

ANOTHER SET OF FREE METAL MOTOR-CAR BADGES THIS WEEK, BOYS!

The Magnet ^{2^D}

No. 1,095. Vol. XXXV. Week Ending February 9th, 1929.

LIBRARY

EVERY SATURDAY.



THESE TOPPING COLOURED
THREE METAL MOTOR-CAR
BADGES
Given away
FREE inside

ALL ABOARD FOR HOLLYWOOD! Special Story of Harry Wharton & Co., inside.

W. MARTIN,
NEWBRIDGE FARM DAIRY,
98, HILLSIDE.



Come Into the Office, Boys!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address: The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

WITH this week's bumper issue you fellows have been presented with three more Metal Motor-Car Badges—making in all a total of twelve, up to date. There are lots more on the way, which you simply must add to your collection to make it complete. So look out next week for

TWO MORE RADIATOR BADGES!

These are the Austin and the Chrysler—two well-known and justly famous cars that you see on the road practically everywhere you go. These badges will look just "it" in your album, so don't miss them on any account.

I had just written the above par when the office door opened and a cheery voice exclaimed: "Hallo, old scout!"

I wheeled around to find the beaming face of George E. Rochester surveying me.

"I've just looked in to deliver the last instalment of 'The Black Hawk!'" he explained, throwing the manuscript on my desk. "And, by the way," he continued, helping himself to one of my cigarettes—a habit which quite a number of our authors seem to have acquired—"have you HEARD ABOUT THE SCOTSMAN?"

"I've heard about three million Scotsmen," I replied. "But if it's a new one, fire ahead!" And this is the one he put across me:

An Englishman and a Scotsman went into a restaurant one evening. The Englishman stood dinner, he also stood a bottle of wine. Next he stood coffee, and finally stood cigars. . . . The Scotsman stood five feet six!

"Rochester," I said, getting to my feet, "take this!"

He looked alarmed, probably thinking that I had Scottish blood in me and was going to avenge the insult to one of the finest nations on earth. But "this" was a MAGNET penknife, which, as I told you, I was going to hand out to those who gave me a yarn that I could pass along to you chaps.

NOW, YOU SCOTTISH READERS!

What about having your revenge, eh? What about showing Mr. Rochester that you can beat this effort of his? Remember there's a penknife for you if you do! Incidentally, I imagine Mr. Rochester must have a spot of Scottish blood in his make-up, because when I explained why I was giving him the penknife, he said:

"Right-ho! But you'll let me know when you're giving a set of fish-knives and carvers, won't you? I want to be first in the queue!"

I chased him out of the office, and as he vanished down the corridor I heard THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,095.

him say something about hoping his serial story was O.K. Well, it is O.K., as all of you will agree. George E. went so quickly that I didn't manage to get any of his personal experiences out of him, which was rather a pity, because I promised you fellows that I would try to get some details about our contributors' "murky pasts." However, I'll lie in wait for him next time!

There's a big bunch of letters this week from "Magnetites" who honour me by thinking that my middle name is "Inquire Within." The first I read wanted to know

SOMETHING ABOUT THE UNION JACK.

How long have we had the Union Jack? asked Tom Gibbs, of Sudbury. I thought at first that he meant the weekly paper which tells you all about Sexton Blake, but then I discovered that he meant the flag of that name. Well, the Union Jack has only been in existence since 1802, when the union of this country with Ireland took place. Previous to that there was a Jack with only the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew upon it, and it was the addition of the flag of St. Patrick which completed the Union Jack as we now know it. Tom also wants to know something about the White Ensign, which is flown at the stern of all war vessels of this country. This did not come into that particular use until 1864, and before then there were three ensigns flown by the Fleet—the red, the white, and the blue. In 1864, however, the White Ensign, was allotted to the Navy, the Blue Ensign to the Naval Reserve, and the Red Ensign which had been adopted as the national colour during the seventeenth century, to all other ships.

WHERE ARE THE CATACOMBS?

is the query which G. Archer, of Manchester, asks. There are catacombs all over the world, for the word simply means a subterranean burial place. The best-known, however, are those at Rome and Paris. The Roman ones were used by the Early Christians as hiding-places, and also for burying their dead. The ones in Paris form a vast underground maze in which are stacked the skeletons taken from various cemeteries when

THE MORE THE MERRIER!

This Issue contains three more METAL MOTOR-CAR BADGES!

Trim them up with a pair of scissors and pin them to your Album!

ANOTHER SET OF BADGES NEXT WEEK!

they were built over. Viritots are allowed to walk around these seemingly endless passages, the walls of which are made of a solid mass of bones and skulls, and there are estimated to be six million human remains there, including most of the victims of the French Revolution. Not a very cheery place to choose for an evening walk, eh?

AMBER AND AMBERGRIS.

Harry Dent, of York, wants to know the difference between these two substances. They have nothing in common, despite the similarity of their names. Amber is a yellowish fossil resin, which is generally found on the shores of the Baltic, and which comes from under-sea forests. Ambergris is a secretion from the intestines of the cachalot or spermaceti whale, used in the manufacture of perfumes. The latter is the most valuable.

Those are all the questions I have space to answer this week, because I want to consult my diary and tell you what I have in store for next week. First of all, there is:

"HELD UP BY BANDITS!"

By Frank Richards.

This is the fifth story in the novel series our popular author has given us, and jingo, boys, it's a tip-topper! Thrills and unexpected situations you'll find in plenty, so prepare yourselves for something extra good. The same can be said of the next instalment of

"THE BLACK HAWK!"

our vivid air adventure story, featuring that dare-devil pilot Derek Moncrieff. Don't miss it, whatever you do. And for a good tonic laugh Dickie Nugent's next "shocker"

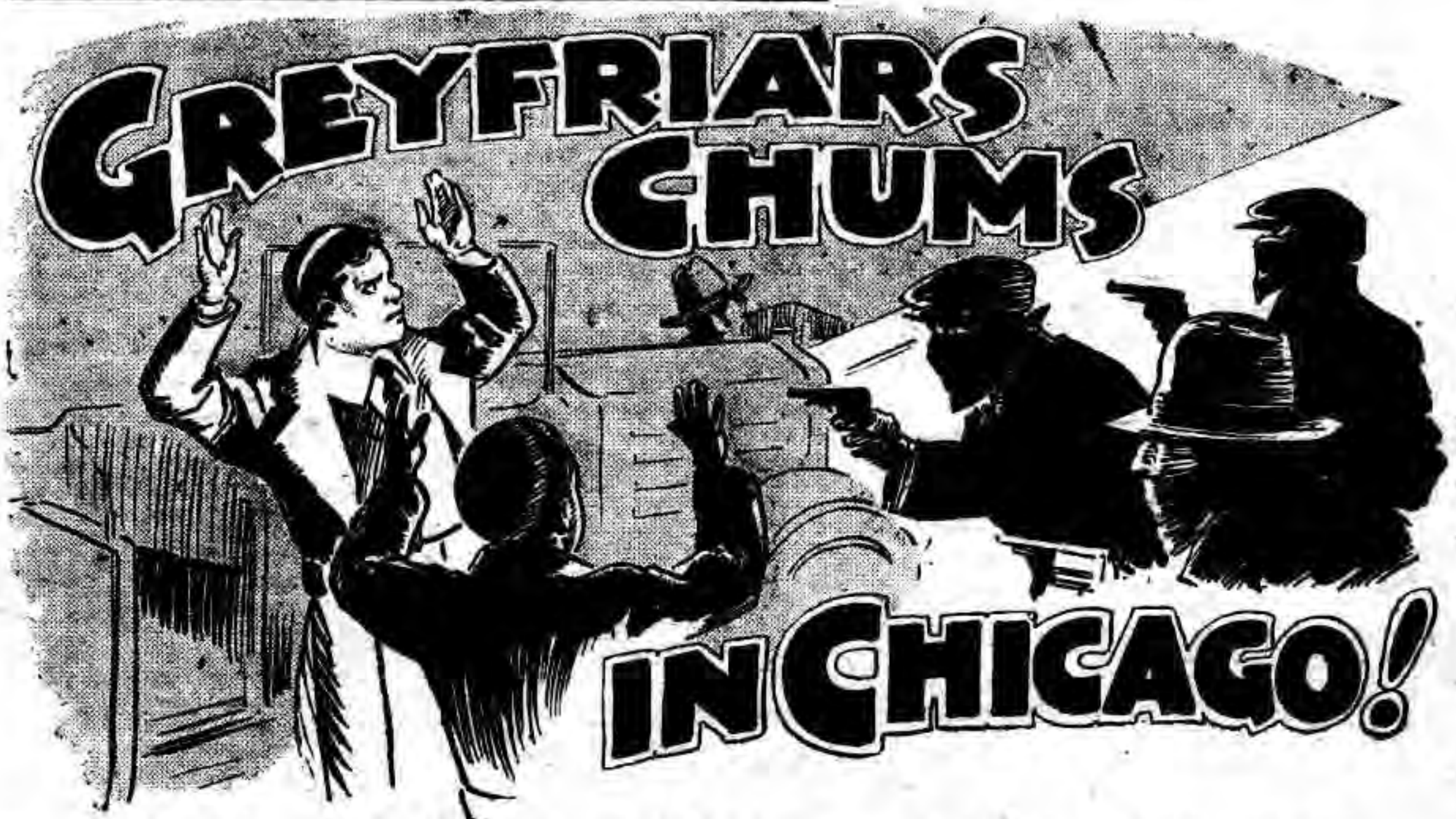
"THE OUTCAST OF THE SKOOL!"

will take a lot of beating. You'll agree that this is a strong programme, I know, for you will remember that with each copy of next week's MAGNET readers will be presented with Two More Free Gifts! Order early, boys! Talking of Free Gifts our companion paper, the "Nelson Lee" is giving away a fine coloured Album and three souvenir metal portrait badges of England's Test Match heroes this week. You shouldn't let a wonderful opportunity like this pass you by; they're Gifts that are really worth having.

AN INTERESTING WEEK!

By the way, the diary in which I keep all details of forthcoming attractions for the MAGNET has a list of anniversaries in it, and I was interested to note that this Tuesday is the anniversary of the birth of Sir H. Maxim, who, as you all know, invented the Maxim-gun. The anniversary of Sir Henry Irving, the famous actor, falls on Wednesday, and that of Charles Dickens on Thursday. It's not very often that you get the anniversaries of three such well-known people falling in the same week. And talking of anniversaries, the good old MAGNET celebrates its twenty-first birthday next week. How's that for a record?

YOUR EDITOR.



Another long story of Harry Wharton & Co.'s adventures in America, with Lord Mauleverer, the Slacker of the Remove, in the limelight. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Away Westward!

"COKER!"

No answer.
Billy Bunter's voice was loud enough to be heard, even above the roar and rumble of the train that was bearing Harry Wharton & Co. westward, on their way from New York to Chicago.

Bunter, in fact, shouted. Coker must have heard. But if he heard he understudied the ancient gladiator, and heeded not. "Coker!" hooted Bunter. Coker gave no sign. He made no reply; and his rugged face remained expressionless. Harry Wharton & Co. grinned. They were quite aware what was the matter with Horace Coker of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars.

Coker and Potter and Greene had taken seats at a little distance from the Remove fellows. Coker was a member of the party that Mr. Hiram K. Fish was taking across the United States. But he was, so to speak, with them, not of them. It hurt Coker to think that people might take him for a member of a schoolboy party on a trip.

Coker had his dignity to consider, so he kept his distance from the juniors as much as he could, ignoring them loftily, and trying to look as if he did not belong to them, nor they to him.

True, the other people in the train were only Americans. And Coker had a hearty British contempt for the opinions of all Americans on all subjects. Still, even among people who did not matter, Coker had his dignity to consider.

He was annoyed when Billy Bunter called to him along the train—in fact, shouted at him. He took no heed. He ignored Bunter just as if Bunter was not there.

He went on talking to Potter and

Greene. He was telling Potter and Greene how rotten American railroads were, in comparison with English railways. Coker's powerful voice could be heard far and wide, and Potter and Greene felt rather uncomfortable—not being so utterly regardless of the opinions of Americans as Coker was. But it was, of course, no use to think of trying to stop Coker. Coker laboured under the delusion that his opinions were worth hearing. Moreover, he was fond of the sound of his own voice. It had charms for Coker, if for nobody else.

"Coker!" squeaked Bunter.
"Shut up, old fat man!" advised Bob Cherry.
"Is that silly ass deaf?" grunted Bunter.
"The deaf-fulness of the esteemed

ears. But that would have meant acknowledging Bunter's existence.

"Coker!"
"Cheese it, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton.
"Oh, really, Wharton—"
"Coker's busy with his chin," remarked Johnny Bull. "Let him rip!"
"I want that paper—"
"Go and ask him for it, then, and dry up!" said Frank Nugent.

Bunter grunted. He was comfortably seated, and did not want to move. Bunter had lunched on the train, and, as usual, he had lunched not wisely, but too well. He was not disposed to exert himself.

"He can chuck it along here," he answered, "or pass it along by the conductor when he comes through the car, Coker!"

"Dry up, old bean!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"Rats! Coker!" roared Bunter. "I say, Coker, if you've done with that paper, chuck it along, will you?"

Coker remained regardless.

Lord Mauleverer was born tired, and he thinks life a "frightful fag and a bore." There are times, however, when his lazy lordship does bestir himself. And then he amazes his companions. This week, in a sudden burst of energy, Mauly puts the kyboosh on a few choice specimens of humanity in Chicago, U.S.A.!

Coker appears to be terrific and preposterous," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh; a remark that caused some American passengers to glance round at him.

Since they had arrived in the United States the Greyfriars chums had heard some weird and wonderful varieties of the English language. But Hurree Singh's variety appeared to be new there.

"The silly ass!" said Bunter peevishly. "I want that paper he's got, as he's done with it. I suppose he doesn't want it, as he's jawing. I say, Coker!"

Coker coloured a little, though he paid no other heed. It was absolutely exasperating to be claimed as an acquaintance by a fat fag before a lot of people—Americans though they may be. Gladly he would have walked along the aisle to Bunter and boxed his fat

"Coker!"
"I guess you've spilled enough, Bunter," remarked Fisher T. Fish. "Can it! Can it, now!"

The other fellows were grinning. They knew why Coker did not answer, if Bunter did not.

The fat junior detached himself from his seat at last. He walked along the car towards Coker of the Fifth, and the Famous Five watched him with interest. They had noted the signs of suppressed wrath gathering in Horace Coker's rugged countenance, and they were of opinion that when Bunter reached the Fifth-Former there would be trouble.

"Coker seems to have gone off on his ear," remarked Fisher T. Fish. "I guess that fat jay is asking for it."

"I guess, calculate, and reckon that he sure is!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter rolled up to Coker.

"I say, Coker, old chap, if you've done with that paper, I'll borrow it," he said.

Coker did not answer, even then.

But being addressed as "old chap" by Bunter in public gave the finishing touch to his wrath.

He turned towards Bunter, lifted a heavy hand, and smote.

"Oh!" roared Bunter.

He sat down suddenly on the floor of the car. The concussion almost made the car shake.

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

Bunter sat and blinked at Coker of the Fifth. He set his spectacles straight on his fat little nose and blinked again.

"Ow! Beast! Wharrer you do that for?" he gasped.

Coker did not deign to reply. His majestic countenance was turned away from Bunter again, and he ignored the existence of the Owl of the Remove. Bunter sat and blinked. And every passenger in the long car stared at Bunter and Coker. Bunter scrambled up at last.

"Beast!" he roared.

Coker breathed hard.

"Cheeky beast!"

Coker turned to smite again; but Bunter was keeping out of reach of a smite, as he told Coker what he thought of him.

"Swanking ass!" continued Bunter. "Yah!"

There was a sound of laughter along the car. Coker's face was crimson with wrath. Potter and Greene smiled. This little scene came as an agreeable interlude to Potter and Greene. It had stopped the flow of Coker's conversation. That was worth something.

Coker reached out towards Bunter, and Bunter backed a pace. Chasing the fat junior along the aisle was, of course, too undignified a proceeding for Coker to think of it. But Fate played into his hands. Just then the train gave a violent jerk. Bunter, quite un-

intentionally, pitched forward, and landed fairly in Coker's arms.

"Ow!" roared Bunter.

He roared in anticipation.

The next moment he had ample reason to roar.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Coker got in three before Billy Bunter wriggled away and escaped.

Three were enough for Bunter. He fled.

Coker, with a heightened colour, resumed his instructive conversation with Potter and Greene. But the harm was done. Everybody in the car knew now that Coker was a schoolboy, travelling with a party of schoolboys, and, as a matter of fact, they thought him a most unmannerly and obstreperous schoolboy. That nobody looking at him would ever have taken him for anything else was quite unknown to Coker of the Fifth.

However, he was comforted to think that he was done with Bunter now. As a matter of fact, he was not done with him.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Little Ventriloquism!

MR. HIRAM K. FISH came sauntering along the cars, and he stopped to speak to the group of Greyfriars juniors. Mr. Fish had "struck" a business acquaintance on the train, and spent most of his time in the smoking car; but he remembered the existence of his charges at times. Mr. Fish seemed in a very good humour. Delay in New York had rather irritated Mr. Fish; but once the party were embarked on the Erie railroad his good-humour returned.

For some reason unknown to the juniors, Mr. Fish was in haste to get across the States. It might be only an American "hustle," that peculiar Transatlantic desire to get along quickly, even in an unnecessary direc-

tion. The Bounder suspected that Mr. Fish had some secret object in view; and Billy Bunter knew that he had. But the other fellows, content to take things as they came, gave Mr. Fish his head, so to speak. But even the least curious of the party could not help feeling surprised at the rate at which they were "doing" the United States. This tour was supposed to be an educational tour, to see the States; that was how Mr. Fish had put it to Dr. Locke, the headmaster of Greyfriars. But to the juniors it seemed rather more like a race against time.

They had seen a good deal of New York, owing to Coker having lost himself there. But they had gone neither south nor north of New York; and all they had seen since was what could be seen on either side of the railroad to Chicago. They had learned that they were not to stop east of Chicago—a run of about a thousand miles. If this was "seeing" the States, it was seeing them on a rather kaleidoscopic plan.

They had to stop in Chicago, if only to get their breath; but even there the stop was to be brief.

At this rate, as Johnny Bull had pointed out, they would be right across the American continent in a few days. And then—what?

Bob Cherry suggested that they would have a bathe in the Pacific, and then turn back. But that could scarcely be Mr. Fish's object. It really was hard to guess why the party were rushing across the continent at this speed.

However, the Greyfriars fellows were willing to leave that to Mr. Fish. Possibly he intended to slacken speed later. Anyhow, they were seeing many things that were very new to them, and having quite a good time, if rather a hurried one.

Mr. Fish gave them a benignant grin and a nod as he came along.

"She's moving—what?" he remarked genially. That remark referred to the train, which was rushing along at a great speed.

"The movefulness is terrific, esteemed sahib," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Lays over the cars in the old island—what?" said Mr. Fish. "I guess you want to come over this side of the pond to see real railroads."

The juniors smiled, thinking of Coker's remarks on the same subject, which had been audible to most of the car. In their estimation of one another's native lands, Mr. Fish and Horace Coker were much of a muchness. Each had a fixed conviction that his own country was the finest in the world, and that he was one of the finest fellows in it.

"We stop at Chicago, Mr. Fish?" asked Harry Wharton. "How long?"

"I guess you lads will want a bit of a rest," said Mr. Fish. "We'll stop over a night."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob. Stopping over a night did not seem much of a rest, after a thousand miles on the railroad.

"We can afford that much time," said Mr. Fish. "Besides, I've got to see one or two guys in Chicawgo in business. Mind you don't lose any more of yourselves in Chicawgo, as you did in Noo York."

"Only Coker lost himself in New York, sir!" Nugent reminded him.

"Yep! Some jay!" remarked Mr. Fish. "Keep together, anyhow. You sleep on the train to-night; you'll find the berths comfortable—after the sort of thing you get in the Old Country. See here, where's Vernon-Smith?"

Mr. Fish's keen eyes, with the aid of

Tales For All Tastes



TAKE YOUR CHOICE FROM THESE:

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A Stunning Story of Footie and Fun. By PERCY A. CLARKE.

