

“BUNTER GETS THE BOOT!”

AMAZING
SCHOOL-ADVENTURE
YARN, FEATURING

Harry Wharton & Co.

The Magnet 2nd

Billy Bunter's
Own Paper



BILLY BUNTER'S DOUBLE!

ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE

THE DAILY ROUND.

(1)

Every morning sharp at eight,
(Woe betide you if you're late!)
In the chapel we assemble
For the service known as prayers.
When you get there, my advice
Is to be as quiet as mice,
Or you're bound to feel a tremble
When the Head turns round and
glares.

AFTER SCHOOL HOURS A Barber-ous Business



A haircut costs a shilling
If we get it done in town,
But we heard that Fish was willing
To cut hair and prices down!
"Have a haircut for a tanner!"
Was his very latest stunt;
For he has a sharp-edged manner,
Though his instruments are blunt.
These—some scissors and some
clippers—
He had borrowed—who knows where?
And he waited for the nippers
To come in with trailing hair;
For with little fags as clients
He could cut their heads about,
And if any showed defiance
He could swiftly kick them out.
But, alas! Bolsover major
Was the first to want a trim;
And poor Fishy felt, I wager,
Rather dubious of him.
Very gingerly he started
On the bully's bushy mop,
Which had never once been parted,
And was matted on the top.
He attacked it with such vigour
That he staggered back, appalled.
While old Bolsy's eyes grew bigger
When he saw that he was bald!
His appearance was uncanny,
So was Fishy's pretty soon;
And the barber, now in sanny,
Has abandoned his saloon!

8 a.m. Prayers.

(2)

Though the chapel may be old,
It's uncomfortably cold,
And its stonework may be pleasing
But it doesn't hold the heat.
In the early hours of morn
It is chilly and forlorn,
But, although we may be freezing,
We must never stamp our feet.

(3)

That, of course, is quite correct,
For we have to show respect,
And to reverence these matters.
And the building we are in.
So with gravity and calm
We have lessons, prayers, and psalm;
Then the congregation scatters,
Free till breakfast shall begin!

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET

Mrs. JESSIE MIMBLE,
the Dame of the Tuckshop.

M is Mrs. Mimble—bless her!
Do we love that woman? Yessir!
Does the artist love to sketch her
With a beaming smile? You betcher!
Every hungry fag admires her,
Every appetite requires her,



In the tuckshop, where she dishes
Stuff beyond our wildest wishes,
Gorgeous cakes with almond icing,
Simply fiendishly enticing!
Bunter pants in desperation
As he faces the temptation;
Hopeless misery attacks him.
"Cash with order," is the maxim!
Smart and cheerful, brisk and nimble,
There is none like Mrs. Mimble!

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

One sheep was already in the pens.
Grrrrh!



A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRUMBLES

In order to remove some of the more glaring injustices of school life, the following reforms were proposed at a mass meeting of the Remove, and will be embodied in a petition to the Head. Perhaps!

(1) That cushions and divan lounges should take the place of wooden benches in the class-rooms. (Proposed by LORD MAULEVERER.)

(2) That studies should follow the example of railway carriages and be labelled "Smoking" or "No smoking," according to taste. (Proposed by H. SKINNER.)

(3) That Coker should be prohibited. (Proposed by P. TODD.)

(4) That locks should be removed from all studies and cupboards. (Proposed by W. G. BUNTER.)

PUZZLE PAR

Farmer Cobb, of Friardale, once drove fifteen sheep into four pens, and there were four sheep in each pen. How was that?

Answer at foot of column 2.

(5) That Free Trade should be encouraged, and the studies fitted up as offices at the school's expense. (Proposed by F. T. FISH.)

(6) That Loder should be abolished. (Proposed by P. TODD.)

(7) That gas, chloroform, or some other anæsthetic should be administered to the victim before a public flogging. (Proposed by H. VERNON-SMITH.)

(8) That juniors should have the right of challenging an obnoxious prefect to a duel to the death. (Proposed by N. DUPONT.)

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN! That's Arthur Carter's motto . . . for failure has followed failure in his efforts to get Billy Bunter, his rival for riches, expelled from Greyfriars. At long last, the rascally schemer of the Remove meets with success, and—

BUNTER GETS THE BOOT!

By FRANK RICHARDS



"You need say no more, Bunter!" said Dr. Locke, sternly. "You are expelled from Greyfriars! Mr. Quelch, kindly take Bunter away!"

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Very Suspicious Circumstances!

"**B**LOW!" said Bob Cherry. He slowed down on his bike. Four other cyclists slowed. "What's up?" asked Harry Wharton, their leader.

"Nothing's up! That's the trouble! It's down!" Bob Cherry dismounted from his machine, of which the rear tyre had gone flat.

"That puncture again?" sighed Johnny Bull.

"Looks like it!" "Is this the tenth or eleventh time that that puncture has broken out again," asked Johnny Bull thoughtfully, "or is it the twelfth?"

Bob did not answer that question. He gave the inquiring Johnny a glare, and then, stooping, gave his troublesome tyre another glare. It was true that that puncture had given a lot of trouble. Perhaps the last repair had been a little hasty. Anyhow, there it was again—at rather an unlucky time. The famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove were a good mile from the school, and it was getting near lock-up.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh, jumped down. They gathered round Bob, holding their bikes. Bob was pressing that tyre with his thumb.

"Bad?" asked Harry. "Um! I think the beastly thing might last out as far as the school, if I pump it hard. I'll try."

"It's lines, if we're late!" remarked Johnny Bull.

Bob looked round at him. "No reason why you should be late!" he answered. "Why not cut off? You'd

get in, in plenty of time, and it would improve the landscape round about here."

At which Johnny Bull grinned, and leaned his bike against the fence by the side of Oak Lane. Then he looked at Bob's tyre.

"That tyre won't last out!" he said. "Better make up your mind to it!"

"No time to mend a puncture now," said Nugent.

"Time to walk, if we push on!" said Johnny. "We can wheel the jiggers. No good playing about with that pump, Bob."

"Fathead!" "No good getting shirty, either."

SUPER SCHOOL STORY
by a star author, featuring
HARRY WHARTON & CO.,
of GREYFRIARS.

"Idiot!" "Look here——" "Shut up!"

Johnny Bull gave an expressive shrug of the shoulders. Harry Wharton and Nugent and Hurree Singh smiled. Bob Cherry adjusted the pump, and began inflating. He did not seem to be having much luck. But he pumped and pumped, with a grim face. He was going to inflate that tyre, and make it last as far as the school, if only to demonstrate to Johnny Bull that he was wrong. Johnny had rather an irritating way of being right.

Whoosh! went the active pump, and the tyre assumed a more bulgy aspect. Bob, red with exertion, paused for breath, and the tyre flattened again. Bob breathed very hard.

"I told you so, old chap!" said Johnny.

Bob glanced round.

"Is that dummy still here?" he asked. "What is that silly idiot standing round for, staring at a bike like a cow at a train?"

"My esteemed Bob——" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"You going to jaw, too, Inky?" asked Bob.

"Hem!" murmured Nugent.

Bob resumed pumping. His friends made no further remarks. Conversation did not seem to have a grateful or comforting effect on Bob at the moment. Once more the tyre filled out, and Bob felt hopeful. If he once got it really hard, it would last out—perhaps with another pumping or two en route.

He was going to do it if he could! Indeed, he looked as if he was determined to do it, even if he couldn't!

Five minutes—long minutes—elapsed. Bob pumped grimly and doggedly—but he had to pause again. His arms were strong, but they were not made of steel. He relaxed—and the tyre slowly and gently flattened again!

Harry Wharton coughed.

"After all, we've got time to walk it!" he remarked.

"Walk it if you like!" agreed Bob. "We came out for a ride, but if you prefer to walk, go it."

"Well, look here, old chap——" said Nugent.

"I'm looking at the bike!"

"The walkfulness is the proper caper, my absurd Bob!" murmured Hurreo Janset Ram Singh, "and the pushfulness of the bike—"

"I'm going to ride, when I get this tyre up! You fellows can walk, if you like, of course. Nobody's stopping you."

"Hem!"

It was seldom that anything ruffled Bob Cherry's sunny temper. But that worrying puncture seemed to have done it—with the help of Johnny Bull.

Bob, grimly, pumped on! Again that delusive tyre filled out. Johnny Bull was heard to grunt.

"Well, if we're stopping here, I'll stroll round a bit," he remarked. And Johnny walked down the lane, with his hands in his pockets, leaving his bike against the fence.

The other three stayed where they were, watching Bob. Bob pumped and pumped. He was more than determined now. He was going to get that maddening tyre hard, or burst a boiler. His face grew redder and redder—his expression more doggedly set. He pumped, and pumped, and pumped.

Three juniors stood in silence. Johnny Bull disappeared past a turn of the winding lane. Bob pumped on heroically.

From up the lane came a sound of footsteps. Johnny had gone down the lane, and was out of sight, though probably not far away. From up the lane a Greyfriars senior came in sight. It was Wingate, of the Sixth Form, the captain of Greyfriars.

The juniors glanced up at him. He glanced at them. And, as he reached the spot where the group stood, he halted. From the four his glance passed to the bike leaning against the high fence. That fence had a ditch along most of its length. The bike stood at a spot where there was no ditch. Wingate of the Sixth stared at that bike, very hard.

"What does this mean, Wharton?" he asked quietly.

"Eh—what?" asked Harry, in surprise.

"What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for Bob to get his bike going, Wingate."

"Who's gone over that fence?"

"Wha-a-t?"

Wingate pointed to the leaning bike. The juniors stared at it, and then at Wingate of the Sixth. Then they grinned. Even Bob grinned.

They had not even noticed that that fence was the fence of the Three Fishers, a disreputable resort strictly out of bounds. Attention had been concentrated on Bob's puncture.

Certainly, there was no harm in leaning a bike on that fence, although it enclosed the grounds of the most shady resort in the county. But there was no doubt that it looked suspicious to the eyes of a prefect.

Here were four fellows—and five bikes. The bike without an owner was leaning on that disreputable fence. The fence was high, and difficult to climb—but with a lift on the saddle of the leaning bike a fellow could have climbed it easily. Really, it looked as if a fellow had done so.

Wingate frowned. He was not a suspicious fellow—but really, it did look as if he had caught breakers of bounds in the very act.

"Is that bicycle Vernon-Smith's?" he asked.

"Smithy's? Oh, no!" gasped Wharton. "Smithy wasn't with us, Wingate. He was at footer practice, with some of the Remove, when we came out."

Wharton was glad to be able to render

that testimony in favour of the Bounder. In such a matter as breaking bounds, Smithy's name was the first that was likely to occur to a prefect at Greyfriars.

"Whose is it, then?" rapped Wingate.

"Bull's!"

"Bull's!" repeated Wingate. "Bull is about the last fellow in the Remove that I should expect to go into a den like that."

"Right on the nail!" agreed Wharton. "Johnny hasn't gone over that fence, Wingate! We never even noticed what fence it was."

"Where is Bull, then?"

"Trotting about the lane, while Bob pumps his tyre. Bob's been rather a long time on the job!" explained Harry.

Wingate glanced down the lane. He could see nothing of Johnny Bull. But the lane was winding, and bordered with hedges and trees—Johnny might not have been more than twenty or thirty yards away. As Wingate had come up from the lane, and had not passed Johnny, he knew that he had not gone in that direction. Down the lane he could see nothing of him. His glance returned to the bike—and to the group of four.

"I'll wait a few minutes," he said, very dryly. "I don't disbelieve you, Wharton—but I'm a prefect, and I've got my duty to do. It's perfectly well known that some Greyfriars junior breaks bounds in this direction—though I certainly should not have thought that it was one of your friends. But a fellow in a Greyfriars cap has been seen, though he hasn't been spotted yet. I'll wait a bit."

"Glad of your company, Wingate!" answered Wharton politely. And Nugent and Hurreo Singh grinned cheerfully. At any moment, Johnny Bull might have been in sight, coming back to his friends; and there was nothing to worry about.

Bob resumed his hopeless labours with the tyre. Wingate stood with his eyes on the Three Fishers fence. Several minutes passed—and then the captain of Greyfriars gave a sudden start. There was a sound from the inner side of that fence. It was the unmistakable sound of someone clambering up from the inner side to get out into the lane!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Breaker of Bounds!

WINGATE'S face set grimly. The juniors stared round at the fence. Bob even forgot his tyre. Some fellow, unseen as yet, was in the grounds of the Three Fishers—and was in the act of climbing out over the fence.

That it was not an ordinary member of the public, a frequenter of the place, was, of course, clear. Such a person would have walked out at the gate.

Whoever was climbing out into that solitary shady lane was a fellow who dared not be seen leaving such a resort—in fact, a schoolboy out of bounds, obviously unaware that the usually solitary lane was now quite thickly populated.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged a quick look of dismay. They had, certainly, no sympathy with any fellow who sneaked into such a place to play billiards or meet a bookie. But they did not like the idea of the hapless young rascal walking right into a prefect's hands like this.

But there was nothing that they could do. Wingate, with a stern face, made a sign for silence. In his presence, and

under his eyes, they could hardly venture to utter a warning.

Still, they hoped that the unseen fellow was not a Greyfriars man, and especially not a Remove man. It was quite possible that it was some Highcliffe fellow—Ponsonby, or one of his shady set.

No such idea was in Wingate's mind. He had no doubt that it was the missing cyclist—Johnny Bull! So far, he had not been exactly suspicious—only determined to ascertain the facts, whatever they were, as was his duty as a Sixth Form prefect. But the sound of a fellow climbing out, over the very spot where the bike leaned on the fence, settled it for him.

Had the fellow been warned, there was still time for him to drop back unseen, and scuttle away. But the juniors could not warn him—and, had they done so, they would certainly have left the belief fixed in Wingate's mind that the breaker of bounds was their pal, Johnny Bull, which certainly they did not want to do. They could see that he believed it already—and only seeing the face that was going to rise over the fence would disabuse his mind of that belief. The fence was solid, and could not be seen through.

From the inner side came a grunt from the fellow climbing. Then a cap rose into view.

At the sight of that cap, the juniors had to give up their hope that the breaker of bounds was a Highcliffe man. For the cap had the Greyfriars colours, and was evidently on the head of a Greyfriars fellow.

They were glad to know that it could not be Smithy. They knew that they had left Smithy at footer. But who was it?

Wingate had no doubt who it was, at least! His gaze was fixed on the cap, as it rose, and then on the face beneath it, as that face followed the cap into view. Then, at all events, he knew that it was not Johnny Bull!

"Carter!" he exclaimed.

"Oh!" breathed Wharton.

He had not thought of Arthur Carter, the new fellow in the Remove, though he had more than suspected Carter, at times, of this kind of thing. But now he saw him.

Arthur Carter's face came in full view, over the top of the fence, and he cast a hasty look into the lane, evidently to make sure that the coast was clear before he clambered over.

As he saw the group of staring juniors, with the big Sixth Former towering over them, he gave a violent start.

Instantly he dropped back, and vanished.

"Carter!" repeated Wingate blankly. "That was Carter of the Remove." He ran towards the fence. "Carter! Carter!" he shouted. "You young sweep, come out of that at once!"

There was no answer from within.

Carter, evidently, was in full flight, across the grounds of the Three Fishers, to make his escape at some other point. Possibly he hoped that he had not been recognised, in the fleeting instant that his face had been revealed over the top of the fence. Anyhow he was running for it, and was probably already out of range of Wingate's angry shout.

"Carter!" shouted the Greyfriars captain. "I saw you, you young rascal—come out of that at once!"

But answer there came none, and George Wingate turned back from the fence, with a knitted brow. The juniors looked at him in silence.

"This will have to go before the Head!" said Wingate, setting his lips. "The dingy little sweep—I'd never have

thought—" He broke off. "Now I want to know where Bull is."

"I've told you, Wingate!" answered Harry Wharton curtly. "If you walk on down the lane, you'll see him."

"Well, I shan't walk on down the lane!" said Wingate gruffly. "I shall wait here!"

He leaned on the fence, beside the bike, and waited. Bob Cherry resumed pumping. During that startling episode he had forgotten his tyre—and it was now as flat as a pancake again. He pumped and pumped.

"Any luck?"

Johnny Bull's voice was heard. He came through the hedge from a field, on the side opposite from that of the Three Fishers fence. Looking at his friends, he did not observe Wingate for the moment.

"I think it's coming up!" said Bob. "Don't jaw, anyhow!"

"My dear chap, that tyre's going to be as flat as a flounder. Are we going to stay here all night? Hallo, Wingate, I didn't see you?" Johnny stared at the captain of Greyfriars.

"Where have you been?" asked Wingate.

"Eh? Walking about the lane, and across that field!" answered Johnny. "Why?"

"Oh, all right!"

"Wingate's waiting there to cop you as you come out of the Three Fishers," said Harry Wharton sarcastically.

Johnny Bull jumped.

"What? You didn't think I was in that show, Wingate?" he exclaimed.

"No!" said Wingate. "I didn't quite think so—but I know that it looked like it, with your bike leaning on the fence, and you out of sight."

"What rot!" said Johnny.

"What?"

"Rot!" retorted Johnny Bull. "You're a good footballer, Wingate, and I hope you're going to beat Highcliffe on Wednesday, but you've not got much sense. You'd better stick to Soccer, and give up being a prefect, if you haven't more sense than that."

Wingate stared at him. This was rather uncommon talk from a Lower Fourth fellow to a Sixth Form man who was a prefect, and also captain of the school.

"Shut up, Johnny, you fathead!" whispered Nugent.

"Shan't!" snapped Johnny Bull. "If Wingate thinks that I go blagging in that putrid den, he's welcome to his opinion, but I think he's a fool, and I'd tell him so if he was Head of Greyfriars. I'd boot him for it, if he wasn't too big for me to boot!"

"You cheeky ass!" gasped Wingate. "Do you want me to give you six?"

"You can give me sixty, if you like!" snorted Johnny Bull. "That won't stop me telling you what a fool you are."

Wingate came across the lane towards Johnny. The stocky junior glared at him as he came. But Wingate did not collar him, and give him the thrashing of his life, as all the juniors fully expected him to do. He looked at him, very hard, for a moment or two, and then he smiled.

"Well, I'm satisfied now, at any rate!" he said; and with that, the captain of Greyfriars gave the juniors a nod, turned, and walked away down the lane.

Johnny stared after him, till he disappeared from view. Then he turned to his friends.

"Cheeky ass!" he said. "Still, come to think of it, it did look a bit suspicious. Think I pitched it too strong to old Wingate?"

"The thankfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Well, he shouldn't think Remove men go blagging!" grunted Johnny Bull. "He might keep an eye on the Sixth—then he might catch Loder or Carno, if he wants to catch somebody. He won't spot Remove men there."

"He's just spotted one, fathead, getting out over the fence."

"Oh, my hat! Smithy?" asked Johnny Bull.

"No; the new man, Carter."

"Oh, Carter! Well, it's time he was spotted!" said Johnny. "He's been at this game ever since he came, I believe. How's that tyre, Bob?"

"Rotten?"

"What about camping out for the night?" This was sarcasm.

Bob Cherry rose, and jammed his pump back on his machine.

"N.G." he said resignedly. "I'll walk and push the jigger—we've no more than time to get in. You fellows cut off."

"Oh, we'll walk, too!" said Harry. "Come on!"

"No need for you to walk, and I've had enough of Bull's gabble! I'm going to punch his silly head if he doesn't shut up!"

"Are you?" said Johnny Bull, with a warlike look.

"Yes, I am—hard!"

"Get on with it, then!"

Bob Cherry had no opportunity of getting on with it. Harry Wharton shoved him back as he made a step to advance. Nugent and Hurree Singh did the same for Johnny—only they shoved harder, and Johnny went over with a bump. He sat in the dust of Oak Lane and spluttered.

"What the thump—" he roared.

"You talk too much, old man!" said Frank. "Your only fault—but you talk a lot too much! Shut up!"

"Look here—"

"The talkfulness is too terrific, my esteemed Johnny! Silence is the bird in hand that goes longest to the bush, as the English proverb remarks!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh solemnly.

Bob Cherry grabbed his recalcitrant jigger and pushed. Johnny Bull scrambled up, dusted his trousers, and hooked his bike away from the fence. The Famous Five, on foot, pushed off homeward. Bob and Johnny exchanged a mutual glare—and then, as if on second thoughts, a grin! And as they wheeled in at Greyfriars, just before Gosling was able to shut them out, all was calm and bright!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Two of Them!

ARTHUR CARTER came up the Remove staircase, with set lips and a knitted brow.

There was something like panic in the heart of the new fellow in the Greyfriars Remove.

All through that term he had been careful—very careful; as he needed to be, after having been expelled from his last school for exactly what he was doing at his new school!

He had had more than one narrow escape. A breaker of bounds, a frequenter of dingy resorts, could never feel quite safe, but he had relied on care and cunning to see him through.

And now—

It was the loneliest spot in a solitary lane that he had picked to get out of the Three Fishers. And in that spot, by sheer ill-luck, he had lifted his head over the fence, to stare right into the face of a Greyfriars prefect—head prefect and captain of the school.

The juniors did not matter—at least,

they mattered little. But to be seen, on the wrong side of the Three Fishers fence, by a Sixth Form prefect, spelt disaster. If any other fellow might have hoped for leniency, Carter could not—as a fellow who had been expelled from his last school for this very thing. All his care, all his cunning, all through the term had been wasted—thrown away in that one luckless moment.

He clung to the hope that Wingate had not recognised him. There was a chance of it, though a faint one. He had popped back fast enough on seeing the prefect there. He had cut away at top speed, and, if Wingate had looked over the fence, he had not seen him again.

Having got out by way of another fence on the towpath, he had cut back to Greyfriars as fast as he could scud. He was going to be in the school when Wingate came in, and if only the captain of Greyfriars was not sure that he had recognised him in that brief glimpse he might yet pull through.

But the hope was faint, and he knew it. Fear and rage were mingled in his heart as he came up to the Remove studies, breathless after his rapid run.

There was a sound of laughter in the Remove passage—discordant enough to the ears of the young rascal with such a worry on his mind.

He stared gloomily at a crowd of fellows in the passage gathered round the doorway of Study No. 1.

That was his study, which he shared with Wharton and Nugent. As he knew that Wharton and Nugent were out of gates, the study should have been unoccupied, but it was clear that someone was there, and was, apparently, the cause of the merriment at the doorway.

"Good old Wib!" said Vernon-Smith, laughing. "Fine, old man!"

