

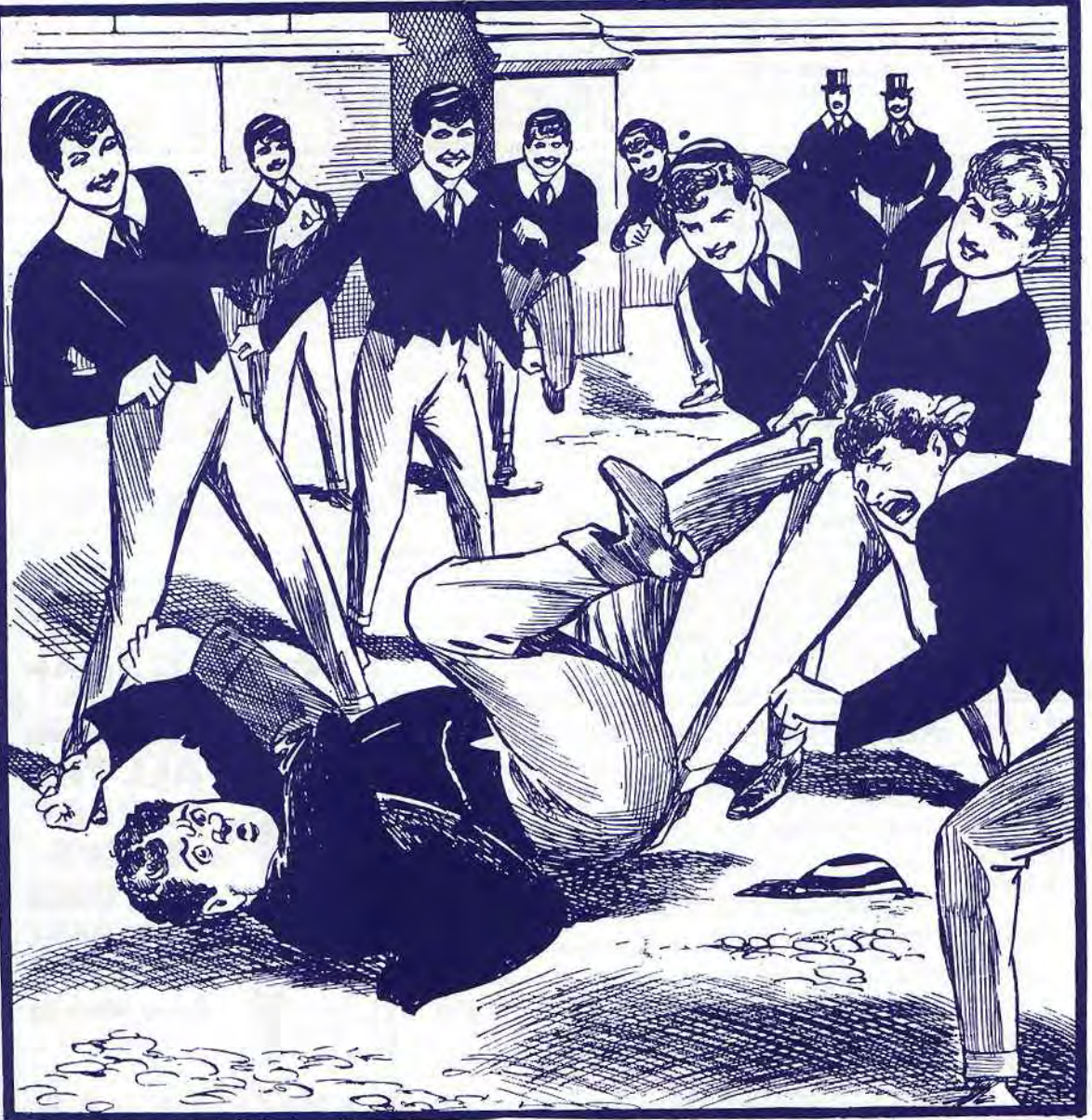
THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL" WILL BE ON SALE ON FRIDAY!

No. 760. Vol. XXII.

Week ending September 2nd, 1922.

The Magnet $1\frac{1}{2}$ Library

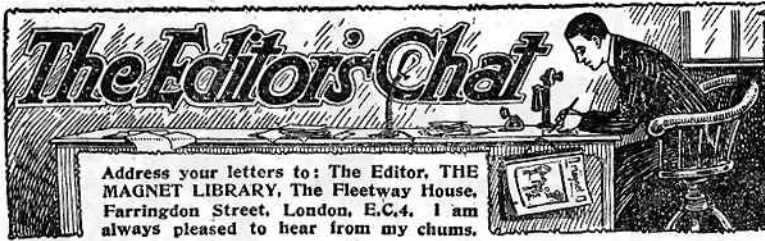
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



BACK AT GREYFRIARS FOR THE NEW TERM!

The Chums of the Remove Greet Their Old Rival, The Great Horace!

(An amusing incident from the long complete school tale in this issue.)



Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" Every Monday
 "THE MAGNET" Every Monday
 "THE POPULAR" Every Tuesday
 "THE GEM" Every Wednesday
 "CHUCKLES" Every Thursday
 "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL" Published Yearly

FOR NEXT MONDAY!

"SKINNER'S CHUM!"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand long complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., Billy Bunter, Coker, and Harold Skinner. Billy, as you have read, has collared the idea which Coker had bagged for himself, and there is a terrific sensation in the Remove when it becomes known, by a letter, that Billy Bunter has actually interested a firm of agents in the play he has written.

The interest of Skinner is more than that of the others, and the sneak of the Remove, in the firm belief that Billy Bunter is at last going to possess a lot of money, chums up with the fat junior. His chum costs him quite a lot of pocket-money, and helps to clear a large quantity of the stores in the tuckshop!

However, the juniors and the masters take a hand in the game, and the result is that Skinner's chum gets rather a setback. However, the story is one you will remember for a long time, and I advise you all to remind your newsgang that you want copies saved for you.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

There will be a further issue of the grand supplement in next Monday's MAGNET Library. Many fine stories have been sent in to the editorial offices of the "Greyfriars Herald," and Harry Wharton has also collected a splendid number of articles and poems.

It is rather interesting to note that Harry Wharton has approached the Head to control one issue of the "Herald," and this is being done. That will be a number of numbers!

Keep your eye on the MAGNET Chat for further news of this.

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

FRIDAY!

September the First!

What a tremendous number of boys and girls have eagerly looked forward for that day! And it comes this week—and with it the publication of the "Holiday Annual."

This is the three hundred and sixty page volume I have told you about—packed as it is with grand long complete school stories of Greyfriars, Rookwood, and St. Jim's, adventure and sports stories, articles, poems, tricks, and puzzles, plates beautifully printed in magnificent colours, and heaps of other features too numerous to mention.

This volume is sure to find a place in every home, and I do so want my readers to be the first to have it. I cannot too strongly advise you all to order a copy of the "Holiday Annual," and all the time I am writing this I fear that some of you will leave that until too late, and will try and get a copy when they are all sold out.

Don't let that happen, boys and girls; don't write and tell me you can't obtain a copy of the "Annual." Order it now, and you are sure of it. Next Monday may be too late!

Correspondence.

Albert Pooley and Jack McDonald, 23, Goulburne Street, Yarraville, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wish to correspond with readers interested in stamps and amateur magazines. Ages, 13-15.

Robert A. Beaton, 15, Janet Street, Maylands, South Australia, wishes to correspond with readers. Ages, 16-18.

Gordon Haydock, Daringa Street, Mile End, Adelaide, South Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in America, India, Japan, or Spain. Ages, 14-16.

H. W. Swift, 103, Sheffield Street, Scunthorpe, Lincs, wishes to contribute stories, etc., to amateur magazines.

Edwin G. Smith, 40, Hotspur Street, Tynemouth, wishes to correspond with readers abroad interested in postage-stamps and natural history. Ages, 13-15.

Jack Hudson, 123, Fitzgerald Street, Horton Lane, Bradford, Yorks, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

S. Step, 15, Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.1, wishes to hear from editors of amateur magazines as to rates, etc.

F. D. Paterson, Bushey Park Cottage, Teddington, Middlesex, wishes to hear from readers willing to contribute to his magazine, the "Live Wire."

George W. Day, 9, Buckingham Gardens, Slough, Bucks, wishes to hear from readers at home or overseas. All letters answered. Ages 15-16.

Charles Cannin, 2, John Street, Wrexham, North Wales, wishes to correspond with readers in Canada.

E. A. Cannon, 60, Norman Avenue, London, N. 22, wishes to correspond with readers, preferably overseas.

M. S. Khan (Siddique) 58, Forty-Eighth Street, East Rangoon, Burmah, India, wishes to hear from readers of the Companion Papers and the "Holiday Annual."

Miss Margaret Nunn, the Old Hall, Ruswarp, Whitby, Yorks, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, who are interested in the Corps of Guides.

Your Editor.



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Now on Sale. Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!



A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the famous Greyfriars :: :: Chums. :: ::

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Stories appearing in the "POPULAR.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Coker Asks For It!

"SO you're back again!" Coker of the Fifth made the remark, and the recipients thereof were Harry Wharton & Co., of the Greyfriars Remove.

It was the first day of the new term; and the Famous Five of Greyfriars were crossing the old quad arm in arm in a merry row.

They seemed to have turned up again in high spirits after the vacation, to judge by their looks.

Perhaps Coker of the Fifth did not approve of high spirits in fags of the Lower Fourth. Or perhaps he was butting in just because he was Coker; "butting" into anything being one of the great Coker's weaknesses.

He had been looking at a newspaper when the Famous Five came along. He lowered it, to fix his eyes upon the row of cheery juniors, frowning.

"Yes, here we are again, old top!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "Ain't you glad to see us?"

"Can't say I am," said Coker.

"Bad taste on your part," said Bob, with a shake of the head. "Now, if we had faces like yours, Coker, old man, it might be a bit of a shock to see us. But—"

"I don't want any cheek!" roared Coker.

"Enough of your own?" asked Bob. "The cheekfulness of the ludicrous Coker—" began Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Is terrific!" chuckled Bob.

Coker frowned more darkly.

"If you young ruffians have come back this term to be just as cheeky as you were last term—" he began.

"We have!"

"We has!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Quite!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "But a more important question, have you come back to be as cheeky as you were last term, Coker?"

"As giddy old Hamlet remarked, that is the question!" said Frank Nugent. "Coker looks cheeky! I think we

couldn't begin the term better than by bumping Coker."

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Bunter! Come and lend us a hand bumping Coker, fatty!"

"I say, give him a jolly good bumping, you fellows!" said Billy Bunter. "The beast wouldn't let me get into the brake at the station. He said the springs wouldn't stand it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky young rascals—" began Coker, as the Famous Five of the Remove closed round him, with playful looks.

"Collar him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were in exuberant spirits, and Coker had happened along, as it were, just in time to benefit by the exuberance. They collared Horace Coker on all sides.

Coker of the Fifth was a hefty youth; but he was not quite hefty enough to deal with five pairs of sturdy hands, which grasped him anywhere that they could find a hold.

Coker, with a roar, came down on the cold, hard, unsympathetic quadrangle.

Bump!

Coker's hat flew in one direction, and his newspaper in another. Coker sat on the ground and howled.

"Feel better, Horace?" asked Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker spluttered.

"You—you young villains! I—I—I'll—"

"Come on," said Bob. "Can't stay here listening to Coker. There's the boxes to unpack yet."

The Famous Five trotted on, chuckling. Horace Coker staggered to his feet.

His face was red with wrath.

Certainly, Coker had asked for it; Coker always was asking for it. But he was not pleased when he got it.

He stopped only to get his breath, and then he rushed in pursuit of the Famous Five.

"Hook it!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

The five juniors ran. After them sped

Coker, at top speed, on the trail of vengeance.

The quadrangle was crowded with fellows returning for the new term; and there was shouting and laughter on all sides as the chase went on.

"Go it, Coker!"

"Put it on, Horace!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker gained on the Famous Five. Perhaps they allowed him to gain. He drew closer and closer, till his outstretched hand almost touched Wharton. Then the fugitives stopped suddenly and stood fast, as firm as rocks. Coker came into them with a crash.

It was quite an unexpected collision—to Coker! He rolled over from it as if he had struck a brick wall.

The Famous Five turned on him as he rolled; and they captured Coker's ankles as he sprawled. In possession of Coker's ankles, they marched on, the rest of Coker perforce accompanying the ankles.

There were yells of laughter on all sides.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Coker.

"Leggo! You young villains! Oh, crumbs! Leggo! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave!" yelled Vernon-Smith, from the School House steps.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Quelch!"

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, came into view. He blinked at the extraordinary sight of a Fifth-former being trailed across the quad by his ankles.

He had time for only one blink.

Then Harry Wharton & Co. dropped Coker like a hot potato, and bolted. Horace Coker was left sprawling on his back, almost at the feet of the Remove master. He sat up and gasped.

"Oh! Ow! Wow! Groogh!"

"Coker!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Ow! Wow!"

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Coker?" thundered the Remove master.

"I can make allowances for exuberance of spirits on the part of junior boys, on the first day of term. But a Fifth Form boy—a senior—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 760.

"Ow!"

"Have you no sense of dignity?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "I am surprised at you, Coker—ashamed of seeing a Fifth Form boy perform such senseless pranks in the quadrangle!"

"Why, I—I—I—"

"Get up at once, sir!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Do not sprawl on the ground, sir, like some foolish boy of the Second Form! If I were your Form-master, I should cane you!"

"I—I—I—" stuttered Coker.

"Pah!"

Mr. Quelch sniffed, and walked on. Coker scrambled to his feet, with feelings that were really too deep for words. He glared round in search of Harry Wharton & Co.; but those cheery youths had vanished, and Horace Coker was denied even the consolation of vengeance.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Chance for Bunter!

"He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter watched the flight of the Famous Five, with Coker on their track, grinning. When they vanished from his sight among the crowds in the quadrangle, Bunter turned his attention to the hat and the newspaper that Horace Coker had dropped.

The hat he quickly disposed of. One shove of Bunter's boot drove in the top of Coker's hat, and transformed it into a concertina. That was Coker's reward for refusing Bunter admittance to the school brake, on the grounds that the springs would not stand Bunter's weight.

Then Bunter picked up the newspaper. Bunter was interested in that. He had seen Coker with that paper in his hands, in the train; and again in the brake Coker had been scanning it. And once more, standing in the sunny quad, Coker had been deeply engrossed in that paper when he so unfortunately "batted" in on the Famous Five. Billy Bunter was curious to know what it was that Coker had found so very interesting in that paper.

Coker was not much given to reading. It was quite unusual for him to be deeply engrossed in any reading matter. And Bunter had noticed that Coker had the paper folded open at an advertisement page.

So William George Bunter scanned the page that Coker had been scanning with inquisitive curiosity.

There was a column of advertisements headed "Personal." One of the paragraphs was thickly marked round with a pencil.

Evidently, it was the marked paragraph in which Coker of the Fifth had been so deeply interested.

