

BEST STORY PAPER FOR BRIGHT BOYS!

The MAGNET 2^D



Who wants Bunter?



Come Into the Office, Boys!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address:
The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

WELL, chums, next week's MAGNET will be a bumper one in more respects than one. On page 26 of this issue you will find particulars of our Grand New Serial:

"THE ISLAND OF SLAVES!" By Stanton Hope,

the first instalment of which will appear in next week's MAGNET. This yarn is bound to please you all, as it did me, for it is written by a very popular boy's author who has good knowledge of the subject of which he has written. To add a touch of realism to Mr. Hope's splendid serial, recently, amazing facts seem to light concerning slave-trading that is being carried on in Abyssinia and Arabia. Men, women, and children are being captured and carried off to a real Island of Slaves, where they are kept ready for the market. For many years now efforts have been made to put a stop to this barbaric trade, and it is sincerely hoped that in the near future it will be entirely stamped out. Around this theme of modern slavery is written one of the most powerful stories it has been my lot to read, and now it's your turn to enjoy the thrills which follow on in rapid succession. Look out, then, for the opening instalment of:

"THE ISLAND OF SLAVES!"
definitely starting in next week's MAGNET.

Now, for a Greyfriars limerick, for which F. Clifford, of 33, Dean Road, Scarborough, Yorks, has been awarded one of our Dandy Leather Pocket Wallets.

A Greyfriars fellow named Coker,
Sure fancies himself as a joker,
But, according to Prout,
His cranium's about
As dense as the Common-room poker.

THE beginning of a new year is a sort of "stocktaking" time, and I've been taking stock of the stories and articles which I have commissioned to appear in our pages for the current year. Naturally, Mr. Frank Richards will continue to send along a Greyfriars yarn every week, and he tells me that one of his New Year resolutions is to strive to make these topping stories even better than they have been in the past.

I told him that it couldn't be done! These fine yarns have already reached high-water level, and, as they are undoubtedly the finest schoolboys' stories published, it is an impossible task to make them any better. However, you'll be able to judge for yourselves.

I wish you could all have been in the office the other day—although, of course, it

would have been impossible to squeeze even the smallest percentage of you in. We held what might almost be described as

A GATHERING OF THE CLANS!

Frank Richards rolled along to bring in his latest yarn just at the same time as John Brearley and Stanton Hope appeared on the scene. They hadn't been in five minutes before George E. Rochester and "Old Ref." came along, arm in arm. Then Mr. Shields, the artist, dropped in, chased by our special rhymester, who wanted him to read his latest "Greyfriars Correspondent" masterpiece. Almost on the heels of these came Mr. "X," and so the little party was complete. I seized the opportunity to make them all sit down and have a sort of "Round-Table Conference" regarding the future.

One by one I made them trot out their ideas of how—if possible—the MAGNET could be improved, and, I may tell you, I took notes of some decidedly interesting suggestions which they made.

I THINK most of my readers are fond of playing harmless jokes on their chums, and H. G., of Taunton, tells me of a joke that never fails to provoke laughter. Have you noticed how, if you have a piece of cotton or "stuff" on your coat, some chum is certain to pick it off?

Well, my Taunton chum got a reel of cotton the other day, and placed it in his inside pocket. Then, by means of a needle, he passed the end of the cotton through his coat, and allowed about two inches to hang down. Sure enough, along came a chum who tried to remove the cotton. You can judge of his amazement when he pulled yards and yards of cotton away as the reel inside unwound! Try it on your chums! It never fails to cause amusement!

A Glasgow chum has written to me to ask for information as to how he can join the Navy as an engineer. He must pass an examination for this, and must be between the ages of 15 and 16. He must also be not less than 5 ft. 1 in. in height, and have a chest measurement of 31 ins. If he passes the examination, he will enter upon an Apprenticeship, after which he will become an Artificer of the Fifth Class.

After that

IT DEPENDS UPON HIMSELF

how high he rises in the Service. It is possible for him, if he sticks in, to become a commissioned officer, and he might even attain the rank of Engineer-Commander. If he wishes, he can enter for the Ordnance or Electrical Branches. Full information

can be obtained by writing to the Admiralty. Needless to say, a boy who wishes to go into this branch of the Navy must be well educated, and the examination subjects include mathematics, English, science, arithmetic, history, geography, and drawing.

HERE'S a curious-looking question which Rob. Walker, of Middleton, asks me:

DOES A COMPASS NEEDLE POINT TO THE NORTH?

The answer is: Only under certain circumstances! The needle points to the North Magnetic Pole, which is some considerable distance away from the North Pole. Consequently, in this country, the needle points several degrees west of north. But in some parts of the world the North Pole and the North Magnetic Pole are in a straight line, and in those places the needle actually points to the north. However, the North Magnetic Pole is not the only thing that causes the compass needle to vary, for there are magnetic mountains in different parts of the earth, and if a compass is anywhere near them, it swings even farther away from the true north.

On several occasions I have passed on to you some curious

FACTS CONCERNING FIGURES.
This week a Weymouth reader sends along a curious sum. Put down the figures 1 to 9 as shown:

123456789
987654321
123456789
987654321

Then put down 2 underneath, and add up the sum. The answer is unexpected. It comes to 222222222.

My space is running short, but there is just room for a joke which has earned a handsome gift in the shape of a Sheffield steel penknife for E. John, of 25, John Street, George Town, Merthyr Tydfil, Glam.

Here it is:

Uncle: "Did you enjoy the party, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Yes; we had plum cake, currant cake, and—"

Uncle: "Something else as well!"

Tommy: "Yes, stomach-ache!"

Why don't you make a point of winning one of our useful prizes! I've still got plenty of penknives and pocket wallets waiting to be won.

Look out for next week's MAGNET, chums. Frank Richards will keep you smiling—and interested—in his latest yarn of the chums of Greyfriars. It's entitled:

"THE MYSTERY OF THE PAPER-CHASE!"

and is full of pep right from the word "Go!" Added to this are the usual shorter features—rhymes, footer information, a bright and breezy "Greyfriars Herald," and so on—not forgetting, as aforementioned, the grand opening instalment of "The Island of Slaves!" Could you wish for anything better? Of course not!

And, just before I finish, let me remind you that I'm always pleased to hear from my readers. Drop me a line any time you like.

YOUR EDITOR.

Send along your joke or your Greyfriars limerick—or both—and win our useful prizes of leather pocket wallets, "Holiday" and "Nature" Annuals, and Sheffield steel penknives. All efforts to be sent to: c/o "Magnet," 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

~~Cholmondeley~~

Chumley for Short!



**A Ripping New
Long Complete
School Story of
Harry Wharton
& Co. at Grey-
friars.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER!

Back to Greyfriars.

HERE we are, here we are!
Here we are again!"
Bob Cherry's voice was raised in song.

It was not, perhaps, musical, but there was plenty of volume. Few persons within the walls of Lantham Junction could have failed to be aware that Bob was there.

Bob was in exuberant spirits. He looked as if he had enjoyed his Christmas holidays, as no doubt he had.

He stood in the doorway of the carriage, and waved his hat to his friends over the heads of a surging crowd on the platform.

It was the first day of term at Greyfriars, and Lantham Junction was swarming with returning Greyfriars men. The train for Courtfield was already crowded, and scores of fellows still hunting for seats.

There was another train to follow soon after the first; but every fellow wanted to get into the first train—if he could.

Bob, early on the scene, had bagged a carriage for himself and friends.

Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent had elbowed and shoved a way through, and joined him in it.

Harry Wharton and Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh appeared in the distance, and Bob's waving hat beckoned to them over the crowd, like the plume of Navarre in olden days.

"There's Bob!" said Harry Wharton. "This way, Inky!"

"The hearfulness of his esteemed

voice is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh with a chuckle.

"This way, you men!" roared Bob. "Coming!"

There were plenty of fellows in the way. Some of them wanted a seat in the reserved carriage—reserved by Bob personally for his friends, on his own responsibility.

Bob ceased to wave his hat for a moment while he shoved Temple of the Fourth, who had a foot lifted to get in.

Cecil Reginald Temple found a seat—on the platform. To judge by his

ARTHUR CECIL CHOLMONDELEY—!

Eureka! No wonder Greyfriars sat up and took notice when a new boy with a name like that burst in on them!

remarks, it was not a comfortable one. Wharton and Hurree Singh came pushing through. Horace Coker, of the Fifth Form, whirled round in wrath as he received a shove in the small of the back. He glared.

"Who are you shoving?" he roared. Quite a superfluous question, as well as ungrammatical. Coker knew perfectly well whom the two Removites were shoving.

"You, old bean!" answered Wharton. "Why, I—I'll—" gasped Coker.

Hurree Singh added another shove, before Coker could recover his balance.

His balance quite lost, Coker spread himself on the platform, and Wharton

and the Nabob of Bhanipur passed on.

"My—my hat!" gasped Coker. "I—I—I—" He scrambled up and rushed after the two juniors. But the crowd had closed up behind them, and Coker's rush landed him into the arms of Hobson of the Shell, and three or four other Shell fellows.

"Where the thump are you going, you Fifth Form fathead?" demanded Hobson angrily.

Without waiting for a reply, Hobson & Co. distributed Coker on the platform once more.

Wharton and Hurree Singh reached the "reserved" carriage. Fry and Dabney of the Fourth were arguing with Bob Cherry at the doorway. They ceased to argue as the two newcomers pushed them aside and clambered in.

"Here we are again!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "The whole jolly old family. Tumble in!"

"You cheeky rotters!" roared Fry. "Look here, I'm coming into that carriage, see?"

"Oh, rather!" gasped Dabney. "Rush the cheeky fags!" shouted Temple.

"Come on!" "Line up!" roared Bob Cherry. "Back up. Remove!"

Temple & Co. rushed. But it booted not, as a poet would say. The Fourth-Formers were strewn on the platform, and their hats went flying. Other fellows coming along passed the hats to one another. Temple & Co. dashed after them, hatless, breathless, and furious.

Five cheery faces grinned after them from the carriage.

"I say, you fellows!"

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

"Oh, really, Cherry, it's me!" gasped Billy Bunter. "Let a fellow in, you know. I say—"

"Why, it's Bunter!" exclaimed Bob. "Blessed if I didn't think it was a barrel rolling along the platform!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, let a fellow in!" gasped Bunter. "Be a pal, you know! I don't want to lose this train. I say, you—"

"Pass, friend, and all's well!" said Bob cheerily, making room for the Owl of the Remove to roll in.

There was one more seat in the carriage, and though Bunter was not the fellow Bob would have selected to fill it, he was a Removite, anyhow.

Bunter rolled in and sat down.

"Shut the door, Bob!" he gasped.

"We're not starting yet, fathead. Plenty of room for some more Remove men," answered Bob.

"Look here, we don't want a crowd in this carriage," said Bunter. "A man wants room to breathe. Shut the door."

"Rats!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" bawled Bob. "This way, Smithy. This way Redwing! This way, Toddy! Standing room only!"

Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing and Peter Todd crowded in. There was a howl from Billy Bunter as his foot was trodden on.

"Look here, shut that door!" he bawled.

"This way, Hazel!" shouted Bob; and Hazeldene of the Remove added himself to the crowd in the carriage.

"My hat! We're getting rather full up!" remarked Harry Wharton. "The more the merrier!"

With six seats occupied, and four fellows standing, the carriage was really rather full. But Squiff was allowed to squeeze in. Then even the hospitable Bob agreed that the limit had been reached.

Fisher T. Fish, arriving at the door, met with a polite but firm negative.

"Aw, cut it out!" snapped Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'm getting in—I ain't getting left for the next train! You get me?"

"Guess again!" suggested Bob.

Fishy was not popular, and the crowd in the carriage did not want to squeeze closer for Fishy.

Fisher T. Fish, however, was obstinate. He inserted a long, thin nose into the carriage. He fully intended to follow it in, but Bob Cherry took it between a finger and thumb.

"Yooooop!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "Ow! Leggo! Wake snakes! Carry me home to die! Whooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob released the long nose, and it was hastily withdrawn from reach.

Fisher T. Fish shook a bony fist, and went along the train.

"I say, shut that door!" howled Bunter.

"Fathead! The man comes for the tickets before we start," said Bob Cherry. "You have to show your tickets here."

"Shut the door and hold the handle!" said Bunter. "You can make out that it won't open, see?"

"What on earth for?" demanded Bob.

"Well, I don't want to be bothered by that ticket collector," said Bunter. "Just shut the door and keep it shut!"

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"Fathead!"

The train was full now. The engine had given a warning shriek. The man whom Bunter, for some reason, did not want to see, was coming along the doors, asking to see the tickets.

He put his head into the carriage swarming with Removites, and a crowd of tickets were held up to view. Only Bunter did not move.

"Ticket, sir!"

"I've put it in my pocket," said Bunter. "I can't get it out in this crowd—there isn't room to move!"

"Must see your ticket, sir! Please be quick!"

"I've dropped it on the floor. I say, you fellows, see if you can see a ticket on the floor."

"If you haven't a ticket, sir, you must get out!"

"I gave it to one of these fellows to hold when I was getting in!" gasped Bunter. "I say, you fellows, which of you has got my ticket?"

"Nobody here's got your ticket, you fat villain!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Look here, sir, if you haven't a ticket—"

"Have you got my ticket, Franky?"

"You jolly well know I haven't!"

"Have you got it, Bull?"

"Rats!"

"Have you got it, Inky?"

"The answer is in the esteemed negative, my absurd Bunter!"

The ticket inspector eyed Bunter grimly. Possibly he had noticed him before on the railway, Bunter's system of travelling at the expense of the railway company had sometimes brought him into the limelight. The man laid a disrespectful hand on Bunter's fat shoulder.

"I've seen you before!" he remarked.

"Out you go!"

"Look here, you cheeky beast—I say, you fellows, stop him! Lend me my fare! I say—Yaroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter landed on the platform. The door slammed.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Beast!"

The fat junior drifted dismally away to get a ticket. By the time he returned to the platform the train was gone. Harry Wharton & Co. were whirling on their way to Greyfriars School, minus Bunter, and certainly feeling none the less joyful on that account.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Remarkable New Boy!

BEASTS!"

Billy Bunter grunted discontentedly.

There were many ups and downs in the career of a "bilk," and on this occasion the Owl of the Remove was experiencing one of the downs.

He had lost the train, and he had to waste his money, as he regarded it, on a ticket, after all. Really, he might as well have bought a ticket in the first place. And the ticket inspector had been cheeky—distinctly impertinent! He had treated Bunter like a bilk! He had laid a common, plebeian hand on the shoulder of a Public school man and jerked him out of the carriage! Bunter really wished now that he had knocked the fellow down! Still, that proceeding, though gratifying in itself, would have been followed by a lot of unpleasant consequences; so perhaps it was just as well that he hadn't.

The crowd had thinned down considerably. There was ample room in the next train; indeed, some carriages

were empty, or almost empty. When Bunter rolled along to look for a seat, he found one carriage with only one passenger in it—a fellow of about his own age.

Bunter rolled in and sat down and shut the door. He had a packet of toffee in his pocket. He had not produced that in the crowded carriage with the other Removites, but he produced it now, and inserted a large chunk into a large mouth.

The train started. Bunter blinked at his fellow-passenger as they rolled out of Lantham.

He had never seen the fellow before, and he wondered whether this was a new boy for Greyfriars.

With that idea in his mind, Bunter assumed an agreeable smile.

Bunter liked new boys.

New boys hadn't heard of his celebrated postal order, which Bunter was always expecting but which seemed never to arrive. Fellows in the Remove only chuckled when they were requested to make an advance on that postal order. With new boys it was different. New boys had a lot to learn.

This new boy—if he was a new boy—looked prosperous. He was a handsome, rather aristocratic-looking lad, and extremely well dressed. His clothes, as Bunter judged at once, had cost money.

Whoever he was, his people were well off. Bunter could see that. Bunter liked fellows whose people were well off.

The fellow seemed a little shy, Bunter thought. He kept to his own end of the carriage, and after one glance at Bunter stared out of the window.

It was up to Bunter to break the ice, and Bunter, whatever he was, was not shy. There had never been anything like shyness about William George Bunter.

"Hallo! Going to Greyfriars?" he started.

The boy looked round at him.

"Yes," he answered.

"New kid—what?"

"Jest that!" said the boy cheerfully.

"You've 'it it!"

Billy Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.

The fellow looked, and was dressed, as if he might be going to Greyfriars. But certainly his speech did not sound like it.

"I say! What did you say?" asked Bunter.

"You've 'it it!" answered the other fellow.

Bunter grinned.

"I say, you've dropped something!" he said.

The new fellow glanced round and glanced at the floor and shook his head.

"Not as I knows of!" he answered. Evidently he had not noticed that he had dropped an "h."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bunter. "I say, are you really going to Greyfriars? Not pulling my leg—what?"

"Course I ain't!" answered the other. "I'm going to Greyfriars all right. Leastways, I'm being took!"

"Took!" gasped Bunter.

"Yes. Grandfather's taking me. He's in a smoking-carriage. Bunged me in 'ere and left me."

"Great pip!" said Bunter blankly.

He stared at the other fellow as if he could scarcely believe his spectacles.

The fellow certainly looked well off, judging by his clothes. He not only wore good clothes, but looked as if he knew how to wear them. He had a slim, quite elegant figure, which looked very graceful in a well-cut overcoat. His trousers were nicely creased. His

gloves were good and well-fitting. He was as clean as a new pin from top to toe, which Billy Bunter certainly was not. Bunter always got grubby on a journey, and he was generally sticky with toffee or butterscotch. Appearances were in favour of this new fellow, but the way he talked made Bunter open his little round eyes behind his big, round spectacles.

"Ever been to school before?" asked Bunter, grinning.

"Jest a few months."

"My only hat!"

Billy Bunter gave up on the spot all idea of making friends with this remarkable new boy. The fellow might have bagged good clothes from somewhere, but his people could hardly be well off if he had been to school for only a few months.

"Oh, my 'at!" ejaculated the new

fellow. "You can shut it as soon as you like, and be blowed to you!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "What language!"

"If my language ain't good enough for you, you ain't got to 'ear it!" said the new fellow, with an angry gleam in his eyes. "And if all the Greyfriars blokes are as civil as you, I don't think much of them. Go and eat coke!"

"What's your name?" asked Bunter.

"Find out!"

The other fellow turned to the window again, with a clouded face.

He had looked cheerful enough before Billy Bunter began to talk to him; but he did not look so cheerful now.

The Owl of the Remove seemed to have had rather a depressing effect on his spirits.

Bunter finished his toffee in silence, but he continued to blink at the boy in the other corner.

"Then they can't be pertic'ler who they lets in."

"Wha-a-at!" gasped Bunter. "Why, you cheeky outsider—"

"That's enough from you!" said the new boy. "You shut it! See? Bust my buttons, I 'ope they all ain't like you at the school! I'd wish I was back on the road pretty soon, if they was!"

"On the road?" repeated Bunter, blinking at him. "What were you doing on the road?"

"Find out!"

"I believe I've seen you before somewhere!" said Bunter, blinking very hard at the handsome face, flushed now with anger.

The new boy started, and looked more closely at Bunter. Bunter's fat face, with its little fat nose and large mouth and big spectacles, was one not easily forgotten. A look of recognition dawned on the boy's face.



Bob Cherry took Fish's long, thin nose between finger and thumb. "Yoooooop!" yelled the American junior. "Ow! Leggo!"

junior suddenly. "Now I let it out! Grandfather warned me not to talk!"

"Did he?" grinned Bunter.

"Still, where's the 'arm? It ain't no good me making out that I've 'ad a lot of schooling, is it? Fellers'll know."

"I should jolly well think they will!" chortled Bunter. "He, he, he! What the thump are they sending you to Greyfriars for?"

"Grandfather went there."

"Gammon!"

The boy stared at Bunter.

"What? What did you say, fatty?" he asked.

"Gammon!" repeated Bunter. "And I jolly well don't believe you're going to Greyfriars! You can't stuff me!"