"It's a broth av a boy ye are, Wibley!" grinned Micky Desmond. "How ye do it bates me intirely!"

"Velly funnee ole Wibley!" said Wun Lung.

"Bunter ought to see this!" said Hazeldene.

"I guess it would surprise him a few!" chortled Fisher T. Fish.

"The fat ass would think he was dreaming!" said Peter Todd.

"Hallo, here comes one of that study!" called out Tom Redwing, as Carter appeared from the landing.

All the juniors, a dozen or more, looked round at Carter and laughed. He scowled at them. What was going on in his study he had no idea, but it seemed to be something in connection with Wibley of the Fourth, from what the fellows were saying.

William Wibley, the great chief of the Remove Dramatic Society, was often the perpetrator of stunts that entertained the Remove. Carter was in no mood to be entertained, and he came up to the study doorway scowling, prepared to tell Wibley to get out, and get out sharp, if he were playing any of his theatrical tricks in Study No. 1.

The laughing Removites made room for him to pass, and he tramped into the study. But, to his surprise, he did not see William Wibley there.

"Bunter!" he snarled.

In the study armchair sat a fat figure!

There was one fellow, and only one fellow, in the Greyfriars Remove with so extensive a circumference. That one was William George Bunter.

The plump occupant of the armchair blinked at Carter through a pair of big spectacles. He did not move. Carter gave him the blackest of looks.

The sight of Billy Bunter at that

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

moment was rather like a red rag to a bull to his relative Carter.

It was Billy Bunter whom his rich uncle, old Joseph Carter, was contemplating taking up and making his heir in the place of the nephew who had been kicked out of St. Olaf's in disgrace.

All through that term Carter had had a double object at Greyfriars—to blacken Bunter, if he could, and dish his chance with old Joseph; and to redeem his own character, so far as appearances went, at least.

He had no intention whatever of reforming, but he hoped and calculated that a careful appearance of reform might work the oracle and reinstate him in old Joseph Carter's good graces.

And he had failed in both objects—he had not been able to do the fat Owl of the Remove much harm, and he had now completely dished his own chance of ever appearing as a reformed character.

As likely as not, he was going to be sacked for what had happened that day, leaving Bunter behind him at Greyfriars, out of the reach of his mischief-making.

The look he gave the fat junior in the armchair was almost deadly. His eyes glittered and glinted at him.

"You fat fool!" he snarled. "What are you doing in my study?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from the crowd in the passage. Carter's words seemed to convulse the Remove fellows; he could not guess why.

"Oh, really, Carter—" squeaked the fat figure in the armchair.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came another yell.

Carter stared round at the doorway, quite puzzled. What there was in this to make the Remove fellows howl with hilarity was a mystery to him.

"What's the joke?" he snarled.

"You don't see it?" chuckled Vernon-Smith.

"No, I don't!" yapped Carter.

Carter turned to the fat junior in the armchair again. That junior blinked at him through his big spectacles and grinned. He was sitting with his back to the window, and his face was in the dusk, but it did not occur to Carter at the moment that he preferred his face not to be too clearly seen.

"Will you get out, you fat fool?" said Carter between his teeth.

"I suppose I can sit in Wharton's armchair if I like, Carter!" squeaked the fat junior.

"This is my study, you fat freak! Get out of it before I chuck you out!" snapped Carter.

"Can't I wait for Wharton and Nugent to come in?"

"No, you can't! Get out!"

"Yah!" retorted the fat Removeite.

Carter wanted no more excuse than that. He was quite keen to lay hands on that relative of his. And Billy Bunter was no fighting-man, he was a fat and helpless duffer—just the man, in fact, on whom an evil-tempered fellow could wreak his temper without fear of damage.

Carter grasped him, and dragged him headlong out of the armchair. Then he had a surprise.

The fat junior did not roll helplessly in his grasp. He returned grip for grip; and Carter, in amazement, found his grip harder than his own! They rocked on the hearthrug, to and fro, and then one of them went spinning.

But it was not the fat one!

It was Carter who whirled across the study, and went over with a bump on the carpet—pitched there by a fellow stronger than himself. He sprawled, and gasped, in dizzy astonishment.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

There was a fresh yell of laughter from the passage.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Wib!"

Carter sat up, gasping for breath. He stared at the fat junior who had pitched him over so easily. The next moment, he wondered whether he was dreaming. For a fat and familiar voice came from the passage.

"I say, you fellows!"

It was Billy Bunter's voice.

Carter stared round.

Among the laughing fellows in the doorway, appeared a fat form—and Billy Bunter blinked into the study through his big spectacles.

"I say, you fellows, what's on?" he asked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Carter, dumb, stared—from Bunter in the doorway, to Bunter in the study! There were two Bunters!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Wibley is Wrathful!

BILLY BUNTER blinked into Study No. 1.

He gave quite a jump, at the sight of the other Bunter!

"Oh crikey!" he ejaculated.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, who's that?" exclaimed Bunter. "Who's that fat chap?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Your twin, old fat man!" chortled Peter Todd.

"Eh! I haven't got a twin—I haven't any brother except young Sammy. Who is it?" demanded Bunter. "I've never seen him before."

"You've seen him lots of times," chortled the Bounder. "So has Carter!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—" exclaimed Bunter.

"Oh, really, Smithy—" repeated the fat junior in the study; and there was another howl of merriment.

Carter staggered to his feet. He was still in a state of amazement; but he realised that the Bunter in the doorway was the genuine Owl of the Remove; the other, though remarkably like him, especially in figure, was not the genuine goods.

It dawned on him, at last, why the juniors were talking about Wibley—whom he did not see there. This was one of Wibley's stunts!

But, though he guessed it now, he could trace no resemblance to William Wibley, in the fat fellow in the study. But, looking at him more closely, he could see that it was not Bunter—though the face was made up with such remarkable skill, as to give an impression of fatness, as well as of the podgy features of the Owl of the Remove.

"You—you—you're not Wibley!" he gasped.

"Sort of!" grinned the spoof Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly idiot, what are you playing these silly tricks in my study for?" snarled Carter.

"Leg-pulling, old bean!" said Wibley, cheerfully. "I wanted to know whether I could really make up as that fat ass! It's not so jolly easy! I was waiting for one of the study to come in—I fancy I should have taken in Wharton or Nugent, just as easily as you."

"You silly idiot!"

"Same to you, with knobs on!"

"I say, you fellows, is that really

Wibley?" asked Billy Bunter. "Does the silly ass think he looks anything like me? Why, he's fat—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get out of this, you fool!" snarled Carter. His bitter and evil temper had not been improved, by being taken in, and by his bump on the study floor.

Wibley, alias Bunter II, looked at him coolly.

"I'm not the genuine Bunter!" he pointed out. "You can't bully-rag me, Carter. I shall stay in this study exactly as long as I choose! In fact, I'm going to stay here till Wharton and Nugent come in. I'm going to pull their legs, same as I've pulled yours! Do you think you can blow off your silly temper at me, you cheeky ass!"

"Don't spoil the jape, Carter!" said Squiff, from the passage.

"I say, you fellows—"

"You shut up, Bunter, and clear!" said Wibley. "Think they'll believe I'm you, with you spotted about the study? Buzz off! I'm going to stick them for a tea—genuine Bunter style!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you cheeky beast—" roared Billy Bunter.

"You're getting out, you play-acting fool!" exclaimed Carter. "Now then, out you go!"

"Shut up, Carter!" called out Vernon-Smith.

"Chuck it, you shirty ass!"

"Stop it!"

But Carter was too savagely irritated to heed the remonstrances from the fellows in the passage. He hurled himself at the disguised Wibley.

They grasped one another, and pranced round the study.

"Here, look out!" yelled Wibley. "You're dragging my hair off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors, as Wib's hair came off—a two-coloured wig in imitation of Bunter's mop.

Carter did not heed. And the next moment, there was another angry howl from Wibley, as his waistcoat-buttons burst under the strain, and the stuffing, which had turned Wib's rather spare figure into an imitation of Bunter's ample form, rolled out, scattering.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter.

"You silly ass!" howled Wibley. "You're spoiling a good joke—you're ragging my props—you—take that!"

"That" was a hefty punch, and Carter took it with his nose. He yelled, rolling over on the floor again.

Wibley stood panting. His hair was gone, leaving his own close crop, a lot of the ruddy complexion had been rubbed off his face, and stuffing streamed from his burst waistcoat. The juniors looking at him howled with laughter. He did not look much like Billy Bunter now—but he looked very queer, and they seemed to think him as entertaining as ever.

There was a tramp of feet in the Remove passage, from the direction of the stairs.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came Bob Cherry's cheery roar. "What's the jolly old joke?"

The Famous Five had arrived. They pushed through the crowd, and looked into the study.

"Who—what—" ejaculated Wharton, staring.

"Who the dickens—"

"What the thump—"

"I say, you fellows, that's Wibley!" snorted Billy Bunter. "He fancied he made himself up like me! Silly ass! Not so jolly easy for a chap like



As Billy Bunter stooped to peep through the keyhole, the study door opened, and Wingate came out. Naturally, the captain of Greyfriars walked into the fat Removite. "Oh!" gasped Bunter, staggering back from the shock.

Wibley to make himself look good-looking—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"That silly ass thinks he can impersonate!" jeered Bunter. "Fancy the ugliest fellow in the Remove trying to make up as the best-looking chap at Greyfriars—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Why, he actually made himself look fat!" said Bunter. "Am I fat?"

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Well, am I?" snorted Bunter. "I ask you!"

"Oh crikey!"

"I've got a figure!" said Bunter. "I'm not skinny like most of you fellows. But making out that a chap's fat—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You blithering owl!" roared Wibley. "Anybody would have taken me for you, if that fool Carter hadn't spoiled the joke—"

"Yah! You simply looked like a fat idiot!" said Bunter.

"That's what I had to look like, wasn't it?"

"Beast!"

Carter had picked himself up. He stood eyeing William Wibley evilly, but he made no further attempt to pitch him out of the study. Bunter the Second was rather more difficult to handle than Bunter the First!

Wibley gave him a ferocious glare. He had taken a lot of trouble with that make-up, and the struggle with Carter had made a hopeless wreck of it. Wib was naturally annoyed.

"Well, getting on with it?" he demanded. "You haven't chucked me out yet, you silly, cheeky, shirty chump!"

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

"Well, one good turn deserves another," said Wibley. "You started to chuck me out, and now I'm jolly well going to chuck you out!"

"You silly idiot, keep your distance!" howled Carter, backing round the study table. "Keep off, you fool!"

"Hold on, Wib!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Rats to you!" snorted Wibley. He followed Carter round the table.

"Hold on, fathead! Carter's up for a row with a prefect; he's got enough coming to him," said the captain of the Remove. "Chuck it, old man!"

And he grabbed the warlike Wib by the arm and jerked him back.

Wibley grunted.

"Look what the cheeky ass has done to my make-up!"

"Never mind that—"

"But I do mind!" howled Wibley.

"I tell you Carter's up for a row with a prefect—"

"And I tell you he's up for a row with me!"

"Fathead! All together, you fellows—barge!" said the captain of the Remove; and the Famous Five, laughing, barged the indignant Wibley out of the study into the passage.

Carter, scowling, slammed the door after them.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape!

GEORGE WINGATE, captain of Greyfriars, stood in his study with a grim expression on his face.

He had sent for Carter of the Remove, and was waiting for his arrival. His ashplant lay on the table ready for use if wanted, but Wingate was not thinking of handling it. Willingly he would have handed out

"six" to the young rascal he had caught out of bounds and let the matter end there, but the matter was too serious to close with six from an ashplant.

He was, however, going to hear what Carter had to say before taking him to the headmaster. That was a serious step that the good-natured Wingate was unwilling to take if he could help it.

There was a tap at the door, and Arthur Carter came in. His clouded face expressed his feelings only too plainly.

Wharton's words in Study No. 1 had shown him how little chance there was that he had escaped unrecognised by the prefect. If he still hoped, his hope came to an end when a fag came up to call him to Wingate's study; that meant that he had to face the music.

Wingate fixed his eyes on him grimly.

"Anything to say before you go up to Dr. Locke?" he asked.

"Yes," muttered Carter.

"Get it off your chest, then. You're not going to deny, I suppose, that you were at that rotten pub the Three Fishers—or that it was the first time?"

"It was the first time—and I wasn't there really," said Carter. "I dare say I was a fool to do it, Wingate; but all I was doing was taking a short cut. Fellows have done it before."

He watched Wingate furtively as he answered. There was a chance, at least, of getting by with this story, flimsy as it was. An unthinking fellow might have taken a short cut through those forbidden precincts, forgetting or disregarding the risk.

There was very strong disbelief in Wingate's face.

"You've been here nearly a term, Carter," he said. "You know all about that disreputable place; you know how strict the rule is."

A NEW WORK OF
VITAL IMPORTANCE

WONDERS of WORLD AVIATION

Editor:

Clarence Winchester, A.R.Ae.S.I.

Consulting Editor:

J. Laurence Fritchard, Hon. F.R.Ae.S.

Weekly
Parts 7d

WONDERS OF WORLD AVIATION is the first really reliable and comprehensive survey of aeronautics from the earliest times to the present day yet produced in this country.

This brilliant and inspiring work gives full descriptions of aircraft of all nations and their uses in peace and war. It tells the story of the men who made them and the men who fly them, of the heroism of the pioneers, of great flights of the past and present day, and forecasts the tremendous developments that may be expected in the future.

It tells the inspiring story of man's aspirations towards flight, his early attempts, his failures and successes. It shows how the great modern air services began, and presents a vivid picture of their manifold activities and interests today.

Not the least important feature of the work is the magnificent series of photographic illustrations, without doubt the most wonderful ever brought together.

The complete work will also contain hundreds of specially drawn

MAPS AND DIAGRAMS

There will be special sections reproduced by the latest methods of photogravure and a marvellous collection of

PLATES IN FULL COLOUR

Part 1 includes a magnificent folding plate, in three colours, of the new Short Mayo Composite Aircraft.



Buy PART 1 NOW

On sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls

"I know. But I was on the towpath, and it was near lock-up; and my watch, as it turned out, was fast. I thought it was later than it was; I thought I had just time to get in by cutting across the shortest way."

"If that's true, the Head's the best man to judge," said Wingate dryly. "I can't quite swallow that myself, Carter."

Carter licked his dry lips.

"You're taking me to the Head?" he muttered.

"I've got to—and you know it."

Carter felt a sinking of the heart; at the same time his rage and bitterness were deep, and his feeling towards Wingate was one of savage hatred. But he was careful not to allow that feeling to be revealed in his face. His fate depended on an appeal to the prefect's good-nature.

"Don't do that, Wingate," he breathed. "It—it's more serious for me than for any other fellow. I—I dare say you know that I had some trouble at my last school—"

"That's neither here nor there."

"But it is," said Carter. "The Head would think that I was carrying on here as—as I did at St. Olaf's, and—and—"

"You should have thought of that, Carter, before you carried on here as you did at St. Olaf's," answered the Greyfriars captain. "You were given a chance here, and you've thrown it away."

"I've told you the truth, Wingate. But the Head will remember about St. Olaf's, of course, and he will be hard as nails. And—and that's not all," muttered Carter. "It means more than you can fancy if I get the boot here. My uncle—"

"I can't listen to all this."

"Let me speak!" panted Carter. "I'm dependant on my uncle, and he turned me down when I was sacked from St. Olaf's. He's cut me out of his will; and he's doing nothing for me now, except paying my fees here. I can't imagine what will happen if I get bunked from Greyfriars; I shall be done for—right on my uppers."

"You've risked that for the sake of playing the blackguard with a set of boozy racing men," said Wingate, staring at him.

"I've told you—"

"I don't believe what you've told me," said Wingate curtly.

"Give me a chance, Wingate. I've got a chance with my uncle if I make good here. If I get a good report this term it may make a difference—it may make all the difference. If I get through a term here without getting into trouble he may change his mind again. He's thinking of taking up another relation—a more distant relation—in my place, but it's not settled yet. I've got a chance if I pull through all right this term."

Wingate gave an uneasy and angry shrug of the shoulders. All this was urgent enough with Carter, but it had nothing to do with a prefect's duty—which was to report any fellow to his headmaster who was discovered out of bounds in a disreputable quarter.

At the same time the prefect could not help being moved. The sack was serious enough for any fellow, but in Carter's case it did not mean merely a crash at school and trouble to follow at home; it meant, from what he said, utter ruin.

"And you risked all this rather than chuck up the rotten ways they sacked you for at your last school!" grunted Wingate.

"No! I've told you—"

"Oh, rubbish!"

Carter's knees knocked together. What a fool he had been, was his miserable thought. He had intended to be so very careful at Greyfriars; indeed, he had had a half-formed resolve to reform, and thus make all safe. Yet a dozen times he had risked this—and now it had come!

He said no more; he could see that it was useless. But the misery in his face spoke for him.

Wingate took a turn up and down the study, evidently undecided. He did not believe Carter's explanation. It might have been true in the case of a thoughtless fellow like Bob Cherry, who was obviously open and honest as the day; in the case of a fellow who had been sacked from his last school for blagging it was very unlikely to be true. If there was a chance that Carter was speaking the truth the headmaster could judge.

But—Wingate paused, deeply troubled. He was, as head prefect, empowered to deal with the matter if he thought fit. That the young rascal was thoroughly scared was plain. Possibly that scare, with a severe six to help, might have the desired effect and keep him straight. Wingate debated it in his mind.

Carter stood before him in wretched silence. He could see that the prefect was undecided, and he hoped again.

Wingate spoke at last.

"I'm not sure that I ought to give you a chance, Carter," he said at last, "but I'm going to. I shall not report you this time."

Carter panted with relief.

"I don't believe what you've told me," went on Wingate. "But there is, I suppose, just the merest chance that it's true. I warn you, Carter, that you'll have an eye on you after this; and if you play the blackguardly fool again you go straight to the Head, and that means the sack on the spot. This time you get off with six. Bend over that chair."

It was a tremendous relief to Carter, but he wriggled under the six; Wingate laid it on with a heavy hand.

Not often did the captain of Greyfriars lay it on hard, but on this occasion he put his beef into it. He was not wholly satisfied with himself for letting the young rascal off so lightly—and, so far as the six was concerned, Carter was not let off lightly.

He was quite pale when he rose after the infliction. Wingate pointed to the door with his ash.

"Cut!" he said curtly. "And, remember—next time you go to the Head!"

Carter, without a word, cut.

He had had a narrow escape; a terribly narrow escape. He owed it to the Greyfriars captain's kindness of heart. But there was no spot of gratitude in his breast. So far as Wingate was concerned, the only thought in his mind was that somehow, some time, he might be able to do the Greyfriars captain some ill turn, in retaliation for what he had had to go through. If George Wingate had been able to read his thoughts, he would have been still less satisfied with his action in giving Carter another chance.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Bunter After a Bohn!

"I SAY, you fellows!"
"Say on, old fat man!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.
"That fool, Wingate, is sticking in his study!" said Bunter. "I say,

I want you fellows to get him out of it, somehow."

Harry Wharton & Co., walking in the quad, came to a halt, and surveyed William George Bunter in blank surprise.

"I mean to say, you can manage it somehow!" said Bunter, blinking at them through his big spectacles. "Suppose you cut in and bang at his study

door, Bob—ten to one he would cut out after you—"

"And a million to one that he would give me six!" said Bob. "If you want a lark with the Sixth, old porpoise, you can get on with the larking yourself."

"It ain't a lark!" explained Bunter. "It's jolly serious! Wingate's sticking in that study—he never does after class,

but he's doing it now, just to annoy me, I suppose."

"Can't a Sixth Form man sit in his study if he likes?" asked Nugent.

"Well, most of the seniors are at games practice," said Bunter. "Wingate ought to be with them, considering that the Highcliffe match comes off to-morrow. A football captain ought

(Continued on next page.)

LEARN TO PLAY FOOTBALL!



MANY days ago I said that you all ought to have a copy of the Laws of Football. If I could take a trip round to all your houses, and ask everyone of you to tell me, truthfully, whether you have read through the rules of the game, I wonder how many of you would say "No"? To all who did say "No," I should certainly feel like saying "Do a hundred lines!" or something like that. I would say it, too, only I know very well you wouldn't do them.

Talking of giving lines, I heard a little story the other day which I think you will enjoy. It's supposed to be true, and as it is about football, there is no reason why you shouldn't hear it. Two young lads, about the age I imagine most of you are, stayed away from school one day to go and see a football match. Unfortunately, they weren't quite clever enough, and their teacher found out why they hadn't been to school.

Next day, as you may imagine, there was a row, which ended by the teacher making the boys stay in after school to write out, a thousand times, the name of their favourite football team. As the boys were about to commence this extra job, Johnny mumbled something under his breath—you know how boys do sometimes. The teacher heard Johnny, and asked what he was mumbling about. Johnny turned round, very surprised, and explained: "I only said it's not fair." "And why isn't it fair?" said the teacher. "Because Dick's favourite team is Bury, and mine is Wolverhampton Wanderers," said Johnny. That certainly was a bit unfair, wasn't it?

But enough of that. About this question of the rules. I suppose most of you have made some attempt to read through them and understand them. They are not very easy, I know. As a matter of fact, the people in charge of that sort of thing are thinking about writing the Laws of the Game again in a less complicated form.

A PROBLEM

HOWEVER hard you have studied the rules, I guarantee that one you haven't completely mastered is the off-side rule. Believe me, there are very few people in football who know absolutely everything there is to know about off-side, and all the bits and

Having explained fully the "job" of every individual player in a football team, our special sporting contributor tells you something about the laws of the game. This week he explains the off-side rule.

pieces which are attached to it. I could set questions on this subject which would make even well-known referees think twice. But don't let that discourage you. We'll start right away getting the off-side business into your head. The earlier you start, the sooner you'll master the problem.

For those of you who are a bit in the dark already, let me explain right from the beginning. It must be obvious to you how silly it would be if a forward were allowed to stand right in the goal-mouth of his opponents' goal, waiting for the ball to come so that he could put it into the net. There just wouldn't be any sense in that. So we must have the off-side rule, which says, roughly, that a player must not play the ball, or interfere with the play, unless he had at least two opponents between him and the goal he is attacking at the time the ball was last played.

