

No. 639. Vol. XVII.

March 27.h, 1920.

The

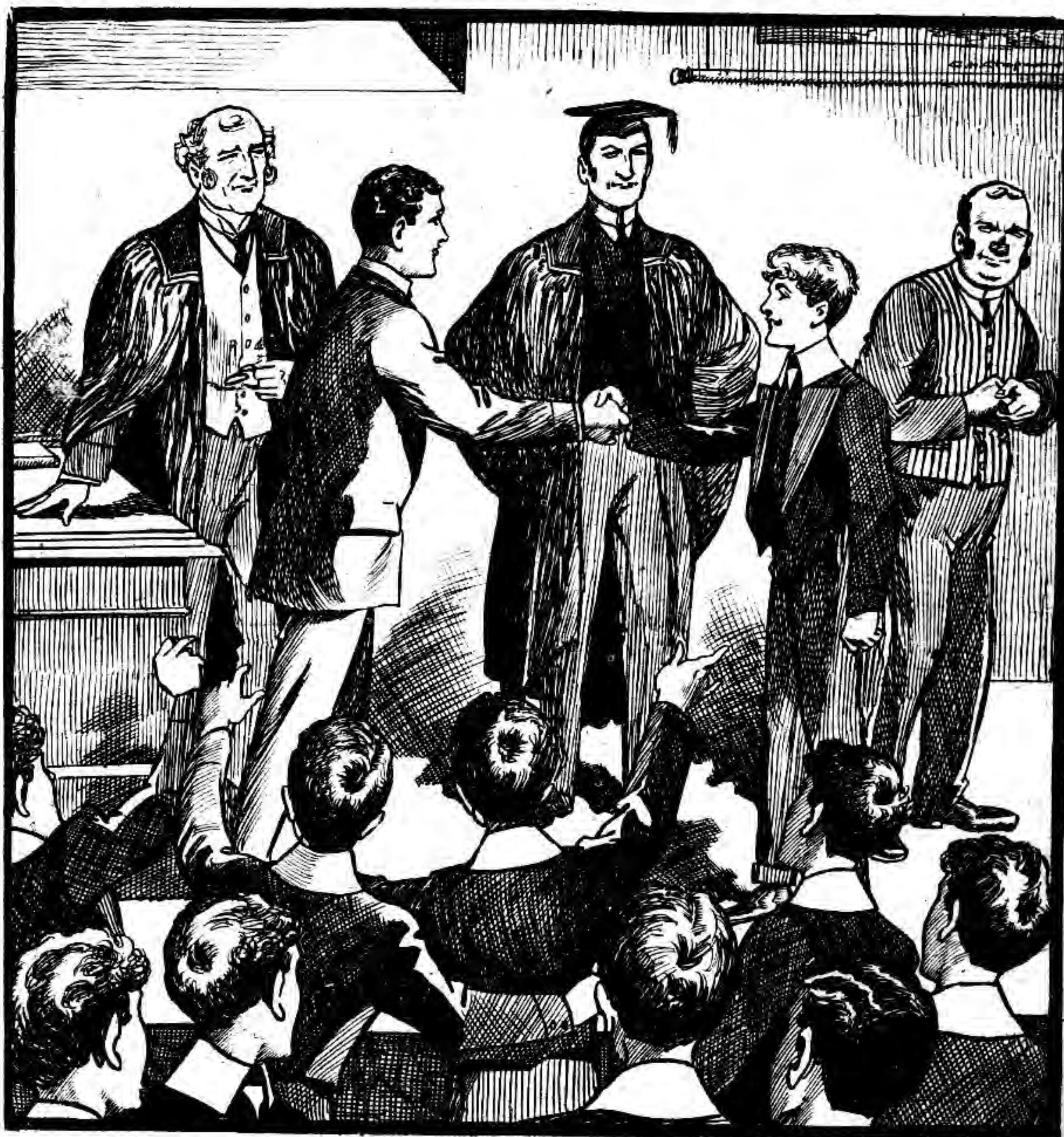
Magnet

Library

20 PAGES.



BOB CHERRY'S SECRET!



BOB CHERRY IS SAVED FROM EXPULSION!

(A Thrilling Scene In the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)



For Next Monday :

"THE BLINDNESS OF BUNTER."

By Frank Richards.

In next week's story of Greyfriars the great Billy Bunter once more figures prominently. Billy Bunter contrives to escape the ordeal of an examination by an entirely novel plan, which is to some extent quite ingenious. Bunter's brains always seem to come to the top when it is a question of avoiding work.

He causes further excitement by entering for a competition, the result of which provides great fun for the rest of the Removites.

"THE BLINDNESS OF BUNTER"

is one of Mr. Frank Richards' best stories, and you should order your copy of next week's MAGNET at once if you would avoid the disappointment of missing the yarn.

A SUGGESTION.

"I should like a party of juniors to come here," writes Mr. Stuart Harris, of Castlemaine, Victoria. "I suppose that would be impossible; but Australian sportsmen have proved their worth in England in cricket, tennis, sculling, etc. It would be good if a representative team of youngsters could come out here. I hoped the 'Boys of the Bombay Castle' would visit Australia, but unfortunately they stopped in Egypt."

It is a good notion, and shall be considered. By the way, this correspondent objects to the use of "I guess" in his country. Doubtless this is because Australians do not guess—they know. But we will leave the tag to the States, where it is at home.

MILES OUT OF TOWN.

That is just where crowds of folks wish themselves on occasion; or they say they do. With many it is just a passing sensation, the sense of being fed-up with all the baring and jostling. They might like a change for a spell, a week or so in the wilds, but then it would be a case of "Take them back to dear old London Town." For it is not everyone who could stick the quietude of the country, being away from gas and electricity, and the musical tramp-tramp of the policeman on his feet—I mean, his beat.

I heard of a man the other day who chose to live in the remote wilderness a hundred odd miles west of the metropolis. He hunted and farmed, and never troubled his head about newspapers. But that might be very well for him. He was exceptional. To the majority the town and its work must rank supreme.

A BUNCH OF COMPLIMENTS.

Atalanta was a classical young lady who was so lightfooted that she could trip across the waves without wetting her

ankles, and run over the corn without breaking the ears. I shall not compare Miss Atalanta with Vera, of Forest Hill, but certainly the latter can foot it very nimbly through the compliments, and her first tribute covers no end, for she asks the old question whether Harry Wharton is real or not.

The proof that he is real is found in the query, though it is no use telling my correspondent that "H. W." is an actual personage. Miss Vera says a number of other cheery things about the stories, and her notion of correspondence between readers is excellent, only this is going on all the time. She asks me whether I reply to letters personally. Most decidedly I do, but it was impossible in this instance, as my girl chum does not give her full name.

HE WANTS TO GET ON.

This is the urgent desire of a fellow who sends me a very admirable letter. Well, there is nothing that I know of to prevent him. The thing is to begin at once and go at matters earnestly. Many fellows do not take the world seriously enough. Of course, I do not mean that they should overlook games. They should get as much enjoyment out of the day as possible, but, when it comes to work, they should take both hands to the business. Acting as if they meant it is what is wanted.

Some people devote far too much attention to dress, or to cultivating the sort of smudge they are pleased to dub a moustache.

"I want to be a great man," says my correspondent. That is something which has to be worked for uncommonly hard. It is taking pains all the while that fashions great men, for the great men, those who are remembered, have usually come from obscurity, as it is styled, though obscurity is merely the place where everybody originally hails from.

It is not so much worrying as a fine admixture of plodding and brains. Brains can be put to the wrong use, as we all know. A man may go up like a rocket and momentarily astonish his fellows, but they soon forget him when he comes down with the stick.

BEING GREAT.

This is within the grasp of pretty well everybody. Greatness is required in every department of activity, and can be achieved. Loyal endeavour always leaves footprints in the sands of Time for the encouragement of others who get sick at heart.

As Longfellow says:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,

Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

THE MACINTOSH OF MACINTOSH.

What are the arms of this famous family, and what is the motto? Candidly, I do not know, but the history of the race can be found in the big red book on view at any library. The reader who is curious on the point is evidently keen on the annals of Caledonia, in which records the bearers of the great name figure so high.

By the way, a humorous story is told of a visitor of the name of Macintosh who had a dispute with a London cabman. "I am the Macintosh," said the fare. "I don't care if you are the umbrella!" jerked out the jarvey, as he whipped up his horse.

WUN LUNG BUSY.

Evidently it is the effect of the spring. Anyway, a curious fragment was picked up the other day on the threshold of Study No. 13, where the artful Chinese, who "no savvies" so much, works at the classics. It may have been that Wun Lung borrowed the verses from some celebrated poet; but, if not, then he was trying to write out "Excelsior" in pigeon English, as you will see below:

"Too muchee darkee come chop-chop.
One young man walkee no can stop.
Maskee snow! Maskee ice!
He cally flag with chop so nice,
Topside—Galah!"

He muchee solly one pieceee eye
Looke sharp, so, all same my.

He talkee large, he talkee stiong,
Too muchee culio, all same gong.
Topside—Galah!"

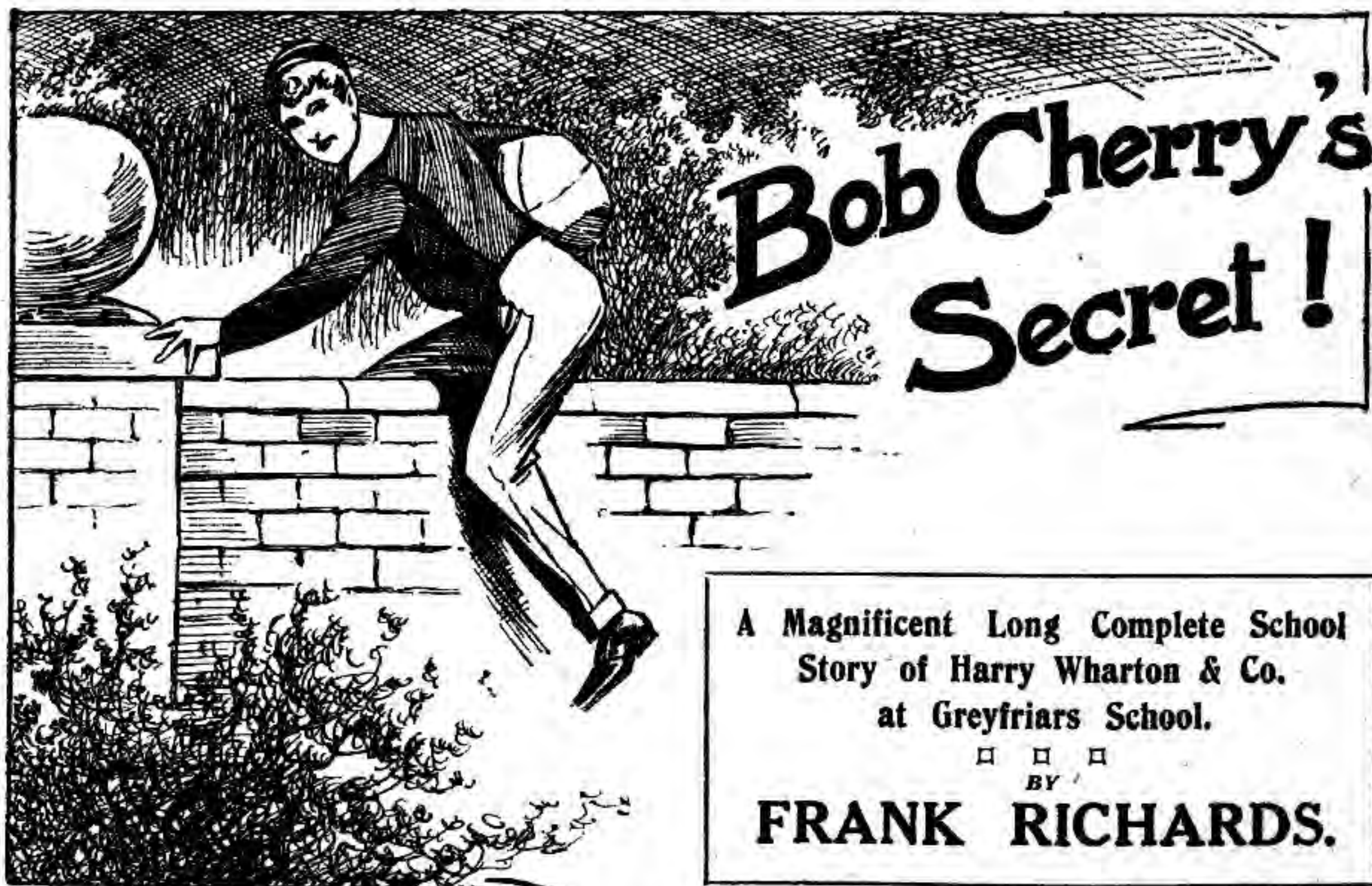
A THIRST FOR INFORMATION.

Mr. Sidney L. Brown wants to know something about the inhabitants of Studies 5 and 3 in the Remove at Greyfriars. My correspondent refers to the matter in this style. His term reminds one rather of a natural history book—the inhabitants of a pond.

"Who is supposed to live in these apartments?" he asks. Well, there is no "suppose" about it. Robert Fortescue Smith works in No. 8, and Oliver Kipps and Dick Hillary honour No. 5 with their illustrious presence. And why is Peter Todd's cousin called Alonzo?

As W. S. Gilbert would say, they call him Lonzy, it is said, because it is his name. No other reason that I know of. Alonzo was originally a Spanish name, or of Iberian origin, anyway, but quite fine Britons occasionally assume it. I expect there is a foreign ancestor in the Todd family.

Your Editor



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

□ □ □
BY

FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Very Peculiar!

"T O-NIGHT'S the night!"

Harry Wharton uttered the words with enthusiasm.

The members of the Remove Form at Greyfriars were in bed, waiting for Wingate of the Sixth to come into the dormitory and extinguish the lights.

"To-night's the night?" echoed Frank Nugent. "You're speaking in riddles, Harry. What do you mean?"

Wharton explained.

"We've a first-rate opportunity of raiding the Upper Fourth to-night," he said. "We've been planning to do it for weeks, but something has always cropped up to prevent us. Quelch has been on the war-path."

"And he'll be on the war-path to-night!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Not so, my friend. I happen to know that Quelch is spending the night at the Mayor of Courtfield's house. Therefore—"

"We've a gilt-edged opportunity of raiding the Upper Fourth," said Vernon-Smith.

"Exactly!"

The majority of the juniors began to sit up and take notice.

The feud between the Remove and the Upper Fourth was of long standing, but there had been no exciting skirmishes of late. And most of the fellows agreed with Wharton that this was an excellent opportunity of carrying out a raid on Temple & Co. The raid would be a surprise one, and, therefore, all the more effective.

"I propose," said Harry Wharton, "that we launch the attack at eleven o'clock."

"Hear, hear!"

"Pillows and bolsters and knotted towels will be used, but cricket-stumps and-pokers are barred!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is a fellow allowed to use an Indian

club?" asked Bolsover major aggressively.

"No; we don't want to brain the enemy."

"That would be quite impossible," said Nugent, "for the simple reason that Temple & Co. don't possess any brains!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

So far, Bob Cherry had not contributed to the conversation. This was surprising. Bob was usually one of the leading spirits in a campaign of this sort, and he generally had plenty to say. His silence on this occasion did not pass unnoticed.

"Anything the matter, Bob?" inquired Wharton.

"No!"

Bob Cherry's tone was decidedly snappy—another surprising fact. Bob was not in the habit of snapping, and his schoolfellows began seriously to wonder what was wrong with him.

"Got a touch of toothache, old man?" asked Mark Linley sympathetically.

"No!"

Bob's tone was even more snappy than before. And Mark Linley was his best chum! Clearly something was amiss.

After a moment's pause, Harry Wharton said:

"Of course, Bob, you're in favour of raiding the Upper Fourth?"

"No!"

Wharton gasped. So did everybody else.

Bob Cherry's attitude was very peculiar, to say the least of it. As a rule, he was keenness itself when it came to pillow-fighting, and he was ever to be found in the thickest of the fray. He had seldom been known to say "No" when a scheme of this sort was mooted.

"You—you don't agree that we should raid Temple & Co.?" exclaimed Wharton, thinking that Bob Cherry might have misunderstood his former question.

"No, I don't!" growled Bob.

And there was a buzz of amazement from the juniors.