Billy Bunter blinked at it and started. He read it through with as much interest as Coker had displayed. The advertisement ran:

AMATEUR DRAMATISTS.—We require brightly-written, entertaining half-hour sketches, suitable for use as curtain-raisers in the London theatres. Good payment for good stuff. Typewriting essential.—Sharkey & Co., Walker House, Sharp Street, E.C.

"My hat!" murmured Bunter.

He read the advertisement through once, and he read it through twice. Then he grinned. He could guess why Horace Coker had been so keenly interested in that advertisement. Once upon a time, Coker had written a play. It had been

a splendid play, a considerable improvement upon Shakespeare. Coker was assured of that, and did not hesitate to say so. There was no false modesty about Coker. But nobody else had shared Coker's opinion, and the ultimate fate of Coker's play was unknown. Certainly, it never had attracted enthusiastic audiences to a theatre, so far as was known at Greyfriars.

"The silly ass!" murmured Bunter. "He thinks he could do it—that ass, Coker! He, he, he! Wants brains. So what chance would Coker have? Looks like a chance for me."

Bunter's round eyes glimmered behind his spectacles.

Bunter had always been convinced that he could write, if he had time. Only the time was wanting.

He determined to find time. Good pay for good stuff was just what Bunter wanted. Whether the stuff was good or not, it was essential for the pay to be good; that was the more important point of the two.

"Brightly-written!" murmured Bunter. "Why, that's just my style. I'm going to have a shot at this."

At this point it occurred to Billy Bunter that Coker might return in search of his paper and his hat. Bunter

4 COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES
Every week in the
"POPULAR!"

did not want to part with the paper—and it would have been positively dangerous to be found near Coker's hat, considering its present condition.

So William George Bunter beat a hasty retreat from the spot, with Coker's paper tucked under his tight jacket.

He hurried away to Study No. 7 in the Remove, where he cut out the valuable advertisement, and consigned the remainder of the paper to the fire-grate. Bunter considered that the safest place for it, lest Coker should inquire after his missing property. Coker was just the rotter to make a fuss, Bunter considered.

The Owl of the Remove read the advertisement through once more, and stacked it away safely in his pocket. More and more it was borne in upon his fat mind that this was the chance of a lifetime. It was of no use to Coker of the Fifth, of course. Obviously, only a fellow with brains would be able to extract good pay from Messrs. Sharkey & Co. for brightly-written, entertaining sketches, suitable for use as curtain-raisers in the London theatres. Useless to Coker, therefore, it might be of the greatest use to Bunter—who had the required brains!

"Rather a surprise for the fellows when it comes on the stage!" murmured Bunter complacently. "I'm going in for this! May mean hundreds of pounds! My hat! Hundreds of quids!"

And Billy Bunter rolled down to tea in a cheery frame of mind, quite in high

feather. Already, in his mind's eye, he saw his brightly-written, entertaining curtain-raiser on the histrionic boards, and a delighted audience standing up and shouting for the author! He saw himself led on the stage, bowing to thunders of applause. He saw this with his mind's eye. He was not likely to see it with his other eyes, even with the aid of his big spectacles!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Stumped at the Start!

"TODDY, old fellow—"

"No!" said Peter Todd. He did not wait for Bunter to finish. There was no need.

When Billy Bunter addressed him as "old fellow," Toddy knew that it was time for the answer to be in the negative.

"Toddy—"

"No!"

"You don't know what I want yet!" roared Bunter.

Peter Todd chuckled.

"I can guess!" he remarked.

"Toddy, old fellow, I'm in rather a difficulty," said Bunter reproachfully. "I'm in want of twenty guineas."

Bunter's study-mate jumped. He had expected to hear that Billy Bunter was in need of a small loan, owing to the delay in the arrival of a postal-order which he had been expecting for some time.

"Twenty guineas!" he ejaculated.

"Just that!" said Bunter. "I—I—I suppose you couldn't lend it me, Toddy?"

"For once, old scout," said Peter Todd, "your supposer is working well, and you're right on the mark. I couldn't! No need to add that I wouldn't, anyhow. You know that."

"It's a bit rotten," said Bunter. "Lots of the fellows have come back from the holidays with money left over. I know Wharton's got some pounds, and Bob Cherry's got something. Smithy's rolling in it. Johnny Bull's got a five-pound note. And they wouldn't club together to lend me twenty guineas if I asked them."

"Wouldn't they really?" asked Peter with sarcastic surprise. "Isn't that selfish?"

Bunter nodded.

"I'm used to selfishness at Greyfriars," he said sadly. "Sometimes I think it will make me selfish in the long run."

"Oh, my hat!" said Peter.

"How can a fellow keep on being open-hearted and generous, with so much selfishness going on round him?" said Bunter argumentatively.

"How!" gasped Peter.

"But that's neither here nor there," continued Bunter. "I've got to take the facts as I find them. The fellows could raise the sum I want if they clubbed together all they have left over from the holidays, but they won't do it. No good even asking them—they simply wouldn't! So the question is, how can I get the twenty guineas?"

"Echo answers how!" said Toddy.

"What am I to do, Peter?"

"Do without!" suggested Toddy.

"Oh, really, you know. With a chance like this—"

"Like what?" asked Peter Todd, staring at his fat study-mate.

"You see, I've got a chance at last," explained Bunter. "I won't go into details, because you might cut in—"

"Eh?"

"I—I mean, no need to go into details," said Bunter hastily. "But a chance has come my way at last of using my talents—"

"Never knew you had any. You've kept them awfully dark all the while you've been at Greyfriars."

"Oh, really, Toddy! I've got a chance at last of using my talents, and making considerable sums of money," said Bunter.

"Great pip!"

"And I can't begin for want of a miserable twenty guineas!" said Bunter.

"Sickening, ain't it?"

"Horrible!" agreed Peter Todd.

"Awful! Terrific, as Inky would say! Why not write home to Bunter Court for it?"

"I'm afraid the pater wouldn't send me twenty guineas in a lump."

"Try your uncle, the marquis—"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Or your cousin, the duke—"

"Look here, Toddy, do be serious. I simply must have a typewriter—"

"A typewriter!" yelled Peter Todd.

"Yes. Typewriting is essential."

"Essential to what?"

"Oh, nothing."

Peter Todd regarded Bunter with increasing surprise. If Bunter had wanted twenty guineas or any other sum to expend in tuck Peter would not have been surprised. But what Bunter could possibly want a typewriter for was a deep mystery. Typewriting was a form of work. Bunter hated work in any shape or form.

"Without it," said Bunter, "I can't begin. Of course, I can do the rough sketch in handwriting—"

"The rough sketch of what?"

"Oh, nothing."

"You're going to make a rough sketch of nothing in handwriting, and you want a typer to type it out?" asked Toddy.

"Exactly. I'm glad you understand. You're a bit dense, as a rule, Toddy."

"My word!" said Peter.

"Hundreds of pounds, probably, are just waiting for me to pick them up," said Bunter, blinking at his amazed study-mate through his big spectacles. "And I'm stumped at the very start! There's no time to waste, either; they won't wait long."

"They!" said Peter dazedly. "Who?"

"Sharkey & Co., you know."

"Sharkey & Co.!" repeated Toddy.

"And who are Sharkey & Co.?"

"Oh, nobody," said Bunter hastily.

Apparently the Owl of the Remove realised that he had said too much, and was in danger of giving away his secret.

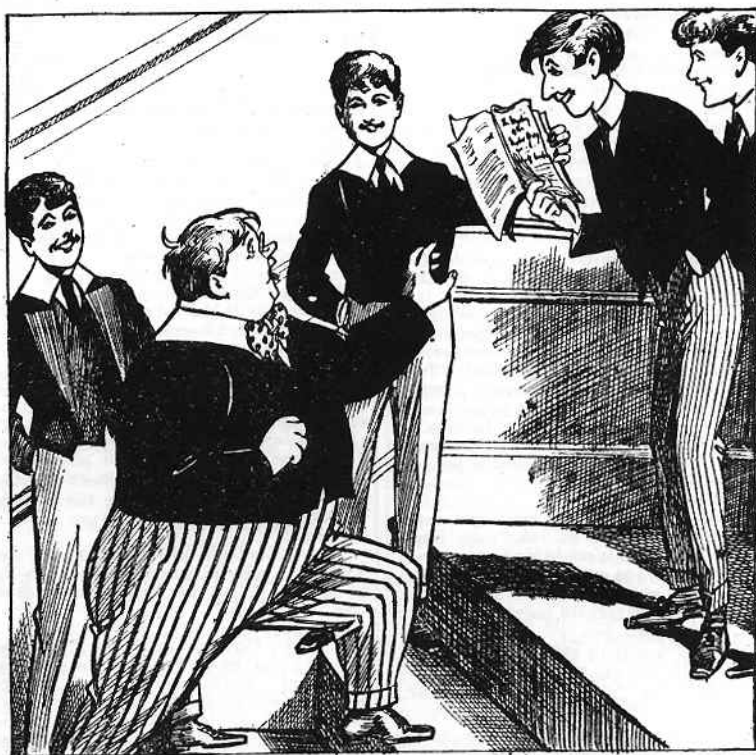
"You want a typewriter to type out nothing, because nobody won't wait long!" said Peter Todd. "I suppose it's studying Euclid that's made you as clear and lucid as this, Bunter."

"Yes, very likely," assented Bunter.

"Queechy's got a typewriter. He uses it for that rot he's writing about the history of Greyfriars. But he won't lend it to me. He let me use it once, and a couple of keys got broken, and there was some jam on the ribbon, and the tension strap flew off and got lost; and he's made that an excuse for not letting me touch it again. Rotten selfishness on all sides!" said Bunter bitterly. "I—I suppose you don't feel inclined to sell your bike and lend me the money, Toddy?"

"Oh, my Aunt Selina! Not quite!" gasped Peter Todd. "I don't quite see myself doing it. Ask next door!"

"You're just as selfish as all the rest, Toddy!" said Bunter. "I think you



Bob Cherry held up the wedge of paper. "Wha-a-at is it?" ejaculated Peter Todd. "I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter came bounding up the lower stairs. "Yah! Beasts! Gimme my play! You're jolly well not going to bag it!" (See Chapter 5.)

might play up, after all I've done for you."

"What have you ever done for anybody but a fat rascal named Bunter?" inquired Toddy.

"Well, I'm pally with you," said Bunter. "Considering my social position and—"

"Your what?"

"Social position. Considering that, and that your father is only a poor measly rotter of a solicitor, I think you might be grateful. You can't deny that I've always treated you as an equal."

Bunter blinked at Peter Todd, as if hoping that this might have some effect upon him.

"It had!"

It was not the effect that Bunter hoped for, but undoubtedly it had an effect—quite a strong effect.

Peter Todd jumped up. He reached for Bunter with one hand, and for a ruler with the other.

He grabbed them both at the same moment, one in either hand.

Whack!

The ruler and Bunter came into sudden contact, with a crack that ran through the study like a pistol-shot.

"Yoop!" roared Bunter. "Wharrer you at? Ow! Oh, my hat! Leggo!"

Whack!

"Help!"

Whack!

"Yaroooooh!"

Bunter tore himself away and fled. Peter followed him to the doorway, and stood there, brandishing the ruler.

"Come back!" he roared. "I haven't finished yet!"

Bunter did not come back.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Means Business!

DURING the next few days William George Bunter, the fat ornament of the Remove, wore a gloomy brow.

He seemed to be generally in a bitter and sardonic humour.

He was, in fact, quite pessimistic.

The amount of selfishness that Bunter found in his surroundings was enough to make any fellow pessimistic. Bunter felt that he would have been justified in despairing of human nature altogether.

Lots of fellows, by clubbing together all their resources, could have raised the sum Bunter needed to buy a typewriter.

And they never even thought of doing it!

Bunter was quite shocked. He wondered, indeed, whether all this selfishness wouldn't, in the long run, have a deteriorating effect upon his own generous nature.

Be that as it might, there was no doubt that Bunter was, as he had expressed it, stumped at the start. According to Messrs. Sharkey & Co.'s advertisement, typewriting was essential; unless it was typewritten, his play wouldn't be read, though it was written ever so brightly. And fellows, instead of rallying round and helping him, didn't seem to care a rap—not a single solitary rap!

True, they didn't know why Bunter wanted a typewriter. Bunter was keeping the Sharkey advertisement very carefully dark. Coker of the Fifth, so far as Bunter knew, was keeping it dark also.

NEXT
MONDAY!

"SKINNER'S CHUM!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
BY FRANK RICHARDS.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 760.

At all events, Bunter had heard nothing said upon the subject.

Possibly Coker's motive was the same as Bunter's—a desire to keep other competitors out. Or possibly Coker, having failed to find his lost paper, had forgotten about the matter altogether. Bunter hoped that he had. Not that he feared Coker's rivalry—he smiled at that thought. But he didn't want Sharkey & Co. to receive a lot of silly, ill-written, ill-spelt rot from Greyfriars. It might prejudice their judgment against his own masterly work when it arrived.

But his own masterly work, so far from arriving at Messrs. Sharkey & Co.'s, could not even start!

The mere writing of it was nothing—to Bunter. To write a half-hour play in a bright and entertaining manner was, to Bunter, as easy as falling off a form.

Literary work of the most masterly kind fairly flowed from his pen. He was surprised himself at his own facility.

All he needed in order to become a dramatist, was a bottle of ink, a pen, and a stack of impot paper.

Genius did the rest.

In a few days the masterpiece was completed, so far as ink, pen, impot-paper, and genius could do it.

Bunter read it over and saw that it was good.

Good wasn't the word—it was excellent. He realised that. He was tempted to read it aloud in the study to Toddy, to astound that youth. He could imagine the effect on Toddy—incredulity gradually giving place to breathless admiration.

But he resisted the temptation. Nobody was going to know anything about Sharkey & Co. until Bunter's success was an accomplished fact. A lot of incapable scribblers butting in might spoil the whole thing.

It was really exasperating to be barred from success by the miserable lack of twenty guineas to buy a typewriter. Here was the masterly play ready. Sharkey & Co. were ready. The public, doubtless, were ready to swarm to the performance and enjoy it. The resulting cheque was ready for Bunter—and, most certain of all, Bunter was ready for the cheque!

No wonder the Owl of the Remove was gloomy and pessimistic!

It added to his exasperation that at a time like this Mr. Quelch expected him to give the usual attention to lessons. It was the last straw, insult added to injury; but undoubtedly Mr. Quelch did expect it. Even prep could not be cut without serious consequences in the Form-room.

Bunter's only resource seemed to be to hire a typewriter. But here, again, that weakness of frail human nature, selfishness, came in to baffle him. Mercenary shopkeepers wanted to be paid for the hire of their property. And Bunter hadn't any money!

It was borne in upon Bunter's mind that it was Mr. Quelch's typewriter that would have to serve his turn—it was neck or nothing. He did not dare to ask for the loan of it, which would certainly have been refused. Mr. Quelch had been more concerned than Bunter about the breaking of a couple of keys and a tension-strap on the last occasion. Indeed, he had seemed quite annoyed and bitter about it.