It is in the last sentence that the complication becomes clear. It is not where you are when you play the ball which matters. The important thing is the position you were in when the ball was passed to you. I suggest it would make things easier if you all drew for yourselves a map of a football pitch, with the goalkeeper in his goal at one end. Now put a cross, representing a defender, somewhere near the edge of the penalty area. Half-way between there and the centre-line, put a figure O, representing an attacker. If another attacker, who need not be in the picture, passes to O, everything is all right, because O has two players, the full-back and the goalkeeper, between him and the goal. Now suppose O, when he sees the ball coming, runs up into the penalty area, getting nearer to the goal than the full-back. He is still not off-side, because **WHEN THE BALL WAS LAST PLAYED** he had two opponents be-

tween him and the goal. Clear, so far? Good!

Suppose, now, looking at your drawing, that O runs into the penalty area before his colleague passes the ball, and then receives the pass when it comes. He is off-side, because, **WHEN THE BALL WAS LAST PLAYED**, there was only one opponent between him and the goal. The referee, who, of course, decides when a player is off-side, blows his whistle and awards a free-kick to the defending team.

CONFUSING

THE bit about "**WHEN THE BALL IS LAST PLAYED**" is one of the things which cause so much confusion. I have even seen good referees wrongly award a free-kick for off-side because they have not noticed where the player was when the ball was last played by a member of his own side. I admit that it is difficult to do that. The referee is watching the player with the ball, not the other players. But by hook or by crook he must keep an eye open for this point.

The other part of the off-side rule which causes confusion is that which says a player is off-side if, when in an off-side position, he plays the ball or in any way interferes with the play. Go back to your drawing again. Suppose the player in the last instance ran into the penalty area before the ball was passed, but when it came he ignored it and stood still, he would not be off-side. Generally speaking, a player who stands still cannot be interfering with the play, therefore he cannot be off-side.

Also, in connection with the last incident, if the full-back, in attempting to stop the ball reaching O had just touched it, and it had then gone on, the forward would not have been off-side. A player is only off-side if, when standing in an off-side position, he receives the ball from a member of his own team.

I do hope I have made the rule clear up to now. There are other "ifs and buts" attached to it, with which I will deal next week. In the meantime, I advise you to read the off-side rule through again, in the light of my explanation, and then sit down to fathom it out for yourselves.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

not to be frowsting in his study the day before the last big fixture of the season."

"Wingate frowsting!" said Harry Wharton. "You fat ass—"

"Fancy Bunter remembering the date of a football match!" said Bob Cherry. "Getting fearfully keen on Soccer, old fat grampus?"

At which the chums of the Remove chuckled. Billy Bunter was not fearfully interested in Soccer; but the last first eleven match of the season was an affair of the most tremendous importance at Greyfriars, and even Bunter could not remain in ignorance of the fact that the whole school was in a state of excited anticipation.

Wingate, on the morrow, was going to lead the first eleven to victory—at least, all Greyfriars was confident that he was! Junior matches were, really, of more consequence, in junior eyes—but the Lower School were as keen as the Upper School about that great match. Harry Wharton & Co. were going to devote the half-holiday on Wednesday to watching the great game—as were nearly all the other fellows. They were going to cheer old Wingate's goals with tremendous cheers.

"Squatting in his study writing a letter!" grunted Bunter. "Why can't he write his letters in the Prefects' Room?"

"How do you know he's writing a letter, Peeping Tom?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"I went to his study to see if he had gone out!" explained Bunter. "There he was—and he was writing a letter. He looked waxy, too—just as if he didn't like being interrupted—"

"Perhaps he didn't!" suggested Nugent. "Did he whop you?"

"Oh! No—"

"What a pity!"

"Beast! He might have, only for my presence of mind, you know. I asked him if he would speak to Laseelles to let me off gym. I knew he wouldn't, of course—but he thought that was why I came to the study, see? Presence of mind, you know."

"Has Wingate got a cake in his study?" asked Bob.

"Eh? No!"

"Then what the thump do you want there?"

"Oh, really Cherry! It's that putrid Virgil, you know," said Bunter. "Skinner says that Wingate has got a Bohn in his study."

"A bone?" repeated Bob. "Are you after a bone, like a dog?"

"You silly ass!" howled Bunter. "I mean a Bohn's translation! Of course, Wingate doesn't use cribs—but if he's got a Bohn, a fellow could use it as a crib, see? Skinner says he's seen it there on the bookshelf. I've got a translation to do for Quelch, and if I could get hold of that Bohn, it would be as easy as winking."

"You fat chump!" said Harry Wharton. "I don't suppose Wingate's got a Bohn in his study—but, if he has, leave it alone!"

"That's all very well," said Bunter. "But I want to get a good report this term. Old Joe Carter is going to get my report, and it may mean a lot. I'd like him to know that I'm pretty good at classics—you see, it shows that a fellow works! He's keen on fellows working—he made his money that way—one of those self-made men, you know. I want him to know I'm a worker!"

"Oh crikey!"

"There's Quelch, too," said Bunter. "He rags me no end over my translations—makes out I'm lazy, even!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—NO. 1,570.

Naturally, I want to please Quelch, as he's going to do my report. Last term's report made my pater quite ratty with me—might really have spoiled the holidays, only luckily I wasn't at home for the hols. I don't want old Joe Carter to get ratty, of course. Not, I mean, if he's thinking of letting some of his money come my way."

"Pity old Joe Carter can't hear you at the present moment!" grinned Bob Cherry. "It would wash you right out, old fat man, and set Carter's mind at rest."

"Oh, blow Carter!" said Bunter. "Carter's a cad—I've not the slightest doubt that he's got an eye on old Joe Carter's money! Awful cad, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, I've got to get that filthy translation done by tea-time, and I want that Bohn. See? And that silly idiot Wingate is sitting in his study, writing a letter home—"

"Did he tell you he was writing home?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"I saw the address on the envelope—Greengates, Cheshire!" explained Bunter. "I notice things, you know. Wingate had done the envelope first, and it was on the table. You fellows would never have noticed—"

"Hardly!" said Bob. "You see, we're not a lot of prying, spying, peeping, eavesdroppers—"

"Beast! I mean, look here, old chap, you've got to play up," said Bunter. "I've asked Toddy, and he only told me to shut up—"

"And so say all of us! Shut up!"

"Will you listen to a chap?" hooted Bunter. "I keep on telling you it's serious! I'd ask Carter—I know he loathes Wingate, for whopping him the other day—only I never speak to the cad. Still, I might ask him! Know where he is?"

The Famous Five chuckled. Carter of the Remove, at that moment, was seated on a bench under the old elms, about ten feet away—in full hearing of Billy Bunter's squeak. He was, in fact, staring at the fat junior, and scowling.

The short-sighted Owl of the Remove did not observe him, however. If he noticed a fellow there at all, he did not notice that it was Carter.

Carter had a translation to do as well as Bunter. But he was not thinking of getting hold of a Bohn to use as a crib. Carter was doing his best—unwillingly—to get into his Form-master's good graces, with a view to his report. There was only one way into Mr. Quelch's good graces—work! So there was Carter, mugging up Latin as he sat on the bench under the elm, in the sunny spring afternoon.

He ceased to mug up Latin, however, as he heard Bunter's fat squeak, and scowled at the fat Owl instead.

Happily unconscious of his presence, the Owl of the Remove bumbled on.

"I believe Carter would like to give Wingate a dig—I dare say you fellows have noticed how he looks at him since he got that whopping. He's a revengeful beast, you know. Still, he wouldn't do anything for me, I suppose. Think he would?"

Harry Wharton, glancing across at Carter's scowling face, laughed.

"More probably not!" he answered.

"The notfulness is probably terrific!" chuckled Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "The esteemed and idiotic Carter is close at hand, my absurd Bunter, if you want him."

"Eh?" Bunter blinked round, and

observed Carter. "Oh, I say, Carter, will—"

"Don't talk to me, you fat fool!" snapped Carter.

"Beast! Who wants to talk to you?" jeered Bunter. "I bar you, and you jolly well know it! Yah!"

Bunter turned his back on Carter, and favoured the Famous Five with his attention again.

"Well, what about it, you fellows?" he asked. "Goodness knows how long Wingate will be, writing that letter to his father—"

"Oh, you noticed that it was to his pater, did you?" snorted Johnny Bull.

"Well, it began 'Dear Father,' so I suppose it was," said Bunter cheerfully. "I think Wingate's rather worried about his pater—he's been ill, you know—and I heard him say, the other day, to Gwynne of the Sixth—"

"Don't tell us what he said to Gwynne of the Sixth!" growled Johnny.

"I heard him quite by accident, of course! I never noticed that Wingate was looking worried; and never wondered what was the matter, and never stopped to tie my shoe-lace as they passed—I wouldn't, you know. He said that if his pater got worse, he might have to hike off home before the end of the term, and—"

"Shut up!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Beast! Well, look here, you fellows are wasting a lot of time jawing!" said Bunter. "I've got to get that Bohn, and I can't get it while Wingate's sticking in the study! Suppose you chuck a stone at his study window, Bob?"

"Idiot!"

"I think you fellows might back up a pal!" said Bunter warmly. "You make out that I slack, just like Quelch does, and now I want to hand out a good translation, you won't help a fellow! Look here, Prout's gone out. Suppose you cut into his study and get at his phone, Wharton, and ring up Wingate in the Prefects' Room? There's a telephone there, you know! Well, Wingate cuts along to the Prefects' Room—and I cut into his study while he's gone, see? How about that?"

"Chump!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! You can easily think of something to say that will make Wingate come to the phone," urged Bunter. "Say his pater's worse!"

"Wha-a-t?"

"See? Then he'll think it's a call from home, and he will fairly rush to the telephone. I know he's anxious about his pater. I shall have that Bohn before he finds out that his leg's been pulled!"

The Famous Five gazed at Bunter, Carter gazed at him. Two or three other Remove fellows, who happened to be at hand, gazed at him.

Bunter, apparently, saw no harm in this happy suggestion. Had he thought for a moment, no doubt he would have realised that what he suggested was a very unfeeling trick. But thinking was not Bunter's long suit. There was no doubt that such a message would make Wingate rush from his study. That was all that mattered—so far as Bunter could see.

"You—you—you—you potty porpoise!" gasped Bob Cherry at last. "You—you burbling, blithering bandersnatch!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Bump him!"

"I say, you fellows!" roared Bunter. "I say—wharrer you getting your rag out for, you silly asses? I say, leggo! I say—yarooooop!"

Bump!
 "Oh crikey!" yelled the fat Owl, as he sat down on the quad, with a bump that almost made it shake. "Ow! Beasts! Wow!"
 "Give him another!"
 Bump!
 "Yoo-hooooop!"
 Bunter sat and roared. The Famous Five walked off, and left him to roar. The fat Owl tottered up, breathless with wrath and indignation.
 "Beasts!" he gasped.
 He shook a fat fist at Carter's grinning face, and rolled away to the House. Bunter was after that Bohn—really, like a dog after another kind of bone—but it was clear that if Bunter was going to get his Bohn, he had to get that Bohn by his own unaided efforts.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bad for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER stopped at Wingate's door in the Sixth and bent a fat ear to listen.
 He wondered whether, by that time, the captain of Greyfriars had finished his letter home and gone. It was fairly certain that Wingate would join his men on Big Side, to put in a spot of footer before dark, if he could—and he had been more than half an hour in his study—much to Bunter's annoyance and inconvenience.
 It really was high time that he was gone. If he was gone, it was all right. Bunter heard no sound from the study. Not the faintest sound of the scratching of a pen. Wingate had finished writing. Had he gone?
 Bunter decided to ascertain, if he could, by peeping through the keyhole. He blinked cautiously up and down the passage—no one was in sight. Most of the Sixth were on the football ground.
 Then he stooped to peep through the keyhole.
 It was rather unfortunate that, at the same moment, the study door opened, and Wingate walked out. Naturally, he walked into Bunter.
 "Oh!" gasped Bunter.
 He staggered back from the shock, stumbled, and sat down at the feet of the astonished captain of Greyfriars.
 Wingate stared down at him. He had a letter in his hand, evidently for the post. No doubt he was going to drop it into the box before going to the changing-room. But he stopped to stare at the sprawling fat Owl.
 "You young ass! What are you doing here?" he demanded.
 "Oh, nothing!" gasped Bunter. He staggered up. "I wasn't going into your study, Wingate!"
 "What the dickens do you want in my study?"
 "Nothing! I—I—I was just—just passing, and I stooped to tie my shoelace, Wingate. That's all!" gasped Bunter. "I never thought you were in the study, as I couldn't hear you—I mean, I—I wasn't thinking whether you were in the study or not, of course—I was just stooping down to pick up a pin, and—"
 "Cut off!" snapped Wingate.
 Bunter rolled away in great relief. He had rather feared an invitation to step into that study and take "six."
 He rolled—but he did not roll far! From a little distance, he kept his eyes and spectacles on Wingate. With much satisfaction, he watched him walk away with the letter in his hand.
 "Beast!" murmured Bunter.
 And, Wingate being gone, he rolled back to Wingate's study. It was all safe now. The beast had gone to post

his letter, and then he would go down to the footer—that was a cert. Bunter's chance had come at last to bag that Bohn.
 He shut the door—in case any other Sixth Form beast should pass along the passage—and then turned eager eyes and spectacles on the bookshelf.
 According to Skinner, there was a Bohn's translation of Virgil among the books on that shelf, and Bunter was going to borrow that Bohn for his own laudable purpose.
 Wingate was not likely to miss it for an hour or two, and Bunter was going to find a chance of replacing it when he had done with it. That would be easy enough, some time when the Sixth were in Hall.
 But it was not so easy to find it on the bookshelf. Bunter blinked at volume after volume. Wingate had a good many books—school-books and other books. Among the rather numerous volumes, however, Bunter failed to spot a Bohn.
 It was, in fact, rather an improbable volume to find in Wingate's study. The head of the Sixth was not likely to use cribs—neither was he likely to have a Bohn for any other purpose—so, really, Bunter might have guessed, if he had been a little brighter, that the unscrupulous Skinner had been pulling his fat leg!
 That suspicion came into his mind now as he blinked in vain at Wingate's books in search of the elusive Bohn.
 He had almost made up his mind that it was not there, and that that unspeakable beast, Harold Skinner, had been pulling his leg, when the study door opened.
 Five minutes ago, Wingate had surprised Bunter by walking out. Now he surprised him by walking in.
 "Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter, spinning round from the bookshelf like a fat humming-top.
 He was surprised, having no doubt that Wingate was, by that time, in the changing-room, or gone down to the footer. But Wingate was not surprised, having fully expected to see the fat Owl there, and having come back specially, after posting his letter, to see what Bunter was up to in his study.
 "Well?" said the Greyfriars captain grimly.
 "I—I—I say, Wingate, I—I—I—I just looked in to—to see the time by your clock!" gasped Bunter. "Mum-mum-my watch's stopped!"
 "And you were looking for the clock on the bookshelf?"
 "Oh, no! I—I mean, I—I heard Hobson of the Shell say that you'd got this year's 'Holiday Annual,' and—and I was going to have a squint at it—if—if you don't mind!"

"Hand me that cane from the table," said Wingate.
 "Oh crikey!"
 Wingate swished the cane.
 "Now tell me what you were up to in this study," he said. "Try to get the truth out this time!"
 Bunter blinked at him in dismay. The truth was not likely to save him from a whopping; moreover, the truth was a resource to which Bunter was wholly unaccustomed.
 "Sharp!" added Wingate. "Don't waste my time—I'm overdue at the footer! Cough it up!"
 "I—I—I only wanted to look at your 'Holiday Annual' to see the time, Wingate, really—I—I mean, I—I—I mean—yarrooh!"
 Swish!
 "Now the truth!" said Wingate.
 "Ow! I say, I—I was—was just looking for a book!" gasped Bunter. "I—I know you've got a Horace here, Wingate, and—and I—I wanted it!"
 "Oh, my hat!" gasped Wingate.
 He gazed at Billy Bunter.
 Quintus Horatius Flaccus was a rather difficult Latin author, with whom they dealt in the Sixth. If any Remove man had a taste for Horace, that man certainly was not Billy Bunter. This was, indeed, about the wildest whopper that even Billy Bunter had ever told.
 "I—I was going to ask you to—to lend it to me, if you hadn't gone off so suddenly," ventured Bunter. "You lend Linley books sometimes, so—"
 "You want to borrow my Horace?" gasped Wingate.
 "Yes. I—I'm rather—rather keen on it. Quelch was talking about it the other day. He—he said we should be glad we'd learned Latin when we got on
 (Continued on next page.)



LOOK at the bicycle lamp he got from Cadbury's FREE



Fine Electric Cycle Lamp! Gives a piercing white light and can be dimmed for approaching traffic! You can have one too! Ask your mother to get you Bournville Cocoa, save 48 coupons, and wait for the postman's knock. Rat-tat-tat! Other thrilling gifts besides. Post the form below for a copy of the Bournville Cocoa Gift Book and a free coupon.

BOURNVILLE COCOA 6d. per 1/4 lb.

POST COUPON FOR YOUR FREE COPY

To 'NEW GIFTS' Dept. A.179, CADBURY, BOURNVILLE.
 Please send me the 44-page Book of Gifts with free coupon.
 (Please write in BLOCK LETTERS).

NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....

A.179. 19.3.38 Post in unsealed envelope (postage 1d.). This offer applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

to an author like Horace. I—I didn't think he was talking silly rot, Wingate."

"Oh, my hat!" said Wingate.

"If—if you'd lend me your Horace——" said Bunter hopefully.

Bunter had only a faint hope of getting by with this. That faint hope was speedily washed out. Wingate swished the cane again.

"Now, tell me what you were up to in my study," he said. "You can tell me before I whop you, or after—just as you like. But get on with it. I've no more time to waste."

The Owl of the Remove blinked at him in great exasperation. Really the Greyfriars captain seemed hard to satisfy. Bunter had given him three different explanations of his presence in the study, which really ought to have been enough for any man. Still Wingate was not satisfied.

"Now, then!" he rapped.

"I—I—I——" stammered Bunter. Even the Ananias of the Remove was at the end of his resources.

"Bend over that table!"

"I say, I—I——"

"Bend over!" snapped Wingate.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"Now, cut! If I catch you in this study again I'll make it six!"

"Ow! Wow! Oh crikey! Ow!"

Bunter cut!

Whether there was, or was not, a crib in Wingate's study, Bunter was done with that study. Bunter did his translation for Mr. Quelch without the aid of a crib, after all, and he wriggled painfully while he did it!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Luck!

"BUNTER!"

"Yah!"

It was Arthur Carter who called, and Billy Bunter who answered, in break the following morning.

Bunter had no politeness to waste on his relative in the Remove.

Besides, he had a worry on his fat mind. He had been disappointed about a postal order that morning. He was stony, and it was a half-holiday that afternoon. It was not uncommon for Bunter to be stony—still, it was a worry. So when Carter called to him as he rolled on the path under the elms, he snapped "Yah!" and rolled on.

"You fat ass!" snapped Carter.

"Yah!" repeated Bunter.

"Did you drop that?"

"Oh!" Bunter halted. "Yes. What is it?"

Carter was pointing to a small object that lay on the path quite near Bunter, but which the short-sighted Owl had not observed.

Bunter blinked at it.

It was a small oblong of cardboard, printed on. It was, in fact, a theatre ticket, as Bunter observed now that he turned his eyes and spectacles on it.

Bunter certainly had not dropped it. It had "4/-" marked on it, and Bunter had he been the happy possessor of four shillings, certainly would not have expended the same on a theatre ticket. There was an establishment much nearer at hand where Bunter's shillings would have been expended. Bunter's cash, when he had any, seldom travelled farther than the school shop.

However, the fat junior picked up the ticket.

Carter walked on.

Bunter remained with the ticket in his fat fingers, blinking at it. It was dated for that afternoon—a matinee at

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

the Courtfield Theatre. Bunter's fat face brightened as he read "Matinee, Wednesday, at 2."

This was luck!

Everybody else, or nearly everybody, was going to be on Big Side that afternoon, watching the Soccer. It was the last first eleven match of the season, and it was an affair of tremendous importance at Greyfriars. But Billy Bunter was not fearfully interested.

Harry Wharton & Co., like most of the Remove, were going to honour that match with their distinguished presence, and cheer old Wingate's goals. Junior matches, of course, loomed larger in their estimation; still, they were not going to miss this battle of the giants. Even Bunter might have given it a blink or two if he had had nothing better on hand.

Now he had!

Bunter was quite keen on theatre-going, when he could get in for nothing. With that ticket he could.

Some fellow, evidently, had dropped that ticket in the quad. It was up to Bunter to inquire after that fellow and return it to the owner.

Carter, watching the fat Owl from a distance, perhaps wondered what Bunter was going to do. If so, his doubts were soon resolved.

Bunter put the ticket in his waistcoat pocket and rolled on.

Carter's lip curled.

This was the fellow who was cutting him out with his rich uncle—a fellow who picked up another fellow's theatre ticket and kept it!

But in that he did not quite do Bunter justice. Bunter certainly had a fat-headed idea that findings were keepings—at all events, when it was not a matter of money. Still, Bunter was prepared to hand over that ticket if he heard any fellow inquiring after it.

If he did not, Bunter considered that it was not up to him to root all over the school for a fellow who dropped theatre tickets about.

He was going to hand it over if he heard of the owner; otherwise, he was going to take no trouble about the matter at all. And if the ticket was not claimed it would be useless to waste it. Bunter was going to roll along to Courtfield, and plant his fat person in No. 3, Row 4, as indicated on the oblong cardboard. This, Bunter thought, was all that could be expected of any fellow. It was, at all events, all that could be expected of William George Bunter.

As he heard nothing on the subject during break, that ticket was still in Bunter's pocket when the Remove went in to third school.

After class he still heard nothing about it. Clearly it could not belong to a Remove man, or he certainly would have heard. When the dinner-bell rang, Bunter, of course, forgot all about it.

He remembered it after dinner. As the matinee was booked to begin at two, it was time for any fellow who was going to start for Courtfield, especially if he had to walk. As the football match was timed for three, Bunter had to miss that entirely; but as he had entirely forgotten the football match that did not matter.

What mattered was that he did not want to walk to Courtfield, and did not want to walk back after the matinee. This mattered very much.

So he bore down on the Famous Five in the quad, finding them deep in discussion of the coming match. He interrupted that frivolous discussion.

"I say, you fellows——" he began.

"It's going to be fine," said Bob Cherry, with an eye on the sky.

"Looked a bit like rain in break, but it's going to be fine. A bit misty, but nothing much——"

"I say——"

"Courtenay and the Caterpillar will come over with the team, I expect," said Harry Wharton. "Keep an eye open for them."