"I ain't stulling you, image! I don't want to talk to you, if you come to that. You talked to me!" said the new

If the fellow was really going to Greyfriars he was undoubtedly something new in new boys. Bunter was curious, and when Bunter was curious he wanted to know.

"I say, what was your last school?" he asked.

No reply.

"Deaf?" asked Bunter.

"You can find out if you want to know!" snapped the new boy.

"Well, that's why I'm asking you," said Bunter. "You make out you're going to Greyfriars! Gammon! You wouldn't be let in, I can tell you! I belong to Greyfriars!" added Bunter, as if that clinched it.

The other fellow turned from the window and stared at Bunter again.

"So they let you in?" he said.

"Eh! Yes! Of course!"

"You!" he ejaculated.

"Oh! You know me?" exclaimed Bunter.

No answer.

The boy turned back to the window. "I know I've jolly well seen you somewhere," said Bunter. "I believe it was in the hols. Can't have been where I was staying; I was at a nobleman's place. Hardly the place where you'd be seen! He, he, he!"

The handsome face was still turned from him. The cloud had settled on it more darkly than ever.

"Look here, where have I seen you before?" demanded Bunter.

He was intensively inquisitive now.

"Find out!"

"Look here, I don't want any cheek!" said Bunter warmly. "You going to

Greyfriars—and talking like a bargee! He, he, he!”

The boy gave him a dark look.

“My grandfather was at Greyfriars,” he said, “and he’s what they call a blooming governor of the school now, so you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, fat face!”

“He, he, he!” chuckled Bunter. “That’s good! What’s your grandfather—a potman or a pork butcher?”

“Find out!”

“Well, if he’s got any sense he won’t turn up at Greyfriars with you!” chuckled Bunter. “The porter wouldn’t let him in, I can tell you! He, he, he! Blessed if I ever heard of anything like this!”

“Look here, you shut up!” said the new boy, with another dark look. “You keep your head shut, see, or I’ll bust you ‘at over it!”

“Why, you cheeky sweep,” exclaimed Bunter, “I’d like to see you do it! I’d jolly well like—”

Crash!

“Yooooop!” roared Bunter, in surprise and wrath.

He had said that he would like to see the new fellow do it; but he did not seem pleased now that it was done!

He struggled frantically to get his head out of the hat that was squashed over his fat ears.

“Ow! Oh crikey! Why, you—you—you—” gasped Bunter. “I’ve a jolly good mind to mop up the carriage with you! I—I—I—I—I—”

“‘Avo another, on your nose?” demanded the new boy.

Bunter backed into his corner.

“Ow! Keep off, you beast! Hands off, you rotter! Ow!”

The boy turned away from him and stared out of the window again.

The train clattered into Redclyffe and stopped. Billy Bunter hastily

jumped out, and rolled along to the next carriage.

He had had enough of the company of that very peculiar new boy. Not even to get his celebrated postal order cashed would he have cultivated that remarkable acquaintance any further.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Unexpected Meeting!

“HALLO, hallo, hallo!”

“What—?”

“The jolly old tinker!” exclaimed Bob Cherry.

“My hat!”

Harry Wharton & Co. had turned out of the train at Courtfield, and started to walk across the common to Greyfriars. Most of the Greyfriars crowd went on in the local train to Friardale, but some preferred a walk across the common in the clear, frosty air, among them the Famous Five.

From the road, the chums of the Remove had turned into the footpath which led away across the wide common among clumps of frosty hawthorn and hollows filled with snow. And in one of the loneliest spots on the common they came in sight of a coke fire burning in a perforated tin pail, and a burly man seated on a box near it, smoking a black clay pipe. Near him was a little hand-cart. And as they drew nearer they recognised the outfit.

“Tinker Wilson!” exclaimed Harry Wharton.

“That very identical blighter!” said Bob. “I never thought we should see him again.”

The tinker glanced up at the sound of footsteps and voices. He stared surlily at the juniors as they came along; and then a black scowl came over his ill-favoured face as he recognised them.

Evidently he knew the Famous Five again, and evidently he was not pleased to see them. He scowled blackly.

“Hallo, hallo, hallo, old bean!” said Bob Cherry, as the juniors came up. “Fancy meeting you!”

“Oh, come on!” said Nugent.

“Hold on a minute!” said Bob.

“Last time we met this sportsman, in Surrey, in the hols, he wanted to make us stand and deliver. Any standing and delivering in the programme to-day, Mr. Wilson?”

Tinker Wilson gave him a black look. The Famous Five had handled him rather severely on that past occasion; and Mr. Wilson was not likely to repeat the attempt on their loose cash.

“Cheese it, old man!” said Harry.

“We don’t want a row.”

“Why not?” asked Bob cheerily. “I’m feeling full of beans, myself; and if Mr. Wilson would like his head banged again, I’m the man to oblige him.”

“So you’re ‘ere, are you?” said Tinker Wilson. “You was bound to turn up like a blooming bad penny! What you doing ‘ere, I’d like to know?”

“Going back to school, old thing,” answered Bob. “But what are you doing here? Have you cleared out all the hen-roosts in Surrey, and come along to Kent to look for some more?”

“You got a lot of lip, ain’t you?” said Tinker Wilson. “P’r’aps I’ll meet you alone one of these days and take some of the cheek out of you!”

He eyed the juniors evilly and with a sort of uneasiness. It was easy to see that he was surprised to see them so far from the place of their last meeting, and that he did not like it.

“You goin’ to school, are you?” he muttered. “You got a school near ‘ere, then?”

“Yes, rather,” said the cheery Bob. “Not more than a mile away.”

The tinker started.

“You ain’t going to Greyfriars?” he ejaculated.

“Just that!” answered Bob.

“Burn my body and boots!” muttered the tinker, staring at him. “You coves belong to Greyfriars! My eye!”

“Nothing surprising in that, is there?” asked Bob, staring at him.

The tinker did not reply. But the juniors could see that that information had a disturbing effect on him; why, they could not even begin to guess. It did not seem likely that it could concern Tinker Wilson, whether they belonged to Greyfriars School or not.

“Any news of Tatters?” went on Bob.

The tinker sat silent, pulling at his foul pipe.

“I see he’s not with you, anyhow,” said Bob Cherry. “That’s a jolly good thing, at any rate.”

Tinker Wilson looked at him again.

“You don’t know—” he began.

“What?” asked Bob.

“Oh, nothing!” grunted the tinker.

“We knew that the kid had left you,” said Harry Wharton, looking at the ruffian curiously. “We had a letter from him in the holidays. He seems to have found his relations, and they’ve taken him. He’s safe from you now, I hope.”

Tinker Wilson’s narrow eyes glittered under his bushy brows. But he said nothing.

“My hat!” exclaimed Bob. “Are you still looking for that kid, Wilson?”

No answer.

“You’d better think twice before you meddle with Tatters again, Mr. Wilson,” said Wharton quietly. “Now he’s found his relations, you’ll be charged with kidnapping if you try to get hold of him again.”



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"Who's trying to get hold of him ag'in?" snarled the tinker. "I don't ever want to see the young limb any more. He never wasn't any use to me, he wasn't; and I was glad to get shut of him."

"That's a whopper," said Bob. "He ran away from you more than once, and you got after him, and got him back again. I don't know what your reason was, but you had some jolly good reason for not wanting to let that kid go."

"Well, he's gone now," said Tinker Wilson. "He's gone back to his people, and I ain't seed him since, and don't want to. And you can tell him so."

"We're not likely to see him, I suppose," said Harry Wharton. "He told us he was with his grandfather, but he didn't say where."

"I dessay you'll be seeing 'im," said the tinker sourly, "and if you do, you can tell him I done with him. I kep' that boy for years and years, and then he run away; and now I'm done with him."

"Rather a good thing for Tatters," said Johnny Bull.

"Interesting, if true!" grinned Bob Cherry. "It seems to me more jolly likely that Tatters is somewhere hereabouts, and that this rotter knows it, and that's why he's here."

The tinker gave a start. "Is that it, Wilson?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"It ain't!" said the tinker stolidly. "I jest passing through 'ere permiscus. I'm going on the road for London this arntnoon; there ain't no trade 'ere for a bloke. I don't know nothin' about the boy, since he run away from me in Hampshire."

"Oh, come on!" said Nugent. The chums of the Remove walked on, the tinker scowling blackly after them. There was no doubt that had he met any member of that cheery company alone, the ruffian would have sought to pay off old scores. But he had found the five of them together much too much for him, and he was not disposed to try his luck again.

Harry Wharton's face was thoughtful as he walked on with his chums.

He had not forgotten Tatters, the tinker's boy, who had found a refuge at Wharton Lodge when he had run away from his brutal master. Neither had he forgotten the crack on the head that Tinker Wilson had given him when he had recaptured the runaway.

"If we hadn't heard from Tatters, and heard that he was all right, we'd have collared that brute, and marched him off to the police station," said Harry. "But the kid seems safe enough from him now. According to what he told us in his letter, he's with his grandfather, and in clover—and far enough away from here. He didn't give his address; but the postmark on the letter was a town in Hampshire; and that's a long way from Kent."

Bob Cherry nodded. "That's so," he agreed. "I suppose if that brute is still after him, he can't be looking for him here. But—"

"But what?"

"Well, he seemed to think that we might be seeing Tatters again," said Bob, "and we can't see him if he's far from Greyfriars, during term, at least. If the kid's in these parts, you can depend on it that Tinker Wilson is here to look for him."

"But it's not likely," said Nugent.

"Well, that tough is after no good," said Bob. "We really ought to have collared him and banged his napper again."

"Oh, come on, fathead!" said Nugent, laughing.

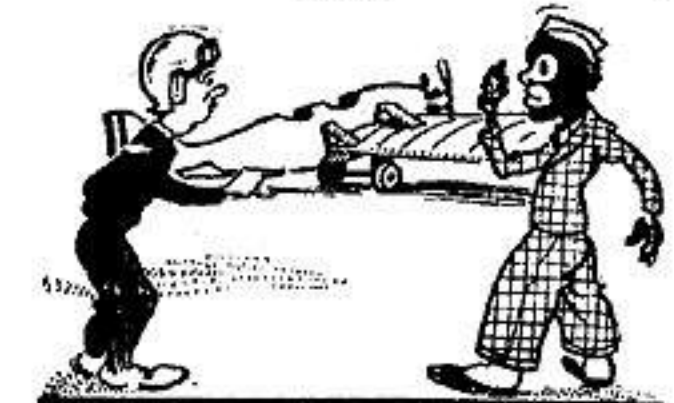
"I'd like to see Tatters again," remarked Wharton. "He was a decent kid."

"The decentfulness of the esteemed Tatters was terrific," agreed Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "It would be an absurd pleasure to behold his ridiculous face once more."

"But it's not likely," said Harry.

The chums of the Remove walked on to the school. All the members of the famous Co. would have been glad to see Tatters again; they had taken a liking to the tinker's boy whom they had befriended in the holidays. But it seemed unlikely that they would ever see the waif. He had, they knew, found his people and a home; but they knew neither his name, nor where he was. Nothing seemed more unlikely than a meeting. But it was the unlikely thing that was destined to happen—and in circumstances of which the chums of the Remove never dreamed.

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**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
The Man in Possession!**

"I SAY, you fellows!"
"Scat!"
"Oh, really, Wharton—"
"Buzz off!"

"I'm not likely to buzz off out of my own study!" said Billy Bunter, with dignity.

"What?"

Billy Bunter was in Study No. 1 in the Remove, when the owners of that study arrived.

The walk across Courtfield Common had taken up time. Billy Bunter, though he had come on by the second train, had reached Greyfriars before the Famous Five.

Now he was ensconced in Study No. 1. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent came in. They found Bunter there. And Bunter apparently intended to stay.

"Your own study?" repeated Nugent. "Your study's No. 7, with Toddy and Dutton, you fat freak."

Bunter shook his head.

"A man can change his study at the beginning of term if he likes," he answered. "The fact is, I'm fed-up

with Peter Todd. He's mean. I never had enough to eat in Study No. 7 last term."

"You fat ass!"

"First come, first served, you know," said Bunter, blinking at the two juniors through his big spectacles. "A fellow can choose a study at the beginning of term. I've chosen this."

"You benighted fathead—"

"You can call a fellow names," said Bunter calmly. "But you can't alter the House rules. I got in first and bagged this study. I'm within my rights, and I'm staying here."

"You fat villain!" roared the captain of the Remove. "It's our study."

"It was your study last term," corrected Bunter. "It's my study this term. Mind, I'll let you fellows in."

"You'll let us in!" gasped Wharton, glaring at the Owl of the Remove as if he could have eaten him.

"Yes, old chap! I don't object to you as study-mates," said Bunter. "I'm not particular, so far as that goes."

"Why, you—you—you—"

"But it's got to be understood that it's my study. I've bagged it. It belongs to me, unless there's an order from the Form master. Well, Quelchy will see fair play. He knows the rules."

Wharton and Nugent gazed at the fat junior. There was no doubt that, strictly speaking, Bunter was within his rights. Often there was a rush for studies at the beginning of the term. Some were better than others. Study No. 1, for instance, was the largest in the Remove passage, and had two windows. Bunter was within his rights, so far as that went; but the exercise of that right was quite another matter. A fellow wanted his own study; and certainly Wharton and Nugent wanted theirs. And they did not want Billy Bunter. Very much indeed they did not want that fat and fatuous youth.

"Look here, you piffing porker—" began Wharton.

Bunter waved a fat hand.

"Chuck it!" he said. "It's no good arguing—"

"I'm not going to argue. I'm going to kick you out of the study," explained Wharton.

"You jolly well kick me, and I'll jolly well go to Quelch!" said Bunter. "Fair play's a jewel. Quelchy's a beast, but he's a just beast. He will jolly soon call you to order, I can tell you!"

Harry Wharton paused.

"You fat freak—" he began.

"It's all right, you know," said Bunter. "After all, I was your study-mate when you first came to Greyfriars. Wharton. Don't you remember how nice it was?"

"I remember how rotten it was."

"Oh, really, you know! Dash it all, if I can stand you, you can stand me, I suppose," said Bunter warmly. "You with your ill-temper and bad manners! I can tell you that it's jolly kind of me to let you dig in my study."

"It's not your study!" roared Wharton.

"It jolly well is!" grinned Bunter. "and you jolly well can't turn me out of it, so there. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

Nugent burst into a laugh.

Harry Wharton did not laugh; he frowned. The prospect of having William George Bunter as a study-mate for a whole term was neither grateful nor comforting. Yet there was no doubt that House rules were on Bunter's side.

"Besides, there's new men in the Form this term," went on Bunter. "You were only two to this study, so

Quelchly would be pretty certain to shove a new blighter in here. You'll have me instead."

"I'd rather have a new kid—any new kid—"

"Well, there's a new kid coming that you wouldn't like," grinned Bunter. "I don't know whether he's booked for the Remove; but if he is, I can tell you he's a coughdrop. I met him in the train, and I can tell you he's the jolly old limit. Talks like a bargee. Some fearfully low rotter—can't imagine why they're letting him into the school at all. I suppose you'd rather have a gentleman here."

"No objection to any gentleman, but we don't want you."

"Beast!"

"Now look here, you frabjous freak, I—"

"Nuff said," interrupted Bunter. "This is my study! If you want to share it with me, I'm willing. If not, get out!"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Get out!" repeated Bunter firmly. "You can hardly expect me to let fellows cheek me in my own study."

Wharton breathed hard and deep.

Billy Bunter backed away round the study table. He was within his rights, but his rights could not interpose between a boot and his tight trousers. Billy Bunter had often been kicked, though not so often as he deserved. But he had never grown to like it.

Frank Nugent caught his chum by the arm.

"Chuck it, old man. Let's go and speak to Toddy."

"I say, you fellows, what about a study supper—" began Bunter. "I say, you beasts, don't walk away while a fellow's talking to you."

But the chums of the Remove did walk away, and Bunter was left alone in his glory.

They proceeded to Study No. 7 in the Remove, the study which Bunter had shared with Peter Todd and Tom Dutton the previous term. Peter was not to be seen there, but Dutton, the deaf junior, was unpacking a bag. He glanced round at the two juniors and gave them a nod and a grin.

"Hallo, you're back, Dutton," said Wharton genially. He was not at the moment feeling genial; Bunter had banished his geniality. But it was necessary to be genial to a fellow, who, having lost Bunter, was to be asked to take him back. It was impossible to be too polite in the circumstances.

Tom Dutton stared at the captain of the Remove. Dutton was deaf. This was a serious affliction, more to other Remove men than to Dutton himself.

"Anything on my face?" asked Dutton.

"Eh! No."

"Did you say yes or no?"

"No!" roared Wharton.

"Then why did you say I was black?" demanded Dutton.

"Oh, my hat! I didn't say you were black, fathead! Back!"

"Slack! Look here—"

"Back!" shrieked Wharton.

Dutton got it then.

"Back? What do you mean, back? Anybody been sticking something on my back?" Tom Dutton groped behind him. "Where is it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Nugent.

"Look here, if there's something on my back, take it off for me," said Dutton. "Fellows are always playing tricks on a chap because he's deaf. Not that I'm really deaf. I can hear you if you don't mumble!"

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"Where's Toddy?" asked Wharton, giving up the attempt to explain his opening remark.

"If you mean my clothes—" said Dutton warmly.

"What?"

"They're as good as yours, I suppose. And if they weren't, it would be jolly bad manners to call them shoddy."

"Oh crikey! I didn't say shoddy, ass! I asked you where Toddy was? I suppose he's coming to this study?"

"Well, if you mean muddy, all right. You said shoddy—I distinctly heard you say shoddy. But if you mean muddy, I—"

"Oh, my hat! Let's cut!" gasped Wharton; and Nugent grinned and followed him from the study. Tom Dutton cast an indignant glare after them.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

No Takers!

"CHUMLEY?"

"It's spelt C-h-o-l-m-o-n-d-e-l-e-y," said the Bounder, "and it's pronounced Chunley to save time."

"In the Remove?"

"I fancy so! The old sport's taken him in to the Head—he's left a taxi waiting outside. They must have come by the second train from Lantham. I didn't see anything of them at the station. The kid looks rather decent—a bit shy. But the old swell—my hat!"

"What's he like?"

"Tremendous swell—terrific old sportman! You'll see him if you hang on here—no end of a big panjandrum."

"Kid's pater?" asked Skinner.

"Looks too jolly old—grandfather, I should think. Or some other remote ancestor."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But how do you know that the new kid's for the Remove?" asked Peter Todd.

"Because I heard the old sportsman say he'd like to see Arthur's Form master, and the Chief Beak said he would send for Mr. Quelch."

"With the Head now?" asked Toddy.

"Yes. The old sportsman is a jolly old baronet—Sir George Cholmondeley, of Cholmondeley Castle in Hampshire."

"My hat! That sounds swell!"

"If that new kid puts on any airs in the Remove he will jolly soon get the check knocked out of him!" growled Bolsover major.

"Oh, rats!" said Toddy. "Leave the new kid alone! He hasn't put on any airs yet."

Harry Wharton & Co. heard these remarks as they came downstairs in search of Peter Todd. Peter was one of the group discussing the new boy—whom, so far, only the Bounder had seen, and whose rather imposing name was Cholmondeley. But the chums of Study No. 1 were not interested in new kids—they were concerned about their study.

"Here you are, Toddy—" began Wharton.

"Here I am, old bean," said Peter Todd cheerily.

"That fat idiot Bunter has stuck himself in my study, and makes out that he's sticking to it."

"Good!" said Peter heartily. "You are welcome to him this term. More than welcome, in fact."

"Don't be an ass, Toddy! He belongs to your study!" said the captain of the Remove warmly.

"I resign all rights!" answered Toddy. "I'm prepared to give him

away with a pound of tea. Keep him, with my blessing."

"Now, look here, old chap—we don't want Bunter in No. 1—" said Nugent.

"Exactly how I feel about him in No. 7," said Toddy, with a nod. "It's a case of two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one, isn't it?"

"We want you to take him back, you know," urged Wharton.

"Now, look here," said Peter Todd. "He was in your study once upon a time. When he left, did you want to take him back?"

"H'm!"

