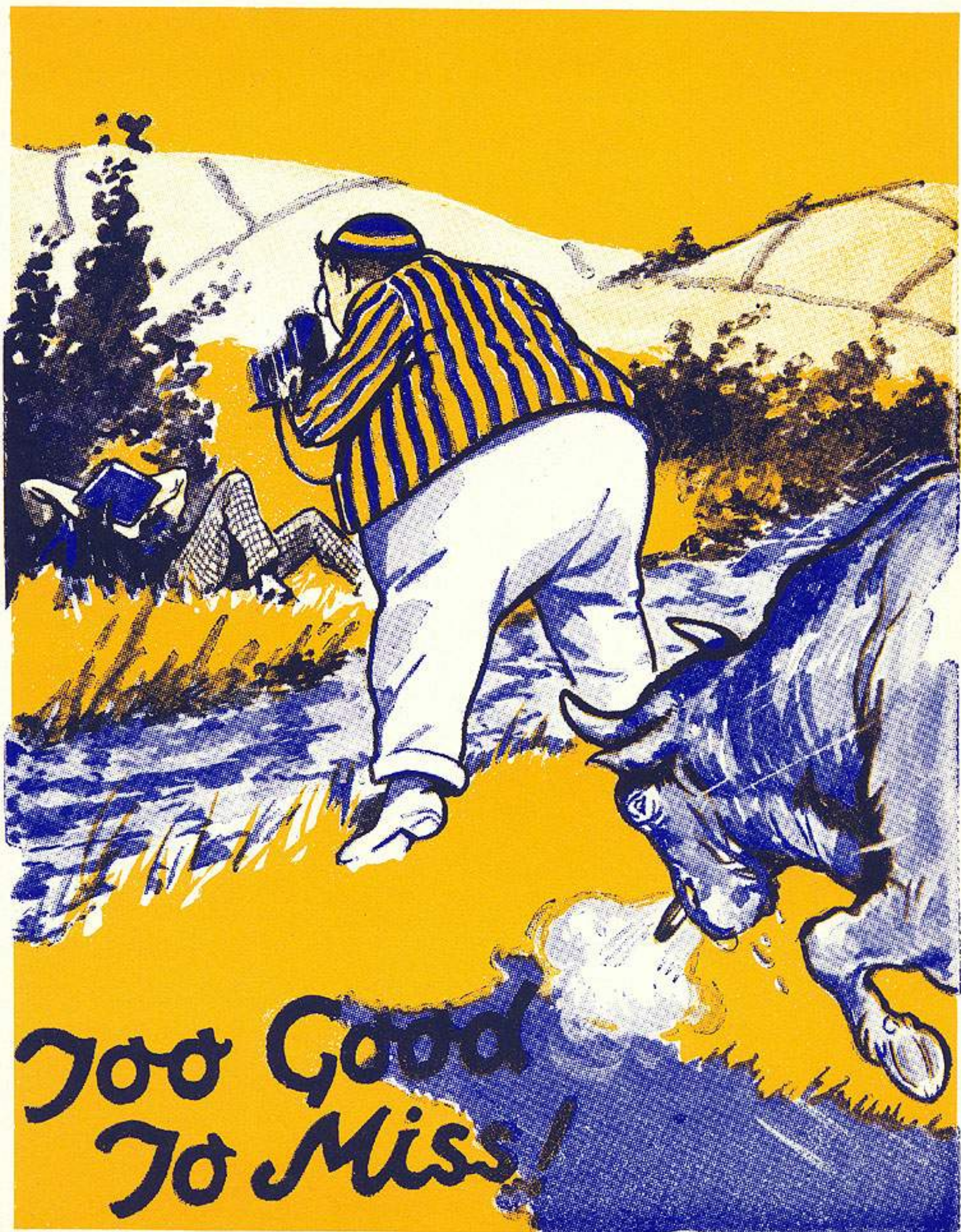


"BILLY BUNTER'S BARGAIN!" LONG COMPLETE **INSIDE!**
SCHOOL STORY

The **MAGNET** 2^D



*Too Good
To Miss*



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., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THERE'S quite a sheaf of letters on my desk awaiting replies, so I had better get my coat off, and "get down to it" without delay! The first letter comes from George Scott, a Peterhead chum, who wants to know which is

THE LARGEST TITAN CRANE IN THE WORLD.

His chum has told him that it is the crane working on the Peterhead break-water. My reader disagrees. I am sorry, but George is wrong, and his chum is right. The Peterhead "Titan" is the largest in the world. Perhaps George has got mixed up with the largest floating crane. That belongs to the Japanese Government, and is used on naval work. Next please?

Here is a letter from Victor Powell, of Norwich.

HE WANTS TO INCREASE HIS HEIGHT.

and he asks me what exercises will help him to do so. Well, any "stretching" exercises will help him, so long as he persists with them. I am afraid I haven't the space to describe them here, but one of them is to lie flat on the floor, with the arms extended, and then to bring the body up to a sitting position, with the arms above the head. Then allow the body to sink back to the first position, repeating the exercise several times. A good book on physical culture will give him details of all the other exercises. But exercise is not sufficient. Good food and plenty of fresh air are essential!

The next query is concerned with JOINING THE AIR FORCE.

A Greenock reader, who signs himself "Airman," wants to become a mechanic in the R.A.F., and asks how to go about it. If he makes inquiries at his local post office, they will give him a booklet which explains the conditions of service, rates of pay, and so on. Or he can write to "Adastral House," Kingsway, London, W.C.2, who will put him into touch with the nearest recruiting depot for the R.A.F., and will also let him know whether he is suitable or not. To join the Air Force, a boy must be physically fit and it depends upon himself to what rank he rises.

HOW IS IT DONE?

asks L. J. Alcock, of Stoke-on-Trent, who describes a conjuring trick he has seen. The "magician" takes a hollow cylinder, and fixes paper over each end by means of rings which just fit the cylinder. Then he taps a hole in one end of the paper and produces scores and scores of handkerchiefs from the apparently empty tube!

The handkerchiefs, of course, are made of fine silk, which allows any number of them to be packed into a very small

space. These are already packed and placed on a shelf behind the "magician's" table, or chair. The first paper and ring are fitted on the tube, which is then held so that the uncovered end just juts below the edge of the table or chair. The prepared roll of handkerchiefs is pushed in quickly, the tube is turned round, and the second paper and ring are fitted. Then it is a simple matter to break the paper and produce the handkerchiefs! The necessary apparatus for doing the trick can be purchased fairly cheaply from the magical department of any good London store.

I THINK, after that, we deserve a little light relief, which is provided by B. Windley, of Corner House, Bromfield Road, Chelmsford, Essex, who sends in a prize-winning yarn this week for which he receives a dandy pocket knife. Here it is (the yarn, I mean, not the knife!).



Long-winded Lecturer: "If I have talked too long, it's because I haven't a watch with me, and there's no clock in the hall."



Voice from Audience: "Yes, but there's a calendar behind you, ain't there?"

REGULAR READER," who does not give his address, asks me two questions. The first is:

WHAT CAUSES A MIRAGE?

A mirage is really a reflection in the sky, and is caused by the heat of the earth. You must often have seen how a fire causes the air above it to quiver and in hot countries the still air sometimes reflects things and throws the reflection on the sky. Generally, however, these reflections are inverted, and it is only when one sees a mirage of a mirage that they appear in their proper form. I once

BOOKS, PENKNIVES and POCKET WALLETS offered for storyettes and Greyfriars limericks. All efforts to be sent to:

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DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY OF WINNING SOMETHING USEFUL!

saw a mirage in London. It was a terribly hot day, and I was walking down the Mall, which faces Buckingham Palace. The heated air reflected the shining surface of the roadway, and, as the air was quivering, it looked as though there was a pond floating in the air several feet above the road! A mirage disappears when you walk towards it, because you get into the region of the heated air yourself, and, like most optical illusions, it is only visible at a certain distance.

His next question concerns

SPEED RECORDS.

What is the greatest speed made in the air, on land, and on water? At the time of going to press the Supermarine Rolls Royce S 6 holds the air record with a speed of 328.63 miles per hour. The Blue Bird—fastest on land—achieved a speed of 245.73 miles per hour, and Miss England II. "knocked up" no less than 103.49 miles per hour on the water.

Phew! Here's a curious query! O. Esker, of Waltham Abbey, wants to know why he has nightmares when he goes to sleep on his left side? It has nothing to do with his heart being on his left side. Nightmares are caused by the brain, and generally come when a person is "run down." Most people only have nightmares when they lie on their backs, because the spine becomes over-heated and transmits a feeling of discomfort to the brain. If my chum has nightmares when he lies on his left side, possibly it is because he bunches the bedclothes at his back, or wraps himself up too warmly. In any case, a little healthy exercise, and plenty of fresh air, will help to put things right. If he is really tired when he goes to bed, and his mind is at ease, he ought soon to rid himself of troublesome nightmares.

I am afraid I will have to hold over a number of inquiries until next week, as my space is running short. Here is a limerick which wins a topping book for E. Cockayne, of 76, College Road, Kensal Rise, N.W.10.

If ever with Cherry you box,
Look out for some sharp, sudden shocks,
His weaving and bobbing
Will soon have you sobbing,
You'll fancy you're falling on rocks!

Don't let the grass grow under your feet, chums. Have a shot at winning one of these useful prizes to-day!

Now for next week's stories. First of all, Frank Richards hits the target again with

"BLUFFING THE BEAKS!"

a magnificent, full-length yarn of the chums of Greyfriars. It's a tale that will hold your interest throughout—and give you plenty of chuckles as well!

Then there is a grand instalment of our splendid serial "Bandits of the Line!" and another ribtickling issue of the "Greyfriars Herald." As usual, there will be the shorter features, including, of course, my little weekly chat with my chums.

YOUR EDITOR.

BILLY BUNTER'S BARGAIN!



Featuring Harry Wharton & Co., the Cheery Chums of Greyfriars

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

"HARRY, old fellow—"
 "Bow-wow!"
 "My dear old chap—"
 "Rats!"
 "I want you to borrow—"
 "Wha-a-at?"

Harry Wharton, the captain of the Greyfriars Remove, stared quite blankly at Billy Bunter.

When Billy Bunter addressed any Greyfriars man as "old fellow," or "dear old chap," it could generally be taken for granted that Bunter wanted that Greyfriars man to lend him something.

So his statement, on the present occasion, that he wanted the "dear old chap" to borrow, was quite startling.

"You want me to borrow?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Yes, old chap; you see—"

"Not to lend?"

"No, old fellow; you see—"

"I don't see!" contradicted Wharton.

"This is the first time you've ever wanted a chap to borrow instead of lending."

"The first-timefulness is terrific," remarked Hurreo Janset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I say, you fellows, give a fellow a chance to speak!" urged Billy Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five of the Remove through his big spectacles.

"Go ahead," chuckled Bob Cherry. "This is getting interesting, if you really want a fellow to borrow, instead of lending."

"The old order changeth, giving place to the new!" quoted Frank Nugent solemnly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"What the thump do you want Wharton to borrow?" asked Johnny Bull. "You don't mean to say your postal order's come at last?"

"Nunno! I'm expecting a postal order."

Bunter strikes a bargain with Price of the Fifth, but the bargain loses some of its attractiveness when Price strikes back with a stump!

"Well, I've heard of a fellow borrowing on his expectations," remarked Bob Cherry, "but a fellow can't borrow on another fellow's expectations."

"Oh, really, Cherry, I wish you'd listen to a chap!" hooted Bunter. "I want Wharton to borrow Penfold's camera."

"Oh!" ejaculated Wharton. Evidently there had been a misunderstanding.

"That's it, old fellow," said Bunter; "Penfold's got a camera, you know. I want you to borrow it; he'll lend it to you—you're pally with the beast."

"What the thump do you want me to borrow Pen's camera for?" demanded Wharton.

"Well, a guinea's a guinea!" said Bunter.

This cryptic reply caused the Famous Five to stare at Bunter blankly.

"Wandering in your mind—if any?" asked Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"Well, what the merry dickens do you mean, if you mean anything?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove, mystified.

It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars School, and the chums of the Remove were about to go down to the cricket when Billy Bunter butted in. But the Owl of the Remove had succeeded in making them forget cricket, for the moment.

"You see, Penfold will lend you his camera, you being pally with the beast," explained Bunter. "It's in the 'Friardale Gazette,' you know."

"Pen's camera is in the 'Friardale Gazette'?" ejaculated Wharton.

"No, you ass! I mean—"

"Oh, you mean something?" asked Bob.

"Will you let a fellow speak?" bawled Bunter. "You fellows are like a sheep's head—all jaw! Look here, it's in the 'Friardale Gazette,' I tell you."

"What's in the 'Friardale Gazette,' you benighted bandersnatch?"

"They're offering a guinea prize for the best local photograph."

"Oh!"

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"A guinea's a guinea," said Bunter. "It's worth bagging, you know. It's got to be a local picture—anything within two or three miles of the place. Of course, Pen's camera is only a cheap one—he can't afford a decent camera—but he takes jolly good pictures with it. Well, I want you to borrow his camera, Wharton—he'll lend it to you."

"My only hat!" said Wharton.

If he had been surprised before, he was still more surprised now.

A guinea was a guinea, as Bunter declared, but really it was quite amazing for Billy Bunter to be taking the trouble to put a guinea in another fellow's way like this.

Generally, if not always, Billy Bunter's fat thoughts were concentrated on his own fat person.

"Not a bad idea," said Frank Nugent, with a nod. "Pen would lend you his camera, Wharton, and you know how to use it. We could stand a study spread with the guinea, if it came this way."

"Good egg!" said Bob.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I fancy there'll be plenty after that guinea, when it gets out," he said. "Most likely Pen will be after it himself, as he's got a camera. Still, if he'll lend me the camera, I might have a shot at it."

"Oh, really, Wharton!"

"Much obliged, old fat man," said Harry. "I haven't seen the 'Friardale Gazette,' and I might not have heard of it. We're going down to the cricket now, but I'll speak to Pen at tea-time and see about it."

"Look here, you ass—"

"And we'll ask you to the spread if the guinea turns up," said Harry reassuringly.

"Oh, really, Wharton; if you think you're going to bag my guinea—"

"Eh?"

"It's my guinea, if it comes to Greyfriars at all!" said Billy Bunter warmly. "I want you to borrow Pen's camera to lend to me."

"Oh!"

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

The secret was out now!

For the moment the chums of the Remove had fancied that William George Bunter was seeking to do another fellow a good turn. They realised that they might have known their Bunter better!

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" snapped Bunter. "You see, I want you to borrow Pen's camera, without mentioning that it's for me. He'll lend it to you, as you're pally with the brute. He won't lend it to me. He makes out that I don't take care of a fellow's things, you know, just because I dropped it and broke the lens when he lent it to me before. You borrow it—"

"You fat villain!"

"And mind you don't mention it's for me. Keep that dark," said Bunter anxiously; "and mind you don't mention anything about the prize in the local paper. You see, Penfold's going in for it—it was his paper I saw it in, you know. I wondered why he was rooting in the local paper, and I looked and saw it, you know, about the guinea. And—"

"You pernicious porpoise!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! Look here, you cut in now and borrow that camera before Penfold goes out. I believe he's going to take it with him—he's after that guinea, you know. But he'll lend it to you, if you make a special point of it. You can say you're going over to Cliff House, and want to take Marjorie's photograph, see?"

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"Why, you—you—you—"

"That will stuff him up all right," said Bunter. "You see, I'm jolly well going to bag that guinea, and I've simply got to have a camera. Penfold's is only a rotten cheap one, but what's a fellow to do? Price of the Fifth has a splendid camera, but a Fifth Form man wouldn't lend it to a Remove chap. And—and it's risky borrowing it without asking him."

"But—"

"I say, old chap, never mind about cricket, just cut in and—"

"And bag Pen's camera for a fathead who's pretty certain to damage it, and tell him a bushel of lies about it?" ejaculated Wharton. "Is that the programme?"

"Well, it's no good telling him it's for me—he wouldn't lend it," said Bunter.

"Be diplomatic, you know; tell him you want to take Marjorie's photograph at Cliff House. Or say you've promised to go over to Highcliffe and take Courtenay's photograph. Say anything you like, so long as you get the camera!" added Bunter generously. "I don't mind."

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

"You fat sweep!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "Well, I'm not going to bag Pen's camera for you, and I'm not going to tell a heap of whoppers for you; but I'm going to bang your head on this elm—"

"I say—leggo—ow—leggo—"

"Like that!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"And that—"

"Whooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. walked down to the cricket ground. Billy Bunter was left under the elm, rubbing his bullet head where it had smitten the trunk—and roaring. And the chums of the Remove cheerfully left him to roar.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter in Search of a Camera!

"QUELCH wants you!"

"Oh, bother!" said Dick Penfold.

Dick Penfold was in his study, No. 8 in the Remove, when Billy Bunter put a fat face in at the doorway.

Pen was occupied in loading his camera. His study-mate, Monty Newland, was sitting on the table, watching him. Newland had a copy of the "Friardale Gazette" in his hands; the local paper in which the munificent offer of one guinea was made for the best local photograph by a local resident.

A guinea was not a large sum to Monty Newland, who was one of the richest fellows in the Remove, but it was a great deal to Pen, who was the son of the village cobbler at Friardale, and at Greyfriars on a scholarship. Pen was very keen on getting a picture that would capture the editorial guinea, and his chum heartily sympathised. They were going forth together that afternoon along the banks of the Sark, to look for a favourable spot to take a picture. So Bunter's announcement that Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, wanted Penfold was distinctly disconcerting.

"What the dickens does he want?" asked Penfold.

"You!" answered Bunter. "And he looks rather ratty, so you'd better buck up! It's not safe to keep Quelch waiting. I'll mind your camera, if you like, while you're gone to Quelch's study."

"I'll take it with me," answered Pen.

"We'll call in on Quelch as we go out, Newland."

"Right-ho!" agreed Newland.

Billy Bunter's fat face fell.

Dick Penfold finished winding the film into his camera, placed it in its little leather case, and slung it over his shoulder.

"I—I say, I—I wouldn't take the camera to Quelch's study, if I were you," said Bunter anxiously.

"Why not, fathead?"

"Well, better leave it here," said Bunter. "If you like, I'll stay in the study and look after it."

"You silly ass!"

"Oh, really, Penfold—"

"Come on, Newland."

Monty Newland slipped from the study table, and the chums of No. 8 moved towards the door.

"I—I say, now I come to think of it, it's not Quelch that wants you—it's the Head!" said Bunter hastily.

"What?" ejaculated Penfold.

"It's the Head—he wants to see you for—something! You can't take that camera into the Head's study, you know! Leave it here, old chap! I'll look after it."

Penfold stared blankly at the Owl of the Remove, and Monty Newland burst into a chuckle.

"You fat sweep!" roared Penfold. "Are you trying to stuff me that Quelch has sent for me, to get hold of my camera?"

"Nunno! Nothing of the sort! The fact is, Price of the Fifth is lending me a camera!" gasped Bunter. "But—but—Dr. Quelch—I mean Dr. Locke—wants you to go to Quelch's study—I mean the Head's study, and—and, of course, I shouldn't think of touching your camera while you're gone, and nipping out of gates with it. I never thought of anything of the kind, you know! I wouldn't."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Newland. "I don't think I'd go and see Quelch, Pen, or the Head either."

Penfold grinned.

"I think not," he agreed. "Get out of the way, Bunter, you fat idiot!"

"I—I say, aren't you going to the Head, old chap?"

"No, fathead!"

"Or to Quelch?"

"No, idiot!"

"Well, I—I say, Loder, of the Sixth, wants you!" gasped Bunter.

"Loder!" yelled Pen.

"Yes! Better not keep him waiting—he's in a rotten bad temper! And—and you'd better leave your camera here when you go to see Loder—yarooooh!"

Billy Bunter broke off suddenly as Pen gave him a shove that dislodged him from the study doorway.

The fat junior sat down in the Remove passage with a bump.

"Oooooooooooooop!"

Penfold and Newland, grinning, walked down the Remove passage to the stairs. Billy Bunter sat and blinked after them through his big spectacles, and gasped for breath.

"Ow! Beast! Ow!" gurgled Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove picked himself up. He glared after the two juniors as they went down the Remove staircase with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

Pen was gone—and his camera was gone with him! Evidently the fat junior was not going to take that camera for a walk that fine and sunny summer's afternoon. It was excellent weather for photography; it was a half-holiday, and Bunter was free from classes—all he needed was a camera! But Penfold,

with the selfishness to which Bunter was sadly accustomed, was going to use his camera himself, instead of lending it to the fat Owl.

But Bunter had to have a camera, if he was going to bag that editorial guinea from the "Friardale Gazette."

He had mapped the whole thing out. Somebody was to lend him a camera. Somebody else was to lend him a bob or so for a roll of films. Somebody was to develop the photograph for him in the dark-room. Somebody was to print it out for him. Somebody was to lend him a stamp to send it to the paper.

Bunter's own part in the proceedings was to bag the guinea prize, and expend

study-mate, Hilton, would be indoors on that glorious summer's afternoon. Still, a fellow had to be careful when he was going to borrow a camera without mentioning the fact to the owner.

Bunter tapped at the door. If there had been an answer from within, the fat junior was prepared to scuttle away, leaving Price to wonder who had knocked. But there was no answer from within, and Bunter opened the door.

The study was empty.

Bunter grinned, rolled into the study, and shut the door after him. Price and Hilton, no doubt had gone out for the afternoon; anyhow, they were not in

and Hilton of the Fifth came into the study.

Billy Bunter trembled.

He had Price's camera under his arm, and if the beasts closed the door, he—

He could only hope that they wouldn't!

He heard a key click, and a sound of fumbling. Price was fumbling in his desk.

