minor had tackled Tenniel.

"Why in the dickens didn't you reserve this stunt for the Form you're in?" he wailed. "What's the good of being in a blessed Form if you don't back it up?"

"I'm awfully sorry," replied Tenniel. "Look here, I'll get you into the theatre as well. There won't be heaps of room, but I dare say I could get you seats."

"What's the use?"

"Well, I thought you wanted to see the show, you know."

"So I do, you ass."

"Well, come then, and I'll jolly well see that you get in."

"Oh, you simple Simon!" howled Dicky Nugent. "Don't you understand that I haven't got a permit for absence? And old Twigg would sooner bust than give me one."

"Oh!"

"It's absolutely rotten!" growled Nugent minor. "Everything's rotten!"

And Dicky stamped away angrily.

There was a good deal of similar disgust in the Remove Form passage. The fellows who were not going to see the schoolboy artist on the stage walked disconsolately about from one study to

another, whilst the lucky ones were making their preparations.

Billy Bunter told the unhappy ones that he was going to make them a very sporting offer—nothing less than to take every fellow in the Form to the show free of cost—only he had been disappointed about a postal-order. The one he had been expecting had been unexpectedly delayed in the post—a remark to which the Removites responded with one voice, and with great unanimity:

"Rats!"

Harry Wharton came down the passage at last, and the members of the party looked out of their studies. The captain of the Remove smiled.

"You fellows ready?" he asked.

"Yes, rather!"

"Yaas, begad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm quite ready, I think. Anybody see where I laid my hat?"

"You've got it in your hand, you ass!" said Harry Wharton.

"Begad, so I have! Thanks awfully, my dear fellow!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really——"

"Well, come on," said Harry Wharton.

"We don't want to make a row as we go out. Be as quiet and respectable as you can, and don't shout! Come on!"

"Begad, you know——"

"I say, you fellows, you might lend me a decent pair of trouser cycling-clips. I can't jolly well go——"

"Somebody has taken my topper!" said Vernon-Smith, coming out of his study. "Has anybody seen my topper?"

There was a general chuckle. Vernon-Smith's topper was adorning the fat head of Billy Bunter, but no one felt inclined to enlighten Vernon-Smith. Johnny Bull came running out of his study.

"Who's taken my gloves?"

"Oh, really, Bull——"

"Bunter, you fat boulder! Disgorge them, or——"

"Oh, really——"

"Who's got my boots?" howled Bulstrode, from his study.

"Oh, really——"

"Why, you cheeky fat sweep——"

"I found there was a hole in my boots, Bulstrode. I suppose you don't want me to catch a cold, do you, walking about Courtfield with a hole in my boots?" said Billy Bunter, in an injured tone.

"Why, you—you——"

"Where are my summer spats?" shouted Frank Nugent, putting a very red and excited face outside No. 1 Study. "I've hunted for them everywhere——"

"Come without 'em!" said Harry Wharton.

"Rats! I'm going to the theatre in spats! I took them out of the box—Why, Bunter, they aren't your spats! They're too small for your elephantine feet!"

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"You—you fat boulder!"

"A chap ought to look respectable going to a theatre!" urged Billy Bunter, blinking nervously at Frank Nugent through his big spectacles. "Mine are getting torn and frayed——"

"Well, of all the cheek——"

Bob Cherry came out of his study. "Anybody moved my coat?" he asked. "It's a brown rainproof, with—— Why! Hallo! Bunter! Where did you get that coat?"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer. "The fat boulder has borrowed things from head to foot!"

"Oh, come along!" cried Wharton. "I'm waiting for you fellows! We shall be late for young Tenniel's turn!"
 "We're coming!"
 "I'm coming, Wharton, old man!" said Bunter. "I can't find a decent tie—"
 "I guess you've looked in every study but your own!" remarked Fisher T. Fish, the American junior.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Oh, really, Fish—"
 "You start, you fellows!" said Johnny Bull. "I'll catch you up! I'm going to have my gloves off the fat bounder!"
 "And I'm going to have my boots!" howled Bulstrode.
 "And I'm going to have my hat!"
 "I'm going to have my coat—"
 "I—I say, you fellows—"
 "Hand them over, you fat burglar!"
 "Oh, really— Ow!"
 Billy Bunter wriggled in the grasp of many hands. Harry Wharton grinned, and started with Penfold, who was the only one ready. They left a terrific din behind them in the Remove passage. The Owl of the Remove was struggling in the grasp of the crowd of Removites; but, in spite of his resistance, the borrowed plumes were stripped from him.
 Harry Wharton and Dick Penfold strode across the Close to the bicycle-shed. Before they had taken their machines out the laggards came running after them. They left a fat junior sitting on the cold linoleum in the Remove passage, half-dressed and gasping for breath.
 It was Billy Bunter!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
The Schoolboy Artist.

COURTFIELD town was just being illuminated when Harry Wharton & Co. cycled into the cobble-paved High Street. The Removites looked round them uneasily. In Courtfield town was Courtfield County Council School, and the youths who attended that scholastic establishment were generally on terms of warfare with the Greyfriars fellows.
 Not that there was any real enmity between them, but it was said from old that boys will be boys. The fellows of the two schools—the juniors, at least—seldom met without badinage or a row. And if the Courtfield fellows found them cycling into the High Street in this way there was little doubt that they would be attacked. But there was no danger, as it happened.
 "The Courtfield fellows don't loaf about the town at this time of night," Frank Nugent remarked.
 "Jolly good thing for us!" said Bob Cherry. "I forgot that!"
 "Waal, I guess and calculate that those hyer County Council School bounders are shut right up in their blessed red-bricked school all right!" said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior.
 Harry Wharton gave him a look of contempt.
 "You wouldn't call them 'County Council School bounders' if they could hear you, Fishy!" he said. "So I guess and calculate that you had better shut up!"
 "Look hyer! I guess I shall call them what I like!"
 "No, you won't!" said Harry. "I'll rub your nose on the tyre of your bicycle if you say what you said again!"
 And Fisher T. Fish did not say it again. He knew that Harry Wharton was a fellow of his word.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Here we are!"
 "Here's the theatre!"
 "Good!"

And the juniors dismounted from their machines outside the Theatre Royal. Theatre Royal as it was, it was not an imposing building. There was already a goodly crowd outside the theatre, waiting for the doors to open.

That the doors might as well have been opened earlier, and that they might just as well have waited for the performance inside the theatre, was a thought that never occurred to them, or, indeed, to any pit crowd, or theatre managers would be compelled soon enough to make some more reasonable arrangement for their patrons.

The Greyfriars fellows, however, were not going into the pit if they could help it. The bicycles were garaged, and Harry Wharton went to the booking-office, and handed the man behind the glass screen a note which Teddie Tenniel, of the Second Form, had given him.

The man read the note through, and gave a grim smile.

"So there are ten of you, are there?" he said.

"We're down to nine, sir!"

"Well, there's a good big box which I can let you have. That will hold about half a dozen. The rest, I am afraid, will have to be separated and sit in the dress-circle."

"That will do splendidly, sir!"

The passes were pushed through, and Harry Wharton rejoined his chums and marshalled them into the theatre. Wharton decided to take Bob Cherry and Mauleverer and Frank Nugent into the box with him, and the remainder of the little party were put into the front row of the dress-circle.

The place was almost empty so far. The curtain was down, and the words in big letters, "Safety Curtain," showed that it was the fireproof screen. There was a further legend to the effect that it had to be lowered once during every

performance, by order; and the Greyfriars juniors had ample time to recognise that fact, for they had nothing but the safety-curtain to stare at for the next ten minutes or so.

When the Greyfriars juniors had nothing to do they generally got into mischief.

Johnny Bull produced a catapult, and, taking the fireproof curtain as a target, entered into bets to dot each of the letters in turn.

Murmurs of encouragement from various members of the Remove urged him to proceed. Johnny was a good shot with the catapult, and he dotted one letter after another till he came to the last. Just then a stage-hand came from the wings and crossed before the curtain. It was certainly unfortunate that he should have chosen that moment to appear.

Ping!
 "Yaroo!" yelled the unfortunate man, as the pellet from the catapult caught him in the ear. "Grooh!"