He had even threatened to send the bill for repairs to Bunter's father. Fortunately, he had not done so, but it was obvious that Bunter's fat fingers would never be allowed to touch the machine again.

But necessity is the parent of invention. As Bunter had to have the typer, it

became a question of outwitting Quelch, and to that problem Bunter turned his powerful intellect.

On Wednesday afternoon, which was a fine half-holiday, Mr. Quelch went out with Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth. Bunter watched him go, from the window of the Remove passage.

He shook his fat fist at the back of his Form-master's unconscious head.

After the two gentlemen were quite gone Bunter sorted out his valuable manuscript, stuffed it under his jacket, and rolled downstairs. While the cat was away the mice could play; and Bunter hoped to get his typing done before Mr. Quelch returned.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Start from the top, Bunter."

The Famous Five and some other Removites were deriving a little harmless and necessary entertainment from sliding down the banisters. They also had noted that Mr. Quelch had gone out.

"Rot!" said Bunter.

"Aren't you sliding down?" asked Bob. "Afraid of damaging the landing if you drop?"

"Yah!"

"Give Bunter a turn!" chuckled Peter Todd. "Collar him and hang him on the banisters! It's time he had some exercise!"

"Good!"

"Yah! Go and eat coke!" howled Bunter, and he fled down the stairs at top speed. Nothing would have induced William George Bunter to trust his valuable person to the banisters, and it did not dawn upon him that the humorous Removites were only pulling his leg, and had no intention of sliding him down.

"After him!" roared Bob.

"Beast!"

Bunter tore on, and slipped, and sat on the landing with a roar. Greyfriars was an ancient building, built in the days when builders were builders. But the solid landing almost groaned as Bunter landed on it.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do that again, Bunter!" roared Bob.

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter scrambled up and scuttled down the lower stairs. He left a wedge of impot-paper on the landing behind him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" howled Bob Cherry. "You've dropped something, Bunter—your lines, old fat top!"

"Yah!"

Bunter knew that he hadn't any lines about him, and he rolled on. Bob slid down the Remove staircase banister to the landing and picked up the papers Bunter had dropped.

He supposed that it was an imposition, and his good-natured intention was to hurry after Bunter with the lost property.

But as he glanced at the smudgy, blotchy, scribbled top sheet of the wedge Bob gave a gasp.

"Great Christopher Columbus! My only hat!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Getting On With It!

"H A, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry roared.

His chums, sliding down the banisters after him, joined him on the landing and gathered round in surprise.

"What is it?" asked Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Bob.

"Let's look—"

CHUM!

"Something of Bunter's?" asked Peter Todd, in surprise.

Bob Cherry gurgled.

"Look!" he gasped.

He held up the wedge of paper—a dozen sheets of foolscap, pinned together at one corner. Every sheet was scribbled on in Bunter's large, sprawling fist. The top sheet was enough for Bob—and enough for his comrades when they saw it. They stared and roared.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MOTED GRAINAGE.

Seen I. Akt I.

Lady Gloxiana's boodora. Lady Gloxiana discovered reklining on a sofer.

Enter Sir Regginald Ribstone.

Sir Regginald: "Ha! At last we are alone!"

Lady Gloxiana: "Unhand me, knave!"

That was all the literary work that the page held in Bunter's sprawling fist. But there was a liberal allowance of blots, smudges, and erasures.

The Removites blinked at it.

"Wha-a-at is it?" ejaculated Toddy.

"I say, you fellows!" Bunter came bounding up the lower stairs. "Yah! Beasts! Gimme my play!"

"Play!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Yah! Rotters! Gimme my play!" yelled Bunter. "You're jolly well not going to bag it and plagiarise it—"

"Plagiarise that?" gasped Wharton.

"Oh, my only hat!"

"Let's see what Sir Reginald does next!" stuttered Bob Cherry. "Does he unhand her, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!"

Bunter grabbed his valuable manuscript. He tucked it under his jacket again, and glared at the Removites, with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"So that's what you want to type, is it?" exclaimed Peter. "My dear chap, it would burst the machine."

"Nunno!" gasped Bunter. "I—I— The— the fact is, if—if you fellows think that is—I'm jolly well not going to tell you anything! If you think I saw an advertisement in Coker's paper, you're jolly well mistaken!"

"What?"

"There isn't any demand for brightly-written, entertaining curtain-raisers," said Bunter, blinking at them. "Don't you run away with the idea that there is! There isn't!"

"What the dickens—"

Billy Bunter turned and scudded down the lower stairs again, leaving the Removites staring.

He chuckled as he disappeared, feeling that he had put his possible rivals off the track in quite a masterly manner.

He reached the door of the Remove master's study, while the juniors returned to their gymnastics on the banisters. Bunter turned the handle of the door; but it did not open.

He gave a snort of disgust.

The Remove master had locked his study door, and taken away the key; just as if he could not trust a fellow to leave his typewriter alone during his absence! Such distrust shocked Bunter.

But the Owl of the Remove was not to be beaten by a locked door. He rolled out into the quad, and round to Mr. Quelch's study window.

The window was open at the top, as he expected to find it. Mr. Quelch, who had left a heap of important papers on his

table, had taken the precaution to lock his door; but naturally he had not expected his study to be burgled by way of the window overlooking the quad.

Bunter blinked round him cautiously. Skinner of the Remove was loafing near at hand, but nobody else was near Bunter.

"I say, Skinner, give a chap a bunk up!" said Bunter.

Skinner stared at him.

"Japing Quelch?" he asked.

"Ye-es—exactly."

"Good luck, old scout!" said Skinner cordially. "Never thought you had the nerve. Wait a bit till I see whether the coast's clear."

Skinner looked round; his eyes were much keener than Bunter's. Wingate of the Sixth appeared on the path, with Gwynne, and he waited for them to pass out of sight. Bunter waited impatiently.

"Give us a hand, Skinner."

"Right, old top!"

Skinner "bunked" the fat junior on to the window-sill. Then he strolled rather hurriedly away. "Japing Quelch" was a deed after Skinner's own heart; but he did not want to risk being caught taking a hand in it; and anybody might come in sight of the window at any moment.

But Bunter's luck was good. He grabbed the sash and dragged it up, and rolled into the study. He did not trouble to see where he rolled, and his fat legs came into contact with a light table, and sent it spinning. There was a terrific crash as a jar of flowers landed in the fender.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bunter.

He blinked at the havoc. But it could not be helped. Anyhow, Quelch was not to know that he had been there, so it didn't matter! Comforted by that reflection, Bunter jammed down the window, and turned to Mr. Quelch's table.

The Remove master had been drawing up some papers in Latin prose. There was quite a stack of them on the table under a paper-weight beside the typewriter, which Mr. Quelch used for a good deal of his work, as well as for that "History of Greyfriars" which he had been engaged upon for so many years.

Bunter pushed the papers out of the way unceremoniously. He had no time to waste on Latin prose. The paper-weight rolled to the floor, and some of the papers followed it. Bunter had no time to waste in picking them up.

He jerked the case off the typewriter, dragged it to the edge of the table, put a cushion on Mr. Quelch's chair, and sat down to work. There was luckily a supply of paper at hand. Bunter had used the machine before, so he knew how to handle it, more or less. He put a sheet of paper on the roller, and started.

Click! Click! Click! Click!

The clicking of the typer was almost music to Bunter's fat ears. He had got going at last! The last obstacle between himself and a cheque from Sharkey & Co. was disappearing. Click! Click! Click! Click!

Then the carriage came to a sudden stop as the machine jammed. Bunter's clumsy fingers had driven a couple of keys together, and they had locked.

"Bother!" growled Bunter.

He hammered on the depressed keys, but the type-bars did not unlock. So he shoved a fat hand into the machine to jerk them apart. He succeeded in doing that—only too well!

Crack!

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bunter.

He withdrew a fat paw, with a broken steel rod in it. He blinked at it

in dismay. It was the letter "E" that he had detached from the typewriter. It was really dismaying. Bunter was not thinking of the damage to Mr. Quelch's property. That was something for Mr. Quelch to think about! But how was he to type out the "Mystery of the Moated Grange," without the most essential vowel?

"Well, of all the rotten luck!" growled Bunter. "It's too rotten! I shall have to go over the giddy manuscript, putting in all the E's with a pen! Just like Quelch to have a rotten typer that breaks at a touch! It will look quite rotten—blow it!"

It really was very annoying. Mr. Quelch was likely to find it annoying, too, when he came to use the machine again. Fortunately, that did not concern Bunter.

He resumed typing with a discontented frown. He had finished one page, and was beginning on the next, when he was startled by a sudden sound—a most alarming sound. It was the sound of a key being inserted into the lock of the door from outside.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Coker, Too!

"RIPPING!" said Horace Coker. Coker's rugged face was full of pleased satisfaction.

He was sitting at his study table, in his room in the Fifth Form passage, with a pen in his hand, several smudges on his fingers, and a little stack of manuscript before him.

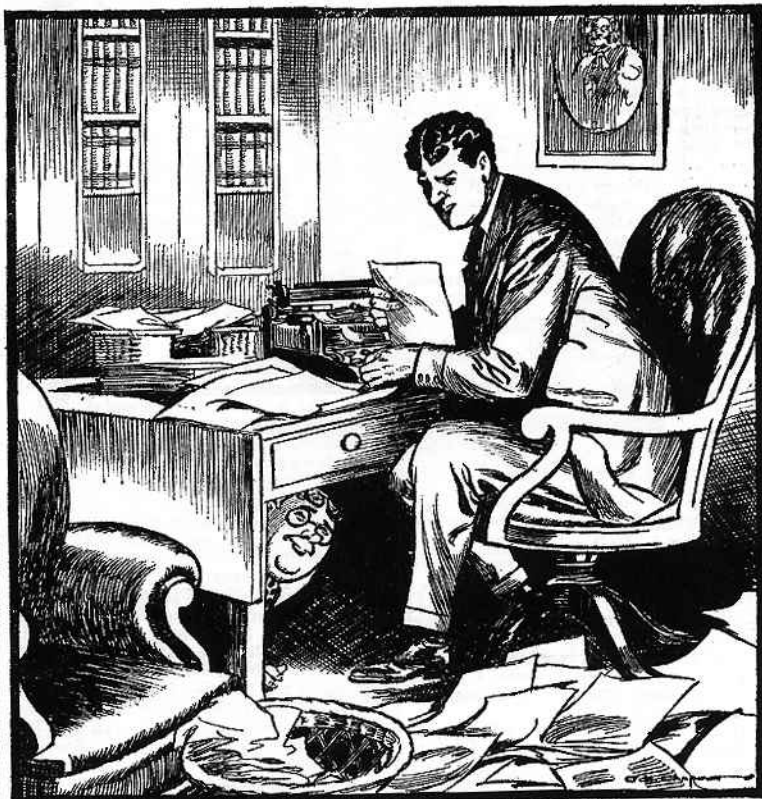
Upon the top of the top sheet was written, in Coker's well-known fist and still better-known spelling:

"THE MISSING EIR."

Coker was a great man, but he was not great on orthography. The greatest of us have our little weaknesses. Coker's was in spelling. Even Homer is said to have nodded; Coker, certainly, did not excel orthographically. Perhaps he was not quite so bad as Bunter of the Remove. But he was a very good second.

Coker knew, of course, that the "h" is silent in the word "heir." He knew that by the sound of the word; apparently he did not know that the H, though silent, was there; that it should be seen but not heard, as it were.

"The Missing 'Eir" was the title of a brightly-written, entertaining curtain-raiser, written by Horace James Coker, to be sent on to Messrs. Sharkey & Co., in answer to their advertisement. Coker had lost the paper containing the advertisement, owing to the fact that Bunter had found it. But a second copy of the paper had been obtained easily enough; and Coker had lost no time. Quite unconscious of the fact that there were more literary men than one at Greyfriars, and that he had a dangerous rival, Coker had concentrated his mighty brain on the little play that now lay before him, had finished it, perfected it, revised it, and re-revised it, and now it was perfect; in fact, it was a gem, which Coker expected would attract like a magnet.



"It's pretty rotten of Quelch to butt in and try to cut a fellow out like this!" muttered Horace Coker, as he removed the unfinished sheet from the roller of the typewriter and pushed it aside with the others. Then he inserted a new sheet and started typing the title-page of "The Missing Heir," totally unaware of the fact that Bunter lay under the table a few inches from him. (See Chapter 7.)

No wonder Coker said that it was "ripping." He was quite satisfied with it; in his judgment it was a perfect sample of its kind, and Coker had great faith in his own judgment.

Potter and Greene were in the study. They did not look so happy as Coker.

The reason was simple. Coker had been reading the play to them.

Coker did this in the kindness of his heart. He felt that Potter and Greene, being his chums, deserved to have the masterpiece read to them. Potter and Greene, on the other hand, did not feel that they deserved it in the least—they had no sins upon their consciences great enough to deserve this.

But they stood it. They were loyal chums, and they expected Coker to stand a spread at tea-time; so they stood it. But they were glad when it was over. During the recital they had sat with longing eyes on the door. Now they rose and edged towards the door. They had a lurking fear that Coker, being so pleased with his artistic work, might read it out again. And there was a limit to human endurance.

"Well, what do you fellows think?" said Coker, with a beaming smile. "I think it's ripping myself! But what do you think?"

"Blessed if I know how you could do it, Coker!" said Greene.

"Never heard anything like it," said Potter.

"Original—what?" said Coker, with a nod.

"Original! Yes, I should say so," assented Potter. "I feel certain that there's never been anything on the stage like it."

"You're not such an ass as I've often thought you, Potter, old man," said Coker kindly. "I don't mind telling you that this is really a little work of art. Unique, you know. Rather a good and taking title—what?"

"So new!" murmured Potter.

"That's it," assented Coker. "Novel, and all that. Pretty original plot, too—the heir of the estate being missing, and turning up at the last minute—striking, don't you think so?"

"Awfully!" said Greene.

"And the treatment of this new theme is rather original, too," said Coker. "Prininstance, these lines—"

"Hem! I—I say—"

Coker did not heed. He proceeded to re-read the striking and original lines to which he referred:

"Albert: 'Father!'"

"Sir Guy: 'Those features—these documents—my long-lost son!'"

"That's the genuine article," said Coker—"what?"

"Oh! Yes! Rather! Yes!"

"I'd read it over again to you fellows, as you like it so much—"

"Oh!"

"Only I've got to get it typed," said Coker.

Potter and Greene breathed again.

"Better get it typed at once, I should think," gasped Potter. "Strike the iron while it's hot, you know."

"That's it," said Coker, rising from the table. "It won't take me long to knock it off on Mr. Quelch's machine."

"Quelch lending you his typer?" asked Greene.

"Yes. He's gone out for the afternoon, and he told me I might use it," said Coker. "I told him what it was for, and he stared. Surprised, you know. But he's let me have the machine. He's given me the key to his study so that I

can get it done while he's out. I'd better get going, so I sha'n't be able to read it over again to you chaps—not now, at any rate."

Potter and Greene looked as if they could bear this deprivation with some fortitude.

Coker, quite heedless of his comrades' looks, picked up his manuscript and left the study. Potter and Greene looked at one another.