"Here they are!" It was Price's voice. "Have one before we start, old bean."

Bunter guessed that it was a packet of cigarettes that Price had taken from his desk. He knew something of the



Instead of halting, Price walked straight up and knocked the camera out of Pen's hand. "You cheeky ass!" roared the amateur photographer. "What are you up to?"

the same on refreshment, liquid and solid for the inner Bunter!

It was quite an attractive programme, really, if the beasts would only have played up!

The fat Owl rolled away to the Fifth Form quarters.

Price of the Fifth had a camera; but if Bunter had asked for the loan of it, he would have been unlikely to receive anything more useful than a cuff or a kick from Stephen Price.

If he was going to borrow a Fifth Form man's camera, it was clear that he had to borrow it without the Fifth Form man's knowledge.

So the Owl of the Remove was rather cautious as he approached Price's study in the Fifth.

It was not likely that Price, or his

the study. Bunter proceeded to look round for Price's camera.

No doubt that camera was in the study somewhere. Unfortunately, it was not on view. Bunter blinked round, and rooted through the shelves, and the bookcase, and the cupboard. It was ten minutes before he found the camera. But he found it at last, put it under a fat arm, and started for the door.

Just as he reached the door, it opened. Bunter jumped.

Evidently Price and Hilton were not gone out for the afternoon—not yet, at all events.

With wonderful presence of mind, Bunter dodged behind the door as it opened.

It was thrown wide open, and Price

manners and customs of the black sheep of the Fifth. Bunter hardly breathed.

"No; let's get out," said Hilton.

Bunter breathed again.

"No hurry," said Price. "We're not expected before four."

"Look here, Steve!" Cedric Hilton's voice was hesitating. "I'm not keen on it. Let's give it a miss. It's too good an afternoon to spend in that dingy hole."

Bunter wondered what was the "dingy hole" alluded to. Probably the Cross Keys at Friardale.

"What rot!" said Price.

"Well, what about gettin' down to the cricket?" said Hilton. "Blundell will expect us to turn up at games practice—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,221,

"Blundell can go and eat coke!"
A match scratched in the study.
"For goodness' sake shut the door, if you're goin' to smoke, Price!" exclaimed Hilton irritably. "You don't want all Greyfriars to see you, I suppose?"

"You're gettin' nervy, old bean! The prefects won't come nosin' along in the Fifth. Wingate and most of them are sweatin' at the cricket now."

"Oh, don't be an ass!"
There was a scent of cigarette smoke in the study. Hilton strode to the door and slammed it.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter, as he was revealed.

Hilton of the Fifth stared at him blankly.

"What the thump—" he ejaculated. Price, with a black brow, hastily tossed the cigarette into the grate. With all his assumption of recklessness, the black sheep of the Fifth did not want to be seen smoking, even by a junior of the Lower Fourth.

"Why, you prying young rotter—" Stephen Price made a jump at the terrified Owl.

"I—I say, you fellows—" gasped Bunter.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Price, with a savage look at the fat junior.

"N-n-nothing, old chap! I—I—"

"Why, he's got my camera!" exclaimed Price. "You fat scoundrel—"

"I—I—I haven't—I—I—I mean—" stuttered Bunter.

Price of the Fifth grabbed the camera with one hand. He grabbed Billy Bunter with the other.

Bunter yelled in anticipation.

His anticipations were fully realised. Price laid the camera on the table, and caught up a cricket stump.

Whack, whack, whack!
"Ow! Oh crumbs! Oh crikey! Leave off!" yelled Bunter, struggling frantically in the grasp of the Fifth-Former. "Ow! Wow! I didn't—I wasn't—I never—I say—yaroooooh!"

"Open the door, Cedric."
Hilton, grinning, opened the door. Price laid down the cricket stump, and spun Bunter round to the doorway. Bunter guessed what was coming, and he squirmed with apprehension.

"Ow! Beast! If you kick me—Yaroooooh!"

Crash!
Price's boot landed with terrific force on a pair of tight trousers. Bunter fairly flew through the doorway.

He landed in the Fifth Form passage with a bump.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Bunter rolled and roared. Price, apparently considering that Bunter had not had enough yet, followed him into the passage. Another kick landed on Bunter as he rolled—another as he scrambled to his feet—and another as he fled down the Fifth Form passage.

It was a breathless and gasping Bunter who escaped at last. In Study No. 7 in the Remove Billy Bunter gasped and gurgled, and gurgled and gasped, and forgot all about his search for a camera. For quite a long time he had other and more painful matters to occupy his attention.

Still, Bunter was a stickler. A glance into Mr. Wiggins' study showed him that the master of the Second was "not at home." Bunter's eyes gleamed. He remembered that Mr. Wiggins was an amateur photographer even as his eyes fell on a handsome-looking camera that reposed on a bookshelf. In less than two minutes Mr. Wiggins' camera was concealed under Bunter's jacket. What

Mr. Wiggins would say or do when he discovered that his camera was missing scarcely troubled Bunter. Doubtless he was relying on the fact that Wiggins was a notoriously absent-minded gentleman.

Armed with the camera, Bunter betook himself along the towpath in search of the ideal picture. After much deliberation the fat Owl of the Remove paused beside a tributary of the Sark and gazed with excitement at the very unusual view of a figure in cap and gown sprawled in a very ungainly and undignified attitude in the grass on the other side of the stream.

"He, he, he!" giggled Bunter. "It's old Wiggins himself! Taking forty winks!"

Even Bunter's shortsightedness got that fact right. It was indeed Mr. Wiggins. Doubtless the heat of the day and the privacy of the meadow had induced a feeling of sleepiness and the master of the Second had succumbed to it. While he drowsed on, Billy Bunter began to focus him in the view-finder.

"He, he, he!" cachinnated Bunter. "This is worth a guinea. Why, old Wiggins would give me that for the negative. It'll be a shock to him when I develop a print."

So engrossed was Bunter in his thoughts and the job of focusing the sleeping figure of the Form master that he failed to hear the sound of trampling feet behind him. Had he turned his head he would have seen Farmer Jason's bull bearing down upon him in a raging gallop.

Evidently the bull had escaped from his tethering rope. There was an angry glint in his eyes that boded ill for his victim. The victim, of course, was Bunter. His ample back view afforded a view that no angry bull could deign to miss. Thus, while Bunter mused on the shock that was coming to Wiggins, a shock attacked him from the rear, so to speak.

The Owl of the Remove heard the approach of the enraged bull, at last, and turned his head quickly.

"Ow!" That was all Bunter had time to ejaculate.

Crash!
Next minute the lowered head of the bull caught him amidships, so to speak, and the fat junior shot like a bullet from a catapult, describing a beautiful arc, and eventually landed in a heap ten feet from where he had originally stood. The camera flew out of his hand, thudded to the ground, and rolled, a battered wreck, into the stream.

The bull stood by the water's edge undecided whether to pursue Bunter. But by this time the terrified Owl of the Remove had picked himself up, and was racing away as fast as his fat little legs would carry him. Fortunately, he was not badly hurt, but he ached all over, for all that.

His one desire at the moment was to put as much distance between himself and Jason's bull as was possible. Of the camera and Mr. Wiggins he gave not a thought. And while Bunter scudded homewards, Mr. Wiggins snored on, unaware of the fate of his camera, or of the bull that raged so close to him.

Once Bunter was out of sight, the bull glared at the sleeping figure of Mr. Wiggins on the other side of the stream, and then trotted off the way it had come. Mr. Wiggins was never to know how near he had been to sharing the fate that had overtaken William George Bunter.



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THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Sportsman of the Fifth!

"HERE, you men!" shouted Blundell, the captain of the Fifth.

Price compressed his lips. "Keep on!" he muttered. Price and Hilton were walking down to the school gates when Blundell hailed them. George Blundell was in flannels, with a bat under his arm, apparently bound for cricket. Price and Hilton walked on, and the captain of the Fifth stared after them.

Blundell was a great man; not merely a Form captain but a First Eleven man, and a great "blood." He frowned as his hail was passed unregarded. He strode after the two Fifth-Formers.

"Hold on, you two!" he called. Cedric Hilton hesitated. On that glorious summer's afternoon Hilton would have preferred cricket on Big Side at Greyfriars to billiards at the Cross Keys. He had given in to his more masterful friend, as he generally did; but Blundell's call made his uncertain mind sway again. Price gave him an acid sidelong look.

"Come on, you ass!" he muttered. "Well, there's Blundell—" "Blow Blundell—" But George Blundell, captain of the Fifth, was not to be "blowed." As the two seniors did not choose to stop or look round, Blundell broke into a run, and overtook them before they reached the gates. Price gave a startled yelp as the business end of Blundell's bat jammed into the small of his back.

"Ow!" "Just hold on!" growled Blundell. The two seniors stopped, and turned. They could hardly pretend now that they did not hear Blundell. Price gave the captain of the Fifth a vicious glance. "What the thump do you want with me, Blundell?" he snapped.

"Nothing with you, Price!" answered Blundell, without troubling to conceal a touch of contempt. "You can slack around as much as you like, and I shan't bother about you. I want Hilton."

"Well, Hilton's comin' out with me." "You see—" murmured Hilton.

"Look here, Hilton! You can play cricket, and you're wanted in the Form team," said Blundell. "We've got a chance of beating the Sixth in the next Form match, now that man Lancaster's not playing for them. Don't you want to play for your Form, you slacker?"

"Well, yes; but—" "Think you can play for your Form without putting in practice at games, and slacking about with Price?"

"Well, no; but—" "Well, come on and get changed, and come down to the cricket," said Blundell, "and don't waste time!"

Hilton looked rather uncertainly from one to the other. Price compressed his thin lips.

"Look here, Blundell, Hilton's comin' with me this afternoon, and we've got an appointment."

"Anything important?" "Yes!" snapped Price.

"Well, you can tell me what it is." "I don't see why I should gratify your curiosity."

"No," snorted Blundell, "you needn't; I can jolly well guess what it is! And I jolly well wish a prefect would drop on you when you're keeping that precious appointment! I fancy there would be one shady rotter the fewer at Greyfriars afterwards!"

Price's face was almost pale with rage. He opened his lips for a savage

reply; but closed them with that reply unuttered. Blundell was not the man to take "back-chat" from a fellow he despised.

The Fifth Form captain slipped his arm through that of Hilton, who stood uncertain and wavering.

"Come on, old bean!" he said, and he fairly dragged Hilton away.

"Look here, Hilton—" yelled Price.

"Sorry, old man, but—" Hilton's answer remained unfinished, as the captain of the Fifth marched him off.

Price stood staring after them, his lips shut in a tight line. Evidently Cedric Hilton was not going to the Cross Keys with him that afternoon.

"The weak-kneed rotter!" muttered

such a spot as the Cross Keys, which, of course, was strictly out of bounds.

Any junior found at that doleful resort would have been flogged; but a senior was more likely to be "sacked." The sportsman of the Fifth walked quickly along the towpath, and was soon out of sight from the school boat-house.

"Look out! Stop!" Price stared round irritably as he was hailed.

Two juniors—Penfold and Newland of the Remove—were on the towpath, half-way to Price's destination.

Penfold was carefully sighting his camera, to take in a view of the river and the wooded bank beyond; and Price came walking right across the line of vision.

It was Newland who called to him. Price scowled at the two juniors. He had to put up with "slanging" from Blundell of the Fifth, but that made him less than ever inclined to take cheek from Lower boys.

"What the thump do you mean?" he snarled.

"Hold on a minute," said Newland. "Pen's taking a picture—you'll spoil it."

"You cheeky young sweep!" "Oh, hold on!" said Newland. "It won't hurt you to stop for a minute, will it?"

Certainly it would not have hurt Price of the Fifth to stop for a minute; but he was not an obliging fellow, and he was not in an obliging mood. He was irritated and angry, and rather anxious to find a victim for his ill-temper.

Instead of stopping, therefore, he walked straight up to the amateur photographer, and knocked the little camera out of Pen's hand.

There was a yell from Penfold as his camera rolled in the grass.

"You cheeky ass! What are you up to?"

"You silly fathead!" shouted Newland indignantly.

Smack.

Monty Newland gave a howl as Price's open hand landed on his ear.

"Ow! You rotten bully!" gasped Newland.

Penfold was jumping after his fallen camera. But as that loud smack rang out and Newland yelled, Pen left the camera where it was, and turned on the Fifth-Former.

"Back up, Newland!" he exclaimed. "What-ho!"

Price of the Fifth jumped back as the two juniors sprang at him. But Remove heads were not to be smacked with impunity—a circumstance that the ill-tempered Fifth-Former had rather forgotten. Penfold and Newland rushed on him recklessly, collared him, and bore him backwards into the grass.

"Oh!" roared Price.

He sprawled in the grass, with the two Removites sprawling over him. There was a wild and whirling tussle on the towpath, and Price was rather dishevelled by the time he dragged himself loose.

He scrambled to his feet, almost foaming with rage, and clenched his fists, with the intention of knocking the cheeky Removites spinning. But the cheeky Removites faced him, with clenched fists and gleaming eyes, and Price thought better of it. He scowled blackly, turned, and strode on his way.

"Cheeky rotter!" gasped Newland. "What's the brute got his rag out like that for, I wonder?"

"Perhaps his favourite geegee has come in eleventh!" grinned Penfold. Newland chuckled.

IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE
to
RAISE A SMILE!

Master B. Thickett, of 86, Gloucester Road, Stonegravel, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, has done the trick, and wins a penknife for his trouble. Here's his winning effort:



"Yes, doctor," said the patient, "I have been suffering like this for a long time. I consulted the chemist—"

"You consulted the chemist?" exclaimed the doctor. "Good gracious, man! You surely know chemists always give the wrong advice. What did he tell you to do?"

"He told me to come to you!" said the patient.

LOOK SLIPPY, LADS, AND
LET'S HEAR FROM YOU!

Price savagely. "The dashed nincompoop! The flabby ass!"

He turned and tramped angrily out of gates.

With his hands in his pockets and a scowl on his face, Stephen Price slouched down to the towpath. The Sark flowed rippling in the sunshine, and there were a good many boats on the river. Coker of the Fifth hailed Price from the raft. Coker was going out in a boat; but his chums, Potter and Greene, were at cricket.

"Here, Price! Like to steer for me?" bawled Coker.

"Rats! No!" snapped Price.

The sunny river did not tempt him, though really any fellow might have thought it more tempting than a stuffy, dingy billiards-room.

He tramped down the towpath. At a considerable distance from the school, the back gate of the Cross Keys gave on the river, and that was a safer way of approach than by the front entrance near the village of Friardale. A Greyfriars man had to be careful in haunting

"Is the camera damaged, old man?"

"No, that's all right. Bother the fellow—he's spoiled a film! Still, I've got eight in the camera."

And dismissing Price of the Fifth from their minds, the amateur photographers proceeded with their work—which was, perhaps, to bring a much-needed guinea to the scholarship junior.

Price of the Fifth arrived at the gate of the long inn-garden. He glanced round furtively, whipped over the gate, and walked up the path to the inn.

There, in the dingy, smoky atmosphere of the billiards-room, in the congenial company of the red-nosed, whisky-scented Mr. Jerry Hawke, Price recovered his good-humour. And after a game of billiards—at which Mr. Hawke genially relieved him of some of his spare cash—the Fifth Form sportsman strolled on to the veranda, at the back of the inn, with his sporting friend, to smoke cigarettes and discuss the chances of Blue Nose for the Welsh Handicap. He did not envy Hilton on the cricket field, and he had quite forgotten the Remove photographers—but he was destined to be reminded of them later, in a way of which he certainly did not dream.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Face in the Negative!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! What luck?"

Harry Wharton & Co. were coming in from the cricket, when Penfold and Monty Newland came in with the camera. The Famous Five were not keenly interested in photography, but they were friendly with Pen, and interested in his attempt to capture the "Friardale Gazette" prize. So they stopped to inquire.

"I've got seven pictures," said Penfold, tapping his camera, "that ass Price of the Fifth butted in and spoiled a film on my roll. But, out of seven, I hope there'll be one good enough for the paper."

"Why didn't you take a second roll, fathead, and make sure?"

Penfold laughed.

"Bob a time!" he answered. "I haven't a frightful lot of bobs."

"The silly owl won't let me lend him a bob," said Newland, "though he could square out of the guinea."

"I haven't bagged the guinea yet," said Pen, "it's not much, but there will be a lot of local photographers trying for it."

"You've got a jolly old rival in Bunter!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Bunter's after that guinea if he can bag somebody's camera and learn how to use it."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Talk of porpoises, and you hear them grunt!" said Bob. "What luck have you had, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter gave the juniors a reproachful blink through his big spectacles. He was still feeling sore from his recent encounter with Jason's bull, but he had enough sense not to mention anything about Mr. Wiggins' camera. That was a secret that was confined to a certain stream not far from Greyfriars.

"I haven't taken my photographs," said Bunter. "You know how selfish Pen is—he wouldn't lend me his camera."

"Frightfully selfish of a fellow to want to use his own camera!" said Bob sympathetically. "Awful, in fact."

"The awfulness is terrific."

"And that beast Price of the Fifth nabbed me just when I'd got hold of his camera," said Bunter. "He kicked me—"

"Hard, I hope?" said Johnny Bull.

"Beast! I say, you fellows, it's pretty hard lines," said Bunter. "I should have bagged that guinea. They want a photograph of a local beauty spot, you know, and, with my artistic eye, I'm the man to pick it out—"

"Which is your artistic eye, old bean? Which of the four?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah! Look here, Penfold, I suppose you'll lend me that camera to-morrow? One of you fellows can lend me a bob for a roll of film—films only cost a bob a roll for that rotten, cheap camera of Penfold's. You can develop the photographs for me, Wharton—you know how to do it. And Pen can print them out for me. And—"

"Many hands make light work!" grinned Nugent. "Bunter's going to do nothing but bag the guinea."

"If my postal order comes in time, I shall buy a camera," said Bunter with dignity. "Not a rotten cheap one like that, Penfold. Blessed if I know how you expect to take a good picture with a measly thing like that. Still, if my postal order doesn't come, it will be a case of any port in a storm, you know, so I think I'll borrow it."

"Think again!" said Pen laughing. "You cracked the lens last time I lent it to you."

"Well, you've got a new lens, so that's all right. If you're going to be mean about that camera, Penfold—"

"I am, awfully."

"I suppose it cost you something for a new lens, and, of course, you can't afford it," said Bunter disdainfully. "I'll pay for that, if you like."

"Shell out then."

"When my postal order comes, I mean—"

"The whenfulness is terrific," remarked Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh.

"In the meantime," continued Bunter, "I want a camera, and—I say, you fellows, don't walk away while a fellow's talking to you."

But the fellows did walk away. Billy Bunter's conversation seemed to have palled, as it often did.

Bunter grunted, and rolled into the House, with a dissatisfied frown. He was feeling a very ill-used youth. He felt that it was a selfish world, and he really wondered, sometimes, whether he might not grow selfish himself in the long run in such selfish surroundings.

Penfold, with a cheery face, went to ask Mr. Hacker for the key of the dark-room, and proceeded thither to develop his photographs. Monty Newland accompanied him to watch results.

Pen was very careful with his developing. Cash was always at a minimum with the cobbler's son of Friardale, and even a shilling for a roll of films was a serious consideration to Pen. Monty Newland had more pound notes than Pen had shillings, but it would never have occurred to Penfold to sponge on his wealthy chum. A good many hours had been spent that afternoon along the banks of the Sark, in selecting favourable spots for taking the pictures, and every snap had been a labour of love.

When the roll was immersed, Pen watched it anxiously. Price of the Fifth had cost him one film out of the eight, and there was another of which Pen was doubtful.

"I'm afraid that rotten pub comes into the last picture," he said. "We

were rather too near the back gate of the Cross Keys, Monty."

"That won't hurt," said Newland. "It will be only the back of the place, in the distance."

"Might be a boozy face in the picture, too! Old Cobb, or Jerry Hawke might come into it."

"Oh, my hat! That wouldn't do!"

"Look!" said Pen.

In the last film on the roll, through an opening of leafy trees, the back of the Cross Keys inn came out quite clearly.

The veranda that ran along the back of the inn was quite distinct, and there were two persons in the veranda smoking cigarettes.

Penfold gave a start.

In the negative, the lights were dark, and the darks were light, but there was something familiar in both the faces that showed at the back of the Cross Keys.

"That's Jerry Hawke," said Newland. "I'd know his greasy mug anywhere."

"But—the other—" breathed Penfold.

"Great pip! It—it's not—"

"I jolly well believe it is—Price of the Fifth!" gasped Penfold. "I can't be sure—but—I believe—"

"Oh, Christopher Columbus!" ejaculated Newland.

Penfold's face was very grave, in the red glimmer in the dark-room, as he proceeded to fix and wash the negative. It was difficult to say, with certainty, until he saw it in the print, but he had the strong impression that one of the faces in the film was that of Stephen Price of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars.

"Lucky nobody's seen it but us!" murmured Newland. "That's enough to get Price sacked from the school."

"Serve him jolly well right if he was—but we don't want to have a hand in it," said Pen. "We'll make sure when I print these out in the morning, and, if that's Price's mug, I'll destroy the negative at once. That will leave me six to select from. It's rather rotten, too—the trees come out beautifully in that picture. But I couldn't publish a picture of a Greyfriars man blagging at a pub!"

Newland chuckled.

"Fancy Price's face—if he saw it in the 'Friardale Gazette'! Fancy the Head's!"

"Oh, my hat! Keep it dark, old chap—no need to say a word about it, even in the Remove."

"Least said, soonest mended!" agreed Newland.