"Why, how's that, Bob?" asked the

captain of the Remove in great perplexity. "Why don't you agree?"

"Because I don't!"

"That's no answer. Besides, you needn't snap a fellow's head off! Dashed if I can make out what's wrong with you to-night!"

"The fact of the matter is," said Skinner, who never had a good word for anybody, "Cherry's chummed up with Temple of the Fourth. Consequently he wants to spare him."

"That's about it," said Bolsover major.

"Rats!" growled Johnny Bull. "You haven't chummed up with Temple, have you, Bob?"

"No!"

"Then why aren't you keen on raiding the Fourth?"

"I know why," chimed in Billy Bunter. "He's in a blue funk! He's afraid of being bowled out by a master or a prefect. I knew all along that Cherry had a yellow streak in him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry was about to get out of bed with the intention of making Bunter eat his words, when Wingate of the Sixth came into the dormitory.

"Everything all right here?" said the captain of Greyfriars.

"Quite all right, Wingate!"

"Mind there's no larking after I've put out the light. I'm aware that Mr. Quelch is away, and I intend to keep my eyes open in his absence. That's a fair warning. Good-night, kids!"

"Good-night, Wingate!"

"Pleasant dreams!" added Peter Todd.

"You'll have an unpleasant night-mare if you're not careful!" growled Wingate.

And, having extinguished the light, he quitted the dormitory.

Bob Cherry's chums asked him no more questions. They could plainly see that he was not in the mood for conversation.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 633.

What was wrong with Bob they did not know, but they anticipated that he would be his old cheery self in the morning.

In spite of their excitement, most of the fellows failed to keep awake, and but for the vigilance of Harry Wharton, who remained propped up on his pillow, the raid on Temple & Co. would have fallen through.

Boom!

It was the first stroke of eleven, sounding from the old clock-tower.

Harry Wharton slipped out of bed and made a tour of the other beds in the dormitory, rousing everybody with the exception of Billy Bunter, Skinner, and Bob Cherry.

"Line up, you fellows!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

Candles were lighted up and down the dormitory, and pyjama-clad figures flitted to and fro in the subdued light.

It was a mild night, for which the juniors were truly thankful. Had it been bitterly cold, much of their keenness would have worn off by this time.

Armed with pillows and bolsters and towels, the Removites paraded under Harry Wharton's direction.

"All ready?" inquired the captain of the Remove.

There was a general nodding of heads.

"Follow your leader, then!"

Wharton cautiously led the way from the dormitory and up the flight of stairs leading to the sleeping-quarters of the Upper Fourth.

Cecil Reginald Temple and his followers were fast asleep.

A sound of deep breathing reached the ears of the raiders, and somebody—it appeared to be Dabney—was snoring.

The Removites swarmed into the dormitory, Harry Wharton rapped out a sharp command, and a most animated scene followed.

Pillows and bolsters descended with unerring aim upon slumbering forms, and Temple & Co., taken completely by surprise, had no chance whatever. When, after the first shock of conflict, they realised what was happening, they certainly made an effort at resistance. But every time a Fourth-Former managed to struggle out of bed, he was smitten to the floor by a pillow.

The Remove's raid was one of the quickest and most effective on record.

Within five minutes Temple & Co. were yelling for quarter. Their assailants were completely masters of the situation.

"Pax!" gasped Cecil Reginald Temple, who was writhing and squirming on the floor, with Bolsover major on his chest.

The Remove continued to smite.

"Pax!" echoed Dabney and Fry and Scott together.

When the Upper Fourth had been thoroughly subdued, Harry Wharton gave the order to retire.

Flushed with their easy victory over their rivals, the Removites clattered down the stairs to their own dormitory.

"Not so much row!" said Wharton warningly. "You'll have old Prout here in a jiffy, with his Winchester repeater!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry was awake when the raiders returned.

"We fairly put the kybosh on the Fourth!" said Nugent.

Bob grunted.

"You don't seem a bit pleased!" said Johnny Bull.

"I'm not!"

"You're like a bear with a sore head to-night, Bob!" said Harry Wharton.

"Wish you'd explain what's wrong."

"Oh, dry up!" said Bob Cherry irritably. "I want to get to sleep!"

THE MACMILLAN LIBRARY.—No. 633.

Wharton clenched his hands, and it looked for a moment as if he would quarrel with the fellow who was his best chum.

But the captain of the Remove controlled his annoyance and got into bed. He anticipated, and so did the others, that Bob would be his old cheery self in the morning.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Cousin Jimmy.

NEXT morning, however, Bob Cherry was sullen and silent.

He was so unlike his usual self that his chums grew seriously alarmed. They urged him to tell them what the trouble was, but he preserved a stubborn silence. Wharton and the others could get nothing out of him, and they felt offended and hurt. It was seldom indeed that members of the Famous Five had secrets from each other.

Bob Cherry's actions throughout the day were very peculiar. He ate hardly any breakfast—a very unusual thing for him—and he was restless and inattentive during morning lessons. Mr. Quelch gave him a hundred lines, and by the time the class was dismissed the hundred had grown into five hundred.

It was a half-holiday, and a practice-match had been arranged on Little Side.

But Bob Cherry showed no inclination for football. His name was on the list which Wharton had posted on the notice-board, but Bob erased it. Then he set out on his bicycle, scorching through the Close at such a rate that he nearly ran down Billy Bunter.

The fat junior skipped out of the way with surprising alacrity.

"Yow! Cherry, you clumsy beast, where are you going?"

Bob made no reply. Indeed, he had disappeared into the roadway by the time Bunter asked the question.

It was in the direction of Courtfield that Bob rode. He had received an urgent summons the previous day from Jimmy Travers, his cousin.

Jimmy was evidently in a fix of some sort, for he had written as follows:

"The King's Head,

Courtfield.

"Dear Bob,—You will be surprised to hear that I am staying at the above address.

"I should like you to come and see me at the earliest opportunity. You had better come by night, as it might excite suspicion if you were seen entering a public-house in the daytime.

"Mine is not a pleasant story. You shall hear it in full when we meet.

"Your affectionate cousin,

JIMMY.

"P.S.—Not a word to anybody! Don't tell a soul I'm here!"

Bob Cherry had intended to visit his cousin the previous night, but his plans had been scotched by the pillow-fight—hence his annoyance. He could not very well have broken bounds at a time when everybody was awake. His chums would have called upon him to explain where he was going; and that, in view of his cousin's postscript, would have been impossible.

As he sped along the Courtfield road Bob Cherry asked himself, not for the first time, what was wrong with Jimmy Travers.

The two cousins had not met for a considerable time. Jimmy was several years older than Bob. He had left school to become a clerk at the London and Suburban Bank. He was a clever

fellow, and he had written Bob an occasional letter reporting his progress.

And now he was writing from the King's Head, one of the most undesirable haunts in Courtfield.

What did it all mean?

Bob was soon to learn. He dismounted outside the public-house, and glanced swiftly up and down the street. It would not do for him to be observed by anyone belonging to Greyfriars. His motives in visiting the King's Head might easily be misunderstood.

The coast was clear, and Bob, leaving his bicycle outside, passed into the little parlour.

"Glass o' lemonade, sir?" inquired the landlord, with studied insolence.

Bob flushed.

"I've called to see Mr. Travers," he said.

The landlord's leering smile disappeared.

"Mr. Travers, sir? Yessir. You'll find 'im upstairs—first door on the right when you get to the top. I 'ope you'll be able to buck the poor chap up a bit."

Bob Cherry gave a start. It was very unusual for the term "poor chap" to be applied to Jimmy Travers.

"What's wrong?" asked Bob quickly.

"Is Mr. Travers ill?"

"Yessir; and he's down an' out into the bargain."

Bob asked no further questions. He turned, and went up the stairs two at a time.

Having reached the top, the junior tapped on the door which the landlord had indicated.

"Come in!"

The voice was faint and feeble, but Bob Cherry recognised it as his cousin's. He turned the handle, and stepped quickly into the dingy little room.

Like the parlour below, the room was stuffy and ill-kept.

Jimmy Travers was not in bed, but he looked as if he ought to have been. He was seated in the solitary armchair, with a blanket across his knees. His face was white and drawn, and he was shivering. It was only too obvious that he was ill. But he mustered a smile as Bob Cherry came in.

"Jimmy!"

"Hallo, Bob! So glad you've come!"

Bob Cherry shook hands with his cousin, and then seated himself on the bed.

"What—what's the meaning of this, Jimmy?" he faltered. "I didn't know you were ill, though I guessed it was something wrong. What's happened? How did you come to be here?"

"It's an unpleasant story, Bob, as I told you in my letter. I've left the bank—"

"On account of illness?"

"No; I was sacked."

"Sacked!"

Bob Cherry stared at his cousin in amazement. He knew that Jimmy Travers was straight as a die. Why, then, had he been sacked from the bank?

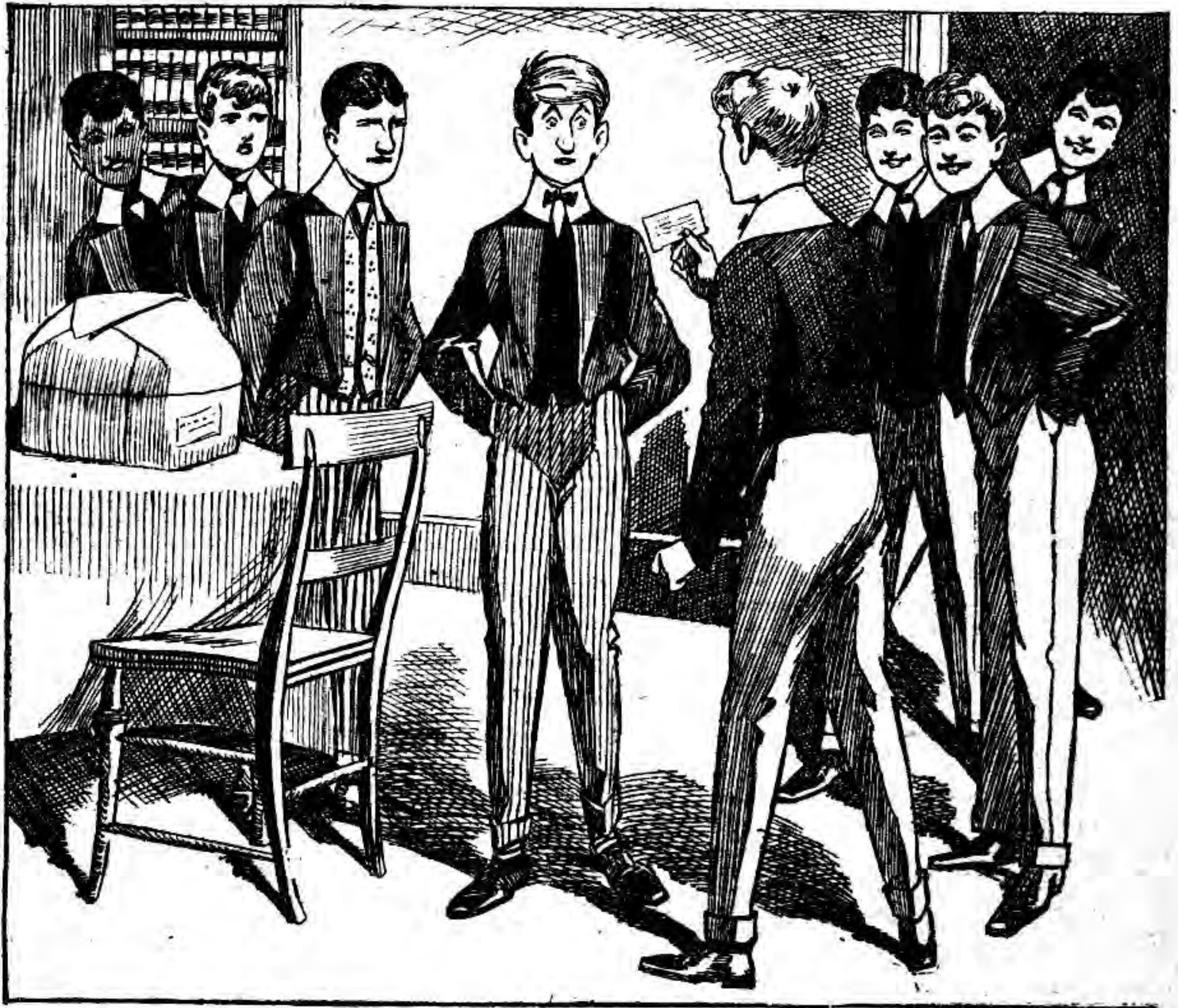
"I was fired out over a month ago," continued Bob's cousin.

"But—but why?"

"I'll explain," said Jimmy Travers. "There was a fellow named Dyer working at the bank. He was a married man, with a couple of kiddies, and he fell on bad times. He had a lot of illness and trouble in the family, and he was driven to theft. He stole twenty quid from the bank."

"Phew!"

"He confided to me that he had pinched the money, and he was terribly afraid that when an inquiry was made he would be found out. And so he would have been, only—"



Peter Todd produced a card, upon which had been written "Bob Cherry requests the pleasure of Peter Todd's company to a magnificent repast which will be held in Study No. 13 at seven o'clock sharp." "My only aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Has everybody got one of these?" "Yes, rather!" exclaimed a dozen voices. (See Chapter 8.)

"Only what?"

"I took the blame for what had happened."

Bob Cherry took a deep breath.

"Jimmy!"

"It was the only way," said Jimmy Travers. "They'd jolly soon have bowled him out if I hadn't pretended I was the thief. And I couldn't let the poor beggar be sacked."

"So you were sacked in his place?"

"Yes."

There was a long pause.

"It was a big sacrifice for you to make, Jimmy," said Bob Cherry at length.

"P'raps so. But I don't regret it. I'm only too pleased to have been able to save poor old Dyer from ruin."

"What happened after you were sacked?"

"I tramped the streets of London in search of another job," explained Jimmy Travers, "but there was nothing doing—absolutely nothing. There isn't the demand for clerks that there used to be; and, of course, I hadn't a reference. The bank-manager refused to give me one."

Bob Cherry nodded.

"But why have you drifted down here, Jimmy?"

"I happened to know the landlord of

this place. Some time ago I rendered him a service. He told me that if ever I was down on my luck he'd fix me up with board and lodging. And he's kept his word."

"How did you come to be ill, Jimmy?"

"Lack of food and sleep, chiefly," replied Travers.

"Poor old chap!" said Bob Cherry, with real feeling. "You'll have to buck up, and get fit and strong again. Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Lots!" said Jimmy Travers. "That's why I sent for you, Bob. I'd like you to give me a hand with my picture."

"Your picture?" echoed Bob.

"Yes. I've always been keen on painting, as you know, and I've just started work on a big picture. It may mean money for me—money enough to set me on my feet again."

"I hope so," said Bob fervently. "You always were hot stuff at painting, Jimmy, and I wonder you didn't take it up seriously long ago. Can I see your picture?"

"It's behind that screen," said Jimmy. "I've only just made a start, and I sha'n't be able to carry it on without your help."

Bob Cherry drew the screen aside, and

a canvas, set on an easel, greeted his gaze.

Although the picture had only just been commenced, it showed plenty of promise. Bob surveyed it in silence for a moment. Then he said:

"Dashed if I can see how I'm going to help, Jimmy! I know next to nothing about painting!"

"But you can take photographs."

"Any ass can do that!" said Bob. "Photographs won't help you, will they?"

"They'll help me no end! I ought really to paint the picture out of doors, but I'm not fit enough to go out. That's why I want the photographs. Will you take some for me, Bob?"

"Certainly!" said Bob. "What would you like me to take?"

"If you'll take about a dozen photographs of the scenery round here—trees, and rustic bridges, and so forth—I shall be able to pick out those I want."

"That's easily done!" said Bob. "I'll get busy with the camera during the next few days. Do you think you'll be able to sell the picture when it's finished, Jimmy?"

"Yes. I know an old gent who collects

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 633.

landscapes, and I hope to get a decent price for it."

"Good! Now, what else can I do for you, Jimmy?"

"Nothing, thanks, Bob!"

"Oh, rats! You need plenty of good, wholesome grub. And you could do with some books," added Bob, glancing round the barren room. "And when you're better you must have some smokes."