"Jevver hear or dream of such a frabjous ass?" murmured Potter.

Greene shook his head.

"Never!"

"If we didn't see Coker every day, Greeney, I shouldn't believe in him. Fancy a chap writing that silly rot—"

"That abject piffle—" said Greene.

"That burbling imbecility—" said Potter.

"That potty, footling, foolery—"

said Greene.

"Fancy it!" said Potter. "For goodness' sake let's keep out of his way till he's posted it. If I had to stand it over again I should have a nervous breakdown!"

And Coker's chums departed from the School House, while Coker, in a happy and satisfied mood, approached Mr. Quelch's study, felt in his pocket for the key, and inserted it in the lock.

As the door was locked, Coker, of course, supposed that the study was empty. He did not know he had a literary rival in the Remove, and did not dream that that rival had obtained access to the study by the window, and was now sitting at the typewriter.

Billy Bunter had not even given a thought to Coker. When he heard the key turn in the study door lock he naturally supposed that it was the Remove master returning.

Bunter sat frozen with horror for a second.

To be caught there, in burglarious possession of the study, with the typewriter damaged, and a smashed flower-jar in the fender, the consequences were too terrific to be even thought of.

Bunter for one second sat dumb with horror as the key grated into the lock.

Then, forgetful even of his masterpiece, and thinking only of self-preservation, the first law of nature, he slid from the chair under the table, and crouched there, palpitating.

It was the nearest place of concealment—Bunter's only chance. He could only hope that it would be successful.

There was no cover on the table, but there were two flaps to it, both of which were down; and Bunter could only hope that he would be hidden from sight.

The door opened.

Bunter could not see who entered the study, but he did not doubt that it was Mr. Quelch.

He scarcely breathed.

Horace Coker strode in and shut the door after him, leaving the key in the outside of the lock, ready to lock up the room again when he left.

Then he came towards the table, and laid down his bundle of manuscript. He stared at the open typewriter. It was not like a methodical gentleman like Mr. Quelch to leave his machine uncovered for the dust to accumulate upon it. But it was uncovered now, and a partly typed sheet was on the roller. Coker

blinked at it, and his eyes opened wide. There were several sheets of Latin prose on the table, and Coker naturally expected to see an unfinished sheet in the machine. What he saw was this:

"Lord Adolfs: 'Stand bak, villin!'"

"Sir Regginald: 'Ha! We mete agane! This time you shall not ekscape my vengence! Dye!'"

"My only summer bonnet!" ejaculated Coker in the utmost astonishment.

And Billy Bunter, under the table, opened his eyes also, as he recognised the dulcet tones of Horace James.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

HORACE COKER stared at the typed sheet.

Why Mr. Quelch should have written that was a deep mystery to him. He could only suppose that Mr. Quelch had written it. If so, it was evident that Mr. Quelch had adopted a new system of spelling—or that, at least, would have been evident to any member of the Fifth Form excepting Coker.

But Coker was so original in his orthographical methods that he did not observe originality in others.

The spelling of those lines did not strike him, any more than it had struck Bunter.

He was astonished to find lines of a play typed on the machine—that was all. It seemed rather a frivolous thing for a serious gentleman like Mr. Henry Quelch.

"Dash it all!" muttered Coker. "It's odd! Jolly odd! Quelch writing a play! Who'd have thought it? Awful rot, too—nothing like mine. Utter trash, in fact!"

"Silly ass!" murmured Bunter under his breath. "Lot you know about writing a play."

Coker pursued his train of thought. Unconscious that there was a listener under the table, he mumbled aloud:

"It's jolly odd! I don't like to think such a thing of Quelch, but it's really suspicious! I told him about the advertisement when I asked him to let me use the machine. I noticed that he stared. Seemed very much surprised, I thought. It certainly looks as if he's cut in himself. The way my paper was missing the other day—Quelch was in the quad. I remember he jawed me. And when I looked for the paper it was gone."

There was a smug grin under the table.

"Here's some more of it," went on Coker. "Three or four sheets! 'The Mystery of the Moated Grange!' Bah! Done to death long ago—nothing like my originality here! Awful trash!"

The grin under the table turned into a contemptuous sneer.

Coker sat in the chair and regarded the typewritten sheets. He was very thoughtful. He did not see Bunter's original manuscript, as that was lost to sight under the typed sheets.

It was quite a painful discovery to Coker that a man in the honourable position of a Form-master should have "cut in" like this, and entered the lists as a rival.

True, the advertisement in the paper had been addressed to the whole public—at least, to the gullible portion of the public—and Mr. Quelch was a member of the public. Still, he oughtn't to have

(Continued on page 13.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

CHUM!

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT
MONDAY!

"SKINNER'S

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 760.



EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

The "Holiday Annual" has nothing to do with Billy Bunter's annual bath. Oh, dear, no! It is a choice, compact volume of stories and articles and drawings and verse, and it makes its appearance on September 1st.

Although it costs 6s. the "Holiday Annual" is simply priceless! (This is Bob Cherry's joke.)

I have been privileged to see an early edition of this bumper book, and honestly, I have never before seen such a tempting array of fine fiction. If the "Annual" were double the price, it would be worth every penny of the money.

There is a long, rousing story of Greyfriars School. There are long stories of St. Jim's and Rookwood. There are adventure stories—I was simply thrilled by a yarn dealing with the French Revolution—and there are several bright, helpful articles, on subjects which are dear to the heart of the British boy.

There are plenty of short, snappy stories. And there is a whole gallery of bright and breezy verse—mainly contributed by our own special bard, Dick Penfold.

Amateur actors are catered for by a remarkable little play, in verse, featuring Billy Bunter. These plays in verse have come to be a regular feature of the "Holiday Annual." They are novel and amusing, and at the same time inexpensive to perform.

There was one feature in the "Annual" which made me rock with merriment. The Editor has published two leaves from my Autograph Album; and you will have a chance of seeing all the different styles of handwriting, to say nothing of the spelling. Even Horace Coker's blots are faithfully reproduced!

I have said nothing about the fine art plates, in colour and in photogravure, which adorn the "Annual," making it a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. This year's "Annual" is even better than its predecessors in the matter of art. There are some truly magnificent pictures. How I laughed at the one entitled "Fire Drill at Greyfriars," and at the picture of Billy Bunter on the ice!

I have no axe to grind in "cracking up" the "Annual." I praise it because it merits praise, and because it is a delectable feast of fun and fiction which no reader of the GREYFRIARS HERALD should miss!

HARRY WHARTON,
Editor.

Supplement i.]

THE GREYFRIARS HOLIDAY 1923 ANNUAL 1923 FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



LAUNCHING THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL"!

By the Editor of the Companion Papers.

THE task of compiling a bumper volume like the "Holiday Annual" is not a simple one. It entails many weeks of work and thought.

Yet it is a pleasant task, and one that I would not readily relinquish.

I set out with the firm resolve that this year's "Annual" should be better than the preceding volumes. I took as my slogan: "Year by year this book of cheer grows better and better and better!"

Certainly I have not lacked support in this gigantic venture. Authors and artists have responded cheerfully to my requests for the finest work they can produce.

Mr. Frank Richards, as usual, has a big

finger in the pie. I commissioned from him an extra long, powerful story of Greyfriars School, and he rose to the occasion in splendid style.

Mr. Martin Clifford was no less eager than his genial colleague. Mr. Clifford's stories of St. Jim's have been immensely popular for many years, and in the forthcoming issue of the "Holiday Annual" he has excelled himself.

Mr. Owen Conquest also came up to scratch with one of his fine stories of Rookwood.

It is hardly too much to say that these three long stories of the famous schools are

(Continued overleaf.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 760.

the very life's blood of the "Annual." Upon the merits of these stories the success of the volume largely depends.

Messrs. Richards, Clifford, and Conquest, fiction manufacturers and exporters of humour, were in their best form when they contributed their respective stories to the "Annual."

It has been said that variety is the spice of life, and I bore this in mind when compiling the "Annual."

Some really rousing adventure stories have been included, and I am confident that these will make a wide appeal.

Our artists have certainly excelled themselves this year. The plates in colour, the plates in photogravure, and the excellent black-and-white sketches leave nothing to be desired.

There are short stories and articles in abundance. In fact, were I to try to describe the whole gallery of features in detail, I should take up the whole of this supplement, and the staff of the "Greyfriars Herald" would be up in arms!

The "Holiday Annual" makes its welcome appearance on September 1st. It is bound to be in universal demand. I can honestly say that it is the best volume of its kind which has yet appeared.

And now, having succeeded, I hope, in making your mouths water, I will leave you to await September 1st in feverish impatience!

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER!

By Dick Penfold.

I feel as merry as King Cole,
As lively as a lark;
I dance and sing, and, 'pon my soul,
I am a gay young spark!
I sha'n't do any work in class,
Whatever the masters say;
Worries and cares, keep off the grass!
The "Annual's" out to-day!

What is the "Annual"? What is this,
That all the chaps commend it?
Six shillings' worth of fun and bliss;
If you've the money, spend it!
In shady nook, this bumper book
Will while the hours away;
I've stroked the cat, and hugged the cook—
The "Annual's" out to-day!

I know a shop in Courtfield Town
Which stocks this tempting treasure,
Containing fiction of renown
To fill my heart with pleasure.
No wonder all the fellows dance
And shout "Hip, pip, hooray!"
While Bunter seeks a cash advance—
The "Annual's" out to-day!

Long, lovely yarns I shall devour
Of Greyfriars and of Rookwood;
This volume will beguile each hour
Like no dull, dreary book would.
It will be with me when I work,
And near me when I play;
I'll grin and giggle, smile and smirk—
The "Annual's" out to-day!

GRAND NEW FEATURE
COMING SOON!

"THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT!"

Full particulars to be found on
Page 18. H.W.



WE arrived at Friardale by train on the morning of September 1st. There were fifty of us—brand-new, neatly-bound books, as yet unread by anybody save those who compiled and printed us.

We were thrown out on to the platform with milkcans and newspapers and luggage.

I happened to be the top volume in the packing-case, and the manager of the book-stall claimed me at once, and placed me in a conspicuous position on his stall. He put a ticket on me, bearing the words:

"HOLIDAY ANNUAL." JUST OUT!
PRICE 6/-."

My forty-nine companions were shunted off to the newsagent's in Friardale. I did not remain long on the bookstall.

The tall form of George Wingate, captain of Greyfriars, came into view. Wingate looked at me with glistening eyes.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed to the bookstall manager. "The 'Holiday Annual' out already?"

"Yes, sir." Wingate groped in his pocket, and produced six shillings which he handed to the manager. Then he gathered me up affectionately, made a rapid survey of my contents, and carried me off in triumph to Greyfriars.

On entering the school gateway Wingate saw that a fight was in progress in the Close, between a couple of fags.

Instantly the captain of Greyfriars placed me on the ground, and rushed off to separate the combatants. Whilst he was thus engaged, a junior came creeping stealthily towards me. It was Skinner of the Remove. "Why," exclaimed Skinner joyfully, "here's a copy of the 'Holiday Annual'! Finding's keepings!"

Skinner bore me away to his study. He turned over my pages, and ever and anon went into a fit of laughter.

Skinner was enjoying me to the full, when suddenly the breakfast gong sounded. "I must be off!" he muttered.

And he left me lying on his study table. No sooner had Skinner departed, than a youth in buttons came into the study. This was Trotter, the page.

Trotter gave a whoop of delight on catching sight of me. He picked me up, and tucked me under his arm, and raced off to the domestic regions, in order to read me at leisure.

If Skinner's enjoyment had been great, Trotter's was even greater. He laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

He was still deeply engrossed in my pages, when along came Mrs. Keble, the House-dame.

"Slackin' again!" she said sternly. "I'll trouble you to get on with your work, Trotter!"

"Oh, really, ma'am—" Trotter left me on the kitchen-table—a fatal place to leave me, for directly after breakfast I fell into the hands of William George Bunter.

Not having had enough to eat, Bunter had come into the kitchen in order to seek fresh worlds to conquer.

When the fat junior saw me lying invitingly on the table, he forgot all about food.

"Why, here's a copy of the 'Annual'!" he ejaculated. "I'm going to buy one myself during the day. Meanwhile, I'll borrow this."

Bunter carried me off to a secluded corner of the Close, and read as much of me as possible in the limited time at his disposal.

Then the bell rang for morning lessons,

and Bunter rose to his feet, tucked me underneath his Eton jacket, and rolled away to the Remove Form-room.

Holding me open under the desk, the fat junior started to read me.

"Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Ow! Yessir?"

"What are you nursing on your knee?"

"A—a kitten, sir!" stammered Bunter, scarcely knowing what to say.

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"Do you mean to tell me, Bunter, that you have had the effrontery to bring a feline creature into the Form-room?"

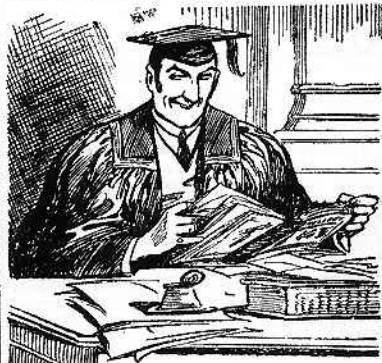
"Nunno, sir! It—it's not a kitten. That was just a figure of speech. It's a—a bunch of flowers, sir!"

"I cannot believe you, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Bring the object, whatever it is, to me at once!"

Billy Bunter had no alternative but to carry me to the Form-master.



Mr. Quelch became so absorbed in me that he seemed to forget all about his pupils.

Mr. Quelch gave a fearsome scowl, yet a keen observer would have noticed that his eyes lighted up with pleasure.

"Leave this book with me, Bunter," he said, "and take five hundred lines for telling falsehoods!"

"Oh crumbs!"

The Remove had an easy time of it that morning.

Mr. Quelch became so absorbed in me that he seemed to forget all about his pupils. He turned over my pages eagerly, and occasionally he was compelled to convert a laugh into a cough.

When morning lessons were over I was taken along to Mr. Quelch's study, and he perused me until dinner-time. Then he left me on his desk, beside his typewriter.

I then fell into the hands of Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth. He was reading me with vast enjoyment, when Wingate of the Sixth came along.

"I have a splendid book here, Wingate!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "It is called the 'Holiday Annual.' You may borrow it, if you wish."

"Borrow it!" hooted Wingate, forgetting the respect due to a master. "Why, it's my own copy!"

"Bless my soul!"

"I've been searching for it high and low," said Wingate. "Thank goodness I've succeeded in running it to earth at last! I'll chain it up in my study for the future."

And he did!

The Best Annual of the Year for Boys and Girls is—



Billy Bunter's Quest!

A Breezy Ballad by Dick Penfold, showing how Billy Bunter secured his copy of the "Holiday Annual."

Said Bunter to the bookstall clerk,
"The 'Holiday Annual's' out.
It's packed with fun for everyone.
You have it here, no doubt?"

"Six shillings, please!" the bookstall man

To Bunter made reply.
Then Billy moaned, and sadly groaned,
And heaved a solemn sigh.