The matter was dismissed from mind, when the amateur photographers left the dark-room. Little as the two chums liked Stephen Price, and little cause as they had to like him, they were not disposed to talk about his shady proceedings, or to cause him trouble with his headmaster. If that face in the Cross Keys veranda proved, ultimately, to be that of Price of the Fifth, the picture would be destroyed, and not a word said on the subject.

Billy Bunter met the two juniors when they came up to the Remove passage for prep.

He blinked at them morosely through his big spectacles.

"How's the pictures?" he asked.

"Pretty good, thanks," answered Pen.

"Think you're likely to bag the guinea with one of them?"

"I've got a chance, I hope."

"You don't seem to realise that that guinea is practically mine," said Bunter.

"You silly owl!"

"If you'd lent me your camera—"
 "Fathead!"
 "And if I'd taken the pictures—"
 "Ass!"

"Well, it's pretty mean to bag another fellow's guinea," said Bunter scornfully. "I suppose you wouldn't understand it, being a scholarship bounder, and a no-class rotter. Blessed if I know why they let cobblers into a school like Greyfriars! I hardly know what my titled relations would think of it, if they knew. It's a bit thick, ain't it?"

"You benighted idiot—"

"Butting in, and bagging a fellow's guinea!" sneered Bunter. "Not that a guinea's much to me! It's a lot to you, I dare say."

"It's a lot to me," agreed Pen, "and if it isn't much to you, what are you worrying about?"

"Well, cricket's cricket," said Bunter. "As soon as I read about it in your paper, I made up my mind to bag that guinea. It's not much to me; still, it will come in useful, as there's some delay in my postal order. I must say I think you're a mean rotter, Penfold."

"Thanks!"

"And a measly worm!" said Bunter.

"Is that the lot?" asked Pen

"And I jolly well wish they'd boot you out, and send you back to your cobbler's shop, and—
 Yaroooooh!"

Pen's patience seemed to be exhausted at that point; which was perhaps not surprising. He grasped the Owl of the Remove by the collar, and there was a resounding crack, as Bunter's bullet head came into sudden contact with the wall of the Remove passage.

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Bunter.

"Have another?"

"Owl No! Leggo, you beast! Wow!"

Penfold and Newland went on to their study, leaving behind them a sadder if not a wiser Bunter.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Astonishes the Natives!

"GREAT pip!"

"What?"

"Some ass," said Bob Cherry, "said that the age of miracles was past. It isn't. Bunter's up before rising-bell!"

"My only hat!"

It was amazing—but true!

The rising-bell clanged out over Greyfriars School in the summer morning. Bob Cherry, generally the first up in the Remove, jumped actively out of bed. But on this particular morning, Robert Cherry was not the first up. A bed was already empty; and that bed was the bed of William George Bunter, the fattest, laziest, and slackest fellow in the Lower Fourth.

"Bunter up!" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

"The upfulness is terrific—and the surprisefulness is preposterous," exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh,

Peter Todd stared at the bed left vacant by his fat study-mate. Peter rubbed his nose in amazement.

"Bunter can't be after grub before brekker," he said. "The tuckshop isn't open yet—and there's nothing in the studies. But if he isn't after grub, what on earth has he turned out for?"

"Echo answers what!" grinned Nugent. "Turning over a new leaf, perhaps, and setting us a shining example."

Every man in the Remove was surprised. Billy Bunter generally clung to bed till the latest possible moment. Generally he left himself very little time even for a wash; an extra nap weighed more, in Bunter's estimation, than washing. Often he bolted down to prayers in an unfinished state, with his waistcoat

the studies for a left-over cake or jam-tart?" asked Nugent.

"No, you beast!"

"Then what the thump are you up for, before rising-bell?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"Setting you slackers an example," answered Bunter. "I really wonder you ain't ashamed of yourselves, frowsting in bed on a lovely morning like this! Blessed set of slackers!"

Bunter had the advantage for once. There was no doubt that, for the first time in history, he had been out of bed before the Famous Five.

"Lazybones!" said Bunter, with a disdainful blink through his big spectacles. "Slackers! Frowsters! Sticking in bed, when other fellows are getting up and out. Yah!"



Price let out at Billy Bunter, missed, and caught the hard stone wall instead. "Yarooooh!" he yelled. Bunter raced on as if he were on the cinder-path.

half-buttoned over half-buckled braces. Now he was up, dressed, and gone, before the earliest riser in the Remove rose at the earliest clang of the rising-bell.

"He's up to something," said Skinner. "Some fellow's left some tuck in his study over night, I fancy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five were first down. The bell had not yet rung for prayers, and they trotted in the sunny quadrangle, and there they found William George Bunter. The fat junior was strolling with his hands in his pockets, and a cheery grin on his fat face.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" bawled Bob Cherry. "Why this thushness, Bunt?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"What are you up to, porpoise?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Eh? Nothing."

"Whose tuck have you been bagging?"

"You silly ass!" hooted Bunter. "I haven't had a bite yet! I'm frightfully hungry. I say, you fellows, the tuckshop ought to open earlier. Or else we ought to have brekker before prayers."

"You haven't been rooting through

"My esteemed idiotic Bunter—"

"I say, you fellows, it's a bit sickening old Mrs. Mible not opening the shop before brekker," said Bunter. "Look here, perhaps she'd let me in if I banged at the door. Lend me a bob—"

"Bow-wow!"

"I told you I'm expecting a postal order to-day—"

"The same one you were expecting last term?" asked Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! Look here, lend me a bob, and I'll let you have it back out of the guinea."

"Pen's guinea?" asked Wharton laughing.

"My guinea!" roared Bunter. "I can jolly well tell you fellows I'm going to bag that guinea. My photographs—"

"But you haven't taken any."

Bunter grinned.

"That's all you know!" he answered. "I can tell you, I've got a jolly good chance for that guinea, with my views of the Sark."

"But you haven't—"

"Oh, don't jaw, old chap! Just lend me a bob, and—don't walk away while I'm talking to you, you beast."

"Bobs" were not forthcoming, and Billy Bunter had to wait till the breakfast bell rang before he broke his fast.

Had anyone taken particular notice of Billy Bunter in the Form-room that morning, it might have been observed that a sly grin lurked on his fat and fatuous face.

Bunter had some secret cause of satisfaction, which he did not confide to other fellows in the Remove.

But nobody took any particular notice of Bunter; so his sly grins passed unheeded.

When the Remove were dismissed for break, the fat junior remained behind in the Form-room, to speak to Mr. Quelch.

"What is it, Bunter?" asked the Remove master, glancing at the fat figure that stopped at his high desk.

"If you please, sir, can I have leave in break to bike down to Courtfield?" asked Bunter.

"There would be hardly time before third school, Bunter," answered Mr. Quelch, shaking his head.

"It's rather important, sir. In—in fact, it—it's awfully important," said the Owl of the Remove. "I—I've got some photographs I want printed at the Courtfield photographers, sir—I haven't a printing outfit myself—and—"

Mr. Quelch raised his eyebrows. "I see no reason for haste in such a trivial matter, Bunter."

"It's for a prize, sir!" explained Bunter. "I'm going in for the prize offered in the 'Friardale Gazette'—best local photograph, sir. If they ain't ready this week, it's too late, and—"

"Oh! In that case you may have leave, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch. "But you must not be late for third school."

"Thank you, sir!" Billy Bunter rolled out of the Form-room. He rolled away to the bike-shed. After a cautious blink round to ascertain that Frank Nugent was not in the offing, he wheeled out Nugent's bike.

Nobody noticed Bunter's departure. Nobody who had noticed it, would have suspected that Bunter was bound for the Courtfield photographer's to get prints made from negatives. As Bunter had not taken any photographs, nobody, naturally, would have supposed that he had a negative in his possession. Nobody, indeed, remembered Bunter's unimportant existence, till third school, when he was missing from class. He rolled into the Form-room a quarter of an hour late, puffing and blowing from his exertions. Mr. Quelch rewarded him with fifty lines, but even that did not seem to damp Bunter's fat satisfaction.

Billy Bunter was pleased with himself, and things generally, that morning. But the cause of his satisfaction was a secret locked up in his own podgy breast.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Way of the Transgressor I

DICK PENFOLD stared round Study No. 8 in puzzled surprise. Monty Newland was equally puzzled.

"Some ass larking, I suppose," said Pen, at last.

"Well, it's gone!" said Newland. "Sure you put it in the table drawer?"

"Of course."

"Well, it's not there now."

"I'll look again," said Pen.

Once more Penfold rooted through the

table drawer. But the roll of film was not there.

After dinner, the two chums had come up to the study to fetch that film. There was a blaze of sunshine, and Pen had his printing-frame ready. The photographs he had taken the previous afternoon, were to be printed out on the window-sill of Study No. 8. The negative had been left in the table drawer the evening before, and Pen naturally expected to find it where he had left it. But as it was no longer there, he naturally did not find it.

"Can't make it out," said Pen perplexed. "It's not a joke to meddle with a fellow's film. Who the dickens—"

"Better ask the fellows," said Newland.

And the two juniors left the study, to inquire up and down the Remove for the missing film.

Somebody, it was clear, had dropped into Study No. 8 and taken that film out of the table-drawer. Who it was, and why he had done it, was a mystery.

If there was a practical joker in the Remove who had hidden the film for a "lark," he did not seem disposed to own up to it.

Nobody seemed to know anything about the missing film.

Harry Wharton & Co. shook their heads—Squiff, and Toddy, and Tom Brown, and Vernon-Smith, and Redwing and Hazeldene, and a dozen other fellows were asked in turn and they knew nothing about it. Skinner, who was rather under suspicion, as a fellow with a rather ill-natured turn of humour, declared that he had never even known that Pen had been taking photographs, and didn't know anything about the roll of film, and didn't want to know anything. Billy Bunter suggested that it might have been the cat—a suggestion which did not seem helpful.

Pen was a good-tempered fellow, but he was extremely annoyed and irritated by the time the bell rang for afternoon school. He had spent most of a half-holiday in taking those photographs; he had prepared the film with considerable trouble for cutting and printing, and now it had mysteriously vanished, as if it had dissolved into thin air. Next half-holiday was too late for the date of sending in the pictures; neither did Pen desire to expend another of his rather scarce shillings on a new roll of film. The matter was mysterious, inexplicable, and irritating.

However, it had to be left over till after class. Once more free from the Form-room, Pen and Newland proceeded to make further inquiries after the missing film.

Other fellows, sympathising, helped them. But nobody in the Remove seemed to have the faintest idea what had become of the film. Some of them concluded that Pen had left it somewhere about and forgotten it; his certainty that he had left it in the table-drawer in his study, did not seem certain to them, as it was not there. Bob Cherry recommended Pen to search in the dark-room for it, and to make all sure, Pen got the key from Mr. Hacker again and did so. But the film was not there, and Penfold grew more and more puzzled and irritated. His face was clouded when he joined Monty Newland at tea in Study No. 8.

"We've simply got to find it, Monty," he said. "It's not only the guinea prize—I mightn't have got that, anyhow. But if that was Price of the Fifth in the last picture on the roll, the thing can't

be left about. It's enough to get the man sacked."

Monty Newland whistled.

"My hat! It couldn't have been—"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the film's been taken," said Newland, "that's a cert! Somebody's pinched it from this study. If Price knew that he was in the picture—"

"He couldn't have known," said Pen with a stare. "We didn't know ourselves till I developed the film, and we're not sure yet. I can't say for certain that it's Price, till I see the print."

"I know! But—" Newland whistled again. "Price came on us yesterday, on the towpath, you remember—and—and he may have seen us, if he was at the Cross Keys—may have seen you taking that last snap, and fancied—"

"It's not likely."

"Well, I know it isn't, but—the film's gone! Price would jolly well have bagged it, if he'd known his chivvy was in it."

Penfold looked very thoughtful.

Certainly, if Price of the Fifth had known about that tell-tale picture, he had a powerful motive for abstracting the negative. Nobody else, so far as Pen could see, had any motive. It was barely possible that Price had noticed the amateur photographer when Pen took the snap which chronicled his presence on the veranda at the back of the Cross Keys.

"I think I'll go and see Price," said Pen, when tea was over. "If he's in that picture, he can destroy it if he likes, but I want the others. I can't imagine who's taken the film, if Price hasn't."

"I'll come with you," grinned Newland. "Price may cut up rusty! He won't like a Remove man knowing that he was blagging yesterday."

The two juniors proceeded to Price's study in the Fifth. Pen tapped at the door and looked in.

Price and Hilton were there, at tea. They stared round in surprise at the two Removites.

"What the thump do you fags want?" asked Price with a scowl. Apparently he had not forgotten the encounter on the towpath.

"Just a word with you, Price," said Penfold, shutting the study door. "I've missed a roll of film from my study."

"What the thump does that matter to me?"

"Do you know anything about it?" asked Pen.

Price stared blankly. "I? What do you mean, you little idiot?"

"Good gad!" drawled Hilton, and he chuckled. "Are you suspectin' Fifth Form men of pinchin' your fag photographs, kid? That's rather rich isn't it?"

"I'd better explain," said Pen quietly. "I took a number of snaps along the Sark yesterday. One of them—the last on the roll—took in the back view of the Cross Keys inn."

Stephen Price started. "When was that?" he exclaimed hastily.

"About an hour after you rowed with us on the towpath."

"Oh!" gasped Price. His brow wrinkled in thought. Evidently he was trying to make a rapid mental calculation as to the exact time when he had been smoking cigarettes with Jerry Hawke at the back of the Cross Keys.

(Continued on page 12.)



Interesting and Informative titbits about R. E. S. Wyatt of Warwickshire and England.

Fair Play's a Jewel!

NEARLY twenty years ago a small Surrey-born boy of nearly ten years of age played cricket with his schoolfellows at Esher. He was smaller than the average youngster of his years, but he was a trier, and although his colleagues played in the "hit-or-miss" style, this particular child did his utmost to watch the ball on to his bat, and was ever asking for advice from one of the schoolmasters.

At the age of twenty-two years he was included in the Warwickshire eleven, and eventually captained England in a Test match with Australia. That boy's name was Robert Elliott Storey Wyatt.

Just after reaching the age of ten years young Wyatt's parents removed from Surrey to Warwickshire, and he was sent to King Henry VIII. School at Coventry, where, in addition to being a model scholar, he once more applied himself to the intricacies of cricket.

Very soon "Bob" Wyatt was in the school Second Eleven, and it is quite possible that his improvement as a batsman would not have received such early recognition but for an example of the absolute fairness which dominates his every movement when on the field of play. He was playing in a school Second Eleven match, and while batting was given "not out" when an opposing bowler appealed for a catch at the wicket. Yet, although given "not out," young Bob, then a boy of eleven, walked toward the pavilion. "You're not out!" yelled his partner at the wickets. But Wyatt went on, and when he arrived at the boundary, where stood the games-master and a crowd of youngsters, he was asked: "What have you come out for when you've been given 'not out'?" Bob's answer was given with head held high. "For the fairness and honour of King Henry VIII. School!"

Something to Talk About!

WHEN Wyatt left school he played with the Coventry and North Warwick clubs, and it was not long before his big scores and his bowling successes began to be talked about. Hundreds came frequently, and his medium-paced bowling was feared by most of the teams against whom he played. It is said that in one of these matches Wyatt, who had scored 153 when batting, was just going on to bowl when the opening batsman said: "I think when Wyatt gets a century he shouldn't be allowed to bowl." But a wag in the team remarked: "If you start to grumble we'll get him to keep wicket as well, and then your side will have something to talk about."

In 1923, Wyatt made his entry into county cricket, but it was not until 1926 that Warwickshire realised what a splendid all-rounder they possessed in the young amateur. He scored over a thousand runs and took 85 wickets, and so highly was he thought of by the authorities at Lord's that the M.C.C. invited him to accompany A. E. R. Gilligan's team to India. That tour gave Wyatt his "hall-mark," for he made nearly two thousand runs, included in which were five separate centuries. At Colombo he scored 124, and performed the hat trick in one day.

Returning to England, he showed great form, finishing up the season with an average of 51. Then came a trip to South Africa with the M.C.C. after which Wyatt came back and accomplished a feat which had never been equalled for Warwickshire, viz., scored over 2,000 runs, in which there were six centuries, and finished up with an average of 63. In the following season—that of 1929—he made seven centuries for his county, and was chosen to play in the Test match *v.* South Africa, at Manchester. His debut for

England was a huge success, and he scored a sound 113. He also got a century in the Gentlemen *v.* Players match, and another in the Scarborough Festival. His hundred against South Africa earned him the distinction of being the first amateur since the War to make a century in a Test match.

The Highest Honour of All!

ROBERT WYATT'S batting is not of the dashing order; indeed, there are times, when occasion demands care, when he seems to be somewhat slow.

But, however slowly he scores, his strokes are so absolutely correct that they are always attractive. When he was going in to bat against Surrey, at the Oval, a spectator who sat on an outside seat remarked to a friend at his side: "I'll bet you ten shillings that more trams pass the Oval while Wyatt is in batting than he gets runs." Bob Wyatt was walking down the pavilion steps and overheard the remark. He turned and smiled, but he didn't return until he had scored over a hundred, and then, as he made his way through the spectators, he stopped at the side of the man who made the bet. "Who won?" asked Wyatt. "The trams—by 22!" answered the onlooker. "Come again next year, but don't make a similar bet because you'll lose," said Wyatt, with a smile.

At the end of 1929 Wyatt went with an M.C.C. side to the West Indies, and again did magnificent work with both bat and ball; but he had to wait until August of last year for the highest honour that can ever come to a cricketer—that of captaining England against Australia. True, England lost the match, but Wyatt scored 64 in the first innings and proved himself to be a batsman who can be relied upon on big occasions.

He is exceedingly modest in regard to his own doings, and is of a retiring disposition, yet there are times when he gives evidence of humour which is much above the average. On one occasion, at Lord's, he went in before lunch and got out quickly, while a colleague remained at the wickets and was undefeated when the interval arrived. This man didn't want to spoil his sight by eating lunch, so he elected to fast while Wyatt went up and made a hearty meal. It was then that a well-known member of the M.C.C. said: "Those who earn a lunch don't get it, while those who don't earn it get it."

The following year, at Lord's, Wyatt got well set just before the interval, and decided to abstain from the meal; so he sat alone on the balcony in front of the pavilion. It was there that a voice hailed him. "Hallo, Wyatt! What are you doing?" Wyatt saw that the interrogator was the man who had made the facetious remark about lunches 'he previous year, and, in a moment, he replied: "Oh, just paying for my last year's lunch."

Tours do more Good than Harm!

THERE is a lot written about the hard work of a cricketer who plays through a season in this country and then has to go through another season in the colonies, only to follow up with still another season in England. Writers maintain that players who are compelled to do this become stale and find it impossible to do themselves justice. Wyatt, however, says there is plenty of rest during the period when we are supposed to be playing in this country, that the sea trips to and from our colonies are better and more health-giving vacations than ordinary business people enjoy, and that tours do no good instead of harm.

BILLY BUNTER'S BARGAIN!*(Continued from page 10.)*

Hilton looked at him curiously. "What's the trouble, old man?" he asked.

Price did not answer that question. He rose to his feet, his face pale, and his narrow eyes gleaming at Dick Penfold.

"You young scoundrel!" he said thickly. "You—you dared—"

"It was an accident," said Pen quietly. "If it was you, there, Price, I never knew—I didn't even know that the Cross Keys would come into the picture, till I developed it. I fancied it was you in the film when I saw it in the developing dish. I intended to make sure when I took the print, and destroy that negative if it was you in it."

"Then what have you come here for?" muttered Price, eyeing the junior almost like a wolf.

"The film has been taken from my study."

"Oh!" gasped Price. "You mean—"

"If you've taken it—"

"You young idiot!"

"If you know about it, and if you've taken it, you can destroy the section with your chivvy in it; but I want the others," said Pen. "I'm not accusing you of taking it, Price; but I jolly well know you would have if you'd known what was in it. Well, did you?"

"I never knew anything about it! If I'd guessed what you were up to I'd have smashed your camera, and you, too!" hissed Price. He came round the table, his hands clenched, his eyes burning. "Get that film and give it to me at once, do you hear, you young scoundrel?"

"You mean that you didn't take it from my study?"

"I'd have taken it fast enough if I'd known anything about it!" roared

Price. "But I never knew anything. Where is it now?"

"I don't know! Somebody's bagged it—and if it wasn't you I can't imagine who it was," answered Pen. "I believe you, of course—I shall have to go on hunting for it. I thought I'd ask you first."

"You mean to say it's missing—with a photograph of me at the Cross Keys?" hissed Price.

"I'm sorry—yes."

Cedric Hilton whistled softly. Price had been "slanging" him for his desertion of the previous day, and his sneers and gibes had been bitter. He had made Hilton rather wish that he had, after all, cut the cricket and gone on the "razzle" with his sporting friend. Now, Hilton of the Fifth realised that Blundell had unconsciously done him a tremendously good turn in dragging him down to the cricket. Certainly, Cedric Hilton was glad that his own face did not figure along with Price's in the missing negative.

"You—you—you young villain!" said Price thickly. "You've got to get that photograph back. It can't be missing! Why, if my Form master saw it—if the Head saw it—"

His voice trailed away as he realised what that would mean.

"I'm going to hunt for it till I find it," said Pen. "I can't imagine who's taken it; it beats me hollow."

"I—I'll smash you! I'll break every bone in your body!" roared Price. "You did this on purpose! You watched me and snapped me with your rotten camera!"

Pen's lip curled.

"I did nothing of the sort," he answered curtly. "I wasn't even sure that it was you in the photograph. I intended to destroy it if I found it was you—and now I know I shall destroy it

as soon as I get hold of it. I'm sorry it's happened—but it's your own fault; you shouldn't have been there! Hands off, you fool!"