"It's awfully good of you, Bob, but please don't trouble—"

"It's no trouble at all. It's a pleasure, Jimmy. I'll tell my pals, and we'll bring some grub along to-night—"

"No, no!" protested Jimmy, sitting bolt upright in the armchair. "I'd rather you kept this to yourself, Bob. I shouldn't like it to be generally known that you were in the habit of coming here."

"It won't be generally known. I shall only tell my close chums—the fellows I can trust."

"I'd rather you didn't tell a soul!" said Jimmy earnestly. "You mustn't take the slightest risk!"

"Oh, all right!" said Bob.

"Will you promise me, Bob, that you won't breathe a word to a soul?"

"I promise," said Bob; though he little realised at the time what that promise was going to cost him.

"Is there a back entrance to this place, Jimmy?" he asked.

"No. That's the worst of it! You'll have to come and go by the front door, facing on to the High Street. You'll need to be ever so careful!"

"Trust me!" said Bob. "I'll come along this evening with some grub, and if it's a fine day to-morrow, I hope to take some decent photographs."

"That's ripping!" said Jimmy. "Think I'll be getting to bed now. I feel rather groggy."

"And you look it!" said Bob. "Take care of yourself, Jimmy, for goodness' sake!"

The two cousins shook hands, and Bob Cherry managed to vacate the premises of the King's Head without being observed.

Bob cycled back to Greyfriars with one resolve in his mind—that he would do all in his power to help his cousin.

Jimmy Travers had faced privation and hardship for another's sake. And Bob Cherry admired him for it, and was eager to do all he could for the cousin who had made such a splendid sacrifice.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Skinner's Little Joke!

"A COUPLE of veal-and-ham pies, please, Mrs. Mimble!"

"Very good, Master Cherry!"

"And mind there's plenty of jelly in them! Lemme see. What else do I want? Oh, I know! Got any nice fruit?"

The proprietress of the Greyfriars tuckshop bustled about, and produced some apples, oranges, pears, and bananas, from which Bob Cherry made selections.

"Anything else, Master Cherry?" inquired the dame.

"Um—yes. I think I'll support Mr. Pussyfoot by having a bottle of Bovril. There's nothing like temperance!"

And Bob started humming the chorus of a temperance drinking song:

"Uncork the Bovril, boys,
And pass the cocoa round!"

Outside in the Close, with his nose flattened against the window of the tuckshop, stood Billy Bunter.

The fat junior had heard Bob Cherry giving his orders, and his mouth fairly watered.

"Veal-and-ham pies, by Jove!" he murmured. "Bob's going strong! Wonder if there's any chance of getting a free feed?"

Mrs. Mimble's voice broke in upon Bunter's reflections.

"Will you take the things now, Master Cherry?"

"No," said Bob. "I'll call for them this evening!"

As he strolled out of the tuckshop a fat figure accosted him.

"I say, Bob, old pal—"

Bob eyed Billy Bunter with extreme disfavour.

"I'm not your pal!" he growled. "I never was, and I never shall be!"

"Oh, really!" said Bunter. "I call that downright ungrateful! Wouldn't you like me to do some cooking for you, Bob?"

"No, I wouldn't!" snapped Bob. "Buzz off!"

Billy Bunter failed to take the hint; whereupon Bob Cherry gave him a playful prod in the chest, causing the fat junior to sit down suddenly on the flagstones.

"Yaroooo!" roared Bunter. "You beastly coward! You hit me unawares! I—I'll jolly well—"

But Bob Cherry had passed on out of earshot.

Whilst Billy Bunter was engaged in sorting himself out, Skinner of the Remove strolled up.

"Hallo, Bunt!" he exclaimed. "Somebody been using you for a football?"

"Ow! That beast Cherry—"

"Cherry, was it? Why did he biff you?"

"I offered to do some cooking for him, and he knocked me down. Talk about black ingratitude! Cherry's ordered a lot of tuck from Mrs. Mimble, and I don't believe he wants anybody to know. He means to scoff the whole lot himself on the quiet!"

"My hat!" said Skinner.

And he strolled away chuckling quietly to himself. He disliked Bob Cherry, and he had already thought of a little scheme whereby he would place Bob at a disadvantage.

A couple of hours later Bob Cherry collected his purchases from the tuckshop and conveyed them to his study—No. 13 in the Remove passage. He intended to take them to Courtfield after lights out.

The study was empty when Bob arrived. But it was not empty long.

As soon as seven chimed out from the old clock-tower, Hurree Singh, Mark Linley, and Wun Lung, Bob's study-mates, came in. They nodded cordially to Bob, and sat down at the table with an air of expectancy.

Shortly afterwards the door again opened, admitting Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull.

The trio smiled at Bob, and sat down on the sofa.

"We're in good time, it seems," said Nugent, glancing at the big parcel of provisions which stood on the table.

"Table's not laid yet!" said Johnny Bull. "Still, they always did move slowly in this study."

Bob Cherry stared blankly at his chums. He was about to ask them for an explanation, when the door again opened.

On this occasion a whole crowd of juniors swarmed into the study.

Squiff and Tom Brown, Monty Newland and Dick Penfold, Peter Todd and Vernon-Smith, and several more, crowded in. Those who came first calmly helped themselves to chairs, and the remainder perched themselves on the window-sill.

"Good old Bob!" said Tom Brown.

"This is simply ripping of you!" said Dick Penfold.

"Bob always was a charitable sort of cove!" added Squiff.

Bob Cherry blinked helplessly at his schoolfellows.

"What the thump—" he began.

"Shall we give you a hand?" asked Harry Wharton. "We'll lay the table, if you like."

"What about undoing that parcel?" said Nugent.

"Here is an esteemed penknife, my worthy chum!" said Hurree Singh.

"You—you silly asses!" roared Bob Cherry, in exasperation. "What sort of game do you think you're playing?"

It was the company's turn to look astonished.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Johnny Bull. "He invites us here, and then, when we get here, he starts being rude!"

"Shame!" said Squiff.

"I'm surprised at you, Bob!" said Nugent.

Bob Cherry looked utterly bewildered.

"You fellows are either dreaming or you've got bats in your belfry!" he exclaimed. "I didn't invite any of you!"

"What?"

"Oh, come off, Bob!"

"You know jolly well you invited us,"

NOW ON SALE.

DETECTIVE TALES.

SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY.

No. 116—BLOOD-BROTHERHOOD

A Thrilling and Unique Detective Story, introducing Instances of Curious and Mysterious Indian Magic.

No. 117—THE AVENGING SEVEN; or, The Mystery of the Cinema.

No. 118—THE TRAIL UNDER THE SEA

A Detective Mystery, introducing Sexton Blake, Tinker, and Dr. Lepperman.

No. 119—THE CASE OF THE JAPANESE DETECTIVE

An Absorbing Detective Yarn, Laid in London.

FOUR GRAND NEW LONG COMPLETE STORY BOOKS in the BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY.

No. 498—SENT TO COVENTRY!

Topping Yarn of School Life and Adventure. By HENRY ST. JOHN.

No. 499—THE HOUSE IN THE JUNGLE

Thrilling Story of Hardship and Peril in Africa. By ALFRED ARMITAGE.

No. 500—FIGHTING FOR THE CUP!

Splendid Tale of the Footer Field. By A. S. HARDY.

No. 501—JACK CARELESS AFLOAT!

Great Adventure Story. By DUNCAN STORM.

Price Fourpence per Volume.



"It's not a bit of use pretending that you're innocent, Cherry," said Bolsover. "You're shown up in your true colours—as a blade and a rank outsider!" (See Chapter 5.)

said Peter Todd warmly. "You can't get away from this."

And Peter produced a card, upon which had been written:

"Bob Cherry requests the pleasure of Peter Todd's company to a magnificent repast, which will be held in Study No. 13 at seven o'clock sharp."

"My only aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry, as he surveyed the invitation-card. "Has everybody got one of these?"

"Yes, rather!" exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Then you've all been spoofed!"

"What!"

"These invitations weren't sent out by me," declared Bob.

"But they're in your handwriting, old chap!" protested Wharton.

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"It's not my handwriting," he said.

"But it's a jolly clever imitation!"

"You mean to say that somebody has done this for a jape?" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Exactly!"

"Any idea who did it?"

"I've a strong suspicion," said Bob, "that it was Skinner. You know how clever he is at copying other fellows' writing. Some time ago, if you remember, he forged Franky's signature."

"That's so!" said Nugent. "You'll have to pulverise Skinner for this, Bob!"

"I mean to!" said Bob grimly.

The fellows in the study looked very disappointed on finding that the invitation was not genuine.

"Are we to understand," said Vernon-Smith, "that there's nothing doing in the way of a feed?"

Bob Cherry nodded. He felt decidedly uncomfortable.

There was a hefty parcel of tuck on the table, and yet he was sending everybody empty away. The others would think him very mean. They would doubtless imagine that he intended to consume the contents of the parcel alone and unaided.

Several of the juniors glanced significantly at the parcel, but they made no comment. They rose to their feet and trooped out of the study, with the exception of Hurreo Singh, Mark Linley, and Wun Lung, who remained for prep.

The parcel of tuck remained unopened, and it was still unopened when bed-time came.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Night Adventure!

IN the Remove dormitory that evening Bob Cherry had a few words with Skinner.

"I suppose it was you who sent out those invitation cards this afternoon?" he said.

Skinner deemed it advisable to tell the truth.

"Yes!" he said. "But you needn't glare at me like that, Cherry! It was only a joke!"

"The sort of joke that will land you in Dartmoor one of these days!" said Bob. "Put up your hands!"

"Eh?"

"Not getting deaf, are you? I said, 'Put up your hands!'"

Very reluctantly the cad of the Remove obeyed. He was not a fighting-man, and he stood no chance whatever against the indignant Bob.

There was a short, sharp scuffle, and the climax came in a few seconds, when Skinner went to the floor with a crash.

"That's something to be going on with," said Bob Cherry. "And if you try to imitate my handwriting again you'll get a double dose!"

After this lively incident, which took place just after lights-out, the juniors—with one exception—settled down for the night.

The exception was Bob Cherry.

For hour after hour Bob remained awake, propped up on his pillow.

It was not until the first stroke of midnight boomed out that he stirred. Then he slipped quietly out of bed.

"You fellows awake?" he murmured.

"I am!" came a familiar voice; and

Bob Cherry gritted his teeth with annoyance, for the voice was Harry Wharton's.

Bob hesitated a moment. Then he started to dress.

"Anything wrong, Bob?" inquired the captain of the Remove, sitting up in bed.

"No!"

"Why are you putting your togs on?"

"I'm going out!"

"Where?"

"Look here, I'm not going to be cross-examined like this!" growled Bob.

"Oh, all right! Don't get huffy, but it's a jolly risky thing breaking bounds in the middle of the night!"

"I know that."

"Don't be an ass, Bob!" said Wharton; and there was genuine anxiety in his tone. "Get back to bed, there's a good fellow."

Bob Cherry said nothing, but continued to dress.

"Well, if you're determined to play the giddy goat, there's nothing more to be said," remarked Wharton; "but for goodness' sake mind your eye! Don't go barging into a beak or a prefect!"

"You needn't be anxious on my account," said Bob. "I shall be all right!"

And, having finished dressing, he quitted the dormitory.

Harry Wharton felt very uneasy. He didn't like this state of affairs at all. It was something quite new for Bob Cherry to break bounds in the middle of the night without divulging even to his best chum where he was going.

Obviously Bob had a secret—a secret which Wharton would have given much to be able to fathom.

Wharton's first impulse was to get up and follow his chum, but he could not bring himself to play the spy, and he dismissed the idea. He felt very worried and anxious, and he decided to remain awake until Bob came back.

Meanwhile, Bob had successfully collected the parcel of foodstuffs from his study. With equal success he had vacated the school building by means of the box-room window. And now he was in the act of clambering over the school wall.

It was a difficult task, for the parcel was very weighty. But Bob was undaunted, and after a few moments' exertion he dropped down into the roadway. Then he set out for Courtfield.

It was a cold but fine night, and the stars twinkled down upon him as he walked.

Bob kept a wary eye open. He was well aware of the risks he was running. If he were "spotted" by anyone in authority it would mean a flogging—possibly the "sack." And Bob had no wish for either.

Fortune favoured him, and he reached Courtfield without mishap.

A light gleamed in the parlour window of the King's Head. Bob rapped on the door, and the landlord appeared, shuffling along in a pair of carpet slippers several sizes too big for him.

"I've brought something for Mr. Travers," said Bob. "Can I go up to him?"

"Cert'nly, sir!"

Bob found his cousin asleep. Jimmy's face was almost as white as the pillow on which his head lay, and Bob felt that it would be a shame to disturb him, so he placed the parcel gently on the floor, scribbled a brief note on a leaf from his pocket-book, and then withdrew.

The journey to Courtfield had been rather tame; but Bob Cherry had more than enough of excitement on the way back to Greyfriars.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 633.

He had left Courtfield behind, and was tramping along the dark, apparently deserted road, when a bullseye lantern was suddenly flashed upon him and a gruff voice exclaimed:

"Young rip! Wot's the meanin' of this 'ere?"

Bob Cherry stopped short in his stride. "Tozer!" he muttered.

The portly village policeman had not yet identified him, and Bob did not mean to give him a chance to do so.

Realising that he must act at once, the junior sprang forward, knocked the lantern out of the constable's hand, planted a neat but powerful blow in Mr. Tozer's chest, and finally took to his heels.

By the time the unfortunate Tozer had collected his scattered senses, Bob Cherry was well away.

The constable started off in pursuit, but he might just as well have tried to pursue an elusive phantom.

Bob Cherry raced like a hare along the country road, and after lumbering along for a hundred yards or so, Mr. Tozer was reluctantly compelled to abandon the chase.

The unexpected meeting with the constable had been an exciting experience for Bob Cherry, but he was not out of the wood yet. He had nothing more to fear from Tozer, but there might be other prowlers.

When he had shaken Tozer off, Bob slackened his pace.

He reached the school wall without mishap, and somebody else reached it at the same instant—somebody who had come from the direction of Friardale.

Bob Cherry's quick intuition told him at once who the other midnight prowler was. It was Loder of the Sixth, who had doubtless just returned from a visit to the Cross Keys.

As in the case of his encounter with P.-c. Tozer, Bob did not wait to be recognised. He made a sudden spring, drew himself up on to the wall, and dropped down on the other side.

The prefect had seen him, without recognising who he was.

"Who's that?" called Loder. "Come back!"

But Bob Cherry was streaking across the Close like a champion of the cinder-path.

To fall into the clutches of Loder of the Sixth would be fatal. Loder would have no compunction in reporting the junior to the Head, even though he himself was a breaker of bounds. If asked what he, a prefect, was doing out of gates, he would have replied that he had gone out with the intention of tracking Bob Cherry.

Loder was over the school wall two minutes after Bob, but in those two minutes much had happened.

Bob Cherry had crossed the Close and clambered through the box-room window. He jammed the window down afterwards in such a way that it would take Loder quite a long time to open it again. And by the time the prefect had forced an entry Bob would be safe and sound in his bed in the Remove dormitory.

Harry Wharton was still awake when his chum, flustered and breathless, came in.

"Anybody after you, Bob?" he asked quickly.

"Loder was, but I believe I've shaken him off," answered Bob, hurriedly undressing.

"Did he recognised you?"

"No!"

"Thank goodness!" said Wharton fervently.

Ten minutes later a very angry and

baffled prefect came into the Remove dormitory, and he found the whole of the occupants slumbering placidly. Ever and anon came the unmusical snore of Billy Bunter.

And Loder of the Sixth, baulked of his prey, was obliged to beat a retreat to his own quarters.

Bob Cherry was safe!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Slandorous Tongues!

BILLY BUNTER rolled cautiously along the Remove passage, and halted outside the door of Study No. 13.

Like Moses of old, he looked this way and that way, and there was no man.

"Good!" muttered the fat junior. "Now's my chance!"

Afternoon lessons were over, and from the football-field came shouts of applause.

Nearly everybody was out of doors, and the conditions were ideal for study-raiding. So thought Billy Bunter as he opened the door of Study No. 13 and stepped inside.

"Now for the merry parcel!" he murmured.

Bunter knew, of course, that Bob Cherry had collected a parcel of tuck from Mrs. Mumble overnight, and he had fully expected to find the parcel in the study. But there was no sign of it.

"That's jolly queer!" exclaimed the fat junior, blinking round the apartment. "I suppose Cherry's unpacked the grub and stowed it away in the cupboard!"