"I say, you fellows!" bawled Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Look here, you beasts, let a fellow get a word in! I say, my postal order never came this morning——"

"We're going to win," said Johnny Bull. "Old Wingate's simply at the top of his form. I saw him in games practice yesterday——"

"I say, you fellows, I'm stony, and——"

"No charge for admission to Big Side," said Bob Cherry.

"I'm going to the theatre," explained Bunter. "A—a friend has sent me a ticket. Rather a decent seat. Can you fellows lend me a taxi fare?"

"How many jam tarts can you get for a taxi fare?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent! I really want a taxi fare. I can't walk to Courtfield and back, you know. I want to use the ticket, of course, as one of my wealthy relations sent it to me."

"Gammon! You never had a letter this morning."

"Oh, I—I mean he sent it yesterday!"

"You never had a letter yesterday!" grinned Nugent.

"Look here, don't be a beast! Will you fellows lend me a taxi fare or not?"

"Not!" said the Famous Five together.

"Beasts! I—I mean, look here, old chaps, if you won't lend me a taxi fare, lend me a bus fare. I can do it there and back on the motor-bus for a bob."

"I've heard that Highcliffe are in pretty good form," remarked Johnny Bull, keeping to the subject, regardless of Bunter.

"I suppose one of you chaps can spring a bob!" said Bunter sarcastically. "You needn't be afraid I shan't settle. I'll let you have it back out of my very next postal order."

"Hardly up to Greyfriars form, though," went on Johnny Bull. "We shall beat them all right."

"Will you lend me a bob?" shrieked Bunter.

"It's worth that, to shut him up," said Bob Cherry. "Here's a tanner—somebody find another."

Bunter grabbed two sixpences and rolled away.

The Famous Five were left to football jaw. They did not even glance after Bunter, as he went—though, had they thought about him at all, they would have had no doubt that he had rolled off direct to the tuckshop with the borrowed bob.

But Bunter hadn't!

Bunter was rolling off to the corner of Oak Lane at two, where he picked up the motor-bus for Courtfield. And Bunter was occupying No. 3, Row 4 in Courtfield Theatre—to enjoy a thrilling drama there ever so much more than he would have enjoyed any number of football matches—though his enjoyment of the same was destined to be interrupted by a less enjoyable interlude.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Winner at Last!

MR. GIDEON GOOCH stepped out of a taxicab on the Courtfield road, told the driver to wait, and walked across the common.



With another suit of clothes over his own and plenty of padding well arranged, Carter soon had a figure remarkably like Billy Bunter's. Making up his face was more difficult. "I shall have a bit of a cold, and put my handkerchief to my face, Gideon," he remarked. "Bank on it that it's all right!"

The thin, rusty-looking legal gentleman looked about him, with his little, sharp, hawkish eyes, and headed for a clump of trees about a hundred yards off the road.

The chauffeur, idly glancing after him, saw him disappear through those trees, and saw him no more. He yawned and waited till his fare should come back from his walk.

Mr. Gooch passed under thick branches, but he did not pass beyond the clump. He stopped in the middle of it, where trees and hawthorns shut off the view from the common and the road. And he fixed his beady eyes inquiringly on a Greyfriars junior, who stood leaning on a beech, with a bag at his feet.

"Well, Arthur?" he rapped.

"You're on time, Gideon!" said Arthur Carter.

"I made it a point to be, after getting your telephone-call this morning. Does this mean that you need my assistance?"

"Exactly, Cousin Gideon."

Mr. Gooch compressed his thin lips.

"I shall render you any assistance I can, of course," he said. "It is to my advantage, as well as yours, to induce Mr. Joseph Carter to revert to his original intention in leaving his money. But—"

"Never mind the buts!" grunted Carter.

"But," went on Mr. Gooch, as if he had not spoken. "I have no intention of running risks, and your progress at the school does not encourage me to believe that you can handle the matter as I hoped and expected that you would."

"Will you listen to me, Gideon?"

"Listen to me first," said Mr. Gooch calmly. "You have been nearly a term at Greyfriars—and you have effected exactly—nothing. Bunter's chances of cutting you out with Joseph Carter are precisely what they were when you en-

tered the school. I am beginning to believe that there is nothing in it; you have failed, and failed again, and—"

"I shall not fail this time," muttered Carter.

Gooch shrugged his thin shoulders.

"Well, I will hear you," he said. "I shall take no risks—that may as well be understood at the start. What is it this time?"

Carter stooped over the bag and opened it.

Gideon Gooch's eyes opened wide, in surprise, as he saw that it contained clothing, and a make-up box.

"What—?" he ejaculated.

"You're going to help me make up!" said Carter coolly.

"Make up!" gasped Gideon.

"And then let me take your taxi—"

"What can you possibly mean? What is this scheme?" exclaimed Gooch.

"It's a winner!" said Carter. "A genuine winner—and I don't see how it can side-slip! I got the idea from a trick played on me a few days ago, by a fellow in my Form at Greyfriars—chap named Wibley. He's always playing theatrical stunts—impersonating, and all that. I've heard that he got bunked once, for making up as the French master—that was before my time. The other day he made himself up as Bunter—and took me in."

"But what—?"

"What he can do, I can do," said Carter. "I had a lot of practice with amateur theatricals when I was at St. Olaf's—we had a dramatic club there in the Lower School. I was always picked for a good part. Wibley had a whole outfit of things to play Bunter—and I've bagged them from the property-box in his study."

"If he misses them—"

"The school is Soccer-mad to-day—there's a big match on. Wibley won't

even go into his study, let alone look into his property-box. The things will be safe back long before tea-time. That's all right."

"But what—?"

"If I pad myself as fat as a porpoise, I've got Bunter's figure. In this weather, I can turn up my coat collar and pull down my cap—it's cold and windy. They won't see much more of me at the post office than red checks and a pair of big spectacles—and a figure like Falstaff's. When inquiry is made at Courtfield Post Office, that's the description they will give."

Gideon stared at him.

"What are you going to do at the post office?"

"Use the telephone."

"Which Bunter will be supposed to have done, from what you say?"

"That's it!"

"And the telephone call?" asked Gooch. "What—?"

"To the headmaster at Greyfriars," answered Carter coolly. "He won't know that it's not a trunk call from Cheshire. He's an unsuspecting old duck!"

"From Cheshire!" gasped Mr. Gooch. "Why Cheshire?"

"That's where Wingate's people live."

"Who is Wingate?"

"Head of the Sixth, captain of the school, and the absolutely indispensable man in the first eleven match to-day."

"And why—?"

"His father's ill at home—he's rather anxious about it. He might have to cut off before the end of term, for that reason. I got all that from Bunter."

"From Bunter?"

"That Nosey-Parker is always nosing things out, and yarning all over the (Continued on page 16.)

BUNTER GETS THE BOOT!



(Continued from page 13.)

place. He nosed that out, and told the Remove."

"But—I do not see—"

"You will, when I explain, if you'll shut up!" said Carter impatiently.

"The Head gets a telephone-call, stating that old Mr. Wingate has taken a very serious turn for the worse, and asking for his son to come home at once. He can't suspect anything—why should he?"

"Oh!"

"He will send for Wingate and tell him, and Wingate will make one jump for the first train home," said Carter.

"No doubt! But what then?"

"He whopped me the other day," said Carter, with a glint in his eyes. "He laid it on hard. I hoped I might get a chance of getting even—"

"You young fool! Are you thinking of a silly and malicious revenge on a senior boy? All this risk and trouble for that!" exclaimed Gooch angrily.

"Don't be a fool, Gideon! I'm glad of the chance of paying him out, by dishing him over the last big fixture of the football season; but I shouldn't do it for that!" snapped Carter impatiently. "Bunter will be supposed to have done it."

"Oh!" said Gideon.

"Wingate will tear off, cutting the football match. Later on, it will come out that the telephone call was a spoof. And then—"

"You think they will inquire into it? Is a football match of so very much importance?"

Carter gave him a pitying look.

"You ain't a Public school man, Gideon. That football match has got all Greyfriars gasping. It's the biggest thing of the term. The whole school will rage from the Sixth down to the Second, when it comes out that the captain of the school was spoofed into giving it a miss."

"Oh!" said Gideon.

"Without Wingate Greyfriars will be beaten, most likely. That will rub it in the more. Wingate, and all the prefects, will be after that telephone-spoof like wolves. The Head, too—when he finds that his leg has been pulled. The Head will be in the most towering wax ever. The man who did it will be sacked like a shot, if found."

"And they will find—"

"Bunter!" said Carter. "Inquiry will be made at the post office, and the description they give of the schoolboy who telephoned will be Bunter's, and nobody else's."

"You appear to have overlooked one point!" said Gideon coldly. "The boy Bunter may be—will be—able to prove an alibi! He will be able to tell his headmaster where he was at the time—probably nowhere near Courtfield."

"Bunter is in Courtfield now, and will be there till late in the afternoon," grinned Carter.

"You are sure?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

"He's gone to the matinee at the theatre there. It starts at two."

"Oh!" said Gideon. "But—if he is at the theatre, he must have bought a ticket—the man in the box-office may be called as a witness—he will remember a fat fellow in spectacles quite as much as the post office people—"

"He's gone with a ticket that was bought the day before yesterday," said Carter. "He will simply go in with the crowd. He picked that ticket up in the quad at Greyfriars, in break this morning."

"Oh!" ejaculated Gideon.

"I dropped it for the fat fool to see!" Carter sneered. "I knew he would keep it—he's that sort. Of course, he won't tell anybody he's pinched a theatre ticket—if he mentions it, he will tell lies about it—that's his style. When he's up before the Head, about that telephone-call, he can say he was at the theatre, if he likes—he won't be believed."

Mr. Gooch whistled softly.

"Who's going to notice him, going in with a crowd?" said Carter. "Who's going to believe that he had a reserved ticket, when it will come out that he never bought one? He's known to be the biggest liar ever, too! Nobody will believe he was in the theatre when that telephone-call was put through at the post office. Why should they?"

Mr. Gooch nodded.

"This," he said, "looks like a winner."

"It's a winner all right—and no risk for you," sneered Carter. "All you've got to do is to help me make-up, and lend me your taxi, and then clear."

"I will do that much, with pleasure!" said Mr. Gooch, with a sour smile.

"Enough jaw, then—let's get on with it. They kick off at three, and Wingate's got to be called away before then."

Mr. Gooch nodded—and they got on with it. The next ten minutes were busy. Wibley's outfit for impersonating Bunter was complete—and Carter, with another suit of clothes over his own, and plenty of padding well arranged, soon had a figure remarkably like the fat Owl's.

Making-up the face was a much more difficult matter—for Carter, in spite of his boast, had nothing like Wibley's skill in that line.

But he was easily able to counterfeit the ripe complexion of the fat Owl of Greyfriars, and a pair of big spectacles perched on his nose added to the effect.

When he put on his coat, and turned up the collar about his neck, the lower part of his face was hidden, and the cap pulled down as low as possible helped.

"I shall have a bit of a cold in the post office, and put my handkerchief to my face," he remarked. "Bank on it that it's all right, Gideon."

"Certainly," said Gideon, surveying him. "It seems all right, Arthur! We must hope for the best!"

By which Mr. Gooch no doubt meant the worst!

"Right as rain!" said Carter confidently.

"If you have the nerve—"

"You'll see!"

When all was ready, it was Carter who took the taxicab back to Courtfield, leaving Mr. Gooch to walk.

At half-past two, while Billy Bunter was in the Courtfield Theatre, Arthur Carter was walking into the post office a hundred yards away—not looking in the least like Carter of the Remove, but bearing a remarkable resemblance, at a cursory glance, to the fat Owl of Greyfriars. Little did the hapless fat Owl, in No. 3, Row 4, dream what was to be the outcome, on this occasion, of "findings keepings."

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Called Away!

"WINGATE!"
"Seen Wingate?"
"He's gone into the changing-room."

"Who wants Wingate, Trotter?"
"The 'Ead, sir!" said Trotter. "He wants him in his study at once, sir!"
And the house-page hurried on to the changing-room.

"What the dickens is up?" asked Bob Cherry, staring after him. "I suppose the Head knows that Highcliffe may be here any minute. Why the thump is he sending for Wingate?"

"Goodness knows! Can't be a row!" said Harry Wharton.

The Famous Five followed on to the changing-room. Dozens of fellows were gathered in or around that apartment—the centre of activity on such a day. The first eleven were all there, all looking as fit as fiddles, and cheerfully conscious of the great place they occupied in the public eye. Wingate's rugged, good-tempered face was very cheery.

"Mr. Wingate, sir—" said Trotter.

"Don't come bothering now, kid!" said Gwynne of the Sixth.

"It's from the 'Ead, sir—"

"You can tell the Head that Wingate's busy!" said Potter of the Fifth. Potter was a great man that day—he was in the eleven.

"What is it, Trotter?" asked Wingate.

"Dr. Locke wants you in his study at once, sir!" said Trotter. "He said come at once, sir, as it's very important."

Wingate looked puzzled.

"Oh, all right!" he said.

Wingate had been about to start changing. But that urgent summons from his headmaster, of course, came before everything else. He left the changing-room at once—leaving the footballers, and the other fellows, in a buzz—all of them wondering why Dr. Locke had called the captain of Greyfriars away at such a moment.

George Wingate understood no more than anyone else, but he lost no time in arriving at the Head's study.

He found Dr. Locke with a very grave face.

"You sent for me, sir—"

"Yes, Wingate," said the Head gravely. "I am sorry to say that I have some bad news for you—though you must not take too serious a view of it, my boy. I have been rung up on the telephone from your home."

"Oh!"

The ruddy colour faded in Wingate's face. He could guess what was coming, from that.

"My father!" he breathed.

"Yes! I am very sorry to tell you, Wingate, that Mr. Wingate's illness has taken a turn for the worse, and the doctor thinks that you had better go home without a moment's delay. That was the message given to me, my boy—and I think you had better lose no time."

Wingate stood very still for a moment. He was almost stunned.

His father's illness had been in the back of his mind—many of his friends knew that he was worried about it. But the last news had been that the old gentleman was better. On Highcliffe day, Wingate had succeeded in putting the matter out of his thoughts. It came back now overwhelmingly.

"I have a time-table here," Dr. Locke's voice went on. "I have looked out a train for you, Wingate, while I waited for you. You will have to change in London—"

"Yes, sir!" said Wingate confusedly.

"Thank you, sir."

"There is a train from Courtfield at

two-fifty-five—you can catch that train, Wingate, if you lose no time. I have ordered my car, to take you to the station."

"You're very kind, sir!" muttered the Greyfriars captain. He collected himself a little. "Thank you, sir."

"I trust, Wingate, that you will find matters better than they appear at present, when you reach your home," said Dr. Locke kindly, and he shook hands with his head prefect, and hurried him out of the study.

Wingate almost tottered away. But he very quickly got a hold on himself. He had no time to lose. He braced himself to the shock, as he hurried down the passage. At the corner, Gwynne of the Sixth was waiting for him. He had come along from the changing-room.

"Phwat—" began Gwynne. Then, as he looked at Wingate's face, his own became very serious. "My dear chap—"

"My pater—a telephone-call from home—I've got to get off!" breathed Wingate. "Tell the fellows, Paddy, old man—you'll captain the side—I've not a second—"

He rushed away, leaving Gwynne staring. Five minutes later, the Head's car whirled out at the gates, with Wingate sitting in it, with a half-packed bag—and the crowd in the changing-room were listening to the startling and dismaying news.

"The game is a goner!" said the Bouncer.

"Poor old Wingate!" said Bob Cherry.

"We've got to pull up our socks, you men!" said Gwynne. "We're going to have a hard row to hoe, without old Wingate—"

"You'll want another man," said Coker of the Fifth.

"Yes! Here, Greene—"

"What about me?" asked Coker persuasively.

"Don't be an ass! You get changed, Greene. And mind you all pull up your socks!" said Gwynne impressively. "Old Wingate would like to hear that we've beaten Highcliffe! And we've got to!"

But there were a good many doubts in the Greyfriars crowd when Highcliffe arrived, and the sides lined up on the football field. Old Wingate was a tower of strength to his side—and the loss was a heavy one.

Almost all Greyfriars gathered round the field to watch the game—as well as a crowd of Highcliffe fellows who had come over with the team; and no one noticed when Carter of the Remove slipped in unostentatiously among the crowd.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Pon Is Too Playful!

"THAT fat Greyfriars cad!"

"Fat Jack of the Bone-house!"

"Punter—or Grunter—which is it?"

Billy Bunter's fat ears tingled, as he heard those remarks behind him, in the stalls of the Courtfield Theatre. Without looking round, he knew who the speakers were—Ponsonby & Co. of Highcliffe.

A crowd of Highcliffe fellows had followed their first eleven over to Greyfriars; but Pon & Co. did not condescend to do so. Standing round in the cold, watching fellows play footer, did not appeal to the knuts of Highcliffe—neither were they much interested whether Langley, the Highcliffe captain, came home victorious or

defeated. They disliked watching a game almost as much as playing in one!

The billiards-room at the Three Fishers was often Pon & Co.'s chief attraction on a half-holiday. On this particular afternoon, however, they were patronising the Courtfield Theatre; and there they were in a row, behind Billy Bunter—much to his discomfort.

The three knuts had come in a few minutes late, cheerfully careless about disturbing other people; and having sat down, they continued to chat after the curtain had risen. Voices about them murmured "Hush!" unregarded by the superb Pon and his friends. Impertinence was one of their chief pleasures—they liked to display their disregard for the common herd.

Next to Ponsonby sat a stout gentleman whom Pon concluded to be a grocer. He said "Hush!" quite plainly. Pon favoured him with a cool stare, turned his head from him, and went on talking.

It was quite a pleasure to Ponsonby, Gadsby, and Monson, to discover Billy Bunter in the row in front. Bunter was a fellow who could be ragged, and bothered, and worried, with impunity, which suited Pon & Co.

"They oughtn't to let pigs in here!" said Monson.

"That isn't a pig—it's a porpoise!" said Pon.

"It grunts like a pig!" argued Monson.

"But it's as fat as a porpoise!" said Pon. "Which do you think it is, Gaddy?"

"Pig, I think," said Gaddy. "Ask it."

Billy Bunter's ears burned! It was not a place for kicking up a shindy—but the fat Owl would have given a good deal, just then, for a punch like Bob Cherry's! He would have turned round and handed it over.

"Hush!" said several voices, up and down the stalls.

The show was beginning, and other people, if not the Highcliffe knuts, wanted to enjoy the same in peace. But Pon was not the fellow to hush at the bidding of common mortals. Pon was full of boans that afternoon. Nothing short of a booting would have quieted Pon!

Bunter decided to take no notice of the fellows behind, in the hope that they would shut up, and leave him alone. For which reason Pon leaned over and tapped him on a fat shoulder.

He blinked round, through his big spectacles, with an enraged blink.

"Beast!" he snapped. "Let a chap alone!"

"We were havin' a bit of an argument," explained Pon. "What do you call yourself—pig or porpoise?"

"Yah!"

"Hush!" came from a dozen people at once.

The plump gentleman at Pon's side tapped him on the arm.

"Keep quiet!" he said. "Don't make that row! Keep quiet, see?"

Pon gave him an insolent stare, and turned his head away again.

However, the three young rascals kept quiet for a time. Bunter, relieved of their attentions, glued his eyes and spectacles on the stage.

Suddenly he jumped!

Something was sliding down the back of his neck!

"Ooogh!" gasped Bunter.

He wriggled wildly. It was nothing

more or less than a penny—it was, Pon considered, worth that small sum, to worry Bunter! That coin of the realm, dropped into Bunter's collar from behind, slid down his podgy back, in quite a startling and uncomfortable way.

He glared round at three grinning faces.

"You Highcliffe cads, let a chap alone!" he gasped.

"Anythin' up?" drawled Ponsonby.

"You beastly cad, you've put something down my back!" hissed Bunter.

"Hush!" hooted the plump grocer.

"Be quiet, Bunter," said Pon, reprovingly. "You're annoyin' this—er—gentleman!"

"Not so much noise, Shunter," said Monson. "Haven't you cads any manners at Greyfriars at all?"

"Sit down and shut up, Grunter!" said Gadsby.

"You rotten Highcliffe cads—" hissed Bunter, in helpless rage.

"Hush!"

"Shush!"

"Quiet!"

Bunter sat in fury, with the penny down his back, and in momentary expectation of some fresh trick from the playful Pon. This really was spoiling his enjoyment of the grand show going on, on the stage. He was not getting the value of that ticket for No. 3, Row 4—though, it was true, he had got that ticket cheap!

Pon & Co. condescended to give the play some attention for ten minutes or so. But Pon was not the fellow to let a helpless victim alone for long.

All of a sudden there was a loud howl from Bunter:

"Yaroo!"

Twenty or thirty people stared round at him as he jumped up.

"Hush!"

"Keep quiet!"

"Sit down in front!"

"Call an attendant!"

"Beast!" yelled Bunter, glaring round furiously at the three Highcliffians. "Who stuck that pin in me?"

But Pon & Co. chose to glue their attention on the stage! They glued it there, taking no notice of Bunter.

The grocer reached over the back of Bunter's seat, put a hand on his fat shoulder, and sat him down with a bump.

"You keep quiet," he said, "or I'll call an attendant to turn you out, see? Spoiling other folks pleasure."

"One of those cads stuck a pin in me!" gasped Bunter.

"Well, keep quiet!"

Bunter sat quiet. A fellow could not keep on disturbing the audience like this, without trouble accruing. But he realised that he was not going to enjoy that matinee.

How could a fellow enjoy a play, with the momentary expectation of having a pin run into his fat person from behind?

Pon noticed, however, that the grocer gave him a very hard look; and decided to behave himself for a time. Half-an-hour passed peaceably by; and Bunter almost forgot the Highcliffians behind him by that time.

He was suddenly reminded of them. A sudden sharp pang elicited a wild howl from him. It was a pin again!

"Yoo-hoop!" roared Bunter.

"Hush!"

"Turn that noisy boy out!"

"Will you keep quiet there?"

"Ow! Oh, you beast!" Bunter glared round at Ponsonby. "You rotter, you

stuck a pin in me again—ow! Yow! Wow!

Ponsonby disregarded him as before. But, to Pon's surprise and annoyance, a sudden grasp was laid on his shoulder. He stared round at the plump grocer at his side.

"You young rascal!" said the grocer. "I had my eye on you—you stuck a pin into that kid!"

"Take your paw off my shoulder!" hissed Ponsonby. "How dare you touch me?"