Price, in uncontrollable fury, grasped the junior. The fear of what would happen if the missing photograph fell into the wrong hands seemed to have put the sportsman of the Fifth beside himself.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Hilton, jumping up from his chair.

"Leggo!" roared Pen.

Newland rushed to his chum's aid. Cedric Hilton grasped Price by the shoulders and dragged him back.

"You silly ass!" he gasped. "Let the kid alone!"

"I'll smash him!" screamed Price.

"That isn't the way to make him keep the photograph dark, fathead!"

That remark seemed to call the blackguard of the Fifth back to reason. He unclenched his hands.

Penfold and Newland backed to the door. They had learned what they had come to find out; evidently Price knew nothing about the missing photograph; it was not he who had abstracted it from Study No. 8 in the Remove.

"Hold on!" gasped Price. "I—I didn't mean to handle you, Penfold! I—I'm sorry I— Hold on! You've got to get that film back—you—"

Penfold walked out of the study without answering. Newland followed him, and slammed the door.

Stephen Price sank weakly into his chair. His face was almost ghastly.

"Good gad!" he breathed. "If—if—if that's seen it's the sack! If the Head sees that photograph I shall be turfed out of Greyfriars! Good gad!"

Cedric Hilton made no reply. He was thinking. It was quite on the cards, now, that Stephen Price would be "turfed" out of Greyfriars. And only the fact that he had played cricket on Wednesday afternoon, instead of playing the blackguard, would save Hilton from being turfed out along with him. Hilton of the Fifth was thinking that cricket, after all, had its advantages, and that he would be wise to stick to it instead of following the way of the transgressor. Judging by the ghastly look on the Fifth Form sportsman's face, the way of the transgressor was hard.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**Wharton Puts His Foot Down!**

"I SAY, you fellows!"
"Try next door!"
"Oh, really, Wharton—"
"Buzz!" said five voices in unison.

Billy Bunter did not "buzz."
He stood with his ample form almost filling the doorway of Study No. 1 in the Remove, and blinked at the Famous Five through his big spectacles.

Harry Wharton & Co. were discussing a matter, important to themselves, though extremely trivial in the eyes of William George Bunter. The date of the cricket match with Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, was drawing near. It was a matter that interested the Famous Five deeply, though to William George Bunter it was a trifle light as air.

"I say, you fellows, do listen a minute!" said Bunter. "Never mind that cricket rot—you're always jawing about some bosh or other. Look here, my postal order hasn't come!"

"Shut the door after you, fathead!"

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"I only want a bob!" said Bunter pathetically. "I say, you fellows, a bob isn't much after all I've done for you. I'll let you have it back out of the guinea."

"You benighted ass, buzz off!" "I've simply got to have a bob!" said Bunter. "You see, they're rather sordid shopkeeper people—they won't let me have the prints without the money. You know what shopkeepers are! A sordid lot!"

"Gammon! You haven't taken any photographs, so you can't be going for any prints! Tuck, as usual!"

"Honest Injun," said Bunter earnestly, "taint tuck this time! I've really got to pay for the prints before they'll hand them over. Honour bright!"

Harry Wharton started a little, and fixed a very curious look on the Owl of the Remove. He was aware that Billy Bunter had not succeeded in begging, borrowing, or stealing, a camera, so it was certain that he had taken no photographs. If he was going to fetch prints from a photographer's, therefore, it occurred to Wharton that this let in a ray of light on the mystery of the disappearance of Pen's film.

"Why, you fat villain," said the captain of the Remove, in measured tones, "what negatives have you taken to be printed?"

"My only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Pen's film!"

"That's why the fat villain got up before rising-bell this morning!" roared Johnny Bull. "He was bagging Pen's film from his study."

"You podgy burglar!" exclaimed Nugent.

"I—I say, you fellows, don't shout!" exclaimed Bunter hastily. "If—if Pen heard you, he—he might think I'd bagged his film, you know. He's suspicious."

"You have bagged his film!" roared Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"The bagfulness was terrific!" chuckled Hurreo Jamsot Ram Singh. "That was the reason of the early-risefulness."

"Oh, really, Inky——"

"You bloated brigand!" gasped Bob. "You've had the nerve to bag Pen's film and take it to be printed."

"Nothing of the sort!" gasped Bunter. "I—I haven't been near Pen's study to-day. I—I got up early just to set you fellows a good example! I didn't dodge into Pen's study before rising-bell and bag that film. It wasn't in the table drawer, and I never found it there. Besides, it was really my film."

"You benighted idiot, how was it yours?"

"Well, I asked Pen to lend me the camera—I asked Wharton to borrow it for me, too, as the beast wouldn't lend it to me. You jolly well know I did. If I'd had the camera I should have taken the snaps! I don't think Pen ought to have them, just because he was mean about that camera. It—it's like rewarding selfishness, you know. You see that?"

"My only Aunt Maria!" said Bob, gazing at the Owl of the Remove. "Why did they send that chap to Greyfriars, instead of to a home for idiots?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! Look here, you fellows, there's such a thing as justice!" said Bunter warmly. "Justice, and cricket, and fair play, and all that. I expect you fellows to stand by me, being my pals, especially after all I've

"Where did you get all that tuck from?" demanded Peter Todd. "Oh, really," said Bunter peevishly, "I told you I was expecting a postal order from one of my titled relations!"



done for you. Pen makes out that it's his film, simply because he took it——"

"Great Christopher Columbus!"

"Butting in and bagging my guinea, you know!" said Bunter. "Just like a low cad of a cobbler! This is what comes of letting rank outsiders into the school! These scholarship bounders let a school down! Well, a fellow's bound to stick up for his rights."

"His whatter?"

"His rights!" said Bunter firmly. "Those snaps would have been mine if I'd taken them. You see that? Well, I wanted to take them, didn't I? I asked Pen to lend me the camera. I asked you fellows to lend me some money to get the films. You can't say I didn't. I don't see letting Pen have my guinea simply because he treated me with beastly selfishness. He can't expect it."

Bunter had apparently worked out the matter to his own satisfaction. Bunter had a conscience, and he had satisfied it. Undoubtedly it was not a very exacting conscience. It was not one of those consciences which give a fellow a lot of worry.

"Well, my hat!" said Wharton blankly. "You've bagged Pen's film and taken it to Courtfield to be printed!"

"I wish you wouldn't call my film Pen's film, Wharton! It's not really straightforward to put it like that."

"Ye gods!"

"But about the bob?" said Bunter. "You see, I can't get the prints, or the film either, unless I pay the man. Lend me a bob——"

"I'll lend you a bob to get the film back," said Harry Wharton, "and you'll go straight to the photographer's——"

"Certainly, old chap."

"And bring that film straight back to Greyfriars——"

"Yes, old fellow."

"And hand it over to Pen——"

"Wha-a-a-at?"

"And I hope Pen will kick you from one end of the Remove passage to the other! If he doesn't, I will!"

"Beast!"

"There's the bob! Now get off, you fat freak; and remember that if you don't come straight back with that film, and give it to its owner, I'll go to Quelch and report you for pinching!"

"What?" gasped Bunter.

"That's a tip!" said the captain of the Remove. "If you had the brains of a bunny rabbit, you'd know you're a measly thief——"

"W-why, you awful beast——" stut-tered Bunter, in great indignation.

"Get out!"

"I—I say, you fellows, n-now I come to think of it, that—that wasn't Pen's film! It—it was quite another film! It—it was one I took last term, and—and had lying by me. See? Nothing what-ever to do with Pen. I—I hope you believe me."

"What a hopeful nature!" remarked Nugent.

"The hopefulness is terrific."

"So—so don't mention the matter to Pen, you know! I'd rather that nothing at all was said about it," explained Bunter.

"You burbling jabberwock!" said the captain of the Remove. "I give you one hour to cough up that film! If it's not handed over to Pen by that time, I'll report the matter to Quelch!"

"I—I'd rather it wasn't mentioned to Quelch, Wharton. He—he wouldn't understand——"

"I fancy he would!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Better buck up, Bunt—it means a Head's flogging if you go up to Quelch."

Billy Bunter blinked at the Famous Five through his big spectacles. It was a devastating blink.

"And this," said Bunter bitterly—"this is what you call pally—after all I've done for you!"

"Kick him out, Bob! You've got the biggest feet!"

Billy Bunter retired hastily from Study No. 1, without waiting for assistance from the heaviest boot in the Remove.

"Of all the rotters——" he breathed as he went down the Remove passage to the stairs. "Of all the beasts——"

Bunter's indignation was almost beyond words. He had the "bob" that was needed to redeem the film at the shop in Courtfield. But the fat satisfaction was all gone from his podgy visage now. Bunter was quite sure that his peculiar proceedings were fully justified. On that point he had not a shadow of doubt. But some instinct



(Continued from page 13.)

seemed to warn him that he had better not let Mr. Quelch hear of those proceedings. Quelch, he could not help feeling, might take quite a different view. There was no help for it—he had to hand those films back to the owner, and it behoved him to do so without delay.

It was rotten—but there it was! And Bunter rolled out of the House to make his weary way to Courtfield. In the quad he passed two Fifth Form men—Hilton and Price. Hilton had a slightly bored expression on his rather weak, good-looking face as he listened to Price—who was speaking in low, savage tones. Price had a very disturbed and uneasy look, and was evidently not in a good temper.

Bunter grinned. He remembered the words he had caught in the Fifth Form study the previous afternoon. It looked, to Bunter, as if Price had not profited by his visit to the "dingy hole" to which Hilton had then alluded.

It was unfortunate for Bunter that Price, glancing up, saw him just then, and the fat grin on his face.

The grin seemed to irritate Price of the Fifth.

He did not speak, but he stepped towards Bunter and let out his foot.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, in surprise and indignation.

"Dash it all, draw it mild, old man!" murmured Hilton.

Instead of drawing it mild, Price, who seemed to find some solace in it, followed Bunter up—with another kick.

The fat junior dodged, and Price's foot came up sharp against the hard stone wall.

"Yaroooh!" yelled the Fifth-Former, dancing on one foot.

Meanwhile, Bunter was racing on as if he were on the cinder-path.

"Look here, old man—" murmured Hilton. "Dash it all, what's the good of kickin' a fag?"

"I've got to get hold of that film!" muttered Price. "I keep on telling you that if that young rotter was speaking the truth, and I'm in it, it may mean the sack for me."

"Well, kickin' Bunter won't help—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

Hilton shrugged his shoulders and walked away. He was sympathetic, more or less; but Price had been like a bear with a sore head ever since Pen's visit to his study, and Hilton was getting fed-up. He went his way, leaving Price of the Fifth to growl and grouse on his own.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER jumped. He blinked—and he stared! He could hardly believe his eyes, even with the aid of his spectacles.

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He fairly goggled. Bunter was in the photographer's shop at Courtfield. The films that belonged to Penfold had been reclaimed, along with the pictures taken therefrom. There were eight sections of film, and one of them was merely a smudge—the one Price had spoiled when he knocked the camera out of Pen's hand on the tow-path.

The other seven were beautifully taken and beautifully clear. Pen, perhaps because he could not afford to spend much money on films, gave every care to taking a snap, and he seldom had a failure. Each of the "beauty spots" he had picked out along the green banks of the Sark made a good picture, and each was excellently taken. Bunter, looking at them, realised that Pen had a very good chance of bagging the prize in the "Friardale Gazette." Which was very annoying to Bunter; for the better the pictures were, and the more likely they were to bag the prize, the more Bunter desired to appropriate them—which, owing to the unpolly attitude taken by Harry Wharton was now impossible.

But Bunter forgot all about bagging guinea prizes as his eyes fell on one of the pictures and he recognised a face in it.

He fairly glued his eyes, and his spectacles, on that photograph.

In the negative, with the lights dark, and the darks light, Bunter would never have recognised it; even Pen had been uncertain.

But in the print it had come out with unmistakable clearness.

Pen had intended to take a bunch of old trees, which made a very pretty picture, and it was unintentionally that he had allowed the back of the Cross Keys to come in.

But there it was—clear, unmistakable—the veranda at the back of the inn, with two figures smoking cigarettes; one of them the fat, puffy-looking Mr. Hawke, and the other—Stephen Price, of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars!

Bunter's eyes almost bulged through his spectacles.

Price of the Fifth!

There was no mistake about it! The picture was small—and the inn in the background very small. But the two faces on the veranda caught the light and came out of the shadow with wonderful clearness.

"My hat!" gurgled Bunter. "Price! Price of the Fifth! Great pip!"

Only a short time ago Price of the Fifth had kicked Bunter—for nothing—unless a fat grin was anything!

Now Bunter was blinking at a photograph which, placed in the hands of the headmaster of Greyfriars, would indubitably mean, for Stephen Price, the "long jump."

For a full minute Bunter blinked at that picture in astonishment. Then a fat grin dawned on his face.

"Kicking a fellow!" murmured Bunter. "Cheeky cad—kicking a Remove man! It might pay the rotter to be civil."

Bunter paid—reluctantly—for the printing, and left the photographer's shop! He walked back across Courtfield Common.

His thoughts were busy as he walked. He had to hand the films back to Pen. That was certain. Harry Wharton's intervention in the matter made it impracticable for the fat Owl to attempt to bag the "Friardale Gazette" prize with Pen's photographs. He had the set of prints, but he could not use them. Pen would take fresh prints from the negatives, and all the Remove would

know them as Pen's property. The prints—for which Bunter had paid Wharton's shilling—were useless to him, owing to that beast, Wharton, so far as the guinea prize was concerned.

But Bunter was wondering whether one of them, at least, might not be useful, though not in connection with the "Friardale Gazette."

Price of the Fifth, it was certain, would not want that photograph to be seen. Very much indeed he would not want it to be seen.

Bunter sat down on one of the seats on the common, and opened the packet of films and prints. He selected the picture containing the hapless Price, and packed it away in an old envelope in an inner pocket. The other prints he tore up and scattered in fragments over the grass. They were of no value to him now.

He rolled on towards the school with a satisfied smirk on his face.

Arrived at Greyfriars, he rolled up to the Remove passage and presented himself at Study No. 8.

Penfold and Newland were there.

Pen had a worried look. Thrice had Price of the Fifth sought him out to demand whether he had found the missing negative. Pen could only tell him that he had not heard anything of it so far.

Price was in a state of mingled fear and fury, and seemed to find it hard to keep his hands off the amateur photographer of the Remove. But he tried to keep civil, realising that he had to depend on Penfold to keep the photograph dark if it turned up. He had left the study only ten minutes, when Bunter rolled in.

"Oh, sheer off, Bunter," said Penfold. He was worried and irritated, and not in a mood to be patient with the fatuous Owl.

"If that's the way you thank a fellow for finding your film for you—" said Bunter warmly.

Pen started. "You've found my film!" he exclaimed.

"I've been hunting for it everywhere," said Bunter cheerfully. "Up and down and round about, you know. I've found it at last."

He laid the film on the table. "Well, my hat!" exclaimed Newland in astonishment. "Where did you find it, Bunter?"

"I don't understand this," said Pen, looking at the film, and then suspiciously at the Owl of the Remove. "I left the film in a roll in my table drawer yesterday. I was going to cut it when I came to print the photos to-day. They've been cut."

"Yes, I cut them, old chap, to save you the trouble," said Bunter.

"You never cut them," said Pen. "They're cut quite neatly—you'd have zigzagged the scissors all over them, you clumsy ass!"

"Oh, really, you beast—"

"Did you bag them from my study?" demanded Pen.

"Well, I like that! Here I take no end of trouble hunting for your blessed films, and that's the way you thank a chap!"

"Well, where did you find them?"

"I—I—I picked them up, you know—"

"Where?" demanded Pen.

"In—in the Remove passage, old chap! You must have dropped them there."

"You silly owl, if they'd been dropped in the Remove passage they'd have been swept away this morning."

"Oh! I—I mean I—I picked them up

in the quad! You must have dropped them in the quad, old chap."

"You fat villain! I know now that you bagged them from my study," growled Pen. "That's why you turned out early, of course. I ought to have guessed."

"Look here, you beast—"

"And why have you brought them back after bagging them?" asked Newland.

"I never bagged them, you beast! Besides, they were really mine! If Pen had lent me his camera, as I asked him—"

"Well, here they are!" said Pen. "I suppose the fat dummy had sense enough to bring them back before the matter got to Quelch. Have you had any prints taken from these films, Bunter?"

"Yes—no! I mean, of course not."

"Look here, you howling ass," said Pen, "I'm using these pictures for the 'Friardale Gazette' competition. If you've had any prints taken, they'll be duplicates. And the negative has to go in with the print; that's one of the rules. Do you understand, you fat dummy?"

"My dear chap, I'm not after that miserable guinea," said Bunter. "Guineas ain't so much to me as they are to you! It's hardly worth my while, you see. The fact is, I'd forgotten all about it."

"Oh, get out before I kick you!" snapped Pen.

Billy Bunter rolled away down the Remove passage. He had, as a matter of fact, almost forgotten the photographic competition in the local paper now. Owing to that beast, Wharton, he could not use Pen's snaps, so there was nothing doing in that direction. But there was, Bunter fancied, something doing in another direction—the direction of Stephen Price of the Fifth Form. And there was a sly, fat grin on Bunter's face as he rolled away.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

All Serene?

STEPHEN PRICE paced his study, in the Fifth, a great deal like a wild animal in a cage.

He was alone in the study; in his present temper, Hilton preferred to give him a wide berth.

Price was not good company just at present.

According to what Penfold had told him, he figured in a photograph that was a constant danger to him, so long as it was in existence. That photograph had disappeared from a Remove study, but obviously it was somewhere about Greyfriars School. Where was it? There was no rest for Price of the Fifth until that tell-tale photograph turned up, and was safely destroyed.

Tap!

Price spun round towards the door, as he heard the tap. His face was like chalk! He hoped that it was Penfold, coming to tell him that the missing negative was found. He dreaded that it was Mr. Prout, his Form master—who might also be coming to tell him that it was found!

"Come in!" said Price huskily.

The door opened, and he gasped with relief at the sight of Penfold of the Remove.

"Oh! You! You've found—"

"Yes," said Pen quietly.

Price leaned on the table, almost giddy with relief. Pen gave him a look of mingled compassion and contempt.

"You—you've got it!" breathed Price. "Here it is."

Pen laid a section of film on the table. Price grabbed it up, carried it to the window, and examined it.

"You've taken a print from this?" he asked.

"No. I was going to, but now I know that it is you in it, I thought I'd better not," answered Pen.

Price breathed more freely.

"You've got other photographs—on the same roll?" he asked.

"Six others, and one spoiled. You mucked up one."

"You're sure I don't come out in any of the others?"

"Quite sure; they were not taken anywhere near the Cross Keys."

"I—I'd like to see them, all the same."

Pen smiled faintly.

"I've taken prints of the others at my study window," he said. "I thought you might like to see them, so I've brought them along. Here they are."

Price scanned the photographs, one after another. They represented various spots along the Sark; but none was in the vicinity of the Cross Keys. He handed them back to the junior.

"That's all right," he said. "You—you're sure that you haven't taken a print of—of—of this one?" He tapped the film.

"Of course, I haven't!" snapped Pen. "I've brought the film here for you to destroy it yourself. I think you ought to be kicked out of Greyfriars; but I don't want to have a hand in it."

Price gritted his teeth.

He opened a penknife, and carefully cut the film into fragments. In a few

moments that record of his exploits at the Cross Keys was effectually destroyed.

The relief was enormous.

Price of the Fifth was quite himself again now. The film was destroyed, and Pen had not taken a print from it. The evidence, therefore, was wiped out of existence, and the sportsman of the Fifth no longer had anything to fear. Considering the stress of mind he had been through that afternoon, Price might have been expected to feel, and express, some gratitude towards the Remove fellow, who had relieved him of his fears. But gratitude had no place in the Fifth Form sportsman's composition.

"Well, that's that!" said Price.

"Hold on a minute, Penfold—I'm not through with you yet."

"What—" began Penfold.

"I think you mentioned that you think I ought to be kicked out of Greyfriars," remarked Price unpleasantly.

"Yes, I do!"

"Well, you can't talk to a Fifth Form man like that, you cheeky little hound!" said Price, slipping between Pen and the door, and catching up a fives bat. "You've given me a high old time this afternoon, you cub; and one good turn deserves another. Bend over that chair!"

Penfold clenched his hands.

"Why, you rotter!" he breathed. "I came here to give you that film, because you were in a blue funk about it, and now—"

"That's enough! Bend over that chair, you cheeky cub!" said Price, flourishing the fives bat.

Pen made a jump for the door. The Fifth-Former grabbed him by the collar, and swung him round.

Whack, whack, whack!

Pen roared and struggled as the fives bat rang on him. The door opened, and Hilton of the Fifth came in.

"What the merry dickens—" ejaculated Hilton, staring in astonishment at the scene.

"Mind your own bizney!" snapped Price.

"Hold on, you ass!" exclaimed Hilton. "Haven't you sense enough to let the kid alone, when he can get you sacked from the school if he likes?"

"That's ancient history!" grinned Price. "The negative's found, and I've cut it to pieces."

"Then what are you pitchin' into the kid for?"

Price did not answer that question. He lammed again with the fives bat, and Pen, struggling in his grasp, yelled.

(Continued on next page.)

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Hilton strode forward with a darkening brow.

"Let the kid alone!" he snapped. "There's a limit, you rotter! He could have kept the thing, if he'd liked, and made you sit up! Haven't you a rag of decency?"

"Mind your own business!" yelled Price.

"Let him alone!"

"I won't!"

"You will!" said Cedric Hilton, and he wrenched the fives bat from Price's hand and tossed it into a corner of the study. With another wrench he tore Price's grasp from Pen's collar. "Now cut, kid!"