"If you did, you've got him now."

"Well, we didn't, ass."

"Same here," said Toddy. "Keep him! I leave him to you, partner!"

"Look here, old fellow—"

Peter Todd chuckled.

"My dear man, if Bunter's really given my study the go-by, you can't expect me not to rejoice. Life will be really worth living this term."

"He'd come back if you asked him, perhaps—"

"I'll take jolly good care not to ask him, then."

"You can't expect to land him on us!" roared Wharton.

"You can't expect me to land him on myself, if I can jolly well get out of it!" grinned Toddy. "Look here, I'll let him come into No. 7 if he wants to! That's the most I can offer."

"He means to stick to my study?"

"Good!"

"He's planted himself there now!"

"Fine!"

"He won't go!"

"Splendid!" said Toddy heartily.

Wharton and Nugent exchanged a glance. Obviously, there was nothing doing, so far as Peter was concerned. Really, it was hardly to be expected that a fellow who had lost a study-mate like William George Bunter would be anxious to have him back.

"I say, Smithy!" murmured Wharton.

"Hallo!" grinned the Bounder. Perhaps he guessed what was coming.

"You're only two in No. 4—you and Redwing," said Harry. "You may get the new kid planted on you. If you had Bunter, you'd be three to the study and practically safe from the new kid."

"I'd rather be safe from Bunter, thanks."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellows should have got in early!" chuckled Skinner. "A fellow can bag a study, according to House rules. Bunter was first in the field."

"I'd like to see him bag my study!" growled Bolsover major. "I'd give him House rules!"

"Then Wharton would have to call you to order, as head of the Form!" grinned Skinner. "House rules are House rules! As the matter stands, Wharton will have to call himself to order, and report himself to a prefect, if he kicks Bunter out of the study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, here comes the old sportsman!" said Vernon-Smith, as a tall gentleman, with an eyeglass gleaming in his eye, appeared in the offing.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent glanced with some interest at the tall gentleman, as he passed at a little distance.

They had seen that old gentleman before.

The name of Cholmondeley was familiar to them. Both of them remembered the old gentleman who had stopped in a car near Wharton Lodge,

in the vacation, to make inquiries. He had inquired concerning Tinker Wilson, though for what reason the chums of the Remove had no idea.

"That's the old johnny!" murmured Nugent.

Wharton nodded.

"Seen him before?" asked the Bounder.

"Yes, in the hols," answered Harry.

"You know him, then?"

"Oh, no! He spoke to us, that's all, on the road."

"Looks a terrific old swell!" said the Bounder, his glance following the tall gentleman. "Seen the kid who came with him?"

"No. What's he like?"

"Looks decent—rather shy, I think. I hope they won't shove him in my study if he's really coming into the Remove."



Temple & Co., smothered in ink, and looking considerably the worse for wear, were rolled down the Remove staircase!

"If you had Bunter——"

"Bow-wow!"

"Bunter says there's another new kid—ono he met in the train," said Nugent. "New kid, who talks like a bargee, according to Bunter. Seen him?"

"No; I haven't heard of more than one kid for the Remove this term. One's one too many!" said the Bounder. "Hallo, Redwing!"

And Smithy hurried off to his chum.

Sir George Cholmondeley did not glance at Wharton or Nugent; if he noticed them at all he did not recognize them again among a crowd of other Greyfriars Juniors. They were not specially interested in him, or in the relative he had brought to the school. They proceeded to look for the other members of the Co. to consult them on the question of the study. Having Billy Bunter landed in Study No. 1 for a whole term was not to be thought of—if it could be helped. The question was, how was it to be helped?"

Bob Cherry and Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh were found unpacking in No. 13. Mark Linley and little Wun Lung were also there.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! I hear you've got a new study-mate!" chuckled Bob, as the two juniors looked into No. 13.

"Ah, you've heard?" said Wharton.

"Bunter told us! Like the idea?"

"Not the least little bit! That brute Toddy won't take him back if he can help it!" growled Wharton.

"The blamefulness is not terrific, my esteemed chum!" grinned Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Well, I suppose not," admitted Wharton. "If you men would like Bunter in this study——"

"Thank you for nothing!" grinned Bob.

"The likefulness would not be terrific."

"We're four already!" said Mark Linley, laughing.

"No likce fattee ole Buntce!" said Wun Lung.

"Better kick him out!" suggested Bob.

"Can't; he's got the House rules on his side. It's beastly mean to bag a man's study—but there you are!"

"Oh, we'll think of a way!" said Bob cheerily. "Toddy ought really to have him—he's hardened to him."

"Toddy's jolly well got to have him. He can't expect to land the fat oyster on us. But how——"

"The howfulness is a terrific question."

Wharton and Nugent walked on to No. 14. Johnny Bull was there, with Squiff and Fisher T. Fish. Johnny grinned at his chums as they looked in. Evidently he, too, had heard of their new acquisition.

"I hear you've got Bunter this term!" he remarked.

"He's planted himself in our study," said Harry. "Got any idea how we can root him out, without breaking House rules?"

"Try a fives bat!"

"You fellows like him here?" asked Nugent.

"No jolly fear!"

"Keep him!" chuckled Squiff.

"I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of him if he horns into this study!" said Fisher T. Fish.

The hapless two wandered back to Study No. 1. Billy Bunter was taking his ease in the armchair there. He blinked at them through his big spectacles and grinned.

"I say, you fellows, it's rather nice to be together again in this study, ain't it?" said Bunter affably.

"Fathead!"

"What about a study supper?" asked Bunter. "I'd like a study supper with

my friends ever so much better than the 'do' in Hall. You can ask your friends—after all, they're my friends, too. I was going to stand a really decent spread, but I've been disappointed about a postal order. In the circumstances—"

"Oh, rats!"

Wharton and Nugent left the study again. Billy Bunter gave a fat chuckle. Some fellows would have felt reluctant about butting into a study where they were not wanted, and where they received the marble eye and the frozen mitt. Not so William George Bunter. Nothing but a boot would have shifted William George from his new quarters; and in the unfortunate circumstances a boot could not be applied. So it looked as if William George was going to stick.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise For Mr. Quelch.

MR. HENRY SAMUEL QUELCH, the master of the Remove, had a thoughtful expression on his countenance. First day of term was naturally a busy day with Mr. Quelch, as with every other Form master. Mr. Quelch had been extremely busy when he received a message from the Head, requesting him to call in that gentleman's study to see Sir George Cholmondeley, of Cholmondeley Castle, Hampshire. Mr. Quelch had left many important matters to take care of themselves for a time, while he had the pleasure, or otherwise, of being introduced to Sir George Cholmondeley, of Cholmondeley Castle. He had not been wholly pleased by the lord of Cholmondeley Castle, either. That old "sportsman," as the Bounder called him, had been in an imperative mood. Mr. Quelch had found the Head looking rather worried; and Sir George Cholmondeley looking rather grim; and a handsome new boy looking rather shy, and very silent. The new boy had been dispatched, under convoy of Trotter, the House page, to Mrs. Kebble, the dame. Sir George Cholmondeley had very shortly afterwards taken his leave, leaving Mr. Quelch with the headmaster.

Mr. Quelch looked thoughtful; and the headmaster looked worried. Apparently the new boy at Greyfriars was in some respects rather more troublesome than new boys generally were.

"I am bound to say, sir, that this is somewhat irregular!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Undoubtedly!" said the Head.

"Very irregular indeed!" said the Remove master.

"Quite so!" said Dr. Locke. "Indeed, had not Sir George been a member of the governing body—"

He paused.

Mr. Quelch looked sympathetic.

Governors, next to parents, were the bane of a schoolmaster's life.

"But a governor of the school—" murmured Dr. Locke.

"I understand, sir! But—"

"I had never heard of the boy, until Sir George wrote to me a few days ago," said the Head. "He explained that, owing to certain circumstances into which he did not desire to enter, his grandson's education had been neglected."

Mr. Quelch pursed his lips.

"Naturally, he desired the boy to enter his old school," went on the Head. "That is very natural."

"But a preparatory school—"

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"Unfortunately, the boy is too old for that."

"Then a private tutor—"

"Certainly that is what I should have advised," said the Head. "But Sir George—H'm!"

"A somewhat opinionated gentleman!" said Mr. Quelch.

"A very opinionated gentleman!" said the Head.

"But, sir—"

"The fact is, I did not care to refuse, but the matter certainly is difficult," said the Head. "You noticed the boy—"

"I did! His looks made a favourable impression on me," said the Remove master. "He looks intelligent."

"That is my opinion also. Possibly he will soon make up for lost time. But if you take him into the Remove, he will, I think, be quite unable to deal with the usual Form work. Quite."

"Then the Third Form!" suggested Mr. Quelch.

"I fear that he would be quite unable to deal with the Third Form work, Mr. Quelch."

"Then the Second!"

"Even the Second Form work, Mr. Quelch, would be far beyond him, from what I gather."

Mr. Quelch suppressed a snort.

"Dr. Locke! Is it suggested that a boy should be placed in the Remove, the Lower Fourth Form, when he is not equal to the work of the Second Form?" he exclaimed warmly.

"The difficulty is, that he is too old for the Second Form, and the same applies to the Third. He is of the average age of a Remove boy."

"That is a difficulty, certainly; but—"

"If he is left at Greyfriars at all, Mr. Quelch, he must be placed in a Form for which he is unsuitable, so far as his attainments go. So it seems reasonable to place him in one that suits his age, at least. So far, Sir George appears to have some reason on his side."

"It does not appear to me reasonable to place him at Greyfriars at all, in the peculiar circumstances, sir."

"I agree with you. But there is certainly a difficulty in refusing a request—a very urgent request—from a member of the governing body."

"That is certainly true," said Mr. Quelch.

The Head coughed.

"It is very irregular, and very unusual," he said. "I am placed in a somewhat difficult position, Quelch; and I must place myself to some extent in your hands. I can ask of you what I should not quite care to ask of Mr. Wiggins or Mr. Twigg."

Mr. Quelch's face cleared. As a Form master, he objected very strongly to the new boy in his Form. But when the Head put it on the ground of personal friendship, there was nothing more to be said.

"If you put it like that, sir," said Mr. Quelch, "I can only say that you may rely upon me in every way."

"Thank you, Quelch! I was sure that you would take that view," said Dr. Locke. "We must remember, too, that whatever may be the reason why this boy has been so strangely neglected, it is certainly not his own fault. He will some day occupy a great position in life, and must be prepared for it. Certainly I should have recommended a few months, at least, with a good tutor, before placing him at school. But Sir George makes so very strong a point of it."

"I will do my best with the boy, sir!" said Mr. Quelch. "I had better see him, and ascertain what can be done."

"I have instructed Trotter to take

him to your study when he has seen Mrs. Kebble. I am very much obliged to you, Quelch."

"Not at all, sir."

Henry Samuel Quelch left the headmaster; and returned to his own study. He was in a thoughtful and not a pleased state of mind. A boy who had never been to a prep school, had never had a tutor, and apparently had never had any education at all, was to be landed on him—a most extraordinary state of affairs. Such a boy, certainly, was entitled to every consideration and care—but not, so far as Henry Samuel Quelch could see, from Henry Samuel Quelch. He had a numerous Form to handle, and plenty of work on his hands; and this would mean separate instruction for a solitary member of the Form, apart from the rest. It was not only troublesome and irksome, but really looked like being impracticable.

Mr. Quelch entered his study. He had left it vacant; but it was not vacant now.

A boy was sitting in Mr. Quelch's special armchair.

He did not rise as the Form master entered.

Mr. Quelch looked at him.

It was the new boy, whom he had seen for a few moments in the Head's study, with his grandfather.

He was quite a good-looking boy, clean as a new pin, and nicely dressed. But evidently he did not know enough to rise to his feet when an elderly gentleman entered the study, whom he must have guessed to be his Form master.

"Cholmondeley!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Yes," said Cholmondeley.

"I am your Form master! You will say 'sir' when you address a Form master."

"Yes, sir," said Cholmondeley.

"And rise to your feet, sir! Have you no manners?"

Cholmondeley rose to his feet at once.

"I 'ope so, sir," he answered.

Mr. Quelch almost jumped.

"You—you—you what?" he ejaculated.

"I 'ope so, sir."

"Do you mean that you hope so?" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir, that's wot I said," answered Cholmondeley. "I 'ope so, sir!"

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch.

He stared at the boy. The colour came into Arthur Cholmondeley's face. Mr. Quelch's eyes almost penetrated him like gimlets.

"You are the grandson of Sir George Cholmondeley, of Cholmondeley Castle?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir."

"You are, I understand, heir to the title?"

"Jest that, sir!"

"There must be some mistake here," said Mr. Quelch in bewilderment. "There must be some—some misapprehension. I cannot understand this."

"I knowed they wouldn't want me 'ere," said Cholmondeley, his face clouding. "I knowed it."

"You—you what?"

"I knowed it," said Cholmondeley.

"Do you mean that you knew it?"

Cholmondeley reflected for a moment. "Yes, sir," he answered. "I dessay you're right, sir! You being a schoolmaster, you'd know better'n a bloke like me."

"A—a—a—a what?"

"Bloke, sir!"

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Quelch gazed at the boy.

(Continued on page 12.)

"Half-Time" Gossip!



When in doubt write to "Old Ref." He'll be only too pleased to smooth out your soccer problems. Write to him: c/o The "Magnet," and then watch out for his reply.

THE name of the Aston Villa football club stands high in the estimation of all followers of the game. Right through the story of football you will find Aston Villa mentioned. Many records stand opposite their name. There is only one club which has won the English Cup as many times as the Villa; the championship of the First Division has been theirs on many occasions, and they share with Blackburn Rovers the honour of having been in membership of the First Division ever since it was formed.

Everton, of course, had the distinction of never having dropped out of the top class until they went down at the end of last season. Everton seem likely to come back again after a stay of the minimum duration; but it is not of Everton I started to write this week, but of the Villa.

A reader of mine who is obviously very keen on the "Claret and Blues," as they are often called, is upset over a recent match played on the Villa ground. It was between Aston Villa and Derby County and was played at a time when those two clubs were struggling hard for a leading place in the table. Very soon after the match started—and when only one goal had been scored, Biddlestone, the young goalkeeper of the Villa, was so badly hurt that he had to leave the field.

IT is always an awkward question for a captain when a substitute from the remaining players has to be found to take the place of an injured goalkeeper.

Billy Walker, the skipper of the Villa, certainly tackled the problem in a manly way—he went in goal himself.

The match ended in the somewhat unusual score of six goals to four, Derby County being the winners. Now to get right down to the gist of my good reader's letter.

"I am absolutely certain," he writes, "that if the Villa goalkeeper had not been hurt they would have won the game. I consider it quite unfair that a side which has a goalkeeper hurt should have to fill his place with some other member of the team. In first-class football I think a substitute should be allowed when the goalkeeper is so hurt that he cannot continue."

Let me say at once that this supporter of the Villa has my whole-hearted sympathy. Seeing that in spite of the absence of their regular goalkeeper the Villa scored four goals and only had six scored against them in the match to which reference is made, I agree that it is a reasonable assumption that the Villa would have won if they had not lost the services of their custodian.

What is more, I agree with my correspondent that there is something wrong with the rules which make this sort of happening possible.

Against the allowance of substitutes for injured players, as a general thing, there is much to be said. But for the life of me, I cannot think of a solid argument against allowing a substitute, who is not already in the game, to take the place of an injured goalkeeper.

IT doesn't require any deep thinking to arrive at the conclusion that the goalkeeper of a football team is a different sort of footballer from any other member of the side.

He specialises in the use of his hands, whereas the use of the hands of the other players is forbidden. That being so, it follows that when a goalkeeper is hurt and has to leave the field some player not accustomed to the duties of the position has to take his place. A half-back may quite easily become a good full-back in an emergency, or a forward may do quite well as a half-back. But no forward, half-back, or full-back can hope to distinguish himself as a goalkeeper.

One of the arguments against substitutes being allowed to

take the place of an injured player is that a man might fake an injury in the latter stages of the game when he was merely tired. Now goalkeepers don't get tired; they have little running about to do. Indeed, the complaints which I have mostly heard from goalkeepers, on cold days, is that they don't have enough work to keep themselves warm. I know of goalkeepers who wear three sweaters on very cold days.

The rulers of football have often expressed themselves dead against this idea of substitutes for injured players. But even they once went to the length of suggesting, by their action, that it was good that a substitute should be allowed for an injured goalkeeper.

Many years ago Wales were playing England in an International match. In the first half of the game, the Welsh goalkeeper was so badly hurt that he could not continue. It so happened that another very good goalkeeper was on the ground, so he was called up to take the place of the injured goalkeeper during the second half of the match.

WE don't want football to develop along baseball lines; we don't want a dozen players lined up just outside the touchline to be sent on the field at the whim of the manager of the side. But we do want substitutes for injured goalkeepers. That, anyway, is my opinion, and, wanting substitutes, I shan't be happy till we get them. It is neither fair nor sportmanlike that a side should have to struggle through three quarters of the game—as the Villa had to do in their recent match against Derby County—with a forward in goal, and only ten players in all.

An interesting question reaches me from Gateshead, where, as you know, they now have a Northern Third Division side—the side which was once called South Shields.

Here is the query:

"Do you think it is wise for the referee of a football match to acknowledge a mistake he may make, and how should he proceed to rectify it?"

In the first place, let me say that I see no reason at all why any referee should consider himself "too big" to acknowledge a mistake. I don't care how good a referee may be; he will make a blunder now and then, and he will not lose any of the respect of the watchers if he acknowledges the error.

To give an instance, a referee may whistle for offside and then suddenly discover that away on the other side of the field was a defender, behind the man who had played the ball, whom he had not noticed. Having been "guilty" of an error the referee should acknowledge it, and the way in which he should do this is by throwing the ball down.

I HEARD the other day of a case in which a referee took the wrong measures in trying to correct an error. During an attack he thought the ball was going over the line and he blew his whistle a fraction too soon. Actually the ball did not go over the line, so the referee then waved for the play to continue.

This was an error of judgment. Having whistled for play to stop the referee could not, correctly, ask for it to be continued as if nothing had happened.

The sounding of the referee's whistle automatically stops the game, and the ball becomes "dead." What the referee should have done, in the case referred to, is throw the ball down at the spot where it was when he blew his whistle in error.

"OLD REF."

CHUMLEY FOR SHORT!

(Continued from page 10.)

"Sir George Cholmondeley, of Cholmondeley Castle, Hampshire, was a governor of Greyfriars, a baronet, and an immensely wealthy man. One glance at him was sufficient to show that he was, as the Bounder said, a tremendous swell. Yet here was his grandson, heir to his title and his great wealth, speaking in a way that Trotter, the page, would have disdained. It was amazing—bewildering. For some moments Mr. Quelch could only gaze.

Sir George had explained that, for unknown reasons, his grandson's education had been neglected. But that it could have been neglected to this extent had certainly never occurred to Mr. Quelch.

"Have you—have you ever been to school before?" gasped the Remove master at last.

"Grandfather said I wasn't to talk about anything 'ere, sir," said the new boy, after a moment's hesitation.

"You must answer your Form master!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Very well, sir! I been to school for a few months, in a village a long time back."

"A village school!"

"Yes, sir."

"And is that all?"

"That's the blooming lot, sir."

"You must not say blooming! Bless my soul! I—I cannot understand this! Upon my word! I—I suppose you can read and write?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Have you any knowledge of Latin?"

"What's that, sir?"

Mr. Quelch almost fell out of his chair.

"You—you do not know what Latin is?" he ejaculated faintly.

"I'm sorry, sir! I knowed it was no good sending me 'ere," said the new boy miserably. "But grandfather wouldn't 'ear a word!"

Mr. Quelch was touched.

"I—I am afraid you are a little out of place here, my boy, in the—the circumstances," he said slowly. "But—as you are here—we must do our best! If you are willing to learn—"

"More'n willing, sir," said the new boy eagerly. "I'm ready to work my blooming 'ead off."

"Bless my soul! Please do not say blooming!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "It is a—a—a word that is not used here. You must never say blooming."

