

THE PAPER FOR THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS!



The Magnet Library

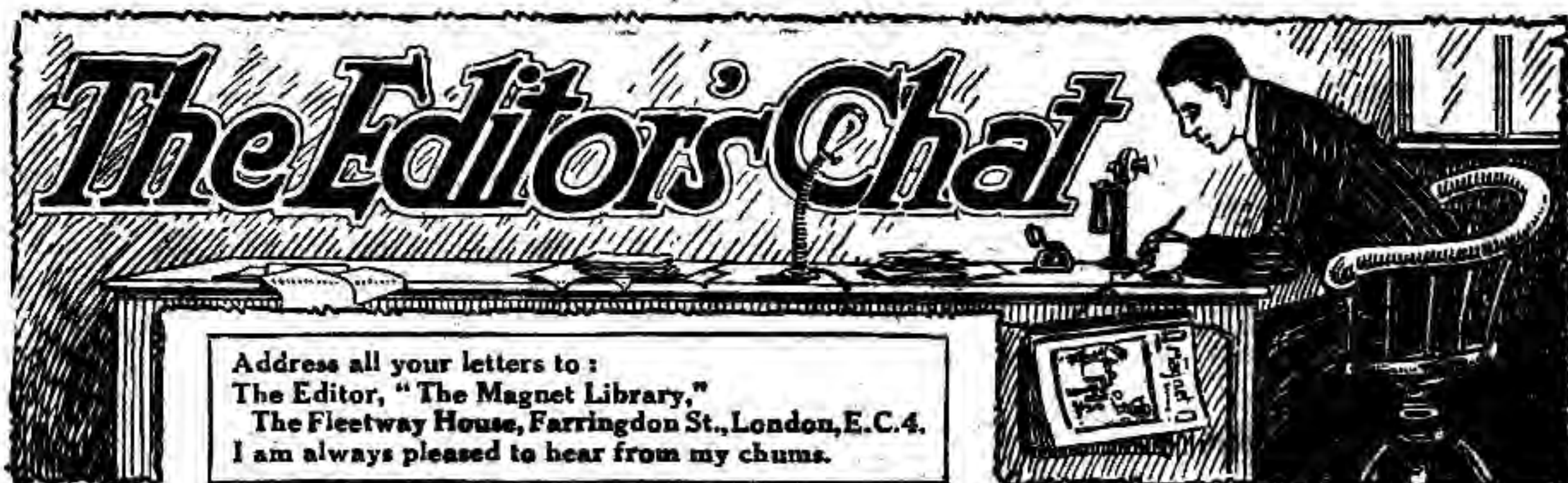


1¹⁰/₁₂

No. 701. Vol. XVIII. "BILLY BUNTER'S LUCK!" July 16th, 1921.



BILLY BUNTER ENTERTAINS HIS FRIENDS AT THE ELYSIAN CAFE!
(One of the many surprises in the long complete tale in this issue.)



Address all your letters to:
The Editor, "The Magnet Library,"
The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.
I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

A GRAND NUMBER

will make its appearance on Monday next. To begin with, there will be a magnificent, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled

"THE SKIPPER'S BAT!"

By Frank Richards.

The talented author has excelled himself with a vengeance in this splendid cricketing story, which deals with a new brand of cricket-bats that make their appearance on the market. Wingate is the first to purchase one of these magic bats, and his magnificent performance in a special match causes everybody at the school to want one. Skinner & Co. are specially attracted for a reason I will not reveal here, as it would spoil the story for you. Loder & Co. also see a way of getting even with Wingate. They nearly do it, but—that's the story. Get next week's issue and you will read all about

"THE SKIPPER'S BAT!"

the finest yarn of Greyfriars I have given my chums for many a long day.

THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD" SUPPLEMENT.

There will also be another four-page supplement, in which there are a host of contributions from the Greyfriars fellows. Harry Wharton tells me that it will be an extra-special "japing" number, and from that we may expect something really fine. Tom Brown, as usual, has written another "helpful" article, entitled, "The Complete Japer!" and Bob Cherry comes up to the scratch with a piece of poetry, "The Prince of Japers!" This is quite a new line of Bob's, but you will find that he is just as good a poet as a fighter, and that's saying something, indeed.

CAMPING OUT.

I have received many letters from my chums, thanking me for the splendid camping-out articles which have been appearing in the MAGNET. "There is nothing on earth like camping out. I have longed to do it before, but have not known the way to proceed, but now I can go right ahead, for your grand articles by 'An Old Hand' have told me how." This is an extract from one of the many letters, and I must certainly agree with my chum when he says "there is nothing like a real good camp." If you are troubled as to how to make a tent, light fires, or do anything in the camping line, write to me, and I will do my best to help you out.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 701.

THE "POPULAR."

When you have finished reading the MAGNET, lend it to a friend who is not a reader, then put in your order for the "Popular," which appears on Friday. In this week's issue of our splendid Companion Paper there will be a long complete tale of the early schooldays of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars, and of Jimmy Silver & Co., the Rookwood juniors. Here are two school tales which I am sure you will all like reading. Besides this, there will be the weekly "Poplets" Competition, in which my chums have a splendid chance of winning five shillings, and all that is needed is one sentence. If you could do with a little more pocket-money, I advise you to try your hand at "Poplets."

G. L. JESSOP.



The famous cricket amateur, and author of the great new sporting story: "Fighting Jack Cressley!" which appears in this week's issue of THE BOYS' FRIEND. On sale everywhere. Price Three-halfpence.

Winning one prize is no bar to your winning another, as any of the readers will tell you.

Another great feature is

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!"

a four-page supplement edited by William George Bunter, the fat junior of Greyfriars, and assisted by his four fat subs. This feature has been running for several months now, and is a great success. Every letter I receive from my loyal readers praises this little Weekly, and tells me that there is nothing like it on the market for funniness. You can guess Billy Bunter's ideas of editing a paper are both weird and wonderful, and the articles and stories which will appear in next week's number will send you

into roars of laughter. It is a treat too good to miss, so I advise you to go straight to your newsagent and tell him to send it round first thing on Friday morning when he comes with your newspapers.

Correspondence.

J. Volker, 16, Hereford Road, W. 2, London, wishes to hear from readers in China or Japan.

H. Singleton, Green Lane P.O., Green Lane, Auckland, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, especially with those interested in stamp-collecting.

Arthur H. Uden, Hedgerly Park Stables, Stoke Poges, Bucks, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, 14-17.

Miss Ivy Marlow, 164, Replingham Road, Southfields, London, S.W. 18, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, 14-16.

G. Butler, 20, Britannia Row, London, N. 1, would like to correspond with cricket enthusiasts who are readers of the companion papers. This correspondent would put G. L. Jessop first in the list of great cricketers. He played the game as it should be played, and it is a pity there are not more like him. S. M. J. Woods, Somerset, ranks second.

Frederick Eld, 22, Brighton Grove, Rusholme, Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 18-21.

B. J. Harrison, Ingleside, Peterborough Road, Leyton, E. 10, would like to hear from readers with a view to starting an amateur magazine.

S. Carter, 15, Jamieson Street, Cape Town, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. Subjects, picture postcards and sports.

Charles Chapman, 368, Pietermaritzburg Street, Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa, would like to hear from readers in England, Australia, and Canada.

George W. Smith, care of G.P.O., Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Ernest W. Ashton, 8-139, Sherborne Street, Ladywood, Birmingham, wishes to hear from readers of the companion papers, ages 16-17.

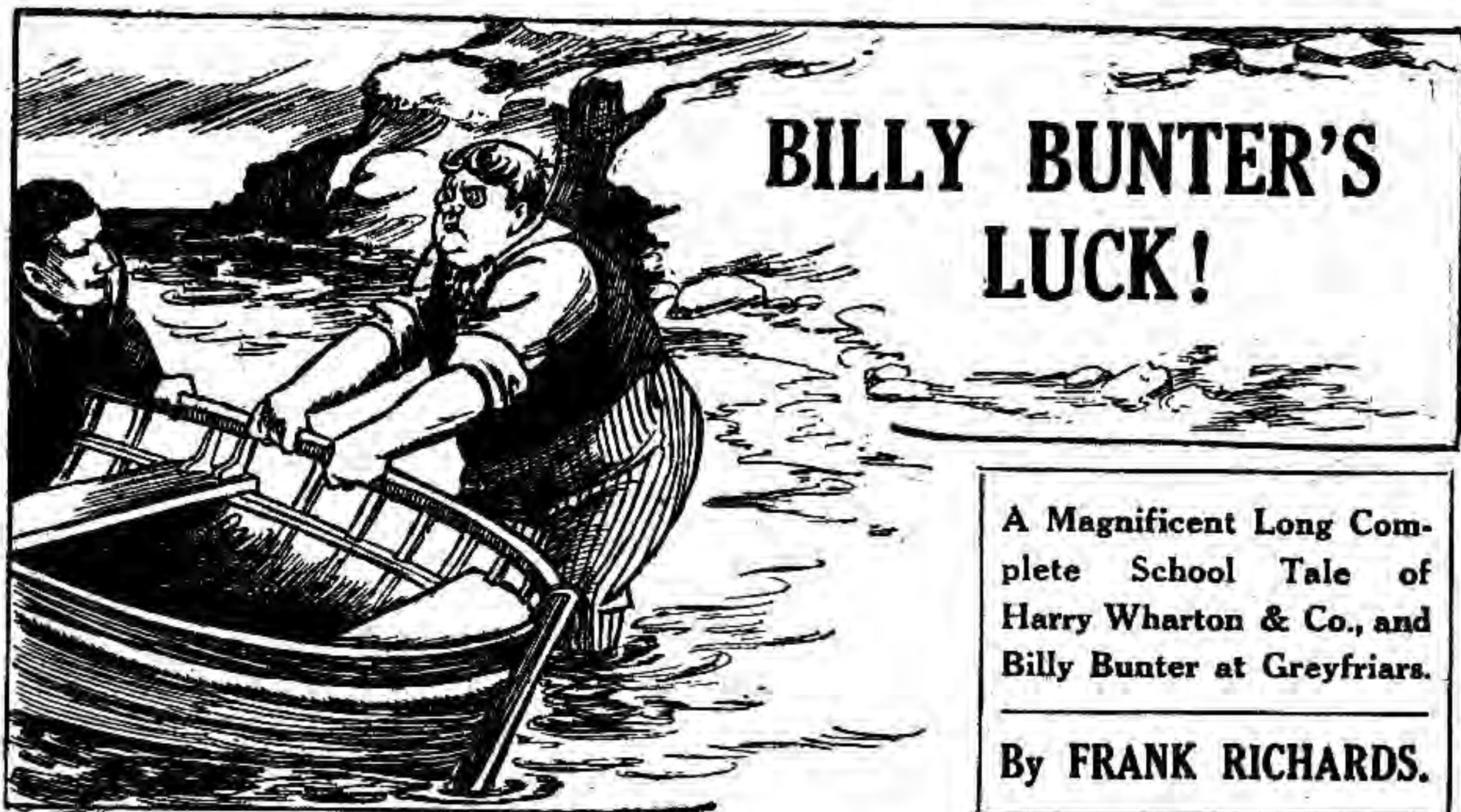
P. L. Reed, 68, Sprules Road, Brockley, London, S.E. 4, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, interested in art.

Wilfred Sim, 25, Temple View Place, East Park Road, Leeds, wishes to hear from readers interested in stamp collecting.

George Barwood, 41, Eldred Road, Barking, E., who is learning French, wishes to hear from a French boy who is learning English, with a view to mutual improvement.

Miss S. Oliver, 43a, Myddleton Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C., wishes to correspond with readers, 17 and upwards.

Your Editor.



BILLY BUNTER'S LUCK!

A Magnificent Long Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co., and Billy Bunter at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Reward of Valour!

"MY luck's dead out!" Billy Bunter uttered the words almost savagely.

It was a half-holiday, and the Owl of the Remove had set out on a treasure-hunting expedition.

For upwards of two hours he had explored the old smugglers' caves on the coast, but he had explored them in vain.

All that Billy Bunter had found was a broken clay-pipe and a cake of ship's tobacco. These he cast indignantly into the sea. When Billy had set out from Greyfriars that afternoon he had had fond dreams of discovering an old oak chest containing doubloons, pieces-of-eight, and so forth. He had left Greyfriars a pauper; he expected to return to it a millionaire. He had boasted to Harry Wharton & Co. that he knew of a cave in which vast treasure was concealed; and he added that within a few hours he would be rich beyond the dreams of avarice!

The treasure, however, did not exist at all, save in Billy Bunter's fertile imagination.

The fat junior had ransacked cave after cave, and groped his way through numerous winding tunnels, but he had failed to find a single clue which was likely to lead to the discovery of treasure-trove.

"My luck's dead out!" repeated Billy Bunter, as he rolled disconsolately along the seashore. "I suppose I'd better be getting back to Greyfriars, or I shall be late for tea. Hallo! What's that?"

Faintly to the fat junior's ears came a cry for help.

Billy Bunter halted, and gazed out to sea.

A strong gale had sprung up, and the roar of the waves was angry and menacing.

Beyond these facts, Billy Bunter noticed nothing for the moment. And then the cry was repeated:

"Help! Help!"

Billy Bunter stood rooted to the ground. His lips parted in alarm. He had been too short-sighted at first to see what was amiss, but now he saw a man, about twenty yards out, struggling

in the water. Not far away a rowing-boat was being tossed to and fro like a cockle-shell by the angry waves.

"Oh, my hat!" muttered Billy Bunter.

The man in the water was struggling frantically to gain the shore. He was a good swimmer, but the condition of the sea was such that it was almost impossible to make progress.

Once the man's head disappeared beneath the surface, and Billy Bunter's heart almost ceased to beat.

The head soon bobbed up again, however, and the white face of the swimmer was turned towards the Greyfriars junior.

"Help! Don't stand there looking on! Can't you see I'm in danger?"

Billy Bunter did not budge. He was not of the stuff of which heroes are made. The idea of risking his life for another didn't appeal to Bunter at all. He remained where he was, blinking in dismay at the man who was struggling in the water. He wanted to turn and flee, but a fearful fascination rooted him to the spot.

The swimmer was nearly exhausted by now, but after a desperate struggle he managed to clutch the side of the boat and draw himself up into it. It was a perilous manoeuvre, but the man succeeded in boarding the boat.

One of the oars had been swept away at the time that the boat had capsized. Picking up the remaining oar, the man struck out desperately for the shore.

It was a race against time, for the vessel had shipped a lot of water, and was a mere plaything at the mercy of the breakers.

As soon as the boat got into shallow water, with only a few more yards to go, Billy Bunter became suddenly brave.

"Hold on!" he yelled. "I'm coming!"

And then, whipping off his coat and removing his boots, the fat junior waded into the water, and grasped the boat as it grated on to the rocky shore.

A mighty heave on the part of Billy Bunter, and the boat was safe and sound on terra-firma.

The occupant of the vessel remained where he was for a few moments, pumping in breath. He was a tall, well-built man,

but the expression on his face was sly and furtive. He was extremely well dressed, though his clothes were drenched by contact with the waves.

"There you are!" said Billy Bunter triumphantly. "I've saved your life!"

The man glared.

"If it hadn't been for my wonderful gallantry and presence of mind," Billy Bunter went on, "you would have been food for fishes!"

"Br-r-r!" growled the stranger whom Billy Bunter had "rescued."

"You don't seem very pleased about it," said the fat junior peevishly. "Anyone else would have fallen on my neck by this time. I've risked my life for yours, you know! I've saved you from a grave water—I mean, a watery grave!"

Snort!

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Bunter.

Another snort, more emphatic than before.

"The very least you can do is to give me a handsome reward!" said the Owl of the Remove. "You seem to be a wealthy sort of merchant. What do you value your life at? Fifty quid? If so, I'll have it in notes!"

The stranger stepped out of the boat. There was an almost homicidal expression on his face, as if he would strike Billy Bunter to the ground.

The fat junior backed away in alarm.

"I—I say——" he began feebly.

And then, to Billy Bunter's intense relief, the fierce look vanished from the stranger's face, and a curious grin took its place.

"So you expect a reward, do you, for pulling my boat in?"

"No, not for pulling your boat in. For saving your life!"

"Cut it out! Well, what sort of a reward do you think you're entitled to?"

Billy Bunter replied without a second's hesitation.

"A large sum of money!" he said.

The stranger seemed to ponder over this for a moment.

"If I gave you five hundred pounds, would you be satisfied?" he asked, at length.

Billy Bunter nearly fell down.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 701.

Five hundred pounds! The mere mention of such a sum fairly took his breath away.

Of course, the man must be joking. And yet he seemed perfectly serious. Perhaps he was a man of substance; possibly a millionaire! If the cut of his clothes and his diamond tiepin were any criterion, he must be a very wealthy man.

"You don't seem in a hurry to answer, kid," said the stranger. "Matter of fact, I'm not prepared to go higher than five hundred, so you'd better close with my offer. Now, what do you say? Shall we make it five hundred pounds?"

Billy Bunter gave a gasp.

"You—you're joking!" he stammered.

"Not a bit of it. I value my life at considerably more than five hundred pounds, I can tell you. But you're only a kid, who doesn't realise the value of money. So, as I say, I don't feel disposed to go beyond five hundred."