"You meddlin' rotter—" yelled Price.

"Oh, can it! Cut, young Penfold!"

"Thanks, Hilton!" gasped Pen, and he cut gladly enough. Hilton pushed his study-mate back, as he made a movement towards the door. Penfold vanished down the Fifth Form passage.

"Chuck it, Price!" said Hilton coolly. "Don't be a rotter—not a worse rotter than you can help, anyhow."

Price, panting for breath, glared at him.

It seemed, for the moment, as if he would hurl himself at his study-mate. Hilton eyed him with contemptuous coolness.

"You meddlin' fool!" panted Price.

"Oh, chuck it! The kid seems to have taken the trouble to come here, to put you out of your misery; and you pitch into him, by way of thanks! What sort of a rank outsider do you call yourself?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snarled Price.

"You wouldn't be takin' it so coolly if you'd been in the picture; and you would have been if that fathead Blundell hadn't bagged you yesterday for cricket, and if you hadn't let him, like a weak-kneed nincompoop!"

Hilton laughed.

"Well, I'd rather be playin' cricket than havin' my photograph taken at the Cross Keys along with Jerry Hawke!" he said. "You're welcome to keep that sort of entertainment all to yourself. After that experience, you'd do well to stick to cricket yourself. What about comin' down to the nets now?"

Price calmed himself with an effort.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" he said. "Look here, there's plenty of time before lock-up. What about a trot down to see Hawke?"

"No jolly fear!" said Hilton promptly. "Only an hour ago you were swearin' like a trooper for ever havin' been fool enough to set foot in the place."

"That's all over now. I was a bit nervy, with that photograph hangin' about, but now—"

"Now you're safe, and you're goin' to begin playin' the giddy ox again? Well, you can leave me out of it! It's not good enough!"

"Turnin' pi?" sneered Price.

"Oh, rats!" granted Hilton. "Look here, are you comin' down to games practice?"

"No, I'm not!"

"Well, I'm goin'."

And Hilton went, closing the door after him with a slam. A few minutes later Price, scowling from the study window, had the pleasure—or otherwise—of seeing Hilton walking down to the cricket ground with Blundell of the Fifth and Wingate of the Sixth.

He scowled blackly at the backs of their heads. The lesson which had been lost on Stephen Price did not seem to have been quite lost on his friend,

and for the present, at least, he had lost his influence over Cedric Hilton.

Price, scowling, turned from the window and lighted a cigarette.

Tap!

Price hastily thrust the cigarette out of sight as his study door opened. A fat face and a large pair of spectacles glimmered in.

Billy Bunter gave the scowling senior a cheery nod.

"I say, old chap—" said Bunter.

In Price's present state of irritable temper, "old chap" from Billy Bunter was the last straw.

He made a jump at the Owl of the Remove and grabbed him by the collar.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "I say, leggo! Ow! You kick me, you beast—Yaroooh! Ow! Wow! You kick me again, and I'll take that photograph to the Head! Ow! Leggo!"

Price let go. He let go quite suddenly. He let go as if Bunter's collar had become red-hot.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

High-Minded!

BILLY BUNTER spluttered for breath, and blinked angrily and indignantly at the Fifth Form man. Price of the Fifth stood glaring at him. Exactly what Bunter meant by his mention of a "photograph" Price did not know; but the mere word was sufficient to startle and scare him. If that picture of himself in company with Jerry Hawke was still in existence! The bare idea was terrifying.

"What do you mean, Bunter?" asked Price, trying to speak calmly.

"Groooooogh!"

"Answer me!" hissed Price.

"Ooooooooh!"

Price clenched his hands convulsively. He longed and yearned to knock the fat Removeite spinning through the doorway.

Instead of which he passed Bunter and closed the study door. Then he turned on the spluttering Owl again.

"Look here, Bunter—"

"Oooooogh!"

Bunter had to recover his breath. Breath was short with Bunter, and what little he had Price had shaken out. The sportsman of the Greyfriars Fifth eyed him almost like a wolf.

He could barely keep his hands off William George Bunter. But he dared not touch him. Pen had said that there was no print of the film that had been destroyed; and Price, though far from straight himself, knew when another fellow was straight.

Pen had told the truth—at least, so far as he knew it. But what did Bunter mean about a "photograph" which he threatened to show to the Head? Price had to know, before he could hand over to Bunter what Bunter was asking for.

"You cheeky cad!" gasped Bunter. "Pitching into a chap! If you jolly well think you can bully a Remove man, Price, you're jolly well mistaken, see?"

Stephen Price breathed hard.

"What do you want here, Bunter?" he asked.

"Nothing!" retorted Bunter. "I came here as a friend; but as you choose to cut up rusty, I'll go!"

Price gritted his teeth with rage. A visit "as a friend" from a fat fag in the Lower Fourth would have irritated the best-tempered man in the Fifth. And Price was probably the worst tempered.

But he had to keep his temper in check. It was clear that Bunter would

never have dared to cheek a Fifth Form senior in his own study like this, unless he fancied that he had some power in his hands.

The fat junior turned towards the door. Price of the Fifth placed his back against it.

"Stay where you are!" he said, in a low voice, husky with rage. "You've got to explain—"

"You touch me again and I'll yell!" said Bunter. "I'm willing to get a prefect here, if you are. A prefect might like to see that picture."

"What picture?" breathed Price.

"He, he, he!"

"I don't quite follow, Bunter," said Price, with forced calmness. "What picture are you talking about?"

"Perhaps you don't know!" said Bunter, with a fat sneer. "Well, if you don't, Pricey, I'll tell you. Somebody was taking snaps along the Sark yesterday afternoon, and snapped the Cross Keys, when somebody was there with Jerry Hawke, smoking cigarettes. He, he, he!"

Bunter, blinking at Price, could see that this was not news to him. He was almost white with rage, but he did not look surprised.

"Perhaps you saw Penfold with his camera?" jeered Bunter. "Is it that what's made you so jolly ratty to-day? You kicked me, in the quad, you cheeky beast! Well, you kick me again, and see what you'll get!"

"Of course, I never was in such a place, yesterday or any other day," said Price, still speaking calmly.

"He, he, he!"

"We'd better have this clear, Bunter. Penfold had a snap, which he brought here to me, and which I have destroyed. He told me that no print had been taken from it."

"That's all he knew! He, he, he!"

"That film," went on Price, "was missing from Penfold's study to-day. He told me so. Was it in your hands?"

"I see you know all about it, Pricey!" grinned Bunter.

"Then you had it?" hissed Price. Bunter favoured him with a fat wink.

"You took a print from it?"

Another wink.

"Where's the print?"

"He, he, he! That's telling!" chuckled Bunter.

Price knew all now. Bunter had a print from Pen's film, without Pen's knowledge. The negative had been destroyed, and no more prints could be taken. But the print that was in existence was in Bunter's hands. If he had it on his fat person, he was not likely to get out of Price's study with it. The Fifth-Former put his hand behind him and turned the key in the door.

That action elicited a fat chuckle from the Owl of the Remove.

"Tain't here!" he grinned.

Bunter was not a bright youth; but he was keen enough to read the thought in the mind of the Fifth Form sportsman.

"Where is it?" breathed Price.

"Where you jolly well won't find it!" chuckled Bunter. "Think I'm ass enough to bring it to your study? He, he, he!"

Price realised that Bunter, ass as he undoubtedly was, was not likely to be ass enough for that.

The tell-tale print was out of his reach.

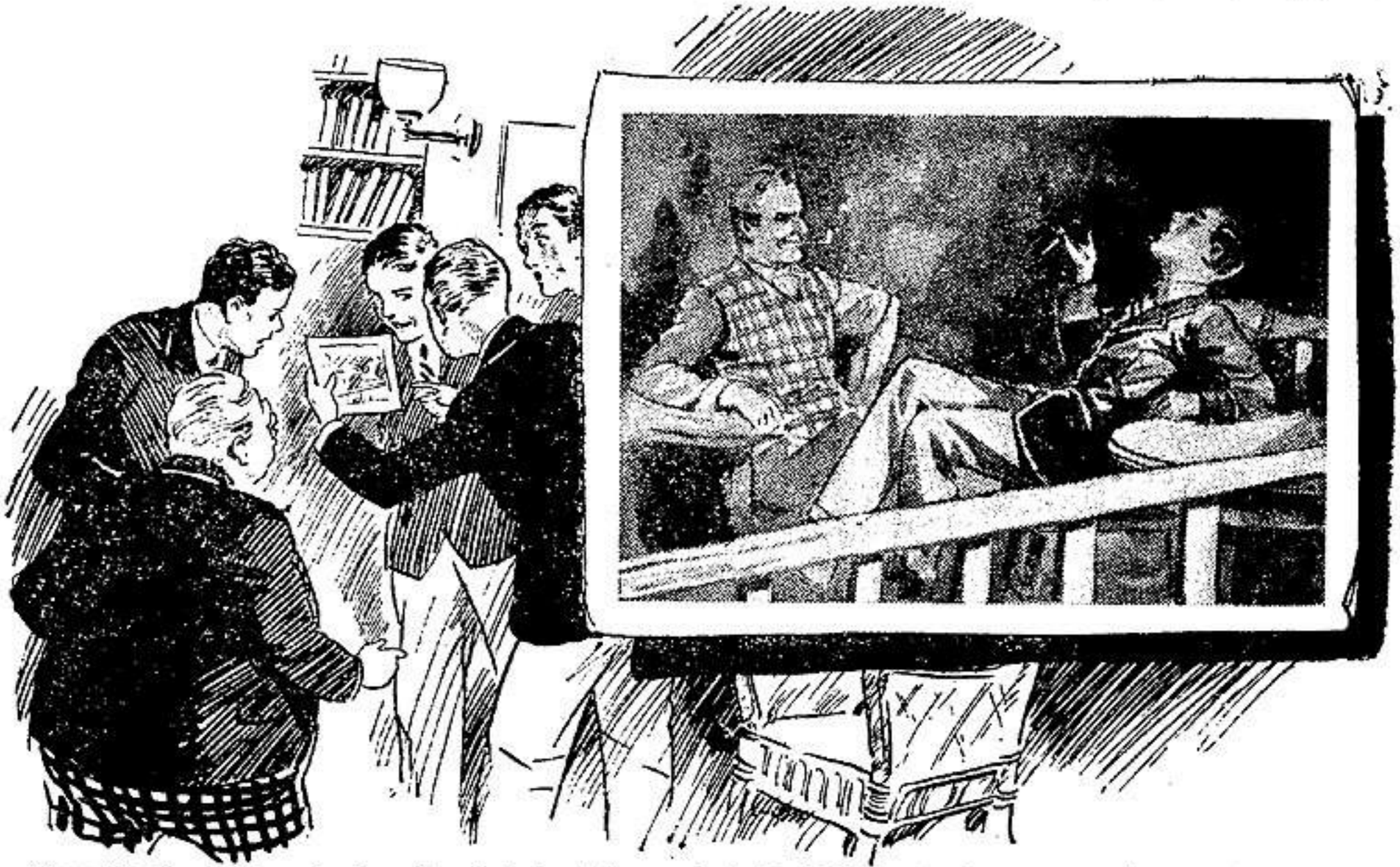
"Look here, Bunter"—Price forced himself to speak calmly—"it's quite a mistake to suppose that I'm in that snap. It's a fellow rather like me, but somebody I don't even know."

"Think the Head would think so, if I let him see the print?" asked Bunter.

"I'm sure of that."
 "Then you don't mind if it goes to the Head?"
 "I—I'd rather it didn't—"
 "Yes; I thought you'd rather it didn't," agreed Bunter, with a fat grin. "If it isn't you in the picture, it's your twin brother; and the Head might think it was you! He, he, he!"
 "I'd rather, of course, that the thing didn't get about," said Price. "In fact, I'd give you half-a-crown for the print."
 "He, he, he!"
 Price breathed hard and deep.
 "How much do you want for it, Bunter?"
 William George Bunter turned up his fat little nose—a little farther than Nature had already turned it up—and blinked at Price through his big spectacles with ineffable contempt.
 "If you put it like that, Price, I refuse to discuss the matter at all. I

refused to lend me your camera yesterday. You kicked me."
 "I—I'll lend you the camera, if you like, if—if you hand over that print," muttered Price.
 "You kicked me!" repeated Bunter.
 "I—I—I'm sorry I kicked you, Bunter!" articulated Price.
 "Well, if you apologise, all right," said Bunter airily. "I can accept an apology. Now, about that print. Wharton makes out that I can't use any of Pen's prints—interfering rotter, you know. They're not Pen's prints, really, you know, but mine—practically mine—but Wharton makes out they're Pen's, because Pen took them himself instead of lending me the camera, and—and I don't want to row with Wharton. Still, I don't see losing the guinea. It was practically mine. Well, what about it?"
 Price clenched his hands.
 "If you mean that you want me to

I'm not here to make any sordid bargain with you, Price. That's beneath me. I'm doing you a good turn, in my good-natured way, and there the matter ends. But if you like to lend me a guinea until my postal order comes, I'd be obliged. In the circumstances, I think you ought to do that much."
 "I—I—I'll manage a guinea if you'll hand over that print."
 Bunter waved a fat hand at him.
 "Understand, once and for all, Price, that I refuse to put the matter on a sordid footing. If you lend me a guinea, it will be simply a loan till my postal order comes. Then I shall square. As for accepting money from you, or anybody, I'm above it. I'm not the sort of chap that can be given money, I hope."
 Price trembled with fury.
 "I won't give you a penny, you fat



Harry Wharton & Co. grinned as they looked at the proof in Penfold's hand. Price was easily recognisable in the photograph, smoking a cigarette with Jerry Hawke at the Cross Keys!

suppose you don't know that you're an insulting beast! You'd naturally think a fellow was on the make! That's the sort of rotter you are!"
 Price gazed at him. He did not know William George Bunter so well as William George was known in the Remove.
 "Well, what do you want, then?" he asked. "What are you getting at?"
 Bunter set his collar straight and sat down in Hilton's armchair. He stretched out his fat little legs comfortably, while Price eyed him as if he could have eaten him.
 "If you like to talk the matter over in a friendly way—" said Bunter.
 Price nodded. His feelings, at the moment, were too deep for words.
 "Well, it's like this," said Bunter. "I was going in for the guinea prize in the 'Friardale Gazette.' They're offering a guinea for a photograph, you know. Owing to Penfold being a selfish beast, and owing to Wharton meddling in my business, I'm not getting that guinea. It's partly your fault, too—you

give you a guinea for that print—" he gasped.
 "I don't mean anything of the kind. That sort of thing would be beneath me, I hope."
 "Then what do you mean?" hissed Price.
 "I mean what I say," answered Bunter calmly. "Owing to Pen's selfishness, and Wharton's meddling, I'm losing a guinea. It wouldn't matter if I hadn't been disappointed about a postal order I was expecting from one of my titled relations. But, as the matter stands, I'm stony, and a guinea would come in useful—temporarily. I've come here as a friend— Keep off, you beast!" added Bunter hastily, as Price made a convulsive movement.
 Price controlled his feelings.
 "One good turn deserves another, doesn't it?" said Bunter. "That print would get you sacked from the school, and you jolly well know it! Well, as a friend, I'm keeping it dark. I've put it in a safe place. But, as I said, I've been disappointed about a postal order.

scoundrel, unless you hand over that print."
 "That's enough." Bunter rose from the armchair. "I might have expected an outsider like you to look at it like that. Low, I call it. That print's worth less than twopence, and I certainly should not think of selling it for a guinea. It would be jolly unscrupulous to do such a thing. You can talk till you're black in the face, Price, but you'll never make me unscrupulous, I can tell you that. I don't expect a fellow of your sort to understand a really high-minded chap—but there it is."
 "You—you—you—" gurgled Price.
 "Unlock that door, please," said Bunter, with dignity. "You've said quite enough, Price. You've insulted me. I'd rather have nothing more to say to you."
 "What are you going to do with that print?"
 "I haven't decided yet. I may have it framed, to hang up in the Rag," said
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Bunter calmly. "Or I might make Prout a present of it, or the Head! The Head's got two or three views of the Sark hung up in his study, and he might like another. What do you think?"

Price gazed at him. How much of this was sheer obtuseness, how much was "gammon," Price could not make out. But one fact stood out clear—that if he did not "lend" Bunter a guinea, that picture of himself, adorning the back veranda of the Cross Keys with Jerry Hawke, would be made public at Greyfriars. On that point there was no doubt at all.

"Prout, I think," said Bunter thoughtfully. "Prout might like it as a fellow in his Form comes out in it. Think so, Pricey?"

Price made a gurgling sound.

"I'm waiting for you to let me out of this study," said Bunter, still dignified. "I hope I shan't have to yell for a prefect, Pricey. I should have to tell him about that print, and he would want to see it. Of course, I should have to produce it, if a prefect ordered me."

Bunter rolled to the door.

Stephen Price clenched his hands, and unclenched them again. Bunter unlocked the door.

"Hold on a minute!" said Price huskily.

He fumbled in his pockets.

There was no help for it. Two ten-shilling notes and a shilling were placed in Bunter's fat hand.

The Owl of the Remove shoved them carelessly into his pocket.

"Thanks!" he said airily. "I'll let you have this back out of my postal order, of course, Price. I'm expecting it to-morrow."

"Get out of my study!" breathed Price.

Bunter rolled out, and Price slammed the door on him. A moment later it reopened, and Bunter blinked in.

"I say, Pricey—"

"What do you want now?" hissed Price.

"Only a word, old chap. About this little loan," explained Bunter. "There's

a possibility—it's not likely, but it's possible—that my postal order may not come to-morrow. In that case, do you mind waiting till Saturday for me to square this loan?"

Price clutched up the fives bat. Billy Bunter gave him a startled blink, and departed without waiting for an answer to his question.

The door slammed on him again.

Once more Price of the Fifth paced his study, with a problem on his mind to which he could find no solution. Undoubtedly the way of the transgressor was a thorny one.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Pig in Clover!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

Bob Cherry stared in at Study No. 7 in the Remove.

He had looked in to speak to Peter Todd. Toddy was not there; but Billy Bunter was there, in all his glory.

Bunter sat at the study table, with a shiny face and sticky fingers. Bunter was enjoying life.

Cakes and doughnuts, jam tarts and cream-puffs, were piled before Bunter, and he was travelling through the good things at express speed.

He blinked round at Bob's surprised face in the doorway, and waved a fat, sticky hand.

"Don't come in!" he said.

"Whose study have you been raiding?" grinned Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Well, where did you get all that tuck?" demanded Bob.

"Find out!" retorted Bunter. "I'm not asking you to this spread, Cherry! Or Wharton, either! You can't expect it after the way you've treated me over those films. Making out that I was bagging another fellow's films—"

"You benighted bandersnatch!"

"Don't come in," said Bunter, with a disdainful blink. "I dare say you're sorry now you didn't treat a fellow decently. Well, it's too late! I'd have

asked you fellows, but after you practically got into a conspiracy with Penfold to do a fellow out of a guinea prize, I—"

"I looked in for Toddy, you blithering Owl!" said Bob. "Did you bag all that tuck from Coker's study?"

"Oh, really, you beast—"

"Well, Coker of the Fifth is the only man at Greyfriars who has tuck in such heaps," said Bob. "If it's not Coker's, whose is it?"

"Mine!" roared Bunter.

He turned his back on the junior in the doorway, and buried his face in cake. Bob Cherry stared at the good things piled on the table. At least a pound had been expended on that supply of foodstuffs, he could see. As a matter of fact, a guinea had been expended. When Bunter was in funds, his funds all went the same way, and Bunter was not the fellow to do things by halves—in matters of tuck, at all events.

"Well, if you scoff that stack, old fat man, there will be an invalid porpoise lying about soon afterwards," said Bob, with a chuckle. "Toddy will kick up a row if you burst in his study."

"Groooogh!" gasped Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the matter?"

"Ooooooogh!"

Bunter was travelling through the cake at about 70 m.p.h. Bunter was hungry. He had tea'd in Hall, and since tea he had had nothing but a tin of toffees he had found in Wibley's study. So he was more than ready for the magnificent spread which had been provided—unwillingly—by Price of the Fifth. But he was gobbling cake not wisely but too well. Some of it went down the wrong way.

"Ooooooogggghh!" gurgled Bunter.

"Choking, old fat man?" asked Bob sympathetically.

"Gerrrrroooogh!"

"Like me to pat you on the back?"

"Yrrrrrrrggggh!"

Bob Cherry stepped into the study and patted Bunter on the back. A pat on the back was the proper first-aid for a fellow who was choking. But perhaps Bob patted rather hard.

Bang!

"Yooooop!" roared Bunter. "Ooogh! Woooooch! Yoooooch!"

Bang!

"Ow! Grooogh! Beast! Leave off!" shrieked Bunter. "Wharrer you hitting me for, you rotter? Yaroooh!"

"Feeling better?"

"Yow-ow-ow! Beast! Wow!"

"All right now?" asked Bob.

"Ow! No! Beast! Ow! Grooogh! Rotter! Wooooch!"

"I'll give you another pat—"

"Ow! I mean, I'm all right! Keep off!" yelled Bunter.

Bob Cherry chuckled, and went on his way. He went without thanks from Bunter for his kind assistance.

"Ow! Grooogh! Beast!" gasped Bunter. And, having slammed the door, Bunter sat down to restart after the interval.