The grocer looked at him. Perhaps he did not realise that the dandy of Highcliffe was so superior a being, that he must not be touched by common mortals. At all events he touched him—hard! Taking his hand from Pon's shoulder, he smacked Pon's head with it.

Smack!
"Ooogh!" gasped Pon.

"Now behave yourself!" said the grocer. "You keep quiet, and let that fat kid alone, or I'll smack your head again, and then again, too! Shut up!"

Ponsonby looked at that grocer as if he could have eaten him. He would gladly have dashed an angry fist full into his plump and ruddy face—only for the circumstances that he dared not!

But to sit there, under a sea of eyes, after having had his lordly head smacked, was more than Pon could stand. He rose to his feet.

"Let's go out of this!" he muttered.

"Sit down there!"

"Keep quiet!"

Ponsonby pushed his way along the seats, and Gadsby and Monson rather unwillingly followed him. Ragging Bunter was amusing, but they had come there to see the show, and the first act was not over yet. However, they followed Ponsonby. With a red and savage face, the dandy of Highcliffe tramped out of the theatre into Courtfield High Street.

Gadsby and Monson followed him rather sullenly.

"Look here! Are we missin' the show?" asked Gadsby sulkily.

"It's only three," said Monson, "and it's not over till five."

"I'm going along to the Three Fishers," growled Ponsonby. "You fellows can suit yourselves."

And he stalked away, and Gadsby and Monson followed.

Billy Bunter, much relieved, settled down to enjoy the rest of the play. Pon & Co. had rather spoiled the first act for him; but there were two more acts to come, both of them good. So, after that unpleasant interlude, the fat Owl of the Remove had quite a pleasant afternoon, after all.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Highcliffe Match!

"GOAL!" cried Frank Courtenay of the Highcliffe Fourth.

"Goal!" chirruped the Caterpillar.

There was a cheer on Big Side at Greyfriars—from the crowd of Highcliffe fellows, who had followed their team over. That goal, the second in the game, had been taken by Langley, the Highcliffe captain. Highcliffe were two up, and the sands of time were running out.

"All over bar shouting!" granted the Bounder.

"Oh, a game's never lost till it's won!" said Bob Cherry; but even Bob did not speak very hopefully.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

"Twenty minutes to go," said Harry Wharton. "Um!"

"Um!" said Nugent.

"The umfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh sadly.

"This," said Coker of the Fifth oracularly, "is what comes of leaving the best footballer at Greyfriars out of the team."

Bob looked round at Coker.

"Wingate couldn't help standing out," he said. "Haven't you heard? His pater's ill, and he was called home in a hurry."

"You young ass!" said Coker. "I'm not speaking of Wingate. I'm speaking of myself."

"Idiot!" said Bob; and he turned back to the game.

"Looks good for us, you fellows," remarked Courtenay.

With his chum, the Caterpillar, he was standing with the Famous Five, amid the almost innumerable throng, watching the game.

"The goodfulness for you looks terrific, my esteemed Courtenay," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But with the ridiculous Wingate present, the result might have been a boot on the other leg."

Courtenay smiled.

"Hard lines on Greyfriars," he said.

"Yes, rotten, and no mistake," said Harry Wharton. "Can't be helped, though. I hope old Wingate will get good news when he gets in."

"There they go!" exclaimed the Bounder eagerly. "Buck up, Greyfriars! On the ball! Good old Gwynne!"

"Good man, Gwynne!"

"Bravo!"

Attention was concentrated on the field. Greyfriars were attacking hotly, and Gwynne had the ball. There was a roar as it went in.

"Goal! Goal!"

"Hurrah!"

"We've broken our duck, anyhow!" said Johnny Bull. He glanced up at the clock tower. "Time for another yet!"

"And another, perhaps!" said Nugent.

"Perhaps," murmured the Caterpillar, closing one eye at Courtenay.

With fifteen minutes to go, both sides played up hard. There was no doubt that the loss of their captain was a severe handicap to the home side. Greene of the Fifth was doing his best, and by no means badly; but Greene would hardly have claimed to be in the same street with "old Wingate." Minute followed minute, and the games went on ding-dong; but hope of another goal for Greyfriars faded away.

It faded right out as the final whistle blew. Highcliffe had won the match by two goals to one.

Which, after their anticipations of winding up the football season with a glorious victory, was a blow to the Greyfriars men. But there it was, and it was a satisfaction, at least, to the Highcliffians. Greyfriars drew what consolation they could from the fixed belief that had old Wingate been there Highcliffe would have been hopelessly routed.

However, quite a cheery party assembled for tea in Bob Cherry's study, Courtenay and the Caterpillar staying to tea with their Greyfriars friends.

Had the Famous Five remembered Billy Bunter, they would rather have expected the fat Owl to butt in on this festive occasion. Having, however, happily forgotten Bunter's fat existence, they were happily not reminded of it.

After tea, as there was still plenty of time before lock-up, Harry Wharton & Co. wheeled out their jiggers, to ride with Courtenay and the Caterpillar some distance on their homeward way.

They pedalled in a cheery bunch by the road over the common, and, as they drew near Courtfield, Billy Bunter dawned on them—coming down the road at the pace of an old and tired snail.

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

Billy Bunter blinked round through his big spectacles, and, recognising the cyclists, waved a fat hand.

"I say, you fellows," he squeaked—"I say—"

But what Bunter had to say was lost as the bunch of cyclists swept on.

"Beasts!" floated after them as they went; and they chuckled and pedalled on to Courtfield.

At that town their Highcliffe friends parted from them, to ride on to Highcliffe, and the Famous Five turned back for Greyfriars.

Once more they had forgotten Bunter. Once more they were reminded of him—this time by a back view. The fat Owl was still plugging wearily onward, and had not covered much ground since they had passed him.

"Jolly old Bunter again!" grinned Bob Cherry. "At that rate, he will get home with the milk in the morning. Hallo, hallo, hallo, old fat man! What are you doing all those m.p.h. for?"

"I say, you fellows! I say, hold on!" squeaked Bunter.

This time the cyclists stopped.

"You want to hear how the match went?" asked Bob.

"Eh—what match?" asked Bunter.

"What match?" repeated Bob.

"Why, you howling ass—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You priceless piffler! Have you forgotten that it was the first eleven match with Highcliffe to-day?" roared Bob.

"Oh, no! Yes, no! Never mind that! I say, will one of you fellows give me a lift to the school?"

"I will, when I go out for a spin on a ten-ton lorry," answered Bob. "Not on a bike, old porpoise!"

"Well, look here, you make out that you're a better walker than I am," said Bunter. "Suppose you walk it, and lend me your jigger?"

"The supposefulness is terrific," chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Too terrific!" grinned Bob. "Try again, Bunter."

"Well, I'm jolly tired," said Bunter. "I've walked all the way from Courtfield."

"Half a mile, so far," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Feel as if your legs were dropping off?"

"Yes, exactly. You see, I spent the other tanner on choc's, so I wasn't able to take the bus back," said Bunter.

"If you'd like to lend me your bike, Nugent—you're not such a beast as Cherry—"

"I am," contradicted Nugent.

"Worse."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What about you, Wharton?"

"Worse still," answered Harry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, lend me another tanner, then. There may be another motor-bus along in time for lock-up."

Sixpence was duly forthcoming, and the Famous Five remounted, and rode on, leaving Billy Bunter sitting by the



“Yaroooh!” There was a sudden howl from Billy Bunter, and a number of people stared round at him as he jumped up. “Hush!” “Keep quiet!” “Sit down in front!” “Beast!” yelled Bunter, glaring round furiously at the three Highcliffians. “Who stuck that pin in me?”

wayside watching and waiting for a motor-bus.

“What the dickens did that fat ass wander out to Courtfield for?” asked Bob, as they went on. “He needn’t have gone so far to blow a tanner on choes.”

“He said he had a ticket for the theatre.”

“Well, if he said he had, that means that he hadn’t. Besides, where would he get a ticket from?”

“I remember he got one once, when Coker of the Fifth dropped one in the quad. Perhaps Coker’s dropped another,” said Harry, laughing.

But Billy Bunter’s excursion to Courtfield that afternoon did not interest the chums of the Remove very much, and they soon forgot it, though they were to be reminded of it before very long.

Bunter, apparently, caught his motor-bus, for he rolled in just in time for calling-over. He was the only fellow in the Remove who had missed the Highcliff match—a circumstance that did not bother Bunter in the least, at present, though it was destined to bother him very considerably.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Startling!

“I SAY, you fellows, something’s up!” declared Billy Bunter.

The Remove fellows did not need Bunter to tell them that.

The next morning, it was plain to all Greyfriars that something was “up,” and every fellow knew that it was something uncommonly serious.

As early as prayers, all the beaks were seen to be looking very grave—like a lot of boiled owls, as Skinner of the Remove described it.

At breakfast, solemnity sat on every

official face, and by the time it had spread to the prefects, every face at the High Table in hall was grave and grim.

In the interval before morning class, the juniors gathered in groups, discussing that mysterious “something” which was “up”—without being able to guess what it was. As a topic, it completely displaced the Highcliff match, and the absence of Wingate of the Sixth from the school.

“Looks like somebody up for the sack!” said the Bounder. “Anybody know who is the happy man?”

“You ought to know, if anybody does!” remarked Skinner.

Smithy shrugged his shoulders.

“The Big Beak hasn’t mentioned it to me,” he said. “Have you heard anything from him, Skinner?”

“Thanks—no!”

“I say, you fellows, perhaps it’s one of the Sixth!” suggested Billy Bunter. “I jolly well know that Loder—and Carne, too—”

“Shut up, ass!”

“‘Tain’t one of you fellows, is it?” asked Bunter, blinking inquiringly at the Famous Five.

“One of us!” repeated Harry Wharton. “You blithering bloater, what do you mean?”

“Well, I heard that Wingate spotted you hanging round the Three Fishers—the day Carter got his whopping, you know.”

“Boot him!” said Johnny Bull ferociously.

“Yaroooh!”

It was rather a relief to hear the bell for classes. If it was a sacking, nobody was going to be sacked at the moment. But when Mr. Quelch entered the Remove Form Room, with a preternaturally grave face, a thrill ran through his Form. They knew that they were going to hear something now

—and fellows with sins on their consciences felt uneasy.

“My boys,” said Mr. Quelch quietly, “there has been an occurrence of an extraordinary and unprecedented nature—a cruel, cowardly, malicious trick, which is now the subject of investigation!”

Thrill!

“I am assured,” went on Mr. Quelch, “that no boy in my Form has any knowledge of it. I am bound, however, to question you; every Form-master here is now putting the same questions to his Form, by instructions of the headmaster. I require to know whether any boy in this Form was out of gates between two and three o’clock yesterday.”

Billy Bunter gave a start.

He had dropped into No. 3, Row 4, at the Courtfield Theatre, at two o’clock the previous day. He had, therefore, been out of gates.

But Bunter did not speak.

If there was going to be a row about a fellow being out of gates at that particular time, Bunter was not going to draw it on his own fat head.

Not Bunter!

The fat Owl, who generally talked too much, now reversed that process by talking too little. He said no word. Only his little round eyes blinked very anxiously at Mr. Quelch through his big round spectacles.

“Nobody here could have been out of gates at that time yesterday, sir,” said Carter respectfully.

“Indeed!” said Mr. Quelch, staring at him.

“It was the Highcliff match yesterday, sir!” Carter pointed out. “The kick-off was at three. Nobody would miss it, sir. I know I saw most of the fellows on the ground, long before the game started.”

"Yaas, that's the case, sir," said Lord Mauleverer. "We all rolled down to see the first eleven play, sir." Even Mauly had exerted himself to walk down to Big Side on that great occasion, and his lazy lordship was rather glad now that he had.

"Quite so," said Mr. Quelch. "But I must repeat my question: Any boy who was out of gates after dinner yesterday will stand forward."

Nobody stood forward.

"May we know what has happened, sir?" asked Harry Wharton, as there was a pause.

"I am about to tell you," answered Mr. Quelch. "Most of you are, doubtless, aware that Wingate, of the Sixth Form, was called away suddenly yesterday afternoon."

Billy Bunter breathed more freely. It was something about a Sixth Form man—which obviously could not worry a Lower Fourth fellow who had been sitting in a theatre!

"A telephone message was received by Dr. Locke," continued Mr. Quelch. "It purported to be a call from Wingate's home, in a distant county, and the Head had no doubt that it was given in good faith. It has transpired that the message did not come from Wingate's home at all, but was a cruel deception!"

"Oh!" gasped all the Remove.

"The statement was made that Wingate's father, who is ill, had taken a sudden turn for the worse, and that Wingate was required immediately at home. As you are aware, he left the school at once—only to learn on his arrival last night in Cheshire that a detestable trick had been played."

"Oh!" came another gasp.

"No one at his home knew anything of the pretended message. So far from his father having taken a turn for the worse, he was much better, and on the way to recovery. This good news was no doubt a consolation to Wingate; but it does not alter the fact that a cruel and unfeeling trick was played!"

"By gum!" murmured Bob Cherry. "If a chap knew who did it—"

"What awful rotter—" muttered Wharton.

"I cannot suppose that any Remove boy would play such a detestable trick, or could have any motive for doing so," resumed Mr. Quelch. "But—"

"Impossible, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "It cannot have been a Greyfriars man at all—it's impossible!"

"I should like to think so, Wharton; but there is, unfortunately, very little doubt on that point," said Mr. Quelch.

"No one outside the school could know the details, of which the knowledge was necessary to make the trick a success—Wingate's home address, for instance, which was mentioned, and the circumstance that he was anxious about his father's illness—or the fact that Mr. Wingate was ill at all. These matters can only have been known inside the school."

Wharton was silent.

That, of course, was clear—and it demonstrated that the trickster belonged to Greyfriars School.

"Moreover," continued Mr. Quelch, "the telephone call, instead of coming from a distance, as the Head believed, came from quite close at hand—a town only two miles away, and within easy reach of Greyfriars. Inquiry has already been made on that point, immediately Dr. Locke was informed by Wingate, over the telephone, of the trickery that had taken place. It has been ascertained that the call came from Courtfield Post Office."

"Oh!"

"There is every hope," went on the Remove master, "that officials at the post office may recall the incident, and perhaps be able to give some description of the person who telephoned. Inquiry is proceeding on that subject now. I have little doubt that information will be forthcoming. In the meantime, every boy who was out of gates at the time is required to give an account of his movements. Dr. Locke received the call at a few minutes after half-past two. Every boy who was out of the school between two o'clock and three o'clock will be personally questioned by the headmaster. Is there any such boy here present?"

No answer.

"Was any boy of this Form in Courtfield at all yesterday?" asked Mr. Quelch, after waiting in vain for a reply.

"We went part of the way home with two Highcliffe fellows, sir, after the football match!" said Harry Wharton. "Five of us! We turned back at the town!"

"That was after the match?"

"Yes, sir, a good time after, as the two fellows I've mentioned stayed to tea. It was well after five o'clock."

"Then that is immaterial," said Mr. Quelch. "Has any other boy anything to say?"

No other boy had.

Bob Cherry gave the fat Owl a look. All the Famous Five knew, from the encounter on the road over the common, that Bunter had been in Courtfield. As they had seen him coming back long after five o'clock, that was, as Mr. Quelch said, immaterial. Still, it was up to Bunter to speak.

Bunter did not speak.

Bunter wasn't going to be dragged into this—not if Bunter knew it! With his usual fatuous astuteness, the Owl of the Remove understudied Brer Fox, the sagacious animal who "lay low and said nuffin'."

"I may add," said Mr. Quelch, "that inquiry into this matter will be very strict and searching. If any boy here has anything to say, let him speak at once."

Nobody spoke.

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch, "I will leave you in charge for a few minutes, Wharton, while I take my report to the headmaster."

Mr. Quelch left the Form-room.

There was a buzz of discussion the moment he had gone. The news that that telephone call, supposed to come from Wingate's home, was a trick, surprised and startled all the Remove. But the juniors were easily able to think of a motive, whether the beaks could or not. Obviously it had been done to "dish" Wingate over the football match—to call him away from the Highcliffe game.

"Some cad in the Sixth," said Vernon-Smith. "I hear that Loder was sore at being left out."

"For goodness' sake don't start anything of that sort, Smithy!" breathed Tom Redwing.

"I'd like to know where Loder was!" jeered the Bounder.

"Don't be a silly ass, Smithy!" said Tom Brown. "I can tell you where Loder was—standing with Carne of the Sixth, watching the game. I saw him, long before the ball was kicked off."

"Oh!" said Smithy. "Well, it's plain enough why that foul trick was played—to dish Wingate over the footer. Must have been a senior man. Lower School men haven't anythin' to do with first eleven Soccer."

"Might be some fellow Wingate had licked," said Hazeldene. "Some putrid, revengeful rotter—"

"He's licked us all in his time," said Smithy. "I had six from him on Saturday—Cherry last week, too—Bunter on Tuesday, and Carter a few days ago. He's licked you this term, too."

"Better leave it to the beaks to sort it out, I think," said Harry Wharton, rather dryly. "No good starting a lot of suspicions."

"You fat chump!" Bob Cherry was speaking to Bunter. "Why didn't you tell Quelch you were in Courtfield yesterday?"

"I—I wasn't!"

"You howling ass, you know you were, and we know—"

"Bunter!" exclaimed Carter. "Was Bunter in Courtfield?"

Bob gave him a glare.

"Oh, don't try to make capital out of that!" he snorted. "We met Bunter on the Courtfield road at nearly six o'clock. No use to you, Carter!"

"I've not said—"

"You would if you got half a chance!" growled Bob. "Look here, Bunter, it's bound to come out, and you're not running any risk. We can all say what time it was we saw you. Tell Quelch the minute he comes back, see?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

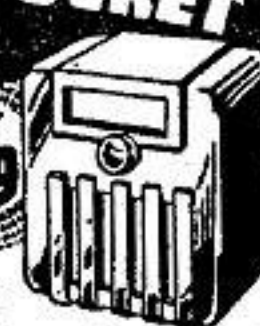
THIS WONDERFUL VEST POCKET RADIO set

An amazing opportunity for readers of this paper to benefit by the scientific achievement of receiving stations at remarkable volume from so small a set.

Only 2½ inches square, it requires NO BATTERIES, NO ELECTRICITY, NO VALVES and NO UPKEEP COSTS. Simply add aerial, earth and phones and tune in. You will be amazed at the result. Carry it in your pocket wherever you go—visiting friends, camping, motoring, etc. Price includes beautiful walnut grained bakelite case as illustrated. Only 3/9, post 3d. Phones 3/9, post 3d. Listen in tomorrow by sending now. No more to pay.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD. (Dept. A.G.W.S.11), 91, New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C.1. Phone: TEM. 6559.

ONLY 3/9



THINK OF THE FUN

—for you and your chums and family if you had a Riley 'Home' Billiard Table. 8/- DOWN brings delivery on 7 Days' Free Trial. Balance monthly. Ask your dad to write to-day for Riley Free Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Belmont Works, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 30, 147, Aldersgate Street, LONDON, E.C.1.



Send for FREE copy of the
VIMTO
BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

(Send Penny Stamped Post Card.)

A. W. NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Ayres Road, Manchester, 16.

"Can't you see that it will make them suspicious, you blinking ass, if it comes out that you went there and never mentioned it?" exclaimed Bob.

"I never went near the post office."

"I know you didn't, fathead! But the beaks don't know, and it will look fishy if you keep it dark that you were in the town."

"If you think I'd play a dirty trick like that, Bob Cherry—"

"You silly idiot," roared Bob, "I'm trying to keep you from getting yourself suspected of it."

"Cave!" called out Peter Todd.

Mr. Quelch came back into the Form-room. Classes began rather late that morning at Greyfriars, and in every Form-room much less attention was given to lessons than to the strange and startling matter that occupied every mind, and there were few fellows who did not hope that the unfeeling rascal who had played that dastardly trick would be discovered, and duly and drastically dealt with.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Was It Bunter?

WHO was it?

That was the question all the Greyfriars fellows were asking, in break that morning.

Wingate had not yet returned, but it was known that he would be back during the day. But when he came he would be able to shed no light on the matter. All that he knew had been told over the telephone already. In all the Forms at Greyfriars there was only one topic, and in all Forms but one it seemed an insoluble mystery. But in the Remove there were already surmises and suspicions, which centred on Billy Bunter.

Bob, in his well-meant attempt to make the fat Owl act sensibly, had drawn attention to the fact that Bunter had been in Courtfield on Wednesday afternoon. It had not occurred to Bob that Bunter had been there at the material time, but that was not long in occurring to others.

Carter was heard asking fellows whether they had seen Bunter on Big Side at all on Wednesday. The same idea was in other minds as well as Carter's, and it was very soon elucidated that Bunter had not been on the spot at all.

In so numerous a throng, and with the general attention fixed on the Soccer, no fellow was likely to be specially noticed, or his absence to be specially noticed, at the time. But when the Removites came to compare notes, it was easily ascertained that nobody had seen Bunter there.

Somebody or other certainly would have seen him had he been there. He had not been there!

True, Bunter was the fellow to frowst in a study, even when a tremendous affair like the last first eleven match of the season was going on. But if Bunter had been in his study he could call no witnesses to the fact. Not a fellow, so far as was known, had gone up to the studies at all after dinner on the great day. Nobody had seen Bunter in the House.

Had he gone out of gates—the only man in the Remove who had? It looked like it. Any fellow who had been out of gates between two and three o'clock was automatically under suspicion. And

Bunter was keeping it dark that he had been in Courtfield at all.

He had been there. And why? Hazel's suggestion that the trick might have been played by some fellow whom Wingate had licked, as a prefect, was in many minds. True, Wingate had exercised the official ashplant on other fellows; still, it was known that he had licked Bunter, having caught him in his study. If a licking was the motive, Bunter had that motive.

Bob Cherry had a worried brow in break. All through that term Bob had in a way set himself up as the fat Owl's defender to frustrate Carter's knavish tricks. Now, he knew, Carter was making the most of this—most of the surmises about Bunter began with him. But Bob was worried now by the disagreeable possibility that Carter was, for once, in the right.

"It can't have been Bunter," he said to his friends. "He's a fool and an ass and an idiot and a blithering cuckoo, but—but he's not the brute to play such an utterly foul trick."

"Not if he understood what he was doing," said Harry Wharton slowly. "But he's such an unspeakable ass—"

Grunt, from Johnny Bull.

"It's the very trick he suggested the other day, when he wanted to get Wingate out of his study!" he growled. "Carter heard him, and he's spreading it all over the Form now."