"I won't never say it agin, sir."

There was a long pause.

"Sit down, Cholmondeley," said the Remove master, at last. "I—I must talk to you and—discover what you know, if indeed you know anything. Do not be uneasy, my boy—you have only kindness and consideration to expect from me, if you do your best here."

"Thank you, sir!" said Cholmondeley gratefully. "I'll do my blooming—I—I mean my bally best, sir! I—I didn't mean to say blooming! Bally, sir."

"You must not say bally—it is worse than blooming!" almost moaned Mr. Quelch. "Please never use such a dreadful word again."

"I won't, never, sir," said Cholmondeley obediently.

And he sat down. For the next quarter of an hour, Mr. Quelch talked to Cholmondeley—feeling a good deal like a man in a dream. At the end of that time he rang for Trotter and sent the page for Harry Wharton.

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THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Ragging for Somebody!

CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE, of the Fourth Form, joined Fry and Dabney, of that Form, at the foot of the Remove staircase, with a warlike gleam in his eye. Dabney and Fry gave him inquiring looks.

"It's all serene!" said Temple. "I've spotted four of the brutes, so Wharton's on his own in the study."

"Good!" said Fry.

"Oh, rather!" agreed Dabney.

"Not that I'd object to tackling the whole gang of them together, you know," remarked Temple casually.

Fry and Dabney refrained from smiling.

They knew exactly how eager Cecil Reginald was to tackle Harry Wharton & Co. in bulk, as it were. The wary cautiousness Temple was displaying now was a measure of that eagerness.

"But it's better not to get mixed up in a shindy with a lot of fags," added Temple.

"Much better!" agreed Fry.

"Oh, rather!"

"Still, they've got to learn that they can't cheek the Fourth and push fellows out of a railway carriage."

"Oh, rather!"

"Cherry and the nigger are in their study," went on Temple. "Bull's in his study; and Nugent is in the Rag. Somebody's in Study No. 1—so it must be Wharton on his own."

"You're a jolly old strategist, old bean," said Fry.

"You see, we don't want a noisy shindy. The fellow's got to have a ragging, but we don't want a giddy riot."

"We don't, old man. Let's get on with it before the other fags butt in and get in the way."

"Come on," said Temple.

The three heroes of the Fourth ascended the Remove staircase in a casual sort of way. The early winter dusk was falling thick, but the light was not yet on in the Remove passage.

That suited Temple & Co. all the better. They were not, as a rule, particularly retiring or modest youths; but on the present occasion they did not want a lot of limelight.

The insult to the dignity of the Fourth at Lantham railway station had to be avenged; but Temple & Co. certainly did not want a shindy with the Remove. They did not want a battle-royal with the Famous Five in a bunch. They were going to give the captain of the Remove the ragging he deserved, and retire from the spot with promptness and dispatch. That was ever so much better than a noisy shindy—and immensely better than facing the uncommonly hard hitting of the Famous Five.

They stopped at the door of Study No. 1.

Most of the Remove men were downstairs; others in their studies. Only one Remove man was in the passage at the moment; and that was Fisher T. Fish. And Fishy was not at all likely to interfere in a row.

"Listen!" grinned Temple.

From Study No. 1 proceeded the sound of a snore.

"My hat! What a jolly old trumpeting!" murmured Fry. "Is Wharton making that row?"

"Come on."

Temple opened the study door quietly. There was a fire burning in the grate, but it was burning low. The light was not turned on.

Only a faint, rosy glow of firelight illuminated Study No. 1.

The armchair was pulled before the fire and in the armchair a sleeper reposed snoring.

Billy Bunter was taking one of his many naps. Perhaps his journey to the school that day had tired him; or perhaps he was just lazy.

Anyhow, he had fallen asleep in the comfortable armchair before the warm fire. His snore was going strong.

Of Billy Bunter's claim to the study, and of the fact that Wharton and Nugent had left the fat intruder alone there, the Fourth-Formers naturally knew nothing. They knew that Wharton was not with his friends; and that somebody was in Wharton's study; so they naturally concluded that it was the captain of the Remove.

Not being cats, they could not see in the dark. They were aware that the junior in the study was snoring in the armchair and they had no doubt that the sleeper was the fellow they sought.

"My hat! He's going it!" murmured Fry. "Must be nice for the men in the Remove dormitory if Wharton always snores like that."

"Oh, rather!" chuckled Dabney.

"Hush!" murmured Temple.

"Well, we're going to wake him, ain't we?" asked Fry.

"Hold on!"

Temple groped over the table and bagged an inkpot. It was half-full of ink. Fry and Dabney chuckled softly.

The sleeper was going to be awakened, but not in an agreeable manner. Temple cautiously approached the armchair from behind.

As a matter of fact, his caution was not needed. Billy Bunter was not likely to wake easily. But Temple was not yet aware that the sleeper was William George Bunter.

Fry and Dabney suppressed their chuckles and watched their great leader in the dim glow from the fire.

Cecil Reginald Temple lifted the inkpot over the head of the sleeper. Suddenly he up-ended it.

Splash!

Ink descended in a stream on the slumbering face.

Billy Bunter was not easy to wake. But that awakened him. He came out of the land of dreams with a jump.

"Grooooooogh!" spluttered Bunter, as his eyes opened behind his spectacles.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Warrrooooooch!"

"Bag him!" gasped Fry.

Bunter staggered to his feet, inky, amazed. The three Fourth-Formers bagged him as he rose.

Bump!

"Yaroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Rag him!"

"Give him jip!"

"Oh, rather!"

"Yooooop! Yurrrrgh! Groooooogh!" spluttered Bunter wildly. "I say—Ooooooch! Yaroooooh! Whoooooop!"

The next few minutes were like a fearful nightmare to Billy Bunter. He was rolled over, bumped on the floor, his collar and tie jerked out, his hair tousled. He yelled and howled and gurgled frantically.

Temple & Co. had it all their own way.

They had sagely tackled Wharton—as they supposed—on his own, away from the Co. But they had not expected it to be so easy as this. Even alone and against three they had expected Wharton to put up something like a scrap. But this was simply pie!

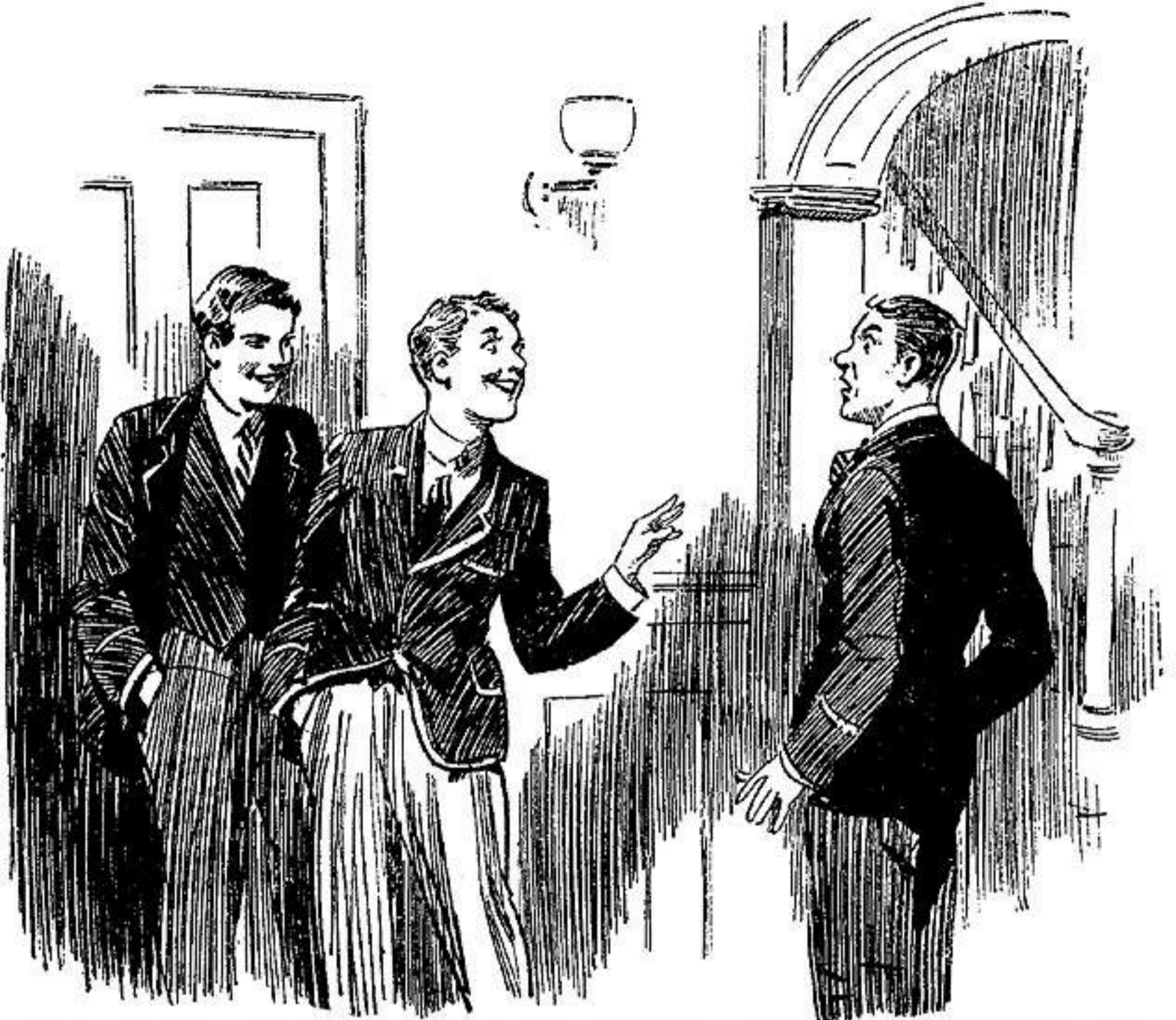
They quite enjoyed those hectic minutes.

"That will do, I think!" chuckled Temple breathlessly. "Like a little more, you cheeky fag?"

"Groooogh!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Leaving the hapless Removite sprawling and squirming and gurgling on the floor, Temple & Co. left the study.

Horrid sounds of gurgling and gasping followed them as they went. Bunter was making frantic efforts to get his second wind.

Temple, Dabney, and Fry walked back to the Remove staircase, smiling cheerily. But on the landing they came to a sudden astounded halt. A Remove man was coming up the stairs. And the eyes of Temple, Dabney, and Fry almost bulged out of their heads as they saw Harry Wharton.



THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Harry Wharton!

HARRY WHARTON stared at the three.

They came to a halt on the landing, blinking at him in petrified amazement, as if he had been the ghost of Harry Wharton.

"My hat!" gasped Fry.
"Great pip!" gurgled Dabney.
"You!" stuttered Temple.
"Little me!" assented Wharton.
"What's up? You look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

"Oh crikey!"
Evidently the Remove man ragged in Study No. 1 was not the captain of the Remove. Evidently Temple & Co. had made a mistake in the dark, and somebody else had got the kind attentions intended for Harry Wharton.

"Groooogh! Ooooch! Gug-gug-gug!"
A weird figure staggered out of Study No. 1.

It was a fat figure, in a wild and dishevelled state, its fat features streaming with ink.

"Groooogh! Hooogh! Ooooch! Beasts! I say, you fellows— Yoooooggh!" spluttered Billy Bunter.

Wharton switched on the landing light. William George Bunter was revealed in all his glory.

"Great Christopher Columbus!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Oh! Ow! Wow! Groooogh! I—I say— Wooooooch!"

"Bunter!" gasped Temple.

"Oh!" exclaimed Wharton. "I think I catch on! Did you think it was I that was in the study? I've been with Wingate— Ha, ha, ha!"

"Groooogh! I say, you fellows— Ooooch!"

"Let's get out of this!" breathed Fry, as five or six Remove men came out of their studies, drawn forth by the strange and incoherent remarks from the Owl of the Remove.

But it was not so easy to get out as

"Like Greyfriars, Cholmondeley?" asked the Bounder. "What-ho!" said Tatters. "I never knowed I'd like it—I blooming well thought I'd just 'ate it!" Vernon-Smith stared at the new junior in utter astonishment.

to get in. Harry Wharton stood in the way; and he stood like a lion in the path.

"No you jolly well don't!" said Wharton. "Roll up, Remove! Collar those Fourth Form rotters."

Temple & Co. made a rush to escape down the Remove staircase. Harry Wharton collared Temple, and whirled him round on the landing. Fry and Dabney turned back to the rescue of their leader; but by that time Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh, Johnny Bull and Squiff, Vernon-Smith and Redwing, and several other Removites were on the spot.

Temple & Co. were collared on all sides.

"I—I say, you fellows!" spluttered Bunter. "Look at me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites looked at him. They roared as they looked. Billy Bunter was a sight for gods and men and little fishes.

"Who's been ragging Bunter?" chuckled the Bounder.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Bunter's bagged my study, and they seem to have taken him for me in the dark," said Wharton. "Much obliged, Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! I'm all inky—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look at me!" yelled Bunter. "I'm smothered with ink! I'm drenched with ink! I've got some in my mouth—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts! Groooogh! Urrrrgggh! I've got ink down my back—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Bounder rushed into the study. He came back with a large bottle of

ink. Temple & Co., wriggling in the grasp of half a dozen Removites, eyed that bottle apprehensively.

"Look here—" gasped Temple.

"One good turn deserves another," grinned the Bounder. "Bunter doesn't matter, of course—"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"But you can't come here ragging Remove men. Where will you have it?"

"Keep off!" shrieked Temple.

"My esteemed Temple," chuckled Hurree Janset Ram Singh, "who ever is saucy to the goose must be saucy to the gander, as the English proverb remarks."

"Oooooooch!" spluttered Temple, as the Bounder swamped ink on his well-brushed head. "Groooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That will do for Temple," said Harry Wharton. "Kick him out!"

"Whooooop!"

Cecil Reginald Temple went rolling down the Remove staircase. He rolled and roared.

"Your turn, Fry—"

"Look here," gasped Fry. "You jolly well— Yaaaach! Ooooch! Groooogh!"

Ink swamped over Edward Fry, and clothed him like a garment.

"That's enough for Fry; kick him out!"

Fry of the Fourth rolled after Temple. Dabney made a wild effort to break loose before his turn came. But three or four pairs of hands held him fast, and the Bounder approached him with the ink bottle.

"Your turn, Dabney!"

"Oh crumbs! I say— Groooogh!"

(Continued on page 16.)

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Cholmondeley Chumley for Short!



(Continued from page 13.)

Dabney squirmed under the ink-bottle that was up-ended over him. "Woooooch!"

"Kick him out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dabney rolled after his comrades.

Three hapless Fourth-Formers—repentant of that raid on Study No. 1—fled wildly, spluttering ink as they fled. A roar of laughter followed them from the Remove passage.

Billy Bunter had watched the ragging of the raiders with some satisfaction. But matters, otherwise, were not satisfactory for the Owl of the Remove. He was in an awful state.

"I say, you fellows, look at me!" groaned Bunter.

"Serve you jolly well right!" answered Wharton. "You've bagged this for bagging my study."

"Beast!"

"The rightfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurrce Singh. "The washfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed inky Bunter."

"Bunter will have to start the term with a wash, after all!" chuckled the Bounder. "You'll simply have to wash now, Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have a good one while you're about it, old fat bean, and make it last the rest of the term!" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter staggered away in search of a wash. There was no doubt that he needed one; even Bunter realised that, strong as were his objections to a reckless use of water.

He left the Removites chortling. So far the bagging of another's fellow's study had not turned out fortunate for Billy Bunter. He had bagged more than he had bargained for in No. 1 in the Remove.

"Master Wharton!"

Trotter, the page, came up the Remove staircase.

"Hallo, kid! Anything wanted?" asked Harry.

"Mr. Quelch, sir, in his study," answered Trotter.

"Right-ho!"

The captain of the Remove proceeded to his Form master's study, little dreaming of what awaited him in Henry Samuel Quelch's room.

He tapped at Mr. Quelch's door.

"Come in!"

Wharton entered.

"You sent for me, sir—"

"Yes, Wharton!" said Mr. Quelch. "This is a new boy in the Remove—and I desire—why—what—"

Mr. Quelch broke off in astonishment. Wharton's eyes as they turned on the new boy fairly started. He stared at Arthur Cholmondeley in utter amazement.

"You!" he gasped.

"You!" repeated the new fellow in equal surprise.

"Great pip! Tatters!"

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THE NINTH CHAPTER.

"Tatters!"

"TATTERS!"

Harry Wharton repeated the name, staring blankly at the new junior. He could scarcely believe his eyes.

What had become of the waif who had escaped from the hands of Tinker Wilson Wharton had not known—till then! He had wondered whether he would ever see Tatters again. But he had never dreamed of seeing him at Greyfriars.

Arthur Cholmondeley, grandson of Sir George Cholmondeley of Cholmondeley Castle, was Tatters, the tinker's boy!

"Tatters!" said Wharton dazedly.

"You, young Wharton!" stuttered Tatters.

"My only hat!"

"If this 'ere ain't a blooming surprise!" grinned Tatters.

Mr. Quelch stood dumb.

He was too amazed to speak for some moments. He could only stare at the two juniors.

But he found his voice at last.

"Wharton! Do you—do you know this boy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Harry, with a smile. "Yes, rather! It's Tatters."

"Tatters!" repeated Mr. Quelch blankly. "What do you mean, Wharton? Tatters is not a name."

"I ain't called Tatters now, Master Wharton," said the new junior, with a grin. "I got a name of my blooming own now. Cholmondeley is the name, sir—though I ain't quite got on to spelling it yet."

"Cholmondeley!" repeated Wharton. "My hat! Are you the new kid—the grandson of that old sportsman—I mean—"

"What-ho!" said Tatters, grinning. "Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley is my blooming name, sir."

"Cholmondeley! I have told you not to use the word blooming!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Yes, sir! Sorry, sir," said Tatters. "But I'm so surprised, sir, at seeing this here bloke—"

"This—this what?"

"This here bloke, sir—"

"Bless my soul! Wharton, I had no idea that Cholmondeley was acquainted with any Greyfriars boy. You did not tell me so, Cholmondeley."

"I never knowed, sir," answered Tatters. "Why, you could 'ave knocked me down with a coke 'ammer, sir, when I saw this bloke come in 'ere."

"Wharton! Where have you seen Cholmondeley before?"

"At home, in the hols, sir," answered Harry.

"Took me in and looked arter me, like a good 'earted bloke as he is, sir," said Tatters. "That was when I was with the tinker, sir, like I've told you."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Quelch. "This is—is very odd indeed! Did you befriend this boy, Wharton, when he was—a—a—a tinker?"

"We stood by him, sir, my friends and I, helping him to get away from Tinker Wilson," said Harry. "I—I hope—" He broke off. "I suppose Mr. Quelch knows all about you, Tatters?"

"That's orlright, sir," said Tatters. "Sir George told me not to talk 'ere about them things, sir, but I told Mr. Quelch, him being my school master, and me bound to do everything he tells me."

"Oh, good!" said Wharton.

"Cholmondeley has acquainted me with his—his peculiar past, Wharton,"

said Mr. Quelch. "But it is his grandfather's desire—a very natural desire—that the circumstances should not be generally known in the Remove."

"Oh, quite, sir," said Harry. "I shall say nothing, of course."

"You say that your friends are aware of—"

"I'll give them the tip to say nothing, either, sir! I—I mean I'll warn them not to talk about it."

"I sent for you, Wharton, as my head boy," he said. "Cholmondeley's education has been—h'm—neglected—he is not—not precisely like other boys in the Remove, at—at present! Knowing you, Wharton, to have a reliable and—and serious character, it was my intention to place this new boy in your study, and ask you to do all in your power to—to—in short, to befriend him a little, and help him to settle down here."

"Oh, yes, sir," said Harry.

"As it appears that you are already acquainted with him, and apparently on friendly terms—"

"Oh, quite, sir," said Harry.

"In that case it will be all the easier for you to carry out my wishes with regard to this new boy, Wharton."