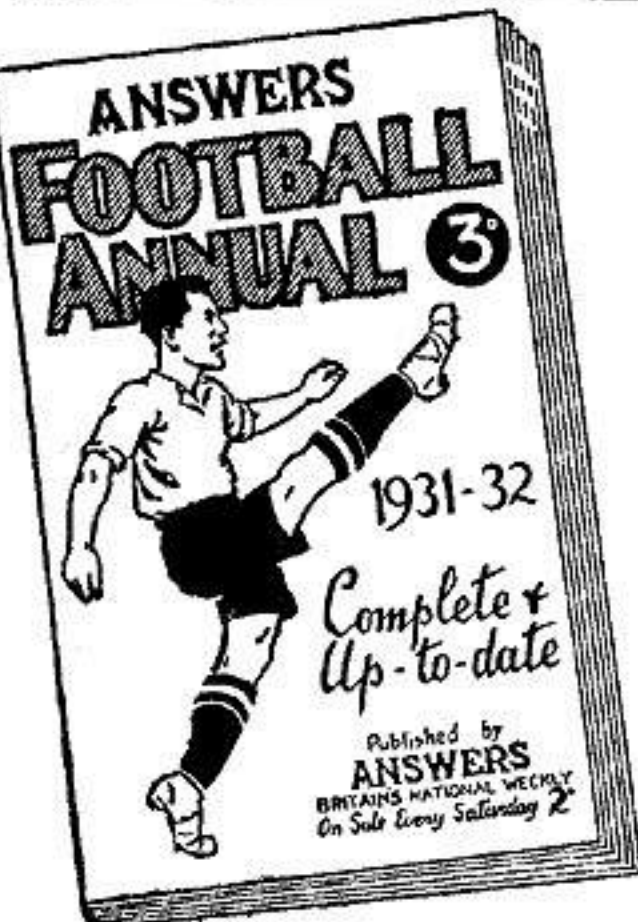
He was going strong when Peter Todd came in. Toddy stared blankly at the spread on the study table. He seemed scarcely able to believe his eyes.

"My only hat! Where did all that tuck come from?" ejaculated Toddy.

Bunter blinked at him, a rather sticky blink. Bunter was getting sticky all over by this time.

"You can have one of the tarts, Toddy, if you like," he said generously. "One of the doughnuts, too! There!"

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"But where did you get it?" demanded Peter.

"Oh, really, Toddy I told you I was expecting a postal order," said Bunter peevishly.

"Oh, your postal order's come, has it?" said Toddy suspiciously.

"Yes, old chap! From one of my titled relations, you know."

"Gammon!" said Peter. "You didn't have a letter when the letters were trotted out this afternoon, and you can't have had one since. Don't give me any gammon about a postal order. Whose study have you been raiding?"

"I suppose a friend can make me a small loan if he chooses, Toddy," said Bunter, with dignity. "A fellow who knows me—"

"He wouldn't lend you anything if he knows you!" said Peter, shaking his head.

"Beast!"
"You've been grub-raiding, you fat villain! There'll be somebody along here kicking up a shindy soon! Where did you get that tuck?" demanded Peter.

"I've got friends who are willing to make me small loans, Peter—friends who ain't so mean as some fellows I could name. A chap lent me a pound."

"What chap?" demanded Toddy.

"Find out, you cheeky beast."

"I'm going to find out," said Peter Todd, taking a stamp from the corner of the study. "I jolly well know that nobody's lent you a pound. I'm not going to have a man in my study sacked for pinching. Now, then—"

"Beast! It was Price of the Fifth!" yelled Bunter, dodging away from the stamp.

Peter Todd jumped.
"Price of the Fifth lent you a pound?" he roared.

"Yes, you rotter! You can ask him, if you like!" yapped Bunter. "Now mind your own bizney, you beast, and you jolly well shan't have a jam-tart or a doughnut now, so there."

Peter Todd fixed his eyes on the fat and sticky Owl. If Bunter had been grub-raiding in the Remove Peter was prepared to stomp him for his own good, while if Bunter had come into illicit possession of a pound note Peter was ready to "whop" him back into the straight and narrow path, if he had to break the stump on him. But the statement that a Fifth Form man had lent Bunter a pound fairly took Peter's breath away.

"You awful idiot, Bunter!" said Peter at last. He was very serious now. "If you've pinched a pound note from somebody—"

"Why, you beast!" gasped Bunter. "Think I'd pinch anything, you awful rotter?"

"I think you're idiot enough for jolly nearly anything," said Peter. "Look here, you dummy, tell me the truth. I remember once you picked up a bank-note, and thought it was yours because you wanted it. That's the kind of brain you've got. You pinched Pen's photographs, only Wharton stopped you. But pinching money is frightfully serious—you'd be sacked like a shot, if you weren't sent to Borstal—"

"You—you—you beast!" gasped Bunter, spluttering with indignation. "You—you—you rotter! You—you—you—"

Words failed Bunter! As a matter of fact, even Bunter had his limit. His ideas on the subject of property were different from those of anyone else; but even Bunter was incapable of "pinching" cash. Even Bunter's remarkably elastic conscience was unable to accommodate him to that extent. But Toddy

was naturally rather alarmed. With a fellow like Bunter you really never could tell.

"Well, where did you get it?" demanded Peter.

"Price lent it to me, you beast!"

"Rats!"

"You can ask him, you rotter."

"Well, I jolly well will ask him," said Peter Todd. "I know he jolly well didn't; but I'll ask him, to make sure."

Peter left the study greatly puzzled. Billy Bunter gave a snort and resumed operations on the spread.

Ten minutes later the Famous Five, coming up to the Remove passage, met Peter Todd on the landing coming away from the Fifth Form quarters. Peter was looking puzzled and perplexed, not to say flabbergasted. The chums of the Remove paused to inquire what was up.

"Blessed if I know," said Toddy.

"You men know Price of the Fifth? Does he strike you as a soft sort of a chap to be touched for a loan?"

"Hardly," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Does he strike you as the kind of man to lend a Lower Fourth kid a pound for nothing?"

"About the last man at Greyfriars to do that, I should imagine," said the captain of the Remove.

"Well, that's what beats me," said Toddy. "Bunter's rolling in tuck, and, of course, I thought he'd pinched it somewhere—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And he said Price had lent him a pound."

"My hat!"

"And—and Price admits that he did!" said Peter.

"What?"

"I asked him. He seems to be in a frightful temper about something, but he said it was all right—he'd let Bunter have a pound, as a loan."

"Great pip!"

"Now, can you fellows make it out?" asked Toddy.

"No fear!"

"The make-outfulness is not terrific."

"I suppose it's all right, as Price says it's all right!" said Peter. "But—but blessed if I can make it out."

And the Famous Five could not make it out, either.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Friend in the Fifth!

"ANYTHING for me?"

It was morning break on Saturday, and fellows had gathered round the rack for their letters. Dick Penfold found a postcard addressed to him, an acknowledgment from the "Friardale Gazette." Pen's selection of local views had been duly dispatched to the "Gazette," and the chums of Study No. 3 were in hopes that the guinea would arrive in that study the following week. Other fellows found letters, but Billy Bunter blinked in vain for a missive addressed to himself. Once more Bunter's titled relations appeared to have overlooked the existence of their fat and fatuous relative at Greyfriars School.

"I say, you fellows, isn't there anything for me?" asked Bunter peevishly.

"I was expecting a postal order—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" grunted Bunter.

"The Duke de Bunter has forgotten you again, old fat pippin," said Vernon-Smith, shaking his head, "and the Marquis Bunter de Bunter hasn't remembered you. The Earl of Bunter has

let you slip his memory, and Baron Bunter—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, if there's a letter with a crest on it, that's for me—"

"High taxation is hitting the nobility hard!" said the Bounder. "All Bunter's titled relations keep on forgetting him. Look here, Bunter, if you like, I'll lend you—"

"Oh, good!" said Bunter. "Lend me a pound, old chap, till my postal order comes. It will be along on Monday."

"A stamp—"

"Eh? What's the good of a stamp?"

"To write to the Duke of Bunter, and remind him—"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, leaving the juniors chortling. Apparently he did not see much hope in reminding his titled relations that the remittance was overdue. Possibly those noble relatives had no existence outside Bunter's fat imagination; in which case, of course, communication would have been difficult, even if Smithy had lent him a stamp.

Bunter rolled into the quad with a thoughtful wrinkle in his fat brow. There was no hope in his titled relations, but he hoped that there was hope in another direction. He blinked round in the quad and spotted Price and Hilto of the Fifth, and rolled up to them.

"I say, you fellows—" began Bunter.

Price glared, and Cedric Hilton stared. Price had his own reasons for not kicking Bunter for his cheek, but those reasons did not trouble Hilton. He drew back his foot.

"What do you mean, you fat tick?" demanded Hilton.

"Hold on," muttered Price, touching his companion on the arm. "You know—I told you—"

Hilton gave a sniff.

"If you take my tip you'll take that young scoundrel by the scruff of the neck and walk him off to his Form master," he said. And, having given Price of the Fifth that tip, Hilton walked away.

Price scowled after him. Gladly enough would he have taken Bunter by the scruff of the neck. But he dared not. Awful as it was, absurd as it was, the Fifth Form man was under the thumb of the fat junior. It was easy for Hilton to give that advice, but it was not so easy for his friend to act on it.

"What do you want, Bunter?" muttered Price. The fat Owl had not spoken to him since the visit to his study on Thursday, and Price had been in an unenviable state of mind ever since.

"I was going to square that guinea out of my postal order, Price," said Bunter, blinking at him. "You remember that was the arrangement."

Price stared. He had not for a moment expected to see his twenty-one shillings again. But if Bunter was ready to be "squared," Price was certainly ready to "square," though he would rather have had the print of the photograph.

"Oh, all right!" he muttered. "But look here, Bunter, you can keep the money, if—if you hand over that print. I—I want it."

"Oh, really, Price! I've told you that I couldn't possibly accept a gift from you. Didn't I speak plainly enough?"

Price breathed hard.

"I suppose you don't mean to be insulting," said Bunter; "but the suggestion is insulting, all the same. You lent me a guinea. Well, I'm settling out of my postal order, when—when it

comes. As it happens, there's been some delay in the post, and it hasn't come to-day. Do you mind waiting till next week?"

"No—yes—all right!"

Price moved away. He did not want to be seen in conversation with Bunter of the Remove.

"I say, don't walk away while a fellow's talking to you!" exclaimed Bunter.

Price moved on.

"Price!" bawled Bunter. "I say, I'm speaking to you, Price!"

The hapless Fifth-Former turned back. A dozen fellows glanced at him. Harry Wharton & Co., coming out of the House, stared blankly. Why the Fifth Form man did not kick Bunter for his cheek was an amazing mystery.

"You—you young idiot!" breathed Price. "If you want to speak to me, come to my study after class—"

"I can't wait till after class," said Bunter calmly. "The tuckshop's open in break—I mean, I'm rather pressed for time. My time's of value. Price, I've not got a lot of time to spare for you, I can tell you. Look here, I've been disappointed about that postal order, and I can't square to-day. But that isn't all, you see."

Price realised that it was not all. He realised that there was more to come; and he guessed now what it was.

"As the matter stands," went on Bunter, "I'm stony! The point is, can you lend me ten bob till my postal order comes next week? That will make thirty-one shillings, which I will square all at once. See?"

Price's face was almost white.

It was true—and even the enraged Price could see—that Billy Bunter did not realise what a young rascal he was. Bunter would have been quite shocked at the suggestion that he was screwing money out of a fellow to keep a shady secret. It did not present itself to his powerful intellect in that light at all. Bunter's wonderful brain moved in its own mysterious way, its wonders to perform!

But whether the fatuous Owl realised what he was doing, or not, it came to the same thing, so far as Price was concerned.

If looks could have slain, probably Billy Bunter's fat career would have been terminated on the spot.

Fortunately for Bunter, looks couldn't!

"You see?" asked Bunter cheerfully. "That's how it is. If we're friends, Pricey—"

"You cheeky young scoundrel!"

"What?"

"I—I mean—" stammered Price.

"Well, what do you mean?" demanded Bunter truculently. "If we're not friends, say so! I don't mind, I assure you! I'm not keen on being friendly with a chap who goes blagging at a pub, and gets his photograph taken hobnobbing with a billiards sharper, and—"

"Shut up!" breathed Price, in an agony of dread.

"Well, are we friends or not?"

"Yes!" gasped Price.

"Well, if we're friends, I think you might oblige me with a small loan till my postal order comes! There's no doubt about it, you know. It's from one of my titled relations. It's merely a question of a little delay in the post. What about ten bob till, say, Wednesday?"

"I—I—I shall have to borrow it from Hilton," muttered the wretched Price.

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"I—I—I'll let you have it after third school. Shut up now."

Bunter grunted discontentedly. Price walked away hastily, leaving the Owl of the Remove grunting. Bunter blinked round, and saw the Famous Five staring at him from a little distance. They had not heard what was said; but they had witnessed the scene and were wondering blankly why Stephen Price had not strewn Bunter in the quad. The fat junior rolled over to them.

"I say, you fellows—"

"What on earth does this mean, Bunter?" demanded Harry Wharton. "What is that Fifth Form man letting you cheek him for?"

"Eh! Pricey's a friend of mine," said Bunter. "I've rather taken him up, you know."

"You burbling dummy—"

"Oh, really, Wharton! Look here, can you lend me ten bob?" asked Bunter. "It's all right, you know—Price is going to lend it to me, as soon as he's borrowed it from Hilton of the Fifth."

"What?" gasped Wharton.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"My esteemed preposterous Bunter, you—"

"I say, you fellows, trot along to the tuckshop with me!" said Bunter generously. "My treat, you know! You treated me rottenly—rather unscrupulously, in fact—over those films! But I never was a chap to bear malice! Come and have some ginger-pop! My treat—if you lend me ten bob—"

"What is Price of the Fifth going to give you money for, Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton quietly.

"Oh, really, Wharton! If you think I'm the sort of fellow that can be given money—"

"You burbling idiot!"

"Pricey is going to lend me ten bob till my postal order comes. I suppose a pal can lend a pal ten bob if he likes!" said Bunter warmly. "You needn't be jealous about my having pals in the Fifth! I—"

"Oh, kick him!" said Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows—I say—Whooooop!"

Billy Bunter rolled away hastily. The Famous Five looked at one another.

"Now, what the thump does this mean, you men?" asked Wharton.

But the Co. could only shake their heads.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Light at Last!

CEDRIC HILTON strolled into the Remove passage after class on Monday, and stopped at Study No. 8. He tapped at the door and threw it open, and Penfold and Newland, who were at tea, looked round in surprise. They were not accustomed to visitors from the Fifth.

"Can I come in?" asked Hilton politely.

"Oh, trot in!" said Pen. "What the thump—"

Hilton came in, and closed the door after him. Pen pointed to a chair, but the dandy of the Fifth shook his head, with a smile, and remained standing; his hands in his pockets, his eyes curiously on the two juniors.

"I've dropped in to speak to you, Penfold," he said. "I'm pretty sure that you're not in it."

"In what?" asked Pen, with a stare.

"Bunter's little game," drawled Hilton.

"What the dickens—"

"It's about that jolly old photograph you took of Price one day last week," explained Hilton.

"Oh, my hat! Is Price still worrying about that?" exclaimed Newland. "That's all done with, Hilton. Pen took him the film, and he destroyed it. What more does he want?"

"You told Price that you never took any print of that especial film, Penfold?"

"That's so!" assented Pen.

"You didn't know that a print of it was in existence?"

Pen jumped.

"What rot!" he said. "I suppose Price is cad enough to think that I might have been stuffing him. You can tell him not to worry. Nothing was ever printed from that negative."

"Not by you!" agreed Hilton. "But I gather that the negative was out of your hands for a time. Somebody bagged it—"

"It was Bunter, but he brought it back again," said Pen. "Wharton chipped in, and made him cough it up. I didn't know it was Bunter, till he brought it back to this study."

"Well, while Bunter had the negative he must have had a print taken of Price's picture."

"Oh, rot!"

"He's told Price so, at any rate! I was sure that you weren't in this game—though Price has his doubts. I think you're a straight kid."

"Thanks!" said Pen dryly. "Sorry I can't say the same of you and Price." Hilton laughed.

"Well, the long and the short of it is, that Bunter has that print; and you know what it would mean for Price if it got out. Bunter's getting money out of Price to keep it dark."

"Oh, holy smoke!"

"It's gettin' quite unpleasant," drawled Hilton. "Bunter's exhausted poor old Price's financial resources, and Price has had to draw on mine. I think it's time it was stopped."

"But—but—even Bunter wouldn't dare—" stammered Pen.

"It's up to you, I think," said Hilton. "Bunter's got that print hidden somewhere, and he's holding it over Price. He doesn't seem to understand what an unscrupulous young scoundrel he is, but that doesn't help Price. As you took the photograph, Penfold, it's up to you to get that print back from Bunter. It's your property, you know; and I've told you how it's being used. If you're not in this with Bunter—"

"You cheeky rotter!" bawled Pen.

"Well, I believe you're not; though you can't really blame Price for havin' doubts on the subject. Price is a bit nervy these days."

"I don't believe a word of it!" snapped Pen. "Even Bunter isn't such a rank outsider as that! Go and eat coke, and tell Price to do the same!"

"I—I say! I fancy there's something in it," said Monty Newland slowly. "Fellows have been talking about Bunter borrowing money from a Fifth Form man."

"He's got that print, and it's up to you to get it away from him," said Hilton. "If it all comes out there'll be a fearful row. Price will get bunked from the school!"

"Serve him jolly well right!" growled Pen. "And you jolly well ought to be bunked along with him."

"Never mind that! If Price goes up to the beak, you can bet that he will let the beak know what Bunter's been

"Here's Bunter, Price," said Wharton. "You can do anything but slaughter him! Come on, Bob!" "I—I say, you fellows," yelled Bunter appealingly, "d-d-don't leave me here!"



doing—and Bunter will get the boot along with him, and you—"

"What about me, blow you?"

"Well, Price thinks you're in the game with Bunter; and you'll jolly well have to prove you're not," said Hilton coolly. "The negative was yours; and you let Bunter get hold of it and take a print, and he's using that print, in plain language, to blackmail Price. You'll find yourself in a jolly unpleasant position if it all comes before the beak."

With that, Hilton of the Fifth strolled out of the study. He left Dick Penfold fairly gasping.

"Why, the—the—the rotter!" stammered Pen. "Does he think—does Price think—Why, the pair of rotters—"

"We'd better look into this, old son!" said Newland. "Bunter's been getting money from somewhere. If he's been getting it from Price, it's pretty clear. He was going to have prints taken from those films to use in the 'Friardale Gazette' competition, only Wharton stopped him. If he had prints taken, of course, he spotted Price's chivvy in one of them. And—and I'm afraid it would be like him to keep that one and use it as Hilton says he's using it."

"I can't believe it."

"Well, let's ask Bunter, anyhow."

The chums of Study No. 8 finished their tea hastily, and went along to No. 7 in the Remove. They found the three occupants of that study at home. Peter Todd and Tom Dutton were sitting down to tea; Billy Bunter was surveying a rather sparse tea-table with a dissatisfied and disdainful blink.

"Measly spread, Toddy!" Bunter was

saying, as Pen and Newland arrived in the doorway.

"My dear old barrel," said Toddy genially, "the tuckshop's open; and if you want to add something to the jolly old festive board, there's nothing to stop you."

"I've been disappointed about a postal order."

"Then you'll be disappointed about a spread, too, old fat man! Hallo, you men!" Peter glanced round at the newcomers. "Trot in! If you've come to tea, we've got a couple of sardines—one each."

"We've come to see Bunter," said Newland.

"Here he is! And you're welcome to him—more than welcome. Take him away with you, with my blessing."

"Look here, Bunter—" began Penfold.

Billy Bunter blinked at him.

"You needn't come in here, Penfold!" he said loftily. "I don't want to have anything to do with you. After the way you've treated me over that guinea, I bar you. I never could stand unscrupulousness."

"You fat chump—"

Bunter waved a podgy hand in dismissal.

"Get out!" he said. "You're going to bag my guinea prize—it's the sort of thing one would expect from a scholarship bounder. You've got Wharton to back you up in diddling me out of that guinea. He's jolly nearly as unscrupulous as you are. Sickening, I call it. Shut the door after you."

"Isn't he a brute?" asked Peter. "Isn't he a jolly old prize-packet? Why did they send him here when there was a vacant place in a lunatic asylum?"

"Oh, really, Toddy! Look here, Penfold, I've told you I bar you, and I mean it. If there's one thing I never could stand, it's meanness and selfishness and unscrupulousness. Just clear off!"

"You pinched my films from my study," said Penfold. "Did you take a print of the one that had Price in it?"

"I decline to discuss the matter with you, Penfold! They were really my films, as you jolly well know. I should have taken them if you'd lent me your camera. I may have had a print taken, or I may not. Owing to that beast Wharton, I couldn't use the prints. He was going to drag Quelch into it if I did. You're bagging my guinea—"

"It's all right, Pen!" said Toddy. "Bunter won't dare to use the print, if he's got one."

"It's not that," said Pen. "One of the pictures had the Cross Keys in it, with Price of the Fifth—"

"Oh, my only hat!"

"Bunter's kept a copy of that one, and he's making Price pay him to keep it dark—at least, Hilton says so. I want to know."

"Great Christopher Columbus! That's the giddy history of the mystery, is it?" gasped Peter. "You fat villain! That's how you've been getting money out of Price of the Fifth, is it?"

"Why, you beast," Bunter spluttered with indignation, "I've told you that Price lent me some tin—I'm going to settle out of my postal order! Is that what you call getting money out of a chap?"

"Then it's true!" exclaimed Pen.

"I fancied it was!" said Monty Newland, with a nod.

"I've said that I decline to discuss the matter with you, Penfold. Just get out of this study!"

"Where's that print?" asked Pen quietly.

"Where you jolly well won't find it!" sneered Bunter. "If you want one, you can get one taken from the negative, same as I did."

"The negative's destroyed—and that print is going to be destroyed, too. Where is it?"

"Find out!"