"You—you'll give me five hundred pounds?" exclaimed Billy Bunter incredulously.

"Certainly!"

"Here and now?"

"Of course not, you young idiot! You don't suppose I'm in the habit of carrying such a sum on my person? But I'll obtain the money, meet you here at a given time this evening, and hand it over. How will that suit you?"

Billy Bunter looked doubtful. He remembered the old adage that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. He would rather have received five pounds in cash at that moment than a mere promise of five hundred.

"Oh, you needn't look like that!" said the stranger, interpreting Billy Bunter's thoughts. "You'll get your money all serene. I shan't run away."

"Who—who are you?" asked the fat junior.

"Never mind who I am. It's sufficient for you to know that I'm a wealthy man, and, moreover, a man of my word. I never break a promise. I have undertaken to give you five hundred pounds as a reward for your—er—great gallantry, and the money will be yours! Will you meet me here at this spot at seven o'clock?"

"Yes, rather!" said Billy Bunter.

He was feeling more confident now. After all, to a man of immense wealth, as this stranger appeared to be, five hundred pounds was a mere bagatelle.

"Right you are, kid! At seven o'clock precisely you'll find me here with the cash!"

So saying, the stranger nodded to Billy Bunter, and turned on his heel. He grinned as he squelched away in his soaking garments. But Bunter failed to notice the grin. He was too absorbed in contemplation of the wonderful things he would do when he was in possession of five hundred pounds!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Doubting Thomases!

BILLY BUNTER went back to Greyfriars walking on air.

He could scarcely credit his amazing good fortune.

His treasure-hunting expedition had proved a failure in one sense, but not in another. He had saved the life of a wealthy stranger, and he was to be handsomely rewarded.

Billy Bunter was in such good spirits that he burst into song as he trudged along the road. He scarcely knew what he was singing, but the words "five hundred pounds" kept recurring in his refrain.

The Famous Five of the Remove were
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 701.

standing in the school gateway, chatting with Vernon-Smith and Peter Todd, when Billy Bunter came rolling in.

The juniors looked up in some astonishment at Bunter's beaming face, which resembled a full moon.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Discovered the buried treasure, porpoise?"

"Nunno. But I'm the wealthiest fellow in the Remove—at least, I shall be this evening!"

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at their plump schoolfellow in amazement.

"You don't mean to say that your postal-order's arriving at last?" stutted Frank Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent! My postal-order's on the way, but it isn't on that account that I'm going to be wealthy. The fact is, I saved a millionaire's life this afternoon—"

"What!" shouted the juniors, in chorus.

"His boat capsized about half a mile out at sea," explained Bunter. "The odds were a million to one that he would be drowned, but I swam gallantly to the rescue."

"You don't seem to have got very wet in the process," chuckled Vernon-Smith. "Your bags are wet up to the knees, and that's all."

"Ahem! I took everything off except my bags," said Bunter.

"And then swam out a distance of half a mile, and rescued a giddy millionaire!" said Peter Todd. "Well, I've heard some tall stories in my time, but Bunter's latest yarn is the limit!"

Billy Bunter glared wrathfully at the juniors.

"I can see that you don't believe me—" he began.

"Quite right," said Bob Cherry. "We don't!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you'll believe me this evening, when I come staggering in at these gates with five hundred quid."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Stow it, Bunter!" growled Harry Wharton. "It wouldn't be so bad if you made your fairy-tales a bit more feasible. They might be believed then."

"Oh, really, Wharton! This isn't a fairy-tale. It's a fact."

Johnny Bull gave a snort.

"I don't know what you take us for," he said. "Even the most gullible duffer in the school isn't going to believe that you swam out to sea and rescued a millionaire, and that you're going to get five hundred quid for the job. You'll have to curb that vivid imagination of yours, or you'll be getting a jolly good bumping!"

Billy Bunter flourished a fat fist at the unbelievers.

"You beasts never believe a word I say!" he exclaimed.

"Of course we don't!" said Nugent. "You never tell the truth, except by accident."

"That's just the beastly sort of thing you would say, Nugent. You never give a fellow credit for anything."

"Franky's like Mrs. Mimble, at the tuckshop," said Bob Cherry. "She's another person who never gives Bunter credit."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How did you happen to get your trousers wet, porpoise?" asked Peter Todd.

"Haven't I just been telling you?" roared Bunter. "They got wet through swimming out to the rescue."

"But I thought it was you who swam out to the rescue—not your trousers!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dry up, you cackling idiots!" hooted

Bunter. "It's all very well for you to laugh, but there isn't a fellow among you who would have the pluck to do what I did this afternoon. I was strolling along the shore, when I happened to hear a cry for help—"

"Must have been a pretty powerful cry, for you to hear it half a mile away," said Nugent. "But go on!"

"Gazing out towards the skyline," continued Billy Bunter, warming to his subject, "I saw that a rowing-boat had turned turtle, and that a man was struggling in the water. He had already been under twice, and I realised that prompt action was necessary. Whipping off my boots and kicking off my coat and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I plunged into the angry surf, and struck out with all my might towards the scene of the calamity. The millionaire was just going under for the last time when I collared him. Gripping him round the waist, I said, 'It's quite all right, old chap. Don't struggle, and I'll have you out of this in a chaise of brakes—I mean, a brace of shakes.'"

There was a further peal of laughter from Harry Wharton & Co. Billy Bunter's narrative, though far from truthful, was certainly highly diverting.

"The millionaire was in such a state of panic," Bunter went on, "that he kept on struggling. He tried to get me by the throat, so there was only one thing to be done, and I did it. I gave him a knock on the head, which rendered him unconscious."

"And he's going to reward you with five hundred quid for bashing him on the head?" said Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Bull! You're always interrupting. Don't you know it's bad manners? As I was saying, I rendered the millionaire unconscious, and then swam with him to the shore."

"Did you sling him over your shoulder, or slip him into your trousers-pocket?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I towed him in the up-to-date life-saving manner," said Billy Bunter, with dignity. "I laid him down on the sands, and as soon as he came round he gripped me by the hand, and murmured, 'You have saved my life, my brave lad! Your gallantry shall not pass unrewarded. I am a millionaire, and you shall have half my estate.'"

"And what did you say?" inquired Nugent, with a grin.

"I told him it was awfully kind of him, and all that, but I didn't want to make capital out of the affair. I pointed out that five hundred quid would be quite sufficient."

"Only five hundred?" said Bob Cherry. "Why, that's hardly sufficient to stand you a square meal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's enough to make me richer than anybody else in the Remove, anyway," said Bunter. "Of course, Mauly's rolling in money, but even Mauly doesn't have five hundred quid at a time to spend. I tell you, I shall be the Rothschild of the Remove!"

"When are you coming into possession of this little gold mine?" asked Wharton sarcastically.

"At seven o'clock this evening. I'm meeting the millionaire on the shore, and he's going to hand over the reward."

The juniors stared blankly at Billy Bunter. They could not understand why he should go to the trouble of inventing such a wild story. They could only conclude that this was Bunter's idea of a joke; and they resolved to make him pay a heavy penalty for his leg-pulling efforts.



By the time all the new furniture had been put in the study it resembled a duke's drawing-room. Even Lord Mauleverer's sumptuously furnished study was a plain, drab room by comparison. Billy Bunter swaggered about delighted with himself and the study. (See Chapter 5.)

"I dare say you fellows will try to be awfully chummy with me, now that I've come into a fortune," said Billy Bunter. "But there's nothing doing. You've been beastly to me in the past; you've left me out of the cricket team, and all that sort of thing; and I'm not going to let you share a penny of my wealth. So it's no use hanging round me, and fawning on me—"

That was altogether too much for Bob Cherry. He took a quick stride in Billy Bunter's direction.

"You—you—" he spluttered wrathfully. "Why, you fat worm, we wouldn't chum up with you if you had all the wealth of the Indies!"

"I don't know so much about that," said Bunter. "When you see me come in this evening with my five hundred quid, you'll be all over me! You'll fall on my neck, and swear eternal friendship, and— Hellup! Leggo! Wharrer you up to?"

The patience of Harry Wharton & Co. was exhausted.

With one accord, the juniors rushed at William George Bunter, and bore him to earth. Then they lifted him up, only to deposit him on the flagstones again with a sounding bump.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Once again!" panted Bob Cherry. Bump!

"Yooooooop!"

"And once for luck!" said Peter Todd.

For the third time Billy Bunter descended to the flagstones with a terrific concussion. His yell of anguish might almost have been heard in Friardale.

"That'll teach you not to cheek your betters," said Bob Cherry. "Perhaps you'll behave yourself like a little gentleman in future."

"Ow-ow-ow!"

The juniors strolled away, giving no

further thought to Billy Bunter and the story of his big inheritance. They regarded it, as they regarded all Bunter's narratives, as a cock-and-bull story.

But there was a staggering surprise in store for Harry Wharton & Co., and for Greyfriars in general.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Bombshell for the Remove!

AS seven o'clock drew near, Billy Bunter became more and more excited.

Long before the hour actually struck he started off to keep his appointment with the stranger who had promised him such a handsome reward.

And yet, in spite of the apparent sincerity of the stranger, Billy Bunter could not help entertaining doubts as to whether he would ever see the man again.

If the stranger had promised him five pounds, or even fifty pounds, Billy Bunter would have felt confident of getting it. But five hundred!

It was an enormous sum—a sum which the majority of people did not earn in a whole year!

Billy Bunter's doubts increased as he drew near to the shore.

There was no sign of the wealthy stranger.

The gale had abated, and the waves were lapping lazily at Billy Bunter's feet. The fat junior seated himself on one of the rocks, and waited.

Presently a distant clock chimed seven. "He's going to let me down, the rotter!" muttered Billy Bunter. "I might have expected this!"

Scarcely had the last stroke of seven died away, however, than all his doubts were dispelled.

There was a sound of light footsteps close at hand, and the man whom Billy Bunter had "rescued" came into view. He had discarded his grey tweeds, which had been swamped with sea-water, for a suit of blue flannel, and he had the smart, polished appearance of the man-about-town. But the same sly, furtive look was in his eyes, and on his lips lurked a covert grin, which escaped the notice of the short-sighted Bunter.

The fat junior rose to his feet and went forward eagerly.

"So you've turned up?" he exclaimed.

"Of course I have! Didn't I tell you I was a man of my word?"

"You—you've got the five hundred?"

The stranger nodded, and tapped his breast pocket.

"It's here," he said.

"Oh, good!"

Billy Bunter's eyes fairly glistened as the man drew out a wallet and proceeded to count out ten fifty-pound banknotes.

The sight of those notes made Bunter feel quite giddy. The thought that they were shortly to become his own property almost dazed him.

Having counted out the notes, the stranger solemnly handed them to Billy Bunter.

"You might run through them and see that they're all correct," he said.

It didn't take Bunter long to do that. His fat, grubby palm closed over the bundle of banknotes, and he went through them twice, to make sure there was no mistake.

"All in order—what?" said the stranger.

Billy Bunter could scarcely speak, so great was his emotion.

Never before had he handled such a colossal sum of money. When he

thought of the number of feeds which could be procured with five hundred pounds, his head seemed to swim.

"Well, are you satisfied?" asked Bunter's benefactor impatiently.

Billy Bunter drew a deep breath.

"Yes, rather!" he replied.

"Well, good-bye! I don't suppose we shall meet again. Many thanks for rescuing me from a watery grave!"

Billy Bunter failed to notice the biting sarcasm in the speaker's tone. He shook hands with the stranger, stammered a few words of thanks, and turned on his heel.

"Hope nobody knocks you down on the way to the school!" the stranger called after him.

"Oh, I can take care of myself!" answered Bunter confidently. "Good-bye, sir!"

As he walked back to Greyfriars, Billy Bunter's heart was thumping against his ribs with excitement.

He had often had dreams of El Dorado, but he had not expected those dreams to come true so soon.

Rustling in his pocket were ten banknotes, each for fifty pounds!

It was wealth untold to a fellow in a junior Form. It would completely change Billy Bunter's status at Greyfriars.

No longer would he be despised as a pauper and a cadger. No longer would he need to borrow money on the strength of imaginary postal-orders.

With all this wealth at his command he would be able to make life worth living. He would get a study to himself, and furnish it in sumptuous style. He would purchase swell togs, a motor-cycle, and heaps of other luxuries. He would have plenty to eat and drink. In short, he would live on the fat of the land.

Billy Bunter halted at length. He pulled out the notes and counted them over again, to convince himself that it was not a dream. Then he walked on, nearly bursting with pride and importance.

On reaching Greyfriars, he made his way to the junior common-room, where the majority of the Removites were assembled.

Bob Cherry looked up from his game of chess as Billy Bunter rolled in.

"Hallo, Bunt! Got your reward yet?"

"Yes, rather!"

"We've heard all about your life-saving stunt this afternoon," said Bolsover major. "I suppose the wealthy stranger presented you with twopence, and told you not to make a beast of yourself?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"On the contrary," said Billy Bunter with dignity, "he gave me five hundred of the best!"

"Five hundred what?" asked Skinner.

"Handshakes?"

"No, quids!"

"The fat idiot's asking for another bumping!" growled Johnny Bull.

"And he'll get one, too, if he doesn't stop romancing!" said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton! Perhaps if I produce the banknotes you'll believe me?"

"Ass! You couldn't produce five hundred pence, let alone pounds!"

"We'll see about that," said Billy Bunter.

He waited until the attention of everybody in the Common-room was directed towards him, then, with great ostentation and pride, he drew the bundle of banknotes from his pocket, and held them out for the inspection of his schoolfellows.

The sensation which followed Bunter's action was extraordinary.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 701.

A loud murmur of amazement ran through the junior Common-room.

"My only aunt!"

"It—it's a fact!"

"Bunter's got five hundred quid!"

Peter Todd was the only fellow who kept cool in the general excitement. He took the notes from Billy Bunter's grasp, and examined them critically.

"Ten at fifty pounds," he muttered, handing the notes back to Bunter. "It's quite correct, you fellows."

Harry Wharton stepped forward, and gripped Billy Bunter by the arm.

"What have you been doing?" he demanded sternly. "We can't believe that you've been given this money as a reward for saving life. Have you been burgling a bank?"

"Oh, really—"

"Because, if so, you're likely to spend the rest of your days in prison!"

"Draw it mild, Wharton!" said Skinner. "I'm not going to let you bring a rotten accusation of that sort against my old pal Bunter!"

"Since when have you been Bunter's old pal?" asked Wharton.

"Since the moment when Bunt produced the five hundred quid, of course!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton's face wore a worried frown.

"I hope you've come by all this money honestly, Bunter," he said. "But I can't swallow your yarn about saving a millionaire's life. In the first place, there are no millionaires round here. And, secondly, you can't swim. Tell us the honest truth as to how you came into possession of these banknotes!"

"I've told you once," said Bunter indignantly. "And you've no right to doubt my word. This is my reward for swimming to the millionaire's rescue. As I told you before, I could have had half his estate if I liked, but I'm not an avaricious sort of chap."

"My hat!"

The game of chess was forgotten now, and the whole common-room was in a buzz concerning Billy Bunter's newly-acquired wealth.

The more thoughtful of the fellows, such as Harry Wharton and Mark Linley, were looking very grave. They had their doubts as to whether Bunter had come by the money honestly. Knowing the fat junior as they did, they could not believe his version of the affair.

The door of the Common-room opened, and Wingate of the Sixth looked in, to announce that it was bedtime.

The captain of Greyfriars noted the excited faces of the juniors, and he paused.

"What's going on in here?" he asked suspiciously.

"Bunter's just exploded a giddy bombshell, Wingate," explained Bolsover major. "He's just had a glorious windfall of five hundred quid—for saving a millionaire's life, according to his own account."

Wingate frowned.

"If you're trying to pull my leg—" he began.

"It's a fact, Wingate!" said Billy Bunter.

And he produced the banknotes for the senior's inspection.

Wingate was fairly staggered. For a moment he was unable to move or speak. Then his grasp descended upon Billy Bunter's shoulder.

"You'll come with me," he said grimly.

"Eh? Where to?"

"To Mr. Quelch's study. There's something jolly fishy about this. I can't believe that you've come by all this money honestly."

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

"This way!" said the captain of Greyfriars curtly.

And he escorted Billy Bunter from the Common-room, and took him to Mr. Quelch's study.

The master of the Remove was working at his typewriter when senior and junior entered.

"What is it, Wingate?" he inquired, in tones of impatience.

"I find that Bunter has five hundred pounds in his possession, sir," said Wingate.

"What!"

"It is such a colossal amount for a junior to have that I thought you would like to make a few inquiries, sir."

Mr. Quelch looked searchingly at Billy Bunter.

"Is it correct that you have such a large sum of money in your possession, Bunter?"

"Yessir!"

"Then you will kindly explain how you came by it."

"I saved a man from drowning this afternoon, sir. His boat capsized, and I brought him to shore. He seemed a jolly wealthy sort of chap, sir, and he said that if I'd meet him at a certain spot at seven o'clock this evening he'd give me a reward of five hundred pounds."

Wingate looked incredulous; but Mr. Quelch seemed satisfied that for once in a way Billy Bunter was telling the truth.