This startled yell rang through the half-empty theatre. Every eye was turned upon him, and the Removites could not help laughing. The man stood, apparently in bewilderment, rubbing his ear, and a voice behind the stage-curtain growled out something, to which the "hand" responded that he believed it was a "wops"; and the growling voice rejoined that if Smithson fancied that there were wasps in the theatre he must either be intoxicated or mad, and in either case, he had better shut his head, all of which was heard by the delighted Removites.

The man retired from sight, still rubbing his ear, and Harry Wharton looked down at the fellows in the dress-circle suspiciously. Johnny Bull's catapult disappeared into his pocket, and he studied the inscription on the safety-curtain with great zeal.

The safety-curtain was raised at last, and light gleamed through the flimsier one behind it from the stage. Harry Wharton & Co. made a movement; they were getting to business at last!

The theatre was filling.
 Doors had been opened, and the patient public, after waiting an unnecessary hour or so outside, were filing into the theatre. The orchestra tuned up, and then, without hardly any sort of warning, the curtain went up for the first turn.

The artistes were a party of Russian dancers, and they threw themselves into their work with heart and soul.

The Removites of Greyfriars looked on with breathless interest. Lord Herbert Mauleverer affected a more or less bored air; but the majority of the juniors were thoroughly enjoying the visit to the theatre, and were too sensible to pretend anything else.

They were on tenterhooks, waiting for Teddie Tenniel's "turn" to come on.

The new fag's turn was billed as number seven, and as soon as the Russian dancers had finished, the juniors fell to discussing Tenniel.

He was billed as the "Wonderful Child Artist," "The Greatest Lightning Sketcher Ever Born," "The Funniest Caricaturist in Europe."

Harry Wharton & Co. smiled to themselves as they read of the amazing merits of the new junior.

"Talk like that is enough to turn a chap's head," said Harry Wharton. "It's rather rotten to think that Tenniel is only a Second-Form fag!"

"Bound to make him conceited!"

"Rather!"

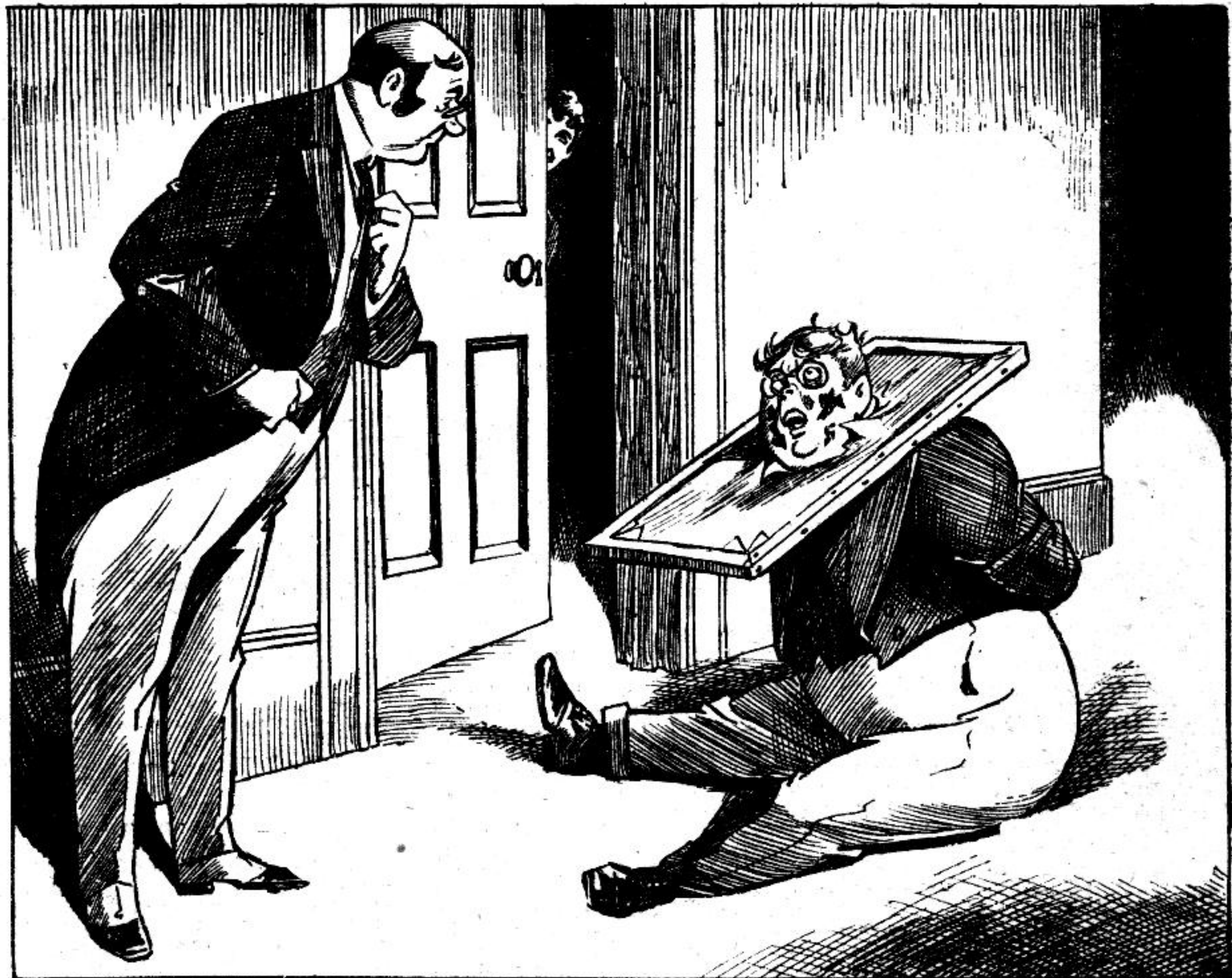
"Hallo, here comes number two—"

LIGHTING-UP TIME FOR THIS WEEK.



AUGUST.

9th Monday	- - -	9.3 p.m.
10th Tuesday	- - -	9.1 "
11th Wednesday	- - -	8.59 "
12th Thursday	- - -	8.57 "
13th Friday	- - -	8.55 "
14th Saturday	- - -	8.53 "
15th Sunday	- - -	8.51 "



"Ow!" Billy Bunter gave a yell as Mr. Prout blinked down upon him. "Why, bless my soul," exclaimed the Fifth-form master, "it's Bunter!" (See Chapter 8.)

turn!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Don't make a row, you fellows!"

Bertie, the Bouncing Bounder, came flying on to the stage from the wings. He was a comic "merchant," and his jokes and songs went down splendidly. The Removites applauded to the echo, and joined in the roar of the gallery for "'Core—'core!"

The Bouncing Bounder flushed with pleasure, and gave the encore, and was cheered and clapped to the echo.

The time soon passed, and then, at last, number seven went up at each side of the stage. There was a breathless suspense from the juniors as the band struck up again, and the curtain went up to show Teddie Tenniel, the wonderful child artist, standing by a large picture-frame placed right in the centre of the stage.

There was a murmur of surprise from the audience at the childish appearance of the artist. Teddie was dressed in a black velvet costume, and he looked even younger than he was when off the stage.

Harry Wharton gave a clap with his hands, and as the applause was taken up from all parts of the theatre, Teddie Tenniel glanced up to the Greyfriars' fellows and gave them a smile of recognition.

Then suddenly the orchestra stopped playing, and Tenniel raised his right hand for silence. There was a sudden hush.

"My first effort will be a lightning

charcoal sketch of Mr. Lloyd George, the Prime Minister."

As the hand-clapping broke out the schoolboy-artist turned his back on the audience and commenced work on the blank sheet of paper within the large frame.

In less than a minute Teddie had turned about. He side-stepped away from the frame, and the next instant there was a gasp of surprise from the audience as they saw the amazing likeness of Lloyd George.

A storm of applause broke out. The people in the stalls and dress-circle clapped their hands. The pit and the gallery clapped and shouted and whistled, and Harry Wharton & Co. gave a wild whoop of praise, as Teddie Tenniel stepped forward and bowed. His period of existence on the stage, however, was limited, and he wasted no time. The charcoal portrait of the Prime Minister was torn off, and the schoolboy-artist announced the next effort.

