

"BUNTER, THE PRIZE HUNTER!" *This week's screamingly funny story of Greyfriars.*

The MAGNET 2^D

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EVERY SATURDAY.



THE BIGGEST DUFFER IN THE SCHOOL thinks he'll win a Latin prize!



Come Into the Office, Boys!

Always glad to hear from you, clams, 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.

ONE of my readers, W. Barker, who doesn't give his address, asks a very interesting question this week. He asks: "In entering New York, does one have to pay admission to get into the city?"

It sounds amazing, but it is perfectly true that one has to pay to enter New York! And, not only New York—but every seaport in the world! It is true that there isn't a man standing at a turnstile taking the admission money, but you've got to pay it all the same, and the way you do so is that it is charged on your steamer ticket!

You see, all ports in the world have to raise money for the upkeep of the harbour services, and so on, and they do this in a variety of ways. A cargo steamer is charged what are called

HARBOUR DUES,

and also light dues, for the upkeep of lighthouses. Ordinary passengers pay a "landing tax" which goes to the port authorities. Every time you go abroad, the cost of this landing tax is added to your ticket, and paid out in due course by the shipping company. Furthermore, if you go abroad, you have to pay to land in England again—unless you are a member of a ship's crew.

When a cargo vessel goes into a foreign port, all the members of the crew are counted, and woe betide the captain of the ship if one of them deserts and remains behind. He is heavily fined, which is the reason why captains don't take kindly to stowaways who leave the ship when they get to a foreign port. In America the fine is very heavy for allowing a stowaway to get away from the ship.

Many thanks for your query, W. Barker. That's the kind of question I like answering. It has reminded me, too, of the time

WHEN I WAS IN AMERICA

before the War. I was on a ship which went into dock at Bayonne, in New Jersey, and being carried on the ship's books, I did not have to pay to get into New York, because I was leaving again with the same ship. There is a wonderful ferry system in New York, and there were dozens of ways by which I could get from Bayonne. I tried three different ways, and found them all interesting.

The first way was to cross to Staten Island by rowing boat, catch a train across the island, and then get a magnificent ferry-boat to Battery Point. This was the longest way round, but the views of the harbour, and especially of the Statue of Liberty were well worth it!

I could also get a train to Jersey City, and then cross by ferry to the west side of New York. But, as I was only a boy in those days, and hadn't much pocket

money, I preferred to travel by tramway, or, as the Americans say, by "street car." This went a long way round, and took a long time—but it only cost me five cents, or twopence-halfpenny, to get to Jersey City, and then there was only another five cents ferry fare to land me right in New York.

And, in those days, one could get a whacking great pumpkin pie in New York for five cents! Gosh! Wouldn't Billy Bunter have enjoyed himself there!

One of the winners of our useful penknives is R. Turner, 29, Bradfield Avenue, Tootal Drive, Weaste, who has sent in the following amusing joke.



Young Wife: "If this is an all wool shirt, why is it labelled 'Cotton'?"

Shopman: "To deceive



the moths, madam!"

I WAS talking to a "beak" the other day, and he made me smile by telling me about some of the

"HOWLERS"

which certain boys had made at his school. Some of them would do credit to Sammy Bunter and his pals of the Second Form at Greyfriars. For instance, one bright youth, in an essay on Venice, said: "People go about Venice in gorgonzolas!"

Another "howler" which made me laugh was that of a boy who said: "A Red Indian's wife is called his squaw, and his children are called squawkers!"

FIVE FREE COUPONS.

By the way, do you know that by collecting coupons from Nestle's chocolate you can get some wonderful things, such as Fountain Pens, Model Railway Engines, Cameras, sets of Carpenters' Tools, Cricket Bats, Boxing Gloves, and a heap of other articles which you are just longing to possess? It is quite easy to obtain any of these things. All you have to do is to save the coupons or coloured slips, which have coupon value, and which will be found in many packets of Nestle's Chocolate. You can start your collection with five free coupons if you fill in the coupon which will be found on another page in this issue and address it to Nestle's (Gift Dept.), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8. They will also send you their Presentation List from which you can choose the gifts you would like to have. Be sure to mention MAGNET.

Most schoolboys are interested in

SECRET SOCIETIES,

and I remember that when I was at school, we had several "secret societies" who engaged in friendly rivalry with each other. But, of course, these were harmless affairs, and were not to be compared with such secret societies as those about which Dan Terrell, of Whitstable, asks me. Do secret societies still flourish?—he wants to know. They do—but not in such countries as ours.

In quite recent years evidence has come to light of the terrorism practised by

secret societies in such places as Sicily, Corsica, Italy, Spain, and even the United States. Perhaps the most infamous secret societies were the Mafia, and the Camorra, which were deadly enemies, and did not stop short at murder. Both of these societies originated in Sicily, but branches of them were formed in America, and the city of New Orleans was terrorised by them for nearly five years. The chief of police was assassinated by them, explosions took place, and the mob ran riot, while lynchings were a frequent occurrence. Eventually, however, the power of these societies was broken, and they are now inclined to "hide their light under a bushel."

Here is

ANOTHER PUZZLER

for "Mr. X." to deal with. D. C. Keeping, of Godalming, went to a party recently, and a conjurer produced six handkerchiefs, three of which he left loose, and placed in a box. Three others he tied, and placed under the coat of a boy in the audience. Then he opened the box and produced the tied handkerchiefs, while from under the boy's coat he brought out the three loose ones.

This trick can be done in a number of ways, but there is only space to describe one of them. The conjurer probably had what is known as a "handkerchief vanisher," which can be purchased at any magical stores. By means of that he vanished the three tied handkerchiefs as he was putting them under the boy's coat, and substituted in their place three more untied ones. So far as the box was concerned, it probably had a false section in it, which allowed the loose handkerchiefs to be hidden, while three tied ones—which had previously been secreted in the box—were again substituted.

A "handkerchief vanisher" consists of a grip which holds the handkerchiefs on a length of black elastic, which, when the conjurer lets go, whisks the handkerchiefs round to his back and up under his coat. But, as I say, there are dozens of ways of doing this trick, and just to give you an idea of how simple it is to "tie" handkerchiefs, here is a simple trick that can be done without any special apparatus. A thin rubber band is all that is required.

The conjurer slips this thin rubber band over the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, where it will not be noticed. Then he takes two loose handkerchiefs in his left hand, and takes hold of their corners with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. He throws them in the air and

"HEY, PRESTO!"

they are "tied" together! What he does,
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Send along your Joke or your Greyfriars Limerick—or both—and win our useful prizes of leather pocket wallets and Sheffield steel penknives. All efforts to be sent to: c/o "Magnet," 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

BUNTER,

THE

PRIZE HUNTER



A LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL
STORY OF GREYFRIARS.

By Frank Richards.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Chance for Bunter!

"O NE for you, Bunter!"
"Eh!"
"Foreign postmark!" said Skinner.

"Oh, good!"
Billy Bunter fairly grabbed at the letter that Skinner handed down from the rack.

His eyes danced behind his spectacles. A dozen fellows had gathered, in break, to take their letters. Bunter, of course, had turned up—Bunter never missed. Bunter was expecting a postal-order! He had had a considerable number of disappointments; but hope springs eternal in the human breast.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Is that the jolly old postal-order at last?"

"The one you were expecting last term?" asked Nugent.

"Or the one you were expecting the term before?" grinned Johnny Bull.

Bunter sniffed.
"I rather fancy there's a decent tip in this letter," he said. "I'm not going to lend you fellows anything."

Bunter turned the letter over in his fat hands, blinking at it with great satisfaction. It was a thin, foreign envelope, and the postmark on it was a French one—Mentone, Alpes-Maritimes.

"This is from my Uncle George," said Bunter. "He's in the South of France, you know—he's been ill. I went to see him at Folkestone when he was going abroad. You remember I took you with me, Wharton."

"I remember," assented Wharton.

"He's frightfully fond of me, you know."

"I didn't notice that—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"There's no accounting for tastes, is there?" remarked Skinner.

"Beast!"

Bunter jammed a fat thumb into the envelope, which was his elegant way of opening a letter.

"I've been expecting this for some time," he remarked. "I've written Uncle George a lot of letters since he's been abroad, inquiring after his

health, you know, and telling him how hard I'm working—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And I've mentioned once or twice that I could do with some new books," said Bunter. "I mentioned I'd lost my Latin dictionary—"

"Why, you fat boulder, you sold it to Fishy for two bob!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Well, that was losing it, wasn't it?" said Bunter. "I didn't tell him how I'd lost it—I simply said I'd lost it. I think the least he could do would be to weigh in with a quid for a new dick. He's rather keen on my bagging prizes and things. He offered me a fiver last term if I got away with the Latin medal. But I hadn't the time—"

"Not to mention the brains," remarked Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The absurd timefulness is more extensive than the esteemed brainful-

"Then I'm jolly well not going to be civil! Come on, you men—no good stopping here being civil to Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co walked away. Billy Bunter stood blinking at the letter in his fat hand.

He did not seem to be in a hurry to read it. It seemed to have lost its interest for him somehow.

"Oh, crumbs!" he said. "I say, you fellows, isn't this rotten? I've wasted a lot of stamps writing to Uncle George—it costs twopence-a'penny a time to write to France, you know—"

"How lucky they weren't your own stamps!" remarked Skinner.

"Beast! This is rather sickening," said Bunter. "I told him how I'd been working with a borrowed dictionary, you know—working so hard that my Form master was getting alarmed about my health—"

"Great pip!"

"I gave him a description how I'd sat up late, with a wet towel round my head, grinding Latin," said Bunter. "After that you know, you'd think he would weigh out something."

"He mightn't have swallowed it!" chuckled Vernon-Smith.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter rolled dismally away with the letter in his fat hand. It really was, as he had said, sickening. If Uncle George had taken the trouble to write at all, he really might have put something in the letter as well as avuncular advice. If he fancied that Bunter wanted good advice, without any jam along with the pill, so to speak, Uncle George was making a serious mistake.

Bunter rolled out into the quad and crumpled the letter in his hand. So little did he value the correspondence of his uncle, Mr. George Bunter, that he was tempted to toss the letter away unread. It did not seem very useful to wade through a letter that was unaccompanied by cash.

On second thoughts, however, the Owl of the Remove decided to look at it. There was a possibility that it contained some hint of a hope for the future.

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BILLY BUNTER SEEKING PRIZE brings

"MAGNET" READERS BIG SURPRISE!

ness," remarked Hurtee Jamset Ram Singh.

"Well, I told him it couldn't be done, as I go in for games and things such a lot—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"If he's standing me a quid for a new dick," said Bunter, "I can get the old one back from Fishy for three bob—and that will be seventeen bob to the good. That means a spread in the study. I may ask some of you fellows, if you're civil."

"The civility will be terrific, my esteemed Bunter."

"Let's see the quid first," grinned Bob Cherry. "I'm not going to waste a lot of civility for nothing."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter drew the letter from the envelope and unfolded it. The satisfaction faded out of his fat face.

"Well?" said Bob, with a chuckle.

"There—there's nothing in it—only a letter!"

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"Dear William I have received several letters from you, and in none of them have I observed any improvement in your spelling."

"Beast!" murmured Bunter, interrupting his perusal to make that remark to his absent Uncle George.

"I am glad to hear that you are working so hard at your studies, though it appears to me very singular that the result is not reflected in your Form master's reports of your progress."

"Sarc," snorted Bunter—"just sarc! Lot of good wasting twopence-ha'penny a time to get a lot of sarc."

"I should be very glad to hear that you had, for the first time in your school career, obtained some distinction, however small. For this reason I renew the offer I made you last term."

"Oh!" said Bunter.

"There is still time for you to enter for the term's prize for Latin verse."

"What rot!" grunted Bunter. "It's only a beastly book! Who the thump wants a beastly book prize?"

"If you should gain this prize I will send you the £5 note as soon as I receive the official news."

"Couldn't take my word for it!" snorted Bunter. "Couldn't take his own nephew's word! Beast!"

"If your statement is correct that you are working hard, this change in your habits should give you a fair chance."

"Your affectionate uncle,
"GEORGE BUNTER."

Billy Bunter gave an emphatic snort. Again he was tempted to toss away the epistle from Mr. George Bunter. But he changed his mind once more, and crumpled it into his pocket.

There was a thoughtful expression on his fat brow. Work was work—a nuisance and a beastly bore. But a fiver was a fiver!

For the first time in his fat career, Bunter seriously considered the possibility of doing some work!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Astonishing the Natives!

"QUIET!" "What?" "Quiet!" repeated Billy Bunter.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent stared.

Really, it was enough to make a fellow stare.

Wharton and Nugent had come up to their study—No. 1 in the Remove. Naturally, they expected to find it vacant when they arrived.

But it was not vacant.

Billy Bunter was there, sitting at the study table, a pen in his hand, ink on his fat fingers, and an inky smudge on his fat little nose.

He waved a fat hand to the chums of the Remove as they presented themselves in the doorway. He requested them to be quiet. Bunter, apparently, did not want to be disturbed.

The two juniors gazed at him.

Had they left any tuck in the study, they would not have been surprised to see Bunter there, rooting in the cupboard. They would not have been surprised to see him curled up in the armchair before the fire, enjoying a frown. But they were distinctly surprised to see him seated at the table, surrounded by books, pen in hand, thoughtful and laborious and inky.

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Bunter had never been seen "swotting" before. He seemed to be swotting now. It was surprising; and perhaps, to his Form master's eye, it would have been pleasing and gratifying. But the fellows to whom the study belonged were neither pleased nor gratified.

"What the thump—" began Harry Wharton.

"Quiet!" said Bunter, for the third time.

"What the dickens—" asked Nugent.

"Quiet!"

"You silly ass!" ejaculated Wharton.

"What are you up to in our study?"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Mean to say you're swotting?" exclaimed the astonished Nugent.

"Yes; shut up!"

"Queelch been after you?"

"No; shut up!"

"Look here, Bunter—"

"I say, you fellows, I wish you'd shut up!" said Bunter peevishly. "How's a fellow to work with two silly asses braying at him all the time?"

"Look here, you ass—"

"Don't come into the study," said Bunter. "You're interrupting me! You can go along to some other study, you know."

"We happen to want our own," said Wharton laughing. "So the sooner you travel the better. Why can't you swot in your own study?"

"Toddy's got some fellows there! They will keep jawing—just like you fellows," said Bunter. "Never saw such a set of geese for cackling. Look here, if you're coming into the study, just be quiet! Sit down quietly and don't move, or say anything. See?"

Having delivered this injunction, William George Bunter gave his attention to his work again. He had Wharton's Latin dictionary on one side of him, Nugent's "Principia" on the other, and an open volume of Virgil before him. He was deep in Latin—very deep.

"Well, my hat!" said Wharton.

He was more and more surprised. Bunter was well known to entertain a bitter hatred for the Latin tongue, and a personal animosity against all the classical authors who had written in that tongue. One sole quality Bunter allowed to Latin; and that was, that putrid as it was, it wasn't so putrid as Greek.

Bunter's "con" was easily the worst in the Remove. With difficulty, and the aid of a cane, Mr. Quelch drove Bunter through the Form work. If Bunter scraped through in class, somehow, he was satisfied—more than satisfied. So long as he wasn't licked, or detained, or given lines, Bunter felt that that was good enough. There were fellows in the Remove, like Mark Linley, who swotted sometimes, on the unusual theory that they had come to school to learn things. But Bunter had never been in the ranks of those earnest youths. In vain, so far as Bunter was concerned, had Mr. Quelch pointed out the beauties of Virgil. Bunter was totally blind to those beauties; and his only feeling towards Virgil was a desire to punch his nose.

Yet here he was—swotting!

Here he was—grinding Latin!

Here he was, digging into the "Æneid" as if it were a popular novel, a "best-seller" written in the worst of English instead of the best of Latin.

It was not only surprising. It was staggering. It raised doubts in the minds of the chums of the Remove as to Bunter's sanity.

His cheek in taking possession of their study to "swot" in was quite a secondary matter. That, indeed, was like Bunter. It was the swotting that was unlike him.

Standing by the study table, Wharton and Nugent regarded Bunter, with astonishment, with interest, and with a little alarm.

He heeded them not.

He murmured over some verses from the Vergilian volume, as if he were enjoying them; and then he began to scribble.

He was scribbling Latin.

He was not transcribing Virgil! It was not a case of "lines." He was apparently taking the great Mantuan as a model, and endeavouring to write Latin verse in a similar style.

It was doubtless a praiseworthy endeavour; but the style, it had to be confessed, was not very similar. Had P. Vergilius Maro been present, he would hardly have detected the remotest resemblance.

Still, Bunter was doing his best. No fellow could do more than his best.

"Well, my hat!" repeated Wharton.

"Do shut up!" said Bunter.

"But what—"

"Quiet!"

"Is this a lark?" asked the puzzled Nugent.

"Eh? No! Shut up!"

"Well," said Wharton, "I'm glad to see you doing some work, Bunter, for the first time in your life. But we want the study, old bean."

"Quiet!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry's powerful voice boomed in the doorway, and he came in, with a tread that shook the table. Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh followed him in.

Billy Bunter glared at the new arrivals. His spectacles gleamed with wrath and indignation.

"Can't you be quiet?" he hooted.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's up?" asked Bob. "Lines, old fat man?"

"No! Shut up!"

"Not working?" ejaculated Johnny Bull, in amazement.

"Yes; shut up!"

"My esteemed Bunter!" exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "What is the absurd matter? Have you gone off your preposterous onion?"

"Oh, really, you fellows—"

"He's working," said Harry Wharton, almost dazedly. "He's mugging Virgil. He's grinding Latin! He's swotting! He's sapping! I suppose it's some sort of a tremendous joke, though I don't quite see it."

"And he's selected our study to do it in," grinned Nugent, "and we're all to sit down quietly and not talk."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter gave the Famous Five an exasperated glare.

"Can't you be quiet, when a fellow's working?" he howled. "Look here, clear off, and go and jaw in some other study."

"But we can't box in another study," grinned Bob Cherry, "and we've got a boxing-match on!"

"You can't box here, you silly ass! How am I going to write Latin verse with you men kicking up a shindy?"

"Echo answers, how?" said Wharton, laughing.

"The howfulness is terrific, my esteemed and absurd Bunter."

"Here's the gloves!" said Nugent. He sorted two pairs of boxing-gloves out of the study cupboard. "Now shift the table!"

"I say, you fellows—"

The table was whirled away to the wall. Billy Bunter was left sitting with his pen in his hand, and wrath in his fat countenance.

"Look here, you beasts—"

"Shift, old fat man!"

"Shan't!"

But Bunter did shift, quite suddenly,



Wun Lung's active hands fastened on Bunter, and the next moment the Owl of the Remove found himself bent in a very uncomfortable attitude, unable to move without danger of cracking a bone!

as the legs of his chair were hooked away from behind. His fat person was transferred to the floor, with a bump.

"Yooop!"

"Roll away, barrel!"

"Look here, you beasts, you can go and box in Bob's study!" yelled Bunter.

"Can't!" said Bob. "Marky's swotting there! Marky's swotting for the Latin prize; the papers have to go in to Quelch next week."

"Roll away, Bunter!"

"I say, you beasts—"

"Oh, let him sit there, if he likes," said Bob tolerantly. "If he gets trodden on, I dare say he will roll away."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!"

Billy Bunter rolled away without waiting to be trodden on. He rolled out into the Remove passage. He grabbed up books as he went.

"Bring those books back before prep," called out Nugent.

"Yah!"

Bunter rolled up the passage, laden with books—books of a kind that had never been known to appeal to Bunter before.

"What on earth's the matter with him?" asked Nugent. "Is it some mysterious sort of a jape, or has he gone off his rocker?"

"Off his rocker, I fancy," said Bob. "He hadn't far to go! Now then, you men, we're wasting time; never mind Bunter."