But when Billy Bunter opened the cupboard door he shared the fate of the celebrated Mother Hubbard. For the cupboard was bare.

Bunter's jaw dropped. It was a bitter disappointment to him to find no trace of the parcel.

"That beast Cherry must have wolfed the whole lot on his own!" he muttered. "Disgusting, I call it! I shall have to try my luck somewhere else."

Billy Bunter turned to the door, and as he did so, he espied a letter lying on the floor of the study.

With his usual inquisitiveness, Bunter pounced upon the letter at once. It was addressed to Bob Cherry, and it bore the Courtfield postmark.

The envelope had already been opened, so it was a simple matter for Bunter to take out the letter and read it. His little round eyes glittered behind his spectacles as he did so.

The communication ran as follows:

"The King's Head,

Courtfield.

"My dear Bob,—Ever so many thanks for the splendid parcel of tuck you brought me last night. I sincerely hope you got back to the school without being spotted. When shall I see you again? Come along as soon as you conveniently can, there's a good fellow.

"I am progressing slowly with the great work, and hope I shall back a winner.—Yours ever,

"JIMMY."

Billy Bunter fairly bristled with excitement and indignation.

"So that's where the tuck went!" he ejaculated. "Cherry took it along to some shady pal of his at the King's Head. My hat! Fancy Bob Cherry being a pub-haunter! Fancy him being the pal of a chap who backs winners!"

The fat junior chuckled gleefully at his discovery, and he mentally resolved to make things warm for Bob Cherry.

Tucking the letter away in his pocket,

Billy Bunter rolled out of the study. He was so excited that he even forgot to pass on to another study in quest of luck.

That evening, when the majority of the Removites were assembled in the junior Common-room, Billy Bunter put in an appearance.

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull were chatting in front of the fire. Bob Cherry was the subject of their conversation.

"I can't make Bob out lately," Wharton was saying. "He hasn't been the same during the last few days."

"Dashed if I can make it out," said Nugent. "I can't think what's come over the fellow. He wasn't playing footer this afternoon. After lessons he went mooching out of the gates with a camera."

"He's caught the photographic craze, most likely," said Johnny Bull.

"But that doesn't explain why he should get up in the middle of the night and break bounds," said Wharton.

The others stared. This was the first they had heard of Bob Cherry's nocturnal expedition.

"Is that a fact?" asked Nugent.

Wharton nodded.

"Not a word to anybody," he said. "We don't want it to get round the school. But it's a fact that Bob broke bounds."

"What on earth for?" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"He wouldn't explain."

"The silly chump!" said Nugent. "Wonder what his little game is?"

"If he goes on like this," said Wharton, with a worried frown, "he won't be very fit for the Rookwood match on Saturday."

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter had joined the little group by the fireplace.

"Scat!" growled Wharton.

"Make yourself scarce!" said Hurree Singh.

"Oh, really!" said Bunter, blinking at the juniors through his big spectacles. "I thought you would be interested to hear about poor old Bob—"

"Eh?"

"What about him?"

"And why 'poor old Bob'?"

"I'm awfully sorry for him, you know," said Billy Bunter. "I hate to see a decent fellow going to the dogs, and—"

"What?"

"And treading the road to ruin—"

"My hat!"

"It cuts me to the heart, in fact," said Bunter, whose looks belied his assertion. "I can quite understand a fellow like Loder of the Sixth being a pub-haunter, but when it comes to Bob Cherry—"

Harry Wharton grasped the speaker by the collar and shook him as if he were a fat rat.

"You beastly worm!" he said contemptuously.

"Yow-ow-ow! Don't shake me like that, you rotter! I was only feeling sorry for poor old Bob!"

"You'll feel sorry for yourself in a minute!" said Wharton grimly. "Are you trying to pretend that Bob Cherry's a pub-haunter?"

"There's no pretence about it—it's a fact!" gasped Bunter. "Let go of me, and I'll prove it!"

Harry Wharton released his grasp, and Billy Bunter fumbled in his pocket for the letter which he had found in Study No. 13. He produced it at length, and handed it to the captain of the Remove.

"Here's the proof!" he said.

Wharton perused the letter in blank

amazement, and his chums looked over his shoulder.

"My only aunt!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Who on earth is Jimmy?" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"One of Cherry's shady pals, of course!" said Bunter. "He's a book-maker, I expect. Anyway, he speaks of backing winners."

Harry Wharton scarcely knew what to make of the letter. But his faith in Bob Cherry was firm. His friendship with Bob was of long standing, and he knew that Bob was straight as a die.

With a contemptuous laugh, the captain of the Remove crumpled the letter up into a ball and hurled it into the fire.

But the mischief had been done.

Skinner and Bolsover had come up during the conversation, and they, too, had read the letter.

No. 59.—MR. HORACE MANFRED HACKER, B.A.



Master of the Shell Form at Greyfriars. By no means a popular master; harsh and overbearing in his manner, and with no apparent sympathy with interests of his boys. Has ideas of his own on the way Greyfriars should be run, but, fortunately for all at the school, his ideas do not count.

"I guessed all along that Cherry was a bit of a blade!" said Skinner, who had guessed nothing of the sort.

"Same here," said Bolsover, "and that letter proves it!"

Harry Wharton spun round upon the speaker.

"You cad! Are you insinuating that Bob isn't straight?"

"Doesn't look as if he is, does it?" said Bolsover, with a grin.

"A fellow who goes to a low-down place like the King's Head for the purpose of backing winners can't by any stretch of the imagination be called straight!" sneered Skinner.

Quite a crowd had collected by this time, and there were all the makings of a first-class row.

Harry Wharton was about to take off his coat, prior to dealing with Skinner and Bolsover, when Bob Cherry came into the Common-room.

"Here he comes!" said Bolsover. "Backed any winners this afternoon, Cherry?"

There was a chuckle from the ends of the Remove, and a murmur of anticipation from the rest of the fellows. They were waiting for Bob Cherry to avenge the insult.

The colour mounted to Bob's cheeks, and he glared at Bolsover.

"What do you mean, you cad?"

"Do you deny," said Bolsover, not troubling to lower his voice, "that you're in the habit of visiting the King's Head in Courtfield?"

Bob Cherry was silent. He appeared to be quite taken aback.

"There you are, you fellows!" said Bolsover, with a triumphant gesture. "He can't deny it, because he knows it's true!"

Harry Wharton sprang forward and confronted his chum.

"Is it really true, Bob?"

"Yes," answered Bob Cherry in a low tone.

Wharton recoiled as if he had been stung by a lash. But the blow was softened when Bob Cherry added:

"I'm not in a position to explain everything, but I give you my word of honour that I haven't become a blade, or anything of that sort. My motives in going to that place were quite honourable."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled Skinner. "That's the richest joke I've heard for a long time! As if a fellow would visit a low-down pub with honourable motives—"

Biff!

Johnny Bull silenced Skinner with a back-hander that made his teeth rattle.

"Dry up, you cad!" he said angrily.

Bolsover major, however, was not silenced.

"It's not a bit of use pretending that you're innocent Cherry," he said. "On your own confession you're in the habit of going to the King's Head, and we're not fools enough to suppose that you go there to play kiss-in-the-ring, or to try and reform the landlord. You're shown up in your true colours—as a blade and a rank outsider!"

Bolsover did not mince his words, and there was a sensation in the Common-room as soon as they had been uttered.

All eyes were turned upon Bob Cherry.

"Slaughter him, Bob!" muttered Frank Nugent.

Bob Cherry clenched his fists and stepped up to Bolsover with the fixed intention of making him eat his words.

And then it occurred to Bob that if he fought and bore the marks of Bolsover's fists on his face, his cousin Jimmy would be greatly upset. He would imagine that Bob had been getting into trouble on his account.

Realising this, Bob Cherry reluctantly decided not to fight.

Dropping his hands to his sides, he turned on his heel and walked out of the Common-room.

There was a buzz of amazement from the Removites.

"Great pip!" gasped Peter Todd. "He wouldn't fight!"

"He showed the white feather!" said Squiff curtly.

And most of the fellows were of the same opinion.

As for Harry Wharton and his chums, they were so thunderstruck by Bob Cherry's conduct that they quite forgot to demand an explanation from Billy Bunter as to how he came to be in possession of the letter from Jimmy Travers. And their forgetfulness was a very fortunate thing for the prying Owl of the Remove.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

In the Wars!

COUSIN JIMMY, meanwhile, was rapidly on the mend.

Lack of nourishing food had been the chief cause of his illness, but he could no longer complain of an insufficiency in this respect. From time to time Bob Cherry brought him plenty of good, nourishing food.

The picture upon which Jimmy Travers was engaged was, like Jimmy himself, progressing favourably.

Bob Cherry had succeeded in taking some useful photographs, and these were of great help to the painter of the picture.

"Get a few more like these, Bob," said Jimmy Travers, "and I shall be in clover!"

Whereupon Bob Cherry had promised to devote yet another afternoon to the pursuit of photography.

When afternoon lessons were over next day Bob set out with his camera.

Billy Bunter watched him go, and the fat junior, prompted by curiosity, resolved to follow Bob and see what he was up to.

"There's something in the wind," muttered Bunter, "and I mean to find out what it is!"

So saying, he strolled away in Bob's wake, being careful to keep at a discreet distance. Bob would not be pleased if he thought that he was being followed.

Friardale Wood was Bob's first stopping-place. He halted at a very picturesque clearing, and after manoeuvring for a good position with the sun behind him, he took a photograph on the spot.

"That's number one!" Bunter heard him murmur.

Bob continued his journey, taking photographs from time to time.

Several pleasant patches of scenery arrested his attention, and he frequently brought his camera into action.

Billy Bunter watched his schoolfellow in wonder.

What did it all mean?

Why had Bob Cherry suddenly blossomed forth as a camera fiend?

There were certain fellows in the Greyfriars Remove who preferred photography to football, but Bob Cherry was not of their number. He must have some very good reason for devoting his spare time to this sort of thing, and Billy Bunter cudgelled his brains—such as they were—to discover what that reason was.

"I've got it!" muttered the fat junior at length. "He's not doing this for fun. It's a money-making wheeze. He takes photographs and then sells them!"

Having arrived at this conclusion, Billy Bunter hit upon what he considered to be a very sound scheme.

"The very thing!" he chortled. "I'll take some photographs myself, and sell them to Bob Cherry. He seems to be trying to take as many as he can, and if I add to his collection he'll be awfully backed!"

Fired with ardour, and the hope of adding to his scanty store of pocket-money, Billy Bunter turned on his heel and walked back to Greyfriars.

In the school gateway Mark Linley and Dick Russell were chatting together.

"I say, Linley," said Billy Bunter, "you might lend me your camera!"

"I might," said the Lancashire lad. "On the other hand, I might not!"

"Don't be mean—"

"I'm not," said Mark. "But I value my camera."

Billy Bunter turned to Dick Russell.

"Dick, old chap—"

"B-r-r!"

"Be a sport, and lend me your camera!"

"Haven't got one," said Russell shortly. "Run away and pick flowers!"

Bunter rolled away—not to gather flowers, but to renew his quest for a camera. He remembered that Tom Dutton, his deaf study-mate, possessed a Kodak, and he hurried along to Study No. 7 in the hope that there would be something doing.

Dutton was deep in the armchair, and in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

"I say, Dutton, old fellow—" began Bunter from the threshold.

"No, you needn't bellow," said Dutton, looking up. "I'm not deaf!"

"Will you grant me a small request—a favour—"

"I always am," said Dutton.

"Eh?"

"I'm always on my best behaviour!"

"Oh, help!"

"And if you say I'm not, you fat worm, you'll go out of this study on your neck!"

Billy Bunter blinked uneasily at his study-mate. He would have given a great deal to be in possession of a megaphone.

"Look here!" he said, raising his voice. "I want to borrow—"

Tom Dutton stared.

"What are you babbling about to-morrow for?"

"I want to borrow your camera, to take a lot of photos!" he shouted.

Dutton leapt to his feet. His face was livid.

"You'll give me a dot on the boko, will you?" he roared. My hat! I'll jolly soon show you that the boot's on the other foot!"

With this dire threat the indignant Dutton advanced towards Billy Bunter and shot out his right.

The blow took the fat junior full in the chest, and he went sprawling through the open doorway.

"Yaroooooh!"

"If I have any more of your cheek," said the warlike Dutton, "I'll pulverise you!"

Billy Bunter felt as if he had been pulverised already. Flourishing a fat fist at his recent assailant, he limped off down the passage.

During the next half hour the Owl of the Remove made strenuous efforts to borrow a camera. But there was nothing doing. The juniors knew Bunter too well to entrust their property to his tender care. It was a little habit of Bunter's to regard a loan as a gift, and anyone who was misguided enough to lend him anything was lucky if he ever saw it again.

Having drawn blank so far as his own Form-fellows were concerned, the fat junior debated in his mind what he should do next. And then he recollected that Coker of the Fifth possessed a camera, and a very nice camera, too.

Coker had gone down to the village with Potter and Greene, and it was a golden opportunity for Bunter to help himself to the Fifth-Former's camera.

The fat junior made tracks for Coker's study, which was happily deserted.

The camera was on the table, and Bunter helped himself to it—likewise several rolls of films.

Then, concealing the purloined articles beneath his jacket, the Owl of the Remove proceeded out of gates.

Bunter's knowledge of photography—like his knowledge of most other subjects—was extremely limited. He had only a crude conception of the art. Nevertheless, he soon got busy, taking photograph after photograph of all sorts of subjects.

Among the things Bunter snapped were a nanny-goat, a rustic bridge, a farmer taking pigs to market, and a country cottage.

The Owl of the Remove did not desist from taking photographs until he had used up all the films. Then, feeling more than satisfied with his afternoon's work, he trudged back to Greyfriars.

The next problem was how to develop the photos. Bunter could not take them to the chemist in Friardale, for the simple reason that he was "stony." The only alternative, therefore, was to develop the films himself.

After a frugal tea in Hall, Billy Bunter went along to Study No. 7, which apartment he decided to convert into a dark-room.

When Peter Todd came in half an hour later, great was his surprise to see Billy Bunter in his shirt-sleeves, working industriously.

The study carpet had been suspended across the window, blotting out the light—or a good deal of it.

"My only aunt!" gasped Peter Todd. "What's the little game, porpoise?"

"I'm developing photos," said Bunter briefly.

"My hat! And what's the idea of slinging the carpet across the window?"

"To make a dark-room of the place, of course!"

Peter snorted.

"I like your cheek, taking liberties with the study carpet!" he growled.

"It's as much my carpet as yours!" retorted Bunter. "Run away and play, there's a good fellow. I want to get these rough prints taken off by bed-time!"

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Peter Todd. "Of all the nerve—"

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind doing your prep in somebody else's study just for this evening?" Bunter went on.

"What!" roared Peter. "You want me to clear out of my own study just to suit your convenience? If anybody's going out of this study it's you, my fat tulip! Which is it to be—door or window? Choose your own exit!"

Billy Bunter wisely chose the door. He saw that Peter Todd meant business, and he collected his photographic materials—or rather, Coker's photographic materials—and departed.

For the next hour or two, the fat junior made the woodshed his headquarters.

He worked without interruption, and was able to take off quite a number of rough—exceedingly rough—prints.

After which Billy Bunter rolled away to Study No. 13.

Bob Cherry was at home, doing his prep. And Mark Linley, Hurree Singh, and Wun Lung were with him.

"Buzzee offee, Bunter!" said the little Chinese.

Billy Bunter glared.

"Dry up, you yellow-skinned heathen!" he growled. "I've come to see Bob!"

"What do you want with me?" demanded Bob Cherry, looking up.

"I want to sell you some ripping photographs," said Bunter, advancing into the study.

"Eh?"

"I knew you're collecting photos, and I thought I'd help you. I've taken heaps of snaps this afternoon, with astonishing results."

Bob Cherry grinned.