"The Prince of Wales!" he said—"and his smile!"

The audience craned their necks as they watched Teddie's right-hand flash across the paper. First up, then down, then across! His speed was like lightning, and in well under the minute the Empire's Ambassador stood revealed to the delighted audience. No detail was missing. There stood the Prince, as though in the flesh. His wonderful smile—his kindly, sympathetic expression! He stood looking out on the

audience, and there was a gasp of astonishment from the audience.

"Well played, Tenniel!"

"Jolly good, Greyfriars!"

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull could not restrain themselves. They leapt to their feet and broke the spell. The next moment there was a regular flood of applause. It swelled in volume each second, and Teddie Tenniel bowed and bowed his acknowledgments until his head felt like rolling off on to the stage.

And so the Greyfriars' fellow rendered himself. In his work he always drew a prominent and popular character, and by the time he presented his last picture—the King—the stage-manager was standing anxiously in the wings, with watch in hand, wondering how he could fit in the remaining "turns."

"Thank goodness, every 'turn' doesn't go down with 'em like this one!" he said, turning to one of the stage-hands. "We should be here all night if it did."

And the stage-hand nodded his head in agreement, as the curtain went down on Teddie Tenniel, and the schoolboy-artist withdrew from the stage.

"When you've changed, sir, will you go up to the manager's office? He wants to see you."

One of the stage-carpenters touched his cap to Teddie, and delivered him the message.

"Right-ho!" said Teddie Tenniel. "What's he want?"

"I don't know, sir. 'E seems very pleased with the 'ouse. You seem to put 'em in a good temper, sir, if you don't mind me saying so."

Teddie gave a hearty laugh, and hurried along to his dressing-room. He wasted no time. In less than ten minutes he was once more in his Eton suit. He sat down at the table, and drew out a pencil from his pocket.

For five minutes he sketched away at the paper, and then he rolled it up and left the room. He scurried along to Mr. Montgomery's office. Teddie tapped on the door and a genial voice bade him enter.

Teddie turned the handle and walked in.

"Aha! It's you, laddie, is it?" said Mr. Montgomery.

The manager of the Courtfield Theatre was seated before a large oak roll-top desk, and he was looking particularly pleasant.

"I understood you wanted to see me, sir," said Teddie. "I've done for the night. Dad told me to give you his kind regards when I saw you, and—and I thought you might like to have this—this caricature. I—I drew it just now in the dressing-room."

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Mr. Montgomery. "It's remarkable! It's me to the image!"

"I think it's rather like you, sir."

Mr. Montgomery sat back in his chair, his legs crossed, and a thoughtful expression on his face.

"Well, my boy, I think you have a brilliant future before you. I am now going to ask you whether you will put in another week at the end of next month at fifteen pounds a week?"

Teddie Tenniel hesitated.

Then, before the manager could repeat the offer, he broke the silence.

"No, no!" he cried. "I am sorry, but it cannot be done. I have finished with stage work whilst I'm at Greyfriars School."

"What?"

"Absolutely finished, sir," said Teddie. "I want to get on at Greyfriars, and the headmaster has clearly told me that I shall find my connection with the theatrical profession an awful handicap."

"Perhaps you're right; but I'm not saying your headmaster is right," said Mr. Montgomery. "Anyhow, I hope you will get on well there. If you don't, you know where you can come to. I shall always treasure this little portrait you have done of me. Good-night, my boy!"

Mr. Montgomery stood up, and held out his hand.

"Good-night, sir," said Teddie. "I will carry out my contract for this week. I have got permission to do this; but that is all I shall do. I must thank you most awfully for your ripping offer."

Mr. Montgomery and Teddie grasped one another's hand, and a minute later Teddie was scurrying away to find Harry Wharton & Co.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Awkward for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER felt a tap on his shoulder as he strolled out into the quad. It was the day after the Removites' visit to Courtfield Theatre, and Billy Bunter was still going about with a very long look on his fat face.

It was hard luck to think that he had been dressed up to the nines in other people's clothes so that he could impress

the general public, and then at the last minute to be denuded of the borrowed apparel by an indignant crowd of his Form-fellows.

It had been a disappointment for Bunter not to have seen the great show, and it had not improved matters when Harry Wharton & Co. returned and recounted their evening's fun again and again.

"Who is that?" said Bunter, blinking round through his big spectacles.

"It is I," said Teddie Tenniel. "I want to speak to you, Bunter. I lent you five shillings yesterday off your postal-order."

"Did you?" said Billy Bunter.

"You know I did."

"Oh, all right; don't get ratty about it! I suppose you don't think I'm not going to pay you, do you?"

"No, of course not. But the post is in now, and I should be glad if you would hand over the tin. I've got to pay my sports subscription."

"Well, the fact is, Tenniel, old man, I've had a disappointment about that postal-order. It hasn't come." Teddie Tenniel uttered an exclamation. "Oh, it's all right; it's coming this evening, for certain! I suppose it will do if you have it to-night?"

"I want to pay my sports subscrip-

tion." "Well, you can pay it out of your own money, and have this to-night," said Bunter, who, like many people who never have any money, could not understand that other fellows' resources were limited, too. Teddie Tenniel made an impatient gesture.

"I cannot; I haven't enough money without that."

"Well, leave the sports subscription till this evening. If you could let it stand over for a day or two, I could repay it without any inconvenience at all!" said Billy Bunter confidentially. "As a matter of fact, I'm hanged if I can see why you're hard up. You're doing this show at Courtfield for a week. They're paying you, I suppose?"

"Of course they are; but that all goes to my dad. It's to pay my fees here at Greyfriars School."

"Do you mean to say you get enough money to pay for yourself here?"

"I have done in the past; but I want to chuck it."

"I think you're a fathead to chuck it, Tenniel," said Bunter. "I only wish to goodness I could earn, say, ten bob."

"Well, why don't you? It's easy enough."

"I—I know I'm jolly good at drawing. With my ability—"

"Look here, I want that five bob," said Tenniel abruptly. "When can I have it?"

"You can have it to-day," said Billy Bunter sulkily. "My postal-order may come by any post now, and you can have your pound of flesh, you confounded Second-form Shylock!"

"If you speak to me like that I sha'n't teach you how to make money off your own bat."

Teddie Tenniel turned red. It was not pleasant to be called a Shylock for asking for his own. He felt that he had made a mistake in lending money at all; but, after all, it would be all right when the postal-order came. A tap on his shoulder made him turn round, and he found Arthur Conrad, of his own Form, at his elbow, with a pencil and a little book in his hand.

"Nugent minor says you're joining the Second Form sports club," said Conrad.

"Yes; that's right."

"Three bob, please!"

Teddie Tenniel turned red as Gatty and Castle of the Second Form came up.

"I—I'm sorry," he said. "I—I— The fact is, I haven't the tin. I had it, only I lent five bob to a chap—"

Conrad whistled.

"You—you don't mean to say you've been lending money to Bunter of the Remove Form?" he exclaimed, glaring at the fat junior. "My hat!"

"Yes, I've lent him some tin off a postal-order he's expecting—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the joke?" asked Teddie, puzzled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! What's up with Conrad?" exclaimed Gatty. "Wherefore those musical cackles, like the last notes of an expiring bull-frog?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Tenniel's been lending money to Bunter on account of a postal-order!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gatty.

Teddie Tenniel looked at the two of them.

"I don't see where the funny part comes in," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Conrad wiped his eyes. "My only best topper! Bunter of the Remove has been expecting that postal-order ever since he was a nipper in long-clothes! Ha, ha, ha!"

"It hasn't come yet!" sobbed Castle. "Perhaps by the time Bunter is an old man it may arrive; but the chances are against it!"

Teddie Tenniel's face was a study.

"Do you mean to say that I've lost my five bob?" he asked.

"Well, if you see it again I shall be surprised."

"But—but I can't afford to lose it!"

"Yes, it's rough—very rough, considering you're a new kid. I think I should bash Bunter for it. You could easily do it, and it would afford you a little satisfaction."