A four-handed mill was soon going on in Study No. 1; lately the scene of Bill Bunter's unaccustomed and amazing devotion to the classics. And Bunter was forgotten.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Cool!

"I SAY, Marky, old fellow!"

Mark Linley looked up, in surprise.

The scholarship junior was in his study—No. 13—in the Remove, working at the table, when Billy Bunter rolled in.

He was not pleased by the interruption; but Mark was always civil. He laid down his pen.

"Want anything, Bunter?" he asked.

"Well, yes, old chap!"

Mark smiled faintly. "Old fellow" and "old chap" from Bunter were rather new, so far as Mark was concerned. Bunter generally reserved those endearing expressions for fellows from whom he wanted to borrow something. And Mark had nothing to lend.

"Busy?" asked Bunter, blinking at the Lancashire junior through his big spectacles.

"Yes," said Mark.

Bunter blinked at the papers on the table, and his fat lip curled. In spite of his own recent and remarkable outbreak of swotting, Bunter had not lost his lofty scorn for a swot.

"You're always snapping, ain't you?" he sneered. "You seem to like it!"

"Well, I want to get on, you know," said Mark mildly. "I'm not quite so well fixed as most of the fellows here, and I have to take work a little more seriously. And this kind of work isn't so hard as some I've done in my time."

"I dare say!" grunted Bunter. "You worked in a mill, or a factory, or something, before you came here?"

"I did!" assented Mark.

"Well, look here," said Bunter. "Bob

Cherry says you're working for the Latin verse prize this term."

"That's so!"

"What the thump are you doing it for?" demanded Bunter indignantly. "I can understand a fellow like you, always hard-up, slogging after money prizes. You need the money!"

"Quite!" said Mark quietly.

"But this isn't a money prize—it's a prize that old Quelch stands out of his own pocket," said Bunter. "A rotten book—a blinking copy of a blinking classical author. What's the good of that?"

"Well, I should like a good edition of Virgil," said Mark smiling. "It's generous of Quelch to offer it; it costs him a guinea!"

"You mean you could sell it second-hand?" asked Bunter. "You don't get much for second-hand classics. They're a drug in the market."

"I don't mean that," said Mark. "I shouldn't think of selling it—not that it would fetch much."

"Then what do you want it for?"

"Well, it's a distinction, and I should like the book. Anyhow, what does it matter to you?" asked Linley in surprise. "You're not interested in it, are you?"

"I just am!" said Bunter.

"How?" asked Mark.

"I'm going in for it!"

Mark Linley jumped.

"You?"

"Why not me?" demanded Bunter warily. "I've generally let prizes and things go, because I've no time for such rot. But as it happens, I'm going in for this one."

Mark stared at him. Then he smiled. The idea of William George Bunter

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swotting for a Latin prize was enough to make any fellow smile.

"Well, what are you grinning at?" demanded Bunter indignantly.

"Sorry, old bean! But—"

"But what, blow you?"

"Well, I wish you luck," said Mark. "If you don't get the prize, you'll improve your Latin, and it will help you in class."

"I can write Latin verses," said Bunter. "I don't say I can turn them out like you; I'm no swot. I've got other things to do beside grinding filthy Latin. But I can make verses, I suppose."

"Of course," said Mark. "But—"

"There you go again! You think I haven't a chance against you for Quelch's rotten prize?"

"Well, really, I don't think you've much," admitted Mark. "I've been working for whole terms, while you've been slacking. It's bound to make a difference, you know. I don't think you've got much chance against the other fellows who are entered, if you come to that."

"You're the dark horse," said Bunter shrewdly. "Every man in the Remove thinks that you will pull it off."

"That's encouraging," said Mark, with a smile.

"Well, look here, I want you to stand out," said Bunter.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Stand out! Give a fellow a chance, you know."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I wouldn't ask you, if it was a money prize," said Bunter, with a fat sneer. "I know you're hard up for money! But it's only a rotten book, so you can afford to stand out. See?"

"My dear ass—"

"I'm going in for it, and I'm working jolly hard," said Bunter. "I was swotting this afternoon, but I've been interrupted by a lot of beasts. I've got a lot of leeway to make up."

"You have!" grinned Mark.

"Well, is it a go?" asked Bunter. "Stand out, old chap, and give a fellow a chance. Don't be selfish!"

Mark Linley shook his head.

"You don't want a rotten silly book!" urged Bunter.

"Well, if it's a rotten silly book, you don't want it either," said Mark, laughing.

"That's different. You see, my Uncle George has offered to stand me five quid if I pull it off!" explained Bunter.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mark.

"Now, I'll do the fair thing," said the Owl of the Remove. "That book that Quelch gives away costs a guinea. If you sell it to the second-hand book-shop in Courtfield, they may give you five bob—not more! Well, I'll stand you the five bob out of my uncle's fiver, if I get the prize. That's a fair offer, what?"

"My dear idiot—"

"Is it a go?" asked Bunter.

"No fear!"

"Look here, you beast—I mean, look here, old chap—"

"For goodness' sake, don't be such an ass!" exclaimed Mark. "I've done a lot of work for my paper. I've written my verses. They've only got to be polished a bit. Do you think I'm going to chuck them away?"

"Yes; that's the idea!" assented Bunter.

"Well, my hat!"

"Don't be selfish, you know," urged Bunter. "I never could stand selfishness. Look here, Linley, I want that fiver—see?"

"Fathead! Every other man that's in

for it will beat you, even if I stand out!"

"That's rot!" said Bunter. "You're the dark horse—I can beat the others! I may be able to get some of them to stand out, too. Wharton's a beast, but he may consent. And Todd—I may be able to manage Toddy. Now, old fellow, stand out to oblige me."

"Fathead!"

"Or I'll tell you what," said Bunter, as if struck by a sudden new, brilliant idea. "You say you've done your verses for the prize?"

"Yes."

"Well, give 'em to me—"

"What!"

"I'll copy 'em out, see, and bag the prize with them?" said Bunter eagerly. "Then I shall get the fiver from my Uncle George. You don't lose anything, and I get the cash—see? I'll give you the prize book."

"Oh crumbs!"

"That's rather a nobby idea—what?" asked Bunter. "Lots of fellows wouldn't have thought of it. Brains, you know."

"If you think I'm going to help you swindle your uncle—"

"Eh!"

"Run away and play!" said Mark. "I've got some work to do!"

"Look here—"

"I really can't waste time," said Mark. "Wingate of the Sixth has lent me his Horace to copy out an ode, and I've got to return the book. So do clear off, there's a good chap!"

Bunter sniffed.

"You can't afford to buy a Horace for yourself!" he sneered.

"No, I can't! Buzz off!"

"You're the only man in the Remove that can tackle Horace!" sneered Bunter. "Nobody else in the Form could read him! Nobody else wants to! Making out that you can construe Horace! Yah!"

Mark Linley rose from the table.

"Will you clear off?" he asked.

"I say, old chap, I'll tell you what," said Bunter. "You keep out of it, and I'll stand you a quid out of the fiver over and above."

"There's the door!"

"My dear old chap—"

"For goodness' sake, bunk!" exclaimed Mark impatiently.

"Beast!"

"Buzz off!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the scholarship junior. Evidently it was useless to apply endearing terms to this fellow—useless to make him generous offers. Here, as elsewhere, Bunter was fated to meet with the selfishness to which he was so sadly accustomed. Naturally, he was wrathful.

"Well, you rotter," he said, "I might have known that a rank outsider like you wouldn't do the decent thing! Why, a fellow like you—a low rotter—ought to jump at the chance of obliging a gentleman!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You've been here long enough to learn to be decent!" said Bunter warmly. "You're a low rotter from some beastly slum, but you've seen me every day for whole terms—you've had a chance to model yourself on me if you'd liked! You've let it slide. You could have taken me as a model, and become like me—as near as a low fellow could become like a fellow of good family! But you've never even wanted to!"

"Right on the wicket!" said Mark.

"Now travel!"

"If it wasn't for soiling my hands on an inferior," said Bunter, with great wrath, "I'd jolly well mop up the study

with you! But I won't soil my hands on you, Linley!"

"They're really soiled enough already!" remarked Linley. "A wash would do them good!"

"Why, you—you—you cheeky rotter!" gasped Bunter. "For two pins I'd take you by the scruff of the neck and bung your cheeky face into the coal-locker!"

"Done!" said Mark, chuckling.

"Here you are!"

He picked two pins from the mantelpiece and held them out in the palm of his hand.

Bunter blinked at them.

"Eh—what do you mean?"

"Here's the two pins! Now bung my face into the coal-locker!"

"On second thoughts, I'd rather not touch you! A fellow must draw a line somewhere, and I draw it at touching a scallywag from a slum!" said Bunter, with withering scorn.

"Well, I'm not so jolly particular," remarked Linley. "I don't mind touching a cheeky, fat porpoise—and I'm going to touch him—like that!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, as the Lancashire junior grasped him by the collar. "Leggo! You rotter! Yooooop!"

Billy Bunter spun round in Linley's athletic grasp. He whirled towards the door.

"Leggo!" yelled Bunter. "I'll jolly well lick you! I'll—Whoop!"

There was a thud as a boot landed on Bunter's tight trousers. He flew through the doorway.

Mark Linley closed the door of Study No. 13. Bunter sat in the Remove passage and spluttered. He scrambled to his feet at last.

"Beast!" he roared through the key-hole of Study No. 13. "Yah! Swot! Sap! Prize hunter! Yah!"

And then Bunter hastily retired from the scene without pausing for a reply.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Quelch Is Pleased!

"FIVE pounds!"

"What?"

Mr. Quelch stared. So did all the Remove.

It was the following morning, and the Lower Fourth were in class. It was third lesson, and Henry Samuel Quelch was taking his class through Early English history.

Billy Bunter sat in his place, with an unusually thoughtful expression on his fat brow.

Anyone who did not know Bunter might have supposed that he was devoting earnest attention to Mr. Quelch's valuable instructions.

Bunter, as a matter of fact, was thinking, but not of Early English history. His fat thoughts were running on the munificent reward offered by his Uncle George should he succeed in bagging the prize for Latin verse.

He had set himself a difficult task. He knew that. But the thought of the fiver spurred him on, and he had determined that somehow, by hook or by crook, he was going to land that prize.

After all, why shouldn't Bunter bag a prize for Latin verses? Fellows like Wharton and Linley, and even Smithy, could write respectable Latin verse. Bunter had more brains than the lot of them put together—at least, such was his fixed belief.

And in Latin verse you didn't have to make the beastly stuff rhyme—that was an advantage. You just had to sling the 'o's' together somehow and make it scan, more or less—in Bunter's case, probably, it would be rather less than more.

A fiver was a fiver! Bunter did not want a rotten book prize, and he was not keen on a scholastic distinction; but he did want his uncle's fiver, and he wanted it bad.

If that brute Linley had only stood out, and let Bunter use his verses, it would have been all right. Why he wouldn't was a mystery to Bunter—he would have got the rotten book, all the same, and Bunter would have got the fiver. That would have been satisfactory all round. But Linley had jibbed, and Bunter had had to make up his fat mind to work at the thing and beat Linley. Fortunately, it was only a matter of putting time into it; about the ability he had no doubt.

Bunter was rather given to counting his chickens before hatching-time. As he sat in class that morning he was spending the fiver—in his thoughts. A feed in the study—rather a big feed—that was the first item on the programme. And another feed to follow it—and then, perhaps, another! Bunter had plenty of food for thought, and he was not bothering about English history.

And so he did not heed the voice of his Form master when it was specially addressed to him. In the mental contemplation of the fiver and the expenditure thereof Bunter forgot time and space.

He was not in the least interested in Hengist and Horsa, and in the British King Vortigern who had, so unfortunately for himself, called in the aid of those ancient Saxon rovers!

"And what," asked Mr. Quelch, "what did the British King offer Hengist and Horsa as the reward of their services, Bunter?"

"Five pounds!" answered Bunter, without stopping to think, as his attention was suddenly called. He was following his own train of thought, not Henry Samuel Quelch's.

"What? Bunter! What—what did you say?"

There was a chuckle in the Remove.

"I—I mean—" gasped Bunter.

"What do you mean?" hooted Mr. Quelch. "How dare you make such a ridiculous answer, Bunter? Have you already forgotten that Hengist and Horsa were rewarded with the Isle of Thanet?"

"W-w-were they, sir?" gasped Bunter.

"You are paying no attention to the lesson, Bunter."

"Oh! Yes, sir! Lots! I—I heard everything you were saying, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I was thinking all the time about Uncle Hengist—"

"I—I mean Uncle George—that is to say, Hengist and George—I mean, Horsa!" stammered Bunter. "King Thanet offered them the Island of Horsa—I—I mean—" Bunter was getting a little mixed.

"You will write out the whole of this section after classes to-day, Bunter."

"Oh orieky!"

"Silence!" said Mr. Quelch, in a formidable voice.

After that incident, Bunter tried to dismiss Uncle George's fiver from his mind, and to bestow his attention on Early English history.

It was hard lines on a fellow, who was now devoted to classical studies, to have to give his attention to such rot. Bunter wished that Hengist and Horsa had stayed at home—if there ever were any such persons, which he doubted.

When third school was over, and the Remove dismissed, Bunter lingered behind the rest of the Form.

Mr. Quelch remained at his desk, and he glanced in surprise at the fat junior.

"If—if you please, sir—" stammered Bunter.

"Be brief!"

"I—I want you to put my name down, sir, for the Latin verse prize."

Mr. Quelch almost fell off his high stool.

"What?" he ejaculated.

"I—I—I'm going in for it, sir!"

"Bless my soul!" said the Remove master.

"The—the fact is, sir, I—I find I've got rather a gift for writing Latin verses," said Bunter. "I—I'm fond of it! I've been giving a lot of attention to Virgil lately, sir, and—and I think I could write much the same stuff if I tried."

"Goodness gracious me!" said Mr. Quelch.

"If it's not too late, sir—"

"Are you serious, Bunter?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I'm—I'm rather keen on the prize, sir. If it were a money



Circus Manager (after hearing loud screams followed by deep groans): "Good gad! What was that? Has the lion escaped and pounced on someone?"

Circus Lion: "No, sir; it's only the man who walks on swords barefooted. He's just been and trod on a tin-tack!"

T. Russ, of 123, Walevan Buildings, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, wins one of this week's useful penknives for supplying MAGNET readers with the above laugh.

You know a joke, chum? Put it on paper and send it along. A pocket-knife will be your reward if it makes the bell ring!

prize, I shouldn't bother about it; but being a book, I feel that I should like to have it."

"Bless my soul!" repeated Mr. Quelch.

He gazed at Bunter.

His gaze was astonished, but not unkindly. Bunter had about as much chance of winning a Latin prize, as of winning the school mile. But the desire to make the attempt was, at least, creditable, so far as Mr. Quelch could see. It meant work; and never, hitherto, had Bunter displayed any feeling towards work except a strong dislike.

"If—if you think I've got a chance, sir—" said Bunter modestly.

"I cannot flatter you with any—any great hope, Bunter," said the Remove master. "Nevertheless, I am pleased to hear that you desire to enter for the prize. Your name should have been given in before; however, that is immaterial. You may certainly enter, and I will put down your name with pleasure."

"Thank you, sir!"

"The papers, however, must be

handed in in a week's time," said Mr. Quelch, eyeing Bunter very curiously. "You have not left yourself much time for work, Bunter."

"I've been rather swotting lately, sir," said Bunter. "The fact is, sir, I'm rather keen on Latin, sir."

"You have shown no sign of this hitherto, Bunter."

"Oh! I—I'm going to work jolly hard, sir—"

"I commend your resolution, Bunter! Certainly I wish you every success. I am glad to see that you desire to obtain some slight distinction. Your name shall be put down." Mr. Quelch paused. "In the circumstances, you need not write out the imposition I gave you this morning. You will need all your time for study."

"Oh! Thank you, sir!"

Bunter's fat face was bright as he rolled out of the Form-room. His new departure had already been rewarded—he had got off a beastly imposition. That was so much to the good, even if he did not land the book prize and Uncle George's fiver.

Mr. Quelch gazed after him as he went, puzzled, but pleased. This change in Bunter was very gratifying.

If the most backward and obtuse member of his Form was going to take a keen interest in the classics, it was a change very much for the better, and was likely to make Mr. Quelch's task less laborious in dealing with that backward pupil.

Had Bunter wanted to enter for a money prize, Mr. Quelch could have understood that in a contest between greed and laziness, greed had got the upper hand.

But there was no money in this! The term's prize for Latin verse, in the Remove, was a volume of Virgil. Only a really studious fellow could have wanted to obtain such a prize. There were plenty of fellows in the Remove who would not willingly have taken it as a gift.

Mr. Quelch's opinion of Bunter rose considerably.

He was not aware of that letter from Mr. George Bunter, or of Uncle George's connection with the matter. Had Mr. Quelch been aware of that, his opinion of William George Bunter would not perhaps have risen so much. In the Remove, they knew.

Harry Wharton & Co. had been astounded, the previous day, to find Bunter swotting Latin. But the secret was out now; though the fellows had hardly believed that Bunter would have the "neck" to enter for a Latin prize. When it came out that Bunter's name was down, there was a roar from one end of the Remove to the other.

"Bunter's in for the Latin prize!"

"Bunter's going to do a paper for Quelch's blinking book!"

"Bunter, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Bunter! Ha, ha, ha!"

That was how the Remove commented on it.

That evening, in Study No. 7, Bunter, instead of scamping his prep as usual, worked at it with a wrinkled fat brow.

After prep, instead of rolling down to the Rag, Bunter remained in the study.

"I want your Latin dick, Toddy," he told Peter Todd, "and your Latin grammar!"

Peter Todd grinned.

"You can have them, old fat bean! Don't smother them with ink, or stick the pages together with jam."

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"How long are you going to keep this up, Bunter?" asked Toddy, with friendly interest.

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"Eh? Until I bag the prize—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. I say, Toddy, I'd like you to stand out of it. Be a pal, you know."

"It wouldn't do you any good, fat-head! Quelch will have a fit when he sees your paper! May bring on apoplexy."

"Beast!"

Toddy departed from the study chuckling. He left Billy Bunter at work; covering sheets of paper with experimental Latin verses, which undoubtedly would have made Quintilian stare and gasp. Bunter was tired and inky when he went to the Remove dormitory that night. He dreamed of Uncle George's fiver; and of the glorious feeds it was going to bring, and smiled in his sleep.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

"It's an Ill Wind—"

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life?" boomed Bob Cherry.

Mark Linley did not look as if he was enjoying life.

He was loitering under the elms in the quad, in morning break, a few days later. There was a letter crumpled in his hand and a sombre shadow on his face.

He smiled faintly at Bob's boisterous greeting.

"N-no; not exactly!" he replied. "Been overdoing the jolly old classics?" asked Bob. "You swot too much, old bean. And you've got simply no chance for Quelch's prize, now you've got Bunter against you. What?"

But Mark did not laugh. "Anything up?" asked Bob, becoming grave. "I say, what's the trouble? Give it a name."

"I shall have to leave for a week or two, I think," said Mark. "I've had rather rotten news from home."

"Sorry!" said Bob. "Is it anything bad?"

"My father's ill," said Mark. "I don't think it's serious—nothing to be alarmed about. But—it means a lot of trouble at home. And—and I'm wanted there."

"Hard lines!" said Bob sympathetically. "I suppose you can get leave from the Head to go?"

"Oh, yes; I think so."

"You can shove in your paper for Quelch's prize before you go," said Bob. "You needn't miss that."

Mark shook his head.

"I haven't finished it. I've done it, you know, but it wants a lot of polishing before I can hand it in. I wouldn't like Quelch to see any but the best I can do."

"Bosh!" said Bob. "Your worst will be better than some fellows' best. I can jolly well tell you that, Marky!"

"All the same, I shall cut it out," said Mark. "I wouldn't let Quelch see it unfinished."

"Rot! You're too jolly thorough," said Bob. "You overdo it, old bean. I dare say it's quite good enough as it is."