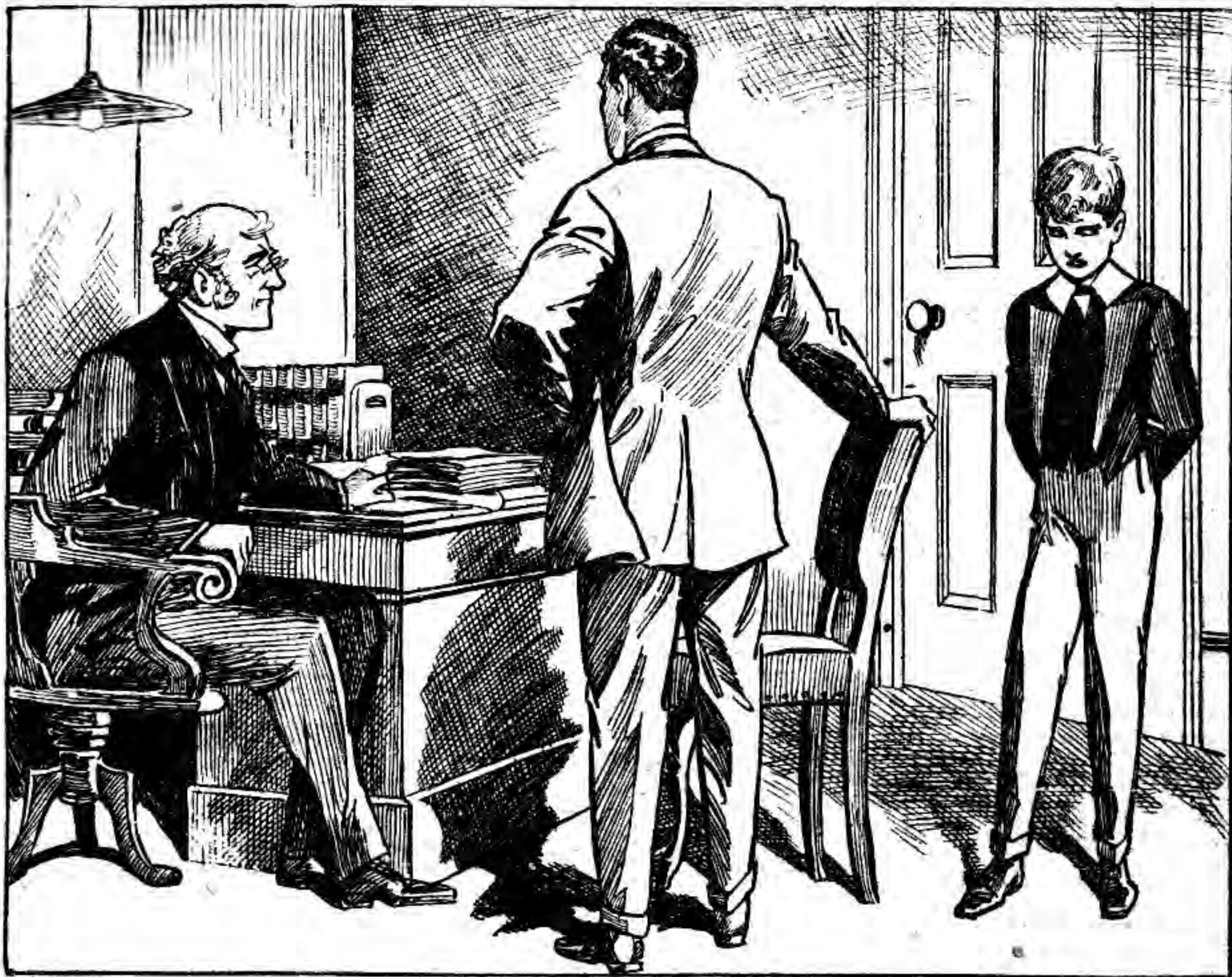
"Let's have a look at them," he said.

Billy Bunter spread the rough prints out on the table.

The results were certainly astonishing. That was the only word for it.

"What on earth's this?" asked Bob, picking up one of the prints. "A footer match?"

"Ass! You've got it upside-down,"



"I cannot overlook the fact that you have broken bounds," said Dr. Locke. "I have repeatedly pointed out that breaking bounds at night is a serious offence, to be visited with a serious penalty. Kindly take Cherry to the punishment-room, Mr. Lascelles. I will deal with him in the morning." (See Chapter 8.)

said Bunter. "That's a farmer taking pigs to market."

"My hat! And what's this one?"

"A rustic bridge."

"Help! I thought it was a landslip!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mark Linley, looking over Bob's shoulder.

"Of course," said Bunter, "that's not the finished article. It's merely a rough proof."

"So rough that the subject can't be recognised," chuckled the Lancashire lad.

"Look here, Linley, if you can do better you're welcome to try!"

"Well, if I couldn't do better than that," said Mark, "I'd go and suffocate myself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Bob," said Billy Bunter, "I always was a generous sort of chap, as you know, and I'm going to offer you these photos at a discount."

Bob Cherry was too thunderstruck to reply to this benevolent statement.

"You can have 'em for a bob each," Bunter went on. "That's dirt cheap. There's a dozen and a half there. I'll trouble you for eighteen bob."

Bob Cherry gave a gasp. So did Mark Linley.

As for Hurree Singh and Wun Lung, they fixed their eyes on Bob, wondering what he would say to Bunter's tempting offer.

Bob said nothing, as a matter of fact. In his case, actions spoke louder than words. He sprang to his feet, and gave

Billy Bunter such a violent shoulder-charge that the fat junior was knocked flying through the doorway.

"Yah! Beast!" panted Bunter, bringing up short against the opposite wall of the passage. "Gimme back my photos!"

"You can call for 'em some other time, when I feel less dangerous!" said Bob Cherry.

And the door of Study No. 13 was slammed in Billy Bunter's face.

The fat junior was in the wars, but his troubles were not yet over. He went to the woodshed and recovered Coker's camera, and as he recrossed the Close, whom should he encounter but Coker himself?

It was fairly dark, but not too dark for Coker to recognise his property.

"My camera!" shouted the Fifth-Former, striding up to Bunter. "I've been hunting for it high and low! You fat young thief!"

"Oh, really, Coker—"

"You've helped yourself to my camera, and to three rolls of films besides!"

"I—I—you've made a mistake, old chap!" said Bunter feebly. "This is my own camera. It happens to bear a slight resemblance to yours—"

"A slight resemblance!" hoted Coker. "Why, it's mine, you young sweep, and you can't deny it!"

What followed was like a nightmare to Billy Bunter.

Coker descended in wrath upon the fat junior, and smote him hip and thigh.

Bunter struggled and screamed and protested, but in vain. Coker continued to chastise him; he did not desist until the victim was writhing in anguish on the flagstones.

"There!" panted the Fifth-Former. "That's teach you not to tamper with my property in future."

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!" groaned Bunter.

Coker picked up his camera and strode away.

As for Billy Bunter, he lay on his back in the Close, gazing up at two different varieties of stars. And he came to the conclusion that amateur photography—when practised with somebody else's camera—was emphatically not worth while!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Rout at Rookwood!

"HOW'S it going, Jimmy?" inquired Bob Cherry, when he called on his cousin next day.

"First-rate, Bob!"

"You'll finish the picture in a few days?"

"I hope so!"

"I've brought you some more photos," said Bob. "They were taken yesterday afternoon, and they've turned out top-hole!"

"That's fine!"

Whilst he was speaking, Jimmy Travers was standing in front of the easel making deft strokes with his brush. The landscape painting was working out splendidly.

"You're looking tons better than when I first saw you, Jimmy," said Bob.

"I feel it, old chap!"

"Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"You've been far too generous as it is, Bob!"

"Rats!"

Bob Cherry reflected a moment. Then he said:

"I know! It's a half-holiday to-morrow. I'll come and spend the afternoon with you."

Jimmy's eyes sparkled.

"That's real decent of you!" he said.

It was not until he had left the King's Head that Bob remembered that the Rookwood match was to be played on the morrow.

"Oh crumbs!" he ejaculated. "Here's a pretty go!"

He did not want to go back on his word. He had promised his cousin that he would spend the afternoon with him; and he knew that Jimmy Travers would be disappointed if he backed out of the arrangement.

Bob puzzled over the problem on his way back to Greyfriars, and finally decided that he would not turn out for the Remove eleven next day.

"Somebody else will be glad of a game," he told himself. "It will be dead easy for Wharton to find a substitute."

On arriving at Greyfriars, Bob found the list of players up on the notice-board. His own name was down, as usual. Taking a pencil from his pocket, he erased it.

Harry Wharton came up at that moment.

"What does this mean, Bob?"

"It means that I sha'n't be able to turn out to-morrow," was the reply.

"Why not?"

Wharton's tone was sharp and insistent. He was getting just a little tired of his chum's curious conduct.

"I've got an appointment in Courtfield," said Bob Cherry.

"At the King's Head?"

"Yes."

Wharton looked grave.

"Look here, Bob," he said. "I don't quite know what to make of you these days; but I do know this—that if you keep on paying visits to that place you'll be spotted sooner or later."

"I'm willing to take the risk!"

"The fellows will be awfully ratty when they hear that you've cut an important footer match to go to that beastly place."

"Let them be ratty! I don't care!"

"That's just it," said Wharton, in a burst of anger. "You don't care! The team's reputation can go hang, for all you trouble. You're leaving the side in the lurch, and it's a jolly caddish thing to do!"

It was Bob Cherry's turn to get angry. "If you call me a cad, Wharton—" he began, clenching his fists.

"Pax, my sons—pax!" said Frank Nugent, coming on the scene. "I don't know what the row's about, and I don't particularly care. But you're not going to start scrapping here!"

"If you were called a cad, would you take it lying down?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"All depends whether the other chap meant what he said. In Harry's case, he didn't mean it."

"Yes, I did!" said Wharton. "I

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 633.

meant that he was a traitor, anyway, to desert his side!"

Nugent gave a low whistle.

"Aren't you going to play, Bob?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I've something more important than footer to think about. Later on, perhaps, I shall be able to explain; but my tongue's tied at present. I'd turn out with the team if I could, but I happen to have made an appointment, and I'm going to keep it."

So saying, Bob Cherry turned on his heel, without another word to Wharton, whose face was flushed with anger and resentment.

"This is the giddy limit, Harry!"

said Nugent, when Bob had gone.

"What are you going to do about it?"

Wharton was silent for a moment.

"I can't force the fellow to play," he said at length. "I must hunt round for a substitute."

"Dashed if I can understand it!" said Nugent. "It's very peculiar of Bob to leave us in the lurch."

"I called it something else," said Wharton. "I called it caddish. And I was right!"

Shortly afterwards an emergency meeting was called of the Remove football committee. There was great indignation when Bob Cherry's decision was made known.

Up till now Bob had been one of the most popular fellows in the Form, but his popularity was sorely shaken by his recent conduct.

"He's put us in the very dickens of a fix!" said Peter Todd. "Who shall we take to Rookwood in his place?"

"Dick Russell's the man!" said Vernon-Smith promptly.

"But Russell's a forward," said Wharton. "And it's a half-back we want."

"What price Billy Bunter?" said Squiff.

Wharton rounded angrily on the speaker.

"This is no time for idiotic jokes!" he said. "It's a jolly serious matter."

After a lengthy debate Morgan was selected to fill the vacant place.

The Welsh junior was a very capable player, but he was not up to Bob Cherry's weight by any manner of means.

The eleven started off at eleven o'clock next morning, for they had a long way to go.

They were not feeling in a particularly conquering mood. The absence of Bob Cherry had a moral effect upon the side.

The Rookwood players, on the other hand, were feeling very fit and confident. They fielded a strong side, and they were determined to put up a good show on their native heath.

The first half of the game was keenly contested, and at half-time the score was 1-1.

In the second half, however, the Greyfriars defence went to pieces, and Jimmy Silver & Co. added three more goals without response.

Seldom had the Greyfriars Remove been so completely trounced.

Harry Wharton & Co. declined the Rookwooders' invitation to tea, and they went back to Greyfriars feeling very sore.

A crowd of juniors were waiting in the school gateway when the team returned.

"How went the day?" inquired Ogilvy.

"We were licked," said Wharton briefly.

"Oh crumbs! What was the score?"

"Four to one against us."

"Ye gods and little fishes! What a licking! How did it happen?"

Harry Wharton passed on without explaining, but Nugent offered an explanation.

"There was a weakness at half-back," he said. "We missed Bob Cherry. Morgan played up like a Trojan, but he's not such a good tackler as Bob, and he couldn't hold the Rookwood forwards."

The juniors went back into the building looking very discontented.

Feeling ran high against Bob Cherry.

A good many of the fellows had already come to the conclusion that Bob was going to the dogs—that he had abandoned healthy pursuits in favour of unhealthy ones.

This was all wrong, of course; but the fellows could scarcely be blamed for thinking as they did.

And when Bob Cherry returned from Courtfield that evening he found a placard on the mantelpiece in his study—a placard which bore the ominous word:

"TRAITOR!"

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bowled Out!

THERE were stormy scenes in the Remove dormitory that evening.

Bob Cherry was given a hostile reception. Fellows who, in the ordinary way, would not have dreamed of insulting him, now said what they liked without fear of retaliation on Bob's part. Even Bunter sneered at the fellow who had left his side in the lurch.

Bob Cherry's cheeks were burning as he listened to the bitter rebukes of his schoolfellows. He longed to hit out at his persecutors, and the reason why he refrained was that he did not wish to take a damaged countenance to Cousin Jimmy, whom he intended to visit again that night.

Bob's chums took no part in the general outcry, but he could tell that they were very angry with him.

The arrival of Wingate of the Sixth checked the fierce flow of comment, and after lights out the juniors, with the exception of Bob Cherry, settled down to slumber.

The hours dragged slowly by, and at eleven o'clock Bob slipped out of bed, and dressed quietly in the darkness. On this occasion nobody else was awake.

The junior stole from the dormitory and tiptoed down the stairs.

Earlier in the evening he had purchased a parcel of provisions from the school tuckshop, and had locked them in the cupboard in his study, out of reach of Billy Bunter.

With the aid of his electric torch Bob made his way to the study. He donned his cap and raincoat, and, having collected the parcel, made his way cautiously to the box-room window.

It was very necessary to employ caution, for the masters had not yet retired for the night.

However, Bob met with no mishap, and a few moments later he was striding along the road to Courtfield.

A few stars glimmered in the sky, but they did not appreciably lighten the darkness of the night.

Bob Cherry was feeling more apprehensive than usual as he strode along. Perhaps he had not fully realised until now what detection would mean.

Supposing somebody discovered his vacant bed in the Remove dormitory? It was not impossible, for Mr. Quelch often indulged in a midnight prowling.

The prospect of his absence being dis-

caused the junior to quicken his pace. He was at the King's Head before half-hour after eleven chimed.

Jimmy Travers greeted his cousin cordially.

"Good old Bob!" he said. "I hope I shall be able to repay you for this some day."

"Don't talk rot!" said Bob Cherry, dropping the parcel on to the rickety table in the bed-room. "How goes the merry picture?"

"It's practically finished!"

"Ripping!"

"I shall apply the finishing touches early in the morning, and then get into communication with the old gent I told you about who collects landscapes."

"You think he'll turn up trumps?"

"If he doesn't," said Jimmy Travers, with a wry smile, "I shall feel like crawling down to the sea and chucking myself in!"

"You musn't chuck up the sponge, Jimmy," said Bob. "That sort of thing's awfully feeble. You've got back your health, and that's the chief thing."

"Yes, rather!"

"I musn't stop," said Bob. "I want to get back to the school by midnight, if poss."

Cousin Jimmy nodded.

"I won't detain you," he said. "I quite understand the position. Every minute away increases the risk."

Bob Cherry shook hands with his cousin and bade him good-night. Then he passed out of the room and down the stairs.

As he emerged into the street he saw that it was deserted, save for a solitary cyclist who was approaching.

Bob felt no alarm. He did not suppose that the person on the bicycle could possibly belong to Greyfriars. Mr. Quelch did not ride a cycle, neither did Mr. Prout, who sported a motor-bicycle. And Loder of the Sixth, when he ventured on his nightly escapades, went on foot.

Bob Cherry turned, and set off in the direction of Greyfriars. But before he had gone half a dozen yards the cyclist jumped off his machine and accosted the junior.

"Cherry! What are you doing here at this hour of the night?"

The junior thus addressed gave a violent start.

The cyclist was a person whose existence he had completely overlooked—Mr. Harry Lascelles, the mathematics-master.

Bob was fairly caught. He tried to speak, but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

"I am waiting for your explanation, Cherry," said the young master.

"I—I—" stammered Bob.

"You have just emerged from one of the most disreputable haunts in the town. Is it possible that you have been spending the evening with low companions?"