"Well, yes," said Bob; "but—"

"I suppose he's fool enough for anything," said Nugent. "But—"

"But he didn't do this," said Bob.

"The fat ass was gabbling about something of the kind, but—but this was a regular plan. It had to be thought out and calculated. It was done by some artful rascal, not by a fool like Bunter."

"Why didn't he tell Quelch he was in Courtfield?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Because he's a silly idiot!" growled Bob. "If he had the sense of a bunny rabbit he would have spoken out. No harm in letting Quelch know that he was in Courtfield late in the afternoon."

"But if he was there early—"

"He wasn't!" grunted Bob.

"Well, you don't know whether he was or not, old chap," said Harry Wharton. "He certainly wasn't anywhere near the football ground. He might have been frowsting in his study, but—"

"The butfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"He said he had a theatre ticket," muttered Bob. "You remember he borrowed a bob for his fare. We thought that it was only gammon, and that he blowed it at the tuckshop; but—"

"Where could he have got a theatre ticket?" grunted Johnny Bull. "All rot!"

"Let's ask him," said Nugent. "Here comes the blithering idiot!"

Bunter rolled up to the Famous Five with a worried and anxious fat brow.

"I say, you fellows," he said, "don't you get jawing about seeing me on the Courtfield road yesterday afternoon. The fellows seem to be getting it into their silly heads that I did it. Carter's trying to make out—"

"What time did you go to Courtfield, Bunter?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"I—I never went!"

"What?"

"The—the fact is, the least said, the soonest mended," said Bunter, blinking anxiously at the Famous Five. "If the beaks hear that I was in Courtfield, very likely they will put this on me."

"It can't be put on you, ass, if you

never did it!" rapped Harry. "Look here, you told us you had a theatre ticket. Was that true?"

"If you think I'd tell an untruth, Wharton—"

"Oh, you howling ass! Did you go to the theatre or not?"

"Yes, I did!" yapped Bunter.

"Then you must have gone straight to Courtfield after dinner. There wasn't much time," said Harry. "You must have been there before two o'clock."

"If he was in the theatre, that's all right!" said Bob. "It's only necessary to prove that he had the ticket."

"Well, I can prove that all right," said Bunter.

"What's the proof?" asked Johnny Bull.

"My word!" answered Bunter, with dignity.

"You blithering idiot—"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"For goodness' sake, Bunter, have a little sense," urged Bob Cherry. "If you had a booked seat for Courtfield Theatre, where did you get it?"

"One of my wealthy relations sent it to me—"

"Shut up, for goodness' sake!" roared Bob. "If you had a ticket at all, you can say where you got it!"

"My rich Uncle William—"

"Are you going to tell the Head that?" hissed Bob.

"Oh, no! No fear!" gasped Bunter.

"Where did you get it, then?"

"I—I found it—"

"Found it?" repeated Bob.

"Yes! I—I couldn't find out whom it belonged to, and—I—I thought it would be a pity to waste it, so I—I went! See?"

"You fat chump! You tried to find out the owner?"

"Oh, yes, I asked nearly everybody—"

"That's all right; then—you can give the Head the names of all the fellows you asked about it—"

"Oh crikey! Now—now I come to think of it, I—I never asked anybody," gasped Bunter.

"You never asked anybody!" shrieked Bob.

"Nunno! I—I was going to but—but I didn't—" stammered Bunter. "But I found the ticket all right—under the elms—"

"Did you show it to anybody?"

"No—no."

"Or mention it to anybody?"

"N-n-no. Except you fellows—you remember—"

"Then nobody knew you had it!"

"You fellows knew! I asked you to lend me a taxi-fare to go to the theatre, and you were rotten mean, and only lent me a bus-fare—"

"We never saw the ticket, idiot, and never believed that you had one, chump! Can you prove that you had it?"

"Only my word—"

"Idiot!"

"Beast!"

"He never had a ticket," said Johnny Bull. "If a fellow had lost one, there would be a notice on the board about it. Besides, who'd have booked a seat at the theatre for a matinee on Highcliffe day? It's mere rot!"

"I—I had it!" gasped Bunter. "I went to the theatre with it. I say, you fellows, d-d-don't you think the Head will believe that I had a ticket if he asks me?"

"Of course he won't, unless you can prove that there really was a ticket!" snapped Bob. "Johnny's right—no fellow would book a seat for a matinee with a first eleven match on here—and

even if he did, he would put a paper on the board if he lost the ticket."

"But I found it—"

"Rats!" growled Johnny Bull.

"I did, really!" gasped Bunter.

"Oh, chuck it!"

"I say, you fellows, don't you believe that I found a theatre ticket and went to the Courtfield Theatre yesterday afternoon?" gasped Bunter.

"The believableness is not terrific."

"Think the Head won't?" asked Bunter.

"Of course he won't."

"Oh crikey! I—I say, you fellows, if—if you think the Head won't believe it, I—I'd better not say so. I don't want to have this shoved on me. I say, they're going to sack the fellow who spoofed the Head on the phone! I don't want to be sacked, you know! My pater would kick up no end of a row."

"What were you doing in Courtfield, Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton.

Bunter paused a moment.

"Well, look here," he said, "I—I really wasn't in Courtfield at all! I—I never went to the theatre—not if the Head isn't going to believe it, you know. When you fellows met me coming home from Courtfield, I hadn't been there—I'd been somewhere else. See? The—the actual fact is, that I was watching the first eleven match yesterday—you know how keen I am on Soccer—"

"Every man in the Form knows that you weren't anywhere near Big Side yesterday afternoon."

"Oh! I—I mean that I was in my study—"

"In your study!" repeated Bob dazedly.

"Yes, in my study all the time! I—I never went out of gates at all, really."

"Oh, my hat!"

"We met you out of gates!" howled Nugent.

"Yes, but the Head didn't!" said Bunter astutely. "See? You fellows shut up! Don't you get jawing, and making out that I was out of gates, when I was in my study all the time! The Head won't send for me, unless he hears something—you fellows just shut up! That cad Carter is trying to make out that I went out after dinner—I hope that pals of mine aren't going to back up that cad!"

The bell for third school put an end to the interview. The Famous Five, in silence, went to the Form-room. Whether Bunter had "done it," or whether the fat Owl, in a state of uneasy fright, was only terrified at the bare idea of being suspected of having "done it," they could not quite make up their minds. But they had little doubt that Dr. Locke would make up his mind, fast enough, if Bunter came before him to be questioned. Bunter's only chance was to escape unquestioned. They little guessed what was coming!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Before the Beak!

WINGATE of the Sixth appeared in the doorway of the Remove-room, when Mr. Quelch was dismissing his Form after third school.

The Greyfriars captain had returned during that "school." The Removites all looked at him, and Mr. Quelch gave him a questioning glance.

"Dr. Locke desires you to take Bunter, of your Form, to his study, sir!" said Wingate.

"Bunter!" repeated Mr. Quelch.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—NO. 1,570.

"Yes, sir, Bunter."

"Oh crikey!" came an alarmed squeak from the Remove.

"Not in connection with the affair of yesterday afternoon, Wingate, I trust?" said Mr. Quelch.

"I think so, sir."

"Oh lor'!"

"Bunter—"

"It wasn't me, sir!" howled Bunter. "I wasn't in Courtfield at all! I never did it, sir—"

"You will follow me to the head-master's study at once, Bunter!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh crikey!"

Billy Bunter almost tottered from the Form-room, in the wake of his Form-master. The rest of the Remove streamed out into the sunny quad, in a state of great excitement.

Bunter had been sent for, to the Head's study—in connection with the affair of the spoof telephone-call! It was no longer a matter of surmise or suspicion. The Head knew!

"They've got him, then!" said Skinner. "What the thump did the silly ass do it for?"

"Licking from Wingate—" said Hazel.

"That's not a reason! Wingate's licked me, often enough—and you, too! But a dirty trick like this—"

"Well, the Head knows!" said Carter.

"But how the dooce does he know?" muttered the Bounder. "Have you been sneaking, Carter? It's rather in your line, isn't it?"

Carter gave him a black look.

"Everybody knows that it was Bunter," he answered. "I dare say he was seen—and that fat Owl in his blinkers would be remembered if he was seen! I know the Head went out in his car this morning—and I can guess where he went!"

"Where, then?" snapped Bob Cherry.

"Post office in Courtfield," answered Carter. "He knows the call came from there! Ten to one the fat chump was noticed, when he got on to the telephone there. He's the sort of chap that would be."

"Yes—if he was there—"

Carter shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, we shall hear before long," he said. "Nobody's been sent for to the Head, except Bunter. The beaks must have something to go on."

Bob gave the schemer of the Remove a hard, penetrating look.

That Carter would be glad for this to be put on Bunter, he knew without being told. But, deeply as he distrusted the young rascal, he could not see how Carter could possibly have had a hand in casting suspicion on the fat Owl. If Bunter had been seen at the Courtfield Post Office, at the material time, that settled it! And it began to look as if that was the case.

Meanwhile Billy Bunter trailed after his Form-master, in the lowest of spirits.

The fact that he had not "done it" was little comfort to Bunter. Already he was widely suspected in his own Form. The fact that he was sent for showed that the Head shared that suspicion. It was in a state of woe and dread that Bunter followed Mr. Quelch into the Head's study. Wingate of the Sixth followed them in, and closed the door.

Bunter, already quaking, quaked all the more at the sight of the head-master's stern, set face. The culprit, if discovered, had the sternest of measures to expect; and the Head's look showed that the measures would be stern enough.

"I have brought Bunter here, sir," said Mr. Quelch, with a spot of acid

in his tone. "But you will recall that I have reported to you that no boy of my Form has admitted having been in Courtfield yesterday."

"Quite so, Mr. Quelch! But I have received information from officials at the Courtfield Post Office, after careful inquiry there, which seems to leave little doubt on the subject," said Dr. Locke.

"And that, sir?"

"The telephone was used shortly after half-past two, at the post office, when the call was put through to me," said Dr. Locke. "No fewer than three persons employed in the post office noticed a schoolboy who used the telephone at that time. Their descriptions of him agree precisely."

"And the description—"

"The boy is described as wearing a Greyfriars cap, which establishes beyond doubt that he belongs to this school, Mr. Quelch—"

"But not to my Form, sir!"

"Pray allow me to conclude. He is described as being stout in person—so plump as to cause the fact to be noticed—"

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch.

"And as wearing glasses—"

"Oh!" repeated the Remove master.

"And as having very ruddy cheeks—"

"Oh!"

"It appears that he held his handkerchief to his face, as if he had a cold—a trick, I imagine, to prevent his face from being observed too closely," went on the Head. "But the general description is that Bunter, of your Form, Mr. Quelch."

Mr. Quelch was silent.

"From his size and height, he was obviously a junior boy," went on the Head quietly.

"Bunter has a young brother, sir, in the Second Form, who resembles him very closely in appearance. In view of this—"

"I had not forgotten that circumstance, Mr. Quelch. My inquiries, I need not say, were searching; and the post office staff courteously gave me every assistance. The boy in question, though obviously a junior boy, was taller than the only Second Form boy who answers to the same description."

Mr. Quelch was silent again.

"I shall, however, question Bunter minor, if Bunter major is able to satisfy me that he was not guilty of this act of unfeeling rascality!" said the Head. "I am dealing with Bunter major now."

"Quite so, sir."

"Now, Bunter—"

"Oh dear! It wasn't me, sir!" wailed Bunter. "I wouldn't have done anything of the kind, sir! I—I like Wingate too much, sir! I—I'd quite forgotten about him licking me, on Tuesday."

"Did you have occasion to punish this boy, on Tuesday, the day before the Highcliffe match, Wingate?"

"Yes, sir! I found him rooting about my study, and as he could not explain why he was there, I caned him."

Dr. Locke nodded. His expression indicated plainly enough that he now regarded a motive as having been supplied.

"I—I say, sir—" moaned Bunter.

"You need have no fear whatever, Bunter, if you are innocent!" said Dr. Locke, sternly. "In that case, you have no cause for uneasiness whatever."

"Oh! Haven't I, sir?" asked Bunter, a little more brightly.

"Certainly not, you stupid boy."

"Then—then it's all right, sir! I never did it! C-c-c-can I go now, sir?" asked Bunter anxiously.

The Head breathed hard.

"I shall now question you, Bunter,"



Bob Cherry opened the door with one hand and propelled Bunter into the Head's study with the other. "Bunter—Cherry!" ejaculated Dr. Locke. "What——" "Speak, you fathead!" hissed Bob Cherry. "Cough it up, you chump!"

he said. "In the first place, do you deny that you played this miserable trick?"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"Do you deny that you were in Courtfield Post Office yesterday afternoon at half-past two?"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"You deny that you used the telephone, giving me a message purporting to come from Wingate's home?"

"Oh crikey! I mean, yes, sir."

"The proof," said Dr. Locke, "appears to be complete—but there shall be no vestige of risk of an injustice being done. If you were not in Courtfield Post Office at that time, Bunter, as you say, where were you?"

The fat Owl paused.

The Head, Mr. Quelch, and Wingate, all looked at him, waiting for his reply. But the pause was long.

Bunter, at the time stated, had been in No. 3, Row 4, at the Courtfield Theatre. But the fellows with whom he had talked in the quad did not believe it. He had no proof of it.

Any sensible fellow might have realised that the truth, whether provable or not, was the only thing that could serve now. But Bunter was very far from being a sensible fellow—neither was he truthful. His usual system, in times of trouble, was to deny everything, from beginning to end. If one whopper did not serve, he was ready to add another to it, and another and another. He saw no reason for departing from his usual system on this occasion.

Indeed, he saw reason for sticking to it tighter than ever! They were trying to make out that he had "done it"—and Billy Bunter's one terrified idea was to get out of it, somehow and anyhow.

The truth could have been uttered on the spot—a whopper required a little preparation. Bunter was quite unconscious of the fact that it was

perfectly clear that he was considering what to say, regardless of the facts of the case.

Mr. Quelch gave him a snap.

"Answer your headmaster at once, Bunter!"

"Oh, yes, sir! I—I was just—just trying to remember where I—I was!" stammered Bunter. "I—I—I was watching the football, sir."

"Did you go out of gates at all, Bunter?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Did you go to Courtfield?"

"Nowhere near it, sir."

"Most of the boys, if not all, were on the football ground yesterday afternoon, sir!" said Mr. Quelch. "It is very probable that Bunter——"

"Inquiry cannot fail to prove the matter one way or the other," said Dr. Locke. "If Bunter was in the very large crowd on the senior football ground yesterday, others must have seen him there. I will ask you, Wingate, to make a close inquiry, and to bring me any boy, or boys, who saw Bunter on the senior football ground yesterday afternoon."

"Yes, sir!" said Wingate. He made a step to the door.

Bunter quaked.

"I—I—I say——" he gasped.

"One moment, Wingate! What is it you have to say, Bunter?" asked the Head, in his grimmest tone.

"I—I—I—now I—I come to—to think of it, sir, I I wasn't on the—the—the football ground!" groaned Bunter.

"I—I—I was somewhere else, sir."

The Head motioned to Wingate to remain. The matter was now, in his opinion, settled.

But Mr. Quelch came to the rescue of the unhappy Owl.

"If I may speak, sir——"

"Please do so, Mr. Quelch."

"Bunter is a very stupid boy, sir, and a very untruthful one. He is

obviously in a state of great apprehension. I am far from excusing his untruthfulness; but I suggest giving him an opportunity to explain precisely where he was, at the time that a boy answering to his description was seen at the post office."

"Perfectly so! Bunter, I give you one more opportunity of explaining where you were, if you were not at Courtfield Post Office."

"I—I—I——" stammered Bunter.

"Answer me directly!"

"I—I was in my study, sir!" groaned the unhappy Owl.

"In your study? On a half-holiday! I am trying to be patient with you, Bunter! You shall have every chance. Why were you in your study?"

"I—I—I was mugging up Latin, sir!" mumbled Bunter. "Mr. Quelch wasn't satisfied with a translation I did, sir, so—so I—I did it over again, sir, just—to improve my Latin, sir."

"Upon my word!" said the Head, while Wingate stared blankly at the fat Owl of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch bit his lip.

"It is barely possible that the boy is speaking the truth, sir," he said. "Quelch was always loyal to his Form. Bunter, you say that you wrote that translation of Virgil over again, in your study."

"Yes, sir!" said Bunter hopefully. "Every word!"

"Then it can be shown to the Head——"

"Eh?"

"Dr. Locke will give you permission to fetch it from your study——"

"Oh crikey!"

"Are you able to do so, Bunter?"

"Oh! No. I—I—I lost it!"

"Lost it!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "If you lost it, it can be found, Bunter."

"I—I mean, I—I used it to light the study fire——"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

"You—you mean you used it to—to light the study fire!" said Dr. Locke dazedly. "Upon my word! Mr. Quelch, do you desire me to listen any farther to the endless prevarications of this boy of your Form?"

"No, sir!" said Mr. Quelch. "I have no more to say! As Bunter cannot explain where he was at the material time, I fear that there can be no further doubt in the matter, and it remains only to pass judgment upon him for a cruel, unfeeling, dastardly piece of trickery."

"Oh lor'!"

Bunter blinked from one stern face to the other. He realised that it was all up with him. His fat knees knocked together.

"I say, it wasn't me!" yelled Bunter, in terror. "I never did it! I never knew anybody did it! I wasn't there! Oh crikey!"

"For the last time, Bunter, can you tell me where you were at half-past two yesterday, if you were not at Courtfield Post Office!" exclaimed the Head.

The truth was always Bunter's last resource. He had come to his last resource now—if it was not too late to be of any use to him.

"Oh lor'! Yes, sir! I—I was at the theatre in Courtfield," he groaned. "I—I'd have told you so, sir, only nobody believed I was there, and—and I thought you wouldn't. Oh crikey!"

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Last Resource!

DR. LOCKE gazed at Bunter. Mr. Quelch gazed at him. Wingate stared at him.

After so many prevarications it was not likely that any of the three would believe this statement, at variance with all that had gone before.

"Bless my soul!" was all the Head could say.

Mr. Quelch made a hopeless gesture.

"I—I—I really was at the theatre in Courtfield, sir!" groaned Bunter. "I—I was there from two o'clock till five. So—so I couldn't have been at the post office, too, could I, sir?"

"Do you expect me to believe that statement, Bunter?" gasped the Head.

"Yes, sir!"

"If there is any truth in it, Bunter, why did you not tell me so at once, instead of uttering a series of falsehoods?"

"I—I—I told some fellows, sir, and they didn't believe me——" stammered Bunter. "So I—I thought you mightn't, and—and——"

"Why did not the boys believe your statement, Bunter?"

"I—I suppose they thought it wasn't true, sir!"

"You stupid boy! Why did they suppose it was not true?"

"I—I don't know, sir, only lots of fellows don't take my word!" mumbled Bunter. "I don't know why, but they don't!"

"You mean, I presume, that the boys in question were aware that you had not been to the Courtfield Theatre?"

"Oh, no, sir! You see, I had."

"You admit, then, that you were in Courtfield yesterday?" exclaimed the Head.

"Oh! No, sir——"

"What?"

"I—I mean, yes, sir!" gasped Bunter. "Certainly! I never went near the post office, though! I went to the theatre. Courtfield ain't out

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—NO. 1,570.

of bounds on a half-holiday, sir, and we're allowed to go to the Courtfield Theatre!"

"Is it possible, Mr. Quelch——" breathed the Head. "Is it barely possible that this boy is so stupid as to tell falsehoods because he fancied that the truth might not be believed?"

"I fear, sir, that there is practically no limit to this boy's stupidity," answered the Remove master. "It is quite possible, from my experience of Bunter."

"If you think it even remotely possible that he is now telling the truth and——"

"Such a possibility exists, sir!" said Mr. Quelch. "I should suggest, at least, investigating Bunter's statement."

"Very well; I will do so. You state that you attended a matinee at the local theatre yesterday afternoon, Bunter. Are you prepared for inquiry to be made at the box-office to ascertain whether a schoolboy, answering to your description, paid for admission there?"

"I—I didn't pay for admission, sir."

"You did not? Then how——"

"I had a ticket, sir—a booked seat in the stalls," said Bunter. "I just went in with the crowd when I got there."

"Did you obtain the ticket personally at the theatre, before Wednesday?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"If it was sent you by post, the fact can be easily proved——"

"It—it wasn't sent by post, sir."

"Then how did you obtain it?"

Bunter wriggled. He knew what the Head's view would be on the subject of "findings keepings." But he dared not prevaricate further now. He realised that there was going to be close inquiry into every statement he made, and whether he could or could not prove what was true, it was evident, even to Bunter, that he couldn't prove what wasn't true.

"I—I—I found it, sir!" he gasped.

"You found a theatre ticket, and did not restore it to its owner?" exclaimed the Head.

"I—I—I couldn't find out whose it was, sir!" mumbled Bunter. "I—I looked on the board, but there wasn't any notice about it. I never heard any fellow say he had lost one. I'd have given it up if I had! And—and then, after dinner, I—I thought it would be a pity to waste it, so I—I went——"

Bunter's voice trailed off.

It was clear to him that no one in the study believed a word of this. Which, after his series of prevarications, was not a matter for surprise. His story was, in itself, improbable enough.

"Where did you find this ticket you speak of, Bunter?" asked Dr. Locke grimly.

"In the quad, sir, under the elms."

"At what time?"

"In break, Wednesday morning, sir."

"Did you show it to anyone?"

"N-no, sir! I told some fellows I was going to the theatre, after dinner, and they lent me a bob——"

"Did they see the ticket, and can they bear witness that you had it?"

"Oh, no."

"Then there is no evidence whatever that you had a theatre ticket, and that your statement is not an untruth, to account for the fact that you were not seen at the box-office?"

"Oh! I—I really had it, sir——"

"Has anything been heard of the loss

of a theatre ticket, Mr. Quelch, to your knowledge?"

"I have heard nothing of it, sir."

"No notice concerning it has been put on the board?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"P'r'aps the chap hasn't missed it yet, sir," suggested Bunter hopefully.

"You foolish boy, if the ticket was available for the afternoon's performance, yesterday, the owner must have missed it then—if there is any truth whatever in your statements."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"I think we may take it, Mr. Quelch, that no such ticket was lost in the quadrangle by any Greyfriars boy," said Dr. Locke. "It is very highly improbable, in any case, that a seat would be booked at the theatre on such a date. But if it occurred, the owner would undoubtedly make his loss known."