Mark shook his head again.

"Anyhow, I'm not thinking much about that," he said. "I've got to see Quelch and ask leave to go home. I—I'm rather anxious to see the dad!"

Bob walked with his chum to the House, and Mark went to his Form master's study. He came out in a few minutes and rejoined Bob.

"It's all right," he said. "Quelch is a brick. He's looked me out a train,

too! I've got to cut off inside ten minutes."

"I'll help you get your things together."

It did not take Mark Linley long to get his things together. Within ten minutes he was hurrying out at the gates with a bag in his hand, and Bob Cherry waved him good-bye from the gateway and cut back to the House just in time for third school.

Mark's absence was noticed in class, and most of the fellows wondered where he was. Bob Cherry told his chums, when they came out after school.

"Poor old Marky!" he said. "He's had to go home. His pater's knocked up. We shall miss him for a week or two."

"Hard cheese!" said Wharton.

"The hardness of the esteemed cheese is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, buzz off, Bunter!"

"Boast! I say, has Linley gone home?" demanded Bunter.

"Yes, ass!"

"What about the Latin prize?" asked Bunter eagerly. "I suppose he's cutting that?"

"Yes, fathead!"

"Oh, good!"

"B-r-r-r-r!"

"I say, you fellows, it's jolly lucky Linley's pater getting ill just now, isn't it?" said Bunter brightly. "Couldn't have happened better."

"Why, you fat villain—"

"Oh, really, Cherry! The fact is, I was rather afraid of Linley's paper," said Bunter. "I don't mind admitting that Linley had a chance of beating me."

"Oh, crumbs! Just a bare chance, I suppose?" asked Johnny Bull, with deep sarcasm.

"That's it," assented Bunter. "Just a bare chance. You see, I took the thing up rather late. Given time, I could beat Linley at Latin, or anything else. But he had a long start, and he might have pulled it off. So this really is a stroke of luck."

Bunter beamed at the Famous Five, apparently expecting them to share his satisfaction.

"You're sure he's cutting the Latin prize, Bob?" he asked.

"He said so," grunted Bob.

"Of course, he could have left his paper with Quelch—"

"Well, he hasn't!"

"I dare say it didn't amount to much," remarked Bunter. "He told me he'd written it, but it wanted finishing, or something. Most likely it was no good. Swotting is all very well; but brains are wanted, too. That's where I come in."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Still, I'm glad he's out of it," said Bunter thoughtfully. "It really couldn't have happened better, could it?"

"Fathead!"

"Oh really, Cherry! If you're not civil you needn't expect to be asked to the spread when I get my uncle's fiver."

"When?" grinned Johnny Bull.

"The whenfulness is terrific!"

"Well, I fancy I shall get it now Linley's gone," said Bunter complacently. "He was the dark horse, you know. I shall beat you all right, Wharton."

"You're welcome, old fat man!" said the captain of the Remove, laughing.

"And you've got very little chance against me, Nugent—"

"Poor me!" sighed Nugent.

"Toddy's got a chance; but I'm hoping that he will do the decent thing,

and stand out. I've offered him the book, if I get the fiver."

"Oh my hat!"

"Russell's got a bit of a chance, but he's rather a decent chap, and I think I can get him to stand out. I shall offer him the book, if I get it, and that will save him having to swot."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. I think you might stand out, as well, Wharton, after all I've done for you."

"Are you going to offer me the book, too?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes, old chap. I don't want the prize, I want the fiver. You stand out and you shall have the book."

"As well as Toddy and Russell?"

"Oh! I—I mean—"

"That's three fellows who are going to have the book, if Bunter bags it," said Frank Nugent. "Won't you offer it to me, too, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Marky was an ass not to hand the paper in to Quelch before he went," said Bob. "He's never satisfied unless he's done a thing thoroughly. But I'll bet his paper is good enough as it stands. I've a jolly good mind to look for it and hand it in for him."

"Why, you beast!" ejaculated Bunter. "Don't you jolly well do anything of the kind. You mind your own business, blow you!"

"It is my business, to look after a pal's interest while he's away. I've a jolly good mind to. He must have left it in the study," said Bob.

"Good egg!" said Harry Wharton. "Quelch would take it with the rest, and it would buck Linley to beg the prize—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Shan't!" roared Bunter, in great indignation. "You leave Linley's paper alone! Leave him out of it! What's the good of his father being ill at all if he's going in for the prize just the same?"

"Oh, my hat! You fat frump—"

"You mind your own bizney," said Bunter. "Look here, you fellows, I'll tell you what. If you can find that paper of Linley's, you hand it to me and—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I'll copy it out and use it, see? That will save me all the trouble of swotting."

"Why, you—you—you—" gasped Bob.

"No good working for nothing," said Bunter. "You see that? Of course, I'll treat you fairly. I'll ask you all to the spread when I get the fiver from Uncle George. See?"

"Why, you—you fat swindler—"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I suppose there's no harm in using Linley's Latin paper, if he doesn't want it himself. Look here I'll stand you fellows a feed all round, out of my uncle's fiver, if you'll find that paper and hand it over to me. Now, what about it?"

Bunter blinked inquiringly at the Famous Five. Evidently William George Bunter saw no more harm in borrowing a Latin paper to win a prize than in borrowing a dictionary or a half-crown.

"It will save me all the trouble of swotting for the prize, see?" he urged. "I'm getting fed-up with it, you know. Is it a go?"

"You hurbbling bandersnatch—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You piffing porpoise—"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Roll away!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Look here, I'll stand you something

out of the fever," said Bunter desperately. "I suppose that's what you're after! How much do you want?"

The Famous Five did not answer that question. Words were wasted on William George Bunter.

They proceeded to actions.

Five pairs of hands collared Bunter, and the fat Owl of the Remove sat down in the Form-room passage, with a mighty bump.

"Whoop!"

"Give him another!"

Bump!

"Ya roooooogh!"

roared Bunter.

And the Famous Five walked away, and left him roaring.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

LITTLE Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, sat up in the armchair in Study No. 13 and blinked with his almond eyes at a fat figure that had stepped into the doorway, after opening the door softly and cautiously.

Wun Lung was alone in the study, Bob Cherry and Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh being at tea with their friends in Study No. 1, and Mark Linley, by that time, at his home far away in the North. The little Chinese was curled up in the armchair, half-asleep, when Billy Bunter pushed the door open and blinked into the study. But he was not quite asleep, and his almond eyes opened very wide at the sight of the Owl of the Remove.

"What Buntsee wantee?" asked Wun Lung.

Bunter started. He had not, for the moment, observed the diminutive figure in the armchair.

"Oh! he ejaculated. "Nothing!"

Wun Lung grinned.

"Buntsee take um and go!" he suggested.

Bunter did not go. He had watched his opportunity, when Bob and Hurree Singh were out of the study. He came in and closed the door.

"I say, kid," said Bunter. "Quelchy wants to see you in his study. You'd better cut along."

"Me no tinkee," said Wun Lung.

"I came specially to tell you," said Bunter.

"Me tankee fat Buntsee," said Wun Lung placidly. "No go see Quelchy."

"You'll get into a row."

"Allee light."

Bunter breathed hard. He was there to search Mark Linley's study for the Latin paper Mark had left behind in his hurried departure. It was rather difficult to proceed in the presence of a witness.

Bunter was very keen on that paper. The dividing line between honesty and dishonesty was far from being clearly marked in Bunter's fat mind.

He was going to produce, by hard work, a winning paper, and using Mark's paper instead would save him the hard work.

That was how Bunter looked at it;



"For two pins I'd bung your cheeky face in the coal locker!" said Bunter valiantly. Mark Linley, with a grin, picked two pins from the mantelpiece and held them out invitingly to the fat junior.

that was the way his powerful intellect worked.

In point of fact, Bunter was already fed-up with swotting.

The first day he had swotted hard; he had even sat up late at night with an ice block on his head to encourage inspiration; the second day he swotted hard; the third day he had relaxed his efforts a little; the fourth day he had relaxed his efforts a lot; the fifth day he had merely toyed with his classic studies.

He was as keen as ever on Uncle George's fever. But his keenness for classical studies had left him. His powerful brain was trying to evolve some easier method of accomplishing the desired result.

The fortunate—the very fortunate circumstance that Mark's father was ill, and that Mark had had to go home, seemed to Bunter like a wonderful stroke of luck just when it was wanted.

Mark did not want to hand in his Latin paper without giving it the finishing touches to make it the best he could do. Mark was particular on such points; Bunter wasn't. He was prepared to hand in Mark's paper as it stood—if he could get hold of it.

The question was, could he? Mark had left it somewhere in his study, but there were lots of papers about the study, and a search was required. That meant exertion—and Bunter disliked exertion. Still, it was less exertion to search a study than to swot Latin. That decided it for Bunter.

Wun Lung settled down comfortably in the armchair, his almond eyes on Bunter.

Bunter blinked at him morosely. Although he was satisfied with the

honourableness of his intended proceedings, Bunter realised that they had to be kept dark. He had to get rid of Wun Lung somehow, and the little Chinese showed no sign of moving.

"Look here, Quelch will be waxy if you don't go, kid!" he said.

Wun Lung only grinned, implying that that chicken would not fight.

Bunter glared at him.

"Look here, if you want a licking, you pigtailed freak—" he began.

"No wantee."

"The fact is I've come here to do some lines for Cherry!" said Bunter.

"Allee light! Velly good of Buntsee to do lines for Chelly!" said Wun Lung amiably.

"Well, I can't do lines with you fooling around," said Bunter. "You can go out for a walk."

"No wantee walkee."

Billy Bunter pushed back his cuffs. Bunter was not a fighting-man, as a rule. He disliked exertion, and he disliked getting damaged. But the little Chinese was not a dangerous adversary; and Bunter could be quite warlike when there was no danger to be encountered.

"Now I'm fed-up with your cheek, you blessed heathen," said Bunter.

"Get out of this study!"

Wun Lung did not stir. It was perhaps rather cool to turn a fellow out of his own study, but that did not matter to Bunter. He had no doubt that he could do it, and that was all that mattered.

"Are you going?" he demanded.

"No goey!"

"Then I'll jolly well make you!" said Bunter determinedly; and he grasped

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the back of the armchair, tilted it, and pitched Wun Lung out on the carpet.

"Bunter velly bad lotter," said Wun Lung, picking himself up. "Bantee fat lotter! Me no goey!"

"We'll jolly soon see about that!" grinned Bunter, and he rushed at the little Chinese and seized him with a pair of fat hands.

Wun Lung returned grasp for grasp. Billy Bunter, greatly to his surprise, found that the diminutive Celestial was not wax in his hands. There was more than twice as much of Bunter as there was of Wun Lung, and if weight could have done it Bunter would have been an easy winner. But what Wun Lung lacked in weight he made up in cat-like agility. His active hands fastened on Bunter, his active limbs seemed eel-like in their flexible activity.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. He found himself bent in a very uncomfortable attitude, unable to move without danger of cracking a bone. He remembered—rather late—that Wun Lung was rather an adept in ju-jitsu.

"Ow!" gurgled Bunter. "Leggo! You'll break my arm! You little beastly heathen, leggo! Ooooooh!"

Wun Lung grinned in his agonised face. "Allee light!" he said cheerfully. "Me bleakee that bonee—"

"Yow-ow-ow!" "Bantee waitee one minute, he heal that bonee go clack—"

"Yaroooooh!" "Bonee goey clack-clack!" grinned Wun Lung.

"Ow!" moaned Bunter. Somehow or other, Bunter did not even guess now. Wun Lung had got his right arm fixed in an impossible position, and the Owl of the Remove was at his mercy. "Ow! Leggo! I—I won't thrash you!"

"Buntsee velly good!" chuckled Wun Lung.

"I—I won't kick you out, old chap! Leggo!"

"Bonee goey clack, clack, velly soon." "Yaroooooh!"

"Bonee bleakee all to small piecee—"

"Whooop! Leggo! Help!"

"S'possee no bleakee Buntsee bonee, fat Buntsee goey 'way?" asked Wun Lung.

"Ow! Yes! Anything you like!" wailed Bunter. "Leggo! Ow! Wow! You little heathen beast—I mean, dear old chap, let go! I was only larking, you know—just larking."

"Me larkee, too!" grinned Wun Lung. "Plenty larkee, bleakee bonee! What you tinkee?"

"Ow! Fire! Help!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter was suddenly released, and he sprawled on the floor of Study No. 13. He sat up and gasped.

"Ow! You little beast! Wow! Keep off, you heathen! I'm going! Oh crumbs! I—I'll lick you another time! Keep off!" howled Bunter, and he squirmed to the door and vanished.

Wun Lung chuckled softly, and settled down in the armchair again. Billy Bunter did not return to Study No. 13. The search for Mark Linley's Latin paper was unavoidably postponed.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Skinner, Too!

HAROLD SKINNER strolled along the Remove passage, with a casual, careless air—an air so casual and careless that any observer who knew Skinner might have guessed that he was up to something.

Outside the door of Study No. 13, Skinner stopped, and elaborately tied his shoe-lace, with his ear very near the door.

There was no sound from the study.

Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh, he knew, were in Study No. 1, with Wharton, Nugent, and Johnny Bull. Mark Linley was away; and so only the little Chinese was likely to be there. Skinner could not hear him, as he listened; and he opened the study door, stepped in quickly, and closed it after him.

Then he gave a start at the sight of the diminutive figure curled up in the chair before the fire.

Skinner eyed that diminutive figure rather evilly.

But he was relieved to see that Wun Lung did not stir or open his eyes. The little heathen had a way of curling up like a dormouse and going to sleep, and Skinner was satisfied that he was asleep now.

He tiptoed in the study.

The faint rustle of papers as he moved them on the study table, did not seem to disturb Wun Lung.

Skinner turned over the papers quickly, as quietly as he could. But what he sought was not there. Quietly he opened the table drawer, and proceeded to examine its contents.

There was no sound or movement from Wun Lung. Skinner was unaware that one of his slanting eyes had opened a trifle.

It was half an hour since Billy Bunter's visit to the study. Wun Lung had wondered what the Owl of the Remove had wanted there. There was no tuck in the study cupboard to tempt him. Yet it was evident that he had visited Study No. 13 for some surreptitious reason. The little Chinese had gone to sleep; but he slept like a cat with an ear open; and softly as Skinner had opened the door, the slight sound had been enough to awaken Wun Lung. But he affected slumber, curious to see what Bunter wanted—supposing that it was the Owl of the Remove back again. He was quite surprised when, peering through slightly parted eyelids, he discerned Harold Skinner bending over the table drawer with an eager face and searching eyes.

With great curiosity, Wun Lung watched him, without a sound or a motion. First Bunter, and now Skinner, had come surreptitiously to Study No. 13, and the little Chinese was curious to know what it meant.

There was nothing in the table drawer but impot paper, blotting-paper, old exercises, and such things. Yet Harold Skinner was searching through it with great eagerness.

Papers rustled as Skinner moved them, cautious as he was. He glanced round guiltily at the armchair; and Wun Lung's almond eyes closed again. Skinner, reassured, continued his quest.

Again the eyelids of the little Chinese parted a little, and he watched again, greatly wondering.

"Blow the fellow!" muttered Skinner, half audibly. "Where the thump did he leave it?"

He gave up the table drawer at last, and looked round the study. There were papers on the book-case, and Skinner proceeded to examine them.

He barely suppressed an ejaculation of triumph as his eyes fell on a sheet covered with Latin verse.

Skinner's eyes danced.

There were about sixteen lines written on the paper in Latin, in Mark Linley's hand.

Skinner had found what he wanted.



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With the paper in his hand, he glanced round at the armchair again. Wun Lung presented a picture of sleeping innocence.

"This must be it!" breathed Skinner. He read over the Latin verses eagerly. Skinner was quite clever in that line himself, and he was one of the entrants for the term's Latin prize. Scholarly distinction appealed to Skinner no more than it did to Bunter; and such a prize as a volume of Virgil had no value whatever in his eyes. But it gave a fellow a leg-up, as it were, to enter for the prize; it made a good impression on the Form master; and a shady slacker like Skinner was careful to make what good impressions he could, so long as they cost him no trouble.

Skinner, as a matter of fact, would have had a very good chance for the prize, had he chosen to work for it. But he did not choose.

He was going to hand in a paper, for appearances' sake; but he was far too idle to take the trouble to make it a good paper.

Still, if he could win the prize without trouble, it was worth while—in Skinner's opinion.

A fellow who won a Latin prize was less likely to be worried by a vigilant Form master. It would make up for a lot of slacking in other directions. Mr. Quelch was less likely to learn that Skinner smoked and played cards in his study, if he supposed that Skinner was grinding Latin there. And even the prize, though only a rotten copy of a rotten classic, was worth something. Skinner would be able to sell it for five shillings or so if he got it. It was not worth an effort; but it was worth a little easy trickery. Trickery was more in the worthy Skinner's line than effort.

Linley had gone and left his paper behind. The whole thing would be over and done with, before Linley came back. There was, so far as Skinner could see, no risk in the matter. As for conscientious scruples, they did not trouble Skinner. He was as unscrupulous as Bunter without the excuse of Bunter's obtuseness.

He read the paper over eagerly. Undoubtedly it was the paper he wanted. It was a good paper. Skinner was judge enough to see that—a remarkably good paper for a Lower Fourth fellow. There were men in the Fifth who could not have beaten that paper.

"What luck!" murmured Skinner. He folded the paper and slipped it into his pocket and turned to the door. All he had to do was to copy that paper out in his own hand, burn the original and wait cheerfully for the prize. Although Mark was not satisfied with his paper and had intended to polish and improve it Skinner had no doubt that it would prove to be the best in the Remove.

He gave one more glance at Wun Lung. He seemed sound asleep.

Skinner quitted the study and closed the door softly behind him.

The moment the door had closed Wun Lung sat up, his almond eyes wide open, and a grin on his face.

He knew now what Skinner had searched the study for. And he guessed what Bunter had wanted. It was all clear now.

He moved quietly to the door and opened it. Along the passage he heard the door of Study No. 11 Skinner's study close softly.

Wun Lung chuckled, left Study No. 13, and glided down the Remove passage.

He tiptoed as he passed Skinner's door. In that study Skinner was already busy, copying out his plunder. Wun Lung lost no time—he had no time to waste. Mark's paper was not likely to survive long, after Skinner had completed his copy. Wun Lung hurried on to Study No. 1.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry's cheery voice greeted him as he opened the door of Study No. 1 and looked in.

"Trot in, kid!" said Harry Wharton. Wun Lung trotted in.

He blinked amicably at the Famous Five. Mark Linley was the little heathen's best friend at Greyfriars; but the Famous Five had always been kind to the little junior from the Flowery Land, and Wun Lung was very much attached to the cheery Co.

"No comey tea," said Wun Lung. "Comey talkee."

"Go ahead!" said the captain of the Remove, with a smile. "Talk as much as you like, kid."

"The talkfulness of the preposterous Wun Lung will be a boonful blessing to our absurd ears," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh politely.

"Me goey sleepee in studee," explained Wun Lung. "Duntee comey in studee, lookie findee something."

THIS CLEVER GREYFRIARS LIMERICK.

which has been sent in by "MAGNET Reader," of 63, Gondar Gardens, W. Hampstead, N.W.6, is a worthy winner of one of this week's leather pocket wallets.

An Inky-faced youngster is
Tubb,
Whose neck stands in need of a
scrub.
His Form is the Third,
As you may have heard,
Whose mottoes are "sleep"
first—then "grub."

Don't leave it to others to win
these prizes—make a point of
winning one YOURSELF!

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Is that fat bounder after Mark's Latin paper?"

"Me makee Buntsee hop," said Wun Lung. "Buntsee goey way. Skinnee comee."

"Skinner?" exclaimed Nugent. Wun Lung nodded and grinned.

"Me sleepee," he said. "Skinnee lookie findee Markee papel."