Bob Cherry pulled himself together. He met unflinchingly the stern gaze of the mathematics-master.

"No, sir!" he answered. "I give you my word of honour that I've not been gambling, or anything of that sort."

Mr. Lascelles nodded.

"I am glad to receive your assurance on that point, Cherry. At the same time I cannot ignore what I have seen. You will accompany me to the school, and, painful though such a duty is, I must report you to Dr. Locke."

Bob Cherry said nothing further, and master and junior set off together, the former pushing his bicycle.

No word was spoken throughout the journey. Bob Cherry was feeling very gloomy, and so was Mr. Lascelles, who

was fond of Bob. But the mathematics-master did not allow his fondness for the junior to interfere with his sense of duty. Bob had broken bounds, and he must pay the penalty.

There was a light burning in the Head's study as Bob Cherry and his escort passed through the Close.

Mr. Lascelles led the way into the building, and tapped on the door of the sacred apartment. The Head's voice bade him enter.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Dr. Locke, looking up as his visitors came in. "What is the meaning of this, Lascelles?"

In a quiet tone, Mr. Lascelles related the facts. Dr. Locke's brow was very stern as he listened.

"What have you to say, Cherry?" he demanded, when the master had finished.

"Nothing, sir, except that I've done nothing to be ashamed of."

No. 60.—JAMES KENNETH SCOTT.



The worthy bearer of a famous name. The most level-headed and able fellow in the Upper Fourth Form. Would make a better skipper than Temple, and probably knows it; but is on perfectly good terms with the great Cecil Reginald. (Study No. 5.)

There was a long silence in the Head's study.

"I am quite prepared to believe," said Dr. Locke, at length, "that your motives in visiting that undesirable establishment were honourable. But I cannot overlook the fact that you have broken bounds. I have repeatedly pointed out that breaking bounds at night is a serious offence, to be visited with a serious penalty. Kindly take Cherry to the punishment-room, Mr. Lascelles. I will deal with him in the morning."

"Very well, sir. Come, Cherry!"

Bob accompanied the mathematics-master from the study, and was placed under detention.

What would the morning bring forth?

Would he merely be flogged, or would he be expelled from Greyfriars in disgrace?

The latter prospect was appalling, and it kept Bob Cherry awake all night.

The hours dragged slowly by, and there was no comfort or consolation for the condemned junior, who voted that night the worst he had ever experienced.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

All's Well!

NEXT morning there was quite a sensation in the Remove dormitory when Bob Cherry's absence was discovered.

The fellows exchanged glances, and one question was on the lips of all.

What had happened to Bob?

The juniors were soon to learn. Wingate of the Sixth looked in, and his face was grave.

"There will be a general assembly in Big Hall in half an hour," he announced.

Instantly there was a buzz of inquiry.

"What's it all about, Wingate?"

"Who's going through the hoop?"

"Is it Bob Cherry?"

"Yes," said the captain of Greyfriars, "it's Cherry. The silly young ass has been breaking bounds, and it will serve him right if he's fired out of Greyfriars!"

So saying, Wingate turned away.

At the appointed time all Greyfriars was assembled in Big Hall.

Dr. Locke stood on the raised dais, and Bob Cherry was arraigned before him.

Gosling the porter stood in the offing. This was a hopeful sign, signifying that Bob was to receive a flogging, and not the maximum penalty of expulsion.

"My boys," said the Head, "I have called you together in order to make a public example of a boy who has set the rules of the school at defiance. Late last night one of the masters observed Cherry in the act of emerging from a public-house in Courtfield."

A murmur ran round the hall.

"I am satisfied that Cherry did not visit the place with dishonourable intentions," the Head went on. "At the same time, I cannot ignore the fact that he has broken bounds at night—a most serious offence. But for the fact that Cherry's past record is exceptionally good, I should expel him from the school. As it is, I shall administer a severe flogging."

Bob Cherry, who had been looking very pale and ill at ease, brightened up perceptibly.

A public flogging was not a pleasant ordeal, but it was infinitely less painful than expulsion.

"Gosling," said the Head, beckoning to the school porter, "do your duty!"

Gosling shuffled up to the dais, and prepared to take Bob Cherry on his back. The school looked on rather breathlessly.

Scarcely had Bob taken up his unenviable position than the door of Big Hall swung open, and a young fellow—a stranger to Greyfriars—came in.

It was Jimmy Travers.

Bob's cousin took in the situation at a glance. He advanced straight up the centre of the hall, and his voice rang out clearly.

"Stop!"

The Head, who had been about to wield the birch, frowned at the newcomer.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed. "And what is the meaning of this intrusion?"

Jimmy Travers halted in front of the dais.

"I am Cherry's cousin, sir," he explained, "and I am staying at the King's Head in Courtfield."

Dr. Locke gave a start.

"Bless my soul! Am I to understand

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 633.

that Cherry went to that place in order to visit you?"

Jimmy nodded. And then he plunged into a full explanation of the facts.

"I have been very ill, sir," he said, "and Bob has been looking after me. He has brought me food from time to time, and he has assisted me with a landscape painting which I have just completed. It was entirely at my instigation that he came to the King's Head, and I can assure you, sir, that he has done nothing discreditable. True, he broke bounds, but I claim that there were extenuating circumstances. Bob has been a real brick to me, sir, and I hope, now that I have explained matters, that you won't punish him."

"Most certainly I shall not," said the Head. "You have arrived on the scene just in time, Mr.—er—"

"My name's Travers, sir," said Jimmy.

"You have a cousin to be proud of, Mr. Travers."

"I am only too well aware of that, sir."

Bob Cherry, who had been set on his feet by the amazed Gosling, turned to Jimmy with a happy smile.

The two cousins shook hands, and as they did so somebody in the Remove started to cheer.

The cheer was taken up on all sides, and the Head made no effort to repress it.

"I am very glad," he said, as soon as he could make himself heard, "that events have terminated so satisfactorily. The school is dismissed."

The fellows trooped out of Big Hall, and Bob Cherry and his cousin became the centre of a clamorous throng of Removites.

"Bob, you old duffer—"

"Bob, you chump—"

"Why didn't you explain how things stood?"

"Because I bound him to secrecy," said Jimmy Travers. "I didn't realise it at the time, but I do now, that it was very selfish of me, and poor old Bob must have had a very thin time."

"We've ragged him no end," said Squiff remorsefully. "If only we had known!"

"Never mind," said Bob Cherry, whose face wore its familiar sunny smile. "It's all come right in the end. But what puzzles me," he added, turning to Jimmy, "is how you knew I was going to get it in the neck?"

Jimmy smiled.

"I was looking out of my bed-room window last night when you were collared," he said. "I saw that young master jump off his bike and take you into custody, and I gave a shout, but neither of you heard me. I guessed there

would be trouble this morning, so I thought I'd pop up and explain."

"You ought not to be out," said Bob.

"You're not fit."

"Oh, yes, I am! Fit as a fiddle!" said Jimmy.

"And what about the picture?"

"It's finished."

"Hurrah!"

Bob Cherry introduced his cousin to Harry Wharton and the others, and the Famous Five insisted upon Jimmy Travers coming to tea that afternoon. Needless to say, Jimmy did so, and he proved himself very good company.

The clouds had now rolled by, and Bob Cherry was restored to his old position in the Remove. His secret was a secret no longer; and the cads of the Remove, who had accused Bob of having become a bold, bad blade, were utterly confounded.

Two days later Bob Cherry received a jubilant letter from his cousin, to the effect that he had sold his landscape for fifty guineas.

The letter went on to say that Dyer, who had stolen the money at the bank, had confessed, and Jimmy had been asked to return to his former job.

But never again would Jimmy Travers push a pen in order to earn his livelihood. He preferred to wield a paint-brush, for he was a painter of unusual merit, and he would be able to turn his talent to good account.

And none was better pleased than Bob Cherry, who had stood by cousin Jimmy in the latter's dark hour, like the loyal-hearted fellow he was.

THE END.

(Another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled: "The Blindness of Bunter!" Order your copy EARLY.)

READERS' NOTICES.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED, ETC.

Fred Siggers, 37, Chalfont Road, Holloway, N. 7, has for sale "Magnets" Nos. 385, 404, 407, 408, 456, 464; also Christmas No. for 1915; "Gems" Nos. 117, 119, 136, 148, 152, 164, 166; also Christmas Nos. for 1915 and 1917; "Penny Populars" Nos. 259, 260; also Christmas No. for 1915; "Sexton Blake 4d. Library" No. 1.

H. Robinson, 5, Church Avenue, Holyhead, co. Down, Ireland, wants "Magnets," Nos. 501, 502, 559, and 560. 1d. each offered.

R. Redpath, 23, Malvern Road, Leytonstone, wants "Bob Cherry's Barring Out," and No. 1 of "Greyfriars Herald." 2d. each offered.

Fred. Cook, 24, Greenfield Road, Harborne, Birmingham, wants "Magnets" and "Gems" before 568. 1d. each offered.

George Bernardi, 12, Connaught Road, Hove, Sussex, wants "Gem" or "Magnet," Nos. 1-20.

H. Newbold, 21, Cross Street, Stockingford, Nuneaton, wants "Gems," Nos. 509-513, 518, 562, 586, 596, 599, 601, 603. 2d. each offered.

Lewis Staboff, 37, St. James Road, Hightown, Manchester, wants "Magnets," Nos. 1-300. £1 offered.

Miss E. Lodge, Staincross, near Barnsley, Yorkshire, has a copy of the "Holiday Annual" for sale.

L. M. Newlands, 119, Canfield Gardens, West Hampstead, wants "Greyfriars Herald," No. 1, containing plate of Prince of Wales. 6d. offered.

Edward Eddy, High Street, Wincanton, Somerset, wants set of "Magnets" containing articles on clog-dancing.

H. Graham, 89, Burleigh Road South, Everton, Liverpool, has for sale a "Holiday Annual." Price 3s. 6d.

L. Fellows, 20, Eastside Road, Golder's Green, N. 4, wants Nos. 1 and 2 of the "Magnet" and "Gem." Good condition. 4d. each. Write first.

Harry V. Suller, Milton Cottage, Moreton Street, Norman Park, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, wants "Magnets" and "Gems," Nos. 580 and 588.

B. Birchell, 290, North Road, Atherton, Manchester, will exchange a "Holiday Annual" for "School and Sport."

Miss Rae Kronman, 151, Kirkwhite Street, Nottingham, wants "The Hero of the Hour."

F. Proctor, 16, Old High Street, Ynysddu, near Newport, Mon., wants "The Disappearing Fourth." 6d. offered.

Patrick Maxwell, 10, Kendal Street, Belfast, wants "Magnets," Nos. 380-430.

G. Davies, 27, Andrie Road, E. Malvern, Victoria, Australia, wants "Gems," Nos. 244, 342, 363, and 393. 6d. each offered. Write first.

E. Stockdale, Fern Lea, Cornistons, Lancs, wants "Greyfriars Herald" (new series), Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 5.

J. Martin, 55, Northumberland Road, Coventry, wants Christmas Double Number of the "Magnet" for 1917. 3d. offered.

L. Bland, 2, Kent Street, Leicester, wants "Gems," Nos. 555-560. Clean. Good price paid.

Eric France, 282, Woodbine Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, wants "Magnets" and "Gems," Nos. 1-300. 1d. each offered.

H. Cartwright, 14, Mill Street, Wem, Shropshire, wants "The Haunted School." 3d. offered.



"The Hooded Man!"

NEW TALES of ROBIN HOOD.

If you like thrilling stories of mystery and adventure you must not miss this grand new series. Each story teems with exciting incidents in which ROBIN HOOD, prince of outlaws of the days of old, plays a leading part. Read one and you will want to read them all. The first appears on Friday in

ROBIN HOOD

LIBRARY.
A Grand, Complete Story Paper.



INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

AMUSING TRICKS WITH SIMPLE APPARATUS.



A rather amusing experiment, and one which will afford immense pleasure to the juvenile members of your party, is as follows:

Cut a circular disc of stout cardboard, 12in. in diameter. In the centre make

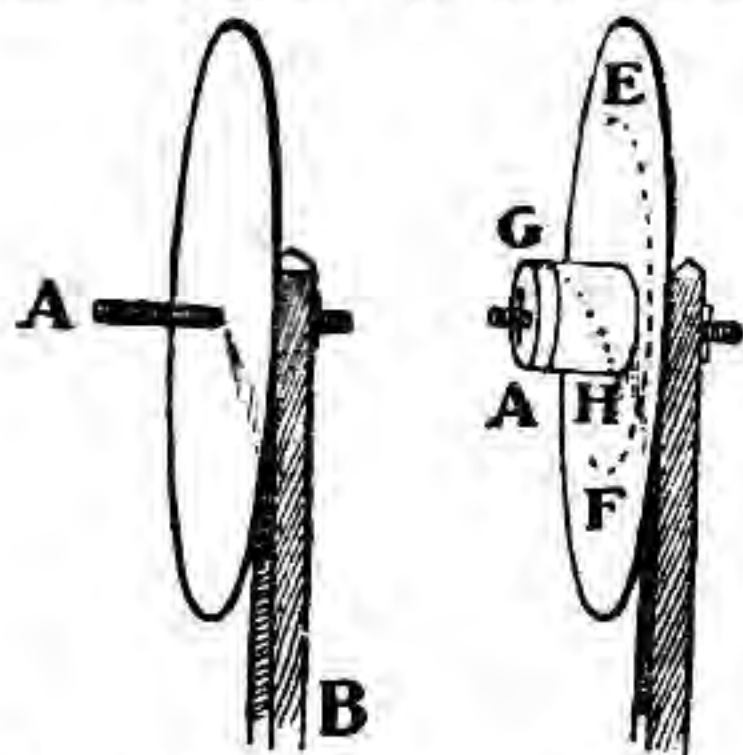


Fig. 1.—Disc of cardboard, kept in place with penholder.

Fig. 2.—Showing box in correct position.

cleverly managed the toy will be found most amusing.

If at any time it should happen that an engaged couple are amongst the friends whom you wish to entertain, a

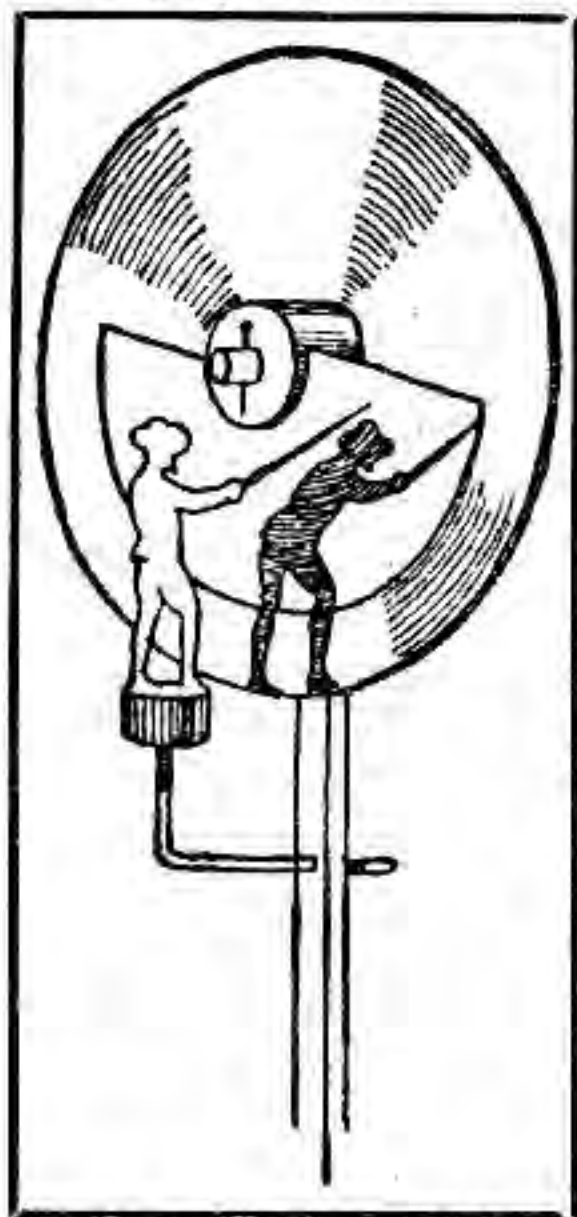


Fig. 4.—The toy complete.

very simple piece of apparatus can be made that will give these good people much pleasure.