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A Powerful Yarn of Thrilling Adventure among the Apache Indians of New Mexico. By ARTHUR PATTERSON.

THE BOYS' FRIEND 42 LIBRARY



The American gentleman rose from his seat, reached over to Coker, grabbed him by the back of his collar, and jerked him to his feet. "Eggo!" roared Coker. Shake, shake, shake! "There!" gasped the Transatlantic gentleman. "That'll teach you manners, I guess, just a few!" "Yow-ow-ow!" gasped the Greyfriars senior. (See Chapter 2.)

his horn-rimmed spectacles, noted that the Bounder was not with the other fellows.

"He's made acquaintance with a man on the train," said Harry. "I think he's gone along the cars to have something pointed out to him."

Mr. Fish frowned.

"Better not pick up with strangers on the train," he said.

And Mr. Fish walked on and went to the next car. Fisher T. Fish rose from his seat and followed his popper. Harry Wharton & Co. resumed the chat which Mr. Fish had interrupted, while Lord Mauleverer dozed gently in his place. Billy Bunter gave a fat little grunt; and Bob Cherry looked round at him quickly and suspiciously. Bob knew that little fat grunt. It was the grunt that Bunter gave when he was getting ready for some of his ventriloquial tricks; and Bob called it his atmospherics.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! No larks, Bunter!" said Bob warningly.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Mustn't play tricks on Americans," said Bob. "You may wake up a lot of trouble if you do."

Bunter grinned.

"Coker ain't an American," he said.

"Oh, Coker!" said Bob, with a grin. "Well, Coker's asked for it; but if you get pulling his leg he may burst you all over the car."

Billy Bunter did not heed that warning. Coker had smitten him, and smitten him hard. Bunter would have liked to jerk Coker out of his seat by the collar, and mop up the whole train with him. But that was not within the bounds of possibility. But, at Greyfriars, Bunter had often found it possible to "get his own back" by means of his weird ventriloquial tricks. In the Remove Bunter's peculiar powers in that line were rather too well known, and earned him more kicks than ha'pence, so to speak; but even in the Remove he often surprised fellows by his extraordinary facility in imitating voices and throwing his voice about.

How Bunter did it the fellows never knew; only they knew it must be a gift, because, had it required intelligence, Bunter obviously couldn't have done it.

The Owl of the Remove coughed again. Then his "atmospherics" were over, and he was ready for business.

Through his big spectacles he was watching Coker, where the great Horace sat, loftily regardless of mere juniors.

A negro attendant, in bright buttons, who belonged to the restaurant car, came hurrying through on some business of his own. As he passed Coker a swaying of the train threw him for a moment against the Fifth-Former. He barely brushed Coker, but he paused a moment to say, "Sorry, sah!"

That was Billy Bunter's opportunity.

"You clumsy nigger!"

Half a dozen people stared round; and the black man, whose polished ebony face had been quite good-humoured, suddenly scowled. Instead of passing on his way, he stopped and stared at Coker.

"Clear off, you black ruffian!"

"You speak to me, sah?"

"Eh, what? What do you want?" asked Coker.

"You call me a nigger, sah?" said the black gentleman.

Coker stared at him.

"What? Don't bother! What the thump do you mean?"

"Yo' poor white trash, sah, yo' are!" said the black man angrily.

"You cheeky ass!" said Coker blankly. "Here, hook it! Don't talk like that to me!"

"I tell yo', sah—"

"That's enough from you, Sambol!" said an American, seated near Coker. "You beat it!"

The black man scowled and passed along the car, and went into the next. Potter and Greene looked very expressively at Coker.

"That fellow off his chump?" said Coker. "What was he ragging me for, I wonder?"

"Well, you needn't have spoken to

him as you did," said Potter tartly. "He couldn't help brushing against you. The train lurched."

"Calling him a ruffian!" said Greene. "Dash it all, Coker, you might be civil, even to a black man!"

"Who called him a ruffian?" demanded Coker.

"You did!" answered Potter and Greene together.

"I did?" gasped Coker.

"Yes, you; and I jolly well think—"

"I didn't!" hooted Coker.

"Oh, don't be an ass."

"I tell you I didn't."

"What's the good of telling us you didn't when we both heard you?" demanded Potter. "Think we don't know you, voice when we hear it?"

"I tell you I didn't, because I didn't!" snorted Coker. "I heard somebody call him a ruffian, but I never spoke."

"Oh, draw it mild."

"Look here, Potter—"

The American gentleman who had spoken to the negro leaned over towards Coker, and tapped him on the shoulder. Coker stared round at him.

"You don't want to talk to the nigger like that, young fellow," said the American gentleman. "I guess we don't allow niggers to answer back, but what's the good of riling even a nigger for nothing? I guess you've left your manners at home in the old country, what?"

Coker glared at him.

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

"I mean what I say," answered the American gentleman.

"You silly old idiot!"

It was Billy Bunter who contributed that remark, but as he contributed it in Coker's voice, the American gentleman naturally supposed that it was Coker who was speaking.

His face reddened with anger.

"By the great horned toad!" he ejaculated. "You pesky, impudent young scallywag, is that how you talk to a man old enough to be your father?"

"Oh, shut up!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,096.

Again it was the Greyfriars ventriloquist. But as the American gentleman was not aware of that circumstance, he put it down to Coker. He rose from his seat, reached over to Coker, grabbed him by the back of his collar, and jerked him to his feet.

Coker roared.

"Leggo!" he raved. "My hat! You silly ass, what's this game? Leggo, or I'll jolly well punch you!"

Shake! Shake! Shake!

Coker was a hefty fellow. But the American was a big man, and a powerful man, and he shook Coker like a sack of sawdust.

Shake! Shake! Shake!

"There!" gasped the Transatlantic gentleman. "That'll teach you manners, I guess, just a few."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Bump!

The American tossed Coker back into his seat, where he collapsed in a breathless state. Then he strolled along the train, in the direction of the smoking car. Fortunately, he was gone when Coker recovered his breath. That is to say, fortunately, for Coker.

"I—I—I'll smash him!" gasped Coker, quite bewildered by these inexplicable happenings.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Potter gruffly.

"Do you think I'm going to stand this?" spluttered Coker.

"What do you expect, if you insult a man?" snapped Greene. "I think you might avoid kicking up a shindy in the train, Coker. You've got the whole car staring at us."

"I tell you——"

"Oh, rats!"

The conductor came along the cars. He glanced rather curiously at Coker's flushed, excited face. There was a fat little cough from Billy Bunter. But before the Greyfriars ventriloquist could weigh in again, Bob Cherry took his fat little nose between finger and thumb. There was an agonised squeak from Billy Bunter, instead of ventriloquism.

"Woocoooh!"

"Chuck it!" said Bob.

"Mooocoooh! Led do by dose!" spluttered Bunter.

"Enough's as good as a feast, old fat man," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You're not going to start Coker rowing with the conductor."

Bob Cherry released Bunter's nose, and the Owl of the Remove rubbed it and glared at Bob with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"Beast!" he gasped.

"The enoughfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bunter," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Yah! I'm going to make that beast sit up——"

"Look out for your nose, if you do!" chuckled Bob.

"Beast!"

And there was no more ventriloquism.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Just Like the Bounder!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here's Smithy!"

Harry Wharton glanced along the car, as the Bounder came in by the door at the forward end. Vernon-Smith had been away from his companions for most of the afternoon, having, as Wharton had told Mr. Fish, made an acquaintance on the train. That acquaintance strolled along the car with him now that he was returning.

It was getting near time for the juniors to turn into their sleeping-berths. The man who came along the

car with Smithy was a young man, extremely well-dressed, with a rather handsome olive face, but not a face that Wharton liked. The traces of dissipation in it were plain even to a school-boy, and there was a hard, keen look in his eyes, a sardonic curve to his lips. He wore a diamond pin, pearl studs, and rings on two fingers, as well as a jewelled wrist-watch; and was evidently a good deal of a dandy. Whether he was anything worse than that, Wharton could not know, but he did not like the look of him, and certainly did not think him a desirable acquaintance for the Bounder to have made.

The bejewelled young man's eyes lingered on the juniors, but he did not stop to speak to them. As Vernon-Smith stopped, he gave the Bounder a nod and passed on.

"Must be looking for my little berth, old man," he said, in a voice that had more of an affected drawl, than the usual American accent. "See you in the morning."

"Right!" said Smithy. "Good-night, Van Schuyler."

"Good-night, dear boy!"

Mr. Van Schuyler passed along and left the car.

Herbert Vernon-Smith dropped into his seat, which had long been vacant, while he had been enjoying the company of Mr. Van Schuyler, in the smoking car, as the juniors guessed. It was plain that Smithy had been smoking—his fingers were cigarette-stained, and there was a very noticeable aroma of tobacco about him.

Harry Wharton's lips set a little. It was no business of his, of course, what Herbert Vernon-Smith chose to do; but it was an understood thing that on this trip to the United States, the juniors should play the game, and not take surreptitious advantage of being out of their headmaster's ken. The captain of the Greyfriars Remove made no remark, but Smithy caught the momentary expression that flitted across his face, and his lips curled in a sneer.

"Shocked?" he asked.

Wharton did not answer that sneering question. Smoking in the stuffy atmosphere of the smoking car had evidently jaded Vernon-Smith, and he was "nervy" and quarrelsome in consequence.

"Getting deaf?" asked the Bounder.

"No," said Harry quietly.

AND STILL THEY COME!

LOOK OUT FOR A METAL MOTOR-CAR BADGE OF THE FAMOUS AUSTIN NEXT WEEK!



The badge of the popular AUSTIN car boasts a pair of wings. Motorists who try to pass Austin cars on the road soon find out the significance of this, for Austins—even the popular "baby" Austin Seven—seems literally to fly along! No collection of motor-car badges could be considered complete without the Austin badge.

"Then why can't you answer a chap?"

"I'll answer you if you like," said Harry. "But it's not my bizney what you do, Smithy, and I don't want to pass an opinion."

"Which means that you are shocked," yawned the Bounder. "Sorry! But you're so jolly easily shocked, you know."

"I say, you fellows, Smithy's been smoking," said Billy Bunter. "He smells like a tap-room."

Vernon-Smith coloured and the juniors grinned. Smithy apparently thought that having a smoke in the smoking car was rather in the way of a man of the world; but he certainly did not like Bunter's comparison.

"Shut up, you fat ass!" he snapped.

"Oh, really, Smithy——"

"Oh, dry up!"

"I ain't shocked, old bean," said Bunter, with a fat grin. "I'll have one of your cigarettes, if you like. I'm rather a dog myself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you fellows——"

"Wrong consonant," said Johnny Bull.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"You mean you're rather a hog," suggested Johnny.

"Beast!"

"Well, I've been having a smoke, if you fellows want to know," said the Bounder, with a defiant glance round.

"Nobody wants to know," remarked Nugent.

"The desirefulness for knowledge is not terrific," observed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"And as you're so pleased about it, I may mention that I've had a game of poker, too," said the Bounder.

"How much did that fellow stick you for?" said Johnny Bull sarcastically. "He looks the sort that is happy to meet a mug."

The Bounder flushed angrily.

"I'll thank you to speak a bit more respectfully of my friend Van Schuyler!" he snapped.

"Friend of yours?" said Johnny Bull.

"You must have adopted American hustle in making your friendships. You never saw him until three or four hours ago."

"No bisney of yours, I suppose?"

"Not at all; but you ought to have more sense than to get mixed up with shady characters on a train," answered Johnny Bull coolly.

"Who's a shady character?"

"The chap you call Van Schuyler. He's got it written all over his face," said Johnny Bull. "And a man who would smoke cigarettes with a school-boy is bound to be shady, anyhow; and a man who would play poker with a schoolboy is a rascal!"

The Bounder breathed hard, his eyes glittering.

"Easy does it, Johnny," said Bob Cherry.

Johnny Bull grunted.

"Smithy asked me a question, and I answered him," he said. "He won't get anything but plain English from me."

"The plainfulness of the esteemed English may be too terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Rot!" said Johnny Bull.

"Well, you seem to have made up your minds, you fellows, that I've chummed with a rank outsider," sneered the Bounder. "I may tell you that Ralph van Schuyler belongs to one of the oldest families in New York—one of the Knickerbocker families."

"Knickerbocker families?" repeated Bunter. "I never saw anybody in New York wearing knickerbockers, except some chaps in plus fours."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You fat idiot!" said the Bounder witheringly. "The Knickerbocker families are the old families descended from the original Dutch emigrants."
"There's glory for you!" said Bob Cherry impressively. "What is it the jolly old poet says:

"The fault of the Dutch,
Is giving too little and asking too much!"

"Van Schuyler's a gentleman," said the Bounder, scowling.
"Oh, begad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer.

The Bounder turned fiercely on his lordship.

"You lackadaisical ass——"

"Eh?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothin'," answered Lord Mauleverer sleepily.

"If you mean to say that Van Schuyler's no gentleman——"

"Don't know that chap, dear boy," said Lord Mauleverer. "What the thump are you girdin' at me for, Smithy?"

"You silly ass!" snapped the Bounder.

"You said——"

"I only said begad, dear boy."

"Well, what did you say it for?"

"Because Bob trod on my foot."

"Eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Did I interrupt you, old bean?" asked Lord Mauleverer innocently. "Sorry! Were you speakin' about somethin' or somebody?"

"Oh, rats!" snapped the Bounder.

"Same to you, old bean, and many of them," answered Lord Mauleverer amiably; and he closed his eyes for another nap.

The Bounder sat in sullen silence. As a matter of fact, he had lost a goodly number of dollars in that game of poker to his aristocratic friend, Ralph van Schuyler, who was descended—perhaps—from the old Knickerbocker families of New York. Smithy did not miss the money—he had plenty of that—but he knew that his friends would think that he had been in the hands of a sharper, if they knew. Possibly the Bounder, at the back of his mind, realised that they would be right, too, and that added to his irritation.

"We shall be at Chicago to-morrow," he remarked, after a long silence.

"And, according to Mr. Fish, we've got one evening to do the city in," said Bob. "This tour is making records in the way of speed. I've heard of Americans doing Europe at express speed, but we seem to be doing the United States in double-quick time."

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"I've told you that this isn't a tour, and that old Fish has got somethin' up his sleeve," he answered.

"You've told us so," agreed Nugent. "But you haven't told us what it is."

"I don't know what it is, but Bunter knows."

"He, he, he!" came from William George Bunter.

"Expound, O fat prophet!" said Bob

Cherry. "Enlighten us, O fount of wisdom and knowledge!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Bunter knows," grunted the Bounder; "that's how he was able to glue himself on to the party. Old Fish didn't want him, and young Fish didn't; but he could have given their game away."

"Oh, really, Smithy——"

"Rot!" said Wharton uneasily. "I admit it's queer that we're rushing across the United States at this speed, but it's rather ungrateful to suppose——"

"To suppose the facts!" said the Bounder derisively. "You can bet that old Fish isn't spendin' money for nothing. Is it his style?"

Harry Wharton made no reply to that. Certainly it was not the usual style of Hiram K. Fish to spend money for nothing. His offer to take a party of Greyfriars fellows on a tour in the United States had come as a surprise; but the Famous Five were not the fellows to look for ulterior motives.

"We're heading for California," grunted the Bounder. "I don't know

wants us to," said Harry Wharton. "He's in charge of the party."

"What's the good of crossing the Atlantic to rush across the United States at the top speed of an express train?" demanded the Bounder.

"Not much, perhaps; but it's for Mr. Fish to say, as he's standing the tour. Besides, if we stay in California, as you seem to think we shall, we can have a look round there. I'd rather see California than any other part of the United States. It's said to be a wonderful country."

"Gold-mines there," said Billy Bunter. "We might discover a gold mine."

"Fathead!"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Well, I want to hang on in Chicago for a bit," said the Bounder sulkily.

"We can't," said Wharton.

"If that means that you won't——" snapped the Bounder.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "I'll suggest it, if you like, but we can't dictate to Mr. Fish, and I jolly well know that he means to go right on."

"He wouldn't go on without us."

"No fear!" grinned Billy Bunter. "No good his getting to Los Angeles without us. He, he, he!"

"Los Angeles!" repeated Wharton.

"How do you know we're going to Los Angeles?"

"He, he, he!"

"That's where Hollywood is and the film studios," said Nugent, staring at the Owl of the Remove.

"He, he, he!"

"Look here, Smithy: why are you so keen to stay on in Chicago?" asked Harry bluntly. "If there's any real reason we might put it to Mr. Fish."

"Van Schuyler's offered to take me round the town a bit and show me the life of the place," replied the Bounder.

Wharton's lips set.

"If that's your reason you can tell it

to Mr. Fish yourself. I can guess the kind of Chicago life that Van Schuyler would show you."

"Oh, don't give me any of your dashed sermons!" snarled the Bounder. "Will you back me up in making old Fish stop a few days in Chicago?"

"No!" said Wharton deliberately. "I won't!"

"Go and eat coke, then."

And the Bounder, with a black, scowling brow, left his seat, and went along to the next car—apparently fed-up with the company of his Greyfriars companions.

Wharton frowned, and Bob Cherry gave a whistle.

"The jolly old Bounder's breaking out!" he remarked. "Dash it all, we can't have a Greyfriars man playing the giddy ox on this trip."

"I say, you fellows——"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

"I say, I think Smithy's right," said Bunter. "I've heard about the Chicago night-clubs, and I'd jolly well like to see 'em. I'm a bit of a dog when I get going, I can tell you!"

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A REALLY SOUND ENGINEERING JOB!

All about the all-British ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY whose famous Sphinx badge forms the subject of one of this week's Free Gifts!

The name of Armstrong-Siddeley is associated with one of the soundest and best of Coventry-built cars. The massive "snow-plough" radiator of the big 20 h.-p. six-cylinder car gives an impression of power and rugged strength, and is well known throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles. The lighter-looking radiator, of different design, equally suits the lighter type of car built by the same firm, as exemplified by the 14 h.-p. four-cylinder and 16 h.-p. six-cylinder models. To set off both types of front there is the famous Armstrong-Siddeley Sphinx perched on the radiator cap, and this makes one of the handsomest badges of which any firm can boast.

The British engineers who build the Armstrong-Siddeley cars are also responsible for one of the finest aero-engines in the world—an air-cooled unit which is being used on the newest air-liners belonging to Imperial Airways.

The Armstrong-Siddeley car has no proud record of racing successes behind it, neither does it claim to be an ultra-sporting car of terrific speed suitable for the speed-merchant. Its reputation rests rather upon the good name it has gained among motorists for being a comfortable, soundly-built and economical car built by a British firm which really prides itself upon the quality of its engineering work.

what the game is; but, whatever it is, it's there. If this was a tour, we shouldn't be seeing the United States only from train windows. But never mind that now. We're stopping in Chicago, and I don't see staying there for only one night. If we all put it, together, to old Fish, he will have to agree to let us hang on and see something of the place."

"Good!" said Bunter. "I'm on! I've been told that there are lovely delicatessen shops in Chicago."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a city worth seeing," said the Bounder.

"Bigger skyscrapers there than in New York, I've heard," remarked Frank Nugent. "And there's the canning factories. We might visit the stock-yards, and find out what it is they make the canned beef of."

"Too deep a mystery for us," grinned Bob. "Sherlock Holmes would be wanted on that. It's a deep business secret, and the packers will never let on to strangers."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We can't stay longer than Mr. Fish

"Shut up!" roared Bob.
"Beast!"

Wharton had a worried look. If the Bounder of Greyfriars was going to "break out" in his old scapegrace style on this trip, it looked as if there was trouble ahead for the Greyfriars excursionists. And Wharton knew the Bounder well enough to know the signs.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Candy for Dinner!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. slept soundly enough in their berths on the train as it boomed on through the night. Billy Bunter's snore was as powerful and continuous as in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars. Coker & Co. had gone to the compartment car. Mr. Fish was standing the expenses of the trip, but he was not running it on extravagant lines. The juniors were satisfied with the ordinary sleeping-berths, but Coker, who had plenty of money, did himself a little better, at his own expense—and Potter and Greene naturally shared the good things. There was no reason why Coker should not stand them a compartment car on the journey, as they were standing Coker on the journey—on the principle that one good turn deserves another. Lord Mauleverer, who was the wealthiest member of the party, was content to fare as his friends fared.