"How the thump do you know what he found, if you were asleep?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Sleepee one eye opee!" explained Wun Lung.

Harry Wharton rose from the table. "Mean to say that Skinner's found Linley's Latin paper, and bagged it?" he exclaimed.

"Me savvy!"

"The awful rotter!" said Wharton, knitting his brows. "I'm not surprised at Bunter, he's too big a fool to know better. But Skinner—"

"The esteemed Skinner's knowfulness better is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "He is an excellent and ridiculous rascal."

"You're sure of it, Wun Lung?" asked Nugent.

"Plenty sure! Me makee Buntsee hop. No can makee Skinnee hop! Me tinkee ole Bob Chellee makee Skinnee hop!" said Wun Lung.

"By Jove! I'll make him hop fast

enough, if he's stolen Marky's paper!" exclaimed Bob Cherry wrathfully. "Come on, you men! Let's go and see Skinner!"

The Famous Five left Study No. 1 and hurried along to No. 11 to see Skinner.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

No Luck for Skinner!

"H!" gasped Skinner. He was startled. The door of Study No. 11 was hurled open suddenly, with a crash.

Bob Cherry tramped into the study, followed by Wharton, Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Skinner jumped to his feet.

He had just time to throw a sheet of blotting-paper over Mark Linley's Latin paper. His own copy, half-done, lay exposed to the view.

He stared angrily at the invaders.

"What the thump do you want?" he demanded. "What the merry dickens do you mean, bursting into a fellow's study like that when he's at work?"

"Sorry to interrupt your work!" said Bob Cherry grimly. "Swotting for the Latin prize, I suppose?"

"As a matter of fact, I am," said Skinner, "and the sooner you walk your hoofs out of my study—"

"That your paper?" asked Wharton.

"Yes, that's my paper, and I don't want you looking at it!" growled Skinner. "I don't want a rival bagging my verses."

"Nobody's going to bag your verses," said Bob. "The question is, have you been bagging somebody else's?"

Skinner changed colour.

"I don't know what you mean," he stammered. "I—"

"You haven't been to my study lately?"

"Your study?" faltered Skinner. "N-n-no! What should I go to your study for, you ass?"

"Well, you might go there looking for a Latin paper."

"The mightfulness is terrific!"

Harold Skinner breathed hard.

"I don't know anything about a Latin paper in your study, of course! Look here! Clear off, and let me get on!"

"Dear man," said Bob, "you haven't got Linley's Latin paper here that he left in my study?"

"Certainly not!"

Skinner stood with his hand resting on the sheet of blotting-paper that covered the purloined Latin verses. His face was sickly in colour now. It was dawning on his mind that Wun Lung could not have been so fast asleep in Study No. 13 as he had fancied.

"Well, we'll have a look round," said Harry Wharton. "Sorry we can't take your word, Skinner; but you know yourself what it's worth."

"The worthfulness is terrific!"

"You're not going to root about my study!" said Skinner, between his teeth. "If you've come here to rag, I'll yell for a prefect. You're not going to bully me!"

"My esteemed and preposterous Skinner—"

"Get out of my study!"

"All serene! Let him yell for a prefect!" said Bob cheerily. "If the paper's here—and I jolly well know it is—we can identify Marky's fist, and Skinner can explain to the prefect what he's doing with it. Yell away, Skinner!"

"I mean it!" snarled Skinner. "I'll yell—"

"Stand the door wide open, you men," said Bob. "If Skinner wants a prefect here, he can have one!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Go it!" grinned Frank Nugent, as he set the door wide open. "Go it, Skinner! Put your beef into it!"

Bob Cherry sorted over the papers on the table. But Skinner did not yell. He did not want a prefect there.

Bagging another fellow's paper for a prize was rather too serious a matter for Skinner to risk having it reported to his Form master.

"Yell away, old bean!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

Skinner gritted his teeth in savage silence.

Bob Cherry reached over to the blotting-paper, and jerked it aside. At the same moment Skinner caught up the paper that had been beneath it, and made a jump towards the fireplace.

"Stop him!" roared Bob.

In a moment Mark's paper would have been in the fire. But Harry Wharton was watching Skinner very closely, and he dived at him just in time, collaring him round the legs in the approved rigger style.

"Hands off!" yelled Skinner. "I'll give—Yarooooop!"

There was a heavy bump as Skinner went down on his study carpet. Bob Cherry tore the paper from his hand.

"That's it!" he said. "That's in Marky's fist! All you fellows know it. Look!"

"No doubt about that!" said Wharton, glancing at the paper, which was plainly written in Mark Linley's bold, clear hand. "That's Linley's paper! You rotter, Skinner—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snarled Skinner. "I was doing no harm with it. I—I was just curious to see what the chap had done, that was all!"

"That's why you were making a copy of it, was it?" asked the captain of the Remove scornfully. He pointed to the half-finished copy that lay on the study table.

"Well, why shouldn't I copy it, if I like?" snarled Skinner.

"You weren't going to palm it off on Quelch as your own?"

"Not at all!"

"Do you expect us to believe that?" asked Wharton contemptuously.

"You can believe what you like, and be blowed!"

"Keep that paper, Bob! I'll shove the copy in the fire," said Harry. "You don't admit that you meant to use that paper for the exam, Skinner?"

"No."

"If you own up, we'll jolly well rag you! Do you own up?"

"No!" howled Skinner.

"Then we'd better refer the matter to Quelch!" said the captain of the Remove.

"We'll take Skinner and both the papers to Quelch, and leave it to him."

"Hear, hear!"

Skinner turned as white as a sheet.

"I—I don't want it to come before Quelch!" he gasped. "Look here, you rotter! You can't give a man away!"

"If you weren't stealing Linley's paper, there's nothing to give away," said Harry.

"I—I—I—" stammered Skinner.

"Bring him along."

"I—I—I own up!" gasped Skinner.

"Hang you! You jolly well know I was going to use that Latin paper!"

"Exactly." Wharton tossed the copy into the fire. "Now give that cad a ragging—unless you'd rather go to Quelch, Skinner!"

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"Hang you!"

For the next few minutes, Harold Skinner had quite an exciting time. Thrice he was bumped on the floor of the study, and then his inkpot was upended over his head.

By the time the Famous Five left the study, Skinner was repenting him that he had evolved that clever scheme for bagging the Latin prize at Mark Linley's expense. The grinning juniors crowded out of the study, leaving Skinner sitting on the floor, dusty and dishevelled, and streaming with ink, gasping for breath, and making remarks that would certainly have earned him a flogging had his headmaster overheard them. Harry Wharton & Co. left him to it.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Strategie I

BOB CHERRY grinned.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh smiled a dusky smile.

Little Wun Lung's almond eyes glimmered.

Prep was nearly over when the fat face and glimmering spectacles of Billy Bunter looked in at the door of Study No. 13.

"I say, you fellows—" began Bunter. He blinked at the three.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at," he said. "What's the joke?"

"You are, old fat bean," chuckled Bob.

"The jokefulness of the esteemed Bunter is terrific," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Buntsee wantee looksee findsee something?" asked Wun Lung.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you fellows! I just looked in to—see you," said Bunter.

"Haven't you finished prep?"

"Not quite!"

"Well, you don't want to dawdle," said Bunter. "Wibley's giving a show in the Rag after prep. It's going to be good, and you fellows don't want to miss it!"

"Thanks, no end!" grinned Bob. "We won't miss it."

"I'll wait for you," said Bunter.

"What about your prep?"

"Oh, I've finished that."

"What about your sweating?"

"I'm taking a bit of a rest. I've been rather over-doing it," said Bunter. "The fact is, I don't need to work so jolly hard to get that Latin prize. I fancy I shall win it all right."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked at the three juniors, puzzled. He did not see anything to laugh at, himself. He rolled across to the armchair, and sat down.

The trio finished their work with smiling faces. They were perfectly well aware what the fat and fatuous Owl wanted in the study. Bunter's cunning was as transparent as a pane of glass.

He was there to wait for them to go, so that he could resume his search for Mark Linley's Latin paper. But it did not dawn on Bunter's fat brain that the juniors were aware of it. He was quite satisfied that his secret was hidden deep in his own podgy breast.

Prep was over at last, and Bob Cherry & Co. rose to depart. Wibley of the Remove was giving a show in the Rag that evening, and they were not going to miss it. Bunter, however, seemed prepared to miss that entertainment provided by William Wibley. He remained in the armchair as the three headed for the door.

"Not coming down, Bunter?" asked Bob.

"I'll follow you," said Bunter. "I'm rather tired—I've been working jolly hard, you know. Don't wait for me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

As Mark Linley's Latin paper was in Bob's pocket, there seemed to him something rather comic in Bunter's strategy. The Owl of the Remove was certainly not likely to discover that paper after Bob had gone down.

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at," grunted Bunter. "I say, you fellows, don't wait."

"The waitfulness will not be terrific," agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, and he strolled out of the study with Wun Lung.

Bob Cherry lingered, with a cheery grin on his face, and Bunter blinked at him anxiously.

"I say, old fellow, you'll be missing the show," he said. "I believe it's going to be jolly good."

"My dear chap, I'll stay and keep you company, if you like."

"Oh! No, don't!"

"Don't you like my company?" grinned Bob.

"Oh! Yes! Rather! But—but I don't want you to miss the show in the Rag," said Bunter anxiously. "Do cut off, old fellow. You'll be late. Of course, I don't want to be left alone in this study!" added Bunter.

"Sure you don't?"

"Not at all. I'm not going to look for anything after you're gone, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Sure you wouldn't like me to stay?" chortled Bob.

"No I really wouldn't."

"Then I'm off!" said Bob, and he walked out of the study and slammed the door, and his heavy footsteps died away down the Remove passage.

Billy Bunter sat upright in the armchair, and listened to those footsteps. They died away towards the stairs.

"He, he, he!"

Bunter was not aware that Bob, when he reached the stairs with that heavy tread, turned round, and walked quietly back. Bunter was satisfied that Bob was gone.

He rose from the chair.

"Now, I wonder where the beastly thing is!" he murmured. And the fat Owl opened the table drawer, to begin his search there.

Stooping over the drawer, with his eyes gleaming through his spectacles, Bunter sorted over books and papers and old exercises, quite unaware that the study door had noiselessly opened, and that Bob Cherry was standing in the doorway, regarding him with a grinning face.

"Blow the beast!" murmured Bunter. "Where the dickens did he leave it? Where the thump's that beastly paper?"

Bob, standing in the doorway, watched the fat Owl of the Remove, suppressing his emotions. Bunter sorted over the contents of the drawer, and growled discontentedly.

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

Bunter jumped clear of the floor.

"Oh!" he gasped.

His little round eyes almost bulged through his spectacles, as he stared at Bob Cherry.

"Looking for something?" asked Bob genially.

"Oh! Nunno," gasped Bunter. "I—I mean—oh dear! What did you come back for, you beast? I—I mean—"



Before Skinner could toss Linley's paper into the fire, Harry Wharton dived at him and collared the cad of the Remove round the legs in the approved Rugby style!

"Can I help you?" asked Bob cheerfully. "Just tell me what you're looking for, and perhaps I can help you find it."

"I—I'm not looking for anything," gasped Bunter. "I—I never came to this study to look for anything, old chap. I wasn't waiting for you to go. I—I say, wha-a-at are you going to do with that fives bat, old fellow?"

"I'm going to lay it round a podgy porpoise, to teach him not to root about in another fellow's study."

"Oh, really, you know—yarooogh! Keep off!" roared Bunter, as Bob came round the table with the fives bat in his hand.

Whack!

"Whooooop!"

Bunter jumped for the door.

Whack!

The fives bat caught him again as he jumped. There was a fendish yell as Bunter landed in the passage.

"Yaroooogh!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Bob. "I haven't finished yet, Bunter!"

But Bunter did not wait for Robert Cherry to finish. He departed along the Remove passage at top speed.

"Come back and have some more!" roared Bob, flourishing the fives bat in the doorway of No. 13.

Bunter vanished into No. 7. The door slammed and the key turned in the lock.

Bob chuckled and threw down the fives bat and walked along to No. 7. He shook the handle of the door.

"Bunter!" he roared.

"Ow! Beast! Ow! Wow!"

"Come out, you fat burglar!"

"Ow! Beast! Shan't! Wow!"

Bob Cherry grinned and tiptoed away to the stairs. Bunter, in Study No. 7, listened anxiously for his departing footsteps. He did not hear

them. Bob departed without a sound, and joined the crowd in the Rag. Bunter was left listening, and waiting for him to go.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Nocturnal!

BREAK!

Three or four fellows in the Remove dormitory grinned in the darkness.

Cree-e-a-ak!

One fellow in the Form was getting out of bed, and the bed creaked under the weight of that fellow.

There was a grunt in the gloom.

Bunter was out of bed.

It was past ten o'clock, and at that hour the Lower Fourth should have been fast asleep.

So they would have been, probably, but for the entertainment afforded by W. G. Bunter.

Bunter had gone to bed with the rest, and the Famous Five, with considerable entertainment, had watched him place a pair of rubber shoes under his bed, out of sight of the prefect who came in to see lights out.

Being fully aware of Bunter's surreptitious designs on Mark Linley's Latin paper, the chums of the Remove had no doubt of Bunter's intentions.

Hitherto, his attempts on that valuable paper had been baffled. But Bunter was a stickler. Swotting for the Latin prize seemed less and less attractive to Bunter with each passing day. The easy method of coming out a winner by purloining Mark's paper was much more agreeable to Bunter. By hook or by crook, he was going to get hold of that paper, which he still

supposed to be somewhere in Study No. 13. Bunter's strategy was not exhausted yet. What could not be done in the daytime, could be done with facility after dark, when all the suspicious beasts were fast asleep in bed.

So Bunter crept out of his creaking bed and dressed in the dark and drew on the rubber shoes, without the slightest inkling that five fellows had remained awake to watch the performance.

He was about to grope his way to the door of the dormitory when a voice came through the darkness.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Who's up?"

Bunter gasped.

"I'm not up!" he ejaculated.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! It's Bunter."

Bob sat up in bed and peered towards the Owl of the Remove. "What's this game, Bunter?"

"Going down, old fat bean?" asked Harry Wharton.

"What is the esteemed gamefulness, my fat and idiotic Bunter?"

"Oh crikey! Are all you beasts awake?" exclaimed the Owl of the Remove. "Look here, you rotters, don't wake the whole Form! I—I thought I—I heard a noise downstairs. I—I'm going down to see if it's a burglar."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Nugent.

"Like a fellow to come with you!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"Oh! No! You stay in bed, Bull—you wouldn't be any use if it's a burglar! You'd be frightened!"

"If it's a burglar, we'd better all go," said Harry Wharton, sitting up in bed.

"Wait for us, Bunter."

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"We can't let you go into danger

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(Continued from page 13.)

alone, old fat man!" said the captain of the Remove.

"The—the fact is, I—I'd rather!" stammered Bunter.

"Can't be did!" said Bob. "We'll all come."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

Billy Bunter breathed hard and deep.

"I say, you fellows, it—it isn't a burglar! What I meant to say was, I'm going down to get some toffee I left in my study. I'm hungry."

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "That's what you really meant to say, is it, Bunter?"

"Yes, old chap."

"Not much difference between a burglar and a chunk of toffee," remarked Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, you'll wake all the dorm," said Bunter anxiously. "Do shut up and keep quiet."

"What's all that gas about?" came the sleepy voice from Vernon-Smith's bed. "Who's jawing?"

"What's up?" asked Peter Todd.

"Bunter," answered Bob, with a chuckle. "He's going down for a burglar or a chunk of toffee, he's not sure which."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"What is the fat idiot up to?" asked Skinner.

"Oh, really, Skinner——"

"Shut up and let a fellow go to sleep!" growled Bolsover major.

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed with wrath through his spectacles. All the Remove would soon be awake, at this rate.

"I—I say, you fellows, I'm not going down at all," stammered Bunter. "I—I just got out of bed because I couldn't sleep. That's all, I—I'm going back to bed."

"If you wake me up again, I'll get out of bed to you," growled Bolsover major, "and if I do that, you'll know it."

Bunter plunged into bed again. His expedition to Study No. 13 was postponed.

The Remove settled down to sleep again.

Bunter waited impatiently for the Form to be wrapped once more in the embrace of Morpheus.

He was rather in danger of falling asleep himself; it was not easy for Bunter to keep awake. He almost had to prop his eyelids open, as he waited for slumber to descend on the Remove.

But with heroic efforts, he kept off sleep. The dazzling prospect of Uncle George's fiver, if he won the Latin prize with Mark Linley's paper, spurred him to unaccustomed efforts. He might have been saved all this trouble, had he known that Mark's paper was no longer in Study No. 13. But Bob Cherry had not mentioned that. He found the strategic proceedings of William George Bunter entertaining, and he was willing to let Bunter run on.

"I say, you fellows, you asleep?" breathed Bunter cautiously, at last.

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There was no reply, only the sound of steady breathing. The beasts were all safe asleep at last.

Creak!

Bunter crept cautiously out of bed. This time no startling voice interrupted him, as he groped to the dormitory door.

He reached the door, opened it, and stole into the passage, silent in his rubber shoes. He closed the door after him cautiously. There was a slight bump as it closed.

Bunter crept away along the dark passage. In the dormitory, Bob Cherry opened his eyes. Bob had intended to remain awake, but he had dropped off to sleep. But he was sleeping lightly, and the bump of the door as Bunter closed it was sufficient to awaken him.

He sat up in bed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

There was no answer.

Bob stepped out and groped towards Bunter's bed. It was empty!

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob.

"That fat chump's gone down—after Marky's paper that's in my pocket. Well, he's welcome to anything he finds in the study."

Bob chuckled softly.

He rolled up Bunter's bedclothes into a bundle, leaving only the mattress, and carried the bundle to the end of the dormitory, where he deposited it in a dark corner.

Then he went back to his bed, to sleep the sleep of the just.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

What Luck!

BILLY BUNTER listened.

He was standing in Study No. 13 in the Remove passage in the dark.

He was breathing hard.

By dark passages and staircases the Owl of the Remove had crept cautiously on his way and reached his goal.

But dark passages and staircases, late at night, did not appeal to Bunter. He did not believe in ghosts, and he did not suppose that burglars had selected that night to burgle Greyfriars; still, he did not like dark passages and staircases.

More than once he had been tempted to turn back; the farther he progressed, the more attractive his warm bed in the Remove dormitory seemed to him. But the thought of Uncle George's fiver spurred him on. Seldom—very seldom—did a fiver come Bunter's way. The amount of tuck a fiver represented was positively dazzling.

Bunter Court—according to Bunter's descriptions of that magnificent abode—was a place of vast wealth, where fivers and tenners were as common as half-crowns in less favoured dwellings. But it was certain that none of those fivers or tenners ever found their way as far as Greyfriars. In spite of the enormous wealth of that stately mansion, Bunter was in the state of Peter of old—silver and gold had he none.

Uncle George's promised fiver—if it came—would come like corn in Egypt in the lean years—like manna in the desert.

So Bunter, though he blinked uneasily into every dark corner, and shivered at every shadow, kept on his way, and arrived at last at Study No. 13 in the Remove, palpitating, but still resolute.

He closed the study door and blinked round him in the dark.

He did not venture to turn on the light. It was unlikely to be seen from the quad at that hour, but Bunter could

not afford to take the risk. The penalty for breaking dormitory bounds after lights out was severe.

He groped across to the window, pulled the curtains, and then struck a match, sorted out a candle-end from his pocket, and lighted it.

By that dim illumination he proceeded to search for the paper Mark Linley had left behind.

He started on the table drawer where his search had been interrupted by Bob Cherry a few hours earlier.

There were a lot of old exercises in the drawer, some of them in Mark Linley's hand, and it was as likely as not that the sought-after paper was there. The beast must have left it somewhere.

Bunter was unaware that Skinner had already been through that drawer; blissfully unconscious that Mark's paper was no longer in the study at all.