"Your story seems genuine enough, Bunter," said the Remove-master, after a moment's reflection. "I fail to see by what other means you could have come into possession of so large a sum as five hundred pounds."

Wingate looked astonished.

"You surely don't believe this fairy tale, sir?" he could not help exclaiming.

"Bunter's explanation seems feasible enough," said Mr. Quelch. "After all, a wealthy man would not be averse to paying five hundred pounds to a person who saved his life."

"But Bunter isn't the sort of person to go about saving people's lives, sir!"

"Well, he has obviously done so this afternoon. Else how could he have come into possession of all this money?"

"I was afraid, sir, that he might have stolen—"

"Stolen it?" said Mr. Quelch, with a smile. "I hardly think Bunter would be clever enough to make such a haul. A certain amount of ingenuity is required to appropriate a sum like five hundred pounds; and Bunter is anything but ingenious."

"I'm surprised at Wingate for doubting my honesty, sir," said Billy Bunter. "I've got my faults, I know, but I can always keep my hands from picking and stealing."

Wingate gave a loud snort. He had his own opinion concerning Bunter's honesty—an opinion that was not very flattering to the fat junior.

"Well, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, "what do you propose to do with all this money?"

Billy Bunter's reply was characteristic of him.

"Spend it, sir!" he said promptly.

"Oh, come! You are surely not going to squander five hundred pounds? True, the money is your own, and I cannot dictate to you how you should dispose of it. But if you are wise you will send it to your father, and ask him to invest it for you."

"No jolly fear, sir!" said Billy Bunter. "When my pater invests money it nearly always goes west. He put a small fortune in Home Rails a short time ago, and now there's hardly a train running! I prefer to spend the money in my own way, sir."



The motor-cycle dashed clean through a shrubbery which skirted the grounds of a private house. Crash! There was a bump, a jolt, a snapping of twigs, and a chorus of yells. The two Bunters and Skinner were precipitated from the machine like stones from a catapult. (See Chapter 8.)

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch. "But you will notify your father of this windfall?"

Billy Bunter shook his head.

"Then I will do so," said Mr. Quelch. "It is not right that your father should remain in ignorance of this matter. By the way, Bunter, do you know the name of this man whom you rescued?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"What was he like? Can you describe him?"

"He was tall, clean-shaven, and awfully well dressed, sir. He had a gold watch, I remember, and he seemed to be rolling in quids."

"H'm! Doubtless he is some wealthy business man spending a holiday in the district," murmured Mr. Quelch. "He has treated you with great generosity, Bunter, and I trust you are grateful."

"He's the one who ought to be grateful, sir. If it hadn't been for my wonderful pluck he'd have been food for fishes."

Wingate gave another snort, and strode out of the study. He was fed up with Billy Bunter's bombastic statements.

After a further brief conversation with the Owl of the Remove Mr. Quelch dismissed him. And Billy Bunter strutted back to the junior Common-room like a fat profiteer, with an expression of pride and prosperity on his plump face, and five hundred pounds nestling in his pocket.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Rolling in Riches!

BILLY BUNTER found himself in great demand that evening.

His own description of himself as the "Rothschild of the Remove" was a very apt one. And his wealth caused several fellows to gather

round him and swear eternal friendship—fellows who, in the ordinary way, despised him and sneered at him.

Skinner and Snoop and Stott, Hazel-dene and Trevor and Trelace—all of them showed a sudden desire for the society of Billy Bunter. They assured him that they had been his pals from the beginning; that they had backed him up through thick and thin, and that they would continue to do so. Probably they would—until Bunter's five hundred pounds was exhausted!

The news of Billy Bunter's windfall had spread through the school by this time, and had caused a profound sensation.

Loder of the Sixth, directly he heard of Bunter's sudden accession to wealth, sent the fat junior a friendly note, requesting the honour of his society at the study spread that evening.

Billy Bunter sent back a reply by a fag, to the effect that there was nothing doing.

In the ordinary way he would have jumped at Loder's offer. But now that he was one of the richest fellows in the school he could afford to ignore it. He had sense enough to see that Loder had only invited him for the purpose of fleecing him at cards.

"What are you going to do with all this wealth, Bunter?" inquired Skinner, linking his arm affectionately in that of the Owl of the Remove.

"Lots of things," was the reply. "First of all, I'm going to ask Quelch if I can take that spare room up on the first floor, and convert it into a study. I shall send up to Harridge's, the big stores, in London, and get some swell furniture. I'm prepared to spend a hundred quid on getting a cosy den for myself."

"My hat!"

"Then I shall buy a jolly good motor-

bike. That'll run away with another hundred. I shall also order some new togs from a West End tailor; and I shall give Chunkley's, of Courtfield, a standing order to supply me with grub."

Skinner gave a sigh.

"How ripping it is to be a bloated capitalist!" he murmured.

At this juncture Sammy Bunter of the Second pushed his way up to the group of juniors.

"I say, Billy," he said, "where do I come in?"

"You don't!" answered Billy. "You stay out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here!" said Sammy wrathfully. "If you'd a spark of decency in your nature you'd agree to go halves! Hang it all, I'm your brother—"

"More's the pity!" said Billy Bunter.

"Don't be a mean beast, Billy! I'd share my last crust with you, and you know it!"

There was such an appealing expression on Sammy's face that Billy melted.

"I'm not going halves with you, Sammy," he said. "It isn't as if you helped me save the millionaire's life. But I'll tell you what I will do."

"Yes?" said Sammy eagerly.

"I'm giving a big feed to-morrow afternoon at the Elysian Cafe, in Courtfield. You can be one of my guests."

Sammy didn't exactly fall on his major's neck and embrace him. It was decent of Billy to invite him to the celebration, but Sammy would have preferred the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds.

Skinner of the Remove slipped his arm affectionately in that of Billy Bunter's.

"Am I coming along to this feed, dear old chap?" he asked, in cooing tones.

"Certainly!"

"And I'm coming, of course?" said Bolsover major. "You can't leave out your best pal!"

"First time I knew we were pals!" said Billy Bunter.

"Why, we're known as David and Jonathan to all the fellows! There—there's nothing I wouldn't do for you, Billy!"

Billy Bunter grunted.

"Well, you wouldn't lend me a bob the other day on the strength of a postal order I was expecting," he said. "Still, you're not a bad chap, Bolsover, in your way, although you're such a beastly bullying Bolshy! You can join my little party to-morrow."

"Mercy!" said Bolsover, in a clumsy endeavour to air his French.

Snoop and Stott and Hazeldene, Trevor and Treluce and Fisher T. Fish, were also invited to join the celebration which Billy Bunter had planned for the morrow.

Bunter was surprised that Harry Wharton & Co. did not angle for invitations. He had expected them to come to him on bended knees and implore him to let them join the party.

Bunter's windfall, however, made no difference to the relations which existed between him and the Famous Five. Those cheery youths regarded Bunter with the same contempt as formerly. They did not cadge or fawn upon him because of his newly-acquired wealth.

That night the Owl of the Remove did not sleep a wink.

Under his pillow reposed the bundle of banknotes. And he was fearful lest an attempt should be made to rob him of his spoils. At every movement on the part of his schoolfellows he started up in bed.

But when the morning came the bundle of banknotes was still there.

The morning passed all too slowly.

Billy Bunter was far too excited to give his mind to lessons. Mr. Quelch found him a very troublesome pupil, and he was obliged to administer five hundred lines and a liberal application of the cane.

This came as a very painful surprise to Billy Bunter, who had boasted that now he was in funds he would be able to "square" Mr. Quelch, and thus avoid punishment.

Certain rich juniors at Highcliffe School were treated with great consideration by Mr. Mobbs, their Form-master, who never punished them under any pretext.

Billy Bunter had hoped that it would be the same in his case. But he discovered that Mr. Quelch was a man of principle—as different from Mr. Mobbs as chalk from cheese.

Had Bunter been a multi-millionaire, the Remove-master would not have treated him differently.

By the time lessons were over for the day, Billy Bunter was the richer by a thousand lines; and his fat palms bore several weals, for Mr. Quelch did not spare the rod.

Bunter had no intention of making a start with his imposition that day.

When the Form was dismissed in the afternoon, he summoned his satellites, and the party set off to Courtfield.

They did not go on foot. Billy Bunter saw to that. He made use of the telephone in the prefects' room, and chartered a Daimler car from the local garage.

The car drew up in the Close at four o'clock, and its arrival was watched by an interested crowd.

The driver was looking rather grim.

"You ordered this car, Master Bunter?" he said.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 701.

"Of course! I want you to take us to the Elysian Cafe at Courtfield, wait outside while we feed, and then bring us back."

"I've had instructions, sir," said the driver, "to take you nowhere until I've seen the colour of your money. The last time you ordered a car from us you didn't pay."

Billy Bunter's hand went to his pocket. There was a rustling sound, and a banknote for fifty pounds was produced and flourished under the nose of the astonished driver.

"You can take this fifty quid and put it to my credit," said Bunter. "I shall be wanting a car pretty nearly every day. Let me know when the fifty quid is exhausted, and I'll renew my order!"

The driver fingered the banknote almost reverently.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" was all he could say.

Billy Bunter waved his hand majestically towards the car.

"Hop in, you fellows!" he said.

Skinner & Co. needed no second bidding. They scrambled into the spacious car, which bounded forward and disappeared through the school gateway in a cloud of dust.

Every now and then the car overtook a Greyfriars fellow toiling along the road on a bicycle, or tramping on foot. This seemed to amuse Skinner & Co. vastly, and they yelled derisively as they flashed past their schoolfellows.

The big Daimler halted at length outside the Elysian Cafe, the most fashionable place of its kind in Courtfield.

Billy Bunter ushered his guests into the cafe, and commandeered a large table in close proximity to the orchestra.

"I hope you fellows have brought good appetites along with you," he said.

"Yes, rather!" said Skinner. "I could eat a donkey's hind-leg off!"

"Here, you leave my major's leg alone!" said Sammy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A rather prim-looking waitress drifted up to the table.

"What can I get you, young gentlemen?"

Billy Bunter leaned back in his chair, with his thumbs tucked into his waistcoat-pockets.

"We'll have a full-course dinner to kick off with," he said. "Then we'll have afternoon tea. After that—if we still feel like eating—we'll see what you can give us in the way of supper."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bolsover major. "You're doing things in style, Billy, and no mistake!"

"Wish I'd fasted for about a week, so as to be in trim for this orgy!" said Skinner.

"Same here!"

The dinner was a huge success. It was excellent both as to quality and quantity, and by the time it was over there were only two fellows who were capable of carrying on. These two, needless to state, were the old-established firm of Bunter Brothers, stuffers and gorgers.

Skinner & Co. amused themselves by sipping coffee, while Billy and Sammy Bunter went merrily ahead with tea, which consisted of cakes and pastries in abundance.

By the time tea was over, Skinner & Co. had got their second wind, so to speak, and declared themselves ready for a further snack. Whereupon, Billy Bunter ordered supper.

The feasting and merry-making did not

come to a climax until after seven o'clock.

The fact that the Daimler car had been waiting outside for over three hours, and that a stiff charge was being made for the wait, did not seem to worry Billy Bunter.

When the waitress came along to clear the table, she found the majority of the Greyfriars juniors looking pale and uneasy. They had dined not wisely but too well.

Billy Bunter, in particular, looked white and ill. The waitress quite misunderstood Billy's pallor. She concluded that it was on account of the fat junior not having sufficient money to foot the bill.

"What's the damage, miss?" asked Billy Bunter.

"I don't know what you mean by such an expression," said the girl stiffly. "But the bill is for fifteen pounds."

"Great snakes!" muttered Snoop, under his breath.

The waitress laid the bill on the table, but Billy Bunter seemed in no hurry to pay. Whereupon, the girl retired to have converse with the proprietor.

This gentleman had had experience of Billy Bunter's orgies before. And he had always found considerable difficulty in collecting the money. He came forward with a grim expression on his face.

"I'll trouble you to settle this bill at once!" he said, addressing Billy Bunter. "Otherwise, I shall be compelled either to call a policeman or to communicate with your headmaster!"

Billy Bunter glared at the proprietor. "How dare you insult me like that?" he exclaimed wrathfully. "Anyone would think I was a pauper, who couldn't pay his way!"

The proprietor snorted.

"I shall be very surprised if you can produce fifteen pounds at a moment's notice, Master Bunter," he said.

With a flourish, Billy Bunter produced another of his fifty-pound notes.

The change which came over the proprietor was sudden and extraordinary. His insolent tone changed to one of politeness and deference.

"I must apologise, sir, for doubting your ability to pay for what you and your friends have consumed," he said. "I trust, sir, that you will overlook my remarks. Did you find the food to your liking, sir? Would you like a discount for cash, sir? Shall I telephone for a taxi, sir?"

"My car is outside," said Billy Bunter loftily. "Buck up and change this note! We must be going."

The proprietor bustled away, returning a few moments later with the change.

The prim-looking waitress was astonished to receive the substantial "tip" of a pound. Her austerity vanished at once, and she conjured up one of her sweetest smiles for Billy Bunter's benefit.

It was extremely fortunate that the Daimler car was waiting to convey the juniors back to Greyfriars. For some of them were certainly not in a condition to proceed on foot. A few had had the sense to stop eating as soon as they felt that they had had enough. Others had gone on eating merely for the sake of doing so; and these were now experiencing internal pains of a very unpleasant nature.

Everybody agreed, however, that the celebration had proved a tremendous success. And Skinner & Co. continued to be on the best of terms with Billy Bunter.

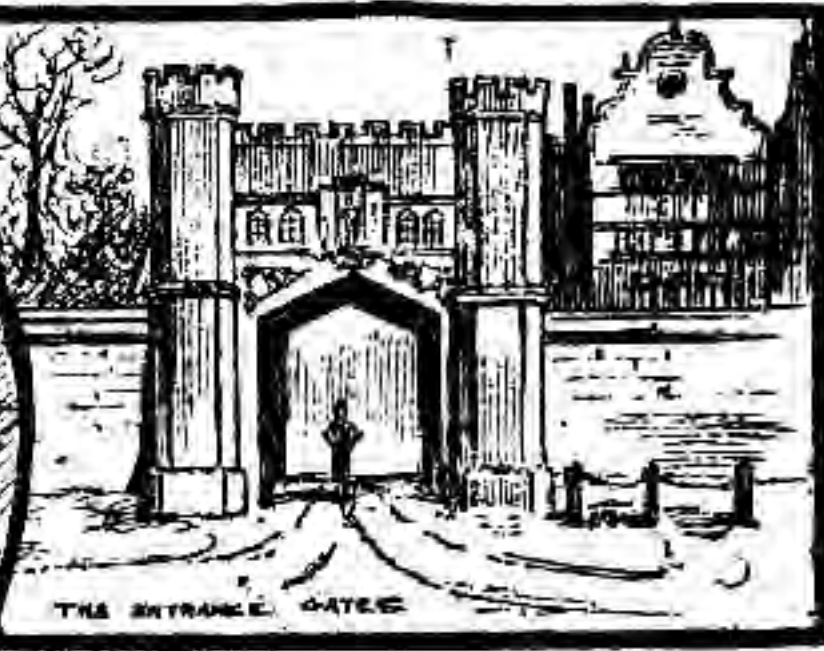
Their "friendship" was not likely to evaporate until Billy Bunter's wealth had done likewise!

(Continued on page 9.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 29.
Week Ending July 16th, 1921.



Assisted by BOB CHERRY (Fighting Editor),
VERNON-SMITH (Sports Editor), MARK
LINLEY, TOM BROWN, and FRANK NUGENT.

Address all letters to HARRY WHARTON,
c/o The Magnet Library, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

EDITORIAL.

By Harry Wharton.

SPORTING CRITICISMS.

Judging by the number of letters I receive on the subject, the sporting side of life at Greyfriars makes an immense appeal to my readers.

The majority of my correspondents wish me luck with the cricket captaincy, and express the hope that the Remove will have a successful season.

There is, however, one disgruntled person, who signs himself "Critic," and writes as follows:

"Isn't it about time, Wharton, that you handed over the cricket captaincy to somebody else? You are filling too many jobs already. What with the Form captaincy, the editorship of the 'Herald,' and the presidency of the Remove Amateur Dramatic Society—to say nothing of other organisations—your hands must be too full to admit of your taking the lead in the cricket-field. I suggest that you give Bolsover major a look-in. He is a big fellow, with punch and personality, and I have no doubt he would be able to steer the Remove cricket eleven through a successful season."

In reply to "Critic," I do not intend for one moment to hand over the cricket captaincy to anybody else—least of all Bolsover major—unless and until the Form demands it. I was elected by general consent of my Form-fellows, and I mean to see the job through.

It is true that I have a number of jobs on my hands, demanding a great deal of time and attention; but I am inclined to agree with the merchant who said, "The more we do, the more we are able to do."

The cricket season has gone swimmingly so far, and no one in the Remove—barring the spoil-sports, who don't count—is clamouring for a change of captaincy. Even if such a change were universally insisted upon, I should not dream of handing over the job to Bolsover major. Bolsover has a certain amount of cricketing ability. He also has a temper. If he got bowled out in a match, his first impulse would be to punch the bowler's head. And that sort of thing is emphatically "not cricket!"