"I'll let you have a shilling now,
It's all I've got to-day;
The other five (if I'm alive)
I'll let you have next May."

The bookstall man, with upraised fist,
Smote Bunter on the nose;
And Billy fell, with fearful yell,
Upon a porter's toes.

Then up he got, and forth he shot
Just like a nimble hare.
"To the Courtfield shop I think I'll
pop;
'I'm bound to get it there."

"The 'Holiday Annual,' please!" he
cried,
And sobbed an anxious sob.
With shaking head, the shopman said:
"Not till you've paid six bob!"



"I've got no money," Bunter groaned;
"I lent it to my chums.
But, Mr. Wren, I'll pay you when
My postal-order comes!"

Then Billy Bunter got the boot,
He vanished through the doorway;
Rose to his feet, fled down the street
In quite a sad and sore way.

To countless libraries he went
To get that volume grand;
But met with foes, and violent blows,
Alas! on every hand.

Then back to Greyfriars Billy went,
His heart was in his shoes.
"Until I get that book, you bet,
I'll neither rest nor snooze!"

Old Gosling met him at the gate.
"I want six bob," said Billy.
"My Uncle Jack will pay you back,
He lives in Piccadilly."

Then Gosling raised his hefty broom,
And smote with might and main.
Poor Bunter fled, in fear and dread,
Nor did he come again.

To Mrs. Mumble's little shop
He paid a flying visit.
The dame appeared, looked far from
cheered,
And murmured: "Well, what is it?"



"I want six bob," said William George,
With eloquence and grace.
"Oh, don't say no—'twill be a blow!
You've got a nice, kind face."

But Mrs. Mumble shook her head;
She pointed to the door.
And Bunter went. His head was bent,
His soul still sad and sore.

He met Bob Cherry in the Close,
And asked him for a loan;
Fled, with a frown, as Bob stooped down
And gathered up a stone.

To Harry Wharton he repaired,
And with a mournful air
Said: "Lend me, pray, six bob to-day,
For I am in despair!"

Then Harry Wharton made reply:
"I'd lend it, right enough;
But if I did, you stupid kid,
You'd stuff, and stuff, and stuff!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I declare
I do not want the money
To go and stuff on currant duff
Or buttered rolls and honey!

"I want to buy the 'Annual';
It's now on sale, you know.
And if I don't, or can't, or won't,
'Twill be a frightful blow!"

Then Wharton, like a friend in need,
Produced the sum required,
And got a kiss of grateful bliss
Before the Owl retired.



Back into Courtfield Bunter sped,
Just like a flash of light.
"Hooray, hooray! I've won the day!
The glorious goal's in sight!"

He bought the volume that he loved,
And with a whoop of pleasure
He sprinted back along the track
With his six-shilling treasure.

In Study No. 7 he sat
And turned the pages o'er
With gloating glee, and ecstasy,
And many a mirthful roar.

His minor, Sammy, toddled in
To share the fun with Billy,
And there they stayed, and shook and
swayed
Till laughter sent them silly.

"It really is a ripping book!"
Cried Bunter, W. G.
"Oh, Sammy, look! Some fellow took
A photograph of me!"



"The stories there, I do declare,
Are great!" said Sammy Bunter.
"And everyone who's fond of fun
Should be an 'Annual' hunter."

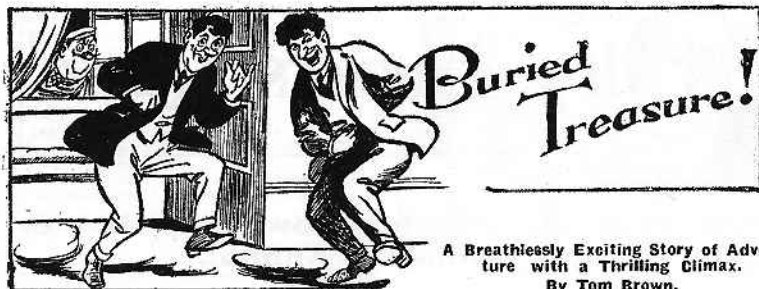
There we will leave them, boys and
girls.

The moral is quite clear:
The "blues" defy, and always buy
The "Annual" every year!

—The "Holiday Annual" Order a copy from your Newsagent To-day!

Supplement iii.]

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 760.



DICK DAUNTLESS gave a whoop of triumph.

He was sitting in the library of his old home, Mildew Manor, with his chum, Sam Sturdy.

The candles had been lighted, and they illuminated the quaint old room with their ghostly flare.

On that midsummer evening the curtains had been drawn across the mullioned windows to keep out the snowflakes. (Snow in midsummer is typical of our English climate.)

"Odds bodikins!" cried Dick. "See what I have found!"

"Looks like a chart of some sort," said Sam Sturdy.

"That's precisely what it is, dear boy—a chart which concerns a buried treasure. A crude diagram is given, showing the route to be taken by the treasure hunters. And beneath the diagram is a verse of doggerel. I'll read it."

And Dick Dauntless recited the following:

"He who seeketh tempting treasure,
Let him scan this chart at leisure,
Full directions will be found;
He must burrow underground
With a pickaxe and a spade.
There the treasure trove is laid.
Let him who deems it worth the while,
Dig, and he'll have cause to smile!"

"Where have we got to dig?" asked Sam.

"The chart will tell us. There's a row of caves, and one of them is marked with an arrow. Why, it's the old Smugglers' Cave that we explored the other day!"

"But we didn't dig under the ground."

"Of course not! How did we know there was a treasure there, fathead?"

The two chums were tremendously excited. By a lucky chance, Dick Dauntless had discovered the treasure chart in an ancient and mildewed volume. Within a few hours, it fortune favoured them, the two chums would be rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

In their jubilation they danced a hornpipe round the room.

They did not notice that the window curtains had been parted, and that the swarthy, sinister face of a double-dyed villain was peering into the room.

"Let's go and find a pickaxe and spade and a lantern!" cried Dick.

And they hurried from the room. When they returned, armed with the necessary implements, they made an astounding discovery.

The treasure chart had vanished! Lying on the table was a note, written in an illegible, sprawling hand:

"While your bax were turned I stole the treasure chart, and have now gone fourth to seek the treasure. You little new I was on the track. Ha, ha!—DAREDEVIL DAVE."

The two chums exchanged glances of dismay.

"Forestalled, by Jove!" cried Dick Dauntless.

"Dished by Daredevil Dave!" gasped Sam Sturdy.

Dick clenched his hands. His eyes gleamed. His white teeth flashed in the candle-light.

"We must go after him!" he exclaimed.

"But the Ford car has broken down again!" said Sam. "We cannot give chase."

"We must follow him on foot!" cried Dick. "Come on!"

The two chums dashed out of the house, Dick Dauntless carrying the pickaxe, spade, and lantern.

It was a wild night. Great gusts of wind

drove the snowflakes into their faces as they ran.

On and on they went, taking a short cut which led to the caves on the coast.

Once they thought they heard a mocking laugh ahead of them. And they ran all the harder.

Stumbling over the rocky shore, they at last reached the caves.

In the old Smugglers' Cave a light was gleaming.

"Daredevil Dave!" muttered Dick Dauntless.

"Collar him!" cried Sam.

The two chums rushed into the cave. Daredevil Dave was feverishly scraping the sandy floor with his penknife.

On hearing Dick and Sam approach, he wheeled round, and whipped out a jewelled dagger from his belt.

"Stand back!" he cried, grinding his teeth. "Back, you dogs, or I will puncture you both!"

But our heroes were not to be intimidated by the scoundrel's threats. Dick Dauntless dived at the rascal, and wrenched the blunt



"The grandest treasure we could find!" said Dick, as he picked up the precious volume.

dagger from his grasp. Then he hit Daredevil Dave over the head with the business end of the spade.

Dave was lucky in possessing a head harder than the average, or his skull would have been crushed to powder. As it was he emitted a groan of anguish, and rolled over, insensible.

"Bravo, Dick!" cried Sam Sturdy, clapping his hands.

Sam removed his coat, and rolled up his sleeves, and commenced to dig by the light of the lantern. And the muscles of his brawny arms stood out like iron bands.

For an hour he dug, and then Dick Dauntless took a turn.

Presently his spade came into contact with something hard, and he gave a shout of triumph.

"What is it, Dick?" he cried.

Sam Sturdy came forward eagerly.

"The grandest treasure we could ever hope to find!" was the reply. "It's a copy of the 'Holiday Annual' for 1923!"

So saying, Dick stooped and picked up the precious volume.

And the triumphant treasure hunters, waving their hands in mock farewell to their baffled rival, stepped jauntily out of the cave.

WHAT I THINK OF THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL!"

By a Number of Greyfriars Celebrities.

BOB CHERRY:

It's a perfect treat from beginning to end. Six shillings' worth of concentrated pleasure! I should like to slap all the contributors on the back, and congratulate them on the excellence of their stories and sketches.

DICK PENFOLD:

Hundreds of pages of fun and cheer. Are set before us year by year. And, thanks to the Editor's keen endeavour, The latest "Annual" is better than ever!

BILLY BUNTER:

The "Holiday Annual" is not so bad, but, as an eggperienced jernalist, I konderider there is room for improvement. However, when the Editor becomes as brainy as me, he will no doubt be able to do better. I think Mr. Frank Richards has said some very rood things about me in the curant "Annual"; and Mr. Chapman's drawings of me are the reverse of complimentary. But I bare no mallis. I freely forgive them both!

GERALD LODER:

For once in a way, I don't feel inclined to be sneering or cynical. The "Holiday Annual" is really a splendid production, and its compilers are to be congratulated.

GEORGE WINGATE:

I like the "Annual" tremendously, but somebody's been and bagged my copy, and things will go hard with the raider when I get hold of him!

DICKY NUGENT:

What I think of the holiday annual cannot be kondensed into a few words. I should need a whole issew to set fourth my views, so perhaps I had better shut up!

WILLIAM GOSLING:

What I says is this here—that there "Annual" is the sotace of my old age, and the support of my declining years. It is food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and a soothing balm for the rheumatics. Which I ain't never enjoyed a book better.

THE HEAD:

I have nothing but commendation for the excellent volume in question. The contents are clean and healthy, and such as will appeal to every British boy. I predict an unprecedented sale for the latest edition of the "Holiday Annual," and I shall most certainly preserve a copy on my bookshelf.

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



GEORGE FIGGINS.
(St. Jim's.)

A Bumper Gift Book for YOU is the "Holiday Annual!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 760.

[Supplement iv.]

COKER'S RIVAL!

(Continued from page 8.)

cut in like this. It was Coker's paper, and Coker's idea. Mr. Quelch oughtn't to have butted in.

"Rotten!" was Coker's final comment. "Scandalous, in fact! I'm very much surprised at Quelch. Of course, this utter piffle is no good; Sharkey & Co. won't look at it. Still, it's pretty rotten of Quelch to butt in and try to cut a fellow out like this."

And Coker sniffed contemptuously.

However, he had come there to use the machine, so he removed the unfinished sheet from the roller, and pushed it aside with the others. Then he inserted a new sheet, and started typing the title-page of the "Missing Heir!" Having typed the title, he looked at it, and found this result:

TH MISSING IR.

That was the outcome of Bunter's previous handling of the machine. Coker frowned at it and examined the typewriter.

"My hat! A blessed letter gone!" he grunted. "Awfully careless to have a machine in such a state! Quelch's getting sloppy. Here's the blessed letter lying beside the machine! If Quelch thinks I'm going to mend his dashed old typewriter for him—"

Coker snorted.

Mending the machine was beyond his powers, as the type-rod had been broken off short.

"Well, of all the rotten sells!" said Coker.

He pushed back the chair and rose from the table. He could not type out the "Missing 'Eir" leaving out all the e's.

"It's simply sickening!" grunted Coker. "I shall have to fag down to Courtfield now, and get it typed at the stationer's. They'll charge me about ten bob, too. Awful fag! I've got no time to waste, and those cheeky young cads in the Remove won't fag for the Fifth! Rotten system to let the fags get their ears up!"

Coker seemed dissatisfied with things generally.

However, there was evidently nothing doing in Mr. Quelch's study, as the typewriter was not in a state to be used.

Coker folded up the "Missing Heir" again and slipped it into his pocket. Then he grunted and went to the door.

Under the table William George Bunter was grinning.

The study door closed on Coker, and the key turned in the lock again. As soon as it had turned Billy Bunter emerged from his hiding-place.

He did not sit at the typewriter again.

Typing out his play and putting in all the e's afterwards with a pen was an unsatisfactory method, and Bunter had thought of a far better one.

He carefully collected up his valuable manuscripts, put them into his pocket, and went to the window.

He blinked out into the quadrangle to make sure that the coast was clear. Like Moses of old, he looked this way and that way, and saw no man. So he opened the window and dropped out.

But Billy Bunter was shorter-sighted than Moses of old. Although he looked this way and that way and saw no one, there was someone quite near at hand. Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, was leaning on the beech-tree

near Mr. Quelch's window, admiring the effect of the sunlight on the leaves of the elms in the distance. He ceased looking at the elms, and looked at Bunter as that fat youth dropped from the study window.

"Buntair!" ejaculated Monsieur Charpentier.

Bunter jumped.

"Ow! Oh! Yes, sir!" he gasped.

"Vat is it zat you do, Buntair?" demanded Monsieur Charpentier.

"Nothing, sir."

"Do not tell me one mensonge, Buntair," said the French gentleman severely. "You come out of Monsieur Quelch's study by vay of ze vindow, isn't it?"

"Oh, no, sir! I—I was just sitting on the window-sill, sir—"

"Comment?"

"And—and I fell off!" gasped Bunter.

"Mais—but I see you, wiz own eyes, to come out of vindow and joomp!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "It is zat you play some chape, as you call him, n'est-ce pas?"

"Oh, sir, no, sir!" stuttered Bunter.

"I—I've just taken in my lines, sir."

"Ven you shall take in lines you shall not leave study by vay of vindow, Buntair, I zink."

"There—there's a chap after me in the passage, sir," stammered Bunter. "Coker, you know—awful bully—he—he's waiting for me to come out, sir, so—"

"Zat is different," said Monsieur Charpentier. "I understand. But you should not tell untroof, Buntair."

"Oh, no, sir! Certainly not, sir!"

And Bunter, glad that the French gentleman was so easily satisfied, scuttled off. As a matter of fact, Monsieur Charpentier was not quite satisfied, and he stared after Bunter rather suspiciously.

Billy Bunter had no time to think about Mossou, however. He scudded into the School House, hurried to the Fifth Form passage, and presented himself at Coker's study.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Fagging for Coker!

"I SAY, Coker—"

"Get out!" snapped Coker.

Horace Coker was not in a good temper. He had to walk to Courtfield, and to do so he had to put off several other engagements for the afternoon. So he was annoyed, and had no politeness to waste upon William George Bunter.

But the Owl of the Remove proceeded to pour oil upon the troubled waters, as it were.

"I'm going to Courtfield, Coker—"

"Eh?"

"I just dropped in to ask you if there was anything I could get for you there," explained Bunter.