He sorted over paper after paper by the flickering light of the candle-end stuck on the edge of the table.

"Oh crikey!" ejaculated Bunter suddenly.

His eyes danced behind his spectacles.

He lifted a sheet of foolscap from the drawer, upon which Latin verses were written in Mark Linley's well-known handwriting.

This was not an exercise; this was a copy of verses! It was written out clearly and neatly, without an error or erasure.

Bunter fairly gloated over it.

Laying it on the table beside the candle, the Owl of the Remove fixed his eyes and his spectacles on it, and proceeded to read it over.

Bunter could read Latin after a fashion, but the fashion in which he could read it had never given satisfaction to his Form master. Fellows in the Remove declared that Bunter found difficulties in Eutropius, and certainly he found insuperable difficulties in Virgil. But this, as he blinked at it, struck him as "thicker" than even that beast Virgil. If Mark Linley had written this, he was not only "well up" in Latin, but he had powers in that line that would have been remarkable, even in the best-informed man in the Sixth. And Mark, evidently, had written it for it was in his hand.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bunter, as he vainly strove to elucidate the meaning of the Latin verses. "Oh crikey! Blessed if I can even construe the rotten thing! Still, I shan't have to construe it—I've only got to copy it out and hand it in to Quelch. Stands to reason that he won't guess that I can't construe my own paper!"

The Latin verses at which the Owl of the Remove was blinking would have presented some difficulties to any man in the Remove—except, perhaps, Mark Linley. For this was how they ran:

*Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
litus iniquum.*

*auream quisquis mediocritatem
diligit, tutus caret obsoleto
sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
sobrius aula.*

*saepius ventis agitur ingens
pinus et celsae graviore casu
decidunt turres feruntque summos
fulgura montis.*

Billy Bunter blinked at those verses hopelessly. If this was the kind of stuff that Mark Linley turned off, Bunter realised that no amount of swotting would have enabled him to beat Linley.

"What the thump?" murmured Bunter. "Blessed if I can even make it out. 'Licini'—that's vocative. Licinius! What was the ass writing stuff about Licinius for? Who the thump's Licinius? My hat! I never know Linley could do this sort of stuff! Filthy swot!"

Bunter sniffed with contempt. Evidently, a frightful amount of swotting must have been put in before Mark Linley could have turned off those verses.

That no fellow at Greyfriars, not even the majestic and learned Head himself, could have written those verses, Bunter was blissfully unaware.

Latin, to Bunter, was Latin; and any old thing would do, so to speak, so long as it was Latin.

He had long ago forgotten that Mark had mentioned that he had borrowed Wingate's Horace to copy out some of the Odes.

So it did not even occur to his fat brain that these verses, though written in Mark's hand, were very far from being Mark's composition.

He did not even know that these verses were only half an Ode, and that, had he searched further in the drawer, he would have come on the other half on a second sheet of paper.

He had found what he was looking for—Latin verses, evidently good stuff, written in Mark Linley's handwriting.

That was all he wanted. He gave up the attempt to make head or tail of them. He realised that a construe was beyond his powers.

But that was not necessary. How could Quelch suspect that a fellow did not understand the verses he handed in as his own work?

Evidently, Quelch couldn't. "Well, it seems awful rot!" murmured Bunter. "Fatheaded rot! Can't make head or tail of it! But it's the stuff I want, and I'm jolly sure that no other man in the Remove can turn out Latin like that!"

On that point Bunter undoubtedly was right. Had any Remove man turned out Horatian verse, Mr. Quelch would certainly have been very much astonished. There assuredly was no Quintus Horatius Flaccus blushing unseen in the Lower Fourth Form of Greyfriars.

Bunter folded the sheet and slipped it into his pocket.

His quest was at an end. All was plain sailing now. He grinned, and blew out the candle, and left Study No. 13.

In his happy satisfaction, he hardly heeded shadows and dark corners as he groped his way back to the dormitory.

It was "all clear" now! On the morrow he would copy out those verses and burn the original. He would hand in his copy to Quelch when the time came, and then—

He chuckled as he thought of it. Then he would bag the prize, and Uncle George's fiver would be his. Even the prize would be worth having: it would fetch at least half-a-crown at the second-hand bookshop in Courtfield. Or he might give it to Linley; after all, Linley was entitled to a whack if Bunter won the prize on his verses. Bunter could be generous. He decided to let Linley have the prize when it came.

Bunter felt quite pleased with that generous thought!

He arrived at the Remove dormitory and rolled in. All was dark and silent there.

The juniors were all asleep; nobody had any idea that Bunter had been downstairs—Bunter was sure of that.

He slipped off his clothes and his rubber shoes, and groped over his bed. Then he uttered a startled ejaculation.

"Oh crikey!"

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Exciting for Bunter!

"BEAST!"

Bunter blinked at his bare mattress.

He had been sure—quite sure—that no fellow in the Remove knew that he had been down. The remarkable disappearance of his bedclothes was, therefore, a surprise.

"Beast!" gasped Bunter.

It was evident that some beast, after all, had known that he was gone. The bedclothes could not have walked away. Neither could they have taken unto themselves wings and flown away. A practical joke was indicated!

Billy Bunter blinked at the bed; but blinking served no purpose; he could not blink the sheets and blankets back. He turned from the bed and blinked round at the many sleepers.

"I say, you fellows."

No answer.

The Remove were all asleep.

"What beast's taken my bedclothes?" demanded Bunter.

But answer there came none.

The Owl of the Remove breathed hard. He did not want to wake up the whole Form, and thus announce that he had been out of the dormitory. The beasts were suspicious, and might guess what he had been up to. The Latin paper folded in Bunter's pocket had to remain a deep, dead secret.

Still, he couldn't go to bed without bedclothes. That was impossible. The spring night was chilly.

Some beast had woke up and found that he was gone. He did not know which beast. And the beast had not even remained awake till he came back.

After all, the bedclothes must be somewhere at hand. Bunter decided to search for them.

As likely as not the beast had shoved them under the bed. Bunter knelt by the bedstead, and groped. His head came into sullen contact with the bedstead in the dark, and there was a yelp.

"Wow!"

He rose to his feet, breathing hard. The blankets weren't there. Where had the beast put them?

Billy Bunter moved along the row of beds, blinking to the right, and blinking to the left in search of the missing blankets.

"Ow!"

His fat shin came in contact with the edge of a box. There was another yelp and a bump as Bunter sprawled over the box.

"Oh crikey!"

This time Bunter had succeeded in awakening somebody. A drowsy voice came from the darkness.

"What's that?"

Bunter was silent. One fellow, at least, must know that he had been down, but he did not want everybody to know.

Bolsover major sat up in bed.

"What's that? Who's that? Is that Bunter again?"

Bunter stilled his breathing.

"Is that Bunter!" hooted the bully of the Remove.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a sleepy voice from Bob Cherry's bed. "Who's kicking up a row?"

"Somebody woke me up!" growled Bolsover major. "I suppose it's that fat idiot Bunter rooting about again. I'll spifficate him."

"Oh, really, Bolsover—"

"Oh, it's you, is it, you fat dummy?"

"Nunno, old fellow! I—I'm fast asleep."

"I'll give you fast asleep!" growled Bolsover major, and there was a creak as the bully of the Remove turned out of bed.

"I—I say, old chap—" stammered Bunter.

"Wait till I get at you with this bolster!" said Bolsover major, peering round in the dark. "Where are you, you fat chump?"

There was a faint glimmer of starlight in at the high windows of the Remove dormitory. But it was not sufficient to reveal Bunter.

"Where are you?" demanded Bolsover major. "I'm going to bolster you, you fat freak! I told you I would if you woke me up again! Why can't you let a fellow sleep, you piffing porpoise? Where are you, you footling fathead?"

"I—I say, old fellow—"

"Oh, there you are!"

Bolsover major followed the voice, and discerned a shadowy form. He made a rush at it, with his bolster upraised for a swipe.

Bunter promptly retreated.

He retreated more promptly than cautiously, and there was a bump as he ran into a bed. He sprawled over the bed, and a voice was raised in startled indignation.

"Say, what's that? What pesky scallywag is that?" howled the voice of Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh crumbs!"

"You pie-faced clam!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of you."

"Hold him for me, Fishy!" hooted Bolsover major.

"I guess I've got him!" said Fisher T. Fish, grabbing the Owl of the Remove. His grasp landed on Bunter's hair in the dark, and he held on, to the accompaniment of a wild howl from Bunter.

"Ow! Leggo!"

"I guess—yaroooop!" roared Fisher T. Fish, as a fat fist, thrashing out frantically in the dark, landed on his sharp Transatlantic nose.

(Continued on next page.)

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He let go Bunter at once, and transferred his hand to his nose, clasping it in anguish.

Bunter rolled under the bed; it was a case of any port in a storm. Bolsover major reached the spot the next moment with the bolster.

"There, you fat dummy!" Bolsover swiped recklessly with the bolster.

"There, you fat chump!"

"Yow—ow—ow—ow!" roared Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh! Is that you, Fishy?"

"Yooop! I guess it's me, you silly mugwump!" wailed Fisher T. Fish.

"I thought it was Bunter! Where's Bunter?"

"Blow Bunter, you pie-faced clam! Ow, ow, ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Most of the Remove were awake by now. There was a chortle along the row of beds.

Bunter rolled out on the other side of Fishy's bed. He picked himself up and fled. He bumped into a bed, and then into the box, and howled.

"There he is!" gasped Bolsover major, and he took up the pursuit again.

"Owl! Wow!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "That fat clam has nearly dislocated my nose! Owl! Owl! I guess I'll chop him into chips."

And Fisher T. Fish squirmed out of bed and grasped a pillow, and joined in the hunt.

"Go it, Bunter!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Put it on, Bunter!" chortled the Bounder.

"Oh dear! I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter dodged desperately. Bolsover major and Fishy, fortunately, ran into one another in the dark, and exchanged furious swipes before each other discovered that the other was not Bunter.

"Take that, you fat rotter—"

"Take that, you pie-faced jay!"

"You silly owl, Fishy—"

"You pesky bonehead, Bolsover—"

"You'll have Quelch up here soon!"

said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You'd better leave Bunter till the morning."

"I'm going to smash him!"

"I guess I'm going to make potato-scrappings of him."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

All the Remove were sitting up in bed now, enjoying that unexpected nocturnal entertainment.

Bolsover major struck a match, and lighted a candle-end. The hapless Owl of the Remove was revealed.

"There he is—"

"Now, you fat mugwump—"

"Yarooop! Help! I say, you fellows—yarooop! Help! Murder! Fire!"

roared Bunter.

Swipe! Swipe!

"Yoooooop!"

Bunter rolled and roared under the swiping pillow and bolster.

"Here, hold on!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Nuff as good as a feast, you know."

"The nuff fulness is terrific!"

Swipe! Swipe! Swipe!

"Yow-ow-ow! Help! Whoop!"

Bob Cherry turned out of bed, pillow in hand, and rushed on the scene. A hefty swipe sent Fisher T. Fish sprawling, and another caused Bolsover major to sit down suddenly.

"Nuff for Bunter!" said Bob cheerily. "My turn now!"

Bunter squirmed away. Bolsover major and Fisher T. Fish made a move in pursuit, but Bob Cherry stood in the way. Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull promptly joined him, and Nugent and

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh quickly joined up; and Billy Bunter gasped and spluttered in safety behind the Famous Five.

Fisher T. Fish retreated to his bed. But Bolsover major was made of sterner stuff. He rushed at the enemy. Five pillows smote Bolsover at once, and he sprawled on the floor.

"Don't I keep on telling you that enough's as good as a feast?" remonstrated Bob Cherry. "Some fellows never know when they've had enough. Give him some more."

Swipe! Swipe! Swipe! Swipe!

It dawned on Bolsover major that he had had enough, and he followed Fishy's example, and retreated to bed.

"Owl! I say, you fellows— Oh!

Owl!" gasped Bunter. "I say, some beast took away my bedclothes—"

"I wonder who?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"You've been out of the dormitory?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Oh! No! Not at all! I haven't been down to the studies!"

"You fat fibber—"

"Some beast bagged my bedclothes

.....



Teacher: "I have an impression in my head. Can one of you boys tell me what an impression is?"

Small Boy: "Yes, sir; an impression is a dent in a soft spot!"

A useful pocket-knife has been forwarded to Frank Davis, Park Stores, New Barn Lane, Cheltenham, Glos., for the above winning effort.

while I was gone—I mean, while I wasn't gone—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

By the glimmer of the candle, Bunter discovered his bedclothes. He dragged them back to his bed. There was a footstep in the passage.

"Cave!" breathed Bob Cherry.

The candle was blown out.

Mr. Quelch peered into a dark and silent dormitory. He peered in very suspiciously.

"Is anyone awake?" asked the Remove master.

Silence.

"I heard a noise!"

Sure!

The Remove master switched on the light. A row of quiet beds, and innocent calm faces with closed eyes, met his view.

Mr. Quelch gazed at the innocent sleeping forms, very much puzzled. He was feeling sure that he had heard a disturbance in the Remove dormitory.

"No one here is awake?" he asked.

Apparently no one was; at all events, there was no reply; only the sound of regular breathing, and a snore or two.

Mr. Quelch gazed at his slumbering Form, for a few moments, and then turned out the light, closed the door, and retired.

And not till his footsteps had died away down the passage was there a chuckle in the Remove dormitory.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Burgling the Burglar!

"H E'S got it!" murmured Skinner.

It was morning break, the next day. Quite a number of fellows had noticed that Billy Bunter looked bucked that morning.

He had been smiling over his breakfast. He had looked quite cheery in the Form-room. His fat face wore a podgy grin when he rolled out in break.

Now he was ambling in the quad, in the spring sunshine, evidently in a cheerful and contented frame of mind.

Skinner and Snoop watched him, and Skinner looked morose.

Harold Skinner's impression was that Bunter had had luck, where he, Skinner, had had none.

"He's got it!" repeated Skinner sourly. "The fat rotter! What do you think he went down from the dorm for last night, Snoopy?"

"Goodness knows," said Snoop. "Nobody's missed any tuck, that I've heard of."

"Fathead! He was after Linley's Latin paper."

"But you told me Cherry got that off you, after you'd bagged it from his study," said Snoop.

"He's fool enough to leave it where Bunter could get hold of it," said Skinner. "Cherry chased the fat rotter out of his study last evening with a five bat. I guessed what Bunter was after, when I heard of that. Well, that's what he went down for after lights out."

"Cherry wouldn't be ass enough to leave Linley's paper lying about the study, after one fellow had bagged it already," said Snoop.

"So I should have thought—but look at that fat frog! Fairly bursting with glee! What's bucking him like that, if he hasn't got the paper?"

Snoop looked very curiously at Bunter. Certainly the Owl of the Remove was looking extremely satisfied with himself and things generally.

"Well, he looks as if he's jolly pleased about something," Snoop remarked. "I suppose his postal-order hasn't come?"

"Fathead! He would be in the tuck-shop if it had."

"That's so!"

"He thinks he's safe for his blessed old uncle's five, with Linley's prize paper," said Skinner. "That must be it! Cherry left it in the study, and Bunter got it. They thought I wouldn't be after it again, after they ragged me, the rotters; and they never thought of Bunter. See?"

"Looks like it!" agreed Snoop. "Think he'd have the nerve to copy out Linley's paper and bag Quelch's prize with it?"

"Where's the risk?" said Skinner. "Linley's away, and won't be back till after it's all over. He'll never see the prize paper, and never dream that it was his own. Quelch may be surprised at Bunter turning in a good paper: but after all, the fat boulder makes out that he's been sweating hard, and that would account for it. I'm pretty certain Linley's paper will win—I've been through it, you know and it easily beats anything any other Remove man can do. If I could remember it—but, of



Bunter dodged desperately, and Bolsover major and Fishy, unable to see in the dark, ran into one another and exchanged furious swipes!

course, I can't—I only read it through once, and it was rather stiff stuff."

"No good sending in the same paper as Bunter, anyhow," grinned Snoop. "That would make Quelch sit up and take notice."

"Bunter's got that paper, I fancy; but he's not going to send it in," said Skinner coolly. "Look at him now!" he added, under his breath.

Billy Bunter had taken a paper from his pocket, and was blinking at it through his big spectacles.

He grinned complacently, and restored it to his pocket.

Skinner looked at Snoop; and Snoop looked at Skinner.

"Doesn't that settle it?" asked Skinner.

"Yes, rather! I say, Cherry must have been a fool to leave the paper in the study."

"Well, he is a fool, isn't he?" said Skinner. "Bunter's got it, the fat freak! But he's going to lose it."

"How do you mean?"

"We're going to take him for a walk in the Cloisters," said Skinner. "It's quite lonely there. Bunter's going to lose that paper in the Cloisters, and we're going to find it."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Come on!" said Skinner. And Sidney James Snoop chuckled, and followed his pal as he approached Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove, quite unconscious of danger, blinked at the precious pair as they came up.

"I say, you fellows," he began, "I told you my Uncle George was giving me a fiver for winning the term's Latin prize, didn't I?"

"You did!" assented Skinner grimly.

"Well, it's a cert," said Bunter. "I don't mean practically a cert—I mean a cert—a dead cert! You can take it

from me that my paper is going to win that rotten book prize."

"Finished your paper?" asked Snoop.

"Well, I've got to copy it out," said Bunter. "But it's finished except for that."

"Let's see it," suggested Skinner.

"No jolly fear!" said Bunter promptly. His Latin paper, so far, was in Mark Linley's handwriting, and certainly was not to be seen by any fellow in the Remove. "You wouldn't be able to read it, you know—it's a pretty stiff paper, much too deep for you, Skinner, or you, Snoopey. But, I say, you fellows, I shall be getting that fiver next week; you can take it from me. Now, I'll tell you what. You lend me five bob—"

"Bow-wow!" said Skinner and Snoop together.

"Oh, really, you fellows! You lend me five bob, and I'll let you have it back out of my fiver, and ask you to my spread as well. What about that?" asked Bunter. "I'm standing a feed when I get the fiver from Uncle George. I'd like you fellows to come."

"Like some toffee, Bunter?" asked Skinner.

"Yes, rather!"

"Here you are, old bean." Skinner produced a packet of toffee. "Help yourself."

Bunter helped himself; and as Skinner and Snoop walked on in the direction of the Cloisters, Bunter rolled along with them. He wanted to help himself again!

Quite unaware that the astute Skinner was leading him into a trap, Bunter rolled right into it. The packet of toffee was the will-o'-the-wisp that led him to his doom.

By the time they reached the old Cloisters, and passed out of the general

view, Bunter had finished his chunk. He held out a fat hand to Skinner.

"I'll have some more, old chap," he remarked.

Skinner glanced round.

Nobody was in sight now.

He made a sign to Snoop, and all of a sudden two pairs of hands were laid on Billy Bunter, his feet were jerked away from under him, and he sat down on the flagstones.

"Whooop!" gasped Bunter. "Ow! You rotters! Wharrer you up to? Leggo! Ow! Leggo, you beasts!"

"Sit on his head, Snoopey!" said Skinner cheerfully.

"What-ho!" chuckled Snoop.

"Currrrrrrgghh!" came from Bunter, as Sidney James sat on his head.

"Yurrrrrrrggh!" Skinner's nimble hand slid into the pocket where he had seen Bunter replace the paper at which he had blinked in the quad.

"The nimble fingers came out with the Latin paper in them.

At a glance Skinner recognised Mark Linley's handwriting. He chuckled.

There was a furious howl from Bunter.

"Groogh! Gerroff! Gimme my paper, you beast! Grooogh! Gerroff my head, you rotter!"

There was a sudden demoniacal howl from Sidney James Snoop. He leaped off Bunter's head as if that head had suddenly become red-hot.

"Yooooooooop!"

Skinner jumped.

"What the thump—"

"Whoooh! I'm bitten!" shrieked Snoop. "Ow! Wow! Whoooooh!"

Bunter scrambled up.