"You fat villain!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "Cough it up at once!"

"Catch me!" sneered Bunter. "You can jolly well keep out of this, Toddy. I'm not going to have you sticking my friend in the Fifth for loans."

"What?" yelled Toddy.

"I'm surprised at you, Toddy! I must say it's jolly unscrupulous of you to want to get hold of that print and stick Price! Dash it all, a fellow ought to have a sense of honour!" exclaimed Bunter warmly.

Peter Todd gazed at him open-mouthed. William George Bunter had quite taken his breath away.

"As for the print," said Bunter, "it's in a safe place, and I'm keeping it dark—for Pricey's sake, you know. He's a friend of mine, and I'm protecting him. I'm not going to have him persecuted by a lot of unscrupulous fellows! You can't expect it. As a matter of fact," added Bunter cautiously, "I never had a print made from that film at all. I never knew that Price came out in it, and it didn't make me jump when I saw it at the photographer's. As for you, Penfold, I want to have nothing to do with you unless you do the honourable thing over that guinea. I'm willing to go halves if you get the prize. That's generous. Otherwise, I bar you!"

Bunter rolled to the door.

"You can have that measly spread all to yourself, Toddy! I'm going to tea with a friend in the Fifth!"

And the fat junior rolled out of the study, leaving Penfold and Newland and Peter Todd staring at one another. They seemed to be quite at a loss for words.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Called to Account!

HARRY WHARTON tapped at the door of Price's study in the Fifth, and looked in. Tea was going on in that study.

Billy Bunter sat at the table, with a shiny, cheerful, fat countenance. Price of the Fifth was scowling at him across the festive board; but his scowls did not seem to affect Bunter's spirits, or his appetite. Beaming hospitality was not necessary to Bunter. So long as the spread was ample, Bunter was satisfied. And the spread in Price's study was quite ample. The hapless sportsman of the Fifth had had to strain his credit at the school shop to provide that spread for his unwelcome guest. He dared not refuse; but the looks he gave Bunter across the table indicated only too plainly what he would have done had he dared.

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He gave the captain of the Remove a black look, as Wharton appeared in the doorway. Bunter, on the other hand, bestowed quite a genial blink on the new arrival.

"Trot in, old bean," said Bunter hospitably. "Come in to tea, old chap. Price won't mind—will you, Pricey?"

Price gritted his teeth.

"There's lots," said Bunter, waving Wharton to a chair. "Pricey's glad to see any friend of mine. Ain't you, Pricey?"

"You're wanted, Bunter," said Wharton quietly.

With a swing of his arm, the captain of the Remove spun Bunter to the door.

"Why, you silly fathead," howled Bunter, "wharrer you mean?"

"I mean, that you're wanted in my study, and that if you don't walk there, I'll kick you all the way," answered the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, really, Wharton—Yaroooh!"

Stephen Price stared on in amazement as Bunter rolled out of the study under the propulsion of Wharton's boot.

Wharton did not speak a word to the Fifth-Former. Having kicked Bunter out of the study, he followed him into the passage and kicked again.

With a prolonged howl, the fat junior broke into a run.

Thrice Wharton's boot got home, on the way to Study No. 1. Bunter was feeling quite hurt by the time he arrived there.

He bolted into the study, spluttering.

There were a good many fellows in the room waiting for him. The Co. were there, and Penfold, Newland, and Peter Todd. Wharton followed Bunter in and shut the door.

"Got him?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Yes; he was teeing with Price."

"Price awfully cut up at losing his guest?" chuckled Peter Todd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Now, you fat scoundrel—" began Wharton.

"Look here, what are you up to?" roared Bunter in indignant wrath. "I don't want to come into this study. I bar this study. I'm a rather particular chap in some things, and I tell you, I bar this study! Now open that door!"

"Where's that print?"

"Oh, really, Wharton!"

"Pen's told us all about it, you fat freak. I'm taking the matter up as captain of the Form. If you weren't a benighted idiot, I'd march you straight off to Quelch, and you'd be taken to the Head and bunked. You've got a print of a photograph with Price in it, and you've been getting money out of that Fifth Form oad to keep it dark."

"I haven't!" yelled Bunter.

"Then what has Price been giving you money for?" demanded Newland.

"He hasn't! He's lent me a few small sums. I'm going to settle out of my postal order."

"It's no good talking to him," said Bob Cherry, picking up a fives bat. "Where's that print, Bunter?"

"Go and eat coke! If you fellows think you're going to get hold of that print and get tips out of Price to keep it dark, you're jolly well mistaken. I'm surprised at you."

"Why, you fat rascal—" roared Johnny Bull.

"Put him across the table," said Bob Cherry, flourishing the fives bat. "I tell you, it's no good talking to him."

In four or five pairs of hands, William George Bunter was heaved across the study table.

There he was placed face downwards, in a favourable position for batting.

Hands grasped his fat arms and his fat legs and held him in position, wriggling spasmodically.

"Now, then, you fat freak, where's that photograph?" asked Wharton.

"Beast!"

"Go it, Bob!"

Bob Cherry "went it." The fives bat came down on a pair of tight trousers with a crack like a pistol-shot; and the yell that followed from Billy Bunter woke every echo in the Remove passage.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER

Beastly for Bunter!

WHACK!
"Ow!"
Whack!
"Yarooooh!"

Whack!

"Beast! Stop it! I say, you fellows, I haven't really got a photograph of Price at all!"

Whack, whack!

"Oh, you rotters! Ow! Leggo! Help! Fire! Yarooooh!"

Billy Bunter wriggled and roared. The fives bat came down rhythmically. There was plenty of beef in Bob's right arm, and it was evident that William George Bunter would get tired before Robert Cherry did.

"Ow, ow! I say, you fellows, I—I'll go and fetch it!" gasped Bunter.

"I—I say, I'll let all you fellows into it, if you like! Lemme go, and I'll go and fetch that print. Ow!"

"And you'll come back with it, if we let you out of the study?" grinned Nugent.

"Yes, old chap! You can take my word for that."

"I don't think!" chuckled Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

Whack! Whack!

"Yarooooooop!"

"Tell us where you've put it, you fat chump!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Shan't!" yelled Bunter.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow! I mean, I'll tell you!" wailed Bunter. "Oh, you beasts! Ow! I—I was going to tell you, all along. I—I want to tell you. Ow! It's in the box-room! Ow! Hidden up the chimney! Wow! Oh crikey!"

"Cut off to the box-room, Pen," said Harry.

Pen left the study. Billy Bunter wriggled painfully. The juniors waited for Dick Penfold to return.

He was not long gone. All eyes turned on him as he re-entered Study No. 1 with a sooty envelope in his hand.

From the sooty envelope which the astute Owl had concealed in the box-room chimney Pen drew the print—and the juniors grinned as they looked at it.

Price of the Fifth was easily recognisable in the photograph, smoking a cigarette with Mr. Jerry Hawke on the veranda at the back of the Cross Keys, and it was no wonder that the existence of that photograph kept the sportsman of the Fifth on tenterhooks of terror. Certainly he would not long have remained at Greyfriars had the eyes of Dr. Locke fallen upon it.

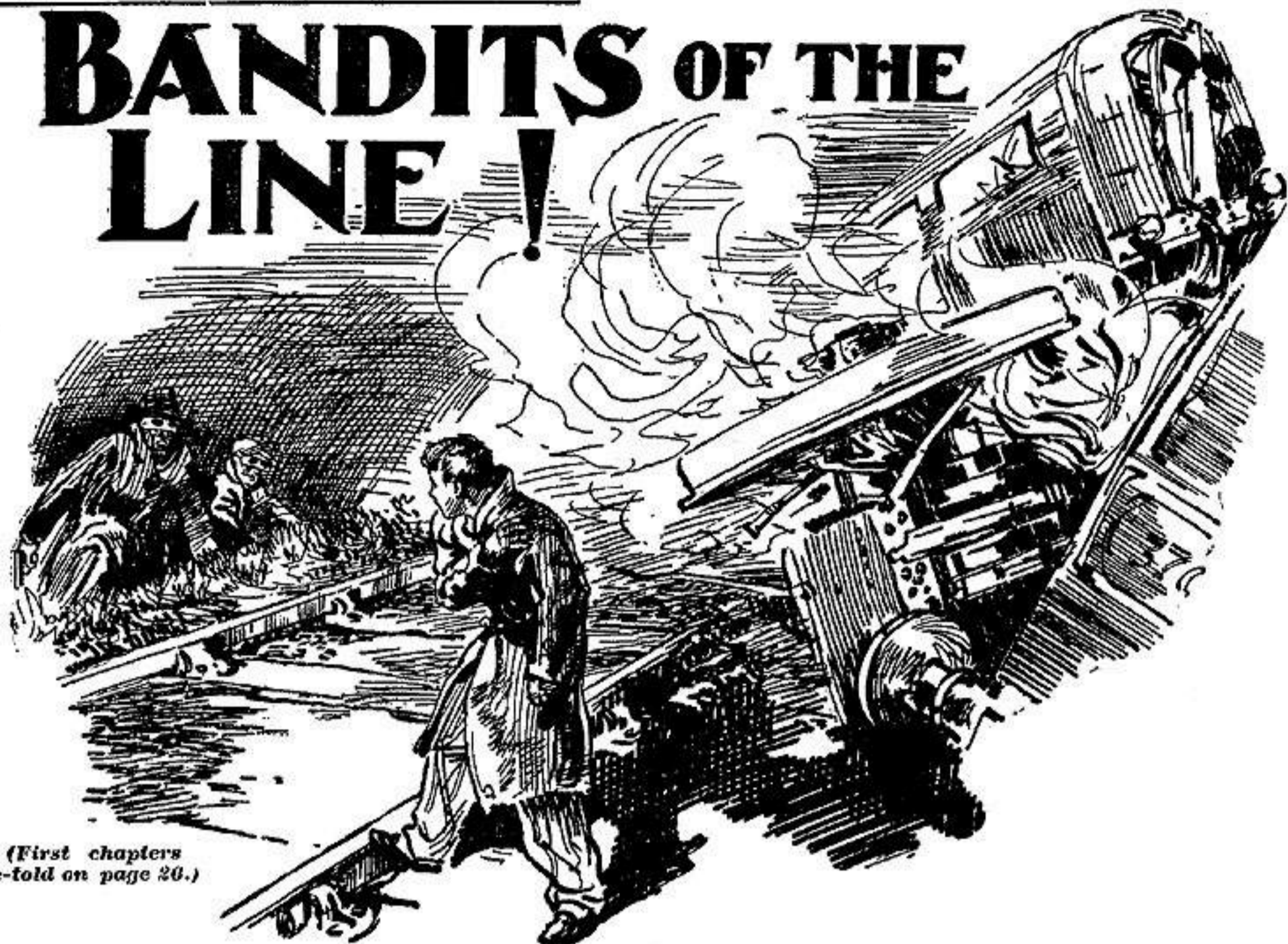
"That's the jolly old article!" said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "Pricey ought really to be a bit more careful when he goes blagging—and when a young ass is out loose with a camera."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Here's a match!" said Harry Wharton.

(Continued on page 28.)

BANDITS OF THE LINE!



(First chapters re-told on page 26.)

The Clenched Hand I

GOOD heavens—”
The breathless cry broke from Ferrers Locke. On a common impulse, the Baker Street detective and Jack Drake, broke into a run, racing out across the treacherous marshland to the ruin where that strange, grim shadow-show had been played to its tragic finish before their watching eyes.

Already the man who had flung the other from the top of the tower, had vanished from sight into the building.

That he had sought to murder his antagonist, and had probably succeeded in his attempt, was only too plain.

In the rapidly falling darkness, Ferrers Locke and his boy assistant tore on over the soft, grassy hummocks of land that formed a maze of paths between the muddy water-channels. It was difficult going—and for Jack, with his left arm in a sling, it was even harder than it might have been. The slippery footing provided by the narrow paths of tussock-grass and sea-lavender, growing between the mud-guts, caused them to flounder and all but fall several times; and a fall into one of those deep mud-guts, where the soft mud waited to suck down any victim like a black quicksand, might have spelt death for either.

But at last they came to the raised, grassy mound on which the old stone tower stood. They raced round the circular wall, and found at their feet the huddled figure of a man lying among the fallen masonry that was scattered in the rank grass.

Jack Drake gave a swift exclamation of surprise. The man was a negro—a small-built man in muddy clothes his eyes glassy and bloodshot as he stared up at the youngster and the detective.

A terrible cut across one of the black man's temples, showed where he had struck one of the blocks of fallen

masonry, when he had been flung from the parapet high above.

Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake knelt swiftly beside him. For the moment, their one thought was for the negro; of the other figure they had seen, there was no sign.

“He's done!” muttered the detective.

It was only too terribly clear that the negro could not live very long. Locke, experienced in such grim matters, saw at once that the man had been mortally injured in his fall. He loosened the collar round the ebony neck, and the dying man's breathing eased.

His eyes closed. He seemed scarcely to realise their presence. The thick lips moved, and an incoherent mutter came from them.

“What does he say?” breathed Jack.

Famous detective picks up the tip he wanted by playing a “waiting” game.

“—the hand!” This time the thickly-spoken words were just audible. “The clenched hand, boss!”

For a moment, the bloodshot eyes flickered open and fastened on Ferrers Locke with understanding. The negro was trying to tell them something, it seemed.

“Yes?” urged Locke gently. “The clenched hand? What is that?”

“The house of the clenched hand—”

The black man's words faltered and stopped. His head fell back upon Locke's supporting arm. The detective's hand went swiftly to the negro's heart, but there was only the faintest flicker of life now; and as Locke's hand lay there, the heart beneath ceased to beat.

“He's gone!” said the criminologist. “Poor chap!”

Jack Drake sprang to his feet with blazing eyes.

“Where's the hound who's done this?” he panted, staring round through the gloom.

There was no sign of anyone on the mound. But close to them was the dark opening that led into the tower. Jack Drake raced in, Ferrers Locke at his heels.

A circular stone room, lit by slits in the wall, with a crumbling stone staircase winding round it to the upper part of the tower, lay before them as they paused on the threshold. But it was deserted. A deathly silence filled the tower as they stood staring about them.

“Up those stairs!” snapped Locke. “If he's still up there, he's trapped!”

The detective raced up the narrow stair that wound round the bare, circular wall, Jack Drake following him. They came out on to the flat stone roof of the tower, surrounded by its high parapet, on which they had seen the negro and his unknown assailant embraced in their death struggle.

Jack and the detective peered round in the dim light. And then, from somewhere behind them, came a sudden, soft voice.

“Mr. Locke, I believe?”

The pair swung round.

Standing in the shadow of the parapet, scarcely two yards from them, was the tall figure of a man—a man who looked strangely like some great bird, with his high hooked nose and tiny black eyes, that stared at them unwinkingly. His grey, straggling hair stirred in the wind, with the high bald crown of his head protruding white and bare. Two clawlike hands hung at the

end of long arms, the fingers twitching as if with hidden excitement.

"Mr. Locke, I believe?"

He repeated the soft, purring words mockingly, his oddly unwinking eyes never leaving the detective's face.

"You are surprised that I know your name?" cut in the gaunt-looking figure in sardonic tones. "My dear sir, your fame is world-wide! I recognised you even as you came running over the marshes, from quite a distance. I made finally certain that it was you when I watched you from the parapet as you attended to the last rites of the unfortunate black down there!"

"It's you who killed him!" cried Drake hoarsely.

The tall figure shrugged.

"I threw him off the tower, certainly. He deserved it. A faithless rascal—"

There was a sudden exclamation from Locke. His eyes had gone past the tall figure to something clamped to the wall behind him—an assortment of queer-looking apparatus, wires and coils and wireless valves, attached to a black box at the foot of the parapet.

Jack Drake had seen it, too. And in a flash the same thought came to the youngster that had already come to Ferrers Locke.

Could this be the apparatus they had surmised must exist, by which the railway bandits stopped the trains they marked down as their prey? Had the bandits hidden the mysterious instrument in this deserted tower, and from there operated it upon the train they had robbed that morning, at a spot nearly a mile away?

The detective had been searching the neighbourhood of the train hold-up in search of signs of just such an apparatus. Had their search been successful at last?

The bird-like man saw where their eyes were fastened. A strange look leapt into his lean face. He had been standing between it and them as if with the purpose of hiding it if possible. Now he moved aside with a mocking smile.

"You are interested in my little apparatus?" he murmured. "I do not imagine that you will be interested in it—or in anything else—for very long! So take a good look while you may!"

His voice had risen to a sudden menacing note. His eyes were glimmering with a baleful light in the gloom.

Before Jack or the detective could prevent him, the man had taken a sudden leap for the top of the parapet. They sprang forward, but it was too late. With a mocking laugh, the gaunt figure leapt, vanishing over the edge of the tower, dropping with up-flung arms into the gloom beyond.

"He's mad!" panted Jack. "He'll be killed—"

They heard a great splash. Scrambling up on to the parapet Ferrers Locke peered down. He saw that a black channel of water ran up to the tower on the farther side, and above the dark surface, as he watched, there rose a head. With long strokes the mysterious occupant of the ruined tower was swimming swiftly away into the gloom.

"He's not going to get away, though!" jerked out Locke. "Quick, young 'un!"

He raced for the top of the steps that led down to the interior of the tower. But something lying at his feet caused him to pause abruptly—a scrap of paper that lay close by the mysterious appara-

tus clamped to the inner wall of the parapet.

The Baker Street detective snatched it up, staring down at it with gleaming eyes.

It was a half-sheet of notepaper, with a single word scrawled across it—"Moon." At the top of the sheet was stamped a crest; a dark red hand—tightly clenched.

"The clenched hand!"

Staring over Locke's arm Jack Drake echoed the words of the negro who lay dead at the foot of the tower.

That this mysterious clenched hand was in some way a clue to the riddle Locke did not doubt. He was convinced, too, that the apparatus they had found in the old tower had something to do with the activities of the railway bandits, though there was no time to examine it now.

At all costs they must catch the negro's slayer!

But as they started towards the stone stairs again, Ferrers Locke thrusting into his pocket the sheet of paper bearing the sign of the clenched hand, a sudden blinding sheet of crimson flame came leaping up the stairway. A splitting roar burst upon their ear-drums, seeming to fill earth and sky, stunning their senses.

The old tower rocked beneath their feet. Cracking and smashing, the old walls burst outwards. The stone floor on which Locke and Jack had been standing was hurled up in a mass of flying masonry, flinging them with it!

In that last fraction of time before his senses left him Jack Drake knew that the tower was being blown sky-high!

No doubt in order to destroy the apparatus there, the strange, bird-like man whom they had found at the top of the ancient building had already prepared for the tower's destruction by the time they had arrived.

Crashing and roaring, the thick old walls collapsed like a house of cards.

Where were Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake?

The Man at the Inn!

THE roar of the explosion that had destroyed the old tower in the heart of the marshes still seemed to rumble over the saltings and mudflats, as the lean figure of the man who had leapt from the top of the tower in the nick of time dragged himself from the water. Scrambling on to the saltings a couple of hundred yards from the wrecked tower, the man with the bird-like face stood staring back.

A cackle of evil laughter broke from his lips.

"So much for Ferrers Locke!"

His black, bird-like eyes, set close on either side of his beaky nose, glit-

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

Following a series of mysterious train hold-ups, the famous "Night Scotsman," speeding south from Edinburgh to London, is wrecked and looted by a mysterious band of armed criminals. The railway chiefs engage the services of Ferrers Locke, detective, to solve the mystery. The famous detective is discussing the situation with his boy assistant, Jack Drake, when news comes to hand that an express near Wytting, Essex, has been mysteriously stopped and looted in broad daylight. Locke and Drake hasten to the scene, and they are exploring the country when two human figures appear, fighting furiously on the high, ruined parapet of an old tower far out in the heart of the marshes. Suddenly one of the struggling figures swings the other high in the air and dashes him to the earth below!

(Now read on.)

tered triumphantly as he peered through the gloom towards the ruin of the tower. The old walls, rent and torn by the explosion, rose jagged against the sunset amid huge lumps of broken masonry. Of Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake, who had been on the roof of the tower when the explosion had taken place, there was no sign!

Again the weird figure with the straggling grey hair, from which his high, bald crown protruded like an egg, gave a cackle of evil glee as he stood in his dripping clothing, peering back towards the silent ruins.

"So much for Ferrers Locke!" he repeated, with a shrill chuckle, shaking a triumphant claw-like hand towards the remains of the old tower. "I wondered if you would pit yourself against me, Locke! You did, but you soon found Dr. Lash too much for you, eh?"

He turned and loped away swiftly through the gathering mists, picking his way unerringly over the treacherous mudbanks and slippery saltings towards the line of higher ground that marked the edge of the great expanse of salt marshes. It was there, beyond the far-off belt of trees, that the railway ran—the lonely stretch of line at the edge of the marshland where the mysterious railway bandits who had been terrorising all England had carried out the latest of their daring exploits.

With long strides the strange, bird-like figure of the man who had called himself Dr. Lash vanished into the mists.

"Yes, Ferrers Locke is dead!"

The shrill, cackling voice of Dr. Lash held a note of gloating triumph as he grinned across the table at the man seated opposite him in a private room of the Black Swan Inn at Wytting, the little village not far from the scene of the railway bandits' latest hold-up.

It was an hour later.

A large, closed car had been waiting for the mysterious Dr. Lash in a lonely lane near the edge of the marshes when that strange individual had left the scene of the explosion which—so he felt convinced—must have spelt death for Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake. The man waiting in the car had driven Lash straight to Wytting, and the two were now alone together in an upstairs room, enjoying a meal in strict privacy.

"You are sure of that?" muttered the other, a big, thick-set man with the shoulders and arms of a prize-fighter, and a broken nose to go with them.