I trust "Critic" will pardon my plain speaking. I repeat, I have not the slightest intention of relinquishing my post as captain of cricket—even though a hundred critics get up on their hind legs and demand my resignation!

HARRY WHARTON.

SPESHUL NOTISS!

THE COKER CHARABANC
KOMPANY, LIMITED.

OWING TO THE SHORTAGE OF TRANES,

HORACE COKER begs to announce that he has hired a charabanc (pronounced "sharra-bong") for a month. This vehicle has been obtained for the konvenience of any Greyfriars fellows wishing to travel to any plaice within a ten-mile radius of the skool.

Don't hang about on Friardale platform, waiting for the trane that will never come, but book a seat in Coker's charabanc, and ride to yore destinashun in komfort!

FAIR—A TANNER A MILE!

The driver will be Horace Coker, who has had a lot of eggspierience on the rode, having ridden a motor-bike for menny months without braking his neck. He has also had a cousin in the Tank Corps.

The first speshul charabanc tripp will be on Saterdag afternoon, to Hadley Woods for a picknick.

BOOK YORE SEETS NOW!

Greyfriars kricket elevens, when playing "away" matches, should travel to there destinashun by charabanc. It is safer, kwicker, and cheeper!

Their will be no need to insure yore life before setting out on one of these stunts. You will be kwite safe in Coker's kustody!

For fetherer partikulars konserning this wunful wheeze, apply to:

THE COKER CHARABANC KOMPANY,
The Garridge,
Greyfriars.
H. Coker, Soul Proprietor.

THE SONG OF THE SWOT!

By Alonzo Todd.

(With apologies to the author of the
"Drinking Song.")

In study cool I play the fool
With French and Greek and Latin;
While other chaps indulge in scraps,
Or at the nets are battin'.
Some smoke in barns, relating yarns,
Some are in Mible's drinking.
But I would fain exert my brain
In thinking, thinking, thinking!

A cricket match is not a patch
On swotting in a study,
For when the grass is wet, alas!
Your buckskin shoes get muddy.
Tennis I hate; I cannot skate,
I have no love for rinking.
I like to swot all sorts of rot
By thinking, thinking, thinking!

A game or spree will ever be
A source of care and sorrow.
For if you play, my friend, to-day,
You'll have to work to-morrow.
Don't be an ass, but top your class;
You'll do it quick as winking,
If only you the art pursue
Of thinking, thinking, thinking!

GREYFRIARS LIMERICKS!

It is said he may sometimes be seen
Out alone; but this chap's always been,
When our path he has crossed,
One of three. He is bossed
By Horace the Coker, is Greene!

From bullying he's not averse—he
Dearly loves to hear weaklings cry
"Mercy!"

He's a blade. But he's tough
And no funk. There's good stuff
Hidden somewhere in Bolsover, Percy!

Whenever you chance to espy
Cecil Temple the great, somewhere nigh
This fellow you'll find,
If he showed he'd a mind
Of his own, he'd surprise us, would Fry!

Some fags care for nothing but grub,
And some are all burble and blub.
Without cracking him up,
I may say he's a pup
Of breed better than these, Samson
Tubb!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 701.

RUNNING AWAY FROM SCHOOL!

By TOM BROWN.

Another Article by Our Well-Known Scatter-Brained Contributor.

Let me say at the very beginning, before there is any chance of my being misunderstood, that I don't approve of fellows running away from school, except under great provocation.

If you get fed up with the school routine, that's no reason why you should pack up your troubles in your old kitbag and slope off in the middle of the night.

If you quarrel with a chum, or get licked for not paying attention in class, or find that the food isn't to your liking, you must grin and bear it.

But there are occasions when running away from school is justifiable. They are very rare occasions, it is true, but they crop up once in a while.

We will suppose you get accused of a robbery which you didn't commit, or that you get a flogging for setting the school on fire, when the beastly place caught alight by accident! You would then be perfectly justified in saying, "I'm fed up with this! I'm going to bunk at the first opportunity."

But you must go the right way to work. There is an art in running away from school.

Only a fool would pack his belongings, stroll down to the school gates, grip the porter by the hand, and say: "Good-bye, old bean! I'm running away from school."

You must do it in a much more subtle manner than this. You mustn't breathe a word of your intentions—not even to your best pal.

Having made up your mind to run away, fix the hour of your departure at midnight.

When the supreme moment arrives, make sure that none of your schoolfellows are awake. Then put on your togs (including a raincoat turned up at the collar, so that your Etons won't be visible), and go down to your study and pack your most treasured belongings.

Now comes the important question of your future movements.

What do you propose to do?

To go home would be fatal. You would only get a horsewhipping from your irate pater.

To catch the mail train and proceed to London would be equally fatal.

No. A better plan than either of these is to stow yourself away on board an outgoing liner. You will then be able to visit foreign lands, and have a glorious time, returning to the Old Country with heaps of booty and treasure—if you're lucky! If you're unlucky, of course, you'll starve; but you won't mind that.

Having made up your mind—and your parcel of belongings—you will make tracks for the nearest seaport. If this is within a reasonable distance, you should reach it by dawn.

On reaching the seaport, you will smuggle yourself away amongst the cargo of an outgoing vessel, being suitably disguised as a cask of oil. Within a few hours you will be out to sea, safe from the hue and cry which will follow your departure from the school.

You will have accomplished the difficult and dangerous task of running away from school. Your future will be rosy in the extreme, and you will live happily ever after! (Perhaps! See what Miggs minor has to say in the next column!—Ed.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 701.

THE ADVENTURES OF A RUNAWAY!

By MIGGS MINOR.



You haven't heard of me, of course? That's not surprising, for I don't belong to Greyfriars.

My dotting parents sent me to St. Timothy's, which is about a dozen miles higher up the Kent coast.

Last week, at a school cricket match, I met Tom Brown, of Greyfriars. He showed me an article he had written for the "Greyfriars Herald," entitled, "Running Away From School."

"Read that, Miggs," he said; "and if ever you feel like running away from St. Timothy's, you'll know what to do."

I read the article, and was considerably impressed.

Of course, I had no thought of running away at the time. On returning to my school, however, I received a rude shock.

It seems that some misguided youth had heaved a brick through the Head's study window, and I was accused of being the heaver. I protested my innocence, but in vain. I was given a jolly good licking, and I felt so sore about it that I decided to run away.

That night, when my schoolfellows were asleep, I rose and dressed, putting on a raincoat over my Etons, as per Brownie's instructions.

I packed a few treasured belongings, and had no difficulty in getting clear of the school premises.

"Now, what do I do next?" I asked myself. "Tom Brown says that it's fatal to go home, and equally fatal to board the mail train and go to London. I must make for the nearest seaport—that will be Chatham—stow myself on an outgoing vessel, and go out to foreign parts and make my fortune."

I set off at a brisk pace in the direction of Chatham, but I confess I felt far from happy.

However, I had taken the plunge, for better or worse, and I determined to see it through. I got to Chatham in the first grey light of dawn, feeling more dead than alive.

Now came the task of stowing myself away on board a ship. And it wasn't nearly so simple as Tom Brown seemed to suggest in his article.

I did manage to do the trick at length, concealing myself amongst the cargo of a huge trading vessel.

But, alas! I hadn't been in my hiding-place an hour when the skipper found me. And instead of proceeding to foreign parts and making my fortune, I was given a taste of the rope's-end and sent ashore.

By this time, as you may guess, I was as cold, hungry, and miserable as ever. I was absolutely stranded, without a penny in my pocket. And there was nothing for it but to return to St. Timothy's.

When I got back to the school, after a nightmare journey, I found that the fellow who heaved the brick through the Head's window had confessed, and that my innocence was established. So I was able to resume my place in the school, and I got a free pardon from the Head for running away.

Why have I taken the trouble to describe my adventure to readers of the "Herald"?

Because it will teach them to treat Tom Brown's articles for exactly what they are worth—nothing!

Brownie's an absolute ass, and he talks through the back of his neck! (Hear, hear!—Ed.)

HOW TO DODGE LESSONS!

By HAROLD SKINNER.

(Author of "How to Avoid Punishment!" and "The Art of Lead Swinging!")

Lessons are a beastly nuisance!

I'll wager that every schoolboy in the kingdom will back up my statement.

On a glorious summer day, when the birds are blooming and the flowers are twittering (I seem to have got it a bit mixed!) how awful it is to sit stewing in a stuffy Form-room!

You have to sit perfectly still under your Form-master's stern gaze. If you move a muscle or flicker an eyelash, you get a hundred lines. If you start shying paper pellets about, or squirting ink down your neighbour's back, you get a licking. If you're simply dying for a cigarette, you've got to go on dying. For some reason or other, smoking is strictly forbidden in the Form-room.

Is there no loophole—is there no way of dodging lessons?

Of course there is!

Your Uncle Harold has invented and patented several ingenious wheezes for "dodging the column," as they call it in the Army.

The best method is to purchase a tin of face-powder and a powder-puff at the local chemist's. Dab the powder on your chivvy—gently, you don't want it an inch thick—and when you go into the Form-room, you should suddenly reel, and clutch at the nearest desk for support.

"Jones!" the horrified master will exclaim. "What is the matter, my boy?"

You will then sink to the floor in a graceful swoon.

"Why, the poor lad has fainted!" the master will say. "Carry him out into the fresh air!"

A number of your schoolfellows, who are "in the know," will promptly oblige; and once you get out into the fresh air you'll stay there, and enjoy yourself to your heart's content.

Here is another wheeze which I exploited with great success.

In the middle of the Latin lesson one morning, I stood up in my place.

"Well, Skinner?" said Mr. Quelch.

"Please, sir," I said, "may I be excused from lessons for an hour? My uncle is on his way to Southampton, where he will embark for the West Indies. His train will stop for a few moments at Courtfield Junction, and I shall thus be able to say good-bye to him. I may not see him again for forty years!"

How could Quelch possibly refuse this touching request?

"Yes, by all means, go and say good-bye to your uncle, Skinner," he said.

Needless to state, I said good-bye to my uncle in the wood-shed, where I sat and smoked half a dozen "Silver Flake" cigarettes right off the reel!

Another wheeze for dodging lessons—but it's rather a risky one—is to go into the Form-room with torn and muddy togs. I did this myself the other day.

"Good gracious, Skinner!" exclaimed Quelch. "What ever have you been doing to your clothes? Your appearance is disgraceful! Go and change your attire immediately!"

I need hardly add that I took all the morning over changing!

There are heaps more wheezes for dodging lessons; but as Wharton will only give me one column in which to describe my guilt-edged stunts, I shall have to ring off. (And a jolly good job, too!—Ed.)

My Wonderful "Weekly"!

By BILLY BUNTER.

No, dear readers. This is not an advertisement stunt. I have no desire to blow my own trumpet. (Oh dear, no!—Ed.) I merely wish to point out that "Billy Bunter's Weekly"—my own special production—is still appearing weak by weak in the "Popular." (And it gets weaker and weaker every week!—Ed.)

There are still a few people on this planet who have not yet heard of my "Weekly." I pity them from the bottom of my heart. They are missing one of the greatest pleasures of life.

The "Weekly" is no common or garden rag, like the "Greyfriars Herald." (Shurrup!—Ed.) It is packed full (like its editor after a good feed!—Ed.) of thrilling tails and articles, and our latest number has been written entirely in verse, which I think you will agree is a wonderful achievement.

I have spared no pains to turn out a really topping number, and if you don't buy the current issue of the "Popular" (current means "now on sale"), you deserve to be bumped!

Everybody reads my "Weekly"—everybody who is anybody, I mean. Among my readers are a Prince of Royal blood, a duke, an earl, a viscount, and a kernel in the Army. (Some "nut"!—Ed.)

If my "Weekly" is good enough for people like this, it is surely good enough for you? (But the people in question only buy it to light their pipes with!—Ed.)

Only the other day I had a letter from the Honourable Marmaduke de Vere, who says that my paper is a constant source of delight to him. He devours it every week with relish.

The serkulashun of my "Weekly" is so enormous that if I told you the figures you wouldn't believe me. It runs into millions! And every week my circle of readers grows wider and wider. (Like the circumference of Billy's waist!—Ed.)

I shudder to think what Friday would be like without my "Weekly." (A day of rest and delight!—Ed.) Can you imagine a house without windows or a school without a tuckshop? Well, that's what Friday would be like without my "Weekly."

If you want all the latest and most up-to-date news about Greyfriars, consult my "Weekly." If you are in trouble of any sort—if you have a wate on yore mind—write to yore Uncle Bill about it. I am always ready to give kounsel and advice; and I always take a simper-thettick interest in the welfare of my readers, which is more than Harry Wharton does. (Rats!—Ed.)

Well, dear readers, I hope I have convinced you by this time that my "Weekly" is "IT," and that all other weeklies are worthless immitashuns. If you are not already a reader of my wonderful paper, fly to yore noose-agent at wunce. (Who's going to provide the aeroplane?—Ed.)

As I said at the outset, this is not an advertisement stunt. Wharton has allowed me a kolumn to write an artikkle on "How To Keep Fit." (And this is how you do it!—Ed.)

Having made these few preliminary remarks, I will now proceed to tell you how to keep fit and put on flesh—(Ring off, Billy! Our readers are already suffering from too much Bunter!—Ed.)



Impertinent Interviews

By our Special Representative.

No. 3.—MR. MOBBS.

"YOU might run over to Highcliffe—"

began the editor.

"I refuse to do anything of the sort!" I said warmly. "If I try to run, on a scorching day like this, I shall drop down with heart failure, or break a blood-vessel."

"Well, you can walk over."

"Nothing doing!" I said promptly. "Physical exertion of any sort, on a day like this, is anathema to me." (I had looked up the word "anathema" in the dictionary.)

"Well, you can crawl!" growled the editor.

"Thanks! But I'm not a merry snail!"

The chief sighed wearily.

"Look here, do be reasonable! I want you to go over and interview Mr. Mobbs, the master of the Highcliffe Fourth."

"Tell Mobbs to come over here."

"Ass!"

"If the mountain won't go to Mobbs, then Mobbs must come to the mountain," I said.

"Don't talk rot! You know jolly well that Mobbs wouldn't dream of coming over to Greyfriars for an interview. As you're too lazy to run, or walk, or crawl, I'll arrange for Coker of the Fifth to take you in the sidecar of his motor-bike."

"Ah, now you're talking!"

At that moment there was a whirring of machinery in the Close.

"That's Coker, getting ready for a spin!" exclaimed the editor.

He poked his head out of the window, and hailed the Fifth-Former.

"I say, Coker, are you going Highcliffe way?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Would you mind giving our special representative a lift?"

"Right you are!" said Coker. "Toss him into the sidecar!"

I did not wait for the editor to heave me out of the window. Dashing out of his sanctum, I sped downstairs, and clambered breathlessly into the sidecar.

I confess I felt rather uneasy as the motor-bike leapt forward. And I regretted the fact that I had not insured my life, or drafted out my will. For Coker, although an excellent fellow in many respects, is a madman on a motor-bike. And on this occasion, like Jehu of old, he drove furiously.

However, we reached Highcliffe without any serious mishap.

A number of feathered fowl were slaughtered on the road, but that was a detail.

Thanking Coker for having deposited me at Highcliffe in one piece, I made my way through the quadrangle.

Frank Courtenay, the skipper of the Highcliffe Fourth, strolled towards me.

"Better not show your face here," he said. "You're an alien. And trespassers will be prosecuted."

"I've come over to have a heart to heart talk with Mobbs," I explained. "Is he in?"

"I believe so," said Courtenay. "He's rather a vicious sort of animal, so mind he doesn't bite!"

"Which is his study?"

Frank Courtenay gave me instructions how to proceed, and I made my way to Mobbs's apartment.

My gentle tap on the door met with no response, so I turned the handle and entered. Then I uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

"Dash it all! He's out!"

The prospect of tramping back to Greyfriars in the sweltering heat, without having carried out my mission, was gall and wormwood to me.

I looked out of the window, which commanded a view of the Highcliffe playing-fields; but Mobbs was nowhere to be seen.

"It's a wash-out!" I said savagely.

Then, striding to the telephone on Mobbs's desk, I lifted the receiver, and called up Greyfriars.

I got put through to the prefects' room, and Wingate's voice greeted me from the other end.

"Would you mind calling Wharton to the phone, Wingate?" I asked.

The captain of Greyfriars gave a grunt of annoyance, but he granted my request.

The next moment the editor's voice sounded over the wires.

"Special representative speaking!" I said.

"Oh, yes! Where are you?"

"At Highcliffe."

"Have you interviewed Mobbs yet?"

"Mobbs isn't here," I answered, with a snort. "He's not in his study, and he's not on the playing-fields."

"Oh, he'll turn up sooner or later."

"Do you think I'm going to hang about here all day?" I exclaimed wrathfully.

"Why didn't you instruct Mobbs to be at home when I called? I suppose he's gone off to the village inn to play snooker and imbibe port; in which case, he won't be home till morning. Confound him! In my opinion, Mobbs wants mobbing!"

Scarcely had I finished this fierce tirade when, to my horror, Mobbs himself stepped out from behind the screen.

The master of the Highcliffe Fourth had been in his study all the time! He had been kneeling on the floor behind the screen, searching for a volume from the bottom shelf of his bookcase. And he had heard every word I had said.