"Gimme my paper!" he yelled. "You gimme my paper, Skinner, or I'll go to

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,159.

Quelch and tell him you've bagged my prize paper—"

"Do!" yawned Skinner. "And tell him, at the same time, that your prize paper's written in Linley's handwriting. It will interest him."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

He glared at Skinner with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles. Skinner smiled cheerily. And Sidney James Snoop, still feeling the painful effects of the bite, leaned on a stone pillar and moaned.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Something Like a Jest!

"I—I say, you fellows—" gasped Bunter.

"Ow!" moaned Snoop. "I—I say, that's my paper, you know," stammered Bunter. "Gimme that paper, Skinner, old chap! It's mine, you know."

The Latin paper was crumpled in Skinner's hand. He had had only one glance at it; but one glance had been enough to detect the well-known handwriting of Mark Linley. Skinner was satisfied that he had hold of the prize paper that Bob Cherry had taken from him in Study No. 11 the previous day.

He grinned cheerily at the excited Owl of the Remove.

"Yours?" he asked genially.

"Yes, old fellow. You—you see, I—I got Linley to write it out for me, you know," Bunter explained. "Before he went, you know. That—that's how it comes to be in his hand."

"You'd like to tell Quelch that?" asked Skinner.

"I—I'd rather not tell Quelch, old chap! He's a suspicious beast, you know. He—he—he mightn't believe me."

"I think he mightn't," agreed Skinner. "He might, of course; but I think the odds are that he mightn't."

"I suppose you can take my word, Skinner?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner.

"Look here, you beast—"

"You fat idiot!" said Skinner. "Do

you think I don't know why you sneaked down from the dorm last night? You got the paper out of Study No. 13."

Bunter's fat jaw dropped.

He had intended to keep that nocturnal expedition a deep secret. But the exciting events in the Remove dormitory, after his return, had acquainted every fellow in the Form with the fact that the fat Owl had gone down after lights out.

"I wonder Cherry didn't guess!" remarked Skinner. "But he's a silly ass, anyhow. So you were going to use Linley's paper to bag the Latin prize, were you, Bunter?"

"Nunno!" gasped Bunter. "The—the fact is, I—I was going to let Linley have the prize. I don't want a rotten book. What I want is my Uncle George's fiver. Not that that's Linley's paper, you know. I never went to his study last night when I went down from the dorm. In fact, I never went down from the dorm at all. I hope you can take a fellow's word."

"This is a pretty serious matter, Bunter," said Skinner. "I'm afraid it's my duty to take this paper to Quelch and explain to him how you got hold of it."

"Oh, really, Skinner—"

"You see, it's a swindle!" said Skinner, shaking his head. "I'm afraid I can't keep this dark, Bunter. It's too thick!"

"I—I say, Skinner, old chap—"

"You'd better come with me to Quelch!" said Skinner, making a movement in the direction of the quad.

Bunter's fat knees knocked together.

So far as the obtuse Owl of the Remove could see, there was no harm in his using Mark's Latin paper for the laudable purpose of bagging a fiver from his Uncle George. But he had a feeling that Mr. Quelch would not see the matter in the same light.

"Hold on, old chap!" he gasped. "I—I say, I'd rather Quelch didn't know anything about it."

"I dare say," agreed Skinner. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll keep this

paper, and give it to Linley when he comes back, and say nothing about it. Of course, I couldn't let you use it; that would be unfair to the others. Still, I'll keep dark what you've done."

Billy Bunter groaned dismally.

But Skinner had the whip-hand. Bunter dared not let the matter go before his Form master. Bunter had been misunderstood before; and he felt instinctively that he would be misunderstood again.

He blinked at Skinner, and he blinked at Snoop. Then, with slow and reluctant footsteps, he rolled away. Uncle George's fiver was gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream.

"How's that, Snoopey?" grinned Skinner.

Snoop chuckled. He was getting over the bite now.

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

Skinner smoothed out the crumpled paper. Then, as he looked at it, he started.

"Great pip! This isn't the paper!" he breathed.

"What?"

"This isn't Linley's paper, the one Cherry got off me. My hat!"

"It's in Linley's fist," said Snoop, staring at it.

"Kectius vives, Licini—" read out Skinner, staring. "Neque altum— My only hat! Here, Bunter—"

He shouted after the Owl of the Remove.

Billy Bunter blinked round hopefully. Skinner held out the paper.

"I—I say, old chap—" gasped Bunter. He rolled back to the spot in hot haste. "I say, old fellow—"

"Only larking, old fat bean!" said Skinner, blandly. "There's your paper, Bunter. I don't want it."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

Scarcely believing in his good luck, he grabbed at the Latin paper. It was like Skinner to tantalise a fellow, and Bunter half expected him to jerk it away; but he didn't. That valuable Latin paper passed into Billy Bunter's possession again.

He jammed it into his pocket and rolled hurriedly out of the Cloisters. He did not intend to give Skinner time to change his mind.

But Skinner did not want to change his mind. He stared after the vanishing form of the Owl of the Remove and chortled.

"What the dickens—" asked Snoop, puzzled.

"Oh crumbs!" said Skinner. "This is going to be the joke of the term! Snoopey! Cherry's got Linley's paper safe, after all. He's not such a fool as I thought. That fat frump's got hold of a paper in Linley's fist, in his study last night. Ha, ha, ha!" Skinner roared.

"Not the prize paper?" asked Snoop. "Ha, ha! Not quite! If you'd mugged up as much classic bunk as I have, Snoopey, you'd know an ode of Horace when you see one."

"An ode of Horace!" yelled Snoop.

"Q. Horatius Flaccus!" chortled Skinner. "One of the best-known odes, too—the jolly old ode about the 'Golden Mean.' I wonder even Bunter doesn't know! Quelch knows it by heart, of course!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Snoop.

"Picture Quelch's face!" almost sobbed Skinner. "Imagine his dial when he comes on an ode of Horace among the papers handed in for the prize—"

Snoop shrieked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

MODERN BOY, UNION JACK, MAGNET, NELSON LEE, MAY 3

Boy Scouts in the Congo



Now, then, the Popolaki Patrol! Number off from the right! There's Lyn Strong, Fatty Page, Smut, Pip and Stacpoole—and, of course, Bobo, the African Chief. And the adventures they go through in the Congo will make you gasp as you read them. You simply must get acquainted with them in

THE POPULAR

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"An' Bunter—ha, ha, ha!" Skinner leaned on a stone pillar and gurgled. "Bunter thinks it's Linley's prize paper!" stuttered Snoop.

"He do—he does!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And he's going to copy it out and hand it in to Quelch—"

"Oh scissors!"

"Keep this dark!" laughed Skinner. "Keep it frightfully dark! Let Bunter get on with it. I wouldn't spoil a jest like this for all the prizes in the list!"

Snoop gurgled.

"But what has that ass Linley been copying out Horace for?" he asked.

"Oh, that's the kind of bunk he likes," said Skinner. "He can't afford to buy a Horace, and he's borrowed somebody's Horace and copied out that jolly old ode. And Bunter thinks—Ha, ha, ha!" Skinner went off into another yell of laughter.

Skinner and Snoop were wiping their eyes as they came out of the Cloisters. Skinner had been disappointed in his hope of getting hold again of the prize paper left behind by Mark Linley. Evidently Bob Cherry was keeping that safe. But he was more than consoled for his disappointment. Bunter was going to hand in the tenth ode in the second book of Horace—as his own composition!—in the belief that it was Mark Linley's composition. Linley was safe off the scene—and so was Quintus Horatius Flaccus, for that matter. But as Mr. Quelch had been brought up, so to speak, on the odes of Horace, the result of Billy Bunter's scheme was certain to be entertaining.

In third school that morning Billy Bunter once more looked cheery and contented. So did Skinner.

A good many fellows in the Remove were looking forward to the prize announcement, which was shortly due. Keenest of all were Skinner and Snoop and Bunter—but with very different expectations.

To Bunter's fat mind the prize and Uncle George's fiver were now certainties. To Skinner and Snoop something else seemed a certainty!

There was no doubt that Bunter's paper would be the best in the Remove. On that point there was no doubt—no possible probable shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever! But those excellent verses were not likely to bring Bunter a prize! They were likely—in fact, certain—to bring him something much less agreeable.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Great Expectations!

BOB CHERRY tapped at the door of his Form master's study, after classes, a couple of days later.

"Come in!" said the deep voice of Henry Samuel Quelch.

Bob entered the study. Mr. Quelch glanced at him, and at a paper he held in his hand.

"If you please, sir, I've brought in Linley's paper," said Bob.

"Linley's paper!" repeated the Remove master. "Linley is away from Greyfriars, Cherry!"

"Yes, sir; but he had done his paper before he went," explained Bob. "He meant to give it some finishing touches, but he hadn't time, and he left it in the study. I told him he ought to hand it in as it was, but he wasn't satisfied with it."

Mr. Quelch pursed his lips.

"In the circumstances, Cherry, as Linley did not care to hand in the paper—"

"I've written to him, sir!" explained Bob eagerly. "I pointed out to him that he was a silly ass—I-I mean—"

"Indeed?"

"I—I mean, I—I pointed out to him that he does the best Latin verses in the Remove, sir," said Bob colouring, "and told him not to play the goat—I mean, I asked him to let me hand the paper in for him. He's written back and told me to get on with it if I like."

GREYFRIARS CELEBRITIES.

Having been a sailor on a water-cart our clever rhymester thinks he can give you a pen-picture of Tom Redwing, a sturdy son of the sea.



THE mighty ocean, rolling on,
With force that never tires,
Has sent a lad, her sturdy son,
As student to Greyfriars.

Tom Redwing, Hawkscliff born, to be
A fisher like his father,
By diligence and toil has he
Advanced his way much farther.

He burnt with zeal the midnight oil;
Success crowned his endeavour;
A scholarship repaid his toil,
For Redwing's bright and clever.

At first chaps sneered—the meaner sort,
Like Messrs. Stott and Skinner;
They grinned and asked him if he'd
Caught

The "Kipper Steaks" for dinner!

Some would have quailed beneath the
Whip
Of ill-bred jest and jeering;
But stiff was Redwing's upper lip,
For all their foolish sneering.
He held his manly head up high,
And thought that method sounder;
His sterling spirit caught the eye
Of Herbert Smith, the Bounder.

These two the firmest friends became,
Though differing in mentality;
And Herbert Smith was not the same,
Through Redwing's personality.

This friendship oft in days gone past
By temper's been diminished;
It seemed that it would never last,
And oft it's nearly finished.

But they have stuck as fast as glue
Through every sort of weather;
And now you'll always find the two
In Study 4 together.

Tom Redwing, through a legacy,
Is now on par with others,
And thus our scholar from the sea
Is freed from petty bothers.

He has not lost his head at all
Through unaccustomed dollars;
And so I ask you, one and all,
With huge, full-throated "hollers,"
To raise a cheer at Redwing's name—
A loud, triumphant volley—
To praise this chap who plays the game,
Who's generous, bluff, and jolly!

So—so I thought I'd bring it to you, sir."

Mr. Quelch nodded.

"Very well, Cherry. The paper will be accepted."

"Thank you, sir!"

Mr. Quelch took the paper and dropped it into a drawer of his desk, where a number of others already reposed. It was the last day for handing in papers for the Latin prize, and seven or eight had already collected. Mr. Quelch had to find time to go through all those papers some evening, after which the announcement was to be made in the Form-room, and the prize awarded.

Some of the fellows thought it was very generous of Quelchy to stand a prize out of his own pocket, and to devote some hours of his scanty leisure to the examination of papers, over and above his official duties. Other fellows declared that Quelchy browsed on Latin, like a donkey on thistles, and found some weird and unaccountable pleasure in this sort of thing.

Bob Cherry left his Form master's study, glad that he had done his best for his absent friend, and that he had fairly chivvied Marky into allowing his paper to be handed in, after all.

As he went down Masters' passage he encountered a fat junior turning the corner. Billy Bunter was heading for Mr. Quelch's study, with a paper in his podgy hand. There was a cheery grin on Bunter's fat visage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life, old fat bean?" asked Bob. "What have you got there?"

"My prize paper, old chap," said Bunter.

"My hat! You've done a paper?" exclaimed Bob, in surprise.

Billy Bunter's outbreak of swotting was quite a thing of the past now. It had been strenuous, but brief. Probably Bunter would not have kept it up, even if he had not made that lucky discovery in Study No. 13! As it was, he did not need to keep it up.

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter. "Rather a good paper, too, I think!"

"I don't think!" chuckled Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Well, I hope you've got a chance, old fat man," said Bob, good-humouredly. "You haven't done a lot of work for it, anyhow."

"The fact is, I didn't need to work much for it," explained Bunter. "I'm rather a dab at Latin, you know—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Well, you'll see what you'll see," said Bunter. "I fancy my paper's going to bag the prize, anyhow. I say, have you heard from Linley?"

"Yes, fatty."

"He's not coming back till after the prize is handed out?" asked Bunter, anxiously.

"No."

"Oh, good!"

"Why good, you fat duffer?" asked Bob. "What the dickens does it matter to you whether Linley comes back before the prize is given out, or not?"

"Oh! I—I mean—"

"Well, what do you mean, ass?"

"Oh! Nothing!"

Billy Bunter rolled on hastily.

Bob stared after him. He was quite perplexed. Had Bunter succeeded in abstracting Linley's prize paper, he would have understood his fat satisfaction, and his anxiety that Linley should not come back till after the matter of the Latin prize was over and done with. As it was it was rather perplexing.

However Bunter and his weird ways

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were of no importance, and Bob dismissed the Owl of the Remove from his mind as he went on his way.

Bunter rolled out again, grinning. His fat face was wreathed in smiles as he came up to the Remove passage.

Skinner and Snoop were on the Remove landing, and they also smiled as they beheld his smiling fat countenance.

"Taken in your paper, Bunter?" asked Skinner.

"Yes, old chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at," said Bunter, blinking at Skinner and Snoop. "What's the joke?"

"You are, old fat bean!" chuckled Snoop.

Skinner and Snoop walked away laughing. Billy Bunter sniffed, and rolled into Study No. 7. It was tea-time, and Peter Todd and Tom Dutton were sitting down to tea. Bunter glanced over the tea table, and gave another sniff.

"Look here, Peter, if you've only got those measly sardines for tea—"

"That's all," said Toddy cheerfully. "But the tuckshop's open, and you can buy anything you like."

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"And if you don't want any of the measly sardines, I can do with the lot!" added Toddy.

"Beast!"

Bunter sat down and grabbed a share of the sardines.

"I say, Toddy, I'm going to stand a topping spread when I get that fiver from my Uncle George!"

"When?" sighed Toddy.

"It's a dead cert," said Bunter. "I've taken in my paper to Quelch. I've had it done a long time, you know. I only had to copy it out. It's easily the best in the Remove."

"Modesty, thy name is Bunter!" said Toddy.

"I can tell you, it's a corker," said Bunter. "It begins 'Reotius vives, Liciini'—I forget the rest."

"Eh? That sounds familiar," said Peter, staring at him. "I've heard that before somewhere, I think."

"Oh crumbs! If you've seen Linley's paper—"

"Linley's paper?" ejaculated Peter Todd.

"I—I mean, my—my paper," said Bunter hastily. "I—I wonder what made me say Linley's paper? I say, Peter, old chap, the fiver's a cert now—a dead cert. I'm going to ask you to the spread. Look here, you stand something decent for tea, see? One good turn deserves another."

"If that spread depends on your winning a prize with a Latin paper, old fat bean, I think it will come along about the same time as the postal-order you're expecting," chuckled Toddy. "And by that time I shall be able to stand myself a feed out of my old age pension."

"Beast!"

And there were only sardines for tea! Bunter could not very well explain the grounds on which he felt so certain of bagging the prize—and the fiver. Toddy was not likely to believe that William George Bunter would bag a prize for Latin verse, by his own unaided efforts. So the fat junior had to content himself with the lions' share of the sardines.

But he was consoled by the happy prospect in store. Bunter's fat thoughts dwelt on the fiver, and the amount of tuck it would purchase; and he was comforted.

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THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Awful for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER beamed. The Remove were gathered in their Form-room, some of them looking bored, others expectant.

In the ranks of the Remove, the fat and fatuous countenance of William George Bunter beamed like unto a full moon.

Fellows grinned as they noticed the beaming, effulgent countenance of the Owl of the Remove.

Evidently, Bunter had no doubts! The gathering of the Form for the announcement, by Mr. Quelch, of the winner of the term's Latin prize, was a merely formal proceeding, in Bunter's view. For the result was a foregone conclusion, in Bunter's opinion.

Quelch, at his high desk, had a rather serious expression on his face. It was noted, several times, that his glance turned on Bunter. And his glance did not express admiration or approval.

"I say, you fellows," murmured

received a total of nine papers for the prize for Latin verse. Of these, all had merit, excepting one. As he mentioned the exception, Quelch's gimlet eyes again rested on the fat and expectant countenance of William George Bunter.

"The best paper," Mr. Quelch went on, "is the work of a boy now absent from Greyfriars. The prize is awarded to Mark Linley."

"Hurrah!" ejaculated Bob Cherry involuntarily.

"Oh crickets!" stuttered Bunter.

The fat junior almost fell down.

His fat brain seemed to be turning round, in his amazement. Mr. Quelch's announcement of the prize-winner came like a bombshell to Bunter.

"Three papers," resumed Mr. Quelch, "deserve special commendation—Wharton's, Redwing's, and Todd's. All the others have merit—excepting one."

"Good old Bunter!" murmured Bob.

"To this exception," said Mr. Quelch, "I must now specially refer. Bunter!"

"Oh dear!"

"Stand out, Bunter!"

Bunter tottered out before the class. Mr. Quelch held up a paper that was evidently written in Bunter's hand—the sprawling "fist" could be recognised at quite a distance.

"Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, in a deep voice.

"Yes, sir!" mumbled Bunter.

"You handed me this paper as your own composition."

"Ye-es, sir! It—it's mine!" gasped Bunter.

Skinner and Snoop exchanged a glance and suppressed a chuckle. The other fellows listened with keen interest.

"How you could have hoped," said Mr. Quelch, "to succeed with such a palpable trick, passes my comprehension, Bunter."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"This paper," said Mr. Quelch, "is not your composition, Bunter."

"Oh, yes, sir! Quite! I—I worked out every line of it sir! I—I wouldn't borrow another chap's paper, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I'm incapable of it! That—that's not Linley's paper, sir."

"Linley's paper!" repeated Mr. Quelch. "I am aware that it is not Linley's paper, Bunter. Linley certainly would not be capable of attempting to play such a trick in a prize examination!"

"What on earth has the fat idiot been up to?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Goodness knows!"

"Silence, please!" Bunter—

"I—I assure you, sir," gasped Bunter. "Linley never wrote that, sir."

"Do you suppose for one moment, Bunter, that I suppose that Linley wrote it?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"Oh crumbs!"

Bunter had certainly supposed so. If that wasn't it, what was the matter? Bunter was quite bewildered.

"I have Linley's paper here," said Mr. Quelch. "It was handed to me by Cherry—"

Bunter jumped.

"Oh! The beast!"

"What?"

"I—I mean—oh dear!"

Bunter's fat brain was spinning. How could that beast Cherry have handed in Linley's paper, when the Owl of the Remove had annexed it, copied it out, and burnt it?

Slowly it dawned on the unhappy Owl that he must have got hold of the wrong paper in that nocturnal expedition to Study No. 13.

"This paper—" Mr. Quelch shook the offending paper in the air, and his gimlet-eyes seemed to bore into the

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TO-DAY!

Bunter. "I wish he'd buck up! I'm going to bag it, you know."

"Well, I fancy I've a faint chance," said Harry Wharton, with a smile.

"Rot, old chap! Your paper isn't in the same street with mine."

"I hope not!" grinned the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"I rather think Marky's paper will pull it off," remarked Bob Cherry.

Bunter started.