In the morning the train was still booming along when the juniors turned out. It was rather a novel experience for most of the party, but by that time they were tired of the train, and would have been glad to sight the smoke of Chicago in the westward sky. But the city of canned beef, smoke, and wind was still far distant.

After breakfast the juniors strolled along the train. Herbert Vernon-Smith was not with the Famous Five, and they guessed that he was enjoying the company of his new-found friend, Mr. Ralph van Schuyler, who had so kindly offered to be his cicerone in Chicago. Neither did the juniors see very much of Mr. Fish, and Fisher T. Fish left them a good deal to themselves—which they bore with considerable equanimity.

Billy Bunter did not walk along the train; he was not keen on getting even so much exercise as the rolling cars afforded. Shortly after breakfast Bunter was conscious of that sinking feeling which warned him that he required another meal. Meals were easy enough to get on the train—on the trifling condition that they were paid for. That was a difficulty, in Bunter's case. He had left England with a threepenny-piece in his possession, and he still had it—as it happened to be a bad one. Even had it been a good one it would not have gone far in the land of high prices.

Bunter had annexed dollars from other members of the party in New York, but these had already been expended, and he was down to the threepenny-piece again. Still, Bunter had to eat. That was important. So, when the candy-boy came along the train, Bunter's eyes fastened hungrily on his well-filled tray, and the candy-boy spotted him as a good customer at a glance.

The candy-boy had all sorts of nice things to eat, and Bunter proceeded to make extensive purchases.

Some of them disappeared into his capacious mouth on the spot, and some into his pockets ready for the next time he became hungry, which was likely to be long before lunch-time.

The train-boy grinned genially.

He was doing good business, and he

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was interested to see the rate at which the candies disappeared.

Bunter blinked up and down the car.

Somebody had to pay for his purchases. Bunter couldn't. On a similar occasion Mr. Fish had declined emphatically to do so. Paying the expenses of the tour did not include paying for enormous supplies of foodstuffs for the Owl of the Remove, in Mr. Fish's opinion. So it was up to the other fellows. They simply couldn't let him down—the candy-boy had to be paid. Probably they would have stopped Bunter's purchases had they been on the spot. As they were not on the spot Bunter had a chance to spread himself. But by the time he had finished he was rather anxious for them to arrive. After the feast there was the reckoning, and Bunter, who was able to deal with any feast of any extent, was not prepared for the smallest reckoning.

Having nearly cleared the train-boy's well-filled tray, Bunter came to a stop. His mouth was full, his pockets were full, and the seat beside him was almost full. And still those beasts did not come back to the car.

"How much?" said Bunter at last.

"Sixty fifty," said the candy-boy.

"Eh?"

"Sixty dollars fifty cents."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bunter.

He had intended to do himself well while he had this opportunity, but he had hardly realised that he was running up a bill of sixty dollars—which was about twelve pounds in English money.

"S-sure it comes to all that?" he stammered.

"Sure!"

The Owl of the Remove felt in his pockets, but his hands came out empty.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!

Those readers who missed the first three special Free Gift Numbers of the MAGNET, which contained a special coloured Album and 9 Badges, can still obtain them by applying to "Back Number Dept.," Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and enclosing 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage for each issue required.

"Dear me!" said Bunter, with quite a dramatic start. "I remember now—my friends have my money with them."

The cheery, genial expression faded from the face of the candy-boy.

"Sixty dollars fifty!" he said very distinctly.

Bunter blinked at him.

"Wait till my friends come back," he said. "Sorry, and all that, but they won't be long."

"I got to go along the cars!" snapped the candy-boy. "Now, then, sir—sixty fifty."

The candy-boy, of course, was in a hurry. Everybody Bunter had seen on the American continent was in a hurry; and the train-boy, of course, was no exception to the general rule.

"You going to pay for that candy?" asked the boy in quite an unpleasant tone.

"You see—"

"You want me to call the conductor?"

"I've told you—"

"Sixty fifty," said the candy-boy.

"But I tell you—"

"Sixty dollars fifty cents."

At that critical moment Vernon-Smith came strolling through the car with his dandified friend, Van Schuyler. Bunter howled out to him at once.

"Smithy! I say, Smithy!"

The Bounder glanced round.

"Well, what?" he asked gruffly.

"I say, I've forgotten my money, old

chap," said Bunter. "Pay for this candy, will you, there's a good fellow."

The Bounder grunted and dropped his hand into his pocket.

"How much?" he asked. Smithy supposed that the amount would be a dollar or so, which he was willing to pay.

"Sixty fifty, sir," said the candy-boy.

"What?" gasped the Bounder.

"Snakes!" said Mr. Van Schuyler, staring at Bunter. "Your friend's got a healthy appetite for candy."

"I'll settle up at Chicago, Smithy," said Bunter anxiously. "I'm expecting a postal-order—sent on from home, you know—"

The Bounder drew his hand from his pocket again, empty.

"If you've bought twelve pounds' worth of tuck, Bunter, you can settle for it," he remarked. "I'm not a millionaire."

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Come on, Van Schuyler."

"Smithy!" yelled Bunter in consternation, as the Bounder walked on with Ralph van Schuyler.

Vernon-Smith gave no heed. He had been willing to stand Bunter a dollar's worth of tuck; but he assuredly was not willing to pay to the tune of twelve pounds—which really could hardly have been expected of the Bounder or anybody else.

"Go and eat coke!" said the Bounder, over his shoulder, and he disappeared from the car with Van Schuyler.

"Oh dear!" gasped Bunter.

"You going to pay for that candy?" asked the train-boy grimly.

"You—you see—" gasped Bunter.

The candy-boy, with a grim face, began to collect up the goods that Bunter had piled on the seat. Bunter watched him sadly. He had looked forward to a continuous feast all the way to Chicago. Now the candies were disappearing from his gaze like a beautiful dream.

Having repacked on the tray all the candies that were in sight, the train-boy made a fresh calculation.

"Twenty dollars," he said.

There was nothing for it but for Bunter to turn out his pockets. The bill still came to four pounds. What he had in his pockets Bunter was able to hand over; but what he had already packed into his capacious inside was another matter. That couldn't possibly be returned. Bunter began to feel in his pockets, when fortunately the juniors came back to the car. Never had Bunter been so glad to see the chums of the Remove.

"I say, you fellows," he squeaked breathlessly.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"I say, I've got some candy for you chaps—"

"That's jolly good of you, Bunter," said Nugent in surprise.

"Well, you know my way," said Bunter. "Always thinking of others. I thought you fellows might get hungry before lunch. Some of this stuff is jolly nice."

"The niceness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Good man!" said Bob.

"Lend me twenty dollars till we get to Chicago, will you?" said Bunter.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"You've bought twenty dollars' worth of tuck?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Yes, old chap. Lend me—"

"Rats!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Look here," said the candy-boy. "I ain't waiting here all day. You guys ain't de only guys on this train, see?"



Having cleared the train boy's well-filled tray, Bunter came to a stop. His mouth was full, his pockets were full, and the seat beside him was almost full. "How much?" said the Owl of the Remove at last. "Sixty fifty," said the candy-boy. "Oh, my hat!" gasped Bunter, as he realised he had run up a bill of something like twelve pounds. (See Chapter 4.)

"I say, you fellows, don't be mean, you know," urged Bunter. "I'll settle up at Chicago. I'm expecting some postal orders—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Nobody's got four quids to chuck away, you fat duffer," said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

Lord Mauleverer slipped his hand into his pocket. His lordship had plenty of money, and, fortunately for Bunter, was not careful with it. Bunter blinked at him hopefully.

"Lend me twenty dollars, Mauly—"

"Yaas."

"Lord Mauleverer knows that he can trust me with a small loan," said Bunter, with dignity. "You don't think that I shall forget to square this little loan, do you, Mauly?"

"Yaas."

"Oh, really, you know—"

Lord Mauleverer opened his pocket-book.

"Begad!" he said. "I haven't twenty dollars—"

"The boy can change a hundred-dollar bill," said Bunter.

"Yaas; but I haven't a hundred-dollar bill."

"Look here—"

Lord Mauleverer took a bill from his pocket-book. It was a bill for five hundred dollars. The candy-boy's eyes opened wide as he saw it.

"If you can change that, kid—" said his lordship.

"Course," said the candy-boy, with sarcasm. "I alwuz carry a few thousand dollars in my rags. What I can't carry in my rags, I stack in the bank. A guy can alwuz touch me for change for five hundred dollars."

"That's lucky, isn't it?" said Lord Mauleverer innocently. And he held out the five hundred dollar bill.

"You frabjous ass!" said Bob Cherry. "Put your banknote away, fathead! Do you think the kid has a hundred

pounds about him? I'll lend you twenty dollars if you're ass enough to pay for Bunter's gorging!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Shut up!"

"But I say—"

"Dry up, you fat clam!"

"Beast!"

The candy-boy was paid at last and retired. Lord Mauleverer put away the bill, among several others, and sat down. About twenty passengers in the car had been interested spectators of the scene, and all of them gazed fixedly at Mauleverer for quite a long time. A schoolboy who had five hundred dollar notes about him was rather remarkable; and all the car was interested in Lord Mauleverer, and made that fact plain in the free-and-easy American way.

Mauleverer was the cynosure of all eyes; the whole car was "rubbering" at him. Lord Mauleverer, closing his eyes for a little nap, was quite unconscious of the interest he had awakened. Billy Bunter—busily consuming candies—was happy and sticky. And Mr. Ralph van Schuyler, who had observed the scene from the doorway at the end of the car, looked at Lord Mauleverer with eyes that fairly glittered; so absorbed in his contemplation of Mauly that he did not hear a remark that the Bounder addressed to him.

Vernon-Smith touched him impatiently on the arm.

"Coming along to the smoker?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Van Schuyler.

"Come on, then."

In the smoker, Mr. Van Schuyler listened to Vernon-Smith's talk with a very thoughtful expression on his face. But he was not thinking of Smithy, and the few hundred dollars that the Bounder might be worth to him. He was thinking of Lord Mauleverer, and laying mental plans for the entertainment of that wealthy young gentleman in the Queen City of the West.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Seeing Chicago!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here we are!"

"Chicago at last!" yawned Nugent.

Mr. Fish came along the car.

"Chicawgo!" he said. "All of you here, what? Don't get lost. Keep an eye on the guys, Fisher!"

"Yep, popper," answered Fisher T. Fish.

"See they don't get lost on their way to the Atlantic," said Mr. Fish. "I guess I'll see you again at the hotel."

And Hiram K. Fish disappeared.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Get a move on, Bunter!"

"But, I say—"

"Hustle, you fat jay!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Do you figure that these cars stay here for ever? We got to hit the Atlantic."

"But, I say—"

"Fathead! Buck up!"

"I say," roared Bunter, "what are we going to the Atlantic for? I'm jolly well not going to the Atlantic! We've been two days or more on this rotten train coming from the Atlantic, and I'm jolly well not going back—see?"

"You pesky guy," said Fisher T. Fish. "The Atlantic is the hotel—the Atlantic Hotel, on Lake Shore!"

"Oh!" said Bunter.

"Now, if you've finished shooting off your mouth, get hold of your grips and beat it!" snapped Fisher T. Fish.

And the juniors, having got hold of their grips—otherwise, their hand-luggage—proceeded to "beat" it. The Bounder was not with them, but he joined them in the depot when they had left the cars.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Smithy!" said Bob Cherry.

"Hold on, you men!" said the

Bounder. "Are you going direct to the hotel?"

"Yep," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Well, I'm not. My friend, Van Schuyler, has offered to drive me round the town in his car, and take me to the hotel in time for dinner," said Vernon-Smith. "His car's here waiting for him."

"Better come on to the hotel," said Harry, knitting his brows. "Mr. Fish will expect—"

"I'm going for a drive!"

"Please yourself," said Wharton, shrugging his shoulders. "Come on, you fellows!"

"Hold on a minute!" snapped the Bounder. "Van Schuyler has offered to take another fellow with me for the drive. Will you come, Mauly?"

Lord Mauleverer hesitated.

Mauly hated to say no to anybody. And as a matter of fact, Mauly, sleepy as he looked, had had a rather keen eye on Smithy's new acquaintance. He was not favourably impressed by Mr. Ralph van Schuyler.

"Van Schuyler specially asked me to ask you, Mauly," said the Bounder sulkily.

"We don't stay in Chicago long, and it's a chance to see the city. It will be all right if you land at the hotel in time for dinner. You'll come?"

"Yaas," said Mauleverer.

"Good! I'll tell Van Schuyler."

And the Bounder hurried away.

"I guess you'd better beat it for the hotel, Mauly," said Fisher T. Fish. "I sure ain't gone on the looks of that guy, Van Schuyler."

"It will be rather nice drivin' round the town if you will excuse my leavin' you for a little while," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Oh, go ahead!" said Harry. "Mind you don't get your pocket picked! You've got too much money about you, and there are plenty of pick-pockets in Chicago."

Lord Mauleverer smiled.

"That's what I was thinkin'," he remarked placidly. "I shan't want any money with me. Take my pocket-book, Wharton, will you?"

"Certainly, if you like," said Harry.

"And would you mind mindin' my watch?"

"Not at all."

"Thanks, old bean!"

Lord Mauleverer ambled away cheerfully after Vernon-Smith.

Harry Wharton & Co. and Fisher T. Fish piled into the automobile that was to take them to the Atlantic Hotel, on the lake front.

It was rather a relief to Wharton to have Mauleverer's ample supply of cash and his expensive gold ticker in his keeping while Mauly was taking that drive round Chicago. Certainly Chicago was not a place for a stranger to wander about in, with two or three hundred pounds in his pockets. Wharton smiled at the thought of Mr. van Schuyler seeking to inveigle Mauleverer into a game of poker. That had been easy enough with the Bounder, but Mauleverer was not that

sort of fellow. If Ralph van Schuyler had any idea of entertaining Lord Mauleverer with a view of the shady side of life in Chicago, he was booked for a disappointment.

"Wait here a minute," said the Bounder, as Mauleverer joined him in the depot entrance. "Van Schuyler's telephoning to a friend. He won't be a few minutes."

"Yaas," said Lord Mauleverer amiably.

"He's a decent sort of chap, Mauly," said the Bounder.

"Yaas."

"A bit goey, perhaps," said Smithy, remembering that Mauly knew that he had played poker with Van Schuyler. "But a rich young man about town is always a bit goey."

"Yaas," assented Mauleverer amiably.

"No bizney of ours to preach at a chap," said Smithy.

"Yaas."

"What?"

"I mean no, old bean. Quite."

"You'll find him a pleasant chap, and he knows Chicago like a book," said

the drive, so far as the Bounder could see. Mauly certainly was not, as a rule, the fellow to make friends easily with strangers.

Mr. Van Schuyler joined the two juniors in a few minutes, having apparently finished his telephoning to his satisfaction.

Smithy introduced him to Lord Mauleverer, who acknowledged the introduction with a sweet smile and a bow, but did not offer to shake hands. But then, Mauly never shook hands if he could help it. Mr. Van Schuyler was very pleasant and agreeable. He shepherded the two juniors into the car, which was a very handsome and comfortable one, and took his seat at the wheel. The car glided away, Mr. Van Schuyler chatting very pleasantly as he steered through thronging traffic. Evidently he knew how to handle a car.

"We'll go along the lake front first," he remarked. "I guess you'll like to see Lake Michigan. If you're staying long enough, I'd be happy to take you for a run in my motor-boat to-morrow, and you can see Canada—the other side of the lake, you know."

"Begad! That would be rippin'!" said Lord Mauleverer. "We shall have to ask Mr. Fish to stay on for that, Smithy."

"Yes, rather," said the Bounder. "So you've got a motor-boat, Van Schuyler?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Van Schuyler.

"And this toppin' car!" said the Bounder.

"I've got a few things," said Mr. Van Schuyler modestly.

The car ran on lightly along the lake front. There was mist on Lake Michigan, and a hefty wind was blowing across from Canada. Already the juniors had learned that Chicago deserved its name of the Windy City.

"Some city!" remarked the Bounder, with a glance at the palatial buildings that fronted the lake.

"Yaas," assented Lord Mauleverer.

"We'll get on into the town, and I'll show you Marshall Field's," said Mr. Van Schuyler. "A shop covering three acres. Some store!"

Having passed the celebrated Marshall Field's store the car ran up and down and round about, with an amazing swiftness, considering the throng of traffic, and, finally, Mr. Van Schuyler steered for the country.

"Plenty of time if you land at your hotel for dinner," he remarked.

"Yaas."

"Lots," said the Bounder. "I'd like to see the country outside Chicago."

It was growing dusk as the car left the city behind. On the open roads Mr. Van Schuyler made the car fairly hum. Where they were going the juniors did not know; but it was evident that in a short time they were at a considerable distance from the city.

Mr. Van Schuyler glanced at the clock at last.

"Now, perhaps, we'll be turning back," he said. "There's short cuts to

A CAR OF DISTINCTION!

Points of interest about the famous VAUXHALL car, the radiator badge of which forms one of this week's free gifts!

The Vauxhall car first made a name for itself by its wonderful success in various road trials and competitions, and later on went in for racing with conspicuous success, having many wins on Brooklands track to its credit.

For many years this firm built at their factory at Luton, in Bedfordshire, what was undoubtedly the finest sports car of its day, viz. the 30-98 h.-p. Vauxhall. The 30-98 was a car capable of terrific speed, and having the most amazing acceleration, and every motorist of sporting proclivities possessed one if he could by any possibility afford it! The price of this great sports car was not a low one, naturally, being well above the £1,000 mark, but in spite of this, the distinctive radiator of the 30-98 was a familiar sight wherever sporting drivers congregated.

Vauxhall cars for 1929 are all of one horse-power, having a 20 h.-p. six-cylinder engine of wonderful liveliness and efficiency. In appearance as well as in performance the new Vauxhalls are particularly imposing, and the famous radiator, with the well-known Vauxhall griffin badge on the front, is constantly seen on the roads all over the country. By concentrating upon the manufacture of one type of chassis, the Vauxhall firm has been able to reduce the price of the car until it represents to-day, as a stylish car of distinctive appearance and fine performance, very special value for money.

Vernon-Smith. "That's his car. Looks a decent turn-out—what?"

Lord Mauleverer glanced at a handsome blue roadster that was waiting for Mr. Van Schuyler.

"Yaas," he agreed.

"I don't see what Wharton and the rest have got against the chap," granted Vernon-Smith. "They haven't even spoken to him. I think it's jolly decent of him to show hospitality like this to strangers."

"Yaas."

"I'm sure you'll like him, Mauly."

"Yaas."

The Bounder was evidently anxious to have somebody think well of his new friend. But a fellow could never be sure what Lord Mauleverer thought. He was a fellow of few words and unimpeachable politeness. Whether he thought Mr. Van Schuyler a highly desirable acquaintance, or whether he considered him the rankest of rank outsiders, was not to be read from Mauly's amiable face. The Bounder hoped for the best.

However, if Mauly did not think well of the man, there was no reason why he should have accepted his invitation for

get home. And we can put on speed till we get to the city boundaries."

The car turned from the country road into a side road, and then into another. Then it began to ascend a hilly lane that ran between deep, dark woods. And then, suddenly, the car slacked down and stopped, and Mr. Van Schuyler uttered an annoyed exclamation:

"Snakes! I hope she isn't going to let us down here!"

"Petrol short?" asked the Bounder. "Can't be. I filled up with gasoline at the depot. Something in the engine. I guess I'll soon put it right."

Mr. Van Schuyler descended and opened the bonnet. He became deeply immersed in the interior. Minutes passed, and Mr. Van Schuyler was still poking and pulling and punching.

Lord Mauleverer watched him with mild interest, but made no remark. The Bounder was getting a little impatient, however. They were at least fifteen miles from the city, and in one of the loneliest spots they were likely to find in the whole State of Illinois.

"Is it serious, Van Schuyler?" asked the Bounder, at last.

"No. I'll get it right in ten minutes now," said Van Schuyler; and he got busy with tools.

Lonely as the road had looked three pedestrians came in sight at that moment, appearing from a path in the woods. The Bounder looked at them. They obviously were not countrymen. They looked like three city "toughs." They came towards the halted car.

"I say, Van Schuyler!" muttered the Bounder.

Van Schuyler looked up.

"What!"