And the chums of the Second Form walked away, still chuckling.

But it was no laughing matter to Teddie Tenniel. He was unable to pay his sports subscription, and the consolation of giving Bunter a licking did not appeal to him much, anyway, for the moment.

"Look here, Tenniel!" grunted Billy Bunter. "It's no good making such a blessed fuss about a miserable five bob. Even if my postal-order doesn't turn up to-night I shall be able to sell some of my drawings."

"What?"

"I want you to give me a few hints about drawing caricatures. You—you see, I know how to draw; but I ain't very good at caricatures, and they seem to be the things that go down now. Look at that fellow Poy in the 'Daily Mail,' and that chap Hazeldene in the 'Daily Mirror.' I bet they've made a tidy bit out of caricatures."

"Undoubtedly they have," agreed Tenniel, taking out a sheet of paper from his pocket. "Now let us see what you can do. Here's a decent-sized piece of paper and here's a charcoal stump."

Billy Bunter took the material out of over the stone balustrade at the foot of Tenniel's hands, and he spread the paper of the steps leading out into the quad.

"What shall I do?"

"Anybody you like. Draw someone you are familiar with, and someone who has some pronounced feature."

Billy Bunter's face adopted an anxious expression for a moment, and then he suddenly bent over the paper and commenced to work away with the charcoal-stick. Teddie Tenniel followed his lines with interest, and refrained from making

a remark as the Owl of the Remove grunted away at his work.

Bunter was much too interested in his sketch, and Tenniel was much too interested in watching him to allow either of the juniors to hear footsteps approach to the top of the steps, or to see the owner of those footsteps.

It was Mr. Quelch.

The Remove Form-master looked down upon Bunter's sheet of paper, and gradually his face assumed a surprised and angry expression.

"Bunter!"

The Owl of the Remove and Teddie Tenniel gave a violent jump of surprise, and they looked up and found the cold, grey eyes of the Remove-master fixed upon them. Bunter blinked uneasily through his glasses.

"Ye-e-es, sir?" he stammered.

"I see, Bunter, that you are exercising your artistic abilities in producing an insulting caricature of your headmaster."

"I—I—I—"

"Silence, boy!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "Hold up that drawing!"

The Owl of the Remove held it up, and Mr. Quelch gazed down at the drawing. It was bad; but it was possible to tell who the picture was supposed to represent. It was Dr. Locke, the headmaster.

The Remove Form-master frowned fiercely.

"Bunter," he snapped, "you'll take that—that vile drawing to the headmaster at once. I presume this junior with you is the new boy Tenniel. He will also report himself to the headmaster. You will take that paper, Bunter, and explain yourself to him. Go!"

"B-b-b-but—b-b-but—"

"Go, Bunter!" roared Mr. Quelch. "Go at once, both of you!"

Billy Bunter saw it was useless to try and argue the point. He led the way into the school, and tapped on the headmaster's door. There was an instant response, and the next moment Bunter and Tenniel were in the Head's room.

"Aha! It is you, Bunter!" exclaimed Dr. Locke. "What do you want? Tenniel, just stand to the side of the desk."

"I—I—I've been sent here by Mr. Quelch, sir."

"Oh!"

"He said I—I—I was to show you this, sir. He—he found me drawing it. I was having a sort of lesson from Tenniel, sir."

Dr. Locke rose from his chair and took the paper out of Bunter's hand. He looked at the charcoal sketch, and a stern frown flashed across his face.

"Bunter," he exclaimed, "you have dared to make this—this ghastly caricature of me?"

The Owl of the Remove quaked all over.

"Oh, sir," he explained, "it's—it's not finished! It's only a pencilled rough-out."

"And in what way is Tenniel here connected with this—this exhibition of impertinence?"

"I—I was just looking on, sir. I—I don't mind sharing the trouble; but I'd like you to know that that was all I was doing."

"Ahem!"

"I did not have any time to explain this matter to Mr. Quelch, sir."

"Very well, Tenniel," said Dr. Locke. "It does not appear that you are to blame. You may go. I intend to administer a severe castigation to Bunter. It should discourage him in the future before embarking on such a thing again."

"But—"

"Go, Tenniel!" said the Head sternly. "I do not want to hear anything from you at all. Leave this room at once!"

And Teddie Tenniel obeyed.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Blunders!

THE schoolboy artist went upstairs to the Second Form class-room. He looked in and found the place empty. There was not a soul to be seen.

"That's funny!" murmured Teddie. "I suppose they've all gone out to get some practice. It'll give me a chance to do a bit of work."

Teddie Tenniel dragged out an easel from behind the door, and placed a canvas on it.

"I may as well give Bunter a presentation sketch of himself," he said. "After all, it was very bad luck getting all the whacking. I thought I was in for some of that. I don't want any of it—especially in my first week."

The schoolboy artist talked away to himself as he ran the charcoal stump over the canvas. In the space of two minutes there was a remarkably good likeness to Billy Bunter. In four minutes the portrait was amazing in its exactness.

Tenniel paused in his work for a moment, and surveyed his work. He did not hear the stealthy footstep just outside the half-open door, and even if he had done so he would not have associated it with Bunter.

But Billy Bunter was there, nevertheless.

The Owl of the Remove had endured his thrashing. Dr. Locke had not spared himself, and Bunter had yelled and squealed like a stuck pig as the cane swished through the air and curled across his back.

He had been dismissed from the torture-chamber, and he had come out of it with a heart of steel. He considered that Tenniel was at fault just as much as he, and as Tenniel had escaped castigation, Bunter would deal with him himself.

The Owl of the Remove caught sight of his quarry as he passed the door. Tenniel

was at work on a picture. Bunter crept up to the door and waited!

"That's got him!" exclaimed the schoolboy artist, looking at his picture. "Bunter's really a bit coarser in real life; but it's near enough."

Bunter gave a subdued groan.

"The cad!" he muttered, under his breath. "I'm coarse, am I?"

"I think his nose is funnier really," continued Tenniel. "It's a rotten nose to draw."

Another subdued groan from the Owl of the Remove.

"Aha! That's got it now!" said Tenniel.

As the schoolboy artist drew back from the easel, Billy Bunter caught a glimpse of the caricature. He could restrain himself no longer. He gave a loud grunt of disapproval and rolled into the room.

"Oh crumbs!" exclaimed Tenniel. "What a fright you gave me! I didn't hear a blessed sound!"

"You—you rotten fag!"

"Eh?"

"You young scoundrel!" howled Bunter. "You not only shirk a licking from the Head, but you dare to do a rotten drawing of a fellow like that!"

"It's not rotten—it's good!"

"It isn't!"

"It is!"

"Yah!" roared Bunter. "A kid in the Second Form isn't going to cheek me just as he pleases, I can tell you! I'll give you a jolly good whacking. First of all, I'll put my boot through that rotten picture you've done!"

"You won't!" cried the schoolboy artist, snatching up the canvas. "And—and if you don't get outside I'll bring this down on your head!"

"What's that?"

"Get outside, you fat rotter!"

"I'll—I'll— Here, gimme that rotten picture!"

"Get out!"

Tenniel engineered the Owl of the Remove into the passage very skilfully. He had the canvas poised over his head, and if Bunter had not budged, Bunter's head and the canvas would have come into collision. He was not to escape this fate.

Stupidly, Billy Bunter thought the Second Form fag was not in earnest. He turned and faced the new fellow with an angry glitter in his eye.

"Look here, you cheeky young bouncer, I'll jolly—"

"Go away," snapped Teddy Tenniel, "or you will get this little lot on the napper!"

"I'll— Ow!"

Crash!

The precious canvas came down on Bunter's fat head, and there was a rending noise as Bunter's skull came through.

"Yarool! Ow!"

Bunter gave a dismal howl, and sat down on the hard unsympathetic floor with a bump. As Teddie Tenniel heard a steady step round the bend in the passage he leapt back into the class-room and waited.

The next moment Mr. Prout—Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout, to give him his full and proper name—arrived upon the scene. Mr. Prout was the Fifth-Form master, and he really had no jurisdiction on this floor; but Mr. Prout loved to interfere. He simply couldn't help it. Mr. Prout was a curious man. He had been a fearless trapper and hunter in his time. He had shot bears in the Rockies, he had swam rapids, and goodness knows what.