"How do you know?"

"What?"

"I—I mean—"

"Silence, please!" came the deep voice of Henry Samuel Quelch; and there was a sudden cessation of the whispering in the Lower Fourth.

Mr. Quelch gave a little cough. Again his glance dwelt on Bunter for a moment, with quite an odd expression, and the juniors wondered what it meant. Several of the juniors were expectant. Wharton and Peter Todd and Tom Redwing had put in good papers; Skinner had put in a careless one; several other fellows had done their best. But nobody's expectations were so high as Billy Bunter's. It was, Bunter was persuaded, simply a walk-over for him.

Mr. Quelch announced that he had

"This paper, Bunter," roared Mr. Quelch, "is a copy of the tenth ode of the second book of Horace, and you have had the impudence to attempt to palm it off on me as your own work!"



wretched Bunter. "This paper is a copy of a well-known composition—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"A composition so celebrated, that it amazes me that you should fancy, Bunter, for one moment, that I was unacquainted with it!"

"Oh!"

"Apart from the dishonesty, the unscrupulous impudence of this attempt, an attempt at what I can only describe as fraud—"

"Ow!"

"Apart from that, I am amazed at the folly, the crass fatuity, of such an attempt!" boomed Mr. Quelch. "Is it possible, Bunter, that you imagined that your Form master was unacquainted with the odes of Horace?"

"Eh?"

"This paper"—almost roared Mr. Quelch—"is a copy of the tenth ode of the second book of Horace!"

"Oh crikey!"

"And you have had the impudence, the crass stupidity, to attempt to palm it off on your Form master as your own work!"

"Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Remove. Many fellows had wondered what Bunter's Latin paper would be like. But they had not expected it to turn out like this.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" hooted Mr. Quelch. "This attempt at an impudent fraud may be ridiculous in a sense, but it is not a laughing matter."

On that point, the Remove did not agree with their Form master. But they tried to suppress their emotions.

"What have you to say, Bunter?"

"I—I—I—"

"Speak!"

"I—I—I—I think you're making a mistake, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"What?"

"I—I never bagged that paper out of Linley's study, sir—I—I mean, I never knew the beast had been copying out Horace—that is to say, I—I—I—I really wrote that paper, sir—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you really wrote this paper, Bunter!" gurgled Mr. Quelch. "You tell me that you really wrote this ode, which I have known by heart for forty years."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh crikey!"

"Have you anything more to say, you young rascal?"

Bunter, with his mouth open like a fish out of water, could only gasp. He had nothing more to say. Horace and all his works were quite unknown to Bunter, but if Mr. Quelch had known these verses by heart for forty years, it was evidently no use for Bunter to claim them for his own composition.

"The unscrupulousness of this attempt," boomed Mr. Quelch, "is only equalled by its crass absurdity. How you could hope to impose on me in such a manner passes my comprehension. Such fatuity is almost inconceivable. You hand me, as you own composition, a work which has been existence almost two thousand years—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"A work known by heart by every master in the school, and in every other school—"

"Oh scissors!"

"Known to every boy in the Sixth Form—"

"Oh dear!"

"And to many of the juniors—even some of the Remove—"

"Oh!"

"You must have imagined that your Form master's ignorance was even more abysmal than your own—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!"

Mr. Quelch picked up his cane.

"Bunter!"

"Ooooooh!"

"You will bend over that form!"

"Wow!"

The scene that followed was painful—very painful. Mr. Quelch was justly wrathful. The cane rose and fell; the Remove master, apparently under the impression that he was beating a carpet. The dust rose from Billy Bunter's trousers. From Billy Bunter himself, rose a succession of ear-splitting yells.

Bunter had had great expectations. But it was the unexpected that happened. Like Lucifer, Son of the Morning, he had fallen from his high estate, and great was the fall thereof.

"Ow! Wow! Wow! Ow!"

Such was the burden of Bunter's song for the remainder of the day.

He had had the licking of his life! Certainly, he had deserved it, but from that reflection, Bunter derived no comfort whatever.

But the licking, severe as it was, wore off at long last. That really was not the worst. As Shakespeare has remarked, thus bad begins but worse remains behind. Uncle George's fiver was gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream. That was the unkindest cut of all!

For a long, long time, Billy Bunter mourned and could not be comforted. He was never seen swotting again, neither was he likely to think of bagging another fellow's paper for a prize. It was too awfully risky! It was the first and last exploit of Bunter the prize hunter!

THE END.

(There will be another topping story of Harry Wharton & Co. in next week's MAGNET entitled: "BUNTER, THE INK-SPLASHER!" Don't miss this splendid treat, whatever you do!)

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For the Glory of France!

by Geo E Rochester



A Bold Step!

THE armed Arab on guard greeted Fraser with babbling outcry.

"What is it, master? Is our lord, the Chosen One, safe?"

"Yes, yes!" out in Fraser. "He has already been moved to safety. But there is treachery in the camp. Have you the Legionnaire secure?"

"He lies safe in his bonds—" began the guard.

"How do you know?" cried Fraser. "Have you looked during these past few minutes? The Chosen One bids me bring him reassuring word. This may be an attempt at rescue!"

With an oath, the guard turned and dashed into the camel-hair tent, followed by Fraser.

"Yes, see!" he cried, bending over the bound and trussed boy. "He lies secure—"

That was as far as he got, for Fraser's clubbed automatic crashed down sickeningly on his skull. His musket dropped from his nerveless hand and, as he swayed forward, Fraser struck savagely again.

With a groan the guard collapsed, pitching face foremost to the sanded floor of the tent; and Fraser was on his knees by the side of Paul.

"Are you all right, boy?" he demanded, sawing frenziedly with open clasp-knife at Paul's bonds.

"Yes, but—"

"Then listen!" out in Fraser tersely. "Get word to Zukra that

two thousand fighting Arabs march at dawn to attack the village. All prisoners will be tortured. I ride with you. One of us must get through or the garrison will be wiped out. There! Can you stand?"

The last strands of Paul's bonds fell away, and, slipping an arm round his shoulders, Fraser helped him to his feet. The boy swayed, but Fraser's arm held him steady and Fraser's voice came cool and collected.

"We must get out of here without delay. But in case we are parted, or I go under, there is one thing more Warren asked me to give you this."

He thrust the crumpled note, which

THE PATH OF DUTY?

To stand by a wounded man who has saved his life—or push on with the news that might save his comrades from being wiped out—IT'S LEFT FOR PAUL BLAKE TO DECIDE!

Warren had entrusted to him, into Paul's hand. Mechanically the boy's fingers closed on it.

"You are Fraser?" he asked haltingly.

"Yes. But we must get out of here at once," answered Fraser. "To leave by the entrance is too dangerous. We'll go out this way." Already he was slitting an exit at the rear of the small tent. "The horse lines lie behind here. Ready?"

"Yes."

"Come on, then. There's a panic on just now and we may win through safely."

He crawled out through the hole he had made, followed immediately by Paul, who was still in the torn and tattered Arab garb which he had been wearing when taken prisoner.

"A bold front!" said Fraser, rising to his feet. "They'll take you for one of themselves, and I'm not suspected yet, I think!"

"Suspected of what?" demanded Paul.

Fraser laughed grimly.

"Setting fire to that black dog's tent," he answered. "Come on; the horse lines lie this way!"

Boldly Fraser struck off towards the horse lines, with Paul striding by his side. The whole encampment was by this time swarming with men and illumined by the glare of the great blazing tent of Ali bu Sadi.

But none questioned the pair nor attempted to arrest their progress. Fraser, the renegade Englishman, was well-known by sight, and as for his companion—well, who in the excitement was to think that that

tattered Arab was the Legionnaire who was to die at dawn? Who, in their frenzied fear for the safety of their leader, the Chosen One of Allah, gave so much as a thought or second glance to the Englishman and the Arab companion who might well be his servant?

Thus they reached the horse lines, and boldly Fraser addressed the gaunt Arab in charge of the guard there, whilst Paul stood back with face averted, gazing, it seemed, towards the blaze.

"Two horses at once!" commanded Fraser arrogantly. "I carry urgent orders for all sentries!"

The Arab nodded. There was nothing in either Fraser's words or alleged mission to arouse the slightest suspicions on his part.

"Who rides with you?" he asked

usually, turning to give the order to saddle two horses.

"My servant!" replied Fraser, then caught his breath and stood with hands clenched.

For from the encampment had come a sudden outcry. It sounded above the tumult and the din with strange, menacing note.

The Arab heard and noted it, for he wheeled, staring in the direction from whence the sound came.

"What is happening now?" he growled.

Fraser could have told him; could have explained what that sudden outcry meant.

The escape of Paul had been discovered!

"Hurry with those horses, there!" barked Fraser.

The outcry was growing every moment, swelling into a roar of enraged voices.

"There is something amiss," said the Arab sharply.

"Blood and fury!" roared Fraser. "Do you tell us what we already know, you camel? Twice has the life of our Master, the Chosen One, been in peril this night, and now you bleat of something being amiss!"

Impatiently he strode forward and snatched the reins of a saddled horse from the hand of one of the guards.

"Here, you dog!" he wheeled on Paul. "Mount, curse you! Must you stand gaping there all night?"

It was superbly done. For not by the slightest quiver of his voice had Fraser betrayed the cold dread which was clutching at his heart.

"Wait!" cried the fellow in charge of the guard, and his voice was imperative. "They are coming this way!"

It was only too true. Silhouetted against the dying glow of the now almost burnt out tent, men were running towards the horse lines.

"Up with you, Blake—for your life!" shouted Fraser.

With the words he wrenched the reins of the second horse from the hand of the man who held them. A smashing blow to the face sent the fellow reeling, and swinging himself up to the saddle, Fraser dug his heels savagely into the horse's flanks.

The startled animal bounded forward as, with a yell, the leader of the guard whipped up his musket. But before his finger could tighten on the trigger, Fraser's automatic spat vicious flame and lead. The Arab staggered back with a gurgling cry and arms upflung, a bullet through his throat.

Paul had already mounted, and next moment he and Fraser were galloping towards the sentry lines, followed by a ragged fusillade of bullets.

"They're saddling!" shouted Fraser, glancing over his shoulder. "Even if we pass the sentries, it's going to be touch and go!"

Another fusillade rang out, and suddenly Fraser swayed drunkenly in his saddle.

"They've got me!" he gasped. "Through—the back!"

Then he was conscious of Paul's arm round him and the boy's voice saying:

"Steady, Fraser! We'll beat them yet!"

Fraser's teeth set grimly

"Beat 'em!" he said gratingly

"Ay—we must do that!"

As though locked together, the two horses and riders thundered on, to run the gauntlet of sentry lines and outposts

Through the Night!

THE sentries and outposts had been thrown round the oasis in a wide circle, and before they could realise what the sudden firing meant, Paul and Fraser were through their lines, thundering madly on into the desert night.

No horses that ever were foaled could keep up the breakneck speed of those two flying mounts. But Paul knew that his one chance of safety lay in getting as far away from the encampment as possible before the pursuit of he and Fraser was taken up in earnest.

He held on, holding the reeling Fraser in his saddle, and followed by a ragged volley of musket shots from the sentries.

"Leave me!" gasped Fraser. "I'm done! You go on alone!"

"Hang on, old fellow!" answered Paul encouragingly. "We'll win through all right now!"

Win through!

They must do that at any cost, for the garrison at Zukra must be warned of the coming attack.

His arm supporting the wounded Fraser, Paul urged the flying mounts to further efforts. The gallant horses responded nobly, thundering on side by side with long and raking stride.

More than once the boy glanced back over his shoulder into the darkness behind. Already the pursuit of him and Fraser must have commenced, but there was a chance that in the blackness of the night the Arabs would be uncertain as to the direction they had taken.

They could not know definitely that the fugitives were making for Zukra, even if they suspected that Paul was aware of the attack which Ali bu Sadi was proposing to launch on that

INTRODUCTION.

To save his rascally cousin, Guy Warren, from expulsion on a charge of theft, Paul Blake takes the blame on his own shoulders by running away from school and joining the Foreign Legion of France. He is sent to the desert station of Sidi-bel-Abbas, in North Africa, where he forms friendships with Lemarne, a hard-bitten Legionnaire, Esterharn, a former officer in the French Army, and Desmond, once captain of his old school. Later, when a strong force of the Legion is sent into the desert to quell an Arab rising, these four go with it. After a terrible hand-to-hand fight, Sergeant-Major Dolke learns that a party of British tourists, including Guy Warren, who has now succeeded to the title and fortune of his father, and his sister Jane, have fallen into the hands of Ali bu Sadi, the leader of the revolt. Lemarne and Blake are accordingly dispatched to the garrison at Kesh-el-Baker, only to be captured by Touaregs. Lemarne escapes, but Blake is brought before Ali bu Sadi and sentenced to death. Guy Warren, who, with a friend named Fraser, is in league with the rebel chief is so grieved at his cousin's plight that he makes a valiant attempt to save Paul. His effort proves futile, however, and he is hewn down by the Chosen One's bodyguard. That same night Fraser sets fire to the Chosen One's tent; then, unnoticed in the pandemonium that follows, rushes to the tent in which Paul Blake lies bound.

(Now read on.)

ill-fated little desert village which was being held by the pitiful remnant of the Legion Company which had marched from Sidi-bel-Abbas a thousand strong.

Suddenly Fraser moaned, swaying heavily against Paul's encircling arm, and almost slipping from the saddle. Torn between anxiety for this wounded companion of his and the knowledge that there was not a moment to spare if the garrison at Zukra were to be warned, Paul checked the wildly galloping horses and brought them to a quivering halt.

"I'm done!" moaned Fraser. "I'm all in!"

The words trailed away and his head fell limply forward on his chest. Holding him as best he could, Paul swung himself to the ground. Then, lifting the scarce-conscious Fraser from the saddle, he gently lowered him to the sand.

Fraser's eyes flickered open and he laid a trembling hand on the sleeve of the boy kneeling by his side on the sand. His deathly white face was but a blur in the darkness, and when he spoke Paul had to bend his head to catch the whispered words which came so faintly from the livid lips.

"Don't wait!" There was a strange urgency in Fraser's halting voice. "They may be on us—at any moment. Go now—you have two horses. I will remain here!"

"No, no!" cried the boy passionately. "I will not leave you!"

Fraser's grip tightened convulsively on his arm.

"You cannot aid me—I am too far gone for that," he whispered. "And if they take you again—you will die terribly!"

A fit of coughing racked him, and in the darkness his lips became flecked with blood.

"Your duty is to your comrades—at Zukra," he went on when the spasm had passed. "Go, boy—you must go!"

"I cannot!" cried Paul desperately. "I cannot leave you!"

How could he? How could he leave this man who had given his life to save him from the Arabs? Yet the maddening, the awful thing about it was that he could do nothing to aid poor Fraser. All he could do was to wait for the end—and, before that end came, the chances were that the pursuing Arabs would come sweeping out of the darkness on vengeance bent.

And then what of the garrison at Zukra?

Taken by surprise by the overwhelming force Ali bu Sadi was sending against them, they would be wiped out to a man.

Which was the path of duty?

Should the boy wait by the side of this dying man, who had given his all to save him from death at Arab hands; or should he abandon him and push on towards Zukra with the news which might save his comrades from being wiped out?

"Fraser, I will not leave you," he said hoarsely, his face working strangely. "I cannot do it!"

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Fraser nodded weakly. For a long moment he lay silent. And in the stillness, his ear against the sand, he heard a faint, elusive drumming far out across the desert.

It was the Arabs approaching!

Weakly Fraser groped for his revolver.

"They're coming, boy!" he whispered. "Take my gun—it is here—"

He drew it from its holster.

Crack!

Lurid flame spurted, stabbing the darkness in front of Paul's eyes. Then before the horrified boy could grasp the gun, it had fallen from Fraser's nerveless hand.

"Fraser—Fraser!" he cried wildly, and lifted the head now lying so limply on the sand.

But there was no reply. Deliberately, to release the boy from his side so that the warning could be carried on to Zukra, Fraser had shot himself.

And when news of that supreme self-sacrifice reached Fraser's widowed mother weeks later in England, it was accompanied by the coveted Legion of Honour, the highest award which France can give.

Zukra!

PAUL eventually won through to Zukra, riding in through the gates of the walled village at sunset the following evening. He was swaying drunkenly in the saddle, half-dead with weariness, half-crazed by thirst.

The breather his horse and Fraser's had had before Fraser died, had freshened them considerably. Pausing only long enough to stand with bowed head and commit Fraser's soul to it: Maker, Paul had swung himself up into the saddle and thundered off into the night, leading the other horse by the rein.

Having two mounts had proved the boy's salvation, for he had ridden them alternately, halting only long enough to throw himself from the saddle of one to the back of the other.

Reaching Zukra, he reported at once to Sergeant-Major Bolke at the barracks.

"Where's Lemarne?" was the first question the sergeant-major shot at him. "What in blazes are you doing back here alone?"

Rapidly Paul poured out his story, terminating with it reiteration that a huge force of Arabs was already sweeping to the attack of Zukra unless Ali bu Sadi had made an eleventh hour alteration in his plans.

"And you have no knowledge as to whether or not Lemarne reached Kesh-el-Kabar?" rapped Bolke.

"No, I have not," answered the boy.

"And if this Arab attack is being launched according to plan," said the sergeant-major sharply, "how many hours do you reckon the dogs are behind you?"

"Four, at least."

"Very good!" replied Bolke. "You may turn in now for two hours. I will speak with you again later."

Thankfully Paul saluted, and withdrew to his quarters. He was too weary even to eat, and after slaking his thirst and indulging in a brisk rub-down, he threw himself full length on his mattress.

Scarce had his head touched the hard pillow than he was sound asleep, to be awakened again two hours later by Zimmermann.

"Bolke wishes to see you again," said that individual, standing by whilst Paul dressed in his Legion uniform. "You bring us bad news, mon garcon!"

"I'm afraid so, Zimmermann," said Paul. "What precautions has Bolke taken?"

"The gates have been closed and barricaded," replied Zimmermann, "and every man is at his post along the walls. But there will be no attack before the dawn!"

"No?"

"No; for the Arab likes not night work," said Zimmermann. "The dawn rush is his favourite method of attack. But, tell me, where is Lemarne?"

"The last I saw of him," replied Paul grimly, "he was riding hard for Kesh-el-Kabar!"

Whilst he ate a hurried meal in the deserted barrack-room, Paul told Zimmermann something of his and Lemarne's adventures out there in the desert.

"Then," said Zimmermann, with a harsh laugh, when the boy had concluded, "if Lemarne has died, we are as good as dead. For we are in no state to hold out against an attack here."

"Why not?"

"Because a quarter of the company are down with sickness, and the cafard—the desert madness—is rife. Only last night, in this very room, a cursed Portuguese ran amuck with his bayonet. He killed one man, and was attacking another, when Bolke shot him dead!"

"And how has the good Bolke been conducting himself?" asked Paul curiously.

Zimmermann looked at him sharply.

"Did Lemarne speak to you of—of him out there in the desert?" he demanded.

Paul shook his head.

"No, he didn't," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, there is no particular reason!" replied Zimmermann, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But you ask how Bolke has been conducting himself. Nom d'un nom, day by day he grows more like the devil he is! He never speaks now, save to curse a man or snarl an order. This morning he shot Karl Hansen for malingering!"

"And was Hansen malingering?"

"He was! And Bolke knew it. He did not turn out on parade, this Hansen, and Bolke came into the barrack-room to find him. 'Get out on parade, you dog!' Bolke said

And Hansen replied that he was sick. Just for one moment did Bolke look at him; then, drawing his gun, he shot him full between the eyes!"

"He gave him no second chance?" asked Paul quietly.

"No, he did not. But you see why, do you not? He made an example of Hansen. Mon garcon, there is one real antidote to the cafard and to going sick here in Zukra. It is fear of Bolke. Fear of Bolke will keep a poor devil of a Legionnaire on his feet when nothing else will!"