I prayed that the floor might open and swallow me up; but it remained firm.



Scarcely had I finished with the telephone when, to my horror, Mobbs himself stepped out from behind the screen.

With a hasty word of apology to the editor, I replaced the receiver on its hook, and turned to Mr. Mobbs. My knees were knocking together; the perspiration stood out in beads on my forehead.

"Boy," thundered Mobbs, "how dare you make use of my telephone, and discuss me in that insolent manner? How dare you insinuate that I am in the habit of imbibing port and playing snooker?"

"Oh, crumbs! I—I—"

"Such conduct is outrageous—unheard-of! I will leave it to your own choice as to whether I report you to your headmaster, or deal with you myself."

It was a choice of two evils.

Recalling Dr. Locke's ability as a wielder of the cane, I shuddered, and said that I should prefer Mobbs to inflict the punishment.

Being small of stature, and scraggy withal, I fondly imagined that Mobbs would not be able to get much power into his strokes.

But I imagined a vain thing.

Mobbs administered half a dozen stinging cuts on each hand, and I went back to Greyfriars feeling as if my paws were on fire.

There's an excellent moral to be drawn from this narrative:

Always make sure that a study is really empty before you start slanging the owner of it!

An entirely new series of stories, featuring Terrors Shocke and his amazing assistant, Shaker.

TERRORS SHOCKE AT GREYFRIARS. By PETER TODD.

THE CASE OF
THE
MISSING
MOTOR-BIKE!

TERRORS SHOCKE was wallowing in idleness. His telephone-bell had not clanged for at least three minutes, and the long procession of telegraph-boys which usually streamed into my friend's rooms in the early morning was conspicuous by its absence.

All around us in the mighty metropolis crimes of the blackest dye were being committed every moment, but no one seemed to have need of Terrors Shocke's services. Evidently they preferred to take their troubles to Scotland Yard.

"I am glad there is a slump, Shaker," said my friend, diluting his glass of milk with cocaine. "Even a man of my colossal energy needs a rest occasionally. I am so happy at the prospect of spending the summer idle that I could sing a summer idyll!"

My friend's amazing wit made me gasp so violently that I swallowed the backbone of the herring I was devouring. I should probably have choked had not Terrors Shocke given me a powerful punch in the back.

"Ow!" I spluttered.

"That better, Shaker?"

I nodded.

"You're a queer sort of dog to swallow a bone," said Shocke. "The only 'Beaune' I ever swallow is of the liquid variety. But as I was saying before you tried to suffocate yourself, I am glad of this respite from toil. I have cleared up the affair of the Cup Final, in which a Tottenham Hotspur back was offered a bribe of fourpence to put the ball through his own goal. I have restored the pearl necklace which was stolen from the snow-white neck of that distinguished Japanese lady, the Princess Immy Tash-Yong. I have saved the famous tenor, Mr. E. Flatt, from assassination. And now I can lay back on the cushions, and take mine ease in mine inn, as Shakespeare says."

Scarcely had my friend finished speaking, when a burly youth in Etons rushed into the room.

I gazed at the newcomer, as he tripped over the coal-scuttle and dived into the fireplace, with mild interest.

Not only was he a burly youth, with a face like a hatchet, but he was in a state of great agitation, as if something had just bowled him over.

"Coker, my dear fellow," said Terrors Shocke, stepping forward, "let me help you to your feet."

The burly youth gave a gasp.

"Mr. Shocke! How did you know my name?"

"I have seen you before, at Greyfriars. I never forget names and faces. Indeed, a face like yours, once seen, is never forgotten. Will you partake of a little milk and cocaine?"

"Nuuno!" said Coker hastily. "I'm a strict drug-totaler."

Shocke smiled.

"Now that you have entertained us by plunging into the fireplace," he said, "perhaps you will plunge into your story?"

Coker clutched the great detective by the arm.

"My motor-bike!" he panted. "My twin-cylinder, umpteen horse-power motor-bike has disappeared!"

Tragic though the news was, Terrors Shocke betrayed not a quiver of emotion.

"When did this happen?" he inquired.

"Yesterday afternoon. I left my precious, priceless motor-bike in the Close at Greyfriars while I went into the tuckshop for a strawberry-ice. When I came out of the shop my motor-bike was nowhere to be seen!"

"It had followed the example of the strawberry-ice, and melted away!" said Terrors Shocke, with a smile.

"This is no joking matter, Mr. Shocke! That motor-bike cost eight guineas second-hand. It's had a lot of wear and tear, but even now it's worth the best part of a fiver. Why, I'd almost as soon lose my own life as my motor-bike!"

"Judging by your description of the machine, it's a wonder you haven't lost your

life already!" said Terrors Shocke. "Do you wish me to investigate this affair?"

"Yes, rather! I got special permission from the Head to run up to town and see you. Will you take up the case, Mr. Shocke?"

The detective hesitated.

"Are you—er—in funds?" he inquired.

Coker nodded.

"My Aunt Judy's always sending me fivers," he said, "I'm simply rolling in tin at the moment."

Terrors Shocke rose to his feet with alacrity.

"In that case—I—I mean, I shall be delighted to take up the case," he said. "I always believe in giving the rich a helping hand, as well as the poor. Come, Shaker! You had better bring that brace of revolvers, and your electric-torch will also be useful. It may throw some light on this affair."

We proceeded in a taxicab to Charing Cross Station, where Terrors Shocke instructed Coker to take three first-class tickets to Friardale.

"Do you think, Shocke," I asked, when we had embarked upon our journey, "that you will be able to elucidate this mystery?"

My friend nodded.



Terrors Shocke was in bed. His face was obliterated by bandages. He blinked pathetically at us as we entered the room.

"I have no doubt that I shall be able to restore Coker's machine—or what is left of it!" he said. "But I can do nothing until I have eaten a substantial meal."

This was a broad hint to Coker to take us into the village banshop when we reached Friardale. This Coker did, and Terrors Shocke did himself well at the Fifth-Former's expense.

On reaching the school, the first thing my friend did was to put some searching questions to Gosling, the porter. After the interrogation was over, Terrors Shocke turned to Coker.

"Wait here," he said. "I will be back in half an hour with your twin-cylinder, umpteen horse-power thingummyjig."

"My hat!" gasped Coker, in amazement.

"How on earth—"

But Terrors Shocke had vanished.

He did not return in half an hour. An hour passed—two hours—and there was no sign of him. Dusk fell, and the great detective had not put in an appearance.

And then a telephonic message came through to Dr. Locke, to the effect that Terrors Shocke was in the Cottage Hospital, suffering from injuries to the scalp and face. He desired to see Coker and I immediately.

We lost no time in getting to the hospital. On our arrival we were ushered into one of the wards.

Terrors Shocke was in bed. Save for one eye, which blinked at us pathetically, the great detective's face was obliterated by bandages.

"Shocke!" I gasped. "What—what has happened? Have you been trying to stop a runaway steam-roller?"

Terrors Shocke ignored my question, and turned his eye upon Coker.

"I have recovered your motor-cycle," he said.

"Oh, good!"

"And I have also just recovered consciousness, after attempting to ride the aforesaid machine!"

"Ah!" said Coker. "It's a dangerous toy for anyone to meddle with, unless he happens to be a skilled mechanic, like myself. I'm sorry to see you like this, Mr. Shocke; in fact, I can hardly see you at all for bandages!"

"You seem to have had a bad smash, Shocke," I observed.

"Your powers of observation do you credit, Shaker. I have certainly had a bad smash, and I'm very cut up about it."

"Tell us how it happened!" I urged.

Shocke groaned at the recollection of his unhappy experiences.

"After recovering the machine," he explained, "I went into the teetotalers' bar of the Cross Keys, and drank two glasses of ginger-beer. After which I started to ride the motor-cycle to Greyfriars. I was entirely at the mercy of the machine, and as I was whizzing down a steep hill it lost control of me. I was precipitated on to a heap of gravel, and everything became like your mind, Shaker."

"Like my mind?" I ejaculated, in astonishment.

"Yes—a complete blank!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker.

"No laughter in the sick-room, please!" said Terrors Shocke. "I'm not in a condition to stand it."

"But—but how did you manage to recover my machine, Mr. Shocke?" asked Coker.

"It was a very simple matter. I elicited from Gosling the information that an old-iron vendor was seen hanging about the Close at Greyfriars yesterday afternoon. Seeing your motor-cycle standing there, he mistook it for old iron, and carried it away to his premises."

"What awful cheek!" gasped Coker.

"Not at all!" said Terrors Shocke. "The man genuinely believed it to be old iron, and he was prepared to pay you a penny a pound for it."

"My hat! And where's my motor-bike now?"

A wistful expression came into Terrors Shocke's one sound eye.

"I regret to say," he said, "that the recent calamity caused your machine to become—er—slightly bent. In the circumstances, I had no alternative but to send it back to the old-iron merchant."

"What!" howled Coker.

"Don't get excited, my boy. Your machine will never be fit for anything but scrap-iron."

"You—you—" spluttered Coker, completely forgetting the respect due to one of Britain's greatest detectives. "If you weren't bedridden already, I—I'd pulverise you!"

"You appear to forget that I recovered your machine," said Terrors Shocke, in pained tones. "I tried to bring it back to you without mishap, but, as I said, I had been imbibing ginger-beer, and it is difficult to control a machine after one has had a couple."

"You—you've smashed up my motor-bike!" hooted Coker.

"Well, it did the same to me. So now we're quits," was the reply. "I will send you my bill for services rendered in due course. I shall also expect you to pay me ample compensation."

"Compensation!" bellowed Coker. "My hat! I'm the one who ought to receive compensation, not you!"

Terrors Shocke groaned.

"In all my thirteen weeks' experience as a criminal investigator," he said, "I have never been spoken to like this! Take this ungrateful fellow away, Shaker, or, badly damaged as I am, I shall do him an injury!"

I led Coker from the room, and he was fuming and raving all the way back to Greyfriars.

Alas, how black is man's ingratitude!

THE END.

"Billy Bunter's Luck!"

(Continued from page 8.)

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Gentleman of Leisure!

NOTHING more had been heard of the wealthy stranger whom Billy Bunter was reputed to have rescued.

Whoever the man was, he seemed to have gone his way, leaving Billy Bunter to expend the handsome reward as he pleased.

True, there was a paragraph in the "Courtfield, Friardale, and Wapshot Gazette," describing the rescue from details furnished by Billy Bunter. But there was no mention of the stranger's name or position in life.

Billy Bunter continued to bask in the sunshine of his affluence. He obtained Mr. Quelch's permission to convert the spare room into a study, and this he proceeded to do without delay.

Two days later a pantechnicon came down from Harridge's, the big furniture people in London.

Nearly all Greyfriars turned out to see the pantechnicon unloaded, and they marvelled.

Billy Bunter had given his orders on a lavish scale.

There was a magnificent mahogany table, a roll-top desk, half a dozen Windsor chairs, and a couple of easy-chairs, into whose depths one could sink with a delicious sense of comfort.

There was also an Indian carpet, a couple of rugs, a sofa, a bookcase, and a number of costly and comfortable cushions.

By the time the furniture had been set in its place, Billy Bunter's study resembled a duke's drawing-room.

Even Lord Mauleverer's sumptuously furnished study was a plain, drab room by comparison.

Messrs. Harridge's bill was for no less a sum than one hundred and fifty pounds.

This made a big hole in Billy Bunter's resources, but he paid up cheerfully, in the knowledge that he had the most comfortable study in the school—all to himself, too!

"You're making the dickens of a splash, Bunt!" remarked Bob Cherry. "I should ease up a bit, if I were you, or you'll be broke before the end of the term."

"Rats!"

"If he gets hard up he can always sell his study furniture, and get a decent price for it, too," said Nugent.

"Blessed if I can get used to the fact that Bunter's rolling in riches!" said Harry Wharton. "I still don't believe that story of the rescue and the reward."

"Oh, really, Wharton!"

"Goodness knows how you came by that five hundred quid!" said the captain of the Remove. "I suppose the facts will come to light, sooner or later. All I hope is you haven't burgled a bank."

Billy Bunter snorted, and rolled away to his palatial study.

He was enjoying the experience of being rich; but, like most wealthy people, he made the discovery that wealth was not everything. It could not secure him a place in the Remove cricket team, for instance. His offer to buy a place in the eleven had been rejected with indignation, and he had been cast out of Study No. 1 "on his neck."

Another thing that his wealth could not save him from was punishment for slackness and wrongdoing. He still had to write impositions and receive lickings.

The fact that he was no longer a pauper did not seem to weigh one scrap with Mr. Quelch.

On reaching his study, Billy Bunter found Skinner waiting for him.

"Here, get out of my private residence!" said Bunter. "I don't want my fifty-guinea carpet ruined by muddy boots!"

"Don't get your wool off, Billy," said Skinner. "I've come to offer you my services."

Billy Bunter stared.

"Now that you're a man of means, you'll be wanting a fag," Skinner went on. "It's no use having a kid from the Second or Third. He'll only smash your crockery, and play Old Harry with your study furniture. You want a sound, reliable fellow like me, to wake you up in the mornings, prepare your grub, keep your study clean, and so forth."

"Oh, good!" said Billy Bunter. "I hadn't thought of that."

The prospect of being waited upon hand and foot appealed very strongly to the lazy Owl of the Remove.

"What sort of wages will you want?" he inquired.

"Oh, I'll leave that to your generosity," said Skinner.

"Would ten bob a week, and your grub, suit you?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Right you are, then! You can be my fag. You'd better nip along to the tuckshop and lay in supplies."

Skinner needed no second bidding. He made himself thoroughly useful, and devoted all his energies to studying Billy Bunter's requirements. He waited on him at table; he helped him with his prep; and he even went so far as to unlace Billy Bunter's boots in the dormitory.

At the first note of the rising-bell, Skinner would gently arouse his fagmaster. Then he would hurry downstairs and prepare Billy Bunter an unofficial breakfast, prior to the official one in Hall.

Wherever Billy Bunter went during the day, Skinner, like Mary's little lamb, was sure to go. He toiled for the Owl of the Remove with slavish devotion. And at the end of the week he didn't forget to ask for his ten shillings.

By this time, Billy Bunter had quite an army of fair-weather friends.

So long as his wealth existed, there were plenty of fellows willing to show themselves friendly. When the funds were exhausted, however, they would probably drop Billy Bunter like a red-hot brick.

Never before in his school career had Bunter been able to indulge his eating and drinking propensities so freely.

The school tuckshop was a horn of plenty which soon ran dry. And Billy Bunter depended on Chunkley's, the big dealers in Courtfield, for most of his supplies.

Greyfriars looked on, and marvelled.

Some of the fellows shook their heads, and said that the crash was sure to come soon. They could not believe that Billy Bunter had come by his wealth honestly. Exactly how he had obtained the money they did not know; but they felt that his prosperity would endure only as the twinkling of an eye.

Certainly the fat junior was spending his money at an amazing rate.

From a swell tailoring emporium in Bond Street, he secured a couple of Eton suits, the cut and style of which were remarkable. He also purchased some new Sunday "toppers," some socks, and neckties of brilliant hue, and a couple of flaming fancy waistcoats.

A silver-mounted walking-stick, and a

gold watch and chain, added to Billy Bunter's dignity when he walked abroad.

Most of Bunter's leisure was devoted to the pursuit of amusement. But he continued to edit that quaint production known as "Billy Bunter's Weekly." This was where his roll-top desk came in very useful.

Meanwhile, Mr. Quelch had communicated with Billy's father, telling him of the five hundred pounds.

The result of this was that Billy received the following indignant letter from his paternal relative:

"My Dear William,—I am informed by Mr. Quelch that you have come into possession of a large sum of money—no less a sum than five hundred pounds.

"Whilst congratulating you upon your gallantry in saving an unknown stranger from a watery grave, I must express my annoyance at your retaining all this money instead of sending it to me to bank for you.

"I know what a reckless and improvident boy you are; and you will oblige me by forwarding the five hundred pounds without delay, so that I may open a deposit account in your name.

"Your affectionate
"FATHER."

Billy Bunter crumpled this letter savagely in his hand, and tossed it into the fireplace.

He was unable to carry out his father's wishes by forwarding the five hundred pounds, for the simple reason that that sum had now diminished to less than three hundred. Bunter also had a motor-cycle on order. This would mean a further expenditure of a hundred pounds.

As for the sum that would be left, Billy Bunter hadn't the slightest intention of sending it to his father. He remembered the ancient proverb, and determined to act upon it:

"What we have, we'll hold!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Misadventure of a Motor-Cyclist!

"COME in!"

Billy Bunter looked up from the editorial he was writing, as a knock sounded on the door of his sumptuously furnished study.

Skinner of the Remove opened the door quietly, and glided into the apartment with the air of a well-trained butler.

"If you please, Master Bunter"—Skinner had fallen into the habit of addressing his fagmaster thus—"this postcard has just arrived for you."

"Take it away and bury it!" said Billy Bunter irritably. "I can't be bothered with postcards just now!"

"But it's jolly important, Master Bunter—"

"Read it out to me, then!"

Skinner cleared his throat, and declaimed the writing on the postcard aloud:

"The Modern Motor-Cycle Company begs to inform Master W. G. Bunter that one of their latest model motor-cycles has been despatched this day, and awaits him at Friardale Station."