Before the Bounder could speak again the three toughs closed in on the car. It was quite dark now, and Van

Schuyler had switched on the headlights when the car stopped. In the glare of the lights the barrel of an automatic pistol gleamed in the hand of one of the three toughs. The Bounder felt his heart throb. Van Schuyler jumped up with a startled exclamation. It was a "hold-up!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Hold-Up!

"THUGS!" exclaimed Van Schuyler.

"Footpads, begad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer, without stirring from his comfortable seat in the cushioned car.

"A hold-up!" muttered the Bounder.

He cast a look up and down the dusky road. There was no sound of a car, no sign of a passenger. The place was utterly lonely, shut in by woods. The stoppage could hardly have occurred in a more solitary spot. And there was obviously no chance of help coming. The three "thugs" had matters all their own way. Only one of them had produced an automatic, but the others had heavy sticks in their hands. And all three looked determined. They were there to rob the halted car. And the Bounder surmised that they had been lurking in the wood, and had observed the stoppage from a distance.

"I guess you gentlemen want to pony up your wealth, and you want to pony up quick!" said the man with the automatic.

Van Schuyler answered in a blustering tone.

"You can't get away with this. You beat it! You hear me? You reckon you're in Nevada handing out a gun like that! You're in the State of Illinois. You better guess again."

"That's enough from you," said the man, with the automatic sharply. "Put your hands over your head—sharp!"

"I tell you—" blustered Van Schuyler.

The man stepped nearer to him, and thrust the barrel of the automatic fairly in his face. Van Schuyler started back, and whipped his hands up over his head.

He turned an apologetic look on the angry Bounder who was standing beside the car. Van Schuyler had laid down a spanner and Smithy was strongly tempted to catch it up and use it as a weapon. It went sorely against the grain with him to submit to robbery.

"I'm sorry for this, old man," said Van Schuyler. "I'm telling you a hold-up like this doesn't come off once in a blue moon, and I'd never dreamed of anything like this happening. If the darned car hadn't failed us—"

"Take it easy, Smithy," murmured Lord Mauleverer, still the picture of placidity under the soft electric light that glowed in the car. "No good kickin' up a fuss. These chaps would knock you on the napper, you know, and that wouldn't do any good."

"You've got it," said the man, with the automatic. "You're sure a wise, young guy."

"I've a jolly good mind—" muttered the Bounder savagely.

The automatic swung towards him. Vernon-Smith glared at the man who held it. He was not at all convinced that the firearm was loaded still less convinced that the thug would venture to use it. But Lord Mauleverer leaned over and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Chuck it, Smithy! If you put up a

(Continued on next page.)

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scrap, I shall have to help you, you know, and it's a lot of trouble. Take it easy. It would make me quite tired to thrash these three hefty fellows."

"I guess it would," chuckled one of them, apparently entertained by his lordship's remark.

"Nuff chewing the rag!" said the leader. "Keep your hands up there!" This was addressed to Van Schuyler. "Now, then, Natty, go through their rags!"

The man called Natty proceeded to go through Van Schuyler first. Lord Mauleverer watched him with cheery interest. Natty took a fat "roll" from Van Schuyler's pocket, and transferred it to his own. Then he took his jewelled wrist-watch, his diamond pin, and his pearl studs. Van Schuyler scowled blackly, but he kept his hands above his head.

"Good business!" said the man, with the automatic. "Now that fresh, young guy, Natty."

The Bounder clenched his hands as Natty approached him; but resistance was too rash. Apart from the threatening automatic, the cudgels were ready to strike him to the earth. And whether the hold-up men would have used the pistol or not, there was no doubt that they would have used the cudgels.

Herbert Vernon-Smith submitted sullenly while Natty ran thievish fingers through his pockets, relieving him of what money he had about him. The Bounder was thankful that it was not a large sum. He had had two hundred dollars in his pocket on leaving New York, but of that he had lost half to Van Schuyler at poker, and he had spent a good deal on the train.

Only sixty dollars rewarded the thief, but that was a sum that Smithy was very unwilling to see pass into such hands. Still, it might have been worse; for Smithy had a letter of credit to cash in Chicago for a thousand dollars, which would be in his hands the following morning. That letter of credit, fortunately, was safely locked in his trunk.

But as Natty turned to Lord Mauleverer the Bounder felt a pang. He knew that the schoolboy millionaire always had a lot of money about him, and he remembered the incident of the candy-boy. Mauleverer had shown a five hundred dollar bill on that occasion, and a keen eye might have discerned several more of equal value. Mauly was a sort of gold mine for the gang of thugs.

But his lordship did not seem perturbed.

"Me next, dear man?" he asked, as Natty turned to him.

"Sure; hop out!"

"Pleased!" drawled Lord Mauleverer. He stepped from the car.

Natty proceeded to run his fingers through Lord Mauleverer's pockets. Ralph Van Schuyler watched, as well as the Bounder; and there was a glint in his eyes that Smithy did not notice. Natty seemed surprised, as he turned out a loose five-dollar bill from his lordship's pocket, and failed to find anything else. Vernon-Smith was surprised, too; and so was Mr. Van Schuyler.

"Now, then," said the man with the automatic. "What's this game? Where's your dust, feller?"

"Dust!" repeated Lord Mauleverer innocently.

"Durocks, you young jay! Where's your money?"

"Oh, money!" said Lord Mauleverer

placidly. "I fancy it's at the Atlantic Hotel, in Chicago, my friend."

"What?"

"That's the address, isn't it, Smithy?" asked Lord Mauleverer amiably. "I've got such a rotten memory; but I think that's the name of Mr. Fish's hotel."

The Bounder burst into a joyous chuckle.

"Haven't you got your money about you, Mauly?" he exclaimed.

"Only that little bill that our good friend has already taken," answered Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You don't get away with this!" snarled Natty. "A dude like you is better fixed than this!"

Mr. Ralph van Schuyler's face was a study. He seemed more surprised than the three bandits. He opened his lips to speak, but closed them again, biting his under-lip hard.

"Go through the dude's rags again, Natty," said the man with the automatic, scowling. "I sure know he's got the dust."

"Quite a mistake, my dear man," said the cheerful Mauly. "I gave my money to a friend to mind for me, when I left the train."

"Snakes!" ejaculated Mr. Van Schuyler.

"Oh, good luck!" exclaimed the Bounder gleefully. "I thought they were going to get all that you had on the train, Mauly."

"Yaas; lucky, wasn't it?" said Lord Mauleverer innocently. "So many pickpockets and things about, I thought I'd ask Wharton to mind my money for me before I started on this pleasant little trip. I was readin' in a paper in New York about hold-ups and things, and a fellow never can tell, can he?"

The three thugs were staring grimly at Mauleverer. An almost imperceptible sign passed between Van Schuyler and the man with the automatic. The latter pushed Natty aside, and proceeded to search the schoolboy earl himself, running experienced, thievish fingers over him. Lord Mauleverer submitted with smiling good-humour. The search was futile; there was no money about his lordship, except the five-dollar bill that had already been taken.

"Durn you, you pesky dude!" growled the man with the automatic. "You've sure double-crossed us!"

"Might have throwed it about the car," suggested another.

Natty plunged into the car at once to search for possible hidden wealth. But there was nothing to be found.

"Awf'ly sorry, dear men," said Lord Mauleverer politely. "But you've done remarkably well out of Mr. Van Schuyler, you know; and you can't expect big business every time. What? But perhaps you're goin' to give Mr. Van Schuyler his money back."

Van Schuyler started violently.

"What do you mean by that?" he exclaimed.

"Didn't I speak clearly?" asked Lord Mauleverer cheerfully. "I thought that perhaps these gents might give you your money back. I feel sure they wouldn't be hard on you."

Van Schuyler gave him a long, searching look. But the face of Lord Mauleverer expressed nothing but cheery urbanity.

There was a growling and muttering in undertones among the three Chicago thugs. That they had expected to seize a large sum from Lord Mauleverer was clear, and they were savagely disappointed. Ralph van Schuyler broke in on their mutterings,

"I guess you're through, you guys," he said. "You've got all we had—I reckon you can beat it, and leave me to get my car going."

The three toughs moved off, and disappeared in the darkness. Van Schuyler, after another peculiar look at Lord Mauleverer, turned to the car again. His lordship stepped back into the automobile, and the Bounder followed him in, grinning. Smithy's feeling was one of sheer satisfaction that Mauly had not been robbed; and it did not occur to him to wonder whether that feeling was shared by his friend, Mr. Van Schuyler.

Van Schuyler's face was turned from the juniors as he tinkered with the engine. Had Smithy seen the expression on it just then, it would probably have startled him.

"Good luck, Mauly!" said the Bounder, grinning.

"Yaas."

"You ain't generally so careful with your money," said the Bounder, a little puzzled. "What made you think of handing it to Wharton to take to the hotel?"

Lord Mauleverer smiled faintly.

"Oh, it came into my mind!" he replied. "I had a sort of idea that there might be pocket-pickin', or a hold-up, or somethin'!"

"Can't see why," said Vernon-Smith. "But it was lucky, as it turns out. How much was in your pocket-book?"

"About two thousand dollars," said Lord Mauleverer, speaking loudly enough for Mr. Van Schuyler to hear, and he smiled as he noted the little start that that gentleman gave.

"Oh, my hat! That's four hundred pounds!" ejaculated the Bounder. "Rather a prize for those scoundrels if they'd laid hands on it."

"Yaas."

"We're all right now," said Ralph van Schuyler sourly, as he lifted his head. "We'll be gettin' back to Chicago."

"Engine all right?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"Sure."

"I rather thought it wasn't serious," said his lordship, with a nod.

And again Van Schuyler gave him a very keen look. But he made no comment. He climbed into the driving-seat and started; and the engine gave no more trouble. In a very short time they were whizzing into the Windy City; and they drew up in front of the Atlantic Hotel.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Is Not Wanted!

HARRY WHARTON & CO were on the piazza, when Lord Mauleverer and Vernon-Smith came up the wide granite steps. Mr. Schuyler, having landed his young friends, glided away in his car and disappeared.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" called out Bob Cherry. "This way, my infants! Here's a comfy seat, Mauly—I'm sure you must be tired after sitting down so long."

"Yaas," smiled Lord Mauleverer. And he dropped into one of the roomy, comfortable chairs on the piazza.

"Seen a lot of Chicago?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yaas."

"More than we expected," said Vernon-Smith. "We've had an experience of Chicago bandits. Held up on the road."

"Draw it mild, old bean!"

"Honest Injun!"



Whiz! A cushion landed in the middle of Bunter's back as he stepped into the corridor. "Yooop!" Bunter flew. Crash! Mr. Fish who passed the door at the psychological moment was just in time to receive the Owl of the Remove as he flew!
(See Chapter 7.)

And the Bounder described what had happened, the juniors listening with keen interest. Harry Wharton gave Lord Mauleverer quite a startled look. Quietly, he handed him the pocket-book and the watch he had been minding, and Mauleverer took them, with a lazy smile. His left eyelid flickered as he met Wharton's glance; and Wharton knew, as well as if Mauly had told him, that the exciting episode, which had taken the Bounder so much by surprise, had not taken Mauly by surprise at all. It was in expectation of it that he had handed his property to the captain of the Remove before starting.

Obviously, Lord Mauleverer was by no means as guileless as he looked.

"I suppose you're going to the police about it?" said Bob Cherry. "The police ought to be informed."

"Van Schuyler's doing that," answered the Bounder. "He was robbed of a lot of money. They got only sixty dollars from me, and five from Mauly. They fairly cleaned Van Schuyler out."

"Right down to his pearl studs," remarked Lord Mauleverer. "But I fancy he will get them back."

"Think so?" asked Wharton, with a glance at his lordship.

"He looks the fellow who would," answered Mauleverer.

"Well, I don't know about that," said the Bounder. "We were held up a good fifteen miles out of the city, and the gang may not belong to Chicago at all."

"I fancy they do," murmured Lord Mauleverer. "I really think Mr. Van Schuyler will get his money back. In fact, I think very likely these rotters will have a change of heart, and give it back to him."

"Likely!" said the Bounder, laughing.

"Yaas—unlikelier things have happened," yawned Lord Mauleverer. "But

I suppose we shall never know—as we're not seein' anythin' more of Mr. Van Schuyler."

"But we are," said Vernon-Smith. "He's calling for me after dinner, to take me round and show me some of the sights."

Lord Mauleverer started.

"You're goin'?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Oh!"

Lord Mauleverer seemed a little discomposed.

"Look here, Smithy, we're going to take a walk in the evening," said Harry. "Why not come with us?"

"Too jolly tame," answered the Bounder.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter."

"Shan't! I say, I think Smithy's right," said Bunter. "We've seen all the skyscrapers we want to see, in New York, and there's nothing else in Chicago but wind and smoke and packing-yards. I'm jolly well going with Smithy to see something a bit jollier."

"You're not," answered Vernon-Smith, curtly, and he went into the hotel.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

But the Bounder was gone.

When the juniors went up to their rooms to dress for dinner, Billy Bunter rolled into Herbert Vernon-Smith's room. The Bounder gave him a far from welcoming look. Smithy was in evening clothes now, and making himself look as smart as he could, to do credit to his aristocratic friend, Mr. Van Schuyler, who was taking him round the town that night. But one thing rather troubled Smithy. His letter of credit could not be cashed till the morning, and in the meantime, he was in a state that was well-known to Bunter, but quite unusual for Smithy

—stony. "Rolling round the town" with Mr. Van Schuyler, and seeing the night life of Chicago, could not be done on empty pockets—that was a certainty. The Bounder had to face Bunter's old problem—that of raising the wind.

"Get out!" he snapped, as the Owl of the Remove presented himself.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Hook it!"

"I say, old chap, you'd better take me instead of Mauly with you this evening," urged Bunter. "Mauly's jolly slow, you know, at that kind of game."

The Bounder laughed.

"Mauly's not comin', you ass. It's not Mauly's style. Van Schuyler hasn't asked him—he knows it's not Mauly's sort."

"Well, it's my sort," said Bunter. "As Mauly's not going, he can lend me some money. Or you can lend me some money, Smithy! It's not everybody I'd ask, but I'll accept a loan from an old pal like you."

"Will you really?" asked the Bounder, sarcastically.

"I will, old chap," assured Bunter.

"I think not," grinned Vernon-Smith. "Now get out."

"I fancy Mr. Fish would jolly soon stop you, if he knew where you were going," said Bunter, blinking at the Bounder through his big spectacles. "Of course, I shan't mention it to him—"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Not if you do the decent thing, Smithy."

"Buzz off!"

"Look here, Smithy—"

"Shut up, and get out!" exclaimed the Bounder, impatiently.

Bunter sniffed.

"As a matter of fact, I should hardly

(Continued on page 16.)

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JACK JOLLY'S DOWNFALL



DICKY
MUGENT

If this story touches you to the quick and you feel you must pipe your eyes, don't be ashamed, 'cause I cried bitterly myself when I wrote it.—Authors' note. I cried myself, but mine were tears of merriment!—Ed.

I.
"WHAT'S the matter, old scout?" asked Bright, one fine morning, stopping in front of the letter-rack and addressing his leader, Jack Jolly.

The morning male had arrived at St. Sam's, and Sorter, the villidge postman, had just delivered a batch of letters. Jack Jolly, the kaptin of the Fourth, had received a letter among that batch, and as Merry and Bright and Frank Fearless came on the scene, he was pouring over it.

It was immediately obvious to his observant chums that their leader's letter contained news of some dyer misfortune, for all the culler had gone out of Jack Jolly's dille.

"What's the matter, old scout?" repeated Bright, as Jack Jolly made no immediate answer.

"Trubble at home, old chap?" asked Merry, simperthetically.

Jack Jolly looked up, and tiers were glimmering in his eyes as he glarnsed at his chums.

"Poor old pater!" he cried thickly. "This is really too thick!"

"What's wrong? Has your pater gone off his rocker and been taken to a padded sell?" asked Frank Fearless, anxiously.

"Or has he fallen fowl of the Lor and been sent to prizzon?" added Bright.

"Worse than that!" said Jack Jolly, bitterly. "He has gone bust!"



Jack Jolly glanced up from the letter he was reading, and tiers glimmered in his eyes as he faced his chums.
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"You mean he has eggsplooded?" cried Merry and Bright, in horrified axcents.

"Of corso not. Where's your sense?" said Jack Jolly, whitheringly. "What I mean is that my poor old pater has lost all his munny. He is a roined man!"

"Oh, grate pip!"

"But—but what has happened, then?" asked Merry. "I always imejined General Jolly was a man of grate wealth, Jack—a regular Croena, in fact."

"So he was," replied Jack Jolly, sadly. "Unforchuntly, he has been indulging in finanshal speekulation in the City, with disastrous results."

"Few!"

"You know Biffer of the Fourth, of corse?"

"The booly of the Lower Skool," nodded Merry. "How does he come in to it?"

"Well, his pater is a stockbroker in the City, and he indewced my pater to invest every penny he had in some forrin bonds. These bonds have now misteriously disappeared. The result is that the family fortunes have vainedished overnite, so to speak. In other words, we've gone completely bust!"

"Oh crikey!"

"How awfully rotten!" said Bright, simperthetically. "I suppose this will mean you won't be able to stand us any more feeds in the tuckshop, then?"

"Sh! You shouldn't mention such things as that!" said Frank Fearless, frowning.

"But that's the trooth, isn't it?"

"The trooth is even worse than that, I'm afraid," said Jack Jolly, with a bitter larf. "As a matter of fact, I think it means that I shall have to go."

"Go on!" cried his chums, incredibly.

"With no more money in the family coughers, it stands to reason my pater can't afford to keep me on at an eggspensive skool like St. Sam's. It looks to me as if my career at the old coll. is coming to an end."

Merry and Bright and Fearless looked awfully fed-up at the prospect of losing their leader. Jack Jolly was the idol of the Lower Skool. Everybody admired the handsom and athletick young kaptin of the Fourth, with the eggseption, of corse, of boolies and cadda like Biffer and Ruff. St. Sam's would never be the same without good old Jack Jolly, they reflected.

The heroes of the Fourth were standing silent and mizzerable, wondering what to say next when Biffer and Ruff rolled up on the scene.

Biffer, for some reason best known to himself, was grinning all over his dille.

"Hallo, Jolly! You're looking pretty sick, this morning," he remarked. "Bad news from home, eh?"

The bully of the Fourth larfed unpleasantly.

Jack Jolly eyed the cadd narrowly. The kaptin of the Fourth was pretty wide, and he thought he detected a sinister note of triumf in Biffer's words.

"What have you herd about this setback of mine, you beastly cadd?" he asked. "Has your pater already written to tell you of the disaster that he has brought to our ancestral home?"

"He did mention something about General Jolly losing his piffing little bank balance," answered Biffer, with a sneer. "How much was it? Tuppence-ha' penny or so, wasn't it?"

Jack Jolly turned as red as a peony.

"You know jolly well it was more than tuppence-ha' penny," he cried, horsely. "I eggspect you are already aware that until this misfortune came along, my father was rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

"Was he?" said Biffer, carelessly. "Well, it'll be a change for him to be as poor as a church mouse, won't it? Come on, Ruff; we don't want to be seen speaking to this mizzerable pawper any longer!"

And Biffer buzzed off rather hurriedly, before Jack Jolly could decide weather to smash him to pieces or let him depart in piece!

The news of Jack Jolly's ruff luck quickly spread round the skool, and Jack was the sinnosure of all eyes as he sat down at the Fourth-Form table in Hall for breakfast that morning.

The kaptin of the Fourth made a poor breakfast. The bad news had taken away his appetite, and he found he simply couldn't eat. He did his best though to force down a bit of food to keep body and sole together, but it was impossibul. All he could manage was a few eggs and some bacon and half-a-duzzen slices of bread-and-butter.

In class that morning, he was inattentive. Mr. Lickham was surprised, for he



skool—the study of Dr. Birchmull, Headmaster of St. Sam's!

a rule, Jack Jolly was his best pupil. He faroly blinked when Jack told him that William the Conqueror landed in B.C. 55. Any Fourth-Former, of corse, should have known that it was 1066. And when, later, Jack said that the capital of Belgium was Moscow, instead of Berlin, Mr. Lickham wondered what had happened.

He was soon to learn. Jack Jolly had been waiting all the morning for word to come from the Head.