He stood and blinked down at Billy Bunter as the fat junior uttered yell after yell.

ARE YOU MAKING UP THE
GRAND MODEL OF GREYFRIARS
WHICH IS BEING ISSUED WITH

CHUCKLES—1¹/₂^{D.}

NOTE: BACK ISSUES OF CHUCKLES
ARE OBTAINABLE THROUGH YOUR
NEWSAGENT.

"Why, bless my soul," exclaimed the Fifth Form master, "it's Bunter—Bunter of the Remove!"

Billy Bunter made no effort to free himself: he just sat and gazed up at Mr. Prout. The canvas was well fixed round his neck; but he could easily have rid himself of it. Charcoal smudges were all over Billy Bunter's face, and it made him look a very comical sight.

"Ow! My leg's broken, sir!"

"What!"

"Yaroo! It's my spinal column—not my leg!"

Mr. Prout went down on his knee.

"Keep still, boy!" he said. "If you have broken your bones I will set them for you at once. It is the whole secret. I remember once being in the Rockies when——"

"Ow! Lemme get up!" howled Bunter. "I'm hurt!"

"But the bone! Which bone is it?"

Billy Bunter tore the canvas from off his fat neck.

"It's—it's all right, sir!" he puffed. "It's not quite so bad as I thought! I'm feeling quite well again now."

Mr. Prout got up from his kneeling posture.

"You are a very stupid boy, Bunter!" he snapped. "You're an ass! You are not worth wasting time on! Pah!"

And Mr. Prout stamped away.

Billy Bunter crawled up from the floor, and tried the Second-Form class-room door.

There was a chuckle from the other side.

"Open the blessed door!" roared Bunter.

"Not to-day, thank you!" replied the schoolboy artist. "Any other time, but not to-day!"

Billy Bunter grasped the door handle and rattled the door until it shook the whole passage. It was foolish of the Owl to make such a noise! The shaking would certainly not get him into the class-room, and it only gave the game away to Dicky Nugent and his chums as they came along the passage.

"Hallo!" cried Nugent minor.

"There's Bunter!"

"What's the fat idiot doing in our passage?"

"Let's rag him!"

"Rather!"

Dicky Nugent hurried towards the Owl of the Remove, who was still rattling the class-room door.

"What do you want, Bunter? Who has locked the door?"

"Tenniel!" roared the fat Removite. "And I'm jolly well going in to wallop him!"

"No, you ain't!"

"Now, then, young Nugent! I don't want any blessed cheek from you fags!"

"Eh?"

"Clear off! Here, what are you up to, young Gatty?"

"Rescue!" roared the Second-Former, skipping around the fat Removite.

"Here, hands off! You cheeky fags!"

"Rats! Pile on him!" roared Gatty.

"Hurrah!"

A sudden rush was made for the invader of the fags' domain, and Bunter disappeared from view under about a dozen Second-Formers.

There was a panting, muffled yell as the phalanx crashed to the floor.

"Yaroo!" roared Bunter. "Lemme get up! Ow!"

"Go for him!" yelled Gatty, now thoroughly excited. "Squash the fat bounder!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Rather!"

Billy Bunter was nearly smothered under the attack. He gasped and roared

and panted and groaned as the Second-Form fags pummelled and punched and scragged the unhappy Removite.

"Ow! Help! Rescue! They're killin' me!"

Biff, biff, biff!

Bunter's squeals increased the battle lust of the fags in proportion. Bunter was certainly getting a very bad mauling.

Dick Nugent scrambled up at last and knocked on the door.

"It's all right, kid!" he yelled out. "Open the door! Bunter's busted!"

Teddie Tenniel turned the key and flung open the class-room door and looked out. He gave a grin as he saw the pile of fags sitting on every square inch of Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!" he gasped. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lemme up!" groaned Bunter.

"Tenniel, you cad! Rescue!"

"Not if I know it!" laughed the schoolboy artist.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the delighted fags. "This is where we smile!"

"Let the fat cad get up now!" shouted Nugent minor. "We don't want to keep that sort of insect in our passage."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Second-Formers began to unpile themselves from off Bunter, and they stood around him as he painfully gathered himself up from the passage floor.

"You've got ten seconds to get clear, Bunter," said Dicky Nugent, taking out his watch. Dicky's watch hadn't gone for several terms now, but Bunter didn't know this. He took one look at the grinning fags standing around him, and one look at Nugent minor's watch, and then streaked away down the passage like a flash of lightning.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the fags.

But Billy Bunter was out of sight, and he did not hear the laughing.

"Now, then, kid!" said Dicky Nugent, turning to Teddie Tenniel. "We haven't seen you since you arrived. I'm

afraid you spend too much time with those cads in the Remove."

"Hear, hear!" said the Second-Formers.

"Well, it's got to stop," commanded Dicky. "Do you understand? Now you're here, you will have to play for the team, and all that sort of thing. We can't have you doing these blessed drawings all the time."

"I'm going to chuck that more or less whilst I'm at Greyfriars."

"Good! Then you may as well be initiated into the Order of the Second Form."

"What's that?"

"Oh, it's nothing much! You have to swear loyalty to the Second Form, that's all."

"Oh!"

"I'm president," said Dicky, "and all these chaps are members. Will you take the oath?"

"Yes, rather!" said Teddie Tenniel, rather amazed.

"Right! Now repeat this solemn vow after me. I swear——"

"I swear——"

"By the first six books of Euclid and the last book of the Iliad——"

"All right!" muttered Teddie. "By the first six books of Euclid and the last book of the Iliad——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!"

"Sorry! Go on."

"By the—the bridge that Balbus builded——"

"Yes, by the—the bridge that Balbus builded——"

"By—by alpha, beta, gamma, and delta——"

"By alpha, beta, gamma, and delta——"

"I swear——"

"I swear——"

"To be loyal to the Second Form——"

"To be loyal to the Second Form——"

"To obey the leader of the Second Form, even to the extent of facing a cannon-ball or missing a meal——"

"To obey the leader of the Second Form, even to the extent of facing a cannon-ball or missing a meal."

"Good!" said Dicky Nugent. "Now repeat the oath right through from the beginning."

Teddie Tenniel blinked in dismay. He had been able to follow Dicky Nugent's lead through that most peculiar oath of loyalty, which Dicky was probably composing as he went along; but to remember it was more than the schoolboy artist could manage.

"Let me see. I swear—— Oh, I can't remember it! I'm sorry; but whatever it was, I swear it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, that's near enough," said Dicky Nugent, laughing. "You are now—I mean, thou art now a member of the Second Form. You'll be admitted to all the bun fights of the Form. You'll back up the Form through thick and thin. Do you understand?"

Teddie Tenniel laughed heartily.

"Yes, rather!" he said. "You can rely upon me."

And so the schoolboy artist came to Greyfriars, and was initiated into the mysteries of the Second Form.



"Well, let us clinch the bargain," interrupted the new boy. "You say you like the drawing. You think it's a good caricature. It amuses you. Well, you can have the thing for a bob!" (See Chapter 3.)

THE END.

(Another grand, long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled: "A BID FOR THE CAPTAINCY!" Avoid disappointment by ordering your copy EARLY.)



"THE SILENCE!"

OUR
AMAZING NEW SERIAL STORY.

A Wonderful Tale of the Future.

By EDMUND BURTON.

INTRODUCTION.

A.D. 1924.

Tom Hope, the son of Admiral Sir Headley Hope, a midshipman in the Navy, and Dick Elliott, a keen young inventor in the Flying Force, are great friends, and Dick is very fond of Madge Hope, Tom's sister.

When our story opens there is tremendous excitement in Great Britain, owing to the fact that the country—in fact, the whole of Europe—is completely out of touch with the rest of the world.

No wireless will work. All cables are out of action. No ships sail into our ports, or are even seen.

Then suddenly a huge airship force arrives over the South of England. The invaders are almost invisible from the ground, and by some secret magnetic power they are able to affect all machinery.