"Oh!" said Coker, his brow relaxing.

"The fact is," continued Bunter, "I'd like to oblige you, Coker. Wharton and those fellows are up against fagging for the Fifth. I don't hold with anything of the kind."

"Oh, don't you?" said Coker.

"Certainly not! If fellows fag for the Sixth, why not fag for the Fifth?" argued Bunter.

Coker nodded a full assent.

"Certainly!" he said. "But I never expected a fag in the Lower Fourth to have sense enough to see it. You're not such a cheeky young scoundrel as the other grubby little rotters. Bunter."

That was Coker's graceful way of putting it. But Bunter did not mind.

"Thank you, Coker!" he said meekly. Bunter, in fact, did not mind in the least what Coker might say so long as he succeeded in pulling Coker's leg. That was his present object, and it was not a difficult task.

"As a matter of fact, I want something done at Courtfield," said Coker, more amiably. "It's a bit of a bother to go myself this afternoon. I suppose you know Smith's—the stationer's?"

"Oh, yes! Quite!"

"They do typewriting for customers, at so much a thousand words," said Coker.

"Do they?" asked Bunter innocently.

"Yes; I've seen their advertisement in the local papers. Well, I want some typewriting done."

"Do you really?"

"Just that!" said Coker. "Now, if I hand the manuscript to you, have you sense enough not to lose it?"

"I—I think so, Coker."

"If any harm comes to it, I'll skin you! Remember that!"

"Ye-es, Coker."

"Take it to Smith's, and ask them to get it typed for me, quarto size, best style. They'll want to be paid on the spot, of course. I'll give you a ten-shilling note, and there'll be some change. Bring me their receipt."

"Of—of course."

"If they can't do it to-day, ask them to send it by post as early as possible to-morrow," said Coker. "But if they can get it done this afternoon, wait for it, and bring it with you."

"Right-ho!"

Coker, considerably relieved in his mind, handed over the envelope containing the manuscript of the "Missing 'Eir."

"Take care of it, you know," he said.

"I'll break every bone in your fat carcass if you lose it!"

"I—I'll be very careful, Coker."

"I'll give you a bob for yourself when you come back, Bunter."

"Thanks, old chap!"

Billy Bunter retreated from the study with the priceless manuscript and the still more priceless ten-shilling note. He could scarcely believe in his good luck. True, Coker's leg was always easy to pull; anybody could "butter" Coker. Billy Bunter felt as if he were walking on air, as he departed from the Fifth Form passage, and quitted the School House.

Bunter liked a walk to Courtfield even less than Coker did; but he was very glad to take that walk on this special occasion. When he reached Courtfield Common he stopped, and sat in the grass to rest. He drew his own manuscript from his pocket and looked over it carefully.

Then he took out Coker's manuscript. For some minutes he sat blinking at that manuscript through his big spectacles.

"What the thump am I going to do with that silly rot?" he murmured. "May as well chuck it away; it's no good."

Having come to that decision, Bunter rose, looked for a ditch, and shoved Coker's manuscript into a deep crevice therein. The "Missing 'Eir" was likely to be more missing than ever now.

Then Bunter trotted on cheerfully to Courtfield, and arrived at the establishment of Messrs. Smith's, the stationer's.

He trotted in as cheerfully as ever, inquired for the typewriting department, and was referred to the young lady in charge of that department.

The young lady received his manuscript, gave a little jump as she looked at it, and looked at Bunter. The

NEXT
MONDAY!

SKINNER'S CHUM!

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS,
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 760.

"Mystery of the Moted Grainge" was a little surprising at first glance. Possibly the "Missing 'Eir'" would have surprised the typewriting young lady, too. But it was the "Mystery of the Moted Grainge" that she had to deal with.

"How much for typing that out, quarto size, best style?" asked Bunter.

The young lady controlled her astonishment. Business was business. She made a rapid calculation.

"Seven shillings and sixpence."

"Can it be done while I wait?"

"If you can wait an hour."

"I'll wait," said Bunter.

He waited. The young lady retired into an inner room with the manuscript. She reappeared in a few minutes. She coughed.

"Excuse me, do you wish the spelling to be altered?" she inquired.

"Eh! Certainly not."

"There seems to be some—a few—mistakes in spelling—I thought—" murmured the young lady.

Bunter blinked at her.

"Nothing of the kind," he answered.

"I suppose I know how to spell."

"Hem!"

"Just type it out as it is," said Bunter.

"That's all right."

"Very well, sir."

The young lady disappeared again. Billy Bunter waited cheerfully.

In rather less than an hour the young lady brought him the typed script. Billy Bunter blinked at it with great satisfaction.

He paid the seven-and-sixpence, and received a receipt. Then he went into the stationery department, purchased an envelope quarto size, and borrowed pen and paper. Bunter was "getting it done" with a vengeance, now that he was fairly started. On the stationer's counter he wrote his letter to Messrs. Sharkey & Co., Walker House, Sharp Street. He enclosed the letter with the typed script in the envelope, sealed it up, and addressed it, and left the shop smiling with satisfaction.

His next step was into the post-office.

There he registered the letter.

Then he walked back to Greyfriars in a cheery mood. He was feeling almost grateful to Coker.

Bunter had never thought much of Coker of the Fifth. But he realised that even Coker had his uses. This afternoon he had been very useful indeed—to Bunter.

Horace Coker was in his study at tea with Potter and Greene when Billy Bunter turned up there. Potter and Greene were looking quite cheery; they liked Coker's spreads much more than his literary works. Coker nodded to Bunter when the Owl's fat face looked in at the doorway.

"You can come in," he said.

"Not having that porpoise to tea, Coker?" ejaculated Greene.

Coker sniffed.

"Not likely! I don't have my fag to tea."

"Your—your fag?" said Potter.

"Yes. Bunter's fagging for me."

"Oh!"

"Well, is it all right, Bunter?" demanded Coker. "What's that—the receipt? Good!"

He glanced at the slip. It stated that the sum of seven-and-sixpence had been received for typing by Messrs. Smith. Coker slipped it into his pocket.

"Got the script?" he asked.

"It's not done yet," explained Bunter. "I waited some time, but it wasn't done."

"When are they sending it on?" asked Coker, frowning.

"To—to-morrow!" stammered Bunter.

"Oh, all right! Where's the change?"

"The—the change?"

"Yes; I gave you a ten bob note."

Bunter coughed.

"You didn't mean me to keep the change, Coker?" he asked.

Potter and Greene grinned. They had been surprised to hear that Bunter was fagging for Coker. They thought they understood now.

"I told you I'd give you a bob, you fat young sweep!" growled Coker.

"Well, knowing how generous you are, Coker, I—I thought you'd like me to have the half-crown," said Bunter.

"If you think the same next time you're fagging for me, Bunter, you'll get a hiding!" said Coker. "Roll away before I kick you!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, glad to escape without a kick. A half-crown was nothing to Horace Coker, who had ample supplies of cash from his affectionate Aunt Judy. It was a good deal to Billy Bunter. It had enabled him to post his masterpiece to Messrs. Sharkey & Co., and there was a little change left over for the tuckshop. So Bunter departed satisfied.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Coker Catches It!

"WHARTON!"

"Yes, sir!"

The captain of the Remove stopped. Mr. Quelch was looking out of his study doorway, with a brow like thunder.

Harry Wharton assumed his meekest expression. He only hoped that he, personally, had not called up that thunderous frown to his Form-master's brow. Mr. Quelch's look boded trouble for somebody.

Fortunately, it was not Wharton's head upon which the vials of wrath were to be poured, as he was relieved to discover.

"Wharton, will you find Coker of the Fifth, and request him to come here immediately."

"Oh, yes, sir! Certainly!"

In his relief Wharton was only too happy to oblige. He hurried away to the Fifth Form passage.

Coker & Co. had finished tea when Wharton looked in. Coker, in a cheery mood, was telling Potter and Greene about his prospects, and promising them a box for the first performance of "The Missing 'Eir,'" when it came off. Potter and Greene were trying to look grateful, and trying still harder not to chortle. Coker waved an impatient hand at Wharton.

"Don't butt in here," he said. "Just cut!"

"You're wanted, Coker—"

"Bosh! Cut off! I'm busy!"

"Perhaps it's a message, Coker," said Potter, hoping that it was. Anything short of an earthquake would have been welcome in Coker's study just then, to stop Coker's flow of eloquence.

"It's a message from Mr. Quelch," said Harry. "He wants you to go to his study at once, Coker."

"What rot!" grunted Coker. "I'm busy!"

"Better go," urged Potter.

"Much better!" said Greene.

"Oh, I'll go!" said Coker impatiently. "What the thump can he want? I've no time to waste. I gave him back his key."

But Coker decided to go; and he went. He was rather surprised, when he arrived in Mr. Quelch's study, to find that

gentleman with a brow of thunder. Mr. Quelch's eyes fairly glinted at him.

"Coker! I gave you permission to use my typewriter during my absence this afternoon—"

"Yes, sir," said Coker, "but—"

"As you are a senior boy, Coker, I expected you to use the machine with proper care, and to act in my study, Coker, as if you were a civilised human being."

"Wha-a-at?"

"It appears," thundered Mr. Quelch, "that I was mistaken. What do I find? My papers scattered on the floor—"

"I never—"

"My flowers in the fender, and the jar broken—"

"I—I—"

"And my machine damaged!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "One key actually broken off!"

Coker stared at him. Obviously, the Remove master was in a towering temper. Coker was rather irritated himself at these unexpected accusations. He answered hotly.

"I never used the typewriter, after all—"

"What? It is broken—"

"That's why I didn't use it," said Coker. "Couldn't I! I had to send a fag down to Courtfield to get my typewriting done."

"Coker! The machine is broken! It was in perfect order when I left it!"

"Oh, draw it mild, sir!" ejaculated Coker.

"What? What?"

"I—I mean, it wasn't! It was busted—I mean, broken—just as it is now. So was that jar! I remember seeing it in the fender."

"Coker! How dare you prevaricate in this way? Did not I hand you the key of my study after locking the door?"

"Yee-es—"

"Did you not hand me back the key when I came in?"

"Yee-es."

"Was not the door locked during the interval?"

"Certainly!"

"Yet you tell me that you did not damage my property!" exclaimed the Remove master. "I left it in perfect order! No one else has had access to the study. You, therefore, have done the damage!"

"I never wrote a line on it!" roared Coker. "That is, I wrote just one line, and then noted that it was busted."

"How dare you say such a thing, Coker? There is evidence on the machine itself that it has been used. It has been used carelessly, and the type has printed on the roller!"

Mr. Quelch pointed to the machine. A new roller had lately been put on the typewriter, and it was quite clean and smooth, and showed up clearly where the type had struck, after the paper had been turned up too far. One masterly line was quite complete and very legible:

"Unhand me, villin, or dye the deth of a dogg!"

"Well, if that isn't too rich!" exclaimed Coker, in great indignation. "That's not my work! That's yours!"

"Mine!" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, yours!" exclaimed Coker warmly. "I'm really surprised at this, Mr. Quelch."

"You are what—what?"

"Surprised," said Coker. "In fact, shocked! It's not playing the game."

"Coker! Boy!"

"I wasn't going to mention it," said Coker indignantly, "but I jolly well will mention it now. I think it's thick."
 "Thick?" babbled the Remove master.
 "Jolly thick!" said Coker emphatically.

Mr. Quelch gasped.
 "If you are not out of your senses, Coker, tell me at once what you mean—by your words have any meaning."

"Well, what do you call it yourself, sir?" demanded Coker hotly. "I showed you the advertisement when I asked you for the typer. I never dreamed for an instant that you'd think of butting in like—"

"Butting in!" said Mr. Quelch dazedly.
 "And trying to cut me out—"

"C-c-cut you out?"
 "You could have knocked me down with a feather when I saw those sheets of your play," said Coker.

"Mum-mum-my play?"
 "The Mystery of the Moated Grange," said Coker.

"The—the the Mystery of the—the the Moated Grange?" babbled Mr. Quelch, like one in a trance.

"Yes, sir, and I don't call it square," said Coker. "Not that I mind! My work fears no rival! A chap who can write needn't mind other chaps butting in. I've no doubt Sharkey's know the right thing when they see it! Butt in, sir, if you like! All the same, now you bring the subject up, I don't call it playing the game."

Mr. Quelch leaned a hand on the study table, and blinked across it at Coker. Coker was in deadly earnest, and unless he was labouring under some amazing delusion, the matter was beyond comprehension.

"Coker!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Do you state that you did not write that line which appears on the roller of the machine?"

"Certainly not!"
 "Then by whom was it written?"
 "You, sir!"

"Are you insane, boy? If you could suppose that I should write such an absurdity could you suppose that I should spell in that manner?" spluttered Mr. Quelch.

Coker blinked at Bunter's line, and read it through again.

"Unhand me, villain, or dye the deth of a dogg!"

He seemed puzzled.
 "What's the matter with the spelling?" he asked.

"What?"
 "The spelling's all right," said Coker.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch faintly. "The—the spelling is—is—is all right! Upon my word!"

"Anyhow, that's how you did it, sir," said Coker. "And I'm surprised—"

"Silence, you absurd boy! I cannot believe that you are deliberately lying to me; you seem in earnest. Did you allow some junior boy to come into the study to play with my typewriter?"

"Certainly not!"
 "Then I must hold you responsible for what has happened, Coker. You have broken my typewriter, and left my study in disorder—"

"I haven't!" roared Coker.
 "You will be punished—"

"It's mean, sir," howled Coker excitedly, "putting it on to me! Mean, I call it, and I—I don't care if you take me to the Head! It's mean! Bagging my idea, and trying to cut me out, and then making out that— Leggo!"

"NEXT MONDAY!"

"SKINNER'S CHUM!"



Monsieur Charpentier looked up at Bunter as that fat youth dropped from Mr. Quelch's study window. "Buntair!" ejaculated the French master. "Vat is it zat you do, Buntair?" "Oh, nothing, sir. I—I was sitting on the window-sill, and—and I fell off!" gasped Bunter. (See Chapter 7.)

Mr. Quelch grasped Coker by the shoulder with one hand, and his cane with the other. In another second the cane would have come down on Coker's shoulders with a terrific smite. There was a cough at the door.

"Meestair Quelch—"
 "Pray do not interrupt me now, Monsieur Charpentier!" gasped the Remove master.

Whack!
 "Yaroooh!" roared Coker.

"This ruffianly boy has—"
 "Excusez-moi, Monsieur Quelch, is it zat something go wrong in your study while you shall be absent—"

"Exactly. This boy—"
 "Zen I tell you at vunce vat I come to say," said Monsieur Charpentier. "Zis afternoon while you are away I see Buntair come out of your window."

Mr. Quelch jumped.
 "Bunter—my window?"
 "Bunter!" gasped Coker. "Oh, my hat!"

Mr. Quelch released Coker, and laid down the cane. Coker wriggled, and tried to rub his back where that one hefty whack had fallen. He looked as if he were trying to tie himself into a sailor's knot.

"Bunter!" repeated Mr. Quelch.
 "You—you are sure, monsieur?"