Paul nodded, for he could well understand the grim truth which lay in his companion's words.

"Has he found out who it was that attacked him the night he throttled Stulz?" he asked.

Zimmermann half turned away.

"No," he answered, in a low voice; "but he's got his suspicions!"

And Paul, watching him, knew in his heart, that here was one of the guilty ones.

"But if he's got his suspicions, why has he not taken action?" he demanded.

Zimmermann swung on him.

"Because he could prove nothing," he answered harshly, "and because he is not a fool. He knows he is safe here in Zukra, for we could not do without him. He is the one man who can hold the company together. And he knows, for his part, that he cannot do without those who attacked him. Every man who is not a shirker, like Hansen, will be wanted. And the men who attacked Bolke were not shirkers, but fighters."

Paul saw quite plainly what Zimmermann meant. Faced by sickness, madness, and Arabs, it was no time for the settlement of personal grudges in the ranks of the company. It was a case of every man pulling his weight in the fight against those three deadly foes of the Legion.

Pushing back his chair, Paul rose to his feet and buckled on his accoutrements. Then, with a word to Zimmermann, he clumped off to the orderly-room, where he found the sergeant-major alone.

"I am posting you to the firing platform by the main gates!" said Bolke harshly. "But first I have a question to ask you!"

"Yes?" said Paul.

"This man Warren," demanded Bolke—"you say he is dead. Tell me how he died!"

Briefly Paul told him how Guy Warren had met his death. Bolke listened in silence, but never for an instant did his eyes leave Paul.

"So," he said, when Paul had concluded, "he fired at this black dog, Ali bu Sadi, in an effort to save you from being tortured?"

"Yes, that is correct!"

"And was hewn down by the swords of Ali bu Sadi's bodyguard?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Very good! You can go! Report at once to Corporal Durz, in charge of your post!"

(For the conclusion of this thrilling yarn see next week's MAGNET)

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

(Continued from page 2)

of course, is to slip the rubber band over the two corners, and this holds them together in a flash, and gives the appearance that they have been mysteriously tied together!

Here are a few

RAPID-FIRE REPLIES

to questions which my readers have asked me:

R. Selwood (Chippenham, Wilts).—The Bay of Biscay varies in depth. In the Spanish portion it is about 1,200 ft. deep, but in the French portion only 120 ft. This is by no means deep when you consider that there is a place in the Pacific where the water is over 32,000 ft. in depth!

William Gray (Camberwell).—The tin is made in two sections, and the doves (which take up very little room) are in the bottom section. The fire is produced by spirit in the top section, and the second time the lid is taken off, the top section goes with it, thus leaving the doves free to flutter out.

Harry Rouse (New Barnet).—Anacondas—the terrible South American pythons—are found in Brazil and Guiana. They grow as long as thirty feet, and prey upon birds and animals. Their bite is not poisonous, but they crush their prey and then swallow it whole.

H. H. F. (Sunderland).—Can dogs smoke? Yes, a dog has been known actually to inhale smoke, and also to eat tobacco!

Ready for a limerick? This one comes from Master Randall, 35, Compton Street, Clifton, York, who gets a MAGNET pocket wallet for it:

When Bunter was put in the team,
Greyfriars would lose, it would seem.
But lose they did not;
They won, did that lot.
You see, it was a tug-o'-war team!

Here is a question which raises

A SALTY SUBJECT!

Harry Burdett wants to know if it is true that one can bathe in certain seas without sinking. It's quite true. The Dead Sea contains so much matter in solution that it is almost impossible to sink in it. The Great Salt Lake in Utah is another place where one may bathe with impunity, because one cannot sink. Salt is really a most interesting subject. For instance, do you know that there are salt mines in Poland and Russia which have main streets in them lighted by

electricity? They also have chapels, theatres, and concert halls—all thousands of feet below the surface! In fact, some of these salt mines are actually cities under the earth!

You need not take the above paragraph with the customary grain of salt, because it's absolutely true!

And, as salt lends savour to food, so does Frank Richards' humour lend savour to a story, as you will find out next week when you read:

"BUNTER, THE INK SPLASHER!"

which is his next book-length yarn of the famous chums of Greyfriars. It's chock-full of real good stuff, and you'll kick yourself if you miss reading it. So you'd better get on to your newsagent right now and ask him to reserve a copy for you!

Second on the list comes the final instalment of our rattling great yarn of the Foreign Legion, while our middle-pages feature will be another amusing yarn of St. Sam's, entitled:

"A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH!"

which has been specially written for you by Dicky Nugent.

There'll be another clever poem by the Greyfriars Rhymester, of course.

By the way, full particulars of a grand new serial—the best ever yet written for the MAGNET—will appear in next week's issue. Yes, you're right. It does deal with the Test Matches and its bang on the wicket!

YOUR EDITOR.

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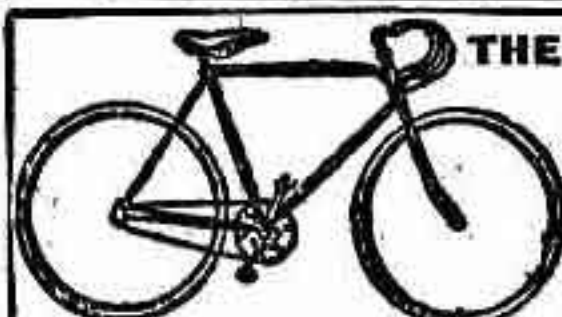
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I.
Left Out!

"PLAYED, sir!"
"Well hit, Smiles!"

The crowd round the Junior pitch at Cayningham College yelled applause as Hal Smiles, the cheery owner of an amazing wishing-ring, sent the ball whizzing across to the boundary.

Hal could play cricket, there wasn't much doubt about that. This was the tenth boundary since Hal had gone down to the wicket, and the Cayningham supporters were wild with delight. The supporters of their opponents from St. Tim's, on the other hand, looked haggard and drawn, and divided their time between biting their lips, beating their chests, and tearing out their hair in great handfuls.

Adolphus Hawes, captain of Cayningham, and the dandy of the Sixth, sauntered elegantly up to the pavilion, while the applause was at its height.

"What's the merry riot about, you inky-fingered young villains?" he inquired languidly.

Fred Larking, Hal Smiles' particular chum, pointed to the cricket-field.

"It's good old Hal Smiles again," he replied. "Hal's streets ahead of anyone else in the Fourth. Pity you don't give him a place in the First, Hawes!"

"Hear, hear!" chorled a crowd of Fourth Formers.

Hawes' lip curled.

"What awful tosh!" he drawled. "The idea of a Fourth lag playing for the College Eleven! Hopscotch, perhaps—or marbles; but cricket—never!"

Bout time you had some new blood in the First, anyway," said Fred Larking bluntly. "You lost every game you played last season, and you've lost the first match this year."

Hawes frowned majestically.

"Take fifty lines for impertinence, Larking! And the next time you mention cricket to me, you'll be wished!"

There was a loud cheer as Hawes finished speaking. Hal Smiles had just scored the winning run.

A minute later, he was walking up to the pavilion, bat under arm, and a cheery grin on his face. On seeing Hawes, he stopped.

"Any chance of a place in the First Eleven, now, Hawes?" he asked. "I don't want to blow my own trumpet, but on to-day's form—"

"Silence!" barked the dandy captain of Cayningham, without allowing the Fourth's champion batsman to finish. "How dare you treat me with impertinence, Smiles!"

Hal Smiles blinked.

"Treat you with impertinence, Hawes? Dashed if I can see that asking for a place in the First, is being impertinent!"

"Perhaps I can help you to see it, then!" snapped Hawes, who, as a matter of fact, was suffering severely at that moment from wounded vanity, caused by Larking's blunt truths about the First Eleven's lamentable record. "Touch your toes, Smiles!"

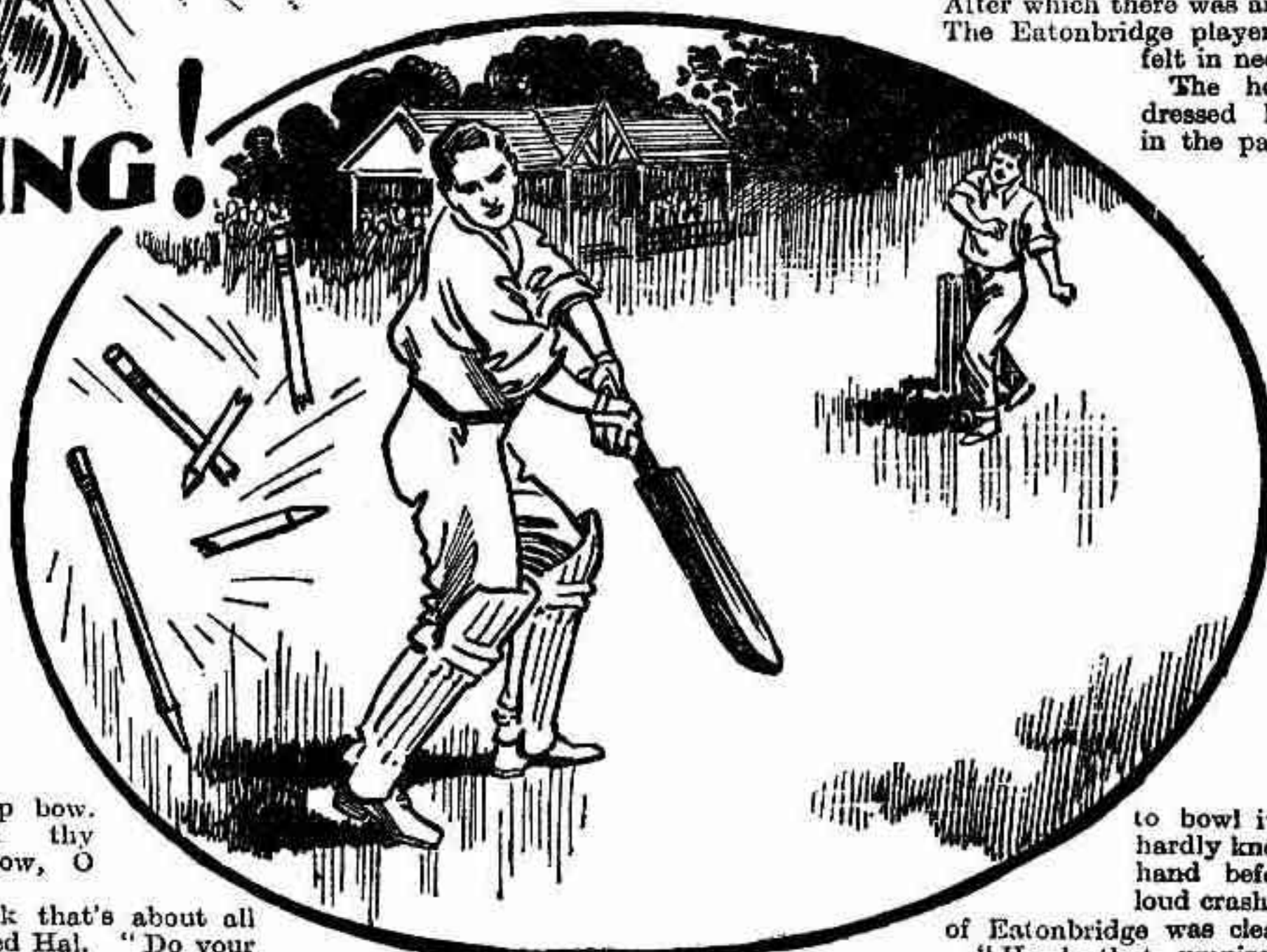
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HAL SMILES



AND HIS MAGIC RING!

This week:
THE
ONE-MAN
CRICKET
TEAM!



"That train going to Eatonbridge?" he asked.

The porter blinked. "No, sir. That train's going to London Bridge. Which reminds me—I wonder whether I heard that young gent. right, just now?"

"A Cayningham man?" asked Hal.

"Yes, sir. A 'ole crowd of 'em there was with 'im! I thought the young gent. asked me for the London Bridge train, but you sayin' Eatonbridge, makes me think it was that, now!"

Hal Smiles stared, for a moment. Then he roared.

"Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha! Then the entire blessed team has gone off in the wrong train! What's the first stop?"

"London Bridge, sir. It's a hex-press!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Hal Smiles. "And how long will it take them to get back to Eatonbridge?"

"Round about six hours. Blowed if I can see anything to laugh at, though!"

"Perhaps you can't; but I can!" grinned Hal Smiles. "This means that the match is off completely. Unless—"

He paused. An idea had suddenly entered his head—the wildest, staggerer of an idea he had had for weeks—but an idea which could be turned into reality, with the aid of his magic ring.

"Oh, my giddy aunt! This is providential!" he muttered, then turning to the frowning porter, he asked: "Where does the Eatonbridge train start from?"

"Platform Four," replied the porter.

"And my idea is this—"

But Hal didn't stop to listen to the porter. He was far too full of his own idea, just then!

He went across to Platform Four, and was just in time to catch the Eatonbridge train and jump into an empty carriage. As soon as the train had got out of Warringham Station, he rubbed the magic ring which he was, as usual, wearing.

BANG!

Immediately there was a flash of flame and a puff of smoke, and Ali Gazoomph, the weirdly-attired Slave of the Ring, appeared before him, extending his hands in salute, and crying:

"Master! I am here to obey thy wish!"

"Look here, Ali, old sport, do you know anything about cricket?" asked Hal.

"Nothing is hidden from the all-seeing eyes of thy slave, O master!" replied Ali Gazoomph, in his strange, chanting voice.

"Good egg! Well, Ali, I've rather a tall proposition for you to-day," grinned Hal. "I'm going to Eatonbridge to play their First Eleven on my own! AND I WANT TO BEAT THE WHOLE ELEVEN WITHOUT ANY HELP WHATSOEVER! Savvy?"

"That's just what I do want! And heaven help you if you try to dodge it!" finished the elegant captain of Cayningham, darkly.

Whistling cheerfully, Hawes then sauntered serenely off the Junior Pitch, oblivious to the groans and cat-calls of the long-suffering juniors.

II.

The Magic Cricket-Match!

ON the following Saturday afternoon, Hal Smiles turned up at Warringham Station, to catch the train to Eatonbridge.

His surprise was great when he noticed, moving out of the station, a train in which he could see several members of the Cayningham First Eleven. Hal grabbed a porter.

Eatonbridge captain suddenly clapped Hal on the shoulder.

"Well, you've got more nerve than is good for a youngster, and I didn't think at first that you were serious," he remarked, "but dashed if I don't begin to believe you mean it now! And what's more, I'm half-inclined to let you have your way—just for the lark of it!"

"Good!" said Hal. "Now, about the toss—"

"Don't worry about that; you can bat or bowl first, just as you please."

"Then I'll bat. Can you lend me a bat and some pads?"

With the very first ball our hero had succeeded in making every onlooker sit up and take notice. They sat up and took still more notice as he followed up his first hit with half-a-dozen more boundaries, all to points that had never previously been reached in the history of Eatonbridge cricket.

Bowlers came and went, and time passed, but Hal still stuck!

The spectators cheered at first. Then they began to blink and rub their eyes, grow limp and fan each other. Hal Smiles had left them speechless!

At 500 Hal declared his innings closed. After which there was an interval for tea. The Eatonbridge players, by that time, felt in need of it!

The home captain addressed his men secretly in the pavilion before the game started again.

"We must go one better than 500 or perish in the attempt!" he said, dramatically. "Eatonbridge demands it of us. I'll go in first. Watch me, and you'll see how it can be done!"

Five minutes after that dramatic speech had been made, Hal Smiles bowled his first ball. Or rather, some invisible agency seemed to bowl it for him; Hal hardly knew it had left his hand before there was a loud crash, and the captain of Eatonbridge was cleaned bowled.

"How's that, umpire?" chorled the one-man cricket team.

And the umpire answered:

"Out!"

The second ball was not quite so "hot" as the first; but it was warm enough to whip out the stumps from the ground. So was the third.

Somebody near the pavilion managed to croak out a cheer at the "hat-trick," but most of the Eatonbridge supporters were by this time weeping silently, and the cheer was not an unqualified success.

The fourth player was dismissed at the fourth ball; the fifth at the fifth—and leaving the reader to imagine the rest, the tenth man, winding up the innings, fell for the tenth ball.

Then, from the direction of the pavilion, came a real cheer, and Hal Smiles, walking back in solitary state, recognised the Cayningham Eleven, who arrived in time to see the last three men bowled out.

"Hullo, Hawes!" said Hal, cheerily. "Sorry you caught the wrong train, but I've beaten Eatonbridge by five hundred runs!"

"Great jumpin' crackers! An' I wished you for askin' for a place in the First Eleven! Smiles, dear boy, I'm sorry," said Hawes. "And what's more, you can consider yourself a regular member of the First Eleven from now on!"

And thus, by the aid of the useful old magic ring did justice triumph and Hal Smiles gain his place in the Cayningham First after all!

THE END.

(Next week's Magnet will contain another amusing St. Sam's yarn, entitled: "A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH!") If you want a real good laugh chums, you'll order your copy EARLY.

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"Pleasure!"

Someone conducted the one-man cricket team into the pavilion in quest of the implements of war.

The Eatonbridge spectators could hardly credit it when the news first spread.

When they finally realised that it was really true, they yelled—with laughter. They were still yelling when Hal emerged from the pavilion and went down to the wicket.

The rules of cricket not having provided for a game of this kind, they were amended slightly, and it was agreed that while Hal was batting there should be no overs, the bowling being directed from the opposite end to that where he happened to be.

Hal took up his position, roars of laughter still ringing out from all corners of the field.

But it didn't last much longer.

"Play!"

The bowler was a "crack"—one of Eatonbridge's best. He put all he knew into that first ball.

But all he knew was not of much avail against Hal's skill combined with Ali Gazoomph's magic. Instead of wrecking Hal's wicket, as the bowler had confidently expected it to do, the ball rebounded from Hal's bat like a bullet from a gun.

About two seconds later there was a faint tinkle, then a crash, and the Eatonbridge bowler, turning round, came as near to throwing a swoon as he had ever come in the course of his athletic career.

"Ye gods!" he muttered. "It went through the Head's study window!"

"Holy smoke! And that's a quarter of a mile away!" yelled someone.

"Thy slave understands. It shall be as thou sayest."

"You mean it?" asked Hal, eagerly.

"You really think you can make me win the match off my own bat?"

"Such things are as nothing to Ali Gazoomph, the Slave of the Ring!"

answered the Eastern gentleman with a deep bow.

"Hast finished thy discourse now, O master?"

"Well, I think that's about all just now," grinned Hal. "Do your best, Ali, and I'll be a pal of yours for life!"

BANG!

Again there was a flash of flame and a puff of smoke, and hey presto!—Ali Gazoomph had departed.

Satisfied, Hal Smiles sat back and enjoyed the journey.

There was a big crowd waiting on the First Eleven pitch at Eatonbridge when Hal arrived. The First Eleven, gathered together outside the pavilion, stared in amazement when Hal strolled up with the cool announcement:

"Good afternoon, gentlemen! I am the Cayningham cricket team!"

"Mad?" asked one of the players.

"Not at all. I tell you I'm the First Eleven. Everything ready for the game?"

"But—but—"

"If you're ready we'll toss for choice of innings. No need to wait any longer."

"Completely potty!" remarked one of the Eatonbridge players. "He's wearing the Cayningham cap, too. Seriously, young 'un, where's your team? They should be here by this time."

Hal Smiles then explained what had happened to the Cayningham Eleven, and there was a groan of disappointment from the crowd when they heard that Hawes and his merry men had taken the wrong train.

"Then the match is off!" exclaimed the captain of the Eatonbridge team.

"But it isn't!" declared Hal, persistently. "I tell you I'm going to represent Cayningham on my own!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Eatonbridge fellows refused at first to take their visitor seriously, but after the funny side of it had worn thin and the guffawing had died down a bit, the