In the four sides of a cube box, measuring 18in. each way, make an oval opening, 9in. by 7in., as A, B, C, D in Fig. 5. Inside the box place two mirrors, back to back, diagonally from G to E (Fig. 6), and contrive four curtains to draw up simultaneously over the holes.

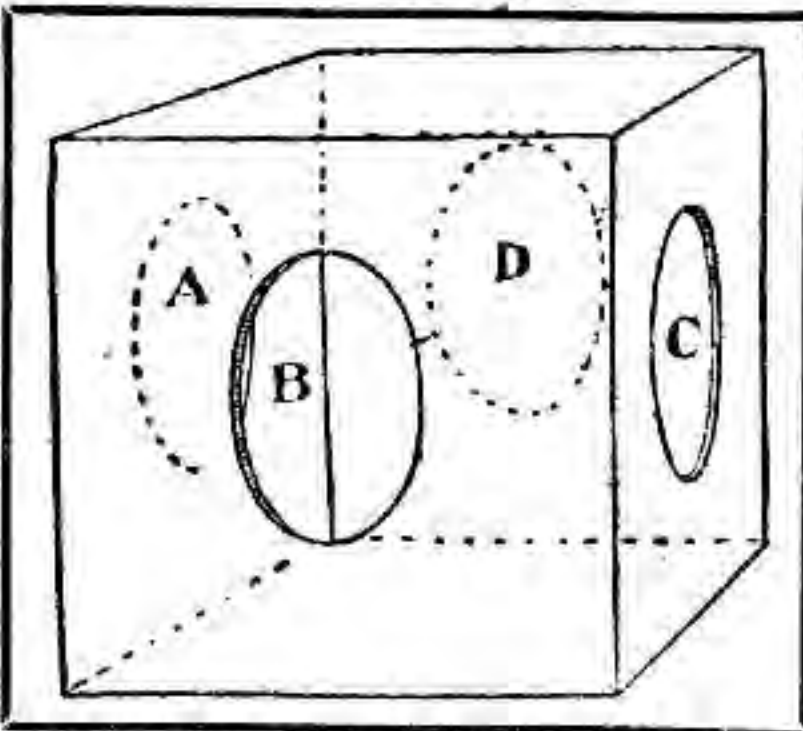


Fig. 5.—Showing box with oval openings.

You must now get two couples to look through the holes, arranging the two men opposite each other, as A and C, and the ladies at B and D, promising them that by looking into the simple but magical box they shall see the future partners of their lives and pleasures.

As soon as they are in position, raise the curtain, when A will see B, and C will be gazing at D, so that if you have

sorted the parties aright, they will feel so pleased with themselves and with you that no inquiry will be made as to how the trick is done.

To turn from sight to hearing, the following is a simple experiment, which can be exhibited without any special apparatus.

Cut a plain cross from a sheet of note-

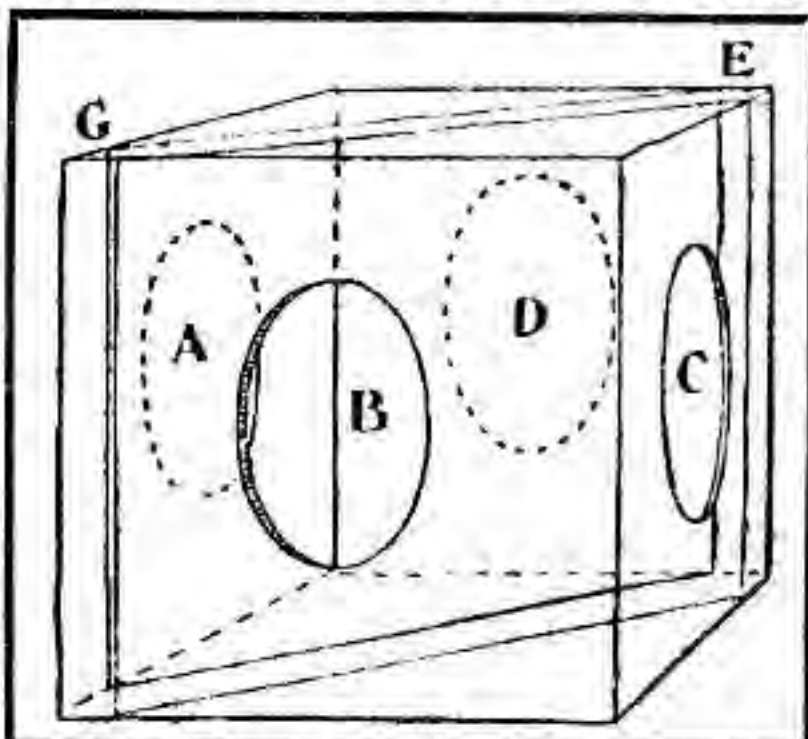


Fig. 6.—Showing box with oval openings and mirrors.

paper, as in Fig. 7, and place it over a wine-glass, bending the ends to prevent it slipping off. Almost fill the glass with water, taking great care to leave the sides and rim perfectly dry.

If you damp your finger and pass it over any part of the glass outside, a distinct humming will be heard, but the more remarkable thing to observe is that the cross will begin to revolve very slowly so long as your finger rubs a portion of

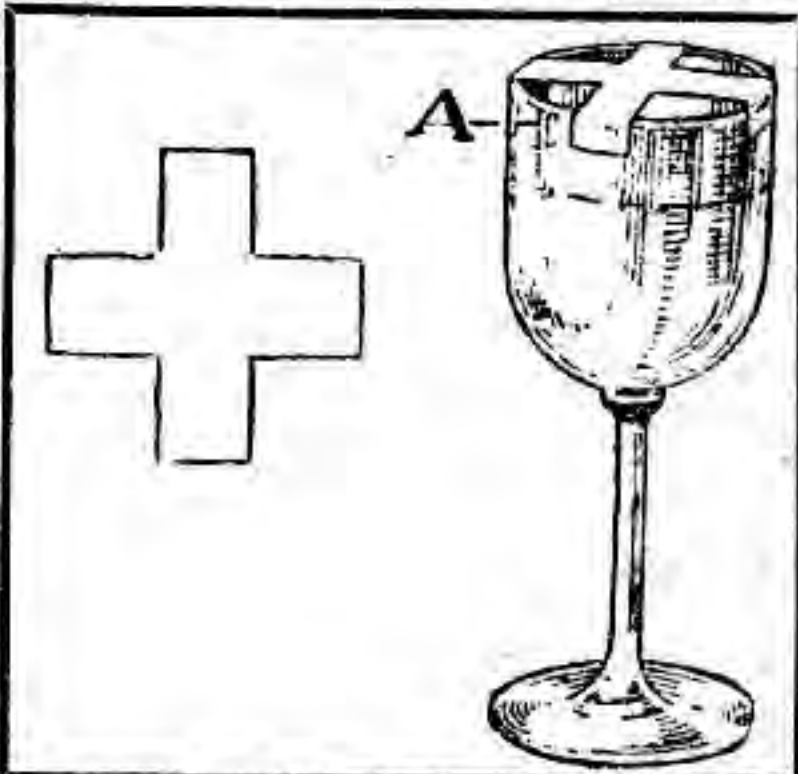


Fig. 7.—Showing paper cross and glass almost filled with water, and cross placed over the top.

the glass between the arms of the cross, as at A in Fig. 7. Yet, when you begin to rub beneath one of the arms, the paper will remain perfectly still. A complete revolution of the paper can be produced by rubbing round the glass in a circle.

The vibration of the glass when emitting the notes explains this phenomenon, although the reason that the cross should remain still when you rub beneath one of its arms is too technical for explanation here.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 633.

At a radius of 4½in. from the centre, describe a semi-circle upon the disc at EF (Fig. 2), whilst upon the same half of the cylinder describe a line as GH in the same figure. Now pierce about twenty-five equi-distant holes in EF and GH, joining them with thread, as in Fig. 3.

Cover these threads with little strips of paper in such a manner as to make a plane surface, as shown in Fig. 4. Then fasten a cork upon the end of a wire attached to the stick, and in a cleft in this cork put a little cardboard figure, as in the illustration.

Make the disc revolve by a rapid turn of the hand, and if a candle be so placed as to cast the shadow of the little man upon the disc, he will be seen engaged in making sundry passes and lunges in the manner of the perfect fencer.

Various other figures can be made in a similar way with great success, and when



Fig. 3.—Mode of joining thread.

The Secret of the Silent City



Our Grand New Adventure Serial. By DAGNEY HAYWARD.

Lost in the Wilds.

DICK, Larry, and Mike were concealed near Tom Rackett, to assist him. Tung Wu was close at hand, also, to hand the operator the boxes of films when they were needed, and to help Rackett work the lighting, for the Chinaman was an expert at that kind of thing.

All was ready. The boys felt their hearts beating quickly with excitement. If the film failed they knew that every man in the expedition were encircling the belt of trees round them, and that all would sell their lives dearly if it came to a fight.

Then Dr. Harland stepped forward, hideous in his native costume, paint, and mask, looking like some monstrous beast, as Rackett suddenly turned the intense circle of light from his apparatus full on to him as he stood in front of the screen.

The brilliant flood of light, strong and intense, immediately made an impression on the natives, who cried aloud in awe and wonder. Some showed funk, while others covered their eyes with their hands.

Dr. Harland held up his hand for an instant.

Immediately there was absolute silence.

Then he uttered a few words which seemed to make a great impression on the audience. It was seldom they heard the magic man speak. Afterwards Harland told Mr. Sherwell that all he said was that if anyone stood up, or made a disturbance, the light would be turned on them, and it would kill them instantly.

The next moment the screen was lit up, and a splendid living picture of the start of the expedition was thrown upon it. Everything was there in perfect detail. The natives every now and again gave vent to strange cries and sounds of astonishment and amazement. When they saw Augustus—they had never seen such an animal before—whom Rackett throw on the screen larger than life size—they showed evident signs of alarm. Some of them even started up in a panic, thinking it better to get out of the way of such a monstrous "beast"; but Dr. Harland calmed them.

"Go it, Mr. Rackett!" whispered Dick, trembling with excitement. "We've got 'em now! They're simply eating it!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 633.

There followed a short comic reel of Tubby Bouncer, taken before they left England. The comic man of the party tumbled into rivers, bounced in and out of motor-cars, and generally played around. His great bulk evidently made an impression.

Finally came the film that was to make or mar the show.

Rackett suddenly switched off the brilliant light, and the whole place was in darkness. He and the boys heard the low murmurings of excitement and fear that came from the natives. Then suddenly the screen was again a circle of intense white, and the boys saw that Rackett had thrown on the screen the scenes they had taken in the native village that morning.

Then the native appeared, walking towards them just as they had seen him when hiding behind the rock.

His appearance was greeted by the natives with distinct cries of alarm and open terror. Then suddenly Wonga flashed upon the screen, the native made

as if to hit him, when the ape sprang at the man with terrible ferocity and clubbed him.

Then came a scene of wild panic among the natives. They were shrieking and crying out in their terror, tumbling over one another to get away.

They had seen the dead come to life—or so they thought!

Dr. Harland again stepped forward in the light, held up his hand, and demanded silence.

The chief replied in awed tones that everyone had seen enough. The great white chiefs were mighty magicians. Would they leave the district at once, or they would bewitch the whole tribe?

The great scheme had succeeded beyond all expectations.

Dr. Harland promised the chief that the whites would be gone at dawn on the morrow.

The head man then gathered round him his trusty friends, gave a signal to the rest, and returned to the village.

Dr. Harland was able to say with perfect truth that the natives were most profoundly impressed and frightened.

Mr. Sherwell was bent on getting away as quickly as possible, so everyone got to work to strike camp and to pack up, which was easily done with the aid of torches and Rackett's lighting arrangements.

"I say," whispered Larry to Dick, in the midst of all the hard work, "what a chance to get that blue stone from the idol! Will you risk it with me? What do you say, Mike?"

"I'll come like a shot!" replied Mike.

"So will I!" agreed Dick.

"Then let's start off now!" said Larry.

It was a foolhardy project, but the boys were keen on further adventure, so they set off without anyone seeing them.

They knew exactly where the idol was, and they were favoured by a very dark night. It was cloudy, and the moon only shone fitfully now and again.

Very cautiously the three boys crept towards the great stone figure, creeping on their hands and knees. Sometimes they crawled along on their stomachs, for they had learnt how to do this perfectly when they were Boy Scouts.

Presently they were right under the idol. Not a soul, apparently, was near.

Dick volunteered to climb the image, and soon he was scaling its legs. Pra

READ THIS FIRST.

Mr. Sherwell, producer of the Southern Film Company, accompanied by his staff, set out in search of the Silent City, which is situated in the wilds of South America.

The staff includes Tom Rackett, the operator; Tubby Bouncer, a comedian; Dick Grainger, Mike Rafferty, and Larry, three boy chums; two servants, Tung Wu, a Chinaman, and Quambo, a nigger; also three animals, Augustus, an elephant, Wonga, a chimpanzee, and Boris, a boarhound.

Mr. Sherwell's chart is incomplete, and he has only a vague idea as to the position of the Silent City.

Tom Rackett obtains many wonderful and interesting films en route. Later it is discovered through Wonga, the chimpanzee, that a rival film company is making for the Silent City.

One night the party march into the village of a savage tribe, and there meet a "magic man," who turns out to be an Englishman, Dr. Harland. He is masquerading in this way to save himself from certain death at the savages' hands. The next morning Rackett takes a film which shows Wonga killing a savage who was about to expose them, and that evening the film is to be shown to the tribe to display the white man's magic.

(Now read on.)

fully he reached the top, and felt along the face for the stone.

Now he had grasped it. But he could not dislodge it. He pulled and pushed, but it remained firm. Then suddenly he gave a twist and a screw, and the stone fell into his hand.

Every moment the boys were in fear of discovery. For a few seconds Dick stood with the stone in his hand, listening intently for any sound. But everything was deadly still.

It did not take him a moment to slip to the ground again, where Larry and Mike, crouching on their stomachs in the darkness, anxiously awaited him.

"I've got the stone!" he whispered. "We'd better get back as quickly as we can."

Once more they crawled silently along the ground, pausing every now and again to listen. At last they thought it safe to cut and run for it.

Then, just as they rose to their feet, a long, wailing cry came from behind them. They knew the loss of the stone had been discovered, and they took to their heels and ran.

When they reached the camp Mr. Sherwell and Dr. Harland were the first to see them.

Dick showed him the stone, and Mr. Sherwell pronounced it to be of fabulous worth, which Dr. Harland corroborated.

"It was too adventurous of you, boys, to attempt to get the stone," said Mr. Sherwell. "It's a mercy you are not killed, and— Hark!" he broke off. "What's that?"

A low murmur from the direction of the village came to them across the still night air.

"They have discovered the loss of the stone!" cried Dr. Harland. "Not an instant must be lost! We must strike camp at once!"

Everything was ready. Mr. Sherwell gave the signal, and in the darkness, terrified of pursuit, the expedition began to move again.

Approaching nearer and nearer were the now distinctly savage cries and groans of the natives.

Would there be time to escape from the cruel vengeance of these merciless savages?

"There's not a moment to lose," said Dr. Harland. "Make for the river at once!"

Mr. Sherwell rushed to the head of the party and hurried his orders to Tom Rackett, who was entrusted with getting their effects safely across the fragile native bridge. Quambo, already seated on Augustus' back, gave a hand in turn to each of the three boys. The splendid elephant was to bring up the rear.

Meanwhile, the shouts increased in fierceness, but Mr. Sherwell and Dr. Harland urged the party forward to such good effect that before the natives actually appeared everyone, save Augustus, was safely on the other side.

"Come along, lads!" shouted Mr. Sherwell. "Get a move on you, Augustus!"

Augustus' dignity was not to be ruffled by howling natives, however. He splashed majestically through the river, and when he had reached the further bank calmly turned, caught the frail bridge with his powerful trunk, and hurled the pieces far and wide. Then he trumpeted with satisfaction, and moved on after the party.

By the time the sun rose they had left the scene of their last adventures far behind them. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when a sudden gloom came on the forest, and the air grew silent and still.

"What's happening?" shouted Dick. "Is this an eclipse of the sun?"

"No," answered Dr. Harland, who was walking in front. "It is a storm coming. Mr. Sherwell, you had better get things snugged away right where we are. I know these tornadoes of old; nothing is safe from their fury."