"J'en suis sur," said Monsieur Charpentier. "I doubt myself zat Buntair get into ze study to play some treec—so I zink I mention him to you—"

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Quelch.
 "I—I certainly did not dream of—of anything of the kind. I—it was doubtless Bunter who used the machine, and damaged it. He has done so before—"

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"Bunter!" gasped Coker. "Oh, my hat!"

"Bunter!" murmured Coker.
 He understood, too. Mr. Quelch was not the author of the "Mystery of the Moated Grange." The brilliant author was William George Bunter, of the Remove. Even Coker's brain was able to grasp that now.

"Thank you very much, monsieur!" said Mr. Quelch, and the French master bowed and retired. "Coker, it appears that I have misjudged you to some extent."

"Ow!"
 "However, you deserved punishment for your unheard-of impertinence," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go!"

"I jolly well think—"
 "Go!" thundered Mr. Quelch. And Coker jumped, and went.

"THE TENTH CHAPTER.
 Bunter Is Not Believed!"

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Is the porpoise in here?"

Bob Cherry looked into No. 7 in the Remove, and made that inquiry. Billy Bunter was taking a well-earned rest in the arm-chair, and Peter Todd was washing the teacups.

"There he is!" said Peter.
 "He's wanted," explained Bob.

"Jump up, Bunt!"
 Billy Bunter blinked round at him.

"Feed?" he asked.
 "Ha, ha! No!"

"Then I'm not coming," said Bunter.
 "If it's Coker, tell him to go and eat coke! I don't know anything whatever about his manuscript!"

"A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
 By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 760.

"Manuscript!" repeated Bob.
 "Yes; and besides, it was such utter rot that it wasn't any good, anyway! I lost it."

"Lost it!"
 "I couldn't help that, could I?" said Bunter. "Besides, I'm prepared to swear that I never had it!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob.
 "Besides, Coker's got the receipt," said Bunter. "If he doesn't get the script, it will be because it's lost in the post. Lots of things are lost in the post."

"What is he burling about, Toddy?" asked Bob Cherry, in wonder.

"Ask me another!" said Peter.
 "You can tell Coker that I decline to have anything to do with him," said Bunter. "As for entering into any sordid argument about the seven-and-six, it's beneath me!"

"Oh crumbs!" said Bob. "Have you been swindling seven-and-six out of old Horace?"

"Certainly not! I'm a bit more particular about money than some fellows," said Bunter. "You, for instance, or Toddy. You can tell Coker—"

"But it isn't Coker," said Bob Cherry. "It's Quelch that's sent for you, and I've got to take you to his study."

"Oh dear! What's the matter with Quelch?"

"Blessed if I know! But he looks as if he's lost an English quid and found a German mark! Come on!"

Bunter felt an inward quake. He remembered that Monsieur Charpentier had seen him emerging from the Remove master's study window. It looked as if the French master had mentioned the circumstance.

"I—I can't go," said Bunter. "Tell Quelch I'm ill!"

"Ill!" repeated Bob.
 "Yes; caught a severe cold," said Bunter. "Say you think it's turning to pneumonia. That ought to make even old Quelch sympathetic."

Bob Cherry chuckled.
 "Are you coming?" he inquired.

"No! Tell Quelch I've sprained my foot—both feet, in fact! And I have a pain in my back, and can't get out of the chair!"

"Poor old Bunter! I'll help you out!"

"Yaroooh!"
 Bunter yelled as Bob Cherry helped him out of the chair. He landed on the carpet with a heavy bump.

"Feel better now?" asked Bob.
 "Ow! Beast!"

"Shall I help you as far as Quelch's study? I don't mind in the least. Just let me get a grip on your ear—"

"Keep off, you beast! I'm coming, ain't I?" hooted Bunter.

And he came.
 Bob Cherry conducted him as far as Mr. Quelch's door. There Bunter entered, not in a happy mood. The Remove master turned upon him a pair of eyes that seemed to pierce like gimlets.

"Bunter, you were in this study during my absence this afternoon—"

"Oh, no, sir! The door was locked, and I couldn't get in," said Bunter. "I never came near the place, sir!"

"How do you know the door was locked if you did not come near it, Bunter?"

"I—I mean—"

"Do not tell me absurd falsehoods, Bunter!"

"Certainly not, sir!" said Bunter.

"Rely on me to tell the absolute truth, sir. I make a habit of it!"

"Monsieur Charpentier saw you leave my study by the window, Bunter. Doubtless you entered by the same method."

"Not at all, sir!"

"You used my typewriter, and damaged it. You disordered my study. You left a ridiculous, ill-written, ill-spelt sentence inscribed upon the roller of my machine, Bunter!"

"Perhaps it was Coker!"

"Coker!" repeated Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!" said Bunter brightly.

"You know how rottenly Coker spells, sir. If it was ill-spelt, it was Coker."

"I'm rather good at orthography, sir! You—you've noticed that in class, haven't you, sir?"

"You spell worse than any other boy in the Remove, Bunter."

"Oh, Mr. Quelch!"

"You were here—surreptitiously—"

"Oh, no, sir! I—I can call a dozen witnesses to prove that I wasn't, sir," said Bunter. "I—I was out of gates all the afternoon, sir. Coker was here."

"You're thinking of Coker, sir."

"How do you know Coker was here?"

"Saw him, sir!" said Bunter triumphantly.

"You saw him here—when you state that you were out of gates all the afternoon!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Bunter's jaw dropped. Once more he had put his fat foot in it.

"I—I mean—" he stammered.

"You mean, I fear, to tell any ridiculous falsehood that comes into your obtuse mind!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "I shall punish you severely for entering my study without leave, Bunter!"

"But, sir, I—I swear—"

"Silence! Hold out your hand!"

Bunter groaned, and held out a fat hand. Mr. Quelch gave him two of the best, and Bunter gave two fearful howls.

"Now, Bunter, I have punished you for entering my study surreptitiously. And now I shall punish you for telling falsehoods, a still more serious offence."

Your hand!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Swish! Swish!

Mr. Quelch laid down the cane. Bunter tucked his fat hands under his arms and wriggled.

"You have now received the punishment you merited, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch grimly. "With regard to the typewriter, I shall send it to be repaired, and the bill will be forwarded to your father!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter again.

"Don't utter absurd ejaculations in my presence, Bunter," snapped the Remove master. "Leave my study!"

William George Bunter limped out of the study. He was feeling hurt—both in hands and in his susceptibilities. He felt that it was rotten that the Form-master could not take a fellow's word.

Mr. Quelch had practically called him a liar! Bunter could not help feeling hurt!

He groaned his way down the passage, and groaned his way up the staircase. In the Remove passage he came on the Famous Five, and he blinked at them with deep woe and indignation.

"I say, you fellows, I've been through it!" groaned Bunter. "Quelch's a beast—an awful beast! He's licked me!"

"I suppose you asked for it!" said Harry Wharton.

"I told him I hadn't been in his study!" groaned Bunter. "He didn't believe me! Actually refused to take a fellow's word! What do you think of that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" snorted Bunter. "It's all your fault, Wharton!"

"Mine?" ejaculated the captain of the Remove.

"Yes!" groaned Bunter. "If you'd borrowed Quelch's typer, as I asked you, the other day, I shouldn't have had to get into his study by the window to use it! Ow!"

"Then you were in his study!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "And you're grousing at Quelch because he doesn't believe you weren't."

"Can't he take a fellow's word?" demanded Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Tain't as if it was one of you fellows. But I suppose I'm pretty well known to be an honourable and truthful chap. Ow, wow, wow!"

And Bunter rolled on to Study No. 7, leaving the chums of the Remove staring. He plumped into the armchair in Study No. 7 and groaned, and Peter Todd looked up from his prep inquiringly.

"Had it bad?" he asked.

"Ow! Yes! The beast is going to send the bill for repairs to my pater, too!" groaned Bunter. "I told him I never touched the typer. But the pater's got to pay. There'll be a row! Of course, I shall assure the pater that I am quite innocent. But he mayn't believe me."

"Very likely not!" grinned Peter. "Knows you too well, I should think."

"It's a bit hard that a chap's own study-mate can't believe in his innocence," said Bunter, with deep indignation. "I never touched the typer. Besides, how could I help the rotten key breaking? Must have been out of order before I—"

"Before you didn't touch it?" asked Toddy.

"Yes—no, I mean! Ow, ow, ow! You're a beast, Toddy! And Quelch's a beast! Wharton's a beast! Coker's a beast! Everybody's a beast!" groaned Bunter. "Wow, wow!"

And Bunter rubbed his fat paws and groaned, feeling how hard it was to be practically the only really decent chap in a population composed almost wholly of beasts.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Glorious!

"GOOD!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Jolly good!"

Billy Bunter's fat face

face beamed. It was the second morning after his misadventures, and Bunter had recovered from his licking, and forgotten the misadventures. He was standing now with a letter in his hand, and the contents of that letter seemed to afford him great satisfaction. So beaming was his fat face that it drew general attention.

"Postal-order come at last?" asked Peter Todd.

"Better than that."

Billy Bunter grinned joyously.

"It's all right!" he said. "I'm in for a good thing! Of course, I knew it! I don't mind telling you now, Toddy! Too late for you to butt in."

"Eh—what?"

"Fancy that ass Coker!" chuckled Bunter. "He actually had the cheek to put in for it! He, he, he!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

"For what?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Look at that letter!"

Bunter held the letter up on high. He considered that it was safe now to reveal the secret, and he was too full of fat elation to keep it to himself. Everybody at Greyfriars who cared to listen was going to be a witness of Bunter's triumph.

The juniors looked at the letter. It was typewritten on business paper, headed:

"Sharkey & Co.,
Literary and Theatrical Agents,
Walker House,
Sharp Street, E.C."

"Who the thump are Sharkey & Co.?" asked Bob Cherry.

"My agents," said Bunter, with exaggerated carelessness.

"Your whatter?"

"Agents! Just read the letter."

Harry Wharton & Co. read the letter with some curiosity. It was a brief one. It ran:

"Master Bunter,
Greyfriars School,
Kent.

"Dear Sir,—We are in receipt of your play, entitled 'The Mystery of the Moated Grange.' The same has been passed on to our reader for examination.

"We shall acquaint you later with his report. In the meantime, however, we may state that on a cursory glance we are pleased with your work, and have little doubt that our reader's report will be of a favourable nature.

"We are, sir, yours faithfully,
"Sharkey & Co."

"My only summer bonnet!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Who's pulling your silly leg now, Bunter?"

"Nobody!" roared Bunter.

He fished out Sharkey & Co.'s advertisement from his pocket. He did not mind the Remove fellows seeing it now—now that his success was assured.

"Some fellows catch on to these chances," he said loftily. "I dare say you fellows would have passed that advertisement over and taken no notice of it. I made up my mind at once to go in and win! And I've done it!" Bunter swelled his podgy chest. "You've always refused my offer to write the plays for the Remove Dramatic Society, Wharton. You'd be jolly glad to get me to do it now—what? He, he, he!"

"My dear ass—"

Bunter waved a fat hand at him. "Too late now!" he said. "My time will be full up. If I write plays for you I shall have to charge you full professional fees—same as I shall receive from my agents."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I dare say it wouldn't cost much to give you that amount," he remarked. "Are you really such an ass that you can't see that this advertisement is a catch for mugs?"

"Yah!"

Evidently Bunter couldn't see it! "Poor old Bunter!" said Peter. "Bunter's just the kind of chap Sharkey wants to get in touch with—excepting that he hasn't any money."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" howled Bunter. "Of course, it's quite straight. Why, they say typewriting is essential. Now, if they were trying to catch mugs, would they say that? Any scribble would do if it's only a catch."

And Bunter blinked triumphantly at Toddy.

"Something in that," said Bob Cherry. "Nothing at all," said Peter. "That's put in to make it look genuine. If it were genuine they wouldn't be bothered by scrawl. They would want typewriting, of course. And putting that in makes it look genuine—to anybody with Bunter's amount of brains. They don't want to give it away in their advertisement that they're after anything they can lay their hands on. And they don't want to get into touch with fellows who've got no money. A chap who can afford to have his piffle typewritten can afford to be swindled by Sharkey. If he can't afford it they don't want to waste postage-stamps on him."

"I suppose that's it," said Wharton, with a nod.

"No supposing about it," said Peter. "That is it."

Snort! from Bunter.

"Look at their answer to me," he said. "They've passed my play on to their reader, and they like it already. Toddy, old man, you shouldn't give way to jealousy like this."

"What?"

"I know it's a bit rotten for you and these fellows to be put into the shade by a really clever chap. But don't give way to envy," said Bunter, wagging his head seriously at Toddy. "It's mean! You shock me, Toddy!"

"You—you—you fat owl!" gasped Peter.

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter rolled away with his fat little nose high in the air. He was in high feather; like the classical gentleman of old, he felt like striking the stars with his sublime head. But he stopped suddenly as he caught sight of Coker of

the Fifth in the quad. Horace Coker was bearing down upon him, with an expression on his face that could only be described as Hunnish. Bunter had almost forgotten the incident of the seven-and-sixpence for the typing. He had a very bad memory for such trifles. But Coker's Hunnish look recalled the trifling incident. He fled.

"Stop!" roared Coker.

"Oh dear!" gasped Bunter, and he put on speed.

Horace Coker raced on his track.

"I say, you fellows, help!" yelled Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bunter rejoined the group of Removites. Harry Wharton & Co. closed round the fat junior. They waved Coker off as he came up breathlessly.

"Lemme get at him!" roared Coker.

"Hands off, Horace, old top!" said Bob Cherry. "Mustn't rag the Remove, you know. Bunter doesn't matter; but the Remove does! Don't be naughty."

"The fat rascal has swindled me!" roared Coker.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Well, he's always swindling somebody," said Bob. "Let's hear the tale of woe, and we'll judge."

"I say, you fellows, don't take any notice of Coker!" gasped the Owl of the Remove.

"I'm not going to take the trouble to explain to a gang of fags!" snorted Coker. "I'm going to thrash Bunter!"

"Come on, then!" said Harry Wharton invitingly.

"Do!" urged Peter Todd.

Coker paused. Six sturdy Removites waited for him to come on; but it



The young lady received the manuscript, and gave a little jump as she looked at it, and looked at Bunter. "How much for typing that out, quarto size, best style?" asked the Owl of the Remove. The young lady controlled her astonishment and made a rapid calculation. "Seven-and-sixpence!" (See Chapter 8.)

NEXT
MONDAY!

"SKINNER'S CHUM!"

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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 760.

THE GREATEST STORY-BOOK—



Packed with Magnificent Tales of School and Adventure—

dawned upon Coker that if he did, the results would be more painful to himself than to the six. He calmed down.

"I gave him my manuscript to take to Smith's on Wednesday, to be typed!" he gasped. "I paid seven-and-six! The script never came. I wrote to Smith's to ask about it, and they say they know nothing of the 'Missing Heir,' but on Wednesday they typed a manuscript for Bunter, called the 'Mystery of the Moated Grange.'"