At dinner-time, the blow fell. Binding, the page, poked his head round the door of Jack's study and announced briefly:

"Which the 'Eadwantstosee Master Jolly."

The kaptin of the Fourth rose to his feet and made his way to the most dredded apartment in the

"Is that a conundrum, sir?" asked Jack Jolly, innocently.

"Certainly not! It is unforchuntly the problem which confronts me at the prezrent moment!" roared the Head, savvidgely. "For nearly one-and-a-half terms you have been living at this academy for the sons of gentlemen, on tick. Now comes the news that your father has gone bust. Does that mean that I've got to whistle for my munny?"

"Well, it does look rather like it," admitted Jack, with a faint grin. "Of corse, I'm sorry—"

"Sorry! A fat lot of good that is!" said the Head, skornfully. "All the sorrow in the world won't give me the munny that's dew to me!"

"But surely, sir, you have a sole above meer munny?" cried Jack Jolly.

Dr. Birchmull glarsed at his boots and smiled sinnically.

"No, Jolly. Long years of acute finanshal embarrassment have taught me the value of it. Unless a man is well-heeled, I have no use for him, nowadays. I despise any man who is on his uppers."

"Then you are a snob!" said Jack Jolly, flashing his Headmaster a contemptible look.

Dr. Birchmull glared.

"You seem to forgot your position, Jolly. Remember, you are no longer the son of a wealthy and renowned gentleman. You are now a meer pawper—a mizzerable outcast who is less than the dust. Have a care before you bandy words with a gentleman of my ollevated station, my boy!"

Bang! Crash! Wallop!

As the Head finished speaking a soft, nervuss kind of wrapping sounded on the door.

"Trickle in, idiot!" snapped the Head, frowning at the interruption.

The door opened, to reveal no less a person than General Jolly, himself.

Jack Jolly started, as he notissed how gratefully his pater had altered. Gone was the stern, ereckt, soljerly figger of happier days. General Jolly was now boughed down under the weight of his sorrows. His head hung listlessly, his mistosh drooped, his jaw sagged, his shoulders flopped and his whole body wilted.

"Pater!" cried Jack Jolly, rushing forward and embracing his father affeckshunately.

"My boy!" mermered General Jolly, sorrowfully, as he warmly rung his young hopeful's hand.

"Pater, can it really be too that you have lost everything?" asked Jack.

"Yes, my boy, I'm broke to the wide," answered the General, in a broken voice. "Everything is lost—with the eggseption of corse, of my honner, which, thank hevvan, is still unsullied."

"Bravvo!" cried Jack Jolly, his eyes shining proudly as he regarded his roined pater. "Perchance that will help you in your coming struggle against adversity, pater."

"I hope it will, Jack," said the General, a little dewbiously. "To-morrow I begin life afresh, selling matches in the street. Possibly there are good prospects of advancement for an honnerable match-seller. How does it strike you, Birchmull?"

The Head sneered.

"I'm afraid I can't throw much light on the subject. I am not in the habit of mixing with gutter-traders, my man!"

General Jolly winced at the "my man." "Surely you are not turning on me, Birchmull?" he cried. "After all the good turns I have done you in the past—"

"Oh rats!" interrupted the Head, rudely. "Cut out the sob-stuff, Jolly, and let's get down to brass tax. You owe me two terms' fees for your son. What chance do I stand of collecting the dibs from you?"

"Preshus little, at prezrent, I'm afraid," replied General Jolly, with a bitter lart.

"I have just tried to raise half-a-crown on my solid gold hunter watch at the pawnbroker's in Muggleton, but without success."

Dr. Birchmull's face grew hard.

"Then what do you propose to do?" he asked harshly.

Jack Jolly sprang forward eggstidly.

"I know!" he cried. "I'll pay it back to you, myself!"

"You?" cried the Head and General Jolly together, in astonishment.

Jack nodded.

"Not in hard cash—but in serviss!" he eggexplained.

"In serviss?" queried Dr. Birchmull. "What the merry dickens are you talking about?"

"I beleave there is at prezrent a vacancy on the skool staff for a shoeblack?"

"That is so," nodded the Head. "But what—"

"Let me take the job, sir—without wages," said Jack, eagerly. "In that way, I can repay my father's debt by hard work. Savvy?"

The Head looked startled for a minnit. Then he stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"My giddy aunt!" he eggexplained. "That's not at all a bad wheeze."

"But—but you can't do it, my boy—you mustn't!" cried General Jolly. "No Jolly has yet soiled his hands with meenial work. It is impossibil!"

"Impossibil, rats!" snorted Dr. Birchmull. "It's a first-rate idea, and I axsept the suggestion without any more argument. You will begin your duties to-morrow morning, Jolly."

"Very well, sir!"

"You must reconcile yourself to some drastick changes in your outlook, of corse," rattled on the Head, cheerfully. "You will have to address your former skoolfellows as 'sir,' and take all the cuffs and kicks you receive without a mermer."

"Beggars can't be choosers, I suppose, sir," said Jack, with a rye grin. "I axsept, anyway. Good-buy, pater!"

"Good-buy, my boy!" almost groaned General Jolly, and then, with a strangled cry, he hurried away.

Jack Jolly went back to the Fourth-Form quarters to tell his chums the amazing news that he had been appointed shoeblack to St. Sam's, with the result that the whole skool was very soon faroly buzzing with eggitement over Jack Jolly's Downfall!

(Now look out for the next yarn in this amusing series, entitled: "THE OUTCAST OF THE SKOOL!" which will appear in next week's Birthday and BUMPER FREE GIFT NUMBER of the "MAGNET.")



"Pater!" cried Jack Jolly, gripping General Jolly's hand. "Can it really be too that you have lost everything?"

TROT in, fathead!"

It was the Head's voice—and judging by the tones in which the command was uttered, Dr. Birchmull was in an unusually severe and boolying mood.

Jack Jolly entered.

"You sent for me, sir?" he said, respectfully.

Dr. Birchmull nodded, and tugged his venerable beard for some minnits before he spoke.

Suddenly he looked up, and fixed his peering, hipnottiek eyes on the kaptin of the Fourth.

"I presoom you have already herd from your father, Jolly?" he barked.

"Yes, sir," answered Jack Jolly, returning the Head's look fearlessly.

"I also have herd from General Jolly by this morning's mail," said the Head, picking up a letter written in a firm, military hand, and glarsing carelessly at it. "I can only say, Jolly, that I am surprised at its contents."

Jack Jolly flushed slitley.

"My pater's one of the best—"

"Silence!" roared Dr. Birchmull, angrily. "What your father is and what he is not has nothing to do with the matter. The only point, so far as I am concerned, is that General Jolly is broke to the wide—reduced to the very gutter, in fact."

"I'm afraid that's only too too, sir," mermered our hero, with a hopeless shrugg.

"Very well. In that case, how am I going to obtain your skool fees for the prezrent term—not to mention last term's munny, which I have already chalked up on the slate?" demanded Dr. Birchmull, wrapping his desk with an ebony ruler to emfasise his words.

GREYFRIARS CHUMS IN CHICAGO!

(Continued from page 13.)

care to be seen about town with a fellow like Van Schuyler," he said loftily. "Anybody can see that he's a card-sharper, and a swell-mobster! Yah!"

And with that Parthian shot, Billy Bunter turned to walk out of Smithy's room with a great deal of dignity.

The dignity of his exit, however, was a little spoiled by a cushion that whizzed after him from the exasperated Bounder, and landed in the middle of his back as he stepped into the corridor.

"Yooooop!"

Bunter flew.

Crash!

"Gee-whiz!" yelled Mr. Hiram K. Fish.

Mr. Fish was coming along the corridor, and he passed Smithy's door at the psychological moment. He was just in time to receive William George Bunter as he flew.

Bunter landed on the American gentleman with a terrific crash.

Mr. Fish went across the corridor sideways, and brought up against the opposite wall, gasping. Bunter sprawled at his feet.

"Gee!" spluttered Mr. Fish. "Thunder! What the John James Brown do you reckon you're doing, you pesky clam! Say!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"You fat jay——"

"Yoooooop!"

"I guess I'll make chowder of you!" gasped Mr. Fish, detaching himself from the wall, and starting towards Bunter.

Billy Bunter picked himself up rapidly, and retired from the scene at his best speed. He did not like the look in Hiram K. Fish's eye. He vanished along the corridor, and the door slammed.

The Bounder was grinning from his doorway. But as Mr. Fish's frowning glance turned on him, he composed his features.

"Just the man I want to see," said the Bounder. "Will you step into my room a minute, Mr. Fish?"

"I guess so," said Mr. Fish. "I've just heard about your stunt in that guy's car. Look here, you sure asked for it, and I'm telling you that we ain't hanging on in Chicago while you root around after your dollars, see? If you're such a mosshead as to go on motor drives with a stranger, you can take what's coming to you, and swallow it. Don't talk to me about thugs and hold-ups! We ain't putting in one extra minute in Chicago, and don't you forget it. To-morrow we're hitting the cars for the west, and I'm telling you so."

Evidently Mr. Fish feared an attempt to delay him in Chicago, as he had been delayed in New York. And Mr. Fish wanted to make it quite plain that he was not taking any. Mr. Fish was making record speed on the journey to Los Angeles, where the Perfection Picture Syndicate had everything "fixed" for the film in which the Greyfriars fellows—though they did not yet know it—were to take part.

"That's all right," said the Bounder, amicably. "I'm not worrying about the few dollars those rotters got off me."

"Oh!" said Mr. Fish. "All O.K. then. I reckoned that that was what you were going to do a song and dance about. And I'm telling you——"

"I've got a letter of credit in my trunk, and I can't cash it till the morning," explained the Bounder. "I want some cash to-night."

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Mr. Fish's face took on the expression that was habitual to it, when the remotest suggestion was made that he should part with cash.

"Oh!" he said, coldly.

"I'll hand you the letter, if you like," said Vernon-Smith. "You can let me have a couple of hundred dollars, Mr. Fish."

Mr. Fish shook his head.

"You don't want to spend money like that," he said. "I guess I'm responsible for you, and I sure can't have it."

"Look here, sir——"

"That goes," answered Mr. Fish, and he left the Bounder's room to avoid further argument.

The Bounder scowled after him. He was still scowling when Bob Cherry's cheery face looked in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Coming down, Smithy? Grub," said Bob.

"I'll follow."

"Right-ho."

Bob Cherry went along to the elevator with his chums. The Bounder glanced after them, and noted that Lord Mauleverer was not with them. And he went along to Lord Mauleverer's room.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

High Words!

"COMIN'!" said Lord Mauleverer, as a tap came at his door.

Mauly did not look as if he were coming. He was reclining in a very easy-chair at his window, gazing placidly out at the lights glittering on Lake Michigan.

The Bounder entered.

He closed the door after he came in, and Lord Mauleverer, who had half-risen, sank back again contentedly.

"Nice view from here, Smithy," he said. "Take a pew, old man."

Smithy sat down facing his lordship.

"Dinner any minute now," he said. "I want to speak to you first, Mauly. You know those rotters cleared me out of money to-day, and I can't get any from the bank till to-morrow. I'm goin' out this evenin'."

"Yaas," said Lord Mauleverer absently.

The Bounder made a grimace. He hated asking favours of anyone; but it had to be done.

"Lend me a couple of hundred dollars till the mornin', Mauly," he said, with a jerk.

Mauly shifted his gaze from Lake Michigan, and fixed it on the Bounder. His good-natured face was unusually serious.

"Happy to oblige, old bean," he said quietly. "Only didn't you tell me you were goin' with that man Van Schuyler?"

"Yes," said the Bounder sharply.

Lord Mauleverer was silent. He looked worried. The Bounder's expression grew rather unpleasant.

"I know the other fellows are down on Van Schuyler for no reason at all!" he snapped. "Are you going to join in?"

"Yaas."

"Well, you can ring off before you start, then!" said the Bounder angrily. "If you don't want to lend me any money, I'll raise the wind somewhere else!"

"It's not that, an' you know it," said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "I wasn't goin' to say a word about the man, Smithy, thinkin' you weren't seein' him again. But if you're goin' round the town with him——"

"I am!" said Vernon-Smith emphatically.

"Then I'm bound to speak out," said

Mauleverer. "You know I gave my things to Wharton to mind before I came on that drive to-day?"

"Yes; it was lucky."

"It wasn't lucky," said Mauleverer. "It was forethought, old bean. I knew somethin' was going to happen on that drive."

The Bounder stared at him.

"You knew?" he ejaculated.

"Yaas."

"And how the thump did you know?" demanded Vernon-Smith.

"Fellows sometimes call me an ass, at Greyfriars," yawned Lord Mauleverer. "I may be an ass. But I'm not a silly ass! That man's no good, Smithy!"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Can't! Bound to tip you the wink!" said Mauleverer dismally. "I hate sayin' unpleasant things, old bean, but what's a fellow to do? I was lookin' for pocket-pickin' when I came on the man's auto. I had my own opinion about the bloke, and I expected somethin' to happen to prove it. As it happened, it wasn't pocket-pickin'—it was a hold-up. See?"

"You—you think——" gasped the Bounder.

"No; I know!" said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "I may be an ass; but I know a bad hat when I see one. That fellow Van Schuyler is a bad hat, Smithy. I hope you'll give him a miss while we're in this interestin' city."

"You fool!"

Lord Mauleverer sighed.

"There's a fool in this room," he agreed. "But it ain't little me, Smithy! Think it over! It was a plant as plain as anythin' could be. They never robbed Van Schuyler——"

"You saw them taking his money."

"Only to give it back afterwards, old bean. He was keepin' up the game, because he wasn't done with you."

The Bounder was silent from sheer rage. With all his shrewdness, of which he had plenty, Vernon-Smith had not seen through Mr. Ralph van Schuyler as the placid Mauly had seen through him. Perhaps he did not want to see through him.

"The fellow played poker with you on the train," said Mauleverer. "Doesn't that show you the kind of bad hat he is?"

"Don't give me one of Wharton's sermons at secondhand!" snarled the Bounder.

His lordship sighed again.

"None so blind as those who won't see," he remarked. "I tell you, Smithy, that fellow ran us out in his car to be robbed. I left my money with Wharton because I knew what was comin'."

"It's a lie!"

The Bounder almost spat out the words.

Lord Mauleverer's expression changed. He gave Vernon-Smith one quiet look, and his lips set.

"Very well," he said evenly. "We won't talk about it any more. A wilful man must have his way, I suppose. I was bound to warn you; and now I've warned you, I'll lend you as much as you like."

Vernon-Smith rose to his feet.

"Hang your money!" he snarled. "I won't touch your money! I suppose you're sore because Van Schuyler hasn't asked you to join up this evenin'!"

"Van Schuyler would have asked me fast enough, only he's no fool," answered Lord Mauleverer quietly. "It's his business to read a fellow's character; and he knows mine. He knows perfectly well that if he asked me to go to a

Chicago night club with him I'd turn over my back on him."

"You mean he knows you're a piffing, goody-goody, sermonising humbug!" snarled the Bounder.

"If you like," said Lord Mauleverer. "Any old thing."

"You dare to tell me that he's a blackguard and the confederate of thieves and rogues?"

"Yaas."

"It's a lie!"

Lord Mauleverer rose. "That's the second time you've made that unpleasant remark, Smithy," he said. "May I be allowed to mention that I'm tired of hearin' it?"

"You'll hear it as often as I choose to repeat it!" exclaimed the Bounder savagely. "You make a rotten accusation against a man you don't know, without the slightest proof—"

"I know his sort," said Lord Mauleverer. "But it's no good arguin'. What's the good of rowin', Smithy? Let's get down to dinner."

"You lackadaisical fool!" hissed the Bounder. "I suppose you're putting it like this to get out of lendin' me a few miserable dollars."

Mauleverer coloured faintly.

"I've offered to lend you as many dollars as you like," he said.

"Because you know I won't touch your money after what you've said, you rotter!" said the Bounder bitterly. "You—you rotten humbug!"

"That's enough!" said Lord Maule-

verer. "Let it drop! You might oblige me to the extent of gettin' out of my room, I think."

"You rotter!" snarled the Bounder, and, carried away by his passionate anger, he struck with his open hand at Lord Mauleverer's face.

The blow did not reach the mark. Smithy's wrist was caught in a grip that was rather surprising in its strength. There was plenty of strength in his slim and graceful lordship.

"Better not, Smithy," said Lord Mauleverer calmly. "Chuck it, old bean!"

"Let go my wrist!" muttered the Bounder thickly.

Lord Mauleverer let go. He stepped back, his eyes on the Bounder's furious face. Vernon-Smith looked as if he would spring on him like a tiger.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" the door opened, and Bob Cherry looked in. "You fellows will be late for tiffin! I've come up for you—why—what—what's the row?"

Bob stared at the two, and came quickly into the room. He could see that he had interrupted a quarrel.

"Nothin'," said Lord Mauleverer placidly. "Ready, old bean! Let's go down to jolly old tiffin."

Bob gave the Bounder rather a grim look. Vernon-Smith responded with an angry glare of defiance.

"Come on, Mauly," said Bob shortly. "Yaas."

They went to the door together. Bob looked back in the doorway.

"Coming, Smithy?"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Thanks—I'd rather go and eat tiffin," said Bob, and he walked away to the elevator with Mauleverer.

The Bounder followed slowly; he waited for the next lift before he went down, to compose his features a little before he appeared in the dining-room of the Atlantic. But his expression was anything but pleasant when he arrived there, and he did not give the Greyfriars party a word or a look. Bob Cherry gave Wharton a wink across the table—Frank Nugent smiled, Billy Bunter grinned, and Johnny Bull grunted. The Bounder was evidently in one of his ratty tempers, and the other fellows, not being particularly concerned about the state of Smithy's temper, left him to it.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Coker Does Not Enjoy His Dinner!

"BUNTER!"

"Eh?"

"Haven't you a clean collar?"

"What?"

"Those slovenly fags—" said Coker, in a hopeless sort of way.

Billy Bunter gave Coker of the Fifth a ferocious glare. Perhaps his collar showed signs of his last toffee. (Continued on next page.)



A LONG-FOCUS PICTURE OF
HOBBS IN ACTION!

WILL the England team now prove capable of winning all the five Tests of the present series? You can rely on them trying to do so. If they manage this feat of winning all five they will set up another new record so far as an England team is concerned.

NEVER, in the whole course of Test match history, has an England team won all the five games of one series. The Australians, however, have one such performance to their credit. In the Australian summer of 1920-21, England were beaten in all five matches by an Australian side captained by Warwick Armstrong. England certainly got a very thorough whacking that season, as the smallest margin in favour of Australia was 119 runs, at Adelaide.

TEST "BOUNDARIES!"

From Our Cricket Correspondent.

JACK HOBBS is just the sort of fellow of whom we should expect an announcement that if, at any time now, England would like to try out the young blood, he himself is quite ready and willing to stand down. Jack's just that sort of fellow, with always a hand held out to the younger lads in the hope of bringing them along.

WHETHER Hobbs plays in any more Test matches or not, however, he has already carved for himself a unique place in the history of Test match cricket, as well as in county cricket, of course. Here are some of the things Hobbs has done in Test games:

Over 3,000 runs against Australia—more than any other player who has assisted either side.

Over 4,700 runs and 14 centuries in recognised Tests against the three competing countries.

Thirteen three-figure first-wicket partnerships against Australia (eight with Sutcliffe). And 21 of these match-winning opening stands in all Tests—a record.

WHEN Hobbs finally retires from cricket, I wonder what sort of name he will give to the house in which he hopes to spend the later years of his life? Will it have a reference to cricket? There are cases of famous players who have not even deserted the cricket-field when choosing a name for their abode. Away in Australia, for instance, Charlie Macartney—the only batsman who ever made a century in a Test match before lunch on

the first day—calls his house "The Wicket." If the house in which "Charlie" lives is anything like his batting, then it will stand quite a lot of hurricane attacks.

PERCY CHAPMAN, the smiling captain of the successful England team, has tried his hand at many other sports. When he was at Cambridge they had an idea that he might make a reasonably good goalkeeper at Soccer football, and he had several trials with the 'Varsity side. Those who saw him play, however, assure me that he did not catch the football as cleanly as he catches the cricket ball in the slips, though when it came to kicking off from goal he always managed to land the ball in his opponents' half of the field.