"Certainly, sir," said Harry. "I'll be glad to do everything I can, and my friends will say the same when they know."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Quelch.

Astonished as he was at finding the tinker's boy already acquainted and on friendly terms with Greyfriars fellows, it was undoubtedly a relief to Mr. Quelch.

His head boy, if he liked, could be of a great deal of assistance in helping that very peculiar new fellow to shake down into Greyfriars ways. It was really a stroke of good fortune to find that the captain of the Remove was already interested in him in a friendly way.

Cholmondeley's face had been rather clouded and worried before the captain of the Remove entered the study. But it was beaming now.

It was plain to see that he was glad and joyful to meet Harry Wharton again in the big school where he had supposed that he knew nobody—except perhaps the fat fellow he had encountered in the train, and whom he had not seen since.

Tatter's face was bright, and his eyes shone. Mr. Quelch, glancing at him, smiled very kindly. The one-time tinker's boy looked very attractive with that happy glow in his handsome face.

"This is—h'm—quite fortunate," said Mr. Quelch. "I had no—no idea of—of this! You seem pleased to see this boy again, Wharton."

"Yes, rather, sir," answered Harry. "We all liked Tatters."

"Tatters! Why do you call him by that peculiar name, Wharton?"

"I only knew him as Tatters, sir," said Harry.

"I was always called Tatters, sir, meaning rags, when I was with Tinker Wilson, sir," said Cholmondeley. "I never knowed that I 'ad any other name. Tinker never would tell me, if he knowed."

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch. "You had better not use that—that very strange appellation here, Wharton! The less that is said in the Remove about those very unfortunate experiences of Cholmondeley's, the better."

"I quite understand, sir," said Harry. But there was a good deal that Wharton did not understand. He was pleased to see Tatters again; that was

certain. But to see him at Greyfriars as a new boy and as the grandson and heir of Sir George Cholmondeley of Cholmondeley Castle was simply staggering. He remembered now that when he had seen Sir George that day in Surrey the old baronet had been in search of Tinker Wilson. But that the tinker's boy was any connection of the old gentleman had naturally never entered his head.

"It appears, Wharton, from what I have been told," said Mr. Quelch, "that Sir George Cholmondeley's grandson was lost—at all events, his grandfather lost sight of him owing to certain family troubles, I believe, into which we need not enter, and the boy was discovered in the charge of a wandering tinker. He has been reclaimed and acknowledged by Sir George and sent to Greyfriars. You appear to have made friends with him when you supposed him to be a tattered waif—a tinker's boy."

Mr. Quelch paused, and coughed. "I am very pleased to think that you will be friends with him here, Wharton! I am sure you will do anything you can!"

"Certainly, sir."
"Cholmondeley, you will go with Wharton," said Mr. Quelch. "Cholmondeley will be placed in your study, Wharton."

"Very well, sir."
Tatters left Mr. Quelch's study with the captain of the Remove. Mr. Quelch was left looking very thoughtful—very thoughtful, indeed.

In the corridor, Wharton stopped and looked at his companion with a smile. Tatters grinned at him cheerily. "I can hardly believe it's really you, old bean!" said Harry. "Fancy seeing you here—a Greyfriars man, too!"

"Jest fancy!" grinned Tatters. Then his expression changed, his bright face clouding. He gave the captain of the Remove a doubtful, troubled look.

"I—I say!" he stammered. "I—I never had any idea of seeing you here, sir! Never dreamed of it! I—I say, if—if you—if you——"

"If what?" asked Harry, puzzled. "Well, you was good and kind to me, that time back in Surrey," said Tatters. "That uncle of yours was going to get me a job. But p'raps you won't like me bein' 'ere—bein' friends with me, seeing as I'm a tinker's boy—I mean, I was a tinker's boy! If—if you'd rather me leave you alone, sir, you say the word and I'll keep my distance."

"Fathead!" answered Harry. Tatters looked relieved.

"Well, you see, it's different 'ere," he said. "Course, I'm Cholmondeley, and my grandfather's a blooming baronet, which I suppose makes me as good as any toff. Still, I ain't a toff—I'm jest a tinker's boy—until I learn better, anyhow. So I—I thought——"

"My dear ass, I'm jolly glad to see you here, and jolly glad that your grandfather found you," said Harry. "Come on! You'll find the other fellows just as glad to see you as I am."

Tatters' face was bright again. "You're awfully good, sir!" he said gratefully.

Harry Wharton laughed. "If you call me 'sir,' you young ass, you'll give the whole thing away at once. You don't want to do that. Call me Wharton!"

"It seems rather a check!" said Tatters.

"Ass!"
"Course, I'll do as you tell me!" said

Tatters. "I say, it's a slice of luck me finding you 'ere like this, sir."

"There you go again!"
"I mean, Wharton!" grinned Tatters. "You feel sure the other blokes will feel the same about it as you does, sir?"

"Yes, rather—and if you call me sir again I'll punch your nose."

Tatters chuckled.
"Come on!" said Harry. "This is the way to the Remove passage—and to our study."

"I'm arter you!" said the heir of Cholmondeley Castle cheerfully.

As they arrived in the Remove passage, the Bounder met them. Vernon-Smith gave Wharton a nod, and cast a curious glance at the new junior.

"That's the new kid," he remarked. "Not planting him in my study, are they?"

"No!" said Wharton, with a smile. "In mine."

"Oh, good! Like Greyfriars, Cholmondeley, what you've seen of it?" asked the Bounder civilly.

"What-ho!" said Tatters. "I never knowed I'd like it—I blooming well thought I'd jest 'ate it—but finding Master Wharton here, sir, I'm as

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pleased as blinking Punch, and you can lay to that."

And he walked on with Wharton, leaving Herbert Vernon-Smith rooted to the floor, staring after him with wide-open eyes and wondering whether he was dreaming.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Declines to Stand it!

BILLY BUNTER was not in a good temper.

He was in Study No. 1—his own study now. He had washed off the ink, and put on a clean collar. He was looking better for it. But he was not in a good temper.

There was a deep frown on his fat face, as Harry Wharton arrived in the study with Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley, alias Tatters.

Billy Bunter had changed his study that term, in the full expectation that it would prove a change for the better. So far, however, no benefits had accrued.

All he had bagged so far was a ragging from the Fourth Form men, intended for the rightful owner of the study.

On the first night of the term, when most of the fellows had brought back something of an edible nature, a study supper was usual. Bunter's fat thoughts had dwelt on the study supper in No. 1.

And he had learned that there was to be no study supper in No. 1. The Famous Five were standing a study supper, and asking several fellows—not including Bunter—but they were standing it in No. 13, Bob Cherry's study, instead of No. 1.

This, of course, would not have made any difference to Bunter had he been on the list of guests. But he wasn't! And when he mentioned to Bob Cherry that he would drop in for supper Bob's answer was to the effect that if he dropped in he would drop out again, heavy and hard.

Evidently there was a plot and a conspiracy on, among the chums of the Remove, to make Bunter's study-bagging null and void. It was not much use to bag the study unless he bagged the good things that went with the study. He did not want to be left in No. 1, like Robinson Crusoe on his island, while the fellows were feasting in another study.

Bunter was feeling deeply injured and deeply wrathful. It really looked as if Wharton and Nugent weren't glad to have him back in No. 1. How they could possibly dislike the company of such a fascinating fellow as William George Bunter was a puzzle—to Bunter! But it looked like it! Not that Bunter would have bothered much about a welcome had he been admitted to a full share in the fleshpots of Egypt. But apparently he was going to be left out.

Indeed, Bunter's last state seemed likely to be worse than his first. Had he stuck to No. 7 he would have claimed, as usual, a whack in what was going in his old study. But Peter Todd certainly was not likely to ask him there as a guest.

That was, in fact, extremely unlikely. It looked as if Bunter, between two stools, would fall to the ground. He looked like missing study suppers altogether.

There was supper in hall, of course. But Bunter had intended to take supper in hall as a hors d'œuvre, before supper in the study.

He was annoyed, indignant—thoroughly crabby, in fact—and in this frame of mind Wharton found him in the study when he arrived there with the new junior. In his keen interest in Tatters, and the unexpected meeting with that youth, Wharton had forgotten Bunter—people often did forget Bunter, important as he was. Now he remembered him.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Wharton. "You! Then we shall be four in the study!"

Billy Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles—a devastating blink. That blink conveyed Bunter's scorn and contempt and wrath—and ought to have withered the captain of the Remove on the spot.

"I've got a bone to pick with you, Wharton," said the Owl of the Remove.

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"What about the study supper?"

"Nothing about it, so far as you're concerned, fatty."
"I want you and Nugent to understand this, and to understand it clearly!" hooted Bunter. "If you want me to stay in this study you've got to treat me decently. See?"

"If we want you!" ejaculated Wharton blankly.

"Yes, if you want me."

"But we don't want you!" roared Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton!"

"Now shut up!" said Harry. "If you're going to stick here, don't talk so much. This new kid is coming into this study!"

"Rot!" roared Bunter. "We don't want four in a study."

"Quite right; we don't!" agreed Wharton. "Get out, and make it three!"

Bunter blinked at the new fellow. His little round eyes gleamed with wrath behind his big, round spectacles.

"Why, that's the outsider I met in the train!" he exclaimed. "The merchant who talks like a bargee. I'm not having him in this study Wharton. I'm not particular—I can stand you and Nugent, for instance. But a man has to draw a line somewhere, and I draw it at that bargee."

"You've seen this kid already?" asked Harry.

"I told you I'd met him in the train!" snorted Bunter. "Nice sort of a blighter to let into Greyfriars—if they've really let him in."

"Don't be a silly owl!"

"That's the fat cove I met in the train," said Tatters, with a nod. "I was 'arf afraid the other blokes 'ere might be like 'im, and I can tell you it made me 'ate the idea of coming 'ere."

"Listen to him!" gasped Bunter.

"Oh, dry up!" said Harry.

"I've seen him before somewhere, too," went on Bunter, blinking at the new junior. "I know I had when I saw him in the train. He's keeping it dark where I saw him."

Wharton started a little.

He remembered that Billy Bunter had seen the new junior as "Tatters." Certainly, the boy had looked very different at that time in rags and tatters. But Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley had rather distinctive features, and Bunter evidently remembered him, though the change in his outward aspect was so great that he did not immediately connect Cholmondeley of the Remove with the tattered tinker's boy.

It was really unfortunate from the point of view of keeping "dark" Tatters' previous history at the school.

Tatters' weird variety of the English language was sure to cause a lot of comment and wonder, and it was obviously better for the tinker story to be suppressed in his new surroundings. Indeed, Sir George Cholmondeley had carefully impressed that on his grandson. It was for that reason that Tatters had not been allowed to communicate his new name to the boys who had befriended him when he wrote to Harry at Wharton Lodge in the holidays. But if Bunter knew, the fat was in the fire.

Billy Bunter was scanning the new boy's handsome, flushed face with keen interest and curiosity. He was perplexed to know where he had seen him before, and he intended to find out.

"Where was it I saw you before?" demanded Bunter, blinking offensively at the new junior.

"Find out!" answered Tatters.

"I know his voice, too," said Bunter. "He was dressed differently when I saw him before. That must be it! Some low blighter—"

"Shut up!" roared Wharton.

"Shan't!" hooted Bunter. "I tell you I'm not having that low beast in this study. I shall complain to Quelch!"

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"Quelch has sent him here, fathead!" that fellow really here at Greyfriars and in the Remove?"

"Then I'll jolly well complain to the Head! That's not the sort of fellow I can associate with."

"Bust my buttons!" said Tatters. "You ain't going to associate with me, not if I knows it! I wouldn't touch you with a barge-pole!"

"You cheeky rotter—"

"You mind if I 'it 'im in the eye, Master Wharton?" asked Tatters.

"Not at all!"

"Then 'ere goes!"

Billy Bunter backed hastily behind the study table.

"Here, you keep off!" he roared.

"I'm not going to soil my hands on a low rotter like you! You keep off!"

"Pull his nose," suggested Wharton.

"It does Bunter good to pull his nose!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

Tatters followed Bunter round the table. He was a patient and good-tempered fellow, but Billy Bunter would have tired out the patience and good temper of a saint. The Owl of the Remove dodged, but Tatters rounded him up in a corner of the study and stretched out finger and thumb to a fat little nose.

But he did not tweak that fat little nose, as Bunter deserved. He dropped his hand again. Tatters had a good memory and a grateful heart, and he remembered that Bunter had given him a lift in a car on the day that Tinker Wilson was chasing him. That little service had not cost Bunter anything, but it had been very useful to Tatters, and he remembered it.

"Arter all, let 'im run on if he likes," he said. "'Ard words don't break no bones, sir."

"Better kick him!" said Harry.

Tatters laughed.

"He did me a good turn that day when Tinker Wilson was arter me, sir," he said. "I ain't going to 'urt the fat idjit."

"Oh, my hat! Cheese it, old bean!" exclaimed Wharton hastily.

"Bust my buttons, I forgot ag'in!"

Bunter jumped.

He remembered now!

He needed only the slightest clue to put him on the track, and Tatters' incautious words had given him the clue.

"Why, it—it—it's that ragged tinker!" yelled Bunter. "It's that ragged robin I gave a lift that day in Sussex! My only hat! What's that tinker doing at Greyfriars, Wharton?"

"Oh, dry up!" snapped Wharton.

"Where did he get those clothes?" jeered Bunter. "He hasn't changed his voice or his manners, but he's jolly well changed his clothes! He, he, he! He was in rags when I saw him before. He, he, he! And he jolly well wanted a wash! Mean to say they've let a tinker come here as a Greyfriars chap? I'll write to my father about this!"

"Shut up!" roared Wharton.

"A tinker!" yelled Bunter. "A blessed tramp off the roads! I suppose he stole those clothes!"

"Look 'ere—" said Tatters.

"But what's he here for?" demanded Bunter. "He can't be here as a Greyfriars man! What does it mean?"

"Go and eat coke!"

"I am 'ere as a Greyfriars man, you fat himage, you," said Tatters, glowering at the Owl of the Remove, "and I can tell you I ain't standing much more of your old buck! You give me a lift that day when Tinker Wilson was arter me, and I ain't forgot it. But you got to be civil, see?"

"A tinker!" chortled Bunter. "Oh, my hat! A tinker at Greyfriars! Look here, Wharton, what's the game? Is

"Yes, you fat idiot!"

"And he's coming into this study?"

"Yes, fathead!"

"And do you think I'm going to stand it?" roared Bunter.

"I think you've got to, you fat dummy!"

"Well, I'm jolly well not!" roared Bunter. "If that slummy rotter stays here, I go. See?"

"Fathead!"

"I mean it!" said Bunter. "My hat! I wonder what my titled relations would think of this? Is that fellow staying here?"

"Yes, idiot!"

"Then I'm not!"

Bunter rolled to the door. Already he had begun to doubt his wisdom in bagging Study No. 1. Tatters put the lid on, as it were. A mere tinker—a fellow whom Bunter had seen in rags and tatters, unwashed and forlorn. It was altogether too thick! Had Bunter known that the one-time tinker had come to Greyfriars as the grandson of a rich baronet with the high-sounding name of Cholmondeley, no doubt it would have made a difference. But Billy Bunter did not know that. In whatever mysterious way the tinker had scraped into the school, Bunter did not suppose that he had any money or that he was anything but Tatters, the tinker.

To let a tattered tinker, or even a tinker no longer tattered, come between the wind and his nobility was obviously impossible.

Bunter paused in the doorway to look back and to bestow on the flushed, distressed Tatters a glare of overwhelming contempt and scorn.

"Keep your old study, Wharton!" he said. "Keep it! I'm not fond of slumming! Keep it for your slummy friends! I dare say the tinker will pick your pockets. He, he, he! I can jolly well tell you I'm going to write to my father and get him to complain to the governors about this—letting a putrid tinker into the school. Disgraceful, I call it! Scandalous! You can have your hooligan all to yourself! Yah!"

And with that Billy Bunter turned on his heel to walk haughtily away.

The lofty haughtiness of his departure, however, was somewhat marred as Harry Wharton let out a foot which landed with terrific force on Bunter's tight trousers.

"Yaroo!"

Instead of walking away haughtily, with his nose in the air, Bunter flew. He came down in the Remove passage on his hands and knees, with a crash.

"Yow-ow-ow! Beast! Wow!" roared Bunter.

He rolled over, sat, and roared.

But he sat for only a second. Wharton came out of the doorway and drew back his foot, with the evident intention of repeating the application.

Bunter did not want any more. Generally, Bunter did not know when he had had enough. But he knew now!

He picked himself up and fled.

Wharton turned back into the study. Tatters was silent, with a glum look on his flushed and troubled face.

"All serene, kid!" said Harry.

Tatters nodded, but his face was troubled. The fat and fatuous Owl of the Remove had wounded his rather sensitive feelings.

"It's all right," said Harry: "Bunter doesn't matter! Bunter's nobody—less than nobody, in fact! Thank goodness he's gone! He might have stuck to this study for the whole term. But—"

I'm afraid all the Remove will know now about—about—

"Oh, here you are, Harry!" Frank Nugent entered the study. "What did Quelch want. "Why—Who—what—Tatters!" Nugent jumped.

"Me, sir!" said Tatters doubtfully.

"It's Tatters, isn't it?" gasped Nugent, staring at him.

"It was," said Harry. "But he seems to have found his people since we saw him last, and now he's Cholmondeley of the Remove.

"My only hat!"

"If you don't want me 'ere, sir—" mumbled Tatters.

"Fathead! Give us your fist!" said Frank.

Tatters grinned and gave him his fist.

"I'll call the other fellows," said Harry. "They'll all be jolly glad to see Tatters."

He left the study. In a few minutes he returned with Johnny Bull, Bob Cherry, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"This is Cholmondeley, the new kid," he began.

And there was a yell from all three.

"Tatters!"

"The Tatterfulness is terrific!"

"My only hat!"

Tatters forgot Billy Bunter and all his works. Every member of the Famous Five greeted him cheerily, evidently glad that he was there.

He could afford to forget William George Bunter.

"Kettles to mend!" yelled Bunter over the banisters, and Harry Wharton & Co. looked up in anger, as a kettle came down. "Why, I—I—I'll—" ejaculated Bob Cherry.



THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Quest.

"WHAT do you want?"

Peter Todd asked that question.

He did not ask it in a friendly, welcoming, or cordial tone. Far from it. He asked it curtly, gruffly, grimly.

Anybody might have fancied that he was not pleased to see William George Bunter roll into Study No. 7 in the Remove.

"Oh, really, Toddy!"

"What do you want?" repeated Toddy.

"Look here, you beast, I suppose I can come into my own study?" exclaimed Bunter warmly.

"No. 1's your study," answered Peter.

"As if I'd desert my old pal," said Bunter. "Of course, I'm sticking to you, Toddy! You know my loyal nature."

"That's all very well," said Peter, "but you planted yourself in Study No. 1 for the term, and you've no right to get uprooted again like this. Go back to where you belong!"

"I belong here!" roared Bunter. "Those beasts aren't having the study supper in No. 1, after all—just because I was there—and—and—I heard Nugent tell a chap that they were going to tea regularly in No. 13 this term—just because I was in the study, you know! After all I've done for them!"

"And—and they've brought a low rotter into the study—that fairly put the lid on. That was a thing I couldn't possibly stand! Besides, I wasn't really going to have that study, Toddy! I wouldn't desert an old pal like you!

I say, what have you got for supper?"

Peter Todd chuckled.

"Well, I thought it was too jolly good to be true!" he remarked.

"Oh, really, Peter!"

"Have they kicked you out?"

"I shook the dust of that study from my feet with scorn and contempt," said Bunter loftily. "I say, Peter, did you know that new kid in the Remove was a tinker?"

"Wha-a-at!"

"A ragged, tattered tinker!" said Bunter. "I saw him in the hols, and befriended him—you know how kind and generous I am to the lower classes. So long as they keep their place, of course. He's a tinker."

"What on earth have you got into your head now?" asked Peter in wonder. "There's only one new kid in the Remove that I know of, and his name's Cholmondeley, and his grandfather brought him here—a terrific old swell who lives in a jolly old castle!"