The ships of the Navy are rendered useless in their harbours. Telegraph circuits are made silent, and all machinery and guns are immovable.

Then, to the amazement of the admiral of the British Fleet, a Chinaman lands from one of the airships, and announces that the airships are Chinese, and that they have come for nothing less than the handing over of the British Fleet.

Tom Hope and Dick Elliott make a mad dash for London, where Dick has been working for some time on a great invention known as the Wilton Ray. The two boys gain the Admiralty as the invading airships arrive over the capital.

A scheme of defence is rapidly organised, and the Wilton Ray invention is made use of with extraordinary success. The Chinese airships fall victims to the amazing Ray in scores. One of the ships comes down undamaged in Hyde Park. The crew are all dead, with one exception, and that is a Chinaman named Wing Lo, who turns traitor. And later on Tom and Dick, with Wing Lo and a mechanic named Simmonds, sail off in the airship, in the hope of saving the British Navy. They succeed beyond their wildest expectations. The invaders were heavily defeated, and the remnants of the air fleet are thoroughly routed. As soon as the battle is over they hear that London is again in great peril, and when they arrive over the capital they are heavily attacked. A bomb hits their airship, and to the horror of Tom Hope he sees his chum Dick Elliott vanish from sight.

(Now go on with the story.)

A Despondent Crew.

"GREAT heaven! Gone!" gasped Tom Hope, and hurried down. But no sign of Dick Elliott was now visible. The airship scout had drifted on across the housetops, and finally came to rest on a wide common, her nose buried deeply in the soil despite Wing Lo's efforts to graduate her descent. The sudden shock bid fair to loosen every nut and bolt in her composition, Tom and the others feeling their heads throb with the concussion. All were thrown down like ninepins, where they lay for several minutes utterly unable to stir.

When they had recovered sufficiently, their first thought was naturally of Dick Elliott, and it was a saddened trio who exchanged glances across the jumble of machinery.

"Poor old chap!" muttered Tom huskily. "The best and truest chum a fellow could have, and the cleverest fellow who ever lived, I should say. Britain will miss him even more than I do, if that were possible."

The catastrophe had been so terribly sudden that even now they were partially stunned by it. One moment Dick's clever face had been seen minutely examining the damage; the next, the spot he had occupied was bare. He had vanished as though suddenly touched by a magician's wand.

It was no time for personal grief, however, and a move was made to learn the full amount of harm done, when Wing Lo's report was rather reassuring, considering what had been anticipated. He said that, with adequate help, he could repair the scout sufficiently in twenty-four hours to enable her to be used again. This was good news, and did much to revive the drooping spirits of the other two, so far as their duty was concerned. But the remembrance of Elliott's unfortunate accident could not be blotted out—with Tom Hope, at least, it would remain for all time.

When every minute is precious, twenty-four hours seem an eternity; and the middy's face was very grave as he again turned to his companions, resolved to put his own trouble into the background for the present.

"If they call up many extra ships before we can get going once more, they'll renew the full grip," he said. "Wait a minute! I wonder if the influence has affected this spot?"

He crossed the grass towards where a railing protected a small pond, and, drawing a key from his pocket, touched the metal-work. There was no attraction, and his face brightened considerably.

"That's proof positive!" he said. "As we expected, they are not sufficient to magnetise a large area, so whatever power they can muster is probably concentrated on only a small part of the city. You see what I'm driving at? There is a possibility of the Ray factories—or one of them—being free."

"To hurry on the supply of chemicals?" supplemented Simmonds. "But how are we goin' to find out?"

"I'll attend to that," answered Hope. "You two stay here till I send you help, and, if possible, renewals for the Rays."

He hurried away, leaving Wing Lo and Simmonds in charge of the scout, and in a short time found his hopes realised. At the Admiralty Sir Headley said that the work of making extra chemicals had already been resumed; for the airships, not knowing the exact position of the factories, had concentrated all their combined remaining influence on the city's defences, pending, it was likely, the arrival of the troops and convoy which they still fondly supposed to be advancing. That message which the scout had sent Kwong Ho had evidently set any fears he might have had on that point at rest for the time being.

Sir Headley's face was drawn as he listened to the brief account of Dick's mishap. He shook his head sorrowfully, and his eyes were moist when he next spoke.

"Poor lad! He was very dear to me, and I shall miss him greatly. And his untimely end is a heavy blow for Britain also, for he had proved himself an invaluable possession. The Ray might have been only the beginning of his triumphs. But war is war, Tom, and we cannot expect to go through it unscathed."

The decimated fleet was still invisible, but, lulled into security by the prolonged inactivity of the Rays, it soon descended, and the grip strengthened. Still, however, the power was too weak to affect such a great area as the entire metropolis. They could only hold certain portions till their numbers increased.

But would they be? Could any more ships be spared, considering the immense losses already suffered, and the many centres elsewhere in Great Britain where enemy troops were operating and which would require the support from the magnetic influence? It was doubtful; yet Chang had said that air-units were in extraordinary strength, but, even allowing for that, and taking into consideration the huge number which must be employed in Europe, surely the limit had been nearly reached?

A fusillade of shells from some anti-aircraft guns lying beyond the limits of

present radius, burst above the invaders, and, though unfortunately not destroying any, compelled them to again withdraw out of sight, thus weakening the power once more by reason of increased distance. Had the angle of fire not been so high, doubtless better results would have followed, since the influence, being mainly concentrated downwards, would have attracted the shells towards the target.

Meanwhile, every available man was working like a black, adding to the new supplies of precious chemicals, which, according as they were ready, were rushed by horse to the Ray stations, and in some instances by other means of conveyance. It was, however, deemed wiser on this occasion not to use the Rays until the target became visible—that is, unless the bombardment were renewed. The continuous sweeping of the sky had wasted more power than was prudent, and things might have been worse but for the wonderful work of the scout.

No further bombs, however, were dropped, Kwong Ho evidently deciding to content himself by holding what he could of the capital until he gained sufficient supporters to tighten the grip without a possibility of failure, whilst the continued non-appearance of the terrible violet shafts, which had already caused such havoc, lulled him into the belief that the arm he most feared was out of action for good. In any case, there came a period of comparative peace, only an odd shot from a sky-gun telling that anything untoward was in the air—shots that apparently did no good save to warn the enemy that some of the defences were still capable of retaliation.

Tom, having left the Admiralty with instructions for future guidance, and seen to the dispatching of extra supplies for the scout's Rays, returned quickly to the common. The work of repairing the craft was proceeding apace, a number of mechanics having arrived earlier, and Wing Lo, interpreted by Simmonds, was giving instructions as he alone would have known how.

"The Ways of the Heathen Chinese."

WHEN Dick Elliott felt the slippery plates beneath him, he made a frantic effort—to grasp the jagged end of the rail or one of the wire stays which were secured close by; but the occurrence had taken place almost in the twinkling of an eye, and he missed both articles, sliding over the curved hull, and dropping into space.

At that moment the scout was about midway across the Thames, not far from the docks, and it was into the river that Elliott splashed a few minutes later, cleaving down through the chilly waters until it seemed his descent would last for ever. Fortunately, he had turned in the air, and had struck the river feet foremost; but, even so, the dive had shaken him to such an extent that he scarcely knew what was taking place until he found himself struggling for breath far below the surface.

When he succeeded in fighting his way to the top, the scout had disappeared, nor was there any sign of life on the wharves at either side. Great long lines of shipping were moored there, rust predominating about the water-lines and lower portions of their hulls; for, of course, all trade was at a complete standstill.

"Here's a pretty mess!" he gasped, staring towards the sky again. "And the worst of it is, poor old Tom will think I'm down and out for good! I'm certainly down, but—Hullo! Someone at last!"

Treading water, he watched a small

skiff dart from a flight of steps on his left, strongly propelled by a couple of wiry men—lascar sailors, he at first took them to be.

"Here, chums! This way! Great Scott! What the—They're Chinks!"

That particular locality was the natural resort of foreign seamen, who arrived by, and embarked on, the many vessels travelling over the waterways of the world. Here could be found large numbers of lascars, Japs, Norwegians, Malays, negroes—representatives of almost every race under the sun—and, of course, "John Chinaman" was much in evidence. Indeed, a trip through that district would probably leave the tourist uncertain whether he had visited part of England's capital or some thickly-thronged city of the East.