CHAPMAN is a fairly good golf player, too, and he is specially keen on a game of lawn tennis. At this latter sport he is well above the average, and once when at Cambridge he and his partner beat the couple then considered best of the lawn tennis players at the college.

SINCE England won the first three matches of the present series, there has been much speculation as to likely experiments which might be made in the side seeing that the "Ashes" have been safely landed. In view of this it is interesting to recall what happened when Australia won the first three matches during their summer of 1924-5. The Australians didn't begin to chivy and change their team about. Indeed, for the fourth match, after the first three had been won, they only made one change, and that was to bring in Warren Bardsley again. He had been unable to play in the third game.

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Generally there were signs of Bunter's last feed to be seen somewhere about Bunter. A fellow did not need to be a Sherlock Holmes to deduce from Bunter's appearance what Bunter had last had to eat.

But was that Coker's business? Emphatically it was not! If Coker of the Fifth wanted anything to worry about, he could worry about his own bad manners, his clumsy feet, which were always in the wrong place, his large hands, which he never seemed to know what to do with. In matters of deportment, charity should begin at home. So Bunter considered—though Coker, perhaps, considered that he, Horace James Coker, was so near perfection that it was idle to look for any room for improvement.

"You—you cheeky ass!" said Bunter. Coker lifted a mighty arm.

Potter and Greene dived at it together, grasped it, and dragged it down.

"Chuck that, you ass!" breathed Potter. "Do you think you're in the games study at Greyfriars?"

Coker jerked his arm away, but he assented, and did not smite Bunter. In the immense dining-room of the Hotel Atlantic, there were more than a hundred people, innumerable waiters, and a manager who swam, rather than walked, to and fro. Obviously, it was not a place for the chastisement of a cheeky fag. Even Coker realised that. Leaving Bunter's cheek unpunished, therefore, Horace Coker sat down in the chair the waiter pulled out for him.

Mr. Fish and his party had a table to themselves. Hiram K. Fish sat at the head of it. The Famous Five and Bunter sat in a row on one side, the three Fifth-Formers and Mauld and the Bounder on the other, with Fisher T. Fish. The table gleamed with white napery and silver and cut glass.

Horace Coker glanced up and down the table. Coker did not like dining with a mob of fags, any more than he liked being mixed up with a mob of fags on the train. To a certain extent it impaired his dignity, about which Coker was very particular. Moreover, Coker always felt called upon to give instruction to the world in general. Coker was rather like the man in the old story, who believed that had he been present in the days of Creation he could have given some good advice. Potter and Greene, being his chums, had the chief benefit of his instructive propensities. But nobody could come near Coker without getting some.

"Vernon-Smith!" rapped out Coker, catching a view of the sullen face of the Bounder.

No reply.

"What the thump are you scowling about?" asked Coker.

The Bounder glanced up.

"Shut up, you fool!" he said.

"Eh? What?"

"Cheese it, and don't jaw!"

There was quite a ripple of chortles along the table. The Bounder was in a bad temper, and not disposed to take anything from Coker. The rugged face of Horace James became almost crimson. Almost he yielded to the temptation to rise from the table, take Vernon-Smith by the collar, and mop up the floor with him. But he controlled his just wrath with an effort.

"Cherry!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Don't shuffle your feet like that!"

"Coker!" said Bob.

"Well?"

"Don't shuffle your tongue like that!" Coker breathed hard. Most of the faces

along the table were smiling, as if there were something amusing in this fag cheek addressed to a great man of the Greyfriars Fifth.

"Bunter!"

Coker was beginning again.

"Take your hands off the table!"

"Oh, really, Coker—"

"You're not in the tuckshop at Greyfriars now," said Coker witheringly.

"Look here—"

"Silence!"

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his big spectacles. There was a fat little cough from Bunter. It was his "atmospherics" preparatory to a ventriloquial stunt. The waiter was serving soup now—dinner was on! A deep voice that sounded like Coker's, and seemed to proceed from Coker, said gruffly:

"Take it away!"

"Yessir!" said the waiter, and he took away Coker's soup.

Coker seemed surprised.

"Don't you like the soup?" said Potter, busy with his spoon. "Seems to me quite good."

"What the thump has that ass taken my soup away for?" said Coker.

"Eh! You told him!"

"What do you mean?"

"You told him to take it away," said Greene.

"Don't be an ass, Greene!"

Coker went souless. He did not mind very much, thinking that he would make up for it in the fish course. But when the soup plates were gone, and the waiters glided behind the chairs with fish, that deep voice was heard again, snapping:

"Take it away!"

Coker's fish vanished.

Horace Coker stared at the vacant place, and stared round at the back of the waiter. He was quite perplexed.

"Does that silly ass think I'm not going to have any dinner?" he ejaculated. "What's the matter with him?"

"You told him!"

"Don't be an idiot!"

"But I heard—"

"Don't be an ass!"

Coker called to the waiter.

"Bring my fish back."

"Yessir!"

The fish reappeared. Coker commenced operations on it, and a moment later a voice that ought to have been Coker's, though it wasn't, announced:

"Rotten!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Potter. "Coker! For goodness' sake, don't shout."

Coker looked up.

"Eh? Who's shouting?"

"If you don't like the fish, you can leave it!" said Potter tartly. "No need to roar like a bull!"

"Who's roaring?" demanded Coker warmly.

"You were!"

"You silly ass—"

"Well, look here—"

"Oh, shut up!"

Coker recommenced on his fish. Coker was hungry, and it was a good fish, and he did it justice. As the waiters came along again, that voice which ought to have been Coker's, but wasn't, snapped out:

"Waiter!"

"Yessir."

"Bring me a whisky-and-soda."

"Oh!" gasped the waiter.

Coker, quite unconscious, went on with his fish. He was determined to finish that fish before he allowed the waiter to whisk his plate away.

"Impossible, sir," the waiter whispered in his ear. "Prohibition, sir!"

Coker looked up in astonishment.

"Eh—what?"

"Volstead Act, sir," said the waiter. "No intoxicating drinks allowed to be served, sir. Quite impossible!"

"Intoxicating drinks!" repeated Coker blankly. "What the thump do you mean, man? Who wants intoxicating drinks?"

"Eh? I thought you did!"

"What the thump—"

"You asked for a whisky-and-soda."

"I did?" gasped Coker.

The waiter stared at him perplexed, and wondering whether Coker had had a whisky-and-soda already. It really seemed like it.

"Well, you can't have it, anyhow, sir!" he snapped, and moved away.

"The man's mad," said Coker. "Mad as a hatter! First he sneaks away my soup, then he tries to sneak away my fish, and then he begins babbling about intoxicating drinks. Mad as a March hare!"

Mr. Fish glanced along the table with a frown. Mr. Fish was a severe Prohibitionist and a stern supporter of the Volstead Act—and always kept a flask of whisky within reach!

"I'm sure surprised at you, Coker," he said reprovingly. "Don't you know that intoxicating liquor is forbidden in the whole United States? This is a Prohibition country, sir! Gee-whiz! Mean to say you're allowed to drink whisky-and-soda at home! Great John James Brown!"

"Certainly not!" snapped Coker.

"Then don't ask for it here."

"Ask for it here!" said Coker. "I wouldn't touch the muck with a barge-pole. What are you getting at?"

Mr. Fish looked at him suspiciously. Coker was flushed, and getting a little excited, and his words—at least, the Greyfriars ventriloquist's words—were rather difficult to account for. It really looked as if Horace Coker had been breaking the Prohibition laws of the United States.

"Waal, don't spill any more," said Mr. Fish curtly.

Coker grunted. He proceeded with his next course, puzzled and angry, and irritated by the smiling Remove faces opposite. Even the Bounder's sullen face was grinning. Bob Cherry kicked Bunter under the table.

"Shurrup!" he whispered. "Nuff!"

Bunter grinned. He did not consider that Coker had had enough. The more Coker had the better it was for him, in Bunter's opinion. But, as Bunter was very busy with his own dinner, he gave Coker a little rest, while he attended to a matter of more importance. When dessert was on the table, Coker's voice—or an imitation thereof—rapped out: "Bring me a box of cigars—Havanas."

"Yessir."

A box of cigars appeared on the table beside Coker. He stared at it, and stared round at the waiter.

"You ass!" whispered Greene. "You can't smoke cigars! Do you want to be seasick again?"

"Who's going to smoke cigars?" hissed Coker.

"Well, you asked for them."

"I didn't!" hissed Coker. "Somebody did. I heard him. I didn't."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Here, waiter, take these cigars away!" snapped Coker angrily.

"You don't like the brand, sir?" asked the waiter. "I can get you Lar-ranagas or Coronas, if you prefer them, sir."

"I don't smoke!" snarled Coker.

"But you asked—"

"I didn't!"

"Eh?"

Coker turned his head away angrily, disdaining to continue the argument.



Van Schuyler touched a push-button somewhere in the dark. Instantly a slit opened in the door before him, and a light shone out. Vernon-Smith, rather startled, saw two eyes looking through the slit. (See Chapter 10.)

but the Greyfriars ventriloquist continued it for him.

"Take those cabbage-stumps away, and go and fry your silly face in lard!" The waiter almost fell down.

"Wha-a-at?" he gasped.

He picked up the box of cigars and moved away quite dazedly. Such remarks as he had heard were never uttered in the dining-room of the Atlantic Hotel. The waiter was quite overcome.

"Coker!" rapped out Mr. Fish.

"Well?" grunted Coker.

"I guess I won't have you smoking here."

"Who wants to smoke?" snorted Coker.

"And I won't have you talking to the waiters like that!" snapped Mr. Fish. "Where are your manners?"

"Look here——"

"Don't spill any more. You'd better go and lie down after dinner," said Mr. Fish. "And if you touch hooch again while you're with me, Coker, you'll find yourself in trouble!"

"Hooch?" gasped Coker.

"Yep. You've been drinking!"

"Drinking?" stuttered Coker.

"Sure! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Coker's face was a study. He was at a loss for words, and he was still in a speechless state when the party rose from the table. Potter and Greene, quite alarmed and concerned for Coker, hovered round him, with the idea of getting him to his room as quietly as possible.

"Come up in the lift, old chap," murmured Potter.

"What for?" snapped Coker.

"You'd better go and lie down for a bit."

"Lie down! I'm not tired."

"Well, sleep it off, you know," whispered Potter.

"Sleep what off?"

"Hem! Do come, old chap; you'll have everybody staring at you if you keep on at this rate," said Potter anxiously.

"Let 'em stare," said Coker. "I don't catch on to this. Seems to me as if everybody's drunk or mad!"

"Somebody's drunk, I'm afraid," said Potter tartly. "Look here, will you go up to your room and lie down for a bit?"

"No, I won't!" roared Coker. "I'm going out for a walk."

"My dear chap, you'll get run in!"

"Run in?" gasped Coker.

"Yes. Better come up to your room," pleaded Potter.

Coker gave him a glare and stalked away. There was a fat little cough from Billy Bunter, and Bob Cherry trod on his foot only just in time.

"Yooop!" howled Bunter.

"Nuff's as good as a feast," grinned Bob. "You'll get Coker a night in the cells, if you keep on like this, you ventriloquising sweep!"

"Serve him jolly well right," said Bunter. "A night in the cells would do him good. I'm going to make him call for a bottle of brandy."

"Ha, ha, ha! You're jolly well not!" chuckled Bob; and he linked his arm in Bunter's and walked him forcibly away.

As Coker insisted on going out for a walk, Potter and Greene went with him, almost in fear and trembling, anxious for Coker and for themselves. But, to their great relief, he seemed quite sober now.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder's Night!

MR. RALPH VAN SCHUYLER brought his handsome blue automobile to a halt before the grand entrance of the Atlantic Hotel, and Vernon-Smith went down the steps to meet him. Harry Wharton & Co. were on the piazza, and the Bounder gave them a glance of defiance as he went—a glance of defiance especially directed at Lord Mauleverer. Billy Bunter blinked after him morosely. Bunter was the only member of the Greyfriars party who had any desire to join the Bounder in painting the town red. Bunter was prepared to paint Chicago in the deepest crimson if somebody would lend him the necessary cash. Nobody would, however. Bunter had to content himself with a ramble round the city with the juniors, comforted only by the knowledge that the delicatessen shops were still open.

Vernon-Smith stepped into the car and glided away with Van Schuyler. Lord Mauleverer shrugged his shoulders slightly. He had done all he could to save the Bounder from falling into bad hands, and a "row" with Smithy had been the only result. As there was nothing more to be done, Mauly dismissed the matter from his mind.

As the car glided along the well-lighted streets, Mr. Van Schuyler turned a pleasant, smiling face on his young friend. He had "sized" up the Bounder's reckless character pretty accurately. Mr. Van Schuyler would greatly have preferred to take Lord Mauleverer on that little trip; his lordship being a pigeon even better worth

plucking than the Bounder. But Mr. Van Schuyler was a very keen young man, and he had seen at a glance that Mauleverer was not the sort of fellow to "fall" for that kind of thing.

He had plenty of money, but he was very unlikely indeed to spend any of it in rowdy night-clubs. But the Bounder was well worth the trouble Mr. Van Schuyler was taking over him. There was a kink of blackguardism in Vernon-Smith's character which blinded his usual keen judgment in dealing with a man like Van Schuyler. He was so eager to play the "giddy ox" that he forgot everything else.

That Van Schuyler was a good deal of a blackguard Vernon-Smith knew; but he did not look for moral perfection in a man who was going to show him the shady side of life in Chicago. That would have been asking too much. But the Bounder fiercely repudiated Mauleverer's suggestion that Van Schuyler was a "crook." That he would not believe for a moment, chiefly, perhaps, because he did not want to believe it.

That Van Schuyler, having discovered on the train that Mauleverer had a large sum of money in his possession, had laid plans for relieving him of it, was clear to Mauleverer—but the Bounder refused to entertain the idea.

His belief was that Van Schuyler was a fellow very much like himself; a reckless fellow with plenty of money and a tincture of blackguardism; just the fellow the Bounder wanted to meet, in fact!

Van Schuyler had already learned that the Bounder was the only son of Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith, the millionaire, whose name and fame were well known on that side of the ocean. He was quite worth Mr. Van Schuyler's attention. The descendant of the Knickerbockers gave Smithy his very pleasantest smile.

"I guess we can dig up a jolly evenin' in this little old town," he remarked. "You're game, what?"

"You bet," said the Bounder, with shining eyes. He was in his most reckless mood and game for anything.

"We'll drop in at the Buccaneers!" remarked Van Schuyler.

Vernon-Smith smiled; the name sounded promising.

"But—" he remarked.

"You want a hectic evening, what?" smiled Van Schuyler.

"What-ho! But I'm not heeled," muttered the Bounder, colouring. "I've got a letter of credit on the Chicago National Bank, but it can't be cashed till the morning. And those thugs cleaned me out to-day. I've got the paper here," he added hastily.

"That's all right, sonny," said Mr. Van Schuyler, glancing at the document and smiling more pleasantly than ever as he saw that it was for a thousand dollars. "Your popper treats you well."

"He will let me have anything I like," answered the Bounder. "If I cabled him for ten thousand dollars he would cable it back by return."

"Some popper!" said Mr. Van Schuyler, with a gleam in his eyes. "That paper's as good as dollars; you've only got to sign it, and I know a man who will negotiate it for you this evening. We'll drop in on him now, what?"

"Oh, good!" said the Bounder. He was greatly relieved.

Mr. Van Schuyler evidently knew his way about the town. Ten minutes later the car stopped outside an immense block of buildings, and Vernon-Smith was taken up in an elevator to the eleventh floor, where he was introduced to a little fat gentleman with a large,

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curved nose, who was happy to oblige any friend of Mr. Van Schuyler's, and who handed the Bounder nine hundred and fifty dollars for his letter of credit; the other fifty dollars being his rather generous fee for the accommodation. For that the Bounder cared nothing; all he cared for was a sum of ready money to "blow" at that entertaining rendezvous, the "Buccaneers."

He was feeling cheery and elated when he stepped into the blue car again with Van Schuyler.

So was Mr. Van Schuyler. The Bounder had nearly two hundred pounds in his pockets now, and Mr. Van Schuyler did not often net so fat a pigeon. It was not his intention to allow the Bounder to carry very much of it back to the Atlantic Hotel with him late that night.

"You're goin' on to the west to-morrow, what?" Mr. Van Schuyler remarked, as the car glided away.

"The party's going on," answered the Bounder.

"Must go along?"

The Bounder was already thinking about that.

"I don't see why," he replied. "I'm not bound to stick to them unless I choose. It's supposed to be a tour of the United States, and I don't see breakin' our necks about it. I can stay on in Chicago if I like. I've a jolly good mind to give them a miss in baulk to-morrow."

"Do!" said Mr. Van Schuyler heartily. "You'll dig up more fun in this little old town than out West. For a man that's well-heeled Chicago is the spot. Let them hit the cars to-morrow without you. You can pick them up again later if you want."

"I'll do it," said the Bounder, making up his mind.

"Good man!"

The car was turning now into a quarter of the city that was very different in aspect from the palatial Lake Shore. The Bounder glanced out at great tenement houses and shabby passers-by. Van Schuyler smiled as he noted the expression on the boy's face.

"The Buccaneer's surroundings are not palatial," he remarked. "You will find it different inside. The Buccaneers hide rather coyly from public view—they do not seek to attract a lot of attention. There might be raids."

"Raids!" repeated the Bounder.

HERE'S ANOTHER FREE BADGE FOR
YOUR ALBUM NEXT WEEK—DON'T
MISS IT!



CHRYSLER cars have in the course of a very few years leaped into popularity in Great Britain, and the handsome Chrysler badge is now commonly seen on the road in every part of the country. Chryslers are noted for their fine lines and graceful bodywork.

"My dear fellow," said Van Schuyler, with a shrug of the shoulders, "this country is 'dry' now, and places where the fizz flows freely have to take care. And roulette is not exactly according to the laws of the State of Illinois."

The Bounder laughed.

"Not that a raid is likely," added Van Schuyler. "They have a pull with the police, and so long as they keep fairly quiet it's all O.K. The Buccaneers have never been raided yet."

The car stopped outside a building, from the window of which showed not a single light.

Smithy might have supposed that it was uninhabited, or that the inhabitants had gone early to bed; but he noticed that two cars were passing on ahead, having obviously recently landed passengers there.

But the vestibule, when Van Schuyler and Vernon-Smith entered it, was dark, deserted, and silent.

"What about your car?" asked Smithy.

"That will be taken care of; I'm known here."

Van Schuyler touched a push-button somewhere in the dark. Instantly a slit opened in the door before them, and a light shone out. The Bounder, rather startled, saw two eyes looking through the slit, which was so narrow that the rest of the face within was hidden. The light gleamed full on the two figures outside, and evidently Van Schuyler was recognised, for the slit closed at once, and the door opened immediately afterwards.

Van Schuyler touched Smithy's arm lightly, and they walked in. The door closed instantly.

Vernon-Smith felt a pleasant thrill of excitement at his heart. He was within the Buccaneers now, in a place that was in danger, at least, of a police raid. And the Bounder's feeling was one of excitement and eager anticipation.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Night-Club!

VERNON-SMITH glanced round him curiously.

He stood in a wide hall, in which a single electric light

burned. There was nothing very exciting so far. The hall was wide, but it was shabby, with discoloured walls. But Mr. Van Schuyler led him onward, and opened a second door; and the contrast struck the Bounder with astonishment. The interior of the Buccaneers was very different from its shabby outward trappings.

There was a polished parquet floor under his feet now, and concealed electric lights filled the great apartment with a soft illumination. Other rooms, with curtained doorways, opened in several directions. From one of them came the strains of music and the sound of dancing. Another was a supper-room, lavishly furnished; and it was into this that Van Schuyler led the way, exchanging greetings with a dozen or more men in evening clothes as he went.

The Bounder had a sudden view of innumerable bottles of champagne in wine-coolers, and there was a sound of the clinking of glasses. In a country where "Prohibition" was the law of the land, and the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors sternly forbidden, it was no wonder that the "Buccaneers" hid coyly from the public view, and needed a "pull" with the police.

Van Schuyler threw himself into a chair at a little table, and at a sign a

negro waiter glided up noiselessly and opened a bottle of champagne.

The Bounder sat down, eyeing rather dubiously the creaming glass that was placed before him.

But his dubiousness vanished before his desire to keep his end up with Mr. Van Schuyler.