"That isn't the one," said Bunter. "This one's a tinker—I tell you I saw him when he was tinkering—I mean tinkering! He was in rags and tatters, in fact, he was called Tatters from his rags, and as dirty and unwashed as—as—as—" Bunter paused for a comparison.

"As your own bonny self?" asked Peter.

"Beast! I can't make out why he's let into Greyfriars," said Bunter. "It's shocking, ain't it, Peter? My people will kick when I tell them about it. I think the Head must be off his rocker, Peter! Quelch, too; fancy old Quelch having a tinker in his Form! Wharton doesn't seem to mind having him in his study."

"Wharton isn't such a jolly old aristocrat as you, Bunty."

"Yes, that's it, I suppose." Sarcasm was wasted on Bunter. "A fellow of really good family feels this sort of thing."

"Well, they can keep their tinker—they jolly well won't have me, too, I can tell them."

"Perhaps they'd rather have the tinker!" suggested Peter.

"Oh, really, Toddy!"

"I jolly well know I would—or a tailor—or a candlestick maker!"

"Wharton begged me to stay," said Bunter. "He came to the door after me, and—and begged me to stay. I turned up my nose."

"Rot! It won't turn up any farther."

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "But I say, Peter, what's that about a new kid named Cholmondeley? I haven't heard of him. Is he in the Remove?"

Peter grinned.

"He is—he are!" he answered. "Grandson of a terrific old swell who lives in a castle. Jolly old baronet, and the kid's heir to the title. Pots of money!"

"I say, where are you going, Bunter? Haven't you another minute for your old pal?"

Apparently Bunter hadn't!

He rolled out of Study No. 7, leaving Peter chuckling.

A new boy who was heir to a baronetcy, and had pots of money, was an object of deep interest to William George Bunter.

He lost no time in getting down to the Rag to inquire after that interesting youth.

It did not cross Bunter's fat mind

for a moment that he had already met Cholmondeley.

Nobody, certainly, to hear Tatters talk, would have guessed that he was the grandson of a rich baronet. Nobody who had seen him as Bunter had seen him that day in the holidays, would have dreamed that he was heir to a title, and pots of money.

Billy Bunter could not be expected to guess all that. Having turned the tinker down with utter contempt, the fat Owl hurried in search of the baronet's grandson, without the remotest suspicion that they were one and the same.

"I say, Smithy, old chap!" He met the Bounder on the Remove staircase and stopped him. "I say, have you seen the new kid?"

"Yes—and heard him," grinned the Bounder.

"Where is he?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"I saw him with Wharton."

"I don't mean that rotter!"

"Eh? There's only one new man in the Remove that I've heard of," said the Bounder, "and that one's with Wharton. Believe he's been put in Study No. 1. You'll have him for your study-mate."

Bunter sniffed.

"I'm not staying in that study," he explained. "I draw the line at tinkers. Wharton begged me to stay, but I had to tell him it couldn't be done. I say, Smithy, did you know that new kid was a tinker?"

"A tinker?" ejaculated the Bounder. "Mends pots and kettles and pans!" chuckled Bunter. "He was called Tatters."

"Tatters!"

"That was what he was called—and a jolly good name for him, too," chuckled Bunter. "A ragged tinker, you know."

"What on earth are you burbling about?" asked the Bounder in astonishment. "How could a ragged tinker come to Greyfriars?"

"Blessed if I know—but he's here. I say, Smithy, go along to Study No. 1 and call out 'Kettles to mend!' suggested Bunter, with a fat chortle. "I would only—only I'm in rather a

hurry. I say, have you seen the other new kid?"

"Never heard of him."

Bunter rolled on down the stairs. On the next landing he came on Skinner & Co., and stopped again.

"I say, you fellows! Have you heard that there's a tinker in the Remove this term?" trilled Bunter

"A what?" howled Skinner.

"A tinker! If you've got an old kettle that wants mending take it along to Study No. 1!" said Bunter. And he rolled on leaving Skinner and Snoop and Stott staring after him blankly.

In the Rag Billy Bunter found a good many juniors; but there was no unfamiliar face among them. He blinked round in vain in search of a new Removite.

"I say, you fellows, seen Cholmondeley?" he called out.

"I saw him come in with the old sportsman!" answered Squiff.

"Where is he now?"

"Blessed if I know."

"Hasn't anybody seen him?" inquired Bunter anxiously. "It's rather important."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. If you think I want to speak to the chap because he's got pots of money you're——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of the Rag. He was quite eager to find Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley. But Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley seemed nowhere to be found.

A cheery bunch of juniors came in sight; the Famous Five and Tatters. The Co. were taking the new fellow on a walk round the House.

Bunter blinked at them.

Then he dodged into a near-by study, luckily empty, and grabbed a kettle. The next moment he was out in the passage again, and making for the stairs.

"Kettles to mend!" yelled Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. stared round.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What——"

"Kettles to mend!" howled Bunter over the banisters, dropped the kettle, and vanished.

"Why, I—I—I'll——" ejaculated Bob.

"Oh cripes!" said Tatters. "Blow that there blooming image! I've a good mind to go arter 'im and give him a wipe round the kisser!"

A dozen fellows who heard that remark turned round. It was not the Greyfriars way to stare at a new fellow. But in this case they simply couldn't help it. Fellows looked at Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley as if they were petrified. Coker of the Fifth came over to him.

"Here," said Coker. "What the thump do you mean? Who are you? Where did you spring from?"

"Oh, shut up, Coker," said Harry Wharton rather uneasily.

"What sort of a merchant is this?" said Coker, staring at Tatters. "What does it mean?"

"What's biting you, covey?" asked Tatters.

The Famous Five walked him on rather hastily, leaving Coker staring.

"Well, my hat!" said Coker blankly. "Did you hear him, you men? Did you hear him, Potter? Did you hear him, Greene?"

"My word!" said Potter, staring after Tatters and his friends. "What is Greyfriars coming to?"

Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley was already attracting attention at his new school. It was probable that he would soon attract a lot more.

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter was rooting along the Remove passage in search of the baronet's grandson. He did not find him there. Bunter rolled down to supper in Hall at last, and blinked up and down the crowded tables in search of the new fellow. But Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley was not at supper in Hall.

Bunter wondered where on earth he was. He could not be with the Head or the Remove master all this time. Where he could possibly be was a mystery. Bunter hurried over his supper and did not stay to eat more than enough for three fellows; and resumed his search for the baronet's grandson. But his search was in vain; Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley seemed to have vanished as completely as if he had been the ghost of a baronet's grandson.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Study Supper!

ARTHUR CECIL CHOLMONDELEY, seated at the table in Study No. 1, was looking quite merry and bright.

Billy Bunter having shaken the dust of that study in scorn from his aristocratic feet, the study supper was, after all, held in that celebrated apartment.

Good things had been unpacked from boxes and the table groaned, as a novelist would say, under the goodly viands.

Several Remove men had been asked to that supper. No. 1 was filled to capacity. Peter Todd was there; and Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing, and Squiff, and Tom Brown, and Monty Newland, and Lord Mauleverer and one or two more. The party had been asked before Tatters happened; and perhaps the Famous Five wondered a little what effect Tatters would have on them. But after all, Tatters had to meet them; and it was just as well for them to meet him in the study of the captain of the Form, on obviously friendly terms with the leading spirits of the Remove. It gave him a leg-up, as it were.

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THE GEM

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There was no doubt that Tatters surprised the company.

Being by this time at his ease and feeling merry and bright, Tatters had lost his first shyness and talked freely and cheerfully.

His flow of English certainly startled the Removites.

Even Lord Mauleverer, whose manners were irreproachable, opened his eyes a little wider than usual, for a moment. But for that, however, Mauly gave no sign.

Some of the fellows jumped.

It was startling to hear a Greyfriars man ejaculate "Oh cripes!" or "Bust my buttons!" It was almost unnerving to hear him speak of a fellow as a "covey"; to refer to ham as 'am, and to eggs as heggs.

It was quite unnerving to see him eat with a knife.

Undoubtedly, Sir George Cholmondeley would have acted more wisely in keeping his newly-found grandson at home for a time, while he was trained a little in the manners and customs of civilised society.

Possibly Sir George did not want that training to take place in his own magnificent mansion, however. Possibly he did not want his grandson about Cholmondeley Castle till he had been licked into shape a little; and had transferred the licking into shape to a distance.

Anyhow, there was no doubt that Tatters came as a surprise to the Remove men.

Still, manners were manners; and the supper-party took Tatters as urbanely as they could and affected not to observe his ways. Only on the Bounder's face lurked a faint satirical smile; a smile that Bob Cherry felt a strong inclination to knock off with his knuckles. Only the Bounder showed any desire to draw Tatters. Tatters, quite unsuspecting, was easily drawn.

"How did you get on with Quelch?" asked Smithy. Smithy was really wondering what on earth the Remove master had thought of this remarkable new fellow in his Form.

"Spiffing!" answered Tatters. "He seems a decent sort of old covey."

"Covey?" repeated the Bounder in his silkiest tones. "You'll excuse me, won't you—but I don't seem to know that word. What's a covey?"

"Why, a bloke," explained Tatters.

"Oh! A bloke! I see. And what—Whooooop!" roared the Bounder, suddenly, as Bob Cherry reached for the coffee-pot and a stream of hot coffee—perhaps by accident—jerked over Vernon-Smith's knees.

"Sorry!" said Bob politely.

"You clumsy ass—"

"Accidents will happen!" said Bob blandly.

The Bounder mopped his knees with his handkerchief and had nothing more to say for a time. Harry Wharton turned the talk to football; a topic that interested all the company.

There was a tap at the door and Skinner of the Remove looked in. There was a cheery grin on Skinner's face.

In his hand was a kettle.

"Is he here?" asked Skinner, looking round the study.

"Who?" asked Wharton.

"The tinker."

"What?"

"I hear that there's a tinker here," said Skinner. "This kettle wants mending and if you've got a tinker here—"

Whiz! Bump!

Half a loaf landed on Skinner's sharp nose, and he disappeared into the

passage, kettle and all. There was a clang from the kettle and a yell from Skinner.

Tatters coloured.

"I s'pose that fat bloke has been telling all the coveys!" he remarked. "Well, it can't be 'elped. Arter all, I dessay I'd 'ave let it out myself sooner or later."

"About the Highcliffe match," murmured Wharton.

"You play football, Cholmondeley?" said the Bounder.

"Ain't never 'ad a chance," answered Tatters. "But I'm going to. These coveys are going to put me up to it."

"That's very decent of these coveys!" said the Bounder gravely.

blokes already," went on the Bounder. "How do you like the coveys here, Cholmondeley?"

"Fine!" said Tatters.

"Blooming nice—what?" asked Smithy.

"Jest that," said Tatters. "I was afraid there might be a lot more like that fat cove, Bunter, what I 'appened on in the train. But I might 'ave knowed there wouldn't be a lot like 'im."

"Yes, there's only one Bunter," said the Bounder. "You might, as you say, have knowed!"

"You'll be at the footer to-morrow, Smithy?" said Nugent.

"Yes. I shall come along with the

GREYFRIARS CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 26.

The MAGNET rhymester is still going great guns. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, is his latest victim to rank in this popular feature.



DEAR PATER,—My birthday is dawning
(A fact that I mentioned before);

And whilst I was musing and yawning,
And voting all birthdays a bore,
I got your most wonderful offer—
"Just choose any gift you desire!"
How sporting! I hasten to proffer
My thanks to a generous sire.

I wanted an aeroplane badly,
To skim like a bird through the blue;
While the engine was thundering madly,
And the earth was receding from view.
To glide over mountain and ocean,
To fly in the face of the sun,
Inspires in my breast an emotion
That no other prospect has done!

But the Head, when I made the suggestion,
Looked grave as a solemn old owl.
"Bless my soul! It is out of the question,"
Said he, with a ponderous scowl.
"A boy of fifteen as a pilot!
A scholar of mine on the wing!

I hope it will never be my lot
To witness so fearful a thing!"
A motor I then meekly mooted,
A ripping road-racer, for choice.
At this, Dr. Locke fairly hooted;
I quailed at his thunderous voice.
"A car for a junior schoolboy
To drive at a neck-breaking speed?
I make it an unfailing rule, boy,
Such stupid requests not to heed!"

A speed-boat, to conquer the Channel,
The Head also viewed with alarm.
Why doesn't he wrap me in flannel
I wonder, to keep me from harm?
I'm barred from the joys of the airway
The speedway is also taboo;
Nor am I to flush through the fairway—
What is a poor beggar to do?

I'm afraid I must ask for a rattle,
A kite, or a penny balloon;
Or a box of tin soldiers, for battle,
(A shilling will buy a platoon!);
Or, if my demands are too drastic,
Please send me a packet of sherbet;
Forgive me for being sarcastic,
But, pater, I'm fed-up!
Yours, HERBERT.

"Shut up, Smithy!" whispered Redwing.

The Bounder did not heed. It amused him to make fun of the new junior, all the more because the innocent Tatters could not see that he was being "rotted."

"We'll get down to practice to-morrow. Tat—Cholmondeley," said Harry Wharton. He rather wished that he had not asked the Bounder to that study supper.

"That'll be prime!" said Tatters cheerfully.

"It will be spiffing!" said the Bounder solemnly. "You'll meet all the other blokes there, Cholmondeley."

There was a suppressed chuckle from one or two quarters.

"You've met a good many Remove

other blokes," answered the Bounder. "As it's not a compulsory day, I dare say a good many of the coveys will give it a miss. But I'm not that sort of bloke, you know. You see, I like the blooming game."

"Pass the coffee-pot, Franky," said Bob Cherry in a sulphurous tone.

"Here you are!"

The Bounder hastily backed his chair from the table and rose.

"I think I'll be moving on," he remarked blandly. "I've got to see a blinking bloke in the blooming Rag. So-long!"

The Bounder departed from the study, leaving some of the party looking irritated, and others struggling to suppress a chuckle.

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The atmosphere was rather more agreeable when the Bounder had gone. Nobody else shared Smithy's sardonic desire to poke fun at the new boy. Tatters, quite unconscious that fun had been poked at him, went on cheerily with his supper.

"I say, you fellows——"

A fat face and a large pair of spectacles glimmered in at the door.

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter cast a hungry eye at the well-spread table.

"I say, is that tinker here?"

"Get out, you fat dunny!"

"Dash it all, I'll come in, all the same," said Bunter. "I'm no snob——"

"Not at supper-time!" remarked Peter Todd.

"Oh, really, Toddy!" Bunter rolled in. "I say, you fellows—— Wha-a-at are you going to do with that poker, Bob Cherry, you beast?"

"Guess!" said Bob.

Bunter backed to the door again.

"If you think I want your measly supper, you're jolly well mistaken," he said. "I'm no snob, as I said, but I draw the line at sitting down to table with a tinker. Yah!"

The Owl of the Remove jumped back into the passage, just in time to escape a lunge from the poker.

But a moment later he blinked in again.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Get out!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Look here; I'm looking for a chap," said Bunter. "I can't find that new kid, Cholmondeley, anywhere? Do you know where he is?"

"Cholmondeley?" repeated Wharton.

"Yes. There's a new kid in the Remove named Cholmondeley—Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley, I hear," said Bunter. "He seems to have vanished. The fact is, I know his people, and I want to look after him a bit. Know where he is?"

The supper-party stared blankly at Bunter. Evidently he did not know that the "tinker" was Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley.

"You—you know his people?" articulated Wharton.

"Yes. In fact, we're rather related," said Bunter. "The Bunters inter-married with the Cholmondeleys in the reign of Henry the Ninth."

"Oh, my hat!"

"We're quite connected," said Bunter. "Most of the best families really are, you know, in one way or another. I'm going to look after that kid Cholmondeley a bit, as I know his people."

"Great pip!"

"Why, you 'owling hass——" began Tatters, staring at the fat junior.

Bunter held up a fat hand.

"Don't you talk to me, Tatters, or whatever your name is," he said. "I'm not a snob, but I draw the line at tinkers. You shut up!"

"But, you silly himage——"

"Shut up, I tell you! Now, then, you fellows, where's that new kid?" asked Bunter. "I want to find him. It's nothing to do with his having pots of money, of course."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm going to look after him a bit and take him under my wing," explained Bunter. "As he's a sort of connection of our family, I'm thinking of asking Quelch to put him in my study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter in Study No. 1. Billy Bunter blinked at the supper-party in surprise and irritation. He could see nothing to laugh at.

"Look here, you men, if you know where Cholmondeley is, just tell a

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The fact is, I want him in my study. And there's a good many rotters would be glad to bag him, as he's rich."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, do you know where young Cholmondeley is, or don't you?" roared Bunter.

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

"Oh, my 'at!" gasped Tatters. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Better go and hunt for him, Bunter!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Better go, anyhow, or you'll get this poker!"

"But, I say, you fellows, somebody must know where Cholmondeley is," said Bunter anxiously. "I can't make out what's become of him. I hear that he was with you some time back, Wharton."

"He was!" chuckled Wharton.

"Well, where is he now?"

"Echo answers where!" chuckled the captain of the Remove.

"The wherefulness is terrific, my esteemed idiotic Bunter!" chortled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!"

Billy Bunter departed, closing the door after him with a terrific slam. He resumed his baffling quest for the baronet's grandson, leaving the supper-party in Study No. 1 in a roar.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, the Hunter I

"TODDY, old man!"

Peter Todd came back to Study No. 7 after supper, and found William George Bunter there. There was quite a worried look on the fat face of the Owl of the Remove.

"It's jolly queer, isn't it?" said Bunter, blinking at Toddy through his spectacles.

"Talking about yourself, as usual?" asked Peter.

"You silly ass!" snorted Bunter.

"By the way, what are you doing in this study?" asked Peter.

"It's my study, you beast! I say, Toddy, it's jolly queer about that new man, Cholmondeley. I know he's here, because I've looked at the Form list. His name's down there—A. C. Cholmondeley. That shows he's here all right. But where has he got to, Toddy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Toddy.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, you ass, if he hasn't got a study yet, we might get him here," said Bunter. "See? Stands to reason he would like to room with me. Being a fellow of good family, he's bound to want to chum with one of his own sort."

"Ye gods!" said Peter.

"And I dare say he could stand you, Peter," went on Bunter. "Don't say too much at first, you know. Don't mention about your father being a measly solicitor, and all that. Seeing me treat you in a friendly way, he will take it for granted that you're all right. See? After all, new kids don't know their way about, of course, and you'll pass if you don't talk too much."

Peter Todd did not answer that. He gazed at Bunter.

"Of course, you look a bit of a freak," said Bunter thoughtfully, "but that can't be helped. I'm not asking you to get out of the study because I'm going to have Cholmondeley here, Peter."

"Oh!" gasped Peter. "You're not?"

"No, old chap! I wouldn't turn down an old pal. Besides, I want you

to help me bag him. I'll bet you half the Remove will want to get hold of him," said Bunter. "A new kid with pots of money is worth having in any study. Skinner would jump at the chance. You know what Skinner's like! He's the kind of chap to get hold of a new fellow, and get him in his study, simply because he's rich."

"Is—is—is he?" stuttered Peter.

"He is!" said Bunter, shaking his head, "and there's other fellows in the Form no better than Skinner."

"There's one, at least," gasped Peter.

"More than one, I'm afraid," said Bunter, shaking his head again. "The fellows in the Remove don't all have my high principles, Peter. In fact, precious few of them! But the question is, where is that chap Cholmondeley? Have you seen him?"

"I've seen him!" admitted Peter.

"Spoken to him?" asked Bunter.

"Yes, I've spoken to him."

"That's rather unfortunate, in a way," said Bunter anxiously. "It's rather a pity he didn't see me first, if he's coming into this study. Seeing you first may have made a bad impression. Does he know you belong to this study?"

"I dare say he does."

"Well, it can't be helped, I suppose, though it's unfortunate. I hope he hasn't got the impression that we're a lot of outsiders here. That would keep him off the study."

Peter Todd glanced round, as if in search of something.