"I have no doubt of it, sir."

"This is in fact, only one more unthinking and reckless prevarication. I cannot believe that you found such a ticket, Bunter. I will not now speak of your unscrupulousness in keeping it if you did. I cannot believe your statement at all."

"But I—I did, sir!" gasped Bunter. "There it was, lying on the path, sir. I never saw it till a chap pointed it out to me, and then——"

"Bless my soul! Do you mean that someone saw you pick up the ticket, Bunter?" exclaimed the Head, almost dazedly.

"Oh, yes, sir"

"Why did you not say so before?"

"I never thought of it, sir!" answered the unhappy Owl. "I'd have mentioned it if I'd thought of it, sir."

"Goodness gracious! Can any boy be so obtuse as this?"

"Oh, really, sir——"

"Give your headmaster the name of the boy who saw you pick up the ticket, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir; Carter, of my Form, sir."

"Carter!" repeated the Head. "If you adhere to this statement, Bunter, I will send for Carter, and question him."

"Yes, sir," said Bunter, quite cheerfully. "He's bound to remember pointing it out to me, and asking me whether I'd dropped it."

Three pairs of eyes were fixed on Bunter. Three minds were in doubt. This really looked as if it was fath-headedness, and not guilt, that caused Bunter to prevaricate in a way that might have put Ananias to the blush! If some fellow bore witness that he had seen Bunter pick up a theatre ticket, that proved that Bunter had a ticket—in which case, it was probable, at least, that he had gone to the theatre with it, as stated. His willingness to have Carter called in evidence made a good impression.

"You will send for Carter, sir?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"I will send for him at once," said Dr. Locke. "The possession of a theatre ticket would not prove, of course, that Bunter was in the theatre at the material time; but it would undoubtedly be a considerable point in his favour, if one of his statements could be proved. Wingate, will you oblige me by fetching Carter of the Remove here?"

"Certainly, sir."

The Greyfriars captain left the study. And while he was gone, Billy Bunter stood shaking like a jelly, and wondering how on earth this was going to end.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunked!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. eyed Wingate, anxiously, as he came out of the House.

Greyfriars fellows were gathered in groups, in the quad, breathlessly discussing the news that a fellow was up before the Big Beak. In the Remove, there was little or no doubt that Billy Bunter's number was up.

Arthur Carter—knowing what he knew—had no doubt whatever on the subject. Indeed, he was already cutting out, after dinner, to phone up Mr. Gooch, and apprise that illegal gentleman of his success. Success, at last, seemed absolutely assured, to the schemer of the Remove.

Hardly a fellow, except Bob Cherry, doubted that the right man was up before the Head! Anyhow, they did not doubt that the Head would ascertain beyond the shadow of a doubt, whether he was the right man or not. Bob Cherry was almost the only fellow in the Remove who did not believe that Bunter was the man—and Bob's mind swayed in dubiety.

He cut towards Wingate as the senior came out.

"What's the news, Wingate?" he asked. "Is it settled?"

"Not yet! Where's Carter?"

"Carter!" repeated Bob. "He's about here somewhere—Is Carter wanted?"

"Yes. Call him."

Carter was soon found, and he followed Wingate back into the House.

Bob Cherry rejoined his friends, with a dark brow.

"If Carter's got a hand in it—" he breathed.

"How could he have?" asked Harry.

"The Head's sent for him! He's mixed up in it somehow!" said Bob, between his teeth. "That fellow's a crook—he's here to dish Bunter—you know that! I've spotted him more than once—so has Smithy! If this has been planted on Bunter somehow—"

"Keep cool, old chap! We shall soon know why the Beak has sent for Carter, anyhow."

Bob nodded—but suspicion was keen in his mind now. Carter, in some way or another, was mixed up in the affair—otherwise the headmaster would not have sent for him, while Bunter was on the carpet.

Carter followed Wingate to the Head's study. His manner was quiet, respectful, and self-possessed, as he stood before the Head. He did not look at Bunter.

"This is Carter, sir—" said Mr. Quelch.

"Very good!" said Dr. Locke. "Carter, Bunter has made a statement which I desire you to verify, if you are able to do so."

"Yes, sir!" said Carter.

"Do you remember seeing Bunter in the quadrangle, on the path under the elms, in break on Wednesday morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"I said so, sir!" gasped Bunter triumphantly.

"Be silent, Bunter! Bunter states that you drew his attention to a theatre ticket lying on the ground, and saw him pick it up. Is that the case?"

"A theatre ticket?" repeated Carter.

"I don't remember seeing a theatre ticket, sir!"

"Look here," squeaked Bunter. "You jolly well know you asked me if I had dropped it, and—"

"Silence! Tell me exactly what occurred, Carter."

"Certainly, sir! I saw something on

the path near Bunter, and thinking he might have dropped it, pointed it out to him. I did not see what it was, but I supposed that it was a letter, or a post-card, or something of the kind."

"It was that ticket!" gasped Bunter.

"Be silent, Bunter! Did you look at it closely, Carter?"

"Oh, no, sir! I knew that I had not dropped anything! I thought that Bunter might have done so—he was nearer to it than I was, whatever it was."

"Did you see him pick it up?"

"No, sir; I walked on. I've no doubt he did, though, as he told me it was his when I asked him if he'd dropped it."

"I believe you saw me—" hissed Bunter.

"Be silent! You cannot say precisely what it was, Carter?"

"No, sir, unless it was an old letter."

"It did not occur to you that it might be a theatre ticket?"

"No, sir! But I never really looked at it—it might have been almost anything. An old letter was what I thought of. But Bunter would know whether it was a theatre ticket or not, sir!" said Carter innocently.

"It is Bunter's statement that I desire to verify, Carter! If you could say that you had actually seen him pick up a theatre ticket—"

"I'm sorry, sir, but I never noticed—I just saw it lying on the ground, near Bunter, from a little distance, and called to him. I thought he might have dropped a letter or something."

"Thank you, Carter! You may go."

Carter quietly left the study.

"No further doubt remains, I think, Mr. Quelch!" said Dr. Locke.

"I fear, none, sir!" said the Remove master.

"Obviously, Bunter has recalled this incident in the hope that it would afford some support for his untruths. The fact that another boy pointed out to him something that he had dropped, has no bearing on the matter at all."

"None whatever."

"Have you anything further to say, Bunter?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I—I never did it! I—I got to the theatre quite early, sir, and went in with a crowd of people, and—"

"That will do, Bunter! For the last time, can you give me any reason to believe that you were elsewhere, when a boy answering to your description was seen by three persons at the Courtfield Post Office?"

"I—I wasn't there, sir," groaned Bunter. "I went to the theatre with that ticket—I wish I hadn't, now—oh lor'!"

"Obviously no such ticket existed," said Dr. Locke. "I cannot doubt, especially after your prevarications, that you have invented the story, to account for the fact that you were not seen at the theatre box-office. Your statement that you were at the theatre, Bunter, is as untruthful as your first statement that you were on the senior football ground, and your second statement that you were in your study."

Dr. Locke glanced at Mr. Quelch, who nodded.

"I fear so, sir!" said Mr. Quelch.

"A Greyfriars boy, answering very closely to your description, Bunter, telephoned to me from Courtfield Post Office yesterday, deceiving me, and causing great distress and trouble to Wingate of the Sixth Form. So far from being able to prove that you were elsewhere, you have told me a series of reckless falsehoods. The matter is now settled beyond a doubt. It was you who telephoned, Bunter—"

"I—I didn't—" wailed Bunter.

"Your motive, I presume, was a miserable revenge for a punishment inflicted by Wingate, as a prefect. You caused him to be called away when the Highcliffe match was played, with a cruel and callous disregard of his distress of mind—"

"I—I didn't—I—I wasn't—I—I never—"

Dr. Locke raised his hand.

"You need say no more, Bunter! You are expelled from Greyfriars—"

"Oh crikey!"

"I shall make arrangements for you to be taken to your home, this afternoon, in charge of a prefect, with a letter, explaining the matter to your father—"

"I—I can't go home, sir!" howled Bunter.

"What?"

"The pater would be fearfully waxy, sir, if I went home before the end of term! Why, he might whop me!"

"Be silent! Mr. Quelch, will you kindly take Bunter away."

"Come with me, Bunter."

"But I—I—I say—" howled the fat Owl, in utter consternation. "I say, it wasn't me—I never did it—Oh crikey! I say—"

Mr. Quelch, with a grip on a fat shoulder, led him from the study. He led the unhappy Owl as far as the stairs.

"You will go and pack your box, Bunter," he said. "You can come down to dinner, when you hear the bell; but, until then, remain in your dormitory."

"But I never—"

"Please say no more, Bunter."

"I never—"

"Go up to the dormitory at once!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh lor'!"

And Bunter, groaning dismally, went

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry Butts In!

"**B**UNKED!"

Sacked!"

"Then it was Bunter!"

"Serve him right!"

"Yes, rather!"

The news was all over Greyfriars. If any Remove fellows had doubted before, they could not doubt now. Fellows in other Forms, who had not thought of Bunter so far, had no doubt that the right man had been copped. For the proof was known—and the proof was conclusive.

A fat junior in spectacles, wearing a Greyfriars cap, had played that miserable trick. That was known. That settled it for most fellows. But if there was a shadow of a doubt, Bunter had banished it.

No other Greyfriars fellow answered to the description—except, to some extent, Sammy Bunter of the Second Form. But Billy, though not tall, was a good deal taller than his minor in the Second—and that settled that. Moreover, a whole army of Second Form fags knew that Sammy had been on Big Side on Wednesday afternoon—the Second Form had turned up as one man for the great match. It was scarcely possible to suspect a small fag of such a trick—but in any case, overwhelming evidence made it clear that Sammy was not the man.

That left it on Billy Bunter!

If, by some amazing possibility, it had not been Bunter, where had Bunter been at the time?

Any fellow could answer such a

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

question! Bunter's answer to that question excited only derision. He had said he had been at the local theatre. To account for the man in the box-office not having seen him, he had pretended that he had "found" a ticket! Before the dinner bell rang, every man at Greyfriars had made it clear that he had not lost a theatre ticket—which meant that no theatre ticket had been lost at all; and, apparently, proved that Bunter never had found one! He could hardly have found one that had not been lost! That some stranger within the gates had dropped a theatre ticket in the quad was hardly an admissible theory. Bunter's story was gammon from beginning to end—the thinnest he had ever heard, Skinner remarked.

If any fellow at Greyfriars still doubted, it was Bob Cherry!

Even Bob had to admit that there was little room for doubt!

He had got into the way of standing up for Bunter—and he deeply disliked and distrusted Carter! But these could scarcely be called reasons! All he had to go upon was the circumstances that Carter, to some slight extent, was mixed up in the affair.

But Carter explained that in the most open way. He had called Bunter's attention, on Wednesday morning, to an old letter he had dropped. Out of that trifling incident, Bunter had tried to work up a story that Carter had seen him pick up the theatre ticket! Even Bob Cherry could find nothing in that to tell against Carter.

And yet—slight as was his connection with the affair, it remained in Bob's mind. It seemed to him that he saw, as in a glass darkly, the hand of the schemer behind it all. But if that was so, he had to admit that it was the vaguest, most shadowy suspicion. Bunter had been seen at the post office!

"That cad, Carter, had a hand in it, somehow!" said Bob Cherry to his friends. "I'm certain of that!"

"How?" asked Johnny Bull in his practical way.

"I don't know how! Think he'd tell me?" snapped Bob. "I know he had, all the same. I suppose Bunter was at the post office, as he was seen there, and he can't say he was anywhere else. But—"

"That rather seems to settle it!" said Harry Wharton dryly.

THE HOUSEMASTER'S REVENGE!

Grand Book - Length Yarn for 4d!

For many years Mr. Smale Foxe has awaited his chance to get revenge on St. Frank's, the school that once dismissed him. And now, as master of the College House, his chance comes, and Mr. Foxe sets out to bring disgrace on St. Frank's! You will be enthralled by this gripping yarn of Nelson Lee, the schoolmaster detective, and Nipper & Co. of the Remove.

Ask for No. 330 of the

SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY

On Sale Everywhere—4d.

"He might have been at the theatre, as he said—"

"You've just supposed that he was at the post office, as he was seen there," remarked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, do let a fellow speak! There's one thing that hasn't struck you fellows—but it's struck me!" growled Bob. "It's odd that it happened to be Carter who saw Bunter pick up something or other yesterday in break—not any other fellow, but Carter! Well, if he saw that it was a theatre ticket, he wouldn't say so, because he'd rather see Bunter in the soup."

"Um!"

"But there wasn't any theatre ticket. Bob!" urged Nugent. "How could there be when nobody had lost one?"

"Just a flimsy yarn," said Johnny Bull. "Just in Bunter's style, too! It's his own fault that nobody can believe a word he says."

"I know that! But he's not being sacked for lying—he's being sacked for playing a dirty trick on Wingate and the Head—and if he never did—"

"The didfulness appears to be terrific, my esteemed Bob!" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"I can't make it out!" said Bob. "I'm not saying I can! But—I can feel it in my bones that Carter is behind it somehow. If only that fat ass wasn't such a fearful fibber—"

"But he is!" said Johnny.

"Nobody could have seen him at the theatre, even if he was there!" muttered Bob. "No Greyfriars man would be at the theatre on Highlife day. He can't have been seen there."

"Especially as he wasn't there!" remarked Johnny Bull. "He was seen at the post office—or are you going to make out that he's got a double?" added Johnny sarcastically.

"Well, he has, if you come to that, when Wibley's doing his stunts," snapped Bob. "Wibley made up as Bunter only a few days ago, and took in Carter, who knows his relation well enough."

"Oh, my hat! You're not going to suggest that old Wib—"

"No, you ass!" roared Bob. "Besides, Wibley was on Big Side, and I saw him there! I'm only pointing out that such a thing is possible."

"Um!"

"Barely possible, if you like!" snorted Bob.

"The barefulness is preposterous."

"If only that fat chump would tell the truth! If—if he really was at the theatre, all the time—"

"He wasn't!"

"After all, there are Courtfield people who know him by sight," said Bob, with a gleam of hope. "If he was noticed at the post office, he might be noticed at the theatre—if—if he was there! He might have seen somebody—"

Bob Cherry's friends exchanged a grin. It was clear that Bob was catching at straws.

"Well, I'm going to speak to him, and see if I can screw anything out of the silly idiot!" said Bob, determinedly.

"They've stuck him in the dorm! You can't go up without leave, and you can bet that Quelch won't—"

"Oh, rats!"

Bob stalked into the House! It was quite certain that the Remove master would not give leave to go up to speak to a fellow under sentence of expulsion; and Bob did not think of asking for it. He just went!

The door of the Remove dormitory was open when Bob arrived there. Through the doorway, he had a view of Bunter.

Bunter had not started to pack yet. He was sitting on the edge of a bed, his fat face the picture of woe and dismay.

He blinked dolorously at Bob Cherry as he came in, and closed the door after him.

"I say, old chap, what do you think?" asked Bunter. "They're making out that I did it! Me, you know!"

"Did you?" demanded Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Did you or not? You can tell the truth now, for once in your life!" rapped Bob.

"Beast! Of course I didn't! How could I, when I was in the theatre?" yapped Bunter. "The Head says he got that call after half-past two. Well, the matinee was at two! An absolute alibi, you know, if—if the Head would take a fellow's word! But—but he won't."

"Are you sticking to it that you were at the theatre?"

"Eh? Yes, of course. I say, Bob, old chap—"

"Well?"

"Got any toffee?"

"Toffee?" repeated Bob, blankly.

"Yes! It's a quarter of an hour yet, to tiffin. I never had anything in break—being disappointed about a postal-order I was expecting—"

"You blithering owl!" gasped Bob. "Are you thinking about toffee now?"

"Well, if you've got any butterscotch, then—"

"Nobody believes you were in the theatre, Bunter! I—I don't myself, really. But—but—there's a chance that you're speaking the truth, and—and that it was some fellow like you, who was seen in the post office. You know some people in Courtfield! Did you see any of them in the theatre, if—if you were there?"

"Never noticed them."

Bob stood silent. That was the last hope, and it was gone! Bunter blinked at him anxiously.

"I say, you haven't answered me," he said.

"Eh? About what?" asked Bob.

"Whether you've got any toffee—"

"You howling ass!" roared Bob. "Can't you understand that you're sacked—bunked—expelled—can't you be serious, you fat idiot?"

"Well, I'm hungry," said Bunter. "That's serious, ain't it? But I say, Bob, old chap, there's one thing—you jolly well punch that cad Ponsonby's head next time you see him. I can't, if I'm not going to be here—"

"Never mind Ponsonby now, you ass!"

"Well, that's all very well," said Bunter warmly. "If he'd stuck pins into you, you'd jolly well mind, and chance it."

Bob stared at him.

"When did Ponsonby stick pins into you, you silly ass?" he asked. "You haven't seen him—"

"Yes, at the theatre yesterday—"

"What?"

"You see, the beast was sitting in the row behind me, with his pals, those cads Gadsby and Monson," explained Bunter. "Pon kept on sticking pins into me, the rotten cad—but he jolly well got his head smacked, too—"

Bob Cherry gasped.

"You unspeakable idiot! Did you

see those Highcliffe chaps in the theatre yesterday afternoon?"

Eh? Yes."

"At what time?" gasped Bob.

"Just at the start—they came in a few minutes after I did—"

"Was it before half-past two?" yelled Bob.

"Of course it was—just after two o'clock. Wharrer you mean? The play started at two."

Bob Cherry gazed blankly at the Owl of the Remove.

"Have you told the Head that?" he asked.

"The Head! No! He never asked me anything about the Highcliffe fellows," said Bunter, in surprise. "Why should I?"

"Oh crikey! Oh crumbs! Oh, you blitherer—you priceless idiot—"

"If you've come up here to call a fellow names, Bob Cherry— Here, leggo!" howled Bunter. "Leggo my collar! Wharrer you at, you beast?"

Bob Cherry dragged him, yelling, towards the door.

"You priceless chump!" he hissed. "Can't you see that if you'd told the Head that it would prove that you were in the theatre when that dirty trick was played on the telephone at the post office—"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Come on, idiot—come on, fathead—come on, goat!"

"Ow! Beast! Leggo!"

Bob Cherry did not let go. He yanked Bunter headlong out of the dormitory, and yanked him down the stairs, spluttering. He yanked him, gurgling, along the corridor to the Head's study. A sharp voice called after them—Bob did not heed. He knocked at the Head's door, and opened it with one hand—and propelled Bunter in with the other. Mr. Quelch, speeding after him, arrived at his heels.

"Cherry!" thundered the Remove master.

"Bunter—Cherry!" ejaculated the Head. "What—"

"Tell him, Bunter!"

"Gorooogh!"

"Tell the Head at once, you ass!"

"Urrggh!"

"What—" exclaimed Dr. Locke, in great wrath.

"Speak, you fathead! Cough it up, you chump!" hissed Bob. And Billy Bunter, having recovered his breath, or enough of it to go on with, coughed it up.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

All Serene for Bunter!

"**A** GREYFRIARS beak!" remarked the Caterpillar, in mild surprise.

He was strolling in the quad at Highcliffe, after dinner, with Courtenay, when a car drove up to the House, and stopped. From the car descended an angular gentleman well known to their eyes.

"Quelch!" said Courtenay, also in surprise.

The Remove master of Greyfriars passed into the House. A good many Highcliffe fellows looked at him as he went. Visits from Greyfriars masters were rare at Highcliffe School.

"What the dooce does that old bargee want here?" exclaimed Ponsonby.

"Not on your trail, Pon?" smiled the Caterpillar.

"No, you ass! Nothing to do with me, this time!" granted Ponsonby.

On that point, however, it soon transpired that the dandy of Highcliffe was mistaken.

Mr. Mobbs came out of the House a

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

AN interesting letter reaches me this week from Steve Batman, of Folkestone. Steve informs me that he is just commencing work in an Editorial office, and that his chief is very pleased with him, excepting in one respect, and that is that his spelling is not as good as it might be. In consequence, Steve wants to know how to improve this condition of affairs. I think my chum would do well to get a good, cheap dictionary, run through it, taking about a dozen pages at a time, and memorising the words of which there is any doubt. This method of consulting the dictionary may seem rather a slow process, but it is very sure, and in the long run, a very satisfactory one. Don't forget to let me know how you progress, Steve.

AN EPIC STORY OF HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT!

"WONDERS OF WORLD AVIATION" (Every Tuesday, 7d.) Part 1 of which is now on sale, is a new part work which presents aeronautical achievement in a way that will appeal to everyone. It tells of great flights of the past and present, of exploration by air, of airships and aircraft engines, how the aeroplane flies, and how the great services of the world began. It gives interesting details of the latest machines and forecasts the enormous developments that we may expect in the future. In addition, there will be a superb collection of plates in full colour, the first of which appears in Part 1—an impressive folding plate of the new Short-Mayo Composite Aircraft. Get a copy today!

Are you quick at figures, chums? Here's a little test for you. Fill in the missing figures and complete this sum:

8 1
42
—
15 3
6 4 8
9 3 54
—
1043115

The complete sum will be found at the end of this Chat.

Looking forward to Easter, chums? Harry Wharton & Co. are. And no wonder! They're booked for the greatest holiday adventure of their lives—a trip to the Wild and Woolly West! I wasn't going to let the cat out of the bag until next week, but it's too good a treat to keep under my hat any longer! Mr. Frank Richards is well known for his school-adventure yarns, but this new series is going to knock all previous successes into a cocked hat! Keep a sharp look-out for the opening yarn, chums! Meanwhile, a word or two about next Saturday's spanking fine school story entitled:

"BILLY BUNTER'S TWIN!"

By Frank Richards.

Fed up with Carter's unsuccessful attempts to get Bunter "booted" out of Greyfriars, Gideon Gooch, does a bit of extra thinking and hatches a plot which he considers a sure winner. Alas for his hopes, however, for there is a shock awaiting Carter's ally, thanks to the intervention of Bunter's twin. You'll find exciting situations galore in this splendid yarn, chums, so take my tip and order a copy of next Saturday's MAGNET at the earliest opportunity.

And now to wind up this Chat. Here's the completed sum referred to earlier on:

891
642
—
1533
68428
973154
—
1043115

Hope you were able to fill in the missing figures. I'll give you some more puzzlers later on.

YOUR EDITOR

few minutes later, glanced round him, and called to Ponsonby, Gadsby, and Monson.

"Please go to the headmaster's study at once!" said Mr. Mobbs.