Billy Bunter immediately began to sit up and take notice.

"Oh, good!" he ejaculated. "My motor-bike's arrived at last!"

Skinner bent forward inquiringly.

"Is it your wish, Master Bunter, that I should collect the motor-cycle at the station, and ride it to Greyfriars?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 701.

"No jolly fear!" said Billy Bunter. "As if I'd let you, or anybody else for that matter, ride my brand-new motor-bike up from the station! Why, it would arrive here in bits!"

"Then you will collect it yourself, Master Bunter?"

"Yes. And look here, Skinner. I know you're my fag, but I don't like all this formality. As a special privilege, I'll allow you to call me Buntty."

"Thank you, Master—er—Buntty!"

Billy Bunter rose to his feet.

"There's a sidecar attached to the motor-bike," he said. "So if you'll come down to the station with me, we'll go for a joy-ride."

Skinner hesitated. He rather doubted Billy Bunter's ability to ride a motor-bike, and he had a natural aversion to risking life and limb with an inexperienced rider. He was about to stammer out a refusal, when Billy Bunter took him by the arm.

"Come along!" said the fat junior imperiously.

Skinner resigned himself to his fate. He knew that if he refused to accompany Billy Bunter, he would probably lose his job. For there were half a dozen fellows falling over each other in their anxiety to become Bunter's fag.

As they passed through the Close, the two juniors encountered Sammy Bunter.

"Whither bound, Billy?" asked the fag.

"I'm going to the station to collect my motor-bike, and then we're going for a joy-ride," answered Billy, in tones of pride.

"Can I come?"

"There won't be any room. Skinner's going in the sidecar."

"I'm quite willing to stand down for Sammy," said Skinner eagerly.

"No; there's no need to do that," said Billy, with a sudden inspiration. "Sammy can ride on the carrier at the back."

Having made this arrangement, the trip set off for the railway station, buying a tin of petrol on the way.

When they reached their destination, Billy Bunter was considerably annoyed to find that the motor-cycle was packed in a sort of crate.

It took nearly half an hour to disentangle the machine from its trappings.

"My hat!" ejaculated Skinner. "What a ripper!"

The machine was certainly a beauty; well worth the hundred pounds which had been expended upon it. How it would fare at Billy Bunter's hands remained to be seen.

The stationmaster and a couple of porters followed the machine with envious and admiring eyes as it was wheeled out of the station.

"In you get, Skinner!" said Billy Bunter, when they were outside, and had filled the tanks.

Skinner trembled visibly.

"Buck up!" said Billy irritably. "Not deaf, are you?"

Reluctantly Skinner settled himself in the sidecar.

"Now, Sammy! Perch yourself on the carrier!"

Sammy obeyed at once. The fact that Billy was going to ride the machine seemed to have no terrors for him. Indeed, he was revelling in the prospect of an enjoyable ride.

Billy Bunter had no difficulty in starting the machine. As a matter of fact, it started almost before he was ready.

The fat junior heaved himself astride the saddle, and bent over the handlebars.

"D-d-don't go too fast, Buntty!" said Skinner, with chattering teeth. "There—there's a lot of traffic on the road."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 701.

"Rats! There's only a man pushing a wheelbarrow."

"He's pushing it into the hedge, too," chuckled Sammy. "He seems to have got the wind up!"

The motor-cycle careered down the road at a dizzy speed.

Skinner was wanting to hop out of the sidecar, but the pace was too fast to admit of his doing so. So he hung on tightly, and hoped for the best.

Sammy Bunter was wobbling dangerously from side to side on his perch, but he didn't seem to mind. Perhaps he did not fully realise the peril of his position.

Up hill and down dale the motor-cycle sped like a live thing. It did not keep a straight course, but swerved from one side of the road to the other, several times narrowly missing a hedge or a ditch.

"If any traffic comes along," thought Skinner, "something's going to happen! Wish I'd never come on this mad stunt. I'd rather lose my job than lose my life!"

Even Sammy began to get alarmed at length.

"I say, Billy, hadn't you better slacken speed a bit?" he shouted.

Billy Bunter's answer struck terror into the hearts of his companions.

"I c-c-can't!" he exclaimed wildly.

"I—I don't understand all these levers and things!"

"Oh, you mad idiot!" gasped Skinner.

"We shall all be killed!"

"Ow! I—I'm afraid so!"

"Can't you steer the beastly thing into something soft—a mossy bank, for instance?"

But Billy Bunter didn't have the nerve to run full tilt into a bank. He preferred to keep on, and trust to luck not to hit a brick wall or a brewer's dray.

On and on rushed the motor-cycle, like a thing possessed.

It was a nightmare ride to the three juniors, all of whom were beginning to wish that they had never set eyes on the latest product of the Modern Motor-Cycle Company.

Presently the road took a sharp turn to the right. The motor-cycle, however, ignored the turning, and rushed straight on. It dashed clean into a shrubbery which skirted the grounds of a private house.

Crash!

There was a bump, a jolt, a snapping of twigs, and a chorus of wild yells.

Skinner was precipitated from the sidecar like a stone from a catapult. He landed in the midst of the shrubbery, and his yell was one of fear rather than anguish, for he discovered a moment later that he was un hurt, save for a few bruises.

Whilst Skinner was extricating himself from the shrubbery, he heard a low moaning sound close at hand.

These vocal efforts were being supplied by Sammy Bunter, and they revealed the fact that Sammy was still alive, at all events.

"Sammy!" called Skinner. "Are you hurt?"

"Ow! I've broken my back, fractured my spine, and dislocated my thigh!" answered the fag. "Don't worry about me. I'm past help. See if you can see anything of Billy."

Skinner gazed around.

The motor-cycle was visible. It lay on its side in the shrubbery shedding large quantities of petrol. But of the owner of the machine there was no trace or sign.

"Buntty!" cried Skinner.

There was a faint, moaning response.

Skinner made his way in the direction of the sound, and presently he came upon Billy Bunter.

Both Skinner and Sammy had had a nasty experience in being pitched into the shrubbery. But Billy Bunter had gone farther and fared worse than his companions. He had crashed clean through the shrubbery on to the lawn beyond, and he now lay on the grass, with his left leg doubled under him. His moans were reminiscent of a scene on a battlefield.

Skinner dropped on to one knee beside his fagmaster.

"Are—are you much hurt, Buntty?"

"Ow-ow-ow!"

"Shall I fetch a stretcher or something?"

"Yow!"

Skinner scarcely knew whether that was a negative or an affirmative answer. He could see, however, that Billy Bunter was really hurt—so much so that he would be unable to walk back to Greyfriars. And he could not ride back. The motor-cycle would have to go into dock for repairs before it could be ridden again.

"I think I'd better nip along to the Cottage Hospital—it isn't far from here—and get the ambulance to come and pick you up," said Skinner.

Billy Bunter made no demur, so Skinner left him lying on the lawn, and departed at the double for assistance. As for Sammy, he made strenuous efforts to extricate the damaged machine from the shrubbery. At length he succeeded in doing so—a very remarkable performance for a fellow who had broken his back, fractured his spine, and dislocated his thigh.

"I say, Billy, this motor-bike's done in!" said Sammy.

"So am I!" was the groaning retort.

"Rats! You're not hurt, are you?"

"My leg's broken off just below the knee!"

"Well, it's still sticking to your body, anyway," said Sammy. "Why don't you get up and walk? You look an awful ass, grovelling on the grass like that!"

"You heartless little beast!" said Billy wrathfully. "I'll never take you for a ride on my carrier again!"

"No, you won't! I'll see to that!" retorted Sammy.

After this, silence fell between the two brothers. It was broken at length by an approaching rumble.

"Sounds like the ambulance," said Sammy. "Do you really mean to say that you're going to hospital?"

"Of course! It'll be weeks and weeks before I recover—if I ever do recover!"

"Why, what's wrong? You haven't broken any bones!" exclaimed the startled Sammy.

"I feel as if I've broken every bone in my body!"

"My hat!"

The ambulance came to a halt in the roadway, and presently a couple of men appeared, carrying a stretcher.

They made a brief examination of Billy Bunter and evidently decided that he was a hospital case, for they laid him on the stretcher, and carried him to the waiting vehicle.

Skinner, who had accompanied the ambulance, turned to one of the men.

"Is it a serious case?" he asked.

"Oh, no. There are no bones broken, anyway. But your friend will have to spend a few days in hospital before he can get about again."

The prospect of going into hospital didn't seem to worry Billy Bunter over-much.

"You might explain what's happened when you get back to the school, Skinner," he said.

"Certainly," said Skinner. "And shall I see that the motor-bike has a decent burial?"

"You don't mean to say it's smashed up?"

"Well, it'll have to go into dock before you'll be able to ride it again."

"Then you'd better take it to the garage in Courtfield, and tell 'em to do the necessary repairs."

"Very good, Master Bun—I mean, Buntie."

The ambulance, with Billy Bunter on board, rumbled away. And Skinner and Sammy Bunter, bearing the wreckage of the motor-cycle between them, started off on the long, long trail to Greyfriars.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Visitors for Bunter!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry in surprise.

The Famous Five of the Remove were standing in the school gateway when Skinner and Sammy Bunter arrived on the scene.

"Where did you fellows pick up that ancient gridiron?" asked Frank Nugent.

"An hour ago," said Skinner, "it was a brand-new motor-bike."

"My hat!"

"What's happened to Baron de Rothschild?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"He took us out for a joy-ride, and lost control of the machine."

"Great pip!"

"We crashed into a shrubbery, and Billy twisted his leg or something of the sort. Anyway, they've carted him off to the Cottage Hospital."

Harry Wharton looked grave.

"You don't mean to say the silly ass has seriously injured himself?" he exclaimed.

"He reckons he won't get over it," said Sammy.

And he passed on, assisting Skinner to carry the battered motor-cycle to the shed.

That evening, at roll-call, Billy Bunter failed to respond to his name.

Mr. Quelch was calling the roll, and he frowned.

"BUNTER!" he roared.

No answer.

"Does anybody know where Bunter is?" inquired the Remove-master.

Skinner stepped forward.

"He's in the Cottage Hospital, sir," he said.

"Bless my soul! What has happened?"

Skinner briefly described the motor-cycling calamity.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch, when Skinner had finished his narrative. "It is a wonder the wretched boy was not killed! He has imperilled three lives by his recklessness. Had I known that he contemplated purchasing a motor-bicycle, I should have prevented him. I trust his injuries are not serious, Skinner?"

"He's dying, sir, according to his own account," said the cad of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch looked very alarmed. But his alarm was lessened a few moments later, when a telephone-call came through from the Cottage Hospital, to the effect that Billy Bunter had sustained a slight injury, and would be detained at the hospital for a few days.

The Remove dormitory seemed very different that evening without Billy Bunter. The juniors missed his squeaky, high-pitched voice, and his sonorous snore.

"We'd better pop over and see Buntie to-morrow afternoon," said Peter Todd.

"Yes, rather!" said Bob Cherry.

"He must be pretty badly knocked about, or they would never have detained him at the hospital."

"I shall never ride in his beastly side-car again!" declared Skinner. "Nuff's as good as a feast. I was jolly-lucky to come out of it alive!"

The next morning, Mr. Quelch received a further telephone-call, to the effect that Billy Bunter was making favourable progress.

Harry Wharton & Co. knew nothing of this, and they imagined Billy's condition to be really serious.

As soon as afternoon lessons were over, the Famous Five made their way to the Cottage Hospital.

"We'd better take some fruit and flowers along," suggested Johnny Bull. "Bunter's no pal of ours, but, dash it all, he's in hospital, and it's up to us to make his miserable life happy."

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent.

visitors were, he sank back hastily upon the pillow, moaning piteously.

"Ow! Oh, dear! I'm so glad you fellows have come. You're just in time to see me expire!"

"You'd better not expire till you've sampled this fruit," said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "Try a few of these grapes, Buntie."

At the mention of those delicacies, Billy Bunter promptly sat up again. He fairly snatched the bunch of grapes from Bob Cherry's hand, and devoured them ravenously.

The Famous Five looked greatly relieved. Evidently Billy Bunter was a long way off dying yet.

"Whereabouts are you hurt, Bunter?" inquired Wharton.

"Everywhere except my face," was



Billy Bunter took a fifty-pound note from his pocket and flourished it in the air. "Take this note," he said to the driver. "I shall be wanting your car nearly every day." Then Bunter waved his hand majestically towards the smart Daimler car. "Hop in, you fellows!" he said. (See Chapter 4.)

The Famous Five halted at the green-grocer's, and purchased a tempting basket of fruit. They also bought a bunch of flowers—though they could not imagine Billy Bunter taking an interest in anything that could not be eaten.

Armed with their purchases, they proceeded to the hospital, and Bob Cherry gave the bell-pull a violent tug.

A prim-looking nurse responded to the summons.

"We should like to see Bunter, please, nurse," said Harry Wharton, lifting his cap. "Unless his condition is too critical, that is."

The nurse smiled.

"Come this way!" she said.

The juniors followed their escort up two flights of stairs, and along a passage. Then they were ushered into a private ward.

Billy Bunter sat up in bed as the door opened. Then, on seeing who his

the reply. "That's the only part of me that came through without a scratch. I've got shocking injuries in the chest and back, and my spine is in splints."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's nothing to laugh at!" said Billy Bunter indignantly. "I'm liable to go under at any minute. It wouldn't be so bad if I could get plenty of nourishment in this place, but I can't. I begged the nurse to get me a rabbit-pie and some pastries and some doughnuts, but she said there was nothing doing. I've got too high a temperament, she says."

"Ha, ha! You mean temperature!" chuckled Nugent.

"Well, anyway, they're feeding me on thin gruel, and I'm pining away through lack of nourishment," said Billy Bunter. "If you fellows have got a spark of pity in you, you'll go along to Chunkley's, cash a fifty-pound note there, and bring me back some really nourishing grub."

such as pies and pastries. You can easily smuggle them into the hospital."

"I'm not sure that pies and pastries will be good for you," said Harry Wharton.

"They'll save me from starvation, at least. I shall never recover unless I can get something substantial to eat."

"We've brought you some ripping carnations, Bunt," said Bob Cherry.

"Ass! I can't eat carnations! Chuck 'em out of the window, and go and get me some grub. Can't you see I'm sinking rapidly?"

As he spoke, Billy Bunter sank back on to the pillows.

The Famous Five exchanged glances.

They were very dubious about meeting Billy Bunter's wishes, knowing, as they did, that it was against the regulations to smuggle such things as pies and pastries into the hospital.

All the same, the juniors could not help feeling sorry for their fat schoolfellow in this extremity. And after some hesitation, they decided to go on a shopping expedition on Billy Bunter's behalf. Taking some pound notes, they went along to Chunkley's, in Courtfield, and spent half an hour in attending to Bunter's requirements.

The manager of Chunkley's attended to the order without question—it was not the first of its kind that he had had—and then he instructed one of his assistants to pack the foodstuffs into a hamper.

"The question is," said Harry Wharton, as the juniors emerged from the stores, "how are we going to smuggle this hamper into the hospital?"

"The difficulties of smuggling the esteemed hamper to our Bunterful chum are terrific," said Hurree Singh.

"I know how we'll do it," said Bob Cherry. "You and I, Harry, will go on ahead, ring the bell at the hospital, and engage the nurse in conversation. There's a private sitting-room just inside, and while we're jawing to her in there, the other three can slip through the doorway with the hamper, and rush it upstairs."

Wharton nodded.

"That's the wheeze!" he said. "Though I'm dashed if I can see why we should take such risks for a boulder like Bunter."

Bob Cherry's plan worked like a charm. He and Harry Wharton decoyed the nurse into the sitting-room, and chatted with her concerning the condition of the patient, whilst Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh sped upstairs with the hamper, which was safely deposited in Billy Bunter's ward.

"Here you are, Bunt," said Nugent. "There's enough grub here to relieve a starving garrison."

"Good!" said Billy Bunter. "But where's the change out of my fifty-quid note?"

"Wharton's got it," said Johnny Bull. "He'll be up in a jiffy."

"Would you mind opening the hamper, you fellows? I'm awfully peckish!"

Frank Nugent prized up the lid of the tuck hamper, and Billy Bunter's eyes glistened with delight when he caught sight of the contents.

"I sha'n't have such a bad time in hospital, after all," he said. "Pass up that bag of doughnuts, Johnny!"

Johnny Bull handed up the doughnuts, and Billy Bunter's jaws were soon busy, champing away in their accustomed style.

Bunter had reached his fifth doughnut when the door opened, admitting Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry.

"Here's your change, Bunter," said the captain of the Remove. "I should stow this hamper under the bed, if I were you. If the nurse sees it, there will be ructions!"

The hamper was safely concealed under the bed, and Billy Bunter polished off the rest of the doughnuts.

For a fellow whose life was supposed to be hanging by a thread, the fat junior had a wonderful appetite.

As soon as the doughnuts were finished, Billy Bunter called for his favourites—jam-tarts. And the rapidity with which he disposed of them astonished even the Famous Five, accustomed though they were to Bunter's orgies.

The last jam-tart had barely dis-

appeared when the nurse came in, carrying a basin of gruel.