Though the rebellions had by now been got under, and many arrests made, there were strange quarters where even house-to-house searching would be merely waste of time; so many hundreds of Chinese were still lurking in the holes and corners of the metropolis who would not possess the "white patch" of the faithful Wing Lo.

It was this knowledge that prompted Elliott to strike out for the opposite wharf immediately he recognised the nationality of the newcomers; but the boat crept up inch by inch, the leading rower giving a vindictive glance over his shoulder as he redoubled his efforts.

"Great James! They mean to have me! What a fool I was to shout!"

Yet it seemed, on reflection, that his appeal for help had nothing to do with it. The men had left the steps, and were pulling towards him before he cried out.

Though still rather blown from his long submersion, Elliott managed to draw a deep breath, and dived, altering his course beneath the surface, and making off at a tangent towards a barge moored in midstream. Could he but reach that he might attract attention from others. In any case, he had no possible chance of eluding his pursuers in the water.

But the yellow men were uncannily cute, and evidently grasped his intentions; for as Dick was again compelled to rise for air, the prow of the boat almost struck him between the shoulders. One of the men had cast aside his oars, and was leaning watchfully over the side, a heavy billet of wood grasped in his hand.

So much the swimmer saw as he glanced hastily round. Next instant something crashed down upon his head, a blaze of stars flashed before his eyes, and he knew no more.

The room was small and rather dirty, the window-panes smashed, and their little remaining glass covered with a thick layer of grime. The ceiling was cracked, displaying the bare laths in several spots, and covered with cobwebs. Upon a couple of chairs, between the window and the door, two Chinese were sitting, their slant eyes fixed upon the recumbent figure lying on a shabby couch against the wall.

Such was the scene which met Elliott's gaze when he finally awoke, his head throbbing as though it were the anvil for a thousand hammers, which seemed to echo in his ears with a series of dull thuds. How long he had been unconscious he could not tell, but it must have been some time, for his saturated clothes had been removed, and he was now dressed in a suit of rough, shabby seaman's garments, which did everything but fit him.

He passed his hand across his brow.

striving to more clearly recollect what had occurred; then looked up as a glass of whisky-and-water was held to his lips.

"Where am I? And what's it all about? Why, good heavens, I remember now! You're the dirty Chink who—"

"Takee dis, English boy. It makee bettel!"

The yellow man forced some of the spirit down Dick's throat, and he felt slightly more revived, making a movement as though to leave the couch; but the other pushed him back, looking vindictively into his face.

"No, no! No go yetee. Mustee see chief!"

Elliott sank back, wondering. Who and what on earth did the fellow mean? Why—

Further thought was interrupted by a heavy step on the landing, and a tall Chinaman entered. He seemed to be someone of importance, for the other two bowed deferentially when he came in, drawing back into the shadow as he reached the couch, and stared down into Dick's face.

"Ah, so you are awake, my friend?" he said, in perfect English. "I am glad, for I feared my men had been over-rough with you."

"Why should you care?" gasped Elliott. "You're a Chink, are you not?"

"Yes. I am what you say—a 'Chink,' was the calm reply; "and it is for that reason I do care. I would not wish you to be greatly injured."

"But—"

"Stay! Let me explain," cut in the other. "You fell from the ship which crossed the river some hours ago, did you not? Ah, I thought so! Some of us saw her, and when we perceived she bore the British Ensign we understood much of what hitherto puzzled us. There are many of us still employed in London, you must know, as well as in the air and elsewhere, and we are constantly on the watch, in case we should be useful in various ways. So when the scout passed overhead this morning, what occurred was clearly seen by these two fellows, and—Need I go on? You know as well as I what took place after that."

"But why—" Dick paused, bewildered. "What use can I be to you? I am merely one of a nation."

"Yes, but an important one, my young friend! The mere fact that you fell from that devil-ship—which is ours, yet flies your flag—proves it. We now know what caused our reverses, but always eluded destruction, and failed to succumb to our influence. We know now that the Wilton Ray is a proved success, and I know that you can be useful on these grounds."

"If you mean I'll give you any information," said Dick grimly, "you're barking up the wrong tree!"

The Celestial smiled quietly.

"Pardon me, sir, you are in error on that point," he returned. "We do not bark, we bite! Coming from that craft, you must know a deal about her weapons—the Rays—and their ingredients."

"Supposing I don't? Supposing I was merely one of the crew who had nothing to do with—"

"Ah, we shall leave supposition out of the question, if you please," the Chinese went on blandly, and then suddenly became fiercely insistent. "Yes, my young friend, we shall leave supposition aside altogether, for I have not finished yet. I was for years a trusted agent of my country, working over here, and I have employed many on the same business. I learned of Wilton and his



One of the men cast aside his oars and leaned watchfully over the side, a heavy billet of wood grasped in his hand.
(See page 16.)

invention almost as soon as your Government did, but was too late to prevent the formula changing hands. The fire was badly timed—a couple of nights too late.”

“Then it wasn’t an accident?”

“Ah, you know the circumstances? Of course you would. No, my dear lad, such things are not pure chance when much is at stake. Wilton kept his papers and apparatus so well hidden, and was so cunning, that even our most trusted helpers were at a deadlock. We could not get the required information for our country’s use, so the only thing to do was to destroy it.”

“Good heavens!”

“Stay one moment. Let me continue. All the papers, except one or two important items, were handed to your Government; and Sir Headley Hope, assisted by some others, took charge of the affair, working ceaselessly, but vainly, in order to supply the missing particulars. They constantly experimented with all manner of ingredients and apparatus, and Sir Headley himself was in the habit of taking the papers home at intervals, so that the work could be pressed forward without delay. One of my employes was despatched to Headley Park, and was most diligent in

his services; but, unfortunately, little came of them.”

“My goodness! Then you are——”

“Li Hung, director of the Chinese agents in Britain, and chief of Ah Ling. Yes, I am glad to see you are at last realising the true state of affairs, my friend; and you will notice I am not reluctant to speak quite openly, since I have good reasons for expecting little trouble on your part.”

The Celestial had relapsed into his customary calm tones, yet those last words were so charged with hidden meaning that Dick shuddered slightly, in spite of himself, but made no reply, Li Hung seemed so terribly sure of his ground.

“One more item, and you will be in full possession of all the facts,” the latter went on. “I gleaned something more than all this, but gleaned it a trifle too late. I learned that the missing ingredient had been discovered at the last moment, and that Wilton’s idea had been miraculously perfected by quite a lad. That is why I said you could be useful.”

“You mean——”

“That you are Mr. Richard Elliott, the inventor of the new Ray!”

“The Ways which are Dark and Strange.”

DEAD silence reigned in the room for fully five minutes after the utterance of those startling words. Elliott’s brain was reeling at the revelation of extraordinary cunning he had just heard, while Lung Hi still remained standing by the couch, his gaunt figure slightly stooped as he watched the effect of his amazing disclosures on his prisoner.

What a blunder it had been, the acquiring of that white ensign! Only for it, there would have been nothing to tell that the scout was not still a unit of Kwong Ho’s fleet. But Tom Hope, partly as a safeguard against attack by the British guns and Rays, and partly on account of his reluctance to fight under false colours, had considered it wiser to display the flag. And Dick had agreed with him, as had the others—at the time.

But now, had the ensign not been flying from the scout’s stern when she was seen, and his accident witnessed from the ground, what a difference it might have made! He had dived nearly to the river-mud, being submerged as long as his lungs could stand the strain, and the two Chinks could scarcely have recognised, as he fell, that he was not one of themselves.

Nor would they likely have given the matter a further thought.

"A Celestial had fallen nearly a hundred feet, and he must be killed or stuck fast in the mud. It's unfortunate, but we have very much bigger things to attend to!"

That would probably have been the gist of any comment they might have passed as they turned away, were it not for the damning presence of that naval flag.