"Quite sure, Tallon!" purred Lash. "They were on the roof when the tower went sky-high, I tell you! I only just got away myself in the nick of time, if it comes to that—had to dive into that water channel that runs up to the tower, and swim for it!"

"You know it was Ferrers Locke?"

"Of course. I could not fail to recognise the famous sleuth!" chuckled Dr. Lash in mocking tones. "As you know, I had expected that the railway people would tire of Scotland Yard's failures, and would ask Locke to get to work. It was he right enough. Why, I recognised him as he was approaching the tower! It was that fact which made me set that time-bomb I had brought with me in case of some such emergency."

"Lucky you had it with you, doctor," grinned the man named Tallon. "It wouldn't have done for Locke to have examined our little apparatus too closely and lived to tell the tale!"

Dr. Lash chuckled shrilly.

"No!" His black, beady eyes glittered. "But it is an infernal nuisance, all the same, that the apparatus had to be destroyed. If only I had been able to get it away as I intended! Still, we should have missed Ferrers Locke then, and I would sooner have the trouble of getting Moon to work on another, and Locke dead and out of the way!"

Tallon nodded, busy with his meal. Dr. Lash took a drink from the wine-glass at his elbow, and chuckled gleefully once more.

"A pity that—well, that an accident happened to the nigger," growled Tallon after a while.

"He asked for it!" snarled Lash. "Although he'd joined in with us, he was always too soft towards Moon! He took the opportunity of being alone with me, to start on the old wine again about him. I hit him, and he went for me in an instant, confound him! If I hadn't flung him off the parapet—"

"Well, perhaps he's better dead," broke in Tallon in a callous tone.

"He is!" snapped his companion. "And his body's hidden in the ruins of the tower! We're well rid of him, Tallon, and—"

He broke off sharply. The door had opened, and the waiter had appeared with the dishes of the next course.

Dr. Lash glanced at his watch.

"We'll rest here for a time, Tallon. At ten o'clock we'll get going, though. It's a long drive!"

The man with the broken nose nodded silently. The waiter completed his task at the table and withdrew again.

On the outer side of the closed door, the waiter smiled. It was a grim smile.

"So they're going on again at ten," he told himself. "Where, I wonder?"

He deposited the plates in the service-hatch, and strode away along the low, old-fashioned passage to a room at the farther end that overlooked the cobbled yard of the inn. He entered quickly, closing the door behind him.

Standing by the window was a youthful figure, that turned abruptly at the waiter's entry.

It was Jack Drake.

"Young 'un, they're leaving in an hour. And when they go, we've got to follow 'em!" said the waiter. "No, we don't want to collar them here. They wouldn't speak, and even if they are leaders of the gang, we've only got them—and we want the lot! We'll let 'em lead us to the heart of their organisation, Jack!"

The waiter was Ferrers Locke!

In imagining that Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake must have been killed in the explosion that had wrecked the old tower in the marshes, Dr. Lash had not reckoned on the possibility of the force of the explosion flinging both the detective and the youngster clear of the tumbling ruins, into the water-channel that had washed one of its walls! That was what had happened, however—with the result that the pair of them, though badly shaken and bruised, had suffered no serious injury. Even though Jack Drake had been rendered senseless for some minutes, Ferrers Locke had been able to drag Jack to safety, before the insensible youngster could drown in the dark waters. And when Jack had sufficiently recovered, it had been easy enough for an expert like Locke to follow the tracks of Dr. Lash across the marsh, and then trail the tyre-marks of the car which his tracks

The stone floor on which Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake had been standing was suddenly hurled up in a mass of flying masonry!



showed him to have boarded subsequently.

They had followed the car to the Black Swan Inn as unerringly as any bloodhounds! And there, after showing his card to the landlord, the Baker Street detective had taken the place of a waiter, and, cleverly disguised as he knew only too well how to do at a moment's notice, Ferrers Locke had coolly waited upon the man who believed him dead, without that mysterious individual for a moment guessing his identity!

Thanks to his present role, Locke had been able to learn a good deal of the mysterious pair in the private room of the Black Swan Inn. He had learnt enough, at any rate, to convince him that his first surmise was correct, that the man named Lash had some connection with the railway bandits in search of whom he had come to Essex.

The apparatus he had discovered in the old tower had caused him to think that in the first place. It had been destroyed without his having had a chance of examining it, but he was hot on the trail, nevertheless!

"Yes, we've got to follow them, Jack!"

Ferrers Locke's voice was grim and incisive.

"That'll mean getting hold of a car, I suppose?" said Jack Drake.

The detective shook his head.

"I've got an idea worth two of that, young 'un! Lash—that's what his name is, I think—said they had a long drive before them. To follow their car through lonely country, at night, would mean they'd spot us on their trail for a cert. No, we won't follow by road at all! We'll follow by air."

"By air?" echoed Jack in utter bewilderment.

"By air, young 'un! We can get hold of a plane at that aerodrome past the village—remember it?"

"Yes. But I'm hanged if I see how we can keep track of a car from a blessed aeroplane!" confessed Drake bluntly. "It might be easy to spot it, with its headlamps, on country roads. But if it passes through towns, it would get mixed up with other traffic—"

"Of course," Locke chuckled. "We'll mark their car, though—indélibly! Remember that cycle shop we passed at the end of the village? It was advertising luminous paint for sale. We'll get some, Jack, and while these two are finishing their meal, it's up to you to daub the roof of their car with luminous paint! They're not leaving the inn till ten o'clock, we know. There'll be plenty of time for that, and time to get along to the aerodrome, too, afterwards! And I don't think we'll find much difficulty in following them then!"

"My giddy aunt, gov'nor!" Jack surveyed Locke with shining eyes. "That's a great scheme! They'll never spot it—and we ought to be able to follow 'em anywhere in the dark!"

The criminologist nodded, and smiled.

"Lash thinks we're done for," he said cheerfully. "We'll show him we aren't, though!"

(Cute wheeze on Ferrers Locke's part, what? Make sure you join in the chase by reading next week's instalment of this thrilling detective yarn, boys!)

BILLY BUNTER'S BARGAIN!

(Continued from page 24.)

The captain of the Remove scratched a match and put the flame to the print. The photograph burned away till only the corner remained in Pen's finger and thumb.

"Now, that's done with," said Harry Wharton. "It would have served Price right to be lunked, but that's no bizney of ours. That fat villain Bunter has been blackmailing him—for that's what it amounts to—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"
"What do you call it, then, you podgy toad?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"I suppose a fellow can lend a fellow—"

"Give him some more fives bat, Bob."

"Owl! Keep off, you beast!"

"Somebody had better go and tell Price and put him out of his jolly old misery!" grinned Bob. "Bunter had better go! It's up to Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, I'm not going near Price now you've burned that photograph! I—I believe he would be ratty—"

"Very likely, I think!" chuckled Wharton.

"We—we—we've been friends, of course," said Bunter. "But—but—but in the present circumstances, I—I'm going to chuck Price, and—and I'd rather not go near him."

"The ratherfulness-not is probably terrific!" chuckled Hutree Jamset Ram Singh. "But there is no choicefulness for the esteemed and dishonest Bunter."

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Come on, Bunter!" said the captain of the Remove. "As Price's friend, it's up to you to tell him—"

"I—I—I hardly think he'll feel friendly now," mumbled Bunter. "I—I think very likely he—he'll be unfriendly."

Harry Wharton & Co. had no doubt on that point. They could guess exactly how friendly Stephen Price was feeling towards Bunter, and how he would express his feelings when he knew that he was no longer in danger. But there was no help for the Owl of the Remove. All the juniors agreed that it was necessary for Bunter to learn that there was a limit—and they had no doubt that an interview with Price of the Fifth would impress that lesson on his fat and fatuous mind.

With Wharton's arm through his left, and Bob Cherry's through his right, Bunter was walked out of the study.

He was walked away to the Fifth Form passage, wriggling and protesting. He was walked into Price's study, to be greeted by a black scowl from the Fifth Form sportsman.

The unfinished spread was still on the table. Bunter gave it a mournful

blink. It was borne in on his mind that he never would finish that spread now.

"What do you fags want here?" snapped Price, glaring at the Removites.

"About that photograph—" began Wharton.

"So Bunter's told you, has he?" muttered Price. "If you think you're going to get anything out of me—"

"You measly worm!" said Wharton contemptuously. "It would serve you jolly well right if we'd pinned it up in Hall for all Greyfriars to see, instead of burning it!"

Price gave a jump. "You—you—you've burned it?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, you rotter!" growled Bob Cherry.

"We made Bunter give it up, and we've burned it," said Harry. "You're safe now—till you get caught some day and turfed out of the school. And I jolly well hope it won't be long before that happens! And here's Bunter—"

"I—I say, Pricey old chap—"

gasped Bunter. "Bunter's been screwing money out of you," said Wharton. "Serve you jolly well right, as far as that goes; but the fat rotter ought to be jolly well scragged! You'll never get your money back—"

"Unless Bunter's postal order comes!" interjected Bob solemnly.

"But you can take it out of his fat hide!" said Wharton. "Anything short of slaughtering him! Come on, Bob!"

"I—I say, you fellows, d-d-don't leave me here!" yelled Bunter. He was quite alarmed by the look on Price's face. "I—I say—" Bunter rushed after the two juniors to the door.

Bob gave him a playful shove, and he sat down.

"My dear man, don't you want to stay with your friend in the Fifth?" grinned Bob. "Where's that jolly old friendship gone all of a sudden?"

"I—I say, you fellows— Oh crikey!"

Price's grasp was on Bunter's collar. Wharton and Bob quitted the study.

A wild roar followed them.

Price had Bunter's collar in his left hand; he had a cricket stump in his right.

To judge by the fearful howls from the study, Bunter and the cricket stump were establishing contact.

Ten minutes later a dismal, doleful, disconsolate Bunter crawled back into the Remove passage. He moaned as he crawled. He blinked woefully at a crowd of grinning Removites.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life?" bawled Bob Cherry.

Groan!

"Getting on all right with your friend in the Fifth?" grinned Peter Todd.

Groan!
Billy Bunter crawled into Study No. 7. For a long time afterwards dismal groans were heard proceeding from Study No. 7. Price of the Fifth was looking quite bucked that evening; but William George Bunter, in his turn, was finding that the way of the transgressor was hard. To judge by the sounds of woe, he was finding it very hard indeed.

"Got it?"

"Yes."

"Hurrah!"

Pen's face was very bright as he held up the cheque for the sum of one guinea to the admiring gaze of the Removites a few days later.

Pen's photograph had bagged the prize in the "Friardale Gazette," and the guinea had arrived.

"Gratters, old bean!" said Bob Cherry.

"The gratterfulness is terrific, my esteemed and absurd Pen!"

Pen grinned.

"I hardly thought I should bag it," he said. "But here it is! I'll ask Quelch to cash it for me. There's going to be a little celebration in Study No. 8, and if you fellows will come—"

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is preposterous."

The little celebration duly took place in Study No. 8, graced by the distinguished company of the Famous Five. It was going strong when a fat face was inserted into the study doorway, and a large pair of spectacles blinked in at the festive party.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

"Now, look here," said Bunter. "you fellows have treated me badly all round, but there's a limit. That prize is really mine—"

"Hook it!"

"I know you're rather an unscrupulous lot," said Bunter warmly; "but you jolly well know that I should have bagged that prize if you hadn't butted in, Wharton. I've been done out of that guinea. The least you can do is to ask me to the feed. That's the very least! And I'm bound to say— Whoooooop!"

Bunter made the last remark involuntarily, as the festive party collared him and hurled him forth.

There was a bump and a roar in the Remove passage. The door of Study No. 8 closed again, and the celebration proceeded—without Bunter.

THE END.

(There will be another magnificent full-length yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. in next Saturday's MAGNET, entitled: "BLUFFING THE BEAKS!" Avoid being disappointed by ordering your copy WELL IN ADVANCE!)

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Greyfriars Herald

No. 53.

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July 11th, 1931.

Edited by
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 (Director, F. T. Fish.)
 STUDY No. 11.

THE REMOVE ACADEMY.

Exhibition of Pictures in Rag COMPLETE CATALOGUE

For the benefit of those juniors who will be attending the exhibition at the Remove Academy, in the Rag, we print hereunder a complete catalogue of the pictures exhibited, together with our expert critic's comments.

- No. 1. Study of Hake, Sardine and Turbot, by Oliver Kippis, R.A.
- No. 2. "A Little Snack," by W. G. Bunter, R.A. (This is the biggest picture in the Academy, and contains enough various foodstuffs to feed the British Army for a year and two months.)
- No. 3. Snowy Landscape, with Cheat Sky and Figures in Foreground. (This is an absolutely blank sheet of white paper, except for the figures 1931 in the middle.) The Painter is anonymous—suspected to be Cherry.
- No. 4. "The Rod," by Frank Nugent, R.A. (A clever picture of a tyrant in gown and mortarboard, inflicting chastisement on several shrinking juniors.) We hope Quelchly doesn't see it—he might recognise the tyrant's face.
- No. 5. "A Warrior Bowled," by Harry Wharton, R.A. (A picture of Coker of the Fifth, standing, bat in hand, before a wretched wicket. Very well done.)
- No. 6. "The Seven Ages of a Dog," by Harold Skinner, R.A. (A series of seven pictures representing the life of a dog, and entitled "Pup-age, Walk-age, Bark-age, Fight-age, Steal-age, Old-age, Sausage-age.")
- No. 7. "A Study of Still Life," by Piet Doleary, R.A. (A portrait of Lord Maulverer.)
- No. 8. "A Bare Figure Running," Anonymous. (This should really be called, "A Bear—Figure Running," as it represents a distant view of a bear, with a figure like that of Paul Prout running swiftly—but not towards the bear.)
- No. 9. "Portrait of His Majesty," by Fisher, T. Fish, R.A. (This is a picture of the King's head on a coin.)
- No. 10. "One Thing Bolsover Can't Hit," by a Fag. (Picture of a Cricket Ball.)
- No. 11. "The Support of Man," by H. Vernon-Smith, R.A. (Study of a pair of braces.)
- No. 12. "Lynch Law," by Peter Todd, R.A. (A gruesome picture of the lynching of a criminal in Texas. Some of it is not very well done, but the criminal is very finely executed.)

SENSATIONAL CHARGE IN COURT

Wun Lung—The Killer

WHO STOPPED FELIX WALKING?

Heavily handcuffed, and attached to a ball and bone belongs to me, Felix the Cat. Signed, Felix the Cat.

Mr. Justice Wharton, who was presiding, looked up in surprise.

"What's all this?" he asked.

The judge directed P.O. Bull to kick the prisoner every time he said "No savvy," and the trial began. The Clerk of Arraigns, Mr. Samson Field, read the charge.

"The Heavilion Chinnee, W. Lung, is charged with killing a feline."

"A what!" exclaimed the judge.

"Why, you awful rotter. Don't you know that it's wrong to kill er—er—felines? I've a good mind to sentence you to six with a map-pole."

"No savvy! Ow-ow-ow!" said the prisoner, wriggling.

"Produce the corpse," said the judge.

Vernon-Smith, K.C., rose hastily.

"This is a trial, not an inquest, your lordship."

"Oh! Well, in that case, get on with it, and never mind the corpse."

Mr. Mark Linley, K.C., counsel for the prosecution, made a long speech about the crime in Latin. After he had seated himself, and the judge was wondering what it was all about, Mr. Vernon-Smith condescended to explain.

"The accused is charged with feloniously killing, and or bumping-off, one, Felix, a black feline belonging to Mrs. Mimble," he said. "This cat, Felix, was wandering around the Cloisters last evening, with the prisoner Lung in close attendance, and since that time it has not been seen."

"Is there any evidence that the prisoner Lung was concerned in its disappearance?"

"Yes, your lordship. After prep last night, the prisoner Lung made some cat soup, which he scooped in the dorm."

"That looks as though you're guilty, you rascal!"

"No savvy! Whoooooop!"

Mrs. Mimble, weeping copiously, gave evidence that the cat had disappeared and was, she strongly believed, at that moment in the dock, inside the prisoner Lung.

Dr. Skinner was called by the defence, and stated that he had analysed the soup made by the prisoner, and did you find that it contained, as an ingredient, a black feline named Felix?" asked Mr. Vernon-Smith.

Dr. Skinner nodded, and produced a number of bones, which, from their size, seemed to have belonged to a horse.

"This is a cat's collar-bone, or clavicle," he said, heaving up a bone about as big as himself. "Which I fished out of the soup."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is obviously the tibia, or thigh-bone, of a cat," he went on, struggling with another.

"But how do you know it belonged to Felix?"

"It's written on the bone in pencil, your lordship, said Dr. Skinner, indicating an inscription: "This



THE QUELCHODROME

New Cinema at Greyfriars

Greyfriars can boast its own cinema at last. A splendid new cinema is being opened in the Remove Form-room this week. It is suggested that it shall be called "The Quelchodrome," as it is being run by Mr. Quelch.

The Quelchodrome opens once a week (every Thursday), and admission is quite free. Some cinema.

An amazing programme of films has been prepared. A stupendous attraction marks the opening performance, when the management will present:

ADOLPHUS ANT and **BARTHOLOMEW BEE** in **"THE LIFE OF AN ANT."**

Produced by Nature Films Inc., by arrangement with the **DRYAS-DUST PHOTOFILM CO.**

(Distributed in British Isles by **PATHEICAL FEARS.**)

Directed by **PROFESSOR N. TYRELY-POTTIE, O.I.C.**

The main theme of the film is the tireless energy with which ants will drag large objects which they don't want to places where they shouldn't be. It is a great anti-traction. The film lasts two hours and a quarter.

In addition to this, the Quelchodrome is presenting, as an added attraction, a two-reel comedy entitled:

"UNDER THE MICROSCOPE," with an All-Star Cast, including: **ZEBEDEE ZOOPHYTE** and **MICK MOLECULE.**

A riot of fun and mirth. See the microbes from **POND** and **DITCH** revealed under the microscope; watch formation of condensed crystals revealed by the all-seeing machine.

We feel sure that fellows will encourage this new venture by turning up in their hundreds. There is room for all—or, no doubt, will be.

NEXT WEEK: At 6.30 and 8 p.m. **ROSE LUPIN** and an All-Plant Cast in **"THE POLLINATION OF A FLOWER."**

GREYFRIARS HERALDRY SAUSAGE-ROLL COUCHANT

We have been investigating the coats of arms of the fellows at Greyfriars, together with their family mottoes. We thought readers might like to know the crests of the nobility within our walls.

DICK PENFOLD: A sonnet quartered in a field of azure, and an ode halved in a field of barley. Motto: "Non fit poeta nascitur." (The poet is born, not made.)

BILLY BUNTER: A sausage roll couchant, a doughnut rampant and a snore rampant. For his family motto Bunter has the one word "Moles!"—a Latin word which means, in English, a huge, shapeless mass.

ALONZO TODD: A huge tome (open) and a jawbone (wagging) quartered in a pair of six pieces (argent and azure) Motto: "Lusus naturae." (A freak of nature.)

FISHER T. FISH: Spontaneous, couchant, mounted on greenbacks, edged with durosks and dollars. Motto: "Yeah, I gotta cinch for parting pigeons." (Yeah, I have a peculiar ability for strinding simple people.)

Replies To Correspondents

- W. G. B. (Study 7).—No.
- F. T. FISH (Study 14).—No, thanks. I've heard of your stunts before.
- HOB GORGE COCKER (Griff).—Rate! You've jolly well got to learn how to play it first.
- LORD MAULVERER (Study 12).—Try dynamo, chump!
- BOISOVER MAJOR (Study 10).—No, but you might be charged with manslaughter.
- S. QUIFF.—Soak them carefully in warm water, and then rub with a little melted butter.
- BOB CHERRY (Study 13).—I can only suggest a comb: if that's no good, try a mowing machine.
- NAPOLION DUPONT (Study 10).—Oui! Ah, ca va! Mais non! Ach, ja!
- R. NUGENT (2nd).—Sorry, old top, I don't make it. And if I did, you wouldn't get the pictures.
- S. J. SNOOP (Study 11).—(1) Yes. (2) No. (3) Yes and No. (4) No—or, rather, yes.

COKER'S MOUSTACHE Latest Bulletin

"We are glad to state that Coker's moustache is now progressing favourably after its late relapse, when Coker washed it off in mistake. Under the microscope eleven hairs are distinctly visible, and with the naked eye seven of them can be plainly seen. At this ratio the moustache is bound to attract the notice of Mr. Prout before long."

"At the suggestion of our colleagues, we administered treatment and confined Coker to a forcing frame for several hours, and the result is excellent. The moustache looks strong and healthy and progresses rapidly. After cross-pruning it a little with Mossoo's beard, we think there can be no doubt that it will eventually grow long enough to justify the use of the razor Coker had given him for Christmas."

Signed: "G. POTTER, W. GREENE, Physicians in Ordinary to Coker."

TOM BROWN (Fish monger) Ltd.

Tom Brown begs to announce that he has just been presented with a fishing-rod for his birthday. He is now setting up in business as a fishmonger.

Would you like a nice CARP, TROUT, BREAM, OR WHALE? Give Tom Brown your order in the morning, and he will go down to the Sark and catch it for you. Any fish caught to order.

N.B. Fish No. 1000.
FRESH FISH ONLY. TOM BROWN.



HENRY SAMUEL QUELCH: A cane raised above a bending figure; a note of anguish and a volume of Virgil. Motto: "Stultorum Megister." (An instructor of fools).

HURREE JAKSET RAM SINGH: A Rajah standing on a Jam Sahib reclining. (We have not been able to discover Jaky's family motto; but Bunter informs us that it is "Bete noir"—A black beast. (He would do it!))