Harry Wharton & Co. could scarcely repress their merriment. They wondered what the nurse would say if she knew that her patient had already consumed half a dozen doughnuts, and a similar number of jam-tarts.

"Here is your tea, Master Bunter," said the nurse. "You must be feeling hungry by this time."

Billy Bunter accepted the basin of gruel, and made a pretence of consuming it.

"I think your friends have stayed long enough," said the nurse, with a significant glance at Harry Wharton & Co. "Your condition is not serious. At the same time, it is not advisable for you to get over-excited."

The Famous Five rose to their feet. They bade the nurse and her patient good-afternoon, and quitted the hospital, feeling satisfied that there was not much the matter with Billy Bunter, and that within a few days he would resume his place in the Greyfriars Remove.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Midnight Comedy!

"YOU are not making much progress with your gruel, Bunter," said the nurse. "I trust it is to your liking?"

Billy Bunter made a wry face. After the delicacies he had consumed, the gruel was distinctly unappetising.

"Ahem! The—the fact is, nurse, I don't get any nourishment from this stuff. There isn't enough nourishment in it to sustain an undersized sparrow!"

"Nonsense!" said the nurse, with a frown. "This gruel will do you a world of good. It was prepared by my own hand."

Had Billy Bunter been at all chivalrous he would have finished off the gruel there and then and voted it first-rate. As it was, he placed the basin on his locker with a grunt.

"No more for me!" he said with emphasis. "I wish you'd get me something nice for supper, nurse."

"You shall have a cup of cocoa——"

"I don't mean liquids. I mean solids. A nice rabbit-pie, for instance——"

The nurse raised her hands in horror.

"Anything of that sort would give you a temperature at once!" she exclaimed.

The nurse herself would have had a temperature—and possibly a fit—had she known what was in the hamper which was stowed under the bed.

"You shall have a cup of cocoa," she repeated, "and nothing more. I am not supposed to give you cocoa, really. It is too stimulating."

"My hat! I always thought they fed you up in hospitals," said the patient. "They do feed you up, but not in the sense I mean! They make you horribly fed up!"

"Now you are being rude!" said the nurse. "I intended to stay and have a nice long chat with you, but you have driven me away."

So saying, the nurse gathered up the basin of gruel and flounced out of the room.

This was just what Billy Bunter wanted. He was waiting to resume operations on the tuck hamper.

The fat junior had a tremendous orgy, and he made the most of it, knowing that he could expect no supper.

When he had finally disposed of everything in the hamper Billy Bunter fell asleep—which was not surprising, in the circumstances.

Grand Value for Money Story Books

BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY

SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY

MUGGET LIBRARY

No. 562.—CAPTAIN OF WELSTEAD.
A splendid school and cricket yarn. By JACK NORTH.

No. 563.—KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD.
A magnificent story of the boxing caravanners. By ANDREW GRAY.

No. 564.—STORM ISLAND.
A thrilling yarn of adventure in the South Seas. By ALLAN BLAIR.

No. 565.—THE STAR OF THE FILMS.
An enthralling romance of Film life.

No. 180.—THIRTY YEARS AFTER; OR, THE CASE OF THE PROSPECTOR'S LEGACY.
A wonderful story of detective work and thrilling adventure, introducing that popular character, Mr. Trouble Nantucket.

No. 181.—THE DOCTOR'S DOUBLE.
The strange story of a double mystery, featuring Sexton Blake and Tinker.

No. 182.—THE CASE OF THE RUSSIAN CROWN JEWELS.
Another fascinating tale of Eldred Kurtin.

No. 183.—ONE OF THE FLYING SQUAD.
A thrilling story of Sexton Blake and Scotland Yard.

No. 51.—THE OUTSIDERS.
A splendid story of St. Frank's, introducing Nipper & Co., Handforth & Co., and Langley Mostyn, and the boys of Nottingham School.

No. 52.—ROGUES OF THE RIVER.
A magnificent detective story, introducing Nelson Lee, the famous detective, Nipper, his young assistant, and the Thames Police.

Now on Sale Buy Your Copies TODAY!

He slept right through the evening and far into the night.

When he awoke he blinked into impenetrable darkness.

Groping towards his locker he discovered a cup of cocoa standing thereon. It was stone-cold. Evidently the nurse, finding her patient asleep, had not wished to disturb him.

"I feel peckish again, by Jove!" murmured Bunter. "Wonder what the time is?"

Bunter's injury was now much better—so much so that he was able to get out of bed without much difficulty.

He ran through his pockets and discovered a box of matches. Lighting one, he glanced at his watch.

Midnight!

Billy Bunter groaned.

"It's hours and hours till brekker!" he murmured. "How am I going to live through the night?"

Lighting a candle, he got back into bed and gave himself up to earnest reflection. He was wishing that he had economised with the contents of the tuck hamper, so that he could have had another feed now.

But the hamper was empty.

There was nothing for it but to wait until his frugal breakfast arrived in the morning.

But stay!

Surely there must be a kitchen attached to the hospital! And surely that kitchen would be well worth raiding!

The thought made Bunter's heart beat fast.

He was at a disadvantage in not knowing the whereabouts of the kitchen. Still, he had the instinct of a sleuth-hound for discovering food, and he had no doubt that a brief search would bring him to his desired haven.

Again Billy Bunter got out of bed.

This time he slipped on a dressing-gown over his pyjamas. Then, taking up the candle, he stole cautiously out into the corridor.

Before he could quite get his bearings a sudden gust of wind extinguished the candle.

Rather than return to his room and fumble for the matches, Billy Bunter went straight ahead on his quest.

He went down several flights of stairs, making as little noise as possible, and eventually he found himself in what appeared to be the basement of the building.

As he paused outside an open door a savoury odour, of the kind usually associated with kitchens, came to his nostrils.

"Good! This is the kitchen!" murmured the fat junior.

A moment later he was inside.

It was pitch-dark, but in a very short space of time Billy Bunter had found all that he could wish to find.

A newly made currant-cake, a plate of bread-and-butter, and a tin of sardines—these would be sufficient to sustain him till the morning, he reflected. It would be dangerous to linger in the kitchen any longer.

Carrying the plate of bread-and-butter and the sardines in one hand, and the cake in the other, the midnight marauder crept out of the kitchen.

How he was to find his way back to his own room he hardly knew. He had a vague idea that it was situated on the top floor, and that was all. He rather regretted not having gone back to relight the candle.

"Never mind! I'll find it somehow," he told himself.

As he mounted the first flight of stairs he fancied he heard a noise immediately overhead.

It was a low murmur, as if a number

of people were conversing in hushed tones.

Billy Bunter's heart was beating overtime as he ascended from the basement to the ground floor.

What if he were discovered with the spoils in his possession?

It would be an awkward situation, but the authorities would be certain to inform the headmaster of Greyfriars that Billy Bunter had raided the kitchen in the night. And then there would be ructions.

When he reached the top of the first flight of stairs Billy Bunter gave a violent start.

A door opened a few yards along the corridor, and in the ray of light which shone out Billy Bunter discerned a figure all in white.

This ghostly figure was immediately followed by another, also in white garb.

These unexpected apparitions of the night were too much for Billy Bunter's nerves. He uttered a wild shriek, dropped the bread-and-butter and sardines and cake with a series of crashes, and turned and fled.

"Ghosts!" he muttered, in terror.

His one idea was to get away from those spectral figures.

Billy Bunter's dread of the supernatural was strongly developed. Despite his injury, he rushed at top speed in the direction of the nearest door, which happened to be the main entrance to the hospital.

The door was securely fastened on the inside. But Billy Bunter made short work of the bolts and bars.

As he shot back the last bolt, he turned his head, and saw the two white-robed figures advancing towards him.

With another shriek of terror, Billy Bunter threw open the door and rushed out into the night.

He found himself on a spacious green lawn, on which those patients who were convalescent were in the habit of playing croquet.

The lawn was exposed, and there seemed to be no hiding-place of any sort.

If only there was a shrubbery, or a summer-house, Bunter reflected.

He looked round wildly as he ran for a place of concealment. But there was nothing.

With his dressing-gown flapping about him, and a gust of wind chilling his limbs, Billy Bunter ran on.

Once again he ventured to turn his head, to see if he was being pursued.

Yes!

The two ghostly figures were advancing swiftly towards him across the lawn.

Fear lent Billy Bunter wings. He increased the distance between himself and his pursuers, and presently he was lost to their view.

Then, to his joy, he discovered, on the outskirts of the lawn, a fairly deep ditch.

Heedless of the risk of further injury, the fat junior literally tumbled head-over-heels into the ditch, where he lay like a stoat, scarcely daring to breathe.

Then he heard a patter of feet and the sound of breathless voices.

The voices had a remarkably human sound about them, but Billy Bunter was not comforted. In his terror, he was convinced that the two white-clad figures were indeed ghosts.

"He must have gone this way," said one of the voices.

"Jumped over the ditch, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Follow up, then! We must catch him at all costs."

Billy Bunter shivered.

It was very damp and uncomfortable in the ditch, but he dared not shift his position. And it was very fortunate that he did not, for at that moment the two white forms sprang across the ditch, over his inert body.

Billy Bunter listened to the sound of their retreating footsteps, and he heaved a deep sigh of relief.

But the danger was not yet past. He must remain where he was for the time being, at any rate.

An interval of five minutes passed. It seemed like an eternity to the fat junior, as he crouched in his hiding-place.

Then he heard the sound of returning footsteps, and again the two phantoms—for such Bunter imagined them to be—cleared the ditch, and made their way across the lawn towards the building.

"He's given us the slip," said one.

"Yes. We must get lanterns and search for him," was the reply.

Billy Bunter almost groaned aloud.

Up to now he had been aided by the friendly darkness. But the light of lanterns would be certain to expose him. And he dared not desert his present hiding-place, for he was not sure of being able to find another. If he knew of a better hole, so to speak, he would have gone to it. But he did not.

So Billy Bunter remained where he was and awaited developments.

Voices became audible once more on the lawn. Two bright gleams of light flashed through the darkness.

It was not lantern-light, after all—it was the light of electric-torches.

A shudder passed through Billy Bunter's frame.

"It's all up now!" he groaned.

Even as he spoke, one of the electric-torches was flashed into the ditch. Its relentless rays revealed Billy Bunter's cowering form.

"Here he is!" exclaimed a voice.

Billy Bunter's eyes were upturned in terror. And then he saw what he had not seen before in his agitation. He saw that his pursuers were not ghosts at all. They were human beings—hospital surgeons, to be precise—and they had just finished performing an urgent midnight operation when Billy Bunter had first seen them.

A hand was reached down towards the fat junior, who grasped it, and was hauled up out of the ditch.

"You silly young duffer!" said one of the surgeons, not unkindly. "Come along inside at once, or you'll be getting an awful chill!"

"Shouldn't be surprised if he'd contracted pneumonia, or something equally cheerful, already!" said the other surgeon. "Let's bring him in."

Billy Bunter suffered himself to be escorted back to the hospital.

"Why did you bolt when you saw us?" asked the surgeon who had first spoken.

"I—I thought you were ghosts!" quavered Bunter.

The two men laughed heartily.

"What were you doing roaming about the building in the middle of the night?" was the next question.

"Ahem! I—I—"

"There was really no need to ask that question. We discovered the cake and other eatables which you dropped on the floor before you took flight."

"Oh, crumbs! I—I hope you're not going to give me away?" said Billy Bunter.

"We should be quite justified in reporting the matter to the head matron," said one of the surgeons. "But as you already seem to have suffered a good

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 701.

deal from fright, we will say nothing about it."

"Oh, I say! That's awfully decent of you!"

For once in a way, Billy Bunter was genuinely grateful. He recognised that these two surgeons were good sports. They had probably done a little kitchen-raiding in their own youth.

"We'll give you a stiff dose of quinine and pack you off to bed," said one of them.

In spite of the fact that he did not recover the cake, the bread-and-butter, and the sardines, the fat junior was asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. And when he awoke in the morning he felt no after-effects of his midnight adventure.

From this time onwards Billy Bunter's nurse was exceptionally kind to him, and she allowed him to have what he liked, within reason, in the eating line.

Billy Bunter suspected that the two kindly surgeons had whispered a word in her ear. Anyway, he lived like a fighting-cock for the remainder of his stay in hospital. He even found himself dreading the day when he would have to quit.

But that day was close at hand, for Billy Bunter had now practically recovered from his motor-cycling accident.

The fat junior was rapidly on the mend, and his familiar figure would soon haunt the corridors of Greyfriars once more.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Blow Falls!

BILLY BUNTER was speedily pronounced sound in wind and limb.

He was rather reluctant to leave the Cottage Hospital, where he had had a thoroughly lazy time.

The tuck-hamper had not been discovered, and Billy Bunter had therefore been able to enjoy a series of delightful feeds. The nurse would discover the empty hamper after his departure, but that didn't worry him.

Now that he was a person of means and affluence, Billy Bunter was able to return to Greyfriars in style. He chartered a car from the local garage, and arrived at the school in a manner befitting the Prince of Wales, or a member of the nobility and gentry.

When Billy Bunter alighted from the car, the servile Skinner took his arm and led him away to his study.

"Lord Bunter de Grunter returns to his country seat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's jolly lucky to come back at all, after that mad joy-ride!" said Jack Drake.

"Yes, rather!" said Peter Todd. "I expect the Head will make him get rid of his motor-bike after this."

Peter Todd's surmise proved correct.

Billy Bunter was summoned to the Head's study that evening, and he received a sharp lecture.

"A motor-cycle is a dangerous toy in the hands of a boy like you, Bunter," said Dr. Locke. "You are neither old enough nor competent enough to possess such a machine."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"You will dispose of your motor-cycle at the first opportunity—"

"And buy another, sir?" murmured Billy Bunter.

"No, Bunter, you will not!" roared the Head. "You are an utterly reckless and irresponsible young rascal! But for the fact that you have only just emerged from hospital I should cane you!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Billy Bunter was in the act of moving to the door when the Head called him back.

"Mr. Quelch has told me the amazing story of how you came into possession of the sum of five hundred pounds, Bunter. Is it correct that you saved a wealthy man from drowning?"

"Of course, sir!"

The Head looked doubtful. Try as he would, he could not believe Billy Bunter guilty of an act of heroism. The fat junior was the last person in the world to voluntarily risk his life for another.

And yet Bunter's story must be true. For in what other way could he have come into possession of such a fortune?

"I must congratulate you on your courageous action, which I confess comes as a great surprise to me," said the Head. "I trust the money has been sent to your father, for him to invest on your behalf?"

"Nunno, sir."

"What! Do you mean to tell me that you are carrying such a sum about on your person?"

Billy Bunter smiled a rather sickly smile.

"Ahem! I—I've blued the best part of it, sir," he said.

"'Blued' it!" echoed the Head. "I fail to understand you. You surely do not mean that you have spent it?"

"I've got less than a hundred and fifty pounds left, sir."

"Good gracious!"

The Head looked aghast. And well he might! Within a few short days Billy Bunter had spent no less a sum than three hundred and fifty pounds—a sum which Dr. Locke himself did not spend in the course of six months!

"This—this is positively appalling!" he gasped. "In what way have you expended such a colossal sum?"

"I've furnished a special study for myself, sir. Then I've bought new togs and the motor-bike, and had various feeds and outings."

"Is your father aware of this reckless improvidence?"

"I—I don't think so, sir."

"Then I will see that he is informed without delay. Three hundred and fifty pounds! Why, it is unheard-of!"

The Head spoke like a man dazed.

"I will see that you do not continue in this reckless folly, at any rate, Bunter," he said. "You say you have over a hundred pounds left in your possession?"

"Yessir."

"Then you will give it into my custody, and I will communicate with your father, who will doubtless wish me to forward the money on to him."

Billy Bunter's jaw dropped. But he made no movement to hand over the money.

"I am waiting, Bunter!" said the Head grimly.

"Oh, really, sir, it's my money—"

"True. But in the circumstances I consider I am justified in taking charge of it pending instructions from your father as to its disposal. I will trouble you to hand over the amount without further argument."

With great reluctance Billy Bunter produced two fifty-pound banknotes, and handed them over. It was like having two separate teeth drawn to part with these banknotes. There were also a number of pound notes.

Dr. Locke waved his hand.

"You may go, Bunter," he said.

"P-p-please, sir—"

"Well?"

"Won't you hand me back one of those notes, sir—for pocket-money?" pleaded Billy Bunter.

"Go!" thundered the Head.

And there was such a terrifying expression on his face that Billy Bunter promptly went.

The first person he encountered, when he rolled into the Close, was Skinner.

"Anything wrong, Bunt?" inquired that worthy respectfully.

Billy Bunter gave a wrathful snort.

"The Head's a beast!" he exclaimed.

"He's ordered me to get rid of my motor-bike, and he's taken all my money!"

"What!"

"It's a fact! He's absolutely cleaned me out, and I believe he's going to send the cash to my pater."

Skinner gave a low whistle.

"Then you haven't a penny left of your five hundred quid?"

"Not a cent!"

A sudden and startling change became apparent in Skinner's manner. Before, he had been fawning and respectful to Billy Bunter. He now became openly rude. Flicking his fingers in the fat junior's face, he turned his back on Billy Bunter, and walked away.

"Hi! Where are you going?" called Bunter.