He took up his glass, and Van Schuyler lightly clinked his own against it and swallowed his liquor—the Bounder sipping. Vernon-Smith might be a little of a blackguard, but he was no fool; and he did not mean to lose his wits in these strange surroundings.

Had Van Schuyler urged him to drink, the Bounder might have remembered Lord Mauleverer's warning; but Mr. Van Schuyler did nothing of the sort. Even a sip of the potent liquor was enough to exhilarate the Bounder, and his eyes shone more brightly, and he breathed more quickly. And when Van Schuyler's glass was filled a second time the Bounder took another sip, and another. He accepted a cigarette from Van Schuyler's case, and blew out little clouds of smoke. He had a sense of reckless exhilaration, and thought with compassionate contempt of the other fellows who were out on a ramble and missing all this. The Bounder was seeing life!

He sat and smoked, and sipped his champagne till the glass was empty, watching the scene about him. Through the open arcades he could see into the other rooms—in one of which a dance was in progress, to the strains of a jazz band. In another, people were crowded thickly round a long table; and the Bounder did not need telling what was going on there. Occasionally, above the murmur of voices, the staccato tones of a croupier were heard:

"Make your game!"

It was roulette. Many of the habitués of the Buccaneers came there for the dancing and the forbidden liquor—all the more attractive to their foolish minds because it was forbidden. But the gaming-room drew a good crowd; there was seldom a vacant place at the long table where the ivory ball was spun in the bowl.

"I'm goin' to try my luck again," Van Schuyler remarked. "I guess it's time it changed. Will you look on, kid, or try a little flutter?"

"Try a flutter, of course," said the Bounder.

"Come on, then."

The black waiter had filled Vernon-Smith's glass again, but the Bounder did not touch it. He followed Van Schuyler into the gaming-room.

They looked on for a few minutes, over the shoulders of the players, till a couple of seats became vacant, and they sat down.

"Four, black!" said the croupier. "Pair and manque."

A fat man, whose gleaming white shirt-front was streaked with spilled wine, gathered up a heap of money from Number Four. The Bounder's eyes sparkled. He was eager to play; and he gave more attention to the single winner than to the score of losers.

Van Schuyler was already staking. Counters were not used, and the numbers on the green cloth were plastered with bills of various denominations. Many of the players had little heaps of money on the table before them; heaps that in most cases grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

"Make your game!" crooned the croupier's droning voice.

The Bounder threw a fifty-dollar bill on zero. A minute later it was swept away. A black attendant brought him a card, divided into columns marked red and black, and Vernon-Smith began to keep the numbers. Van Schuyler glanced at him and smiled faintly. He had netted his bird quite securely, that was evident. That Van Schuyler was a member of the gang who ran the place, and that it was his business to inveigle wealthy "jays" there to lose their money, did not occur to the Bounder. His impression was that his excellent friend was a young man about town seeing life.

The Bounder continued to play. He did not see an imperceptible sign that passed between Van Schuyler and the man in evening dress who spun the

He threw the bill on to a number, and almost gasped with relief when the number came up. At one fell swoop he had changed a hundred dollars into three thousand five hundred.

His eyes shone.

He played on more recklessly than before. There was no limit to the game at the Buccaneers; a sure proof, if he had reflected, that the numbers could be manipulated. But he was only thinking of wild winnings. He crowded money on the green cloth, and in an amazingly short time it melted away. There were no more big winnings for the Bounder. Van Schuyler had scratched his right ear when the Bounder began to win heavily. Now he had scratched his left ear, and the Bounder lost steadily. But that Mr. Van Schuyler's ears, and the scratching thereof, had anything to do with the numbers that came up, the Bounder had no idea.

Vernon-Smith sat with a rather blank expression on his face when his last bill was gone.

It was hard to realise that in so short a space of time his winnings had all melted away, and his own nine hundred and fifty dollars after them.

He turned to Van Schuyler.

"Lend me—" he breathed.

"My last dollar's gone," said Van Schuyler regretfully. "It went on that last zero."

"Oh!" murmured the Bounder.

Van Schuyler rose.

"Better luck another time," he said. "Come and have a drink."

The Bounder followed him. His place at the table was immediately taken; the supply of gulls was ample. Smithy followed Van Schuyler rather unsteadily to the supper-room.

"Fed-up?" asked Van Schuyler, eyeing him curiously. "Feel like stayin' in Chicago a piece to buck the tiger again?"

The Bounder breathed hard.

"You bet!" he answered thickly. "I'm not through yet. I'm going to get the better of that game."

"You've got grit," said Van Schuyler admiringly. "I guess a man who can stand the losses is bound to come out ahead in the long run."

"I'm not goin' to leave Chicago with that crowd," said the Bounder. "No reason why I should, if I don't choose. And I'll get off a cable to the pater to-morrow morning."

"You're game, old man, and no mistake," said Van Schuyler. "If you're on the rocks till the cable goes through, remember you've a friend. I've got a room where I can put up a friend."

"Thanks!" said the Bounder gratefully. "That's awfully good of you!"

Van Schuyler winked into his glass. The Bounder smoked, and thought over the game he had played—figuring just where he should have staked differently, just where he should have backed red, and just where he should have backed black, and feeling convinced that next time the result would be quite different.

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AMERICA'S FINEST SPORTING CAR!

You've added the fascinating STUTZ motor-car badge to your set, now read the 'brief history of this marvel of American workmanship.

There is something that appeals to the sportsman about the very appearance of the sleek, long-bonnetted "Black Hawk" Stutz! With its wonderful 8-cylinder engine, it is the sporting car "par excellence" of our American cousins, and is the favourite mount of not a few discriminating motorists in the British Isles. Readers will remember that the ill-fated Frank Lockhart, the champion speedman of America, chose a Stutz in which to make his attempt on the world's land-speed record, and it was universally recognized that the performance put up by his car prior to the accident, which was attended by fatal consequences to poor Lockhart, was nothing short of marvellous.

The Stutz is not yet very commonly met with upon British roads, as it is a high-priced car, but it is a car which, once seen, is not easily forgotten. Its radiator cap bears a handsome and classic figure-head—a badge which sets off the distinction of the car's long black lines and low build admirably.

The Stutz, though mostly sold fitted with a low-built saloon body, is a sportsman's car through and through, and well merits the title bestowed upon it by its sponsors in this country—the Splendid Stutz!

ivory ball and turned the wheel. So when he began to win, the Bounder was deeply exhilarated. He would probably not have believed had he been told that it was possible for a croupier to manipulate the numbers for or against the punters. Van Schuyler could have enlightened him on that point, had he chosen—which he naturally did not. The Bounder's gains were somebody else's losses, so it did not matter to the bank.

"By gad, this is somethin' like!" murmured Smithy, when he found that his nine hundred and fifty dollars had turned into more than two thousand.

He did not think of stopping. The excitement of it had completely mastered him, and he played on with a wild hope of breaking the bank—as his excellent friend was quite aware that he would.

He won again and again. Then he began to lose. Slowly but surely his heap of money melted away.

When he was down to his last hundred dollar bill, the Bounder was tired, excited, and passionately determined to wrest fortune into his favour.

With these thoughts in his head he was not conscious, for a moment or two, of a sudden excitement in the room, and the adjoining rooms. But he saw Van Schuyler spring to his feet, his face suddenly white, so quickly that he sent the little table rocking, and the champagne glasses crashed to the floor in fragments. Men were calling, shouting, and running wildly to and fro. The lights in the gaming-room suddenly went out. Above the scurrying and the din came a sound of knocking, of doors crashing open, and a shout:

"The police!"

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Night in the Cells!

"THE police!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith staggered to his feet.

It was a raid, after all. Apparently the Buccaneers' "pull" with the police had failed them.

A wild and alarmed crowd surged in the rooms. Tables and chairs went rocking, glasses smashed, bottles rolled on the floor. Like one in a maze the Bounder stared at the uniformed figures that were already in the rooms, rapping out sharp orders. Men who had rushed down passages came scuttling back. Evidently the place was surrounded. Wild visions of a night in the cells danced before the Bounder's mind.

He looked round hurriedly for Van Schuyler.

That gentleman was just disappearing behind the curtain of an alcove. The Bounder cut after him.

"Stop there!"

It was an authoritative voice that shouted. Vernon-Smith knew that it was a policeman shouting at him. He did not heed. The curtain had fallen behind Van Schuyler, and the Bounder dragged it aside and followed his friend.

Van Schuyler was opening a door in the wall, which had been hidden by the tapestry. It was a concealed door, and even at that moment it struck the Bounder that Van Schuyler was remarkably well acquainted with the secret exit, for a chance visitor to the place.

He caught the man's arm.

"This way out!" he panted. "Good! We'll get clear!"

Van Schuyler struck off his detaining hand with a snarl. It was quite a changed Van Schuyler. The dandified man about town had changed as if by a miracle into a desperate crook seeking escape.

Before the Bounder could recover from his astonishment the curtain was dragged away again, and a tall policeman was reaching for him.

Van Schuyler was half through the doorway. The Bounder made a desperate spring to follow.

"Stop!"

The big policeman reached at both of them, and undoubtedly he would have grabbed both, one in either powerful hand; but with great promptness Van Schuyler grasped the Bounder, and fairly hurled him at the officer.

The Bounder crashed heavily against the big policeman, sending him staggering back.

The next instant the door slammed, and a key turned.

Van Schuyler was gone; with a locked door behind him, and ample time to escape by a secret exit.

The Bounder, dazed and bewildered, reeled in the grasp of the angry officer of the law.

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He struggled to escape, hardly knowing what he did, and felt his wrists grasped and dragged together, and the cold contact of steel.

He was handcuffed!

"Oh!" gasped the Bounder. "Good gad!"

"I guess you're safe," growled the policeman. "Here, Mike, take this young guy!"

The Bounder was hustled away, his brain in a whirl. The rooms were still echoing with a wild din, and the police rounded up and shepherded the crowd. Loud crashing rang out as an axe was laid to the door by which Ralph Van Schuyler had escaped.

The Bounder felt himself marched away with a rough hand on his shoulder.

Most of the crowd were only having their names and addresses taken. But the Bounder, though he was hardly conscious of it, had resisted the police, and struck the officer who had arrested him. He was under arrest. And with handcuffs on his wrists, and a policeman's hand on his shoulder, he was marched out into the street.

The cool, night air blowing on his face cleared his brain a little. He stared round him.

In the street a large crowd was gathering, staring at the house. By the kerb a police patrol wagon was drawn up.

In it were already half a dozen prisoners, members of the bootleg gang, alias the Buccaneers, who had not had Mr. Van Schuyler's luck in getting clear. Other men, who had attempted to escape with violence, were bundled in after them, and among them the Bounder. As he clumped into the wagon the wretched Bounder could scarcely believe that this was real—that it was not some horrible dream.

But it was real enough.

He crouched in the wagon, hiding as much as he could from the staring eyes and jeers of the crowd in the street.

Men round him were muttering and cursing. The Bounder sat silent, in utter horror of what had happened. He was a handcuffed prisoner—to be taken to the cells—he knew that. And his friend, Mr. Ralph Van Schuyler—the Bounder ground his teeth as he thought of the scoundrel.

He knew his Van Schuyler now! That knowledge of the secret exit gave Mr. Van Schuyler away to his dupe, and the Bounder knew that he was one of the gang of gamblers and peddlers of illegal liquor, and his treachery in throwing the Bounder into the arms of the police, in order to effect his own escape, made Smithy writhe with impotent rage. He felt that he would have cared for nothing, had he only been able to plant his clenched fist full in the face of that descendant of the Knickerbockers.

But that desire was never likely to be realised. It was extremely unlikely that he would ever see Mr. Van Schuyler again.

"Fool!" muttered the Bounder bitterly.

He had been a gull—a simple gull—unable to see what had been plain to a duffer like Lord Mauleverer. The Bounder did not need anyone to tell him now that the "hold-up" of the afternoon had been a "plant." He knew that Mauleverer had been right. But the knowledge came too late to be of any use to him. Van Schuyler had led him into this, and not only abandoned him in the hour of danger, but hurled him into the hands of the police, to make his own escape. The Bounder

had learned a lesson, at least, in exchange for his thousand dollars.

More and more prisoners were marched out of the house and packed in the patrol wagon.

The motor started at last, to the Bounder's relief. Even the police station was better than this. Jeers and boots from the crowd followed the vehicle as it rolled away.

Like a fellow in a dream the Bounder went through what followed—his arrival at the Central Police Station, his name taken at a desk, and then—He stared round him almost unbelievably at bare washed walls. A door had closed on him, a key had turned. The light went out, and the Bounder threw himself on the hard bed.

Smithy had had his night out, and after the feast came the reckoning.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Good-bye to Chicago!

"GREAT John James Brown!"

Mr. Hiram K. Fish looked excited. His favourite expletive came from his lips with unusual emphasis.

It was morning—a cold and windy morning in Chicago. Harry Wharton & Co. had stepped out of the elevator, coming down to breakfast.

There they met the excited Mr. Fish. The Co. were not yet aware that Herbert Vernon-Smith had been out all night.

They had gone to bed at their usual time, aware that the Bounder had not come in then; but naturally supposing that he would come in later.

That he had not come in at all they were about to discover.

Mr. Fish was evidently greatly disturbed; and equally evident he was in a very bad temper.

"Great John James Brown!" he repeated. "Gee-whiz! If this doesn't beat it! You hear me! It jist about beats it!"

"What's biting you, popper?" inquired Fisher T. Fish.

"Gee-whiz!"

"Anythin' up, sir?" asked Lord Mauleverer placidly.

Mr. Fish snorted.

"I should smile!" he growled.

Evidently something was up.

"But what—" asked Harry Wharton.

"The dog-goned young scally-wag—"

"Who, which, and what?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"That pesky young jay, Vernon-Smith!" hooted Mr. Fish.

The juniors were interested at once. "Anything happened to Smithy?" exclaimed Bob.

"I guess so!" snorted Mr. Fish.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"What's happened to Smithy, Mr. Fish?" asked the captain of the Remove anxiously.

Mr. Fish snorted again.

"I guess he's been playing the goat, just a few! I've had a telephone call from Central Police."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Johnny Bull. "You don't mean to say that Smithy—"

"I guess I do!" snarled Mr. Fish. "He was arrested at a night club last night—"

"Great Scott!"

"And taken to the station—"

"Phew!"

"And he's had a night in the cells—and serve him darned well right!" hooted Mr. Fish.



Van Schuyler was half through the doorway when Vernon-Smith made a desperate spring to follow. "Stop!" The big policeman reached at both of them. But as he did so, Van Schuyler, with great promptness, grasped the Bounder, and fairly hurled him at the officer, sending him staggering back. (See Chapter 12.)

"Oh, great Christopher Columbus!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish. "I guess that is the elephant's hind leg, it sure is!"

"He, he, he! I say, you fellows, ain't it lucky that I refused to go with Smithy last night—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

"Beast!"

"Well, this is the limit!" said Coker of the Fifth. "This is what comes of allowing fags to be cheeky—"

"Dry up, Coker, for goodness' sake!" said Bob. "Where's Smithy now, Mr. Fish?"

Another snort from Hiram K. Fish. "I guess he's in a cell."

"Oh, begad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"And I guess I've got to go and hook him out!" said Mr. Fish. "I've got to square this, and I guess it won't cost less than a hundred dollars to work the oracle. And I sure guess that I'll make that young scallywag pay every cent of it."

"This," said Coker, "is what comes of—"

"Shut up, Coker!"

"Dog-gone my cats!" said Mr. Fish. "I guess I got to hit the police-station, and get that young guy out. Search me!"

And Mr. Fish, evidently greatly perturbed, stamped away, and called a taxi, and vanished into the thronging traffic of Chicago.

"Well," remarked Johnny Bull, with a deep breath. "This takes the cake!"

"The cakefulness is terrific."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter."

"I hope Mr. Fish will be able to get Smithy out of it," said Harry

Wharton anxiously. "A Greyfriars man spending a night in the cells! My hat!"

"I say, you fellows, what would the Head say?" chuckled Billy Bunter.

"I guess the popper will square it all right!" said Fisher T. Fish. "You can buy anything in Chicago."

"Well, the Bounder's been and gone and done it this time!" said Bob Cherry. "Who wouldn't see life on these lines, my beloved 'earers?"

"Poor old Smithy!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"I say, you fellows, suppose they give him six months' hard!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"Shut up, you fat duffer!"

The juniors breakfasted in a rather worried mood, and they waited anxiously for the return of Mr. Hiram K. Fish.

Fisher T. Fish assured them that his popper would square it; and that anything in Chicago was only a matter of dollars; but Harry Wharton & Co. did not feel so sure about that—at all events, until Hiram K. Fish returned to the Atlantic.

Then, as Herbert Vernon-Smith returned with him, they were relieved to see that Mr. Fish undoubtedly had "squared" it!

It was a very quiet and subdued Bounder who walked into the hotel with Mr. Fish. He met the glances of the other fellows and coloured. But it was not the way of Harry Wharton & Co. to "rub it in," and they said nothing.

Only Billy Bunter wanted to know what it was like in the cells, and Bob Cherry diverted his attention from that interesting topic by stamping on his

foot. It was rather a hefty stamp; and the resultant yell from Bunter awoke most of the echoes of the Atlantic Hotel.

"And now," said Mr. Fish crossly, "I guess you guys had better pack. We're hitting the cars airy; and we lunch on the train. Get busy."

And the Greyfriars party got busy. Vernon-Smith packed with the rest. The Bounder had quite abandoned his little scheme of leaving the party and staying behind in Chicago to see some more "life" in that windy city.

Smithy had seen all the life he wanted to see in the city on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Certainly, he would have been glad to see Mr. Ralph van Schuyler just once more—for the purpose of planting his knuckles in the face of that gentleman. Otherwise, he was "through" with Mr. Van Schuyler.

The Bounder was very quiet and subdued as he drove to the railroad depot with the Greyfriars party. He could guess what the other fellows were thinking, though they were saying nothing. When they boarded the train, Vernon-Smith walked along the cars and disappeared.

The cars pulled out of the depot, and the Greyfriars juniors' journey to the west was resumed. It was not till Chicago had fallen out of sight that the Bounder came back to the car and stopped by Lord Mauleverer's seat. His lordship gave him a genial grin.

"Sorry, Mauly," said the Bounder, in a low voice.

"All serene, old bean!"

"You were right," muttered the
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,095.

Bounder. "I suppose I was a silly ass—"

"You were, old top," agreed Lord Mauleverer, "but we're all asses at times. Forget all about it."

"I'm really sorry—what I said to you—" said the Bounder shamefacedly.

"Forgotten it already, old scout!" said his lordship amiably. "By the way, did you have a good time?"

The Bounder laughed.

"Seein' that bloke Van Schuyler again?" asked Lord Mauleverer, with a smile.

The Bounder's jaw set grimly.

"I hope so," he answered, "and if ever I see him again, I'll alter the shape of his features for him."

And Mauly chuckled. Evidently, Herbert Vernon-Smith's friendship with that descendant of the Knickerbockers was a thing of the past.

"Oh, there you are!" Coker of the Fifth came along the car. "I've been looking for you, Vernon-Smith. I want you to understand, once and for all, that this won't do!"

The Bounder gave him a glare.

"Shut up, you ass!" he snapped.

"Yes, choose it, Coker, old man," said Bob Cherry. "We don't want one of your funny turns now."

"Hold your tongue, Cherry! Now, Vernon-Smith—"

"The ring-off-fulness is the proper

caper, my esteemed and preposterous Coker!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Shut up! Now, Vernon-Smith—"

"Go and eat coke!" snapped the Bounder, and he swung away.

Coker reached out for him, grasped his shoulder and swung him back. Coker had serious things to say to the scapegrace of the Remove. Coker, as usual, felt that it was his duty to impart instruction. That the Bounder had had a severe lesson, and was thoroughly ashamed of himself, all the fellows could see—excepting Coker. Coker never saw anything. So Coker was quite determined to weigh-in with the admonitions which he felt the young rascal needed.

"Now, stand there and listen to me!" snapped Coker, swinging the Bounder round.

The fact that about thirty people could hear every word, did not matter to Coker. Coker went on regardless.

"Now, I'm going to warn you—"

"Coker!" called out Potter, from farther up the car.

"Shut up, Potter!"