"I hope you didn't have too much to say to him, Peter. You see, you don't catch on to it yourself, but you're quite likely to get rather on the nerves of an aristocratic chap. I make a lot of allowances for you, as an old pal, but you can't expect that from a new chap. You may have spoiled the whole thing."

"Where the thump did I put that fives bat?" said Peter Todd, staring round the study.

"You don't want a fives bat now, Peter; for goodness' sake, have a little sense," said Bunter. "We want that new chap in this study. I can tell you he will come in jolly useful at tea-time, especially when I happen to be disappointed about a postal order. That occurs sometimes, as you know. I say, do you know where he is, Peter?"

"Oh, here it is!" said Peter, taking a fives bat from the study cupboard.

Bunter blinked at him.

"You silly ass, what the thump do you want a fives bat for?" he snapped. "You're not going to play fives now, I suppose? Can't you give me your attention, you fathead?"

"That's just what I'm going to do," answered Peter.

"Well, do?" said Bunter peevishly.

"We've got to get this settled; the new man may be bagged already, for all we know. I may go to Cholmondeley Castle for the Easter holidays—you never know. Of course, I shouldn't want you there, Peter. There's a limit. In fact, if I make a pal of this chap Cholmondeley, I shall want you to keep your distance generally. Not too much of your blessed familiarity, you know, when Cholmondeley's about. You catch on?"

"Just going to!" said Peter.

And he caught on—to Bunter's collar. Bunter was slewed round and then he discovered what Peter wanted the fives bat for.

Whack!

"Yaroooooh!"

Whack!

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "You silly



There was no doubt that Tatters surprised the supper-party. It quite unnerved the juniors to see him eat with a knife, but they affected not to notice it.

chump, wharrer you up to? Keep off! Keep that bat away, you beast! Yaroooh!

Whack! Whack!
"Beast! Leggo! Yarooooop!"
Whack! Whack!

Why Peter Todd was cutting up rusty, in this extraordinary way, Bunter did not know. But he knew that Peter was cutting up rusty. The fives bat left no doubt on that point. It fairly rang on Bunter's tight trousers; and the Owl of the Remove wriggled and roared.

"Ow! Wow! Help! Fire Yaroooooh! Wharrer you up to? I'll jolly well lick you! Whooooop! Help! Fire! Whooooop!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!
"There," gasped Peter. "I feel better now!"

Bunter did not seem to feel better. Like the young man of Hythe, who was shaved with a scythe, he did nothing but wriggle and writhe!

Peter Todd tossed the fives bat back into the cupboard, tossed Billy Bunter on to the hearth rug, and strolled out of the study. The voice of William George Bunter followed him, in tones like those of the Bull of Bashan.

"Wow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"
Bunter scrambled up, spluttering.

"Beast! Oh crikey! Ow! What's the matter with the beast, I wonder, losing his temper like that over nothing! Ow! Wow!"

It was some little time before Billy Bunter felt equal to resuming his search for the elusive Cholmondeley. Peter had laid on the fives bat not wisely but too well. But he left the study at last, and rolled down to the Rag.

There was no prep on the first night of the term; and a crowd of fellow-

gathered in the Rag. Unless Cholmondeley had vanished into thin air, which seemed improbable, Bunter hoped to find him in the Rag. As his name appeared in the Form list, it was certain that he was at Greyfriars; indeed, Peter had stated that he had actually seen him and spoken to him. It really was amazing that Bunter could not get in touch with him.

The Owl of the Remove blinked round the crowded Rag. But there was no unfamiliar face to be seen. The Famous Five were there now, and Tatters was with them. But Tatters was not the new boy that Bunter wanted.

"I say, you fellows!" called out Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"
"Have you seen Cholmondeley?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Beasts!"

Why that question should evoke nothing but a roar of laughter, Bunter could not understand. He rolled away in wrath. There was one quarter in which he could seek accurate information; the Remove master was bound to know all about Cholmondeley. Bunter did not, as a rule, yearn for an interview with Mr. Quelch; but the matter was getting serious now—there was not much time left for bagging the new fellow. It was only too likely that he was already bagged by some unscrupulous fellow—quite unlike Bunter—who had an eye to his "pots of money."

So the fat junior rolled away to Masters' Studies. He found Mr. Quelch in conversation with Mr. Prout there, in the corridor. For a junior to interrupt the conversation of two Form masters was, of course, cheek; but Bunter had no choice in the matter.

"Please, sir—" began Bunter. Mr. Quelch turned a gimlet-eye on him.

"What is it, Bunter?"
"I'm looking for Cholmondeley, sir," said Bunter. "As he's an old friend of mine, I'd like him in my study, sir, if—"

"Cholmondeley has already been assigned to a study," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go, Bunter."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Which study, sir?"

"Wharton's study! Go!"
"Oh!" gasped Bunter. And he went! His little, round eyes glittered with wrath behind his spectacles! That was why those beasts yelled whenever he asked after Cholmondeley—because they had already got hold of the fellow with "pots of money." Bunter saw it all now.

He rolled back to the Rag. Harry Wharton & Co. grinned as he rolled in. Bunter's eager quest of Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley, added to his lofty disdain for Tatters, struck them as comic.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Found him yet, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Beast!" roared Bunter. "Look here, Wharton—I've jolly well found you out now. You've wangled it with Quelch, you beast. He's told me that he's put Cholmondeley in your study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Well, where is he?" hooted Bunter. "I can jolly well tell you that he won't stay in your study, when you've got that low-class tinker there. You can't expect it. I'm going to offer to let him change into my study."

"Ketch me changing into your study!" chuckled Tatters.

"You!" snorted Bunter contemptuously. "Who's talking about you, you sweep? I'm talking about Cholmondeley!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Wharton, you beast, tell me where the chap is! You see, I know the fellow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's an old pal, in fact. If you think you're going to butt in between me and my old friend Cholmondeley, you're—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Famous Five.

"Where is he?" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate of the Sixth looked into the Rag. It was bed-time for the Remove. The Lower Fourth marched off to their dormitory. Billy Bunter blinked round him in that apartment, certain now that he would spot the elusive new boy. But to his astonishment the only new face in the dormitory was that of Tatters, the tinker.

When Wingate came to see lights out, Billy Bunter was sitting up in bed.

"I say, Wingate!" he called out.

"Well?" The prefect looked round.

"One of the fellows hasn't come up."

"What?"

The Greyfriars captain glanced over the beds. Every bed was occupied. He frowned at Bunter.

"What do you mean, you young ass? All the Form's here."

"Cholmondeley—the new kid—"

"Cholmondeley?" repeated Wingate, with a stare.

"Yes—he's a new kid—chap I know well," said Bunter. "I've been looking for him and can't find him anywhere. He hasn't come up to bed."

The prefect blinked at him.

"Are you potty, you young ass?" he demanded.

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

"Cholmondeley is here. What the thump do you mean?"

"Here!" repeated Bunter blankly.

"Where?"

"There, you young duffer—in the bed next to Nugent's. Can't you see three yards with your specs?"

Bunter blinked at the bed next to Nugent's. It was occupied by Tatters.

"Eh! That isn't Cholmondeley!" he gasped. "That's a blessed tinker! I mean, Cholmondeley—chap I know well—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, go to sleep!" said Wingate; and he turned out the light and left the dormitory.

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That—that—that tinker isn't Cholmondeley, is he?" gasped Bunter. The dreadful truth was dawning on his fat brain at last.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh crikey!"

Billy Bunter was silent for a few moments, while he assimilated this amazing discovery. How a tinker's boy who dropped his H's could be one and the same with Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley, grandson and heir of a rich baronet, was an unfathomable mystery to Bunter. But, amazing as it was, it evidently was so; and Bunter felt his aristocratic prejudices against the tinker melt away.

"You beasts!" gasped Bunter. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I say, Cholmondeley—"

"Fat'ead!" said Tatters.

"I say, old chap—"

"Stow it!"

"Good-night, Cholmondeley, old fellow!"

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"Rats!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cholmondeley, old bean—"

"If you don't stow it," said Tatters,

"I'll get out of bed and take a piller to you!"

And Bunter gave it up.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

ARTHUR CECIL CHOLMONDELEY, otherwise Tatters, took his place in Form with the Remove the following day. He found himself an object of general interest in the Lower Fourth.

One of this week's DANDY LEATHER POCKET WALLETS has been awarded to: Edward Keith, of "Dalintober," Campbeltown, Argyll, whose Greyfriars limerick is illustrated herewith.



BILLY BUNTER'S A SOLDIER COMPLETE,



WITH BUTTONS AND UNIFORM NEAT;



SO HE WENT ON PARADE



FULLY ARMED WITH A SPADE,



"HOE, HOE," BARKED THE SERGEANT, "RETREAT!"

Every fellow in the Form knew more or less of his strange story, owing to the length and activity of Billy Bunter's tongue.

That a fellow with the high-sounding name of Cholmondeley, whose grandfather was a baronet and lived in a castle, should have spent his early boyhood as a travelling tinker, was odd enough, and naturally drew attention to the new fellow.

Some of the fellows called him "Tinker," and some called him "Tatters"; but Cholmondeley did not mind. In fact, he preferred his friends to call him by the name they had known him by; and as now there was no secret to keep, thanks to Bunter, he remained "Tatters" to the Famous Five.

Tatters sat in the Form-room with the rest of the Remove; but he was given a separate task by Mr. Quelch. The simplest work in the Remove was far beyond him at present; even Bunter knew more than Tatters knew of school subjects. But Mr. Quelch found him attentive and obedient and painstaking, and, rather to his own surprise, found that he rather liked Tatters.

Billy Bunter blinked at him several times in class, with a friendly and ingratiating blink.

Bunter could have kicked himself for his unfortunate mistake. He had had the first chance with the fellow with "pots of money," having met him in the train on his way to school. But how was a fellow to guess that a fellow who talked like a bargee had pots of money? How was a fellow to guess that a tattered tinker was the grandson of a rich baronet?

Bunter felt that he could not blame himself for his error. Still, it was very unfortunate.

His ingratiating blinks passed unnoticed in class. When the Remove turned out for morning break Bunter rolled up to Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley in the corridor.

"I say, Cholmondeley—" he began. "Cholmondeley, old chap! I say, old fellow! Don't walk away when a fellow's talking to you, old thing!"

But Tatters did walk away. He joined Harry Wharton & Co. in punting about a footer, heedless of Bunter.

Bunter waylaid him at the door of the Form-room in third school. But Tatters passed him by like the idle wind which he regarded not.

"Can I pass you anything, old fellow?" Bunter asked at dinner.

No reply.

"Anything you'd like, Cholmondeley?"

"I'd like you to shut up!" said Tatters.

"Beast! I mean, I say, old chap—"

Tatters remained deaf.

That afternoon, in class, Bunter was unusually thoughtful.

He was not thinking about his lessons, as Mr. Quelch might possibly have supposed. He was thinking of ways and means to undo his unfortunate error with regard to the baronet's grandson. Actually he had been landed in Cholmondeley's study the day before—right on the spot to gather the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, and he had shaken the dust of that study from his aristocratic feet—under an unhappy misapprehension. He was debating in his fat mind whether it was too late to retrieve that false step.

Naturally, he had no attention for Mr. Quelch, or for the valuable instruction in English history that Henry Samuel Quelch was bestowing on his Form.

(Continued on page 28.)

UP, *the* ROVERS!



By JOHN BREARLEY.

WHAT'S GONE BEFORE.

James Brennan, owner of the Railton Rovers F.C., is robbed of his savings and then fatally injured by some unknown assailant. Further disasters follow, until Jimmy Brennan, the dead owner's son, is forced to sell his house to Charles Thurgood, manager of the Railton Bank, in order to carry on. Determined to find out who is at the back of the plot to wreck the Rovers, Scotland Yard connives that Time Osborne, of the Secret Service, should play for the Rovers. Tim proves a great asset to the team, and the great day comes when the Rovers succeed in gaining the leadership of the League. That same night Jimmy is daringly abducted by three masked figures and taken to a sinister-looking house some distance out of Railton. He is rescued, however, in the nick of time by Tim. His assailants, unmasked, prove to be Mr. Thurgood, the bank manager, and Mr. Phillip Brennan and Tony, his uncle and cousin respectively. Jimmy's uncle is killed in an attempt to escape, and Tony and Thurgood are put in a cell to await their trial.

(Now read on.)

Jimmy Smashes Through!

AND so, to all intents and purposes, finished the great Railton case, as it was called. The trials of Thurgood, and Tony Brennan were sharp and short. Thanks to the drastic trap Tim Osborne had so cleverly laid, their defences were bare and feeble; the pair disappeared from the dock to well-earned sentences at Dartmoor.

For one hectic week the affair attracted attention throughout the country, especially to sporting Britain; then other sensations cropped up to push it into the limbo of forgotten things. Only in Railton was it remembered for many a day, and the cheer that greeted Jimmy on his first appearance for the Rovers after the trial strained the throats of forty thousand spectators. The rest of that game was fought out to the sound of hoarse whiepers.

Now, too, began that stern period of football—the last half of the season, with Wembley and the First Division dangling temptingly before the eyes of the club. The Rovers had lost their fragile but brilliant centre-forward, for Tim, of course, had been recalled to Scotland Yard. For two matches they retried Thomas in his old position, but again he proved a failure, and lost them their place in the Cup battle. Back to the reserves he went.

Then Bill Nye tried an experiment. And for the rest of the season he groused at himself for a "derved old

HE'S VANQUISHED HIS ENEMIES . . . HE'S WORKED WONDERS WITH THE ROVERS' TEAM OF DUDS! NO WONDER RAILTON GOES MAD OVER JIMMY BRENNAN!

fool" for not having tried it before. He moved young Grayson up from the reserves to inside-right, and he put Jimmy in to lead the line. Thereafter the Rovers forwards became the "Gallop Five" once more, a dashing, fighting squad of youthful terriers who attacked like maniacs from kick-off to time, and shot hard and true and often!

By its very boisterousness at first the team lost some matches. But, win or lose, the Rovers, playing top-speed footer all the while, came back to their old fame of years ago. It was well known that most of the clubs in the First Division were praying that

Railton would gain promotion. Their drawing power became tremendous; never before had the home ground known such consistent, enthusiastic "gates."

As for the "idol of Railton," he was in his element. Jimmy's old reckless stubbornness had given place to a quiet confidence. The Firs and the Rovers—they were all he thought about now. The former he meant to buy back as soon as he could afford it, and after that he intended turning the Rovers into a company, so that never again would club or ground be open to attack. Meanwhile, he meant to drag that club—by main force, if need be—up into the First Division, where it belonged.

The sunny day in May came round at last when, amid frantic cheering, the black-and-white quarters clashed with the blue of Millwall in the end-of-the-season battle that was to decide the promotion problem for that year.

Away in London, the Spurs were playing Everton in another vital game. The struggle for League honours during the last three weeks had become intense, and now Railton headed their rivals on goal average only.

A clear-cut victory over the Thames-siders to-day was essential. If the Spurs and Everton drew—and Railton lost—But no one in Railton could face that hideous prospect. The team must win!

For all that optimism, however, when the whistle blew for half-time in that agonising Railton v. Millwall match that day, a ground full of home supporters stopped cheering and relapsed into gloomy murmurs.

The Rovers were two goals down already—fairly and squarely outplayed by the bustling Londoners, who had piled up an early lead and then sat down to enjoy it.

A fiery-eyed Tim Osborne, who had motored all the way from London just in time for the kick-off, pranced up and down the Rovers' dressing-room during the interval, his usual serenity scattered to the winds.

"Big stiffs! Howlin' galoots!" he raved in disappointment, until Jimmy and Miller slung him out on his neck. Even then he put his face round the door again, snorting excitedly:

"Ping-pong's your right game, Jimmy Brennan! In a kindergarten, you chump! Yah!"

A damp towel missed him by an inch.

Yet, when the wily Timothy returned to his seat beside Henry Sylvester for the second half, his old quaint smile broke out once more to note the expressions on the Rovers' faces as they took the field. The half-time news from Tottenham said "no score."

"We'll get some football this half!" he murmured, and rose to join in the thunderous, appealing welcome.

"Now, Rovers! Up, up, up, the Rovers!"

"Come on, the First Division club!"

"Sock it to 'em, Jimmy! Up, Railton!"

Plainly the Rovers meant business. Millwall kicked off. Their inside-right slammed the ball to his wing man as Miller tackled him, but Blake, intercepting, drove it back. Atkins raced away—centred—Jimmy flicked a header towards the right-hand corner of goal. It was a typical Railton raid. But at the very last second, Yuill, the Millwall 'keeper, tipped the leather over the bar.

A shout arose: "Cor-ner!"

To everyone's disappointment, Payton's kick went behind. Straight from the goal-kick, however, the Rovers came again, storming down the middle with Jimmy ahead and in possession. A sliding tackle robbed him; the ball skidded to Grayson. Coolly as any veteran, the ex-reserve drew a man, and slipped it back to his leader. The red-headed centre, side-stepping his marker, stamped for goal again.

Like lightning the Lions' backs closed in on him. He nursed the ball beautifully until they were almost in

charging distance, then, with perfect judgment, he flashed the ball through them, midway between goalposts and corner-flag. Payton, racing in on his toes from the touchline, took it in full stride. Yuill came out of his goal—and the wing man let fly.

Then the Rovers were only one down!

"Goal! Goal!"

"That's a Railton goal, lads! Keep it up, Rovers!"

The Millwall defence set their teeth. This was what they had feared—an overwhelming rally by the Railton forwards, too tricky to tackle, too fast to mark. Grimly they set about hanging on to their slender lead; a chorus of fervent protest greeted each kick to touch.

"Win-dy!"

"Keep it on the island!"

But the Rovers knew all about such tactics. They were like men possessed, all out to win. Every man there knew what it had cost Jimmy to keep the club going. Defeat in the last and greatest match of the year was unthinkable!

In a swaying, racing line they slashed their way towards Yuill, the ball flashing from man to man till the spectators grew dizzy and hysterical, watching its vivid advance. Time and again they seemed bound to score. But always some hard-fighting Lion would check the raid at the last moment, and the disappointed forwards would fling a brief, grim glance at the green-jerseyed 'keeper as if to say:

"Not now, perhaps—but soon!"

They would not be denied.

Fifteen minutes from time, in a whirlwind attack, the equaliser came. A foray by Millwall had broken down in the home penalty area. Harvey nipped in to clear, flicked the ball to Blake; and from Blake the movement spread like a flame, running from Riley to Miller, Atkins, Miller again, and over across to Payton.

"Ro-o-overs!"

"Mill-wall!"

Going all out, the winger picked up the ball, pushed it past a back, hooked it chest-high across to Jimmy. There was no time to pull it down and shoot, the Lions' centre-half was almost at his shoulder. So, taking off stiffly in his stride, the young leader met the pass with a lithe swing of his head and powerful shoulders. Yuill dived full length for the sizzling header. He was just too late.

The scores were level!

Of that closing period of a great match no one, not even the Railton reporters, had any clear idea. The air was thick with flying hats and programmes, cheers thundered round the ground like broadsides, and Rover and Lion flung themselves into the game, spurred by the fever of the crowd and the glorious frenzy of those last few minutes.

Strive as gallantly as they might, the Londoners could not stem the mighty flood that poured down on them now. Turning, twisting, dribbling, and passing, the Rovers'

AMAZING STORY SCOOP FOR THE "MAGNET"



By
STANTON HOPE.

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OPENING CHAPTERS NEXT WEEK!



Without steadying himself, Jimmy swung his right foot, and sent the ball smashing into the net!

forwards, backed by their hard-driving halves, crashed into the grand attack.

Millwall gave up the midfield battle, retreated doggedly to pack their goal. Shots of every description, from whizzing ground-drives to accurate headers, poured in on the 'keeper, who covered himself with glory, while two tired but cool-eyed backs helped him might and main.

The ball whistled in front of Jimmy, just inside the visitors' half. He trapped it in a flash, knocked a half-back flying, and went away in a lightning, zigzag dribble, swerving, side-stepping, the ball at his toes. Ahead of him his forwards spread out, seeking for gaps, waiting for the well-known, accurate pass that presently would come.