No answer.

"Skinney! Don't you know it's rude to turn your back on me like that?"

"Rats!"

"Come back, you rotter! I want you to lay supper in my study!"

Skinner was deaf to Billy Bunter's commands.

Now that the fat junior had been relieved of all his cash, Skinner had no further use for him. He had been merely a time-server and a toady. And now that the horn of plenty had run dry, his solicitude for Billy Bunter changed to complete indifference.

"Come back, I tell you!" yelled Bunter.

Skinner walked on.

"All right, you beast! You can consider yourself dismissed from my service!"

"And a jolly good job, too!" was Skinner's Parthian shot.

Billy Bunter rolled into the building with a savage expression on his face.

He had squandered most of his substance in riotous living, and the Head had confiscated the remainder. And when this fact was made known, there was a surprising falling-off in the number of Billy Bunter's friends.

Snoop and Stott, Trevor and Treluce, Fisher T. Fish, and even his own minor, gave Billy the cold shoulder.

Billy Bunter knew very little of Shakespeare, but one line from that immortal bard forced itself upon his memory at that moment:

"Oh, what a falling-off was there!"

But the biggest blow was yet to come.

Next morning, whilst the Remove were at lessons, the Head came into the Form-room, followed by a number of well-dressed gentlemen, all looking decidedly wrathful.

"Looks like trouble for somebody!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The Head raised his hand for silence.

"Bunter!" he exclaimed. "Stand up!"

"Oh, crumbs! What have I done now?" groaned the Owl of the Remove, as he tottered to his feet.

The Head was looking very grave.

"This gentleman," he said, indicating a portly-looking man, "is the manager of

Messrs. Harridge, general furnishers, of London. You ordered furniture from this firm, Bunter?"

"Yessir! Certainly, sir!"

"And paid for it in banknotes?"

"Yessir!"

The Head nodded grimly, and indicated another of the visitors.

"This is Mr. William Chunkley, of Chunkley's Stores, Courtfield. You cashed a fifty-pound banknote at that establishment, Bunter?"

The fat junior nodded without speaking. He felt very uneasy as he surveyed the wrathful expression of the gentlemen who had accompanied the Head into the Form-room.

What had happened?

What was the Head's object in asking him all these questions?

"You also purchased a motor-bicycle, and paid for it with two fifty-pound banknotes, Bunter?"

"Yessir!"

"And you cashed a further banknote at the Elysian Cafe, in Courtfield?"

"That's so, sir. But—but I can't see what you're driving at, sir!"

"You will see in a moment," said the Head grimly. "You sent a further banknote, I believe, to a West End tailor, in settlement of an account?"

"Yes, I did, sir. But—"

Then the thunderbolt fell!

"I regret to inform you, Bunter," said the Head, "that the banknotes with which you discharged all these accounts are worthless!"

A buzz of amazement ran through the Remove Form-room.

Billy Bunter nearly fell down. He was obliged to clutch at the desk in front of him for support.

"Worthless, sir?" he almost shrieked.

The Head nodded.

"They were forgeries—very clever forgeries—the work of a gang which had its headquarters at a place on the coast, not many miles from here."

"M-m-m-my hat!" gasped Billy Bunter.

"The members of the gang have been caught and arrested," the Head went on.

"It appears that the man whom you rescued from the sea, Bunter, was the ringleader of the precious organisation."

He played a trick upon you by presenting you with five hundred pounds in worthless notes."

"Oh, crumbs!"

Billy Bunter swayed dizzily. The Head's startling news had knocked him all of a heap.

Several of the fellows were grinning at the fat junior's discomfiture. Others felt genuinely sorry for Billy Bunter. And they wondered what was going to happen next.

"These gentlemen are naturally indignant to find that the notes with which they have been paid are not genuine," said Dr. Locke. "You will have to forfeit your furniture, Bunter—"

"I'll send a van down to collect it, sir," said the manager of Harridge's.

"Very well," said the Head. "You will also have to return the motor-cycle, Bunter, which you purchased from the Modern Motor-Cycle Company."

"But it's in bits, sir!"

The representative of the Modern Motor-Cycle Company, who was present, uttered a sort of howl.

"In bits! Then I refuse to take it back! I demand the full cash value of the machine—one hundred pounds!"

"In that case, you must apply to this boy's father," said the Head.

"And what about the worthless note that was cashed at my establishment, sir?" demanded the manager of Chunkley's Stores.

"You, also, must send in your account to Mr. Bunter."

"And what about me, sir?" inquired the tailor and the proprietor of the Elysian Cafe, together.

"You must follow the same procedure," said the Head. "I do not think you will have any difficulty in collecting your money, gentlemen, although it is not unlikely that Mr. Bunter will be extremely annoyed when these sudden demands are made upon his exchequer."

Mr. Bunter was not only extremely annoyed. He was savage. He was not exactly a poor man, but the sum he was called upon to pay would make a big hole in his resources.

"If only William had sent me the banknotes in the first place," he said, "I should have seen that they were for-

geries, and all this trouble and expense would have been averted. I shall teach William a sharp lesson. He shall receive no more pocket-money for the rest of the term!"

Naturally, the paternal decision did not please Billy Bunter, who was in the depths of despair.

The Rothschild of the Remove was now a pauper. His kingdom had been divided, and given to the Medes and Persians—or, rather, to his creditors.

It was a sorrowful day for Billy Bunter when Harridge's van called at the school, to collect the sumptuous furniture which had belonged to the Owl of the Remove for such a brief season.

The battered motor-cycle was returned to the Modern Motor-Cycle Company, who were generous enough to allow a rebate of fifty pounds on it, so that Mr. Bunter was called upon to pay fifty instead of a hundred.

Stripped of all his possessions, Billy Bunter was compelled to return to Study No. 7.

For some days after the crash, his fat face wore a woebegone expression. Like Rachel of old, he mourned, and would not be comforted.

The friends who had gathered round Billy Bunter during his brief spell of prosperity had now faded away. Skinner no longer fagged for him. Nobody loved him. He was sneered at and jeered at as in former days.

The only morsel of consolation which Billy Bunter had was to read a report in the newspaper, to the effect that the members of the gang of forgers had been sentenced to good long terms of penal servitude.

As for Billy himself, he was sentenced to a good long term of penury. It was in vain that he applied for pocket-money to his father. That gentleman remained adamant.

So Billy Bunter's wealthy existence was merely a flash in the pan, after all. And he soon returned to his old familiar habit of trying to raise money—on the strength of imaginary postal-orders!

THE END.

(Look out for another grand long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Grayfriars.)

This wonderful instrument represents, as a whole, the following:—

1. A First-Class Opera Glass.
2. A Magnifying Glass.
3. A Double Magnifying Glass.
4. A Long-Distance Spy-Glass.
5. An Optical Lens.
6. A Simple Lens.
7. A Compass.
8. A Stereoscope.

This instrument can be adjusted by means of a very simple device. When closed, it measures 3½ ins. in length. Send us 3/6, and an extra 3d. to cover postage, and we will forward one on to you, together with instructions.

LANE BROS., LTD., 8, ARTHUR ROAD, HOLLOWAY, N.

THE DEMON CATAPULT, 2/6

Strongly made, all metal, bright nickel finish. Long range, very powerful. Invaluable for rabbits, rooks, etc. With ammunition, complete, price 2/6, Post Free. List of electrical goods free.—GRAHAM & CO., 5, Devonshire Street, Holborn, LONDON, W.C. 1.

MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—T. W. Harrison, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N. 1.

WATCH COUPON

"MAGNET."

Value 6d.

Cut out this coupon and send with P.O. for 8/6 only direct to the Farringdon Watch Co., 27, Store Street, London, W.C. 1, and you will receive by return a splendid 30-hour Keyless Watch, perfect timekeeper, ready for wear, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Thousands of similar watches have been sold for 25/-. If you save 4 more coupons, each will count 6d. off price; thus you need only send 6/6 with 5 coupons. Coupons can also be cut from the "Marvel," the "Gem," and the "Union Jack." This great offer is made to introduce this perfect watch to all MAGNET readers, and to secure their recommendation. Ladies' or Gent's Wristlet Model, 2/- extra. Foreign and Colonial orders, postage 1/- extra.



DO YOU LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE?

Do you ever feel "all of a tremble"? Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears" of any kind? Do you suffer from involuntary blushing, nervous indigestion, lack of energy, will-power, or mind concentration? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, speech-making, conversation, playing, or "appearing in public"? Learn how to change your whole mental outlook by sending at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of guaranteed cure in 12 days.—GODFREY ELLIOTT SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

BIG AND SUCCESSFUL.—To be tall is one of the chief qualifications for success. It is easy to increase your height by the Girvan Scientific Treatment, which is carried out in your own home. Students report from 2 to 5 inches increase, with great benefit to health. Send a postcard for particulars and our £100 guarantee to ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.P., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N. 4.

DUTTON'S 24 DUTTON'S SHORTHAND has only 8 rules in 24 hours. Practice quickly gives high speeds. Send 2 stamps for illustrated booklet containing specimen lessons to DUTTON'S COLLEGE (Desk 303), SKEWNESS, London Branch: 92 & 93, Great Russell Street, W.C. 1. Manchester Branch: 5, 8, 9, Victoria Buildings, St. Mary's Gate. **SHORTHAND**

HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS.—Real Value. Standard Films. Full of interest. Send stamp for lists.—Desk E, DEAN CINEMA CO., 94, Drayton Avenue, West Ealing, LONDON, W. 15.

"CURLY HAIR."—"It's wonderful," writes E. 10,000 Testimonials. Proof sent. Ross' "WAVEIT" CURLS STRAIGHTEST HAIR. 1/3, 2/5. (Stamps accepted.)—ROSS (Dept. M.T.), 173, New North Rd., London, N. 1.

All Applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Department, UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetham House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

MORE HELPFUL HINTS!

ROUND THE CAMP
FIRE!

BY AN OLD HAND.

The usual way of blowing up your fire in order to get a blaze is to kneel down and blow with the mouth. This is quite a good method, but there is a better way. The blowpipe is the best way because it does not allow wood-ash to come into your lungs, as may happen when blowing in the ordinary way. Another advantage is this—you need not kneel down in an awkward position. All you want for a camp-fire blowpipe is a hollow tube. Cut a stick of willow or alder, and hollow out the soft, pithy centre with a red-hot wire. When you have a hole right through, your blowpipe is ready for use. Whittle a design on it, and there you are. By the way, the idea of cutting in a design is not merely to make it look pretty. You will find that most old-hand campers whittle in designs on the things they make, and the reason is this:

If there is no design or mark on your camp-made equipment, you may easily mistake it for an ordinary stick, and burn it for firewood. So it is usual to cut a design on your camp-made things so that you can recognise them, and so that you may know that they belong to your camp.

Generally you cut in your own initials, mark, sign, or "totem." Some campers even colour the design with paints, and keep the things they make in camp for use in some other camp. In this way they get a good camp equipment which costs nothing but the clasp-knife and the trouble of making.

You will soon discover that most of the things you make for yourself in camp depend upon:

1. Wood.
2. Knife.
3. String, rope, or leather thong.

The use of metal is seldom possible, so that the above three points mean:

1. You must be able to recognise different kinds of trees, and know the uses of different woods.

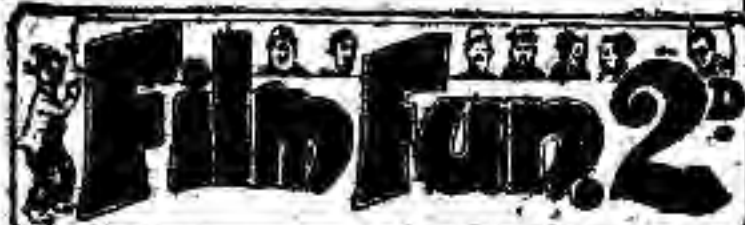
2. You must be a handy-man with a knife.
3. You must be able to knot and splice properly.

Once you are able to do these things you should be able to make all the "contraptions" and devices known to the old hand camper.

In another article I shall tell you how to recognise the principal trees of our country, how to tie knots, and how to splice properly.

ONE
LONG
LAUGH!READ THE
Harold Lloyd
COMEDY STORIES

Harold Lloyd at his best! A screamingly funny new series of comedy stories written by the famous "Pathe" Mirth Wizard himself. Roars of laughter. Ask your newsagent to deliver a copy of



EVERY TUESDAY.

Then I shall show you how to read a map, and how to make your own maps as you go about the country. There are many things which the camper picks up—knowledge which no one who does not camp gets hold of. Where to find water; poisonous plants; plants which are good for food; how to build a raft; how to make a canoe, and a thousand and one other useful hints and tricks.

Tracking is a subject which should form part of every camper's craft. Of this I

shall tell you in another article. Supposing you found the track of a bird's foot in a patch of mud. You might say to yourself: "That is the track of a bird." So far so good. But the old hand tracker will say to himself:

"Track of a sparrowhawk, made since 3 o'clock to-day, because it is fresh, and there was heavy rain between 1.30 and 3 p.m. which would have blotted out this track. There is one drop of blood on a bit of moss over here and the wing-feather of a young lark; therefore the sparrowhawk hunted down the young lark near here and had a meal."

So you see the old hand can "read" a good deal from a track which would escape the notice of an untrained observer.

There is one characteristic of the old hand which requires a good deal of training—the old hand never has very much to say. When he speaks you may be sure that he is saying something worth saying. He never chatters like some people do—a great many words which mean nothing in particular.

If your eyes, ears, and nose are busy you will not have much time to "jaw." It is the unobservant person who chatters like a monkey.

Lots of people who are quite clever when they can rely upon books, and buses, and trams, and telephones, and "asking the policeman," are dreadfully silly "greenhorns" when they find themselves in camp. They feel "lost." They don't know what to do. They find it uncomfortable. They have to "rough it" because they don't know how to make themselves comfortable. The only way to become an old hand camper is to go out and camp.

You can't just run to a doctor or a hospital when you're in camp miles away from a town, so you must understand something of simple first-aid to the injured. Suppose your pal cut a bad gash with an axe in his leg—would you know how to bind it up and how to stop the bleeding? The old hand knows something of camp doctoring, and in another article I shall tell you what to do in case of an accident. A wasp's sting may prove fatal if you don't know what to do. You're only a "greenhorn" camper if you come back from camp unwell. Camp is the place to get healthy and strong—if you know just how to look after yourself.

(Some more of these practical "camping-out" hints in next Monday's Magnet Library.)

2/- ONLY
NICKEL
SILVER WATCHES

Gent's full-size Keyless Lever Watch, strong Nickel Silver, dust and damp proof cases, clear dial, genuine Lever Movement, perfect railway timekeeper, price 15/-. or cash with order, 13/6. Ladies' or Gent's wristlet model (a beautiful present), 2/- extra. Any of these splendid watches sent on receipt of the first payment of 2/-. After receiving the watch you send us a further 2/-, and promise to pay the balance (11/-) by weekly instalments of 6d. each, or 2/- monthly. Warranty for 10 years sent with each watch. No unpleasant inquiries. Don't risk disappointment, as this is manufacturer's stock, purchased at great reduction (usually sold at 25/-). Send 2/- and 6d. extra for postage and insurance at once to:-

THE WOBURN WATCH CO.,
WOBURN HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.1.



LUMINOUS
DIALS TO SEE
TIME IN THE
DARK
2/- EXTRA.



15 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Packed FREE. Carriage PAID. Direct from Works. LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS. Immediate delivery. Big Bargains in Shop Sold and Second-hand Cycles. Tyres and Accessories at popular Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Old Cycles Exchanged. Write for Monster Size Free List and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Limited
Dept. B 607, Birmingham.



POWERFUL STEREOSCOPE

And Picture Holder, 21 in. long, made of Black Metal. Has Powerful Lens, and is sent in Neat Box with 100 Real Kinema Film Pictures that have actually been shown at various Picture Palaces. All the 100 Pictures are Different and Widely Assorted. Place Picture in Holder, hold to the light and focus to suit. Right: the result will Astonish Kiddies and Grown-Ups Alike. 1/6 A Bargain Novelty. 1/6 Post Free. Delight or Money Back. Creates a Sensation Wherever Shown. Selling in Thousands. FREE Catalogue, Novelties, Etc.—Pain's Presents House, Dept. 438, Hastings.



SHOCKING COIL

1/6 BATTERY PARTS, 1/6. Postage 3d. each. ELECTRO MAGNET, 9d. Postage 3d. (Gifts 1000.) Box ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS, 3d. Postage 6d. SPECIAL CHEAP TELEPHONE SET, Complete, 2/6. Postage 6d.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Holder, Reflector, Instructions, etc., 4/6; postage 6d. Larger size, 8/6. post 9d. (Oct. 6d.)

HARBORNE SMALL POWER CO.,
33 (A.P.), QUEEN'S ROAD, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

PHOTO POSTCARDS OF YOURSELF, 1/3 doz. 12 by 10 in. LARGE ENLARGEMENTS, 6d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL. CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.—HACKETTS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS,
BE SURE TO MENTION THIS PAPER.

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 15 coupons and only 3/-. (Pocket Clip, 4d. extra.) Ask for fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to improve the famous Fleet Pen to the MAGNET readers. Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Self Filling, or Safety Models, 2/- extra.

DN