"I say, old chap!" called out Greene.

"Shut up, Greene!"

The Bounder's eyes gleamed at Coker of the Fifth.

"You crass ass! Will you dry up?" he hissed.

"Not till I've finished," said Coker,

"and I've a good deal to say to you, you shady young rascal. I'm going to warn you—"

But the good deal that Coker had to say was never said. The warning he had to utter was never uttered. For Harry Wharton & Co. rose in their seats as one man, and collared Horace Coker on all sides.

"Here—what—my hat—stop it!" roared Coker in surprise and rage.

The Famous Five did not stop it. They up-ended Coker, to the surprise and entertainment of a carload of passengers, and carried him back along the aisle to his own seat. Coker went—he had to go—with his arms and legs flying wildly in the air.

Bump!

Horace Coker was landed at the feet of Potter and Greene.

"This belongs to you, I think!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "Take care of it; don't let it wander along the train again."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Famous Five returned to their seats, leaving Coker struggling to get his second wind. The Bounder, grinning, sat down with them.

"Westward-ho, with a rumbelow!" sang Bob Cherry cheerily, as the smoke of Chicago faded out of sight behind, and the cars, humming on to the boundless West, carried the Greyfriars party on their long journey to far-off California.

THE END.

(Be sure and read: "HELD UP BY BANDITS!" the next yarn in this ripping series by Frank Richards. You'll find it in next week's MAGNET—another BUMPER ISSUE containing more FREE MOTOR-CAR BADGES!)

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THE BLACK HAWK!

By
Geo. E. Rochester.



"There is blood on your coat, Herr Hauptmann," said the Leutnant.

In the Hangar!

ERIC handed Zweig the sealed envelope. With a sullen glance at the boy, Zweig took it and ripped it open. The gloom on his face deepened as he read the instructions ordering him to vacate the hangar at once.

"You know the contents of this, Herr Hauptmann?" he inquired, raising his eyes from the paper.

Derek's hesitation was momentary. It was natural that he should know the nature of the dispatch.

"Yes," he replied. "I shall remain here whilst you make your arrangements for an immediate evacuation!"

Zweig nodded, and, turning on his heel, led the way into the hangar—a huge cavern hollowed out of the side of the hill. It was the first time Derek had ever seen one of these notorious underground hangars, which had proved so troublesome to the Allies. In fact, the locating of them was so difficult as to be well-nigh impossible.

The cavern was illumined by a hanging electric-light bulb, and the boy looked about him with curious eyes. The huge Gotha bombing-machine—not unlike the British Handley-Page night bomber—stood in the centre of the hangar, its wings folded back. The great tired wheels of the undercarriage were mounted on the wide-gauged steel rails, in readiness for the wheeling of the machine out on to the flat ground which lay on the other side of the path.

The light from the swinging bulb glinted on the massive black wings and fuselage of the Gotha, and the cavern reeked with the mingled smells of oil, petrol, fabric, dope, and humanity.

Unteroffizier Umgenstalt was superintending the overhauling of the black-barrelled, uncased guns in the rear cockpit. Half a dozen mechanics were working on the powerful port and starboard Krupps engines, aided by the illumination of dry battery lamps. Four others were engaged in the greasing of aileron and rudder controls.

Around the earthen walls the men's kit hung on stakes driven well in, and on the floor below were their palliasses beds. Four men lay asleep, and Derek judged that these were probably the crew who had accompanied Zweig on the Soissons raid of which he had spoken.

"Aufmerksamkeit!" bellowed Zweig. "Attention. Make ready to take the air at once! We leave for Mannheim without delay!"

"One wonders"—he swung suddenly on Derek—"why it is necessary to leave this hangar?"

There was a question in the words, but it was a question which Derek could not answer if he would. He, too, was wondering why evacuation of this underground hangar was being ordered so abruptly by the German High Command.

"Yes!" he said non-committally, watching the mechanics hastily re-assembling the engines and bolting down the black cowlings.

But the Leutnant Zweig was not satisfied with the affirmative monosyllable. He wanted details, and he had no doubt that this young and grim-faced captain could supply them. But, unless he wanted another snub, it was necessary to proceed with tact.

"It may well be," he remarked, with a sidelong glance at Derek, "that I am to be promoted, yes? I am a good pilot, and maybe I am to be transferred

Leutnant Zweig didn't like this young captain . . . some swaggering upstart of a student, with influence in the right quarter . . . But the Leutnant Zweig didn't know that this captain was a Britisher in disguise!

(Introduction on page 26.)

to the School of Flying Instruction at Dusseldorf. As," he added importantly, "an instructor, of course!"

"That is possible," responded Derek dryly, "but highly improbable!"

Zweig scowled. He didn't like this young captain. No, indeed, he did not. Some swaggering upstart of a student, this captain, with influence in the right quarter. Zweig almost fumed in disgust, but checked himself in time. He knew only too well what the reward of insolence would be.

Not for one moment had it occurred to Zweig that the boy was other than he appeared to be. Why should it? But Derek knew that in the perilous game he was playing the first false

step would mean exposure and disaster. He had, however, weighed up Zweig sufficiently well by this time to anticipate a little danger from either him or his men.

"Another thing I can think of," went on Zweig, and the anxious note in his voice was very apparent. "It may be that I am to be transferred to the long-distance bombing-machines—the Gothas which are detailed for the raids over England, yes?"

"Possibly!" assented Derek. "The death roll in that particular branch of the service is very heavy. We need pilots—and yet more pilots!"

Zweig moved uneasily. Perhaps they really did mean to transfer him to the long-distance bombers.

"Do you think, you egoistical fool," went on Derek harshly, "that the High Command has ordered the immediate evacuation of this hangar merely because you are to be detailed for some other duty? Come, show me your petrol and ammunition dumps!"

Almost cheerfully, Zweig seized a dry-battery lamp and led the way towards a small tunnel, the entrance to which was at the rear of the cavernous hangar.

Of course! He hadn't looked at it like that. If they were going to transfer him to some other branch—some more dangerous branch—of the Service they would merely send for him, and some other pilot would come here to take his place. Yes, that's what they'd do.

But he hadn't yet discovered from this captain just why the hangar was to be evacuated. Well, he was not going to try to find out any longer. It was obvious that the captain intended to keep his own council.

At the mouth of the low tunnel, Zweig stood aside in order to allow Derek to go first.

"The petrol dump and ammunition dump lie along this passage-way, Herr Hauptmann," he said, handing Derek the dry-battery lamp. "Go right in, and I will follow."

Derek took the lamp, and, stooping, set off along the tunnel.

Zweig produced an electric torch from his pocket and followed.

Suddenly he halted abruptly.

"Herr Hauptmann!" he said in a voice which betrayed his amazement.

"Well?" demanded Derek, glancing round.

"Herr Hauptmann, you are wounded! There is blood on your tunic between the shoulders!"

The Cellars!

DEREK turned his head away, his eyes grim. That stain on the tunic had been caused by the life-blood of Von Arn.

But in a moment he had himself under control.

"I know," he replied easily, hating the need for deception such as this. "It is nothing. I fell in with a roving Englander on my way here, and he grazed me with a burst from his gun."

"But you shot the pig-dam down, Herr Hauptmann?"

"Yes," replied Derek sombrely, "I shot him down. But come, let us get on. How far does this tunnel extend?"

"Scarce fifty metres, Herr Hauptmann!" replied Zweig somewhat more humbly and respectfully.

There must be something in this young captain, after all. He had been in an air-fight and had not mentioned it. He—Zweig—was not like that. Certainly not! Often he had been shelled by anti-aircraft guns at night. And when recounting the episode later a little exaggeration even was permitted, was it not?

Progress through the tunnel was not difficult, and after traversing fifty yards or so of its length Derek found that it suddenly terminated in a large cellar, stone-walled and stone-floored. In the middle of the cellar floor was a small hydraulic pump of modern and squatly-powerful design. The whole place was reeking with the fumes of petrol.

"This cellar is but one of many," explained Zweig, ranging himself alongside Derek. "See, yonder in the shadows other cellars branch off, and that is where we have our ammunition stored."

"Yes. But surely these are the cellars of some large house?" said Derek wonderingly.

"Of course!" assented Zweig. "Did you not notice the old deserted house standing on the hillside away back from the hangar? We are standing below it, in the cellars of it."

Derek nodded. He recollected having seen the old house of which Zweig spoke, but had taken little notice of it at the time.

"The petrol-tank is below this floor?" Derek asked.

"Yes," replied Zweig. "There used to be an old well below this cellar, but our engineers filled it in. They widened the shaft also, and built in it an eight-hundred-gallon tank. The petrol is pumped up by means of the hydraulic pump which you see."

"And your bombs?"

"They are in a pit, Herr Hauptmann."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,095.

outside the hangar—less than one hundred metres away."

Derek nodded.

"How much ammunition have you stored in these adjoining cellars?" he asked.

"More than one hundred thousand rounds, both for the synchronised Krupps gun and the rear cockpit Ernst guns," replied Zweig.

"But why have you synchronised gun ammunition here, when your machine is only fitted with mounted Ernst guns?" demanded Derek, in surprise.

"Because, Herr Hauptmann," explained Zweig, "it is here in readiness should the Gotha be detailed for a raid on which an escort of fighting scouts is necessary."

"I understand," said Derek quietly, but in his eyes was sudden exultation.

"And I do not understand," grumbled Zweig, "what I am to do. The petrol must stay here. And with full crew and gear and kit on board I cannot take much of the ammunition. As for the bombs—"

"Do your orders mention petrol, ammunition, or bombs?" cut in Derek harshly. "Are you required to transport these things?"

"No, but—"

"Then do not concern yourself about them," said the boy coldly. "Your business is to evacuate the hangar—to get your men and machine out of it—at the earliest possible moment."

Derek and Zweig retraced their steps through the tunnel to the hangar, where, under the supervision of Unter-offizier Umgenstalt, crew and mechanics were collecting their kit.

"The machine is ready to leave the hangar, sir!" said Umgenstalt to Zweig, with a snap salute.

"Good!" grunted Zweig; and, turning to a sergeant of mechanics, went on: "Vortz, when the machine has taken off you will take your men to the railway station at Strasse and will proceed to Ulm by rail. I will give you travelling papers."

"Very good, sir!"

Zweig took a last look round the hangar.

"Is my kit and bedding aboard, Umgenstalt?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir!"

Zweig nodded, and, crossing to the staple driven into the earthen wall above where his bed had been, took down his heavy flying kit.

"And you, Herr Hauptmann," he inquired, struggling into his flying coat—"do you accompany us?"

"Only so far," replied Derek. "I

HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

Accused of treachery, court-martialled and sentenced to be shot at dawn! The dastardly plot against young Derek Monetteff, fearless British pilot and greatest of war aces, would seem to have succeeded up to the hilt. But Derek does not submit tamely to his fate. Determined at all costs to clear his dishonoured name and exact a grim reckoning with the plotters, he makes a desperate bid for liberty. He succeeds in escaping in his machine, the Scarlet Scout, and is heading for the Vosges Mountains when he encounters an enemy plane. In the fight that follows the German pilot is mortally wounded and dies soon after making a forced landing. Derek discovers that the dead man's name is Captain Von Arn and that he carries a dispatch for Lieutenant Zweig, Gotha Commander, Abergau. In a flash comes the daring scheme for Derek to borrow the uniform and identity of Von Arn. In the early morning the young pilot arrives at the secret aerodrome at Abergau and, playing his part well, threatens to report Zweig for his slovenliness. "Here are orders, for your immediate attention!" raps out Derek.

(Now read on.)

shall swing towards the west when I have seen you safely into the air."

Zweig stared.

"Towards the trenches, you mean?" he demanded.

"Certainly! I may meet some cursed Englander, or Frenchman."

"I," remarked Zweig, with feeling, "prefer the night bombing!"

Derek laughed.

"Each to his taste, my Zweig!" he said cheerily. "Personally, I think your craft a slow and lumbering thing!"

Zweig grinned. Not such a bad sort, this young captain, after all!

Buttoning up his flying coat and pulling his belt tight, he faced Derek, helmet and goggles in his hand.

"I am ready, Herr Hauptmann!" he said; and this time his salute was a smart and creditable gesture.

"Very good!" replied the boy. "Get your machine and take off without delay!"

The Departure!

ZWEIG mounted to the pilot's cockpit, and slowly the huge black Gotha began to move forward out of its hangar, pushed along the steel rails by straining mechanics and crew.

It reached the flat, taking-off ground, where the rails terminated. Folded wings were pushed forward and locked into place, and, with starting-handles in their hands, two mechanics scrambled up to the port and starboard Krupps engines.

Zweig switched on, and the engines picked up with a thunderous roar. For five minutes or more he tested both engines, running them alternately, up to full revolutions. And during that time the crew, including Umgenstalt, clambered aboard the machine.

Satisfied that his engines were in good running order, and giving their revolutions, Zweig throttled down, and, relaxing in his seat, drew on his flying gloves and adjusted his goggles.

A strange transformation seemed to have taken place in him. However slovenly and untidy he might be on the ground, however slow and heavy of gesture, he was now brisk and alert. Zweig never missed an opportunity of saying that he was a good pilot—and he was a good pilot, thoroughly at home in the cockpit.

He glanced outboards, then turned in his seat for one last look at the hangar. He was sorry to be leaving, for the days had passed very pleasantly here. Ah, well—

His fingers closed on the throttle, and as the roar of his engines rose to a thunderous, pulsating rhythm, setting aquiver every flying wire and strut, his gloved hand shot up.

The waiting mechanics in response to the signal, whipped the chocks away from in front of the great tired wheels of the undercarriage.

Slowly, the black Gotha began to move forward, swaying and bumping over the none-too-smooth ground. There was scarce a breath of wind that glorious morning, but Zweig swung the nose of the machine into what there was and gave the Gotha open throttle.

With ever-increasing impetus, the black-winged monster swept forward. The tail came up and the ground swirled madly past. Tentatively, Zweig eased back the control-stick, his gloved hands gripping firmly on the leather-bound wheel.

The Gotha lifted, dropped till its undercarriage wheels seemed but to

brush the short grass, then lifted again and rose into the air in a long, graceful climb. Derek stood watching it, as it circled once before swinging on to a northerly course. Then, turning to the mechanics, he said sharply:

"Lose no time in leaving here—you are wanted at Ulm!"

He then set out towards the tiny village of Abergau, a kilometre distant, on the outskirts of which stood the Stahlschuss scout, which he had adopted for his own use. Twenty minutes later he was in the air, thundering in the wake of the Gotha, which was already out of sight.

But he was not leaving Abergau with no intention of ever returning. He would return with the dusk—return to that deserted hangar, and there perfect in every detail the plans which were in his mind as to his future course of action.

He knew the deadly peril—the death which would be ever at his elbow—during the days which were to come. But he was determined to go on. The first terrible hurt, the passionate anger and hot resentment aroused by the wrong which had been done him, was passing, and he was seeing things more clearly now.

He had his own cause for which to fight. But, outcast though he might be, there was a greater cause by far—the cause of England. She must come first—himself second. And alone, unaided by any, in the very heart of the enemy's country, he would work with all his heart and soul for England—the England which had sentenced him to a shameful and degrading death.

That day, so shortly passed, when he had dived on the hangars of Mannheim he had been a laughing boy. But now, crouched over the controls of the German scout, he looked older than his years. His face was grim and set, and all laughter seemed to have died in his cold, hard eyes.

Far ahead, a speck in the sky, he saw the Gotha. And as he rapidly overhauled it, he wondered again why evacuation of that underground hangar had been ordered.

Drawing level with the great bomber, which was flying, as instructed, at less than one thousand feet, he edged in until the wing tips of the two machines were almost touching.

For a few moments he throttled down to keep pace with the Gotha; then, with a wave of his gloved hand, he swung westwards towards the distant trenches. Zweig, acknowledging the parting salute, muttered to himself:

"He goes looking for trouble, that young captain. Maybe, he will find it!"

Ab, well, if he didn't return, Zweig would know what had happened to him. He'd know that the clever young fool had been shot down by some cursed Englishman, cleverer than him.

Which, had Zweig but known it, was exactly what Derek wanted him to think. As Von Arn, Derek was heading towards the trenches. As Von Arn he would fail to return. It would be presumed, therefore, that after delivering the dispatch to Zweig, Von Arn had flown westwards to his death.

There was more than an even chance that the real truth would never be revealed. Von Arn's body was bound to be found, sooner or later, but it lay near the burnt wreckage of a British machine, and was clothed in the khaki uniform of a British officer. Unless the individual who found the body knew Von Arn by sight, then the construction put on the discovery would be that a British pilot had crashed in flames and been thrown clear of his machine.

And if the identification disc on Von Arn's wrist was examined, together with the papers in his pockets, he would be identified as Captain Derek Moncreiff!

For the papers and identification disc were Captain Derek's. Therefore, unless something strangely unforeseen occurred, both Adolf von Arn and Derek Moncreiff would that day vanish from the ken of man, and in their stead would arise—who?

As soon as their diverging courses had taken the Gotha out of sight, Derek banked, and thundered back the way he had come.

He dared not risk falling in with any Allied machines, for the black Iron Crosses painted on his wings would mean that he would be instantly attacked. And a fight with his fellow-countrymen must be avoided at all costs.

He flew on until, far ahead, he saw the shimmering spire of Strasbourg Cathedral and the glittering waters of the Rhine. He swung off then towards the south-east, scanning the ground below with watchful eyes.

He was looking for a likely landing-place, for he had no intention of returning to the hangar near Abergau before dusk had fallen. By that time the mechanics would be well away from the district, and there would be none to witness his return, save the handful of villagers.

Suddenly his gloved fingers closed on the throttle, and as the roar of his engine died away, he pushed forward the control-stick, to dive down towards a small farmstead standing by itself beside a narrow, winding, ribbon of

roadway which, from the air, appeared little better than a cart-track.

He landed in a field behind outbuildings which had fallen into a mournful state of disrepair, and, switching off his engine, clambered from the cockpit and made his way towards the house. As he passed through a straw-littered yard at the rear, a great, gaunt and half-starved looking collie leapt at him the full length of its rusted chain, barking furiously.

Rounding the house which, like the outbuildings, wore an aspect of neglect and disrepair, Derek knocked on the paint-blistered and weather-beaten front door. In the interval of waiting which followed his knock, he noted that the square patch of vegetable garden which fronted the house was little better than a tangle of weeds.

He knocked again sharply, and this time, slow, shuffling steps approached on the other side of the door. The latch was lifted, and as the door opened, Derek found himself confronted by an aged peasant woman.

She curtsied humbly, and stood waiting in silence for the boy to speak.

"Why did you not open the door when first I knocked?" demanded Derek harshly.

The woman hesitated.

"I did not hear you, sir," she mumbled, avoiding the boy's gaze.

Derek's every instinct was to treat the woman courteously, but he knew only too well the arrogance which she would, as a matter of course, expect from one who wore the grey-braided uniform of German commissioned rank.

So, striding past her into the stone-floored kitchen, he threw his flying gloves on to the table which, void of cloth, was littered with unwashed dishes and the remains of a crude meal.

"Who lives here with you?" demanded Derek, turning to her.

"Sir, I live here alone," replied the woman timidly.

Derek's eyes hardened.

"Indeed?" he said coldly. "Then where is your husband?"

"He has been called to the colours, sir, and serves with the Landstrum at Halle."

"And you live here alone, you say?" persisted Derek.

"Yes, sir!"

"Then to whom," demanded the boy harshly, "does this thing belong?"

From a chair by the table he picked up a man's red tam-o'-shanter and thrust it towards the aged peasant woman.

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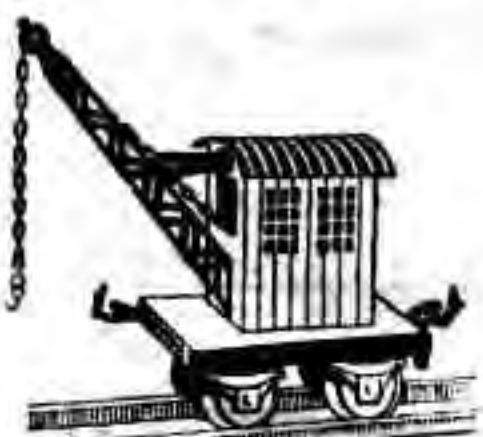
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