And the three went—puzzled, and a little uneasy.

They arrived in the Head's study.

Dr. Voysey blinked at them, over his glasses, and then glanced at the Remove master of Greyfriars, who was sitting bolt upright in a chair.

"Here are the boys, Mr. Quelch!" he said. "You are very welcome to question them."

"Thank you, sir!" said Mr. Quelch. He turned his gimlet eyes on the three. "I believe, Ponsonby, that you and your friends, here present, visited Courtfield Theatre for the matinee yesterday afternoon?"

"No secret about that!" answered Ponsonby, as impertinently as he dared. "We did!"

"A boy of my Form at Greyfriars was there," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "A boy named Bunter. Is that the case?" He gave a faint, sarcastic smile, as he read Pon's wary look. "I may explain. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

that Bunter has made no complaint to me," he added. "That is not the question at all. I simply desire to know whether you met Bunter there—and whether there was some trifling dispute, into which I do not wish to inquire in any way."

"Oh!" said Ponsonby, quite perplexed. "Yes, we saw Bunter there. He was in the row in front of us."

"What time did you see Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch. "The play, I understand, began at two o'clock."

"It would be a few minutes after two, I suppose," said Ponsonby, quite mystified. "I know we were a few minutes late. Five minutes past two, I dare say—if it matters."

"Owing to certain circumstances, it matters very seriously!" said Mr. Quelch. "It was not so late as half-past that you saw Bunter there?"

"Oh, no, just after the start!" answered Ponsonby. "Might have been ten past—but hardly!"

"Did you notice whether Bunter left the theatre after you had first seen him in the row before you?"

"Eh? No! He was still there when we left at three o'clock!" answered Ponsonby, more and more astonished.

"Then Bunter was sitting in the row in front of you at the Courtfield Theatre from two to three o'clock yesterday?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, he was!" said Ponsonby. "If he's told you he was somewhere else he's—"

"Nothing of the kind," said Mr. Quelch. "I should not have questioned you in such a case. I am much obliged to you, Ponsonby."

"Oh, not at all!" said the astonished Pon; and at a sign from Dr. Voysey he withdrew with his friends.

The Caterpillar ambled up to him in the quad.

"Trouble?" he queried.

"No; the old goat seems to be after that fat frump Bunter," said Pon. "Looks to me as if the blithering porpoise went to the theatre without leave, and his beak wants to know. If it's that it's a fair cop!"

And Ponsonby remained perplexed as he watched Mr. Quelch drive away in the car—satisfied with the evidence he had gathered at Highcliffe, for whatsoever purpose he wanted it.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Not gone yet?" asked Skinner.

"Beast! I'm not going!"

"If you have tears, my beloved hearers, prepare to shed them now!" said Skinner sadly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" hooted Billy Bunter indignantly.

"The Head knows now that I never did it; but he refused to take my word about it when I told him. I call that insulting! He didn't even quite believe that those Highcliffe cads saw me at the theatre yesterday till Quelch went over to Highcliffe and got it from them. And even then he jawed me about keeping that ticket! I've been jawed—"

"Better than being sacked, old fat man!" said Bob Cherry, laughing.

"We're not going to lose our prize porpoise, after all!" remarked the Bounder. "Bunter never did it, though he took all the trouble in the world to make everybody believe that he did."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But if it wasn't Bunter, who the dooco was it?" asked Smithy. "It was jolly well Bunter's description at the post office, and there isn't another man here who looks like a porpoise's twin—except Wibley when he's playing the goat! Not you, was it, Wib?"

"You silly ass!" hooted Wibley.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Wibley, old man, did anybody borrow any of your theatrical gadgets yesterday?"

"Not that I know of." Wibley stared at him. "You don't fancy—"

"Don't I?" growled Bob, his eyes glinting. "Some rotten cad made himself look like that fat ass Bunter at the post office yesterday!"

The bell for class rang.

Billy Bunter, happily restored to his Form-fellows, who would have missed him fearfully—perhaps—rolled in with the Remove. Bob Cherry, with a glint in his blue eyes, came up to Carter as he was heading for the House.

Carter's face was bitter. Success, within his grasp, had been snatched away once more. His "winner" was a bad loser—owing to a chance that no schemer could possibly have foreseen. It was difficult for Carter to hide his bitter rage and disappointment, and with all his efforts he could not quite

keep his feelings from expressing themselves in his face.

He gave Bob a black look.

"Hold on a minute!" said Bob quietly.

"Leave me alone!" snarled Carter. He made a move to push by, but Bob's sturdy figure was planted in his path and he had to stop.

"Where were you at half-past two yesterday, you cur?" asked Bob, his voice vibrating with scorn.

"On the football ground! You saw me there!" hissed Carter.

"I saw you when the game started—not before! That was at three! I fancy nobody else saw you before that, either. Did you sneak Wibley's props, you cur, while everybody was out of the studies?"

Carter caught his breath.

"You!" said Bob. "It was you! You're the only fellow here mean enough, base enough, cur enough to play such a dirty trick! You didn't care a bean about old Wingate so long as you got Bunter! Oh, you cur!"

"Will you let me pass?" breathed Carter, with a pale face.

"I hope they'll get you!" said Bob. "I dare say they won't—you're too cunning for that! But I know—and you know that I know! You toad—you worm—"

Carter, with a livid face, shoved him roughly aside. Bob's eyes blazed, and his fist shot out. There was a yell from Carter as he went over backwards.

"Now get up and come on, you toad!" roared Bob.

Carter got up—but he did not come on! He cut into the House, and Bob, with a snort of contempt, followed him in.

The mystery of that telephone call was never solved. Only it was quite clear that whoever had "done it," Billy Bunter hadn't! But if it were a mystery to all Greyfriars, it was no mystery to Bob Cherry—he was sure that he knew. And Bob had the satisfaction, at least, of having put paid to the schemer; Billy Bunter, so awfully near buking, was not, after all, bunked.

THE END.

(Now look out for: "BILLY BUNTER'S TWIN!" the next yarn in this popular series.)

"SAY JIM HAVE YOU SEEN BOB'S STAMP COLLECTION?"

"CHAPS! 'GEE WHIT'!"

"WHAT A FINE COLLECTION. MUST HAVE COST A LOT!"

"NOT AT ALL. I COLLECT THE XLCR WAY!!"

ASK AT YOUR SHOP
For "XLCR" British brand Stamp Albums, Stamp Outfits and Stamp Packets. Best in the world for sheer value—but don't forget to insist on "XLCR."
If you have any difficulty in obtaining—write for lists to:
THOMAS CLIFFE, RHYL.

Dynamo set complete 8/9 extra.

Grose Spur LIGHT ROADSTER

- ★ Any size Frame for Boys and Gents. All British, Birmingham Super Fitments.
- ★ Raised or Dropped Handlebars
- ★ Super Chromium Finish, Dunlop Tyres, Saddle and Rims, Phillips Roller Brakes
- ★ Free Insurance and full set of accessories fitted
- ★ Special factory cash price 60/-
- ★ Lady's model 65/-, worth 75/10
- ★ Easy Terms 12 monthly payments of 5/10 or 1/6 weekly

2^d Day

Free Art List of 100 models

GEORGE GROSE LTD LUDGATE CIRCUS
NEW BRIDGE ST LONDON, E.C.4

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, SHYNESS, TIMIDITY, SHYNESS, "NERVES," BLUSHING.
Stop suffering. Let my pleasant, successful method end your troubles for good. Write now to—**F. RATSON (A)**, Briarwood, Dicketts Lane, Lathom, Lanes.

TRIANGULAR PKT. FREE Holland Triangular, Estonia, Bohemia, South Australia Centenary. Postage 2d.; request approvals.—**ROBINSON BROS. (A)**, MORETON, WIRRAL.

STAMPS 300 DIFFERENT, incl. Airmail, Beautiful Unionpost Sets, Pictorials, Colonials. Price 5d. (Abroad 1/-).—**WHITE, ENGINE LANE, LYE, WORCS.**

BLUSHING, Shyness, "Nerves," Self-Consciousness, Worry Habit, Unreasonable Fears, etc., cured or money back! Complete Course 5/-. Details—**L. A. STEBBING, 28, Dean Road, London, N.W.2.**

6 MONACO & 8 AIRMAIL STAMPS FREE to applicants for approvals. 1d. postage. (Abroad 6d.)—**T. STOCKTON, "GLENDALE," HATFIELD, HERTS.**

HAVE YOU A RED NOSE?

Send a stamp and you will learn how to rid yourself of such a terrible affliction free of charge.

Address in confidence: **T. J. TEMPLE, Specialist, "Palace House," 128, Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.1.** (E.S. 37 years.)

KING FAROUK PACKET AND 25 DIFF. SOVIET RUSSIA FREE! Just send 2d. postage, requesting approvals.—**LISBURN & TOWNSEND (U.J.S.), LIVERPOOL 3.**

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street London E.C.4.

SNARLER COMES A CROPPER!

Final Funny Instalment of "THE HUNTING HEADMASTER!"

By DICKY NUGENT

"How do I look?" The fellow who asked that question was Jack Jolly, of the Fourth Form at St. Sam's. But nobody would ever have dreamed it to look at him. The kaptin of the Fourth wore white riding breeches, a red coat and a topper, and these alone were quite enough to put you off the scent. In addition, he had donned a long white beard and a false nose.

Apart from his height he bore a striking resemblance to Doctor Birchmell. This, of course, was exactly the effect he wanted.

The day of the grate County Hunt had arrived at last. And Jack Jolly meant to carry out the promise he had made to the Head to take his place in the hunt so as to gain for the old fogey a reputation as a brilliant horseman.

Merry and Bright and Fearless fairly wised as they gazed at their disguised leader.

"My hat!" grinned Fearless. "You're more like Doctor Birchmell than he is himself!" "Once you're in the saddle, your height won't notiss," said Merry. "None of the old toffs at the hunt will dream for a moment that you're anyone else but the Head."

"Good egg! Then if you chaps are ready, we'll go down to the Head," grinned Jolly. "I'll wear a mack over this rig-out; and you had better crowd round me so that I shan't be seen. It won't do to attract a lot of attention, you know."

With these words the kaptin of the Fourth bobbed down and the rest of the Co. crowded round him. In this fashion they quitted the box-room where they had been helping their leader and went downstairs to find the Head. As it happened they did not meet many fellows, and when they

reached the Head's study they were quite under the impression that nobody had spotted the bogus Doctor Birchmell in their midst. But in this they were wrong. Although they were not aware of it, a pair of sly, cunning eyes had followed them across the landing when they emerged from the box-room; and when they descended the stairs, the owner of those eyes came out of his place of concealment and had a good look over the banisters.

It was Snarler of the Fourth—the fellow whose playful little joak of sprinkling itching-powder on the back of the Head's mare had earned Jack Jolly & Co. the sentence of terrifick birching as soon as the hunt was over. Snarler fairly gloated as he

gazed down on the chums of the Fourth.

"Ha, ha!" he muttered, with an unplezant leer. "I bet the Head wouldn't half be wild if he knew I'd found out about Jolly taking his place on horseback for the hunt. He'd be wilder still if he knew about the little serprize I've got in store for him!"

With these mysterious words, Snarler sneaked away, chuckling evilly.

All unaware of the fact that Snarler had found out their secret, Jack Jolly & Co. trotted along to the Head's study.

Doctor Birchmell was all ready when they arrived. His new scarlet hunting coat adorned his somewhat bony figger and his Sunday worst topper was stuck at a rakish angle on his head.

The Co. quite eggspeted him to look delited when he saw his dubble. But a sever disappointment awaited them. Instead of looking delited, he merely started slitley and then gave them a ferce scowl.

To the utter amazement of Jack Jolly & Co. he then turned round on Jolly as though he was going to bite his head off.

"Jolly! What is the meaning of this here?" he roared, in a voice of thunder.

The disguised kaptin of the Fourth fairly jumped.

"I've disguised myself as you, of course, sir," he replied, "so that I can take your place when the hunting is on while you stay in hiding ready to change places with me again when I dismount. That's what we arranged, sir, wasn't it?"

Jack Jolly & Co. simply blinked when the Head raised his eyebrows as if he had never heard of such an arrangement in his life.

"How dare you suggest that I should lend myself to such a stunt?" he roared.

"But—but you—you agreed—"

"I never did anything of the kind!" wrapped out Doctor Birchmell, without giving Jolly time to finish his sentence. "Why should I want you to take my place, prey?" "Because you're such a dud on horseback, of course, sir!"

That remark seemed to make the Head simply bristle with rage. His eyes rolled feriously, while a grate noddid vain stood out on his forrid.

"Me a dud on horseback?" he howled. "Let me tell you that I am the best rider in the county bar none! When I turn out on my gallant steed to-day, I shall make the rest of them look like nimmies, nitwits, and numskullis!"

"My hat!" "Dud, indeed!" cried Doctor Birchmell, feriously. "Do you think that a dud could have ridden a mad bull in the masterly fashion that I

did the other day? Not likely!"

"Well, I get back; you'll pay dearly for these dispartinent words!" ground out the Head. "I promised to birch you all black and blue for that joak you played on me with the itching powder. Now I intend to add some makeweight for this further inselence!"

"Oh, crums!" "Ow! my way, you yung wips!" barked the Head. And the Co. beat a hurried retreat, while the hunting headmaster stamped off to the front door.

"What next?" gasped Frank Fearless, when he had gone. "The old vic was as keen as mustard on the wheeze last week and now he pretens he duzzent know anything about it! What's the eggspplanation?"

Jack Jolly grinned rewwfully; he removed his false whiskers and nose.

"I say I can guess," he said. "The ride he had on the back of that mad vic has given him konfiden. He thinks he can do with the best of them now; so he has washed his out."

"My hat! That's it!" "And now we've got to go through the mill just because we were kind enough to help him!" groaned Merry. "Not content with wallopping us for our own sake we never played up to a joak he asked to play himself!"

"It's all luck, and no muddle!" "The groes of the Fourthly bemoaned their fate as they returned to the box-room. They truly wished they had let Doctor Birchmell go on with his hunting without their help. It was too late to do that now!"

Jack Jolly changed back to his skool clobber in the box-room. They went down to the shop, feeling very kemp about the whole bizness, and drowned their sorrows in foamy ginger-pop. After that, they punted

a footbawl about till Frank Fearless had a sudden branewave.

"Let's trot over to old Funguss' place and see them all come back from the hunt," he said. "Who knows? The Head may have injured his arm, and in that case he may not be able to carry out his thretts, after all!"

"No such luck as



that, old chap!" grinned Jack Jolly.

All the same, the Co. looked a little more hoapful as they went down to the gates. After all, the Head mite arrive back too tired to weed the birch that day, and it would be plezzant to make such a discovery for themselves.

With renewed hoap in their harts, the chums of the Fourth set out for Sir Frederick Funguss' house.

Little dreaming of the serprizing seen they were about to witness, they trotted up to the gates of the grate mansion just when the huntsmen were galloping back from their day's sport.

"There's the Head!" grinned Jack Jolly.

Doctor Birchmell had just rained in his horse outside the gates. He looked slitley the worse for wear, and the anxious Fourth Formers were studying him closely to see if he looked too nooked up to give out wackings on his return to the skool, when an amazing thing happened.

Somebody wearing a St. Sam's cap suddenly sneaked up beside his horse, seized the end of his beard, and gave it a terrifick pull! "Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!" It was a wild shriek

from the Head! That violent tug at his whiskers flattened his nose on to his horse's neck, and sent his feet flying backwards out of the stirrups.

Suppressing their feelings of amazement with a mitey effort, Jack Jolly & Co. rushed to the reskew.

A moment later, Doctor Birchmell sat up.

"Oh, crums!" gasped Jack Jolly & Co.

"That's all right, sir," grinned Jack Jolly.

It was a happy enuff ending for the heroes of the Fourth. It was just as unhappy for Snarler; but everybody had to admit that he had only got what he had asked for.

As for Doctor Birchmell, his mixed eggspperiences in the hunting world seemed to have wiped out his ambitions to emulate the selly-brated John Peel.

After he had discarded his cullerful sporting garb that evening nothing more was heard about the Hunting Headmaster!

"Please, sir, I didn't think it was you at all!" he cried. "I thought it was Jack Jolly disguised!"

"Oh crums!" gasped Jack Jolly & Co.

A flash of understanding appeared in Doctor Birchmell's face.

"Bless my sole! You must have been lissening-in when I went riding at Jobbs' stables!" he cried.

"That's it, sir!" grinned Jolly. "He overheard us discussing that plan of mine, and he thought we carried it out. He pulled your beard, thinking it was a false one and that it would come off and show you up to all the gentry at the Hunt!" The Head smiled.

"So that's it, is it?" he cried. "In that case, I suppose, it must have been Snarler and not you boys who put that itching powder on the back of my mare! Konfess, Snarler!"

"Merry, sir!" wined Snarler. "It was only a joak!"

HARRY WHARTON CALLING

Well, I told you I was going to have a good try to win that boxing championship, and I've done it. Naturally, I'm pleased!

At the same time, I should say, in justice to my fellow-competitors, that I do not really feel very secure on my pedestal. There are some good boxers in the Remove; and if ever the championship is decided again it is highly probable that Bob Cherry or somebody else will win it. So I don't propose to indulge in a lot of crowing over my victory.

I think we have had enough of boxing now for the time being, anyway. Talk in the Rag during the last day or two has been all on the subject of the Open Cross-country Handicap, to be run next Wednesday. I mentioned some weeks ago that Blundall and one or two others had been tipped as probable winners of this popular event, and since that time I have had a dozen names mentioned to me. Each one is a dead cert in the estimation of some sportsman!

My own opinion is that the handicap is so carefully drawn up that it is practically impossible to find a single runner with an outstanding chance. One thing you may be certain of, that we in the Remove intend to put our best foot forward. If we are not concerned in the finish, it will not be for want of trying!

You will be amazed, by the way, as well as amused, to hear that Lord Mauleverer has entered for the race. Mauly did it in a fit of remorse at the particularly inactive life he has led so far this term. But his remorse must have evaporated since, for when I went to his study to ask him how he was getting on with his training, I found him—as usual—on the sofa, having a snooze!

Bob Cherry says he is going to see that Mauly lines up at the start if he has to drag him out of the House by his feet. We shall see!

Cheerio, chums, till next week!—HARRY WHARTON.

Temple WILL Be Pleased!

An absent-minded professor who visited Greyfriars this week was under the impression that it was a zoo.

Before his error was pointed out to him, he looked into the Upper Fourth Form-room and expressed the opinion that the specimens he saw were almost human.

Greyfriars From Fresh Angles

4. "Envy Greyfriars Blokes? Not Me!"

Says TROTTER, the Page

Whenever I go to see my Uncle All at Courtfield he always says: "I bet you don't half envy them young rich blokes at the school!" But I always reply: "Not me!" I dare say it's nice to be rich; but what's the good of money if you ain't allowed to do what you like with it?

As far as I can see, there ain't hardly any amusement that the young gents at Greyfriars can get with their money. They ain't allowed in slot-machine saloons, they ain't allowed in billiard halls, and most of the time they ain't even allowed to go to the pictures. What else can a bloke do with money except buy grub? And what's the good of buying grub when a cove gets it free from the school kitchen?

No fear! I don't envy these Greyfriars coves! Leastways, I don't envy the life they lead! Look at what they have to put up with in the way of whackings! The masters are always rapping their knuckles or giving them six on the hand, and the prefects will

tan their hides with ashplants just as soon as look at 'em! Then there's the Head, always willing to do his stuff with his blinking birch. Envy them? Crummy! Not likely!

It's a wonder to me they keep as merry and bright as they do, considering all their trials and troubles. But you can take it from me they are a rare lot of sports in this here school, particularly young gents like Master Wharton, who asked me to write this for the "Greyfriars Herald."

There are some like Master Skinner and Master Bunter who put on a lot of swank when they have any dealings with the likes of me. But not Master Wharton and his pals! These young gents are the real goods, I will say!

What I like about them is the way they keep smiling. Latin or lickings make no difference to them—they take it all as it comes, and I don't half admire them for it, too.

But when it comes to envying them—cripes! Not blinking likely!

Wharton Confounds Critics —Beats Cherry

By H. VERNON-SMITH

I've been told that my great fault is, I never admit I'm wrong. Well, this week I'm going to land back at my detractors by shouting it from the housetops that I was dead wrong in my forecast of the result of the great scrap between Wharton and Cherry for the championship of the Remove!

I told you then that Cherry was in a class by himself, and that Wharton simply hadn't got it in him to beat him.

I was utterly and completely mistaken!

For the benefit of those who do not yet know the result, I will mention at once that Wharton won the fight, half-way through the fifth round by a knock-out. What is more, the k.o. was by that time considerably overdue. Wharton having boxed Cherry almost to a standstill!

The scrap was one to delight critics and non-

critics alike. The critics had all the skilled boxing they could reasonably have asked for; and the uninitiated had four and a half rounds of quick-fire thrills.

Great stuff, kids, believe me!

The fight started sensationally. Bob waded in like a cyclone and sent Wharton down to the boards in the first ten seconds. But Wharton didn't feel like a rest at that early stage; he was up and about again before the count reached four and soon fighting back.

All the same, the first round was easily Bob's. So was the second; and, although Bob looked as if he had been extending himself a little too far at the end of the second, I felt pretty confident that my prophecy of an

easy win for Cherry was going to be correct.

When the third round started, however, I soon had reason to alter my opinion. Wharton began to score points very freely indeed, and kept as fresh as a daisy about



it. Cherry retreated continually, and seemed to have bellows to mend. I woke up to the fact that Bob had put altogether too much effort into those first two rounds for the results gained.

In the fourth round, Cherry deteriorated alarmingly. He was on the defensive all through the round and midway

went down for a count of six. He hit the deck again at the finish, and was only saved by the gong.

The fifth session put "Paid" to him, and it seemed only fit and proper when Wharton administered the knock-out with a perfectly placed upper-cut.

There was much cheering and enthusiasm, and with good reason, too. It was a grand scrap, fought cleanly and with great sportsmanship throughout, as was only natural in a match between such two old pals.

Afterwards, we had a surprise, when Lavry Lascelles produced a small silver cup from under his chair and presented it to the winner. Wharton was then carried round the ring to the tune of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" and the evening ended riotously.

So now you've got it, dear readers—Wharton is the champion boxer of the Remove. And although he and I have had a few ups and downs in the past, I offer him now my sincere and unqualified congratulations. I can't say fairer than that, can I?

The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 284.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

March 19th, 1938.