But not only was the young inventor now fast in the toils of the enemy, but his identity was known to this astounding Lung Hi! How? Who, if anyone, was the traitor? It seemed too amazing that the Chinese could know every detail of what took place since Wilton offered his Ray to the Government, unless someone very closely connected with the affair had been playing into their hands. Yet Sir Headley had declared that only six men in Britain were in the secret, two of them being the First Lord and himself, and the others four clever scientists—

"You still seem somewhat puzzled, Mr. Elliott," said the agent, breaking the silence at last. "Can I enlighten you further?"

"You can!" replied Dick grimly. "I don't deny my identity—you seem infernally sure of it for me to waste time. But I want to know the name of the dirty skunk who has been playing a double game at headquarters?"

The Celestial shook his head at this, however.

"Ah, I fear we cannot betray our friends, sir," he answered. "Suffice it to say that half a dozen individuals are far too many to share an important secret, especially when one of them happens to need money and possesses an elastic conscience. But our new ally did not know enough for our purpose. He had only a portion of the work to attend to, and could not help us himself beyond pointing out the one who knew everything—you, Mr. Elliott. That is all I can tell you. Proper oil will ease the stiffest locks, my young friend—only I wish I could have found the keyhole earlier!"

Dick was silent for a while, vainly endeavouring to fix the culprit in his mind. It was even as the spy had said. Since he had shown such promise of perfecting Wilton's invention, and on account of the extraordinary events which were then only beginning to take shape, each of the scientists had been allotted a certain portion of the vital work—not that they were in the least mistrusted, but it was an extra precaution which everyone agreed was wise. The Ray was too urgently important to overlook the slightest chance of informa-

tion leaking out. Indeed, the work in the factories had also been divided, so that neither department could properly tell what another was doing—each had its task allotted and nothing else to bother about—and the final stages were carried through under the personal supervision of Elliott himself, who, with Sir Headley Hope, alone knew every detail from start to finish. How wise these seemingly elaborate precautions had been is easily demonstrated by the fact that no hitch had so far occurred, and the Rays, short though the notice was, were able to resist the invader when he arrived over London.

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Presently Dick gave up trying to place the traitor, and turned again to Lung Hi.

"Well, since you know so much, what are you going to do with me?"

"That will entirely depend on yourself," replied the Chinaman. "I require the exact quantities of the Ray's additional ingredients, their names and composition, the method of blending them with the others, and a plan of the new apparatus you have used so successfully."

"Then you want more than you'll

get!" snapped Elliott. "You evidently think I'm made of the same material as that other fellow, whoever he is!"

The spy smiled—but his smile meant more than his scowl.

"Listen, my friend," he purred. "I have named our requirements, and I shall pay well for them. There is no use denying that our attack on Britain has not been by any means as successful as we wished, and we must have Rays such as yours to add to our other powers, so that any future plans we may make cannot be frustrated by an unforeseen occurrence such as this. And, mark you, sir, China is not yet beaten, nor nearly so. She will try again, and her millions will overrun Britain like ants at no very distant date!"

"Not if I can prevent it, you scoundrel!"

"You cannot prevent it! Sooner or later our scientists will discover what is missing. We have a third copy of those papers which Ah Ling forged, for we never overlook a precaution; but it would save much valuable time could we learn this now. For that I am willing to pay heavily and keep silent on the matter, as will our companions yonder. We are not a talkative race, Mr. Elliott."

"Maybe not, but you'll have to shout a bit louder to make me hear!" said Dick firmly. "That'll do now! I'm in your hands, but you can't squeeze me with bribes!"

Lung Hi turned and glanced towards the others; then he bent a little lower towards Dick.

"Not with bribes, my obstinate youth—perhaps not with bribes!" he whispered. "But we have other methods of extracting information! We are rather more civilised now than we were a century or so back, yet our ancestors can still teach us something, and—er—the river is quite convenient when we have finished! I have made my offer, which you can take or leave, as you think fit. You have exactly ten minutes to decide!"

He signed to the others, and the trio passed out, pulling the door behind them and turning the key in the lock. Elliott gave a desperate glance round the room, but saw no hope of bettering his position. The window was high above the ground, as he found when he stepped on the couch and looked out. And beyond the wharf's edge the great river flowed, silent and deserted. Meanwhile, the minutes were passing all too rapidly, an occasional sound from the landing telling that the Celestials had not moved very far away.

(To be concluded next week.)



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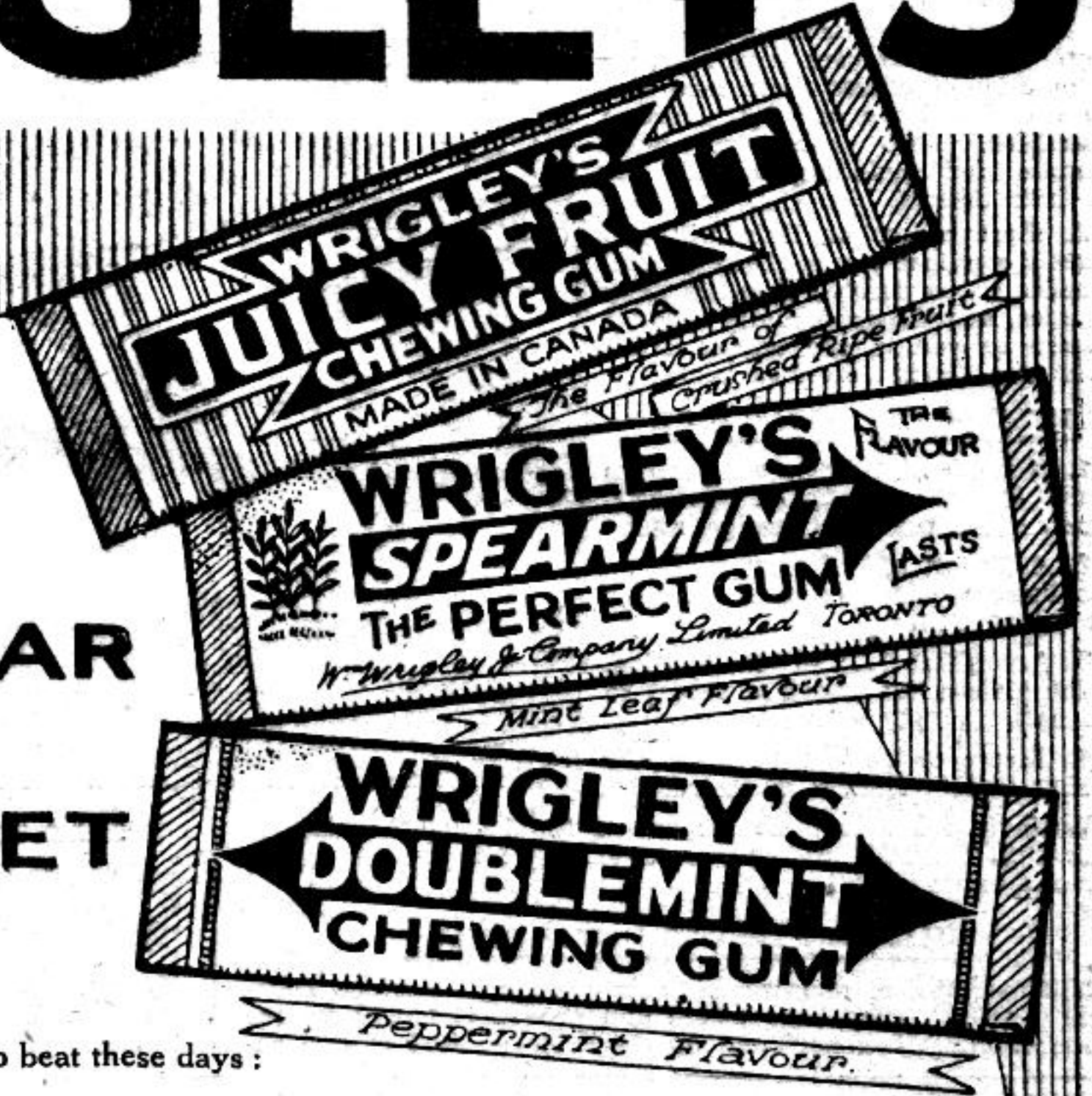
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