Seizing his megaphone, Mr. Sherwell shouted out his orders, and immediately all hands set to work piling up the baggage and lashing the cases together. But there was something in the air which frightened Augustus. He shifted uneasily, and continually raised his trunk high in the air to sniff the breeze.

It came like a clap of thunder.

One moment Tom Rackett and Mr. Sherwell were talking together, the next instant they were caught up bodily and hurled yards apart. Tubby Bouncer was flattened against a great packing-case like a rubber ball. Tung Wu's blue tunic was torn from his belt and wrapped round his head with a tightness which almost strangled him.



Augustus reached the further bank, calmly turned, caught the frail bridge with his powerful trunk, and hurled the pieces far and wide. (See this page.)

It came with a crash!

Trees were uprooted and tossed carelessly to one side. The air was full of branches and undergrowth torn from the ground and flying before the whirlwind like straws before a summer breeze.

As for Augustus, he gave one terrified shriek and stampeded, with Quambo, the three boys, and Wonga clinging to the harness on his back as best they could.

It was like some awful nightmare race. Speech was impossible, the boys could only look at one another in silence as they crashed through the jungle, amid the whirl of broken branches, the groaning of mighty trees, and the shriek of the tornado as it sped on its mission of dire destruction.

Crash, crash, crash!

Nothing stopped the terrified elephant in its mad stampede. Through jungle, across streams and brooks, beneath tottering forest giants uprooted in the storm—he sped without a thought of those clinging to his back.

Then it stopped!

As suddenly as it had started the tor-

nado died down, giving place to an eerie calm which seemed at first unreal.

"By gum!" gasped Dick. "That was pretty stiff! I wonder where Augustus has brought us?"

The elephant stopped its mad flight, and they all slid to the ground. They were on the banks of a fairly broad stream, on a patch of grass now covered with broken branches and other litter of the tornado.

"How are we going to get back?" said Larry. "You have fairly gone and done it this time, Augustus!"

"I don't even know which way we came," said Dick. "Do you know, Quambo?"

The negro shook his head.

"Me too frightened to look, Massa Dick," he said.

"Can't one of us go and find the party, and tell Mr. Sherwell we're lost?" said Mike, in all earnestness.

The roar of laughter which followed

did them all good. Even Wonga felt better, and did a few cartwheels to show that life still had some hopes for him.

"We must have come miles," said Dick. "Old Augustus ran like a hare, and it seemed to me we were holding on for hours."

At this moment Wonga, who had gone frisking off into the bushes close by, suddenly rushed towards them with a terrifying howl. Like a streak of lightning he caught Augustus' tail and clambered on to his back. The next moment there was a rustling in the bushes, a prodigious hiss, and an enormous snake shot out.

At the sight of the boys it stopped abruptly, and coiled itself into a golden, writhing, hissing mass, its wicked head making feints hither and thither as though uncertain where to strike.

"Quick!" shouted Dick. "Let's run in opposite directions! I will see if I can shoot him with my revolver!"

But it is no easy matter to shoot an angry snake. Dick blazed away a few

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 633.

shots, but missed each time. Suddenly Quambo caught his arm.

"Wait, Massa Dick!" he cried. "Watch Augustus; he do de trick!"

The snake was too occupied with his human enemies to think of the elephant. Just as he was about to make a lunge forward with that wicked head of his Augustus caught him by the throat, whirled him high in the air, and lashed him down on the ground as though he had been a piece of rope. Then, to make sure of his work, the elephant brought his massive foot on the snake's head, and crushed it flat, as though it had been an eggshell.

"Bravo!" shouted the boys. "Augustus,

you are making up for the harm you have done!"

"By gum," said Dick, "that was a narrow squeak! That snake must be fifteen feet long, if he's an inch!"

"Give me Ould Ireland!" remarked Mike. "There aren't no sarpiants in that blessed isle!"

At this moment, Wonga, chattering with anger and fear, swarmed down Augustus' trunk, and joined the group. He looked at Quambo and looked at Dick, and then pointed to his throat in a manner not to be mistaken.

The boys laughed.

"It is all very well to be hungry, old chap!" said Larry. "But we haven't got

any rations with us. I suppose we shall have to bivouac here, Dick, sha'n't we? It'll be no good trying to find the rest of the party before sunset. It'll be dark soon."

"What about them snakes?" said Mike. "I think I'll fix myself up for the night on Augustus' back."

"A bit rough on Augustus!" remarked Dick. "Hallo, Wonga, where are you off to?"

The chimpanzee looked over his shoulder, and grinned. Then he disappeared amongst the trees. In a few moments they heard a loud squealing and the sound of much chattering from Wonga.

The Greatest Sporting Story Ever Written!
A Famous Author's Masterpiece—

RODNEY STONE!



BY
SIR ARTHUR
CONAN DOYLE

IN THE NICK OF TIME! It wanted but twenty seconds to the hour, when there was a sudden swirl in the crowd, a shout, and high up in the air there spun an old black hat, floating over the heads of the ring-siders and flickering down within the ropes. "I rather fancy," said Sir Charles calmly, "that this must be my man!"

IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF
"THE BOYS' FRIEND."

Now on Sale Everywhere!

Price Three-Halfpence.

"He's got himself into trouble again," said Dick, running towards the scene of the disturbance. "What is the matter, you little wretch?"

Very proudly Wonga emerged from the leaves. By its long tail he held a small tree-monkey, such as the natives of that part commonly use for food. However cannibalistic it may appear, Wonga knew a tasty morsel when he saw it, and it had not taken him long to strangle the little creature and carry it to his friends.

Quambo gave a shout of delight. None of the boys had ever eaten monkey, but they were feeling distinctly peckish, so before very long a fire had been lighted, and Quambo made a tripod of three short branches, and, having skinned their dinner, set to work cooking it. The three boys hung round the fire and discussed plans for finding their friends as soon as could be. And so night fell on them, alone, and surrounded with all kinds of unknown horrors.

As they took turn and turn about at keeping the night watch, the boys discussed plans for finding Mr. Sherwell and the rest of the company. They proposed to retrace their footsteps by the way they had come, for their tracks would be easily discernible in daylight by broken trees and bushes which Augustus had tramped down in his stampede.

"Quambo fin' em, Massa Dick," said the negro; "hab no fear ob dat! Leabe it to Quambo and Augustus, and you'll

see it'll not be berry long before we find Massa Sherwell!"

So they talked around the camp-fire, which was kept blazing away merrily by Quambo and Augustus, who tore down great branches from the neighbouring trees, and brought them to the fire, and the negro and Larry chopped them up.

The night passed uneventfully. They were all up at dawn, finished the remains of the previous evening's repast, and by sunrise were carefully retracing their steps through the jungle. It was not so easy as they thought to find the exact path through which Augustus had torn his way, as many trees and shrubs had been rooted up by the tornado, so it was difficult to determine always which was their proper direction. Finally, they left it to Augustus and his unerring instinct, which, as the party learnt later, was quite correct.

They had been travelling very slowly about a mile or two when Augustus suddenly stopped, swayed his great head to and fro, and waved his trunk in the air.

There was something he had scented which the others had neither heard nor seen.

"Now den, Augustus!" cried Quambo. "What am de matter?"

And Quambo did his best to urge him forward; but still the great brute remained where he was.

"Hark!" cried Dick suddenly. "What's that?"

All strained their ears to catch any sound.

"Hush!" whispered Larry presently, as he saw Mike about to make a remark. "There it is again!"

This time there was borne on the still air a distinct cry for help. But it seemed a long way off.

"Bejabers!" said Mike. "It's someone shouting!"

"P'raps it's one of our party," put in Larry.

"Come on, Quambo!" said Dick. "We've got to find them, whoever they are. Now then, Augustus," he added, giving the elephant the sign that he was to trumpet, "let 'em know there's help coming!"

The great brute instantly answered to the request, and trumpeted with tremendous vigour, till the whole forest seemed to resound with the noise.

"That'll let 'em know there's an elephant here, which they'll be quick to realise means a party of some sort, for everyone knows there are no elephants in this part of the world," put in Larry.

Once more, when Augustus was silent, the faint cry for help came to them. Dick, Larry, Mike, and Quambo gave a simultaneous "Hallo!" and then Augustus lifted them, one by one, to the ground, and all cautiously proceeded.

(Another grand instalment of this splendid serial next week. Make sure of your copy by ordering EARLY.)

Don't Wear a Truss.

Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably, and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.
(1830A) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.



ARE YOU SHORT?

If so, let the Givran System help you to increase your height. Mr. Jones has had an increase of 4 inches; Driver E. F. Courtney, Mr. Ratcliffe 4 inches; Miss Darnley 3 inches; Mr. Lendon 3 inches; Mr. Kettle 2 inches; Miss Lovell 4 inches. This system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, physique, and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars and £100 Guarantee to Enquiry Dept., P., 17, Strand Green, E.C.4, London, N.4.



1/-



The Musical Submarine

Plays any tune and requires no learning. Imitates anything from a Mouth-Organ. Most successful effect in home, hall, or open air. Accompaniments, Brass Band Imitations, Chorus Playing. Thousands sent to France during the War. Just the thing for Football and Holiday Camps. Get One Now!

H. ORME & Co., Ltd., 93, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

NERVOUSNESS BASHFUL FOLK.

For those unfortunate people afflicted with self-consciousness, nervousness, if you bluish and feel awkward and ill-at-ease in the presence of strangers, then your Nervous System needs to be regulated and controlled. My simple, convenient, and private treatment will restore your mental vigour, give you nerve power, a self-confidence, and thus brighten your whole outlook on the world. My System is Guaranteed to cure you permanently of Blush, Timidity, Nerve and Heart Weakness, Insomnia, etc. Write day for full particulars, free, if you mention MAGNET. Address: Specialist, 12, All Saints Road, St. Annes-on-Sea.

That's an Aero-Special

Patent Back Hub

The Aero-Special hubs are built of cold-rolled steel of great toughness, while the bearings are of first grade high-carbon tool steel.



This is one of the many important constructional details embodied in the making of Britain's Best Bicycle.

New Editions Illustrated Art Catalogue and "Book of the Bicycle" post free from:

Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd.
(Dept. 392), COVENTRY

London Depot:
230 Tottenham Court Road (Oxford Street end), W.1

Rudge-Whitworth
Britain's Best Bicycle

"CURLY HAIR!" "My bristles were made curly in a few days," writes R. Welch. "CURLIT" curls straightest hair. 1/3, 2/6. (Std. stamps accepted.)—SUMMERS (Dept. A. P.), 81, UPPER RUSSELL STREET, BRIGHTON.

VENTRILOQUISM. Learn this laughable and wonderful art. Failure impossible with our book of easy instructions and amusing dialogues; also 50 Magic Card Tricks (with instructions). Lot 1/- P.O. (post free).—IDEAL PUBLISHING CO., Clevedon.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS BE SURE AND MENTION THIS PAPER.

WATCH THE GROWTH OF YOUR HAIR.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" Lengthens, Strengthens and Beautifies

TEST IT YOURSELF FREE TO-DAY

THIS world-famous growth-promoting hair tonic and food needs no further recommendation than to state that its adoption by millions of men and women in all walks of life continues to receive enthusiastic endorsement.

Have you tried "Harlene Hair-Drill"? If not, you should lose no time in writing for a Free Trial Outfit, which will last you seven days and prove to you the unique benefits to be derived from this splendid toilet exercise.

NO EXCUSE FOR UNHEALTHY, UNLOVELY HAIR.

If you have not the hair that is healthy, radiant and luxuriant, hair that is free from unhealthy accumulations, hair that defies Father Time, hair that glints and glistens in the sun, try "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day free of cost to you, except the small expenditure of 4d. on stamps to defray cost of postage and packing on your free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit. (See Coupon below.)

THIS GIFT PARCEL COMPRISES:

1. A bottle of the unrivalled hair food and hair tonic, "Harlene-for-the-Hair."
2. A "Cremex" Shampoo Powder to cleanse the scalp and hair and prepare them both for "Harlene Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the hair the sheen and softness of silk.



When your hair is attacked by scurf, dryness, over-greyness, and begins to fall out and become brittle, thin, and weak, it needs the beneficial treatment of "Harlene Hair-Drill" to give it health and strength to the impoverished hair roots. Send for a free trial outfit.

4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Men, too, find that "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dryness, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise the refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair-health and beauty.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" will banish and prevent the return of all hair ailments, and you can prove this free, as so many others have already done. Make up your mind to accept this free offer at once—to-day.

WRITE FOR A FREE TRIAL OUTFIT.

After a Free trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of seven (single packets 2d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL" GIFT OUTFIT COUPON.

Detach and post to **EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.**

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel to my address. *Magnet, 27.3.20.*

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

HEIGHT INCREASED IN 30 DAYS 5/- Complete Course.

No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Full particulars and Testimonials 1d. stamp.—Melvin Strong, Ltd. (Dept. S.), 24, Southwark St., S.E.



Buy your Boots

Overcoats, Shoes, Suits, Raincoats, Trench Coats, Costumes, and Winter Coats, Silver & Gold Pocket and Wrist Watches, Rings, Jewellery, &c., on easy terms. 30/- worth 5/- monthly; 60/- worth 10/- monthly; &c. CATALOGUE FREE. Foreign applications invited. **MASTERS, Ltd., 6, Hope Stores, RYE. Estd. 1869.**

80 MAGIC TRICKS, Illusions, etc., with Illustrations and Instructions. The lot post free, 1/-.—**T. W. HARRISON, 239, Pentonville Road, London, N. 1.**



15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Packed FREE Carriage PAID. Direct from Works. **LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.** Immediate delivery. Tyres and Accessories at Half Shop Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. **GREAT CLEARANCE SALE** of Second-Hand Cycles. Thousands of Government Cycles—B.S.A., HUMBER, RALEIGH, ROVER, TRIUMPH, SWIFT, etc., many as good as new—all ready for riding. No reasonable offer refused. Write for Free List and Special Offer.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Incorp'd. Dept. 130G. BIRMINGHAM.

PHOTO POSTCARDS, 1/3 doz., 12 by 10 ENLARGEMENTS, 8d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL. CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE. **HACKETT'S JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.**

CUT THIS OUT

"The Magnet." PEN COUPON Value 2d.

Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C. 4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 13 coupons and only 3/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet pen to the **MAGNET** readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. **Special Safety Model, 2/- extra.**

MOUTH ORGANS BEATEN



All the latest tunes can be played on the Chellophone. The only Pocket Instrument on which tunes can be correctly played in any key. Soldiers and Sailors love it. "Knocks in German mouth organ into a pocket hat." Post free 1/6 each; better quality; with Silver fittings, 2/6, from the maker.

R. FIELD (Dept. 33), Hall Avenue, HUDDERSFIELD.

STRENGTHEN YOUR NERVES. Nervousness deprives you of employment, pleasures, and many advantages in life. If you wish to prosper and enjoy life, strengthen your Nerves, and regain confidence in yourself by using the **Mor-Nerve Strengthening Treatment**. Used by Vice-Admiral to Seaman, Colonel to Private, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s, M.M.'s, and D.C.M.'s. Merely send 3 penny stamps for particulars.—**GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, T. Idgate Circus, London, E.**

Boys, be Your Own Printers and make extra pocket-money by using THE PETIT "PLEX" DUPLICATOR.



Makes pleasing numerous copies of NOTE-PAPER HEADINGS, BUSINESS CARDS, SPORTS FIXTURE CARDS, SCORING CARDS, PLANS, SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS, DRAWINGS, MAPS, MUSIC, SHORT-HAND, PROGRAMMES, NOTICES, etc., in a variety of pretty colours. Send for one TO-DAY. Price 6/6 complete with all supplies. Foreign orders, 1/6 extra.—

B. PODMORE & Co., Desk M.T., Southport. And at 67-69, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT SEVERAL INCHES without appliances 7/6 Ross System never fails. Price 7/6 complete. Particulars 1½d. stamp. **P. ROSS, 16, LANGDALE ROAD, SCARBOROUGH.**

BOXING GLOVES per set of four, 8/6. (Lace up palm, 13/6.) Tan Cape, Best, 16/6. Footballs, match, 12/6 and 14/6. Punch-Balls, 15/- and 17/6. Money returned if not satisfied. Postage, 4d. on all.—**TOM CARPENTER, The World's Champion Bull-Puncher, 69, Morecambe Street, Walsworth, S.E. 17.**