The Lions waited for it, too. They crouched warily, each marking a man.

But that pass never arrived.

At the edge of the penalty area, after a dazzling corkscrew run, Jimmy lifted his head quickly. A thin young man in the stand suddenly realised his intention. Leaping into the air, he flung up his arms.

"That's it, Jimmy! Go yourself!" he screamed.

The crowd took it up.

"Go on, Jimmy!"

"On your own, boy!"

"Mark that red-head! Mark him, Millwall!"

Appeals, cheers, and yells rose to an indescribable babel as Jimmy,

gliding past a would-be tackler, headed suddenly and fiercely for goal. He had forgotten his comrades, forgotten everything save the appalling din and the fact that he must score—must score to lift the Rovers into the First Division!

Must score! All he could see was the ball, writhing before him on the green carpet. Legs darted at it from nowhere, and he steered it past them; men, sobbing for breath, barged into him, and he fended them off or swayed away. And always the ball ran before him—nearer and nearer to those white posts.

At last blue jerseys seemed all around him. Still he fought on in the greatest dribble of the season. Suddenly the men in blue fell away—he was clear; and into the picture came a green jersey this time, with two gallant hands shooting out to pick the ball from his toes. Even as they almost closed round the leather, however, his twinkling toes hooked it away from that fatal grasp. He side-stepped the 'keeper' daintily. A roar as of tortured demons hooted in his ear:

"Shoo-oot, Jimmy! Shoot! Shoot!"

Without steadying himself he swung his right leg. His vicious boot hit the ball with a solid plunk—it seemed to shoot away into the distance, and all at once he saw it sailing gorgeously, perfectly, right between the uprights and into the empty net beyond.

A great shout rolled again to the skies:

"Goal!"

Then Miller, Grayson, and Harvey seemed to hurl themselves from the very ground, and Jimmy vanished beneath their fanatical embraces.

Somehow or other the ball was kicked-off again, but no one seemed to heed much. The crowd was still cheering that marvellous, intoxicating run; there were but a few seconds still to go. Hardly had the ball been set in motion when, clear and shrill, came the final whistle.

The Rovers had won the game—and promotion.

If the whistle had been a trumpet-call, the crowd could not have rallied quicker. Out of the stands and terraces they poured, hurling themselves recklessly on to the field of play, surrounding the laughing, panting, fleeing Rovers and hoisting them into the air.

Round the ground Jimmy and his men were borne on the shoulders of cheering lunatics, up and down until, exhausted but supremely happy, they were carried to the stand, where Bill Nye fought his way to Jimmy by main force, and hauled him over the rails.

"Spee-eech, Jimmy! Spee-ee-ech!"

It was an historic afternoon. After five long seasons the Rovers were going up again. Breathlessly the

young player-owner turned to face the crowd. He held up his hand.

"Thanks!" he panted at last, when the pandemonium ceased. "Thanks—all of you! And next season—we'll try to do as well—in the First Division!"

With that his own footballers closed round him and rushed him to the dressing-room. Following in their wake ran Tim Osborne, with tears of excitement staining his hot, dust-grimed cheeks, and Henry Sylvester trying hard to recover his dignity without a hat or collar!

"Now, lads, one last cheer!" roared a brazen-throated supporter. "All together!"

"Up—the Rovers!"

The battle-cry sounded in the dressing-room below. George Harvey, pushing Jimmy forward, faced the other men.

"And now a private cheer of our own, fellows! For our own lad, who's given up a fortune for us and pulled us through. Hip—hip—"

It was the best cheer of the afternoon!

THE END.

(Whatever you do, chums, don't miss the opening instalment of "THE ISLAND OF SLAVES!" further particulars of which appear on page 2 of this issue. It kicks off in next week's bumper number of the MAGNET. Order your copy in good time!)

HERE'S ANOTHER PRIZE-WINNING JOKE

for which Miss W. Ryder, of 34, Hoxton Road, Ellacombe, Torquay, has been awarded one of our useful

SHEFFIELD STEEL PENKNIVES.

Little Jimmy had been sent to school for the first time and his mother was anxious to hear what had taken place. "Well, Jimmy," she said, "and how did you get on?" "Quite all right, mummy," said the little one; "but I didn't get the present." "Present?" queried the fond parent. "What present, Jimmy?" "Well," answered Jimmy, "teacher said to me: 'Sit there for the present,' and I sat there all the morning and didn't get it!"

Make a point of winning one of these useful prizes, to-day, chums.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO UNTIL YOU TRY!

CHUMLEY FOR SHORT!

(Continued from page 24.)

Twice Mr. Quelch spoke to him, unheeded, and he was picking up his cane when Bob Cherry drew Bunter's attention with a kick under the desks. There was a yelp from Bunter.

"Yow-ow!"

"Bunter!" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"Ow! Some beast kicked me, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"I asked you a question, Bunter!"

"Oh! Did you, sir? I—I mean, I—I heard you, sir! I—I was paying attention all the time, sir."

"I asked you," said Mr. Quelch, in a rumbling voice, "what did King Vortigern give the Saxons for their help against the Picts and Scots?"

"Pots of money, sir—"

"Wha-a-at?" stuttered Mr. Quelch. Ignorant of the important matters occupying Bunter's fat mind, he was surprised by that answer. "Upon my word! You have not been listening to me, Bunter! Who was King Vortigern?"

"A—a new chap, sir."

"A what?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I mean—"

"Take a hundred lines, Bunter."

"Oh lor'!"

Bunter tried to give a little attention after that. It was irritating, when he had matters of so much greater consequence to think out. But such was life!

After school, freed from the trivial matters that Mr. Quelch deemed important, Bunter was able to give his whole fat attention to the things that really mattered. Tatters walked away with Harry Wharton & Co., and Billy Bunter repaired to the Remove passage.

He might have been seen, as a novelist would say, leaving Study No. 7 with a stack of books under his arm, which he conveyed into No. 1. He remained there with his property.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton & Co. were taking the new junior for a stroll round the school. On their way back they called in at the school shop for supplies for tea, laden with which, they walked back to the House. They came up to the Remove passage in a cheery crowd, and Bob Cherry kicked open the door of Study No. 1.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he ejaculated, as a fat figure rose from the study armchair. "Is that Bunter, or a porpoise escaped from the Zoo?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Want anything, Bunter?" asked Wharton, as the juniors came in.

"Oh, really, Harry, old chap—"

"Well, cut off," said Nugent.

"Oh, really, Franky—"

"Hook it!" said Johnny Bull.

"The hookfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed and absurd Bunter," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"I'm not likely to hook it out of my

own study, I suppose," said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, you can stop to tea."

"We can stop to tea?" ejaculated Bob.

"Yes, you're quite welcome," said Bunter. "In fact, I—I like to see you fellows about the study. After all, we're pals! I say, Cholmondeley, old man, I've decided to dig in this study, after all. I was only j-j-joking yesterday, you know! He, he, he!"

"My 'at!" said Tatters, staring at him.

"I'm no snob," said Bunter. "I don't mind you being a low rotter, old chap. Dash it all, I've stood Toddy, and I can stand you! Say no more about it."

Harry Wharton gave the Owl of the Remove an expressive look, and placed the study door wide open.

"Travel!" he said laconically.

"Now, look here, old chap—"

"Bunk!"

"Yes, 'ook it, you blooming freak!" said Tatters.

"I—I say, Cholmondeley, old bean, I—I never really turned you down, you know! Only my little j-j-joke! The—the fact is, I rather like you! Shut that door, Wharton, old fellow."

"Get on the other side of it first."

"Oh, really, Wharton! This being my study—"

"Are you travelling?"

"No!" roared Bunter. "I'm jolly well staying here, and I've jolly well brought my books, and I'm jolly well going—"

"We'll give you something to cure all that!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "Now then, all kick together! One—two—three—go!"

"Yaroooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter travelled. He travelled at express speed. With six boots lunging behind him, Bunter fairly flew. A flash of lightning had nothing on Bunter at that moment.

Bump!

Whiz, whiz, whiz, whiz! Bunter's books followed him out. A Latin grammar landed on his fat chin, a dictionary on his fat nose, other volumes on various parts of his portly person. For some moments volumes fell round Bunter like leaves in Vallambrosa.

Slam!

The door of Study No. 1 closed.

"Ow! Beasts! Ow!"

Bunter staggered up. Evidently there was nothing doing. Even Billy Bunter realised that now. Slowly and sadly he tottered away to No. 7. There he made the interesting discovery that Toddy had had his tea—and there was nothing left. Bunter sat down in the armchair and groaned.

THE END.

(Make sure you read the next yarn in this topping series, entitled: "THE MYSTERY OF THE PAPER CHASE!" You'll vote it a real corker, chums!)

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Greyfriars Herald

No. 28.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

January 17th, 1931.

Edited by
HARRY WHARTON, F.G.R.

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THOUSANDS OF CANNIBALS ARE CATCHING COLD

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ANNUAL MARBLES CHAMPIONSHIP

ALL NOISY ON THE SECOND FORM FRONT

The first thing that struck me in the Second Form room where the great annual Marbles Championship was fought out was a booby-trap which the Second Form fags had erected over the door by way of a welcome to their Third Form opponents. Hoys of laughter and applause went up when the fags found they had scored bigger game still, in the shape of a Removite!

"Grooagh!" I gasped. "You young rascals—"
"No time to listen to old fogys!" snapped Dicky Nugent. "Here's the Third. If you want to stay and see the game, old un, you'd better be quiet!"

And Nugent minor hastily dodged behind the desk before I could give an appropriate reply with my foot. Having come to report on the match, I overlooked the matter and took up my stand by the "alley" which had been marked out on the floor.

The professional criticisms of the inky-fingered past-masters who swarmed round the "alley," the game is quite as thrilling as American football or cock-fighting.

The rules of the game, unfortunately, seem to be in a chaotic state, and as there was no umpire, the contest was stopped at frequent intervals while Tubb and Page, and Whingate minor of the Third, and Gatty and Myers and Nugent minor of the Second, indulged in acrimonious debate. The listener's impression of the game was something like this:



Tap! Click!
"Foul!"
"Boal!"
"Do you say bosh to me, Gatty?"
"Yes, and piffo, too, Tubby!"
"Hear, hear!"
"Don't you 'hear, hear' him, Myers!"
"Rats!"
"And many of 'em!"
"Look here, Nugent minor—"
"Look here, Page!"
"Yah!"

And so on. With the audience joining in enthusiastically, the din was terrific! In enthusiasm, interspersed with one or two grim throws by the marble players, there was a wild outbreak of cheering on the part of the Second Form "fans" and I gathered that Dicky Nugent and his fellow-conspirators had won the game. The cheering was interrupted by a chorus of "Yahs!" and dark references to foul play from the visitors. Tubb even went so far as to pick up the head of a herring from the fireplace and put it down Gatty's neck.

That did it! Uttering shrill demands for vengeance, the Second Formers flung themselves at their guests. Tubb & Co., with yells of "Buck up, Third!" and "Soak it into 'em!" met the onslaught with bloodthirsty glee, and in a few seconds the Form-room resembled a battlefield.

I decided that it was time to retreat. Marbles can probably be a gentle, uplifting pastime, but as played in Greyfriars fog circles, it's about as gentle and uplifting as a bull-fight!

TOPICAL TEASERS

Why are Removite footballers a very modest lot?—Because there's Little Side about them.

What's the difference between Bunter boating and someone criticising his weight?—One's fatty on the Salk, and the other's saucy on the fat!

Who's the most disreputable fellow in the Removite?—S. Q. I Field, because he's always "Squiffy."

Why does Mrs. Mirble make one think of Robin Hood?—Because she runs the Greyfriars TUCKSHOP.

What's the difference between Prout's study carpet and a stock of greenproofery?—One's Prout's Brussels and the other's Brussels sprouts.

MAJESTY OF LAW DEFIED

OLD OFFENDER

Honore James Coker, of no occupation, was brought up on a warrant, charged with using a motor-cycle possessing an inefficient silencer. Prisoner, who was tugged into the dock by a dozen powerful wardens, refused to plead, and kept up a deafening roar of abuse throughout the proceedings.

Sergeant Dick Russell, for the prosecution, said that Coker was an old customer, who had been before the Court many times for assaulting the police and for other crimes of violence. The facts of the case were that Coker was testing the wretched contraption he thought fit to call a motor-cycle (laughter) up and down the gravel path near Little Side while the Removite were at foot practice.

The noise of the engine was terrific, and not only put the players off their game, but also prevented their hearing the comments of Wharton, who was licking them into shape at the time. He (Sergeant Russell) suggested that the maximum penalty permitted by the law be inflicted.

Mr. Justice Wharton (sternly): "Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say in your defence?" Prisoner (excitedly): "I'll smash you! I'll spifficate you! I'll jolly well—"
Judge: "Will somebody kindly supply him with an efficient silencer for that great, gaping cavern in front of his face?" (Laughter.)

After Coker had been provided with an efficient silencer in the shape of a muffler stuffed into his mouth, the Clerk read out a long list of previous convictions.

Judge: "Looks as if this merchant is as bright a specimen as you'll find outside Dartmoor! I fine prisoner ten dozen jam tarts, with the alternative of a dozen strokes with the map-pole and a bottle of ink inverted over his head."

As prisoner made no attempt to pay the fine he was rushed away to the Execution Shed and the sentence was carried out with the utmost rigour. It is hoped that the exemplary punishment meted out to Coker will warn future delinquents that at Greyfriars it doesn't pay to set the law at defiance!

HOW TO TEST A WIRELESS SET

H.O.T. BATTERIES

The first thing to do in testing a wireless set is to take the H.T. battery and place one hand on the positive terminal and the other on the negative. If you jump up in the air with a yell, it's positively working, but if the results are negative, it's positively isn't!

Next, take out the valves one by one and dash them to the floor. If they break, it shows they're not strong enough to stand the strain, while if they survive, they probably won't be any more good anyway!

The accumulator should be the next article to engage attention. Perhaps you feel a doubt as to whether it contains acid or not! Very well; just stop some over your suit and see what happens. If it burns rapidly-spreading holes in your clothes, you'll know that it's acid all right.

Little remains to be done beyond taking out the variable condenser and jumping on it. The effect of this last move is to make it much more variable than it was before.

To resemble the set, put all the valves in the wrong holes and connect up all the positive terminals where the negative ought to go and vice versa. Finally, earth the aerial and aerial the earth, then switch on. If you hear a sound like a muffled explosion, followed by a shriek, you'll know you're listening-in to Chicago.



RADIO REPLIES.
"Borsy" (Study No. 10):—What you heard was not Peeking but Skot in the next study, peaking on a one-string fiddle. I happened to be there at the time!

"Puzzled" (Study No. 9):—Sends us something he has just bought from Blankley's in Court field and asks why he can't get the National Programme on it. The reason, "Puzzled," is that at defiance!

FORM MASTERS FIGHT DUEL

KISSING INSTEAD OF KILLING

Sensation followed sensation at Greyfriars this week, when a misunderstanding between Paul Bunt, Esq., M.A., the master of the Fifth, and Monsieur Charpentier almost resulted in swords or two and coffee for one! It started about an hour after Prout and Froggy had been for a walk, being which they had discovered Prout out of bounds and marched him back for six on the hand. Froggy let him, Prout heard him say: "Zat man Prout, 'e is a being fool, yes!"

Prout fairly jumped, but in view of the fact that he and the French master had been bosom pals a moment before, came to the conclusion that his ears had mislaid.

Next time they met, Mossos indignantly heard Prout remark: "Oh dear! Here comes that frog-bounding Charpentier!" "Yat you say to me, isn't it?" snapped Froggy.

Prout looked surprised. "I haven't said anything, yet. That is the matter with you, my dear sir?" "Ver funny! I sink I 'ear you," said M. Charpentier, looking very suspicious. "Por'ops, zen, I am mistaken viz myself."

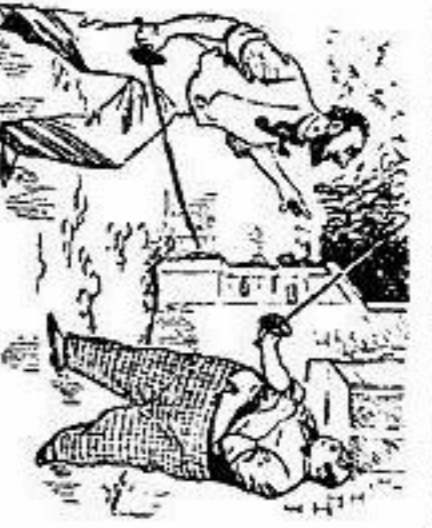
And he let it go at that. But strangely enough the same thing occurred again several times after that. Froggy thought he heard Prout call him "that French fellow" and "that small-seating prigmer"; on the other hand, Prout thought he heard Froggy address him as "fat peeg" and "English fool viz no brains."

Prout and Froggy became directly cold to one another. The climax was reached when Prout caught the Frenchy's voice saying "Prout is zo boeg liar; ze biggest game 'e ever shoot is zat ze bunny-rabbit!"

To Prout, whose big-game-ming prowess is supposed to be a long suit, that statement was as good as a red rag to a bull. He lunged over to M. Charpentier, who was foaming at the mouth.

GREYFRIARS

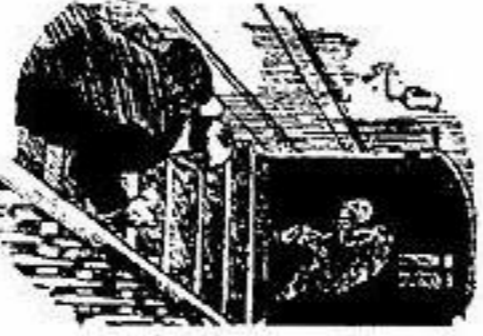
GHOST OF GREYFRIARS



A thrill of fascinated horror has swept through the School at the report that a ghost has appeared at Greyfriars. Mr. Prout is the gentleman to whom we are indebted for most of our information. It appears that he had just discarded his spectacles after a long evening's reading and was walking upstairs to bed when he saw on the landing a ghostly apparition, holding its head in its hands.

Mr. Prout, who is rather shortsighted without his glasses, cannot swear to its being a head, but confesses that it was a round object very similar in size and shape to a human headpiece. On his approach, the ghost glided away in the direction of the Removite dormitory. At least, it went away in that direction, Mr. Prout is not quite sure about the gliding part, and thinks that perhaps it walked or ran.

On being pressed to describe the ghost, Mr. Prout stated that it appeared to be short and fat—something like Bunter, in fact. The circumstance was immediately brought to the notice of our Prize Porter, and although nobody suggested it, Bunter at once denied the possibility that the ghost had been himself and the "head" a pudding from the kitchen. By a strange coincidence, it was afterwards found that a pudding was actually missing from the kitchen and that a trail of crumbs led up stairs to Bunter's bed. Naturally, those inexplicable discoveries did not explain the ghost. Investigators of the supernatural have spent days on the problem, but the mystery is still unsolved.



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WHY THROW AWAY YOUR TEETH?
We guarantee top prices for unwanted false teeth. Offers made also for glass eyes, cork legs, artificial knee-caps and leather ears. Once a client, always a client! Bring along your spare parts to the Old Firm, FISH & Co., Study No. 14.

FOR SALE.
Overcoat with Astrakhan collar. Also white rubber cuffs with life-like diamond links painted on, black sombrero hat and mittens and spats. Owner retiring from the stage owing to lack of appreciation. Apply WILLIAM WIBLEY, Study No. 6.

AWCTION SAIL
Rare Collections Presented Free

Dicky Nugent, Auctioneer, will dispose of the following lots in the Second Form Room to-nite at 7 o'clock prompt. Collectors are urged to seize this opportunity and roll up in their thousands!

Lot 1. Ureock collection of cigarette-cards.
Lot 2. Rare collection of matchboxes.
Lot 3. Several handsum gimmy-pigs.
Lot 4. Job lot of matches, conkers, peg-tops, et seftern.

Any fellows turning up with the intention of larking about will be presented free, gratis and for nothing, with a rare collection of thick cars!