"My only hat!" gasped Peter. "So that's how you got your rubbish typed, was it, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Where's my play?" roared Coker, with a ferocious glare at Bunter. "You never left it to be typed. What did you do with it?"

"It got lost—"

"Lost!" shrieked Coker.

"What does it matter?" argued Bunter. "It wasn't any good."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker appeared to be on the verge of foaming.

"As for the seven-and-six," pursued Bunter. "I gave you the receipt. You can't deny that. You've got it now."

"I—I—I—" stuttered Coker.

"You awful rascal, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "You—"

"Oh, really, Wharton! It was all Coker's fault, thinking that he could fag the Remove. I really did it for the honour of the Form."

"You—you—"

"Besides, I never did it," added Bunter, as a sort of afterthought, to complete his vindication, as it were. "I simply don't know what Coker's talking about. Wandering in his mind, I should say."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Let me get at him!" shrieked Coker. "I—I—I—"

Harry Wharton stood aside, and his chums followed his example. For once, the wrath of the great Coker was justified; undoubtedly he had been "done" most unscrupulously. Billy Bunter did not seem to realise that there was anything questionable in his remarkable proceedings. The Co. could only hope that a licking from Coker would help him to realise it.

But Bunter did not stay for the licking. As the ranks of the Remove

opened, and Coker came on, Bunter fled. After him went Coker, foaming; and there was a chuckle from the Removites as they disappeared round the chapel, both going strong.

For the next few days Billy Bunter led a life in which excitement was not lacking. He was expecting, daily and hourly, to hear again from Messrs. Sharkey & Co., and he fully expected their next letter to contain a handsome cheque. This was exciting enough; but it was not the only excitement Bunter had. There was Coker!

Coker of the Fifth, like the ancient Rachel, could not be comforted for that which he had lost. The "Missing Heir" was now missing beyond recovery. The seven-and-sixpence did not matter very much to Coker. But a manuscript worth, at the lowest computation, some thousands of pounds, was

—FOR BOYS AND GIRLS—



—Wonderful Collection of Coloured Plates—

quite a different matter. The "Missing Heir," however, was gone for good; and Coker's only possible consolation was to take it, as it were, out of Bunter's hide.

Bunter was, naturally, more particular about his "hide" than Coker was. He dodged Coker.

In the intervals of classes, in passages and studies, in the quad and the Common-room, Bunter dodged Coker. His hairbreadth escapes would have filled volumes. In these hectic days Bunter's life was crammed with incident. And—to Bunter's great indignation—the other Remove fellows seemed to derive only entertainment from the prolonged game of hide-and-seek between Coker and Coker's rival.

THE END.

(There will be another long complete school story of the Chums of Greyfriars in our next issue, entitled: "SKINNER'S CHUM!" by Frank Richards. Coker of the Fifth plays a big part in this story, but the fellow occupying the greater part of the limelight is William George Bunter, who thinks he will get at least a million pounds from his wonderful play. So does Skinner—hence Skinner's idea in chumming up with Billy Bunter. Now read about the forthcoming new feature, "The Greyfriars Parliament.")

THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT.

Special Announcement by the Editor.

What do you all think about the idea? I feel myself it was bound to come. The learned Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald," his indefatigable staff, and I have had a grand pow-wow on the subject, and we have arrived at conclusions.

It just comes to this. Harry Wharton wants to give all MAGNET readers a chance to air their views on sports, hobbies, and things which interest them. Therefore, we are going to call a Parliament together, and any suggestions sent in by readers will be debated when they are interesting. Ideas will be acted upon when possible. Prizes will be awarded to the writers of the best letters, and though space will not permit us to print many of the communications received, still, a few will be inserted each week.

I am dead certain this notion will be a welcome addition to the splendid MAGNET bill of fare. Of course, I am leaving the best part of the detail of the scheme to the care of my clever colleague, Harry Wharton, but on broad lines the new feature will be a sort of general publicity department for the benefit of MAGNET readers. We shall start with a page of opinions on all manner of subjects—biking, footer, how to act in certain emergencies, what to do in the matter of the upkeep of a bike, or a pair of football boots, etc. There are myriads of topping notions floating round, and I want my chums to send them in. Suggestions will be valued, and the members of the

(Continued on page 20.)

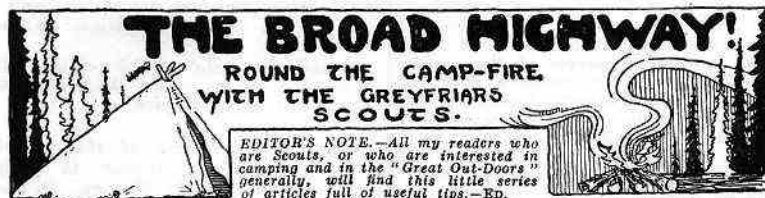
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EDITOR'S NOTE.—All my readers who are Scouts, or who are interested in camping and in the "Great Out-Doors" generally, will find this little series of articles full of useful tips.—Ed.

"WHAT A CAMPER SHOULD KNOW,"

By Harry Wharton (Leader of the Lions).

CAMPING does not stop at the knowledge of putting up a tent, lighting a fire, and cooking a meal. That's only the first stage. The real camper goes on much further, and is divided up into individual arts, each having a very great importance in the great game.

The beginner should thoroughly acquaint himself with the elementary stages, and then, having mastered the start, should look round for the more advanced knowledge. This latter is necessary to the camper if it is his wish to make a success of the sport. Like all other sports and hobbies, it has to be studied until the sportsman can really say he is proficient.

There are many arts and crafts in camping, and we have already dealt with one or two of them in these columns. Campercraft emulates the brook; it goes on for ever—there is no end. Fresh discoveries are made daily, probing deeper into the great mystery, wonderful discoveries that only go to prove that more are inevitable, and we really know very little.

So in the grand sport of camping you need never be bored, or experience an empty moment. On all sides you have things of wonderful interest waiting to be studied—things that will keep you occupied for many hours. And the great thing is, that you are not wasting a moment of your time.

As you proceed deeper into the fascinating study of the great mystery, the thought that this acquired knowledge will be of great advantage to you in the ordinary walks in life will at once strike you. Nature, or as we know it to be, the great mystery, has many classes in her great woodland school. These classes we call woodcraft or campercraft. There are arts such as bird and beast lore, insect lore, botany, herb lore, tracking, stalking, and many other departments of the same nature. Then you get such crafts as log-book keeping, camp games, first-aid, story-telling (not of the Billy Bunter variety), nature-sketching, weather lore, and camping as in the first stages.

To begin with, it is very helpful to know just a little about each of these crafts, so that you can make yourself quite comfortable in camp. Then, as you begin to feel your way along, a certain craft will interest you. You then proceed to study that one thing, finding out everything possible about it, and forming your own theories on it.

I tell you, once catch hold of the trail rope and there's no stopping. You are gripped by a longing to master that never-ending subject and although you don't learn all, you are taught something.

Nature is very thorough in her teaching. There is no half measures, and that is where the advantage comes in.

But not only are you improving mentally, but also physically. That side of the question is almost as important as the other. When a doctor thinks you are run down, what does he say? "Oh, you want a breath of fresh air. Get out into the open country somewhere." The finest prescription he can give you. The fresh air is a wonderful tonic which has never failed in its purpose.

To return to woodcraft. Of the little we have mentioned of some arts and crafts, we have, I think, given enough to start you. Limitation of space does not permit me to deal in too great an extent on each subject, but these first stages will give you a little idea—only little—of the particular art, until you are able to take up the branch and subject it to a closer and more finer examination.

The knowledge of tents and tent making, methods of camping, fires and fire lighting, cooking, tent and camp pitching, weather lore, finding the way, and the smaller things which in their combined uses are so important, every camper should be thoroughly versed in. We have already dealt with some of this "ground work," as you might say, in these columns, and in the following article

Bob Cherry gives us some more hints. Next week we will deal with the advanced stages.

As each branch is too extensive to deal with largely, it is my intention to publish a short article each week, explaining the principles and beginning of the arts and crafts of camping out.

A short while ago an article appeared describing the art of making yourself comfortable in camp. This is certainly an extremely important subject and a very wide one. Many people are of the idea that tools are required for everything fashioned from wood, or any other material. To a certain extent they are right; but there are things which can be made from wood with only the aid of a sharp knife.

Take, for instance, the times when England was one mass of forest and animals, with very few humans. The everyday necessities of the Ancient Britons were fashioned from the vast amount of natural material they were surrounded by, with the crudest of tools. Yet they were able to do it. So you see how it is possible to make useful things for the camp, and at camp, with just your knife, and material Nature provides for her scholars.

But before we start with the arts and crafts I think it would be a good plan to give you a few more hints on the first stages of camping. We call this first stage, or knowledge, "digging oneself in," and it depends largely on the way you do this whether your camp is going to be a success or not.

No book can teach you to be a good camper. It only shows you how it has been done. If you want to understand camping you must camp and learn by your own experiences. With just the first stage knowledge which is given in these articles every week, you will be able to make a good beginning to your camping out, and a good start is half the thing accomplished. Then your experience will teach you something of the more advanced knowledge of camping. You will learn by mistakes, but take good care not to make the same mistake twice.

"DIGGING YOURSELF IN!"

By Bob Cherry.

THE following article is a collection of hints which my experience at the great game of camping has taught me from time to time. Of course, it is absolutely necessary to know a little about the sport of camping before you start. As Harry Wharton has just said: "A good start is half the battle won." And that is what I think, too. We have, in these columns, given you a good deal of the elementary side of the question, but a few more first-hand hints "won't do you any harm," as the saying goes. The more you know at first the better for you in the long run.

If you "dig yourself in" properly at the start you are assuring the success of your camp, and these following hints help you to do this.

In the first place, don't take unnecessary things to camp with you, especially when only on a short trip. All you really want will just go in a good-sized hucksack or haversack; anything that won't, chuck out. Now for the long list of "do's" and "don'ts."

Never camp on private ground without permission. If you do you are asking for trouble, and also spoiling other fellows' chances of camping there if they do have the forethought to inquire for permission.

Never light a fire under a tree or hedge to screen it from the wind. It's too jolly dangerous, for you are liable to catch the trees alight.

Shut all gates. Don't break down hedges. Keep the ground clear, and burn or bury all rubbish, so that your camp site is always clean. A clean camper is the chap who gets on.

Always slacken your guy-ropes before going to bed at night. If you don't, and it rains, you may find the tent on top of you, and all the tent-pegs will have been pulled out of

the ground. Even if it does not rain the dew will do the same thing. So beware!

If you find the ground hard to sleep on, a good stunt is to dig a small hole for the hip to rest in.

Always have something hot to drink about seven or eight o'clock, and don't eat too much grub just before you go to bed, like our friend Billy Bunter does. After the evening meal, which should start at the fore-mentioned time, take a rest round the camp-fire, and have a good yarn. It's wonderful sitting round the blazing log fire, listening to the noises of the night, or to the yarning of your chum.

Never break branches from growing trees. You will find plenty of wood lying about on the ground sufficient to last your camp, and defacing trees is really a crime which you are liable to be prosecuted for.

If you are not certain that the water near your camp is good for drinking, purify by boiling it before use.

Don't pitch your camp under trees, but a few yards away from them. The reason for this is that if it rains it will drip off the overhanging branches, and soak through the canvas of the tent. This is a curious thing. Rain coming straight down will not soak through the tent, but rain dripping from a branch will; also, the noise of the raindrops on the tent at night will keep you awake. Then there is the danger of being struck by lightning in a thunderstorm, if camping under trees.

If you are exploring woods, don't rob nests. It is a very carefully kept law with campers never to take more than one egg out of a nest, if any at all. That is what is called "playing the game."

Always take a map with you, and a notebook and pencil. You may need them—the map for finding your way along, and the book for jotting down notes on various subjects. Later on, when you run through those notes, you may be able to start a log-book. This you will find an extremely interesting hobby, and as it is really a camp craft I shall deal more largely with it later on. But for the time being keep your eyes open.

A very good way of cleaning out your billy-can is by using white ash from the fire, mixed with a little water. Rub over the pot, and then rinse out. Your billy-can will always look bright and clean.

Keep your matches corked in a small bottle to prevent them from getting damp. Wet matches are useless, and to arrive at your camp unable to light your fire is no fun.

If you get your boots and stockings wet take them off, and walk barefooted. It will stop you from getting a cold, and it's safer to walk in bare feet than in wet stockings and boots.

Here's a few more tips for you when you go on a tramp camp. All toe-nails should be cut square across, and to harden your feet bathe them in salt-and-water for a little while. Don't walk in very loose or very tight boots or shoes. Be certain that they fit you before you start.

Whilst tramping along the highway, over the heath and down the leafy lanes, keep your eyes open, and notice the lie of the land, in case you have to return by the same route.

The beginner's first night in camp is nearly always a sleepless one, for the "noises of the night" are things to get used to. I remember, some years ago, my first night in camp, I was surprised at the number of noises there are. I heard the "Hoo-oo-oo" calls of the owls in the distant woods across the valley, as these night birds hunted for their prey. Then, after a dead silence, the scratching of some animal at the back of the tent, and a bark and a sudden twitter. A distant cow called a mournful "Moooh!" which sounded almost at the tent door; but, of course, wasn't, which was followed by the thumping of a galloping horse a few fields away. And so on throughout the night came the medley of calls and noises from the night birds and animals. But after the first night I began to get used to them, and when my head touched the "camp pillow" I was at once in the arms of Morpheus. It'll be the same with you.

Talking of pillows, it reminds me of the one I made a short while ago in the following manner. I procured two pieces of canvas, and sewed them together down three sides, thus making a bag. Then into the bag I put handfuls of gathered wool from the thistle, then sewed up the fourth side, making a very comfy and soft pillow.

Greyfriars Parliament will consider them with the utmost care.

Readers are invited to send in paragraphs on any subject, particularly sport. As Editor of the MAGNET I have been answering questions for donkey's years about amateur magazines, how to run same, what to do with a cricket-bat before putting it in cold storage till next summer, and so on. I shall continue to do this, of course, but it will be heaps better for all of us if some of the most interesting questions are discussed in the Greyfriars Parliament. "Tot homines, tot sententiae," you know. And Harry Wharton will make a first-rate chairman,

though we will call him Mr. Speaker. Bob Cherry will move amendments. I am inclined to think that the capable and painstaking staff of the "G. H." will make a roaring success of the notion. They will work in company with the readers of the MAGNET. I shall be glad to receive letters on the subject any time, as it is intended to start right away with a page of reports of the proceedings of the Greyfriars Parliament. Bunter will be jealous, but you know what he is, and first come first served. Harry Wharton nailed the notion, and the Owl didn't. So please start rolling up with sapient, sagacious, sensible impressions of

sport, hobbies, and other things which interest you, and look out for the opening meeting of the Greyfriars Parliament.

I shall stop here, or the printer will be looking for me with a sharp pickaxe for outrunning Chat space!

(Further particulars of this grand new feature will appear in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET. In the meantime, get busy and write a "speech" for the Parliament. Anything of general interest to MAGNET readers acceptable.)



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